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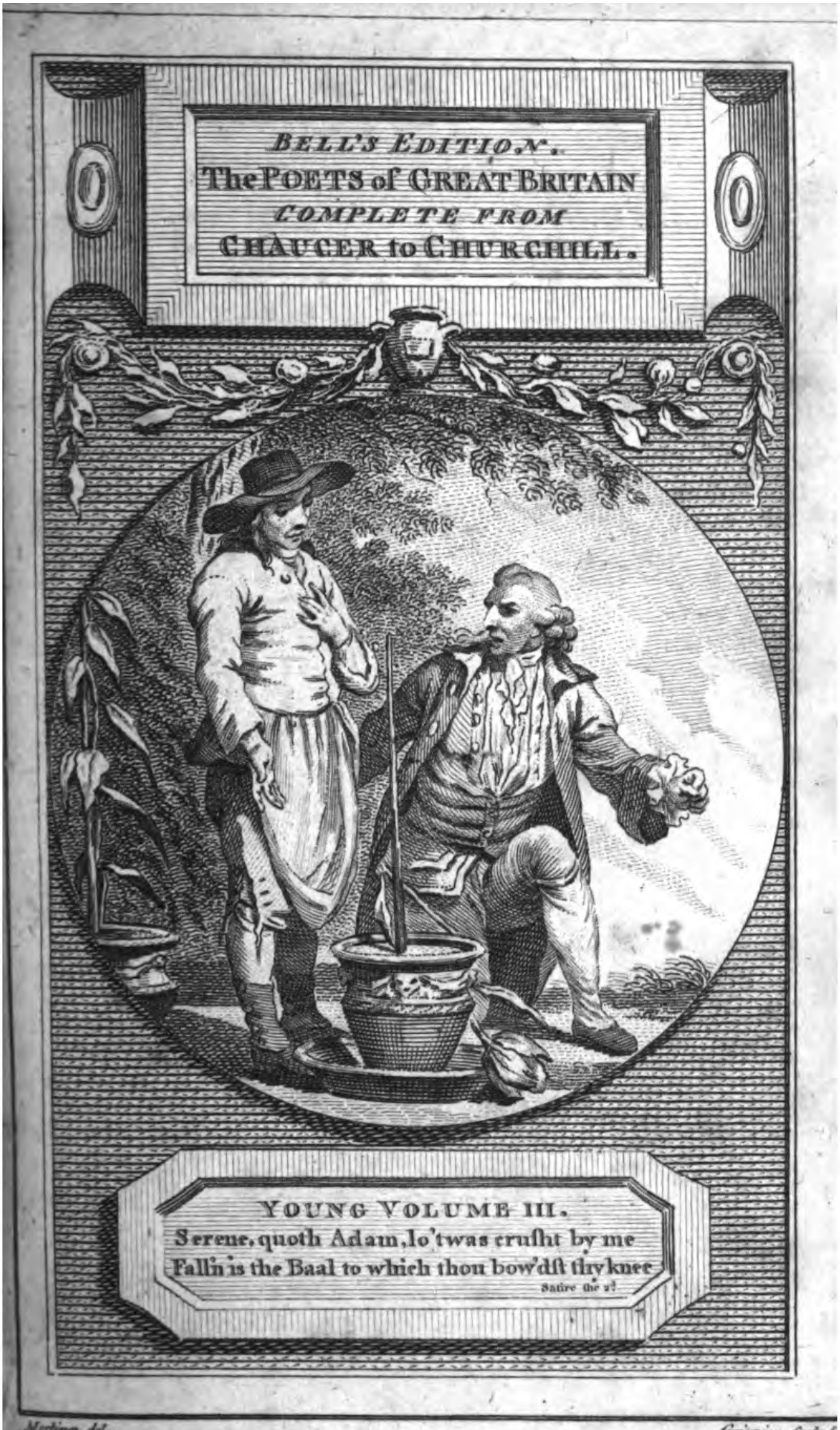

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Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London November 20th 1777.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE REVEREND

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the Law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;
When Churchmen Scripture for the Classicks quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore;
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyrick reign, and censure cease?——
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing——but their praise? SAT. I.

Bell's *second edition.*

VOL. III.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1784.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE REVEREND

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

LAST DAY,
FORCE OF RELIGION,
LOVE OF FAME,

EPISTLES TO MR. POPE,
EPISTLE TO L. LANSDOWN,
LETTER TO MR. TICKELL.

Tho' bold these truths, thou, Muse! with truths like these
Wilt none offend whom 't is a praise to please.
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a satire which gave none offence?
And since from life I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me?
The fool and knave 't is glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend:
The world! where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all. SAT. III.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1784.

THE LAST DAY.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Venit ſumma dies.——— VIRG.

BOOK I.

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

WHILE others ſing the fortune of the great,
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of ſtate,
With Britain's hero * ſet their ſouls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inſpire,
I draw a deeper ſcene; a ſcene that yields 5
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gaſping Nature's laſt tremendous groan;
Death's ancient ſceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom. 10
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold deſign,
And aſk my anxious heart if it be mine.

* The Duke of Marlborough.

Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the ſight of conſcious ſtars or ſun,
Is far beneath my daring. I look down 15
On all the ſplendours of the Britiſh crown.
This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howſoe'er disjoin'd,
Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind, 20
Hear, and aſſiſt, a feeble mortal's lays;
'Tis our eternal King I ſtrive to praiſe.

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

Man! bear thy brow aloft, view ev'ry grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous Nature's face;
See ſpring's gay bloom, ſee golden Autumn's ſtore,
See how Earth ſmiles, and hear old Ocean roar,
Leviathans but heave their cumbrous mail, 35
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies fail.
Here foreſts riſe, the mountain's awful pride;
Here rivers meaſure climes, and worlds divide;
There vallies, fraught with gold's reſplendent ſeeds,
Hold kings' and kingdoms' fortunes in their beds: 40

There to the ſkies aſpiring hills aſcend,
And into diſtant lands their ſhades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law in Albion's channel ride,
View the whole earth's vaſt landſcape unconfin'd, 45
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.
Then let the firmament thy wonder raiſe;
'Twill raiſe thy wonder, but tranſcend thy praiſe.
How far from eaſt to weſt? the lab'ring eye
Can ſcarce the diſtant azure bounds deſcry: 50
Wide theatre! where tempeſts play at large,
And God's right hand can all its wrath diſcharge.
Mark how thoſe radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the ſeaſons, and the year control:
They ſhine thro' time with an unalter'd ray, 55
See this grand period riſe, and that decay:
So vaſt, this world 's a grain; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal ſpace;
So bright, with ſuch a wealth of glory ſtor'd,
'Twere ſin in Heathens not to have ador'd. 60
How great, how firm, how ſacred, all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all muſt drop, as autumn's ficklieſt grain,
And earth and firmament be ſought in vain:
The track forgot where conſtellation ſhone, 65
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
Time ſhall be ſlain, all nature be deſtroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner or later, in ſome future date,
(A dreadful ſecret in the book of Fate!) 70
This hour, for aught all human wiſdom knows,
Or when ten thouſand harveſts more have roſe;
When ſcenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While other Bourbons rule in other lands, 75
And (if man's ſin forbids not) other Annes;
While the ſtill buſy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thouſand years before,
Thoughtleſs as thoſe who now life's mazes run,
Of earth diſſolv'd, or an extinguiſh'd ſun; 80
(Ye ſublunary Worlds! awake, awake!
Ye Rulers of the nations! hear, and ſhake!)
Thick clouds of darkneſs ſhall ariſe on day,
In ſudden night all earth's dominions lay,
Impetuous winds the ſcatter'd foreſts rend, 85
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The vallies yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted ſhore;
A ſanguine ſtain the ſilver moon o'erſpread,
Darkneſs the circle of the ſun invade; 90
From inmoſt heav'n inceſſant thunders roll,
And the ſtrong echo bound from pole to pole.

When, lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call 95
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;

Th' extended circuit of creation ſhake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.
Oh pow'rful blaſt! to which no equal ſound
Did e'er the frighted ear of Nature wound, 100
Tho' rival clarions have been ſtrain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal thro' the ſky,
Tho' God's whole enginery, diſcharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.
Have angels ſinn'd? and ſhall not man beware? 105
How ſhall a ſon of earth decline the ſnare?
Not folded arms, and ſlackneſs of the mind,
Can promiſe for the ſafety of mankind.
None are ſupinely good; thro' care and pain,
And various arts, the ſteep aſcent we gain. 110
This is the ſcene of combat, not of reſt;
Man's is laborious happineſs at beſt:
On this ſide death his dangers never ceaſe;
His joys are joys of conqueſt, not of peace.
If then, obſequious to the will of Fate, 115
And bending to the terms of human ſtate,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When Beauty ſmiles, or Grandeur ſpreads her charms,
The conſcious ſoul would this great ſcene diſplay,
Call down th' immortal hoſts in dread array, 120
The trumpet ſound, the Chriſtian banner ſpread,
And raiſe from ſilent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impreſſion would the picture make,
No pow'r on earth her firm reſolve could ſhake:

Engag'd with angels ſhe would greatly ſtand, 125
And look regardleſs down on ſea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could reſtrain,
And Death might ſhake his threat'ning lance in vain!
Her certain conqueſt would endear the fight,
And danger ſerve but to exalt delight. 130

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

The ſparkling eye, the ſleek and painted breaſt, 135
The burniſh'd ſcale, curl'd train, and riſing creſt,
All that is lovely in the noxious ſnake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake:
The ſting once drawn, his guiltleſs beauties riſe
In pleaſing luſtre, and detain our eyes; 140
We view with joy what once did horrour move,
And ſtrong averſion ſoftens into love.

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

Ah mournful turn! the bliſsful earth, who late
At leaſure on her axle roll'd in ſtate, 150
While thouſand golden planets knew no reſt,
Still onward in their circling journey preſt;

A grateful change of ſeaſons ſome to bring,
And ſweet viciſſitude of fall and ſpring;
Some thro' vaſt oceans to conduct the keel, 155
And ſome thoſe wat'ry worlds to ſink or ſwell:
Around her ſome their ſplendours to diſplay,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world ſo great, of joy the bright abode,
Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God, 160
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkneſs and deſpair.
No ſun in radiant glory ſhines on high,
No light but from the terrours of the ſky:
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers loſt, 165
And all into a ſecond chaos toſt:
One univerſal ruin ſpreads abroad:
Nothing is ſafe beneath the throne of God.
Such, Earth! thy fate: what then canſt thou afford
To comfort and ſupport thy guilty lord? 170
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How muſt he bend his ſoul's ambition down?
Proſtrate, the reptile own, and diſavow
His boaſted ſtature, and aſſuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curſe his form, 175
That ſpeaks diſtinction from his ſiſter worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
Lord, why doſt thou forſake whom thou haſt made?
Who can ſuſtain thy anger? who can ſtand
Beneath the terrours of thy lifted hand? 180

It flies the reach of thought: oh, save me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou who beneath the frown of Fate hast stood,
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
Thou, who for me, thro' ev'ry throbbing vein, 185
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
Whom Death led captive thro' the realms below,
And taught those horrid mysteries of wo;
Defend me, O my God! oh, save me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour! 190
From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring shelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep:
Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom, 195
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.
So fares a traitor to an earthly crown,
While Death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown.
His heart 's dismay'd; and now his fears command
To change his native for a distant land: 200
Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea;
The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.
But why this idle toil to paint that day? 205
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the distress,
The height of eloquence would make it less.
Heav'ns! how the good man trembles?---

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

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To ſmile at death! to long to be diſſolv'd!
From our decays a pleaſure to receive!
And kindle into tranſport at a grave? 225
What equals this? And ſhall the victor now
Boaſt the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! oh thou cherub, heav'nly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomleſs delight!
Thou, thou art all; nor find I in the whole 230
Creation aught but God and my own ſoul.

For ever, then, my Soul! thy God adore,
Nor let the brute-creation praiſe him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conſcious cheek with ſpreading ſhame?
They all for him purſue, or quit, their end; 236
The mounting flames their burning pow'r ſuſpend;

In ſolid heaps th' unfrozen billows ſtand,
To reſt and ſilence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monſters that infeſt the flood, 240
By nature dreadful, and athirſt for blood,
His will can calm, their ſavage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main, 245
When Darkneſs round him all her horrours ſpread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?

When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous riſe;
When now the foaming ſurges, toſs'd on high, 250
Diſcloſe the ſands beneath, and touch the ſky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghaſt,
Look back with terrour on their actions paſt,
Their courage ſickens into deep diſmay,
Their hearts, thro' fear and anguiſh, melt away; 255
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempeſt can appeaſe;
Now they devote their treaſure to the ſeas;
Unload their ſhatter'd bark, tho' richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but, oh, the ſtorm ſo high! 260
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themſelves to ſave,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he deſcends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows cloſe; he's number'd with the dead. 265

(Hear, O ye Juſt! attend ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety purſue)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks ſmiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his ſervant with his gracious hand, 270
And bids tempeſtuous Nature ſilent ſtand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a ſoft embrace;
He bridles in the monſters of the deep;
The bridled monſters awful diſtance keep; 275
Forget their hunger while they view their prey,
And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.
But ſtill ariſe new wonders; Nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great 280
Leviathan attends in all his ſtate,
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the ſea ſhake, and heav'n and earth reſound,
Blackens the waters with the riſing ſand,
And drives vaſt billows to the diſtant land. 285
As yawns an earthquake, when impriſon'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous ſize,
The prophet views the cavern with ſurpriſe,
Meaſures his monſtrous teeth, afar deſcry'd, 290
And rolls his wond'ring eyes from ſide to ſide;
Then takes poſſeſſion of the ſpecious ſeat,
And ſails ſecure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blaſt to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear, 295
Or falls immers'd into the depths below,
Where the dead ſilent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the ſhelving mountain's dreadful ſhade;
Where plummet never reach'd he draws his breath,
And glides ſerenely thro' the paths of death. 301
Two wondrous days and nights thro' coral groves,
Thro' labyrinths of rocks and ſands, he roves;
When the third morning, with its level rays,
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays, 305
It ſees the king of waters riſe, and pour
His ſacred gueſt uninjur'd on the ſhore;
A type of that great bleſſing which the Muſe
In her next labour ardently purſues. 309

End of Book Firſt.

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

——Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν ἐς φάος ἐλθεῖν.
Λείψαν ἀποιχομένων· ὀπίσω δὲ Θεοὶ τελέθουσι.

PHOCYL.

i. e.

We hope that the departed will rise again from the dust; after which, like the gods, they will be immortal.

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

To ſmooth and lengthen out th' unbounded ſpace,
And ſpread an area for all human race. 20
Now monuments prove faithful to their truſt,
And render back their long-committed duſt;
Now charnels rattle; ſcatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obſequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck, perhaps, to meet 25
The diſtant head; the diſtant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, ſee thro' the duſky ſky
Fragments of bodies in confuſion fly,
To diſtant regions journeying, there to claim
Deſerted members, and complete the frame. 30
When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty ſword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confeſs'd her lord:
Yet one day loſt, this deity below
Became the ſcorn and pity of his foe;
His blood a traitor's ſacrifice was made, 35
And ſmok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade:
No trumpet's ſound, no gaſping armies yell,
Bid, with due horrour, his great ſoul farewell:
Obſcure his fall! all welt'ring in his gore,
His trunk was caſt to periſh on the ſhore! 40
While Julius frown'd the bloody monſter dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This ſever'd head and trunk ſhall join once more,
Tho' realms now riſe between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's ſound each fragrant mote ſhall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air, 46

Obey the ſignal wafted in the wind,
And not one ſleeping atom lag behind.
So ſwarming bees that on a ſummer's day,
In airy rings and wild meanders play, 50
Charm'd with the brazen ſound, their wand'ring ſend,
And, gently circling, on a bough deſcend.
The body thus renew'd, the conſcious ſoul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or midſt the burning planets wond'ring ſtray'd, 55
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpſe was laid,
Or rather coaſted on her final ſtate,
And fear'd, or wiſh'd, for her appointed fate;
This ſoul, returning with a conſtant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame: 60
Life, which ran down before, ſo high is wound,
The ſprings maintain an everlaſting round.
Thus a frail model of the work deſign'd
Firſt takes a copy of the builder's mind;
Before the ſtructure firm, with laſting oak, 65
And marble bowels of the ſolid rock,
Turns the ſtrong arch, and bids the columns riſe,
And bear the lofty palace to the ſkies;
The wrongs of time enabled to ſurpaſs,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of braſs. 70
That ancient, ſacred, and illuſtrious dome *,
Where ſoon or late fair Albion's heroes come

* Weſtminſter-Abbey.

From camps and courts, tho' great, or wise, or just,
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;
That solemn mansion of the royal dead, 75
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows; a numerous race
Of rising kings fill all th' extended space:
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
Awards the crown, and styles the greater lord. 80
Nor monuments alone, and burial earth,
Labours with man to this his second birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
And gilded theatres invade the skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones 85
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
The most magnificent and costly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No spot on earth but has supply'd a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave; 90
All 's full of man; and at this dreadful turn
The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.
Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise:
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes,
Shrink backward from the terrour of the light, 95
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night:
Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
Whose firm resolve nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown; 100

Such, in this day of horrours, ſhall be ſeen
To face the thunders with a godlike mien.
The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
The centre ſhakes, their hearts diſdain to move.
An earth diſſolving, and a heav'n thrown wide, 105
A yawning gulf, and fiends on ev'ry ſide,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bleſs the dawn of everlaſting day. 108

Here Greatneſs proſtrate falls; there Strength gives
Here lazars ſmile; there Beauty hides her face. [place,
Chriſtians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans ſtand,
A blended throng, one undiſtinguiſh'd band.
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their diſtinct perſuaſions fir'd,
In mutual friendſhip their long ſlumber break, 115
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are fluſh'd with brighter joy, or, warm
With juſter confidence, enjoy the ſtorm,
Than thoſe whoſe pious bounties, unconfin'd,
Have made them publick fathers of mankind: 120
In that illuſtrious rank what ſhining light,
With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd glory, fills my ſight?
Bend down, my grateful Muſe! that homage ſhow,
Which to ſuch worthies thou art proud to owe.
Wickham! Fox! Chichley *! hail, illuſtrious names!
Who to far diſtant times diſpenſe your beams; 126

* Founders of New-college, Corpus Chriſti, and All-Souls, in Oxford; of all which the Author was a member.

Beneath your ſhades, and near your cryſtal ſprings,
I firſt preſum'd to touch the trembling ſtrings.
All hail, thrice honour'd! 't was your great renown
To bleſs a people, and oblige a crown; 130
And now you riſe, eternally to ſhine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent God! oh how ſhall mortal raiſe
His ſoul to due returns of grateful praiſe,
For bounty ſo profuſe to humankind, 135
Thy wondrous gift of an eternal Mind?
Shall I, who, ſome few years ago, was leſs
Than worm, or mite, or ſhadow, can expreſs,
Was nothing; ſhall I live, when ev'ry fire
Of ev'ry ſtar ſhall languiſh and expire? 140
When earth 's no more, ſhall I ſurvive above,
And thro' the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I ſtand,
See new worlds rolling from his ſpacious hand,
Where our adventures ſhall perhaps be taught, 145
As we now tell how Michael ſung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of love divine!

But, oh! before this bliſsful ſtate, before
Th' aſpiring ſoul this wondrous height can ſoar, 150
The Judge, deſcending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is ſummon'd to the bar.

This mighty ſcene I next preſume to draw;
Attend great Anna! with religious awe:

Expect not here, the known ſucceſsful arts 155
To win attention, and command our hearts.
Fiction! be far away; let no machine,
Deſcending here, no fabled god, be ſeen;
Behold the God of gods indeed deſcend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend! 160
Lo! the wide theatre, whoſe ample ſpace
Muſt entertain the whole of human race,
At Heav'n's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow 165
The mighty plain, and deluge all below,
And ev'ry age and nation pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng;
Adam ſalutes his youngeſt ſon: no ſign
Of all thoſe ages which their births disjoin. 170
How empty learning, and how vain is art!
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been ſwell'd, what time been ſpent,
To fix a hero's birthday or deſcent!
What joy muſt it now yield, what rapture raiſe, 175
To ſee the glorious race of ancient days?
To greet thoſe worthies who perhaps have ſtood
Illuſtrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your ſoul demands,
Cæſar unnoted in your preſence ſtands. 180
How vaſt the concourſe! not in number more
The waves that break on the reſounding ſhore,

The leaves that tremble in the ſhady grove,
The lamps that gild the ſpangled vaults above;
Thoſe overwhelming armies, whoſe command 185
Said to one empire Fall; another Stand;
Whoſe rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on;
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
(Another blow had broke the Fates' decree, 191
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's hoſt;
They all are here, and here they all are loſt:
Their millions ſwell to be diſcern'd in vain, 195
Loſt as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
"For judgment, judgment, Sons of men! prepare!"
Earth ſhakes anew, I hear her groans profound,
And Hell thro' all her trembling realms reſound. 200

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

A ſudden bluſh inflames the waving ſky,
And now the crimſon curtains open fly; 210

Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds of [light,
Whence Nature he informs, and with one ray,
Shot from his eye, does all her works ſurvey,
Creates, ſupports, confounds! where time, and place,
Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace, 216
Wait humbly at the footſtool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-ſuſpended ball, 220
(Speck of creation) if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 't is eternal death.

Thence iſſuing I behold, (but mortal ſight
Suſtains not ſuch a ruſhing ſea of light)
I ſee, on an empyreal flying throne 225
Sublimely rais'd, heav'n's everlaſting Son,
Crown'd with that Majeſty which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, Dominion, Praiſe, Omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant Prince. 230
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiack, winds its light.
Night ſhades the ſolemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er, ſerene, he turns propitious eyes, 235
Or we expect, or find a paradiſe;
But if reſentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.

On one hand Knowledge ſhines in pureſt light;
On one the ſword of Juſtice, fiercely bright. 240
Now bend the knee in ſport, preſent the reed;
Now tell the ſcourg'd Impoſtor he ſhall bleed!
Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n the Source
Of life and death eternal bends his courſe;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelick hoſt is rang'd in bright array: 246
Some touch the ſtring, ſome ſtrike the ſounding ſhell,
And mingling voices in rich concert ſwell;
Voices ſeraphick: bleſs'd with ſuch a ſtrain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again. 250
Triumphant King of glory! Soul of Bliſs!
What a ſtupendous turn of fate is this?
O! whither art thou rais'd above the ſcorn
And indigence of him in Bethle'm born;
A needleſs, helpleſs, unaccounted gueſt, 255
And but a ſecond to the fodder'd beaſt?
How chang'd from him who, meekly proſtrate laid,
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made!
From him who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd, 259
Wept, languiſh'd, pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd, and [dy'd?
Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe,
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?
And was't enough to bid the ſun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I ſee, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine; 265
The world is vaniſh'd,—I am wholly thine.

Miſtaken Caiaphas! ah! which blaſphem'd,
Thou or thy pris'ner? which ſhall be condemn'd?
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well exclaim,
Deep are the horrours of eternal flame! 270
But God is good! 'tis wondrous all! ev'n he
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight,
From earth full twice a planetary height:
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raiſe,
Diſtinct with orient veins and golden blaze; 276
One fix'd on earth, and one in ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows found:
Theſe an immeaſurable arch ſupport,
The grand tribunal of this awful court: 280
Sheets of bright azure, from the pureſt ſky,
Stream from the cryſtal arch, and round the columns
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the baſis lies, [fly:
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd; 286
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the ſun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel, eminently bright,
From off his ſilver ſtaff, of wondrous height, 290
Unfurls the Chriſtian flag, which waving flies,
And ſhuts and opens more than half the ſkies:
The Croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it ſheds a ſtain,
Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;

Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood, 295
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.
Oh formidable glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
Ah turn, unwary Muse! nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell. 300
Say not, (to make the sun shrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm they wish it all a dream;
Wish or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway:
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold 305
How they with transport might the scene behold.
Ah how! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick, and severe, its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r? 310
Thus then, with fervency, till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.
"OThou! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
" Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey, 316
" Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,
" That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
" Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
" And on the boundless of thy goodness calls. 320
" Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
" To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:

"Thy pow'r, my weakneſs, may I ever ſee,
"And wholly dedicate my ſoul to thee:
"Reign o'er my will; my paſſions ebb and flow 325
"At thy command, nor human motive know!
"If anger boil, let anger be my praiſe,
"And ſin the graceful indignation raiſe:
"My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
"And lift the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd. 330
"Oh may my underſtanding ever read
"This glorious volume which thy wiſdom made!
"Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?
"Who calls forth Summer, like a ſparkling bride?
"Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
"And bids old Winter lay her honours down? 336
"Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
"Not Europe's arbitreſs of peace and war.
"May ſea, and land, and earth, and heav'n, be join'd,
"To bring th' eternal Author to my mind! 340
"When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
"May thoughts of thy dread vengeance ſhake my ſoul;
"When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
"Adore, my Heart! the Majeſty Divine.
"Thro' ev'ry ſcene of life, or peace, or war, 345
"Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
"Shine we in arms? or ſing beneath our vine?
"Thine is the vintage, and the conqueſt thine:
"Thy pleaſure points the ſhaft, and bends the bow,
"The cluſter blaſts, or bids it brightly glow: 350

" 'Tis thou that lead'ſt our pow'rful armies forth,
" And giv'ſt great Anne thy ſceptre o'er the North.
" Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
" Open with pray'r the conſecrated day;
" Tune thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe, 355
" And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies:
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
" Nor ceaſe at eve, but with the ſetting ſun
" My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun. 360
" And, oh! permit the gloom of ſolemn Night
" To ſacred thought may forcibly invite.
" When this world 's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
" Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
" Compoſe our ſouls with a leſs dazzling ſight, 365
" And ſhew all Nature in a milder light;
" How ev'ry boiſt'rous thought in calm ſubſides!
" How the ſmooth'd ſpirit into goodneſs glides!
" O how divine! to tread the Milky Way,
" To the bright palace of the Lord of day; 370
" His court admire, or for his favour ſue,
" Or leagues of friendſhip with his ſaints renew;
" Pleas'd to look down, and ſee the world aſleep,
" While I long vigils to its founder keep!
" Canſt thou not ſhake the centre? Oh, control,
" Subdue by force, the rebel in my ſoul. 376
" Thou who canſt ſtill the raging of the flood,
" Reſtrain the various tumults of my blood;

"Teach me, with equal firmneſs, to ſuſtain
"Alluring pleaſure, and aſſaulting pain, 380
"O may I pant for thee in each deſire!
"And with ſtrong faith foment the holy fire!
"Stretch out my ſoul in hope, and graſp the prize
"Which in Eternity's deep boſom lies!
"At the great day of recompence behold, 385
"Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
"Then wafted upward to the bliſsful ſeat,
"From age to age my grateful ſong repeat;
"My light, my life, my God, my Saviour, ſee,
"And rival angels in the praiſe of thee." 390

End of Book Second.

