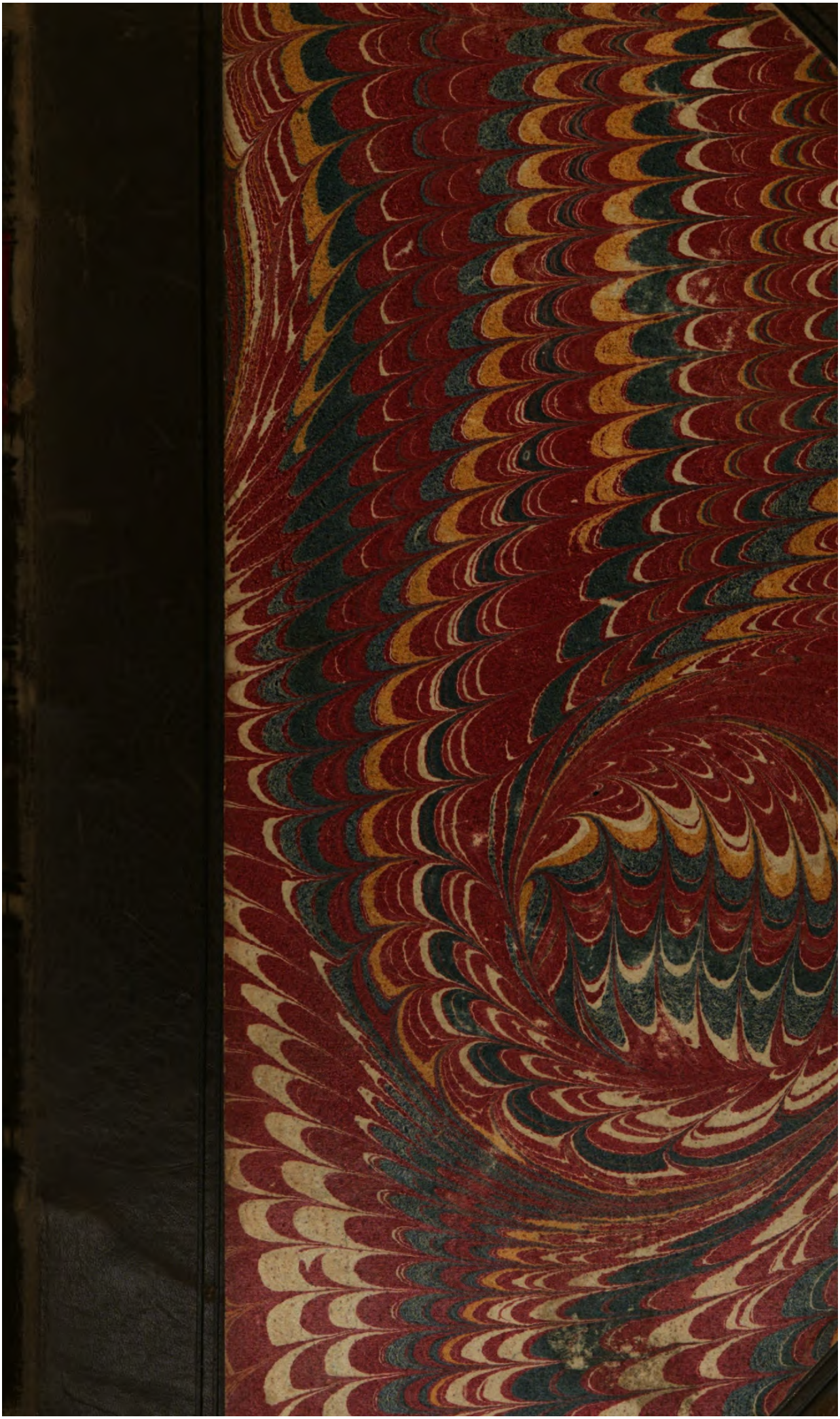

Pt. from Commn.,
Exeter

POEMS

ON

Various SUBJECTS;

WITH SOME

ESSAYS in PROSE,

LETTERS to Correſpondents, &c.

AND

A Treatiſe on Health.

DEDICATED TO

CHARLES BOYLE,

Lord Viſcount DUNGARVAN.

By *SAMUEL BOWDEN*, M.D.

Of FROME, *Somerſetſh'.*

Agreſtem tenui metitabor arundine Muſam.

BATH: Printed by T. BODDELY, for the AUTHOR:

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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES BOYLE,

Lord Viſcount DUNGARVAN,

THIS MISCELLANY,

However unworthy his LORDSHIP'S PROTECTION,

IS DEDICATED.

From a Sincere

Eſteem and Admiration of his Lordſhip's Virtues;

And in Humble Gratitude for His

Candid Approbation of theſe Rural Lays;

And for the

Indulgence He has Allow'd the AUTHOR
in patronizing Them;

AND

In permitting Him thus publickly to declare Himſelf,

TO

HIS LORDSHIP,

AND TO

HIS NOBLE FAMILY,

A moſt Devoted, and
Obliged Humble Servant,

Samuel Bowden.

THE PREFACE.

IT may be proper to acquaint ſome of my readers, that moſt of the following poems were publiſh'd before, in ſeperate detach'd pieces, at various times, and on various occaſions. Theſe I was deſired by my friends, and by ſome in particular, as diſtinguiſh'd for their parts and genius, as for their high rank and ſtation, to collect together in one volume, and to print them by ſubſcription. This is now preſented to the reader; together with ſome new poems, eſſays, and letters: And not having materials enough of my own, to furniſh out a volume of the ſize intended, I have added a few from other hands, whoſe

whoſe performance will be an honor to the reſt; and not only ſerve to increaſe the bulk, but the value of the book: For ſo far as theſe have any ſhare in the work, I reſt ſecure of ſome applauſe, and may be ſaid to ſhine with borrow'd rays, and reflected luſtre.

It may fare with me in this reſpect, as with a certain prince amongſt the *Perſians*, who having not ſtrength enough of his own, call'd in foreign aid to his aſſiſtance: But tho' by the help of theſe auxiliary forces he gained a noble victory, yet it ſhaded his own laurels, and eclipſed his fame.

I wou'd not with an affected modeſty ſo far undervalue or depretiate the performance, as to inſinuate that the author has no ſhare of merit in it. So much I ought to ſay in juſtice to myſelf, and to the mortification of thoſe, whoſe ſole pleaſure it is to find fault and cavil, that ſeveral of the following poems have already

paſs'd

paſs'd muſter, and met with a favourable reception by the candor of ſome, whoſe names are ſuperior to all cenſure, and wou'd drown the voice of calumny. Authors who are always degrading their own works, and in a very mortify'd ſtrain, accuſing and finding fault with themſelves, may undeſignedly very often ſpeak the truth at unawares, and induce people to believe more than they intended. For ſo much *ſelf-abaſement* has more the appearance of *hypocriſy*, than *modeſty*. This is like the miſtaken and pretended humility of ſome canting enthuſiaſts, who carry the notion of their own unworthineſs too far; and tho' people of a tolerable good fame, and decent behaviour, are yet always condemning, and accuſing themſelves, as the vileſt of ſinners, and full of all uncleanneſs, and abomination; and thus, having not the leaſt ſpark of virtue or goodneſs in them, muſt conſequently be damn'd, by their own account, without a ſtrong reliance on foreign aid and protection: Tho' let the caſe be how it will, people

of

of this ſtamp, are many of them ſure of ſalvation, ſince they are amongſt the number of the elect. Happy would it be for a great many of the polite, and literary ſtamp, if they could perſuade themſelves, or others, into this belief: They might then ride triumphant on the wings of fame to eternity, ſecure of their laurels, and glory at laſt; and defy all the ſhafts of the critics, who, like ſo many *Apollyons*, beſet the poet's way, and infeſt his paſſage, in this ſtate of pilgrimage, and probation. But however matters ſtand as to religious ſpeculations, or rather enthuſiaſtic conceits, it is far otherwiſe in the poetic diſpenſation, or matters of literature. Here an author muſt ſtand, or fall, according to his own *intrinſic merit*, or the ſoundneſs of his own works. There is no imputation, no protection here; no ſanctuary for an impenitent ſcribbler, no aſylum for dulneſs. Falſe wit admits of no expiation, and is ſubject to no abſolution. The throne of *Apollo* is inexorable, all oblations

tions are in vain, and the moſt fragrant incenſe of no effect.

So far indeed a poet may be ſaid to be elected, or born for glory, without any real merit of his own, who has by a ſort of birthright, a portion of that divine ſpirit, or native celeſtial fire, infus'd into him by inheritance. He may then with ſome propriety be ſaid to be a true ſon of adoption, or heir to fame.——*Igneus eſt illis vigor, et coeleſtis origo Seminibus.* Virg.— Or according to the old adage,—*Poeta naſcitur, non fit.* But this *innate ſpirit*, this native propenſity, or *plaſtic genius*, if it is not properly cheriſhed, and cultivated, may ſoon be ſmother'd, and extinguiſh'd; or only *blaze* out like ſome deluſive meteor, or *creep* in a lambent flame. It is education, and diligence alone, that muſt improve, and manure the latent ſtamina, expand the prolific matter, mould the ſhapeleſs embryo, and give it form, motion, growth, and vigor: But yet nothing is to be done, *invita minerva:* Nature alone

alone is the bountiful *alma mater*, that muſt produce the original ſeeds, but the aſſiſtance of art muſt make them ſhoot, bloſſom, and bear all the rich and noble fruits of wit and learning.

'Tis this muſt animate the native flame,
And make it ſhoot, and ripen into fame.

But all the pains, and ſkill of manure, and diligence of culture, are thrown away on a bad ſoil, and unpropitious climate.

As a great many people wonder'd that theſe poems were publiſh'd by ſubſcription, it may be proper to acquaint the reader, that this was done at the particular requeſt and ſolicitation of ſome friends. This method has alſo been taken by a great many authors, of much ſuperior merit, in order to propagate their labors, and diſperſe their works; which might otherwiſe have long lain unnotic'd, and diſregarded in the bookſellers ſhops; and have ſlept with the fathers, in peaceful obſcurity, amongſt the duſt, and cobweb of metaphyſics,

phyſics, and bulky tomes of ſcholaſtic logic. By this means too, a book falls into many hands, and an author is ſure of diſtributing a certain number of copys; and has very often, perhaps, more *purchaſers* than he has *readers* and *admirers*. In this reſpect, I may be deemed very fortunate, in having ſuch a numerous ſubſcription. By this means too, an author's works are decently uſher'd into the world: Or if the performance dies, and the writer ſinks into oblivion,

Safe where no critics damn, no duns moleſt;
Where Gildon banks, &c.

If this ſhould be the caſe, he may be ſaid to make his exit with ſome pomp and decorum, to be honorably eſcorted to the grave, and have a handſome retinue to attend his manes, and grace his funeral obſequys.

So far the following performance may deſerve ſome regard, or be ſaid to be negatively good; that like a *Darbyſhire charm*,

charm, if 'twill do thee no good, it will do thee no hurt; as there is nothing in the compoſition that can offend the chaſteſt reader, or violate the decency of the preſs. If there is nothing to improve the mind, or exalt the fancy, there is nothing to corrupt the morals, to kindle impure flames, or raiſe a guilty paſſion.

Immodeſt words admit of no defence;
For want of decency, is want of ſenſe.

A WRITER who indulges his imagination in theſe libertys, and proſtitutes his poetic talents on immoral, obſcene ſubjects, makes his pen become a *Pandar* for vice: And the more wit, or vein of fancy and genius he is inſpir'd with, the more capacity he has for diffuſing miſchief, and extending, and propagating the poiſonous impreſſions: Like ſome contagious exhalations, which the more ſubtle and volatile they are, the more fatal, and the fitter to expand, and inſinuate the corrupt and pernicious effluvia. Fine was the character given of Queen *Anne*, in a play dedicated

to

to her majesty, in the beginning of her reign.

Gives glorious morals to a vicious age,
To temples zeal, and manners to the stage;
Bids the chaste muse without a blush appear,
And wit be that, which heaven and she might hear.

THE original design of poetry, if we may credit the account we have of its first attempts, and flights, in the earliest ages, was to *celebrate virtue*, and record the praises of great and heroic actions: And according to the most authentic historys, either sacred or profane, poetry was the first sort of writing known, and practis'd in the world. It is generally allow'd, that the book of *Job* (who is thought by the best critics to have lived before *Moses*) was wrote originally in verse: And several parts of the scripture, *Isaiah* in particular, are wrote with a truly sublime, poetical, or rather Pindaric spirit. The oldest songs which any records of history have handed down to us, are those of *Moses* and *Deborah*: The design and language of both which

which exalted flights of poetry, are to record the praiſes of the ſupreme being. And according to the earlieſt accounts we have of *Pagan* ſtory, the oldeſt compoſitions were all of the ſame ſtamp, and ſtrain, all inſpired with raptures of praiſe, and flights of devotion; and generally dedicated to the honor of their gods, their heroes, or their patriots. The firſt writings we have any knowledge of are ſongs, pſalms, and hymns of praiſe: Such as thoſe of *Orpheus*, of *Pindar*, *Steſichorus*, and *Tyrtæus*. *Heſiod* begins his book with a pious addreſs to the ſupreme being, in ten devout lines:

Deſcend, and ſing th' eternal father's praiſe,
Ye nymphs of Pindus! *with immortal lays, &c.*

Pythagoras too begins his *Aurea Carmina*, or golden lines, in the ſame divine, ſeraphic ſtrain: —

Th' immortal Powers, ye Muſes, firſt addreſs,
And god-like heroes next ſhall grace the verſe, &c.

HAV-

HAVING thus ſhewn that poetry was more antient than proſe, and that it was originally dedicated to the ſervice of virtue, and heroic paſſion, it is much to be lamented that it ſhould degenerate from its antient purity and ſublimity. It is pity ſo noble, and divine a ſpirit, ſhould be ſunk, and debas'd to low, vulgar, and ignoble ſubjects; or what is worſe, be proſtituted to the purpoſes of immorality, and irreligion. If pagan temples, and the antient ſhrines of poetry, breath'd with ſuch divine incenſe, and were warm'd with raptures of praiſe, and devotion, it is ſtrange that chriſtian altars ſhould be ſo cold, and uninſpir'd; that the muſes ſhould turn apoſtates, or indulge to low wit, and the ungovern'd flights of a licentious imagination.

IT is not to be ſuppos'd that the beautys of poetry ſhould alter the nature of things, or make mean, vicious actions, agreeable, or eligible, tho' it may gloſs them over with a falſe luſtre. Vice in all ſhapes,

ſhapes, has ſuch a natural deformity, and turpitude, that not all the colourings even of *Ovid*'s pen, or *Titian*'s pencil, can ſet it off to advantage: Tho' witty ſimilies, and unchaſte, obſcene words, and deſcriptions, often kindle impure paſſions, debauch the fancy, and corrupt the imagination; but like the *Syren*'s melody, while it *charms* it *kills*. Virtue, as it is naturally lovely and charming, ſo it never appears more graceful, and inviting, than when rob'd, and dreſs'd out with the ornaments, and embelliſhments of the muſes, her handmaids, or tirewomen: Like a beautiful form ſet off, and adorn'd with all the advantages of art, and decorations of dreſs.

But while I am thus recommending virtue, and the auxiliary ſtrength, and aſſiſtance it receives from poetry, and panegyric, I am aware of an objection ſome have made to the following poems, *viz.* That the ſubjects of moſt of them are low and trivial, and that they are not de-

voted

voted enough to the themes of religion, and morality: But (not to mention that every genius is not equal to ſuch lofty ſpeculations) people of this ſtamp can reliſh nothing but *divine hymns*, and *ſpiritual ſongs*; all poetry with them is prophane, and pagan, if not inſpir'd with pious breathings, and tagg'd with texts of ſcripture; and the mention of heathen deitys, and antient mythology, is to them an abomination. But ſuch *ſeraphic* critics ſhould conſider, that a uſeful, moral, and divine inſtruction, may be derived from little ſubjects, and inſignificant incidents, as flowers are produced from humble offſprings, and impure dirt. However mean therefore, or uninſpir'd, the performance may be in other reſpects, it ſo far merits regard, that the *moral ſentiment* is preſerv'd throughout, and poetry made the vehicle of inſtruction, whenever the theme would admit of it. The poem for inſtance on the *Mouſe* and *Oyſter*, the *Diſappointed Travellers*, *&c.* are low, and trifling ſubjects; but an occaſion is taken from hence

to

to convey, and inculcate ſome moral hint, and uſeful leſſon, *viz. abſtinence*, and *patience* under adverſity, *&c.*

THERE are other people, of ſuch a *grave*, *phlegmatic*, and *unmuſical* diſpoſition, that they have no taſte, or reliſh for poetry; and are always exclaiming againſt it, as a trifling, puerile, or dangerous entertainment: But people of this unharmonious, or I may ſay unhappy temper, and complexion, that have no ear, or paſſion for muſic themſelves, ſhou'd not cenſure thoſe who have, nor be at variance with a profeſſion, becauſe they don't underſtand, or reliſh it. This wou'd be to call in queſtion the goodneſs of their *tempers*, if not of their *capacity* and conſtitution. But there is a party ſpirit, and bigotry of taſte, in matters of literature, and polite knowledge, as well as in religion, and politics. Every one is apt to ſet up his own ſtandard of criticiſm, and is orthodox in his own conceit. Perſons of this rigid, cynical, and untuneable compoſition, as they loſe much of their hap-

happineſs on earth, ſo they are like to enjoy a ſmaller part of the joys and felicitys of heaven, which are ſaid to conſiſt chiefly of praiſe and melody, ſongs and hallelujahs.

THE great buſineſs, and intention of poetry is to paint agreeable ſcenes, and pictures on the imagination, to inſpire the mind, and raiſe the paſſions to a noble, divine pitch: The lofty flights of *heroic verſe*, with all its daring metaphors, pompous images, ſublime deſcriptions, and harmonious numbers, are all devoted to this purpoſe. *Lyric* poetry, odes, ſonnets, epigrams, *&c.* which chiefly compoſe this volume, are but like toys, and rattles, *baubles*, and *bellaria*, compar'd to the grandeur, and ſublimity of *epic verſe*.

THIS book being printed in the country, there are ſeveral erratas, moſt of which are mark'd under that title. The other faults of the preſs, as well as of the author, are ſubmitted to the candor and clemency of the reader. I'm conſcious of many blunders, and puerilitys, in ſeveral of the

poems

poems (ſome of which were printed before they cou'd be corrected): The author wou'd think himſelf very happy, if the performance bore any proportion to that noble liſt of ſubſcribers, who have favour'd him with their names; or to the honor and indulgence of ſuch an illuſtrious patron, whoſe accompliſhments, were they ſufficiently known, would render all encomiums needleſs; the muſe might then be ſilent, and rhetoric itſelf dumb. And here, was I to indulge the paſſion I have for panegyric, I have a large unbeaten field to expatiate in; but decency forbids, what truth, gratitude, and juſtice require. Yet merit will always have its advocates, and virtue extort unwilling ſmiles of applauſe even from chagrin, and envy itſelf: But tho' I paſs over the other virtues of his lordſhip, with a ſort of *criminal ſilence*, I cannot help mentioning *one*, which crowns all the reſt, and without which, all other accompliſhments are *vain*, *inſipid*, or *pedantic*, and all learning loſes its luſtre: And this is the greateſt *ſweetneſs*

of

of *temper*, *affability*, and *benevolence*: This is ſo remarkable, that it exerts itſelf on all occaſions; but in none more than in its condeſcending to take notice of theſe humble eſſays of a rural muſe, and ſheltering her under ſo fair a protection.

THESE books were at firſt deſign'd to have been deliver'd in ſome ſort of binding; but this was laid aſide on account of a larger number of poems than was then intended; what is wanted in dreſs being compenſated in bulk: Beſides, books ſubſcribed for are commonly delivered ſtitch'd in blue paper; tho' ſome of them are in half binding for thoſe who have deſir'd it.

THE *Eſſay on Health* was added to make out the volume: And is rather a rude ſketch, or ſpecimen of what might have been ſaid on ſo important a ſubject. The theory there recommended could have been ſupported by a variety of inſtances, and memoirs of hiſtorical facts, collected from my own obſervation, if there had been room to inſert them. But this muſt be reſerved to ſome future treatiſe.

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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD *BOYLE*,

On His late MARRIAGE to

Miſs *HOARE* of STURTON.

------- fulſere ignes, et conſcius æther
Connubii, ſummoque ulnlarunt vertice Nymphæ.
VIRG.

WHILE crouds, my Lord, applaud your happy Choice,
The Muſe attempts the theme, with grateful voice.

YE nymphs of *Helicon* begin the ſong,
For themes of love to heavenly nymphs belong.
What ſwain, what ſavage can a ſong refuſe,
When *Hymen* calls, and BOYLE inſpires the muſe.

With every virtue bleſt, a youthful Peer,
Friend to the ſhades, and to the muſes dear,
Yields to the ſoft captivity of love,
What breaſt ſo hard that beauty cannot move?
When ſweetneſs, ſenſe, and innocence conſpire,
With blended charms, to fan the gentle fire.
Thrice happy Peer! poſſeſt of ſuch a Bride;
Thrice happy Nymph! to ſuch a Peer ally'd.

LET lawleſs libertines licentious live;
Virtue alone true happineſs can give.
Let cavern'd anchorites, in cell, or bower,
With ſullen pleaſure ſpend the gloomy hour;
Born for a ſocial life—the bliſs we boaſt
Is half in monkiſh celibacy loſt;
But in connubial harmony ally'd,
We both our pleaſures and our pains divide.
Soft are the chains, when friendſhip mingles hands,
And *Cupid* yokes the doves in ſilken bands.
Love fixt on Virtue, always burns the ſame;
Love ſtirs the fire, but Friendſhip fans the flame.
If ſtorms of adverſe fortune war ſhou'd wage,
Her gentle boſom ſoftens half its rage;
Her peaceful ſmiles will ſmooth the rugged way,
Brighten the gloom, and make the deſart gay.

HAIL

HAIL happy Pair! in ſuch bleſt union join'd,
By mutual love, and ſympathy of mind.
Hark! whiſpering zephyrs propagate the tale
Thro' every conſcious grove, and vocal vale:
From hill to hill the joyful echos fly,
And waft the pleaſing tidings to the ſky.
See how gay *Flora* paints th' enamel'd ground,
And nature ſmiles in all her pride around;
For you new beauties deck the dawning year, *
And halcyon ſkys in azure robes appear:
For you the fields new liveries aſſume,
And ſudden verdures open thro' the gloom:
While morn and eve the amorous planet light,
Gilds with unclouded beams the bridal night.
See from afar the mountain nymphs advance,
And *Sylphs* and *Dryads* in the valleys dance:
See *Paphos* queen with all her train of loves,
To *Sturton* fly, and leave the *Idalian* groves;
The bowers of *Cythera* no longer pleaſe,
But yield in beauty, and in bliſs to theſe.

HAIL happy *Sturton!* elegant retreat!
At once the Graces and the Muſes' ſeat;
And Love now makes the Paradiſe compleat.

* Alluding to the uncommon fine ſerene Seaſon, which continu'd all the Spring, and will ſoften the Hyperbole.

O! cou'd my humble muſe, in equal ſtrains,
Paint thy fair landſkips, and thy verdant plains;
Thy ſilver fountains, and thy fragrant flowers;
Thy nodding foreſts, and romantic bowers:
Where ſolemn grottos blend with ſunny glades,
And lyric birds inſpire poetic ſhades;
Then ſhou'd thy ſeat, when all theſe ſcenes decay,
When groves, and grotts, and temples fade away,
Smile with the laurels which the muſes give,
And in the ſmooth deſcription always live.
Thy trees ſhould then unfading greens diſplay,
Thy ſtreams ſtill murmur in the Poet's lay;
Clad in eternal verdure, bloom as long
As *Windſor* Walks, immortaliz'd in ſong:
Long as the Name of BOYLE's illuſtrious Line
Shall grace the Seat, or in the Senate ſhine.

THE

THE MOUSE *and the* OYSTER:

Occasion'd by a

MOUSE caught in an OYSTER-SHELL.

Wrote at the COMMAND of the Right Honourable

Lord Viscount *WEYMOUTH.*

Divina opici rodebant carmina Mures.

LET loftier pens the hero's acts relate,
I sing the *Mouse*'s memorable fate;
Nor let a critic ear the theme refuse,
Immortal made by the *Mæonian Muse.*

'TWAS when the shades of night o'erspread the plain,
When bats, and fairies, mice, and meteors reign;

When lab'ring hinds forget the toils of day,
And *Philomel* begins her lonely lay ;
A daring *Mouſe*, that dauntleſs long defy'd
The various arts which *Abigail* had try'd,
His deſtin'd doom receiv'd,—for ſoon or late
Both Mice and Monarchs muſt ſubmit to fate.

OFT' was the moon with ſilver luſtre crown'd,
Since the nocturnal vagrant march'd his round.
Soon as his foe, the ſun, had took its flight,
Tript forth the little pyrate of the night ;
With cautious tread,—ſecure from fell miſhap,
Of tabby tyrant, or tremendous trap.

So from ſome port of *Sallee*, or *Algier*,
Their ſtar-light courſe advent'rous corſairs ſteer,
Intent ſome bark, from *Naples* fraught, to ſeize,
Or ſome rich merchant from *Levantine* ſeas.

STILL at the head of his rapacious clan,
He ſkipt from ſhelf to ſhelf, and pan to pan :
With noſe ſagacious ſnuffs the baited gin,
Wary and conſcious of the ſnare within.
In vain the cook, alarm'd with frequent fear,
On ſhelves aloft conceals the daily geer :
Puddings in vain,—that ſmoak but once a week,
On cupboard high a ſanctuary ſeek ;

Vent'rous

Vent'rous he ſtorms the garriſon ſublime,
Or ſaps that cloſet which he cannot climb.

When pantry fails—books oft' confeſs his rage,
And hungry ruin ſpreads from page to page.
The ſacred theft here mangl'd bibles ſhew ;
Here myſtic *Bunyan* mourns, and there *De-Foe*.
Romances, riddles, tales of monks, and witches ;
With ſongs of *Robin Hood*, and dying ſpeeches.
Thus liv'd the wily *Mouſe* on various prey,
Plunder'd all night, and ſlumber'd all the day.

When ruddy morn wak'd the more ruddy maid,
What ſcenes of ruin were around diſplay'd !
Bright baſons here in painted fragments lie,
And there the ſquallid relicks of a pie.
Oft' in polluted loaves, aghaſt ! ſhe ſees
Arch'd caverns yawn, and ſepulchres of cheeſe.
Not more tremendous lookt the *Cyclop*'s den,
Or *Cuma*'s grot, deſcrib'd by *Maro*'s pen.

But the lamented ſaucer grieves her moſt,
Whoſe brims blue letters in a circle boaſt :
That ſaucer, which her ſwain laſt rural wake
Gave her, adorn'd with motto, and with cake ;
'Twas then, with weeping eyes, revenge ſhe ſwore,
And threw the laſt ſad remnants on the floor ;

Invok'd

Invok'd both Gods and Dæmons in despair,
And mutter'd half a curse, and half a pray'r.
Not with less grief the *Trojan* heroes found
Their prostrate banquets scatter'd on the ground;
When from on high rapacious *Harpys* flew,
With claws obscene, and all the feast o'erthrew.

THUS long, unharm'd, the Epicure patrol'd,
And fearless o'er the silent mansions strol'd;
Luxurious nights in pleasing plunder past,
Nor wot that this was doom'd to be his last.
For now the time—the destin'd time, was sent;
So fate ordain'd,—and who can fate prevent?
Once more night's shades involv'd the *haunted house*;
Once more from covert bolts the advent'rous *Mouse*,
As usual, ranging for nocturnal prey,
In some ill hour, he crept where *Oysters* lay.
The Fish, commission'd from the wat'ry throng,
With tegument of scaly armour strong,
Lay with expanded mouth—an horrid cell!
What pen the dire catastrophe can tell?
Stretcht on the shore, thus ready for surprize,
With jaws expanded, *Nile*'s dread monster lies.
Th' insatiate thief, now fond of some new dish,
Explores the dark apartment of the fish;
Conscious of bearded touch, the *Oyster* fell,
And caught the head of caitiff in the shell.

In

In vain the victim labours to get free
From durance hard, and dread captivity :
Lockt in the close embrace—dire fate! he lies
In pillory safe—pants, struggles, squeaks, and dies.

INSTRUCTED thus—let Epicures beware,
Warn'd of their fate—nor seek luxurious fare.

BUT when the Cook beheld her foe confin'd,
O say what raptures fill'd her anxious mind?
What acclamations fill the joyful house?
What wond'ring crouds behold the captive *Mouse?*

STILL hangs the shell—a monument sublime,
Safe where no boys can reach, no cats can climb :
Where ostrich-eggs, and birds presaging weather,
Dry'd herbs, dry'd hams, and halcyons swing together.

AND when beneath the jovial master smoaks,
And cracks his nuts,—his bottles,—or his jokes,
This tale he tells, to grace the rescu'd Pie ;
And to the trophy'd relic points on high.

TO A

Beautiful Young LADY,

ON HER

Conveying a VIPER into a CLERGYMAN'S POCKET, at the EARL of ORRERY'S, at *Marſton-Houſe*, *Aug*. 1744.

POSSEST with ſuch reſiſtleſs charms,
Why ſhould you covet other arms?
Why any foreign aid explore,
You who cou'd wound too faſt before?
With *Cupid*'s whole artillery clad,
'Twas barbarous, poiſon'd darts to add.

IN other foes 'tis deem'd unfair,
With venom'd arms to wage a war,
Achilles, or fam'd *Pella*'s lord,
In poiſon never dipt their ſword.

Tyrants

Tyrants, of high deſpotic views,
Will arbitrary weapons uſe.
Sure you are ſome tyrannic maid,
To call in *Vipers* to your aid,
And make us run ſtill further riſque;
You, who have eyes of Baſiliſk.
But as of old, in *Eden*'s ground,
Serpents in flow'ry fields were found:
So hence this Moral we may take,
No *Paradiſe* without a Snake.

'TWAS well a grave and reverend *Seer*
You thus inſpir'd with mortal fear;
For men of ſanctity, they ſay,
With ſpells can conjure harm away:
But ah! no ſpells can exorciſe
The fatal magic of your Eyes;
Eyes that at every glance can kill,
And baffle *Mead*'s, and *Galen*'s ſkill.

