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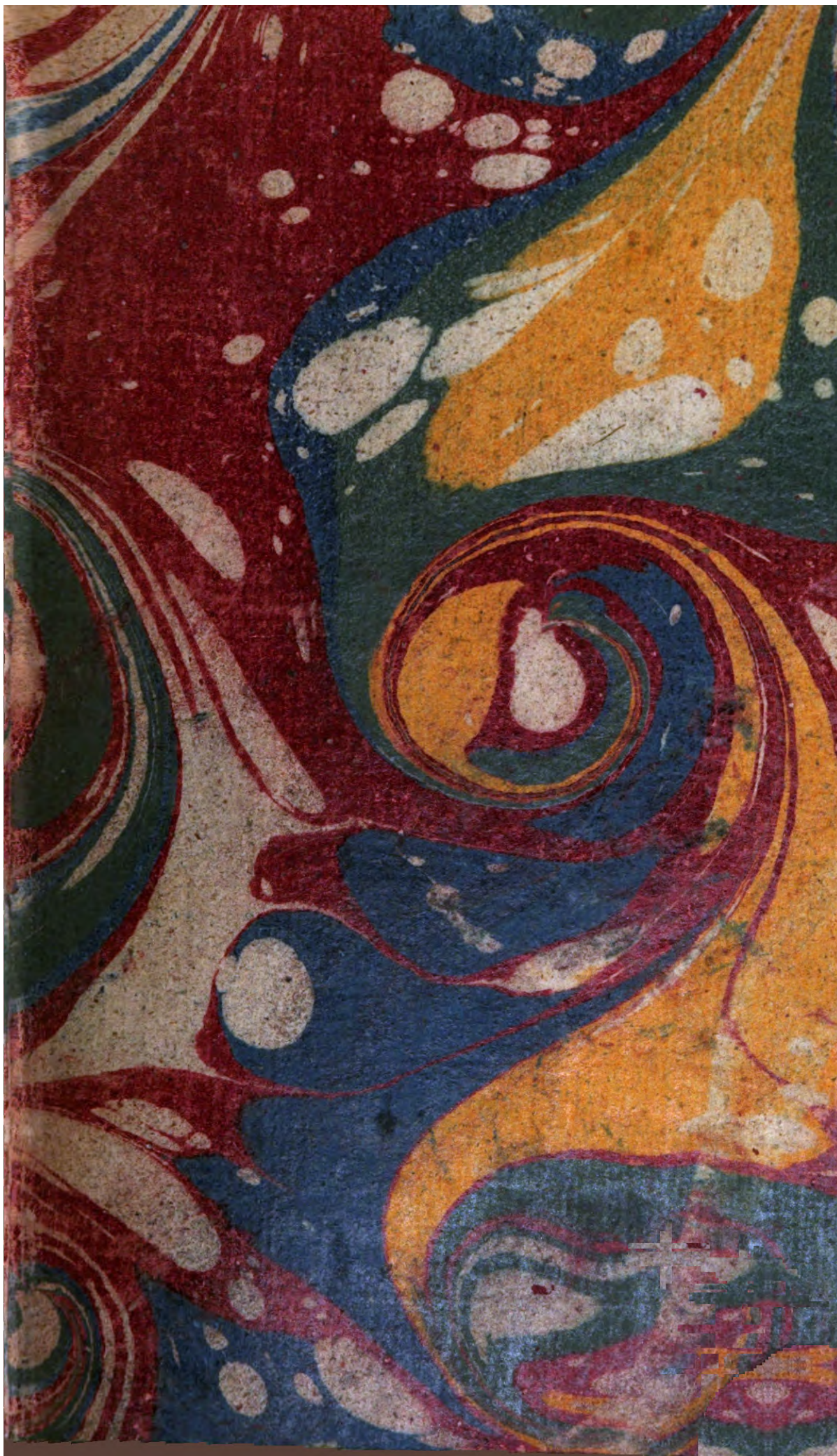
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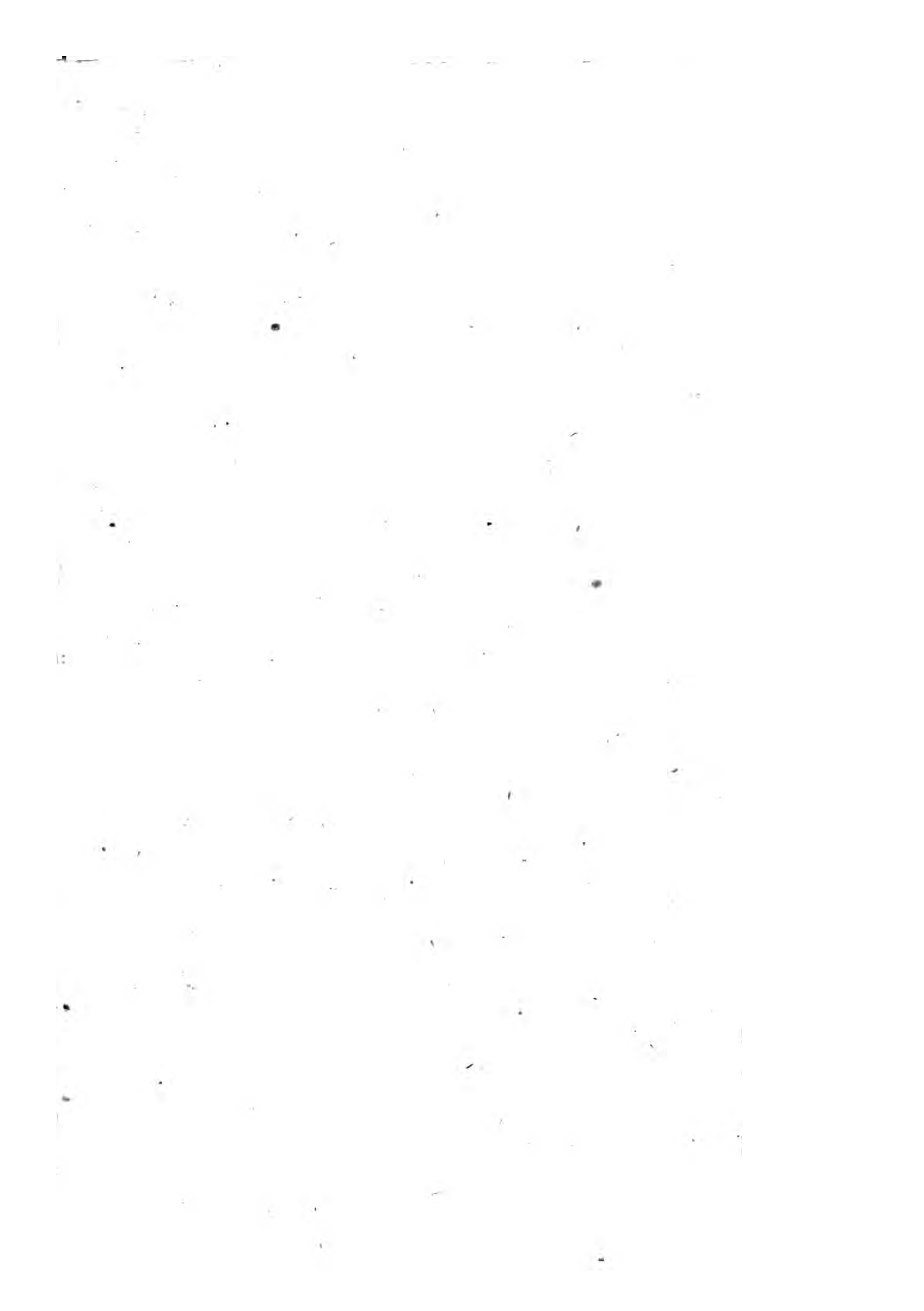
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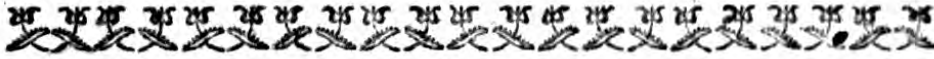


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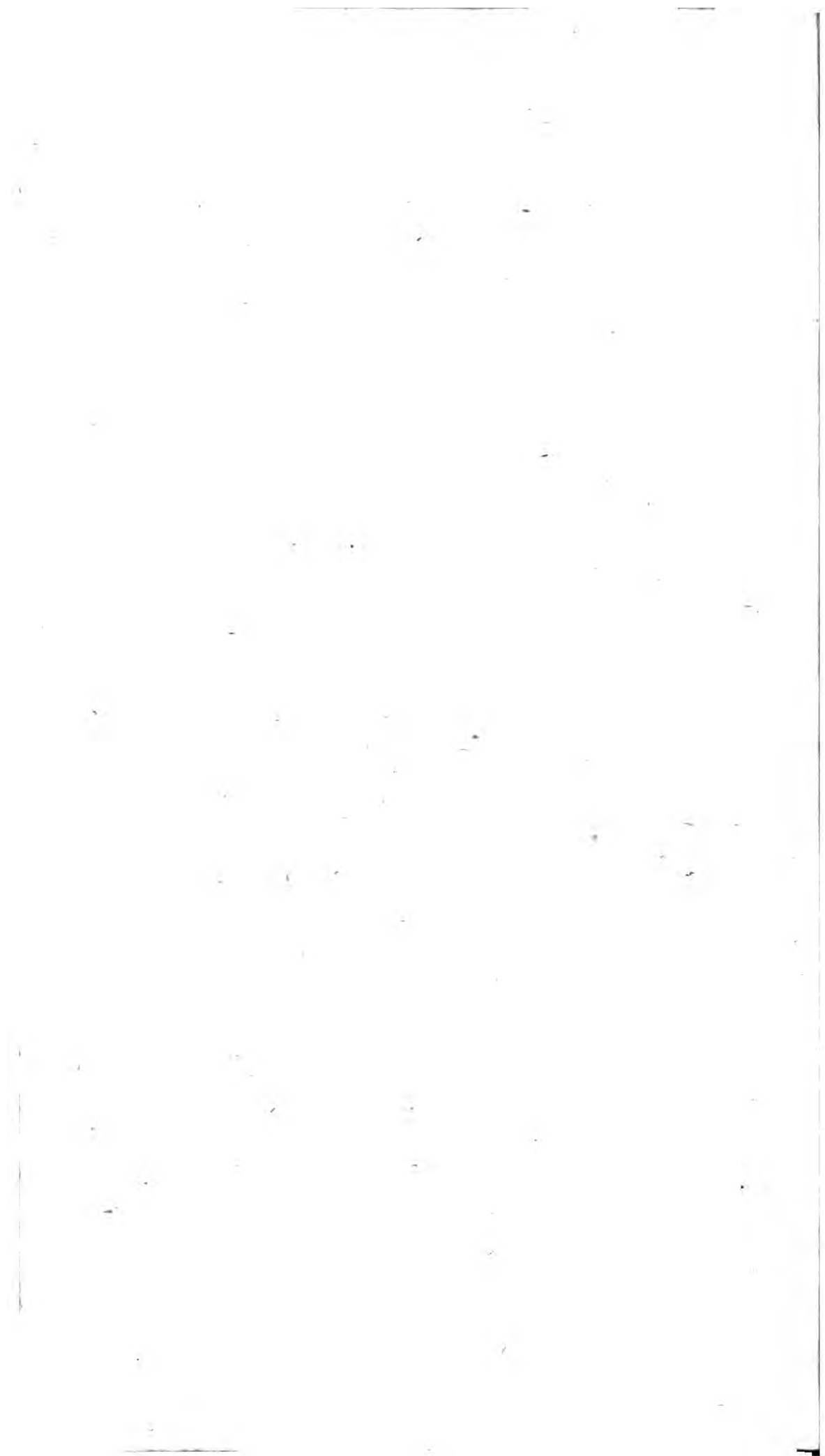


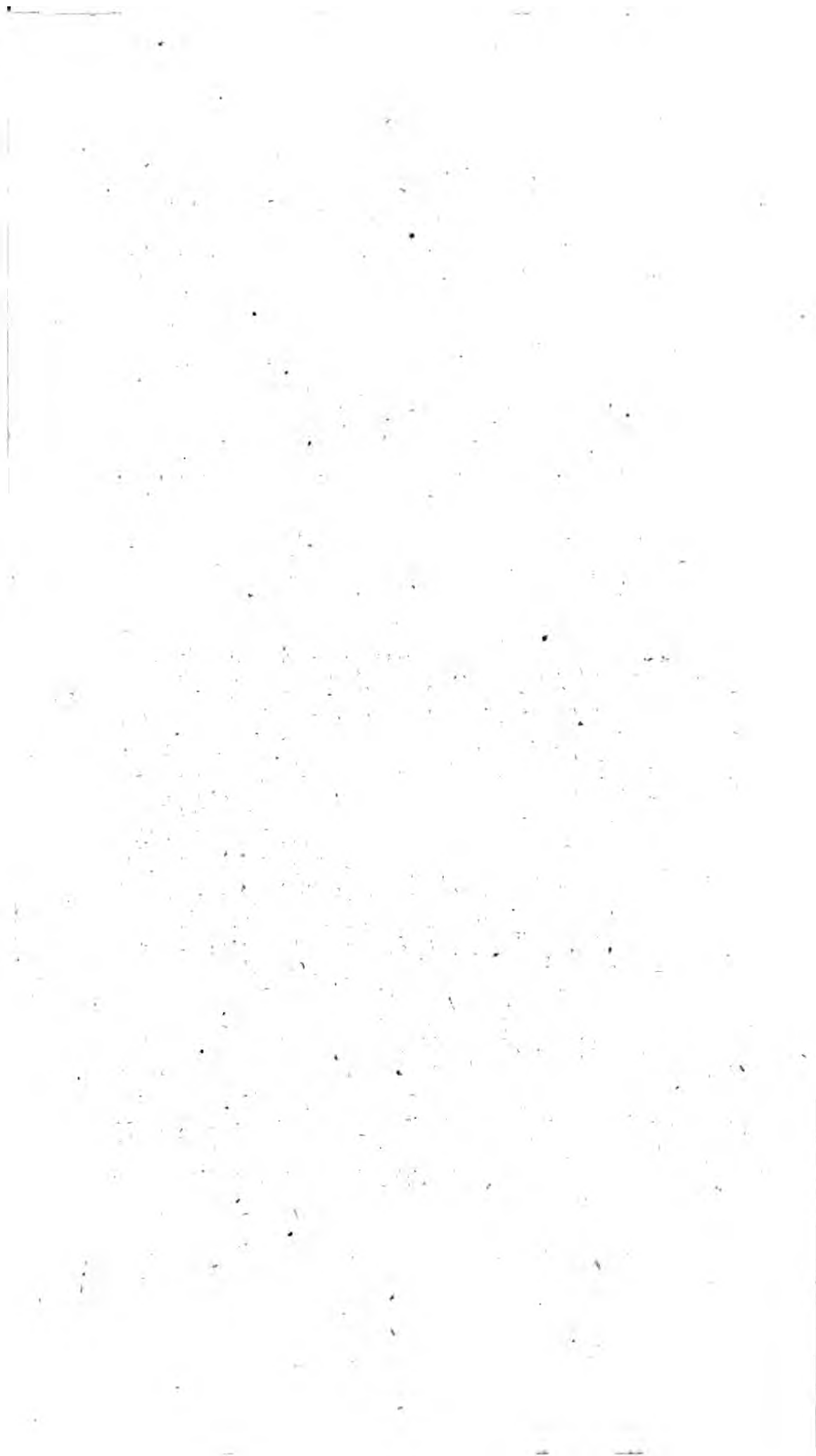


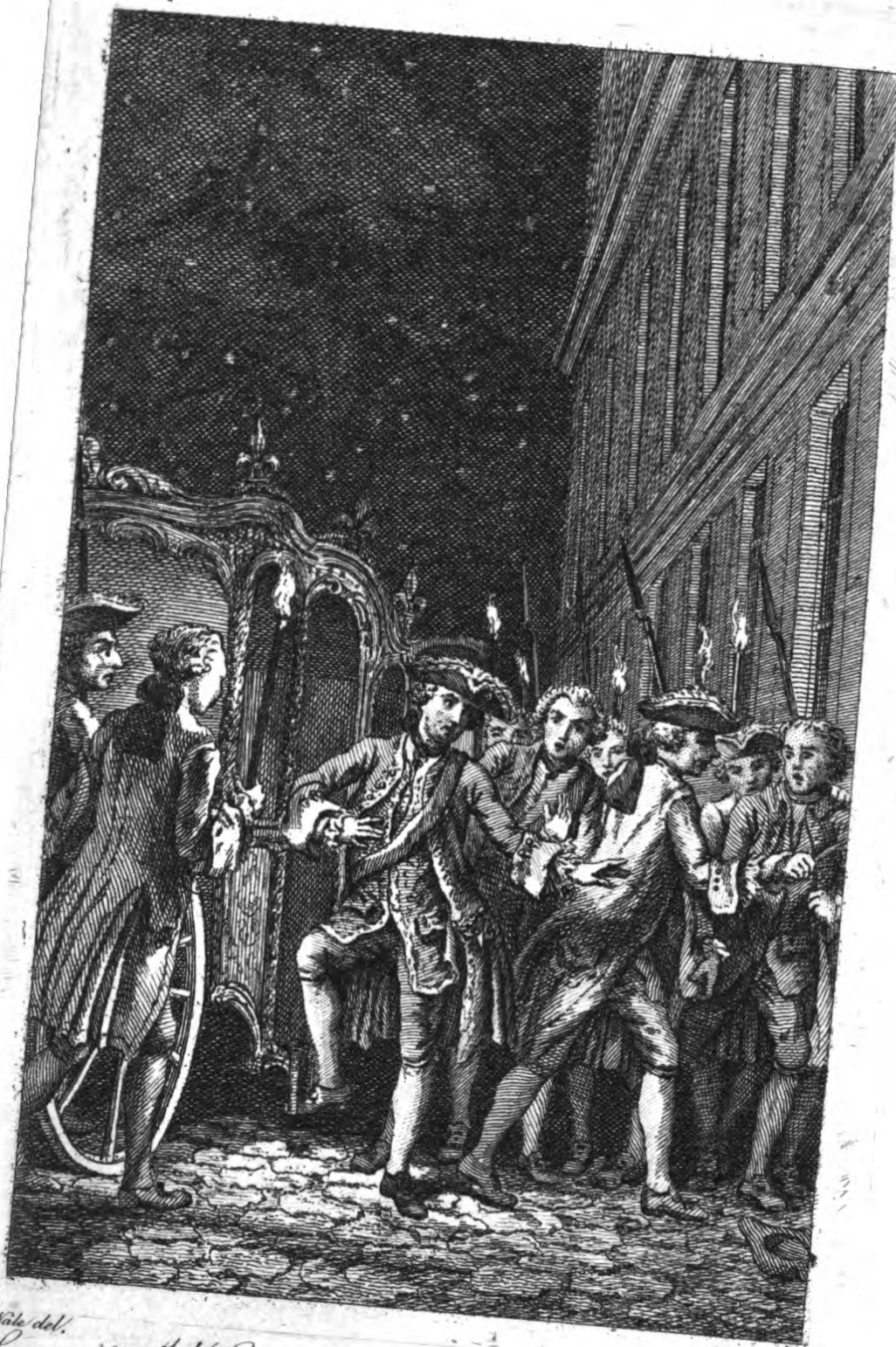


THE
WORKS
OF
VOLTAIRE.
VOL. XXXII.









Wade del.
Louis XV. King of France stab'd by Damiens. *J. Hall sculp.*

MISCELLANEOUS
P O E M S.

BY

Mr. DE VOLTAIRE.

Translated from the FRENCH,

By T. SMOLLET M. D. T. FRANCKLIN, M. A.
and others.

V O L. XXXII.



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D E D I C A T I O N

T O T H E

K I N G.

May it please your Majesty,

I H A D not the presumption to dedicate the first essay of the following work to you, apprehensive that I might thereby offend the delicacy of the most modest of conquerors; but your Majesty should consider, that this is not a panegyrick; it is in part a faithful picture of the most glorious battle that ever was fought since that of *Bouvines*. It contains the sentiments of France, though but weakly expressed; it is a poem without exaggeration, and consists of important truths, without any mixture either of fiction or flattery. Your Majesty's name will transmit this weak sketch to posterity as an authentic monument of so many

B

glorious

(ii .)

glorious actions performed in your presence, and in imitation of your great example.

Vouchsafe then, royal sir, to add to the favour of permitting this address, that of accepting the profound respects of the least of your subjects, but the warmest of your admirers,

VOLTAIRE.

P R E-

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

'TIS well known to the public, that this work, composed at first with all the rapidity of zeal, was considerably increased in every subsequent edition. All the different circumstances of the victory at *Fontenoy*, which were from day to day heard of at *Paris*, deserved to be particularly celebrated; and what was at first only a poem, consisting of about a hundred lines, is now swelled into a work, which contains above three hundred and forty; but care has been taken to preserve it in the same order, which consists in the prelude, the action, and the conclusion. This order has been even put in a still clearer light, by giving in this edition a description of the several nations of which the enemy's army was composed, and specifying their three different attacks.

The nations over which *Lewis* the fourteenth triumphed, are here painted in their true colours; but nothing injurious is said of them: for example; where it is said of the *Dutch*, that they formerly shook off the yoke of *cruel Austria*, the obvious meaning of the words is, *the yoke of Austria then cruel to them*; for

Austria is now by no means cruel to the States General; and the queen of *Hungary*, who adds so much to the glory of the house of *Austria*, is not ignorant of the profound respect that the *French* bear to her person and virtues, at the same time that they are obliged to fight against her.

Where it is said in speaking of the *English*, *ferocity gives way to valour*, care has been taken to apprize the reader in notes to all the different editions, that this reproach of ferocity falls upon the soldiers alone.

Certain it is, that when the *English* troops filed off from *Fontenoy*, many soldiers of that nation cried out, *no quarter*. 'Tis likewise known, that when *M. de Sechelles* seconded the king's intentions with extraordinary foresight, and caused as much care to be taken of the wounded prisoners of the enemy as of our own men, some of the *English* foot were guilty of outrages against our soldiers when in the waggons, which carried off the wounded both of the vanquished and victorious party. Officers, who have pretty nearly the same education all over *Europe*, have the same generosity of disposition; but there are countries, where the common people, free from restraint, are more fierce and brutal than elsewhere. The author has not, for that reason, been more sparing in his praises of the
valour

valour and conduct of that nation ; and he has taken particular care never to mention the duke of *Cumberland*, without bestowing upon him those eulogiums, which his qualities exact from all the world.

Some foreigners have endeavoured to persuade the public, that the celebrated *Addison*, in his poem upon the campaign of *Hockset*, has spoken more honourably of the king's household troops, than the author of the poem upon the battle of *Fontenoy*. The author, induced by this reproach, consulted Mr. *Addison*'s poem at the king's library, and was very much surpris'd to find a great deal more abuse than praise in it. The passage begins about the three hundredth line. There is no occasion either for citing or answering it ; the king's household troops have sufficiently refuted it by conquering. The author does not mean to deny so great a poet, and so discerning a philosopher as Mr. *Addison*, his due praise ; but he would have behaved in a manner more worthy of the name of poet and philosopher, if he had spoken with more caution of crowned heads, which even an enemy should respect ; and if he had reflected, that the praises bestowed by victors upon the vanquished add a new laurel to the former, there is some reason to think, that when Mr. *Addison* was made secretary of state, the minister re-

gretted the indecencies which had dropped from the author.

If the *English* poem overflows with gall, this on the other hand breathes nothing but humanity. The author's intention was to inspire benevolent sentiments, whilst he celebrated a battle. Perish the wretch, who can take delight in nothing but in pictures of destruction and representations of human misery.

The people of *Europe* have principles of humanity, which are not to be found in the other quarters of the world; they are better united with each other; they have certain laws which are common to them all; all their royal families are related; the inhabitants of each kingdom travel amongst their neighbours, and by that means keep up a reciprocal connexion with them. The *European* christians are in this respect in the same state with the antient *Greeks*; they are engaged in frequent wars with each other; but, in the midst of these dissensions, they generally observe so much decorum and politeness, that it often happens, that a *Frenchman*, an *Englishman*, and a *German* meeting, seem to be natives of the same city. True it is, that the *Lacedemonians* and *Thebans* were less polished than the people of *Athens*; but the several different nations
of

of *Greece* looked upon each other as allies, who never waged war but with a view to the re-establishment of peace; and they seldom insulted enemies, who were to become their friends in a few years. It is upon this principle the author has endeavoured to make this work a monument of the *French* monarch's glory, not of the shame of the nations over which he triumphed. He would be concerned, could he be justly charged with having wrote against them with as much bitterness, as is to be met with in some of the invectives, which *Frenchmen* have written against a poem composed by one of their countrymen; but the jealousy between author and author is much stronger than that between nation and nation.

It is said of the *Swiss*, that they are our *antient friends and fellow citizens*, because they have been so these two hundred and fifty years past. It is said of the foreigners that serve in our armies, that they followed the example set them by the king's household troops and by our other forces; because 'tis in effect the part of the nation that fights for its prince to set the example, and a more noble example was never set before. That the *French* excel all other nations in valour and politeness can never be denied. A certain

author has had the impudence to assert, that the following verse,

Je vois cet étranger qu'on croit né parmi nous,

was meant as a compliment to a general born in *Saxony* for having the air of a *Frenchman*. Air and deportment are here entirely out of the question: any man of common discernment will plainly perceive, that the meaning of the verse is, that this general's attachment to the king was as great, as if he had been born his subject.

This criticism is much of a piece with that of a certain person, who advanced, that it was not proper to say of the same general, that he was dangerously ill, when in effect his courage made him forget the sad situation to which he was reduced, and enabled him to triumph at once over the weakness of his body and the enemies of his king.

Decency admits of no other answer to those, who have so notoriously violated its laws.

The author's sole view was to recite faithfully whatever came to his knowledge, and his only regret was the not having it in his power to celebrate all the glorious actions he has since heard of, confined as he was
by

by want of time and the little extent of his work ; it was not in his power to say every thing, but all that he has said is true : adulation would have disgraced a work, whose basis is the glory of the nation. He was so entirely engrossed by the pleasure of telling the truth, that he did not think of sending his work to the great personages celebrated in it, till it had gone through six editions.

All who are named therein had not equal opportunities of signalising themselves. The colonel, who at the head of his regiment waited the order to advance, could not do as important services as the lieutenant-general, who might have given the advice to attack the English forces with vigour, and who in consequence thereof headed the king's household troops against them. But if the great action of one deserves to be related, the ardent courage of the other should by no means be passed over in silence. One receives general praises for his valour, another is celebrated for some particular service ; the wounds of some are commemorated, the tribute of grief is paid to the death of others.

In this manner the celebrated *Monf. Despreaux* did justice to the memory of those, who had been con-

cerned in passing the *Rhine*, He cites about twenty names ; there are in this poem above sixty, and the reader would find four times the number, did the nature of the work admit of it.

It would be something extraordinary, if whilst *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Tasso* have described the wounds of a thousand imaginary warriors, a modern poet should not be allowed the privilege of celebrating those of real heroes, who lavished their blood for their king and country, amongst whom there were several whom he had the honour of knowing, and whose loss he sincerely regrets.

The scrupulous attention given to this edition should vouch for the several facts related in the poem. There is not one but what should be dear to the nation, and to the several families interested in them. Indeed who can avoid being sensibly affected in reading the name of a son, a brother, a dear relation, or a friend, killed, wounded, or risking his life in a battle which will be for ever famous ; who, I say, can avoid being affected at reading such a name in a poem, which, weak as it is, has been more than once honoured by the perusal of our monarch, and which his majesty permitted to be dedicated to him, only because he overlooked his own eulogium, in consideration of that
of

of the officers, who fought and conquered under his command.

The author's work should rather be looked upon as the production of a good citizen than of a poet. He did not think it necessary to adorn this poem with fiction, especially during the first eagerness of the public, when the whole attention of *Europe* was engaged by interesting narratives of that victory purchased with so much blood.

Fiction may embellish a subject in itself less great, less interesting, or placed at such a distance as to cause less agitation in the mind. 'Twas three months after the action that *Despreaux* amused himself by describing the passage over the *Rhine*; and that action, brilliant as it was, is not to be compared either for importance or danger to a pitched battle gained over an enemy skilled in the art of war, intrepid and superior in number, by a king, who, with his son, stood exposed during four hours to the fire of the artillery.

The author did not take the liberty of inserting in his poem some of those fictions, too great a number of which would only weaken the subject, and render it less striking and animated, till after he had indulged all the first emotions of zeal, and exerted himself to the utmost to praise those who had faithfully served their country upon this important occasion; and in this preface

face he has said nothing in prose, but what Mr. *Addison* himself has said in verse in his celebrated poem upon the campaign of *Hockstet*. It is by no means difficult to represent *Venus*, two thousand years after the war of *Troy*, bestowing upon her son *Æneas* arms forged by *Vulcan*, which were to render that hero invulnerable. It is equally easy to paint a deity presenting him with the sword, which he was to plunge in the breast of his enemy. The council of the gods may be assembled, and all hell let loose; *Alecto* may pour her poison into the hearts of men, and intoxicate their minds with frenzy; but neither the taste of the age, the subject of the poem which is a recent event, or the narrow limits to which it is confined, admit of those picturesque allegories, which are now worn thread-bare by the poets. The world should excuse a citizen, deeply affected with his subject, for giving more scope to the emotions of his heart than the sallies of his imagination; and the author acknowledges that he felt more in writing these lines,

Tu meurs, jeune Craon; que le ciel moins severe
Veille sur les destins de ton genereux frere!

than if he had called up the Furies to deprive some youthful warrior of life.

Divine

Divine agents are necessary in an epic poem, especially when the heroes of fabulous ages are introduced. But here it is the true *Jupiter*, the true *Mars*, a king intrepid in the midst of danger, and who ventures his life for subjects of whom he is the father. 'Tis he, 'tis his son, 'tis those who conquered under his auspices, that the poet intended, and that it was his duty, to represent. Add to this, that the few, who have a competent knowledge of our poetry, are well aware, that it is much easier to make heaven, earth and hell engage in a battle, than to distinguish, by just and sensible images, carbineers who carry screw'd fuzils; grenadiers; dragoons, who fight both on foot and a horseback; to mention retrenchments raised in a hurry; an enemy that advances in a battalion; and in a word to speak in verse of things, which have hitherto never been spoken of except in prose.

This was the opinion of Mr. *Addison*, at once an ingenious poet and a judicious critic. In the poem by which he has immortalized the campaign of *Hockstet*, he has used much less fiction than has been admitted by the author of that upon the battle of *Fontenoy*. He was not ignorant, that the duke of *Marlborough* and prince *Eugene* would have been but little pleased to see gods where only the great actions
of

of men should be displayed. He was likewise aware that the exploits of antiquity may be heightened by invention ; but that those of the moderns run great risk of being weakened by insipid allegories ; he took a much wiser course, he interested all *Europe* in his action.

These short poems of three or four hundred lines upon the affairs of the present age, resemble a tragedy in one respect ; the ground-work of them should be of itself interesting, and foreign ornaments are almost always superfluous.