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat; et mundi moles operosa laboret. OVID MET.

THE book unfolding, the resplendent seat
Of saints and angels, the tremendous fate
Of guilty souls, the gloomy realms of wo,
And all the horrours of the world below,
I next presume to sing. What yet remains 5
Demands my last, but most exalted strains;
And let the Muse or now affect the sky,
Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.
She kindles; she 's inflam'd, so near the goal;
She mounts: she gains upon the starry pole; 10
The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
And the sun darkens to her distant sight.
Heav'n op'ning, all its sacred pomp displays,
And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels shout around! 15
And echoing Nature lengthens out the sound!
Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance;
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse:
So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
As Nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last. 20
Nor man nor angel moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky;

Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view ſupporting ſeraphs raiſe;
In ſolemn form the rituals are prepar'd, 25
The ſeal is broken, and a groan is hear'd.
And thou, my Soul! (oh, fall to ſudden pray'r,
And let the thought ſink deep!) ſhalt thou be there?
See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand) 30
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obſcene,
What more than death in every face and mien?
With what diſtreſs, and glarings of affright,
They ſhock the heart, and turn away the ſight?
In gloomy orbs their trembling eyeballs roll, 35
And tell the horrid ſecrets of the ſoul:
Each geſture mourns, each look is black with care,
And ev'ry groan is loaden with deſpair.
Reader! if guilty, ſpare the Muſe, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind. 40
Shouldſt thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the ſoft companions of thy life,
Whoſe blended int'reſts levell'd at one aim,
Whoſe mix'd deſires ſent up one common flame,
Divided far, thy wretched ſelf alone 45
Caſt on the left of all whom thou haſt known,
How would it wound? what millions wouldſt thou [give
For one more trial, one day more to live?
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's ſpace,
To graſp with eagerneſs the means of grace, 50

Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, ſuſpend a ſtorm in air,
Arreſt the ſun, but ſtill of this deſpair.
Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace! 55
Their Maker's image freſh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my raviſh'd ſoul admires,
And their eyes ſparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant Beauty! charms that riſe above
This world, and in bleſs'd angels kindle love! 60
To the great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn,
Its flaſh ſuſtain, againſt its terrour riſe,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are theſe the forms that moulder'd in the duſt? 65
Oh the tranſcendent glory of the juſt!
Yet ſtill ſome thin remains of fear and doubt
Th' infected brightneſs of their joy pollute.
Thus the chaſte bridegroom, when the prieſt draws
Beholds his bleſſing with a trembling eye, [nigh,
Feels doubtful paſſions throb in ev'ry vein, 71
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain.
Leſt ſtill ſome intervening chance ſhould riſe,
Leap forth at once, and ſnatch the golden prize,
Inflame his wo, by bringing it ſo late, 75
And ſtab him in the criſis of his fate.
Since Adam's family, from firſt to laſt,
Now into one diſtinct ſurvey is caſt,

Look round, vainglorious Muſe! and you whoe'er
Devote yourſelves to Fame, and think her fair, 80
Look round, and ſeek the lights of human race,
Whoſe ſhining acts Time's brighteſt annals grace;
Who founded ſects, crowns conquer'd or reſign'd;
Gave names to nations, or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low, 85
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vaſt fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madneſs of the roaring main;
All loſt? all undiſtinguiſh'd? nowhere found?
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace ſound? 90
That hour, on which the Almighty King on high,
From all eternity, has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right hand favour'd or annoy'd,
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or deſtroy'd,
Southern or eaſtern ſceptre downward hurl'd, 95
Gave north or weſt dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himſelf was ſpilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.—
Aloft, the ſeats of bliſs their pomp diſplay, 100
Brighter than brightneſs this diſtinguiſh'd day;
Leſs glorious when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
Thro' heav'n's high gates when he triumphant rode,
And ſhouting angels hail'd the Victor God. 105

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

Such is the ſcene, and one ſhort moment's ſpace
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race, 115
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation ſwims before my ſight:
I ſee, I ſee the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not 't is diſtant; I behold it now:
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow, 120
My ſoul recoils at the ſtupendous wo;
That wo, thoſe pangs, which from the guilty breaſt
In theſe, or words like theſe, ſhall be expreſt.

"Who burſt the barriers of my peaceful grave?
"Ah! cruel Death, that would no longer ſave, 125
"But grudg'd me ev'n that narrow dark abode,
"And caſt me out into the wrath of God;
"Where ſhrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
"And all the dreadful eloquence of Pain,
"Our only ſong; black fire's malignant light, 130
"The ſole refreſhment of the blaſted ſight.

"Muſt all thoſe pow'rs Heav'n gave me to ſupply
"My ſoul with pleaſure, and bring in my joy,

"Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
"Sense, reason, memory, increase my wo; 135
"And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
"Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
"Oh! must I look with terrour on my gain,
"And with existence only measure pain?
"What! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv'n, 140
"No beam of hope, from any point of heav'n!
"Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
"Is love extinguish'd in the Source of love?
"Bold that I am, did Heav'n stoop down to hell?
"Th' expiring Lord of Life my ransom seal? 145
"Have I not been industrious to provoke?
"From his embraces obstinately broke?
"Pursu'd and panted for his mortal hate,
"Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate?
"And dare I on extinguish'd love exclaim? 150
"Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slack'ning flame;
"Just is my lot—but, oh! must it transcend
"The reach of time, despair a distant end?
"With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise, 154
"Where Thought cann't follow, and bold Fancy dies!
"Never! where falls the soul at that dread sound?
"Down an abyss how dark, and how profound!
"Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain!)
"Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;
"My plunge but still begun—and this for sin? 160
"Could I offend if I had never been,

" But ſtill increas'd the ſenſeleſs happy maſs,
" Flow'd in the ſtream, or ſhiver'd in the graſs?
" Father of mercies! why from ſilent earth
" Didſt thou awake, and curſe me into birth? 165
" Tear me from quiet, raviſh me from night,
" And make a thankleſs preſent of thy light!
" Puſh into being a reverſe of thee,
" And animate a clod with miſery? 169
" The beaſts are happy; they come forth, and keep
" Short watch on earth, and then lie down to ſleep:
" Pain is for man; and, oh! how vaſt a pain
" For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain?
" Annull'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
" And flung his agonies and death away? 175
" As our dire puniſhment for ever ſtrong,
" Our conſtitution, too, for ever young,
" Curs'd with returns of vigour, ſtill the ſame,
" Pow'rful to bear, and ſatisfy the flame;
" Still to be caught, and ſtill to be purſu'd! 180
" To periſh ſtill, and ſtill to be renew'd!
" And this, my Help! my God! at thy decree?
" Nature is chang'd, and hell ſhould ſuccour me.
" And canſt thou then look down from perfect bliſs,
" And ſee me plunging in the dark abyſs? 185
" Calling thee Father in a ſea of fire?
" Or pouring blaſphemies at thy deſire?
" With mortals' anguiſh wilt thou raiſe thy name,
" And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?

"Thou who canſt toſs the planets to and fro, 190
"Contract not thy great vengeance to my wo;
"Cruſh worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
"On me almighty wrath is caſt away.
"Call back thy thunders, Lord! hold in thy rage,
"Nor with a ſpeck of wretchedneſs engage: 195
"Forget me quite, nor ſtoop a worm to blame,
"But loſe me in the greatneſs of thy name.
"Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
"And ſhall I make thoſe glories ceaſe to ſhine?
"Shall ſinful man grow great by his offence, 200
"And from its courſe turn back Omnipotence?
"Forbid it! and, oh! grant, great God! at leaſt
"This one, this ſlender, almoſt no requeſt;
"When I have wept a thouſand lives away,
"When Torment is grown weary of its prey, 205
"When I have rav'd ten thouſand years in fire,
"Ten thouſand thouſands, let me then expire."
Deep anguiſh! but too late; the hopeleſs ſoul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Tho' loath, and ever loud blaſpheming, owns 210
He 's juſtly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrours, and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, ſtruggling with his chain;
To talk to fiery tempeſts, to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er; 215
To toſs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God,

The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move
To take poſſeſſion of their thrones above,
Satan's accurs'd deſertion to ſupply, 220
And fill the vacant ſtations of the ſky;
Again to kindle long-extinguiſh'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze;
To crop the roſes of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of ſacred truth; 225
To ſwim in ſeas of bliſs, to ſtrike the ſtring,
And lift the voice to their Almighty King;
To loſe eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praiſe.
But I attempt the wondrous height in vain, 230
And leave unfiniſh'd the too lofty ſtrain:
What boldly I begin let others end;
My ſtrength exhauſting, fainting I deſcend,
And chuſe a leſs, but no ignoble theme,
Diſſolving elements, and worlds in flame. 235
The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And Nature ſhrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the ſign, and all
Heav'n's terrours in array ſurround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors' blaze conſpire,
And, darted downward, ſet the world on fire: 241
Black riſing clouds the thicken'd ether choke,
And ſpiry flames dart thro' the rolling ſmoke,
With keen vibrations cut the ſullen night,
And ſtrike the darken'd ſky with dreadful light? 245

From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous courſe,
T'enrage the flame; it ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the ſtorm, and billows thro' the ſky:
Here winding pyramids of fire aſcend, 250
Cities and deſerts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes, wafted, overwhelm
The ſpacious face of a far diſtant realm;
There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vaſt deſtruction fills. 255
Hear'ſt thou that dreadful crack? that ſound which [broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre ſhook?
What wonders muſt that groan of Nature tell?
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell,
Which ſeem'd, above the reach of Fate to ſtand 260
A tow'ring monument of God's right-hand,
Now duſt and ſmoke, whoſe brow ſo lately ſpread
O'er ſhelter'd countries its diffuſive ſhade.
Shew me that celebrated ſpot, where all
The various rulers of the ſever'd ball 265
Have humbly ſought wealth, honour, and redreſs,
That land which Heav'n ſeem'd diligent to bleſs,
Once call'd Britannia; can her glories end?
And cann't ſurrounding ſeas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold ſurrounding ſeas! 270
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.
Some angel ſay where ran proud Aſia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?

Where ſtretch'd waſte Lybia? where did India's ſtore
Sparkle in di'monds, and her golden ore? 275
Each loſt in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all diſſolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.
And now whate'er or ſwims, or walks, or flies, 280
Inhabitants of ſea, or earth, or ſkies;
All on whom Adam's wiſdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and periſh in the conqu'ring flame.
This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage; the flakes aſpire, 285
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'n's their [prey;
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars, all melt away;
All, all is loſt; no monument, no ſign,
Where once ſo proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the ſoaming ſtream expire, 290
So ſparks that ſcatter from the kindling fire;
The devaſtations of one dreadful hour
The great Creator's ſix days work devour:
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet one ſoul
Has more to boaſt, and far outweighs the whole; 295
Exalted in ſuperiour excellence,
Caſts down to nothing ſuch a vaſt expenſe.
Have ye not ſeen th' eternal mountain's nod,
An earth diſſolving, a deſcending God?
What ſtrange ſurpriſes thro' all nature ran? 300
For whom theſe revolutions but for man?

For him Omnipotence new meaſures takes,
For him thro' all eternity awakes;
Pours on him gifts ſufficient to ſupply
Heav'n's loſs, and with freſh glories fill the ſky. 305
Think deeply then, O Man! how great thou art;
Pay thyſelf homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyſelf, affront not God's reſpect.
Enter the ſacred temple of thy breaſt, 310
And gaze and wander there, a raviſh'd gueſt;
Gaze on thoſe hidden treaſures thou ſhalt find,
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, ſee, the dawning light
Foretels a noon moſt exquiſitely bright! 315
Here ſprings of endleſs joy are breaking forth!
There buds the promiſe of celeſtial worth!
Worth which muſt ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter ſun, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, minor, canſt not gueſs thy vaſt eſtate, 320
What ſtores, on foreign coaſts, thy landing wait;
Loſe not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod,
Thus glad all heav'n, and pleaſe that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleaſures, hung on high
Yon' radiant orb, proud regent of the ſky: 325
That ſervice done, its beams ſhall fade away,
And God ſhine forth in one eternal day. 327

End of Book Third.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

OR, VANQUISH'D LOVE.

A POEM.

IN TWO BOOKS.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRG.

BOOK I.

——Ad cœlum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas. VIRG.

FROM loftythemes,from thoughts that foar'd on high,
And open'd wondrous ſcenes above the ſky,
My Muſe! deſcend: indulge my fond deſire:
With ſofter thoughts my melting ſoul inſpire,
And ſmooth my numbers to a female's praiſe: 5
A partial world will liſten to my lays,
While Anna reigns, and ſets a female name
Unrivall'd in the glorious liſts of Fame.
Hear, ye fair Daughters of this happy land!
Whoſe radiant eyes the vanquiſh'd world command,
Virtue is beauty; but when charms of mind 11
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
Whenyouthmakesſuchbrightobjectsſtillmorebright,
And Fortune ſets them in the ſtrongeſt light,

'Tis all of heav'n that we below may view, 15
And all but adoration is your due.
Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn
Ere Ormond, or her glorious Queen, was born:
When now Maria's pow'rful arms prevail'd,
And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd, 20
The beauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,
In blooming youth, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne,
Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state, 25
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of Fate.
But how will Guilford, her far dearer part,
With manly reason fortify his heart?
At once she longs, and is afraid to know;
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow, 30
To find her lord, and, finding, passes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye,
Lest that, unask'd, in speechless grief disclose
The mournful secret of his inward woes.
Thus after sickness, doubtful of her face, 35
The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.
At length, with troubled thought, but look serene,
And sorrow soften'd by her heav'nly mien,
She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue; 40
Gentle and sweet, as vernal zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily, or the blooming rose.

" Grieve not, my Lord; a crown indeed, is loſt;
" What far outſhines a crown we ſtill may boaſt;
" A mind compos'd, a mind that can diſdain 45
" A fruitleſs ſorrow for a loſs ſo vain.
" Nothing is loſs that virtue can improve
" To wealth eternal, and return above;
" Above where no diſtinction ſhall be known
" 'Twixt him whom ſtorms have ſhaken from a throne
" And him who, baſking in the ſmiles of Fate, 50
" Shone forth in all the ſplendour of the great:
" Nor can I find the diff'rence here below;
" I lately was a queen; I ſtill am ſo,
" While Guilford's wife: thee rather I obey, 55
" Than o'er mankind extend imperial ſway.
" When we lie down in ſome obſcure retreat,
" Incens'd Maria may her rage forget;
" And I to death my duty will improve,
" And what you miſs in empire add in love— 60
" Your godlike ſoul is open'd in your look,
" And I have faintly your great meaning ſpoke.
" For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
" To find with what content we lay it down.
" Heroes may win, but 't is a heav'nly race 65
" Can quit a throne with a becoming grace."

Thus ſpoke the faireſt of her ſex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord, whoſe boding boſom fear'd
A darker cloud of ills would burſt, and ſhed
Severer vengeance on her guiltleſs head. 70

Too juſt, alas, the terrours which he felt!
For, lo! a guard!—forgive him if he melt—
How ſharp her pangs, when ſever'd from his ſide,
The moſt ſincerely lov'd, and loving bride
In ſpace confin'd, the Muſe forbears to tell; 75
Deep was her anguiſh, but ſhe bore it well:
His pain was equal, but his virtue leſs;
He thought in grief there could be no exceſs.
Penſive he ſat, o'ercaſt with gloomy care,
And often fondly claſp'd his abſent fair; 80
Now, ſilent, wander'd thro' his rooms of ſtate,
And ſicken'd at the pomp, and tax'd his fate,
Which thus adorn'd, in all her ſhining ſtore,
A ſplendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were caſt, 85
And anguiſh fed on his enjoyments paſt;
Each recollected pleaſure made him ſmart,
And ev'ry tranſport ſtabb'd him to the heart.
That happy moon which ſummon'd to delight,
That moon which ſhone on his dear nuptial night, 90
Which ſaw him fold her yet untaſted charms
(Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms,
Now ſees the tranſient bleſſing fleet away,
Empire and love! the viſion of a day.
Thus, in the Britiſh clime, a ſummer-ſtorm 95
Will oft' the ſmiling face of heav'n deform;
The winds with violence at once deſcend,
Sweep flow'rs and fruits, and make the foreſt bend;

A ſudden winter, while the ſun is near,
O'ercomes the ſeaſon, and inverts the year. 100
  But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive! from the cheerful day?
The ſcene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrours riſe:
For pomp and ſplendour, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown: 106
Black thoughts each morn invade the lover's breaſt;
Each night a ruffian locks the Queen to reſt.
  Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds?
But Suffolk's daughter its advantage finds. 110
Religion's force divine is beſt diſplay'd
In deep deſertion of all human aid:
To ſuccour in extremes is her delight,
And cheer the heart when terrour ſtrikes the ſight.
We, diſbelieving our own ſenſes, gaze, 115
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raiſe
To triumph o'er misfortunes, ſmile in grief,
And comfort thoſe who come to bring relief:
We gaze, and, as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away. 120
  Againſt her cares ſhe rais'd a dauntleſs mind,
And with an ardent heart, but moſt reſign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the ſilence of her dark retreat,
Addreſs'd her God—"Almighty Pow'r Divine!
"'Tis thine to raiſe, and to depreſs is thine; 126

" With honour to light up the name unknown,
" Or to put out the luſtre of a throne.
" In my ſhort ſpan both fortunes I have prov'd,
" And tho' with ill frail nature will be mov'd, 130
" I'll bear it well: (O ſtrengthen me to bear!)
" And if my piety may claim thy care,
" If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
" And tumult of a court, a future ſtate,
" O favour, when thy mercy I implore, 135
" For one who never guilty ſceptre bore!
" 'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free;
" If it muſt fall, let vengeance fall on me:
" Let him ſurvive, his country's name to raiſe,
" And in a guilty land to ſpeak thy praiſe! 140
" O may th' indulgence of a father's love,
" Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!
" If theſe are ſafe, I'll think my pray'rs ſucceed,
" And bleſs thy tender mercies whilſt I bleed."
'Twas now the mournful eve before that day 145
In which the Queen to her full wrath gave way;
Thro' rigid juſtice ruſh'd into offence,
And drank, in zeal, the blood of innocence.
The ſun went down in clouds, and ſeem'd to mourn
The ſad neceſſity of his return; 150
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd to complain;
The tapers caſt an inauſpicious light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Sweet Innocence in chains can take her reſt; 155
Soft ſlumber gently creeping thro' her breaſt,
She ſinks; and in her ſleep is reenthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
She views her fleets and armies, ſeas and land,
And ſtretches wide her ſhadow of command: 160
With royal purple is her viſion hung;
By phantom hoſts are ſhouts of conqueſt rung;
Low at her feet the ſuppliant rival lies;
Our pris'ner mourns her fate, and bids her riſe.
Now level beams upon the waters play'd, 165
Glanc'd on the hills, and weſtward caſt the ſhade;
The buſy trades in City had began
To ſound, and ſpeak the painful life of man.
In tyrants' breaſts the thoughts of vengeance rouſe,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his ſpouſe. 170
At this firſt birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our ſpouſeleſs bride, our widow'd wife, awakes;
Awakes, and ſmiles; nor night's impoſture blames;
Her real pomps were little more than dreams;
A ſhort-liv'd blaze, a lightning quickly o'er, 175
That dy'd in birth, that ſhone and were no more:
She turns her ſide, and ſoon reſumes a ſtate
Of mind well ſuited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, tho' ſerious, when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched Guilford!) of her inſtant doom. 180
Sun! hide thy beams; in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve; be guiltleſs of the ſight;

Or haſte more ſwiftly to the weſtern main,
Nor let her blood the conſcious daylight ſtain!
  Oh! how ſevere! to fall ſo new a bride, 185
Yet bluſhing from the prieſt, in youthful pride;
When Time had juſt matur'd each perfect grace,
And open'd all the wonders of her face!
To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,
Fond of his wo, and obſtinate in grief. 190
Unhappy Fair! whatever Fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd bleſſings) vaniſh from her view;
No train of cheerful days, endearing nights,
No ſweet domeſtick joys, and chaſte delights;
Pleaſures that bloſſom ev'n from doubts and fears,
And bliſs and rapture riſing out of cares: 196
No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
Lull'd on her knee, or ſmiling in her face;
Who, when her deareſt father ſhall return,
From pouring tears on her untimely urn, 200
Might comfort to his ſilver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart;
As where fruits fall quick-riſing bloſſoms ſmile,
And the bleſs'd Indian of his cares beguile.
  In vain theſe various reaſons jointly preſs 205
To blacken death, and heighten her diſtreſs;
She thro' th' encircling terrours darts her ſight
To the bleſs'd regions of eternal light,
And fills her ſoul with peace: to weeping friends
Her father and her lord ſhe recommends, 210

Unmov'd herſelf: her foes her air ſurvey,
And rage to ſee their malice thrown away.
She ſoars; now nought on earth detains her care—
But Guilford, who ſtill ſtruggles for his ſhare.
Still will his form importunately riſe, 215
Clog and retard her tranſport to the ſkies.
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,
Thus her ſoul onward, from the ſeats above
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love. 220
At length ſhe conquers in the doubtful field;
That Heav'n ſhe ſeeks will be her Guilford's ſhield.
Now death is welcome; his approach is ſlow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow. 224

Oh, Mortals! ſhort of ſight, who think the paſt
O'erblown misfortune ſtill ſhall prove the laſt:
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft' in life form one perpetual chain:
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and ſorrow meet one common end. 230

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

A fonder parent Nature never knew,
And as his age increas'd his fondneſs grew. 240
A parent's love ne'er better was beſtow'd;
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd,
And can ſhe from all weakneſs ſtill refrain?
And ſtill the firmneſs of her ſoul maintain?
Impoſſible! a ſigh will force its way, 245
One patient tear her mortal birth betray;
She ſighs and weeps! but ſo ſhe weeps and ſighs,
As ſilent dews deſcend, and vapours riſe.
Celeſtial Patience! how doſt thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate? 250
While Paſſion takes his part, betrays our peace,
To death and torture ſwells each ſlight diſgrace;
By not oppoſing thou doſt ills deſtroy,
And wear thy conquer'd ſorrows into joy.
Now ſhe revolves within her anxious mind 255
What wo ſtill lingers in reſerve behind.
Griefs riſe on griefs, and ſhe can ſee no bound,
While nature laſts, and can receive a wound.
The ſword is drawn; the Queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy nor by piety confin'd. 260
What mercy can the zealot's heart aſſuage,
Whoſe piety itſelf converts to rage?
She thought, and ſigh'd: and now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan:
New ſorrow dimm'd the luſtre of her eye, 265
And on her cheek the fading roſes die.

Alas! ſhould Guilford too,—When now ſhe 's brought
To that dire view, that precipice of thought,
While thereſhe trembling ſtands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, 'till Heav'n's decrees are known. 270
Cure of all ills, till now her lord appears—
But not to cheer her heart, and dry her tears!
Not now, as uſual, like the riſing day,
To chaſe the ſhadows and the damps away,
But, like a gloomy ſtorm, at once to ſweep 275
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold deſpair;
Slow like a ghoſt, he mov'd with ſolemn pace;
A dying paleneſs ſat upon his face. 280
Back ſhe recoil'd, ſhe ſmote her lovely breaſt,
Her eyes the anguiſh of her heart confeſt;
Struck to the ſoul, ſhe ſtagger'd with the wound,
And ſunk, a breathleſs image, to the ground.
Thus the fair lily, when the ſky 's o'ercaſt, 285
At firſt but ſhudders in the feeble blaſt;
But when the winds and weighty rains deſcend,
The fair and upright ſtem is forc'd to bend,
Till broke, at length, its ſnowy leaves are ſhed,
And ſtrew with dying ſweets their native bed. 290

End of Book Firſt.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

OR, VANQUISH'D LOVE.

BOOK II.

Hic pietatis honos? ſic nos in ſceptra reponis? VIRG.

HER Guilford claſps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiſs recalls her fleeting breath.
To tapers thus, which by a blaſt expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, reſtores the fire.
She rear'd her ſwimming eye, and ſaw the light, 5
And Guilford, too, or ſhe had loath'd the ſight.
Her father's death ſhe bore, deſpis'd her own,
But now ſhe muſt, ſhe will, have leave to groan.
"Ah! Gulford!" ſhe began, and would have ſpoke,
But ſobs ruſh'd in, and ev'ry accent broke: 10
Reaſon itſelf, as guſts of paſſion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempeſt, and withdrew.
So the youth loſt his image in the well,
When tears upon the yielding ſurface fell;
The ſcatter'd features ſlid into decay, 15
And ſpreading circles drove his face away.
To touch the ſoft affections, and control
The manly temper of the braveſt ſoul,
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love diſtilling from the fair? 20

It melts us down : our pains delight beſtow,
And we with fondneſs languiſh o'er our wo.
This Guilford prov'd; and, with exceſs of pain,
And pleaſure too, did to his boſom ſtrain
The weeping fair : ſunk deep in ſoft deſire, 25
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire;
Then tore himſelf away; and, ſtanding wide,
As fearing a relapſe of fondneſs, cry'd,
With ill diſſembled grief, " My Life! forbear;
" You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear :
" Did you not chide my grief? repreſs your own, 31
" Nor want compaſſion for yourſelf alone.
" Have you beheld how, from the diſtant main,
" The thronging waves roll on, a num'rous train,
" And foam, and bellow, till they reach the ſhore, 35
" There burſt their noiſy pride, and are no more?
" Thus the ſucceſſive flows of human race,
" Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chaſe;
" They ſound and ſwell, their haughty heads they rear,
" Then fall, and flatten, break, and diſappear. 40
" Life is a forfeit we muſt ſhortly pay,
" And where's the mighty lucre of a day?
" Why ſhould you mourn my fate? 't is moſt unkind;
" Your own you bore with an unſhaken mind:
" And which, can you imagine, was the dart 45
" That drank moſt blood, ſunk deepeſt in my heart?
" I cannot live without you; and my doom
" I meet with joy, to ſhare one common tomb.—

"And are again your tears profufely fpilt?
"Oh! then, my kindnefs blackens to my guilt; 50
"It foils itfelf if it recall your pain:—
"Life of my life! I beg you to refrain:
"The load which Fate impofes you increafe,
"And help Maria to deftroy my peace."
But, oh! againft himfelf his labour turn'd; 55
The more he comforted the more fhe mourn'd.
Compaffion fwells our grief; words foft and kind
But footh our weaknefs, and diffolve the mind.
Her forrow flow'd in ftreams; nor her's alone;
While that he blam'd, he yielded to his own. 60
Where are the fmiles fhe wore, when fhe, fo late,
Hail'd him great partner of the regal ftate;
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
And bending nations on the glory gaz'd?
'Tis now the Queen's command they both retreat,
To weep with dignity, and mourn in ftate: 66
She forms the decent mifery with joy,
And loads with pomp the wretch fhe would deftroy.
A fpacious hall is hung with black, all light
Shut out, and noonday darken'd into night: 70
From the mid roof a lamp depends on high,
Like a dim crefcent in a clouded fky;
It fheds a quiv'ring melancholy gloom,
Which only fhews the darknefs of the room:
A fhining axe is on the table laid, 75
A dreadful fight! and glitters thro' the fhade.