TO
A YOUNG LADY,

On her LIKING the

Preceding Verſes, in Praiſe of Miſs *P—tt.*

SINCE free from a detracting ſpirit,
You bear to hear a rival's merit;
The praiſe which is to *Celia* due,
Fair Nymph! but echoes back to you.

WITH candour, and good-nature bleſt,
No envy ſwells your peaceful breaſt.
Envy and Pride too oft' are found
Like waſps to viſit flow'ry ground;
And murm'ring moſt in fragrant air,
Buz thro' the circles of the fair.
Pity ſuch gueſts ſhou'd e'er annoy
Boſoms of beauty, and of joy.
As Vipers often hide unſeen,
Beneath ſome bank of moſſy green;
But candid minds, and generous Hearts,
Deſpiſe ſuch low cenſorious arts.

Tho'

Tho' ſparkling beauties *Celia* bleſs,
Delia's and your's are not the leſs.
What if the Muſe applauds like you,
Fair *Phillis*, and *Orinda* too;
Say, gentle Nymph, would you repine,
If I ſhould ſing, and they ſhould ſhine?

ENVY, like ſome contagious blight,
Blaſts the fair bloſſoms of the light;
That canker beauty's force diſarms,
And robs the fair of half their charms:
Like trees which caſt ſuch noxious ſhades,
That every plant about them fades.

TRUE merit ſtill our praiſe extorts,
Whether in cottages, or courts;
Whether it gilds the rich brocade,
Or humbly lurks in freeze, or plaid:
While the vain pomp, which crouds adore,
Is only folly, varniſh'd o'er.

OH! happy Nymph!—in whom we find
The charms of body, and of mind:
And happy Swain! whoſe lot ſhall ſhare
A Nymph ſo generous, and ſo fair.

TO

To the Reverend

Mr. *Lionel Seaman*, M. A.

ON HIS

Building a new *Vicarage-House* at FROME, on the Ruins of the old House,

FEBRUARY, 1748.

Vetustis dare novitatem, obscuris gratiam
Obsoletis nitorem, &c. CICERO.

WHERE late an old monastic Structure stood,
In ruins clad, and silent solitude;
In antient times, as popish legends tell,
Of Austin saints, a venerable cell:
(When superstition her dark empire spread,
And learning lurk'd in cobweb, and in shade;

When

When monks in pious ignorance were nurſt,
And tomes immortal lay conceal'd in duſt),
A finiſh'd Fabric now ſalutes the day,
With pleaſing pomp, magnificently gay.
Where yawning arches nodded all around,
The fair Creation riſes from the ground;
In graceful elegance attracts the ſight,
Smiles o'er the ruins, and diſpels the night.

As when the weary traveller, with ſurprize,
Sees ſudden verdure in the deſart riſe;
Thus midſt the waſte the beauteous pile appears,
And mocks the ſpoil of time, the wreck of years.
Admiring crouds the pleaſing change explore,
While order reigns, where diſcord ſpread before.

ORDER ſtill pleaſes each judicious eye,
E'en dunces Art admire,—they know not why,
Beauty and Harmony ſtrike every mind;
In Herds and *Hottentots* a taſte we find:
That eye or organ muſt have ſome diſeaſe,
Which ſounds can't touch, or beauty cannot pleaſe.

THUS when you charm the liſt'ning croud around,
With pious precepts, and pathetic ſound;
Each tuneful period ſtill attention draws,
And ſullen envy whiſpers out applauſe;

The

The ſoft conviction ſtrikes the poiſon'd ear,
And contrite ſinners drop th' unwilling tear.
So when mad ſpiders * bite th' Italian ſwain,
Muſic's ſoft power reſtores the ſenſe again :
Or when relax'd the tuneful hours you ſpend,
To baniſh care, or entertain your friend,
The conſcious nerves feel each tranſporting ſtring ;
The groves are huſht, and birds forget to ſing.

OTHERS of prouder palaces may boaſt,
Of blundering labour, and unmeaning coſt ;
Where ſhapeleſs plans abſurdity confeſs,
In Gothic ornaments, and barbarous dreſs ;
Where ſtone and timber lie in chaos more,
Than in the quarry, or the wood before :
Like Babel's tower ſuch piles blaſpheme the ſkys,
And mock the more, the more ſublime they riſe.

HERE ſenſe and ſymmetry in every part,
Command the eye, and captivate the heart.
Now in a cornice, or a light we trace,
Romano's genius, or *Vitruvio*'s grace.
O'er all a grand ſimplicity is ſeen,
A modeſt beauty, and majeſtic mien.
Here *Attic* windows welcome in the day,
Fair without ſtate, and without ſplendor gay :

* The Bite of the Tarantula is cured by Muſic.

No

No wanton rays, with glaring luſtre ſhine,
The light looks ſolemn, and the day divine.
If ſome fair villa, or ſaloon we raiſe,
Corinthian wreaths, and fluted columns pleaſe;
Inlaid *Moſaic* ſhews its figur'd face,
And ſwol'n feſtoons the gaudy pillars grace:
But when Religion bids the ſtructure riſe,
No flow'ry ſculptures ſhou'd allure our eyes;
The plan, like epic, ſhould be grand and *one*,
And no unhallow'd chiſſel mark the ſtone.

From hence expanding landſkips ſtrike the view,
Whoſe wild variety ſeems always new.
Deep in the vale below, the river glides;
Gay fields and gardens deck its verdant ſides;
Peaceful it glides the noiſy town along,
Calm, and unmindful of the buſy throng:
As ſome lone pilgrim, bent on his abode,
With ſteady ſteps purſues the ſilent road.
From hence, the hills, the gardens, and the trees,
With blended bowers, and checquer'd beauty's pleaſe.
While tufted farms, emboſom'd deep in green,
With miſcellaneous view divert the ſcene.

Close by the pile, where ſtood the antient hall,
A new *Gymnaſium* rears its humbler wall.
Religion thus, with learning in her eye,
Together riſe—and ſhall together die.

One fate attends the *Roſtrum* and the *Rod*,
Still *Pallas* trembles, when her temples nod;
Still in one orb, like ſiſter ſtars they ſhine;
Move in one track, and in one ſhade decline.
Frome ſmiles, and views with pleaſure and ſurprize
Her ſacred walls from deſolation riſe.
The myſtic *Muſe* ſees brighter days revolve,
The rays of knowledge dawn, the clouds diſſolve:
With eyes prophetic ſees her ſages rule,
And wave the gentle ſceptre o'er the ſchool:
Sees youths unborn inſpire the claſſic ground,
And learned accents o'er the roof reſound.
While factious *Ignorance*, with jealous eyes,
Far from the riſing ſeminary flies.

LONG may you live, to grace the happy ſeat,
And peace and pleaſure bleſs the ſweet retreat.
Correct mad vice, neglected laws reſtore;
Bid laurels bloom where ivy crept before;
While Arts and Learning all about you ſmile.
And exil'd Muſes hover o'er the pile.

A

Farewel to the Country.

By a LADY.

HOW ſhall the Muſe, diſtreſs'd in numbers, tell
The pain ſhe feels at this ſad word—*farewel*?
Scarce can ſhe bear the oft' repeated ſound,
While, echo like, the accents back rebound;
And ſtill purſue her, like ſome frighted ghoſt,
'Till in great *London*'s crouded ſtreets they're loſt.
Farewel to all the pleaſures of the fields,
Thoſe ſweet delights each ſpangl'd meadow yields.
Farewel ye ſilver ſtreams, ye bubbling brooks,
Ye reverend lofty trees, and rural rooks.
Farewel to the melodious feather'd throng,
Whoſe artleſs notes inſpir'd my ruſtic ſong.

While warbling ſweetneſs ſooth'd my cares to reſt,
And peace and harmony fill'd all my breaſt.
Farewel each ſhady wood, each fragrant grove,
Each verdant plain, where fleecy flocks ſtill rove.
Farewel the lowly huts, where virtue dwells;
Farewel to merit, hid in lonely cells.
Farewel each charming dear delicious ſhade,
Where balmy Zephyrs fan the harmleſs maid.
No more ſhall I your jovial paſtimes join,
Watch my dear flocks, or curious garlands twine.
When free from care in beachen bower I ſung,
Nor ever thought the Halcyon moments long:
That ſweet retirement, and thoſe bliſsful joys,
I now exchange for tumults, crouds and noiſe.

FAREWEL then, *Thyrſis*, by the Gods deſign'd
A bleſſing to theſe plains, and all mankind.
Still ſweetly ſing your ſoft melodious lays,
And with your ſacred art prolong our days.

FAREWEL *Philander!* lovely *Delia* too,
But oh! the muſe can ſcarcely ſay adieu.
Still to the nuptial band an honour live,
That *Hymen*, long diſgrac'd, new joys may give.

FAREWEL *Palemon!* may that pleaſing art,
Which undeſigning charms our virgin heart,

Still

Still its unſully'd innocence retain,
And may you never breath one ſigh in vain.
But when the ſpeaking chords you artful preſt,
Or tuneful ſung, what nymph could guard her breaſt?
But oh! may generous paſſions charm your ſoul,
And friendſhip's ſacred ties your love control.

To *Strephon* too I now muſt bid farewel,
In whom the pleaſing graces ſweetly dwell:
That ſweet vivacity, that ſprightly air,
That lovely mien will charm th' admiring fair.

FAREWEL to *Philomela*'s tuneful ſtrains,
Which bleſs the fields, and charm the wond'ring
ſwains:
Whoſe warbling numbers oft' my ſoul inſpir'd,
Rais'd my dull ſoul, and every paſſion fir'd.
But tho' deny'd the muſic of your tongue,
On which the ſofteſt eloquence is hung,
Yet deign to bleſs me with ſome tuneful thought,
And let me not, tho' abſent, be forgot.
Oh! make theſe ſcenes immortal with your praiſe;
Still may they bloom in *Philomela*'s lays.

BUT how my dear *Belinda* can I quit?
Bleſt with good humour, eloquence, and wit.
How bright her ſoul! her language how refin'd!
How juſt her thoughts! how uncorrupt her mind!

With her how ſwift the pleaſing moments flew !
Sure ſuch a form can ſavage ſouls ſubdue.
But yet tho' diſtant, may we ever prove
The nobleſt friendſhip, pure angelic love.

And dear *Myrtilla* with regret I loſe,
Who firſt did ſmile upon my infant muſe.
Elſe had ſhe ſtill in ſhades obſcure have lain,
And not appear'd on this cenſorious plain.
But baniſh'd now from your auſpicious ſmile,
My muſe no more ſhall fleeting hours beguile.
Should ſhe with all her rural, artleſs trains
Of unſuſpecting harmleſs nymphs and ſwains,
'Midſt beaus and belles, in the gay town appear,
At virtuous innocence, how wou'd they ſneer ?
How would they liſten with a ſtrange amaze,
To hear her pipes and reeds, 'midſt balls and plays ?
While ſhe (unſkill'd in thoſe pernicious arts,
By which they triumph o'er unwary hearts)
Muſt be inſulted by corrupted wit,
Or fly their jeers, or what is worſe, ſubmit.
Guilty amours muſt then her lays recite,
And perjur'd love her tuneful thoughts indite.

Ah ! can I wiſh my inoffenſive muſe
Wou'd thus her virtuous innocence abuſe ?
Forbid it Heaven, my muſe ſhould faithleſs be ;
Oh ! rather let her fly to ſhades and liberty,

And

And live unnoted on thoſe bliſsful plains,
Where ſpotleſs love in rural ſweetneſs reigns.
There let me viſit thy delicious bowers,
And range the fields to gather new-blown flowers;
Watch the gay nymphs in their delightful ſports,
Which yield more joy than baneful bliſs of courts.
In vain the fates have plac'd me in the town,
Where noiſe and diſcord would my numbers drown.
Domeſtic cares may here ſome hours employ,
But the dear ſhades will give a laſting joy.
My tuneful fancy oft' will take her flight,
Where once ſhe us'd to revel with delight:
No theme can here one well-form'd number raiſe,
For all my ſoul was form'd for rural lays.

THEN *Philomela* will my ſongs approve;
While every note *Myrtilla*'s ſoul will move.
Grant this requeſt, the reſt I will reſign,
Nor aſk one favour of the tuneful nine.

VERSES,

In PRAISE of the

SOCIETY of CARD-MAKERS,

Lately Eſtabliſh'd at FROME,

1738.

COME, Muſe, forſake the grove, and purling rill,
To ſing the wonders of mechanic ſkill:
More uſeful themes demand thy future lays,
Pregnant with bleſſings, and a nation's praiſe.

LET antient legends, of romantic *Greece*,
Applaud the union of the golden fleece:
In later days, let popiſh records boaſt,
Great *Godfry*'s band, and the Teutonic hoſt.
More worthy leagues mechanic patriots frame,
For manual arts deſerve a nobler name.

ON

On that fam'd day, when curſed Jeſuits vow'd
To blaſt the ſenate in a ſulphurous cloud,
The members meet; a memorable band,
Tho' mean their rank, their toil ſupports the land:
Linkt in the chain of buſineſs, peace and love,
Such ſenates are the ſtay of that above.
No party feuds, no politician's prate,
Diſturb the order of the little ſtate:
No impious oaths, no vanity obſcene,
Polute the ſynod, and the feaſt prophane:
But commerce, harmony, and publick good,
Eaſe for the ſick, and for the hungry food;
Illuſtrious Motives! crown the great deſign,
Nor courts can frame a purpoſe more divine.

But now, the Muſe, if *Pallas* deign her aid.
In a rough verſe, ſhall paint a rougher trade:
She firſt the virgins taught to card and ſpin,
And bid the loom its wond'rous web begin:
Immortal *Vida* ſung the Silk-worm's ſkill,
And *Virgil*'s Numbers taught the ſwain to till.

Of Aſh or Beechen wood, an oblong ſquare,
Is the firſt baſis of the future care:
The maſter next, with mathematic art,
In figur'd diagrams diſſects each part;
Curious as thoſe who deſtin'd victims ſlay,
What part to ſave, and what to caſt away:

Or

Or as ſam'd *Dido*, who with leathern thong
Mark'd out the ground from whence great *Carthage*
ſprung.
By artiſts next the leaves are well refin'd,
Shav'd, *moos'd*, and *ſuppl'd* for the uſe deſign'd;
Then ſtretch'd on tents, of pain unconſcious, feel
Two pungent darts of penetrating ſteel,
'Till in a thouſand gaping wounds pritch'd thro';
Each orifice extends exactly true.
Now from its bonds th' impriſon'd captive flies,
And ſtands the teſt of criticiſing eyes.
Review thus paſs'd—each pore receives a tire
In ſhining weapons clad, of ſtapl'd wire.

So glittering cohorts, marſhal'd in array,
In even files their ſhining arms diſplay;
While poliſh'd blades thro' every viſta glide,
And in a thouſand ranks the leaf divide.

HAIL Art divine! by thy laborious toil
We ſee the texture of the fleecy ſpoil.
From hence *Britannia*'s artful ſons procure
Wealth to the rich, and plenty to the poor.
'Tis thus her loaded fleet the ſea commands,
And cloaths the ſavages in diſtant lands.
Commerce and Liberty enrich our ſhore,
While ſlothful *Spaniards* pine amidſt their ſtore.

VERSES,

VERSES,

Written on the FIRST LEAF of a

LAWYER'S *Coke* upon *Littleton*.

OH! thou, who labour'ſt in the rugged mine,
May'ſt thou to gold th' unpoliſh'd ore refine;
May each dark page unfold its haggard brow;
Doubt not to reap, if thou can'ſt bear to plough.
To tempt thy care, may each revolving night
Purſes and maces ſwim before thy ſight,
From hence, in times to come, advent'rous deed!
May'ſt thou eſſay to ſpeak, to look like *Mead*.
When the black bag and roſe no more ſhall ſhade,
With martial air, the honors of thine head;
When the full wig thy viſage ſhall incloſe,
And only leave to view thy learned noſe,
Safely thou may'ſt defy beaux, wits, and ſcoffers,
When tenants in fee-ſimple ſtuff thy coffers.

TO

TO
A YOUNG LADY,
ON HER
RETURN to the COUNTRY,

After a long PILGRIMAGE at BATH.

ARE you return'd at laſt—apoſtate maid!
To calm retirement, and the rural ſhade?
Welcome, ſweet *Sylvia*, to your ſilent ſeat,
Your ſylvan ſolitude, and green retreat;
Welcome to quiet days, untroubled nights,
To guiltleſs joys, and innocent delights;
Welcome, fair fugitive, to peaceful *Holt*,
Almoſt a deſart grown ſince your revolt.
When you withdrew, politer gueſts retir'd;
The place grew dull, the fountains uninſpir'd:

Your

Your wit, your company, and verſe prevail'd,
And oft' recover'd when the fountains fail'd.

'Twas ſuch a charm, as antient poets told,
Inſpir'd the fam'd *Caſtalian* ſprings of old:
No healing power thoſe ſacred ſtreams poſſeſt,
But ſome poetic God the region bleſt.
So if ſeraphic *Sylvia* deigns to ſing,
Each liſt'ning ſtream is a *Caſtalian* ſpring;
Each grove divine, and every hill around,
Blooms with *Parnaſſian* laurels at the ſound.

Long the forſaken fields your abſence mourn'd,
And meadows wept, in dews, 'till you return'd:
But now, again, the feather'd warblers ſing,
And in the midſt of winter make a ſpring.
The tuneful ſiſters, when you fled, withdrew;
For where you go, thoſe Syrens will purſue:
While ſome in equipage, and ſhowy pride,
In gilded vehicles triumphant glide;
Compar'd to yours, their ſhining pomp is vain,
For all the muſes mingle in your train.
When poets travel, rural nymphs attend,
Sylphs dance around, and Goddeſſes deſcend.

What cou'd you do in *Bath*'s tumultuous air?
Can you Impertinence and folly bear?

What

What cou'd you do amongſt the vain and proud,
But live in ſolitude amidſt the crowd :
When to the rooms you rov'd with penſive mien,
Still anxious *Clio* hover'd round unſeen ;
On the *Parade* oft' whiſper'd in your ear,
Fly *Sylvia*, fly,—Contentment is not here :
Your genius calls you like ſome beckoning ghoſt ;
Fly *Sylvia*, fly—from this enchanted coaſt.
Deluded Maid, what tempts your longer ſtay ?
The Country calls—come *Sylvia*, come away.

JANUARY 8, 1750-1.

To

To an Ingenious

Young LADY,

Ruffled with Passion,

Who grew Calm on Reading ſome Lines in *EPICTETUS.*

SAY, much incenſed Maid! can anger ſwell
That peaceful boſom, where the Muſes dwell!
Can female paſſion diſcompoſe that Breaſt,
Where Graces us'd to ſmile, and Cupid's reſt?
Far other flames ſhould ſuch a breaſt inſpire,
Far other tranſport—and poetic fire.
No other flames ſhou'd in that region glow,
But ſuch as Seraphs feel, and Poets know.

But

BUT ſee a ray of reaſon from on high,
Dart thro' the gloom, and clear the troubl'd ſky.
(How chang'd that ſky, which ſhone ſo bright before?
How ſoon with frowns o'er-caſt, and clouded o'er?)
Soon as her gentle influence preſides;
The tempeſt ſcatters, and the ſtorm ſubſides.
Thus *Neptune* ſmooths the boſom of the deep,
Governs the winds, and bids the billows ſleep.

PEACE to the ſoul of that immortal Sage,
Who gave you peace, and calm'd the riſing rage.
Sacred the page, the writing all divine,
Where heavenly rhetoric dwells in every line.
Divine philoſopher! whoſe powerful ſpell,
And giant truths, can monſter paſſion quell.
The ſteady ſtoic ſits with ſoul ſerene,
When tempeſts riſe without, or ſtorms within.
Let thoughtleſs fops, and conſcious courtiers dread,
Earthquakes below, or meteors o'er their head;
The upright mind can ſee without a ſhock,
Diſſolving hills, and the convulſed rock;
See the earth ſhake, and labouring mountains bow,
With mind unſhaken, and compoſed brow.
When ſudden fits of rage the ſoul inflame,
'Tis a ſhort earthquake in the human frame.

In

In vain thoſe momentary ſtorms ſhall riſe,
When *Epictetus* at your elbow lies;
While on your deſk the ſtoic lamp* burns bright,
Or near your pillow ſheds its peaceful light.
Protected thus—no ſtorms your mind ſhall move,
And *S—a*'s boſom ſwell with nought but love.

MARCH 26, 1750.

* EPICTETUS commonly ſtudy'd by a Lamp at Night.—He compriſed all Philoſophy or Wiſdom in theſe two words, *ſuſtine*, et *abſtine*; or *bear* and *forbear*. When he died, his earthen Lamp was ſold for 3000 Drachmas, or about 50 Pounds.

THE PHILOSOPHER; OR CONTENTMENT.

Republish'd.

HAPPY the Man, old *Solon* cry'd,
Who with his farm content,
Can ſmile at *Croeſus'* pomp and pride,
From his low tenement.

Who can at freedom range the wood,
Or reſt upon a rock;
Can at ſome fountain take his food,
Or tend his fleecy flock.

Harm-

Harmleſs and innocent as they,
And free from clam'rous ſtrife,
He reads or ſings the time away,
And taſtes the ſweets of life.

HAPPY the man, ſay all the wiſe,
Who wears a chearful mien,
Scorns to be govern'd by the ſkies,
Or clouded by the ſpleen.

WHOSE thoughts, free, open, unconfin'd,
Are void of all deceit;
Where reaſon only rules the mind,
And keeps her God-like ſeat.

SMOOTH thro' his heart glides ſoft repoſe,
No ſtorms that ſeat ſurprize;
Calm as the ſtream which by him flows,
Or cavern where he lies.

ON Virtue's turret rais'd he ſtands,
And crowds beneath him ſees;
Firm as a pile on rocky lands,
Sublime as cedar trees.

No dangers fright his ſteady ſoul,
Nor diſcompoſe his reſt;
Let the earth ſhake, or thunders roll,
'Tis ſun-ſhine in his breaſt.

THUS unconcern'd, *Fabricius* ſat,
When *Pyrrhus* plac'd, unſeen,
The monſter arm'd in dreadful ſtate,
Behind the Roman's ſcreen.

SEDATE, and ſteady as before,
He ſaw the beaſt appear,
And o'er his head, with hideous roar,
His great proboſcis rear.

On the DEATH of

Miſs *GOLDNEY.*

INSCRIB'D TO

Mrs. *S----------K.*

FAIR and unſpotted, to the realms of light
Accompliſh'd *Flavia* takes her ſilent flight:
Heaven envy'd mortals ſuch a beauteous prize,
And to ſecure her, ſnatch'd her to the ſkies.
Deſpairing lovers languiſh'd here in vain,
Nor gold nor grandeur could the veſtal gain:
'Till ravenous Death each avenue poſſeſt,
And ſtorm'd the chryſtal palace of her breaſt;
Then gently lands her on that peaceful ſhore,
Where tempeſts ceaſe, and billows rage no more.

So young, ſo chaſte, ſo beautiful, ſo gay,
The conqueror ſtood relenting o'er his prey.
So griev'd the *Roman* o'er the town he burn'd;
Sigh'd o'er the flames, and as he conquer'd mourn'd.

STILL lives the Nymph bleſt in Elyſian ſhades,
Where youth ſtill blooms, and beauty never fades.
With pitying Eyes views this fantaſtic ſhow,
This Tragi-Comedy of Life below:
To crown her bliſs harmonious bands conſpire,
She wants but you to make her heaven entire.

A REBUS ON THE AUTHOR's NAME.

WHAT was chiefly in uſe before guns were invented,
And the place of retreat for wild beaſts under ground,
Where they couch under covert, ſecure and contented,
Makes the name of a Poet that's highly renown'd.

TO THE

UNKNOWN CONTRIVER

OF THE FOREGOING

REBUS on *Bow* and *Den*.

☞ See the BATH JOURNAL of *Dec.* 1, 1747.

THE Author Bows with half his name
To him from whom the Rebus came:
And to the other moiety—Den
Invites the poet with his pen;
There to regale with wine and ſallad,
And for the deſert, ſong and ballad.
No rarities my cave afford,
But moſs and peace to bleſs the board.
Simple is all poetic diet;
Bards can on vegetables riot.
If bleſt with freedom, peace, and quiet.

POETS

POETS and hermits we are told,
In dens and caverns liv'd of old.
There if I live from tumult free,
This cell a palace proves to me.

SWEET peace—that ſtranger to the great,
Still hovers round my rural ſeat.
Sweet liberty, about my cell
That mountain nymph delights to dwell.
Then teize me not to court or wed,
She reigns the miſtreſs of my bed:
Wedded to her, with all her charms,
I claſp the Goddeſs in my arms.

MEAN while may you be bleſt by *Phœbus*,
Who thus diſſect my name in Rebus;
And could with *Bow* and *Den* contrive
To keep ſix letters thus alive;
And with the trammel'd muſe in fetters,
Anatomize it in ſix letters.
Poetic chymiſt, to ſublime
And filtre me in witty rhime.
The tortur'd name you thus divide
Between two words, ſtands crucify'd;
Now ſhall my name immortal reign,
As long as *Bow*— and *Den* remain.

ODE

ODE to ECHO.

1.

DAUGHTER ſweet of voice and air.
Gentle Echo haſte thee here.
From the vale where all around
Hollow rocks return the ſound:
From the ſwelling ſurge that roars,
On the tempeſt-beaten ſhores:
From the ſilent moſs-grown cell,
Haunt of warbling *Philomel.*
Where unſeen of man you lie,
Queen of woodland harmony.
Daughter ſweet of voice and air,
Gentle Echo haſte thee here.

2.

LISTEN nymph divine, and learn
Strains to make *Narciſſus* burn.
Hark! the heavenly ſong begins,
Air be ſtill! breath ſoft ye winds!

Peace

Peace ye noiſy feather'd choir,
While *Dione* ſtrikes the lyre.
See each eye, each raptur'd ear,
Fix'd to gaze, and charm'd to hear!
All around enchantment reigns,
Such the magic of her ſtrains:
Strains, which if thou can'ſt but learn,
Soon will make *Narciſſus* burn!

3.

ECHO ſhould they fail to move
His obdurate heart to love,
Borrow (for ſhe well can ſpare)
Borrow her enchanting air.
Learn her eaſe and elegance
Of motion in the airy dance.
Learn the grace with which ſhe ſtrays
Thro' the light fantaſtic maze;
And a thouſand charms untold,
Should *Narciſſus* ſtill be cold.
Charms! the leaſt of which would move
His obdurate heart to love.

ON THE

EARL of ORRERY'S

(NOW EARL of CORK'S)

CUTTING DOWN THE

Limb of an Aged Tree,

In his GARDEN at MARSTON,

Which intercepted a fine View.

Annosa excelsos tendebat ad æthera ramos;
——————nulla violata securi.

LONG unresolv'd, my Lord, you knew not how
To save the prospect, and preserve the bough;
And while the dire event you anxious weigh'd,
Alternate passions in your bosom sway'd.

LONG had the reverend branch, with head sublime,
Defy'd the rage of tempests, and of time.

Its

Its aged top, and venerable ſhade,
Its hoary honours, and majeſtic head,
To ſave the favourite limb, pathetic plead.
But the dark foliage intercepts the ſight
Of opening beauties, and obſtructs the light.
Condemn'd at laſt, in ſpight of all debate,
For trees and tyrants muſt ſubmit to fate;
With trembling hand the penſive gard'ner ſtands,
Unwilling to obey his Lord's commands:
Thus *Pyrrhus* paus'd o'er *Priam*'s hoary age,
With ſword ſuſpended, and reluctant rage,
In vain—for *Juno* frown'd, and fate decreed,
That ſtately *Troy* muſt fall, and *Priam* bleed.

But while the ſteel inflicts the fatal wound,
The ſympathizing *Dryads* hover round;
At every ſtroke the conſcious *Genii* groan,
And mimic echos murmur to the moan.
But ceaſe your plaints, an aged Sylvan cries,
In future times a nobler ſhade ſhall riſe:
Already ſee the new creation bloom
With infant greens, and flouriſh in its room;
In unknown paths glad Zephyrs learn to rove,
With pleaſing whiſpers, thro' the rural grove.

These groves ſhall then *Boyle*'s yet unborn inſpire,
And give to ſummer ſhade, to winter fire:

Here

Here the bright youths ſhall ſpend the learned hours,
In claſſic walks, and philoſophic bowers.

BLEST is the man, and happy, if not great,
Whoſe fair plantations cloath his rural ſeat.
To future times, and publick good a friend,
He ſees new foreſts from his hands aſcend.
Deſcending ſons ſhall bleſs the happy change,
And o'er the riſing woods delight to range:
New beauties here, and verdant walks explore,
Where barren fields, and deſarts ſpread before.
Here vocal oaks, here towering elms ariſe,
And waft the planter's praiſes to the ſkies:
Fair rows of aſh, in viſtas long extend,
And trees beneath their ruddy burden bend.
Here bowering beech, and lofty firr-trees climb,
And o'er the humble meadows wave ſublime.
While the gay moderns, of politer taſte,
What former ages rais'd, in riot waſte:
Quit their old villas, and paternal ſeats,
Or in mad folly diſſipate eſtates:
Diſperſe their wealth in Vanity and Vice,
And loſe a Dairy at a throw of Dice;
For ſmoaky towns forſake the fields and brooks,
And leave their farms to peaſants and to rooks.
While ſome, a falſe capricious taſte to pleaſe,
Deſtroy the greens, the gardens, and the trees.

Like

Like beacons now the modern villas riſe,
To form a view, expos'd to northern ſkies:
Stript of their greens, the naked manſions mourn,
And flow'ry gardens into paſtures turn.

BUT you, my Lord, who nobler views attend,
Your wiſer hours in rural buſineſs ſpend;
Bid gardens bloom, and trees adorn your pile,
Bleſs the poor ſwain, and bid the deſart ſmile;
Diffuſe your generous bounty all around,
And while you feed the peaſant, bleſs the ground.

So high—your thoughts with noble ſcorn deſpiſe,
With *mean* ambition, in a court to riſe:
And yet, from pride and haughty ſpirit free,
So low—you ſmile upon my Muſe, and Me.

On the DEATH of

Mr. *John Smith*, Clothier,

NOVEMRER 1745.