It was judged proper to specify the different corps that engaged, their arms, their posts, and the place where they attacked the enemy ; relate that the *English* battalion penetrated to our ranks, and shew how it was routed and broken by the king's household troops, the carbineers, the gens d'arms, the *Norman* regiment, the *Irish* brigade, &c. Had not the author entered into a circumstantial detail of these particulars, in which so much heroism was displayed, the battle of *Fontenoy* would be in nothing distinguished from that of *Tolbiac*. *Mons. Despreaux*, in his poem upon the passage of the *Rhine*, has the following lines :

Revel

Revel les suit de pres; sous ce chief redoutè,
Marche de cuirassiers l'escadron indompté.

Next *Revel* follows, under whose command
Follows of cuirassiers a hardy band.

The author of the following poem has given a picturesque description of the carbineers, instead of calling them by their name, which is more unharmonious than that of cuirassiers. It was thought more advisable to characterise the several provinces of the general officers, than to give in verse the names of such of that list as were killed.

The author has, however, thought proper to call the king's household troops by that name, rather than make use of any other term: this name household troops, which comprize so many invincible bodies, contains an idea sufficiently great, without the addition of any other figure. Mr. *Addison* himself has given them no other name: The rapidity of the action furnishes another reason for using this term.

Vous peuple de heros dont la foule s'avance,
Louis, son fils, l'etat, l'*Europe* est en vos mains.
Maison du roy, marchez, &c.

The

The addition of another syllable would have rendered the last line altogether flat and prosaic.

It was judged proper not to deviate a moment from the gravity of the subject. *Despreaux* indeed, writing of the passage over the *Rhine*, pretty nearly in the style of his epistles, has mixed the facetious with the heroic; for immediately after the following verses,

Un bruit s'épand qu' Enguien & Condé sont passez ;
Conde dont le seul nom fait tomber les Murailles,
Force les escadrons et gagne les Botailles,
Enguien, de son Hymen, le seul & digne fruit, &c.

That *Enguien* and *Condé* now are past,
The busy goddesses fame aloud declares ;
Conde, whose force o'erturns walls built to last,
Whose uprais'd arm all adverse power o'erbears.
Enguien, the worthy son of such a fire.

He proceeds thus :

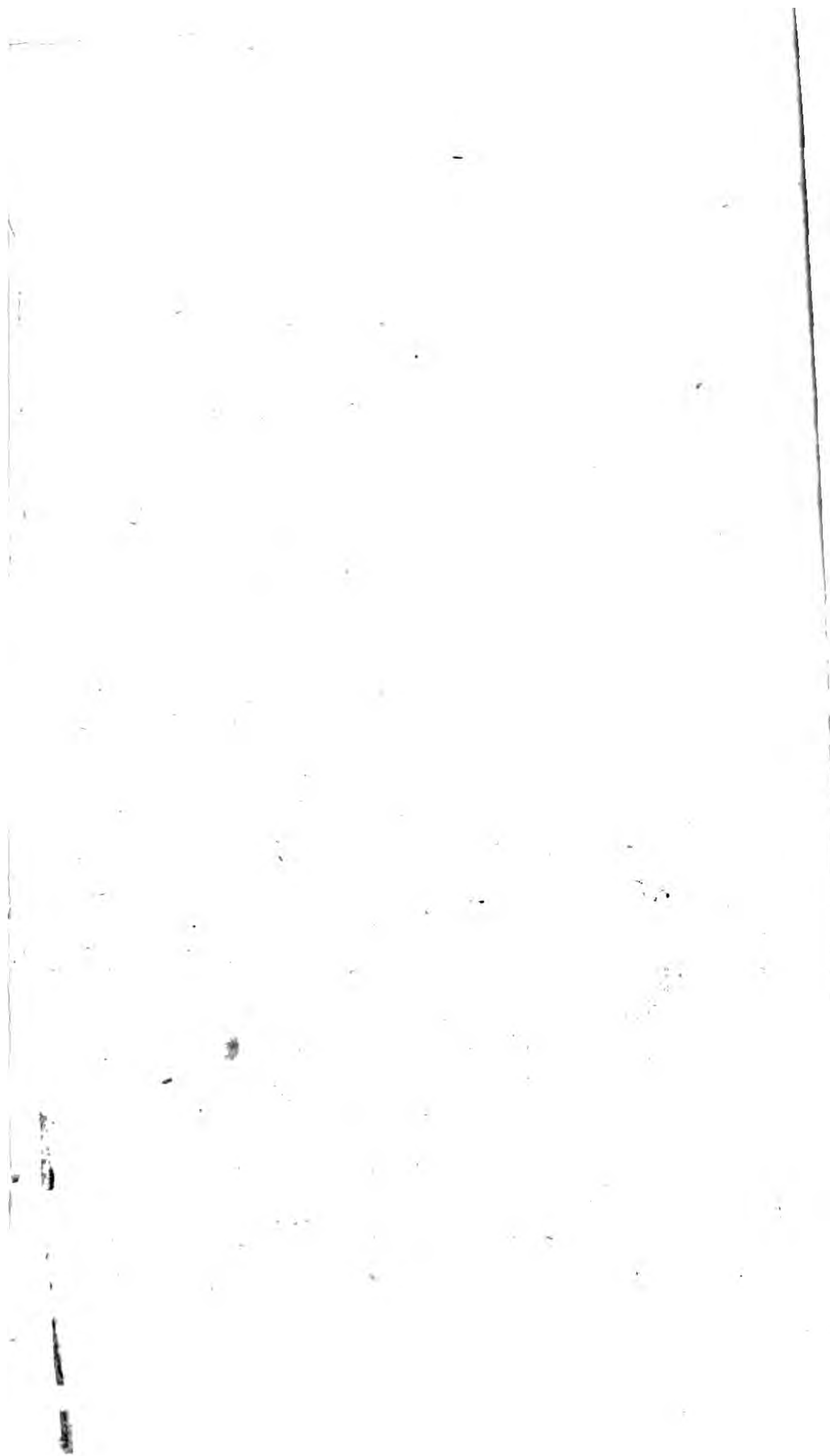
Bientôt—mais Vurts s'oppose a l'ardeur que m'anime,
Finissons ; il est tems ; aussi-bien si la rime
Alloit, mal a propos, m'engager dans Arnheim,
Je n'en fai, pour sortir, de porte qu' Hildesheim.

Soon

Soon—but *Wurts* quenches my poetic fire.
Our song let's finish let's finish in good time,
For if perversely wicked rhyme
Should lead the roving muse to *Arnheim*,
She could not pass except by *Hildesheim*.

Those who have wished, that the author, in his narrative poem upon the battle of *Fontenoy*, had adopted some strokes of this familiar style of *Boileau*, seem not to have sufficiently distinguished times and places, nor to have duly weighed the difference between an epistle and a work of a more serious and severe sort. What is graceful in the epistolary way, might be quite the reverse in the heroic.

It would be improper to say any thing farther upon art and taste in writing at the head of a work which turns upon the most important interests, and which should fill the mind entirely with ideas of the glory of our king and the happiness of our country.





H. W. L. J. C.

The Battle of Fontenoy.

P O E M

UPON THE

BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

WHAT! could the bard, whose fam'd satiric
lays
Have gain'd a wreath of never-fading bays ;
His voice, inspir'd by energy divine,
Paint delug'd o'er with blood the banks of *Rhine* ;
Sing, how her billows, struck with horror, fled,
Whilst her defenders round by thousands bled ;
How even her god was seiz'd with dire dismay,
And to our conquering ancestors gave way !

And

And when your king in fields with crimson died,
 Sees instant death fly round on every side;
 And from proud Tournay, where with ceaseless roar,
 His mortal engines urg'd the siege before.
 Retires suspending the besieger's rage,
 And takes the field impatient to engage;
 Whilst his great son by love of glory led,
 For tented fields forsakes the nuptial bed:
 Great thro' his valour, happy thro' his care,
 Can you, my countrymen, to praise forbear?
 Behold your monarch deathless glory gain,
 Where Fontenoy extends her spacious plain.
 Glory and virtue, powers divine attend
 You, who our monarch aid, and who defend;
 Bellona, goddess of the dreadful fight,
 Minerva, who in wisdom dost delight,
 Thou ruling passion of each gen'rous heart,
 Our countries love, your succour now impart;
 My labouring breast, oh! pow'rs divine inspire,
 And fill the poet with a warrior's fire;
 Paint their great actions in a deathless page,
 Such as may live to ev'ry distant age:
 My soul on fancy's pinions wings her way,
 The adverse hosts already I survey;

Their

BATTLE OF FONTENOY. 3

Their bands I see with mutual hate engage,
I see the battle glow with tenfold rage ;
I see the haughty Saxon there advance,
* Maurice amongst us deem'd a son of France ;
Hov'ring upon the brink of endless night,
His soul was just prepar'd to take its flight ;
But he delay'd, he stopp'd its flying wing,
He could not unassisted leave the king :
One single day to live was his desire,
Contented after conquest to expire.
Propitious heav'n, watch o'er the hero's fate,
For Lewis's sake and ours prolong his date.
The French forsaking, † Harcourt joins our host,
Each danger is foreseen, assign'd each post ;
Attach'd both to his country and the throne,
‡ Noailles, the good of France regards alone.
The mighty D'eu ||, whose birth from Conde springs,
D'eu, whose right arm the Gallic light'ning wings ;

* The count de Saxe, marshal of France, being dangerously ill during the battle, was carried thro' the ranks in a litter, as his weakness, and the pains he felt, rendered him unable to ride. When the king embraced him after the victory, he expressed the same sentiments that are ascribed to him here.

† The duke of Harcourt had invested Tournay.

‡ A marshal of France.

|| Master of the artillery.

The

4 P O E M U P O N T H E

§ The chief, for youth remark'd, for valour more,
Whose great exploits the Mayne had seen before :
Buffler and Luxemburgh untaught to yield,
Depons, Bavaria hasten to the field ;
The stroke decisive at their posts they wait,
Their men attend with sanguine hope elate :
* Danoy, who still with fortune favour found
Berenger for the Rhine's defence renown'd ;
Chabanes, Colbert, and Gallerande advance,
Du Chaila, all the hardy chiefs of France ; †
These, in the silent horror of the night,
Wait with impatience for the promis'd fight.
Already from the East, the dawn of day
Upon the colours darts a feeble ray ;
Colours, which various diff'rent nations bear,
That threat'ning death wave proudly in the air.
The Flemings rul'd by France in time of yore,
Who then knew plenty which they know no more ;

§ The duke of Penthièvre, who had signalized himself at the battle of Dettingen.

* Monsieur de Danoy was taken by his nurse out of a heap of dead and dying men, at the battle of Malplaquet, two days after it was fought: this is a certain fact. The same woman came with a passport, accompanied by a serjeant of the king's regiment, in which he was then an officer.

† The lieutenant-generals in their several departments.

The

BATTLE OF FONTENOY. 5

The Dutch to whom the Indies homage pay,
By industry and freedom rais'd to sway,
Who long oppress'd by Austria's laws severe,
Now arm for those whose yoke they could not bear ;
The Hanoverian's constant, faithful band,
To combat brave, and prompt to obey command ;
The haughty Austrians of past greatness vain,
And the long glories of their Cæsar's reign :
Chief the aspiring nation that with pride,
Beholds her greatness swell on ev'ry side ;
And of the Gallic glory jealous still,
Thinks Europe's balance subject to her will.
All these pour on us eager to engage,
By hope seduc'd, by hatred fir'd to rage ;
The never conquer'd genius of the state,
Attends our monarch, and defies their hate ;
Rous'd by the din of war, the gods repair,
From rivers, woods, and floods, to fields of air ;
Doubtful for whom their silver stream shall flow,
And in whose fertile plains their harvests grow :
Fortune displays a laurel wreath on high,
And hov'ring near them wings the azure sky :
Provok'd that independent of her sway,
Valour alone shall win the glorious day.

Cum-

6 P O E M U P O N T H E

Cumberland, who the Allied hosts commands,
To firm array draws out his hardy bands ;
Not where Scamander flow'd in many a round,
Under those walls in antient song renown'd.
Did the great heroes of that famous age,
Like these with order in the field engage ?
But such was Scipio, such the chief whose fate,
In ruin plung'd the Carthaginian state ;
Skill, equal to their courage, they display'd,
Each to his rival's worth due homage paid.
Ruin and death in various forms appear,
But Lewis' dauntless bosom knows no fear.
With their rude throats a hundred cannon gave
The signal, then march'd forth the squadron brave ;
With firm and speedy pace, in just array,
Towards our ranks they took their hostile way ;
Before them terror stalks a phantom dire,
Onward they march, environ'd round with fire ;
Thus a thick cloud by winds is born on high,
Whence light'ning, thunder, and destruction fly.
They come, those rivals of our monarch's fame,
More fierce than we, their worth perhaps the same ;
Still proud of their exploits in times of yore,
Bourbons revenge whate'er the Valois bore.

With

BATTLE OF FONTENOY. 7

With direful shock the hosts three times engage,
Thrice change the ground, yet meet with equal rage,
The French, whose fire the leader strove to reign,
With art to prowess join'd their posts maintain;
The cruel hand of death strikes either side,
And constant carnage swells the bloody tide.
By the sword's edge, or by a leaden death,
Chiefs, soldiers, officers, resign their breath:
Swept by one common fate confusedly die,
And in promiscuous heaps expiring lie.
Their parting groans transpierce the wounded air,
And heaven's vengeance they implore by prayer.
Grammont for valour, and for worth renown'd,
Cover'd with wounds lies prostrate on the ground;
Blest had he known e'er sunk in endless night,
That Lewis was victorious in the fight.
What now avail his titles of command*,
The warrior's truncheon which once grac'd his hand,
Honours on which the great in vain presume,
With them forgotten in the silent tomb.
† Craon you fall, may heav'n grown less secure,
Make your brave brothers fate its chiefest care:

* He was upon the point of being created a marshal of France.

† Nineteen officers belonging to the regiment of Hainault, were either killed or wounded. The prince de Beauveau, brother to Craon, afterwards served in Italy.

8 P O E M U P O N T H E

Say much lov'd Longaunay *, what art can save
 Such worth as thine from an untimely grave ?
 Those sons of Mars †, who at their chiefs command,
 Darted like light'ning on the hostile band ;
 Stopt in their course impetuous breathless fall,
 Their speed o'ertaken by the murd'rous ball ;
 As birds when shot in many an airy round,
 Descend and palpitate upon the ground.
 ‡ D'Avray is by a hostile sabre slain,
 Daubeterre beholds upon th' ensanguin'd plain ;
 Close by his side his dauntless chiefs expire,
 Victims or to the hostile sword or fire ;
 Warriors whom Chabillant, with Brancus leads,
 How many English slain appease your shades ?
 Mars, sanguinary God, our thanks we pay,
 That Colbert's noble || race escap'd that day :
 Ev'n wars fierce God in virtue takes delight,
 Since § Guerchy 'scapes uninjur'd from the fight :

* Monsieur de Longaunay, colonel of the new grenadiers, died of his wounds after the battle.

† General officers, Messrs. de Puisfigur, de Meziere, de St. Sauveur, de St. George.

‡ The duke de Avray, colonel of the brown regiment.

|| M. de Croissy, with his two sons and his nephew, M. Duplessis Chatillon, was slightly wounded.

§ All the officers of his royal regiment were obliged, by their wounds, to quit the field: he alone escaped unhurt.

But

BATTLE OF FONTENOY. 9

But thou, || brave Dache, what shall be thy fate?
 'Tis heav'n's to shorten, or protract our date.
 Hapless § Lutteaux, with wounds all cover'd o'er,
 Striving to cure thee, art but tortures more:
 You die in torments, while with ceaseless pray'r,
 We importune the Gods your life to spare.
 How many virtues does the tomb devour!
 How brilliant youth is nipt, e'en in its flower!
 What tears our bloody laurels should bedue,
 Conquests so dearly bought, how should we rue?
 Those valiant leaders perish in the field,
 Our happy lives each day new pleasures yield;
 Voluptuous ease and luxury unite,
 To glut our souls with ev'ry soft delight.
 This bliss our sov'reign purchas'd at the head
 Of arm'd hosts, for this our warriors bled:
 Upon their tombs let's strew each fragrant flow'r,
 Let's save their names from black oblivion's power;
 You who the thunder roll'd, who felt its rage,
 * Thrice honour'd chief live in our grateful page.

|| M. Dache ('tis generally written Dapchier) a lieutenant-general.

§ M. de Lutteaux, a lieutenant-general, who died in the surgeon's hands.

* M. du Brocard, field-marshal, and commander of the artillery.

10 P O E M U P O N T H E

Is there a man with heart unfeeling curst,
Sparing to praise, and prone to think the worst,
Who led by fordid jealousy astray,
Can envy them the tribute which I pay ?
If there is one whole breast ne'er learn'd to glow
At public good, or feel for public woe ;
Who hears this praise with a neglectful ear,
Ungrateful men for Lewis learn to fear ;
The fiery torrent spreading as it goes,
Fed with new fuel, still more furious grows :
Not winter inundations, swell'd with rain,
Not tides impetuous of the roaring main,
Are half so rapid in their headlong course,
Or rush precipitate with such a force,
As the battalion which in close array,
Against our adverse legions took its way ;
They march'd with sabres brandish'd o'er their head,
And cut a passage thro' the heaps of dead ;
The god of battle for their side declar'd,
Our monarch saw the danger and repair'd.
His son, his only hope—lov'd Prince forbear,
Where do you haste ? Is life not worth your care ?

The

BATTLE OF FONTENOY. II

The Dauphin's danger only can inspire
Lewis with dread, the son † fears for the fire;
For both our warriors fear, that fear alone,
Touches their hearts, all other dreads unknown.
‡ Guards of the king, protectors brave of France,
Nation of heroes who in crouds advance,
Haste to the fight; 'tis your's to fix our fate,
Save Europe, save the king, the prince, and state.
March, household troops, vanquish without delay,
§ Your chiefs to certain conquest lead the way.
You hardy || veterans, whose experienc'd bands,
Lance distant death upon the hostile bands;
* Advance, you chosen troops, our army's boast,
With balls of fire annoy the adverse host;

‡ The king's guards, the gens d'armes, the light horse, the musqueteers, commanded by M. de Montesson, lieutenant-general, two battalions of the French and Swiss guards, &c.

§ The prince of Soubise and Mons. de Peguigny are here named in the original; the former undertook to second the count de la Mark in obstinately defending the post d'Anton: he afterwards headed the gens d'armes, whilst M. de Peguigny headed the light horse, which contributed not a little to the victory.

|| The carbineers, a corps established by Lewis the XIVth; they fire with screwed carbines. Every body knows what high praises the king bestowed upon them in his letter.

* The horse grenadiers, commanded by the chevalier de Grille; they march at the head of the king's household troops.

† A cannon ball covered a man with dirt who stood between the king and the dauphin; and a servant of Mons. D'Argenson received a shot of a musquet just behind them.

Squadrons of Lewis, crush those haughty foes,
 Courage like your's they're worthy to oppose.
 Richlieu, who flies where'er the hosts engage,
 Valiant with knowledge, and with ardour sage,
 Favourite of Love, by Mars to combat taught,
 By wisdom's goddess to express each thought;
 * He calls your bands; his soul discerning knows
 From whence your enemies success arose;
 Depending on your valour Richlieu flies,
 And shews where you may win the victor's prize.
 † La Mark, ‡ la Vauguion, chiefs renown'd in fight;
 Valiant Choiseul endu'd with matchless might,
 A turf retrenchment's weak defence oppose
 Against the fury of their warlike foes;
 Yet thus they stem the hostile torrent's force,
 And stay an army in its headlong course.
 D'Argenson, whom his father's presence fires,
 Whose bosom ardent zeal for France inspires;

* A minister of state, who during the battle never once quitted the king, has used this expression concerning Mons. de Richlieu: *It was Mons. de Richlieu who gave this advice, and carried it into execution.*

† The count de la Marck at the post d'Antoin.

‡ M. La Vauguion, Choiseul, Meuse, &c. at the retrenchment raised in a hurry at the village of Fontenoy. Mons. de Crequi was not at that post, but headed the carbineers, as was said above.

Struck

BATTLE OF FONTENOY. 13

Struck with the danger of the best of kings,
 Excited by the blood from whence he springs,
 Attack'd three times that formidable band,
 Which like a fiery rampart seem'd to stand;
 Stop'd, he undaunted to the charge returns,
 And with redoubl'd rage his bosom burns.
 Thus battering rams with strokes redoubled ply'd
 A town, whose ramparts shook on every side.
 That brilliant regiment, well known to fame*,
 With which fam'd Catinat the foe o'ercame,
 Came, saw, and fought; the glory they had gain'd,
 More glory still acquiring, they maintain'd.
 Young Castilmoron, glorious was thy part,
 In tender years you shew'd a manly heart;
 † Your feeble arm from the stern English bore
 The bloody standard which they took before.

* Four squadrons of gens d'armes arrived after a seven hours march, and attacked the enemy.

† A mettlesome horse had hurried the cornet into the English battalion. Mons. de Castilmoron, who was then but fifteen years of age, accompanied with four more, went to retake it in the midst of the enemy's camp. Mons. de Bellay commanded the squadrons of gens d'arms; he had a horse killed under him. The same accident happened to Mons. de Chimenes, whilst he was forming a brigade that had been put in disorder.

But Chevrier falls a victim to their ire,
 And Love with sighs sees Monace expire.
 Ye English, twice Du Guesclin feels your rage;
 Shrink at that name, to you of dire presage.
 What brilliant hero, 'midst the horrid fray,
 Falls, and then rising, cuts himself a way.
 † Biron, thy ancestors on Ivry's plain
 Thus fought great Henry's empire to maintain.
 Such Grillon was in worth and rank supreme,
 Amongst the valiant a distinguish'd name:
 Such were Daumonts and Crequi's, chiefs renown'd;
 The Montmorency's still with conquest crown'd;
 Heroes who brightly shone in former days,
 The sons now emulate their father's praise*.
 Such was Turenne, who in the field of fame
 Was taught by arms to win a deathless name,
 Under another || chief of Saxon birth,
 Whose conquering arm with terror shook the earth.

† The duke of Biron commanded the infantry, when M. de Lutteurs was obliged to quit the field on account of his wounds; he charged successively at the head of almost all the brigades.

* M. de Luxemburgh, M. de Loigni and M. de Tingri.

|| The duke of Saxe-weimar, under whom the viscount de Turenne made his first campaigns. The present M. de Turenne is descended from that great man.

When

BATTLE OF FONTENOY. 15

When in another Lewis' glorious days,
Justice and Mars at once conspir'd to raise
Gallia to grandeur never known before,
And make the Austrian eagle cease to soar.
Can polish'd courtiers, us'd to soft delight,
Thus rush like lions furious to the fight?
How grace and valour happily combine!
How Boufflers, Meuze, d'Ayen and Duras shine!
At Lewis' voice intrepid troops advance;
Led by their king how great the sons of France!
They'll surely conquer headed by their sire,
No headlong instinct does his soul inspire;
Free from all passion, he, with mind serene,
Can o'er himself and over fortune reign;
His vigilance can suffer no surprise,
No error cast a mist before his eyes;
He marches like the cloud-compelling fire,
Hurling at Titans heaven's vindictive fire,
Whose boisterous rage he guided by a nod,
And in the storm with brow unruffled trod.
He marches thus; beneath his hosts the ground
Groans, and the noise is eccho'd all around;
The ocean roars; the Scheld its fountain's head
Astonish'd seeks; with darkness heaven's o'erspread.

Beneath a cloud, which with a hideous roar
 From northern caves the winds impetuous bore,
 The Valois' conquerors enrag'd descend ;
 On you, * great duke, they cry'd, we all depend ;
 Rally your hardy legions to the fight,
 Dutchmen, defend your barriers and your right.
 Since peace, you English, fills you with alarms
 Against a king who loves it turn your arms ;
 Will you his valour as his friendship fear ?
 In vain they urge, for Lewis soon draws near.
 Their genius fails, the English lose the field,
 † Fierceness to valour is constrain'd to yield.
 The valiant Clare, who heads Hibernia's powers,
 At once defends his country's cause and ours.
 ‡ Happy Helvetians, faithful race, and sage,
 With France united during many an age,

* The duke of Cumberland.

† This reproach of ferocity is levelled at the soldiers alone, not at the officers, who are as generous as ours. I have been informed by letter, that when the English battalion filed off from Fontenoy, many of the soldiers belonging to that body cried out, no quarter.

‡ The regiments of Diesbatch, Betens, Courten, &c. with battalions of the Swiss guards.

Drawn

BATTLE OF FONTENOY. 17

Drawn up in close compacted firm array,
You follow where fierce § Neustrians lead the way.
|| That Dane, that hero of immortal fame,
Who from the frozen north to Gallia came,
Beholds our nation with astonish'd eyes,
When suddenly he hears a thousand cries,
Or die, or to our force superior yield,
Lewis at length has won the bloody field.
Go, brave * d'Estree, the mighty work compleat;
Go, chain the foes who have escap'd from fate.
Let them implore his aid whom they defied,
To yield to him will scarce abate their pride †.
Swift after them these rapid warriors ride,
Who like the dragon ‡, formerly their guide,

§ The Norman regiment, which charged the English battalion a second time, at the same time that the household troops, the gens d'armes, the carbineers, &c. poured down upon it.

|| M. de Lovendal.

* The count d'Estree at the head of his division, and M. de Brionne at the head of his regiment, had forced the English grenadiers sword in hand.

† Since the reign of St. Lewis, no king of France had in person defeated the English in a pitched battle.

‡ Some troops of dragoons were sent in pursuit of the enemy: that corps was commanded by the duke de Chevreuse, who had distinguished himself in the fight at Sahi, where he had received several wounds. The most probable opinion with regard to the etymology of the word dragoon is, that there was the figure of a dragoon upon their standards in the time of the marshal de Brisfac, who raised that corps during the wars of Piemont.

Are

Are prompt to fight on foot, or urge the steed
 Against the foe, and noted for their speed.
 Thus in Numidia's plains, with rapid race,
 Intrepid bands of hunters urge the chace ;
 Across the field the foaming courfers bound,
 They climb the hills, the forests they surround ;
 The snares are spread, the hunters watch with care,
 And balls and pointed javelins pierce the air ;
 With wounds the bloody leopard's cover'd o'er,
 Make the wide forests eccho with their roar ;
 Then to some shady wood's recess repair,
 To hide their rage, and howl in secret there.
 Enough our foes as well as friends have bled,
 Too long you walk on mountains of the dead.
 § Noailles, retire with your triumphant bands,
 Mars overjoy'd sees their victorious hands ;
 Draw to our camp those tubes for ruin fram'd,
 Whose thunder at our heads so long was aim'd.
 Come, turn against the foe their hostile balls,
 And with them batter Tournay's lofty walls ;

§ The count de Noailles attacked the battalion of English infantry with a brigade of horse, which afterwards took their artillery.

Tournay,

BATTLE OF FONTENOY. 19

Tournay, the Dutchman's barrier and retreat,
|| Which was of Gallic monarchs once the feat.
Tournay surrenders, terrors * Ghent invade,
Disturb'd and restless the first † Charles's shade.
With dismal cries makes from the town retreat,
Where he was born to be by conquest great.
He flies, but what beholds the frightened ghosts?
Those spacious plains all cover'd by our host;
Routed and broke he sees the English bands,
Leaving their standards in our soldiers hands;
The Dutch in vain retiring from the stroke,
Whilst on the ground Ghent's ruin'd ramparts smoke,
The place that gave the ‡ first of Cæsar's birth,
By Lewis' car triumphant crush'd to earth.
Thrice happy French, 'tis not your only boast,
That to sure conquest Lewis led your host;

|| Tournay was the principal city belonging to the French under the first race of their kings. The tomb of Childeric was found there.

* The city of Ghent was surrendered to his Majesty on the 11th of July, after Mons. de Chaila, at the head of the brigades of Cillon and Normandy, the regiment of Graissin, &c. had defeated a body of English.

† Charles the fifth was born at Tournay in the year 1500, on the 25th of February. Philip, Arch- duke of Austria, was his father, and Joan of Castile heiress to the crown of Spain, his mother.

‡ Of the modern Cæsars, i. e. the emperors of Germany.

That

20 P O E M U P O N T H E

That bearing death and terror thro' the field,
 He could with brow serene his thunder wield;
 His greatest triumph is, that, mild as brave,
 He wept the slaughter'd foe he could not save:
 That victor, modest with heroic mind,
 Lavish in others praise he praise declin'd;
 And that he strove, at once humane and brave,
 To snatch the wounded warrior from the grave.
 Those mangled captives, by our soldiers born,
 From hungry death's devouring jaws scarce torn,
 The fury of the battle over, find
 In the mild victors, benefactors kind.
 Oh real greatness! Conquest ever blest!
 Can any foe have such a ruthless breast,
 Our monarch's royal virtues not to own,
 And wish to be the subject of his throne?
 The empire soon with peace his arms shall bless,
 Germans and English both his worth confess.
 Bavaria wondering his exploits survey'd,
 And griev'd at having lost his powerful aid.
 Naples is safe, and Turin in alarms,
 The kings, his allies, triumph by his arms;
 To Seine from Ebro 'tis by all confess,
The first of heroes is of kings the best.

Kind

BATTLE OF FONTENOY. 21

Kind heaven our monarch with that title grace,
Dear to himself and to the human race,
That prize of virtue, highest pitch of fame,
The peace-maker's august and holy name;
And may a life, on which our lives depend,
Be blest with ease, and to late time extend.
You warriors brave, who emulate your king,
The hero to his grateful people bring;
Palms in their hands, your fellow subjects burn
For your long wish'd for prosperous return;
Your wives and children, with your past distress
And danger terrified, around you press.
They haste with ardour to your lov'd embrace,
With tears of joy to bathe each manly face.
Your wish'd return no longer then delay,
Kind love prepares the prize of worth to pay.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE wrote in Answer to a LETTER,
with which the King of PRUSSIA honoured
the Author upon his Accession to the
Throne.

BECOME a monarch, dost thou condescend
Still to regard a poet as a friend?
Just when that happy morn's auspicious ray
To the world promises so bright a day!
A day that proves thee good as well as great.
Dost thou resolve to make my bliss compleat?
Oh truly royal soul above all pride!
By thine my want of greatness is supply'd:
Superior to all prepossession weak,
The language of the heart you nobly speak.
The generous sentiments your lines express,
Shew you were born the human race to bless.
Illustrious prince, whose virtues we admire,
Triumphant reign, as you have wrote with fire.
Continue by thy reign the world to bless,
Prevailing vice each king swears to repress;

But

But you by oaths your sacred promise bind,
 Arts to protect and love the human kind.
 * And thou whose worth did persecuted shine;
 Deem'd atheist, bless'd with wisdom's lore divine;
 Martyr to reason, against whom combin'd
 Fell envy's furious rage with error blind;
 Return, who speak the truth fear nothing now,
 The crown adorns a philosophic brow.
 That gold amass'd, the life-blood of each state,
 Which stagnated precipitates their fate;
 Pour'd out discreetly by his prudent hand,
 Revives and spreads abundance thro' the land.
 He aims not idly to amuse the sight
 With useless soldiers of gigantic height;
 Thro' ev'ry clime with care prepost'rous fought,
 Colossus's † of war too dearly bought;
 Courage and ardour us'd alone to prize,
 He judges not of soldiers by their size.