In this ſad ſcene the lovers are confin'd,
A ſcene of terrours to a guilty mind!
A ſcene that would have damp'd with riſing cares,
And quite extinguiſh'd ev'ry love but theirs. 80
What can thy do? they fix their mournful eyes—
Then Guilford thus abruptly; "I deſpiſe
"An empire loſt; I fling away the crown;
"Numbers have laid that bright deluſion down; 85
"But where 's the Charles, or Dioclesian where,
"Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?
"Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to ſtand
"In full poſſeſſion of thy ſnowy hand!
"And, thro' th' unclouded cryſtal of thy eye,
"The heav'nly treaſures of thy mind to ſpy! 90
"Till rapture reaſon happily deſtroys,
"And my ſoul wanders thro' immortal joys!
"Give me the world, and aſk me where 's my bliſs?
"I claſp thee to my breaſt, and anſwer, This.
"And ſhall the grave"—He groans, and can no more,
But all her charms in ſilence traces o'er; 96
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought,
And, wond'ring, ſees, in ſad preſaging thought,
From that fair neck, that world of beauty, fall,
And roll along the duſt, a ghaſtly ball! 100
Oh! let thoſe tremble who are greatly bleſs'd!
For who but Guilford could be thus diſtreſs'd?
Come hither, all you Happy! all you Great!
From flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of ſtate;

Nor think I call your pleasures to destroy, 105
But to refine, and to exalt, your joy:
Weep not; but smiling, fix your ardent care
On nobler titles than the brave or fair.
Was ever such a mournful, moving, sight?
See, if you can, by that dim, trembling, light: 110
Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter wo,
Like Isis and her Thames, one stream they flow:
Now they start wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
They stiffen into statues of despair:
Now, tenderly severe, and fiercely kind, 115
They rush at once; they fling their cares behind,
And clasp, as if to death; new vows repeat,
And quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
A short delusion! for the raging pain
Returns, and their poor hearts must bleed again. 120
Mean-time the Queen new cruelty decreed;
But ill content that they should only bleed,
A priest is sent, who, with insidious art,
Instills his poison into Suffolk's heart;
And Guilford drank it, hanging on the breast, 125
He from his childhood was with Rome possess'd.
When now the ministers of Death draw nigh,
And in her dearest lord she first must die,
The subtle priest, who long had watch'd to find
The most unguarded passes of her mind, 130
Bespoke her thus: "Grieve not; 't is in your pow'r
"Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour."

Her bosom pants; she draws her breath with pain;
A sudden horrour thrills thro' ev'ry vein;
Life seems suspended, on his words intent, 135
And her soul trembles for the great event.

The priest proceeds: "Embrace the faith of Rome,
"And wardyourown, yourlord's, andfather's, doom."
Ye blessed Spirits! now your charge sustain;
The past was ease; now first she suffers pain. 140
Must she pronounce her father's death? must she
Bid Guilford bleed?—It must not, cannot, be.
It cannot be! but 't is the Christian's praise,
Above impossibilities to raise
The weakness of our nature, and deride 145
Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.
What tho' our feeble sinews scarce impart
A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart;
Tho' tainted air our vig'rous youth can break,
And a chill blast the hardy warriour shake? 150
Yet are we strong: hear the loud tempest roar
From east to west, and call us weak no more:
The lightning's unresisted force proclaims
Our might, and thunders raise our humble names:
'Tis our Jehovah fills the heav'ns; as long 155
As he shall reign Almighty we are strong:
We, by devotion, borrow from his throne,
And almost make Omnipotence our own.
We force the gates of heav'n by fervent pray'r,
And call forth triumph out of man's despair. 160

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes,
And bleeding heart, in ſilence, to the ſkies,
Devoutly ſad—then, bright'ning, like the day,
When ſudden winds ſweep ſcatter'd clouds away,
Shining in majeſty, till now unknown, 165
And breathing life and ſpirit ſcarce her own,
She, riſing, ſpeaks; " If theſe the terms—"
Here Guilford, cruel Guilford! (barb'rous man!
Is this thy love?) as ſwift as lightning ran,
O'erwhelm'd her, with tempeſtuous ſorrow fraught,
And ſtifl'd in its birth the mighty thought: 171
Then, burſting freſh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, reſolute, delirious with his fears,
His fears for her alone, he beat his breaſt,
And thus the fervour of his ſoul expreſt; 175
" Oh! let thy thought o'er our paſt converſe rove,
" And ſhew one moment uninflam'd with love!
" Oh! if thy kindneſs can no longer laſt,
" In pity to thyſelf forget the paſt!
" Elſe wilt thou never, void of ſhame and fear, 180
" Pronounce his doom whom thou haſt held ſo dear:
" Thou, who haſt took me to thy arms, and ſwore
" Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more;
" That to continue was its utmoſt pow'r,
" And make the future like the preſent hour: 185
" Now call a ruffian, bid his cruel ſword
" Lay wide the boſom of thy worthleſs lord;

" Tranfix his heart (ſince you its love diſclaim)
" And ſtain his honour with a traitor's name.
" This might perhaps be borne without remorſe, 190
" But ſure a father's pangs will have their force!
" Shall his good age, ſo near its journey's end,
" Thro' cruel torment to the grave deſcend?
" His ſhallow blood all iſſue at a wound,
" Waſh a ſlave's feet, and ſmoke upon the ground?
" But he to you has ever been ſevere; 196
" Then take your vengeance"—Suffolk now drew
Bending beneath the burden of his care, [near,—
His robe's neglected, and his head was bare:
Decrepit Winter, in the yearly ring, 200
Thus ſlowly creeps to meet the blooming Spring:
Downward he caſt a melancholy look,
Thrice turn'd to hide his grief, then faintly ſpoke.
" Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
" That axe can only robe me of a day: 205
" For thee, my ſoul's deſire! I cann't refrain;
" And ſhall my tears, my laſt tears, flow in vain?
" When you ſhall know a mother's tender name,
" My heart's diſtreſs no longer will you blame."
At this, afar his burſting groans were heard; 210
The tears ran trickling down his ſilver beard:
He ſnatch'd her hand, which to his lips he preſs'd,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breaſt;
Then, ſinking, call'd her piety unjuſt,
And ſoil'd his hoary temples in the duſt. 215

Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
Has the Queen brib'd you to diſtreſs her foe?
O weak deſerters to Misfortune's part,
By falſe affection thus to pierce her heart!
When ſhe had ſoar'd, to let your arrows fly, 220
And fetch her bleeding from the middle ſky.
And can her virtue, ſpringing from the ground,
Her flight recover, and diſdain the wound,
When cleaving love, and human int'reſt, bind
The broken force of her aſpiring mind! 225
As round the gen'rous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her ſtrength, the ſerpent wreaths his train,
Her ſtruggling wings entangles, curling plies
His pois'nous tail, and ſtings her as ſhe flies.
While yet the blow's firſt dreadful weight ſhe feels,
And with its force her reſolution reels, 231
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful ſound,
To view diſcover, welt'ring on the ground,
Three headleſs trunks of thoſe whoſe arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd: 235
The lifted axe aſſur'd her ready doom,
And ſilent mourners ſadden'd all the room,
Shall I proceed, or here break off my tale,
Nor truths to ſtagger human faith reveal?
She met this utmoſt malice of her fate 240
With Chriſtian dignity and pious ſtate;
The beating ſtorm's propitious rage ſhe bleſs'd,
And all the martyr triumph'd in her breaſt.

Her lord and father, for a moment's ſpace,
She ſtrictly folded in her ſoft embrace! 245
Then thus ſhe ſpoke, while angels heard on high,
And ſudden gladneſs ſmil'd along the ſky.
" Your over-fondneſs has not mov'd my hate:
" I am well pleas'd you make my death ſo great:
" I joy I cannot ſave you; and have giv'n 250
" Two lives much dearer than my own to Heav'n,
" If ſo the Queen decrees *.—But I have cauſe
" To hope my blood will ſatisfy the laws;
" And there is mercy ſtill for you in ſtore:
" With me the bitterneſs of Death is o'er; 255
" He ſhot his ſting in that farewell embrace,
" And all that is to come is joy and peace.
" Then let miſtaken ſorrow be ſuppreſt,
" Nor ſeem to envy my approaching reſt."
Then, turning to the miniſters of Fate, 260
She, ſmiling, ſays, " My victory 's complete;
" And tell your Queen I thank her for the blow,
" And grieve my gratitude I cannot ſhow.
" A poor return I leave in England's crown,
" For everlaſting pleaſure and renown: 265
" Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
" Her guilt,—the only vengeance in her pow'r."
Not Rome, untouch'd with ſorrow, heard her fate,
And fierce Maria pity'd her too late. 269

* Here ſhe embraces them.

End of Book Second.

LOVE OF FAME,

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

In ſeven characteriſtical

SATIRES.

------Fulgente trahit conſtrictos gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generoſis. HOR.

PREFACE.

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

But it is poſſible that ſatire may not do much good. Men may riſe in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abuſed by others. It is much to be feared that miſconduct will never be chaſed

out of the world by satire; all therefore that is to be said for it is, that misconduct will certainly be never chased out of the world by satire, if no satires are written. Nor is that term unapplicable to graver compositions: ethicks, Heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves, are in a great measure a satire on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too: nay, in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress: so that I hope these Satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. Nay, historians themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to relate is to expose them.

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

Laughing at the miſconduct of the world will, in a great meaſure, eaſe us of any more diſagreeable paſſion about it. One paſſion is more effectually driven out by another than by reaſon, whatever ſome may teach; for to reaſon we owe our paſſions. Had we not reaſon, we ſhould not be offended at what we find amiſs: and the cauſe ſeems not to be the natural cure of any effect.

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

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal, in part of the Sixth Satire, (where the occaſion moſt required it) I endeavoured to touch on his manner, but was forced to quit it ſoon, as diſagreeable to the writer and reader too. Boileau has joined both the Roman ſatiriſts with great ſucceſs, but has too much of Juvenal in his very ſerious Satire on Woman, which ſhould have been the gayeſt of all. An excellent critick of our own commends Boileau's

closeness, or, as he calls it, Pressness, particularly; whereas it appears to me that repetition is his fault, if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some prose satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit, the last of which can never, or should never, succeed without the former. An author without it betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself, which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the merit, if not the wit, of Cervantes and Rabelais? the last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolick and jest, but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire: you want the gentleman to converse with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride as men, and our unaffected taste as judges of composition: Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it, and he that succeeds in spite of it is aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior *.

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

Some satirical wits and humorists, like their father Lucian,

* Val. Max.

laugh at everything indiſcriminately, which betrays ſuch a poverty of wit as cannot afford to part with any thing, and ſuch a want of virtue as to poſtpone it to a jeſt. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by ſetting them on an equal foot with better things; and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts ſhould eſcape? Some French writers, particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the laſt conſequence, and ſome of our own: they that are for leſſening the true dignity of mankind, are not ſure of being ſucceſsful, but with regard to one individual in it. It is this conduct that juſtly makes a wit a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of Plato's fable of the birth of Love, one of the prettieſt fables of all Antiquity; which will hold likewiſe with regard to modern poetry. "Love (ſays he) is the ſon of the goddeſs Poverty and the god of Riches: he has from his father his daring genius, his elevation of thought, his building caſtles in the air, his prodigality, his neglect of things ſerious and uſeful, his vain opinion of his own merit, and his affectation of preference and diſtinction: from his mother he inherits his indigence, which makes him a conſtant beggar of favours, that importunity with which he begs, his flattery, his ſervility, his fear of being deſpiſed, which is inſeparable from him." This addition may be made, viz. that Poetry, like Love, is a little ſubject to blindneſs, which makes

her mistake her way to preferments and honours; that she has her satirical quiver; and, lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her father's family, but divides her favours, and generally lives with her mother's relations.

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

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

——Tanto major famæ ſitis eſt, quam
Virtutis. JUV. Sat. 10.

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

When dying ſinners, to blot out their ſcore,
Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore;
To chafe our ſpleen, when themes like theſe increaſe,
Shall panegyrick reign, and cenſure ceaſe? 26
Shall poeſy, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications waſh an Ethiop white?
Set up each ſenſeleſs wretch for Nature's boaſt,
On whom praiſe ſhines, as trophies on a poſt? 30
Shall fun'ral Eloquence her colours ſpread,
And ſcatter roſes on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors ſmile on ſuch illuſtrious days,
And ſatirize with nothing—but their praiſe?
Why ſlumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue which he loves complain? 36
Donne, Dorſet, Dryden, Rocheſter, are dead,
And guilt's chief foe in Addiſon is fled;
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels fairly won,
Sits ſmiling at the goal while others run, 40
He will not write; and (more provoking ſtill!)
Ye Gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.
Doubly diſtreſs'd, what author ſhall we find
Diſcreetly daring, and ſeverely kind,
The courtly Roman's * ſhining path to tread, 45
And ſharply ſmile prevailing folly dead?
Will no ſuperiour genius ſnatch the quill,
And ſave me on the brink from writing ill?
Tho' vain the ſtrife, I'll ſtrive my voice to raiſe.
What will not men attempt for ſacred praiſe? 50

* Horace.

The love of praiſe, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or leſs, and glows in ev'ry heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modeſt ſhun it, but to make it ſure.
O'er globes and ſceptres, no won thrones it ſwells, 55
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in ſenates, ſqueaks in maſquerades:
Here to S——e's humour makes a bold pretence,
There bolder aims at P——y's eloquence: 60
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with life, but nods in ſable plumes,
Adorns our hearſe, and flatters on our tombs.
What is not proud? the pimp is proud to ſee 65
So many like himſelf in high degree:
The whore is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peeviſh virtue and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd cuckold, like crown'd victims borne
To ſlaughter, glories in his gilded horn. 70
Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they look, another way they ſteer,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their ſins they ſet ſincerely down, 75
They 'll find that their religion has been one.
Others with wiſhful eyes on glory look
When they have got their picture tow'rds a book,

Or pompous title, like a gaudy ſign,
Meant to betray dull ſots to wretched wine. 80
If at his title T—— had dropp'd his quill,
T—— might have paſs'd for a great genius ſtill.
But T—— alas! (excuſe him, if you can)
Is now a ſcribbler, who was once a man.
Imperious, ſome a claſſick fame demand, 85
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A wagon-load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp reſtor'd.
Some, for renown, on ſcraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote. 90
To patchwork learn'd quotations are ally'd;
Both ſtrive to make our poverty our pride.
On glaſs how witty is a noble peer?
Did ever di'mond coſt a man ſo dear?
Polite diſeaſes make ſome idiots vain, 95
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
Of folly, vice, diſeaſe, men proud we ſee;
And (ſtranger ſtill!) of blockheads' flattery,
Who praiſe defames; as if a fool ſhould mean,
By ſpitting on your face to make it clean. 100
Nor is't enough all hearts are ſwoln with Pride,
Her pow'r is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can ſhe not perform? the love of Fame
Made bold Alphonſus his Creator blame;
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning ſteep; 105
And (ſtronger ſtill!) made Alexander weep:

Nay, it holds Delia from a ſecond bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.
  This paſſion with a pimple have I ſeen
Retard a cauſe, and give a judge the ſpleen. 110
By this inſpir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to ſpell, and ſome to knot.
It makes Globoſe a ſpeaker in the Houſe;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouſe:
It makes dear ſelf on well-bred tongues prevail, 115
And *I* the little hero of each tale.
  Sick with the Love of Fame, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople court, and leave the ſenate thin?
My growing ſubject ſeems but juſt begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run. 120
  Aid me, great Homer! with thy epick rules,
To take a catalogue of Britiſh fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorſet's force divine,
A knave or fool ſhould periſh in each line,
Tho' for the firſt all Weſtminſter ſhould plead, 125
And for the laſt all Greſham intercede.
  Begin. Who firſt the catalogue ſhall grace?
To quality belongs the higheſt place.
My Lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye Vulgar! at your peril give him room: 130
He ſtands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant or diſcreet.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three deſcents leſs wiſe?

If virtues at his noble hands you crave, 135
You bid him raiſe his fathers from the grave.
Men ſhould preſs forward in Fame's glorious chaſe;
Nobles look backward, and ſo loſe the race.
Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low eſtate. 140
To Virtue's humbleſt ſon let none prefer
Vice, tho' deſcended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, paſs for high or baſe,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honeſt men, and wiſe; 145
The fool or knave that wears a title lies.
They that on glorious anceſtors enlarge,
Produce their debt inſtead of their diſcharge.
Dorſet! let thoſe who proudly boaſt their line,
Like thee in worth hereditary ſhine. 150
Vain as falſe greatneſs is, the Muſe muſt own
We want not fools to buy that Briſtol ſtone:
Mean ſons of Earth, who, on a South-ſea tide
Of full ſucceſs, ſwam into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purſe of gold at Anſtis' gate, 155
And beg to be deſcended from the great.
When men of infamy to grandeur ſoar,
They light a torch to ſhew their ſhame the more.
Thoſe governments which curb not evils cauſe,
And a rich a knave's a libel on our laws. 160
Belus with ſolid glory will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty ſound;

But builds himſelf a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immenſe eſtate!
In coſt and grandeur C——dos he 'll outdo; 165
And, B—l—ton, thy taſte is not ſo true,
The pile is finiſh'd, ev'ry toil is paſt,
And full perfection is arrriv'd at laſt;
When, lo! my Lord to ſome ſmall corner runs,
And leaves ſtate-rooms to ſtrangers and to duns. 170
The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly ſeat,
But a diſcharge in full for an eſtate?
In ſmaller compaſs lies Pygmalion's fame; 175
Not domes, but antique ſtatues, are his flame:
Not F—t—n's ſelf more Parian charms has known,
Nor is good P—b—ke more in love with ſtone.
The bailiffs come, (rude men, profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold. 180
"No, Sirs," he cries; "I'll ſooner rot in jail:
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for Engliſh bail?"
Such heads might make their very buſtos laugh;
His daughter ſtarves; but Cleopatra's * ſafe.
Men, overloaded with a large eſtate, 185
May ſpill their treaſure in a nice conceit:
The rich may be polite; but, oh! 'tis ſad
To ſay you 're curious, when we ſwear you 're mad.

* A famous ſtatue.

By your revenue meaſure your expenſe,
And to your funds and acres join your ſenſe. 190
No man is bleſs'd by accident or gueſs;
True wiſdom is the price of happineſs;
Yet few without long diſcipline are ſage,
And our youth only lays up ſighs for age.
But how, my Muſe! canſt thou reſiſt ſo long 195
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy moſt inviting theme? the court affords
Much food for ſatire;—it abounds in lords.
"What lords are thoſe ſaluting with a grin?"
One is juſt out, and one as lately in. 200
"How comes it then to paſs we ſee preſide
"On both their brows an equal ſhare of pride?"
Pride, that impartial paſſion, reigns thro' all,
Attends our glory, nor deſerts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in high place, 205
And frowns a haughty exile in diſgrace.
Some lords it bids admire their wands ſo white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their raviſh'd ſight:
Some lords it bids reſign, and turn their wands,
Like Moſes', into ſerpents in their hands. 210
Theſe ſink, as divers, for renown, and boaſt,
With pride inverted, of their honours loſt:
But againſt reaſon ſure 't is equal ſin
To boaſt of merely being out or in.
What numbers here, thro' odd ambition, ſtrive
To ſeem the moſt tranſported things alive? 216

As if by joy defert was underftood,
And all the fortunate were wife and good.
Hence aching bofoms wear a vifage gay,
And ftifled groans frequent the ball and play. 220
Completely drefs'd by Monteuil * and grimace,
They take their birthday fuit, and publick face:
Their fmiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night, with Lady B—'s hair:
What bodily fatigue is half fo bad? 225
With anxious care they labour to be glad.
What numbers here would into fame advance,
Confcious of merit in the coxcomb's dance?
The tavern! park! affembly! mafk! and play!
Thofe dear deftroyers of the tedious day? 230
That wheel of fops! that faunter of the Town!
Call it diverfion, and the pill goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, Stoick-like, fupport,
Without one figh, the pleafures of a court.
Courts can give nothing to the wife and good 235
But fcorn of pomp, and love of folitude.
High ftations tumult, but not blifs, create:
None think the great unhappy but the great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a fting,
Which makes a fwain as wretched as a king. 240
I envy none their pageantry and fhow;
I envy none the gilding of their wo.

* A famous tailor.

Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind ſerene,
And guiltleſs heart, to range the ſylvan ſcene;
No ſplendid poverty, no ſmiling care, 245
No wellbred hate, or ſervile grandeur there;
There pleaſing objects uſeful thoughts ſuggeſt,
The ſenſe is raviſh'd, and the ſoul is bleſs'd;
On ev'ry thorn delightful wiſdom grows,
In ev'ry rill a ſweet inſtruction flows: 250
But ſome, untaught, o'erhear the whiſp'ring rill,
In ſpite of ſacred leiſure blockheads ſtill:
Nor ſhoots up Folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native ſoil, the drawingroom.
The ſquire is proud to ſee his courſers ſtrain, 255
Or well-breath'd beagles ſweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolitus! (whoſe drink is ale,
Whoſe erudition is a Chriſtmas-tale,
Whoſe miſtreſs is ſaluted with a ſmack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back) 260
When thy ſleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praiſe? let Ringwood's fame alone;
Juſt Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gipſy you commit, 265
And ſhake the clumſy bench with country wit;
When you the dulleſt of dull things have ſaid,
And then aſk pardon for the jeſt you made.
Here breathe, my Muſe! and then thy taſk renew;
Ten thouſand fools unſung are ſtill in view. 270

Fewer lay-Atheiſts made by church-debates,
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large eſtates,
Ladies, whoſe love is conſtant as the wind,
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Scr—pe diſcreetly bend, 275
And fewer ſhocks a ſtateſman gives his friend.
Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the Town in winter with his ſtrain,
At Bath, in ſummer, chants the reigning laſs,
And ſweetly whiſtles as the waters paſs? 280
Is there a tongue like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there whom his tenth epick mounts to fame?
Such, and ſuch only, might exhauſt my theme;
Nor would theſe heroes of the taſk be glad,
For who can write ſo faſt as men run mad? 286

End of Satire Firſt.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE II.

My Muſe! proceed, and reach thy deſtin'd end,
Tho' toil and danger the bold taſk attend.
Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
Plain ſatire calls for ſenſe in ev'ry line.
Then to what ſwarms thy faults I dare expoſe? 5
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes.
When ſuch the foe, a war eternal wage,
'Tis moſt illnature to repreſs thy rage;
And if theſe ſtrains ſome nobler Muſe excite,
I'll glory in the verſe I did not write. 10
So weak are humankind by Nature made,
Or to ſuch weakneſs by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zeſt of pleaſure, and their balm of wo.
Thou, like the ſun, all colours doſt contain, 15
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain:
For ev'ry ſoul finds reaſons to be proud,
Tho' hiſs'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.
Warm in purſuit of foxes and renown
Hippolitus demands the ſylvan crown, *; 20
But Florio's fame, the product of a ſhow'r,
Grows in his garden, an illuſtrious flow'r!

* This refers to the Firſt Satire.

Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal ſkies?
Why ſhines the ſun? to make Paul Diack* riſe.
From morn to night has Florio gazing ſtood, 25
And wonder'd how the gods could be ſo good;
What ſhape? what hue? was ever nymph ſo fair?
He dotes! he dies! he, too, is rooted there.
O ſolid blifs! which nothing can deſtroy,
Except a cat, bird, ſnail, or idle boy. 30
In Fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a moſt inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair ſiſter's fate,
O C—! and be kind ere 't is too late.
Nor are thoſe enemies I mention'd all; 35
Beware, O Floriſt! thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame,
A Quaker ſerv'd him, Adam was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft' the maſter went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture ſpent; 40
But came, and miſt it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What demon cropt my flow'r!"
Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 't was cruſh'd by me;
"Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dſt thy knee."
But all men want amuſement, and what crime 45
In ſuch a paradiſe to fool their time?
None; but why proud of this? to fame they ſoar;
We grant they're idle, if they'll aſk no more.
We ſmile at floriſts, we deſpiſe their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy; 50

* The name of a tulip.

But are thoſe wiſer whom we moſt admire,
Survey with envy, and purſue with fire?
What 's he who ſighs for wealth, or fame, or pow'r?
Another Florio doting on a flow'r;
A ſhort-liv'd flow'r, and which has often ſprung 55
From ſordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.
With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy ſmit?
The flow'r of learning, and the bloom of wit.
Thy gaudy ſhelves with crimſon bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau. 60
How fit for thee, bound up in crimſon too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That ſcience ſhould be purchas'd by the yard,
And T——n, turn'd upholſterer, ſend home 65
The gilded leather to fit up thy room.
If not to ſome peculiar end aſſign'd,
Study 's the ſpecious trifling of the mind,
Or is at beſt a ſecondary aim,
A chaſe for ſport alone, and not for game. 70
If ſo, ſure they who the mere volume prize,
But love the thicket where the quarry lies.
On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when, lo! a ſale comes on, 75
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He ſells his laſt, for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his houſe; nay, wants whereon to lie:

So high the gen'rous ardour of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals, ran. 80
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the [clerk,
Lorenzo ſign'd the bargain—with his mark.
Unlearned men of books aſſume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.
Not in his authors' liveries alone 85
Is Codrus' erudite ambition ſhown:
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be thought;
And to this coaſt another muſt ſucceed,
To pay a ſage who ſays that he can read; 90
Who titles knows, and indexes has ſeen,
But leaves to —— what lies between;
Of pompous books who ſhuns the proud expenſe,
And humbly is contented with their ſenſe.
O——! whoſe accompliſhments make good 95
The promiſe of a long-illuſtrious blood,
In arts and manners eminently grac'd,
The ſtricteſt honour! and the fineſt taſte!
Accept this verſe, if ſatire can agree
With ſo conſummate an humanity. 100
By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius ſmit,
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulence may cool, 105
For tho' he is a wit he is no fool.