MUCH like the fabrick of my trade,
Death has diſſolv'd the human thread.
My frame I thought ſo firmly join'd,
Was but the Cloathing of the Mind.
The cloth we weave, the thread we ſpin
All imitate this frail Animal Machine.
Devouring Death will ſoon conſume
The ſtrongeſt labours of the loom:
The cloſer texture of my frame,
This Webb of Nerves is juſt the ſame.
And now the Fates which ſpun the chain,
Have cut the Thread of Life again.

TO

A Young LADY at *Holt*,

ON HER

Recovery from the SMALL-POX,

By INOCULATION.

SYLVIA, a painful, yet a pleasing flight,
Your health restor'd—the muse attempts to write.
Inoculation! unharmonious name!
And dire disease, afford no grateful theme;
Yet thus inspir'd, no dangers shall dismay,
When friendship prompts, and *Sylvia* smooths the Way.

LONG had triumphant death, with fatal wound,
Spread its malignant influence all around;

From age to age, with barbarous ſpoil convey'd
Untimely ghoſts to *Styx*'s gloomy ſhade :
As with fell blaſt, commiſſion'd from the ſky,
O'er guilty lands avenging angels fly ;
From realm to realm the curſt contagion paſt,
With raging ſores, and peſtilential blaſt.
The ſpotted monſter, with polluted gore,
Breath'd putrid death at every poiſon'd pore :
Not with leſs fury o'er *Numidian* plains,
Or *Barca*'s waſte, the ſpotted panther reigns.
Noxious as ſteams which from * *Averno* flew,
Replete with mortal miſts, and ſulphurous dew ;
The birds which o'er the gloomy caverns ſtray'd,
Sudden dropt ſmother'd in the tainted ſhade ;
O'er the blue lake, mute fiſh aſtoniſh'd lie,
Forget their uſeleſs fins, and gaſping die.

THUS thro' the air, *Variola* exhales
Effluvia keen, and taints the ſickening gales.
Oft' from contagious town, th' unhappy ſwain
Imbibes from fœtid ſmell, the fatal ſtain,
Home to his honeſt toil and ruſtic life,
He meets his ſmiling babes, and anxious wife ;
But thoughtleſs, wots not death, that ſilent ſleeps
Within his veins, and o'er his vitals creeps.

* The Name of a poiſonous Lake near *Naples*, which formerly emitted ſuch mortal Exhaltations, that Birds were ſoffocated who flew over it.

Heav'n

Heav'n to mankind this ignorance beſtows,
And in kind ſhades conceals our future woes.

Too long ſuch havock had contagion ſpread,
And peopl'd all the regions of the dead;
Too long had death the cruel ſpoil enjoy'd,
And mortals half deform'd, or half deſtroy'd:
As inſects hovering in an eaſtern breeze,
Or *kill* with baneful blaſt, or *mark* the trees;
'Till ſent from Heaven, th' inoculating art,
Its fury checkt, and ſheath'd th' envenom'd dart.

Th' immortal art, far back in diſtant time,
Was practis'd firſt in fair *Circaſſia*'s clime.
'Twas thus the beauties of that martial race,
From foul deformity preſerv'd the face:
There the fond mother, when the babes ſhe nurſt,
Dar'd in their veins the morbid ichor truſt;
Unſpotted thus the beauteous babe ſhe ſaves,
Expos'd to ſhine amongſt Seraglian ſlaves;
For Turkiſh ſale, and venal fortune bred,
To grace a *Signor*'s, or a *Baſha*'s bed.

Bleſt be th' invention, and the art ador'd,
Which ſav'd mankind, and *Sylvia*'s Health reſtor'd.

Say, *Sylvia*, how debating paſſions ſway'd,
With pulſe alternate, when th' attempt you weigh'd?

To graft diſtempers, and inflict diſeaſe,
Seem'd a bold challenge on divine decrees.
Too faſt comes ſickneſs, with its ſolemn train,
Shall mortals then anticipate their pain?
Ingenious—nature's artifice to ape,
And ſeek diſeaſes which they may eſcape.
But preſervation turns the dubious ſcales,
And reaſon o'er fantaſtic fears prevails:
Obvious the choice, let prejudice depart,
To die by Nature—or to live by Art.

SAY, with what thoughts your beating breaſt was fill'd,
When in your veins the poiſon firſt diſtil'd?
Calm and ſedate, no anxious cares you felt,
For peaceful Virtue in that region dwelt.
So undiſturb'd, good *Socrates* drank up,
The mortal mixture of the poiſon'd cup.
More anxious far attentive *Sylphs* ſtood round,
And conſcious Muſes hover'd o'er the wound:
For all the light militia of the ſky
Still round their favourite fair patroling fly.
From the *Pandoran* box, with heavenly art,
And balm divine, ſome chace the deſtin'd dart;
While ſome with poppy fans ſoft ſleep infuſe,
And o'er your pillow pour pacific dews.
Protected thus—what dangers cou'd you dread,
While tutelary Saints watch'd round your bed?

FOR

For ſee diſeaſe with all its fury flies,
Gay health returns, and ſparkles in your eyes.
The ſmiling ſpring ſalutes your ſmiles again,
And birds addreſs you in harmonious ſtrain.

Thus ſav'd from cruel fate, good *Sylvia* ſay,
What trophies will you raiſe, what offerings pay?
Can you a tributary ſong refuſe,
Some votive ſhrine, ſome altar to the muſe?
Some grateful Hymn to that Protecting Power
Who thus preſerv'd you in the dangerous hour.
Let others their own way the Powers addreſs,
Sylvia's muſt be a Hecatomb of Verſe.
Accepted thus, poetic Prayers will riſe,
And breath in fragrant incenſe to the ſkies.

A Deſcription *of* CHEDDER-CLIFFS; And PART of MENDIP-HILLS near *Wells*, In *Somerſetſhire.*

Nemoroſa juga, et ſcopuloſi vertice colles.
Hinc atque hinc vaſtæ rupes. VIRG.

NOW *Chedder-Cliffs*, our wand'ring ſteps invite,
And o'er fam'd *Mendip*'s glebe, we ſpeed our flight;
And as the dreary waſte we bound along,
Mendip itſelf demands the Muſe's ſong.

HAIL! ye bleak mountains—lin'd with hidden ſtore,
Fallacious wilds, concealing mines of ore;

Rich

Rich veins of calamine the deſart fills
And lead the ſolid baſis of thy hills:
Thus oft' diſguis'd, in poverty we find
Bright genius ſparkle thro' an humble mind.
What tho' no gold or diamonds gild the mine,
No glittering ſtrata in the caverns ſhine;
Yet uſeful minerals, of various birth,
Lodge in the fruitful bowels of the earth.
Here ſavage ſcenes in wild confuſion reign,
And deſolating proſpects fill the plain.
Thick fern in humble foreſts waves around,
And ſable furzes darken all the ground.
Scatter'd ſome ſolitary trees appear,
And o'er the waſte their haggard branches rear;
Whoſe naked fronts, like the ſtern *Cyclops* ſtand,
When they purſu'd *Ulyſſes* to the ſtrand,
The wither'd tops confeſs eternal blight,
And hungry ravens on the branches light.

Some fruitful ſpots ſmile beautiful around,
And charming paſtures cloath the verdant ground;
Where peaceful ſhepherds ſlumber on the plain,
Or with their crook direct the fleecy train.
Here o'er our head familiar lapwings play,
With hovering wings, and baſk in open day;
While at a diſtance rapid falcons buoy'd,
With poiſed pinions ſkim the liquid void;

The tuneful larks, ſtill chanting, upwards climb,
And loſt in ether Sea-gulls ſoar ſublime.

And now the tall, tremendous cliffs ariſe,
And awful fronts, and towering alps ſurprize.
Two chains of rocks erect on either hand,
O'er many a furlong ſtretch'd contiguous ſtand.
With brow ſublime, gigantic towers aſcend,
And o'er the vale with frowning aſpect bend.
The nodding arches big with ruin ſhow,
And prominent ſtill frown with ponderous woe.
Thus hangs, ſuſpended on a ſingle thread,
The ſword ſtill threat'ning o'er the tyrant's head. *
Their adamantine fronts aſcend ſo high,
Half way they bid defiance to the ſky.
Whoſe ſolid ribs, like parapets a-far,
Look like embattel'd garriſons of war.

Yet nature here in ſweet diſorder ſmiles,
And verdant plants peep thro' the craggy piles:
Uncommon herbs, peculiar to the place,
Burſt thro' the fiſſures, and the proſpect grace.
The ſtudious ſimpler here delights to ſtray;
Nature his guide, and his companion *Ray*:
And when ſome long-ſought plants their race diſcloſe,
The ſage, with philoſophic rapture, glows;

* Polycrates.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the green anatomy, now roves
Thro' untrod paths, and vegetable groves;
The curious texture of each herb to find,
Whether of *bulbous*, or *umbellous* kind,
This ſearch, great *Cowly!* thy laſt hours employ'd,
When with gay life, and courtly duty cloy'd;
The fields then ſaw their fugitive again,
And bloom'd a freſh in his botanic ſtrain. *

HERE flowers amidſt rude precipices grow,
And with wild ſweets, and untaught beauty grow:
Pale pinks, and purple ſtocks the air perfume,
And fragrant woodbinds in the deſart bloom.
Yon lonely beaſts browſe on the ſavage weed,
And o'er the vaſt abyſs ſecurely feed.
In the deep vale aſtoniſh'd travellers ſtand,
Fenc'd with aſpiring rocks on either hand:
Before the view unfathom'd viſtas lie,
And theatres of horror fill the eye;
Each winding ſound reactive hills repeat,
And echoing flocks from diſtant paſtures bleat.
Thus thro' the parting ſea, great *Moſes* fled;
While the uplifted waves forſook their bed,
And pil'd on high, in terrible array,
Silent withdrew, and made, and fenc'd the way.

* CHEDDER CLIFFS abound with curious, uncommon Herbs, much frequented by Botaniſts.

TIR'D

TIR'D with romantic ſcenes again we riſe
On *Mendip* hills, and breathe ſerener ſkys.
Far off monaſtic *Wells* its domes erects,
And from its gilded ſpires the ſun reflects.
Wells whoſe Cathedral with majeſtic pride
Once with Italian Architecture vy'd:
Nor cou'd *Turin*, or *Florence* fair diſplay
Columns more ſplendid, or a Front more gay.

A NEIGHBOURING ſcene here gives a new ſurprize,
And *Wookey* Cave attracts our wond'ring eyes.

Low in the covert of a rural vale,
Where mighty dews from weeping rills exhale,
Deep ſunk beneath a hill the cave profound,
With awful gulph! divides the gaping ground;
With ſhade Ammerian, and tremendous look,
Dark as the paſſage to th' infernal brook;
Vaſt, and impervious! not one beam of light,
There ſheds its luſtre, to diſpel the night.
Only faint tapers guide our doubtful way,
And ſcatter thro' the gloom a ſickly ray.

As when *Æneas*, led by fond deſire
To ſee the ſhade of his departed ſire,
Felt when he firſt approach'd thoſe awful plains,
A ſudden horror ſhudder thro' his veins.

So

So at the entrance ſeiz'd with pannic dread,
We ſeem to trace the regions of the dead.
Thro' ſubterranean grottos winding ſtray,
Entomb'd alive—and wiſh for abſent day.
Here ſecret paths, and labyrinths are found,
Like *Delphian* ſhades, or *Sybils* cave profound.
The weeping rocks diſtil with conſtant dews,
And ſtill a new-form'd drop the laſt purſues.
With ſolemn ſound the ſilent moments mark,
And mock the adder hiſſing in the dark.
A gentle lake, here calm as *Lethe* ſtands,
And like a mirror ſhews tranſparent ſands:
A hollow rock the ſilver flood contains,
Which never ſinks with drought, or ſwells with rains.
Here a low track, anon a ſpacious room,
Where the arch'd vault collects ſubſtantial gloom:
So vaſt the arch, the cavity ſo wide,
Scarce can the eye extend from ſide to ſide.
High o'er the roof alternate murmurs wave,
And every ſtep reverberates round the cave;
From cell to cell the wand'ring accents rove,
Like winding Zephyrs whiſpering thro' the grove:
Unnumber'd echos ring from rock to rock,
And all the cavern trembles with the ſhock.

A SILVER ſtream, like *Nile*, of unknown ſource
Here peaceful glides its ſolitary courſe:
Thro' dark meanders bends its ſilent route,
And at the cave's wide conduit iſſues out:

Fam'd

Fam'd *Alpheus'* ſtream is ſtory'd thus to riſe,
And ſee new light beneath *Sicilian* ſkys.

Nor ſhall the neighb'oring piles of *Stanton-drew*,
Tho' unobſerv'd, eſcape the Muſes view.
Whoſe monuments might once with *Stone Henge* boaſt,
Now ſunk in ruins, and in buildings loſt.

Thy' birth-place next, immortal *Locke* we trace,
And *Wrinton* owns the conſecrated place.
Whoſe towering mind forſook the ſervile croud,
And chas'd th' enchantment of the ſchoolmen's cloud.
Who taught the youth on reaſon's wings to riſe,
And bid new morning dawn thro' miſty ſkies.

Here nobler ſubjects, call for nobler ſtrains,
To ſing O! *Somerſet*, thy fruitful plains;
Thy ſhady foreſts, and romantic rocks,
Thy ſmiling meadows, and thy numerous flocks;
But ſee yon gilded towers attract the ſight,
And ſmoaky *Briſtol* ſtops the Muſe's flight.

Superſtition : *A* TALE :

OR, THE

GLASTONBURY PILGRIMAGE.

———————*quid quid*
Dixerit Aſtrologus, credent a fonte relatum
Ammonis——————— TUVEN.

AS zealous pilgrims, far and near,
Inſpir'd by ſuperſtitious fear,
Flock to *Loretto*'s ſacred ſhrine,
To beg ſome grace, or gift divine ;
Or as to *Mecca*'s holy air
Enthuſiaſtic *Turks* repair ;
So crowds,* eke full of monkiſh zeal,
Repair to *Glaſton*'s healing well :

* It is certain that ſome Thouſands reſorted to this well every *Sunday* Morning, at leaſt, for a conſiderable Time.

There

There to be conjur'd from their ails,
When *Galen*'s art no more prevails;
And into health to be enchanted,
Tho' with *Pandora*'s curſes haunted.
This ſacred ſtream will ſoon ſupply
A ſalve for every malady:
The groping blind receive their ſight;
The ſtaggering cripple walks upright;
Aſthmatic lungs expand again,
And gouty patients loſe their pain.
Drink, and believe; believe, and drink;
Maraſmus fills, and *Dropſies* ſink.

BUT how this ſpring got reputation,
Attend this genuine relation.

A FARMER, who had try'd much phyſic,
In vain, to cure his lab'ring Pthiſic,
Divinely dreamt the other night,
As he lay ſnoring in bad plight,
This water wou'd aſthmatic fetters
Releaſe, if drank for *ſeven red letters:*
So in obſervance of his dream,
Seven *Sunday* morns he drank the ſtream;
'Till on the ſeventh auſpicious day
His panting lungs begun to play,
And every ailment fled away:

While

While busy fame, from door to door
Soon propagates the wond'rous cure.

SAY, what strange power resides in *seven*,
To charm us into health and Heaven?
At *seven* times *seven* trumpet's sound,
Proud walls * fell prostrate to the ground.
The seventh son is doctor sworn,
By inheritance, as soon as born;
And without learning, moods, and tenses,
A conjurer at his birth commences.
Seven planets too adorn the sky,
To govern our nativity;
The fatal climacteric line;
Is sixty-three, or seven-times nine.
Then wonder not that power is given,
To work such miracles by *seven*. §

THIS water free for rich, or poor,
Works eleemosynary cure.
Too long have venal fountains flow'd
From *Bath*, from *Bristol*, *Holt* and *Road*.

BESIDES, the place is sacred ground,
Where saints lie bury'd all around.

* JERICHO.

§ Tho' these Storys are trifling, and are even too gross, and fabulous for Poetry itself, they were yet reported, and believ'd as Matters of Fact by the Country in general. And it was on the Sanction of these miraculous Cures, that the Waters first gain'd Reputation, and that there was a fancy'd Divinity suppos'd to reside in them.

This

This wondrous, ſalutary rill
Flows from the Torr's religious hill;
And filtres thro' the holy clay,
Where ghoſtly monks, and martyrs lay:
Whoſe reverend relicks ſtill ſupply
The ſtream with healing energy.
Here *Arimathean Joſeph*'s bones
Hallow the conſecrated ſtones,
And *Glaſtonbury* thorn—like *May*,
Still bloſſoms every *Chriſtmas* day.

Be ſilent now, romantic *Wales!*
With all thy legendary tales:
No more of *Merlin*'s viſions tell,
Or *Winifred*'s * enchanted well:
This panacean fount ſurpaſes
The brook of *Siloa*, or *Parnaſſus*.

Cou'd *Abbot Whiting* † from the ſky,
Or *Torr* where once he hung ſo high,
Look down on this deluded rabble,
And hear their ſuperſtitious babble,
How wou'd he bleſs his aged eyes,
To ſee ſo rich a ſacrifice;

* A famous well in *Flintſhire*, much reſorted to formerly for its miraculous cures.

† The laſt *Abbot* of *Glaſtonbury*, who was hang'd on the *Torr* by *Henry* the 8th.

To

To ſee old relics idoliz'd,
And ghoſtly wonders canoniz'd.
To ſee reſtor'd *Rome*'s darling daughter,
Infallibility—in water:
Still may thy manes reſt in peace,
Tho' prayers of *Ora nobis* ceaſe.

Now ceaſe reviling *Rome* to cry
At hugonot infidelity:
No more let proteſtants expoſe
The holy-water, or the roſe;
No more the ſainted beads explode,
The crucifix, or wafer-god,
Since the ſame ſpirit ſtill prevails,
We only here have turn'd the ſcales.

BLEST *Becket* from thy tomb ariſe,
And view thy ſaints with raviſh'd eyes:
As crowds did at thy altar bow,
So this is *Canterbury* now.

WATER that has intrinſic merit,
Needs no ſupport from dream, or ſpirit.
True virtue in this fountain lies,
Without imputed ſanctities;
Founded on ſolid fact, and cure,
This only will its fame ſecure;
Fixt on this baſis, 'twill not mock us,
But all the reſt is *Hocus Pocus*.

AN
ÆNIGMA.

YE Ladys, whoſe enchanting eyes,
Outſhine the beautys of the ſkys,
Forget awhile your chat and needle,
To find out this myſterious riddle.

INCONSTANT is my mien and ſhape,
For I can various creatures ape:
And like old *Proteus* can transform
To mouſe, or monkey, fly or worm.
From place to place I love to range:
My motion too is very ſtrange.
I ſometimes fly, and ſometimes creep,
And travel moſt when others ſleep:
Nay often to oblige my ſpark,
Perform long journeys in the dark;
And without whip, or ſpur can haſte,
And make the dulleſt jade go faſt.

In

In ſtormy nights I love to roam,
On wings of tempeſts far from home.
As hermits by their beards grow ſage,
My power encreaſes with my age:
I ſtill my largeſt empire hold,
When feeble, impotent and old.
And when my teeming days are o'er,
I often ſuckle as before.
Provok'd, much miſchief oft' I do,
Proud kings my indignation rue.
I cattle bane, and beauty marr,
And ſhatter many a china jar.
Once in a mad, fanatic trance,
I drove the *Engliſh* out of *France*.
Fair ladys oft my power command,
With too ſevere, tyrannic hand.

Now your bright fancy ſoon will gueſs
At what yourſelves ſo much poſſeſs.

AN

EPITAPH

ON AN

ONLY CHILD,

Remarkable for PIETY.

WHAT once had virtue, grace and wit,
Lies mould'ring now beneath our feet.
Poor manſion for ſo fair a gueſt,
Yet here ſhe ſweetly takes her reſt.
Cold is the bed, and dark the room,
Yet angels watch about the tomb.
Pleas'd they patrol, nor ſleep nor faint,
They only watch a ſiſter ſaint.
'Till the loud muſic of the ſkies,
Relieves her guards, and bids her riſe.

TO

TO THE

Memory of a Young Lady,

Who, expoſing Her own LIFE to viſit a SICK BROTHER, dy'd in the SMALL-POX, *March* 15, 1732.

AND art thou fled, O! much lamented maid!
And all thy riſing glory ſunk in ſhade?
As ſome gay phantom plays before the ſight,
Or meteor cheats the wand'ring ſwain by night,
Deluſive thus appear'd the fleeting fair,
Juſt mock'd our view, and melted into air.

THRO' what dark ſcenes deluded mortals ſtray?
How blind the ſtage, when death winds up the play;
Yet each brave actor may ſedately die,
Laugh at vain fortune, and her darts defy.
Thus *Lucia* calmly fell in all her bloom,
Smil'd at the plot, and triumph'd o'er the tomb.

Living ſhe ſpread her amorous conqueſts wide,
And ſtill victorious, conquer'd when ſhe dy'd.
Like thoſe brave chiefs, who dying, win the day,
She made inexorable death obey.
To ſave a dying brother's breath ſhe came,
Wept o'er his bed, and kept alive his flame;
If one of us muſt fall—ſhe nobly cry'd,
The lot be mine—and generouſly dy'd:
When he lay panting, all his pains ſhe bore,
And in her own laſt anguiſh felt not more.

BUT oh! ye guardian Powers, where'er ſhe flys,
With hovering wings conduct her thro' the ſkys.
See how the clouds to grace her virgin bed, *
Have o'er the ſkys a mourning mantle ſpread;
See all the fields in fleecy veils are dreſt,
See all creation wear a virgin veſt.
Vain is the tinſel pomp of funeral ſhow,
See mournful nature, o'er her boſom throw
A feather'd covering, and a ſhroud of ſnow.

A HAPPY picture of the fair deſign'd,
White as her boſom, gentle as her mind.
Soft as thoſe bloſſoms fall, then melt away,
Spotleſs ſhe fell, and fled to realms of day.

* A great Deal of Snow fell the Day ſhe was bury'd.

TO

TO AN

Aſtrological Gentleman,

Who pretended to draw a Circle round a YOUNG LADY, by Way of Spell, to ſecure her from all other Admirers.

GIANTS in caſtles ſtrong of old,
Secur'd their damſels, and their gold;
'Till ſome renown'd, adventurous knight,
Reſcu'd *Dulcinea* from ſad plight.
I come that knight of proweſs bold,
To conquer this enchanted hold.
For tho' the doors were double barr'd,
And *Argus* watch'd upon the guard,
In ſpight of all that you can do,
Love and the Muſe will venture thro'.

Strong garriſons will often yield,
Soon as the Muſes take the field:
And mighty conqueſts have been crown'd,
By magic force of verſe and ſound.
Orpheus by muſic's powerful ſpell,
Redeem'd *Eurydice* from hell.
And walls of *Jericho* fell down,
When trumpets had beſieg'd the town.

In vain you try with hoſtile air,
To draw entrenchments round the fair,
And in that circling battery,
All other candidates defy.
In vain with arbitrary arms,
You'd fain monopolize ſuch charms.
But 'tis a moſt deſpotic duty,
To lay embargo upon beauty;
To keep the treaſure to yourſelf,
As miſers hoard their ſhining pelf.
But what is wealth hid under ground,
Or what is beauty thus in pound?
Vain is the gold that gilds the mine,
Or beauty when it does not ſhine.

Such arts of ſorcery I deſpiſe,
'Tis in her looks the magic lies;
Where e'er ſhe takes her fairy round,
'Tis every inch inchanted ground;

That

That path is conſecrated more,
Than *Delphian* groves, or *Circe*'s ſhore.

THEN lay aſide your fruitleſs care,
No circle can ſecure the fair :
Nor lines of ſtrong circumvallation,
Keep ſo untenable a ſtation.
The pale where beauty dwells ſhould lie,
Wide as the circle of the ſky :
Compaſt with all your ſpells and charms,
The ſureſt circle is her arms.

JANUARY 24, 1747.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER

Plotting a Paper HAT.

CEASE fair mechanic! nor employ
Vain labour on this paper toy;
Beneath whoſe wavy wings you mean,
Hid from the croud, to ſhine unſeen.
Thoſe ſparkling eyes were never made,
To be invelop'd thus in ſhade.
Beſides too weak th' umbrello'd veil,
Expos'd to each intruding gale:
Kind *Zephyrs* oft' will round you play,
And fan the paper-ſcreen away.

YET 'twas ingenious to contrive,
This little emblem of a hive;
Which oft' is plotted thus together,
To ſcreen the bees from wind and weather:

But

But ne'er a hive with all its ſtore,
Such ſweetneſs e'er inclos'd before :
Nor bee that ever labour'd there,
Can with your induſtry compare.
With artful maze, and texture fine,
The braided ſhreds, promiſcuous twine ;
In wild, perplext meanders led,
Thro' many a labyrinth of thread.

O! FAIR projector! ſince your ſkill,
Can ſuch a paper circle fill,
The wond'ring Muſe ſhall weave theſe lays
On the ſame paper to your praiſe.
With this you may ſome other time,
Contrive a paper-hat in rhime :
Crown'd on your brow—the Muſe thus worn,
Shall view a diadem with ſcorn.

INDUSTRIOUS nymph! in you we find
Oeconomy, and ſweetneſs join'd ;
Good humour, and good ſenſe ally'd,
Unſtain'd with vanity, or pride :
The diſtaff in *Minerva*'s arms,
Still adds freſh luſtre to her charms.
Coquets like butterflys may ſmile,
In painted circles for a while ;
'Tis but a falſe, deluſive glare,
But merit ſtill adorns the fair.

MAY, 1747.

On

On the Death of an

ONLY CHILD,

Of very Pregnant Parts.

UNGENTLE Death with fatal dart,
Has pierc'd young *Phillis* to the heart.
Tyrannic death that wou'd not ſpare
The wiſe, the witty, and the fair.
She bloſſom'd with ſo quick a ſhoot,
You had the bloom, but heav'n the fruit.
(Young plants, thus loaded, often drop,
Kill'd with their own luxuriant crop.)
Tranſplanted to that happy ſhore,
Where ſickly Winters blaſt no more.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS
FROM
*MARTIAL.**

LIB. I. EPIGRAM I.

On CÆSAR'*s Amphitheatre.*

GIGANTIC wonders on the *Memphian* coaſt,
Or *Babel*'s towers no more let ſtory boaſt:
No more let fame *Diana*'s temple ſound,
Or *Delos*' god with horned altars crown'd:
In vain romantic *Carians* idolize
Manſolus' tomb ſuſpended in the ſkys;
Since *Cæſar*'s pile ſuperior praiſe ſhall claim,
And this alone employ each voice of fame.

* *Maittaire*'s Edit. 1716.

EPIG.

EPIG. 6.

On the Combat of a Woman with a Lion, in the Amphitheatre.

NOT *Mars* alone, great *Cæſar* fights for you,
In armor fierce, but *Venus* triumphs too.
In *Nemæa*'s vale, let antient records tell,
How the dread lion by *Alcides* fell;
Your nobler ſhows eclipſe the hero's fame,
For lo! a female *arm performs the* ſame.

EPIG. 9.

The RHINOCEROS.

UNUSUAL games now entertain our ſight:
The vext *Rhinoceros* prepares for fight.
How did his anger kindle to the full?
How ſtrong his horn, whoſe javelin was a bull?

EPIG. 72.

To the GOD of SLEEP.

WITH glaſſes ſeven *Lucinda*'s name is crown'd,*
Diana's toaſt in five ſhall circle round;
Four are to *Lucy*, ſix to *Sylvia* due
Of bright champaigne, and three remain for *Sue*.
Thus health we ſend to every abſent fair,
'Till thou, ſweet ſleep deſcend, to eaſe our care.

* The *Romans* were wont to drink their Miſtreſſes Health in as many Glaſſes as there were Letters in their Names.

EPIG.

EPIG. 74.

To CECILIAN.

WHEN free, and unreſtrain'd, your wife was kept,
No beaus approach'd her, and in peace you ſlept:
But guarded now, gallants unnumber'd riſe,
Methinks, *Cecilian*, you are wond'rous wiſe!

LIB. 2. EPIG. 90.

To QUINCTILIAN.

QUINCTILIAN! of capricious youth, bright guide,
And of the *Roman* bar, the boaſt, and pride,
Tho' poor and old, yet wiſdom cleaves to age,
And gilds each hour of life's declining page;
Time muſt be treaſur'd while the lamp ſhall laſt,
For who can haſten to be wiſe too faſt?
Let miſers toil, who ſordid wealth acquire,
And with rich furniture their ſeats attire.
Some ſmoaky cot I chuſe, by whoſe green ſide
Thro' artleſs turf unlabour'd fountains glide.
A decent ſervant, an unlearned wife,
Sweet ſleep at night, and days that know no ſtrife.

EPIG. 59.

The VIPER inclosed in Amber.

WHERE Amber tears the conſcious poplar * weeps,
With ſluggiſh pace, th' entangled Viper creeps:
Arreſted in the liquid grave, in vain,
He twiſts, and ſtruggles with the viſcons chain;
With ſudden cramp, and glewy fetters bound,
In captive gums, he ſtiffens all around.
Ægytian ſepulchres let others prize,
Lodg'd in a nobler bed the viper lies,
And *Cleopatra*'s ſplendid tomb outvies.

EPIG. 60.

On CURATIUS's Death.

WHEN *Cancer* burns, we ſeek ſome rural ſeat,
And ſome to *Scarborough*, ſome to *Holt* retreat.
Why blame we *Tunbridge* Wells for *Curio*'s death,
Can ſovereign waters ſave the hero's breath?
No place can fate exclude—when death has ſent,
Its fatal ſhafts, even *Bath* becomes a *Brent*. §

* The Poplar Tree was ſaid by the Poets to weep Amber.

§ A Place amongſt the Moors, and Fens in *Somerſetſhire*, noted for a moiſt, unhealthy Air.

THE

THE
Deſcription *of a* Cottage,

Lately Re-built by the RIGHT HONOURABLE

EARL *of* CORKE *and* ORRERY,

In his GARDENS at *Marſton*;

TO THE

MEMORY of the Reverend Mr. ASBERRY,

Who Lived there in the YEAR 1649.

Pauperis et tugurî, congeſtum ceſpite calmen.

VIRG.