* The professor Wolfius, who was prosecuted as an atheist by the divines of the university of Hall, banished by Frederick the Second, made liable to be executed as a criminal if he returned, and created chancellor of the same university at the accession of Frederick III.

† One of these soldiers, who went by the name of Little John, cost 24000 livres.

Thus.

Thus thinks the just, the wise thus rules a state ;
 But more's requir'd to make man truly great :
 Who does what right and equity ordain,
 Makes but a step immortal praise to gain ;
 The just is oft austere, oft sad the wise,
 In other sentiments true greatness lies ;
 The conqueror's dreaded, and esteem'd the sage,
 But benefactors every heart engage ;
 'Tis not in time their glory to deface,
 Their names renown'd reach every future race.
 What fame to him can great exploits impart,
 Who reigns triumphant in each subject's heart ?
 Trajan not far from Ganges stream renown'd,
 In chains the hands of thirty monarchs bound ;
 And yet from conquest he derives no fame,
 His goodness has immortaliz'd his name.
 Ne'er for Jerufalem in ashes laid
 Was homage to the name of Titus paid.
 Belov'd by all men he was truly great.
 Oh you, who such bright virtue emulate,
 A virtue more heroic still display,
 And ne'er like Titus weep to lose a day.

E P I S T L E II.

To the KING of PRUSSIA.

YOU scoffers, who sit in the critical chair ;
You witlings malignant, who no man can spare ;
Who, proud and loquacious, your ignorance display,
And monarchs presume in the ballance to weigh ;
Who in language pedantic, erroneous and vain,
That a scholar can ne'er be a hero maintain ;
Ye caitiffs, on heroes and poets severe,
Ye censors of kings, to Silesia repair.
Near Neiss see a hundred battalions defeated ;
Behold there the chief you so rudely have treated.
'Tis he, 'tis the man, who, with genius profound,
The circle of art and science went round ;
Who could the recesses of nature pervade,
And bigots confound, whose religion's their trade ;
Who in small things as happy as great knows to please,
At a feast by politeness, and freedom, and ease ;
Who knows all things, in all things alike can succeed,
Shines in sports and in fields, and rides Pegasus steed.

Turenne,

Turenne, nor Gustavus, nor Sweden's fam'd king,
 E'er tasted, 'tis true, of fam'd Helicon's spring.
 But these heroes untingur'd with learned lore,
 Were ne'er for that cause deem'd illustrious the more.
 So common a greatness brave Frederick declines,
 By turns like Achilles and Homer he shines;
 The Austrians and dunces alike he confounds,
 And in sarcasms as much as in projects abounds;
 Hills Vienna with dread, Rome's encroachments re-
 strains,
 And like a true hero speaks, writes, fights and reigns.
 Oh prince fam'd for courage, in talents so bright,
 No longer by daring fill my soul with affright;
 And with all your wisdom and knowledge reflect,
 Cannon balls have for persons but little respect;
 And that, forc'd from a tube by explosion, base lead
 May sweep at a stroke the most fam'd hero's head;
 When its weight still increas'd by so rapid a course,
 It every moment increases in force.
 What becomes then that spirit, that volatile flame,
 Sprung from organs of sense and a perishing frame;
 That being which vainly would its nature explore,
 Which like fire awhile blazes, and then is no more?

Then

Then some surgeon accurst, one of Atropos' train,
 Might dissect the remains of the brave monarch slain;
 Behold, might he say, the brain where was found
 Such store of ideas, so much science profound;
 That noble heart's fibres might display to the sight,
 Which in life all great qualities once did unite;
 He might cut—but such images dire must not stain
 My page, which his praises alone should contain.
 You deities just, noble Frederick defend,
 The bliss of mankind does on Frederick depend.
 Live, prince, both in peace and in war to do more,
 Than the princes of Europe could e'er do before;
 For I'll prophecy boldly, in time 'twill appear,
 That a star half so bright ne'er adorned the sphere.
 But when you by conquest on conquest obtain'd,
 Increase of your glory and empire have gain'd,
 Forget not the bard, who dar'd once in weak lays
 Your great deeds to presage, and your virtues to praise;
 Recollect that, in spite of your sovereign command,
 His friend you have sign'd yourself under your hand.
 Farewell, victor, deep vers'd in the statesman's fam'd
 art,
 Thirty kingdoms subdu'd are outweigh'd by a heart.

E P I S T L E III.

FROM the German chief of such fame and re-
nown,

The brightest of monarchs that e'er wore a crown,
For these three months past, a most tedious long time,
I have not heard once or in prose or in rhyme :
My muse is oppress'd with a lethargy deep,
But the din of fierce war will soon rouse her from sleep ;
Surpris'd she will hear the loud accents of fame,
Amidst stern alarms, your valour proclaim,
With a voice so sonorous, it cannot be drown'd
By the thunder of cannons and the trumpet's shrill
found.

This rambling goddess I see thro' the air,
With post-haste from Berlin to Paris repair,
And Frederick and Lewis's glory resound
From the north to the south, and the whole world
round.

Those

Those names, which the hand of true glory has
trac'd

In letters of fire, which can ne'er be effac'd ;
Names which, whilst they united in friendship re-
main,

In cōcord and peace can all Europe maintain.

What happy bard then shall the heavenly muse,
To sing the great deeds of these fam'd heroes, chuse ?
What poet shall strive in his well-polish'd lays,
The worth of these two mighty monarchs to praise ?
You who bear, like Achilles, the lance and the lyre,
You only can sing your achievements with fire ;
Whose soul genius warms whenever you write ;
Who with ardour compose, as with ardour you fight ;
And write both in verse and in elegant prose,
With the same ease you take the strong towns of your
foes.

In happily copying Horace, you shine
With his gayety, wit, and his graces divine ;
But your muse, in some points that come home to man's
breast,

Must ever to his be superior confess.

The emperor protect'd the bard in past days,
The emperor's self to protect is your praise.

Son

Son of Mars and Calliope, favourite of fame,
 Who add a new lustre to either great name,
 Europe's peace by your conquering arm maintain,
 And do not to sport with the muses disdain;
 And when your victorious legions shall place
 The throne of the Cæsar's on an unshaken base;
 When the harass'd Hungarians, secure from alarms,
 Their vineyards shall prune, unmolested by arms;
 When all nations shall drink the rich wines of To-
 quay,
 And the peace-makers sing with hearts jovial and
 gay;
 Great Frederick to Berlin with speed shall repair,
 And the joy of his triumphs his true subjects shall
 share;
 And by a new opera, of his own writing,
 Himself shall exhibit his atchievements in fighting.
 Each author your merit will loudly proclaim,
 For tho' we still envy each rival his fame,
 That bard with applause must by all men be read,
 By whom an arm'd host of ten myriads is led.
 But by merit like your's no such aid is requir'd,
 Were you like Homer poor, you'd like him be ad-
 mir'd.

Excuse

Excuse me then if, by your goodness excited,
I oft write you letters in such terms indited,
As shew that in you 'tis the wit I address,
Not the monarch whom all men a hero confess.
The north, whilst your squadrons to battle you led,
In you saw a warrior that fill'd them with dread;
But I see in you, whom I nearly have known,
The most amiable king that e'er sat on a throne.

D

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E IV.

* To the DUKE of SULLY.

GREAT duke, with every talent grac'd,
With genius, candour, virtue, taste;
Whose cloudless temper, noble heart,
To pleasure dignity impart;
Make wisdom lose its brow severe,
And please by an engaging air.
I'll visit soon your country seat,
Still to the muse a lov'd retreat;
There I shall find a high delight,
To talk, at the approach of night,
Of music, verses, lovers flames:
But not a word of Law's deep schemes †;

* Written at Paris, August 18, 1720.

† Mr. Law's system, which turned France topsy-turvy in 1720.

That

That system so much fam'd, by which
The farmers-general grew rich,
And did their pelfs, thro' pure good will,
With all the nation's money fill.
The sybil thus, in times of old,
As in great Maro's page we're told,
No other treasure e'er possessing,
But the black art and skill at gueffing,
Gives to Æneas oaken leaves,
From him the golden bough receives.
Perhaps, with anguish in my heart,
I shortly shall the news impart,
That the old gouty bard is dead,
Whose works, like Chapelle's, will be read ;
Chaulieu shall quit this earthly sphere,
And soon before his judge appear ;
And if a muse, whose polish'd lays
And numbers smooth all readers praise,
Salvation can on souls bestow,
He surely will to heaven go.
The curate came the other day,
Whilst in the agony he lay,
And gave, with ceremonious face,
His passport to a better place.

He saw his fins wash'd white as snow
 By a repentant word or so,
 And then receiv'd, with reverence due,
 That which I need not name to you ;
 He made besides an exhortation,
 Most highly suited to th' occasion.
 He pardon ask'd, and own'd his fault,
 That he too much false glory fought ;
 For pride, he candidly confest,
 Reign'd much too powerful in his breast.
 Poets are ever slaves to fame,
 They labour for an empty name ;
 From vanity, all men agree,
 Preachers and bards are seldom free.
 Yet his pride can't the world prevent
 So great a poet to lament ;
 His loss will make Parnassus groan ;
 For he was left, and left alone,
 Of all the bards, whose deathless strain
 Immortaliz'd great Lewis' reign.
 But in the present age, 'tis said,
 Our youth grown tasteless and ill-bred,
 Have luxury exchang'd for pleasure,
 And idleness for that sage leisure,

Which

Which men, with learned ease content,
In constant meditation spent.

Genonville, first of sonneteers,
Who worthy of that age appears,
Seems in great haste to quit the town,
And to your country seat go down.
The system has not sour'd his spirit,
He still is amiable, has merit ;
Still he has elegance of stile,
He still can gaily talk and smile ;
My mistress charms he has enjoy'd,
With which I never could be cloy'd ;
He makes a jest of this black treason,
And I might angry be with reason ;
But in this world, friend with friend
For trifles never should contend.

E P I S T L E V.

To the DUKE de la FEUILLADE.

PRESERVE, my lord, with ceaseless care,
Luxuriant fancy's fallies rare;
Pleasantry and true humour too,
In which all men must yield to you ;
Your constitution boast no more,
For none think with you on that score.
A lady, who long since has known
Your person, as it were her own,
Declares you well may counterfeit ;
For, tho' your mind's in spring of wit,
Tho' earthly part even now appears
In the full autumn of its years.
Then governor of high renown
Farewell ; you rule not o'er a town,
But o'er a beauty heavenly bright,
Who charms the heart as well as fight ;

Who

Who by her free, licentious spirit,
Does honour to her teacher's merit;
But pray, least Venus should depute
In your place, some young substitute,
Least she should let some lusty blade
So fine a government invade.

E P I S T L E VI.

To Marshal VILLARS.*

'TIS true, I had some hopes of late
Of tasting, at your country seat,
Social enjoyment, sweet repose ;
But † Vinache does my views oppose ;
So for a meer quack I neglected
A hero by all France respected.
I may offend by what I've said,
And should not speak of fear or dread,
To him who ne'er thought life worth care,
But instant death fought every where.
Do not into a passion fly,
And you shall hear the reason why.
You well may risk your life ; but I
Have no great cause to wish to die ;

* Written in 1721.

† An empiric.

For should you in your glorious course
 Fall by some ball's resistless force,
 Convey'd to Pluto's dreary coast,
 What consolations wait your ghost!
 With transport it would hear related,
 How men your funeral celebrated;
 Mass on th' occasion had been said,
 In honour of th' illustrious dead;
 And some dull prelate to the crowd
 Had trumpeted your praise aloud,
 In a discourse, not written by him,
 But bought, or people much bely him.
 Then at St. Denis' church in state
 You'd be interr'd amongst the great.
 But should poor I, nor great nor brave,
 With Charon pass the Stygian wave,
 I without pomp would be convey'd;
 On a vile bier my body laid,
 Two priests would to the church-yard bear,
 And lay it in some corner there.
 My nieces, and my worthy * brother,
 Who for Jansenius makes such pother,

* The author had a brother, treasurer to the chamber of accounts, who was a bigotted Jansenist, and who always quarrelled with him whenever he spoke well of the Jesuits.

Wou'd laugh to see me laid in earth;
My burial would excite their mirth:
And all the honour ever paid
On earth to my departed shade,
Would be some epitaph severe,
Compos'd my memory to tear.
From what has then been said 'tis plain,
That I should longer here remain,
Those deeds of high renown to view,
Which yet shall be achiev'd by you.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE VII.

To Madam de GONDRAIN, afterwards
Countess of TOULOUSE, upon the danger
she had been exposed to in passing the
Loire in 1719.

WHILST in a storm such risk you run,
Know you in Sully what was done ?
The rogue Marigni, with a laugh
Malicious, wrote your epitaph ;
The waves, said he, will soon restore
The body they o'erwhelm'd before ;
And then, said he, will be reveal'd
To fight what she thro' pride conceal'd :
But Espar, Guiche, la Valiere,
And Sully wept for one so dear ;
Rouffi did nothing else but swear,
The abbé Courtin wip'd a tear ;

Perceiving . . .

Perceiving your last hour draw nigh,
Devoutly pray'd to the most high ;
Between his lips some prayer he mutter'd,
And tho' the words he faintly utter'd,
His voice devoutly in his throat
Quiver'd with many a thrilling note.
But what a sight, with glad surprize,
Strikes suddenly my wondering eyes,
A thousand loves on every side
Oppose the fury of the tide,
Combat the winds impetuous rage,
And strive their fury to assuage ;
I see them round your vessel swim,
The surface of the water skim ;
Still struggling with the boisterous tide,
Your vessel to the shore they guide.
Gondoin, the time which love has lent,
Must in love's service all be spent ;
Love for himself preserv'd your days,
And a just claim he to them lays.

EPISTLE

* E P I S T L E VIII.

To Monsieur GENONVILLE, occasioned by a
Disease.

IMPUTE me not friend, a self-love so extreme,
Like Chaulieu, to make myself always my theme ;
But let me that exquisite pleasure enjoy,
Of friendly converse which never can cloy ;
When thought meets with thought, o'er the lip it
depart,
And each utters freely what he feels in his heart.
You remember, my friend, how my muse in weak
lays,
Whilst yet I was young made some efforts for praise ;
You saw calumny vile, all her snakes on her crest,
The spring of my genius with malice infest :
In a horrible dungeon unjustly confin'd,
Amidst my misfortunes with spirit resign'd ;

* Written in the year 1719.

From

From evil I learn'd to gather some good,
And the strokes of adversity bravely withstood ;
With a constancy which I could never presage,
From the levity common in so tender an age :
Why have I not since been as resolute found ?
At slighter attacks I have oft given ground.
How often with tears love has made my eyes flow,
False rogue as you are, without doubt you must know ;
You, who with an address which must needs be admir'd,
The possession of what I love most have acquir'd ;
Who seiz'd on my mistress, and was not content
To get her with ease, and her lover's consent :
But I lov'd you, false friend, notwithstanding your
fault,
I forgot and forgave as a good christian ought.
Ah ! why do I dwell on ideas long past ?
Love once was my bliss, but that bliss could not last.
Now a cruel disease undermines my whole frame,
And it shortly, perhaps, will extinguish life's flame ;
The fates have, I doubt, almost spun out my thread,
And to all sense of pleasure my organs are dead ;
I feel with surprise that I'm void of desire,
And my heart glows no longer with love's vivid fire :

A chaos of thought quite perplexes my head,
My present state's bad, and the future I dread ;
To increase my affliction, my memory's employ'd
On ideas of bliss that can't now be enjoy'd :
But what still is worse, I perceive it apace,
That my mental endowments begin to decrease ;
The particle subtile of heav'nly fire,
Before my corporeal frame does expire :
And can this then be th' emanation so bright,
Which flows from the great source of all mental
light ?

Which lives when our bodies are laid in the earth,
With the organs of sense ev'ry mind has its birth ;
With them it grows up, and with them feels decrease,
And shall its existence like their's at length cease :
I know not, but I have good hope it will brave
Death, the ruins of time, and the jaws of the grave ;
And that an intelligent substance so pure,
The Almighty intended should always endure.

* E P I S T L E IX.

To the † Countess of FONTAINE-MARTEL.

FAIR Martel you must ever seem
Worthy of most profound esteem ;
'Tis at the suppers which you give,
I justly may be said to live ;
For there I cannot ever miss
Pleasure, the only real bliss :
Sometimes I scold you, I must own,
But for that freedom still atone :
When I above the sex extol,
And own that you are worth them all ;
In you a sight most rare we see,
A woman from all foibles free ;

* Written in 1732.

† The countess of Fontaine-martel, daughter to the president Delbourdaux. She was exactly such as she is represented here. Affability and pleasure reigned in her house.

You

You by the charms of wit engage,
And reason like an antient sage :
Your wisdom's not that harpy dire,
Whom rancour and fell rage inspire.
Envy's sad sister, that with eyes
Malignant, into all things pries ;
Who like a hag with ceaseless rage,
Rails at the pleasures of the age.
But that bless'd wisdom, which with ease
The humours of all men can please,
Which makes life's every moment charm,
And of its darts can death disarm.
On all sides, madam, you behold
Beauties, when ugly grown and old,
Because by lovers they're neglected,
Turn faints at last to be respected.
But you more knowing, justly shun
The error into which they run ;
You don't in Virgil's pass the night,
In chearful suppers you delight,
The pleasing fallies of the muse,
Instead of casuists you peruse,
And in the place of Monk elect,
Voltaire your conscience to direct ;

Preferring

Preferring still, as foe to care,
 The opera house to house of prayer ;
 But that which makes my blifs compleat,
 With you, blefs'd freedom, seeks retreat,
 That goddess bright, whose brow serene,
 And lively eyes all hearts must gain,
 Whom gestures free, and easy air,
 Nor prude, nor yet coquet declare ;
 Decent, but not at all demure,
 That can a double sense endure,
 And hear those words without a frown,
 Which make severer dames look down.
 Her sister goddess blythe as fair,
 Heart-easing mirth inhabits there,
 Mirth, who in repartee delights,
 Whose satyr pleases, never bites,
 Who sometimes into ridicule,
 May turn a blockhead, or a fool,
 And makes the wise in proper place,
 Relax the muscles of his face.
 On you may heaven its gifts bestow,
 And make completely blefs'd below,
 One who even in her life's decline,
 Does others in its spring outshine.

EPISTLE

* E P I S T L E XI.

Written from PLOMBIERES to Mr. PALLU,
Intendant of LYONS.

FROM the bottom of that stony cavern I write,
Which lies between two craggy mountains vast
height ;

Where the sky is still black, and with clouds overcast,
And thunders oft burst midst the tempests rude blast ;
Close to a hot bath, which still boils up and smoaks,
Where crowds of the sick are brought wrapt up in
cloaks ;

Where the splenetic mortal, disorder'd in brain,
Talks of his disease in the medical strain,
Bathes himself and besmoaks, and in hopes of a cure,
Can exquisite tortures with patience endure.

From this cavern, to which hags in crowds each day
repair,

And expect to become once more youthful and fair ;

* Written in 1729.

Of virgins a few, a great number who fain,
 Their virginity lost many years would regain ;
 Where their health to recover, or led by meer fancy,
 Old cits in the stage coach come often from Nancy ;
 And of Commercy monks, a most numerous train,
 Who appear from their manners the sons of Lorraine.
 From this place, where languor and spleen still resort,
 By letter at Paris I make my report :
 'Tho' Phœbus forsakes and inspires me no more,
 The aid of the graces and loves I implore ;
 I will frankly own they scarce know me by sight,
 But it is to the learned Pallu I write :
 Alcibiades * too his inajunction has laid,
 Who at court so much grace and such talents display'd,
 Gay, generous, and brave, but prone still to changing,
 From beauty to beauty capriciously ranging ;
 Who, like Cupid, possesses the dangerous art,
 Of seducing by gentle persuasion each heart :
 Cur'd by length of time, or by some serious passion,
 Of falsehood, a vice that's so much in the fashion ;
 In love he appears to have turn'd out of late,
 A model in every respect quite compleat ;

* The duke of Richelieu.

Who

Who such an extraordinary change brought about,
 Let me guess e'er so long I can never find out ;
 But illustrious fair one, the pow'r of your eyes
 Must surely be great to have won such a prize :
 Peradventure some women a choice might have made,
 Of a cleverer and a more promising blade.
 To Hercules liker in sinew and bone,
 Like Celadon to the soft passion more prone ;
 But thro' the whole world cou'd she ever find
 One worthier of love amongst all human kind ?
 For where, dearest madam, can you e'er hope to meet,
 One that's like him, a friend, both reserv'd and discreet ?
 In whom the old courtier's politeness refin'd,
 With the graces and sprightliness of youth is combin'd,
 Whose converse all mortals must equally please,
 With vivacity mixing an elegant ease ;
 Whose nat'ral vein of true humour and wit,
 Must the taste of all ranks and all genius's fit :
 And does he not merit the praise of the nation,
 Who after three whole years of negotiation,
 That formality proud, and those airs ne'er contracted,
 Which envoys assume when affairs are transacted ?
 In this picture faithful from flatt'ry free,
 Must not every eye Alcibiades see ?

E P I S T L E XII.

To Monsieur DE FORMONT, with the Works
of DESCARTES and MALLEBRANCHE.

SWEET bard, who with reason can rhyme re-
concile,

Philosopher blest with the graces of style ;

Your works Epicurus and Apollo inspire,

One teaches to reason, one fills you with fire :

I renounce fam'd Mallebranche, and his learned lumber,

Such a dreamer obscure only teaches to slumber.

Of pure spirit, 'tis true, he has made a great pother,

But in fact understands it no more than another ;

And what he asserts without doubt is too bold,

That with God in his glory we converse may hold ;

Nor can Descartes vision, romantic and vain,

A much greater degree of my credit obtain ;

His new law affords but a faint ray of light,

Instead of assisting he dazzles our sight.

Thro'

Thro' all nature's works, so obscure and so dark,
 He here and there strikes out a glittering spark ;
 Our fore-fathers errors he gravely refutes,
 And in their room others as great substitutes :
 Thus from the store-house of his prolific brain,
 With air most important, and labour most vain,
 Materials he takes a new system to raise,
 A skill equal to his even Bridoye displays.
 Farewell my dear friend, I to Sylvia repair,
 An hours conversation with the young and the fair ;
 More compleat satisfaction imparts to my mind,
 Than in any philosopher's system I find,
 But tho' I'm enraptur'd with her charms divine,
 I must own I to question her faith much incline ;
 But I ardently love her, and will always be blind
 To her ev'ry fault while she shews herself kind.

E P I S T L E XIII.*

To Monsieur HENAUT, the President.

YOU who the errors have reform'd,
By which chronology's deform'd;
Who wand'ring thro' poetic ground,
Gather'd the fairest flow'rs you found;
Who couldst sagaciously explore
The depths of philosophic lore,
And have not misemploy'd your leisure,
For all th' allurements of soft pleasure:
Henaut, I beg thee to impart,
The secret or the magic art;
By which with glory crown'd you quell,
The rage of envy, monster fell;
Whilst I, plac'd in a lower sphere,
Whom envy never should come near;

* Written at Luneville, on the 8th of November, 1748.

The fury see where'er I tread,
Pour all her poisons on my head :
We should not eagerly seek fame,
I weakly strove to fix my name,
On memory's temple walls, whilst you
Wisely from fools and noise withdrew :
I labour'd glory to secure,
You shun'd her, but you made her sure .
An oak with leafy honours crown'd,
May reign o'er all the trees around ;
To all its boughs is honour paid,
Men dance beneath the sacred shade :
But shou'd a blade of grass be seen,
To rise o'er others on the green ;
Its trifling height offends each eye,
Men tear it up and throw it by .
I pity the poor author's fate,
Whom all men envy, scorn, or hate ;
The author who desires repose,
Must shun all others as his foes ;
Montagne, who could each reader please,
By depth of reason, chearful ease,
Retiring to his antient seat,
From critic malice made retreat ;

E

Doubting

Doubting of all things, laugh'd at fools,
 Who argue gravely in the schools :
 But when his pupil Charon fam'd,
 With method and reserve declaim'd,
 And lectures upon wisdom gave,
 Like a professor learn'd and grave ;
 He narrowly escap'd his fate,
 Pursu'd by theologic hate ;
 Upon occasion, time, and place,
 Depend your glory or disgrace :
 One day by all your idoliz'd,
 The next insulted and despis'd.
 Capricious Greece in former days,
 To Pyrrho did a statue raise,
 Whilst Socrates, who spoke so well,
 A martyr to right reason fell :
 Thrice happy, who to all unknown,
 Lives useful to himself alone.
 By friendship only man is blest'd,
 But envious rivals break his rest ;
 Glory at rest cannot remain,
 And wit is the possessor's bane :
 'Tis often like a wanton wife,
 A torment of the owner's life ;

The

The wife must have her gallant still,
 Let the good man say what he will :
 A welcome all that offer find,
 To every other man she's kind.
 Thus she by others is enjoy'd,
 The husband's by possession cloy'd ;
 But let us change a note so sad,
 Is then to please a lot so bad ;
 Envy's a necessary ill,
 It spurs us on to virtue still ;
 The noble soul in virtue's course,
 Is hereby urg'd with double force.
 Hence Hercules acquired a name,
 And Maro Mævius urg'd to fame :
 For vain discourse what need I care,
 It passes like the idle air ;
 I live thrice happy in this court,
 Where broils and trouble ne'er resort,
 No jealous cares e'er give me pain,
 The monarch has no courtly train ;
 With Boufflers and Emilia fair,
 Living I'm blest'd beyond compare :
 Their converse fills me with delight,
 Then I may envy well excite.

THE
TEMPLE OF TASTE*.

THAT cardinal o'er all the realm
Rever'd, not he who holds the helm,
But he who o'er Parnassus reigns,
Renown'd for his harmonious strains ;
The patron whom all bards respect,
Who can instruct them and protect,
Whose eloquence we all admire,
Who with a true poetic fire,
In Latin verse can reason right,
Plato with Virgil can unite,
Who vindicates high heaven to man,
And quite subverts Lucretius's plan †.

That

* This work was composed in 1731. Several editions of it have been published ; but that of which we here give a translation, is by all means the best and most correct.

† The cardinal Polignac wrote a Latin poem against Lucretius.

That cardinal, whom every one must know by this picture, desired me one day to accompany him to the Temple of Taste. 'Tis a place, said he, which resembles the Temple of Friendship, which every body speaks off, which few visit, and which most of those who travel to it, have never thoroughly examined.

I answer'd frankly, I must own,
To me taste's laws are little known,
To favour you that God inclines,
He to your hands the keys consigns ;
You are his vicar here deputed,
And o'er his church Pope constituted.
In furious fret all Rome may rage,
And rave at this my honest page ;
But there's a difference very plain,
'Twixt you and Rome's Pope, I'll maintain ;
For Sorbonne's doctors all aver
God's vicar upon earth may err :

No man of learning is unacquainted with these lines at the opening of it.

*Pieridum si forte lepos austerâ canentes,
Deficit, eloquio victi re vincimus ipsâ.*

Tho' in poetic grace our lines may fail,
By solid argument we must prevail.

But when I hear you reason strong,
 I think you can't be in the wrong ;
 So just your reasoning, wit so bright,
 You seem infallible outright.

Ah, replied he, at Rome infallibility is confined to things which men do not comprehend : in the Temple of Taste, it concerns what all think they understand. You must positively come with me. But, continued I, if you carry me with you, I will make it my public boast.

I shall be importun'd I'm sure,
 To write a volume on this tour :
 Voltaire's account shall be at best,
 But a short narrative in jest.
 But town and court will, without fail,
 Loudly at the relation rail ;
 The court will murmur, and the town
 Will, as a fibber, run me down ;
 As one who talks with serious air
 Of places, when he ne'er was there,
 And readers better to engage,
 Tells a flat lie in ev'ry page.

However,

However, as we should never refuse ourselves an innocent pleasure, for fear others should think ill of us, I followed the guide who did me the honour to be my conductor.

Abbe with taste and genius fraught,
With us the sacred shrine you sought;
You, who with sage enlighten'd mind,
At once both knowing and refin'd,
Have, by example, shewn the way
Which we may take, nor fear to stray,
When in pursuit of taste we go,
That God which wits so seldom know.

In our journey we had many difficulties to encounter. We first of all met with Messrs. Baldus, Scioppius, Lecicocrassus, Scriblerius, and a crowd of commentators, who made it their business to restore passages, and compile volumes upon a word which they did not understand.

* Dacier, † Salmafius the profound,
 With learned lumber stor'd I found;
 Their faces wan, their fire quite spent,
 With poring o'er Greek authors bent.
 Soon as the squalid troop I spied,
 I rais'd my voice, and to them cry'd,
 To Taste's fam'd Temple do you bend?
 No, sir, we no such thing intend.
 What others have with care express'd,
 With accuracy we digest,

* Dacier was a man of great learning. He was perfectly acquainted with every thing in ancient authors, except their grace and elegance. His commentaries are replete with erudition, but destitute of taste. He has translated the most refined strokes of Horace like a pedant. When Horace says to his mistress, "*Miseri quibus intentata nites,*" Dacier translates the passage, "Wretched are they who suffer themselves to be allured by the calm, without knowing you." He translates, "*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus.*" "Now is the time to drink and dance till we are tired, without being under any apprehensions." "*Mox juniores querit adulteros.*" He translates thus, "They are no sooner married, but they look out for new gallants." But tho' he has disfigured Horace, and tho' his notes shew him to be a man of much learning, but little genius, his work abounds with useful researches, and his industry is highly commendable.

† Salmafius is a learned author, whom nobody reads. He begins his defence of Charles II. in this manner: The English, who play at tennis with the heads of kings, who play bowls with crowns, and who use sceptres as so many baubles.

On

On others thoughts we spend our ink,
But we for our part never think.

After this ingenuous confession, these gentlemen would have had us read some passages of Dictys, of Crete, and Metrodorus of Lampfachus, which Scaliger had spoiled. We thanked them for their kind offer, and continued our journey. We had not walked a hundred steps, when we met a person surrounded with painters, architects, carvers, gilders, pretended connoisseurs, and flatterers. They turned their backs to the Temple of Taste.

With air important, pride repos'd,
His face with gravity compos'd,
And Crassus snoring, cry'd, I've store
Of gold, of wit and genius more:
With taste, sir, I am amply fraught,
I know all things, yet ne'er was taught;
I'm skill'd in council and affairs,
In spite of tempests and corsairs;
My vessel safe to port I've brought,
With pyrates, and with winds I've fought,

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A palace, therefore, I shall raise,
Which ev'ry man of taste will praise,
Where ev'ry art shall be display'd,
Which shall with wonder be survey'd :
The money's ready, no delay,
He said and slept, they all obey :
This is no sooner said than done,
To labour all the workmen run.
To a Vitruvius pride erects
One of our modern architects,
Resolving to do something new,
A plan too much adorn'd he drew ;
No porch or front the pile could shew,
But your eye meets an endless Row,
Your walls not thick, your closets great,
Your Salon without depth compleat ;
Windows each one of which appears,
Like a church door and little peers ;
Gilt, wainscoated, and painted white,
It shall with wonder strike the sight.
Wake, sir, a painter cry'd aloud,
Be to my art just praise allow'd ;
The skill of Raphael ne'er was such,
He had not half so soft a touch.