In time he 'll learn to uſe, not waſte, his ſenſe,
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.
He ſpares nor friend nor foe, but calls to mind,
Like Doomſday, all the faults of all mankind. 110
What tho' wit tickles, tickling is unſafe,
If ſtill 't is painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being ſmart,
Would leave a ſting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, goodnature is ador'd; 115
Then draw your wit as ſeldom as your ſword,
And never on the weak, or you 'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
So wit is by politeneſs ſharpeſt ſet: 120
Their want of edge from their offence is ſeen;
Both pain us leaſt when exquiſitely keen.
The fame men give is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jeſter when the joke 's unkind.
Since Marcus, doubtleſs, thinks himſelf a wit, 125
To pay my compliment what place ſo fit?
His moſt facetious Letters * came to hand,
Which my Firſt Satire ſweetly reprimand:
If that a juſt offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus! which art thou, a fool or knave? 130
For all but ſuch with caution I forbore;
That thou waſt either I ne'er knew before:
I know thee now, both what thou art and who;
No maſk ſo good but Marcus muſt ſhine thro':

* Letters ſent to the Author, ſigned Marcus.

Falſe names are vain, thy lines their author tell; 135
Thy beſt concealment had been writing well:
But thou a brave neglect of fame haſt ſhown,
Of others' fame, great Genius! and thy own.
Write on unheeded, and this maxim know,
The man who pardons diſappoints his foe. 140
In malice to proud wits ſome proudly lull
Their peeviſh reaſon, vain of being dull:
When ſome home joke has ſtung their ſolemn ſouls,
In vengeance they determine—to be fools;
Thro' ſpleen, that little Nature gave make leſs, 145
Quite zealous in the ways of heavineſs;
To lumps inanimate a fondneſs take,
And diſinherit ſons that are awake.
Theſe, when their utmoſt venom they would ſpit,
Moſt barbarouſly tell you—"He's a wit." 150
Poor negroes thus, to ſhew their burning ſpite
To cacodemons, ſay they're dev'liſh white.
Lampridius, from the bottom of his breaſt,
Sigh's o'er one child, but triumphs in the reſt.
How juſt his grief? one carries in his head 155
A leſs proportion of the father's lead,
And is in danger, without ſpecial grace,
To riſe above a juſtice of the peace.
The dunghill-breed of men a di'mond ſcorn,
And feel a paſſion for a grain of corn; 160
Some ſtupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,

Who with much pains, exerting all his ſenſe,
Can range aright his ſhillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby father craves a booby ſon, 165
And by Heav'n's bleſſing thinks himſelf undone.
Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea,
One learns to liſp, another not to ſee:
Miſs D—, tottering, catches at your hand;
Was ever thing ſo pretty born to ſtand? 170
Whilſt theſe what Nature gave diſown, thro' pride,
Others effect what Nature has deny'd;
What Nature has deny'd fools will purſue,
As apes are ever walking upon two.
Craſſus, a grateful ſage, our awe and ſport! 175
Supports grave forms, for forms the ſage ſupport:
He hems, and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw it will be fair:"
Then quotes the Stagirite to prove it true,
And adds, "The learn'd delight in ſomething new."
Is't not enough the blockhead ſcarce can read, 181
But muſt he wiſely look, and gravely plead?
As far a formaliſt from wiſdom ſits,
In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.
Theſe ſubtle wights (ſo blind are mortal men, 185
Tho' Satire couch them with her keeneſt pen)
For ever will hang out a ſolemn face,
To put off nonſenſe with a better grace;
As pedlars with ſome hero's head make bold,
Illuſtrious mark! where pins are to be ſold. 190

What 's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The body's wiſdom to conceal the mind.
A man of ſenſe can artifice diſdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot, 195
Solemnity's a cover for a ſot.
I find the fool when I behold the ſkreen,
For 't is the wiſe man's intereſt to be ſeen.
Hence, ——, that openneſs of heart,
And juſt diſdain for that poor mimick art; 200
Hence (manly praiſe!) that manner, nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.
With generous ſcorn how oft' haſt thou ſurvey'd
Of court and town the noontide maſquerade,
Where ſwarms of knaves the vizor quite diſgrace,
And hide ſecure behind a naked face? 206
Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind;
Where gen'rous hearts the greateſt hazard run,
And he who truſts a brother is undone? 210
Theſe all their care expend on outward ſhow
For wealth and fame; for fame alone the beau.
Of late at White's was young Florello ſeen,
How blank his look? how diſcompos'd his mien?
So hard it proves in grief ſincere to feign! 215
Sunk were his ſpirits, for his coat was plain.
Next day his breaſt regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a ſilver lace.

A curious artiſt, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler ſort, with combs, and fragrant oils, 220
Whether by chance, or by ſome god inſpir'd,
So touch'd his curls, his mighty ſoul was fir'd.
The well-ſwoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either ſhoulder has its ſhare of fame;
His ſumptuous watchcaſe, tho' conceal'd it lies, 225
Like a good conſcience, ſolid joy ſupplies.
He only thinks himſelf (ſo far from vain!)
St—pe in wit, in breeding D—l—ne.
Whene'er, by ſeeming chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye, 230
With how ſublime a tranſport leaps his heart?
But Fate ordains that deareſt friends muſt part.
In active meaſures, brought from France, he wheels,
And triumphs, conſcious of his learned heels.
So have I ſeen, on ſome bright ſummer's day, 235
A calf of genius, debonair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inſpir'd by Fame,
Fond of the pretty fellow in the ſtream.
Moroſe is ſunk with ſhame whene'er ſurpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undiſguis'd: 240
No ſublunary chance his veſtments fear,
Valu'd, like leopards, as their ſpots appear.
A fam'd ſurtout he wears, which once was blue,
And his foot ſwims in a capacious ſhoe:
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?) 245
Levell'd her barb'rous needle at his fame;

But open force was vain; by night ſhe went,
And, while he ſlept, ſurpris'd the darling rent:
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt,
" And glory at one entrance, quite ſhut out†." 250
He ſcorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the filthy creature, that the prim:
Thus, in each other, both theſe fools deſpiſe
Their own dear ſelves, with undiſcerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim; 255
The ſloven and the fopling are the ſame.
Ye Whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you purſue;
Then both club nonſenſe, and impetuous pride
And folly joins whom ſentiments divide. 260
You vent your ſpleen, as monkeys, when they paſs,
Scratch at the mimick monkey in the glaſs,
While both are one; and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both ſides ſhall ſtand for fools alone.
" But who art thou?" methinks Florello cries;
" Of all thy ſpecies art thou only wiſe?" 266
Since ſmalleſt things can give our ſins a twich,
As croſſing ſtraws retard a paſſing witch,
Florello! thou my monitor ſhalt be,
I'll conjure thus ſome profit out of thee. 270
O thou myſelf! abroad our counſels roam,
And, like ill huſbands, take no care at home:

† Milton.

Thou, too, art wounded with the common dart,
And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wiſe means to gain it haſt thou choſe? 275
Know, Fame and Fortune both are made of proſe.
Is thy ambition ſweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool! at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment 's paſt;
I'm nearer death in this verſe than the laſt: 280
What then is to be done? be wiſe with ſpeed:
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what ſo fooliſh as the chaſe of fame?
How vain the prize? how impotent our aim?
For what are men who graſp at praiſe ſublime, 285
But bubbles on the rapid ſtream of time,
That riſe, and fall, that ſwell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thouſand in an hour? 288

End of Satire Second.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE III.

TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. DODINGTON.

LONG, Dodington! in debt, I long have ſought
To eaſe the burden of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you ſee,
Grant him two favours, and he 'll aſk for three:
For whoſe the preſent glory or the gain? 5
You give protection, I a worthleſs ſtrain.
You love and feel the poet's ſacred flame,
And know the baſis of a ſolid fame;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the malice of a friend; 10
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But more to raiſe my verſe, conceal your own.
An ill-tim'd modeſty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her learning, and her genius too, decays, 15
And dark and cold are her declining days;
As if men now were of another caſt,
They meanly live on alms of ages paſt.
Men ſtill are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the ſons of cold Deſpair; 20
Or if they fail, they juſtly ſtill take place
Of ſuch who run in debt for their diſgrace;
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with improvements of their own.

We bring ſome new materials, and what 's old 25
New caſt with care, and in no borrow'd mould:
Late times the verſe may read, if theſe refuſe,
And from ſour criticks vindicate the Muſe.
"Your work is long," the criticks cry, 'Tis true,
And lengthens ſtill, to take in fools like you: 30
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;
For grow but wiſe, you rob me of my game;
As hunted hags, who, while the dogs purſue,
Renounce their four legs, and ſtart up on two.
Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile, 35
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,
Will I enjoy (dread feaſt!) the critick's rage,
And with the fell deſtroyer feed my page;
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
Than thoſe who thunder in the critick's name? 40
Good authors damn'd have their revenge in this,
To ſee what wretches gain the praiſe they miſs.
Balbutius, muffled in his ſable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens ſolemn, and as boding cries, 45
"Ten thouſand worlds for the three unities!"
Ye Doctors ſage! who thro' Parnaſſus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practiſe what you preach.
One judges as the weather dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night: 50
Another judges by a ſurer gage,
An author's principles or parentage:

Since his great anceſtors in Flanders fell,
The poem doubtleſs muſt be written well.
Another judges by the writer's look; 55
Another judges, for he bought the book:
Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to keep;
Some judge, becauſe it is too ſoon to ſleep.
Thus all will judge, and with one ſingle aim,
To gain themſelves, not give the writer, fame. 60
The very beſt ambitiouſly adviſe,
Half to ſerve you, and half to paſs for wiſe.
Criticks on verſe, as ſquibs on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the ſtate:
Hot, envious, noiſy, proud, the ſcribbling fry 65
Burn, hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper, ſtink, and die.
Rail on, my Friends! what more my verſe can crown
Than Compton's ſmile, and your obliging frown?
Not all on books their criticiſm waſte;
The genius of a diſh ſome juſtly taſte, 70
And eat their way to fame. With anxious thought
The ſalmon is refus'd, the turbot bought.
Impatient Art rebukes the ſun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May:
Their various cares in one great point combine 75
The bus'neſs of their lives, that is—to dine.
Half of their precious day they give the feaſt,
And to a kind digeſtion ſpare the reſt.
Apicius, here, the taſter of the Town,
Feeds twice a-week to ſettle their renown. 80

Thefe worthies of the palate guard with care
The facred annals of their bills of fare ;
In thofe choice books their panegyricks read,
And fcorn the creatures that for hunger feed.
If man by feeding well commences great, 85
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.
To glory fome advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame :
Their front fupplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thoufand lords behind their backs. 90
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer ;
And H—y's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom fhe ne'er was feen.
Niger adopts ftray libels, wifely prone 95
To covet fhame ftill greater than his own.
Bathyllus, in the winter of threefcore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Abfence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to miftake, nor knows his brother's name; 100
Has words and thoughts in nice diforder fet,
And takes a memorandum to forget.
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots,
Men forge the patents that create them fots.
As love of pleafure into pain betrays, 105
So moft grow infamous thro' love of praife.
But whence for praife can fuch an ardour rife,
When thofe who bring that incenfe we defpife ?

For ſuch the vanity of great and ſmall,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all. 110
Nor can ev'n ſatire blame them; for, 't is true,
They have moſt ample cauſe for what they do.
O fruitful Britain! doubtleſs thou waſt meant
A nurſe of fools to ſtock the continent.
Tho' Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow, 115
Rank folly underneath the ſithe will grow,
The plenteous harveſt calls me forward ſtill,
Till I ſurpaſs in length my lawyer's bill,
A Welch deſcent, which well paid heralds damn,
Or, longer ſtill, a Dutchman's epigram. 120
When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.
See Tityrus, with merriment poſſeſt,
Is burſt with laughter ere he hears the jeſt:
What need he ſtay? for when the joke is o'er, 125
His teeth will be no whiter than before.
Is there of theſe, ye Fair! ſo great a dearth,
That you need purchaſe monkeys for your mirth?
Some vain of paintings, bid the world admire;
Of houſes ſome; nay, houſes that they hire: 130
Some (perfect wiſdom!) of a beauteous wife,
And boaſt, like Cordeliers, a ſcourge for life.
Sometimes, thro' pride, the ſexes change their airs;
My lord has vapours, and my lady ſwears;
Then, ſtranger ſtill! on turning of the wind, 135
My lord wears breeches, and my lady 's kind.

To ſhew the ſtrength and infamy of pride,
By all 't is follow'd, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there which at once purſue
Praiſe, and the glory to contemn it too? 140
Vincenna knows ſelf-praiſe betrays to ſhame,
And therefore lays a ſtratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in Modeſty's diſguiſe,
To win applauſe, and takes it by ſurpriſe.
"To err," ſays he, "in ſmall things, is my fate."
You know your anſwer, He's exact in great. 146
"My ſtyle," ſays he, "is rude and full of faults,"
"But, oh! what ſenſe! what energy of thoughts!"
That he wants algebra he muſt confeſs;
"But not a ſoul to give our arms ſucceſs." 150
"Ah! that 's an hit indeed," Vincenna cries;
"But who in heat of blood was ever wiſe?
"Lown 't was wrong, when thouſands call'd me back,
"To make that hopeleſs, ill-advis'd, attack;
"All ſay 't was madneſs, nor dare I deny: 155
"Sure never fool ſo well deſerv'd to die."
Could this deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna! could deceive in thee,
Whoſe conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dulleſt cannot take thee wrong: 160
Thou on one ſleeve wilt thy revenue wear,
And haunt the court, without a proſpect there.
Are theſe expedients for renown? confeſs
Thy little ſelf, that I may ſcorn thee leſs.

Be wiſe, Vincenna, and the court forſake; 165
Our fortunes there nor thou, nor I, ſhall make.
Ev'n men of merit, ere their point they gain,
In hardy ſervice make a long campaign;
Moſt manfully beſiege their patron's gate,
And oft' repuls'd, as oft' attack the great 170
With painful art, and application warm,
And take at laſt ſome little place by ſtorm,
Enough to keep two ſhoes on Sunday clean,
And ſtarve upon diſcreetly in Sheer-lane.
Already this thy fortune can afford, 175
Then ſtarve without the favour of my Lord.
'Tis true great fortunes ſome great men confer,
But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:
From caprice, not from choice, their favours come;
They give, but think it toil to know to whom: 180
The man that 's neareſt, yawning, they advance:
'Tis inhumanity to bleſs by chance.
If Merit ſues, and Greatneſs is ſo loath
To break its downy trance, I pity both.
I grant at court Philander, at his need, 185
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed:
Of ev'ry charm and virtue ſhe 's poſſeſs'd:
Philander thou art exquiſitely bleſs'd:
The publick envy! Now, then, 't is allow'd
The man is found who may be juſtly proud: 190
But, ſee! how ſickly is Ambition's taſte?
Ambition feeds on traſh, and loathes a feaſt;

For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In ſecret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.
Some nymphs ſell reputation, others buy, 195
And love a market where the rates run high.
Italian muſick 's ſweet, becauſe 't is dear;
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear:
Their taſtes would leſſen if the prices fell,
And Shakeſpeare's wretched ſtuff do quite as well:
Away the diſenchanted fair would throng, 201
And own that Engliſh is their mother-tongue.
To ſhew how much our northern taſtes refine,
Imported nymphs our peereſſes outſhine:
While tradeſmen ſtarve, theſe Philomels are gay;
For gen'rous lords had rather give than pay. 206
Behold the maſquerade's fantaſtick ſcene!
The legiſlature join'd with Drury-lane!
When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And ſerve their country—if the dance is done. 210
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtleſs; but firſt ſet your notions right.
Worth of politeneſs is the needful ground;
Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.
Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel; 215
'Tis ſolid bodies only poliſh well.
Great, choſen Prophet! for theſe latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways!
Well, H——r, doſt thou thy maſter ſerve;
Well has he ſeen his ſervant ſhould not ſtarve: 220

Thou to his name haſt ſplendid temples rais'd,
In various forms of worſhip ſeen him prais'd;
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, ſhown,
And ſung ſweet anthems in a tongue unknown.
Inferiour off'rings to thy god of vice 225
Are duly paid, in fiddles, cards, and dice;
Thy ſacrifice ſupreme an hundred maids!
That ſolemn rite of midnight maſquerades!
If maids the quite exhauſted Town denies,
An hundred head of cuckolds may ſuffice. 230
Thou ſmil'ſt, well pleas'd with the converted land,
To ſee the fifty churches at a ſtand.
And that thy miniſter may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted ſtill prevail,
Of minor prophets, a ſucceſſion ſure, 235
The propagation of thy zeal ſecure.
See Commons, Peers, and Miniſters of State,
In ſolemn council met, and deep debate!
What godlike enterpriſe is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth? 240
'Tis done! with loud applauſe the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of whores and fiddleſtrings!
Tho' bold theſe truths, thou, Muſe! with truths like
Wilt none offend whom 't is a praiſe to pleaſe: [theſe
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou, 245
Like juſt tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common ſenſe
To write a ſatire which gave none offence?

And ſince from life I take the draughts you ſee,
If men diſlike them, do they cenſure me? 250
The fool and knave 't is glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knaves know the game, and honeſt men pay all.
How hard for real worth to gain its price? 255
A man ſhall make his fortune in a trice,
If bleſs'd with pliant, tho' but ſlender, ſenſe,
Feign'd modeſty, and real impudence,
A ſupple knee, ſmooth tongue, an eaſy grace,
A curſe within, a ſmile upon his face. 260
A beauteous ſiſter, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life;
Genius and virtue they will ſoon defeat,
And lodge you in the boſom of the great.
To merit is but to provide a pain, 265
From men's refuſing what you ought to gain.
May Dodington! this maxim fail in you,
Whom my preſaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendſhip grac'd,
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd, 270
And lending, here, thoſe awful councils aid,
Which you abroad with ſuch ſucceſs obey'd:
Bear this from one who holds your friendſhip dear:
What moſt we wiſh, with eaſe we fancy near. 274

End of Satire Third.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND ſome fair tree th' ambitious woodbine grows,
And breathes her ſweets on the ſupporting boughs:
So ſweet the verſe, th' ambitious verſe, ſhould be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes ſupport from thee;
Thee, Compton! born o'er ſenates to preſide, 5
Their dignity to raiſe, their councils guide;
Deep to diſcern, and widely to ſurvey,
And kingdoms' fates, without ambition, weigh;
Of diſtant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's aſſerter, and the people's friend: 10
Nor doſt thou ſcorn, amid ſublimer views,
To liſten to the labours of the Muſe;
Thy ſmiles protect her, while thy talents fire,
And 't is but half thy glory to inſpire.
Vex'd at a publick fame, ſo juſtly won, 15
The jealous Chremes is with ſpleen undone;
Chremes, for airy penſions of renown,
Devotes his ſervice to the ſtate and crown:
All ſchemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves;
Tho' Britain's thankleſs, ſtill this patriot loves: 20
But patriots differ; ſome may ſhed their blood,
He drinks his coffee, for the publick good;
Conſults the ſacred ſteam, and there foreſees
What ſtorms or ſunſhine Providence decrees;

Knows for each day the weather of our fate: 25
A quidnunck is an almanack of ſtate.
You ſmile, and think this ſtateſman void of uſe;
Why may not time his ſecret worth produce?
Since apes can roaſt the choice Caſtanian nut,
Since ſteeds of genius are expert at put, 30
Since half the ſenate Not Content can ſay,
Geeſe nations ſave, and puppies plots betray.
What makes him model realms and counſel kings?
An incapacity for ſmaller things.
Poor Chremes cann't conduct his own eſtate, 35
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.
Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' ſkill,
And boldly claims a province higher ſtill:
To raiſe a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a Bible and a ſhoulder-knot: 40
Deep in the ſecret, he looks thro' the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that ſayes his ſoul:
To talk with rev'rence you muſt take good heed,
Nor ſhock his tender reaſon with the creed:
Howe'er wellbred, in publick he complies, 45
Obliging friends alone with blaſphemies.
Peerage is poiſon; good eſtates are bad
For this diſeaſe; poor rogues run ſeldom mad.
Have not attainders brought unhop'd relief,
And falling ſtocks quite cur'd an unbelief? 50
While the ſun ſhines, Blunt talks with wondrous force;
But thunder mars ſmall beer and weak diſcourſe.

Such uſeful inſtruments the weather ſhow,
Juſt as their Mercury is high or low.
Health chiefly keeps an Atheiſt in the dark. 55
A fever argues better than a Clarke:
Let but the logick in his pulſe decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray:
While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apoſtate youth who reaſon'd once ſo well. 60
C——, who makes ſo merry with the creed,
He almoſt thinks he diſbelieves indeed;
But only thinks ſo: to give both their due,
Satan and he believe and tremble too.
Of ſome for glory ſuch the boundleſs rage, 65
That they 're the blackeſt ſcandal of their age.
Narciſſus the Tartarian club diſclaims;
Nay, a Free-maſon with ſome terrour names;
Omits no duty; nor can Envy ſay
He miſs'd, theſe many years, the church or play: 70
He makes no noiſe in parliament, 't is true,
But pays his debts, and viſit, when 't is due:
His character and gloves are ever clean,
And then he can outbow the bowing Dean:
A ſmile eternal on his lip he wears, 75
Which equally the wiſe and worthleſs ſhares.
In gay fatigues, this moſt undaunted chief,
Patient of idleneſs beyond belief,
Moſt charitably lends the Town his face,
For ornament in ev'ry publick place: 80

As ſure as cards he to th' aſſembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawingrooms:
When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two he fails not—to make three.
Narciſſus is the glory of his race, 85
For who does nothing with a better grace?
To deck my liſt by Nature were deſign'd
Such ſhining expletives of humankind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Senſe to be right, and paſſion to be wrong. 90
To counterpoiſe this hero of the mode,
Some for renown are ſingular and odd;
What other men diſlike is ſure to pleaſe,
Of all mankind, theſe dear antipodes:
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter ſtill, 95
And birthdays are their days of dreſſing ill.
Arb—t is a fool, and F——— a ſage,
S—ly will fright you, E——— engage:
By Nature ſtreams run backward, flame deſcends,
Stones mount, and S———x is the worſt of friends.
They take their reſt by day, and wake by night, 101
And bluſh if you ſurpriſe them in the right;
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
A ſwan is white, or Q———y is fair.
Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt, 105
A fool in faſhion, but a fool that 's out;
His paſſion for abſurdity 's ſo ſtrong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.

Tho' wrong the mode, comply: more ſenſe is ſhewn
In wearing others' follies than your own. 110
If what is out of faſhion moſt you prize,
Methinks you ſhould endeavour to be wiſe.
But what in oddneſs can be more ſublime
Than S——, the foremoſt toyman of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies, 115
His daughter's portion a rich ſhell enhances,
And Aſhmole's baby-houſe is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
How his eyes languiſh! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which Joſeph never wore! 120
He ſhews, on holidays, a ſacred pin
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Beſs's chin.
"Since that great dearth our chronicles deplore,
"Since the great plague that ſwept as many more,
"Was ever year unbleſs'd as this?" he 'll cry, 125
"It has not brought us one new butterfly!"
In times that ſuffer ſuch learn'd men as theſe,
Unhappy I——y! how came you to pleaſe?
Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game,
But in effect his chaſe is much the ſame: 130
Warm in purſuit, he levées all the great,
Stanch to the foot of title and eſtate:
Where'er their lordſhips go, they never find
Or Lico or their ſhadows lag behind;
He ſets them ſure, where'er their lordſhips run, 135
Cloſe at their elbows, as a morning-dun;

As if their grandeur by contagion wrought,
And fame was, like a fever, to be caught:
But after ſeven years dance from place to place
The Dane † is more familiar with his Grace. 140
Who 'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer,
Or living pendent dangling at his ear,
For ever whiſp'ring ſecrets which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, thro' the Town!
Who 'd be a glaſs, with flattering grimace, 145
Still to reflect the temper of his face?
Or happy pin to ſtick upon his ſleeve,
When my lord 's gracious, and vouchſafes it leave?
Or cuſhion, when his heavineſs ſhall pleaſe
To loll or thump it for his better eaſe? 150
Or a vile butt, for noon or night beſpoke,
When the peer raſhly ſwears he 'll club his joke?
Who 'd ſhake with laughter, tho' he could not find
His lordſhip's jeſt, or, if his noſe broke wind?
For bleſſings to the gods profoundly bow, 155
That can cry chimney-ſweep, or drive a plough?
With terms like theſe how mean the tribe that cloſe?
Scarce meaner they who terms like theſe impoſe.
But what 's the tribe moſt likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors, lie; 160
The writing tribe, who ſhameleſs auctions hold
Of praiſe, by inch of candle to be ſold;

† A Daniſh dog of the Duke of Argyle.