LET others praiſe in pompous rhime,
Villas, and palaces ſublime;
Chatſworth, magnificently great,
Blenheim, or *Stowe*'s romantic ſeat:
My humbler Muſe ſhall not diſdain,
To ſing the Cottage or the Swain:

Where

Where you, with wiſer thoughts inſpir'd,
Vouchſafe, my Lord, to live retir'd;
Amidſt the ſhade bid merit bloom,
And raiſe old *Aſberry* from the tomb.

In days of pious perſecution,
When ſaints uſurp'd the conſtitution.
A grave Divine this Cottage choſe,
A ſafe aſylum from his foes;
Where, free from ſacrilegious rage,
He liv'd in peaceful pilgrimage;
Furniſh'd with books, and ruſtic ſpade,
Alternately to dig or read;
'Till death, as antient records tell,
Deſtroy'd the Hermit, and the Cell.
But you, my Lord, whoſe candid ſpirit,
Still prompts you to diſtinguiſh merit,
Pleas'd ſuffering virtue to requite,
And bring obſcurity to light,
Have the old manſion rais'd once more
In priſtine plainneſs, as before:
Adorn'd with antiquated tools,
Grave chairs, and venerable ſtools.

A Horse-shoe at the threſhold lies,
And all unhallow'd feet defies;
To exorciſe the habitation,
From evil ſpell, and faſcination.

The

The door appears like coat of mail,
Emboſs'd with many a maſſy nail.
Around the reverend walls we ſee
Wainſcot of antient pedigree;
With pictur'd Ballads cover'd o'er,
Of *Chevy Chace*, or of *Jane Shore*;
The ſtory of the *Wand'ring Jew*,
And how St. *George* the Dragon ſlew;
Of *Preſter John*, and *Robin Hood*,
And of the Children in the Wood;
Three Kings of *Cologne*, Friar *Bacon*,
And how the town of *Troy* was taken,
With *Merlin*'s dreams—and many more,
Hung round the wainſcot, or the door.

OAK ſhelves, oak tables, black as jet,
Mock the bureau, and the beau-fet.
Joint-ſtools, and ſhining coffers vie
With ebon, or mahogony.

HAIL! venerable, *Britiſh* oak,
Beneath whoſe ſhade the *Druids* ſpoke:
Deriv'd from thy oraculous tree,
Sprung miſſeltoe, and prophesy;
And myſtic ſounds inſpir'd by *Jove*,
Once murmur'd thro' *Dodona*'s grove.

BRIGHT porrengers--a numerous band,
Aloft in glittering order ſtand:
And maple trenchards—decent ſight!
High on carv'd cup-boards ſmile in white.
A looking-glaſs, adorn'd with red,
Still glitters at the window head;
And not far off—akin together,
The razor, hone, and ſtrap of leather;
For things by ſympathy ally'd,
Aſſociate near each other's ſide.
Cloſe by a painted hour-glaſs ſtands,
Where time the moments rolls in ſands.
On hanging rack, exalted high,
Old ſpits, and duſty truncheons lie;
Cleavers, and ruſty ſwords forſaken,
With hoſtile look, guard ruſty bacon.

HERE ropes of onions pleaſe the view,
Dangling—the anchorite's ragoût,
Rich root—the nectar of old age,
And honour of the hermitage.
Plant of ambroſial, pungent taſte,
The country ſwain's divine repaſt,
Thy vigorous juice in former days
Egyptian Pyramids cou'd raiſe.

NOR ſhall the andirons Gothic ſize,
Or pots eſcape the Muſe's eyes;
Whoſe brazen heads forever bright,
Like *Gorgon*'s ſhield reflect the light.
A tinder-box of look obſcure,
With all its houſhold furniture,
Hangs near the ruſh-light candles ty'd,
Eternal neighbours, ſide by ſide.

NOR ſhall thy worth unſung remain,
O! goſſip's bowl—of ſtructure plain,
Whoſe potent liquor can inſpire
The Clown with wit—the Bard with fire.
Sweet ſource of many a midnight tale,
Replete with nutmeg, toaſt, and ale.

WITHOUT, a garden, neat and clean,
With leeks, and box forever green,
Where ſage, roſemary, crimſons grow,
And ſavory, pot-herbs in a row;
With parſly, not unknown to fame,
Gay garland at the Olympic game.

HERE you, my Lord, oft' condeſcend
At vacant hours to treat a friend;
Here lay aſide the forms of ſtate,
The ſplendid *harneſs* of the great,

Read, or converſe with whom you pleaſe,
And live in philoſophic eaſe.
Great *Epictetus* thus withdrew,
Scipio, and *Cincinnatus* too;
Here triumph'd o'er mankind much more,
Than all their conqueſts did before.

LIFE's a vain farce—and he moſt bleſt,
Who finds ſome peaceful port of reſt;
Some ſafe *Linternum* of retreat,
Or moſſy cell, or rural ſeat;
And happy in his *Hermitage*,
Smiles at the follies of the age.

VERSES,

Occaſion'd by the uncommon, dull, rainy Seaſon, which continu'd Half a Year after the

Death *of the* PRINCE,

Being the Time appointed for the

GENERAL MOURNING.

——— *et confia ſidera Fati.* VIRG.

WHILE crouds in tears, great *Frederick*'s loſs deplore,
And ſable mourning ſpreads from ſhore to ſhore,
Tho' the mute court appear'd like *Memnon*'s queen,
In ſhades of black, and robes of bombazine;
How impotent is art? how vain the ſhow
Of pageant dreſs? the mockery of woe.
To mean ſuch Mourning—for when *Frederick* dies,
All nature ſeems around to ſympathize.

SOON as the tidings reach'd the realms of day,
Awhile celeſtial anthems ceas'd to play.
Swift from the ſkys deputed heralds go
To all the tutelary powers below:
Diſpatch'd with ſacred orders thro' the air,
That nature's ſelf ſhou'd in the Mourning ſhare.
While ſome to gloomy *Æolus* reſort,
Who curbs the ſtruggling whirlwinds in his court;
Swift from his cell, commiſſion'd thunders fly,
And long impriſon'd tempeſts ſhake the ſky.
Some ſeek the ſilent manſions of the deep,
In oozy beds where drizzly *Naiads* weep,
The watry nymphs in humid grottos mourn,
And pour lymphatic tears at every urn.
Creation conſcious of ſome tragic fate,
With all her meteors mourns in ſolemn ſtate.
The clouds diſtil, the winds in zephyrs ſigh,
And robes of Mourning cloath the darken'd ſky.
In Mourning ſtand the melancholy hills,
Majeſtic mutes—in Mourning roll the rills.
In ſwelling floods, impetuous torrents ſtray,
And ſweep in tides of ſorrow to the ſea.

NOT *Caria*'s queen with rich *Mauſolean* coaſt,
Or *Egypt*'s towers, cou'd greater trophys boaſt:
Not *Rome* in tears beheld ſuch funeral pride,
When *Cæſar* dropt, or young *Marcellus* dy'd.

WHEN

WHEN martial *Cromwell* fell, his poet drew
All nature round him in convulſions too;
" *It muſt be ſo—Heaven his great ſoul does claim,*
" *In ſtorms as loud, as his immortal fame;*
" *His dying groans, his laſt breath ſhook the iſle,*
" *And trees uncut, fall for his funeral pile.**

WHEN *Cromwell* fell, no race was left behind,
To finiſh the great conqueſts he deſign'd:
But brighter ſcenes appear, tho' *Frederick* dies,
Succeeding princes in his offſpring riſe,
With happier days to bleſt *Britannia*'s ſkys.

* Alluding to a fine Poem of *Waller*'s on the Death of the Protector, and the great Tempeſt on the ſame Day.

TO A

GENTLEMAN,

Who ſitting near a YOUNG LADY, preſented a POP-GUN at the AUTHOR.

——————— *lethalis arundo.* VIRG.

MISTAKEN Marſkman! I defy
Your impotent artillery;
Your level'd tube I value not,
Nor tremble at the threaten'd ſhot;
When the fair Lady who ſits by,
Shoots darts more fatal from her eye.

As well I might a hornet fear,
When the arm'd porcupine is near;
Or from a hiſſing ſquib retire,
When lightnings ſet the heavens on fire.

MISTAKEN Markſman! now you may
Such idle bullets throw away;
For what avails your Pop-gun ſkill,
Your ſhot may wound—but hers can kill.

THE

The Gentleman's Answer.

Ut vidi, ut perii.

YOUR lines, my Friend, on *Chloe*'s eyes,
Nor raiſe my wonder, or ſurprize,
Since every tender breaſt ſhe fills
With pains, that baffle all your pills.
Here *Laudanum*, here *Amber* fails,
No *quantum ſufficit* prevails.

BUT while you my machine defame,
Certes, for this you merit blame;
Had not that little engine there,
Your eyes diverted from the fair,
Her radiant flaſhes blaze ſo bright,
They wou'd have kill'd the Poet quite.

THUS you, with joy, I ſave, my friend,
From ſuch a miſerable end.
But on myſelf what torments wait,
When every look declares my fate.
While I with mimic art aſpire
To rival her celeſtial fire;
Salmoneus like, my bolts I dart,
'Till *Jove*'s true lightning rends my heart.

TO

Mr. JOHN PROWSE,

On ſeeing a POEM of His wrote at the Age of FOURTEEN.

Nec puer Iliaca quiſquam de gente——
In tantum ſpe tollet avos. VIRG.

THO' venal writers, and degenerate times,
Call for *Lucilius'* lays, or *Oldham's* rhimes
While o'er neglected lyres the Muſes weep,
Implor'd in vain—or in their grottos ſleep;
Yet when ſome riſing genius breaks the cloud,
Shouts of applauſe will echo from the croud:
Contraſte by ſuch oppoſing views is made,
And merit ſhines the brighter thro' the ſhade.
Such early worth commands unwilling lays
From the ſtern critic, and extorts our praiſe.
Pleas'd with your infant Muſe, and manly rhime,
Even envy ſpeaks, and ſilence is a crime.

THUS

THUS when we ſee ſome plant of goodly ſize,
With towering ſtate, amidſt the deſart riſe,
Tho' ſavage ſhrubs the foreſt round o'erſpread,
O'er the wild waſte it lifts its lofty head,
With fair, luxuriant branches mounts on high,
Scorns the low earth, and bloſſoms to the ſky.

HENCE may the bard's prophetic pen preſage
Deſcending bleſſings to the riſing age.
I ſee tranſported into future time,
New lights emerging thro' the foggy clime.
Dim is the ken to unaſſiſted ſight,
Yet clear in waking viſions of the night.
Yet can the Muſe anticipate the day,
And rapt in fancy diſtant ſcenes ſurvey.
She from her torched watch-tower can deſcry
The promis'd morn, with purple gild the ſky.
See from the weſt illuſtrious youths appear,
Where *Selwoods** groves once darken'd half the ſhire.
See *Thynne*, and *Prowſe*, and bright deſcended *Boyle*,
Reflect new honours on their native ſoil:
Round their gay villas with poetic ſhade,
The bay-trees bloom, and lawrels never fade.
Hail! happy groves—whoſe ſhades ſo oft' inſpire
The hermit's viſions, and the poet's fire.

* The Name of a vaſt Foreſt, which once overſpread all the eaſtern Part of *Somerſetſhire*, and Part of *Wiltſhire*; where the Earl of *Orrery*, Lord *Weymouth*, and Mr. *Prowſe*, have their Country Seats.

Born

Born on this ſpot ſeraphic *Singer* * ſung,
Immortal made by *Prior*'s tuneful tongue.

BEHOLD the youths in future ſenates ſhine,
With manly ſenſe, and eloquence divine.
O! born to greatneſs, and reſerv'd by fate,
To bleſs your country, and adorn the ſtate;
To prop thoſe altars, which vain fools deſpiſe,
Bid ruin'd domes, and proſtrate temples riſe.
Recal the exil'd Muſes to the iſle,
Bid wit return, and ſlighted ſcience ſmile.
While drowſy dullneſs in her dungeon pines,
A goddeſs made in *Pope*'s immortal lines.

THUS patroniz'd the drooping arts ſhall thrive,
And nodding learning from its trance revive.
'Till by tyrannic dunces cramp'd no more,
Britannia's genius to the ſkys ſhall ſoar;
The wither'd olives ſmile with greens again,
And bloom as in *Aſtræa*'s golden reign.

* The celebrated Mrs. *Rowe*, whoſe Maiden Name was *Singer*, was born at *Frome*, near theſe Seats, where ſhe was often viſited in her Solitude by People of the firſt Rank, viz. the preſent Dutcheſs Dowager of *Somerſet*, Lady *Carteret*, Lady *Weymouth*, Mr. *Prior*, &c. —See her Life, prefix'd to her Poetical Works, in two Volumes.

AUGUST, 1750.

THE

THE ALPHABET in VERSE:

For the Use of Children.

At early dawn of day arise,
Bless first the Ruler of the skys,
Cleanse, wash, and comb, and every day
Dress, read, or work before you play.
Each hour in useful business spend,
For time soon hastens to an end.
Govern your thoughts by wisdom's rule,
Hate every knave, and shun a fool.
Improve in each ingenious art,
Knowledge, like beauty, wins the heart.
Love all your friends, nor hate your foes,
Make these your friends, as well as those.
No bribe shou'd tempt you to a lie,
Or glittering bait allure your eye.

Place not your heart on ſordid pelf,
Quarrel with no one but yourſelf.
Rail not at others—ſince you may
Some faults commit, as well as they.
Tell not a ſecret, nor pretend,
Under diſguiſe, to be a friend.
Value no one for gold, or lace.
Wiſdom will more than rubies grace.
Xerxes o'er millions weeping cry'd,
Pon hoſt the grave muſt ſhortly hide.
Z comes at laſt—beſt place of any,
To fit a zealot, or a zany.

1748.

An EPITAPH.

Here Lies
EDWARD BOND, Esq;
OF THE
COUNTY *of* ARMAGH,
Much Lamented by all that knew Him.
He Ordered his Funeral ſhould be Private;
And, inſtead of Pomp,
Order'd a Hundred Pounds to the POOR:
He Order'd
A DIAL to be erected at his GRAVE,
And the following VERSES:

No marble pomp, no monumental praiſe,
My tomb this dial, epitaph theſe lays.
Pride, and low moldering duſt but ill agree,
Death levels *me* to *beggars*, *kings* to *me*.
Alive, inſtruction was my work each day;
Dead, I perſiſt inſtruction to convey.
Here READER mark, perhaps now in thy prime,
The ſtealing ſteps of never-ſtanding time;
Thou'lt be what I am, catch the preſent hour,
Employ it well, for that is in thy power.

TO A

Young LADY at *Holt*,

(A Place famous for Mineral Waters)

ON HER

Late INGENIOUS POEMS.

WHILST you from *Holt* ſweet accents ſound,
Shall neighb'ring bards ſit ſilent round?
So tunes the bird her midnight flute,
In ſhades—while all around is mute.
Enchanted with your lays too long,
I break from ſilence into ſong.

NYMPH of theſe *healing Waters!* ſay,
What power inſpires your magic lay?
Smooth as the ſtream where You reſide;
Rich as its vein, your numbers glide.
Say, do thoſe ſalutary ſprings,
Pierian like, raiſe fancy's wings;

Not

Not only cure the ſick, the lame,
But animate poetic flame.
Sacred the ſtream—the fount divine,
And You ſome ſiſter of the Nine;
Some tuneful *Naiad* to preſide,
And warble near the fountain's ſide.

As at fam'd *Aix*, hiſtorians tell,
Great *Charles*'s horſe ſtruck out a well;*
So now we need no farther proof,
That *Pegaſus* here ſtuck his hoof.
No more ſhall *Holt* its name retain,
Caſtalian ſprings ſhall bleſs the plain.
With You 'tis all poetic ground,
And *Aganippè* murmurs round;
Not *Holt*, but *Helicon* is ſeen,
And You the *Sappho* of the green.

MARCH, 1749.

* Hiſtorians ſay, the Mineral Waters at *Aix-la-Chapelle* were diſcover'd by the Emperor *Charles*'s Horſe accidentally ſtriking on the Spring.

The LADY's ANSWER.

WHAT ſtrains are theſe, ſay Muſe! which ſtrike my eyes?
How ſmooth the dangerous ſoothing numbers riſe?
Come all my faults, and follys to my aid,
E'er pride, and vanity my heart invade.
What Muſe inſpir'd? can they be female lays;
Can woman thus a woman deign to praiſe?
No 'tis ſome candid pen, ſome generous bard,
Who thus vouchſafes unmerited regard.
In whoſe bright Muſe, mine by reflection ſhines,
And borrows luſtre from his brighter lines.

BUT ceaſe—for *Rochefaucalt* ſays we deſign,
More praiſe to gain, whene'er we praiſe decline:
For which I dare not contradict your pen,
Leaſt you ſuppoſe I'd hear it o'er agen.

BLOCKHEADS may praiſe, 'till their vain tongues are tir'd,
We ne'er grow vain, when by vain fools admir'd:
But when harmonious lays, and ſenſe commend,
From pride, what woman can herſelf defend?

That

That meteor praiſe, does oft' our ſex miſguide,
By nature prone to vanity and pride.

WHY ſhou'd you aſk what power inſpires my lay?
Does not my humble Muſe herſelf betray.
Some homebred offspring of inferior line,
Who ne'er claim'd kindred with th' immortal Nine?
But if you fancy *Holt*'s ſalubrious ſtreams,
Can kindle in the ſoul poetic themes;
From theſe ſhe owns her feeble ſtrains may riſe,
Since oft' to theſe refreſhing rills ſhe flies:
But thoughtleſs drank, and never dreamt ſhe quafft,
'Till you inform'd her an inſpiring draught.

YET bluſhing owns, ſhe's quite ſurpriz'd to find,
That obvious thought ne'er enter'd in her mind;
Since 'tis as evident as noon-day light,
What ſtreams are drank, when *Sylvia* dares indite:
Since Water only does her Muſe inſpire;
No wonder if ſhe wants poetic fire.

WHILE here, inclos'd in ſhades, I tune my voice,
And with the painted warbling race rejoice,
While in theſe ſtreams I dip my humble quill,
Methinks I ſee you mount the ſacred hill.
While every Muſe does every line inſpire,
And *Phœbus* warms them with celeſtial fire.

HOLT,
APRIL 1749.

SYLVIA.

THE

Author's *Reply to* Sylvia,

Who pleaded NOT GUILTY of the Charge lately exhibited againſt Her:

OR,

The YOUNG LADY's TRYAL.

SYLVIA, in vain you wou'd evade
The accuſation I have laid:
Your witty, criminal excuſes,
Prove your intrigues with all the Muſes.
Your guilty commerce with the nine,
Appears from each harmonious line;
Your guilt encreaſes—ſince 'tis fit,
We now add modeſty to wit.

FOR at the Poets laſt aſſize,
Held at their temple near the ſkys,
The *Cauſe* was fairly tried at large,
And you found guilty of the *Charge*.

The

The Muſes gave in their *Report*,
Unſpotted witneſſes at court.
Fancy can raiſe—her cauſe to plead,
Poetic counſel from the dead.
Departed Bards—an awful ſhow,
Roſe from *Elyſian* bowers below,
By *Mercury* ſubpœna'd all,
Bright cohorts croud the heav'nly hall,
And round the court attentive preſt,
In myrtle wands, and lawrel dreſt.
In jury ſome impannel'd ſate,
To hear the elegant debate:
While *Pallas* to prevent all jar,
Sat Umpire of the heav'nly bar:
For feuds, ſometimes, like thoſe below,
Will in immortal boſoms glow.

Now every witneſs being try'd,
(Tho' ſome ſay *Cupid* was deny'd)
Without much pauſe, they ſoon withdrew,
And verdict gave, the charge was true:
For *Clio* ſwore point-blank one day,
That you had ſtole her heart away.
Thalia clos'd it with a vow,
She ſaw you pluck a lawrel bough:
A Third depos'd, you climb'd the hill.
And drank the *Hippocrenian* rill:

I ſaw you too, *Urania* ſaid,
In concert with the *Pythian* maid ;
From her with enigmatic flight,
You learnt dark oracles to write.*

THEN *Cowly* cry'd--what need we more,
Examine witneſſes, a ſcore ?
And *Prior* ſaid, 'twas all a jeſt
Celeſtial counſel to conteſt :
Waller and *Congreve* too were there,
And *Wicherly* began to ſwear :
But *Pallas* murmur'd, and was loth
To take the rebel poet's oath ;
While *Dryden*'s ſhade, with nodding bow,
Shook all the lawrels on his brow ;
Pope's ſatyr-ghoſt ſtood mute awhile,
But ſoon conſented with a ſmile.

THEN ſentence paſs'd—the court was huſh'd,
Pallas condemn'd,—and *Sylvia* bluſh'd :
Loud rung the ſound—and every muſe,
O'er all *Parnaſſus* ſpread the news.

* The Lady was famous for writing *Enigmas*.

THUS

THUS guilty—you're to make confeſſion,
At the next Poets petty ſeſſion :
And *Iris*, herald of the court,
Attends you now with this report.

THEN clos'd the books—the court withdrew,
Back to the ſkys, the Muſes flew ;
And poets tir'd with noiſy law, and light,
Again to ſhades, and ſilence bent their flight.

AN

EPITHALAMIUM.

By a BATCHELOR.

Addreſs'd to a

Young GENTLEMAN on his late MARRIAGE.

SINCE you, my friend, o'er-rul'd by fate,
Have ventur'd on the marriage-ſtate,
At your requeſt, I hail the ſtation,
With verſes of congratulation.

'TWAS wiſely done, tho' young and gay,
No more to triffle time away;
No more to rove this ſea of life,
But make ſafe harbour in a wife.
While we inconſtant chace maintain,
Advent'rous rovers on the main,
Safe anchor'd on this peaceful ſhore,
Tempeſtuous paſſions rage no more:

While

While from this ſtation we ſurvey
The ſhipwreckt Batchelors at ſea.
Now toſt by billows, here, and there,
Or ſunk in quickſands of deſpair ;
Now on piratic plunder bent,
Which, when obtain'd, gives no content ;
Still wiſhing, wand'ring after reſt,
Still bleſs purſuing, never bleſt.

Let anxious Batchelors complain,
That wedlock is a ſervile chain ;
But ſoft the chain, the bondage ſweet,
When lovers in ſuch fetters meet.
When gentle bonds the union bind,
'Tis freedom to be thus confin'd.
Bleſt freedom from a thouſand ſnares,
Temptations, tumults, ſighs, and cares.
In vain we rove the world around,
In wild purſuit no bliſs is found.
In vain mad pleaſures we purſue,
Without ſome object in our view.
Without this gaol we ſtill embrace,
Some phantom in th' eternal chace ;
And in the room of *Juno*'s charms,
Claſp ſome falſe phantom in our arms.

This happineſs, my friend, you prove,
Thus wedded to the Fair you love.

No

No ſordid views of worldly pelf
Inſpir'd your love, to curſe yourſelf.
The happy huſband thus ally'd,
Enjoys a goddeſs in his bride.
Let the low wretch of ſordid view,
Match with the mountains of *Peru*;
The nymph, content, aſpires not ſo,
But dwells in the ſweet vale below;
Hid in ſome ſolitary dale,
With the melodious nightingale;
Or ſeated in the ſhady grove,
Smiles at the ſtorms, which roll above.
On high battlements, and towers,
See how the ſwelling tempeſt pours,
While only harmleſs zephyrs blow,
To fan the peaceful ſeats below.

WITH ſuch a gentle Conſort bleſt,
Here all your paſſions are at reſt.
If adverſe fortue war ſhou'd wage,
Her boſom ſoftens half its rage;
Her ſmiles can ſmooth the rugged way,
And make the barren proſpect gay:
With ſuch a Fair content to dwell,
Or in a cottage, or a cell;
Nor envy all the pomp and ſtrife
Of the gay ſlaves in higher life.

TO
PETER LOVEL, *Esq*;

Occasion'd by

His VERSES in Praise of the Author's Poem on the *Vicarage-House* at *Frome*,‡ and his censuring him for omitting the ARCHITECT.

INGENIOUS *Lovel!* your harmonious lays,
By meaning mine, establish your own praise.
Thus public favour, generous *Cæsar* won,
And raising *Pompey*'s statues,—fix'd his own.
But tho' you find some beautys to commend,
And often lose the critic, in the friend;
Yet you arraign the Poet of neglect,
Who prais'd the pile, and not the Architect.
But to applaud the structure couches still,
An approbation of the builder's skill:

You

‡ *Vid.* p. 14.

You who a Poem, I a Pile commend,
The Author's merit modeſtly intend.

THE Artiſt's Virtues too conſpicuous ſhine,
To need ſuch humble eulogys as mine.
At nobler ſchemes he aims—*The Good of Man*,
The ſtate his care—the commonwealth his plan.
He can deſign a landſcape, or a pile,
And with that pencil make his country ſmile:
Not only ſketch a building for his friend,
But laws project, that building to defend:
Tho' fine the taſte, fair fabrics to erect,
A Patriot is the nobleſt Architect.
Such beſt adorn the ſtructures which they raiſe,
And lofty palaces proclaim their praiſe.
'Tis Merit only makes a happy ſeat,
A cavern glorious, and a cottage great.

JULY, 1748.

The DISAPPOINTED

TRAVELLERS *of* Frome:

OR, THE

Three Profeſſions *in* Tribulation.

Occaſion'd by

A GENTLEMAN's inviting ſome Friends to Dinner; and, tho' of a very hoſpitable Diſpoſition, through mere Inadvertence forgot the Appointment.

Suadet enim veſana fames. VIRG.

A LAWYER, Phyſician, and reverend Divine,
Were invited abroad in the country to dine,
The weather was pleaſant, the ſeaſon was *May*,
All nature around them look'd ſmiling and gay:
The fields, in new liverys raviſh'd the view,
And ſmiling, and gay lookt the travellers too.

INVITED

INVITED to *Banquet* three miles out of town,
They threw aſide buſineſs, and books, and the gown.
Overjoy'd with the jaunt—they ſaid to themſelves,
Let *Coke*, *Shaw*, and *Sherlock* now ſleep on the ſhelves.
Farewel to concordance, dull ſtatutes, and *Mead*,
While we feaſt abroad, let the pale ſtudent read,
They thought it far beſt, to relax, and to roam,
And pity'd their penſive companions at home.

THUS forward they march'd, amus'd with chit-chat,
The *Rebels*—*Don Carlos*—the *Dutch* and all that:
Much pleas'd with the proſpect this time of the year,
But more with the thoughts of approaching good cheer.
As the walk now grew leſs--their hunger wax'd more,
They think of full diſhes, and bowls running o'er.
Anticipate all the delights of the feaſt,
And ſmell fancy'd fumes, full a furlong at leaſt:
Imagine they ſee a table well ſpread;
Here ſmoakt the fat beef—there lay a calfs head;
The gammon, and fowls, rang'd in order cloſe by,
And *leaſe-hold*, wou'd wind up the whole with a pie.
But *Lebeck*, and corpulent *Bently* will tell ye,
That chimerical banquets will not fill the belly:
That love is platonic—ſome ſtoics declare,
But diet platonic—no mortal can bear.

Now

Now the houſe, their wiſh'd haven, appear'd to the view,
One adjuſted his wig, and another his ſhoe.
But the parſon, much wont to contemplate on high,
Looking up—cou'd no ſmoak in the chimney deſcry:
The complaiſant Lawyer firſt knockt at the door,
—*Is your maſter at home, pray?*—and lookt ſo demure.
Lord! Sir, why my maſter a journey is gone;
And ſaid, he ſhould not be at home 'till anon.

ÆNEAS of old, lookt not more like a ghoſt,
When ſearching old *Iliam*, *Creuſa* was loſt;
Nor half-famiſh'd *Trojans* were ſo much aghaſt,
When the *Harpys* devour'd their rural repaſt.

THE thunder-ſtruck pilgrims withdrew very ſad,
For hunger, like hemlock, will make a man mad.
The parſon declar'd, with a ſorowful face,
To fly from engagements ſhew'd great want of grace.

FOR firſt,—*Revelation*, and *Reaſon* allow,
That a promiſe obliges as much as a vow:
It appears next from *Habukkuk* chapter the firſt,
That denounces a breach of performance accurſt;—
And thirdly—the fathers—from old *Martyr-Juſtin*,
Condemn breach of truſt—down to *Jerom*, and *Auſtin*.

And fourthly—Hold, crys *Habeas Corpus*, we did
not come hither,
To join both in faſting, and preaching together.
When Lawyers are hungry—'tis a mercileſs ſign,
Poor criminals hang—for fat judges to dine.
He cou'd prove from the ſtatutes—*Wood*, *Wingate*,
and *Skinner*,
That eloping from home, and demurring a dinner;
By defrauding the ſubject of his natural food,
Was as actual man-ſlaughter, ſtill underſtood:
And by *Magna Charta*'s authentic commanding,
Was robbery plain—*any wiſe notwithſtanding*.

But the Doctor declar'd, it was no time for frolic,
And that faſting did often occaſion the cholic.
Then he quoted *Hippocrates*, *Galen*, and *Wynne*,
That when food is all out—the wind will ruſh in.
Tho' *Deſcartes*, wou'd never a *vacuum* allow,
He thought his inſide cou'd demonſtrate it now.
He ſhew'd that when paſſions are rais'd, like a tide,
Diſappointed at once, they too ſoon ſubſide;
As the ſtring of a fiddle, or ſcrew of a jack,
When wound up too high, of a ſudden will crack.

Thus having bewail'd their misfortunes alone,
Dire hunger will ſharpen men's wits like a hone.
They deem'd it moſt requiſite, not to relate
To their neighbours at home, their tantaliz'd fate:

For

For ſhou'd it be known, 'twould increaſe their chagrin,
To be jeer'd at, like *Burton*, and *Baſtwick*, and *Prynn*;*
And by conſequence very much add to their load,
To be banter'd at home, and famiſh'd abroad:
But by *Gown*, and *Caſſock*,—*Diploma*, —and *Seal*,
They vow'd full revenge for the loſs of their meal.

THUS vex'd at their fortune, and bilkt of their feaſt,
Travell'd home in the dumps, Lawyer, Doctor, and Prieſt.

APRIL 1746.

* A Divine, a Phyſician, and a Lawyer, who flouriſh'd in the Reign of King CHARLES the Firſt, and were for ſome Time the Objects of public Pity, and Ridicule.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

EARL of ORRERY,

(NOW EARL of CORKE)

On his MARRIAGE with

Miſs HAMILTON,

In *IRELAND*,

AND

Their Arrival at MARSTON-HOUSE.