To

To nature I can give new grace,
 And cover all the cielings space,
 With various figures, which the sight
 Beholds at distance with delight.
 Crassus awaking, took the plan,
 And to examine it began:
 Having at length the whole inspected,
 At random he its faults corrected;
 Then glass in hand a connoisseur
 Said, look upon this picture, fir;
 Buy it, fir, 'twill your chapel grace,
 God in his glory suits the place;
 The taste alone's enough to shew,
 That 'tis the work of fam'd Vatau*.
 Mean time a bookfeller, a cheat,
 Whom wits are often forc'd to treat,
 Opens tomes which the works contains,
 Of Gacon, Noble, Desfontaines;
 Miscellanies of journals store,
 My lord begins to read and snore.

* A Flemish painter who worked at Paris, where he died some years ago. He succeeded in little figures, but never produced any thing great, it was above his capacity.

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I thought we should meet with no farther delay, but that we should approach the Temple without encountering any other difficulty; but the journey is more dangerous than I imagined. We soon after fell into a new ambuscade.

Thus in the path which to salvation
Leads, Devotees meet much temptation;
And with the devil oft contend,
Before they reach their journey's end.

This was a concert given by a gentleman of the long robe, infatuated with music, which he never learned, and chiefly with the Italian music, which he had no knowledge of, but from some indifferent airs which were never heard at Rome, and which are very badly sung in France by some girls belonging to the opera.

He then caused a long French recitative, set to music by an Italian, who did not understand our language, to be performed. It was to no purpose to remonstrate to him, that as this sort of music is nothing more than noted declamation, it is of consequence, subjected to the genius of the language; and that nothing

thing

The TEMPLE OF TASTE. 67

nothing can be as ridiculous as French scenes sung in the Italian taste, but Italian ones sung in the French taste.

Nature ingenious, fertile, wise,
Earth with gifts various beautifies;
She speaks to all in language fit,
They differ both in tongue and wit;
Their tone, their voices suit; each note
Is by the hand of nature wrote;
And every difference must appear
To a refin'd, judicious ear.
Music to charm in France, the tone
Of France must imitate alone.
Lully could to our taste descend,
Not strive to alter but amend.

No sooner were these judicious remarks made, but the pretended connoisseur, shaking his head, cried, come, come, you shall soon see something new. We could not refuse to enter, and immediately after the concert began.

The rivals then of Lully's fame,
Their taste and skill in art the same,

French

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French verse most dissonantly play'd
With the Italian music's aid :
A lady, with distorted eyes,
Acted a thousand extasies.
A coxcomb, of his dress quite vain,
Quaver'd and thrill'd a frantic strain,
And beat time false, which made them soon
All equally play out of tune.

We left the place as fast as we could, and we did not arrive at the temple of Taste, till after we had met with many adventures of this kind.

On basis firm, in antient days,
Greece did this famous temple raise :
The building, with revolving years
Increas'd, to menace heaven appears.
The world, upon its altars laid,
Incense and adoration paid :
To own the power Rome long delay'd,
At length to taste the homage paid.
The Turk, a more inveterate foe,
In dust the edifice laid low.
The ruins, by the Goths neglected,
Were all in Italy collected.

Soon.

Soon the first Francis, nobly bold,
 Rais'd a new temple like the old ;
 But his posterity despis'd
 An architecture once so priz'd.
 Next Richlieu made it all his care
 Th' abandon'd temple to repair.
 Lewis adorn'd the sacred shrine,
 Colbert invited all the nine ;
 Each art, in which the wise excel,
 Beneath the temple's roof to dwell.
 By this the first shrine was surpass'd,
 But much I doubt it will not last.
 Here might I in descriptive verse
 The beauties of the shrine rehearse ;
 But let us not, to shew our skill in
 Description, simply write for filling ;
 Let us prolixity avoid,
 By which Felibien's reader's cloy'd ;
 Whilst he each trifle to explain,
 Launches into rhetoric strain.
 This noble buildings not disgrac'd
 With heaps of rubbish round it plac'd ;
 For thus our sires, but little skill'd,
 Their Gothic structures us'd to build.

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The shrine from all the faults we see,
In Versailles Chapelle fam'd is free ;
That gewgaw, which strikes vulgar eyes,
But which all men of taste despise.

It is much easier to give a negative than a positive
idea of this temple. To avoid so difficult an attempt
I shall only add,

The structure's of a simple taste,
Each ornament is justly plac'd ;
The whole's arrang'd with so much care,
Art seems to copy nature there ;
The beauteous structure fills the sight,
Not with surprize, but with delight.

The temple was surrounded with a crowd of vir-
tuosos, artists and connoisseurs of various kinds, who
endeavoured to enter, but did not succeed.

For criticism, severe and just,
Still stood before that shrine august,
Repelling all the efforts rude
Of Goths, who would in crowds intrude.

How

How many men of quality, how many persons in high vogue with the public, who dictate so imperiously to little clubs, are refused admittance into that temple!

There the cabals of wits no more
Have the same power they had before ;
When they could make an audience praise
Pradon's and * Scuderi's wretched lays,
And think their writings did excel
Those of Racine and great Corneille.

The obscure enemies of all-shining merit, those insects of society, which are taken notice of only because they bite, were repelled with equal rudeness. These would have envied the great Conde the glory he acquired at Rocroy, and Villars the reputation he

* Scuderi was, as well he might, the declared enemy of Corneille. He had a party, which greatly preferred him to that father of the stage. There is still extant a wretched book of Sarrazin, written to prove, that a certain piece of Scuderi's, entitled *Tyrannic Love*, is the best dramatic Piece in the French language. This Scuderi boasted, that four door-keepers were killed when one of his pieces were represented, and said he would never yield to Corneille till there were five door-keepers killed at the representation of the *Cid* or the *Horatii*. As to Pradon, it is well known, that his *Phedra* was at first much more favourably received than that of Racine ; and that it required a considerable time to make the influence of a party give way to merit.

by something of a more diverting nature: this was a crowd of writers of every rank, age and condition, who scratched at the door, and begged of Criticism to permit them to enter. One brought with him a mathematical romance, another a speech made before the academy; one had just composed a metaphysical comedy; another held in his hand a poetical miscellany long since printed, with a long approbation and a * privilege; another presented a mandate wrote in an affected and over-refined style, and was surprised to find, that all present laughed instead of asking his blessing. I am the reverend father—said one; make room for my lord, said another.

A prating fir, with voice acute,
 Cries, I'm the judge of each dispute,
 I argue, contradict and prate,
 What others like I'm sure to hate.
 Then Criticism appearing, cry'd,
 Your merit is by none deny'd;

* Many bad books have been printed with approbations replete with praises.

But since Tasse's godhead you reject,
Do not to enter here expect.

Bardou then cried out, the world's in an error, and will always continue so: there's no god of Tasse, and I'll prove it thus: then he laid down a proposition, divided and subdivided it; but nobody listened, and a greater multitude than ever crowded to the gate.

Amidst the various coxcombs chac'd
By judgment from the shrine of Tasse,
La Motte * Houdard amongst the rest
Approach'd, and words like these address;
Receive my *Œdipus* in prose;
Rough'y, 'tis true, I verse compose:
I must with Boileau hold converse,
And rail against all sorts of verse.

* Houdard La Motte in 1728 wrote an *Œdipus* in prose, and another in verse. As for his *Œdipus* in prose, nobody could ever bear to read it. His *Œdipus* in verse was acted three times. It was printed with his other dramatic works; and the author took care to prefix to it an advertisement, importing, that the performance of it was interrupted during the most extraordinary success. This author composed several works, which are very much esteemed, some fine odes, pretty operas, and dissertations extremely well wrote.

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Criticism knew him by his gentle deportment and the roughness of the two last lines, and she left him awhile between Perrault and Chapelain, who had laid a fifty years siege to the temple, and constantly exclaimed against Virgil.

At that very moment there arrived another versifier, supported by two little satires, and crowned with laurels and thistles.

§ I come hither to laugh, to sport and to play,
And make merry, said he, till the dawn of the
day.

What's this I hear? said Criticism. 'Tis I, answered the rhymers; I am just come from Germany to visit you, and I have chosen the spring of the year to travel in.

Spring, the season in which the young Zephyrs
dissolve

|| The bark of the floods, and to fluid resolve.

§ A couplet of Rousseau's.

|| Lines of Rousseau's.

The more he spoke in this style, the less was Criticism disposed to open the door to him. What, said he, am I then taken for

§ A frog, who from his narrow throat
Still utters, in discordant note,
Boekekekex, roar, roar?

Heavens, cried Criticism, what horrible jargon is this! She could not immediately guess who the person was that expressed himself in this manner. She was told it was Rousseau, and that the Muses had altered his voice as a punishment for his misdeeds. She could not believe it, and refused to open the door. He blushed, and cried out,

A rigour so extream abate,
I come to seek Marot my mate;
Like him, ill luck I had awhile,
But Phœbus now does on me smile;
I'm Rousseau, and to you well known;
Here's verses against fam'd || Bignon.

§ Verses of Rousseau's.

|| A privy counsellor; a man whose merit was acknowledged all over Europe. Rousseau had wrote some bad Verses against him.

O thou,

O thou, who always didst inspire
My bosom with thy sacred fire,
Kind Criticism a welcome give
To one, who elsewhere cannot live.

Criticism upon hearing these words, open'd the door
again and spoke thus :

Rousseau, my temper better know,
I'm just, and ne'er with gall o'erflow ;
Unlike that fury, whose fell rage
Suggested thy malicious page ;
Who pour'd her poison in your heart,
And arm'd you with the deadly dart.
The calumnies you strove to spread,
Drew Themis' vengeance on your head ;
Your muse was into banishment §
For certain wicked couplets sent.

§ 'Tis universally known, that Rousseau was condemned to make an amende honourable, and banished for life, on account of certain infamous verses, which he wrote against his friends, and laid to the charge of Mons. Saurin of the French academy. The papers relating to this suit have been preserved by the curious. Rousseau's case is said to be extremely ill wrote ; that of Mr. Saurin is a masterpiece of genius and eloquence. Rousseau when in exile broke with his patrons, and persisted to declaim without effect against all, whose writings were an honour to France, as Mrs. de Fontenelle, Crebillon, Destouches, Dubos, &c.

And

And for a wretched, ill-wrote case,
 Which added to your dire disgrace ;
 But Phœbus quickly did pursue
 Your malice with the vengeance due ;
 Your soul of genius he depriv'd,
 Genius which you from him deriv'd ;
 Of harmony he robb'd your lays,
 Which by that only merit praise ;
 Yet you the scribbling itch retain,
 Whilst Phœbus disavows each strain.

Criticism, after having given this advice, adjudged, that Rousseau should take place of La Motte as a versifier ; but that La Motte should have the precedence, whenever genius or understanding were the subjects of dispute.

These two men, so different from each other, had not walked four steps, when the one turned pale with rage, and the other leapt with joy, at the sight of a man, who had been a long time in the temple, sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another.

This was the learned Fontenelle,
 Who could in all the arts excel,

And

And on each branch of science threw
 A light that pleas'd, because 'twas new;
 He from a planet came post-haste
 Back to the sacred shrine of taste;
 Reason'd with Mairan, with Quinault
 Trifled away an hour or so;
 And manag'd with an equal skill
 The lyre, the compass and the quill.

What, cried Rousseau, shall I see that man here, that man against whom I have wrote so many epigrams? What shall Taste suffer in her temple the author of the chevalier D'Her's letters, of an *autumnal passion*, of *moon-light*, of *a brook in love with a meadow*, of *the tragedy of Aspar*, of *Endymion*, &c. No, answered Criticism, 'tis not the author of those works that you see before you; 'tis the author of the plurality of worlds, who composed *Thetis and Peleus*, an opera that excites your envy, and the history of the academy of sciences, which you are not capable of understanding.

Rousseau was going to write an epigram, and Fontenelle looked upon him with that philosophical compassion, which every man of an enlightened mind

must have for a meer rhymer, and then went and seated himself with great compofure between Lucretius and Leibnitz §.

I ask'd how Leibnitz came to be there? I was told that it was because he had wrote tolerable good Latin verses, though he was versed both in metaphicks and geometry, and that Criticism admitted him into her temple, to soften by such an example the austerity of his scientifical brethren.

Criticism then turned to the author of the plurality of worlds, and said: I shall not reproach you with some of your juvenile performances, as these zealous cynicks have done: but I am Criticism; you are now in the presence of the god of Taste, and I must thus

§ Leibnitz was born at Leipzig, on the 23d of June 1646, and died at Hanover on the 14th of November, 1716. He was the greatest ornament to learning that Germany ever produced: he was a more universal genius than Newton, though, perhaps, not so great a mathematician. To a profound knowledge in every branch of natural philosophy, he added a refined taste for polite learning; he even wrote French poetry. He was guilty of some errors in metaphysics; but in that he resembles all who have attempted to frame systems. He owed his fortune entirely to his reputation. He enjoyed considerable pensions from the emperor of Germany, the emperor of Russia, the King of England, and many other sovereigns.

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addresses you in the name of that god, the public, and myself; for we all three agree in the main.

Your sportful and instructive muse
Of art should not be so profuse;
Her charms are not sure so faint,
As to require the aid of paint.

As for Lucretius, he blushed as soon as ever he saw the cardinal his adversary; but no sooner did he hear him speak but he conceived a friendship for him: he ran to him, and accosted him in very fine Latin verses, which I translate into indifferent French ones.

Misled by Epicurus' lore,
I thought I nature could explore,
And as a god the man admir'd,
Who, with presumptuous fury fir'd,
Dar'd impious war with heaven to wage,
The gods dethroning in his rage.
I thought the soul a transient fire,
Dissolv'd the moment we expire;

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I now no more with truth contend:
The soul shall never have end;
But of existence always sure,
Shall like your deathless verse endure.

The cardinal answered this compliment in the language of Lucretius. All the Latin poets present, from his air and stile, judged him to be an antient Roman: but the French poets are highly displeas'd at authors composing verses in a language which is no longer spoken; and they affirm, that since Lucretius, born at Rome, wrote a Latin poem upon the philosophy of Epicurus, his adversary, born at Paris, should have wrote against him in French. To conclude; after several such amusing delays, we at last arriv'd at the temple of the god of Taste.

I saw the god, whom I in vain
Implore for aid in every strain;
That god, who never was defin'd;
Whose essence 'scapes the searching mind;
To whom just service few can pay,
Tho' they with such devotion pray;

Who

Who animates La Fontaine's strain,
 And Vadius searches for in vain.
 The Graces he consults, whose ease,
 With native beauty join'd, can please;
 Graces which other nations own,
 Are best to the French writers known;
 Which others oft to copy try'd;
 Which by strict rules are never tied;
 Which reign'd at court in times of yore,
 With which love crowns the Gallic shore.
 Around the god the tender band
 Of Graces still obsequious stand;
 They to adorn the god attend;
 He pleases by the charms they lend;
 They crown him with a wreath divine,
 Where Phoebus self took care to twine;
 Laurels, which once fam'd Maro crown'd
 For epic poetry renown'd.
 Myrtle and ivy leaves, which grac'd
 Horace supreme in wit and taste;
 The roses, which in times of yore
 The lyric bard Anacreon wore.
 His front, the mirror of his mind,
 Shew'd wisdom by true taste refin'd;

Wit sparkled in his eyes, his air
 Was such as might his soul declare.
 To prove his beauty is divine,
 Silvia, his face resembles thine ;
 I thus conceal your real name,
 Least envious beauties should declaim ;
 Against you should it once be known,
 Your charms are greater than their own.
 || Rollin not far, with action grave,
 To youth his learned lessons gave.

|| Charles Rollin, formerly principal of the university and royal professor, is the first member of the university that ever wrote in elegant French for the instruction of youth, and that recommended the study of our language as necessary, though neglected in the schools. His treatise upon the belles lettres breathes elegant taste, and is replete with learning throughout. He is reproached with nothing but having dwelt too much upon things of little importance. He has never lost sight of taste, but where he has aimed at humour, tom. 3, page 303, in speaking of Cyrus he says, *immediately little Cyrus was dress'd out as a cup-bearer ; he approached gravely with a napkin on his shoulder, and holding the cup genteely with three fingers, I was in doubt, said he, whether this liquor was not poison. How so? Yes, papa.* And in another place, speaking of the several sorts of play which children may be indulged in, he expresses himself thus: *A ball, a foot-ball, a top, are very much to their taste.* From the top of the house to the cellar there was nothing spoken but Latin at Robert Stephens's. It were to be wished these exceptionable passages were corrected in the first new edition of a book so valuable in other respects.

And

And tho' in his professor's chair,
 Was listen'd to a thing most rare.
 Meantime in an apartment by §,
 Which Girardon with Puget vie
 With statues to adorn, where taste
 As well as just expression's trac'd ;
 Pouffin || upon stretch'd canvas shew'd
 What genius in his bosom glow'd.

§ Girardon's statues excelled in grace, Puget's in expression. The baths of Apollo were done by Girardon, but the horses are not of his workmanship; they are of Marfi's, a statuary worthy to work in concert with Girardon. The Milo and the gladiator are Puget's.

|| Pouffin, born at Andelis in 1594, had no master but his genius, assisted by a few prints of Raphael's, which accidentally fell into his hands. A desire to consult the beautiful remains of antiquity made him undertake a journey to Rome, notwithstanding the obstacles which extrem povetty laid in his way. He there produced several master-pieces, which he sold for but seven crowns apiece. Being invited to France by the secretary of state Desnoyers, he there established the fine taste in painting; but being persecuted by his rivals, he returned to Rome, where he died with a great reputation and no fortune. He has sacrificed colouring to the other articles of painting. This is too gloomy in his sacraments; yet there is in the duke of Orleans's closet, a conversion of St. Paul by Pouffin, which hangs by Raphael's vision of Ezekiel, and is lively enough in its colouring. This picture loses nothing by being compared to that of Raphael; they both give equal satisfaction to the beholder.

† Le Brun with elevated mind,
 And genius nobly bold, design'd.
 ‡ Le Sueur, in his art compleat,
 Between both painters took his feat ;
 None murmur'd to behold him there,
 All own'd him worthy of the chair.
 The god, who with a critic eye
 Could every pencil's stroke espy,
 Griev'd, whilst he much admir'd their art,
 They could not to their works impart
 Those vivid colours, whose bright glow
 On nature's self new charms bestow.
 A crowd of loves before him play'd,
 And to his touch new force convey'd,

† Le Brun, the scholar of Vouet, was defective only in the colouring. The colours in his pictures of Alexander's family are better than those of his battles. This painter has not so exquisite a taste for antiquity as Poussin and Raphael ; but he is equal to Raphael in invention, and superior to Poussin in vivacity. The prints of Alexander's battles, by le Brun, are more bought, than those by Raphael and Julius Romano.

‡ Eustachius le Sueur was an excellent painter, though he never was in Italy. All his works were in the high taste ; but he was defective in his colouring as well as the other two. These three painters are at the head of the French school.

And

And rais'd each beauty to its height,
By adding || Rubens colours bright.

I was surpris'd that I did not meet at the sanctuary several persons, who, sixty or eighty years ago, pass'd for the greatest favourites of the god of Taste. The Pavillons, the Benferades, the Peliffons, the Segrais's*, the St. Evremonds, the Belzacs, the Voitures, were no longer in possession of the first places. They possess'd them heretofore, said one of my guides; they made a figure before the bright period of the learned world; but they have at length given place to men of real genius. At present they are but little consider'd; and, in fact, most of them had only the wit peculiar to their age, and not that species of wit which reaches posterity.

The

|| Rubens is equal to Titian in his colouring; but he is very much inferior to our French painters in the correctness of design.

* Segrais is but a very indifferent poet. Nobody reads his eclogues, though they are praised by Boileau. His *Æneid* is in the style of Chapelain. He wrote an opera upon the subject of Roland and Angelica, with the title of *Love cured by Time*. In the prologue are these lines:

Pour couronner leur tête
En cette fête,

F 5

Allons.

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The graces of their feeble lays
Are tarnished, and they lose their praise ;
None them as genius's admit,
But all agree to praise their wit.

Segrais attempted one day to enter the sanctuary at the same time, repeating the following verse of Boileau.

Que Segrais dans l'églogue en charm les forêts.

Let Segrais charm the woods with rural lays.

But Criticism having unhappily for him, read a few pages of his *Æneid* in French verse, dismissed him a

Allons dans nos jardins,
Avec les lys de Charlemagne,
Assembler les jefmins
Qui parfument l'Espagus.

Their heads to crown,
On such a day
Let's walk into our gardens gay,
And with the lillies of Charlemagne
Gather the jeffamy of Spain.

Zada is a romance, written with great purity of language, and read by every body ; but it was not wrote by Segrais.

little

little roughly, and in his place admitted * madame de la Fayette, who published the delightful romance of Zada; and the princess of Cleves, under the name of Segrais.

Peliffon † is not easily excused, for having in his history of the French academy, gravely related so many

* Mr. Huet, bishop of Avranches, tells us, in the 204 page of his commentaries, that madame de la Fayette was so indifferent about reputation, that she suffered her Zada to appear under the name of Segrais; and when I related this anecdote, some of Segrais's friends, who were ignorant of the truth, complained of this as an outrage to his memory. But it is a fact to my certain knowledge, and I could prove it by many letters of madame de la Fayette, and by the original manuscript of Zada, the sheets of which she sent me as she wrote it.

† Here are some of the strokes which Peliffon cites as pieces of wit. A marriage being talked of between Voiture, who was the son of a vintner, and the daughter of one of the king's purveyors. These lines were wrote upon the occasion.

O que ce beau couple d'amans,
 Va gouter de contentement !
 Que leurs delices seront grandes,
 Ils seront toujours en festin,
 Car si la pro fournit les viandes,
 Voiture fournira le vin !

How blest will these two lovers live,
 With plenty they'll be blest'd,
 Victuals the purveyor shall give,
 Voiture of wines the best.

many purilities, and cited as strokes of wit, things which by no means deserve that name. The soft, but weak Pavillon, humbly pays his court to madame des Houlieres, who is placed far above him. The unequal St. Evremont *, does not presume to speak of poetry. Balac, with his long-winded hyperbolical phrases, tires the patience of Benferade and Voiture †, who

He adds, that madam Desloges, in a company that was engaged at a sort of play, called Proverbs, Voiture having given a proverb, which she did not like, said, this is a bad one, tap another. His history of the academy is filled with such trivial circumstances, and written in so languishing a style, that whoever reads it without prejudice, is surpris'd at his having so great a reputation. But at that time, forty persons had interested motives for praising it.

* Every body knows, that St. Evremont was a wretched poet. His comedies are his very worst productions; yet so great was his reputation, that he was offer'd five hundred guineas for the copy of his *Sir Politick Wouldbe*.

† Voiture had the most reputation of any of these celebrated persons of former days, yet his works deserve it the least. If you except four or five little poems, and about as many letters, he was reckon'd as great a master of the epistolary manner of writing, as Pliny; and yet his letters are not superior to those of *Le Pays* and *Bouffaut*. These are some of his strokes: when you tear my heart into a thousand pieces, there is not one that is not very much at your service; and one of your smiles sweetens my bitterest grief. I do not lie when I tell you, that my uneasiness at being deprived of your company, costs me a hundred thousand tears. I advise you seriously, to make yourself king of *Madeira*. Think what a pleasure it would be, to possess a kingdom of sugar: in truth, we should live very sweetly in it. He writes
to

who answer him by antithesis and quibbles, which they are presently after ashamed of themselves. I went in quest of the famous count de Buffy. Madam de Sévigné, who is beloved by all who dwell in the Temple, told me, that her dear cousin, a man of great wit, but a little too vain, could never succeed so far, as to make the God of Taste entertain the

to Chapelain thus: " I must tell you, that whenever I reflect that I am writing to the most judicious man of the age, to the author of *Lione*, and the *Maid of Orleans*, my hair stands on end, like the bristles of a porcupine. His poetry is sometimes flat, and insipid in the highest degree.

Nous trouvâmes pres sercotte,
 Chac étrange et vraye pourtant,
 Des boeufs qu'on voyoit broutant;
 Dessus le haut d'une motte,
 Et plus bas quelques cochons,
 Et bon nombre de moutons.

A thing we saw, that's true, but strange,
 Oxen that brouze about and range
 Upon a hill, whilst hogs are seen,
 And many sheep upon the green.

Yet *Voiture* is admired, because he was born in an age that was just emerging out of barbarism, when people aimed at wit, without knowing what it was. 'Tis true, *Boileau* compared him to *Horace*, but *Boileau* was then young. He with pleasure paid that tribute to the reputation of *Voiture*, that he might attack that of *Chapelain*, who passed for the greatest genius than in Europe.

fame

same favourable opinion of Monf. Roger de Rabutin, which the count de Buffy had of him.

Buffy for pride and self-love fam'd,
 Is by the God feverely blam'd ;
 Because too much a slave to fame,
 Himself he often made his theme * :
 His son with ev'ry talent grac'd,
 Is always well receiv'd by tafte ;
 He flatters none, of none speaks ill,
 His converfation pleafes ftill ;
 He fhews that wit and eloquence,
 To which his father makes pretence.
 † Chaulieu, who gay and void of care,
 Rifing from table fung an air ;

Address'd

* He wrote to the king in thefe tetms :—“ Sire, Such a man as I am, who have wit, birth, and courage.—I have birth, and it is faid I have wit, which makes every thing I fay valuable.”

† The abbe de Chaulieu, in an epiftle to the marquis de la Fare, known to the public by the appellation of the deift, fays,

J'ai vû de pres le ftyx ; j'ai du les eumenides,
 Deja venoient frapper mes oreilles timides ;
 Les affreux cris du chien de l'empire de morts.

Upon the brink of death my foul has been,
 The ftyx and furies I almoft have feen ;

Th'

Address'd the god-head as a friend,
 With freedom which could not offend.
 His lively and luxuriant vein
 Roves unconfin'd, nor hears the rein ;
 His muse disdain'g all controul,
 With native beauties charms the soul.
 * La Farre, with softness temp'ring fire,
 Tun'd to a lower note his lyre,

And

Th' infernal dogs fell barking, reach'd my ear,
 And harrow'd up my startled soul with fear.

The very next moment he draws the picture of a confessor, and speaks of the God of Israel. In another poem upon the divinity, he says,

D'un dieu moteur de tout j'adore l'existence,
 Ainsi l'on doit passer avec tranquillite,
 Les ans que nous depart l'aveugle destinu.

The great first mover I adore.

Thus should we spend, whilst in our present state,
 The time allotted to us by blind fate.

Many such contradictions occur in his poems. There are not three pieces amongst them correct throughout ; but the fine sentiments, and beautiful imagery, for which they are conspicuous, atone for their defects. The abbe de Chaulieu died in 1720, almost fourscore. He discovered great resolution and fortitude.

* The marquis de la Fare, author of the memoirs published in his name, and of some pieces of poetry, in which the gentleness
 of

And pour'd forth in his mistress's praise,
 His uncorrect, but sprightly lays ;
 Which might from ease and pleasure spring,
 Tho' Phœbus had not taught to sing.

* There Hamilton, whose darts ne'er fail
 To wound, at all mankind did rail :
 There St. Aulaire, who for old age,
 Surpass'd Anacreon the sage ;
 Could all love's joys and cares rehearse,
 In softer and more pleasing verse :
 Cytherian chaplets grac'd his head,
 With hoary honours o'erspread.

The God had a great affection for these gentlemen, especially for those who picqued themselves upon nothing. He hinted to Chaulieu, that he should look upon himself as the first of careless and negligent poets, not as the first of good poets.

of his nature displays itself, should rather be considered as an amiable man, than an amiable poet. He died in 1718 ; his poems were printed with the works of the abbe de Chaulieu, his intimate friend, and preceded by a preface extremely partial and full of faults.

* Anthony count Hamilton, born at Caen in Normandy, wrote verses replete with fire and liveliness. He had a strong bent to satire. Mr. de St. Aulaire, when almost ninety, wrote exceeding pretty songs.

They

They conversed with some of the most amiable men of their age. Their conversations were equally free from the affectation of the Hotel de Rambouillet, and from the confusion which reigns amongst our young fellows*.

From hence with equal shame are chac'd
The affected and pedantic taste,
The stiff and syllogistic air,
The rage which strives to overbear.
There gracefully we see unite,
Learning profound with humour light;
And with precision close we find,
The sallies of the human mind.
Genius takes various forms there,
It jests and knows a jest to bear;
For fear of tiring there the wise,
Put on even pleasantry's disguise.

Chapelle was there; that genius more debauched than delicate; more natural than polite; an easy

* Boileau went to read his works at the Hotel de Rambouillet. He there met Chapelain, Cotin, and others, equally void of taste, who received him very ill.

verfifier, incorrect in his ftile, and licentious in his thoughts. He constantly answered the God of Taste in the same rhymes. 'Tis said, that God once answered him thus :

Chapelle henceforward lefs admire,
 Re-iterated rhymes they tire ;
 Thofe strings of fyllables difplay'd
 By Richelet, ill a poet aid ;
 That author's dictionary gleaning,
 In double rhymes you'll have no meaning.

In this agreeable company, I met the president de Maisons, a man of a very different character, not at all ufed to utter words without a meaning ; a man as folid as agreeable, and equally a lover of all the arts.

Dear Maisons, is it thee I then embrace ?
 Cry'd I, whilst trickling tears bedew'd my face ;
 Thou who wast snatch'd from me by cruel death,
 Who in my arms when young resign'd thy breath.
 Deaf to my prayer, inexorable fate,
 Was bent too dearest friends to separate :

Ah !

Ah! since its rigour eithers death requir'd,
 Thou shouldst have liv'd, and I should have expir'd,
 Since my sad eyes first open'd on the sphere,
 'Twas heav'n's decree I shou'd be wretch'd here;
 Thy path of life by heav'n was strew'd with flow'rs,
 And heart-felt joy wing'd all thy golden hours.
 With pleasures, and with honours compass'd round,
 In arts your wisdom full contentment found:
 Weakness is not of worth, like thine the source,
 O'er such a mind opinion ne'er had force;
 Man's born to err the potter's forming hand,
 Soft earth is far less able to withstand;
 Than can the mind resist the potent sway
 Of prejudice, which mortals still obey.
 To such vile slav'ry you refus'd to bend,
 Your time you gave to study, and a friend;
 And in your nature were at once combin'd,
 A tender heart, and philosophic mind.

Amongst these wits we met some jesuits. A Jansenist would say upon this, that the jesuits intrude every where, but the God of Taste receives their enemies too; and it is diverting to see in this Temple, Bourdaloue conversing with Pascal, upon the great art
of

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of uniting eloquence and close reasoning. Father Bouhours stands behind them, setting down in his pocket book, all the improprieties and inelegancies of language which escape them. The cardinal could not help addressing father Bouhours thus :

The care each little fault to spy,
That pedants diligence lay by ;
Let us in eloquence respect
Each careless phrase and bold defect.
Were I to chuse, I should prefer
Wild genius, and like great men err,
Rather than be the wight who dwells
On syllables, who scans and spells.

This reprimand was expressed in terms, much more polite than those which I have made use of ; but we poets are sometimes guilty of deviations from good breeding, for the sake of a rhyme. When I visited this Temple, my attention was not entirely engaged by the wits.

