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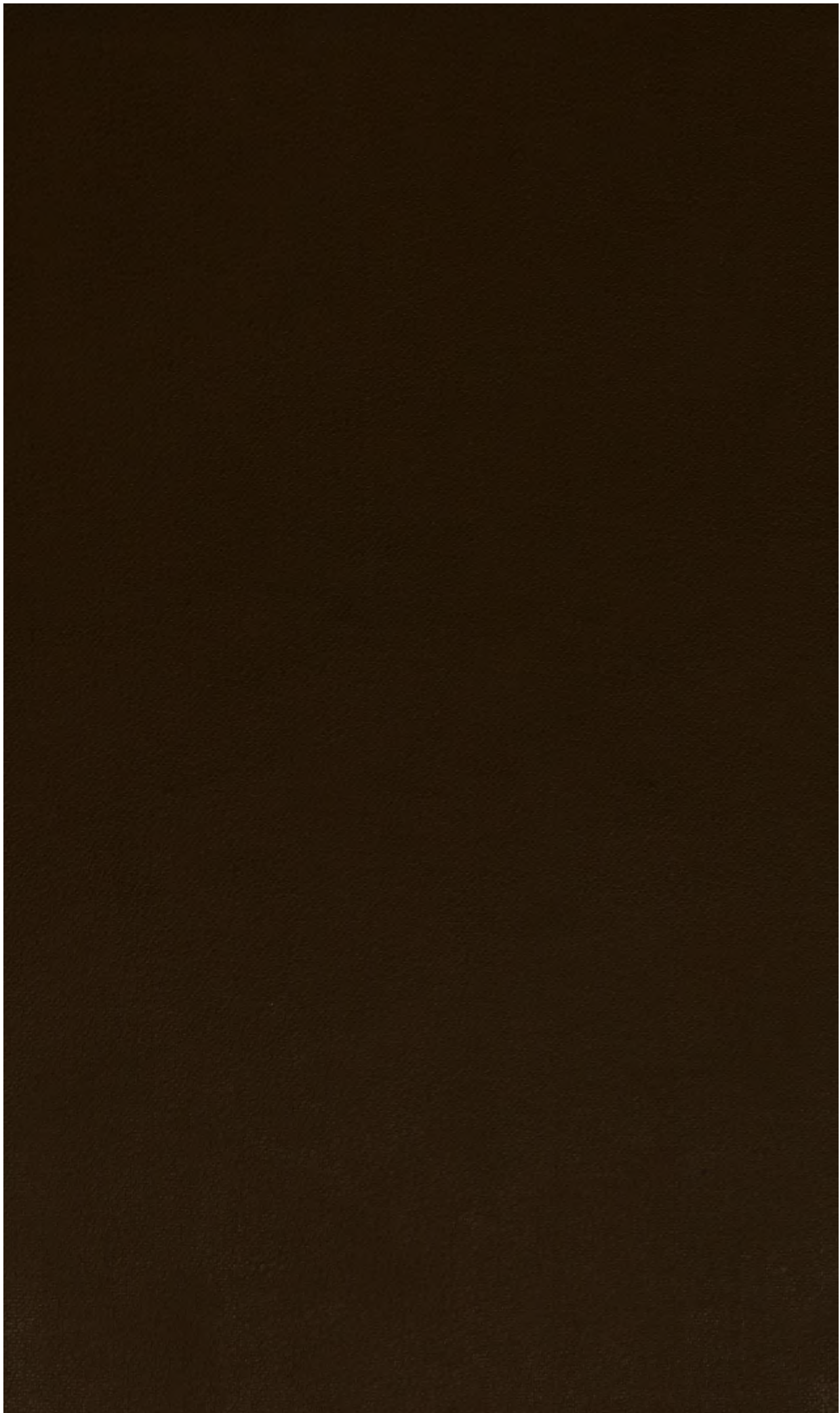
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A N
EPISTLE
TO
Mr. Southerne,

FROM
Mr. *EL. FENTON.*

From Kent, Jan. 28. 1711.