Junxit honeſtus Hymen tædis illuſtribus ambos.

WHILE Crowds, my Lord! with triumphs hail the day,
Permit the Muſe to join her grateful lay:
Tho' low her notes, and unobſerv'd her ſong,
Loſt in the louder murmurs of the throng,
Yet true her raptures, and her duty paid,
Tho' ſung to rocks, and utter'd in the ſhade.
Yet ſhall the vocal rocks reſound the lays,
And vocal groves the nuptial chorus raiſe.

Ye

Ye powers of love, aſſiſts the Muſe's flights,
Sacred to you belong connubial rights:
Love's generous paſſion, and th' harmonious Nine,
Blended, unite in ſympathy divine.
As nature's ſelf, immortal is the tie,
They ſpring together, and together die.

THUS you, my Lord! who long have ſat ſublime,
The Muſe's gueſt, on *Pindus'* flowery clime,
Whoſe brow poetic wreaths have long embrac'd,
Are now, with blooming, nuptial garlands grac'd.
No flame impure, with wild, deſpotic ſway,
Kindl'd your boſom with unhallow'd ray;
No ſpoils fantaſtic from the *Paphian* grove,
But chaſte, and fadeleſs greens of virtuous love.
Unbridled paſſions, like a blaze of fire,
Soon vent their fury, and in ſmoak expire;
But calm, and conſtant, as a veſtal light,
Love fixt on friendſhip, burns forever bright.

SAY what ſtrange ſympathy in kindred ſouls,
(Strong as the fam'd attraction of the poles,)
Governs the lover with magnetic force,
Inſpires the paſſion, and directs its courſe;
Thro' life's dim curtain ſheds the guiding ray,
Which to the deſtin'd union points the way.
She muſt be all that fancy can require,
To reign ſole object of a *Boyle*'s deſire;

All charms divine muſt in her breaſt reſide,
To conquer him who cou'd all charms deſcribe.

SEE from *Hibernia*'s ſhore, th' illuſtrious pair
Sail—while the ſeas are conſcious of their care.
See round the ſhip cerulean *Tritons* play,
And tutelary *Nereids* ſmooth the way :
While *Amphitrite* keeps her coral court,
And on the ſurface bounding *Dolphins* ſport :
The Muſes pleas'd, convoy their charge along,
With hovering wings, and hymenæal ſong.
With you, my Lord ! th' harmonious choir withdrew,
And ſtill from clime to clime your ſteps purſue.
While ſome with proud retinue ſweep the plain,
Pierrian guardians mingle in your train :
Still the divine companions of your flight,
As o'er old *Iſrael* ſhone the *travelling light*.

WELCOME, bleſt pair ! to your triumphant ſeat,
Which ſilent long had mourn'd her Lord's retreat ;
Whoſe lonely walks in deeper ſhadows clad,
And towers forlorn, lookt deſolate, and ſad.
Long had immortal tomes unnotic'd ſlept,
And dewy walls in tears your abſence wept ;
Long had the tuneful ſwains their lyres forgot,
And penſive *Pan* long ſlumber'd in his grot.
Oft' wou'd the humble Muſe in vain eſſay
A laxy flight, and unpropitious lay ;

If no *Mecænas* props her feeble wing,
What Muſe can riſe, what Bard attempt to ſing?

BUT now each ſcene a cheerful face aſſumes,
The fields look gay around, the garden blooms;
Again the ſickening flowers begin to riſe,
And ſpread new fragrance in autumnal ſkies:
New charms appear, new beautys deck the ground,
And ſudden paradiſe ſmiles all around.

LONG may you live, to grace the happy ſeat,
And every pleaſure bleſs the ſweet retreat;
'Till other *Boyles*—if right the Muſe preſage,
Tranſmit the bleſſing to the lateſt age.

VERSES,

To the MEMORY of the

Late PIOUS and INGENIOUS

Miſs WEREAT, of HAYGROVE,

Near *TROWBRIDGE*,

Who DIED *OCTOBER* 1752. AGED 24.

WHOE'ER may muſing chance to tread
About theſe caverns of the dead,
Bluſh not to drop a ſilent tear,
O'er the chaſte nymph who ſlumbers here.
A moment pauſe—and ſympathize,
Behold the witty, fair, and wiſe,
The gay, the gentle, and the juſt,
Here hous'd with darkneſs and with duſt;
Here mingle with her ſiſter dead,
And moulder in a duſty bed.
Sad victim to the ravenous tomb,
In all her innocence, and bloom.

With

With every ſocial virtue bleſt,
Humility crown'd all the reſt.
So free from pride, her worth was known
To all, but to herſelf alone.

No ſtorms her peaceful boſom felt,
Calm region where religion dwelt.
Calm as autumnal, halcyon ſkys,
Still as the manſion where ſhe lies.
Her gentle breaſt no paſſion knew,
But ſuch as Heaven was witneſs too;
Sweet paſſions which the ſoul ſurprize
In ſacred rapture to the ſkys;
Such as from juſt devotion flow;
Such as the pious only know;
Such as old ſtory'd ſaints inſpir'd,
And holy nuns, and veſtals fir'd.

YET Death has only ſnatch'd away,
The textur'd vehicle of clay.
The prince, the peaſant, poor and great,
Muſt all alike ſubmit to fate.
Nature muſt ſink, and empires burſt,
And diadems diſſolve to duſt.
But deathleſs virtue ſoars ſublime,
Beyond the ravages of time:
Safe landed on her peaceful ſhore,
We ſmile to hear the diſtant tempeſt roar.

BUT

BUT tho' ſtern death, the gentle maid
Invelop'd in its ſable ſhade ;
Yet ſhall the Muſe prolong thy date,
And ſome few moments ſteal from fate :
The Muſe can triumph o'er the ſlain,
And bid her votarys live again.
(For of the Muſe's train was ſhe,
And lov'd their bright ſociety)
She bids her ſpotleſs memory bloom
Beyond the ruins of the tomb.

How lovely virtue's image ſmiles
Amidſt theſe conſecrated iſles ? *
Mark how ſhe gilds the vaulted gloom,
And caſts a luſtre o'er the tomb.
Can light divine, and gladneſs ſhed
O'er theſe dark grottos of the dead.
Religion ſoftens pain and care,
And ſmooths the viſage of deſpair ;
Bids ſorrow wear a cheerful mien,
And ſcatters anguiſh, and chagrin.

SLEEP on, ſweet ſhade ! in endleſs reſt,
Soft are the ſlumbers of the bleſt.
Sleep, fearleſs of a future doom,
While angels watch about thy tomb ;
Pleas'd to eſcorte thee to the ſkys,
Where Youth ſtill blooms, and Virtue never dies.

NOVEMBER, 1752.

* She was bury'd in *Road* Church.

ON EDUCATION.

Inſcrib'd to the

Rev. PETER MAYSON, M. A.

On his Opening

A New GRAMMAR-SCHOOL at *Frome.*

———*Sed vos ſævas imponite leges,*
Ut præceptori verborum regula conſtet. JUVEN.

TO form rude minds, and make the ſavage wiſe,
Science of old deſcended from the ſkys:
The eaſtern climes firſt felt the friendly ray,
And dawn'd alike with learning, and with day.
There clad in wiſdom's robes the *Magi* ſhone,
And *China* glitter'd in a heaven its own.
The ſacred flame, the *Grecian* ſages fir'd;
Warm'd every breaſt, and every grove inſpir'd.

But

But when mad mortals wealth and diſcord knew,
Back to the ſkys the exil'd goddeſs flew:
Smote in eclipſe, the ſickening olives fade,
Some ſplendid ſtars ſhot only thro' the ſhade:
While *Goths* and *Scythians*, and the monkiſh ſway,
Of pious vandals intercept the day:
Yet from thoſe northern clouds ſhe broke and bleſt,
In her laſt flight, the regions of the weſt.
'Twas then her Influence reach'd *Britannia*'s iſle,
Diſpel'd the miſt, and made the deſarts ſmile;
Serene on *Cam*, and *Iſis*' banks ſhe ſhed
Her gentle rays, and night before her fled.

PEACE to their pious manes in the ſkys,
Who thro' the realm bad ſeminaries riſe;
While ſome by arms, and deſolation rule,
'Twas theirs to found a College or a School;
O'er barbarous climes, while others tyrannize,
'Twas theirs, thoſe barbarous climes to civilize.
Such *Edward* * was, — in every virtue nurſt,
And *Frome* ſtill owes ſome tribute to his duſt;
An humble nurſery yet ſpeaks his fame,
Whoſe hollow ruins echo with his name,
By time decay'd,—while drooping learning ſlept,
And o'er the ſweating walls the muſes wept.

* King *Edward* the Third founded the Grammar-School at *Frome*.

But

But ſee reſtor'd,—again the claſſics ſmile,
And ſcience hovers o'er the new-rais'd pile;
Where metaphyſic tomes in cobweb hung,
Sweet ſound the ſhelves with *Virgil*'s ſacred ſong:
In duſt the penſive poets pine no more,
But olives bloom, where ivy crept before.

SEE a new Tutor, with pacific ſway,
To grammar's thorny doctrine ſmooth the way.
Inſpir'd with ſenſe, and ſweetneſs to impart
To liſt'nings youths, the rudiments of art;
Severely mild, and cautious of th' extreme,
Can teach with temper, and rebuke with phlegm;
Beſt form'd t'unfold the poet's ſacred page,
And mark their charms, who feels himſelf their rage.

As the wiſe huſbandman explores with ſkill,
What ſoil is beſt to plant, and what to till;
The wiſe preceptor ſtudies every art,
To know the genius, and to mend the heart.
As well one med'cine, each diſeaſe will hit,
As the ſame method all complexions fit.
Fruitleſs the toil, to waſh the negro white,
To poliſh boors, or make a blockhead bright:
In vain is teaching, time, and terror try'd,
Where genius fails, and nature has deny'd;
In vain by tutors train'd, by parents nurs'd,
If warp'd in embryo, and by *Pallas* curs'd.

YET

YET *Busby*'s pedants still one circle keep,
Like mills, which in one motion always sleep:
To every scholar the same system suit,
And treat a *Bacon*, as they treat a brute;
Still keep the passive slaves in one dull round,
With birchen sceptre, and despotic sound.

SEVERITY, for brutes alone design'd,
Enervates half the vigour of the mind:
Confounds the modest—makes the vicious mad,
Destroys good parts—and never mends the bad.

THEY who correct with anger and chagrin,
E're they reprove, shou'd with themselves begin.
Some rugged minds, incorrigibly bold,
May be by fear subdu'd, or force control'd;
But for one savage, by compulsion tam'd,
Ten are by love, and gentleness reclaim'd.
Disgrace,—or praise,—or pride, will oft' prevail,
When slavish fear, and furious ferules fail:
For generous minds, with native freedom born,
Disdain the thraldom, and the tyrant scorn.
Or when releas'd from grammar's servile fetters,
Still learning loath, and dread the smart of letters.
The child by nurses terrify'd at night,
Always associates darkness, and a sprite:
So boys to rods, and reading, long confin'd,
Still couple books and bondage in their mind.

THE

THE verbal knowledge of grammatic art,
Of Education is the loweſt part.
In *Priſcian*'s rules, ſome ſcrupulouſly nice,
Correct falſe concord, and connive at vice.
Clowns may be taught to conſtrue, or tranſlate,
As pies, or parrots, may be taught to prate,
Expound all *Walker*—all *Parnaſſus* ſcan,
But in the critic, often loſe the man;
Exact in proſody, in mood and tenſe,
Well ſkill'd in ſound, but deſtitute of ſenſe.
Some lifted are to learn—they know not how,
Conſtrain'd to plod—whom nature meant to plough;
Like ſquirrels with their bells, to jingle round,
As ſome learn notes, without a taſte for ſound;
Who ſhade the roſtrum, or diſgrace the bar,
Might ſhine behind the counter, or the car.

To country-ſchool the ſatchel'd youths are ſent,
O'er barbarous ſounds to pore in diſcontent;
Like felon ſlaves condemn'd to baniſhment.
To learn tongues ſpoke two thouſand years ago,
Who ſcarce their own domeſtic language know.
So *Marcus* travels to *Marſeilles*, or *Rome*,
Mere ſtranger to his laws, and lands at home.

IF youths for no profeſſion are deſign'd,
Mere verbal knowledge but contracts the mind.

Yet

Yet ſome with tympany of ſound will ſwell
With pompous language, like an empty bell.
But if deſign'd, without a genius fit;
You often ſpoil the tradeſman in the wit.
Laws,—ethics,—painting,—globes, and ſtars on high,
Each ſtation ſuit, and ſhine to every eye.
Geography and hiſtory invite,
Improve the genius, and the mind delight:
Things, more than words th' attentive youth engage
Pleaſe every taſte, and poliſh every age.

CRITICS object, ſuch ſtudies are the care,
Of higher life, and academic air:
But few e'er reach that philoſophic plain,
Stuck in the mire of grammar and chicane:
Did narrow pœdagogues their province know,
Knowledge, and language wou'd promiſcuous grow.
As on one tree beneath indulgent ſkys,
Bloſſoms and fruit with blended beauty riſe.

Low reptile minds, on earth ſtill grovelling lie
'Tis Education lifts the ſoul on high.
While thro' the ſtormy ſea of life we ſail,
This ſmooths the tide, and ſwells the promis'd gale:
Launch'd well at firſt,— in vain the billows roar,
She calms the tempeſt, and ſecures the ſhore;
Taught by this goddeſs, — how to ſteer ſedate,
Amidſt the Favours, or the frowns of fate;

Rove

Rove while we will, — that peace and competence,
Mock all the ſhine of courts, — the joys of ſenſe;
That happineſs alone in virtue lies,
And to be truly learn'd, — is to be wiſe.

NEAR *Frome*'s romantic vales, the muſe thus ſung,
Where pious *Rowe* once tun'd her ſilver tongue.
Cloſe by thoſe laurels, where the veſtal pray'd,
I oft' invoke her venerable ſhade;
Lofty the ſubject, — and not low the praiſe,
If ſhe inſpire, and *B——le* approve the lays.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

Who complain'd that her *Muſe* was eloped from her.

SYLVIA, I lately heard you ſay
Your truant Muſe was gone aſtray,
And, like ſome tranſitory ſpright,
O'er hill and dale had took her flight:
And mine's of late ſo ſullen grown,
I ſcarce can call the prude my own.
A rural jaunt inſpires my mind,
Your vagrant fugitive to find:
Thus to divert my Muſe's gloom,
Or meet a better in its Room.
O! wou'd ſome kind, ſome angel ſcout,
Direct me where to find her out;
Whether o'er boundleſs plains ſhe roves,
Or haunts the muſic of the groves:
Or if the hills delight her more,
Where lofty larks, and lapwings ſoar,

Or

Or when deſcending from the ſteep,
She ſeeks the cell where Sylvan's ſleep;
Cloſe to her ſteps I'd follow ſtill,
And trace the nymph from hill to hill.

TELL me, ye ſwains! O! tell me where,
To find the ſolitary fair.
Cou'd I but hear her diſtant ſong,
Chaunting far off the wood's among,
Invited by the rural lay,
I'd thro' the pathleſs deſart ſtray,
Where roſes wild adorn the green,
And wither in the ſhade unſeen;
And many a pink and painted flower,
Sprinkle gay twilight thro' the bower,
While cooing turtles from on high,
Murmur ſoft love-plaints near the ſky.
I'd aſk each wood-nymph of the ſhade,
If they had ſeen the wand'ring maid,
And in what boſky grove, or cell,
The tuneful vagabond might dwell:
Or if the drowſy god of ſleep,
Has clos'd her eyes in ſlumber deep,
And with enchantments magic tie,
Seal'd up thoſe lips of harmony;
Diana's horn ſhall break the ſpell,
And ſhake the dormitory cell.

SEPT. 4, 1749.

A

FRIENDLY CAUTION

TO A

GENTLEMAN,

Who lately publiſh'd his Intention

Of going in Queſt of a Stray'd Muſe.

SOON as my eyes had trac'd each line,
And found what jaunt you did deſign,
It rais'd a ſmile upon my face,
To think what a vain wild-gooſe chaſe
You'd undertake, Sir Knight, ſhou'd you
My giddy run-away purſue.

As

As luckleſs travellers o'nights
Are led aſtray by wand'ring lights,
And plung'd in ponds, or hung in briers
By theſe deluſive dancing fires.
So if upon this bold adventure,
Like errant-knight of old you enter,
My roving Muſe aſtray may lead you,
Tho' ſometimes grave, ſhe's often giddy.
The ſportive *Ignis Fatuus* may
Thro' countleſs dangers make you ſtray.
Her wanton wiles therefore beware,
With warning voice, I cry, forbear.
Hearken to my prophetic pen,
She may bemire you in ſome fen;
Or mount in air aloft from ſight,
And leave you in the gloom of night;
Then perch ſome airy heighth upon,
To draw th' unwary traveller on.
And when you've climb'd the rocky ſteep,
She down the craggy cliffs might creep,
And plunge you in the boundleſs deep.

Or ſhou'd you think to fly, ſhe'd riſe,
And chearful dance before your eyes;
'Till by her wand'ring light beguil'd
You're buried in ſome foreſt wild,
A dark impenetrable ſhade,
For fairies, ghoſts, and goblins made;

Ne'er bleſt with *Phœbus'* chearful ray,
But like a *Lapland*'s ſunleſs day;
Then might ſhe ſoar in yielding air,
And leave you in the mazy ſnare;
'Till tired with her ſportive jaunt,
Once more ſhe ſought my rural haunt,
Here, while you penſive ſtray alone,
Laugh at the miſchief ſhe had done.

'BUT ſhou'd you meet a milder fate,
And in the chace be fortunate.
If you my fugitive ſhou'd find,
Take her, and leave your own behind,
Your judgment each one wou'd arraign;
Apollo and his tuneful train
Wou'd never more to own you deign.
All muſt condemn you, ſhou'd you chuſe
To drop a ſwan, and take a gooſe.

BUT ſhou'd the following dream prove true,
In vain you'd ſeek, in vain purſue.
Your dang'rous jaunt ran thro' my head,
When ten ſmart ſtrokes warn'd me to bed;
There ſoon I ſunk in *Somnus'* arms,
A victim to his downy charms;
Then forth by buſy *Morpheus* drawn,
Methought I trac'd a velvet lawn,

Fierce

Fierce *Syrius* reign'd, my ſtrength declin'd,
And for ſome cool receſs I pin'd;
When juſt before my longing eyes,
I ſaw a duſky grove ariſe,
'Twas form'd of Cypreſs, Box, and Yew,
Round which entwining Ivy grew;
I preſs'd into the wiſh'd-for ſhade,
And wand'ring down a lonely glade,
I at a gloomy grot' arriv'd,
Which ſeem'd for endleſs reſt contriv'd,
Then to the moſſy entrance went,
And found it was of vaſt extent;
Within one feeble, ſickly light,
Was all I found t'aſſiſt my ſight,
Juſt in the midſt, cloſe veil'd from day,
Dulneſs and Eaſe ſupinely lay;
Theſe lazy powers do here preſide,
While round in downy fetters ty'd,
Where countleſs willing captives laid,
Who, drawn by Eaſe, had hither ſtray'd.

But O! what Muſe ſhall *Sylvia* bribe,
This ſleepy grotto to deſcribe?
Shou'd I attempt the tedious theme,
Too long, I'm ſure, you'd think my dream;
The magic ſcepters, crowns, and taper,
Wou'd take too much of *B*dd*ly*'s paper.

HERE on a moſſy bank reclin'd,
My vagrant Muſe I chanc'd to find,
Upon a wither'd cowſlip bed
She laid her drowſy ſenſeleſs head.
The verdant crown which late ſhe wore,
Adorn'd her ſtupid brows no more.
High on her head a nodding plume
Of ſleepy night-ſhade, in its room;
Her brow a wreath of poppies bound,
And ſhed their drowſy influence round.
With eager joy I call'd aloud,
And ſtrove to drag her from the croud.

THREE times ſhe yawn'd, then half awoke,
And thus with peeviſh accent ſpoke:
Away, forbear, nor longer teaſe,
Here I reſolve to dwell in eaſe;
No more I'll ſeek the public ſight,
But veil me here in peaceful night.
Have I not won ſufficient fame,
Since *B****n*'s Muſe has ſung my name;
Deign'd to approve my rural lays,
And crown'd me with a wreath of bays.
In youth I met a glorious fate,
Nor ſlept too ſoon, nor ſung too late.
Then prithee, *Sylvia*, teaſe no more,
Let me lie quiet, as before.

Here

Here magic ſlumbers ſeiz'd her brain,
And down ſhe ſunk to ſleep again.

WITH grief oppreſs'd I ſigh'd ſo deep,
It broke the ſilken chains of ſleep;
Gay morning ruſh'd upon my eyes,
And bade the drowſy dreamer riſe.

THESE friendly cautions, Sir, I ſend you,
To ſhew what dangers may attend you;
Shou'd you purſue my rambling Muſe,
And if you my advice refuſe,
None but yourſelf you can accuſe.
Thus timely warn'd, be timely wiſe,
Nor tempt your fate with open eyes.

SEPT. 15, 1739.

THE REPLY

To a Young LADY's

Friendly Caution to the AUTHOR,

Who Travel'd

In Queſt of her Stray'd Muſe.

SYLVIA, you ſhew me the wrong way,
To find your Muſe who went aſtray.
Fallacious guides you now depute,
Only to puzzle my purſuit :
When I had chas'd the nymph ſo long,
'Twas barbarous to direct me wrong.
Send me not *Sylvia* into brakes,
Untrodden paths, and fenny lakes ;

Nor

Nor into woods, and foreſts deep,
To ſee th' enchanting *Syren* ſleep.
Into no caves will I repair,
For what ſhou'd *Sylvia*'s Muſe do there?

SURE you th' immortal maid abuſe,
And make a Gipſey of your Muſe.

No—to the ſkys ſhe flew away,
Amongſt her kindred ſtars to ſtray.
The winged goddeſs long'd to ſoar,
And ſee her native heaven once more.
Oh! *Sylvia*, when ſhe left your breaſt,
What place was fit for ſuch a gueſt?
What grove below, what hill or plain,
Cou'd ſuch a ſtranger entertain?
What ſoil, what paradiſe on earth,
Cou'd nurſe this plant of heav'nly birth?

A SYLPH, whom I retain as ſpy,
Told me he ſaw her mount on high,
Celeſtial pilgrim to the ſky.
Elijah-like, ſhe bent her flight,
And left behind a trail of light.
The Sylph cloſe track'd her all the way,
By this new galaxy of day.
Wet were her wings with morning dew,
As thro' his airy tracts ſhe flew.

THE

THE watchful ſhepherds were amaz'd,
And at the mounting meteor gaz'd.
Some thought it was a ſhooting ſtar,
Or baleful comet, boding war.
Sylvia,—'twas no deluſive light,
No *Ignis Fatuus* of the night,
Which on a ſummer's eve is ſeen,
Hovering o'er the fairy green.
Strong were her beams, and brighter far,
Than Heſper's, or the Morning ſtar.

SHE ſtop'd not 'till ſhe reach'd the gaol,
Where the ſparkling *Pleiads* roll;
While all her ſiſter Muſes there,
Welcom'd the ſtranger to the ſphere.
Near *Virgo*'s celebrated ſign,
Th' exalted nymph was ſeen to ſhine:
Nor cou'd aſtronomers deviſe,
What new ſtar glitter'd in the ſkys.
Some nights beheld her twinkling ray,
Then ſhot the prodigy away.

FOR tho' excurſions ſhe might make,
Up to the ſtars for ſoaring ſake,
Yet long the truant cou'd not ſtay,
Nor long from *Sylvia*'s boſom ſtray.

No

No farther in the heavens ſhe'd go,
Who left another heaven below.

THEN no ſuch ramble need I take,
Or climb the hills, or beat the brake.
For by the brightneſs of your pen,
I ſee ſhe's now return'd again ;
Let me to *Holt*'s ſweet ſhades repair,
I'm ſure to find the vagrant there ;
'Tis but to viſit *Sylvia*'s cell,
For where ſhe is the Muſe muſt dwell.

PLEASURE.

Written at the REQUEST of

Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER,

(Afterwards Mrs. ROWE)

BY THE

Late Reverend Mr. JOHN BOWDEN.

I.

IN vain, unleſs thou firſt inſpire,
Shall I attempt thy boundleſs praiſe,
In vain my grov'ling genius try to raiſe,
'Till wing'd by thy immortal fire.
O! Goddeſs kindly then diſpenſe
Thy gentle powerful influence;
Let ev'ry paſſion, ev'ry ſenſe,

Let

Let all my willing ſoul thy tranſports prove,
Let vig'rous warmth, ſoft joy, and melting love,
Invade, and uncontrol'd thro' all my pulſes move.

2.

'Tis done! thy charms already I obey,
A wond'rous bright, and heav'nly day
Already does its morning luſtre ſhed:
Already infant-light ſits ſmiling round my head.
Darkneſs, and melancholy gloom,
In awful haſte reſign their room.
In haſte, the baleful monſters of the night,
Pierc'd with thy flaming darts of light,
Attempt their long unwilling flight.
In ev'ry vein a blooming ardor burns,
And all my kindled blood to active ſpirits turns.
Enchanting joys ſurround my heart,
And nimbly ruſh thro' ev'ry part;
And now the tide flows large and high;
And now, I hardly ſtem th' impetuous joy;
And now, I'm rapture all, and extaſy!

3.

What lofty praiſes are thy due!
What theme more fit for Men, and Angels too?
Angels, who grace the ſeats above,
Thoſe realms of pureſt joy, and love.

Where

Where feeble age, and ſhiv'ring fear,
And ſullen grief, and chill deſpair,
And anxious care, and pining woe,
Do ne'er their ghaſtly viſage ſhew.
There, with immortal youth they're crown'd,
While fadeleſs glorys round them play,
And heavenly ſplendors gild their way,
And all they hear is muſic's ſacred ſound.
Ten thouſand joys around them throng ;
Ten thouſand joys inſpire their ſong;
And him they praiſe, and him they bleſs,
From whoſe vaſt bounty num'rous pleaſures flow,
To them above, and us below.
Th' exhauſtleſs fountain of all happineſs.
And whilſt their Maker's praiſes they recite,
They ſpring freſh oceans of delight ;
And with freſh praiſes theſe abound.
Thus rapture, love, and praiſe,
By turns engage their happy days,
This their employment is—this their eternal round.

4.

BEFORE old *Chaos* into order roll'd,
Or heav'n eſſay'd its wonders to unfold.
Before the mighty orbs to flame begun,
Or reſtleſs planets whirl'd about the ſun.
Before, before, Man's duſty frame was rais'd,
Or Angels more divine in hymns their Maker prais'd,

Long

Long, long, before the univerſal fire,
Made thee the object of his vaſt deſire.
And when faint nature breaths her lateſt groan,
And times ſcant limits are no longer known.
When jarring ſpheres aſunder fly,
And all their glorys wink and die:
When wild confuſion thro' the whole is hurl'd,
And ruin's dreadful voice reſounds from world to world;
Still the Creator from all changes free,
O! charming pleaſure! ſtill he dwells with thee:
Still, ſtill, he feels ineffable delight,
He's God, becauſe his joys are infinite.

5.

THE moſt exalted earthly God,
That ſhakes whole realms with his imperious nod;
Who common mortals does deſpiſe,
And lifts his lofty head up to the ſkies:
Ev'n he, to thy ſoft ſceptre bows,
And at thy altar pays his conſtant vows:
Ev'n he, prefers his bliſs before his ſtate,
And to be pleas'd, oft' ceaſes to be great.

6.

VICTORS themſelves thy conqueſts own,
And fall like vaſſals at thy throne.

Thy gentle hand their hurtful force restrains,
And with more natural passions warms their veins.
No more they rage, no more they swell,
No more of blood and slaughter tell;
No more wild fury sparkles at their eyes,
The monster sees thee come, and all disorder flies.

7.

HAIL! to the spring of all that's brave, and great,
Hail! thou that dost inspire the hero's gen'rous heat.
Tyrants might else regale with blood,
And villains trample o'er the good;
Long virtue might in rags appear,
And vice triumphant garlands wear:
The groaning nations long complain,
And captives drag their hated chain,
And injur'd orphans cry for help in vain.
Nassau himself confess'd thy force,
Which led the godlike man thro' all his shining course.
Those acts which broke th' oppressors rods,
Did monsters quell, and furies tame,
Which won the hero's deathless name,
And now have plac'd him high among the Gods.
Were all the inspiration of thy flame:
Divinest transports urg'd his royal breast,
He felt, like GOD, the joys of making mortals blest.

THOSE

8.

THOSE fadeleſs monuments of wit, and ſenſe,
Like inmoſt heav'n refin'd, and pure,
And which like that ſhall ſtill endure,
And countleſs bleſſings to the world diſpenſe,
Are all the genuine fruit of thy ſweet influence.
By thee the Greek, and Roman ſhine;
Milton by thee is all divine,
And *Locke*'s immortal works are thine.
When lovely *Philomela* * ſtrikes the lyre,
Thou doſt the ſoft harmonious ſong inſpire.
Thoſe ſtrains which all mankind ſurpriſe, and bleſs,
Which charm illuſtrious *Anna*'s heart,
Which raviſh ſeraphs, and diſcloſe their art,
Do all thy ſacred force, and mighty power confeſs.

9.

THRO' all the various courſes men purſue,
Thou art the mark they keep in view;
They ſtill are conſtant to thy charms,
And find no reſt but in thy tempting arms.
For thee the heavyeſt toils we bear,
Nor life itſelf in ſearch of thee is dear:
Where danger ſhews its frightful'ſt face,
Heedleſs, we plunge thro' all, to feel thy ſoft embrace.

* Mrs. *Rowe*.

10.

WHERE thy auſpicious form draws near
All ghaſtly phantoms diſappear;
Sorrow and rage transform to love and play,
Night wantons in the gawdy robes of day.
Chagrin vouchſafes a ſmile, and age its ſelf looks gay;
Life's nimble wheels a ſwifter motion try,
The blooming cheeks put on a roſy dye,
And ſportive Cupids flutter in the eye.

11.