Harmonious verse and prose refin'd,
To you alone I'm not confin'd ;

I scorn

I scorn a taste that fix'd on parts,
 And now invoke a' pleasing arts.
 Musick and painting arts divine,
 With architecture's great design,
 Graving and dancing all unite
 My soul to ravish with delight;
 From all arts pleasure must arise,
 None then are slighted by the wise.

I saw the muses by turns place upon the altar of the God, books, designs, and plans of various kinds. The plan of that beautiful front of the Louvre (for which we are not indebted to Bernin, who, with great expence, and to no purpose, was brought into France, it being the work of Perrault and Lewis la Vau, great artists, whose merit is too little known) is to be seen upon that altar. There likewise is the plan of St. Denis's gate, the beauty of which, most Parisians are as insensible of, as they are ignorant of the name of Francis Blondel, the architect, to whom they owe this monument.

That admirable fountain *, so little taken notice of, which is adorned with the precious sculptures of

* St. Innocent's fountain. The architecture is by Lescot Abbe' of Claigni, and the sculpture by John Gougeon.

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John Gougeon, but which is in every respect inferior to the admirable fountain of Bouchardon, at the same time that it seems to upbraid the rude taste of all the others. The porch of St. Gervas's church, a masterpiece of architecture, to which a church, a proper situation and admirers, are wanting, and which should immortalize the name of Desbrosses, still more than the palace of Luxemburgh, which likewise was built by him. All these monuments neglected by the vulgar, ever barbarous, and by people of the world ever inattentive, often attract the observation of the deity. The library of this enchanted palace was next shewn us: it was not very big. It will be readily believed, that we did not find in it

A heap of manuscripts most rare,
Which greedy book-worms seldom spare;
Nor on those shelves are ever found
Those writings which so much abound;
Writings by no man ever read,
The lumber of an author's head.
In person here the tuneful nine,
Their proper place to books assign;
To books where genius may be trac'd,
Combin'd with elegance of taste.

Most

Most of the books there, have passed thro' the hands of the muses, and been by them corrected. The work of Rabelais is to be seen there, reduced to less than half a quarter of its bulk.

Marot, whose only merit is his stile, and who in the same taste, sings the psalms of David, and the wonders of Alix, has but eight or ten leaves left. The pages of Voiture and Sarrafin together, don't exceed sixty in number.

The whole genius of Bayle, is to be found in a single volume, by his own acknowledgment; for that judicious philosopher, that enlightened judge of authors and sects, often declared, that he would never have writren more than one volume in folio, if he had not been employed by booksellers*.

We were at last admitted into the innermost part of the sanctuary. There the mysteries of the God were unveiled; there I saw what may serve as an example to posterity: a small number of truly great men, were employed in correcting those faulty passages of their works, which would have been beauties in those of inferior genius's.

* This Bayle himself affirmed, in a letter which he wrote to *Monf. des Maizeau*.

The amiable author of *Telemachus*, retrenched the repetitions and useless details of his moral romance, and blotted out the title of epic poem, which the indiscreet zeal of some of his admirers had given it; for he frankly owns, that there is no such thing as a poem in prose.

The eloquent Bossuet was ready to strike out some familiar expressions, which had escaped his vast, impetuous, and free genius, and which in some measure disgrace the sublimity of his funeral orations; and it is worthy of remark, that he by no means vouches for the truth of all he has said concerning the pretended wisdom of the antient Egyptians.

Corneille the great, and the sublime,
 Who pleas'd not by the charms of rhyme;
 But wak'd the soul by strokes of art,
 Which fill'd with wonder ev'ry heart;
 Who with a pencil ever true,
 Both Cinna and Augustus drew;
 Cornelia, Pompey brave and great,
 Who fell by too severe a fate;
 Into the flames Pulcheria threw
 Agesilaus, Surena too,

And

And sacrific'd with no remorse,
 The fruits of genius without force :
 Productions of declining age,
 And quite unworthy of the stage.
 Racine more artful and refin'd,
 Who touch'd with gentle woe the mind ;
 Who still profound attention draws,
 And never breaks dramatic laws ;
 His lovers parts with critic eye,
 Remarks, but in them can't descry
 Those various touches which in nature,
 Distinguish character like feature :
 In all the same perfections meet,
 They're tender, gallant, and discreet ;
 And love whose power o'er all prevails,
 Believes them courtiers of Versailles :
 La Fontaine, poet born to please,
 By happy negligence and ease ;
 Whose careless style, with bold neglect,
 Pleases us more than if correct.
 Your own opinion freely tell
 Of works, which in their kind excel :
 We'd gladly be inform'd by you,
 About your tales and fables too.

La Fontaine, who retained the simplicity of his character, and who in the Temple of Taste joined acuteness and penetration to that happy instinct, which inspired him during his life, blotted out some of his fables. He abridged almost all his tales, and tore the greatest part of a collection of posthumous works, printed by those editors who live by the folly of the dead.

There Boileau reign'd who taught his age,
 By reason rous'd to satire's rage ;
 Who fram'd with care poetic laws,
 And follow'd them with just applause :
 Severely now his works he views,
 One quibbling poem shames his muse ;
 The verses now he can't endure,
 Wrote on the taking of Namure ;
 He blots them out with hasty hand,
 And cries your genius understand.

Boileau, at the express command of the God of Taste, was reconciled to Quinault, who may be considered as a poet, formed by the graces, as Boileau was by reason.

But

But Boileau, fatirist severe,
Whilst he embrac'd could scarce forbear,
The lyrick poet to revile,
Yet Quinault pardoned with a smile.

I'll never be reconciled to you, said Boileau, except you acknowledge that there are many insipid lines in those agreeable operas. That's very possible, answered Quinault, but you must at the same time acknowledge that you were never capable of writing *Atys* or *Armida*.

Your poems labour'd and exact,
May gen'ral esteem attract;
My opera's compos'd with ease,
May surely be allow'd to please.

After saluting Boileau, and tenderly embracing Quinault, I saw the inimitable Moliere, and I made bold to accost him in these terms:

Terence the sage, and the polite,
Could well translate, but could not write;

His elegance is cold and faint,
 He could not Roman manners paint :
 You the great painter of our nation,
 Have drawn each character and station ;
 Our cits with maggots in their brain,
 Our marquisses as pert as vain,
 Our formal gentry of the law,
 All by your art their likenesses saw ;
 And you would have reform'd each fault,
 If sense and virtue could be taught.

Ah, said he, why was I ever under a necessity of writing for the people ? Why was I not always master of my time ? I should have invented much more happy intrigues ; I should have seldom descended to low comedy.

'Twas thus these masters, in their several arts, shewed their superiority, by owning those errors to which human nature is subject, and from which the greatest genius's are not exempt.

I then found that the God of Taste is very hard to be pleased, but that he is never pleased by halves. I perceived, that the works which he criticises the most, are those which he likes best.

The

The God takes ev'ry author's part
Of pleasing, if he has the art:
No anger he in censuring shews,
With transport in applauding glows.
The muse display'd her charms divine,
And brought her heroes to his shrine;
The pow'r benign can scarce forbear,
Seeing their faults, to drop a tear.
That wretch shou'd be to woe confign'd,
Who's not to tenderness inclin'd:
By such our nature is disgrac'd,
He flies the sacred shrine of taste.

When my company was going to retire, the God
addressed them in terms to this effect, for I am not
permitted to use his own words.

Farewell, my much lov'd friends, farewell,
Since you in poetry excell;
Let not to Paris dire disgrace,
My rival there possess my place.
False taste I know, from your keen eyes,
In terror and confusion flies;

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If ever you shou'd meet that foe,
You'll him by this description know:
His tawdry dress, is void of grace,
His air's affected, and his face,
He forces oft a languid smile,
And talks in the true coxcomb's style;
He takes my name, assumes my shape
Of genuine taste the awkward ape;
For he's the son of art at most,
Whilst nature as my sire I boast.

T H E

THE
TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP.

SACRED to peace, within a wood's recess,
A blest retreat, where courtiers never press,
A temple stands, where art did never try,
With pompous wonders to enchant the eye ;
There are no dazzling ornaments, nor vain,
But truth, simplicity, and nature reign :
The virtuous Gauls rais'd erst the noble shrine,
And sacred vow'd to Friendship's pow'r divine.
Mistaken mortals who believ'd their race,
Wou'd never cease to crowd to such a place !
Orestes name, and Pylides appear,
Wrote on the front, names still to Friendship dear :
Pirithous medal of uncommon size,
Those of soft Nisus and Achætes wife.
All these are heroes, and as friends renown'd,
The e names are great, but still in fable found ;

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The power to this remote retreat retir'd,
Nor Tripod boasts, nor priests with truth inspir'd ;
She miracles but seldom can effect,
No Popish saint e'er met with such neglect.
Still in her presence faithful truth attends,
And to the goddess needful succour lends :
Truth's ever ready to enlighten all,
But few on truth for kind assistance call.
In vain she waits for votaries at her shrine,
None come, tho' all at wanting her repine ;
Her hand holds forth the register exact,
Of ev'ry gen'rous, ev'ry friendly act ;
Favours in which esteem with friendship vied,
Receiv'd not meanly, not conferr'd with pride :
Such favours as those who confer forget,
And who receive, declare without regret.
This history of the virtues of mankind,
Within a narrow compass is confin'd ;
In Gothic characters all these are trac'd
Upon two sheets, by time almost defac'd.
By what strange phrenzy is mankind possess'd,
Friendship is banish'd now from ev'ry breast ;
Yet all usurp of Friend the sacred name,
And vilest hypocrites bring in their claim.

All

The TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP. III.

All that they're faithful to her laws maintain,
And even her enemies her rights prophane ;
In regions subject to the Pope's command,
Thus we see beads oft in an atheist's hand.
'Tis said the goddess, each pretended friend,
Once in her presence summon'd to attend ;
She fix'd the day on which they should be there,
A prize proposing for each faithful pair ;
Who with a tenderness like hers replete,
Amongst true friends might justly claim a seat ;
Then quickly came allur'd by such a prize,
The French who novelty still idolize :
A multitude before the temple came,
And first two courtly friends preferr'd their claim,
By int'rest join'd, they walk'd still hand in hand,
And of their union Friendship thought the band :
Post haste a courier came and made report,
That there was then a vacancy at court ;
Away each friend polite that moment flies,
Forfakes at once the temple and the prize ;
Thus in a moment friends are turn'd to foes,
Each swears his rival warmly to oppose :
Four devotees next issue from the throng,
Pouring on prayer-books as they pass along ;

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Their charity to mankind overflows,
And with religious zeal their bosom glows.
A pamper'd prelate one with fat o'ergrown,
Tripple-chin'd, much to apoplexy prone;
The swine quite gorg'd with tythes, and overfed,
At length by indigestions force lies dead:
Quick the confessor clears the sinner's score,
His soles are greas'd, his body sprinkled o'er,
And spruc'd up by the curate of the place,
To go his heav'nly journey with good grace;
His three friends o'er him merrily say pray'rs,
His benefice alone excites their cares:
Devoutly rivals grown, each still pretends
Attachment most sincere to both his friends;
Yet all in making interest at the court,
Their brothers downright Jesuits report.
Two youths of fashion next came arm in arm,
Their eyes and hearts, their mistress letters charm:
These as they pass'd along they read aloud,
And both display'd their persons to the crowd;
Some favourite airs they sing, whilst they advance
Up to the altar, just as to a dance:
They fight about some trifle, one is slain,
And Friendship's altar hence receives a stain;

The

The least mad of the two with conquest crown'd,
 Left his dear friend expiring on the ground :
 Next Lisis, with her much lov'd Chloe came,
 From infancy their pleasures were the same ;
 Alike their humour, and alike their age,
 Those trifles which the female heart engage ;
 Lisis was prone to Chloe to impart,
 They spoke the overflowings of the heart ;
 At last one lover touch'd both female friends,
 And strange to tell ! here all their Friendship ends ;
 Lisis and Chloe Friendship's shrine forsake,
 And the high road to hatred's temple take.
 The beauteous Zara shone forth in her turn,
 With eyes that languish, whilst our hearts they
 burn :

What languor, said she, reigns in this abode !
 By that sad goddess, say what joy's bestow'd ?
 Here dismal melancholy dwells alone,
 For loves soft joys are ever here unknown.
 Leaving the place, crowds follow'd her behind,
 And struck with envy, twenty beauties pin'd :
 Where next my Zara went, is known to none,
 And Friendship's glorious prize could not be won :

The

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The goddess ev'ry where so much admir'd,
So little known, and yet by all admir'd ;
With cold upon her sacred altar froze,
Hence hapless mortals, hence derive your woes.

T H E

T H E
P A D L O C K*.

I Triumph'd, love's victorious power
Prevail'd, and near approach'd the hour
Which should have crown'd our mutual flame,
Just then your tyrant husband came.
That hoary Jailor was too hard,
To love he all access has barr'd,
And all our wishes to defeat,
Secures the key of pleasures feat :
For such strange matters to account,
Our tale to antient days should mount :
Ceres must to you sure be known,
Ceres one daughter had alone,

* This poem is of an antient date: the author was but eighteen when he compos'd it, and it was occasioned by a lady who was in the circumstances here spoken of.

Who

Who much resembled you in face,
Beauteous, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
To the soft passion much inclin'd,
And guided by a Cupid blind.
Hymen a God as blind as he,
Treated him as he treated thee :
Pluto the rich, and old in hell,
Made her his wife, and forc'd to dwell ;
But she the jealous miser scorn'd,
And Pluto, tho' a God was horn'd ;
Pirithous his rival bright,
Young, handsome, generous, and polite,
Found means to get to hell e'er dead,
And clapp'd huge horns upon his head.
This as a fable you'll deride,
But love a man to hell may guide ;
In hell as here by some strange spight,
Intrigues are always brought to light :
In a hot hole a spy conceal'd,
Saw all, and all he saw reveal'd ;
And added, that the royal dame,
With half the damn'd had done the same :
The horn'd God on this report,
Convokes at his infernal court,

Each

Each odious, black, and cursed soul,
Sainted below, for actions foul ;
Each cuckold's soul, who during life
Did all he could to plague his wife.
Then thus declar'd a Florentine,
Most mighty monarch I'd opine ;
For death, for once a wife is dead,
She can't defile the marriage bed :
But ah, sir, an immortal wife
Can never be depriv'd of life ;
A Padlock, therefore, I'd invent,
Which shou'd such accidents prevent ;
She must be virtuous of course,
When under the restraint of force ;
Not to be come at by her elf,
Your sure to have her to yourself :
Wou'd I had thought before I died,
Such a convenience to provide.
This sage advice a loud applause
From all the damn'd assembly draws ;
And straight by order of the state,
Was register'd on brass by fate ;

That

That moment in the shades below,
 They anvils beat, and bellows blow.
 Tisiphone the blacksmith's trade
 Well understood, the locks she made :
 Proserpina, from Pluto's hand
 Receiving, wore it by command.
 Sometimes the hardest hearts relent,
 Even Pluto's self some pity felt :
 When Spouse's virtue he made fast,
 And said you'll now perforce be chaste.
 This lock which hell could frame alone,
 Soon to the human race was known ;
 In Venice, Rome, and all about it,
 No gentleman or cits without it ;
 'Tis always thought a method sure,
 All female honour to secure.
 There husbands, tho' some sneerers mock,
 Keep virtue safe and under lock :
 But now to bring the matter home,
 Your spouse you know liv'd long at Rome ;
 With bad men few infection scape,
 He has learn'd the Roman modes to ape ;

But

But all his jealous care is vain,
Love always knows his ends to gain ;
That God will sure espouse our cause,
He still protects who keep his laws ;
For you have given me your heart,
And can't refuse me any part.

Thoughts

Thoughts upon the * NEWTONIAN PHILO-
SOPHY, address'd to the Marchioness DU
CHASTELET.

EMILIA, whose deep genius all admire,
You like a muse my labouring breast inspire ;
I wake at your command, I dream no more,
But virtues laws and natures paths explore.
Melpomene, the theatre I quit,
No more I idolize a crowded pit :
Let Rufus, son of earth, in hobling verse,
To life's last verge a foolish thought express,
And aim at me the darts which he design'd
To level at the rest of human kind.
Four times a month the Zoilus of the age,
May pour in fierce invective senseless rage ;

* This letter is printed before Newton's principles, published by M. de Voltaire in 1738 and 1742.

Their

Their cries by hatred form'd I will not hear,
 Nor mind their tracks which in the dirt appear ;
 Divine philosophy's all powerful charms,
 Fell envy of her darts with ease difarms ;
 Wrapt in his heaven, great Newton scarcely knows
 Amongst the sons of men that he has foes :
 Of mine I think not, to my ravish'd eyes,
 Truth shews how I may to that heaven rise ;
 Those vortices which run so strange a race,
 Heap'd without order, moving without space.
 Those learn'd visions pass like smoke away,
 Motion's restor'd, I see a brighter day,
 Space which contains the universal soul,
 Sees in its bosom vast creation roll ;
 God speaks, and at his voice old Chaos flies,
 All things towards a common center rise ;
 The spring of nature, by dark ignorance night
 Conceal'd, had long lain hid from mortal sight :
 Newton the compass takes, he lifts the vail,
 He makes truths light o'er ignorance prevail :
 With learned hand he to my eye displays
 That stars bright robe which seasons rules and days ;
 The sparkling diamonds variegated dies,
 With gorgeous lustre dazzle human eyes ;

Each.

Each rays pure substance to spectators shew
The various colours of fair Tris Bow ;
Blended they light impart to mortal eyes,
They vivify the world, and fill the skies.
Ye minist'ring angels to the king of kings,
You burning seraphs, who with constant wings
Cover the Almighty power's eternal throne
Of men, would you not envy him alone ?
He rules the sea, I see the humid deep,
Time ever with attracting Cynthia keep ;
Its efforts strong a cent'ral power restrains,
Ocean rolls back, and in its bed remains ;
Comets which men as much as thunder fear,
To terrify the world at length forbear ;
In an ellipse immense your wand'rings end,
Rise near the star of day and near descend ;
Your fiery tresses shake, returning strive,
Exhausted, drooping nature to revive.
Sister of Phœbus, star which in the skies,
Long time deceiv'd th' enquirer's erring eyes :
Newton has fix'd the bounds of thy career,
Move on, and rule the day, the month and year :
Earth change thy form, and let thy masses weight,
Sinking the Pole the Equator elevate ;

Pole

Pole which seem motionless to ev'ry eye,
 The Bear that frozen constellation fly ;*
 And let your long protracted periods last,
 Till numberless revolving years are past.
 What noble objects these ! what high delight !
 Feels the rapt soul fill'd with such glorious light !
 The mind let loose from its corporeal chains,
 A conversation with its God maintains.
 How couldst thou say, whilst yet in tender youth,
 Receive these treasures of eternal truth,
 Shun pleasures which consume our youthful days,
 And to such views sublime thy genius raise ;
 With Newton tread paths ne'er trod before,
 And nature's winding labyrinth explore ?
 May I with you her temple penetrate,
 And to all France these truths sublime relate ;
 Whilst † Algarotti, whose instructions please,
 This stranger to the Tyber's shore conveys :



* 'Tis the period of the pressure of the equinox, which is completed in 2690, or thereabouts.

* Mr. Algarotti, a young Venetian, published at Venice a treatise upon light, in which he explained attraction. His book, which passed thro' seven editions, was very badly translated into French.

Let

124 THOUGHTS UPON THE, &c.

Let him with flowers adorn her beauteous face,
Compass in hand her lineaments I'll trace :
With my rough pencil I'll express each line,
None can embellish beauty so divine ;
Like you she's noble, beauteous, void of paint,
To do her justice all description's faint.

To

* To the Manes of Monsieur DE GENONVILLE,
Counsellor of the Parliament, and one of the
author's intimate friends.

THOU who didst in thy early youth depart,
Whose dear idea ne'er shall leave my heart,
Whose loss has fill'd my soul with lasting grief,
Which from times lenient hand finds no relief;
If the whole system dies not with the frame,
If entity, the spark of heavenly flame,
Made both to serve the body, and controul,
That active principle we call the soul;
Tho' lost to us, lives in some other sphere,
If thou hast being, and these words canst hear;
With pleasure Genonville receive this lay,
This tribute which I to thy ashes pay,
The monument of an eternal love,
Which like thy spirit shall immortal prove:

* This piece was wrote in 1729. Mons. de Genonville had
not been quite ten years dead.

Thou

Thou must remember how in life's first stage,
The fair Egeria did our loves engage ;
She heard our songs, approv'd of eithers flame,
And in all three love seem'd to be the same.
Reason conspir'd with amorous follies light,
And love's enchantments souls thus to unite.
How great our blifs ! it suffer'd no allays,
From want companion of our youthful days.
Young, gay, contented, free from anxious care,
Of exquisite delight we had our share ;
We could not hope to find enjoyment more,
Had we possess'd even Cræsus countless store ;
With what we had we well might be content,
In joy youths dear, delightful days we spent ;
Those days which in a round of joys were past,
Those smiling pleasures could not always last ;
From thee those joys are fled, that period bright
Was follow'd soon by death's eternal night.
Thy much lov'd mistress, favour'd more by fate,
Now lives in grandeur, opulence, and state ;
Supports of age, attended with some care,
And which we can't to youthful joys compare.
As love her youth, so wealth sustains her age,
To gaiety succeed reflexions sage.

His

His flight love with the youthful graces takes,
But friendship never virtuous hearts forsakes.
By that excited, oft we sing thy verse,
And all thy conversations charms rehearse :
Whene'er we meet we always talk of you,
We read your works, and tears our eyes bedue :
Hence, hence forever fly the unfeeling train,
Wretches who would the name of friend prophane ;
Wrapt up in self, or dissipated quite,
Who in the world and idle joys delight ;
Wretches whose hearts are to affection dead,
Who never learn'd a virtuous tear to shed.

VERSES upon the death of Madame LA
COUVREUR, a celebrated actress.

WHAT fight of woe thus harrows up my soul !
Must those love darting eyes in anguish roll ?
Shall ghastly death such charms divine invade ?
You muses, graces, loves come to her aid.
Oh ! you my gods and hers assist the fair,
Your image sure must well deserve your care.
Alas ! thou diest, I press thy corpse alone ;
Thou diest, the fatal news too soon is known.
In such a loss, each tender feeling heart
Is touch'd like mine, and takes in grief a-part.
I hear the arts on ev'ry side deplore
Their loss, and cry Melpomene's no more :
What exclamations will the future race
Utter, at hearing of those arts disgrace ?
See cruel men a burying place refuse,
To her whom Greece had worshipp'd as a muse ;
When

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF, &c. 129

When living, they ador'd her power divine,
To her they bow'd like votaries at a shrine :
Should she then breathless criminal be thought,
And is it then to charm the world a fault ?

* Seine's banks shou'd now no more be deem'd
prophane,

La Couvreur's sacred ashes there remain :
At this sad tomb, shrine sacred to thy shade,
Our vows are still as at a temple paid.
I don't revere the fam'd St. Denis more,
Thy graces, charms, and wit, I there adore :
I lov'd them living, incense now I'll burn,
And pay due honours to thy sacred urn.
Tho' error and ingratitude are bent,
To brand with infamy thy monument.
Shall Frenchmen never know what they require,
But damn capriciously what they admire ?
Must laws with manners jar ? Must ev'ry mind
In France, be made by superstition blind ?
Wherefore shou'd Eng'and be the only clime,
Where to think freely is not deem'd a crime ?

* She was buried on a bank of the Seine.

130 VERSES ON THE DEATH OF, &c.

Oh! London Athens rival, thou alone,
Couldst tyrants, and couldst prejudice dethrone;
In that blest region, gen'ral freedom reigns,
Merit is honour'd, and reward obtains:
Marlborough the greatest gen'ral of his age,
Harmonious Dryden, Addison the sage,
Immortal Newton, charming Oldfield there,
The honours due to real genius share.
The farce of life had there La Couvereur clos'd
With heroes, statesmen, kings she had repos'd:
Genius at London makes its owner great,
Freedom and wealth have in that happy state,
Procur'd the inhabitants immortal fame,
They rival now the Greek and Roman name.
Parnassian laurels wither in our fields,
And France no more a crop of merit yields:
Wherefore you gods do all our glories fade,
Why is not honour due to genius paid.

The

The utility of sciences to PRINCES, to the
Prince Royal of PRUSSIA, since King of
PRUSSIA.

FEW kings, my prince, can with enlighten'd
mind

Instruct the people to their care consign'd ;

Few Antoninus's on earth appear,

For since that hero to all Rome so dear,

Since great Aurelius, wonder of his age,

Who shone as monarch, warrior, and sage :

Did ever king like him the truth explore,

Like him give ear to sacred wisdom's lore ?

But two or three of those who wore a crown,

Were held philosophers of high renown ;

Others appear as vulgar to your eyes,

The tyrant slaves of pleasure you despise,

Who burthen'd earth, or else destruction hurl'd,

Slept on the throne, or wide laid waste the world.

The world can't see them in a proper light,
 To reign is the grand art, if courts say right.
 But what's this art so boasted of by kings ?
 What are of all their policy the springs ?
 He speaks the word, and all around obey ;
 Just as he smiles, or frowns, they're sad or gay.
 Is it then hard to play the monarch's part ?
 Is then to govern slaves so great an art ?
 But error's cup break to with manly hand,
 Repell the flattering, fawning, craving band,
 Aspiring prelates wily arts defeat
 Justice secure upon her awful seat,
 From learned bodies vain debates to chace,
 And make vain sophistry to truth give place ;
 To instruct at once the learned, and support,
 These are the glories of the Prussian court ;
 High stations lustre ignorance can deface,
 Which join'd to grandeur makes even grandeur base.
 † A formal envoy of the king of Spain
 Two English artists importun'd in vain,

* This happened at London, in the first year of the reign of Charles the 2d. King of Spain.

For leave upon a mountain's top to state,
 By a barometer, air's real weight.
 The envoy could with ease have help'd the schools,
 But, tho' a fool, he thought the artists fools,
 Shall I the folly of a Pope reveal?
 Shew cardinals, with apostolic zeal,
 Teaching mankind in their illustrious codes,
 'Twas sinful to believe the antipodes.
 How many kings and sultans dire alarms
 Have felt at an eclipse and dreaded charms?
 A monarch who to indolence gives way
 Is by the vilest wretches led astray.
 Star-gazers, chymists, and dull monks, contrive
 To bubble him, and on his folly thrive.
 By avarice to alchymists betray'd,
 He thinks each piece with treasures will be paid;
 Th' astrologer he asks, if heaven benign
 Permits to go to council or to dine;
 As knavish monks direct he god adores,
 And to escape from hell gives up his stores.
 Such kings we should no more than idols prize;
 Idols who see not, tho' endu'd with eyes.
 A king who has both sense and talents rare,
 We justly to the almighty may compare.

Knowledge of arts, 'tis true, should not alone
 Distinguish him that sits upon a throne.
 Of all the kings in sacred history nam'd,
 Which for his royal virtues was most fam'd ?
 'Twas Solomon, by God himself inspir'd,
 Belov'd in Sion, by the world admir'd ;
 Rul'd by a sage, his subjects all were blest,
 Of all earth bears they were by trade possess'd :
 His navy visited each distant shore,
 And still new wealth to fam'd Judea bore :
 Thus fleets to Bourdeaux, and to London, bring
 All Asia's treasures at returning spring,
 To him not dazzled by so bright a throne,
 The art to enjoy what he possess'd was known.
 'Tis thus wise monarchs o'er their subjects reign ;
 Knowledge, if not to prudence join'd, is vain.
 A monarch should not, 'midst a thousand cares,
 Neglect for love of money state affairs.
 To you that English monarch's history's known,
 James of his name the first who filled the throne,
 † Who in sad exile let his nephew die,
 Tho' he cou'd necessary aid supply ;

† Frederick the 5th, Elector Palatine, elected King of Bohemia, defeated at the battle of Prague, in 1619, and deprived of his dominions.

His nephew's wrongs the king should have redress'd,
 Reliev'd the German towns by force oppress'd ;
 He should, by force, insulting foes have quell'd,
 And between nations a just ballance held :
 Not as a doctor, labour to be great,
 And tracts pedantic to Christ dedicate*.
 No king of parts in pedantry delights,
 He justly thinks, and like a hero fights :
 Such Julian was, ill-known to vulgar eyes,
 Dreaded, yet lov'd, and tho' a warrior, wise :
 Such Cæsar, who to all things great aspir'd,
 Who conquer'd Rome, and was by Rome admir'd :
 Your model he had been in every art,
 Had he not banish'd justice from his heart.

* James the first dedicated a short treatise to Jesus Christ ;
 Father Talon dedicated one to the Trinity. Such dedications
 were then in fashion.

At the Camp before PHILISBURGH,

July 3, 1734.

WITHOUT a bed we now sleep found
And take our meals upon the ground ;
And tho' the blazing atmosphere
Must dreadful to the eye appear,
The air tho' roaring cannons rend
Whilst warriors with fierce rage contend,
The thoughtless French drink, laugh, and sing,
And with their mirth the heavens ring ;
The walls of Philipsburgh shall burn,
And all her towers to ashes turn
By fifty thousand Alexanders,
Who all deserve to be commanders,
Tho' they receive the paulty pay
Of only poor four sous a day.
Lavish of life, with high delight
I see them rushing to the fight ;

They

They all appear both gay and jolly,
Quite cover'd o'er with fame and folly.
The Phantom, which we Glory name,
Spurs them to the pursuit of fame
With threat'ning eye, and front all o'er
Bedusted, marching still before ;
She holds a trumpet in her hand
To sound to arms, and cheer the band,
And loudly sings, with voice foronous,
Catches, which they repeat in chorous.
Oh ! people brilliant, gay, and vain,
Who drag with patience glory's chain,
'Tis great, an honourable grave
To seek, Eugene and Death to brave.
But what will be your mighty prize ?
What from your prowess will arise ?
Regret your blood, in vain you spilt it ;
At Paris cuckolded, or jilted.

Answer

* Answer to a L A D Y, or one who passed
for such.

THE highest praises you bestow me,
And finish with desires to know me ;
You'll praise me less when I am known ;
But what I am I'll freely own.
Three revolutions of the sphere
Will bring about my fortieth year ;
Phœbus presided at the time
That I was born, I lisp'd in rhyme ;
The potent God approv'd my wit,
And to his presence did admit :
My heart was by the God subdu'd,
I worshipp'd him thro' gratitude.

* In 1732, a gentleman of Bretagne, for a frolick, wrote letters to several of the wits of Paris, and signed them with a woman's name, This artifice impos'd upon every body, and gave occasion to the present answer.

Their

Their inclinations some excite,
But fate ordain'd that I shou'd write.
My soul was by each taste possess'd,
Each noble art inflam'd my breast :
Painting delights me : oft' I've been
At the king's or duke's palace, seen
Gazing on works with raptur'd eye,
Where art with nature seems to vie ;
Paul Verones's noble fire
And skill divine I much admire ;
Pouffin and Raphael, my sight
Ravish with exquisite delight.
From those rooms to the opera, I
Upon the wings of pleasure fly ;
What there gives pleasure, from me draws
The tribute of deserv'd applause.
In music, Mauret's sprightly strain,
* Destouches's grace, my praise obtain,
† Pelissier's art, le More's fine voice,
Pleasing by turns, suspend my choice.