All men they flatter, but themſelves the moſt,
With deathleſs fame their everlaſting boaſt:
For Fame no cully makes ſo much her jeſt, 165
As her old conſtant ſpark, the bard profeſt.
" B—le ſhines in council, M——t in the fight,
" P—l—m 's magnificent, but I can write,
" And what to my great ſoul like glory dear?"
Till ſome god whiſpers in his tingling ear, 170
That fame 's unwholeſome taken without meat,
And life is beſt ſuſtain'd by what is ate:
Grown lean and wiſe, he curſes what he writ,
And wiſhes all his wants were in his wit.
Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's loſt, 175
That his triumphant name adorns a poſt?
Or that his ſhining page (provoking Fate)
Defends ſirloins, which ſons of Dulneſs eat?
What foe to verſe without compaſſion hears,
What cruel proſe-man can refrain from tears, 180
When the poor Muſe, for leſs than half-a-crown,
A proſtitute on ev'ry bulk in Town,
With other whores undone, tho' not in print,
Clubs credit for Geneva in the Mint?
Ye Bards! why will you ſing, tho' uninſpir'd? 185
Ye Bards! why will you ſtarve to be admir'd?
Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redreſs,
Why will your ſpectres haunt the frighted preſs?
Bad metre, that excreſcence of the head,
Like hair, will ſprout altho' the poet 's dead. 190

All other trades demand, verſe-makers beg.
A dedication is a wooden leg;
A barren labeo, the true mumper's faſhion,
Expoſes borrow'd brats to move compaſſion.
Tho' ſuch myſelf, vile bards I diſcommend; 195
Nay more, tho' gentle Damon is my friend.
"Is't then a crime to write?"—If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear:
For ſome, tho' few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unſeen the labours of the pen: 200
Who know the Muſe's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her ſupport;
Who ſerve, unaſk'd, the leaſt pretence to wit,
My ſole excuſe, alas! for having writ.
A—le true wit is ſtudious to reſtore, 205
And D—t ſmiles, if Phœbus ſmil'd before;
P—ke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a Muſe inſpires.
But, ah! not inſpiration can obtain
That fame which poets languiſh for in vain. 210
How mad their aim who thirſt for glory, ſtrive
To graſp what no man can poſſeſs alive?
Fame's a reverſion in which men take place
(O late reverſion!) at their own deceaſe.
This truth ſagacious Lintot knows ſo well, 215
He ſtarves his authors, that their works may ſell.
That fame is wealth, fantaſtick poets cry;
That wealth is fame, another clan reply,

Who know no guilt, no ſcandal, but in rags,
And ſwell in juſt proportion to their bags. 220
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold;
The firſt young lord which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the verieſt hunks in Lombard-ſtreet,
From reſcu'd candles' ends who rais'd a ſum, 225
And ſtarves to join a penny to a plum.
A beardleſs miſer! 't is a guilt unknown
To former times, a ſcandal all our own.
Of ardent lovers the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land. 230
For love, young, noble, rich, Caſtalio dies;
Name but the fair, love ſwells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down,
No rival can prevail,—but half-a-crown.
He glories to late times to be convey'd, 235
Not for the poor he has reliev'd, but made:
Not ſuch ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd:
He 'd be a ſlave, a pimp, a dog, for gain;
Nay, a dull ſheriff for his golden chain. 240
"Who 'd be a ſlave?" the gallant col'nel cries,
While love of glory ſparkles from his eyes:
To deathleſs fame he loudly pleads his right,—
Juſt is his title,—for he will not fight.
All ſoldiers valour, all divines have grace, 245
As maids of honour beauty,—by their place:

But when, indulging on the laſt campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of ſlain,
He gives the foes he ſlew, at each vain word,
A ſweet revenge, and half abſolves his ſword. 250
Of boaſting more than of a bomb afraid,
A ſoldier ſhould be modeſt as a maid.
Fame is a bubble the reſerv'd enjoy;
Who ſtrive to graſp it, as they touch, deſtroy:
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree, 255
But if you pay yourſelf the world is free.
Were there no tongue to ſpeak them but his own,
Auguſtus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known;
Auguſtus' deeds, if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and miſguides his aim, 260
Such is the prince's worth of whom I ſpeak,
The Roman would not bluſh at the miſtake. 262

End of Satire Fourth.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE V.

ON WOMEN.

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

NOR reigns ambition in bold man alone;
Soft female hearts the rude invader own:
But there, indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing armies and dethroning kings.
Attend, and you discern it in the fair, 5
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair,
Or roll the lucid orbit of an eye,
Or in full joy elaborate a sigh.
The sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame,
Nay, thank their faults for such a fruitful theme; 10
A theme fair——! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing those is praising thee;
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyrick of a grosser kind.
Britannia's daughters, much more fair than nice, 15
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the publick eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight:

As unreſerv'd and beauteous as the ſun,
Thro' ev'ry ſign of vanity they run; 20
Aſſemblies, parks, coarſe feaſts in city-halls,
Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield ſcenes,
And fortunetellers' caves and lions' dens;
Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, drawingrooms, 25
Inſtalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers and funeral, puppetſhows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabates, (and, ſtill ſtranger!) pews.
Clarinda's boſom burns, but burns for fame,
And love lies vanquiſh'd in a nobler flame; 30
Warm gleams of hope ſhe now diſpenſes, then,
Like April ſuns, dives into clouds agen:
With all her luſtre now her lover warms,
Then, out of oſtentation, hides her charms.
'Tis next her pleaſure ſweetly to complain, 35
And to be taken with a ſudden pain;
Then ſhe ſtarts up, all ecſtaſy and bliſs,
And is, ſweet ſoul! juſt as ſincere in this.
O how ſhe rolls her charming eyes in ſpight!
And looks delightfully with all her might! 40
But, like our heroes, much more brave than wiſe,
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.
Zara reſembles Ætna crown'd with ſnows,
Without ſhe freezes, and within ſhe glows:
Twice ere the ſun deſcends, with zeal inſpir'd, 45
From the vain converſe of the world retir'd,

She reads the pſalms and chapters for the day,
In —— Cleopatra, or the laſt new play.
Thus gloomy Zara, with a ſolemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face. 50
Nor far beneath her in renown is ſhe,
Who, thro' good-breeding, is ill company;
Whoſe manners will not let her larum ceaſe;
Who thinks you are unhappy when at peace;
To find you news who racks her ſubtle head, 55
And vows—that her great-grandfather is dead.
A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
But 't is a taſk indeed to learn—to hear:
In that the ſkill of converſation lies;
That ſhews or makes you both polite and wiſe. 60
Xantippe cries, "Let nymphs who nought can ſay
"Be loſt in ſilence, and reſign the day;
"And let the guilty wife her guilt confeſs
"By tame behaviour and a ſoft addreſs."
Thro' virtue ſhe refuſes to comply 65
With all the dictates of humanity;
Thro' wiſdom ſhe refuſes to ſubmit
To Wiſdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit;
Then, her unblemiſh'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her huſband's kindneſs with diſdain: 70
But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind ſent,
Juſt intimates the lady's diſcontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekeſt dame, 75
But keen Xantippe, ſcorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling gruel, and compoſing tea;
Nor reſts by night, but, more ſincere than nice,
She ſhakes the curtains with her kind advice: 80
Doubly, like Echo, ſound is her delight,
And the laſt word is her eternal right.
Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, riſe
To laſh our crimes, but muſt our wives be wiſe?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong. 86
What black, what ceaſeleſs, cares beſiege our ſtate?
What ſtrokes we feel from Fancy and from Fate?
If Fate forbears us, Fancy ſtrikes the blow;
We make misfortune; ſuicides in wo. 90
Superfluous aid! unneceſſary ſkill!
Is Nature backward to torment or kill?
How oft' the noon, how oft' the midnight bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with ſolemn knell,
On Folly's errands as we vainly roam, 95
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home?
Men drop ſo faſt, ere life's mid ſtage we tread,
Few know ſo many friends alive as dead;
Yet, as immortal, in our up-hill chaſe
We preſs coy Fortune with unſlacken'd pace; 100
Our ardent labours for the toys we ſeek,
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week:

Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between ſatiety and fierce deſire.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil? 105
But one; a female friend's endearing ſmile;
A tender ſmile, our ſorrows' only balm,
And in life's tempeſt the ſad ſailor's calm.
How have I ſeen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, perſuaſion in her eye; 110
Victorious tenderneſs! it all o'ercame,
Huſbands look'd mild, and ſavages grew tame.
The ſylvan race our active nymphs purſue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete; 115
There Maſter Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair Miſs Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor raſhly tempts the barb'rous ſun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroick breed,
And vault from hunters to the manag'd ſteed; 120
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Fobert has the forming of the fair.
More than one ſteed muſt Delia's empire feel,
Who ſits triumphant o'er the flying wheel,
And as ſhe guides it thro' th' admiring throng, 125
With what an air ſhe ſmacks the ſilken thong?
Graceful as John, ſhe moderates the reins,
And whiſtles ſweet her diuretick ſtrains:
Seſoſtris-like, ſuch charioteers as theſe
May drive ſix harneſs'd monarchs if they pleaſe: 130

They drive, row, run, with love of glory ſmit,
Leap, ſwim, ſhoot flying, and pronounce on wit.
O'er the belle-lettre lovely Daphne reigns;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:
With legs toſs'd high, on her ſophee ſhe ſits, 135
Vouchſafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance ſhe's the final teſt;
One act read o'er, ſhe prophefies the reſt;
And then, pronouncing with deciſive air,
Fully convinces all the Town—ſhe's fair. 140
Had lovely Daphne Hecateſſa's face,
How would her elegance of taſte decreaſe!
Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius ſparkles from their eyes.
But hold, ſhe cries, Lampooner! have a care; 145
Muſt I want common ſenſe becauſe I'm fair!
O no: ſee Stella; her eyes ſhine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right:
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She ſeems inſpir'd, and can herſelf inſpire: 150
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publiſh, and could ſhe forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to ſenſe,
Nor is 't a ſanction for impertinence.
Sempronia lik'd her man, and well ſhe might; 155
The youth in perſon and in parts was bright;
Poſſeſs'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
That claims juſt empire o'er the female heart:

He met her paſſion, all her ſighs return'd,
And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd: 160
Large his poſſeſſions, and beyond her own,
Their bliſs the theme and envy of the Town:
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In ſtepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diſeas'd, Threeſcore.
The fatal ſequel I, thro' ſhame forbear. 165
Of pride and av'rice who can cure the fair!

Man 's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Thoſe few wants anſwer'd bring ſincere delights,
But fools create themſelves new appetites. 170
Fancy and pride ſeek things at vaſt expenſe,
Which reliſh not to reaſon, nor to ſenſe.
When ſurfeit or unthankfulneſs deſtroys,
In Nature's narrow ſphere, our ſolid joys,
In Fancy's airy land of noiſe and ſhow, 175
Where nought but dreams, no real pleaſures, grow,
Like cats in airpumps, to ſubſiſt we ſtrive
On joys too thin to keep the ſoul alive.

Lemira 's ſick; make haſte; the doctor call:
He comes: but where 's his patient? at the ball. 180
The doctor ſtares; her woman curt'ſies low,
And cries, "My lady, Sir, is always ſo:
"Diverſions put her maladies to flight;
"True, ſhe cann't ſtand, but ſhe can dance all night;
"I've known my Lady (for ſhe loves a tune) 185
"For fevers take an opera in June:

" And tho', perhaps, you 'll think the practice bold,
" A midnight Park is ſov'reign for a cold:
" With cholicks breakfaſts of green fruit agree,
" With indigeſtions ſupper juſt at three." 190
A ſtrange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Muſt women have a doctor or a dance?
Tho' ſick to death, abroad they ſafely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health at home.
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill, 195
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's bill.

Alas, my Heart! how languiſhingly fair
Yon' lady lolls? with what a tender air?
Pale as a young dramatick author, when
O'er darling lines fell Cibber waves his pen. 200
Is her lord angry, or has Veny † chid?
Dead is her father, or the maſk forbid?
" Late ſitting up has turn'd her roſes white."
Why went ſhe not to bed? " Becauſe 't was night."
Did ſhe then dance or play? " Nor this nor that."
Well, night ſoon ſteals away in pleaſing chat. 206
" No, all alone her pray'rs ſhe rather choſe,
" Than be that wretch to ſleep till morning roſe."
Then Lady Cynthia, miſtreſs of the ſhade,
Goes with the faſhionable owls to bed: 210
This her pride covets, this her health denies;
Her ſoul is ſilly, but her body 's wiſe.

Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.

† Lapdog.

You, in the morning, a fair nymph invite, 215
To keep her word a brown one comes at night;
Next day ſhe ſhines in gloſſy black, and then
Revolves into her native red agen:
Like a dove's neck ſhe ſhifts her tranſient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms. 220
But one admirer has the painted laſs,
Nor finds that one but in her looking-glaſs:
Yet Laura's beautiful to ſuch exceſs,
That all her art ſcarce makes her pleaſe us leſs.
To deck the female cheek he only knows, 225
Who paints leſs fair the lily and the roſe.
How gay they ſmile? Such bleſſings Nature pours,
O'erſtock'd mankind enjoy but half her ſtores:
In diſtant wilds, by human eyes unſeen,
She rears her flow'rs, and ſpreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely deſert trace, 230
And waſte their muſick on the ſavage race.
Is Nature then a niggard of her bliſs?
Repine we guiltleſs in a world like this?
But our lewd taſtes her lawful charms refuſe, 235
And painted Art's deprav'd allurements chuſe.
Such Fulvia's paſſion for the Town: freſh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and ſhady groves, and cryſtal ſprings,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things; 240
But ſmoke, and duſt, and noiſe, and crowds, delight,
And to be preſs'd to death tranſports her quite:

Where ſilver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
And woodbines give their ſweets, and limes their [ſhades,
Black kennels' abſent odours ſhe regrets,
And ſtops her noſe at beds of violets. 246

Is ſtormy life preferr'd to the ſerene?
Or is the publick to the private ſcene?
Retir'd, we tread a ſmooth and open way,
Thro' briers and brambles in the world we ſtray; 250
Stiff oppoſition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and ſtinging hate,
Which choke our paſſage our career control,
And wound the firmeſt temper of our ſoul.
O ſacred Solitude! divine retreat! 255
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure ſtream, or in thy waving ſhade,
We court fair Wiſdom, that celeſtial maid;
The genuine offſpring of her lov'd embrace,
(Stangers on earth!) are Innocence and Peace: 260
There from the ways of men laid ſafe aſhore,
We ſmile to hear the diſtant tempeſt roar;
There, bleſs'd with health, with bus'neſs unperplex'd,
This life we reliſh, and enſure the next:
There, too, the Muſes ſport: theſe numbers free, 265
Pierian Eaſtbury! I owe to thee.

There ſport the Muſes, but not there alone;
Their ſacred force Amelia feels in Town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herſelf, Amelia weds a wit: 270

Both wits! tho' miracles are ſaid to ceaſe,
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth ſun a warm diſpute aroſe
On Durfey's poeſy and Bunyan's proſe.
The learned war both wage with equal force, 275
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phœbe, tho' ſhe poſſeſſes nothing leſs,
Is proud of being rich in happineſs;
Laborioufly purſues deluſive toys,
Content with pains, ſince they're reputed joys. 280
With what well-acted tranſport will ſhe ſay,
"Well, ſure we were ſo happy yeſterday!
"And then that charming party for to-morrow!"
Tho' well ſhe knows t' will languiſh into ſorrow:
But ſhe dares never boaſt the preſent hour; 285
So groſs that cheat, it is beyond her pow'r:
For ſuch is or our weakneſs or our curſe,
Or rather ſuch our crime, which ſtill is worſe.
The preſent moment, like a wife, we ſhun,
And ne'er enjoy, becauſe it is our own. 290

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

As Flavia in her glaſs an angel ſpies,
Pride whiſpers in her ear pernicious lies;

Tells her, while ſhe ſurveys a face ſo fine,
There's no ſatiety of charms divine. 300
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and ſhe melts (ſweet ſoul!) in tears:
She fond and young, laſt week her wiſh enjoy'd,
In ſoft amuſement all the night employ'd:
The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found
(Surpriſing ſight!) his bride in ſorrow drown'd. 306
"What miracle," ſays Strephon, "makes thee weep?"
"Ah, barb'rous man," ſhe cries, "how could you—
Men love a miſtreſs as they love a feaſt; [ſleep?"
How grateful one to touch, and one to taſte? 310
Yet ſure there is a certain time of day
We wiſh our miſtreſs and our meat away:
But ſoon the ſated appetites return,
Again our ſtomachs crave, our boſoms burn:
Eternal love let man, then, never ſwear; 315
Let women never triumph nor deſpair;
Nor praiſe nor blame, too much, the warm or chill:
Hunger and love are foreign to the will.
There is, indeed, a paſſion more refin'd,
For thoſe few nymphs whoſe charms are of the mind;
But not of that unfaſhionable ſet 321
Is Phyllis; Phyllis and her Damon met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taſte;
Phyllis demands eternal love at leaſt.
Embracing Phyllis with ſoft-ſmiling eyes, 325
Eternal love I vow, the ſwain replies;

But ſay, my all, my miſtreſs, and my friend!
What day next week th' eternity ſhall end?
  Some nymphs prefer aſtronomy to love,
Elope from mortal man, and range above. 330
The fair philoſopher to Rowley flies,
Where, in a box, the whole creation lies:
She ſees the planets in their turns advance,
And ſcorns, Poitier! thy ſublunary dance:
Of Deſagulier ſhe beſpeaks freſh air, 335
And Whiſton has engagements with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in airpumps the gay col'nel dies.
But tho' to-day this rage of ſcience reigns,
(O fickle Sex!) ſoon end her learned pains. 340
Lo! pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the ſtars, and Newton is a ſot.
  To —— turn; ſhe never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right:
She ſtrikes each point with native force of mind, 345
While puzzled Learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to ſight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquiſh'd, and the wiſe are taught.
Her breeding finiſh'd, and her temper ſweet,
When ſerious eaſy, and when gay diſcreet; 350
In glitt'ring ſcenes, o'er her own heart ſincere,
In crowds collected, and in courts ſevere;
Sincere and warm, with zeal well underſtood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;

Yet not ſuperiour to her ſex's cares, 355
The mode ſhe fixes by the gown ſhe wears:
Of ſilks and china ſhe's the laſt appeal;
In theſe great points ſhe leads the commonweal;
And if diſputes of empire riſe between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen, 360
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkneſs! till ſuſpended Fate
Aſſumes her nod, to cloſe the grand debate.
When ſuch her mind, why will the fair expreſs
Their emulation only in their dreſs?
But, oh! the nymph that mounts above the ſkies,
And, gratis, clears religious myſteries, 366
Reſolv'd the church's welfare to enſure,
And make her family a ſinecure;
The theme divine at cards ſhe'll not forget,
But takes in texts of Scripture at Piquet; 370
In thoſe licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.
What angels would theſe be, who thus excel
In theologicks, could they ſew as well!
Yet why ſhould not the fair her text purſue? 375
Can ſhe more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, ſhe who makes no uſe but chat
Of her religion, ſhould be barr'd in that.
Iſaac, a brother of the canting ſtrain,
When he has knock'd at his own ſkull in vain, 380
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.

O how his pious ſoul exults to find
Such love for holy men in womankind?
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he 385
Hangs on her bloom, like an induſtrious bee;
Hums round about her, and with all his pow'r
Extracts ſweet wiſdom from ſo fair a flow'r?
The young and gay declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wiſe: 390
By Nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiouſly prefers the world to love.
Can wealth give happineſs? look round and ſee
What gay diſtreſs! what ſplendid miſery!
Whatever Fortune laviſhly can pour, 395
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it ſays;
Like any lord it promiſes—and pays.
How will the miſer ſtartle to be told
Of ſuch a wonder as inſolvent gold? 400
What Nature wants has an intrinſick weight,
All more is but the faſhion of the plate,
Which for one moment charms the fickle view;
It charms us now, anon we caſt a new,
To ſome freſh birth of fancy more inclin'd; 405
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.
Miſtaken lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accompliſhments will win the fair;
The fair 't is true by genius ſhould be won,
As flow'rs unfold their beauties to the ſun: 410

And yet in female ſcales a fop outweighs,
And Wit muſt wear the willow and the bays.
Nought ſhines ſo bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy; 414
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid,
For him, as yet unhang'd, ſhe ſpreads her charms,
Snatches the dear deſtroyer to her arms,
And amply gives, (tho' treated long amiſs)
The man of merit his revenge in this. 420
If you reſent, and wiſh a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.
The languid lady next appears in ſtate,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, ſtaggers, till ſome foreign aid 425
To her own ſtature lifts the feeble maid;
Then, if ordain'd to ſo ſevere a doom,
She, by juſt ſtages, journeys round the room;
But, knowing her own weakneſs, ſhe deſpairs
To ſcale the Alps—that is, aſcend the ſtairs. 430
My fan! let others ſay, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! ſcarf! is her laconick ſtyle,
And that is ſpoke with ſuch a dying fall,
That Betty rather ſees than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye, 435
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O liſten with attention moſt profound!
Her voice is but the ſhadow of a ſound.

And help! oh, help! her ſpirits are ſo dead,
One hand ſcarce lifts the other to her head; 440
If there a ſtubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! ſhe ſinks away! and is no more.
Let the robuſt, and the gigantick, crave,
Life is not worth ſo much; ſhe 'd rather ſtarve;
But chew ſhe muſt herſelf: ah, cruel fate! 445
That Roſalinda cann't by proxy eat.
An antidote in female caprice lies
(Kind Heav'n!) againſt the poiſon of their eyes.
Thaleſtris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phraſe obſcene. 450
In fair and open dealing where 's the ſhame?
What Nature dares to give, ſhe dares to name.
This honeſt fellow is ſincere and plain,
And juſtly gives the jealous huſband pain.
(Vain is the taſk to petticoats aſſign'd, 455
If wanton language ſhews a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath ſupplies the vacancies of ſenſe.
Hark! the ſhrill notes tranſpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to ſwear. 460
By Jove is faint, and for the ſimple ſwain;
She, on the Chriſtian ſyſtem, is profane:
But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dreſs ſhe 's not a grenadier.
If thunder 's awful, how much more our dread, 465
When Jove deputes a lady in his ſtead?

A lady! pardon my miſtaken pen:
A ſhameleſs woman is the worſt of men.
Few to good-breeding make a juſt pretence;
Good-breeding is the bloſſom of good ſenſe; 470
The laſt reſult of an accompliſh'd mind,
With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns,
And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
With Chineſe painters modern toaſts agree, 475
The point they aim at is deformity:
They throw their perſons, with a hoyden air,
Acroſs the room, and toſs into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They for our manners have exchang'd their own. 480
The modeſt look, the caſtigated grace,
The gentle movement, and ſlow-meaſur'd pace,
For which her lovers dy'd, her parents pray'd,
Are indecorums with the modern maid.
Stiff forms are bad; but let not worſe intrude, 385
Nor conquer Art and Nature to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D—'s ſelf will be polite.
Ye riſing Fair! ye bloom of Britain's iſle!
When high-born Anna, with a ſoften'd ſmile, 490
Leads on your train, and ſparkles at your head,
What ſeems moſt hard is not to be wellbred:
Her bright example with ſucceſs purſue,
And all but adoration is your due.

But adoration! give me ſomething more, 495
Cries Lyce, on the borders of threeſcore.
Nought treads ſo ſilent at the foot of Time;
Hence we miſtake our autumn for our prime.
'Tis greatly wiſe to know, before we 're told,
The melancholy news that we grow old. 500
Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento Mori to each publick place.
O how your beating breaſt a miſtreſs warms,
Who looks thro' ſpectacles to ſee your charms!
While rival undertakers hover round, 505
And with his ſpade the ſexton marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conqueſts, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has ſummon'd ſprites away,
She walks at noon, and blaſts the bloom of day; 510
Gay rainbow ſilks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lyce but herſelf is old:
Her grizzled locks aſſume a ſmirking grace,
And Art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face:
Her ſtrange demand no mortal can approve; 515
We 'll aſk her bleſſing, but cann't aſk her love:
She grants, indeed, a lady may decline
(All ladies but herſelf) at ninety-nine.
O how unlike her was the ſacred age
Of prudent Portia? her gray hairs engage, 520
Whoſe thoughts are ſuited to her life's decline:
Virtue 's the paint that can make wrinkles ſhine:

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

Cruel by nature, they for kindneſs hate,
And ſcorn you for thoſe ills themſelves create.
If on your fame our ſex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever ſtick thro' malice of your own.
Moſt hard! in pleaſing your chief glory lies, 555
And yet from pleaſing your chief dangers riſe:
Then pleaſe the beſt; and know, for men of ſenſe
Your ſtrongeſt charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
Fright him that's worth your love from your embrace.
In ſimple manners all the ſecret lies; 561
Be kind and virtuous, you 'll be bleſs'd and wiſe.
Vain ſhew and noiſe intoxicate the brain,
Begin with giddineſs, and end in pain.
Affect not empty fame and idle praiſe, 565
Which all thoſe wretches I deſcribe betrays.
Your ſex's glory 't is to ſhine unknown;
Of all applauſe be fondeſt of your own.
Beware the fever of the mind; that thirſt
With which the age is eminently curs'd: 570
To drink of pleaſure but inflames deſire,
And abſtinence alone can quench the fire;
Take pain from life, and terrour from the tomb,
Give peace in hand, and promiſe bliſs to come. 574

End of Satire Fifth.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE VI.

ON WOMEN.

Inſcribed to the

RIGHT HON. THE LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

Interdum tamen et tollit commœdia vocem. HOR.

I SOUGHT a patroneſs, but ſought in vain;
Apollo whiſper'd in my ear—"Germain."—
I know her not—"Your reaſon 's ſomewhat odd;
"Who knows his patron now?" reply'd the god.
"Men write to me, and to the world unknown, 5
"Then ſteal great names to ſhield them from the
"Detected worth, like beauty diſarray'd, [Town.
"To covert flies, of praiſe itſelf afraid.
"Should ſhe refuſe to patronize your lays,
"In vengeance write a volume in her praiſe: 10
"Nor think it hard ſo great a length to run;
"When ſuch the theme, 't will eaſily be done."
Ye Fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human ſtrength:
You here, in miniature, your picture ſee, 15
Nor hope from Zincks more juſtice than from me:

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

Lavinia is polite, but not profane,
To church as conſtant as to Drury-lane:
She decently, in form, pays heav'n its due,
And makes a civil viſit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a ſolemn air, 25
Conceals her face, which paſſes for a pray'r:
Curt'ſies to curt'ſies, then, with grace ſucceed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the Creed:
Or if ſhe joins the ſervice, 't is to ſpeak;
Thro' dreadful ſilence the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women talk away 31
To God himſelf, and fondly think they pray:
But ſweet their accent, and their air refin'd;
For they 're before their Maker—and mankind.
When ladies once are proud of praying well, 35
Satan himſelf will toll the pariſh bell.

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

Thoſe charms are greateſt which decline the ſight;
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.

There is no woman where there 's no reserve; 45
And 't is on plenty your poor lovers starve.
  But with a modern fair meridian merit
Is a fierce thing they call a nymph of spirit.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
And tread on tiptoe if you dare draw nigh: 50
" Or if you take a lion by the beard *,
" Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
" Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,"
First make your will, and then converse with her.
This lady glories in profuse expense, 55
And thinks distraction is magnificence.
To beggar her gallant is some delight;
To be more fatal still is exquisite.
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
In duel fell two lovers; one run mad. 60
Her foes their honest execrations pour;
Her lovers only should detest her more.
  Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
And gen'rously supports him in his want:
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare, 65
A hell no lady so polite can bear.
She 's faithful, she 's observant; and with pains
Her angel-brood of bastards she maintains;
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of guilt, above the marriage-bed, 70

* Shakespeare.

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
Whate'er she is, she 'll not appear a saint:
Her soul superiour flies formality:
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not overgood— 75
Nor would they be mistaken if they should.
Unmarry'd Abra puts on formal airs;
Her cushion 's threadbare with her constant pray'rs:
Her only grief is that she cannot be
At once engag'd in pray'r and charity. 80
And this, to do her justice, must be said,
"Who would not think that Abra was a maid?"
Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed,
For where 's the man that 's worthy of their bed?
If no disease reduce her pride before, 85
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore:
Then she submits to venture in the dark,
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.
Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot; but she eats in plate. 90
The goods of Fortune which her soul possess,
Are but the ground of unmade happiness;
The rude material: wisdom add to this,
Wisdom, the sole artificer of bliss;
She from herself, if so compell'd by need, 95
Of thin content can draw the subtle thread;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in gold 't is better still.