L O N D O N :

Printed for BENJ. TOOKE, at the *Middle-Temple-Gate*;
and BERNARD LINTOTT, at the *Cross-Keys* between
the two *Temple-Gates* in *Fleetstreet*. 1711.

16

A N

EPISTLE

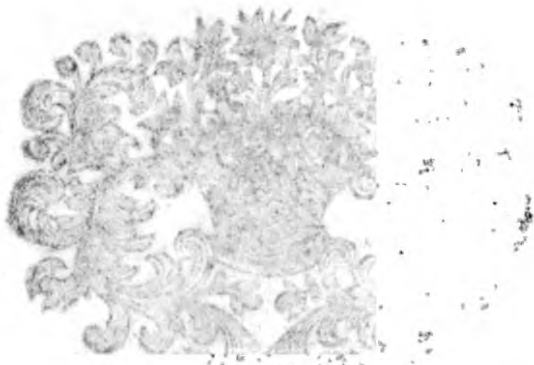
TO

MR. GORDON

FROM

MR. E. FINN

1850



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A N
E P I S T L E
T O

Mr. *SOUTHERNE*.



BOLD is the Muse to leave her humble

Cell,

And Sing to Thee, who know'st to

Sing so well :

Thou who to *Britain* still preserv'st the Crown,

And mak'st her Rival *Athens* in Renown.

2 *An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE.*

Cou'd *Sophocles* behold in mournful State,

The weeping *Graces* on *Imoinda* wait;

Or hear thy *Isabella's* moving Moan,

Distress'd, and lost, for Vices not her own;

If Envy cou'd permit, he'd fure agree

To write by Nature were to Copy Thee :

So full, so fair thy Images are shown,

He by Thy Pencil might improve his own.

There was an Age, (its Memory will last !)

Before *Italian* Airs debauch'd our Taste,

In which the Sable Muse with Hopes and Fears,

Fill'd ev'ry Breast, and ev'ry Eye with Tears.

But where's that Art, which all our Passions rais'd,

And mov'd the Springs of Nature as it pleas'd ?

Our

An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE. 3

Our Poets only practise on the Pit,
With florid Lines, and little Turns of Wit.
Howe'er 'tis well the present Times can boast,
The Race of *CHARLES*'s Reign not wholly lost.
Thy Scenes, immortal in their Worth, shall stand
Among the chosen Classics of our Land:
And whilst our Sons are by Tradition taught,
How *Barry* spoke what *Thou* and *Otway* wrote,
They'll think it Praise to relish, and repeat,
And own Thy Works inimitably Great.

Shakespear the Genius of our Isle, whose Mind,
The universal Mirror of Mankind,
Express'd all Images, enrich'd the Stage,
But stoop'd too low to please a barb'rous Age,

When

4 *An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE.*

When his Immortal Bays began to grow,
Rude was the Language, and the Humour Low,
He, like the God of Day, was always bright,
But rolling in its Course, his Orb of Light,
Was fully'd, and obscur'd, tho' soaring high,
With Spots contracted from the nether Sky,
But whither is th' advent'rous Muse betray'd?
Forgive her Rashness, venerable Shade!
May Spring with Purple Flow'rs perfume thy Urn,
And *Avon* with his Greens thy Grave adorn.
Be all thy Faults, whatever Faults there be,
Imputed to the Times, and not to Thee.

Some *Cyons* shot from this immortal Root,
Their Tops much lower, and less fair the Fruit.

Johnson

An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE. 5

Johnson, the Tribute of my Verse might claim,
Had he not strove to blemish *Shakespear's* Name:
But, like the radiant Twins that gild the Sphere,
Fletcher and *Beaumont* next in Pomp appear:
The first a fruitful Vine, in bloomy Pride,
Had been by Superfluity destroy'd;
But that his Friend, judiciously severe,
Prun'd the luxuriant Boughs with artful Care:
On various sounding Harps the Muses play'd,
And sung, and quaff'd their *Nectar* in the Shade:

Few Moderns in the List with these may stand,
For in those Days were Giants in the Land:
Suffice it now by Lineal Right to claim,
And bow with Filial Awe to *Shakespear's* Fame,
The second Honours are a glorious Name.