* Pleasing musicians.

† Actresses belonging to the opera.

Sometimes I to that science soar
Which teaches nature to explore,
Following great Newton thro' the sky
I to find natural causes try ;
I'd know if Cynthia in her course
Is by a changeful central force
Towards us made to gravitate,
And coming near acquires new weight ;
I read philosophers profound,
Who nature by their reason found ;
I see Cleraut, Maupertius, rise
By calculation to the skies ;
And I indeed too often find
Such studies but perplex my mind.
Obscure researches set apart,
I study next the human heart.
I often Pascal's works review,
A genius singular and new ;
That satyrift, devout and sage,
Against mankind too prone to rage.
I, his austerity oppose ;
He'd have men to themselves be foes.
A friend to man, I strive to shew
How he to love himself may know.

I'am

I'm free from passion, care, and strife ;
The muse diversifies my life :
My day begins with joy, and ends
In chearful suppers with my friends.
I now no more of love complain,
Reason at last has broke my chain ;
I follow Cupid now no more,
The happy age of love is o'er ;
With love's flame must I no more burn ?
Each art I cultivate in turn,
Indolent languor to avoid ;
But all this can't fill up the void,
For notwithstanding all my pains
Still there a craving void remains.

* Epistle to Monsieur de Bussi, Bishop of
Lucon, upon the Hurry and Bustle of the
Town.

OH Bussy, who wert surely born
The church and mankind to adorn ;
Soon as profusely Flora pours
Upon the plains her various flowers,
To much lov'd Paris straight repair ;
Where is your home if 'tis not there ?
And could even heaven itself display
A brighter heaven, more brilliant day,
If we could any means contrive
That monster Hurry hence to drive ;
That hideous monster let us fly,
A female, whose most baleful eye
Does the beholder facinate,
By heaven created in it's hate,

* Wrote in 1724.

And

And to our climes delightful sent
Amidst our pleasures to torment ;
How flattery from her lips distills !
Flattery, the source of many ills.
Imposture follows as her maid,
And ever lends her dangerous aid ;
Perplexity, Suspicion pale,
Attend with steps that seem to fail ;
Still eager for some false report,
To the wretch Error pays her court.
May love fly far on his light wings
From hurry, she corruption brings ;
And let him cease to forge his darts
For guilty beauties yielding hearts.
I hate the railer who defames
Virtues, and gives them vices names,
Dullness by him content of mind
As folly constancy's defin'd.
The man is happy to whose share
Falls ease and freedom from all care ;
Whom blest in love no tricks e'er vex,
Intrigues nor ruffle nor perplex.
His mistress no coquet, but gay,
Rewards him at the close of day.

Lovers

Lovers like these with blifs are crown'd,
With pleasure ever circl'd round.
Then chearful prelate don't delay,
To joy and Paris haste away ;
The humblest of your friends, Voltaire,
Your absence can no longer bear ;
Of graces, an obsequious band,
Will ready be at your command ;
And I'll your excellence salute
With jocund airs upon the flute ;
And as towards you I advance,
Quite mad with joy I'll leap and dance.

Epistle

* Epistle to Monsieur DE GERVASI, the Physician.

YOU return'd to Paris a physician renown'd,
Those you cur'd of the plague your just praises
 resound ;
Like Hyppocrates self you restor'd the diseas'd,
And the pestilence rage by your art was appeas'd ;
At Maisons mean time I lay on a sick bed,
And thought I should in a few moments be dead.
The grim king of terrors relentless death,
Shook his terrible scythe, I was gasping for breath :
Old Charon push'd forward, with sail and with oar,
And I thought I shou'd soon see the fam'd Stygian
 shore :

* Monsieur de Gervasi, a celebrated physician of Paris, had been sent to cure the plague, and at his return he cured the author of the small pox, at the castle of Maisons, six leagues from Paris, in the year 1723.

But

But like *Æsculapius* you came to my aid,
 And death from his conqueror retreated dismay'd.
 Had you undertook dear *Genonville* to cure,
 He had from death's direful attacks been secure ;
 He'd have liv'd, and I still had the pleasure enjoy'd
 Of his converse, with which I cou'd never be cloy'd,
 And my eyes, which in death had been clos'd but
 for you,

Tears for a lost friend would not each day bedue.
 To you, and to your cares I own myself debtor,
 That of my disease I have now got the better ;
 That now all my griefs and afflictions have end,
 That I still am belov'd, and I still love my friend :
Maisons, my physician, I shall now see once more,
Maisons, the physician, that cur'd me before ;
Maisons, whose deep science surpasses his age,
 Who rivals in medical skill the Greek sage.
 I hope my last tragedy will not disgust
 The virtuous *Sully*, as brave as he's just ;
 That his gen'rous heart will discover some pleasure
 To see me reviv'd, and intent upon measure ;
 And that fam'd *Mariamne's* distress may impart,
 Some tender sensations to his gen'rous heart.

Yours:

You gardens of Villars, seats with bliss ever crown'd,
 'Twas there I again met the hero renown'd;
 Whom peace crown'd with olive to his country
 brings,

Triumphant and joyous upon victory's wings:

There I saw Richlieu gay, the delight of his age,

Whose wit and vivacity all men engage;

When Richlieu appears, all my misery ends,

He'll soon reunite me to his amiable friends:

And thou Bolingbroke, by Apollo inspir'd,

As an orator, wit, and a statesman admir'd:

You to whom I so often have listen'd before,

I shall live and improve by your converse once more;

But what sad idea possesses my mind,

Shall my mistress, shall my charming mistress be
 kind?

Her image was strongly impress'd on my heart,

When I thought I was ready from this world to
 depart;

Her virtues, her graces, and her charms divine,

The pleasures I tasted when I once call'd her mine;

In my last moments cherish'd my amorous fire,

And my heart love possess'd when I thought to expire.

Can

Can she then have forgot me, can she then prove
 unkind,

But wretch as I am, why so wanders my mind ?

From death scarce escap'd, can love still in my breast,

Be of all my affections, and my reason possess'd.

T H E

T H E
R E Q U I S I T E S T O H A P P I N E S S .

A Man must think, or else the brute
May his superior worth dispute ;
A man must love, for were it not
For love, most hard would be his lot.

A man must always have a friend,
To whose advice he may attend ;
Whose friendly sympathy still knows,
Our bliss to encrease, assuage our woes.

He must at the approach of night,
Still sup with freedom and delight ;
Drink the best wine, and dainties eat,
And make before he's drunk retreat.

Each night he must his love declare,
With raptures to the yielding fair ;

Must

150 The REQUISITES TO, &c.

Must when awake her charms adore,
And when he sleeps must think them o'er.

My friends you all will sure allow,
That I true blifs have shewn you now;
And when my Sylvia I address'd,
I soon was of such blifs possess'd.

EPISTLE

Epistle to a LADY, very well known to the
whole town.

PHILLIS how much the times are chang'd,
Since in a hack the town you rang'd,
Since without dress or train you shone,
Conspicuous for your charms alone ;
When tho' you supp'd on sorry fare,
You nectar seem'd with gods to share,
You foolishly to one consign'd,
Beauty which might charm all mankind :
A desp'rate lover, who for life,
Engag'd you when he made his wife.
You then no treasure did inherit,
Your beauty was your only merit,
Your bosom charms divine display'd ;
There Cupid still in ambush laid ;
Your heart was tender, and your mind
To youthful frolicks much inclin'd.

I

With

152 EPISTLE TO A LADY.

With so many charms endu'd,
 What woman e'er cou'd be a prude?
 That fault, oh ! beauty all divine,
 Is very far from being thine ;
 Because of favours you were free,
 You were the better lik'd by me.
 How differently you live, grown great,
 Your life is but the farce of state ;
 The hoary porter, who still plies
 At your house door, and tells such lies,
 Is a just emblem of the age,
 His very looks ill-luck presage ;
 He thinks the duty of his place, is
 To drive away the loves and graces.
 The tender train's abash'd, afraid
 Your pompous palace to invade.
 When you were young to my amazement,
 I've seen them enter at the casement ;
 I've seen them enter ev'ry day,
 And in your chamber nimbly play.
 Not all your carpets, and your plate,
 Not all your proud parade of state,
 Those goblets which so brightly shine,
 Grav'd by Germain with art divine ;

Those

EPISTLE TO A LADY. 153

Those closets nobly furnish'd where,
Martin's exceeds the China ware.
Your vases of japan, and all
The brittle wonders of your hall;
Your diamond pendants which appear
With such bright lustre at each ear;
Your solitaires so dazzling bright,
Your pomp which strikes the gazer's sight,
Are worth one quarter of that bliss,
Which once you imparted by a kiss.

To her Royal Highness the Princess of * * *.

A Beauteous princess often may
Languish in pleasures season gay ;
The empty forms of haughty state,
Oft make life tedious to the great.

It must the greatest kings confound,
With all his courtiers circled round ;
Amidst a splendid court to find,
That grandeur can't give peace of mind.

Some think that play can give delight,
But soon it grows insipid quite ;
And monarchs have been often seen,
Whilst gaming, tortur'd with the spleen.

A king oft feasts with heavy heart,
Pleasures to him no joy impart ;

Whilst

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, &c. 155

Whilst the dull vulgar contemplate,
Like gazing ideots pomp and state,
And fondly think who is possess'd,
Of them with blifs supreme is blest'd.

Soon as the sons refulgent rays,
Spread o'er the hemisphere their blaze;
The king begins another day,
Yet knows not where to take his way:
Tir'd of himself he straight repairs
To company, to sooth his cares.

But pleasure flies from his embrace,
It rises not from change of place;
This day's insipid as the last,
At night he knows not how it pass'd.

Times loss is not to be repair'd,
Life's to an instant well compar'd;
What, when life posts away so fast,
Can days appear so long to last?

Princess whose worth above thy age,
All hearts at two courts can engage;

156 TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, &c.

You usefully that time employ,
By youth consum'd in rapid joy.

The genius given by heavy benign,
You strive to polish and refine,
By studies which at once unite
Instructions solid with delight.

'Tis best the mind shou'd be employ'd,
Indolence leaves a craving void;
The soul is like a subtle fire,
Which if not fed must soon expire.

* To the Duke of RICHLIEU, Marshal of FRANCE, in whose honour the Senate of GENOA had just before caused a statue to be erected.

TO thee as her deliverer prais'd,
A statue Genoa has rais'd ;
Your uncle with less lustre shone,
His glory was not so far known ;
He doubtless would have jealous been,
If he that monument had seen,
Which you in youthful days acquir'd,
When universally admir'd,
And thought the wonder of your age,
For talents which all hearts engage.
To take a model of that face,
The court of Venus form'd to grace ;
Of love he had made choice alone,
That God to changing ever prone ;

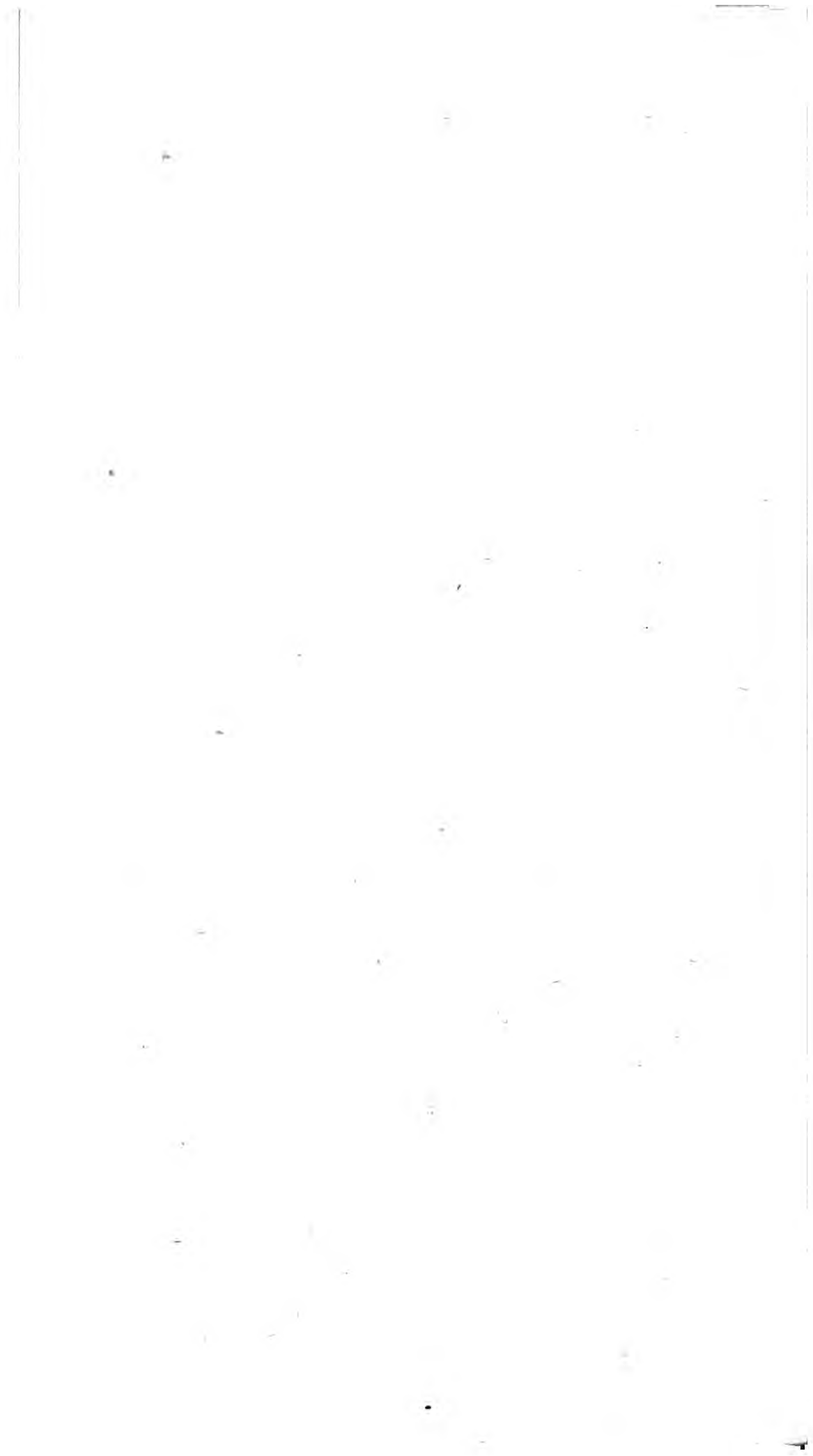
* Written at Luneville, the 18th of November, 1748.

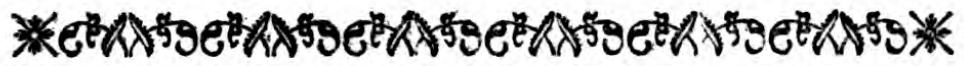
158 TO THE DUKE OF RICHLIEU.

Lefs soft had he the features made,
Vertumnus face he had display'd,
The graces of the young and gay
Courtier at length muft pafs away ;
Your glory will encrease with age,
Your air will then appear more sage :
At this you're not at all content,
You wifh life cou'd in love be fpent,
But pleasures were not made to laft,
They hurry to their period faft ;
But ftill your influence you'll maintain,
By wit and valour ftill you'll reign.
The features of Richlieu the rover,
The gallant, gay, and favour'd lover,
In miniature fhall oft be found,
In boxes which fhall much abound ;
With skill by famous Mace wrought,
For Richlieu's fake by many bought :
But thofe of Richlieu, the victorious,
Support of armies, heroe glorious ;
Richlieu, who could protect by arms
A commonwealth in dire alarms ;
Thefe are more pleafing to my fight,
They give me more sincere delight.

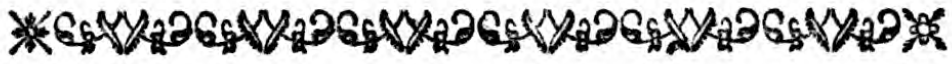
TO THE DUKE OF RICHLIEU. 159

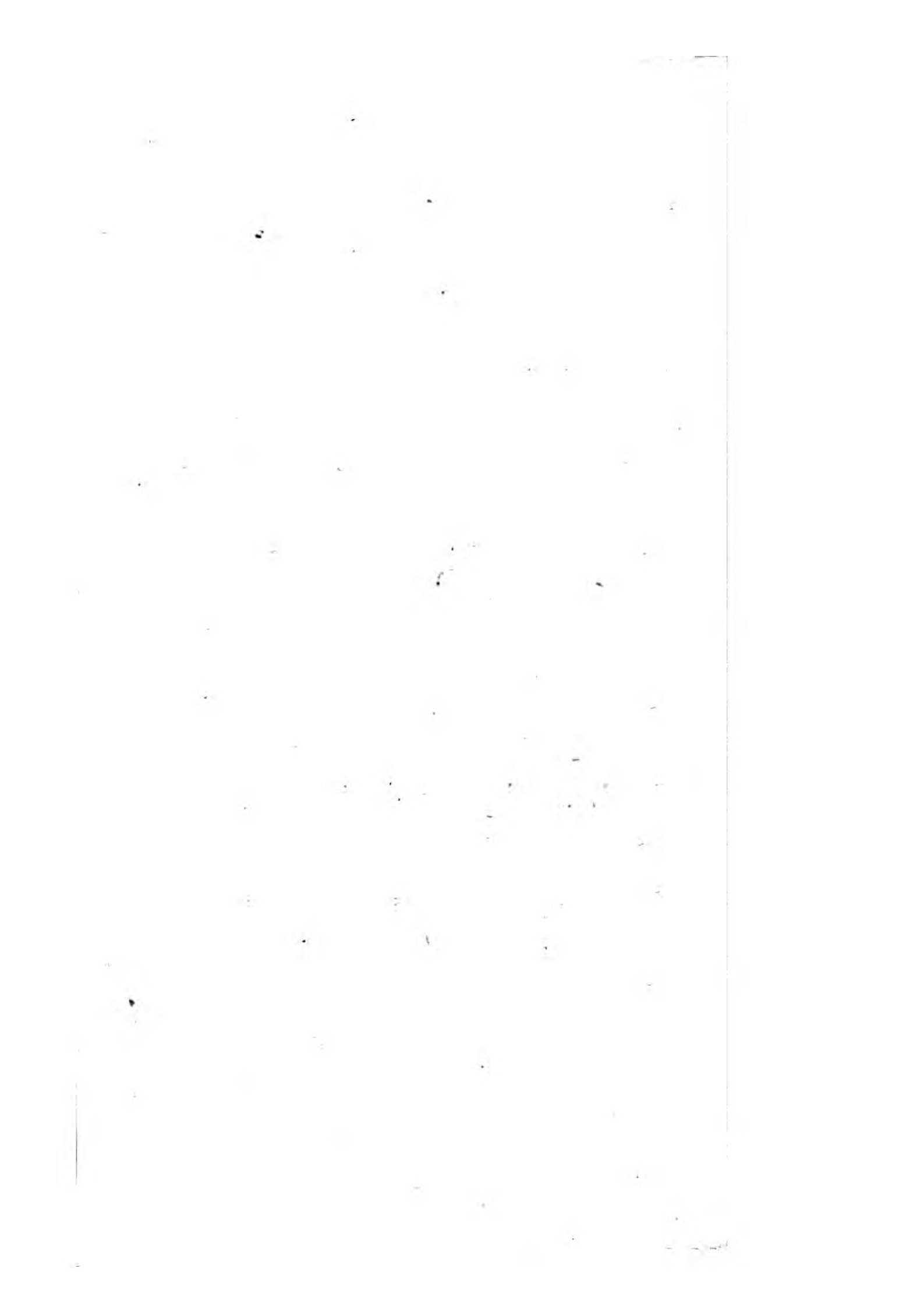
I ask your pardon, you are not quite
So sage, tho' still prepar'd to fight ;
Altho' you can a city save,
You're not a patriot stern and grave.
I would not have the world be told
That you are grown austere and old ;
Who did at Fontenoy display
Such courage on that glorious day ;
Against the foe your thunder lance,
And crown with victory flying France.
Lavish of life you in the field
With terror made the allies yield ;
When England, Austria, envy lay
Vanquish'd, you came without delay ;
To Paris Cyprian wars to wage,
Subdue by love not hostile rage.
Love's wings and times you have curtail'd,
In love and war alike prevail'd ;
For ladies you can break a lance,
Just as for Genoa and France.





O D E S.





O D E S.

Upon FANATICISM*.

ASPASIA, whose heroic mind
Nobly aspires the truth to find ;
Who in philosophy profound,
The nature of thy God hast found,
You know that being great, supreme,
From you his emanations beam ;
Of all his works the most compleat,
Your genius shews that he is great ;
You worthy homage to him pay,
O'er you weak error bears no sway.
But as you wisely still reject
The errors of the godless sect :

* This ode was written in the year 1732. It was inscribed to the famous marchioness du Chastelet, whose genius was admired by all the men of true learning, and all the wits of Europe.

Fanaticism's rage unblest
 You fly and equally detest ;
 You worship the eternal power
 Without false zeal, austerely sour ;
 False zeal, which bigot souls inspires,
 And oft with rage destructive fires.
 A subject thus sincere and just,
 Before his monarch's throne august,
 Free from all servile awe can stand,
 Not flatter like the courtly band.

Fanaticism's frantic flame
 First from religion's altars came ;
 That fiend profanes her rights divine,
 And men with horror fly the shrine.
 Religion, he profanes thy name,
 Thy kindred he presumes to claim ;
 From you, that horrid pest of earth
 Pretends that he derives his birth.
 Could such a mother e'er be curst
 With such a son of fiends the worst.

Sometimes we in an atheist's mind
 Humanity's fair virtues find ;

Their

Their error always to their heart
 Does not contagion vile impart.
 * Desbarreaux was with mildness blest,
 Justice and candor fill'd his breast:
 The God, with whom he strove in vain
 A senseless combat to maintain,
 His weakness with compassion view'd,
 And with some worth his soul endu'd.
 I own, I shou'd be much inclin'd
 To pity him as mad and blind,
 Who in his folly should deny
 That the sun's rays pervade the sky.
 A man does not so much blaspheme
 Denying God the judge supreme,
 As when he paints him to mankind
 As cruel, and to wrath inclin'd,
 Taking delight in human woes,
 His creatures treating as his foes.

When man by error is mislead,
 When superstition turns his head,

* Desbarreaux was a counsellor of parliament; when he made
 his clients wait any considerable time, he paid the suit costs.

When

When that chimera's baleful force
 Has poison'd pure religions source,
 His heart relentless grows, and hard,
 Access to reason is debarr'd ;
 His fury nothing can assuage,
 His justice then is turn'd to rage ;
 No more compunction he can feel,
 But sacrilege commits thro' zeal.

In that Court, by the French proscrib'd,
 Whose horrors scarce can be describ'd,
 In that curst court where truth's prophan'd,
 Reason by ignorance enchain'd ;
 The reverend tyrants without shame
 Made Galileo truth disclaim.
 Thy system, oh ! illustrious sage,
 Abjure to calm their barbarous rage.

In the most silent hour of night
 See Paris fill'd with dire affright ;
 See carnage raging all around,
 Thousands expiring on the ground ;
 Brothers by brothers slain expire,
 The son assassinate the fire ;

Against

Against the husband see the wife
In frenzy turn the murderous knife;
Inhuman priests their rage excite,
In blood and slaughter they delight.

Noted for manners mild, and mirth,
Can the French owe to these their birth?
You Jansenists and Molinists, who
Each other with such hate pursue;
Who fierce disputes and contests hold,
As Grecian Sophists did of old;
Fear lest your quarrels should once more
Occasion bloodshed as before.
With less of furious rage contend,
You know not where your jars may end.

The Grecian sages you despise,
Tho' by the world reputed wise;
Their ignorance dark as shades of night,
Is dissipated by your light:
But tho' such guides were weak and blind,
Tho' oft they might mislead mankind,
They ne'er made persecution rage,
Copy their moderation sage.

Their

Their various errors you may blame,
But let your mildness be the same.

Ye wretches, would you comprehend
Religion's nature and 'its end,
Behold Marfeilles, when every gale
Did pestilence and death exhale,
When the tomb swallow'd up the dead,
The land when ruin overspread
The towns of citizens, the plains
Depriv'd of the industrious swains,
And Terror fill'd each neighbouring state,
Least they should share it's hapless fate,

* The good Belzuns then strove to save
His Flock from the devouring grave :
Langeron prodigal of breath,
Brav'd all the fierce attacks of death.
Whilst you strain'd hard with labour vain
Your trivial dogmas to sustain ;

* Mr. de Belzuns, Bishop of Marfeilles, and Mr. de Langeron, the governor, in person, administered remedies to the infected ; tho' the priests and physicians would not venture to come near them.

And all your conferences were full
Of father Quenel, and the bull ;
Points, by the knowing, valu'd not,
And which will shortly be forgot.

Must we, to instruct the human race,
Humanity itself deface ?
Must hatred's torch light on the way,
Least we from sacred truth should stray ?
The man who can compassion shew,
Whose heart can feel another's woe,
Can by example virtue teach,
Seems most persuasively to preach.
The pedant, with o'er weening pride,
Intent to argue and decide,
Who blows up persecution's flame,
A vile impostor we shou'd name.

O D E.

Inscribed to the gentlemen of the Academy of Sciences, who sailed to the Polar Circle, and the Line, in order to ascertain the figure of the earth.

OH truth sublime ! Urania, heavenly maid !
Bright emanation of the eternal mind,
By whom all nature's secrets are display'd,
Who range the heavens with spirit unconfin'd.

Whilst you those heroes o'er the seas attend,
Sages and ministers of thy sacred laws,
From the equator or the pole, attend
The words of one that's zealous in thy cause.

On what great business are thy sons intent ?
They mean to pull the vail from nature's face ;

OR

On most important truths their minds are bent,
To find earths mass, its figure and its space.

Their voyage has even rous'd the silent shades,
I see those Grecian heroes ghosts arise,
Chiefs whom in Colchos, the admiring maids
Beheld in times of yore with ravish'd eyes.

Ye Argonautes, ye demi-gods of Greece,
The twins and Orpheus, thou whose sure address,
Found means to win the much fam'd golden fleece,
And fair Medea's charms divine possess.

When our fam'd worthies labours you behold,
Your own exploits you view with conscious shame;
The brightest glories of the times of old
Are vanquish'd, and eclips'd by modern fame.

Whene'er Greece spoke the list'ning world admir'd;
And even her falsehoods cou'd regard obtain;
Her writers were by vanity inspir'd,
Highly to celebrate achievements vain.

Happy

Happy the first in glory's great career,
 They're still successful in acquiring fame ;
 Whilst those who later in the lists appear,
 By all their efforts scarce procure a name.

Falshood in memory's temple makes abode,
 And graves there by credulity's weak hand,
 Annals which must to ev'ry age be shew'd,
 Which as the monuments of truth must stand.

Those fables, oh ! Urania, heavenly maid,
 Those names illustrious usurp'd deface ;
 By thee be to th' admiring world display'd,
 Of real heroes the illustrious race.

The Genoese, who the new world first found,
 Cortez who vanquish'd it, with great surprize,
 Seeing our fages earth extent fail round,
 In terms like these extoll'd the enterprize.

Our great atchievements were by all men prais'd,
 Our glorious actions none could emulate,
 Those to whom mortals oft have altars rais'd,
 Were less entitled to the name of great.

We

We have done much, 'tis true, you have done more ;
Plutus was in America our guide ;
Virtue's your leader, whilst you earth explore,
Your breasts resolv'd in virtue still confide.

Whilst thus they spoke, Newton from heaven look'd
- down,
Newton upon them fix'd his piercing eyes,
And said, your labours shall my labours crown,
Like me to glory's summit you shall rise.

Whilst mortals, objects of contempt and scorn,
Under the yoke of prepossession bend ;
Wretches who might as well have ne'er been born,
Since e'er they learn to live their lives they end.

To truth let your immortal spirits soar,
Pour on all minds bright truth's refulgent day ;
To you the mighty God whom you adore,
Has given of his divinity a ray.

It is his pleasure that you cultivate,
The genius which he only can bestow ;
He that instructs mankind is truly great,
The noblest object we behold below.

But

But above all that monster envy fly,
And its curst offspring which with hellish ire,
Pursues all merit. Envy sure should die,
In those pure souls who to the heavens aspire.

Let a vile Zoilus, who carps at all,
Revile each genius who adorns the age;
Let him his venal quill still dip in gall,
Act basely, write with rancour and with rage.

Copy those blessed spirits, those sons of light,
Who in the empyreum wear a starry crown;
Who like the great first mover from the height
Of heaven, on mortals look propitious down.

O D E.

Upon the P E A C E concluded in 1736.

ETN A within his cavern dire,
Thunder conceals and liquid fire ;
On earth the fiery torrent pours,
And its inhabitants devours.
Your steps afflicted Driads turn
From dreary plains which always burn :
Those caverns where hell seems to breath
In fire and sulphur from beneath ;
Those gulfs which to deep Tartarius bend,
Their furious floods incessant send.

More fierce and terrible the Po,
Makes his fierce stream his banks o'erflow ;
Pours thro' the plain his furious waves,
Foams, and with dreadful uproar raves :

K

He

He spreads destruction thro' the plain,
 Fright, terror, death, compose his train ;
 And thro' Ferrara's fire conveys
 The spoils of nations to the seas.

This war where elements contend,
 Who heavens expanse with fury rend ;
 These shocks by which all nature quakes,
 By which earth's solid basis shakes :
 Scourges of heaven which oft appear
 To hang o'er this sad hemisphere ;
 Are all disasters much less dire,
 Than statesmen who too high aspire ;
 From them less desolation springs,
 Than from the dangerous feuds of kings.

From India's verge to Gallia's shore,
 One family the sun rolls o'er :
 O'er this love only still shou'd reign,
 And union amongst all maintain.
 Mortals you're bound by sacred tye,
 Therefore those cruel arms lay by ;
 Can you advantage gain by fight ;
 Can you in havock find delight ?

When

When you're sunk in death's dismal gloom,
What bliss expect you in the tomb ?

Those soldiers well deserve applause,
Who combat in their countries cause ;
But you for hire your lives expose,
You're paid to combat other's foes :
You die to prop some tyrant's throne,
Some tyrant to your eyes unknown ;
You're hired assassins to defend
Lords, who ill pay you in the end.

Such are those greedy birds of prey,
Those animals who man obey,
Who can their native fierceness tame,
And teach them to pursue their game ;
The sounding horn excites their rage,
And makes them ardent to engage ;
They headlong pour upon the game,
Not led by int'rest, choice, or fame ;
The victory they strive to gain,
Altho' no prize they can obtain.

Italy, climate of delight,
How much you suffer'd by the fight !
With desolation cover'd o'er,
You're Europe's garden now no more !
An army of confederate powers,
With greediness your crops devours ;
Altho' the curs'd destructive band,
Vow'd to revenge your injur'd land :
Ravag'd and desolate you fight
To assert a foreign master's right.

Let kings be arm'd, yet discords cease,
Let them all reign like gods of peace ;
Let them the thunder bear on high,
But never lance it thro' the sky.
The faithful shepherd who befriends
His flock, and with due care attends ;
By care and diligence obtains
Th' applause of all the neighbouring swains :
Unpitied may that shepherd die,
Who let's his flocks neglected lie,
Who can his fleecy care expose,
To perish by the wolves their foes.