MAY ſtill thy brighteſt ſcenes my mind employ,
Still plunge me goddeſs, in thy pureſt joy.
Joys which no ebb nor interruption know,
But in full current always flow,
Triumph o'er adverſe fate, and make a heaven below.
Joys which can no where elſe be found,
But on fair virtues ſacred ground;
The reſt, the more they pleaſe, the more they wound.
All guilty pleaſure like the ſyrens charm,
With hov'ring ills the cheated wretch alarm.
They ſooth the ſenſe, but ſtrike a dreadful blow,
And for a moments joy, repay an age of woe.

ELEGIAC

ELEGIAC VERSES,

ON A

Late Gay GENTLEMAN,

(Skill'd in MUSIC)

Who Dy'd Young.

SAY, *Melpomene*, mournful miſtreſs! ſay,
Why loiters thus the elegiac lay?
Why hangs the cittern in thy bower ſo long
Untun'd, and loth to warble out a ſong?

COME, gentle *Venus!* from thy *Cyprian* grove,
And mourn a friend to muſic, and to love.
Come, gentle goddeſs! not with crimſon clad,
But rob'd in cypreſs, come demure, and ſad.

See o'er their ſilent lyres the Muſes weep,
And on their quivers drowſy Cupids ſleep.

HUSHT were the groves, the zephyrs breath'd no more,
And the laſt echos languiſh'd on the ſhore.
When our harmonious *Strephon* fled the plain,
And ſhepherds pip'd, and fountains play'd in vain.
Then ſunk the rural ſongs, the birds were mute,
The birds which often liſten'd to his flute;
Yet the ſoft muſe ſhall whiſper thro' the vale,
And publiſh to the rocks the tragic tale:
Yet ſhall his echo dwell about the cave,
Where poplars nod, and ſolemn willows wave:
Where ſable yews an awful gloom diſplay,
And the chaſte groves will ſcarce admit the day.
There on his image ſhall my fancy feed,
Fair as when once he ſung the banks of *Tweed*.
Beneath ſome rock, I'll raiſe a moſſy bed,
An deckd a flow'ry pillow for his head.
Shall gentle *Strephon* want a tragic line,
Strephon, who ſung ſo oft', and ſung ſo fine?

'TWAS on that night, when all was blithe and gay,
Bright ſhone the ſtars, and ladys bright as they:
When, lo! a ſudden damp the ſcene o'ercaſt,
Mourn all ye fair—for *Strephon* breathes his laſt.

Then

Then ſilent ſunk the muſic at the ſound,
And the wan lamps lookt ſickening all around.
Poor *Strephon* once at every ball the chief,
Forever flies—and joy transforms to grief.

So when an army marſhal'd on the plain,
With ſhining ranks begins the great campaign:
If by ſome adverſe fate the leader dies,
Thro' all the camp a ſudden pannic flies.

STREPHON was graceful, free, genteel, and gay,
All eyes lookt ſad, when *Strephon* was away;
No ſplendid circle of the fair was found,
But ſprightly *Strephon* with his muſic crown'd.
Of hyp, and ſpleen he chas'd away the gloom,
And ſullen care forſook the chearful room.
Envy can add no follys to his ſcore,
But love, and wine—tho' malice count them o'er.
Zealots muſt own he had a generous mind,
Was honeſt, humble, affable, and kind;
True to his promiſe, faithful to his friend,
Averſe to ſlander, forward to commend.

PRUDES may profeſs, and hypocrites may cant;
Sly ſaints devoutly curſe, and bigots rant;
Some cheat in private, who in public pray,
And villains parts behind the curtain play.

Some flaws in every character we find,
His faults were few, and of a generous kind ;
Cenſorious minds are often over nice,
And with ill-nature call all pleaſure vice.
Some faults, and follys ſtain the brighteſt ſoul,
But love and charity ſtill crown the whole.

AN ÆNIGMA.

FAshion'd of various ſhape, and clay,
I *Proteus* like, am grave, or gay.
Like *Flora* now polite and fine,
I with rich, ſculptur'd figures ſhine:
Then in demure apparel clad,
Am like hermiten plain and ſad.

My temper too is altogether,
As fickle as the wind or weather:
I'm hot, or cold, am moiſt, or dry,
In whimſical variety.
Now am inflam'd with boiling rage,
Yet oft' devour much baum and ſage,
But herbs which raging fevers tame,
Are but a fuel to my flame;

With

With ſuch inteſtine heat I fume,
My exhalations fill the room.
Like *Ætna*'s gulph my entrails glow,
And with eruptive ſtreams o'erflow.

An iſſue often gives me vent,
Or I ſhou'd burſt my tenement.
Others by toping reel, and ſink,
But I grow ſtronger, as I drink;
And when with moiſture running o'er,
Am fix'd much firmer than before.
The common liquor which I drink,
Makes women gay, and ſtudents think;
My ſprightly juice diſpells all gloom,
And fills you with ambroſial fume;
Twill fire the fancy, clear the brain,
And thus my latent name explain.

1747.

A

LATIN EPIGRAM.

LUMINE Acon dextro caruit, Leonilla ſiniſtro,
Et potis eſt forma vincere uterque Deos.
Blande puer lumen quod habes, concede ſorori,
Sic tu cæcus amor, ſic erit illa Venus.

ENGLISH'D,

By the Rev. Mr. GEORGE RUSSEL.

BUT one bright eye fair *Acon*'s face adorns;
For one bright eye fair *Leonilla* mourns.
Kind youth to her thy ſingle orb reſign,
To make her perfect, and thyſelf divine.
For then (wou'd heaven the happy change allow,)
She ſhou'd bright *Venus* be, and *Cupid* thou.

On

On the Death of

Miſs *AMYAND.*

By the SAME.

1.

WITH radiant charms, with virtue crown'd,
And wit above her years,
Fair *Amarylla* bloom'd awhile,
Then left the world in tears.

2.

THE bow of *Iris* thus diſplay'd,
We praiſe th' ideal form,
'Till all the glorious colours fade,
Succeeded by a ſtorm.

TO

TO A

YOUNG LADY,

With a BIRD and CAGE.

By the SAME.

THIS little Bird, when you receive,
An emblem of my heart believe.
Like him it wander'd wild and free,
Nor thought to loſe its liberty.
The Bird indeed may wiſh to rove,
And once more flutter in the grove;
But cou'd I find ſome happy art,
In your fair breaſt to lodge my heart,
Pleas'd in that priſon to remain,
I'd never wiſh to rove again.

TO

A GENTLEMAN,

Who Aſk'd,

Why Miſs G—G always ſhut her Eyes when ſhe laugh'd?

EXTEMPORE.—By the SAME.

WHEN *Celia* laughs—you're in ſurprize,
That ſhe ſhou'd always ſhut her eyes;
'Tis pity in the fair:
But ſhou'd ſhe ſmile, and view you too,
With thoſe bright eyes—oh! tell me who
Such mighty charms cou'd bear!

Tranſlation

Tranſlation *from* Martial.

LIB. 7. EPIG. 84.

To JOHN I*****D, *Eſq*;

By the SAME.

O! HOW ſhou'd my friendſhip, my bounty appear,
Wou'd heaven but give me five hundred a year?
What a table I'd keep! what numbers maintain?
Treat ſtrangers with port,—and my friends with champaigne:
Not a creature ſhou'd ſigh for a favour deny'd;
The Gods prais'd thy bounty,—and kindly comply'd.
But now not a ſtranger muſt enter thy door,
Thy coat, and thy table, much worſe than before.
Inſtead of thy port, and champaigne,—who wou'd think it?
Thy wine is ſo bad, not a creature can drink it.
Ne'er a friend in diſtreſs—now 'tis come to a trial,
Who deſires thy help—but receives a denial.
Either let thy great bounty, and friendſhip appear,
Or reſtore back again the five hundred a year.

AN-

ANTHOLOGIA,

EPIG. 25.

By the SAME.

I SEARCH'D the fields, of every kind,
The faireſt flowers I choſe;
And ſent a beauteous wreath to bind
My *Rodoclea*'s brows.

HERE *Hyacinthus* ting'd with blood,
In purple beauty glows,
There burſting thro' the ſwelling bud,
Appears the ſwelling roſe.

TH' *Anemone* of paler kind,
That moiſt in vallys grows;
Narciſſus fair, that hangs the head,
And near the fountain blows.

To boaſt thy charms, when crown'd with theſe,
Ceaſe, ceaſe, O! beauteous maid,
Thy face that blooms, ſo like the roſe,
Like that alas! ſhall fade.

LET-

LETTERS
TO
CORRESPONDENTS.

MADAM,

I AM much obliged to you for the favour of yours, eſpecially for the entertainment of the verſes, on the Duke's Victory, *&c.* You have now furniſh'd me with the beſt reaſons for my not writing on thoſe ſubjects, by the juſtice you have done them yourſelf. Beſides, I found I cou'd not exalt my thoughts enough at preſent, to dwell on ſuch lofty themes. My Head grew giddy in attempting thoſe towering flights; and a ſudden vertigo ſeiz'd my brain, when I begun to write on dukes, and princeſſes, triumphs and courts. My

muſe has loſt her ambitious wings, and finds it much ſafer to dwell on the ground, or flutter with the bees and butterflies, about the groves and gardens, than *Pindar* like, to climb the heights of *Parnaſſus*, or ſoar with the bird of *Jove*, to the ſkys.

Or nobly wild, with Budgels *fire and force,*
Paint angels trembling round his falling horſe.

As to my being influenc'd to write from low ſervile views of reward alone, this I never dreamt of. You know fame is the poet's goddeſs; at her altars we bow, and dedicate the fruits of our labours to her ſhrine. A mere venal and mercenary Muſe is an inſupportable character, and quite inconſiſtent with the divine flights, and abſtracted elevations of poetry. Tho' after all I ſee nothing mean, or incongruous, in having ſome view to ones own intereſt, when it is not the ſole or leading motive. And it may be obſerv'd, that no art flouriſhes ſo well under a government, that has but little regard to learning. When liberal ſciences are encourag'd and protected, they always thrive beſt in ſuch a ſoil. *Virgil*, and *Horace*, &c. had a *Mecænas* to encourage, and an *Auguſtus* to reward them; or their fine genius might ſtill have remain'd in obſcurity. But I really think we want many *Mecænas*'s now to revive and patronize the drooping arts.

I SHOU'D

I SHOU'D be glad to know if you have any acquaintance or correſpondence with the celebrated *Sylvia*. I fancy there may be ſome inſpiration in *Holt* waters, and that they have a faculty of conveying wit, as well as health, and can kindle the flames of the imagination, as well as cool thoſe of the body. If ſo, ſome of our modern bards wou'd do well to viſit thoſe *Caſtalian* ſprings. It is affirm'd as fact, that ſome waters, particularly *Bath*, are endu'd with a wonderful, prolific property, to remove the cauſes of ſterility, procure pregnancy, *&c.* perhaps *Holt* waters may be poſſeſs'd with the diviner quality, of impregnating the brain with fruitful ideas, inſpiring the fancy with a new offſpring of wit, and curing all barrenneſs of underſtanding, by invigorating the animal ſpirits, and (to talk in the language of the quacks) by diffuſing a mild genial warmth, and ſun-ſhine o'er the cold, inactive maſs.—But to deſcend from this elevated ſtrain, I am in plain *Engliſh*, without any hyperbole,

Yours, &c.

TO
The SAME.

MADAM,

I HAVE read over your paraphrase on *Solomon*'s song, with a great deal of pleasure, and I hope with some instruction. But give me leave to say, that notwithstanding the innocence of your intention, the purity of your thoughts, and the chastity of your diction, thro' all this performance, I doubt the world will be so wicked, and censorious as to pervert your meaning, and misapply the passions of your royal galant to gross and sensual objects. And indeed I think there seems to be some room to give such a construction to the original song. For I think it is generally allow'd, by the concession of learned expositors, and divines, that the antient, genuine design and meaning of that celebrated poem, was not allegorical, or spiritual, but is to be understood in the obvious, literal sense. Some mystical commentators,

tators, I own, (who have a faculty of expounding every thing into metaphor, and can make every text in the old teſtament figurative, and every ſtory prophetical) have given a divine turn to the whole book of *Canticles*. *Solomon*'s natural amorous paſſion, was preſently lighted up into flames of devotion, converted into celeſtial raptures, and all the lover loſt in the ſaint. Theſe gentlemen of fancy and conceit, like *Flavel* in his ſpiritual huſbandry, can allegorize on *Noah*'s-ark, or *Goliah*'s ſpear. Every thing with them is big with alluſion, and pregnant with ſome enigmatical meaning. *Balaam*'s aſs is a tipe of our SAVIOUR; *Jacob*'s twelve ſons a plain indication of the twelve apoſtles, and ſo on. It is not therefore to be wonder'd at, if theſe emblematical divines, have found out a ſpiritual meaning in *Solomon*'s ſong, and given a pious turn to his amorous dialogues. No doubt but their intention was very good in ſo doing: But I imagine their judgment was ſwallow'd up in their devotion, when they adapted his black miſtreſs to *Imoinda*, her breaſts to the old teſtament and the new; and the roſe of *Sharon* to the church, *&c.* But this is really ſtraining the matter too far; and I think chriſtianity receives no advantage from ſuch forc'd alluſions, and wild conceits. It rather affords matter for licentious wits to ridicule, and this I doubt wou'd be the conſequence of publiſhing your ingenious paraphraſe:

I TAKE this opportunity to thank you for yours of *September* 18. I'm glad the cow gave you any entertainment, I know you always lik'd a paſtoral life, and cows, ſheep and birds, us'd to pleaſe you at all times; ſo it is the leſs to be wonder'd if my verſes on the cow pleas'd you. I am at preſent an exile from *Parnaſſus*, and am in great danger of being the Muſe's outlaw. All I have wrote lately was but a ſhort addreſs to a young Lady, whoſe uncommon beauty extorted it from me; and if there was any merit in thoſe verſes inſcrib'd to Miſs *P*—- it is entirely to be aſcrib'd to the ſudden inſpiration of ſuch ſurprizing beauty. Our town here is ſo illiterate, and has ſo little taſte for poetry eſpecially, that the Muſes finding no encouragement, have almoſt abandon'd the inhoſpitable, unpropitious ſoil. Trade and buſineſs are commonly at variance with learning, and never well agree with the peace and calm retirement of a poetical life. But you are ſuch a favourite of the Muſes, and reſide ſo much at the court of *Parnaſſus*, that I hope by your interceſſion, to procure expiation and abſolution for my truancy and rebellion, and to be again admitted as a gueſt and inhabitant of that flowery region, and bleſt with yours and *Apollo*'s ſmiles. In hopes of which reſtoration, I ſubſcribe myſelf,

Madam, Your humble Servant.

THE

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

SIR,

YOU'LL excuſe my making an apology for leaving your Letter of the 23d of *October* unanſwer'd, having done it ſome time ſince. I think in a paragraph to Mrs. ******, I cou'd indeed muſter up a great many excuſes, and ſome very material ones too. But I think none greater, than that I knew not how to ſet about ſo knotty a taſk. So like ſome dull and indolent ſchool-boy, I defer'd the evil day, 'till length of time extorted it from me.

I AM glad my paraphraſe gave you any pleaſure. As to inſtruction, I can't ſee any room to hope for that, while you entertain ſuch low notions of the ſubject. I own, there are many things in the ſong which

which may be reduc'd to a mortal paſſion, but I can't help thinking the whole, or deſign of it, very inconſiſtent with ſuch a view. I need not tell the Doctor, the eaſtern language was very florid, and figurative, of which the Old Teſtament, is very full; the prophets ſpeak little elſe. The new teſtament is of a quite different ſtile, more plain, and expreſſive: In what better manner cou'd *Solomon* have drawn up this divine drama, ſuitable to the language of the country, and his own poetical genius? Or in what ſtronger metaphors cou'd he have painted the divine paſſion of his ſoul? or better inſinuated it into the minds of thoſe, who wou'd not attend to any thing of a more grave appearance. How can we conceive (while in this embody'd ſtate) of divine love, but by the ſtrong and laſting impreſſions of the ſoul from a mortal paſſion? As to the cenſures of the prophane and licentious, what can eſcape their ridicule, if not the miracles of our SAVIOUR? But, as I know I'm not capable of advancing any thing unknown to you, I wou'd readily drop the ſubject, ſaying no more than I thought neceſſary for my own vindication. For as I cannot have any hopes of making a proſelyte, ſo neither, do I find myſelf in the leaſt inclin'd to become one.

I AM greatly rejoyc'd to find by your beautiful Poem in the *Bath* Journal, a few weeks ſince, you have

have made up your affairs ſo well with the Muſes, as to obtain your own terms. Indeed, they are generally artful enough to know their own intereſt, and therefore one of their beſt, diſtinguiſh'd votarys, cou'd not be in the leaſt danger of being neglected. But I hope you'll not expoſe yourſelf to any future hazards, by your long ſilence, which diſcovers ſo great a contempt of the fair ſiſters, as they may not fail to reſent. To my great mortification, I've ſo little intereſt with the Muſes (being yet advanc'd to no greater diſtinction that one of their menial ſervants) that I fear my beſt interceſſions cou'd never prevail with them, to reſtore you to their favour if once loſt, neither do I think they underſtand abſolution. Pray don't complain of your ſituation. Your manſion, looks like a ſeat of the Muſes, and it's inhabitants loudly ſpeak it. Trade and buſineſs are only your chance ſpeculations, and are not always without their inſpiration: And at leaſt are beautiful contraſts. Many of your ſurrounding neighbours furniſh out the moſt inſpiring, and agreeable converſation. And ſome of your adjoyning ſcenes, are inimitable! For what then ſhou'd you complain. Be not too encroaching. I hope the royal maid lately arriv'd at *Bath*, will be made your Muſes care, pleaſure, and glory. Who cou'd have thought the Duke wou'd have been forgot, the hero of our nation, and the

rival

rival of his age? Pardon any ſuſpicion. I hope your Muſe is loyal. Methinks, a public teſtimony ſhou'd not have been wanting. The alarm, was a worthy example. I fear, if you freely give me your advice in your next, you'll limit me to a quarter of a ſheet of paper. I am however prepar'd for the mortification, and your direction ſhall with thankfulneſs be obſerv'd by,

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

P. S. You'll permit me to tell you, your poem on the cow is grown a companion for beaus and belles, and makes a good figure at a tea-table.

THE

THE REPLY.

I WILL not pretend, Madam, to make any apology for not anſwering your ingenious letter ſooner; a bad defenſe, and weak, trifling excuſes are certainly worſe than none at all. It is more candid, and honourable to confeſs the fault, as I now do, and freely own that my ſilence was owing only to negligence, and indolence; and am very ready to ſubmit to any penance you ſhall think fit to impoſe on me.

You have ſaid as much as poſſible, I think, in a few lines in vindication of *Solomon*'s paſſion, by endeavouring to give it a divine ſtamp, and a celeſtial flame. But conſidering the royal preacher's, or gallant's character, his amorous complexion, expreſſions, *&c.* I'm ſtill of opinion that his paſſion was human, and natu-

natural, and that his love center'd on ſome object below the ſkys, ſome eaſtern beauty, or *Imoinda* of the groves below. The ſentiments and diction ſeem too plain, and ſenſual, to bear a divine application, and are not at all adapted to the language of heaven, and the pure immortal raptures of ſaints and ſeraphs. Indeed, you ſay very juſtly that the eaſtern languages were full of metaphors, borrow'd from ſenſual, material objects. But metaphors themſelves have laws, and muſt not be too licentious. We might as well talk of eating, and banqueting in the ſkys, of feeding on angelic ſoups, celeſtial ſweetmeats, and immortal bowls, as of deſcribing love, in ſuch a groſs corporeal manner. However, you are at liberty to underſtand it as you pleaſe; and, indeed, moſt commentators, allegorize it in that manner, not to ſay that it is moſt agreeable to the decency of your ſex. Your Muſe, and your modeſty can eaſily metamorphoſe the amour, and ſpiritualize the paſſion, without the help of grave doctors, and learned annotators.

Your pen can ſanctify the looſe deſire,
And to the ſkys direct the holy fire:
Bid low-born flames aſcend on ſeraph's wings;
Give laws to love, and chaſtity to kings.

I cou'd

I cou'd ſay more on this ſubject of allegory, but I tantaliz'd you enough with it in my laſt.

You ſeem to accuſe my Muſe with diſloyalty, and wou'd fain provoke me to write ſomething on the Princeſs's arrival at *Bath*, ſomething on the Duke's victory, and triumph over the rebels at *Culloden*, *&c.* theſe I own are great ſubjects, and lofty themes, and I doubt too ſublime at preſent for the humility of my pen. Not to mention the arts and ſciences are but little encourag'd by the great now. When princes become patrons of learning; and ingenuity, whether intellectual or mechanical, is rewarded, and encourag'd, there won't be wanting pens to celebrate their virtues. Arts and learning never arriv'd to a greater perfection than under the influence of *Alexander*, *Lycurgus*, *Auguſtus*, and *Trajan*, all great patrons, and bountiful benefactors. But now *C. C***r* is poet-laureat, venal ſcribblers are prefer'd for wit; and money ſways more than merit. But you may find by my late verſes on the *Diſappointed Travellers*, that my Muſe deſcends to low themes, and doggrel rhimes: And that the loſs of an expected dinner gave an appetite to my invention, and afforded a theme for burleſque. And indeed I have often thought that low, triffling ſubjects, if there is any tolerable vein of humour, or fancy in them, are more adapted to the capacitys of the vulgar, who are taken with

con-

conceit, and often do more ſervice than the grave, ſerious, and ſolid diſcourſes. Perhaps one of *Æſop*'s fables, rightly apply'd, has done more real ſervice to correct vice, and reform mankind, than fifty modern ſermons.

BUT notwithſtanding all this ſeverity, I can aſſure you, Madam, that my Muſe is always at your devotion, and wing'd for your ſervice, being either in verſe or proſe,

Yours, &c.

TO THE

Rev. Mr. CHARLETON,

Subdean of the King's-Chapel.

Reverend Sir,

I' VE not ſo much reaſon to condole, as to congratulate you on your late ſiſter's deceaſe. When exiſtence here becomes burdenſome and painful, death is a welcome herald, and calls rather for applauſe, and triumph, than for tears and lamentation. Mrs. *F**** for ſome time before her death cou'd not with any propriety be ſaid to live, at leaſt not to enjoy life: And I am much pleas'd, that by reſigning of her's, ſhe has at all contributed to the felicity of yours. I always thought from her conſtant expreſſions of regard, and eſteem, for your family, that one time or other her actions wou'd be the beſt comment on her words.

I am Yours, &c.

AN

A N

ELEGIAC POEM,

Occaſion'd by the Death of

The late Rev. Mr. *John Bowden.*

By a *L A D Y.*

ALL hope is vain ! call'd from this mortal ſtate,
My guide ! my friend at laſt reſigns to fate.
Th' impatient ſpirit flies th' inactive clay,
And with it's convoy, mounts to realms of day.

In vain pale mourners his ſad loſs deplore
Clos'd are his eyes, the ſcenes of life, are o'er.
He quits this mortal ſtage with juſt applauſe;
A friend to virtue, to religions cauſe.

In vain dire envy rear'd her ſnaky head,
And with her forked tongue vile ſlanders ſpread;
Whilſt bigotry, with black cenſorious arts
Level'd in vain, and threw her poiſon'd darts :
All impotent !—unblemiſh'd was his life;
Above detraction, calumny, and ſtrife.

In

In him, true merit found a conſtant friend;
Peaceful his life as peaceful was his end:
Eaſy he ſunk into the arms of death;
And, with a ſmile, reſign'd his lateſt breath.

Droop, droop your heads, oh! all ye rural ſwains,
Who once attentive, catch'd his tuneful ſtrains.

When *Philomela*, of immortal fame,
Call'd forth his Muſe, and gave the darling theme;
The darling theme at once his ſoul inſpir'd,
And with *Apollo*'s wit his genius fir'd:
With other tuneful bards his lyre he ſtrung,
And, equal to the theme unrival'd ſung.
Tho' all expected from their well-wrote lays,
And juſtly merited diſtinguiſh'd praiſe,
Yet *B****n* only won, and wore the bays.

Hark! ceaſe your lays, all grief forbear—on high,
What heav'nly muſic fills th' ætherial ſky!
Celeſtial airs of praiſe, of love, and joy,
His golden harp with ſweet delight employ.
There he enraptur'd joyns the ſacred throng,
Oh! change your notes and joyn his ſweet immortal ſong.

MARTIAL,

Book 3d, Epig. 25.

By the Rev. Mr. Russel.

THAT thou haſt Burgundy, my friend,
To all the world is known ;
But churliſh, thou enjoy'ſt thy wine
In ſecret, and alone.

Gold too thou haſt, but in thy fob
Securely it remains :
Wit too you boaſt, but to be ſeen
By others it diſdains.

Of all your ſtore, for other's uſe
One thing alone we find,
Your wife, my friend, you but enjoy
In common with mankind.

AN

AN

EPITAPH

ON

Richard Middleton, Esq; A. M.

Late of Queen's-College, and Christ-Church, *Oxford.*

(By the SAME.)

WITH solid sense, in learnings robe array'd,
Fancy's gay light, thro' reason's sober shade;
Unweary'd industry with genius joyn'd,
And fervent zeal by charity refin'd;
Justice and truth, with christian awe profound,
And stedfast faith with righteous actions crown'd.

WITH these, in manners pleasingly sedate,
He sought perfection in an earthly state.
Virtue and wisdom large improvement gain'd,
Sin seem'd subdu'd, but frailty still remain'd;
Till pitying heav'n remov'd this last restraint,
Destroy'd the mortal, and receiv'd the saint.

THE

DIE in CAPTIVITY.

INSCRIB'D TO

THOMAS CAREW, Esq; of CROCOMB,

ON HIS

Promoting the LAWS for the Suppression of Gaming.

Occasion'd by Seeing

A compleat DIE inclos'd in an IVORY-BALL, by the ingenious Mr. JAMES CLARK, of *Frome*.

LONG did the enchanting power of dice
Decoy the fickle youth to vice.
Fortune, and freedom, friends, and fame,
Fell martyrs to the darling game;
Even life and health become a prey
To the capricious chance of play;
'Till penal laws the vice restrain'd,
And th' epidemic madness chain'd.

PEACE

PEACE to that breaſt whoſe honeſt zeal,
Glow'd fervent for the public weal:
Who with unbiaſs'd, generous mind,
The ſpreading malady confin'd.

THIS little emblematic ſphere,
Is a juſt ſymbol of your care.
Within this hollow globe immur'd,
The fatal Die here lies ſecur'd.
Th' ingenious hand does here impart
The wonders of mechanic art.
By mathematic ſkill profound,
The hydra view in durance bound.
Beneath this ball impriſon'd deep,
Thus ſulphurs in their ſtrata ſleep;
Smooth carpets on the ſurface grow,
While mortal vapors lurk below.

SIX little windows let in day,
Thro' which you ſee the monſter play;
But harmleſs here he plays in vain,
And only ſtruggles with his chain,
As felons lock'd in *Newgate*'s cell,
Peep thro' the lattice where they dwell.

So thro' its avenues of light,
The tyrant grins, but cannot bite,
Like *Bajazet* in iron cage,
In vain is all the captive's rage.
Venus, and *Mars* were thus beſet,
And caught in *Vulcan*'s wond'rous net.
Thus fevers, famine, plague and pox,
Lay hid within *Pandora*'s box;
'Till *Pyrrha*'s fire the engine burſt,
And all mankind with evils curſt.

LONG may the Die lie fetter'd here,
And never break the ivory ſphere.
'Till the great globe with all its frame
Shall periſh in the final flame.

An EPITAPH,

On a NEGRO SERVANT,

Who died at Governor PHIPPS's,

At Haywood, *near* Weſtbury.

EUROPEAN vain--mock not my hue,
Nor ridicule a ſlave;
Death ſoon, like me, will blacken you,
In darkneſs, and the grave.

THO' nature o'er my ſwarthy ſkin
Diffus'd a ſable blot;
Yet was my mind unſtain'd within,
And free from vicious ſpot.

IT boots not here, or black, or white,
All colours ſuit the tomb;
Black gueſts, and *Æthiopian* night,
Sit round this funeral room.

RELEAS'D from ſervitude, and woe,
Here all my toils are o'er,
To ſome green iſland I ſhall go,
And ſee my native ſhore.

THO' with reluctant mind I part,
From my kind maſter here;
Yet my old country has my heart,
And liberty is dear.

THERE in ſome ſhady, *Indian* grove,
I ſhall forever ſtray;
Or o'er the pathleſs mountain rove,
And hunt for ſavage prey.

IT matters not, or rich, or poor,
But 'tis the honeſt man;
Whether he lives on *India*'s ſhore
In *Europe*, or *Japan*.

LIVE well—nor tremble at the grave,
The good ſhall live again;
The wicked man's the trueſt ſlave,
And death a tyrant then.

A SONG.

(By a LADY.)

ALEXIS.

THE ſun's declining, milder ray,
O'erſpreads the eaſtern ſkys:
Thro' fragrant trees ſoft zephyrs play,
And ev'ning ſhades ariſe.

THE flow'rs reviving raiſe their heads,
Refreſh'd with ſilver dews:
The ev'ning primroſe gaily ſpreads,
And beauteous ſcenes renews.

COME *Chloe*, then theſe charms partake,
In yonder roſy bow'r:
Come, thy *Alexis* happy make,
This is th' appointed hour.

THERE talk of love, whilſt free from care,
We both are kind and true:
Come let us to the ſhade repair,
And ſeal, our vows anew.

PSALM

PSALM CXXI.

(By the SAME.)

1.

BEYOND the ſacred mountain's height,
Which tow'rs with awful pride;
From whence the rays of morning light,
Down to our regions glide.

2.

FROM the Creator's boundleſs ſtore,
My wants, are all ſupply'd;
He ſpake—and heav'n obey'd his pow'r,
And ſpread its circuit wide.

THE

3.

THE earth, with various bleſſings ſtor'd,
Obedient to his call,
Aroſe—and by his pow'rful word,
Whirls round its circling ball.

4.

ISRAEL! thy keeper ſlumbers not,
Nor can refreſhment need;
His eyes, ſurvey the happy ſpot,
On which his ſervants feed.

5.

HEAV'N's glorious majeſty! ſtill deigns
His ſervants, to defend;
My watchful guardian he remains,
A ſure protecting friend.

6.

SURROUNDED by the king of kings!
And guarded by his pow'r,
Perpetual peace and ſafety ſprings,
And ev'ry bliſsful hour.

7.