6 *An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE.*

Achilles dead, they found no equal Lord,
To wear his Armour, and to wield his Sword.

An Age most odious and accurs'd ensu'd,
Discolour'd with a Pious Monarch's Blood:
Whose Fall when first the tragick Virgin saw,
She fled, and left her Province to the Law.
Her merry Sister still pursu'd the Game,
Her Garb was alter'd, but her Gifts the same.
She first reform'd the Muscles of her Face,
And learnt the solemn Scrue, for Signs of Grace;
Then Circumcis'd her Locks, and form'd her Tone,
By humming to a Tabor, and a Drone:
Her Eyes She disciplin'd precisely Right,
Both when to wink. and how to turn the White;

Thus

An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE. 7

Thus banish'd from the Stage, She gravely next
Assum'd a Cloak, and quibled o'er a Text.

But when by Miracles of Mercy shown,
Much-suffering *Charles* regain'd his Father's Throne ;
When Peace and Plenty overflow'd the Land,
She strait pull'd off her Sattin Cap, and Band :
Bade *Wycherly* be Bold in her Defence,
Glittering with pointed Wit, and manly Sense :
Etherege and *Sidley* join'd him in her Cause,
And all deserv'd, and all receiv'd Applause.
Restor'd with less Success, the Tragic Muse,
Had quite forgot her Stile by long Difuse :
She taught her *Maximins* to rant in Rhime,
Mistaking ratling Nonsense for Sublime;

8 *An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE.*

'Till witty *Buckingham* reform'd ~~When~~ *Taste*,
And sneering sham'd her into Sense at last,
But now relaps'd, She dwindles to a Song,
And weakly warbles on a *Eunuch's* Tongue;
And with her *Minstrelsie* may still remain,
'Till *Southerne* court Her to be Great again,
Perhaps the Beauties of thy *Spartan Dame*,
Who (long defrauded of the Publick Fame)
Shall, with Superior Majesty avow'd,
Shine like a Goddess breaking from a Cloud,
Once more may reinstate Her on the Stage,
Her Action graceful, and Divine her Rage.

Arts have their Empires, and like other States,
Their Rise and Fall are govern'd by the Fates.

They,

An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE. 9

They, when their Period's measur'd out by Time,
Transplant their Laurels to another Clime.

The *Grecian* Muse once fill'd with loud Alarms,

The Court of Heav'n, and clad the Gods in Arms:

The Trumpet silent, humbly she essay'd,

The Dorick Reed, and sung beneath the Shade;

Extoll'd a frugal Life, and taught the Swains:

T'observe the Seasons, and manure the Plains

Sometimes on flow'ry Beds she lay Supine,

And gave her Thoughts a Loofe to Love and Wine,

Or in her Sable Stole, and Buskins dress'd,

Shew'd Vice enthron'd, and virtuous Kings oppress'd.

The Nymph still fair, however past her Bloom,
From *Greece* at length was led in Chains to *Rome*:

Whilst

10 *An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE.*

Whilst Wars abroad, and Civil Discord reign'd,

Silent the beauteous Captive long remain'd :

That Interval employ'd her sacred Care,

To Study, and refine the Language there.