Hence men are often captives of a face, 155
They know not why, of no peculiar grace.
Some forms, thro' bright, no mortal man can bear;
Some none resist, tho' not exceeding fair.
Aspasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read, 160
Yet reaps no fruit from her superiour sense,
But to be teas'd by her own excellence.
"Folks are so awkward! things so unpolite!"
She's elegantly pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where'er she goes: 165
Each creature's imperfections are her woes.
Heav'n by its favour has the fair distress'd,
And pour'd such blessings—that she can't be bless'd.
Ah! why so vain, tho' blooming in thy spring,
Thou shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched thing? 170
Old age will come; disease may come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as threescore.
Thy fortune and thy charms may soon decay;
But grant these fugitives prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes, 175
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;
Then wrought into the soul let virtue shine;
The ground eternal, as the work divine.
Julia's a manager, she's born for rule,
And knows her wiser husband is a fool; 180
Assemblies holds, and spins the subtle thread
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;

For difficult amours can ſmooth the way,
And tender letters dictate or convey;
But if depriv'd of ſuch important cares, 185
Her wiſdom condeſcends to leſs affairs.
For her own breakfaſt ſhe'll project a ſcheme,
Nor take her tea without a ſtratagem;
Preſides o'er trifles with a ſerious face,
Important by the virtue of grimace 190
Ladies ſupreme among amuſements reign,
By nature born to ſooth and entertain:
Their prudence in a ſhare of folly lies:
Why will they be ſo weak as to be wiſe?
Syrena is for ever in extremes, 195
And with a vengeance ſhe commends or blames;
Conſcious of her diſcernment, which is good,
She ſtrains too much to make it underſtood.
Her judgment juſt, her ſentence is too ſtrong;
Becauſe ſhe 's right, ſhe 's ever in the wrong. 200
Brunetta 's wiſe in actions great and rare,
But ſcorns on trifles to beſtow her care;
Thus ev'ry hour Brunetta is to blame,
Becauſe th' occaſion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, tho' it ſmall appear; 205
Small ſands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.
Go breakfaſt with Alicea, there you'll ſee
Simplex munditiis to the laſt degree: 210

Unlac'd her ſtays, her nightgown is unty'd,
And what ſhe has of head-dreſs is aſide:
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace,
Unwaſh'd her hands, and much beſnuff'd her face;
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, ſhe loves, 215
And would draw on jack-boots as ſoon as gloves:
Gloves by Queen Beſs's maidens might be miſs'd,
Her bleſſed eyes ne'er ſaw a female fiſt.
Lovers! beware, to wound how can ſhe fail,
With ſcarlet finger and long jetty nail? 220
For H——y the firſt wit ſhe cannot be,
Nor, cruel R—— d! the firſt toaſt for thee.
Since full each other ſtation of renown,
Who would not be the greateſt trapes in Town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight: 225
A female ſloven is an odious ſight.
Fair Iſabella is ſo fond of fame,
That her dear ſelf is her eternal theme:
Thro' hopes of contradiction oft' ſhe 'll ſay,
"Methinks I look ſo wretchedly to-day!" 230
When moſt the world applauds you, moſt beware
'Tis often leſs a bleſſing than a ſnare.
But truſt mankind! with your heart confer,
And dread ev'n there to find a flatterer.
The breath of others raiſes our renown; 235
Our own as ſurely blows the pagean down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Left ſoon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.

But own I muſt, in this perverted age,
Who moſt deſerve cann't always moſt engage. 240
So far is worth from making glory ſure,
It often hinders what it ſhould procure.
Whom praiſe we moſt? the virtuous, brave, and wiſe?
No; wretches whom in ſecret we deſpiſe.
And who ſo blind as not to ſee the cauſe? 245
No rivals rais'd by ſuch diſcreet applauſe;
And yet of credit it lays in a ſtore,
By which our ſpleen may wound true worth the more.
Ladies there are who think one crime is all:
Can women then no way but backward fall? 250
So ſweet is that one crime they do n't purſue,
To pay its loſs they think all others few.
Who hold that crime ſo dear muſt never claim
Of injur'd modeſty the ſacred name.
But Clio thus: "What! railing without end? 255
"Mean taſk! how much more gen'rous to commend?"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind inſtructer, and example too.
"Daphnis," ſays Clio "has a charming eye;
"What pity 't is her ſhoulder is awry! 260
"Aſpaſia's ſhape, indeed—but then her air—
"The man has parts who finds deſtruction there.
"Almeria's wit has ſomething that 's divine,
"And wit 's enough—how few in all things ſhine?
"Selina ſerves her friends, relieves the poor— 265
"Who was it ſaid Selina 's near threeſcore?

" At Lucia's match I from my ſoul rejoice;
" The world congratulates ſo wiſe a choice:
" His lordſhip's rent-roll is exceeding great—
" But mortgages will ſap the beſt eſtate. 270
" In Sherley's form might cherubims appear,
" But then—ſhe has a freckle on her ear."
Without a but, Hortenſia ſhe commends,
The firſt of women, and the beſt of friends;
Owns her in perſon, wit, fame, virtue, bright; 275
But how comes this to paſs?—ſhe dy'd laſt night.
Thus nymphs commend, who yet at ſatire rail:
Indeed that 's needleſs, if ſuch praiſe prevail.
And whence ſuch praiſe? our virulence is thrown
On others' fame, thro' fondneſs for our own. 280
Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns,
For are not coronets akin to crowns?
Her greedy eye, and her ſublime addreſs,
The height of avarice and pride confeſs.
You ſeek perfections worthy of her rank; 285
Go, ſeek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reaſon uncontroll'd,
For ever burns her ſacred thirſt of gold:
As fond of five pence as the verieſt cit,
And quite as much deteſted as a wit. 290
Can gold calm paſſion, or make reaſon ſhine?
Can we dig peace or wiſdom from the mine?
Wiſdom to gold prefer, for 't is much leſs
To make our fortune than our happineſs:

That happineſs which great ones often ſee, 295
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themſelves unbleſs'd. The poor are only poor;
But what are they who droop amid their ſtore?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of ſtate.
The happy only are the truly great. 300
Peaſants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And thoſe beſt ſatisfy'd with cheapeſt things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new ſenſe,
Our envy would be due to large expenſe: 304
Since not, thoſe pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of Flattery:
They languiſh! oh, ſupport them with a lie!
A decent competence we fully taſte;
It ſtrikes our ſenſe, and gives a conſtant feaſt: 310
More we perceive by dint of thought alone:
The rich muſt labour to poſſeſs their own,
To feel their great abundance, and requeſt
Their humble friends to help them to be bleſt;
To ſee their treaſures, hear their glory told, 315
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.

But ſome, great ſouls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to ſhine.
All hoarded treaſures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own, till well beſtow'd.
Grand reſervoirs of publick happineſs, 321
'Thro' ſecret ſtreams diffuſively they bleſs,

And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,
Relieve our wants, and ſpare our bluſhes too.
But Satire is my taſk, and theſe deſtroy 325
Her gloomy province and malignant joy.
Help me, ye Miſers! help me to complain,
And blaſt our common enemy, G————n:
But our invectives muſt deſpair ſucceſs,
For next to praiſe ſhe values nothing leſs. 330
What picture 's yonder looſen'd from its frame?
Or is 't Aſturia! that affected dame.
The brighteſt forms, thro' affectation, fade
To ſtrange new things, which Nature never made.
Frown not, ye Fair! ſo much your ſex we prize, 335
We hate thoſe arts that take you from our eyes.
In Albucinda's native grace is ſeen
What you, who labour at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learn'd with eaſe,
Retain your gentle ſelves, and you muſt pleaſe. 340
Here might I ſing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the ſoft machine;
How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
To cool the Bohea, and inflame the beau;
While one white finger and a thumb conſpire 345
To lift the cup, and make the world admire.
Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal ſtream!
As Lethe dreadful to the Love of Fame.
What devaſtations on thy banks are ſeen!
What ſhades of mighty names which once have been!

An hecatomb of character ſupplies 350
Thy painted altars' daily ſacrifice.
H——, P——, B——, aſpers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of fineſt ſugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taſte: 355
Scandal 's the ſweet'ner of a female feaſt.
But this inhuman triumph ſhall decline,
And thy revolting Naiads call for wine;
Spirits no longer ſhall ſerve under thee,
But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea! 360
Citronia's noſe declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give Citronia's noſe the lie *?
The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue blam'd;
At length, to reſcue man, the gen'rous laſs 365
Stole from her conſort the pernicious glaſs.
As glorious as the Britiſh queen renown'd,
Who ſuck'd the poiſon from her huſband's wound.
Nor to the glaſs alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But ev'ry bolder vice of bold mankind. 370
O Juvenal! for thy ſeverer rage!
To laſh the ranker follies of our age.
Are there, among the females of our iſle,
Such faults at which it is a fault to ſmile?
There are: Vice, once by modeſt Nature chain'd, 375
And legal ties, expatiates unreſtrain'd;

* ------Solem quis dicere falſum
Audeat? Virg.

Without thin Decency held up to view,
Naked ſhe ſtalks o'er law and goſpel too.
Our matrons lead ſuch examplary lives,
Men ſigh in vain for none, but for their wives; 380
Who marry to be free, to range the more,
And wed one man to wanton with a ſcore.
Abroad too kind, at home 't is ſtedfaſt hate,
And one eternal tempeſt of debate.
What foul eruptions from a look moſt meek! 385
What thunders burſting from a dimpled cheek!
Their paſſions bear it with a loſty hand!
But then their reaſon is at due command.
Is there whom you deteſt, and ſeek his life?
Truſt no ſoul with the ſecret—but his wife. 390
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And aſk what kindred is a ſpouſe to them?
What ſwarms of am'rous grandmothers I ſee!
And miſſes, ancient in iniquity!
What blaſting wiſpers, and what loud declaiming! 395
What lying, drinking, bawding, ſwearing, gaming!
Friendſhip ſo cold, ſuch warm incontinence,
Such griping av'rice, ſuch profuſe expenſe,
Such dead devotion, ſuch a zeal for crimes,
Such licens'd ill, ſuch maſquerading times, 400
Such venal faith, ſuch miſapply'd applauſe,
Such flatter'd guilt, and ſuch inverted laws,
Such diſſolution thro' the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dreſs'd belle
Shines in the pew, but ſmiles to hear of hell, 406
And caſts an eye of ſweet diſdain on all
Who liſten leſs to C—ns than St. Paul.
Atheiſts have been but rare: ſince Nature's birth,
Till now, ſhe-Atheiſts ne'er appear'd on earth. 410
Ye men of deep reſearches! ſay, whence ſprings
This daring character in tim'rous things?
Who ſtart at feathers, from an inſect fly,
A match for nothing—but the Deity
But, not to wrong the fair, the Muſe muſt own, 415
In this purſuit they court not Fame alone,
But join to that a more ſubſtantial view,
"From thinking free, to be free agents too."
They ſtrive with their own hearts, and keep them [down,
In complaiſance to all the fools in Town.
O how they tremble at the name of prude! 421
And die with ſhame at thought of being good!
For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, ſay?
They Heav'n defy, to earth's vile dregs a ſlave, 425
Thro' cowardice moſt execrably brave.
With our own judgments durſt we to comply,
In virtue ſhould we live, in glory die.
Riſe then, my Muſe! in honeſt fury riſe;
They dread a ſatire who defy the ſkies. 430
Atheiſts are few: moſt nymphs a Godhead own,
And nothing but his attributes dethrone.

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

Thus pleads the devil's fair apologiſt,
And, pleading, ſafely enters on his liſt.
Let angel-forms angelick truths maintain,
Nature disjoins the beauteous and profane.
For what 's true beauty but fair Virtue's face? 465
Virtue made viſible in outward grace?
She, then that 's haunted with an impious mind,
Themore ſhe charms, the more ſhe ſhocks mankind.
But charms decline: the fair long vigils keep:
They ſleep no more! Quadrille * has murder'd Sleep.
"Poor K—p! cries Livia; I have not been there 471
"Theſe two nights; the poor creature will deſpair.
"I hate a crowd---but to do good, you know---
"And people of condition ſhould beſtow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons run,
Now ſet a daughter, and now ſtake a ſon; 476
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly,
And beggar half their race---thro' charity.
Immortal were we, or elſe mortal quite,
I leſs ſhould blame this criminal delight; 480
But ſince the gay aſſembly's gayeſt room
Is but an upper ſtory to ſome tomb,
Methinks we need not our ſhort beings ſhun,
And, thought to fly, contend to be undone.
We need not buy our ruin with our crime, 485
And give eternity to murder time.

* Shakeſpeare.

The love of gaming is the worſt of ills;
With ceaſeleſs ſtorms the blacken'd ſoul it fills;
Inveighs at Heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,
Deſtroys the pow'r and will of doing good; 490
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in diſgrace,
And, what is ſtill more dreadful—ſpoils your face.
See yonder ſet of thieves that live on ſpoil,
The ſcandal and the ruin of our iſle!
And ſee, (ſtrange ſight!) amid that ruffian band, 495
A form divine high wave her ſnowy hand,
That rattles loud a ſmall enchanted box,
Which, loud as thunder, on the board ſhe knocks:
And as fierce ſtorms, which earth's foundation ſhook,
From Æolus's cave impetuous broke, 500
From this ſmall cavern a mix'd tempeſt flies,
Fear, rage, convulſion, tears, oaths, blaſphemies!
For men, I mean,---the fair diſcharges none;
She (guiltleſs creature!) ſwears to Heav'n alone.
See her eyes ſtart! cheeks glow! and muſcles ſwell!
Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell. 506
Thus that divine one her ſoft nights employs!
Thus tunes her ſoul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her akeing head, 510
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The die ſpins lovely, or the cards go round;
Imaginary ruins charm her ſtill:
Her happy lord 's cuckolded by Spadil;

And if ſhe 's brought to bed, 't is ten to one 515
He marks the forehead of her darling ſon.
O ſcene of horrour and of wild deſpair!
Why is the rich Atrides' ſplendid heir
Conſtrain'd to quit his ancient lordly ſeat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat? 520
Why that drawn ſword? and whence that diſmal cry?
Why pale diſtraction thro' the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling ſervants from the tempeſt creep.
Why that gay ſon to diſtant regions ſent? 525
What fiends that daughter's deſtin'd match prevent?
Why the whole houſe in ſudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but laſt night---my lady play'd.
But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
Is this, too, owing to the Love of Fame? 530
Tho' now your hearts on lucre are beſtow'd,
'Twas firſt a vain devotion to the mode.
Nor ceaſe we hear, ſince 't is a vice ſo ſtrong,
The torrent ſweeps all womankind along.
This may be ſaid, in honour of our times, 535
That none now ſtand diſtinguiſh'd by their crimes.
If ſin you muſt, take Nature for your guide;
Love has ſome ſoft excuſe to ſooth your pride.
Ye fair apoſtates from Love's ancient pow'r!
Can nothing raviſh but a golden ſhow'r? 540
Can cards alone your glowing fancy ſeize?
Muſt Cupid learn to punt ere he can pleaſe?

When you 're enamour'd of a lift or caft,
What can the preacher more to make us chafte ?
Why muft ftrong youths unmarry'd pine away; 545
They find no woman difengag'd---from play.
Why pine the marry'd ?---O feverer fate!
They find from play no difengag'd---eftate.
Flavia, at lovers falfe, untouch'd, and hard,
Turns pale and trembles at a cruel card. 550
Nor Arria's Bible can fecure her age;
Her threefcore years are fhuffling with her page,
While Death ftands by but till the game is done,
To fweep that ftake, in juftice long his own :
Like old cards ting'd with fulphur fhe takes fire, 555
Or like fnuffs funk in fockets blazes higher.
Ye Gods! with new delights infpire the fair,
Or give us fons, and fave us from defpair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, hufbands, tradefmen, clofe
In my complaint, and brand your fins in profe: 560
Yet I believe as firmly as my creed,
In fpite of all our wifdom, you 'll proceed.
Our pride fo great, our paffion is fo ftrong,
Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.
I hear you cry, " 'This fellow 's very odd." 565
When you chaftife who would not kifs the rod ?
But I 've a charm your anger fhall control,
And turn your eyes with coldnefs on the vole.

The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,
That burfts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your fight. 570

What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your ſouls with [awe?
Her deeds are precepts, her example law;
'Midſt empires charms how Carolina's heart
Glows with the love of virtue and of art!
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree, 575
Exceſs of goodneſs! it has dawn'd on me.
When in my page, to balance num'rous faults,
Or godlike deeds were ſhown, or gen'rous thoughts,
She ſmil'd, induſtrious to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the borrow'd luſtre drew. 580
Thus the majeſtick mother of mankind *,
To her own charms moſt amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently ſtood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the cryſtal flood;
Survey'd the ſtranger in the painted wave,
And, ſmiling, prais'd the beauties which ſhe gave. 586

* Milton.

End of Satire Sixth.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE VII.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipſe, canemus. VIRG.

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

While I ſurvey the bleſſings of our iſle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal ſmile,
Her publick wounds bound up, her credit high,
Her commerce ſpreading ſails in ev'ry ſky,
The pleaſing ſcene recalls my theme agen, 25
And ſhews the madneſs of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodſhed, draw the murd'ring ſword,
And burn to give mankind a ſingle lord.
The follies paſt are of a private kind;
Their ſphere is ſmall, their miſchief is confin'd; 30
But daring men there are (awake, my Muſe!
And raiſe thy verſe!) who bolder frenzy chuſe;
Who, ſtung by glory, rave, and bound away,
The world their field, and humankind their prey.
The Grecian chief, th' enthuſiaſt of his pride, 35
With Rage and Terrour ſtalking by his ſide,
Raves round the globe; he ſoars into a god!
Stand faſt, Olympus! and ſuſtain his nod.
The peſt divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miſeries and pains. 40
What ſlaughter'd hoſts! what cities in a blaze!
What waſted countries! and what crimſon ſeas!
With orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repoſe.
And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraiſe 45
The boiſt'rous boy, and blaſt his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the ſtorm,
Or famine or volcano? they perform

Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can ſlay,
And ſpread their ample deſerts in a day. 50
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With dearth and peſtilence to ſhare the crown.
When men extol a wild deſtroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preſerver they blaſpheme.
One to deſtroy is murder by the law, 55
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thouſands takes a ſpecious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
When after battle I the field have ſeen
Spread o'er with ghaſtly ſhapes which once were men,
A nation cruſh'd, a nation of the brave! 61
A realm of death! and on this ſide the grave!
Are there, ſaid I, who from this ſad ſurvey,
This human chaos, carry ſmiles away?
How did my heart with indignation riſe! 65
How honeſt Nature ſwell'd into my eyes!
How was I ſhock'd to think the hero's trade
Of ſuch materials, fame and triumph, made!
How guilty theſe? yet not leſs guilty they
Who reach falſe glory by a ſmoother way; 70
Who wrap deſtruction up in gentle words,
And bows and ſmiles, more fatal than their ſwords;
Who ſtifle nature, and ſubſiſt on art;
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;
All real kindneſs for the ſhew diſcard, 75
As marble poliſh'd, and as marble hard;

Who do for gold what Chriſtians do thro' grace,
" With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine,
" The thinneſt food on which a wretch can dine:"
Or if they ſerve you, ſerve you diſinclin'd, 81
And in their height of kindneſs are unkind.
Such courtiers were, and ſuch again may be,
Walpole! when men forget to copy thee.
Here ceaſe, my Muſe! the catalogue is writ, 85
Nor one more candidate for fame admit,
Tho' diſappointed thouſands juſtly blame
Thy partial pen, and boaſt an equal claim:
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furniſh laughter for another year. 90
Then let Criſpino, who was ne'er refus'd
The juſtice yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait, and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in ſome future ſtrain.
Some future ſtrain, in which the Muſe ſhall tell 95
How ſcience dwindles, and how volumes ſwell.
How commentators each dark paſſage ſhun,
And hold their farthing candle to the ſun.
How tortur'd texts to ſpeak our ſenſe are made,
And ev'ry vice is to the Scripture laid. 100
How miſers ſqueeze a young voluptuous peer,
His ſins to Lucifer not half ſo dear.
How verſes is leſs qualify'd to ſteal
With ſword and piſtol, than with wax and ſeal.

How lawyers' fees to ſuch exceſs are run, 105
That clients are redreſs'd till they 're undone.
How one man's anguiſh is another's ſport,
And ev'n denials coſt us dear at court.
How man eternally falſe judgments makes,
And all his joys and ſorrows are miſtakes. 110
This ſwarm of themes that ſettles on my pen,
Which I, like ſummer flies, ſhake off agen,
Let others ſing, to whom my weak eſſay
But ſounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
That duty done, I haſten to complete 115
My own deſign, for Tonſon's at the gate.
The Love of Fame in its effects ſurvey'd,
The Muſe has ſung, be now the cauſe diſplay'd:
Since ſo diffuſive, and ſo wide its ſway,
What is this pow'r whom all mankind obey? 120
Shot from above, by Heav'n's indulgence, came
This gen'rous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raiſe, to deify mankind,
Still burning brighteſt in the nobleſt mind.
By large-ſoul'd men, for thirſt of fame renown'd, 125
Wiſe laws were fram'd, and ſacred arts were found;
Deſire of praiſe firſt broke the patriot's reſt,
And made a bulwark of the warriour's breaſt;
It bids Argyle in fields and ſenates ſhine:
What more can prove its origin divine? 130
But, oh! this paſſion planted in the ſoul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,

The flaming minister of virtue meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.
Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force, 135
Of blots and beauties an alternate source;
Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcasses of Wit,
And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a pattern Pollio might have been. 140
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into coxcombs burnishes our fools,
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height;
That key of Nature, by whose wit she clears 145
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.
Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what degrees, Pride sways the soul?
(For tho' in all, not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains. 150
Ye Doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true as if 't were writ in dullest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
And imprimatur usher'd it to light.
Ambition, in the truly noble mind, 155
With sister Virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
From guilt and shame by her last conduct fled:
Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain; 160

But when the ſlave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her ſide, her Love of Fame obey'd.
In meaner minds Ambition works alone,
But with ſuch art puts Virtue's aſpect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien, 165
The god * and mortal in the comick ſcene.
Falſe Julius, ambuſh'd in this fair diſguiſe,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.
No maſk in baſeſt minds Ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her aſs's ears; 170
All I have ſung are inſtances of this,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiſs.
Ye Vain! deſiſt from your erroneous ſtrife;
Be wiſe, and quit the falſe ſublime of life.
The true ambition there alone reſides, 175
Where juſtice vindicates, and wiſdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward ſtate,
Our purpoſe good, as our achievement great;
Where publick bleſſings publick praiſe attend;
Where glory is our motive, not our end. 180
Wouldſt thou be fam'd? have thoſe high deeds in view:
Brave men would act, tho' ſcandal ſhould enſue.
Behold a prince! whom no ſwoln thoughts inflame,
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame;
But when the welfare of mankind inſpires, 185
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conqueſts then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs, ſparkle in his ſight;

* Amphitryon.

Tumult and noiſe are dear, which with them bring
His people's bleſſings to their ardent king; 190
But when thoſe great heroick motives ceaſe,
His ſwelling ſoul ſubſides to native peace;
From tedious Grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A ſudden foe to ſplendour and applauſe;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame, 195
Till men and angels jointly ſhout his name.
O pride celeſtial! which can pride diſdain;
O bleſs'd ambition! which can ne'er be vain.

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

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

Nor human rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad winds, and the tumultuous waves *.
Ev'n ſtorms (Death's fierceſt miniſters!) forbear,
And in their own wild empire learn to ſpare.

* The King in danger by ſea.

Thus Nature's ſelf, ſupporting man's decree, 215
Styles Britain's ſov'reign Sov'reign of the ſea.
While ſea and air, great Brunſwick! ſhook our ſtate,
And ſported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what ſhe lov'd, and preſs'd with fear
Of ever loſing what ſhe held moſt dear, 220
How did Britannia, like Achilles *, weep,
And tell her ſorrows to the kindred deep?
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive for thee with the ſurge, and fight the ſtorm!
What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm? 225
Our Palinurus † ſlept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd, long ſince enur'd to wake,
And outwatch ev'ry ſtar, for Brunſwick's ſake:
By thwarting paſſions toſs'd, by cares oppreſs'd,
He found the tempeſt pictur'd in his breaſt: 230
But now, what joys that gloom of heart diſpel,
No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which Nature and the Graces form,
At will to raiſe or huſh the Civil ſtorm. 234

* Hom. Il. lib. i.
† Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem, &c. Virg. lib. v.

End of the Satires.

A KEY

TO THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE I.

—Gives applauſe to B——e, or to me.] Blackmore (Sir Richard.)

—Churchmen Scripture for the Claſſicks quit;—Polite apoſtates from God's grace to wit.] *N. B.* Virgil, Horace, Terence, Cattullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Manilius, Lucretius, Longinus, Ciceronis opera, Cæſaris Comment. Homer, *&c.* were publiſhed by Biſhop Hare, Dr. Bentley, Dr. Davis, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Pearce, *&c.*

S—e's humour.] Steele (Sir Richard.)

P—y's eloquence.] Pulteney (William, Eſq.)

If at his title T—had dropt his quill, &c.] Dr. Trapp, when Profeſſor of Poetry in the Univerſity of Oxford, wrote *Prælectiones Poeticæ*, Poetical Lectures, which were deſervedly eſteemed; but upon his blank verſe verſion of Virgil, vol. I. Dr. Evans of St. John's college, Oxon, ſent the following diſtich:

Read the commandments, Trapp. tranſlate no further;---
For there 't is written, Thou ſhalt do no murder.

A is depos'd, and B with pomp reſtor'd.] This alludes to Mr. Theobald's publication of a book, entitled, Shakeſpeare Reſtor'd, in oppoſition to Mr. Pope's edition of that author.

C——dos he 'll outdo.] Chandos (Duke of.)

—B—l—ton, thy taſte is not ſo true.] Burlington (Earl of.)

Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has known,—
Nor is good P—b—ke more in love with stone.] Sir Andrew Fountaine, and the late Earl of Pembroke, both great admirers of antique statues.

Put off at night with Lady B—'s hair.] The venerable gray-headed Countess of Bristol.

Fewer grave lords to S——pe discreetly bend.] Mr. Scroope, a great money-lender.