In that king's fame, can I take part,
 Whose frenzy stabs me to the heart :
 A king at whose capricious will,
 My hearts blood I'm oblig'd to spill ?
 When I'm by indigence oppress'd,
 Diseas'd, depriv'd of needful rest ;
 Say, shall my lot more blest'd appear,
 When I our princes glories hear ;
 Shall my distresses all be o'er,
 If German plains are drench'd in gore ?
 Colbert, whose praises we resound,
 Who planted arts on Gallic ground :
 France shall revere you as a sage,
 Posterity in ev'ry age
 Shall own you born the land to bless,
 And Louvois be applauded less ;
 Louvois, who with ambition dire,
 Set the Palatinate on fire ;
 And Holland to destroy aspir'd,
 Had with his fury fate conspir'd.

Let Lewis even in decline,
 Still as the greatest monarch shine :

But may he wisely fame acquire,
Not to the conqueror's wreath aspire ;
Lewis in peace claims just applause,
His subjects all revere his laws ;
Their happiness from Lewis springs,
Lewis the greatest, best of kings.

O D E

O D E.

To the King of PRUSSIA upon his accession to
the throne.

AT Length arrives the blest auspicious day,
Which sheds its kindest influence on thee;
A day which fills thee only with dismay,
Whilst others wish thy exalted state to see.

Fly hence you fanatic, ye fraudulent bands,
Ye persecutors who enslave the mind;
Whose souls implacable and frantic hands,
Delight in carnage, and destruction find.

Shall odious calumny still lift her head?
Monster thou didst, with cursed rage inspir'd,
On fam'd Descartes and Bayle thy venom shed,
On Wolfe who Leibnitz to approach aspir'd.

You from the sacred altar took a sword,
 Whose point you turn'd against each far-fam'd sage ;
 By the same weapon shall your breast be gor'd,
 Your blood shall expiate your frantic rage.

He strikes, you die, his arm asserts truths cause ;
 Truth is restor'd, and error disappears ;
 Philosophy is freed from tyrant laws,
 The face of nature glorious freedom cheers.

And you, your odious rules, by Borgia taught,
 The art in gov'ning mankind to oppress ;
 The art of crimes with vilest maxims fraught,
 The art which tyrants openly profess.

May you to oblivion ever be consign'd,
 With too much ease men learn the dang'rous art ;
 The crafts of policy shew a narrow mind,
 The best of statesmen has a gen'rous heart.

The annals of all nations amply shew,
 That tyrants never tasted sweet repose,
 But suffer all their lives unceasing woe,
 As they on others bring a load of woes.

They

They died with infamy, they died with rage,
But Trajan, Titus, Antoninus wife;
The ornaments and blessings of their age
Liv'd blest, and calmly clos'd their dying eyes.

In thee those heroes shall again arise,
Virtue with happiness shall still be crown'd;
You may with justice claim fair virtue's prize,
Since in you ev'ry royal virtue's found.

Upon the throne we now behold a sage,
A blessing which men rarely can obtain;
He who is able to instruct the age,
Is doubtless worthy o'er mankind to reign.

Presumptuous ignorance long has spurn'd the head
Of patient merit, which defenceless lay;
The fury dar'd on sciences to tread,
And virtue's self was forced to bear her sway.

Immers'd in soft delights, the courtly train
Think man was never born the truth to know;
All knowledge they despise as weak and vain,
Tho' science can content of mind bestow.

Dunces to truth can scarcely ope their eyes,
Their souls are wrapt in darkness black as night;
Behold a Northern Solomon arise,
Approach Barbarians to the source of light.

O D E.

O D E.

Upon the death of the Emperor CHARLES the
sixth*.

THE Cedar which so long defied the rage
Of winds and storms, now sinks upon the
ground;

That cedar which cou'd flourish even in age,
And with its boughs o'ershad the states around.

The stroke is given, the cedar dies,
And on the plain extended lies!

Behold the king of kings supreme in power,
Death from his brow has thirty diadems torn;

His power extensive's vanish'd in an hour,

Crowns can't preserve the men by whom they're
worn.

Oh, haughty race! oh, race august!

You now are levell'd with the dust.

* Written in November 1740.

The tomb absorbs his very name,
He's now no longer the renown'd ;
That he once reign'd is all his fame,
No courtiers now his praise resound.
Thus kings when once life's breath is fled,
Are number'd with the vulgar dead.

Ah ! wherefore did he not his squadrons head,
Where Eugene delug'd deep the ensanguin'd field ;
His numerous cohorts by their monarch led,
Had made the allied army quit the field.
Their arms the Empire had upheld,
And the invading Turks repell'd.

Had he not idly loiter'd in a town,
And none but his own chiefs with dread inspir'd ;
Had he to pull the haughty Sultan down,
Warm with ambitions noble flame aspir'd.
Had he fell Turkish rage restrain'd,
And from his subjects blood refrain'd.

All war declining like a monarch sage,
Had he to mankind shewn himself a friend ;

With

With virtue, arts, and plenty, blest'd the age,
And to alarms and discord put an end.
Reviv'd the peace to Rome once known,
When great Augustus fill'd the throne.

Then fame had round him wav'd her purple wings,
With glorious light his head incircled round :
He had been plac'd amongst illustrious kings,
He had been as a patriot king renown'd.
Happy had been the monarchs fate,
Esteem'd not only good but great.

I don't the harmonious art of verse profane,
I do not dip my pen in satires gall ;
Apollo disapproves the audacious strain,
I must not one reproachful word let fall.
I must not by one single line
Offend a king, the royal power's divine.

But sacred truth, impartial goddess fame,
Thou to whose orders mortals still attend ;
Love of mankind, which does my breast inflame,
Your needful succour to my genius lend.

Do

Do you my lays inspire.

Mortals I'll teach to aspire.

Monarchs death cites you to that court august,

Wherein posterity, a judge most sage,
Shall pass on you a sentence wise and just,

Trusting the depositions of your age.

'Tis to posterity alone,

The real worth of kings is known.

O D E.

* To the Queen of HUNGARY.

PRINCESS descended from that noble race,
Which still in danger held the imperial throne,
Who human nature and thy sex dost grace,
Whose virtues even thy foes are forc'd to own.

The gen'rous French, as fierce as they're polite,
Who to true glory constantly aspire;
Whilst obstinately they against thee fight,
Thy virtue and great qualities admire.

The French and Germans leagued by wond'rous
tyes,
Make christendom one dismal scene of woe;
And from their friendship greater ills arise,
Than e'er did from their longest quarrels flow.

* Written the 30th of June, 1742.

Thus

Thus from the equator, and the frozen pole,
The impetuous winds drive on with headlong force;
Two clouds, which as they on each other roll,
Forth from their sable skirts the thunder force.

Do virtuous kings such ruin then ordain?
A calm they promise, but excite a storm:
Felicity we hope far from their reign,
Whilst they with slaughter dire the earth deform.

Oh! Fleury, wise and venerable sage,
Whom good ne'er dazzles, danger ne'er alarms;
Who dost exceed the antient Nestor's age:
Must Europe never cease to be in arms?

Would thou couldst hold with prudent steady hand,
Europa's ballance, shut up Janus shrine;
Make feuds and discords cease at thy command,
And bring from heaven Astrea, maid divine.

Wou'd France's treasures were dispers'd no more,
But prudently within the realm apply'd;
Opulence to our cities to restore,
And make it flourishing on ev'ry side,

You

You arts from heaven, and from the muses sprung,
Whom Lewis brought triumphant into France ;
Too long your hands were idle, lyres unstrung,
'Tis time to start from so profound a trance.

Your labours are of lasting glory sure,
Whilst warlike pomps, the triumphs of a day,
Blaze for a moment, never long endure,
But soon like fleeting shadows pass away.

STANZAS.

S T A N Z A S.

Upon the Epic Poets.

THE antient Homer I admire,
Replete with faults, but full of fire;
He like the heroes of his time,
Is a great pratler, but sublime.

Virgil cou'd greater charms impart
To poetry, and had more art :
But he his fire with Dido spends,
And with Lavinia coldly ends.

Too much of magic and false graces,
Taffo below both poets places ;
But his two heroines heavenly charms,
Have force, that critic rage difarms.

Milton, tho' more sublime than these,
Does not so much a reader please :

He

He wrote in strange fantastic flights,
For madmen, angels, hellish sprights.

'T would be presumption but to name
Myself with bards so dear to fame ;
'Tis death alone that can decree,
What place shall be assign'd to me.

You who by wit and beauty shine,
Who charm the world by grace divine ;
In your affections, if I find
A place, I'm first of human kind.

S T A N Z A S.

IF you wou'd have me love once more,
The blisful age of love restore ;
From wines free joys, and lovers cares,
Relentless time who no man spares,
Urges me quickly to retire,
And no more to such blifs aspire.

From such austerity exact,
Let's, if we can, some good extract ;
Whose way of thinking with his age
Suits not, can ne'er be deem'd a sage.

Let sprightly youth its fallies gay,
Its follies amiable display ;
Life to two moments is confin'd,
Let one to wisdom be consign'd.

You

You sweet delusions of my mind,
Still to my ruling passion kind,
Which always brought a sure relief
To life's accurst companion grief.
Will you for ever from me fly,
And must I joyless, friendless die.

No mortal e'er resigns his breath
I see, without a double death ;
Who loves, and is belov'd no more,
His hapless fate may well deplore ;
Life's loss may easily be born,
Of love bereft man is forlorn.

'Twas thus those pleasures I lamented,
Which I so oft in youth repented ;
My soul replete with soft desire,
Vainly regretted youthful fire.

But friendship then, celestial maid,
From heaven descended to my aid ;
Less lively than the amorous flame,
Altho' her tenderness the same.

The

The charms of friendship I admir'd,
My soul was with new beauty fir'd ;
I then made one in friendship's train,
But destitute of love complain.

P H I

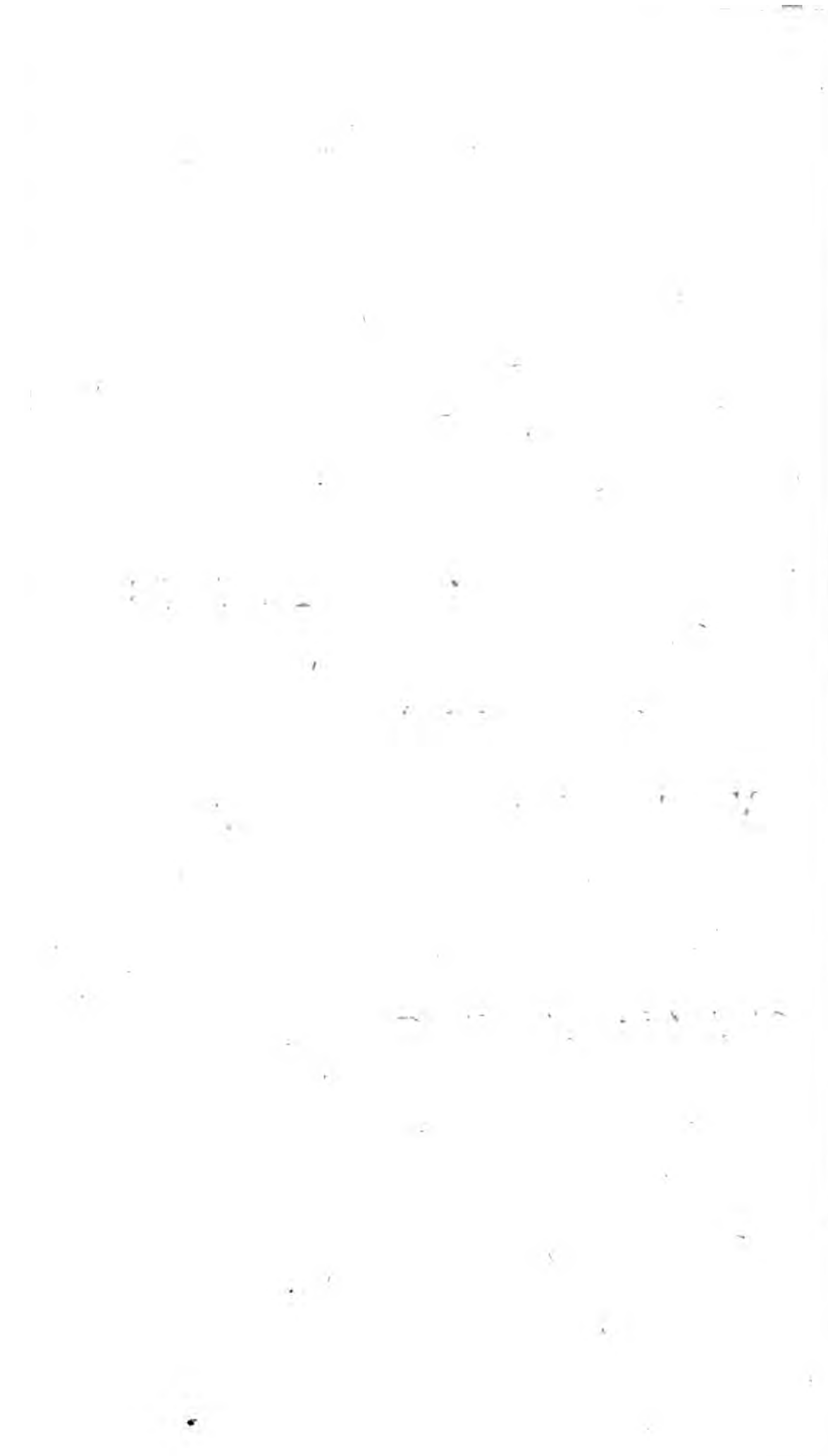


PHILOSOPHICAL POEMS

UPON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.





PHILOSOPHICAL POEMS

U P O N

V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S .

Upon the nature of VIRTUE.

THE spacious earth resounds fair virtues fame,
The pulpit, bar, and stage, of her declame;
Virtue, 'tis said, can sometimes penetrate
To courts, and lurk behind the pomp of state.
Virtue's a sacred name, we always hear
The word pronounced with a delighted ear.
Mortals will ever cultivate deceit,
And sharpers, greater sharpers still defeat:
Thus the deluded French blank tickets draw,
Tickets invented by the impostor Law:
That fool of Scotland, quite engross'd by pelf,
Who dup'd all mankind, and then dup'd himself.

L

What's

200 PHILOSOPHICAL POEMS.

What's virtue? Say great Brutus, dear to fame,
 Exclaim'd expiring, virtue's but a name.
 To Zeno's followers 'twas so little known,
 They thought all virtue apathy alone.
 The Eastern Dervise pours to heaven his prayer,
 With arms erect, and with a frantic air,
 Dancing like mad, he loud invokes the skies,
 And naming Mahomet in circles flies;
 And when awhile he has in circles run,
 He thinks the noble task of virtue done.
 With hempen girdle, and unblushing face,
 A monk brim full of ignorance and grace,
 Does thro' the nose his ritual rehearse,
 And sings psalms render'd ill in Latin verse:
 May piety like this a blessing find,
 But what good hence results to human kind?
 To him true virtue never sure was known,
 Who does no good but to himself alone.
 When he who truths divine to mortals taught,
 Was before Pilate by vile traitors brought:
 What is the truth the Roman Prætor cried,
 With all the haughty majesty of pride?
 The man divine, who all truth cou'd explain,
 Made no reply, but silence and disdain.

This

This filent eloquence may ferve to fhew
 That men were never made the truth to know ;
 But when a fimple citizen, inspir'd
 With love of truth, the gods advice requir'd ;
 When as a fage difciple he explor'd,
 How God by mortal man fhould be ador'd ;
 The heavenly envoy, with the fubject fir'd,
 Declar'd the truth, the truth by God inspir'd,
 And in one word the will divine exprest,
 Love God, and love his creatures to be blest.
 This is the law divine, the heavens above
 Explain'd man's duty when they bid to love ;
 The world is full of vice, the man who flies,
 Mankind can't virtuous be deem'd, but wife :
 Man fhould himfelf, and all mankind befriend,
 Whither fanatick does thy phrenzy tend ?
 Wherefore that jaundic'd cheek, that haggard face,
 * Why thofe convulfions, that unequal pace ?
 Againft the age you rave and ftraight repair,
 To cant at leifure with fome pious fair :
 There faints run mad with ftrange convulfions foar,
 To heaven and God like men poffefs'd adore ;

* Alludes to a feft, which went by the name of Convulfionaries.

There mounted on a stage they make loud cries,
 Work miracles, and tell prophetic lies ;
 Thither the blind repair relief to find,
 But to their * mansion back return blind ;
 The lame man leaping falls, the holy band
 Lead back the wretch, a crutch in either hand ;
 The deaf who dull and void of sense appears,
 Listens attentive, tho' he nothing hears :
 Meantime a troupe devout with transport fir'd,
 And by the foolish multitude admir'd ;
 Preach to weak girls, who willingly give ear,
 That the last dreadful day is drawing near.
 Some souls in such things much delight can find,
 But don't some duties still more strongly bind ?
 Why does thy friend in want and sickness lie,
 Why do you to him needful aid deny ?
 With such as you salvation's for the great,
 The poor alone can miss a blissful state.
 This judge, they say, is upright and austere,
 Nothing can mollify his soul severe :

* The hospital of the quinze-vingt, founded at Paris by St. Lewis, and occupied by 300 blind men.

But

I understand he makes mankind detest
 His power, since rigour always steels his breast.
 But was his hand e'er known the world to bless,
 Did he e'er succour virtue in distress?
 Did he e'er serve, or even protect by law,
 The man who stands in court with humble awe?
 His rigour to the guilty has been shewn,
 The man's not just who punishes alone.
 The just are still benevolent. Long since,
 The wicked minister of a virtuous prince,
 Thus dar'd his curs'd suggestions to impart,
 Timantes is a Calvinist in heart;
 A work of Calvin's at his house was seen,
 Such odious heretics you shou'd not screen;
 He shou'd in prison all his life be pent,
 Or sent into perpetual banishment.
 This answer straight return'd the prince august,
 Timantes I have faithful found and just;
 That courtiers faults indeed to light you bring,
 But you forget how well he serv'd his king.
 This monarch's truly noble, wise discourse
 Inculcates virtue with a sermon's force.
 Shall fraud and insolent pretensions claim,
 Even sacred virtue's venerable name?

Shall Germont weak-dispenser of the laws,
 Who, when Sejanus raves, wont plead my cause.
 The insipid Cyrus, he whose only care
 Is to be prais'd, and supper to prepare :
 Shall these prophane fair virtue's sacred name ?
 Virtue with scorn rejects the senseless claim.
 It is not due to these, but him who glows
 With tenderness, and friendship's duties knows ;
 Norman and Cochin virtuous I confess,
 Whose eloquence protected orphans bless ;
 It is not due vile * Mannori to thee,
 Who sell thy anger for a paltry fee ;
 Who eloquence converted to a trade,
 And not a pleading, but a libel made :
 Judge to whose zeal right reason is the guide,
 In speech De Thou, a Pucelle to decide ;
 A tender friend, a gen'rous patron known,
 That thou art virtuous sure all men must own.
 Enjoy that title, thou whom men revere,
 With wisdom thou art just, but not austere :

* A wretched lawyer, who being out of practice, and reduced to absolute beggary, had often received pecuniary assistance from the author, and afterwards pleaded against him in a most ridiculous manner.

Thou

Thou amidst the dazzling pomp of awful state,
 Art lov'd as virtuous, not malign'd as great.
 An author, whose prolific pen compos'd
 Plans various, which to mankind he propos'd ;
 Who long wrote for ungrateful men alone,
 Has coin'd a word to Vaugelas unknown.
 This word I like, this word was made to impart
 Ideas of virtue to the human heart.
 You pedants, you grammarians of the schools,
 Who measure syllables, and frame new rules :
 To you the expression may too bold appear,
 But surely it must please each virtuous ear.



P O E M.

Upon the EVENTS of the Year 1744.

SHALL France be for ever with folly o'erspread ?
Timon, with self-sufficiency, last winter said,
Timon who Antiquity's great worth proclaims,
And against his own times, tho' quite ignorant,
declaims.

His way towards Flanders why does our king bend,
Cries he, why absurdly is he bent to defend,
Why would he the throne of the Cæsars uphold
Attack'd both by hussars and English gold ?
The young prince of Conti's wits surely must fail,
Else Italy's mountains he'd not try to scale,
And near Nice, with a king crown'd with conquest,
to fight
Upon frozen mountains of such a vast height.

T.

To pass those heaps of snow which almost meet the sky
 To this Icarus has Dedalus wings given to fly,
 In order his valor in fight to display,
 Like Hannibal, can he thro' rocks cut his way?
 He growls, Conti flies, and with haste to engage,
 The young with him fly, nor see dangers like age;
 The squadrons with speed pass the Var's rapid waves
 The river in terror rolls backward and raves;
 They pass torrents, rocks, craggy mountains, abisses,
 And besiege the Alps summit where the heavens it
 kisses;
 They brave even the thunder, and on every side
 Nature, art, and the enemy are yielding descri'd.
 Conti who was censur'd, men a Hannibal call;
 But he does not like Hannibal, at Capua, spoil all.
 You censurers severe has his glory abounded?
 With Nice and Demont you are fairly confounded.
 But whilst before Conti Alps sink to a plain,
 And English sailors quake with fear on the main,
 Lewis fills all with terror on the banks of the
 Scheld,
 And the Dutch by their fears are from troubling him
 withheld.

208 PHILOSOPHICAL POEMS.

Both statesmen and generals by the same zeal
excited,

With their prince take the field, by war's terrors
delighted.

The shades of great Conde and great Lewis, Com-
manders

Renown'd, both acknowledge their descendants in
Flanders.

Envy's silent, the Prince is applauded by all ;

For one month vile Zoilus shed not thy gall :

The old politician with a cane in his hand,

Now points out where Ypre, Furne, and Menin
stand.

Tis thus when at Paris in a well-written piece,

A poet has rival'd or surpass'd antient Greece,

All malice confounded it's ill design misses,

The spectator applauds while the bad Poet hisses :

Thus tho' Busby wrote with fell fury inspir'd,

Luxemburgh and Turenne our fore-fathers admir'd.

Tho' the French have a trivial and ironical spirit,

They always admire and acknowledge true merit ;

There are none that discover or applaud merit faster,

Their equal they love, and they honour their master.

Virtue

Virtue plac'd on the throne shines with lustre most
bright,

And the world's example is the world's delight.

We found when the fever, dire agent of fate,

Pale, hollow-ey'd, haggard, with hobbling gate,

Made Lewis the great fall a victim to death,

And escap'd from war's danger in peace yield his
breath

For Germanicus death Roman eyes were less welted ;

His loss by the world was not so much regretted,

And the transport of joy it discover'd was less

When Antoninus recover'd the world to bless.

In th' expressions of sorrow and joy that we made

Our hearts spoke aloud, Love alone was display'd.

Paris never its passions shew'd at other times

By so many bonfires, or so many bad rhymes.

The poetical spirit great king then abounded,

And the muses the glory of the Monarch refounded.

The throne's lustre never was brighter than now,

But laurels are withered on every brow.

Beware both my prose and my verse to appear,

'T would be sad disgrace to displease Lewis's ear :

Yet.

Yet bards ever to the high honour lay claim
 Of conducting the heroe to the temple of fame ;
 But without us the heroe to find his way knows,
 And the monareh his glory to himself only owes.
 Such a king every age and each nation admires,
 The dying man praises him e'er he expires ;
 From father to son the great worth's handed down
 Of a king who with honour has worn the crown ;
 And his name, which by mankind is lov'd without
 measure,

In ages remote is repeated with pleasure.

If, great king, some author with true genius
 writing,

The thoughts of your people sincerely reciting,
 Shou'd address himself to you by the great art of
 verse,

And your virtues to mankind without flatt'ry rehearse,
 A taste you perhaps to his numbers might take,
 And excuse the elogium for the genius's sake :
 Your favours perhaps might Parnassus inflame,
 And poets for glory might put in their claim.
 Encouragement's potent, 'tis that which imparts
 New vigor and life to the languishing arts ;

An

PHILOSOPHICAL POEMS.. 211

And often a monarch's discerning sight
Modest merit discovers that flies from the light :
Encouragement each charming art can inspire ;
The favour of monarchs fans poetical fire.

THE

* THE WORDLY MAN.

OTHERS may with regret complain
That 'tis not fair Astrea's reign,
That the fam'd golden age is o'er
That Saturn, Rhea rule no more :
Or, to speak in another stile,
That Eden's groves no longer smile.
For my part, I thank nature sage,
That she has plac'd me in this age :
Religionists may rail in vain ;
I own, I like this age profane ;
I love the pleasures of a court ;
I love the arts of every fort ;

* This Poem was written in 1736. 'Tis a piece of humour founded upon philosophy and the public good; it's design is explain'd in the poem following. See likewise Mr. de Melon's letter to the Countess of Venue.

Magnificence,

Magnificence, fine buildings, strike me ;
In this, each man of sense is like me.
I have, I own, a worldly mind,
That's pleas'd abundance here to find ;
Abundance, mother of all arts,
Which with new wants new joys imparts
The treasures of the earth and main,
With all the creatures they contain :
These, luxury and pleasures raise ;
This iron age brings happy days.
Needful superfluous things appear ;
They have joined together either sphere.
See how that fleet, with canvas wings,
From Texel, Bourdeaux, London brings,
By happy commerce to our shores,
All Indus, and all Ganges stores ;
Whilst France, that pierc'd the Turkish lines,
Sultans make drunk with rich French wines.
Just at the time of nature's birth,
Dark ignorance o'erspread the earth ;
None then in wealth surpass'd the rest,
For naught the human race possess'd.
Of clothes, their bodies then were bare,
They nothing had, and cou'd not share :

Then

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Then too they sober were and sage,

* Martialo liv'd not in that age.

Eve, first form'd by the hand divine,

Never so much as tasted wine.

Do you our ancestors admire,

Because they wore no rich attire ?

Ease was like wealth to them unknown,

Was't virtue ? ignorance alone.

Wou'd any fool, had he a bed,

On the bare ground have laid his head ?

My fruit-eating first father, say,

In Eden how roll'd time away ?

Did you work for the human race,

And clasp dame Eve with close embrace ?

Own that your nails you cou'd not pare,

And that you wore disorder'd hair,

That you were swarthy in complexion,

And that your amorous affection

Had very little better in't

Than downright animal instinct.

Both weary of the marriage yoke

You supp'd each night beneath an oak

* The author of a treatise entitled the FRENCH COOK.

On Millet, Water, and on Mast,
 And having finish'd your repast,
 On the ground you were forc'd to lie,
 Expos'd to the inclement sky :
 Such in the state of simple nature
 Is man, a helpless wretch'd creature.
 Would you know in this curst age,
 Against which zealots so much rage,
 To what men blest'd with taste attend
 In cities, how their time they spend.
 The arts that charm the human mind
 All at his house a welcome find ;
 In building it, the architect
 No grace pass'd over with neglect.
 To adorn the rooms, at once combine
 Pouffin, Corregio the divine,
 Their works on every pannel plac'd
 Are in rich golden frames incas'd.
 His statutes shew *Bouchardon's skill,
 Plate of †Germain, his side-boards fill.

* A famous statuary, born at Chaumont in Champagn.

† An excellent goldsmith, whose designs and works discover
 the most exquisite taste.

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The Gobelins Tapestry, whose dye
Can with the painter's pencil vye,
With gayest colouring appear
As ornaments on every peer.
From the superb salon are seen
Gardens with Cyprian myrtle green.
I see the sporting waters rise
By jetteau's almost to the skies.
But see the master's self approach
And mount into his gilded coach,
A house in motion, to the eyes
It seems as thro' the streets it flies.
I see him thro' transparant glasses
Loll at his ease as on he passes.
Two pliant and elastic springs
Carry him like a pair of wings.
At Bath, his polish'd skin inhales
Perfumes, sweet as Arabian gales.
Camargot at the approach of night
Julia, Goffin by turns invite.
Love kind and bounteous on him pours
Of choicest favours plenteous showers.

He

To th' opera house he must repair,
 Dance, song and musice charm him there.
 The painter's art to strike the sight,
 Does there with that blest art unite ;
 The yet more soft, persuasive skill,
 Which can the soul with pleasure thrill.
 He may to damn an opera go,
 And yet perforce admire Rameau.
 The chearful supper next invites
 To luxury's less refin'd delights.
 How exquisite those sauces flavour !
 Of those ragouts I like the favour.
 The man who can in cookery shine,
 May well be deemed a man divine.
 Cloris and Ægle at each course
 Serve me with wine, whose mighty force
 Makes the cork from the bottle fly
 Like light'ning darting from the sky.
 Bounce ! to the cieling it ascends,
 And laughter the apartment rends.
 In this froth, just observers see
 Th' emblem of French vivacity.
 The following day new joys inspires,
 It brings new pleasures and desires.

Mentor,

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Mentor, Telamachus descant
Upon frugality, and vaunt
Your Ithaca and your Salentum
To antient Greeks, since they content 'em :
Since Greeks in abstinence could find
Ample supplies of every kind.
The work, though not replete with fire,
I for it's Elegance admire :
But I'll be whipt Salentum thro'
If thither I my blifs pursue.
Garden of Eden, much renoun'd,
Since there the devil and fruit were found,
Huetius, Calmet, learn'd and bold,
Inquir'd where Eden lay of old :
I'am not so critically nice,
Paris to me's a Paradise.

T H E

The WORLDLY MAN vindicated,

O R

An APOLOGY for LUXURY.

AT dinner, 'twas one day my case
By a rank bigot to have place,
Who said, I on it might depend
That hell would have me in the end ;
And he an angel heaven's host in
Would loudly laugh to see me roasting.
Roasting for what ? Why for your crimes ;
You've told us in some impious rhymes
That Adam, e'er the days of sin,
Was oft with rain wet to the skin ;
That he his time most dully spent,
Eat fruit, and drank the element ;
That he his nails could never pare ;
And that he was not ov'er fair.

You

You Epicurus's doctrine teach,
 And for luxurious pleasures preach.
 Having these words in passion said,
 He swallow'd wine like amber red ;
 Of wine, which by it's taste confess'd
 The grape from whence the juice was press'd.
 And I, whilst crimson stain'd his face,
 Address'd the faint brimful of Grace.
 Religious sir, whence comes this wine ?
 I own it's gifts is divine.
 This wine is from Canary brought,
 Said he, and shou'd be nectar thought ;
 It is in every respect
 A liquor fit for the elect.
 That coffee which when full refection
 The feast has given, so helps digestion.
 Whence comes it ? It from heaven descended,
 A gift by God for me intended.
 But sure 'twas in Arabia faught
 By men, and thence with trouble brought.
 Both porcelaine and China ware
 For you men labour'd to prepare ;
 Twas bak'd, and with a thousand dyes
 Diversifi'd, to please your eyes :

That

That silver where such arts display'd,
 Of which cups, salvers, plates are made,
 Which with mild lustre faintly shines,
 Was dug from Potosa's rich mines.
 For thee the world at work has been,
 That thou at ease might vent thy spleen
 Against that world, which for thy pleasure
 Has quite exhausted all its treasure.
 Thou real worlding, learn to know
 Thyself, and some indulgence shew
 To others, whom so much you blame
 For vices, whilst you have the same.
 Know luxury, which destroys a state
 That's poor, enriches one that's great ;
 That pomp and splendor deem'd so vain,
 Are proofs still of a prosperous reign.
 The rich can spend his ample store ;
 The poor is grasping still at more.
 On yon cascades now fix your sight,
 In them the Naiads take delight ;
 See how those floods of Water roam
 Covering the marble with a foam.