But when *Octavius*, thy successful Sword

Was sheath'd, and universal Peace restor'd ;

Thy *Virgil's* Brow with *Grecian* Palms she dress'd,

And all the Majesty of Verse confess'd :

But when the Bard had fix'd his *Cæsar's* Throne,

And both resign'd the Laurels they had won ;

No gen'rous Cares declining *Rome* employ'd,

Her Muses sicken'd, as her Empire dy'd,

Now from the rugged North unnumber'd Swarms

Invade the *Latian* Coasts with barbarous Arms ;

An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE. 11

A Race unpolish'd, but innur'd to Toil,
Rough as their Heav'n, and barren as their Soil:
These Locusts ev'ry springing Art destroy'd,
And soft Humanity before 'em dy'd.
Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful Strife
With Nature's Scenes, nor gave the Canvass Life:
Nor *Sculpture* exercis'd her Skill, beneath
Her forming Hand to make the Marble breathe;
Struck with Despair, they stood devoid of Thought,
Less lively than the Works themselves had wrought.
On those Twin-Sisters such Disasters came,
Tho' Colours and Proportions are the same
In ev'ry Age and Clime, their Beauties known
To ev'ry Language, and confin'd to none.
But Fate less Freedom to the Muse affords,
And checks her Genius with the Choice of Words:

12 *An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE.*

To paint her Thoughts the Diction must be found
Of easy Grandeur, and harmonious Sound.

Thus when she rais'd her Voice divinely great,

To sing the Founder of the *Roman* State ;

The Language was adapted to the Song,

Sweet and Sublime, with native Beauty strong.

But when the *Goths* insulting Troops appear'd,

Such Dissonance the trembling Virgin hear'd,

Chang'd to a Swan, from *Tyber's* troubled Streams

She wing'd her Flight, and sought the silver *Thames*.

Long in the melancholy Grove she stay'd,

And taught the pensive *Druids* in the Shade ;

In solemn and instructive Notes they sung,

From whence the beauteous Frame of Nature sprung,

Who

An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE. 13

Who polish'd all the radiant Orbs above,
And in bright Order made the Planets move;
Whence Thunders roar, and frightful Meteors fly,
And Comets roll unbounded through the Sky:
Who wing'd the Winds, and gave the Streams to flow,
And rais'd the Rocks, and spread the Lawns below;
Whence the gay Spring exults in flow'ry Pride,
And Autumn with the bleeding Grape is dy'd;
Whence Summer Suns imbrown the lab'ring Swains,
And shiv'ring Winter pines in Icy Chains:
And prais'd the Pow'r Supream, nor dar'd advance
So vain a Theory as that of Chance.

But in this Isle she found the Nymphs so fair,
She chang'd her Hand, and chose a softer Air,
And Love and Beauty next became her Care.

14 *An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE.*

Greece, her lov'd Country, only cou'd afford
A *Venus* and a *Helen* to Record ;
A Thousand radiant Nymphs She here beheld,
Who match'd the Goddesses, and the Queen excell'd.
T'immortalize their Loves She long essay'd,
But still the Tongue her generous Toil betray'd:
Chaucer had all that Beauty cou'd inspire,
And *Surry's* Numbers glow'd with warm Desire :
Both now are priz'd by few, unknown to most,
Because the Thoughts are in the Language lost ;
Ev'n *Spencer's* Pearls in muddy Waters lye,
Rarely discover'd by the Diver's Eye:
Rich was their Imag'ry, till Time defac'd
The curious Works; but *Waller* came at last.
Waller the Muse with Heavenly Verse supplies,
Smooth as the Fair, and sparkling as their Eyes ;

An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE. 15

All but the Nymph, that shou'd redrefs his Wrong,
Attend his Passion, and approve his Song.

But when this *Orpheus* sunk, and hoary Age,

Suppres'd the Lover's, and the Poet's Rage;

To *Granville* his melodious Lute She gave,

Granville, whose faithfull Verse is Beauty's Slave:

Accept this Gift, my Fav'rite Youth! She cry'd,

To sound a brighter Theme, and sing of *Hyde*;

Hyde's, and thy lovely *Myra's* Praise proclaim,

And match *Carlisle's*, and *Sacharissa's* Fame.

O! Wou'd he now forfake the Myrtle Grove,

And sing of Arms, as late he sung of Love!