SATIRE II.

Paul Diack, who gave name to a tulip, was an honest, toping, old citizen of London, and a great stock-jobber.

—T——n turn'd upholsterer, &c.] Tonson (Jacob) fitted up many libraries of gilt books for South-sea coxcombs, 1720.

—Leaves to O——.] Orrery (Charles of.)

D——.] Dorset (Earl of), the poet's patron.

Miss D—— tottering.] Miss Duncomb.

—the Stagirite.] Aristotle.

Hence, D——, that openness of heart] Dodington.

St——pe in wit, in breeding D—l—ne.] Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.—Deloraine (Lord.)

SATIRE III.

—H——y's eyes unmercifully keen.] Lady Hervey.

Well, H——r, dost thou thy master serve.] Heiddegger, director of the masquerades.

SATIRE IV.

While C—— mourns, &c.] Anthony Collins, Esq. founder of the sect of Freethinkers.

C——, who makes so merry with the Creed.] The same A. Collins.

Arb——t is a fool, and F—— a sage —S——ey will fright you, E—— engage.] Dr. Arbuthnot, Daniel de Foe, Sir Charles Sedley.

S—— is the worst of friends.] Sussex.

Q——y is fair.] Duchess of Queensberry.

S—— the foremost toyman of his time.] Sloan (Sir Hans,) alluding to his Museum.

Unhappy J——y.] Lady Jersey.

B——le shines in council, M——t in the fight:—P—l—m's magnificent, but J—— can write.] Boyle (Charles) Earl of Orrery. Mordaunt (Charles) Earl of Peterborough. Pelham, Duke of Newcastle. John Dennis.

Will H——t pardon, if I dare commend;—H——t, with zeal, a patron, and a friend?—A——le true wit is studious to restore:—And D——t smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before —P——ke, in years, the long-liv'd arts admires,—And Henrietta like a Muse inspires.] Harcourt (Lord Chancellor.) Argyle (Duke of.) Dorset (Duke of.) Thomas Pembroke (late Earl of.) Lady Henrietta-Cavendish-Holles Harley. Character of Augustus, in the conclusion, applied to his late Majesty (George I.)

SATIRE V.

Foubert has the forming of the fair.] Major Foubert, a riding-maſter.

Sir H——s.] Sir Hans Sloans, M. D.

The fair philoſopher to Rowley flies.] The late Mr. Rowley, an eminent mathematical inſtrument maker, under St. Dunſtan's church in Fleet-ſtreet.

Lady D——.] Daſhwood or Dyſart.

SATIRE VI.

Zinck.] The greateſt maſter in miniature, and enamel painting, in Europe.

H——y the firſt wit.] Lord Hervey.

Cruel R——d.] Duke of Richmond.

G——n.] Lady Betty Germain.

H——,P——,B——.] Hervey, Pearce, Blount, (Ladies.)

C——s.] Collins (Anthony, Eſq.)

T—l—n.] Archbiſhop Tillotſon's and Dr. Burnet's doctrine of the non-eternity of hell torments.

K——p.] Mrs. Kemp, keeper of an aſſemblee.

Carolina's heart, &c.] Acknowledgment of the late Queen's favours to the Author.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLES TO MR. POPE,

CONCERNING THE

AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

M.DCC.XXX

EPISTLE I.

WHILST you at Twick'nham plan the future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wiſe and good,
Our ſenate meets; at parties parties bawl,
And pamphlets ſtun the ſtreets and load the ſtall:
Só ruſhing tides bring things obſcene to light, 5
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs ſwim in ſight;
The Civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' proſe works up, and Lico's ſtrains.
Lo! what from cellars riſe, what ruſh from high,
Where Speculation rooſted near the ſky; 10
Letters, eſſays, ſock, buſkin, ſatire, ſong,
And all the garret thunders on the throng!
O Pope! I burſt; nor can nor will refrain;
I 'll write, let others in their turn complain.
Truce, truce, ye Vandals! my tormented ear 15
Leſs dreads a pillory than pamphleteer:

I've heard myſelf to death; and, plagu'd each hour,
Sha'n't I return the vengeance in my pow'r?
For who can write the true abſurd like me?—
Thy pardon, Codrus! who, I mean, but thee? 20
Pope! if like mine or Codrus' were thy ſtyle,
The blood of vipers had not ſtain'd thy file;
Merit leſs ſolid leſs deſpite had bred;
They had not bit, and then they had not bled.
Fame is a publick miſtreſs none enjoys, 25
But, more or leſs, his rival's peace deſtroys;
With fame, in juſt proportion, envy grows;
The man that makes a character makes foes:
Slight peeviſh inſects round a genius riſe,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies; 30
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To ſhew they live) they flutter, and they ſting;
But as by depredations waſps proclaim
The faireſt fruit, ſo theſe the faireſt fame.
Shall we not cenſure all the motley train, 35
Whether with ale irriguous or champaign?
Whether they tread the vale of proſe, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college ſloven, or embroider'd ſpark;
The purple prelate, or the pariſh-clerk; 40
The quiet quidnunck, or demanding prig;
The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or ſad;
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad:

Profoundly dull, or ſhallowly polite; 45
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds,
And meaſuring words to meaſuring ſhapes ſucceeds;
For bankrupts write when ruin'd ſhops are ſhut,
As maggots crawl from out a periſh'd nut: 50
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting ſenſe for tradeſmen, ſerve for wits.
By thriving men ſubſiſts each other trade;
Of ev'ry broken craft a writer 's made:
Thus his material, paper, takes its birth 55
From tatter'd rags of all the ſtuff on earth.
Hail, fruitful iſle! to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old ſong;
Thee well a Land of Liberty we name,
Where all are free to ſcandal and to ſhame; 60
Thy ſons, by print, may ſet their hearts at eaſe,
And be mankind's contempt whene'er they pleaſe;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject ſenſe
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
Their heavy proſe our injur'd reaſon tires; 65
Their verſe immoral kindles looſe deſire:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our ſport and pity, puniſhment and crime.
What glorious motives urge our authors on
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone? 70
One loſes his eſtate, and down he ſits,
To ſhew (in vain) he ſtill retains his wits;

Another marries, and his dear proves keen:
He writes, as an hypnotick for the ſpleen:
Some write, confin'd by phyſick; ſome by debt; 75
Some for 't is Sunday; ſome becauſe 't is wet:
Thro' private pique ſome do the publick right,
And love their king and country out of ſpight:
Another writes becauſe his father writ,
And proves himſelf a baſtard by his wit. 80

Has Lico learning, humour thought profound?
Neither: why write then? he wants twenty pound:
His belly, not his brains, this impulſe give;
He 'll grow immortal, for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream, 85
With no proviſion made, but of his theme:
Perhaps a title has his fancy ſmit,
Or a quaint motto, which he thinks has wit:
He writes, in inſpiration puts his truſt,
Tho' wrong his thoughts, the gods will make them juſt:
Genius directly from the gods deſcends, 91
And who by labour would diſtruſt his friends?
Thus having reaſon'd with conſummate ſkill,
In immortality he dips his quill;
And, ſince blank paper is deny'd the preſs, 95
He mingles the whole alphabet by gueſs;
In various ſets, which various words compoſe,
Of which he hopes mankind the meaning knows.

So ſounds ſpontaneous from the Sybil broke,
Dark to herſelf the wonders which ſhe ſpoke; 100

The priests found out the meaning if they cou'd,
And nations star'd at what none understood.
Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the whole
And great concern of an immortal soul!)
Oft' have I said, "Awake! exist! and strive 105
"For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
As oft' I overheard the demon say,
Who daily met the loit'rer in his way, [plies,
"I'll meet thee, Youth! at White's." The youth re-
"I'll meet thee there," and falls his sacrifice: 110
His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To ev'ry bribe, and blind to ev'ry snare.
Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,
Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we! all but life they stake; 115
How must Spain tremble, and the German shake?
Such writers have we! all but sense they print;
Ev'n George's praise is dated from the Mint.
In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before you thus aspire, 121
And steal (for you can steal) celestial fire.
O the just contrast! O the beauteous strife!
'Twixt their cool writings and Pindarick life:
They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;
The cheat the lender, and their works the buyer. 126
I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:

For who ſo ſad but muſt ſome mirth confeſs
At gay Caſtruchio's miſcellaneous dreſs? 130
Tho' there 's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There 's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.
  Theſe, Nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majeſtick dome;
They make a private ſtudy of the ſtreet, 135
And, looking full on ev'ry man they meet,
Run ſouſe againſt his chaps, who ſtands amaz'd
To find they did not ſee, but only gaz'd.
How muſt theſe bards be rapt into the ſkies?
You need not read, you feel their ecſtaſies. 140
  Will they perſiſt? 't is madneſs. Lintot, run,
See them confin'd.---" O, that 's already done."
Moſt, as by leaſes, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, poſſeſſion of the Mint.
If you miſtake, and pity theſe poor men, 145
Eſt Ulubris, they cry, and write agen.
  Such wits their nuiſance manfully expoſe,
And then pronounce juſt judges learning's foes.
O frail concluſion! the reverſe is true;
If foes to learning, they 'd be friends to you: 150
Treat them, ye Judges! with an honeſt ſcorn,
And weed the cockle from the gen'rous corn:
There 's true goodnature in your diſreſpect;
In juſtice to the good, the bad neglect:
For immortality if hardſhips plead, 155
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O! what wiſdom can convince a fool
But that 't is dulneſs to conceive him dull?
'Tis ſad experience takes the cenſor's part,
Conviction not from reaſon, but from ſmart. 160
A virgin author, recent from the preſs,
The ſheets yet wet, applauds his great ſucceſs;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Thoſe in his hand, and glory in his head;
'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight! 165
His heart beats thick, nor cloſe his eyes all night;
But riſing the next morn to claſp his fame,
He finds that without ſleeping he could dream.
So ſparks, they ſay, take goddeſſes to bed,
And find next day the devil in their ſtead. 170
In vain advertiſements the Town o'erſpread;
They 're epitaphs, and ſay the work is dead.
Who preſs for fame but ſmall recruits will raiſe;
'Tis volunteers alone can give the bays.
A famous author viſits a great man, 175
Of his immortal work diſplays the plan,
And ſays, "Sir, I 'm your friend; all fear diſmiſs;
"Your glory and my own ſhall live by this;
"Your pow'r is fix'd, your fame thro' time convey'd,
"And Britain Europe's queen—If I am paid." 180
A ſtateſman has his anſwer in a trice;
"Sir, ſuch a genius is beyond all price;
"What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns,
His work is folded, and his boſom burns:

His patron he will patronize no more, 185
But rushes like a tempest out of door.
Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another, and the same;
For A, his magick pen evokes an O,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe: 190
He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff,
But 'tis so very foul it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar,
But when once publish'd they are heard no more.
Thus distant bugbears fright, but nearer draw, 195
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.
Can these oblige whose heads and hearts are such!
No; ev'ry party's tainted by their touch.
Infected persons fly each publick place,
And none, or enemies alone embrace: 200
To the foul fiend their ev'ry passion's sold;
They love and hate, *extempore*, for gold.
What image of their fury can we form?
Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.
Rest they in peace? If you are pleas'd to buy, 205
To swell your sails, like Lapland winds they fly.
Write they with rage? the tempest quickly flags;
A state Ulysses tames 'em with his bags:
Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew,
For Christian ministers of state are few. 210
Behind the curtain lurks the fountain-head
That pours his politicks thro' pipes of lead,

Which far and near ejaculate and ſpout,
O'er tea and coffee, poiſon to the rout;
But when they have beſpatter'd all they may, 215
The ſtateſman throws his filthy ſquirts away!
With golden forceps theſe another takes,
And ſtate-elixirs of the vipers makes.
The richeſt ſtateſman wants wherewith to pay
A ſervile ſycophant, if well they weigh 220
How much it coſts the wretch to be ſo baſe;
Nor can the greateſt pow'rs enough diſgrace,
Enough chaſtiſe, ſuch proſtitute applauſe,
If well they weigh how much it ſtains their cauſe.
But are our writers ever in the wrong? 225
Does virtue ne'er ſeduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well-brib'd, for virtue-ſelf they fight,
Still in the wrong, tho' champions for the right:
Whoe'er their crimes for int'reſt only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds commit. 230
Nought but inconſtancy Britannia meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd ſheets.
From the ſame hand how various is the page?
What Civil war their brother pamphlets wage?
Tracts, battle tracts, ſelf-contradictions glare; 235
Say, is this lunacy —I wiſh it were.
If ſuch our writers, ſtartled at the ſight,
Felons may bleſs their ſtars they cannot write!
How juſtly Proteus' tranſmigrations fit
The monſtrous changes of a modern wit? 240

Now ſuch a gentle ſtream of eloquence,
As ſeldom riſes to the verge of ſenſe;
Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a flame,
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;
Now, on immodeſt traſh, the ſwine obſcene 245
Invites the Town to ſup at Drury-lane;
A dreadful lion, now he roars at pow'r,
Which ſends him to his brothers at the Tow'r;
He 's now a ſerpent, and his double tongue,
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of thoſe he ſtung. 250
What note can bind him, his evaſion ſuch?
One knot he well deſerves which might do much.
The flood, flame, ſwine, the lion, and the ſnake,
Thoſe fivefold monſters modern authors make.
The ſnake reigns moſt; ſnakes, Pliny ſays, are bred
When the brain 's periſh'd in a human head. 256
Ye grov'lling, trodden, whipt, ſtript, turncoat things,
Made up of venom, volumes, ſtains, and ſtings!
Thrown from the tree of Knowledge, like you, curs'd
To ſcribble in the duſt, was ſnake the firſt. 260
What if the figure ſhould in fact prove true?
It did in Elkenah, why not in you?
Poor Elkenah, all other changes paſt,
For bread in Smithfield dragons hiſs'd at laſt,
Spit ſtreams of fire to make the butchers gape, 265
And found his manners ſuited to his ſhape.
Such is the fate of talents miſapply'd;
So liv'd your prototype, and ſo he dy'd.

Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain; 270
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is eminently ſeen:
Heav'n ſtands abſolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Thro' meager jaws they draw their venal breath, 275
As ghaſtly as their brothers in Macbeth:
Their feet thro' faithleſs leather meet the dirt,
And oft'ner chang'd their principles than ſhirt:
The tranſient veſtments of theſe frugal men
Haſten to paper for our mirth agen: 280
Too ſoon (O merry melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble thro' a grate:
The man lampoon'd forgets it at the ſight;
The friend thro' pity gives, the foe thro' ſpight;
And tho' full conſcious of his injur'd purſe, 285
Lintot relents, nor Curll can wiſh them worſe.
So fare the men who writers dare commence
Without their patent, probity, and ſenſe.
From theſe their politicks our quidnuncks ſeek,
And Saturday 's the learning of the week: 290
Theſe lab'ring wits, like paviers, mend our ways
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat, eſſays;
Ram their coarſe nonſenſe down, tho' ne'er ſo dull,
And hem at ev'ry thump upon your ſcull:
Theſe ſtaunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
And honeſt Folly echoes to the lie. 296

O how I laugh when I a blockhead ſee
Thanking a villain for his probity;
Who ſtretches out a moſt reſpectful ear,
With ſnares for woodcocks in his holy leer: 300
It tickles thro' my ſoul to hear the cock's
Sincere encomium on his friend the fox,
Sole patron of his liberties and rights!
While graceleſs Reynard liſtens—till he bites.
As when the trumpet ſounds, th' o'erloaded ſtate
Diſcharges all her poor and profligate, 306
Crimes of all kinds diſhonour'd weapons wield,
And priſons pour their filth into the field;
Thus Nature's refuſe, and the dregs of men,
Compoſe the black militia of the pen. 310

EPISTLE II.

FROM OXFORD.

All write at London; ſhall the rage abate
Here, where it moſt ſhould ſhine, the Muſes' ſeat?
Where, mortal or immortal, as they pleaſe,
The learn'd may chuſe eternity or eaſe?
Has not a royal patron * wiſely ſtrove 5
To woo the Muſe in her Athenian grove?
Added new ſtrings to her harmonious ſhell,
And give new tongues to thoſe who ſpoke ſo well?

* His late Majeſty's benefaction for modern languages.

Let thefe inftruct, with truth's illuftrious ray
Awake the world, and fcar our owls away. 10
Mean-while, O Friend! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to write and live;
Serious fhould be an author's final views:
Who write for pure amufement ne'er amufe.
An Author! 't is a venerable name! 15
How few deferve it, and what numbers claim?
Unblefs'd with fenfe above their peers refin'd,
Who fhall ftand up dictators to mankind?
Nay, who dare fhine, if not in virtue's caufe?
That fole proprietor of juft applaufe. 20
Ye reftlefs Men! who pant for letter'd praife,
With whom would you confult to gain the bays?—
With thofe great authors whofefam'd works you read?
'Tis well; go, then, confult the laurell'd fhade.
What anfwer will the laurell'd fhade return 25
Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
The nobleft works his envy'd genius writ,
That boaft of nought more excellent than wit.
If this be true, as 't is a truth moft dread,
Wo to the page which has not that to plead! 30
Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wifh'd unwrote
The fprightlieft efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and Waller, brighteft fons of Fame,
Condemn'd the charm of ages to the flame.
And in one point is all true wifdom caft? 35
To think that early, we muft think at laft.

Immortal wits, ev'n dead, break Nature's laws,
Injurious ſtill to virtue's ſacred cauſe;
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be forgot. 40
Thus ends your courted fame: does lucre then,
The ſacred thirſt of gold, betray your pen?
In proſe 't is blameable, in verſe 't is worſe,
Provokes the Muſe, extorts Apollo's curſe;
His ſacred influence never ſhould be ſold; 45
'Tis arrant Simony to ſing for gold:
'Tis immortality ſhould fire your mind:
Scorn a leſs paymaſter than all mankind.
If bribes you ſeek, know this, ye writing Tribe!
Who writes for virtue has the largeſt bribe: 50
All 's on the party of the virtuous man;
The good will ſurely ſerve him if they can;
The bad, when int'reſt or ambition guide,
And 't is at once their int'reſt and their pride;
But ſhould both fail to take him to their care, 55
He boaſts a greater friend, and both may ſpare.
Letters to man uncommon light diſpenſe,
And what is virtue but ſuperiour ſenſe?
In parts and learning you who place your pride;
Your faults are crimes, your crimes are double-dy'd.
What is a ſcandal of the firſt renown, 61
But letter'd knaves, and Atheiſts in a gown?
'Tis harder far to pleaſe than give offence;
The leaſt miſconduct damns the brighteſt ſenſe:

Each ſhallow pate, that cannot read your name, 65
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impreſſions deep
On thoſe that o'er a page of Milton ſleep:
Nor in their dulneſs think to ſave your ſhame;
True, theſe are fools; but wiſe men ſay the ſame. 70
Wits are a deſpicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man ſhocks us, while the writer ſhines,
Our ſcorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence ſome diſpenſe,
And play the fool becauſe they 're men of ſenſe. 76
What inſtances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their genius brought?
Againſt their wills what numbers ruin ſhun,
Purely thro' want of wit to be undone? 80
Nature has ſhewn, by making it ſo rare,
That wit 's a jewel which we need not wear:
Of plain ſound ſenſe life 's current coin is made;
With that we drive the moſt ſubſtantial trade.
Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays, 85
A ſplendid ſource of ill ten thouſand ways;
A certain ſnare to miſeries immenſe,
A gay prerogative from common ſenſe;
Unleſs ſtrong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame. 90
But grant your judgment equal to the beſt,
Senſe fills your head, and genius fires your breaſt;

Yet ſtill forbear: your wit (conſider well)
'Tis great to ſhew, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to ſeize the golden prize 95
Of place or pow'r, but greater to deſpiſe.
If ſtill you languiſh for an author's name,
Think private merit leſs than publick fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deſerve, and take the great prerogative: 100
But ponder what it is, how dear 't will coſt
To write one page which you may juſtly boaſt.
Senſe may be good, yet not deſerve the preſs;
Who write, an awful character profeſs;
The world as pupil of their wiſdom claim, 105
And for their ſtipend an immortal fame.
Nothing but what is ſolid or refin'd
Should dare aſk publick audience of mankind.
Severely weigh your learning and your wit;
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ: 110
No writer, fam'd in your own way, paſs o'er;
Much truſt example, but reflection more:
More had the Ancients writ they more had taught,
Which ſhews ſome work is left for modern thought.
This weigh'd, perfection know, and known, adore,
Toil, burn for that, but do not aim at more: 116
Above, beneath it, the juſt limits fix,
And zealouſly prefer four lines to ſix.
Write, and rewrite, blot out, and write again,
And for its ſwiftneſs ne'er applaud your pen; 120

Leave to the jockeys that Newmarke praiſe;
Slow runs the Pegaſus that wins the bays.
Much time for immortality to pay
Is juſt and wiſe; for leſs is thrown away.
Time only can mature the lab'ring brain; 125
Time is the father and the midwife Pain:
The ſame good ſenſe that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impoſſibilities they ſeek.
What man can be immortal in a week? 130
Excuſe no fault, tho' beautiful 't will harm;
One fault ſhocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctneſs; Addiſon
And you this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once Achilles found, 135
The whole is mortal, if a part 's unſound.
He that ſtrikes out, and ſtrikes not out the beſt,
Pours luſtre in, and dignifies the reſt:
Give e'er ſo little, if what 's right be there,
We praiſe for what you burn, and what you ſpare:
The part you burn ſmells ſweet before the ſhrine, 141
And is as incenſe to the part divine.
Nor frequent write, tho' you can do it well;
Men may too oft', tho' not too much excel.
A few good works gain fame; more ſink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice: 146
They granted you writ well; what can they more,
Unleſs you let them praiſe for giving o'er?

Do boldly what you do, and let your page
Smile, if it ſmiles, and if it rages, rage, 150
So faintly Lucius cenſures and commends,
That Lucius has no foes except his friends.
Let ſatire leſs engage you than applauſe;
It ſhews a gen'rous mind to wink at flaws.
Is genius your's? be your's a glorious end, 155
Be your king's, country's, truth's, religion's, friend.
The publick glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run poſterity, in debt;
And ſince the fam'd alone make others live,
Firſt have that glory you preſume to give. 160
If ſatire charms, ſtrike faults, but ſpare the man;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal ſplinters fly.
As the ſoft plume gives ſwiftneſs to the dart, 165
Good-breeding ſends the ſatire to the heart.
Painters and ſurgeons may the ſtructure ſcan,
Genius and morals be with you the man:
Defaults in thoſe alone ſhould give offence;
Who ſtrikes the perſon pleads his innocence. 170
My narrow-minded ſatire cann't extend
To Codrus' form; I'm not ſo much his friend:
Himſelf ſhould publiſh that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, ſhort, thin, or fat, 175
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.

Is that call'd humour; it has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, nor ſenſe.
Unleſs you boaſt the genius of a Swift,
Beware of humour, the dull rogue's laſt ſhift. 180
Can others write like you? your taſk give o'er,
'Tis printing what was publiſh'd long before.
If nought peculiar thro' your labours run,
They 're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think cloſe, read Nature, turn 185
Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn.
To nurſe with quick reflection be your ſtrife,
Thoughts borne from preſent objects warm from life;
When moſt unſought, ſuch inſpirations riſe,
Slighted by fools, and cheriſh'd by the wiſe: 190
Expect peculiar fame from theſe alone;
Theſe make an author, theſe are all your own.
Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er,
Hence unexperienc'd children of threeſcore.
True, all men think of courſe, as all men dream, 195
And if they ſlightly think 't is much the ſame.
Letters admit not of a half renown;
They give you nothing, or they give a crown.
No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man. 200
Weighty the ſubject, cogent the diſcourſe;
Clear be the ſtyle, the very ſound of force;
Eaſy the conduct, ſimple the deſign,
Striking the moral, and the ſoul divine.

Let Nature art, and judgment wit, exceed; 205
O'er learning reason reign, o'er that your Creed;
Thus virtue's seeds at once, and laurels, grow;
Do thus, and rise a Pope or a Despreau;
And when your genius exquisitely shines,
Live up to the full lustre of your lines. 210
Parts but expose those men who virtue quit;
A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
And they plead Lucifer's detested cause,
Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
Would you restore just honours to the pen? 215
From able writers rise to worthy men.
"Who's this with nonsense nonsense would restrain?
"Who's this (they cry) so vainly schools the vain?
"Who damns our trash with so much trash replete?
"As three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat?" 220
Shall I with Bavius, then, my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
With huge examens overwhelm my page,
And darken reason with dogmatick rage?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme, 225
In prose a duller could excuse the crime?
Sure next to writing, the most idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.
At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe: 230
Time is the judge; Time has nor friend nor foe;
False fame must wither, and the true will grow.

Arm'd with this truth, all criticks I defy;
For if I fall, by my own pen I die; 234
While ſnarlers ſtrive with proud but fruitleſs pain,
To wound immortals, or to ſlay the ſlain.
Sore preſs'd with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to ſerve me this campaign, 240
And ſafely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and ſleep behind my ſhield,
Unleſs dire Codrus rouſes to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.
As turns a flock of geeſe, and on the green 245
Poke out their fooliſh necks in awkward ſpleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to hiſs, not bite,
So war their quills when ſons of Dulneſs write. 248

AN EPISTLE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

When Rome, my Lord, in her full glory ſhone,
And great Auguſtus rul'd the globe alone;
While ſuppliant kings, in all their pomp and ſtate,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace-gate,
Horace did oft' the mighty man detain, 5
And ſooth'd his breaſt with no ignoble ſtrain;
Now ſoar'd aloft, now ſtruck an humbler ſtring,
And taught the Roman genius how to ſing.

Pardon, if I his freedom dare purſue,
Who know no want of Cæſar, finding you; 10
The Muſes' friend is pleas'd, the Muſe ſhould preſs
Thro' circling crowds, and labour for acceſs;
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And ſhining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world induſtrious to proclaim 15
His love of arts, and boaſt the glorious flame.

Long has the Weſtern World reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her ſorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
Fell Diſcord thro' her borders fiercely rang'd,
And ſhook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and ſea its utmoſt rage employ'd, 21
Nor Heav'n repair'd ſo faſt as men deſtroy'd.

In vain kind ſummers plenteous fields beſtow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;
Alarms from loaden boards all pleaſure chas'd, 25
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taſte;
The ſmiles of Nature could no bleſſing bring,
The fruitful Autumn, or the flow'ry ſpring;
Time was diſtinguiſh'd by the ſword and ſpear,
Not by the various aſpects of the year; 30
The trumpet's ſound proclaim'd a milder ſky,
And bloodſhed told us when the ſun was nigh.