These

These waves give moisture to the fields,
 Earth beautifi'd more rich crops yields.
 But shou'd this source be once decay'd,
 The grafs would wither, flowers would fade,
 Thus wealth, in France and Britain's states,
 Thro' various channels circulates.
 Excess prevails, the great are vain ;
 Their follies oft the poor maintain ;
 And Industry, which opulence hires,
 To riches by slow steps aspires.
 I hear a stanch'd pedantic train
 Of pleasures ill effects complain,
 Who Dyonisius, Dyon cite
 Plutarch and Horace the polite,
 And cry that Curius, and a score
 Of consuls, ending in *us* more,
 Till'd the earth during war's alarms,
 And manag'd both the plow and arms ;
 That corn which flourish'd in the land,
 Was sown by a victorious hand.
 'Tis well sirs, and I am content
 To such relations to assent,
 But tell me, should the gods incite
 Auteil against Vaugirard to fight,

Must

Must not the victor from the field
 Returning home his land have till'd.
 Rome the august was heretofore
 A hole like Auteil, nothing more,
 When those chiefs, from god Mars descended,
 Attack'd a meadow or defended,
 When to the field they took their way,
 Their standard was a truss of hay*.
 Jove's image wooden under Tullus,
 Was beaten gold when liv'd Lucullus.
 Then don't bestow fair virtue's prize
 On what from poverty had rise.
 France flourish'd by wife Colbert's care,
 When once a dunce, intent to spare,
 Presum'd the progress to oppose
 Of arts, by which fam'd Lyons rose,
 And by curst avarice possess'd
 Had industry and arts suppress'd ;

* A handful of hay at the end of a pole called MANIPULUS² was the first standard of the Romans.

That minister, as wise as great,
 By luxury enrich'd the state.
 He the great source of arts increas'd,
 From north to south, from west to east,
 Our neighbours all with envy fir'd
 Pay'd dear for genius they admir'd.
 A monarch's portrait here I'll draw,
 Rome, Paris, Pekin, such ne'er saw ;
 'Tis Solomon, that king who shone
 A Plato, whilst he fill'd a throne ;
 Who all things was to know allow'd,
 From hyssop to the cedar proud :
 In luxury he surpass'd mankind,
 With glittering gold his palace shin'd.
 All various pleasures he could taste,
 A thousand beauties he embrac'd.
 With beauties he was well supplied ;
 Give me but one, I'am satisfi'd.
 One's full enough for me ; but I
 Cannot with sage or monarch vie.
 Thus speaking, I perceiv'd each guest
 To approve of my discourse profess.

Sir,

Sir, Piety no more repl'd,
But laughing, still the bottle pli'd,
Whilst all, who well knew what I meant,
Seem'd to my reasons to assent.

M 2

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E

Upon CALUMNY.

SINCE beautiful 'twill be your fate
S-Emilia to incur much hate,
Almost one half of human race
Will even curse you to your face ;
Possess of genius noblest fire,
With fear you will each breast inspire ;
As you too easily confide
You'll often be betray'd, beli'd :
You ne'er of virtue made parade,
To Hypocrites no court you've paid.
Therefore, of calumny beware,
Foe to the virtuous and the fair.
Expect from every fool at court
Those squibs that are thrown out in sport ;

Those

Those Jests which each on others makes,
And suffers freedoms which he takes.
The curst licentiousness of tongue
From indolence and self-love's sprung.
The monster of each sex appears,
Her prate the croud attentive hears.
The scourge of mankind and delight
She o'er the world asserts her right.
Wit to the dullest she imparts,
The wise repel her from their hearts.
The fury, with malignant sneer,
Attacks mankind in every sphere.
But these three ranks she most devours,
And on them all her venom pours :
Wits, beauties, and the haughty great,
Are all the objects of her hate :
When merit strikes the public eye,
Against it she her darts lets fly.
Whoever genius has display'd
Is ever satire's object made.
Adorn'd with Trinquets, full of airs,
Young Ægle to the priest repairs :
She goes to be consign'd for life
To one she never saw as wife ;

The next day she's in triumph seen
 At court and ball, before the queen.
 And next by Paris ever kind
 A gallant's to the bride assign'd.
 Roy in a ballad sings her fame,
 And the town echoes with her name.
 Ægle's incens'd, her cries are vain :
 Ægle, excuse the Poet's strain.
 Your case you'll bitterly deplore
 When men shall speak of you no more ;
 A beauty you can scarcely name
 Who never suffer'd in her fame.
 We find it in Bayle's learned page,
 Blest *Mary cou'd not 'scape it's rage ;
 Lamponer's rage was unrestrain'd,
 And even her sacred name prophan'd.
 Thro' all the nations of the world
 Fierce satire has her Vengeance hurl'd :

* This Calumny, cited by Bayle and the Abbe Houteville, is taken from an old Hebrew book, entitled *Joldos Jeseut*, in which Jonathan is given to this sacred person as husband ; and he who raises Jonathan's suspicions is call'd Joseph Panther.

Has been to Jews and Christians known,
But she in Paris holds her throne.
A croud of idlers every night,
Of idlers call'd the world polite,
Wand'ring about the town is seen,
Still follow'd by that fiend the spleen.
There, jilted baggages abound,
And jades of quality are found ;
Who nothing's like meer parrots say ;
Who ogle fools, and cheat at play.
Amongst them sparks we likewise find,
Who seem much more of female kind.
Their heads with trifles are well fill'd ;
In trifles they are deeply skill'd.
With forward air, and voices pert,
They sing and dance, behave alert ;
And if some man with sense endu'd,
Should in their presence be so rude
To speak like one who books has read,
And shew he wears a learned head,
With anger fir'd they on him fall,
He's persecutèd by them all.
Envy, each drone to combat brings,
Against the bee they point their stings ;

Of ministers, and monarchs still,
 Inferior mortals will speak ill ;
 From Cæsar to our Lewis down,
 Name we one king of high renown,
 From fam'd Mæcenas days produce
 A favourite who could 'scape abuse.
 Colbert, who, vigilant and wise,
 Enrich'd us still with new supplies ;
 Who found means to replace the stores
 We lost by minions, priests, and whores :
 That worthy, to whose cares we owe
 A greatness we no longer know,
 Against him saw the state conspire ;
 Saw Frenchmen rage with furious ire,
 *Disturb his urn, insult his shade,
 To whom they once such honours paid.
 When Lewis, who bravely could oppose
 Death's terrors like his fiercest foes,
 At length, by the decree of fate,
 Was to St. Dennis borne in state.

* A mob would have taken Mr. Colbert out of his grave at St. Eustachius's church.

I saw his people prone to changing,
 Quite mad with wine and folly ranging,
 Follow the mighty monarch's herse,
 And curse him after death in verse.
 You've known a regent at the helm
 Turn upside down the Gallic realm :
 He for society was born
 Arts to promote and to adorn.
 Great without pride, replete with wit,
 Tho' loose, he cou'd no crime commit ;
 And yet, most curst, most black of crimes !
 All France has seen atrocious rhymes
 Outrageously that prince defame
 And give him every odious name.
 *Phillippics wrote in unchast strain
 Scandalous chronicles remain ;
 And wi'l no Frenchman's generous rage
 Refute the vile detested page ?
 When any make a false report,
 All will conspire in it's support :

* An infamous libel in verse, wrote against Philip duke of Orleans, Regent of the kingdom.

If truth's discover'd in the end,
 All men are backward to defend.
 But will you from the great at court
 To objects turn of meaner sort ?
 Leaving the court, all grandeur's center,
 In the wit's temple let us enter ;
 That shrine, which always I admir'd,
 To whose view Bardus self aspir'd,
 Where Damis never cou'd repair
 Let's enter, see curst envy there,
 Daughter of verse, to verse a foe,
 Who drawing emulation's bow,
 Can pride inflame and rage excite
 Amongst fools who for glory write.
 See how they're bent to fight till death,
 All to secure fame's idle breath ;
 Upon their rivals they let fall
 The blackest and the bitterest gall :
 Jansenist eager to devour
 Molinist cou'd not blacker pour.
 The casuist Doucin n'er so well
 Bedaub'd fam'd Pasquier Quenel.

Th'

'Th' old rhymer, whom all men despise,
Organe, impure of many lies,
That wretch who all the town offends,
Who punish'd often never mends ;
That Rufus * who your fire befriended,
And from the attacks of want defended,
Whose serpent sting soon afer bor'd
The bosom that had life restor'd ;
The wicked Rufus, who in court
Made against innocence report ;
Who would have hid had he been wise,
His guilt and shame from mortal eyes,
We see at Bruffels Marshes strive
The flame of discord to revive :
He strives on me to throw the shame
Which must for ever brand his name.
What will that satire then avail,
With which he dares the world assail,
Pieces in French and German wrote,
Wherein he apes the old Marot,

* Rousseau.

In which his vices all are seen,
So dull they almost give the spleen.
What great effect then do we see
From all those heaps of calumny ?
Subjected to all mortals hate,
He to his poisons owes his fate.
Let us not fear the slanderer's strain ;
Boileau lash'd fam'd Quinault in vain,
Quinault, whose beauties charm'd his age,
Laughs at whilst he forgives his rage.
I, whom a curst cabal would blast,
And foul aspersions on me cast,
In spite of bigots live at ease,
Both court and town my verses please.
From all this what shall we conclude ?
Ye French sensorious, tho' not rude,
Severe, altho' polite and kind,
Amongst you must we ever find
Things which so very ill agree
As graces and severity ?
You, who the sex in charms excell,
You know this dangerous people well ;
With them we live amidst our foes,
Boldly their malice fly oppose.

Amidst

Amidst them all your charms display,
Discreetly follow your own way,
Folly your innate virtues lore,
And slanderers then shall prate no more.

E P I S T L E

E P I S T L E

To a Minister of STATE, upon the Encouragement of ARTS.

YOU who with profit know delight to blend,
Who can from business to affairs descend ;
With joy I see your powerful genius strive
The arts too long neglected, to revive.
Be no one branch the idol of thy heart,
But hold in balance each contending art :
Animate tragedy's bold manly stile,
And love her chearful sister's pleasing smile :
Rouse gravers, painters, and th' harmonious band,
Put a gold compass in Urania's hand.
By a true genius all arts are embrac'd ;
He scarce exists who has one only taste.

I pity

I pity that man's weak and narrow mind
Who to one single object is confin'd ;
Who to one idol consecrates his heart,
And to that one would sacrifice each art.
Hear the abstracted algebraist pale
With study, whilst his limbs begin to fail ;
Who knows by calculations power elate,
Four is to two as sixteen is to eight.
To him Racine, Corneille, as fools appear,
And Lully's harmony can't please his ear ;
To Ruben's art he will not grant due praise,
All nature's colours he in vain displays.
Symbols and figures he admires alone,
And thinks none great in France but Varignon.
He can't conceive how Quinault pleas'd the age,
Who did not work equations for the stage.
Not less a fool, nor less a dupe to praise,
He who thinks Euterpe inspires his lays ;
Whose pilfer'd rhymes present us o'er and o'er
What others said a thousand times before ;
To his own muse he ever grants the prize,
And looks on science with contemptuous eyes :
Views Archimede and Newton with disdain,
And strives in rhyme all Plato to explain.

The

The plodding dunce with calculating skull,
 The coxcomb who declares all reasoning dull
 A pettifogger views with scornful eyes,
 Taught by the law their follies to despise ;
 Who for six shillings blackens many a quire,
 And lets his pen and anger out for hire.
 A fool in furs behold bring in his claim,
 Boasting the doctors self-sufficient name :
 Come hither, Bourdaloue and Maffillon
 Forfake and hear me with applause alone.
 I by three heads each simple case make clear,
 St. Thomas I've explain'd for many a year :
 Pretenders thus the public ear engage,
 And draw a numerous audience to their stage ;
 The virtuous man to others gives due praise ;
 To others merit he due tribute pays.
 Erst before God compleating his great plan
 Had breath'd the breath of life into a man,
 The world to stock with creatures was his care ;
 He made the eagle, sovereign of the air,
 The steed that scours the plains, the dog that still
 Attends obedient to his master's will ;
 The bleating sheep, the wolfe that nightly prowls,
 The ox whose force man's higher force controuls

The

The bird that charms the forests, and the dove,
 Thought here below the fimbol of true love :
 Man nam'd them all, and with enlighten'd mind
 Their uses knew, their several tasks assign'd,
 No servants *Mazarin wou'd e'er elect,
 But let God's providence his choice direct :
 The die decided each domestick's lot,
 Postillions Secretaries places got ;
 His coachman thus an agent's post obtain'd,
 His almoner by fate was cook ordain'd.
 Such instances in human life abound,
 Employments vary, talent's rarely found.
 When to Rome's emperor every man was slave,
 He to a horse the consul's fasces gave ;
 Far less absurdly he conferr'd that place
 Than those who fools with rank and title grace :
 By ignorance oft has Cujas robe been born,
 Blockhead's have oft the sacred mitre worn :
 And oft the man has over kingdoms reign'd,
 Who to the oar should have with slaves been chain'd.

* The duke of Mazarin, Hortensia Macini's husband every year made his domesticks cast lots for the places they were to fill and what is here related, is founded on fact.

May you ne'er in the choice of men thus err,

True merit seek, true merit still prefer.

'Tis thus the botanist's sagacious mind

Midst thistles knows the healing plant to find.

'Tis thus great Colbert, once the boast of France,

Awak'd each art which slept in death like trance.

Like him protect the arts in their decline,

Like Colbert and renown'd Mæcena's shine.

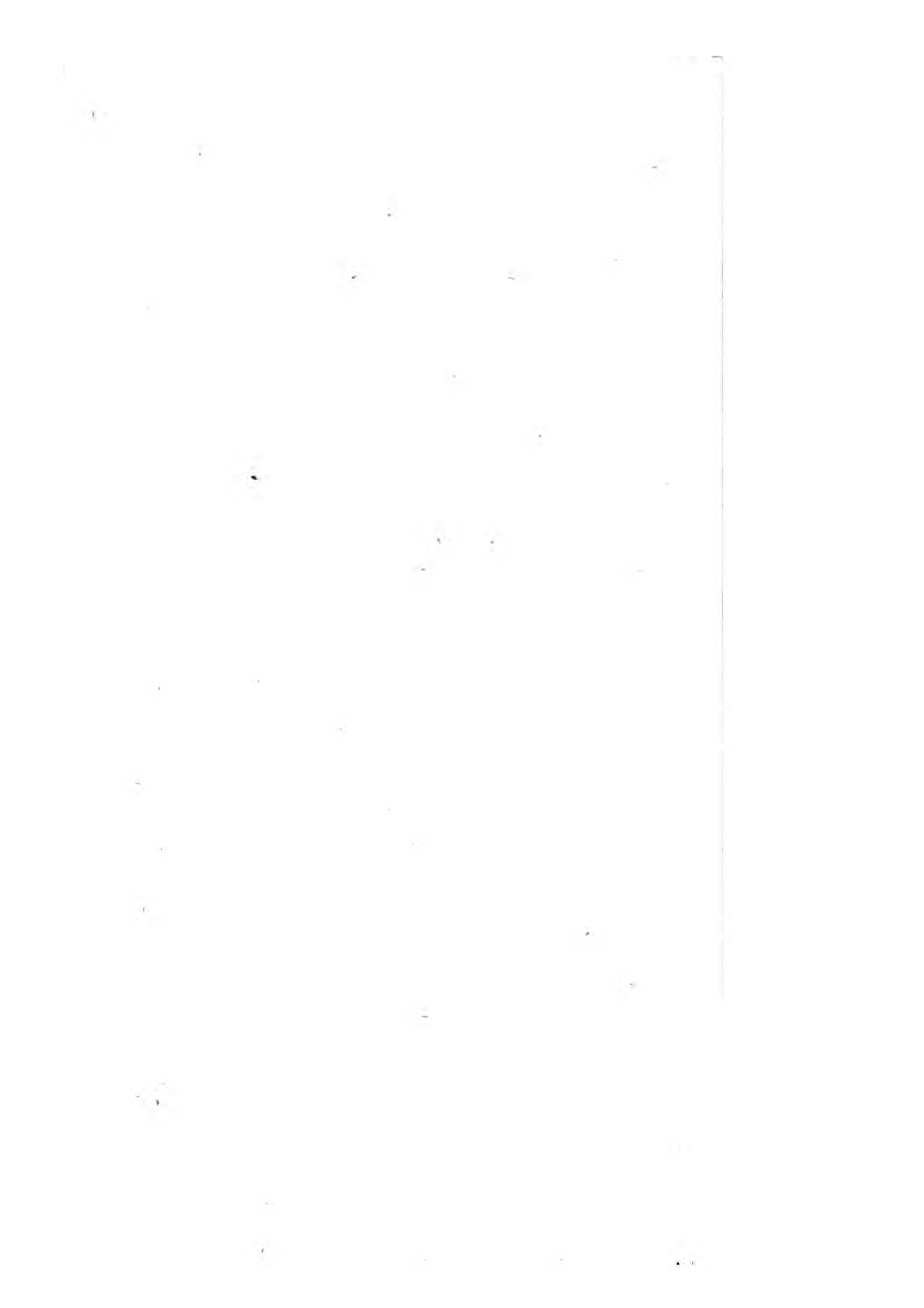
P O E T I C A L

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P O E T I C A L

D I S S E R T A T I O N S .

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POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

DISSERTATION THE FIRST.

Upon the Equality of CONDITIONS.

FRIEND, o'er whose mind fair virtue still presides,
Whom reason still to nature's instinct guides,
Who mak'st thy wishes with thy station meet,
Blest without wealth, in pleasures still discreet :
Happy are those who thus their genius scan,
Whom prudence teaches to elect life's plan :
His heart ne'er grieve's repentance voice to hear,
He lives concenter'd in his proper sphere.
Men differ ; one's condition's like the rest,
Folly miscarries where good sense is blest.
Bliss is the port to which each mortal's bound,
The winds uncertain, rocks of life abound :

Heaven

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Heaven to enable man the port to find
 A bark to every mortal has assign'd.
 Various resources, equal dangers rise,
 What boots it when the storm roars thro' the skies
 That thy poop's painted ; that the changeful gales
 Blow thro' thy filken shrouds and purple fails :
 The pilot's art alone the storm allays,
 And not the ornaments our bark displays.
 What doctrine strange, you'll say is here profess'd,
 Is no state then beyond another blest ?
 Has heaven given all of blifs an equal share ?
 A scrivener's wife to a princess who'd compare ?
 Is it not for a priest a happier fate
 To clap a scarlet hat on his bald pate,
 Than to go after morn or evening prayer
 T' expose to discipline his shoulders bare ?
 In triple bonnet sure more blest the judge
 Than the clerk doom'd in office still to drudge.
 God's justice, nature's laws, this rule oppose,
 Her gifts she with more equity bestows.
 Think you she'll ever be so partial found
 As to have blifs to fortune's chariot bound ?
 A colonel oft will impudently trie
 In pleasures even a marshal to outvie.

Blest

Blest as a king, the ignorant vulgar say,
 Yet monarchs dearly for their grandeur pay.
 Vain confidence a king puts in his throne,
 For grief and spleen to greatness self are known.
 Heaven must to all the same attention pay,
 It form'd all mankind of one common clay.
 Let's own that Heaven is just as well as kind,
 It has a birthright to each child assign'd :
 Some crop must still be reap'd from earth's worst spot,
 He's disinherited who mourns his lot.
 Let's without pride possess ; let's bear with grace,
 Since 'twas by God assign'd our earthly place.
 God meant arranging sublunary things
 To make us happy, not to make us kings.
 Before Pandora, if we credit fame,
 We all were equal, we are still the same.
 To have still the same title to be blest
 Puts each upon a level with the rest.
 Those slaves in yonder valley dost thou see,
 Who cut a craggy rock, or lop a tree ;
 Who turn the course of streams ; who, with a spade
 The entrails of the fertile earth pervade.
 We do not find that model in those plains
 On which were form'd Fontenelle's soft swains.

Their

There Timaret and Tircis are not found
 Beneath a myrtle shade with chaplets crown'd,
 Graving upon the oaken bark their names,
 And ever talking of their amorous flames.
 But some rough card endu'd with stubborn heart,
 Who knows thro' mire to drive the loaden cart:
 Soon as Aurora streaks the ruffet skies,
 From her coarse bed Perrette is forc'd to rise,
 They pant, with dust I see them cover'd o'er;
 Each day they labour as the day before;
 By toil to cold and heat alike enur'd,
 Both are by them with equal ease endur'd:
 And yet they sing in rude tone, without note,
 Old Ballads which by Pellegrin were wrote.
 Strength, health, sound sleep, the mind's serene repose,
 To poverty and toil the labourer owes.
 At Paris gay Colin no joy can find,
 His ears are deafen'd, uninform'd his mind:
 No joy it's splend'or to the rustic yields;
 He overlooks it, and regrets his fields.
 Love's voice excites him thither to repair,
 Whilst Damis running still from fair to fair
 In proud apartments lolls at careless ease,
 Intrigue his business, his desire to please,

By

POETICAL DISSERTATIONS. 247

By his wife hated, dup'd by his kept dame,
To every beauty tells his amorous flame ;
Quits Ægle's arms for Cloris coy who flies,
And thinks all joy in noise and scandal lies.
The vigorous faithful Colin, on loves wing
Flies to Lifetta with return of spring.
Returning in three months, the rustic swain
Makes presents simple like himself and plain :
He does not bring those trinkets rich and rare
Which Hebert sells to the deluded fair.
Without these trifles he secures his joys,
He wants them not, they are the happy's toys.
The rapid eagle thro' the yielding skies
After his paramour with' ardor flies.
The ox the heifer seeks with many a bound,
His lowing love makes all the vale resound.
Sweet Philomel, soon as the flowers appear,
Delights with songs his lov'd companion's ear.
Forth from the bushes darts the buzzing fie,
Meets insects, and engenders in the sky ;
To exist of all their wishes is the bound,
They grieve not others are more perfect found.
What need I care whilst in my present state
That other beings have a happier fate.

N

But

248 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

But can that wretch who lies upon the dust
 Object at once of pity and disgust,
 That breathing skeleton with woes oppress'd,
 Who lives to suffer, say, can he be blest?
 No; but can Tamas by a slave depos'd,
 A vizir in disgrace, a prince oppos'd,
 Be happy deem'd? When once they're cast in chains,
 A sad remembrance of their state remains.
 Each state its ills, its disappointments knows;
 Man's state is vary'd, various are his woes;
 Less fierce in peace, more active in the fight,
 Charles had in English realms maintain'd his right.
 And had Dufreny with more care apply'd,
 Of want he had not like an author dy'd.
 We all are equal, Men must bear fatigue,
 Churches breed controversies, courts intrigue.
 Too oft true merit lurks behind a screen,
 Evil abounds, but bliss is often seen.
 Nor youth, nor age, nor poverty, nor wealth,
 Can e'er restore the wounded soul to health.
 Irus of old, of poverty asham'd,
 Loud against Cræsus opulence declaim'd:
 Honour and wealth by Cræsus are possess'd,
 Cry'd he, and only I remain unblest'd.

While

While thus he spoke, while thus his rage prevail'd,
The Carian king an arm'd host assail'd.

Of all his courtly train not one remains,
In fight he's taken, and he's cast in chains ;
His treasure's lost, his mistress from him torn :
He weeps, but sees when lost and quite forlorn
Irus, poor Irus, who the combat o'er
Drinks with the victors, thinks of war no more.
Oh ! jove, exclaim'd he, Irus knows the worst ;
Irus is happy, I alone am curst.

Mistaken both, they should contest lay by ;
He errs, who sees a man with envious eye :
External lustre fills us with surprize ;
But man's a mystery to human eyes.

All joy is transient, mirth must have an end ;
Whither do then the cares of mortals tend ?
In every clime grows happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where :
No where entire, but every where the same ;
In God alone exhaustless lasts the flame :
Its like the pure, like the ætherial fires
To mix with other elements aspires ;
Mounts to the clouds, descends to rocks below,
And in the sea's abyss makes diamonds glow ;

250 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS:

When snowy mountains load the frozen plains

Joy ever cheers the bosoms of the swains.

In what'er state thou'rt born oh mortal still

Resign'd submit to thy creator's will.

DISSERTATION

DISSERTATION the II^d.

Upon LIBERTY.

IN tranfient life, which fome few years comprize,
If happinefs muft be true wifdom's prize,
Who fhall to me this facred treasure fend,
Does it upon myfelf or heaven depend ?
Is it like wit, like beauty, and high birth,
A lot which prudence can't acquire on earth ?
Say, am I free, or do my limbs and foul
Some other agent's fecret fprings controul ?
Is will which ever hurries me away,
Slave to the foul, or bears ſhe fovereign fway ?
Plung'd in this doubt, and hopelefs of relief,
I rais'd to heaven my eyes obſcur'd with grief.
A ſpirit then to whom the God is known,
Who holds his place by the almighty's throne,

Who

252 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

Who still attends him, burns with constant flame,
From the high heavens celestial envoy came ;
For oft propitiously those sons of light
Illume the soul obscur'd by error's night.
And fly the doctor's supercilious pride,
Who does in his professor's chair confide ;
Who quite elate, and of his system vain,
Mistakes for truth the phantom of his brain.
Listen, said he, in pity to your grief
I'll now reveal what sure will bring relief.
What you desire to learn I shall disclose,
Instruction is his due to doubt who knows.
Know then, oh ! man, that you are free as I,
This is the noblest gift of the most high ;
In the free will of each intelligence
That being's life consists, it's true essence.
That's free which can conceive, will, act, design ;
A glorious attribute, almost divine.
This great prerogative to God we owe,
His offspring we, his images below :
His word all-powerful made heaven, earth, and seas,
The body thus the will's command obeys.
Sovereign on earth, a powerful king by thought,
Nature by thee is to thy purpose brought ;

The

The zephyr you command, the roaring main ;
 You can your will and even desires restrain.
 Of liberty, if we the soul divest,
 What is it ? 'Tis a subtile flame at best.
 Were we depriv'd once of the power to chuse,
 We should in fact our very being lose ;
 Machines we should be by the Almighty wrought,
 Curious automats endu'd with thought.
 We shou'd delusion suffer every hour,
 Tools of the deity's despotic power.
 Cou'd man not free God's image be esteem'd ?
 Cou'd works like these be profitable deem'd ?
 Can't he then please God, can't he give offence,
 Can God nor punish us nor recompense ?
 Justice in heaven and earth must cease to dwell,
 Desfontaines is not bad, not good Pucelle*.
 Fate's impulse actuates each human breast,
 And the world's chaos is by vice possess'd.
 The proud oppressor, miser hard of heart,
 Cartouche, Mirivis, skill'd in fraudulent art ;

* The abbe Pucelle, a celebrated councillor of parliament. The abbe Desfontaines, a man who often incurr'd the censure of the law : He kept open shop, where he sold panegyrick and satire to those that bid highest.

254 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

The slanderer more criminal than all,
May God the causer of his baseness call.
If I am perjur'd, 'tis by his command,
He plunders, robs, and murders by my hand :
'Tis thus the God who first ordain'd all laws,
Is made of horrors and black crimes the cause.
Could those who such a dogma dire maintain,
Speak of the devil himself in blacker strain :
Surprize seiz'd on me, as on one at night
Who wakes surpriz'd to see a sudden light,
Whilst yet a heavy and half open'd eye
With difficulty can the light descry.
I answer'd, can it heavenly spirit be
That mortal man's so weak whilst he is free,
Why cannot reason's torch direct his way,
He follows it, yet often goes astray ?
Why shou'd this paragon so wise and brave,
Be always thus to vice an abject slave ?
This answer straight return'd the spirit kind,
What groundless grief has thus o'erwhelm'd your
mind?
Liberty sometimes is impair'd in you,
But was eternal liberty your due?

Shou'd

Shou'd it be equal in each time and state
 You'd be a God, to be a man's your fate.
 Shall a drop in the vast unbounded sea
 Exclaim, immensity was made for me ?
 No, all is weak in thee, to change inclin'd
 Thy beauty, strength, the talents of thy mind.
 All nature has its limits fix'd below,
 Shall then man's power be boundless here below ?
 But when your heart which various passions sway
 To their strong impulse overpower'd gives way ;
 When to their force you find your free-will bend,
 You had it sure, since you perceive it end.
 Whene'r you feel the burning fever's flame
 By slow degrees it undermines your frame ;
 But that attack no sure destruction brings,
 Tho' for a time it wears life's feeble springs.
 You oft return from death's half-open'd gate
 More healthy, temperate, and more sedate,
 Your great prerogative more strictly scan,
 Liberty is the soul's health in a man.
 Sometimes it's efficacy may subside
 Subdu'd by rage, ambition, love, or pride.
 The thirst of knowledge may it's power controul,
 Many are the diseases of the soul.

But

But you against them may yourself defend,
 Open this book, consult that learned friend ;
 A friend's the gift of heaven, a blessing rare,
 To *Sylva, Vernage, Helvetius repair.
 May heaven, when men are into vice betray'd,
 Send such assistants powerful to their aid.
 Is there that idiot amongst human kind
 Who wishes not in danger aid to find ?
 Behold the mortal who free-will arraigns,
 And blindly a blind destiny maintains,
 See how he ponders, weighs, deliberates ;
 See how he loads with blame the man he hates ;
 How he seeks vengeance when with passion warm ;
 How he corrects his son and would reform.
 From hence 'tis evident he thought him free,
 His system and his actions disagree.
 His heart bely'd his tongue at every word
 In striving to explain this dogma absurd :
 He owns the sentiment he seems to brave ;
 He acts as free, discourses as a slave.
 Since free thank God, who freedom did bestow
 To him the bliss that makes you blest you owe ;

* A famous physician of Paris.

Avoid with caution all the vain contest
Of those that tyrannise the human breast ;
Firm in thy principles, and just in heart,
Error compassionate, with truth take part.
Do not to zeal's suggestions fierce give way,
He is a brother who is led astray ;
To be humane as well as prudent strive ;
From others blifs thy happiness derive.
The angels words resounding in my ear,
My mind was rais'd above this mortal sphere ;
I had enquir'd, at length presumptuous grown,
Of things reveal'd to heavenly minds alone :
Of spirit pure, of matter, light, and space
The elastic spring, eternity, time's race,
Strange questions, which so frequently confound
Mairant the subtile, **G**ravensende the profound *,
And which **D**escartes in vain strove to explore,
Whose vortices are now believ'd no more.
But then the spirit vanish'd from my sight
And fought the regions of eternal light.

* Mr. Gravensende, professor at Leiden; the first who taught Newton's discoveries. Mr. Dortous de Mairant, a gentleman of Beziers, secretary to the Academy of Sciences at Paris.

285 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

He was not sent me from the ætherial sky,
To teach the secrets deep of the most high :
My eyes by too great light had been oppress'd,
He said enough, in saying, man be blest.

The END of the THIRTY-SECOND Volume.



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