His Colours, and his Hand alone shou'd paint

In *Britain's* QUEEN, the Warriour and the Saint;

16 *An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE.*

In whom Conspire, to form Her truly Great,
Wisdom with Power, and Piety with State.
Whilst from Her Throne the Streams of Justice flow,
Strong and Serene, to bless the Land below ;
O'er distant Realms her dreaded Thunders roll,
And the wild Rage of Tyranny controul.
Her Pow'r to quell, and Pity to redress,
The *Maese*, the *Danube*, and the *Rhine* confess ;
Whence bleeding *Iber* Hopes, around his Head
To see fresh Olives spring, and Plenty spread :
And whilst they found their great Deliv'rer's Fame,
The *Sein* retires, and sickens at Her Name.
O *Granville* ! all these glorious Scenes display,
Instruct succeeding Monarchs how to Sway ;
And make Her Memory rever'd by All,
When Triumphs are forgot, and mouldring Arches
fall. Pardon

An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE. 17

Pardon me, Friend! I own my Muse too free,
To write so long on such a Theme to Thee:
To play the Critic here — with equal Right
Bid Her pretend to teach *Argyle* to Fight:
Instruct th' unerring Sun to Guide the Year,
And *Harley* by what Schemes he ought to Steer.
Give *Harcourt* Eloquence t' adorn the Seal,
Maxims of State to *Leeds*, to *Beaufort* Zeal.
Try to Correct what *Orrery* shall write,
And make Harmonious *St. John* more Polite.
Teach Law to *Islay* for the Crown's Support,
And *Fersey* how to Serve, and Grace a Court:
Dictate soft warbling Airs to *Sheffield's* Hand,
When *Venus* and her Loves around Him stand:
In sage Debates to *Rochester* impart
A searching Head, and ever faithful Heart:

Make

18 *An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE.*

Make *Talbot's* finish'd Virtue more compleat,
High without Pride, and amiably Great ;
Where Nature all her Pow'rs with Fortune join'd,
At once to Please, and Benefit Mankind.

When Cares were to my blooming Youth unknown,
My Fancy free, and all my Hours my own ;
I lov'd along the Laureat Grove to stray,
The Paths were pleasant, and the Prospect gay :
But now my Genius sinks, and hardly knows
To make a Couplet tinkle in the Close.

Yet when you next to *Medway* shall repair,
And quit the Town to breathe a purer Air ;
Retiring from the Crowd, to steal the Sweets
Of easy Life in *Twysden's* calm Retreats ;
(As *Terence* to his *Lælius* lov'd to come,
And in *Campania* scorn'd the Pomp of *Rome.*)

Where

An Epistle to Mr. SOUTHERNE. 19

Where *Lambard*, form'd for Business, and to please,
By sharing, will improve your Happiness;
In both their Souls Imperial Reason fways,
In both the Patriot, and the Friend displays;
Be lov'd, and prais'd by all, who merit Love and Praise. }
With bright Ideas there inspir'd anew,
By Them excited, and inform'd by You,
I may with happier Skill essay to Sing
Sublimer Notes, and strike a bolder String.

Languid and Dull, when Absent from her Cave,
No Oracles of Old the *Sybil* gave;
But when beneath her sacred Shrine she stood,
Her Fury soon confess'd the coming God;
Her Breast began to heave, her Eyes to roul,
And wond'rous Visions fill'd her labouring Soul.

F I N I S.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Department of Chemistry

Chicago, Illinois

January 15, 1952

Dear Sir:

I am pleased to hear that you are interested in the work of the Department of Chemistry at the University of Chicago.

The Department is currently engaged in a number of projects in the field of physical chemistry, particularly in the study of the properties of matter at high pressures and low temperatures.

If you are interested in these projects, I would be glad to discuss them with you at a later date.

Very truly yours,

Robert H. Spang

Department of Chemistry

University of Chicago

Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed for you are two copies of a report on the work of the Department of Chemistry at the University of Chicago.

I am sure that you will find this report of interest.

Very truly yours,

ROBERT H. SPANG