BENEATH his ſweet refreſhing ſhade,
My weary ſoul ſhall reſt;
Nor of the ſcorching ſun afraid,
Nor by the moon diſtreſt.

No

8.

No evil, can deſtructive prove
While ſhelter'd by the Lord;
My ſoul, the object of his love,
His love, ſhall ſtill record.

9.

My ſteps well order'd by his care,
From ev'ry ill, ſecure;
With ſafety paſs each gilded ſnare,
That wou'd to vice allure.

10.

And when from this bewilder'd ſtate,
To happier realms I fly,
Thy glorious name I'll celebrate
To all eternity.

AURELIA *to* STREPHON.

ON THE

Sudden Appearance of the Spring.

(By the SAME.)

STREPHON—how gay the changing ſcenes!
The ſun-beams gild the opening greens.
No chryſtal brook, in fetters bound,
Nor hoary froſt, enchains the ground.
The feather'd wantons, how they ſing!
Thoſe tuneful warblers of the ſpring.
The primroſe and the violet too,
What fragrant ſmell! what modeſt hue!
Impriſon'd nature, now is free,
This is the muſe's jubilee.

No

No noxious fogs, diſtract the head,
Nor ſmoaky vapours, dullneſs ſpread.
Titan's bright rays, muſt clear the brain,
And wing the ſoaring tuneful ſtrain.
Hark! how the gentle zephyrs play,
And o'er the verdant meadows ſtray,
The limpid rivulets, murmuring roll,
To ſooth the paſſions of the ſoul.
Theſe charms, inſpiring, oh! what breaſt,
The pleaſing impulſe, can reſiſt?
Come then—and natures voice obey,
And joyn the concert with your lay.

A N

EPITHALAMIUM,

INSCRIB'D TO

LIONEL SEAMAN, M. A.

Archdeacon of TAUNTON;

On his late Marriage to Miſs WILLS, Daughter to the Lord Biſhop of *Bath* and *Wells*.

Felices, ter et ampius, quos
——— *Irrupta tenet Copula.* HOR.

WHEN 'erſt your pile inſpir'd the Muſe's quill, *
Who riſqu'd her own—to praiſe the builder's ſkill:
Tho' all around was beautiful, and gay,
And order roſe, where ſhapeleſs chaos lay;

* See the Poem on the Vicarage, Page 14.

Tho'

Tho' all within was elegant, and neat,
Yet long unfurniſh'd lay the lonely ſeat.
And like ſome beauteous form, without a ſoul,
Something was wanting to compleat the whole.
While in her ſable robes, deſponding gloom,
Sat brooding o'er each ſolitary room.
'Till the fair nymph for every charm admir'd,
Adorn'd the ſtructure, and the ſeat inſpir'd:
Sprung from a prelate whoſe diſtinguiſh'd ſenſe,
Shines in the pulpit, and adorns the bench.

In vain before, enchanting muſic's ſtrain,
Wou'd oft' the penſive moments entertain:
In vain fair proſpects open'd all around,
And infant ſweets perfum'd the fragrant ground.
What tho' the meadows ſmile, the garden blooms
And poliſh'd ſculptures animate the rooms,
What tho' mute pictures round the walls were plac'd,
And learned ſhelves the gilded volumes grac'd;
The faireſt picture in her looks we find,
And the beſt volumes copy'd in her mind.

Thus when Almighty Power created man,
Something was wanting to compleat the plan:
Unhappy man! of paradiſe poſſeſt,
In ſingle ſolitude remain'd unbleſt;

Tho'

Tho' happy groves, and *Eden* was his lot,
He pin'd, and panted, for he knew not what;
Some undiſcover'd bliſs, ſome unknown fair,
His cares to leſſen, and his joys to ſhare.
In vain around unſpotted nature ſmil'd,
Yet, *wanting her*, all *Eden* was a wild:
'Till like ſome *Delian* goddeſs from the grove,
Shone forth in all her charms the queen of love.
'Twas then new beautys op'd in every flower,
With her more fragrant ſmelt each fragrant bower.
What charming once appear'd, now charm'd the more,
And *Eden* was no paradiſe before.

HAIL! bleſt ſociety—thy force divine,
Brightens the gloom, and makes the deſart ſhine.
Both ſavages below, and ſaints above,
Confeſs thy genial power, *Almighty Love.*
Let cynic monks, or bearded hermits dwell,
In ſome lone cloyſter, or ſequeſtred cell,
Mankind for nobler purpoſes were made,
Not born to live in ſolitude, and ſhade.
Even howling beaſts who in the foreſt ſtray,
Or on the pathleſs mountain roam for prey,
Fir'd with a ſocial ſympathy combine,
Herd into clans, and feel thy force divine.
'Tis this that rolls the ſtarry orbs along,
And gives the birds their notes, the muſe her ſong:

Before thy preſence clouds and tempeſts fly, *
And balmy zephyrs whiſper thro' the ſky;
The earth, prolific, teems with fruits, and flowers,
And in thy lap autumnal plenty pours:
Nature thro' all her works reveres thy ſway,
And univerſal worlds thy power obey.

* Te, Dea, te fugiunt, venti, te nubila coeli
Adventumq; tuum; tibi ſuaves dœdala tellus,
Summittit flores, &c. LUCRET.

EAST-

EAST-BRENT,

A POEM.

INSCRIB'D TO

THOMAS PALMER, Esq;

(By Mr. D*****R)

OH! happy you, whom *Quantock* overlooks,
Blest with keen, healthful air, and crystal brooks;
Whilst wretched we, the baneful influence mourn,
Of cold *Aquarius*, and his weeping urn:
Eternal mists their dropping curse distil,
And drisly vapours all the marshes fill.
Here ev'ry eye with brackish rheum o'erflows,
And a fresh drop still hangs at ev'ry nose.

Here the winds rule with uncontested right,
And wantonly at pleasure take their flight;
No shel'tring hedge, no tree, or spreading bough
Obstruct their course, but unconfin'd they blow;
With dewy wings they sweep the wat'ry meads,
And proudly trample o'er the bending reeds;
Expos'd to northern and to southern breeze,
By one we drown, and by the other freeze.
Let *Venice* boast, *Brent* is as fam'd a seat,
For here we live in seas, and sail thro' ev'ry street.
Besides, this privilege we further gain,
We're not, like them, oblig'd to pray for rain.
Sure this was nature's gaol, for rogues design'd,
Whoever lives at *Brent*, must live confin'd.
Moated around, the water is our fence;
None come to us, and none can go from hence.
But shou'd a sun-shine day invite abroad,
To wade thro' mire, and wallow in the mud,
Some envious rheen * will always thwart the road.
And then a small round twig is all one's hopes,
We pass not bridges, but we walk on ropes.

All dogs here take the water, and you find
No creature, but of an amphibious kind.
Rabbits with ducks, and geese here sail with hens,
And all for food must paddle in the fens:

* Wide Ditches of Water, which separate the Fields or Moors from each other, and are called Rheens.

Nay

Nay, when proviſion fails, the hungry mouſe
Will fear no pool, to reach a neighbouring houſe,
The good old hen clucks boldly o'er the ſtream,
And chicken, newly hatch'd, eſſay to ſwim :
All have a mooriſh taſte, cows, ſheep, and ſwine,
Eat all like Frog,—and ſavour of the *Rhine*.
Bread is our only ſauce, and barley cake,
Hard as your cheeſe, and as your trencher black ;
Our choiceſt drink (and that's the greateſt curſe)
Is but bad water made, by brewing, worſe.

To him that has, is always given more,
And a freſh ſtock improves the riſing ſtore :
Not only rain from bounteous heaven deſcends,
But us the ſea with after floods befriends ;
For nature this as a relief deſigns,
To ſalt the ſtinking ſavour of the *Rhines*.

As when of late, enraged *Neptune* ſwore,
Brent was a part of his own lawful ſhore,
He ſaid,—and hurl'd his trident o'er the plain,
And ſoon the waves aſſert their antient reign ;
They ſcorn the ſhore, and o'er the marſhes bound,
And mud-wall cots are levell'd with the ground ;
Tho' the poor building was ſo very low,
That when the houſe is fall'n, you'll ſcarcely know.
Bury'd we are alive—the ſcanty dome
Has, like the grave, but one poor narrow room,
But little larger than a ſix foot tomb.

Where, as in *Noah*'s Ark, in one close stye,
Men with their fellow brutes, in equal honor lie.

No joyous birds here stretch their tuneful throats,
And pierce the yielding air with warbling notes:
But the hoarse sea-pyes with melodious cry,
Skim o'er the marsh, and tell that storms are nigh.
The curst night-raven, and the hooping owl,
Disturb our rest, and scare the guilty soul.

HERE gnats surround you with their humming drone,
Worse than e'er plagu'd the *Ægyptian* tyrants throne;
In vain the weary limbs expect repose,
Their din invades your ears, and sting your nose.
The sighing lovers here may toss and turn,
And under double itch and anguish burn,
While bright *Celinda*'s beautys fire the heart,
Those Insects wound in ev'ry other part:
While *Roger* unmolested with his *Joan*,
Tir'd with their toils, still snore, and still sleep on,
Their sun-burnt skins, impenetrable found,
In vain the gnat's proboscis strives to wound;
He sooner might expect his sting to shoot
Thro' the tough fortress of a strong jack-boot.

SERPENTS innum'rous o'er the mountains roam,
Man's greatest foe thought this his safest home;

Nor

Nor cou'd expect a hated place to find,
More likely to be void of human kind.
And yet if duſt be doom'd the ſerpent's meat,
'Tis wond'rous ſtrange, if here they ever eat:
Nor are the beaſts of better kind, that fill
The breaks and caverns of the neighb'ring hill.
But all are delving moles, and prowling brocks,*
The ven'mous viper, and the crafty fox.

AGUES and Coughs with us as conſtant reign,
As th' itch in *Scotland*, or the flux in *Spain*.
Under the bending *Knowle*'s declining brow,
Where toadſtools only to perfection grow,
A cave there is, I thought by nature made,
For want of trees a neceſſary ſhade;
Hither I came, and void of fear, and thought,
Drew near the entrance of this gloomy grot;
But ah! this was the place, the diſmal cell,
Where ſpitting colds, and ſhiv'ring agues dwell,
The conſtant home of that malicious fiend,
That with a third day's viſit plagues mankind;
Here a ſmall fire glow'd in a ſmoaky grate,
And hov'ring o're the coals old *Febris* ſate;
A thick coarſe mantle o'er her ſhoulders hung,
She gnaſh'd her teeth, and ſhew'd a furred tongue,

* Badgers.

Greedy ſhe drank of the unwholſome brook,
But ſtill the more ſhe drank the more ſhe ſhook.
When me the fury ſaw, ſhe ſhook her head,
And anger to her paleneſs gave a red;
Here I had been undone, had I not brought
Of *Indian Cortex* an inchanted draught;
Thus arm'd with its ſure force I forward paſs,
And with the magic bark, beſmear'd her face;
Dreadful ſhe ſhriek'd, and with one mighty ſhake
The hag down ſunk into the neighbo'ring lake.
The unhappy frogs perceiv'd the fiend was come,
And all the croaking tribe bemoan'd their home;
The dreadful, chilling cold, they ſcarce can bear,
And their hoarſe quiv'ring lips confeſs an ague there.

HAD mournful *Ovid* been to *Brent* condemn'd,
His *Triſtibus* more movingly he'd penn'd.
Gladly he wou'd have chang'd this miry lough,
For wat'ry *Pontus*, or the *Scythian* ſnow.
The *Goths* were not ſo barbarous a race,
As the grim natives of this diſmal place.
Of reaſon wholly void, whom inſtinct rules,
Yet will be knaves, tho' nature made them fools;
A ſtrange half human, and half beaſtly brood,
Of ſpeech uncouth, and in their manners rude.
When they eſſay to ſpeak, the mortals roar,
As loud as waves contending with the ſhoar.

Their

Their widen'd mouth into a circle grows,
For all their vowels are but *A's* and *O's*.
The beaſts have the ſame language, and the cow,
Seems like her owner's noiſy voice to low.
The lamb to bah, taught by its keeper, trys,
And puppys learn to howl from children's crys,
It never yet cou'd be exactly ſtated,
What time o'th year this ball was firſt created,
Some plead for ſummer, but the wiſe bethought 'em,
That th' earth like other fruit was ripe in *Autumn*;
While gayer wits the vernal bloom prefer,
And think the finiſh'd world did firſt appear
I'th' youthful glory of the budding year.
But the black nole, and all the marſhes round
(A ſort of chaos, and unfiniſh'd ground,)
Were made in winter, one may ſafely ſwear,
For winter is the only ſeaſon there.

Of four prime elements, moſt things below,
By various mixtures were compos'd we know,
But here at moſt they are reduc'd to two.
The daily want of fire our chimneys mourn,
Cow dung and turf may ſmoak, but never burn.
Water and earth are all that *Brent* can boaſt,
The air in miſts, and foggy ſteams is loſt.
So thick our fogs are in this moory ſink,
That when we're thought to breath, we rather drink.

It's

It's ſaid the world at laſt in flames muſt dye,
And thus interr'd in its own aſhes lye.
If any part ſhall then remain entire,
And be excepted from that common fire,
Sure 'tis this watry ſpot which nature meant
Shou'd be from all the force of flames exempt;
The laſt conſumed morſel will be *Brent*.

VERSES

In PRAISE of an

Eminent Old SPEAKER

Amongſt the QUAKERS,

Remarkable for his Venerable BEARD, and SANCTITY of MANNERS.

IN thee, O! venerable ſage! we find
Simplicity of manners, and of mind:
With grave demeanor, and majeſtic grace,
A philoſophic beard adorns thy face;
Humble deportment, free from pride appears,
And calls for ſacred homage to thy years.
Like trees in bloſſom ſnowy age has ſhed
Its hoary honours o'er thy reverend head.

LET the vain world external pomp adore,
And worſhip fools with tinſel varniſh'd o'er;
In vain unthinking fops thy garb deſpiſe,
Whoſe merit only in the outſide lies;

In

In vain deride the quaker's ſimple dreſs,
What more than nature wants is all exceſs.
What more than cold requires, or hunger needs,
Only our folly, or our luxury feeds.
Content with little, and with virtue bleſt,
Vain, and ſuperfluous, is all the reſt.

THY dreſs is ſuch as cloath'd the antient ſage,
And patriarchs wore in the primæval age.
'Twas thus the old philoſophers were clad,
E're the vain world grew diſſolute and mad.
'Twas thus the *Druids* liv'd, the *Bramins* dreſt,
And all the ſapient *Magi* of the eaſt.
Thus *Quintus* liv'd, and rigid *Cato* ſhin'd,
E'er vice prevail'd, and poliſh'd *Rome* declin'd.
Who guided armys, and the truncheon bore,
With the ſame hand, which held the plough before.
'Twas thus *Lycurgus* form'd the *Spartan* ſtate,
Plain in their manners, but in virtue great.

ADORN'D with wiſdom, and with native ſenſe,
Thy tongue diſplays an artleſs eloquence.
When truths divine thy hallow'd lips explain,
Attentive crouds oft' liſten to thy ſtrain.
Which free from loud, enthuſiaſtic cant,
No impulſe feels of rhapſody and rant.
Pleas'd we behold exalted virtue ſhine,
And in thy doctrine trace the light divine.

In-

Immortal light!—ſpark of celeſtial flame,
Angelic ray! that animates our frame;
Whoſe energy all nature round pervades,
Shines in the ſtars, and gilds the darkeſt ſhades;
That beam, by whoſe propitious light we fail,
Thro' dim mortality's beclouded vale.
Miſtaken wits will oft' its influence ſlight,
Burleſque the name, and mock the ſacred light;
Who at religion laugh, themſelves deride,
This light is only reaſon's ſacred guide;
Which bids us all ignoble joys deſpiſe,
And like a lamp conducts us to the ſkys.

A

Parent's Lamentation,

On the Death of

An Only Promiſing Child.

WHERE art thou fled my hope, my joy,
What ſhade conceals my lovely boy?
Juſt as the dawn of life begun,
The circle of thy race was run.
So dawns *Aurora* fair, and gay,
'Till clouds o'ercaſt the opening day.
Juſt as thy cheeks begun to bloom,
Thy feet to totter round the room;
With infant ſounds thy tongue to prattle,
Thy hands to play with toys, and rattle,
Stern death—inexorable death,
Seal'd up thy eyes, and ſtop'd thy breath.

Nor

Nor didſt thou know, unthinking boy!
That life itſelf was but a toy,
A painted dream, a gilded bubble,
Checquer'd with ſorrow, care, and trouble.

PEACE to thy ſhade, O! lovely child,
In death's cold arms how ſweet he ſmil'd;
Lodg'd in the ſilent tomb he lies,
Eternal ſlumbers ſeal his eyes.
No more to murmur, cry, or crave,
Rock'd in the cradle of the grave.
O! happy child—in early age,
To quit this tranſitory ſtage:
Juſt in thy opening bloom to die,
And ſhoot, and ripen in the ſky.
So tender flowers nurs'd up with care,
In colder climes, and northern air,
Tranſplanted with new beauty riſe,
And flouriſh in indulgent ſkys.

AN

ÆNIGMA.

(By a Young Lady)

A Thousand ſweet pleaſures from nature's rich treaſures,
To pleaſe me, does heav'n impart;
And man ſeldom content, with what nature has ſent,
Supplies me with more by his art.
I in gardens delight, tho' I'm blind as the night,
By all I'm fed, ſqueez'd, and careſs'd;
I decency love, and good houſe-wives approve;
But a ſlut, and her works I deteſt.
Man by luxury taught, from the *Indies* has brought
Strange food, which much pleaſes my palate;
While nature more wiſe, looking on with ſurprize,
Would as ſoon feed the ears with a ſallad,

Tho'

Tho' feet I've not one, 'tis well known I can run,
  And when in that troubleſome mood,
For a ſervant oft' ſend, who at hand does attend;
  But when running, ne'er reliſh my food.
I'm ſagacious, and wiſe, beyond mortal eyes,
  Foul matters I oft' bring to light;
Without eye, without ear, to me they are clear,
  Tho' by art they're conceal'd from the ſight.
If *Chloe* ſhould be, with the bottle too free,
  Tho' ſilent I tell her diſgrace;
And often diſcover the deſolate lover,
  And expoſe the too amorous laſs.
Being learned ſo deep, in the van I ſtill keep;
  While all parties, each ſex, and degree,
Tho' often they wrangle, fight, quarrel, and jangle
  Are united in following me.

HOLT.

The ANSWER.

FAIR Nymph! did you gueſs, that a poetic dreſs,
  Cou'd ſo far embaraſs the caſe.
Tho' the truth lay conceal'd, it is now all reveal'd,
  And as plain as the *Noſe* in one's face.

AN

EPITHALAMIUM.

(By the SAME.)

AWAKE my Muſe, and tune the lyre,
Oh! warm me with celeſtial fire.
Attend my call, thou long-loſt maid,
For Love, and *Hymen* crave thy aid.
See, ſee, ſhe comes on purple wings,
And thus the ſmiling virgin ſings.
While the gay, ſparkling glaſs goes round,
With ſprightly wit, and pleaſure crown'd,
Permit the Muſe, with nuptial ſong,
To mingle in the cheerful throng.

HERE *Hymen*'s torch, gay *Cupid*'s light,
And hearts, as well as hands unite:
O! may the flame forever burn,
'Till love ſhall into friendſhip turn.
That nobleſt paſſion of the mind,
For friendſhip's flame is love refin'd.

MAY

MAY bounteous heaven on you beſtow,
The higheſt bliſs it gives below.
May peace, and plenty, lovely pair!
Still make you their peculiar care.
Let every joy, by each poſſeſs'd,
Be doubl'd in each others breaſt:
Let every care, and every pain,
(For cares the ſtream of life will ſtain)
Be ever lighter made, and leſs,
By ſympathizing tenderneſs.
To this refin'd, and pure delight,
The joys of ſenſe are low, and light.

MAY love, and reaſon hand in hand,
To guard the bliſsful manſion ſtand:
Nor let harſh diſcord enter there,
With pale repentance in the rear.

THUS may the bliſsful moments move,
Upon the downy wings of love.
On virtue, and on reaſon grow,
Firm baſe of happineſs below.
And when the glaſs of time is run,
And life's weak ſlender thread is ſpun,
May you together ſeek the ſkys,
And in celeſtial glory riſe.

HOLT.

THE MECHANIC INSPIR'D:

OR, THE Methodist's Welcome to *Frome*.

A BALLAD.

☞ It may be proper to mention, that the Design of the following Song is not to lampoon the honest and sincere, but only to expose pretended Zealots, and designing Enthusiasts. Irony and Banter seem best adapted to ridicule such Visionarys, who are declared Enemies to all Reason and Learning. Those who depart from Reason become the proper Objects of Satyr and Laughter. Some will say, that every Thing may become the Subject of Drollery, Wit, and Banter, but 'tis impossible to ridicule the virtuous, sincere Man: Therefore this Song has no Relation to such.

I.

YE vagabond levites, who ramble about,
To gull with your priest-craft, an ignorant rout,
Awhile your nonsensical canting suspend,
And now to my honester ballad attend.

THESE

2.

THESE pretended reformers recruiting are come,
For volunteer ſaints with canonical drum ;
And with impudent jargon, and ſpiritual pother,
Damn one half of their hearers, and plunder the other.

3.

BY *Jeſuits* deluded, with pious commiſſion,
To kindle the ſchiſmatic coals of ſedition;
The dupes of ſly *Romiſh*, itinerant liars,
The ſpawn of *French* prophets, and mendicant friars.

4.

YE pious enthuſiaſts! who riot, and rob,
With holy grimace, and ſanctify'd ſob:
Ye ſaints in rebellion—far worſe than the ſword,
Who cheat—pray—and lie—in the name of the Lord.

5.

SAY, brother *Fanatics*—what led you to *Frome*,
Where weavers expound, as they ſit at the loom;
Where mechanics inſpir'd, the goſpel explain,
And weave at a text, as well as a *Chain*.

6.

HERE at your own weapons you're fairly outdone,
For teaching, and trucking the town has o'er run;

With *Grub-ſtreet* devotion our ſtomachs are cram'd,
While bigots pronounce—believe—or be damn'd.

7.

HERE tinkers, and taylors, deep doctrines can handle,
By the light of the ſpirit—or light of the candle;
Here ſeekers—ſots—ranters, religion will trim,
And tell you that virtue, and vice is all whim.

8.

HERE the knave, cheat, and liar, by grace are protected,
For the Lord ſees no backſliding in his elected;
O! comforting creed! to ſooth us in evil,
To rely all on faith—and to deal with the devil.

9.

THO' loaded with ſins, yet the ſaints cannot fall,
The choſen are ſafe, and CHRIST muſt bear all.
O! perfect believers—how bleſt your condition?
But wo! to the reprobate ſons of perdition.

10.

IF ſuch-gifted brethren can goſpel explain,
Then churches are needleſs, and learning is vain,
Who compound with the ſcripture, and truck with religion,
As *Mahomet* cheated the croud with his pidgeon.

Who

11.

LIKE that prophet they fall into trances, and fits,
And frighten the populace out of their wits;
Then utter their dreams, which they call inſpirations,
By the devil ſuggeſted in thoſe agitations.

12.

THUS from *Caledon* hills, ſtrolling ſaints, ſecond ſighted,
By call of the ſpirit,—and hunger invited,
With their wild-fowl, flock ſouthward from *Tweed* and from *Tay*,
Like *Calvin* to curſe—like *Peter* to pray.

13.

AND after their toils in the wilderneſs paſt,
Here find out the promiſed *Canaan* at laſt.
By inſtinct inſpir'd with the cock, ſnite and widgeon,
In more fertile climate to forage proviſion.

14.

BUT theſe winter birds, when the ſpring ſeaſon ſmiles,
Repair back again to their northerly iſles;
But when ſettled here, the devil a *Scot*,
E'er back to his deſolate mountains will trot.

15.

To proceed, theſe *Reformers* pretend to a call,
To convert the loſt gentiles, like *Peter* or *Paul*.

But e'er one conſiderate convert you win,
Goſpel-miracles work, and we all will come in.

16.

SOME wonders indeed you boaſt of, by ſaying,
That your flock is ſupported by faſting and praying;
For their money you feed them with ſpiritual leaven,
Then bid the fools gape after manna from heaven.

17.

BUT my friends, it is ſurely moſt whimſical barter,
To ſtarve the poor here—for to ſave them hereafter.
'Till decoy'd with their hypocrite tales and pretences,
The credulous dupes loſe their *Time*, *Wealth* and *Senſes*.

18.

STRUCK with puritan looks, and bareſac'd aſſertion,
They ſtake all below, for the ſkys in reverſion,
'Till politic *Satan* cuts off the entail,
And ſends them to *Bedlam*, to *Box* * or to *Jail*.

19.

How modeſt theſe innocent methodiſt elves,
Who curſe half mankind, but are righteous themſelves:
Thoſe who plunder the poor, are ſurely accurſt,
And of all rogues—*the ſanctify'd Rogue is the worſt*.

* A noted Mad-Houſe.

20.

THESE pious reformers but frighten the croud,
And pour forth extempore nonſenſe aloud,
Then their ſect, with much modeſty, methodiſts call,
When th' enthuſiaſts obſerve no *Method* at all.

21.

MUCH terror they preach, with boldneſs aſſerted,
And ſome are, for fear of the devil, converted ;
But with all their wild rant, they can teach us no more,
Than the practical dutys, we all knew before.

22.

THEN begone, ye falſe prophets—go whine out damnation,
Experiences, impulſe, and regeneration ;
We want no ſuch tutors, our duty to ſhew,
If we copy in practice—but half what we know.

23.

IN vain bigots prate, and zealots declaim,
While *Heaven-born Virtue* ſhines always the ſame ;
Let them damn,—and debate,—and divide while they will,
True Religion reſides in the the *honeſt Man* ſtill.

The STORY *of the*

Barber *and his* Lanthorn.

In Imitation of CHEVY-CHACE.

☞ Tho' the following ironical Ballad is too local, and perſonal for the Public, I was yet deſir'd to print it to gratify the Importunity of ſome Friends.

1.

GOD proſper long our peaceful king,
And guard us all from danger ;
A dire cataſtrophe I ſing
Which rais'd my hero's anger.

2.

ACHILLES' wrath, the bard inſpir'd,
Three thouſands years ago;
I ſing what rage the Barber fir'd,
And all its tragic wo.

To

3.

To drive off care, with lighted-horn,
The Barber bent his flight;
The child may rue that is unborn,
The drinking of that night.

4.

'Twas on a *Thurſday*'s fatal day,
In dark, and ſtormy weather;
And under ſome unlucky ray,
The club was met together.

5.

All men of *Frome*'s delightful dale,
All honeſt hearts, and jolly,
Who knew full well, with mug of ale
To baniſh melancholy.

6.

And now the tubes begun to ſmoak,
The circling glaſs went round,
With many a tale, and many a joke,
No ſlackneſs there was found.

7.

Hard by upon a window's ſide, *
A lanthorn peaceful lay;

* The Deſtruction of the Lanthorn was contriv'd by the Club.

Which

Which many a winter's ſtorm had try'd,
And ſeen thro' many a fray.

8.

BUT now the fatal hour drew nigh,
For all things have their date,
And lamps below, and lamps on high,
Muſt all ſubmit to fate.

9.

For ſuddenly, like clap of thunder,
The pendent lanthorn fell,
And in a moment burſt aſunder,
But how no tongue can tell.

10.

THUS the fam'd *Pharos* of the eaſt,
Was in a tempeſt loſt,
Which long the mariners had bleſt,
And lighted *Egypt*'s coaſt.

11.

UP roſe the gouty hero griev'd,
With madneſs, and with anger,
Soon as the valiant knight perceiv'd
His noble lamp in danger.

12.

" HAST thou, he cry'd, transparent guide,
" So many perils past,
" So many midnight ills defy'd,
" To perish here at last?

13.

" OFT' has thy aid preserv'd my shin
" From grating, and from gout,
" For still thy friendly light was in,
" When mine was often out.

14.

" STILL didst thou guard the dangerous way,
" Beset with every evil,
" And sprites, and bailiffs drive away,
" Owls, mastiffs, and the devil.

15.

" FOR thee I long endur'd the cramp
" With flannel on my feet;
" For sure a more renowned lamp,
" Mischance did never meet.

16.

I NEED not tell, how full of scorn,
He left his pipe, and pot,

And vow'd he wou'd revenge his horn,
And ſpoil their wicked plot.

17.

It wou'd too tedious make my tale,
His actions to recite,
How *Lamb* * at his fierce looks wax'd pale,
And *Hector* fled with fright.

18.

How from the fire a mighty bar,
With both his hands he took,
And like ſtern *Pyrrhus* in the war,
The flaming javelin ſhook.

19.

How *Mithridate*, ‖ and many more
Sat trembling round the hall,
Cleaver, † who ſcarce cou'd ſpeak before,
Now cou'd not ſpeak at all.

20.

Stout *Soder* § too, was ſore afraid,
Old *Buckram* ‡ ſat in dumps,

* The Landlord.
‖ An Apothecary.
† A Stammering Butcher.
§ A Glazier.
‡ An old Taylor.

And

And *Bunnamore* devoutly pray'd,
For mercy on his ſtumps.

21.

Two woollen friends, * who ſerious ſat,
Lamenting loſs of trade,
Broke off their manufacturing chat,
Of ſudden ills afraid.

22.

And now to cloſe the tragic theme,
And wind up the diſaſter,
Together ſtagger'd home, both lame,
The lanthorn, and the maſter.

23.

But in the road a giant-poſt,
Don *Quixote* durſt attack,
Which humbl'd after all his boaſt
The hero on his back.

24.

Now heaven preſerve all honeſt men,
And grant that ſtorms may ceaſe;
And *Tonſor* long enjoy again
A brighter lamp in peace.

* Two Clothiers.

N. B. *The following* DISSERTATIONS, *were wrote by the Author many Years ago, in a Journal at* BATH, *call'd the* MODERATOR.

NUMBER I.

Denique si non est Fati, cur traditur Ordo,
Cunctaque temporibus certis, ventura canuntur?
MANIL.

SIR,

AS you lately oblig'd me with a handsome Collection of a whole Year's *Bath* Journals, I now in acknowledgment, send you a dissertation on the number *seven*, which makes the constant period, or epocha of all weekly historians.