But now (ſo ſoon is Britain's bleſſing ſeen,
When ſuch as you are near, her glorious Queen!)
Now Peace, tho' long repuls'd, arrives at laſt, 35
And bids us ſmile on all our labours paſt;

Bids ev'ry nation ceaſe her wonted moan,
And ev'ry monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now ſucceed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed: 40
Renown'd in councils, brave Argyle ſhall tell,
Wiſdom and proweſs in one breaſt may dwell;
Thro' milder tracks he ſoars to deathleſs fame,
And without trembling we reſound his name.
No more the riſing harveſt whets the ſword, 45
No longer waves uncertain of its lord:
Who caſt the ſeed the golden ſheaf ſhall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the maſter's name:
Each ſtream, unſtain'd with blood, more ſmoothly [flows,
The brighter ſun a fuller day beſtows;
All Nature ſeems to wear a cheerful face, 51
And thank great Anna for returning peace.
The patient thus, when on his bed of pain
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But riſes to new life, in ev'ry field 55
He finds Elyſium, rivers nectar yield;
Nothing ſo cheap and vulgar but can pleaſe,
And borrow beauties from his late diſeaſe.
Nor is it peace alone, but ſuch a peace
As more than bids the rage of battle ceaſe. 60
Death may determine war, and reſt ſucceed,
'Cauſe nought ſurvives on which our rage may feed;
In faithful friends we loſe our glorious foes,
And ſtriſes of love exalt our ſweet repoſe.

See graceful Bolingbroke, your friend, advance, 65
Nor miſs his Lanſdown in the court of France:
So well receiv'd, ſo welcome, ſo at home,
(Bleſs'd change of fate!) in Bourbon's ſtately dome,
The monarch pleas'd, deſcending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own: 70
He claims a part; and looking round to find
Something might ſpeak the fulneſs of his mind,
A di'mond ſhines, which oft' had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now firſt with joy beheld, well plac'd on one 75
Who makes him leſs regret his darling ſon:
So dear is Anna's miniſter, ſo great
Your glorious friend in his own private ſtate.
To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does Nature interpoſe the raging main: 80
The Gallick ſhore to diſtant Britain grows,
For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows:
From conflicts paſt each other's worth we find,
And thence in ſtricter friendſhip now are join'd;
Each wound receiv'd now pleads the cauſe of love,
And former injuries endearments prove. 86
What Briton but muſt prize th' illuſtrious ſword
That cauſe of fear to Churchill could afford?
Who ſworn to Bourbon's ſceptre, but muſt frame
Vaſt thoughts of him that could brave Tallard tame?
Thus gen'rous hatred in affection ends, 91
And war, which rais'd the foes, completes the friends.

A thouſand happy conſequences flow,
(The dazzling proſpect makes my boſom glow)
Commerce ſhall lift her ſwelling ſails, and roll 95
Her wealthy fleets ſecure from pole to pole.
The Britiſh merchant, who with care and pain,
For many moons ſees only ſkies and main,
When now, in view of his lov'd native ſhore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er, 100
Cauſe to regret his wealth no more ſhall find,
Nor curſe the mercy of the ſea and wind:
By hardeſt fate condemn'd to ſerve a foe,
And give him ſtrength to ſtrike a deeper blow.
Sweet Philomela providently flies 105
To diſtant woods and ſtreams for ſuch ſupplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to ſing;
Mean-while the fowler ſpreads his ſecret ſnare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care. 110
Britannia's bold adventurer of late,
The foaming ocean plough'd with equal fate.
Goodneſs is greatneſs in its utmoſt height,
And pow'r a curſe, if not a friend to right.
To conquer is to make diſſenſion ceaſe, 115
That man may ſerve the King of kings in peace.
Religion now ſhall all her rays diſpenſe,
And ſhine abroad in perfect excellence;
Elſe may we dread ſome greater curſe at hand,
To ſcourge a thoughtleſs and ungrateful land. 120

Now War is weary, and retir'd to reſt;
The meager Famine, and the ſpotted Peſt,
Deputed in her ſtead, may blaſt the day,
And ſweep the relicks of the ſword away.
When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulneſs of his glory ſhone: 125
Wiſe Solomon, a ſtranger to the ſword,
Was born to raiſe a temple to the Lord.
Anne, too, ſhall build, and ev'ry ſacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's iſle. 130
Thoſe mighty ſouls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force, to bleſs
Th' almighty Author of their late ſucceſs.
And what is all the world ſubdu'd to this? 135
The grave ſets bounds to ſublunary bliſs.
But there are conqueſts to great Anna known,
Above the ſplendour of an earthly throne;
Conqueſts! whoſe triumph is too great within
The ſcanty bounds of matter to begin; 140
Too glorious to ſhine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkneſs of the ſtars and ſun,
And ſhall whole ages paſt be ſtill, ſtill but begun.
Heroick Shades! whom war has ſwept away,
Look down, and ſmile on this auſpicious day; 145
Now boaſt your deaths, to thoſe your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt or Creſſy fell,

Then deep into eternity retire;
Of greater things than peace or war inquire;
Fully content, and unconcern'd to know 150
What farther paſſes in the world below.
The braveſt of mankind ſhall now have leave
To die but once, nor peacemeal ſeek the grave:
On gain or pleaſure bent, we ſhall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each ſtreet, 155
(Owners of bones diſpers'd on Flandria's plain,
Or waſting in the bottom of the main)
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear
Leſt it an inſult of their woes appear,
And make us grudge ourſelves that wealth their blood
Perhaps preſerv'd, who ſtarve or beg for food. 161
Devotion ſhall run pure, and diſengage
From that ſtrange fate of mixing peace with rage.
On Heav'n without a ſin we now may call,
And guiltleſs to our Maker proſtrate fall; 165
Be Chriſtians while we pray; nor in one breath
Aſk mercy for ourſelves, for others death.
But, O! I view with tranſport arts reſtor'd,
Which double uſe to Britain ſhall afford,
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field, 170
And yet for future peace ſweet motives yield:
While we contemplate, on the painted wall,
The preſſing Britain and the flying Gaul,
In ſuch bright images, ſuch living grace,
As leave great Raphael but the ſecond place, 175

Our cheeks ſhall glow, our heaving boſoms riſe,
And martial ardours ſparkle in our eyes;
Much we ſhall triumph in our battles paſt,
And yet conſent thoſe battles prove our laſt,
Leſt, while in arms for brighter fame we ſtrive, 180
We loſe the means to keep that fame alive.
In ſilent groves the birds delight to ſing,
Or near the margin of a ſecret ſpring:
Now all is calm, ſweet muſick ſhall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurſe of love. 185
But what's the warbling voice, the trembling ſtring,
Or breathing canvaſs, when the Muſes ſing?
The Muſe, my Lord, your care above the reſt,
With riſing joy dilates my partial breaſt.
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar, 190
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to ſoar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal! was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bleed:
For Janus ſhut her Io Pœans rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil ſung. 195
A thouſand various forms the Muſe may wear,
(A thouſand various forms become the fair)
But ſhines in none with more majeſtick mien,
Than when in ſtate ſhe draws the purple ſcene,
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage, 200
And mourning Beauty melt the crowded ſtage;
Charms back paſt ages, gives to Britain's uſe
The nobleſt virtues time did e'er produce;

Leaves fam'd hiſtorians' boaſted art behind;
They keep the ſoul alone, and that 's confin'd, 205
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy ſpeaks;
The hero's preſence deep impreſſion makes;
The ſcene his ſoul and body reunite,
Furniſh a voice, produce him to the ſight;
Make our contemporary him that ſtood 210
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Neſtor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our ſervice draw his ſword.
More glory to an author what can bring,
Whence nobler ſervice to his country ſpring, 215
Than from thoſe labours which, in man's deſpight,
Poſſeſs him with a paſſion for the right?
With honeſt magick make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Thro' all her toils and dangers bid him rove, 220
And with her wants and anguiſh fall in love?
Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wiſh the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your underſtanding, and their ſkill
Can domineer at pleaſure o'er your will: 225
Nor is the ſhort-liv'd conqueſt quickly paſt;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert faſt.
How often have I ſeen the gen'rous bowl
With pleaſing force unlock a ſecret ſoul,
And ſteal a truth, which ev'ry ſober hour 230
(The proſe of life) had kept within her pow'r?

The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd;
Yet when the ſpirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the ſentiment betray'd; 235
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confeſſion charge the lie.
Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodneſs here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws, 240
Could render advocates in Virtue's cauſe,
Caught by the ſcene, have unawares reſign'd
Their wonted diſpoſition of the mind:
By ſlow degrees prevails the pleaſing tale,
As circling glaſſes on our ſenſes ſteal, 245
Till throughly by the Muſes' banquet warm'd,
The paſſions toſſing, all the ſoul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots, fluſh'd with glorious rage,
Riſe in their ſeats, and ſcarce forbear the ſtage,
Aſſiſtance to wrong'd innocence to bring, 250
Or turn the poniard on ſome tyrant king.
How can they cool to villains? how ſubſide
To dregs of vice, from ſuch a godlike pride?
To ſpoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept laſt night to ſee Monimia mourn? 255
In this gay ſchool of virtue whom ſo fit
To govern and control the world of wit
As Talbot, Lanſdown's friend, has Britain known?
Him poliſh'd Italy has call'd her own;

He in the lap of Elegance was bred, 260
And trac'd the Muſes to their fountain-head;
But much we hope he will enjoy at home
What 's nearer ancient than the modern Rome,
Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the Britiſh genius would advance: 265
There, too, has Shrewſbury improv'd his taſte,
Yet ſtill we dare invite him to our feaſt,
For Corneille's ſake I ſhall my thoughts ſuppreſs
Of Oroonoko, and preſume him leſs:
What tho' we wrong him? Iſabella's wo 270
Waters thoſe bays that ſhall for ever grow.
Our foes confeſs, nor we the praiſe refuſe,
The drama glories in the Britiſh Muſe.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead
Of cloſe intrigue the labyrinthian thread. 275
Our genius more affects the grand than fine;
Our ſtrength can make the great plain action ſhine:
They raiſe a great curioſity indeed,
From his dark maze to ſee the hero freed;
We rouſe th' affections, and that hero ſhow 280
Gaſping beneath ſome formidable blow:
They ſigh; we weep: the Gallick doubt and care
We heighten into terrour and deſpair;
Strike home, the ſtrongeſt paſſions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience ſhould be pleas'd too much.
What 's great in Nature we can greatly draw, 286
Nor thank for beauties the dramatick law.

The fate of Cæſar is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallick taſte to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove 290
The golden arras with gay flow'rs of love:
We know Heav'n made him a far greater man
Than any Cæſar in a human plan;
And ſuch we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To ſtand affected with what Heav'n deſign'd. 295
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakeſpeare but wrote the play th' Almighty made:
Our neighbour's ſtage-art too bare fac'd betrays;
'Tis great Corneille at ev'ry ſcene we praiſe:
On Nature's ſurer aid Britannia calls; 300
None think of Shakeſpeare till the curtain falls;
Then, with a ſigh, returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Perſia, Greece, or Rome.
France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our ſtrong deſigns. 305
That oft' they think more juſtly we muſt own,
Not ancient Greece a truer ſenſe has ſhown:
Greece thought but juſtly, they think juſtly too;
We ſometimes err, by ſtriving more to do.
So well are Racine's meaneſt perſons taught, 310
But change a ſentiment you make a fault:
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame:
When we boaſt more we own ourſelves to blame.
And yet in Shakeſpeare ſomething ſtill I find
That makes me leſs eſteem all humankind; 315

He made one nature, and another found;
Both in one page with maſterſtrokes abound:
His witches, fairies, and enchanted iſle,
Bids us no longer at our nurſes ſmile.
Of loſt hiſtorians we almoſt complain, 320
Nor think it the creation of his brain.
Who lives when his Othello's in a trance?
With his great Talbot*, too, he conquer'd France.
Long may we hope brave Talbot's blood will run
In great deſcendents; Shakeſpeare has but one; 325
And him, my Lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind ſilence ſpare his rival's ſhame:—
Yet I in vain that author would ſuppreſs;
What cann't be greater cannot be made leſs:
Each reader will defeat my fruitleſs aim, 330
And to himſelf great Agamemnon name. [ſmile,
Should Shakeſpeare riſe, unbleſs'd with Talbot's
Ev'n Shakeſpeare's ſelf would curſe this barren iſle;
But if that reigning ſtar propitious ſhine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine, 335
Ev'n I, by far the meaneſt of your age,
Shall not repent my paſſion for the ſtage.
Thus did the will-almighty diſallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,
Which left the tree with eaſe at Jove's command,
And ſpar'd the labour of the weakeſt hand. 341

* An anceſtor of the Duke of Shrewſbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakeſpeare.

Auſpicious fate! that gives me leave to write
To you the Muſes glory and delight,
Who know to read, nor falſe encomiums raiſe,
And mortify an author with your praiſe. 345
Praiſe wounds a noble mind when 'tis not due;
But Cenſure's ſelf will pleaſe, my Lord, from you.
Faults are our pride and gain, when you deſcend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend,
What tho' the great man ſet his coffers wide, 350
That cannot gratify the poet's pride,
Whoſe inſpiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is beſt rewarded when beſt underſtood?
The Muſes write for glory, not for gold;
'Tis far beneath their nature to be ſold: 355
The greateſt gain is ſcorn'd, but as it ſerves
To ſpeak a ſenſe of what the Muſe deſerves;
The Muſe, which from her Lanſdown fears no wrong,
Beſt judge, as well as ſubject, of her ſong,
Should this great theme allure me farther ſtill, 360
And I preſume to uſe your patience ill,
The world would plead my cauſe, and none but you
Will take diſguſt at what I now purſue.
Since what is mean my Muſe cann't raiſe, I'll chuſe
A theme that 's able to exalt my Muſe. 365
For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,
Without a ſpark of his immortal flame?
Whether we ſeek the patriot or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna, recommend;

Whether we chuſe to love or to admire, 370
You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.
Such native graces without thought abound,
And ſuch familiar glories ſpread around,
As more incline the ſtander-by to raiſe
His value for himſelf, than you to praiſe. 375
Thus you befriend the moſt heroick way,
Bleſs all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by Nature's hand for all that 's well,
'Tis ſcarce a virtue when you moſt excel.
Tho' ſweet your preſence, graceful is your mien;
You to be happy want not to be ſeen; 381
Tho' priz'd in publick, you can ſmile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own:
In throngs, not conſcious of thoſe eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd, tho' reſolute to pleaſe, 385
You, were all blind, would ſtill deſerve applauſe;
The world's your glory's witneſs, not its cauſe;
That lies beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their God obey.
You take delight in others' excellence, 390
A gift which Nature rarely does diſpenſe:
Of all that breathe, 't is you, perhaps, alone
Would be well pleas'd to ſee yourſelf outdone.
You wiſh not thoſe who ſhew your name reſpect,
So little worth as might excuſe neglect; 395
Nor are in pain leſt merit you ſhould know,
Nor ſhun the well-deſerver as a foe;

A troubleſome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with ſhame.
You wiſh your country's good; that told, ſo well
Your pow'rs are known, th' event I need not tell. 401
When Neſtor ſpoke, none aſk'd if he prevail'd;
That god of ſweet perſuaſion never fail'd:
And ſuch great fame had Hector's valour wrought,
Who meant he conquer'd only ſaid he fought. 405
When you, my Lord, to ſylvan ſcenes retreat,
(No crowds around for pleaſure or for ſtate)
You are not caſt upon a ſtranger land,
And wander penſive o'er the barren ſtrand;
Nor are you by receiv'd example taught, 410
In toys to ſhun the diſcipline of thought;
But, unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
You chuſe companions from all human race;
Converſe with thoſe the deluge ſwept away,
Or thoſe whoſe midnight is Britannia's day. 415
Books not ſo much inform, as give conſent
To thoſe ideas your own thoughts preſent;
Your only gain, from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cauſe to like yourſelf the more.
In Grecian ſages you are only taught 420
With more reſpect to value your own thought.
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
Thoſe precepts we behold alive in you.
Your life is ſo adjuſted to their ſchools,
It makes that hiſtory they meant for rules. 425

What joy, what pleasing transport, must arise
Within your breast, and lift you to the skies,
When in each learned page that you unfold,
You find some part of your own conduct told?
So pleas'd and so surpris'd Æneas stood, 430
And such triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
When far from Trojan shores the hero spy'd
His story shining forth in all its pride;
Admir'd himself, and saw his actions stand
The praise and wonder of a foreign land. 435
He knows not half his being who's confin'd
In converse and reflection on mankind:
Your soul, which understands her charter well,
Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell;
Ranges eternity without the leave 440
Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.
When pains eternal, and eternal bliss,
When these high cares your weary thoughts dismiss,
In heav'nly numbers you your soul unbend,
And for your ease to deathless fame descend. 445
Ye Kings! would ye true greatness understand?
Read Seneca, grown rich in Granville's hand *.
Behold the glories of your life complete!
Still at a flow, and permanently great:
New moments shed new pleasures as they fly, 450
And yet your greatest is that you must die.

* See his Lordship's tragedy, entitled Heroick Love.

Thus Anna ſaw, and rais'd you to the ſeat
Of honour, and confeſs'd her ſervant great;
Confeſs'd, not made him ſuch; for faithful Fame
Her trumpet ſwell'd long ſince with Granville's name.
Tho' you in modeſty the title wear, 456
Your name ſhall be the title of your heir,
Farther than ermine make his glory known,
And caſt in ſhades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high diſtinction ſprings,
The ſoul's endowments from the King of kings. 461
Lo, one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Granvilles in five thouſand years.
Anna! be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and control the great; 465
But, O! to bid thy Granville brighter ſhine!
To him that great prerogative reſign,
Who the ſun's height can raiſe at pleaſure higher,
His lamp illumine, ſet his flames on fire.
Yet ſtill one bliſs, one glory, I forbear, 470
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my Lord, whom you muſt blame
That I grow thus familiar with your name.
He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice;
Nor ſerve theſe virtues to atone for vice: 475
Vice he has none, or ſuch as none wiſh leſs,
But friends, indeed, goodnature in exceſs.
You cannot boaſt the merit of a choice
In making him your own; 't was Nature's voice,

Which call'd too loud by man to be withſtood, 480
Pleading a tie far nearer than by blood;
Similitude of manners, ſuch a mind,
As makes you leſs the wonder of mankind.
Such eaſe his common converſe recommends,
As he ne'er felt a paſſion, but his friend's; 485
Yet fix'd his principles beyond the force
Of all beneath the ſun to bend his courſe*.
Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air,
Salutes each paſſing breeze with head reclin'd, 490
The pliant branches dance in ev'ry wind;
But fix'd the ſtem, her upright ſtate maintains,
And all the fury of the North diſdains.
How are ye bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendſhip end. 495
O Harriſon! I muſt, I will, complain;
Tears ſooth the ſoul's diſtreſs, tho' ſhed in vain.
Didſt thou return, and bleſs thy native ſhore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more!—
Thy taſk was early done, and I muſt own 500
Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.
But 't is in me a vanity to mourn,
The ſorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Strafford and Bolingbroke the loſs perceive;
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave. 505

* His Lordſhip's nephew who took orders.

With akeing heart and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When firſt inform'd of his approaching fate,
But reach'd the partner of my ſoul too late.
'Twas paſt; his cheek was cold; that tuneful tongue,
Which Iſis charm'd with its melodious ſong, 511
Now languiſh'd, wanted ſtrength to ſpeak his pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and ſunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow thro' my bleeding heart. 515
To what ſerv'd all his promis'd wealth and pow'r,
But more to load that moſt unhappy hour?
Yet ſtill prevail'd the greatneſs of his mind,
That not in health, or life itſelf, confin'd,
Felt thro' his mortal pangs Britannia's peace, 520
Mounted to joy, and ſmil'd in Death's embrace.
His ſpirit now juſt ready to reſign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He graſps my hand, his ſwimming eyeballs roll;
My hand he graſps, and enters in my ſoul; 525
Then with a groan—Support me—O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear †!
Pardon, my Lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom ſeeks relief:
To better fate your love I recommend; 530
O! may you never loſe ſo dear a friend!

† The Author here bewails that moſt ingenious gentleman, Mr. William Harriſon, fellow of New-College, Oxon.

May nothing interrupt your happy hours!
Enjoy the bleſſings peace on Europe ſhow'rs:
Nor yet diſdain theſe bleſſings to adorn;
To make the Muſe immortal you was born. 535
Sing! and in lateſt time, when ſtory 's dark,
This period your ſurviving fame ſhall mark;
Save from the gulf of years this glorious age,
And thus illuſtrate their hiſtorian's page.
The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung, 540
And Anna Britain ſway'd when Granville ſung;
That noted year Europa ſheath'd her ſword,
When this great man was firſt ſaluted Lord. 543

A LETTER

TO MR. TICKELL.

Occaſioned by the death

OF THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ. 1719.

——Tu nunc eris alter ab illo. VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
In ſocial arts and ſacred friendſhip join'd;
Fair Iſis' ſorrow, and fair Iſis' boaſt,
Loſt from her ſide, but fortunately loſt;
Thy wonted aid, my dear Companion! bring, 5
And teach me thy departed friend to ſing:

A darling theme! once pow'rful to inſpire,
And now to melt, the Muſes' mournful choir:
Now, and now firſt, we freely dare commend
His modeſt worth, nor ſhall our praiſe offend. 10
Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And raviſh'd Iſis liſten'd to his ſtrain.
See, ſee, ſhe cry'd, old Maro's Muſe appears,
Wak'd from her ſlumber of two thouſand years:
Her finiſh'd charms to Addiſon ſhe brings, 15
Thinks in his thought, and in his number ſings.
All read tranſported his pure claſſick page;
Read, and forget their climate and their age.
The State, when now his riſing fame was known,
Th' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own, 20
Nor would that one for ſcenes of action ſtrong,
Should let a life evaporate in ſong.
As health and ſtrength the brighteſt charms diſpenſe,
Wit is the bloſſom of the foundeſt ſenſe:
Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inſpir'd, 25
With quickneſs pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
In conſcious pride their own importance find,
Blind to themſelves, as the hard world is blind!
Wit they eſteem a gay but worthleſs pow'r,
The ſlight amuſement of a leiſure hour, 30
Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majeſtick Wiſdom wears the bright diſguiſe.
Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
Dread Cupid, lurking in the Trojan boy;

Lightly ſhe toy'd and trifled with his charms, 35
And knew not that a god was in her arms.
Who greateſt excellence of thought could boaſt,
In action, too, have been diſtinguiſh'd moſt:
This Sommers knew, and Addiſon ſent forth
From the malignant regions of the North, 40
To be matur'd in more indulgent ſkies,
Where all the vigour of the ſoul can riſe;
Thro' warmer veins where ſprightlier ſpirits run,
And ſenſe enliven'd ſparkles in the ſun.
With ſecret pain the prudent patriot gave 45
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious, the charge to all the ſtars reſign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in ſea and wind.
Auſonia ſoon receiv'd her wond'ring gueſt,
And equal wonder in her turn confeſt, 50
To ſee her fervours rivall'd by the pole,
Her luſtre beaming from a northern ſoul:
In like ſurpriſe was her Æneas loſt,
To find his picture grace a foreign coaſt.
Now the wide field of Europe he ſurveys, 55
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and conſummate thought;
Great work! by Naſſau's favour cheaply bought.
He now returns to Britain a ſupport,
Wiſe in her ſenate, graceful in her court; 60
And when the publick welfare would permit,
The ſource of learning, and the ſoul of wit.

O Warwick! (whom the Muſe is fond to name,
And kindles, conſcious of her future theme)
O Warwick! by divine contagion bright, 65
How early didſt thou catch his radiant light!
By him inſpir'd, how ſhine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!
On ſome warm bank, thus, fortunately borne,
A roſe-bud opens to a ſummer's morn, 70
Full blown ere noon her fragrant pride diſplays,
And ſhews th' abundance of her purple rays.
Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;
We now, ſurpris'd, her fruitful branches ſee;
Or, Orange-like, till his auſpicious time 75
It grew indeed, but ſhiver'd in our clime:
He firſt the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed:
The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her uſe. 80
When looſe from publick cares the grove he ſought,
And fill'd the leiſure interval with thought,
The various labours of his eaſy page,
A chance amuſement, poliſh'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old bards could ſcarce invent, 85
Who durſt to frame a world by accident.
What he has ſung, how early, and how well,
The Thames ſhall boaſt, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more ſublime remains in ſtore,
Since ſuch his talents, that he ſung no more. 90

No fuller proof of pow'r th' Almighty gave,
Making the ſea, than curbing her proud wave.
  Nought can the genius of his works tranſcend,
But their fair purpoſe and important end;
To rouſe the war for injur'd Europe's laws, 95
To ſteel the patriot in great Brunſwick's cauſe;
With virtue's charms to kindle ſacred love,
Or paint the eternal bow'rs of bliſs above.
Where hadſt thou room, great Author? where, to roll
The mighty theme of an immortal ſoul? 100
Thro' paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were brought
Thy proofs ſo ſtrong for immaterial thought?
One let me join, all other may excel,
"How could a mortal eſſence think ſo well?"
  But why ſo large in the great writer's praiſe? 105
More lofty ſubjects ſhould my numbers raiſe:
In him (illuſtrious rivalry!) contend
The ſtateſman, patriot, Chriſtian, and the friend!
His glory ſuch it borders on diſgrace
To ſay he ſung the beſt of human race. 110
  In joy once join'd, in ſorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
Tickell! accept this verſe, thy mournful due;
Thou farther ſhalt the ſacred theme purſue;
And as thy ſtrain deſcribes the matchleſs man, 115
Thy life ſhall ſecond what thy Muſe began.
Tho' ſweet the numbers, tho' a fire divine
Dart thro' the whole, and burn in ev'ry line,

Who ſtrives not for that excellence he draws,
Is ſtain'd by fame, and ſuffers from applauſe. 120
But haſte to thy illuſtrious taſk; prepare
The noble work well truſted to thy care,
The gift bequeath'd by Addiſon's command,
To Craggs made ſacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labours, join the various rays, 125
The ſcatter'd light in one united blaze;
Then bear to him ſo true, ſo truly lov'd,
In life diſtinguiſh'd, and in death approv'd,
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs awhile
In gen'rous anguiſh o'er the glorious pile; 130
With anxious pleaſure the known page reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
What tho' thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
Thy other cares for Britain's weal ſuſpend?
Think not, O Patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow, 135
Thoſe cares ſuſpended for a private wo;
Thy love to him is to thy country ſhown;
He mourns for her who mourns for Addiſon. 138

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From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
June 5. 1784.

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