BEING inclin'd to superstition, and descended from a gloomy race of astrological parents, I have often

pleas'd

pleas'd myſelf with reflecting on the weekly æra of your paper, and its regular appearance, and revolution, once in *Seven* days.

THIS number has always been look'd on by thoſe who are ſkill'd in figurative philoſophy, and cabbaliſtic learning, as very myſterious; comprehending, in its occult womb, a great many ominous truths, and profound ſecrets: Like ſeeds, which contain the ſtamina of future generations, it is big with meaning, and pregnant with myſtery; which is only viſible to thoſe who can unravel ænigmas, and pry into the divine ſignification of numerical truths.

SUCH a veneration have I for this number, that you muſt know, I belong to a club conſiſting of *Seven* members, who meet at *Seven* o'clock, every *Seventh* day, and are regulated by juſt *Seven* articles.

IT is commonly known that philoſophers affirm there is a remarkable change, and gradation in the human frame once in *Seven* years: Suppoſing that nature receives a conſiderable change, and renovation at thoſe ſtated intervals. And 'tis no wonder if we paſs under almoſt a total metamorphoſis in ſuch a number of years. Since by inſenſible perſpiration our bodys being in a continual flux, the old ſtock muſt in time all fly off, and evaporate, without a

 conſtant

conſtant ſucceſſion of new matter to ſupply its place. We find when, thro' ſome defect in the organs, this recruit fails, people diſſolve in conſumptions, and pine in atrophys, or other diſorders. So that after the expiration of ſome ſuch period, it is to be queſtion'd whether there is one individual particle of the old ſtock remaining about us. This is the chief, natural, and phyſical reaſon, on which the great climacterical year is founded, which ariſes from the combination of Nine and *Seven*. This is repreſented as a period replete with ills, and big with mortality, and deſtruction to the human race, and a ſort of ſilent ſepulchre for half mankind.

A CERTAIN ſuperſtitious gentleman of our club carried this matter ſo far, as to prognoſticate, that if our weekly paper ſurviv'd this unfortunate period, which he call'd the climacteric of the journal, it would flouriſh for half a century, in ſpite of all oppoſition. He told us, that at certain, ſtated, and planetary periods, time was in travel, and teem'd with ſome great, and portentous event; ſome fortunate day, or dark cataſtrophe, in the womb of fate.—Whether we allow this or not, it is certain, that ſome days ſhed more ſmiling, and propitious beams on ſome, than others; or, on the contrary, frown with more dark, and fatal influence.—The ides of *March* were alike fortunate, and fatal, to *Julius Cæſar*

Cæsar, who suffer'd for his incredulity, in despising the prediction of his augur, who always bid him beware of that ominous time. The third of *September* bore the same aspect on *Oliver Cromwell*; on that day he was born; on that day he won the three battles of *Marston-Moor*, *Worcester*, and *Dunbar*; and on that day he died.

THE *Romans* were religious observers of these auspicious critical days; and the *Dies Fasti* and *Nefasti*, fill'd a large column in the *Roman* kalendar.—The poets too, have always been great admirers of the science of numbers. *Virgil*, when he introduces the serpent at *Anchises*'s tomb, speaks mystically of the number *Seven* in particular.

Septem ingens gyros, septena volumina traxit.

In Seven *vast glossy folds he glides around,*
And with as many mazes marks the ground.

THAT expression of *Virgil*'s, *O! terque, quaterque beati*, has inclin'd a great many learned men to pay a particular regard to this sacred number *Seven*, the product of Three and Four. Also some of *Homer*'s heroes fight under *Seven-fold* shields.

I COULD reckon up several other curiosities and emblems, which recommend this number; such

as the *Seven great Luminaries of our Syſtem*; the *Seven wiſe Men of Greece*: The *Seven Aſiatic Churches*; the *Pleiades*; the *Gates of Thebes*; the *Wonders of the World*, &c. All which unite with a ſecret ſympathy in the ſame emphatical power, and at the ſame time do honour to the illuſtrious period, which marks out the weekly chronicle of your paper. Not to mention, that the *Seventh* ſon is always a perſon of diſtinguiſhed worth, and is commonly a conjurer, an aſtrologer, or a quack-doctor, by right of inheritance. I might add, that the duplicate of *Seven*, as well as its ſquare, include two periods, which cauſe great revolutions in the human frame.

I HAVE often wonder'd how our planetary politicians, ſuch as the immortal *Partridge*; that egregious fortune-teller *William Lilly*, or *Francis Moor*, phyſician, *&c.* cou'd overlook ſuch an argument as this, in ſupport of a *ſeptennial* parliament, founded on the divine and allegorical meaning of *Seven*. The old viſionary gentlemen at our club, roſe up at our laſt meeting, and ſaid, it was the beſt reaſon he ever met with in its vindication, being derived from the planets, and conſequently, had its ſanction from heaven.

THIS hebdomadal period deſerves regard too, on a religious account; it being a diviſion of time, authoriz'd

thoriz'd by ſacred writ, and the Moſaic account of the creation.

SINCE I am treating of the typical, and hieroglyphical doctrine of numbers, particularly the harmonic number *Seven*. I can't avoid taking notice again of two numbers more, which meaſure this, or are its aliquot parts; I mean *four* and *three*; whoſe ſeparate virtues add to the hidden ſenſe, and ſanctity of their product, *Seven*. *Four* was a very hallow'd figure amongſt the old *Rabbi*'s, ſince the name conſiſted of that happy combination in no leſs than five oriental languages: And the *Pythagoreans* us'd to ſwear by it. I have wonder'd why no profound politician has mentioned it, as an emblem of the quadruple alliance. I am told, ſome of the fathers have trac'd out an allegorical meaning in the *Four* evangeliſts; as well as others in the *Four* ages, and *Four* elements. The number *three*, has a peculiar emphaſis in it, and contains an inexhauſted fund of miraculous truths. The *Tripos* of old, the *three king of Cologne*, the *three Graces*, the *three-headed monſter Geryon*, &c. are all very ſignificant, and emblematical. I cou'd mention many more, but ſhall conclude with this antient adage,

Numero Deus impare gaudet.

NUMB. 2.

Sua quemq; premit terroris imago. LUCAN.

IN order to make my readers regard me with the more veneration, I muſt acquaint them, that I have had ſeveral compliments ſent me on account of my late diſſertation on the number *ſeven.* By my ſkill in the myſteries of that ominous figure, I begin to be conſulted as an Oracle, and Aſtrologer; and have had queſtions propoſed to me with regard to divination of good or bad fortune, like the old *Druids* and *Brachmans,* or the modern Cunning-men, Spellers of Urine, or Fortune-tellers.

IN order the better to eſtabliſh my reputation in prediction, and the occult ſciences, I have lately been ſtudying the *Roſicruſian* doctrine of *Gabalis,* the treatiſe of the world in the moon, and the myſterious reverys of *Cornelius Agrippa, Behmen,* and *Paracelſus.* I alſo deſign very ſoon to publiſh my dreams, with the interpretation of them, and to ſet up for an Onecirocritic.

I LATE-

I LATELY received the following letter from a gentlewoman who writes ænigmas in the Lady's Diary, and is a ſtudent in aſtrology.

Mr. MODERATOR,

BY your late profound diſſertation on the number *ſeven*, you ſeem to be well vers'd in the art of divination, and to be able to ſpell deſtinys, and calculate nativitys; which are things I very much admire, and the more, as I don't underſtand them; tho' I often amuſe myſelf with thoſe hidden myſterys, 'till I'm loſt in ſpeculation. Now I muſt inform you, that as I am a young woman of no deſpicable perſon or fortune, I have lately had ſeveral addreſſes made me, and have diſcarded no leſs than ſix lovers ſucceſſively, and moſt of them on account of their being wholly ignorant of the *Planets*, and their bantering me on my ſkill in horoſcopes, and fortune-telling; for which reaſon they commonly call me the *Enchantreſs*. But I am reſolved, Mr. *Moderator*, never to marry a perſon 'till he can tell me under what planet he was born, and what is the ſignification of moles. I have now a *ſeventh* admirer, and I like him the better on account of the veneration I have for that prophetic number: He alſo begun his courtſhip on one of the fortunate days; and won a great ſhare in my affection by telling me that his

great grandfather was ſkill'd in the black art, and was deſcended from the famous *Merlin*, and had ſome of fryar *Bacon*'s manuſcripts in his poſſeſſion. He ſaid he knew by the ſtars that he was deſtin'd for me, before he ever ſaw me; and told me moreover a great many ſecrets belonging to my family; and that there was a conjunction betwixt our planetary houſes. He would alſo fain perſuade me into the belief of predeſtination, and pretended,

That if weak women go aſtray,
The ſtars are more in fault than they.

In ſhort, there is ſuch a magic in this man's love, that I can't withſtand it; but before I determine, I am willing to have your ſage advice, who are ſuch an adept in theſe matters. Pray let me know my doom ſoon, and you'll oblige,

Your conſtant reader, and admirer,
ASTRÆA.

N. B. I have a mole on my left ſhoulder.

THE unravelling of this lady's deſtiny is ſo very intricate, that it can't be explain'd without the knowledge of palmiſtry, and depends on a ſtrict anatomical examination of thoſe mazy threads, and exquiſitely fine filaments, which like ſo many ramifications are branch'd over the hand in a curious embroidery. Theſe lines by their various ſegments, croſſes, and interſections, portend future events, and may

he

be properly called the *threads* of life, or the *fila* of the three ſiſter fates, who have here interwoven in a fine network the fortune of mortals, and the fate of lovers. It contains a ſilent picture or hiſtory of futurity; and *Philomela*'s tragical ſtory was not more certainly known to her ſiſter *Progne*, when deſcrib'd in embroider'd ſilk, than the deſtinys of mankind are plotted out here: So that 'till I have examin'd this part, and diſcovered what ſecret connection the hand has with the heart, the lady's deſtiny muſt remain in the dark. Perhaps ſome other lover may lie hid in one of theſe angles, or death lye wrapt up in a labyrinth of nerves.

There death unſeen conceals his frightful face,
To claſp the lover in a cold embrace.

THE next letter I had was from my friend *Harry*, who being of a timorous ſuſpicious temper, is always apt to imagine dangers, plots, and judgments, from any thing new or uncommon. I find, ſays he, by your late paper on the number *ſeven*, that you are grown either doting, diſtracted, or diſaffected. Would any one that was *compos mentis*, have ſaid ſo much on ſuch an inſignificant figure? I have therefore ſent you a pot of *Hellebore Electary*, and adviſe you to purge and vomit every *ſeventh* day. Beſides, I very much ſuſpect that there are ſome jeſuitical alluſions, and dangerous innuendos, couch'd under ſome

of

of your witty ſimilitudes. What elſe can be the meaning of your drollery about a *ſeptennial* parliament? Your remark alſo on the number *four* ſeems to be a plain lampooning of the *Quadruple Alliance*. Some think you nodded or ſlumber'd very much when you wrote that hieroglyphical paper, and wonder'd that amongſt all the powers, or curioſitys of that number, you never mention'd the *ſeven* ſleepers, to whom you are ſo nearly related.

I am Your's,

HENRY CAUTION.

BUT the moſt ſevere reprimand I had was from my old acquaintance Mr. *Synod:* This is a gentleman who never examin'd his own opinions, and is very angry with thoſe who do. You may as ſoon call in queſtion his title to his paternal eſtate, as to his notions, for they both came the ſame way: He veils them in *Ægyptian* darkneſs, and defys all mankind to approach the holy receſs, which is as inſcrutable and ſacred as a *Sybil's* cave, the *Pythian* altar, or the *Sanctum Sanctorum*. He derives his tenets from infallible councils, and quotes only preſcription for his belief. As it is commonly ſaid of ſome perſons, that take them out of their cups, or of the heat of liquor, they are very good ſort of people; ſo my friend *Euſebius* is a very good man, take him out of his religion; he is good-natur'd, affable, generous, &c.

&c. but religion ſpoils the man : Tho' it is far from true religion, for there is no religion without charity. It may with more propriety be ſaid, that bigotry deſtroys humanity. It was ſo formerly, which occaſion'd the poet's exclamation,—

Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ ?

EUSEBIUS was very angry at my indecent raillery about the myſtical meaning of numbers. He tho't it might be look'd on as an ironical ſatyr on the *ſeventh* day ; and ſeem'd to carry a remote alluſion to the *ſeven Churches* of *Aſia*, and the *ſeven* golden Candleſticks ; ſo in a great rage he prophecy'd the downfal of the *Moderator* in *ſeven* months, which was to be the utmoſt period of its duration.

NUMB. 3.

Cedit enim, rerum novitate, extrusa vetustas.
LUCRET.

THERE is no passion more predominant in human nature, than that of novelty. It discovers itself in all our actions, and runs thro' the whole circle of our beings. There is no pleasure, however noble, and transporting, but what brings satiety along with it, and carrys destruction in its arms. Even the beautys of nature which are continually present before our view, make but little, or no impression on us, because they constantly surround us. Can we imagine any thing more august, and splendid than the creation before us, and yet how little does it affect us. The constant verdure of the fields, the smiling flowers, and stately trees, are but little regarded by the generality of mankind, and the eternal lamps of heaven, shine in the azure vault in vain. Their continual appearance, and revolution, makes the prospect of one of the noblest scenes of nature, dull, and languid.

'Tis

'Tis the ſame with reſpect to our other ſenſations, and the objects which more immediately affect us. We form different purſuits, and hunt after happineſs in a variety of ſhapes, while each new diſcovery gives a new ſatisfaction, and this laſts but 'till ſome other image riſes to the mind, and with appearance of greater good, baniſhes the former.

Thus the dull road of life is enliven'd, and diverſify'd with a ſucceſſive train of objects, which are all in their turn juſtled out of the way, like puppets on a ſtage, or bubbles on the ſurface of the water, to make room for new comers.

But this pleaſure, if examined into, ariſes more from our own imagination, than from any new capacity in the things we purſue, to make us happy. 'Tis often nothing but novelty, which by a ſort of new creation, awakens a pleaſure in one ſtate of life, which lay dormant, and lock'd up before: Like the clouds and vapours, which ſometimes hover in the air, and ſpread nothing but gloom, and ſadneſs over the face of nature, 'till by ſome freſh change, and different ſituation, the ſame vapours break forth in a variety of beauteous colours, adorn the vault of heaven, and make all gay and delightful.

Thus

THUS when we change our poſture here below; the metamorphoſis is not ſo much in the objects which ſurround us, as in ourſelves; and in that phantom of happineſs which is pictur'd in our view. When we vary a proſpect, we find we are often pleas'd with a worſe repreſentation, than we had before, and only becauſe it never appear'd to us before. A cottage will give a prince a ſatisfaction he was a ſtranger to, amidſt all the grandeur of a court, and the congratulations of a levée. The ſcene, however agreeable muſt be ſhifted, or 'twill grow inſipid, and cloy, and ſurfeit on the mind. Like children, we muſt have freſh toys and play-things, new ſuits, and entertainments, new viſits and equipage, new fops, fans, and amours to amuſe the toils of life, and ſcatter the gloom of buſineſs.

THIS paſſion of novelty is really an imperfection in our nature, tho' 'tis at the ſame time a neceſſary, ingredient in it. We are in this reſpect, like the mutability of the ſeaſons, and the changeableneſs of the air about us, which ſometimes produces leſſer evils, but promotes the tranquility of the whole, and maintains the agreeable variety of ſeaſons. Does it not betrary weakneſs, to be ſoon ſated, and cloy'd with what is really excellent, and beautiful; and therefore ſtill deſerves an equal degree of veneration

and

and eſteem? But this fixedneſs, and unvary'd attention would be inconſiſtent with our ſtructure, and ſoon throw us into indolence and dotage.

THERE's an evil oppoſite to this inactive ſtate; which is, that of caprice and too great an affection to change. My precarious friend *Flotillo* is a remarkable inſtance of this inconſtancy. The moon has not more phaſes, nor the faſhions more variety, than his temper. This ariſes from not forming ſome ſettled ſcheme, and method of life, to regulate his actions by; occaſion'd by a misfortune he met with in his youth, of having 1000l. a year left him; which obliged him to quit a plain, laborious, regular life, to gratify a thouſand whims. This ſudden affluence of wealth ſet him all afloat. He was no more that calm, ſedate perſon he once was, but grew fanciful, fickle, and fooliſh; and ſeem'd almoſt to have changed his identity with his fortune. He is ſtill in purſuit of ſome happineſs in view, which ſtill eludes him, and triumphs over him; ſo that he is himſelf more a captive, than that imaginary pleaſure he endeavours to conquer. *Flotillo* in the compaſs of one hour, is at court, on the water, walks in the ſpring-gardens, and enjoys ſolitude in the midſt of the exchange. But what ſhall he do when this is expired, and he muſt ſuffer the torture of two hours more before the aſſembly begins?

begins? *Flotilla* makes twenty assignations in an afternoon, and visits every body but himself.

To return to the subject, that I may not be accused of that roving which is here characteriz'd.

Our minds are so framed, that they can no more bear the same repetition of things, and uniform prospect, than our organs can always endure the same impressions, and the eye, or the palate be entertained with one view, or gout. As change and variety is the support of external nature, so 'tis the great spring of the human machine, and diffuses life, and spirit thro' all the theatres of business and pleasure. Without this *Proteus* of our being, our brightest faculties would soon lanquish, and our relish of things grow flat and low. Music itself would lose its harmony, and beauty its charms; and the pleasure, like an echo, dwindle away the longer it lasted.

'Tis with regard to this passion that the present weekly paper expects to subsist a while, and feed on the novelty of mankind. All that can be expected is a transitory being, any more would be very maraculous amidst the famine and mortality, there has been among the periodical writers of this sort.

The

The ſpectators have out-ſhined all other performances, and with a ſuperiority of wit, humour, and politeneſs, caſt a ſhade on each contemporary production. Some philoſophers have obſerv'd, that when a conſtitution is arrived at a certain pitch of health, and vigour, 'tis a token of approaching change and diſſolution. Perhaps there is more to be ſaid for this opinion with regard to the mind than the body. Thoſe diurnal papers ſeem, in ſome meaſure, to have attain'd to this achmè, and perfection of writing, there having been a viſible Declenſion ever ſince. But mankind muſt not be left without any writings and obſervations on their actions, becauſe they can't always have the beſt. Even thoſe modern eſſays, ſeem already to have an air of antiquity in them, and want a recommendation 'tis impoſſible for them to have, and which will make a paper, much inferior to them, more uſeful to a preſent reader, which is the deſign of the *Moderator*.

NUMB. 4.

Et ſtatua meditatur prœlia luſca.

JUVEN. Sat. 7.

HAVING promis'd to give my readers a diſſertation on the *Statuary Art*, I ſhall now endeavour to ſay ſomething on ſo noble a ſubject, tho' far unequal to the taſk. The art itſelf is indeed loſt, compar'd to the height, and excellence it attain'd to amongſt the antients. But tho' we can't have a *Praxiteles*, or a *Phidias* to execute, we may ſtill retain ſome ideas of their performance; and amuſe ourſelves with the ſpeculative theory of what is loſt in practice.

'TIS certain, that wherever this divine *Statuary Art*, with its aſſociate painting, have been cultivated in any tolerable perfection, the other arts and ſciences have flouriſh'd with them, and been of a contemporary growth. Like the fruit of the orange-tree, which, if thoroughly ripen'd in all its rich colour, fragrance, and flavour, is a certain ſign that all other fruits, in the ſame climate, will excel in their ſeveral kinds, as they partake of the ſame warmth and benignity of air. And indeed it

it is ſcarce poſſible, it ſhou'd be otherwiſe. Since a love of painting, ſculpture, &c. muſt naturally beget a love to other parts of polite learning. A good ſtatuary muſt be inſpir'd with ideas of greatneſs, majeſty, beauty and proportion, and in ſhort, with all thoſe noble, divine paſſions, which he wou'd trace out, or expreſs on the ſtone, or marble. He muſt be poſſeſs'd with that natural taſte, and elegant ſublimity, whatever it be, which he endeavours to copy, and convey an idea of to the ſpectator. And what are theſe but the ſprings of philoſophy, and the parents of literature. Mathematics, painting, oratory and phyſics, owe their being, and ſupport, to theſe divine fountains in the ſoul. And on the contrary, when theſe arts flouriſh in the world, an eſteem and veneration for ſculpture, will grow up with them, and increaſe in proportion. Since the ſame cauſes will produce the ſame effects, and all ſcience is connected, and flows in one continu'd ſtream, tho' the relation is greater between ſome parts than others. As in *Epic Poetry*, which is a ſort of diffuſive painting, or deſcriptive engraving, including a groupe of figures, in different dreſſes, paſſions, and attitudes, and one of conſpicuous virtue and eminence, out-ſhining all the reſt. And 'tis no great matter by what medium it is convey'd; whether the impreſſion be made on marble, canvaſs, or paper. The pen, the chiſel and the pencil,

may all conſpire to delineate the ſame grace, and exhibit one ſublime image, or great character. Poetry in reſpect to carving, ſeems to be what ſeeing is, if compar'd with the ſenſation of feeling. Viſion being repreſented as a ſort of fine delicate touch, or ſubtle expanſion of the optic nerves, by a communication of rays on the retina. And poetry, is in one ſenſe an help to feeling, as well as our other ſenſations, by imprinting thoſe ideas on the imagination, which can't be convey'd organically : Though on other accounts it has vaſtly the advantage, to mention only the beauties of fiction and allegory, and a more unconfin'd, extenſive deſcription, and imagery of nature.

A STATUE may be conſider'd as a fix'd, immoveable beauty, which commands attention, and collects our ſcatter'd thoughts into one point of view, centering them in a fine compendium, and graceful form, to raiſe love and admiration. Conſider'd as ſuch, ſtatues wou'd be of vaſt uſe to fill the mind with great and noble ſentiments ; and animate the beholder, who fancies himſelf, in the preſence of ſome hero, or in company with thoſe virtues, which he ſees deſcribed. For this reaſon, were they erected more commonly in all public places, I am apt to think, they would be of more ſervice to virtue, than ſome of thoſe living, ſpeaking ſtatues,

as

as they have been too juſtly call'd, who harangue in a *roſtrum*. Theſe ſtatues, or ſenſible emblems of virtues and vices, (as they anciently were) wou'd contain a more emphatical divinity, than their lifeleſs diſcourſes. I have thought the ſtatue of *Æſculapius*, or *Anton. Muſa*, that advocate for bathing, wou'd be a very good decoration in the pump-houſe, and the *Romans* ſeem'd ſenſible of the advantages of ſuch figures, by their frequent uſe of them in their *Forums*, *Circus's*, *Senacula*, and all public places.

THUS, they repreſented *Concord* by the ſtatue of a woman, with a ſcepter, and a horn of plenty, from which fruit ſeem'd to ſprout forth. *Truth* was exhibited in garments white as ſnow, with a ſerene, pleaſant, and modeſt air. *Peace* held forth ears of corn in her hand, and was crown'd with olives or roſes. Such ſymbols as theſe, work very lively on the imagination; for we are more affected by a ſenſible object, or effigies, than by the moſt beautiful deſcription in language. Theſe ſtatues of deities, of an inferior rank, were prodigiouſly numerous at *Rome*: From hence came their *Dii Indigites*, *Adſcriptitii*, and all the tutelar orders, which were pictures of heroes, and demi-gods, or naked, abſtract virtues, and vices. They were ſo over-ſtock'd with theſe characteriſtic ſtatues, that they ſent their gods abroad into colonies, as well as their Men. *Vir-*

gil ſpeaks but coldly of this ſtatuary art, in thoſe immortal lines; but 'tis in compariſon of the nobler arts of government.

Excudent alii ſpirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem: vivos ducent de marmore vultus:
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane memento
Hæ tibi erunt artes paciſque imponere morem.

Which I ſhall venture to tranſlate thus:

Others to breathing braſs may beauty give,
Or teach the animated rocks to live:
Do thou! O! Roman, *give the world thy laws,*
And by commanding peace, command applauſe.

The word *mollius* here, is very expreſſive and fine, as Sir *Henry Wotton* obſerves: 'Tis what the *Italians* call *Morbidezza*, a ſort of tenderneſs and ſoftneſs. For 'tis the excellency of ſculpture, to give a delicacy, and ſoftneſs to the limbs, as if a Pencil had drawn them: As on the contrary, 'tis the perfection of painting, to imitate the chiſel, and contrive a roundneſs, and eminence to appear on a flat by the diſpoſition of ſhadows. So that painting has been call'd an artificial miracle, and therefore is preferable to engraving, and will be treated of in ſome other paper.

NUMB.

NUMB. 5.

On DISCONTENT.

Quid tam ſollicitis vitam concumimus annis,
Torquemunq; metu, coecaq; cupidine rerum,
Æterniſq; ſenes curis ; dum quærimus ævum
Perdimus ; et nulla votorum ſine beati,
Victuros agimus ſemper, nec vivimus unquam.

MANIL.

OUR bodys, in all their exquiſite ſtructure, and wonderful organization, bear a reſemblance, tho' very faint and imperfect, to the accurate contrivance of ſome curious machines. We are wound up, and ſet a-going very regularly like clocks, or watches. Like them, we have our ſprings, and movements, our wheels, and pulſations; and our motion, like theirs, is very much regulated by the ſun. Theſe machines, as well as the human frame, are often ſubject to obſtructions, decays and breaches, 'till, by degrees, the courſe ſlackens, and the wheels

of

of nature go down. Something of this mechanical philoſophy may be applicable to the ſoul, as well as the body. Tho' I don't imagine, with ſome, that we are mere *automata*; yet ſo much is evident; That the ſoul, has her clogs, and diſeaſes too, and ſympathizes with her companion in its ills, and calamitys, as well as in its health, vigour, and beauty.

AMONGST the infirmitys, and diſtempers of the mind, it is certain that diſcontent, chagrin, and an envious diſpoſition, are of the moſt malignant nature. Envy may properly enough be call'd the *Tabes* of the ſoul, or a ſort of mental canker, which preys on it, like *Prometheus's* vulture feeding on an immortal liver.

——— Roſtroq; immanis Vultur adunco,
Immortale jecur tundens, foecandaque poenis
Viſcera, rimatur epulis, habitatque ſub alto
Pectore: nec fibris requies ulta datur renatis.

Deep in his breaſt the hungry vulture gnaws,
And rends the ſprouting fleſh with direful claws;
The food ſtill pregnant with immortal Pains
Springs freſh for future feaſts, with bleeding veins.

THIS anxiety, and diſcontent which hangs lowering like a cloud over the ſoul, makes every thing

look

look dark and diſconſolate. It caſts a ſhade over all the enjoyments of life, and ſpreads gloom, and deſolation, o'er the face of nature. Like a malignant ſort of blight, it turns the moſt beautiful ſcenes into ruin, and deformity, and gives them a malevolent aſpect. As the vain experiments of the *Alchymiſts* aim at converting baſer metals into gold, ſo this on the contrary, ſucceeds in transforming good into evil, and light into darkneſs. Such a contradiction, or I may call it, *antiphraſis* of temper, may be reſembled to a ſort of infernal magic, which conjures up evil ſpirits, and darkneſs in the face of day, and deforms it with ugly phantoms, and melancholy ſhades. Or to a diſeaſed palate, which gives a ſour or inſipid reliſh to the moſt agreeable food. Were ſuch ill-turn'd minds poſſeſt with power, they wou'd, like *Circe*, metamorphoſe the creation, and tranſform men into brutes.

NOTHING can be more fatal to mankind, or more odious in itſelf, than ſuch a peeviſh, repining, and contracted frame. As 'tis entirely oppoſite to love, joy, and benevolence, the ſprings of virtue, and all ſocial happineſs, ſo it is as oppoſite in its effects. 'Tis a ſolitary fury, which haunts the breaſts, and aims at the ruin, and deſtruction of mankind, if purſued, in all its conſequences.

As

As it partly flows from a narrow, gloomy, involv'd difpofition, one remedy for this intellectual diforder wou'd be, to let our thoughts range, and expatiate beyond the fcanty limits, and circles, which we are here circumfcrib'd in; and take a profpect, not only of this leffer microcofm, but of the immenfe wonders of creation. To foar in the tracklefs regions of fpace, to view the amazing furniture of the ftarry vault, or rather that border of funs, which are but the outlines of others, that lie behind the fcreen, and blaze on in remoter ftages, and unfeen heavens. Such a contemplation as this, wou'd tend to remove that little narrownefs of foul, which arifes from a contracted view, and a felfifh confinement. By enlarging our profpect, our minds wou'd infenfibly be enlarg'd too.

Another cure for this diforder of the mind, wou'd be to indulge to the innocent amufements of life, and to cultivate the gayeft, and moft pleafurable ideas. Some perfons are fo rigidly, and ftoically grave, and abftracted, that they think it almoft criminal to divert themfelves at common exercifes and recreations. My friend *Penferofo* is a ftrict obferver of this philofophical feverity of manners. He thinks 'tis beneath the dignity of human nature to condefcend to vulgar diverfions. He is very folemn and regular

regular in all his actions, keeps a ſort of ſabbath in his looks, and a preciſe decorum in every muſcle. His arms are always in one ſituation, and obſerve an exact mathematical decorum; ſo that a game at tennis, or bowls, wou'd infallibly put every limb out of joint. In ſhort, *Penſeroſo* has a religious gloom hanging over him; and this, together with a natural gravity, and phlegmatic lentor of blood, makes him ſee things through a falſe medium, and clogs his animal, as well as his rational facultys. A little more affability, and exerciſe, wou'd mend his conſtitution, as well as his religion, and make him more benign, and humane, as well as more vigorous and active. Whatever takes off this ſluggiſhneſs of habit, and torpid, ſaturnine diſpoſition of mind, wou'd be very ſerviceable in removing theſe evils. We cannot but obſerve here the good effects of mirthful company, and a generous glaſs in ſuch caſes. We find how it exhilarates the ſpirits, warms the dull, inactive maſs, and diſpoſes a perſon to be free, kind, affable and generous. I wou'd not recommend too great a gayety, or levity of behaviour, this wou'd be to degenerate into extravagance, vanity, and licenciouſneſs. What is here meant, is only applicable to that gloomy, unſociable diſpoſition, which is often entirely diſſipated by recreating follys, and innocent amuſements. Agreeable to the obſervation of the old Lord *Shaftſbury*.—*That every*

wiſe

wiſe Man, muſt let the Fool govern ſometimes, or the Philoſopher wou'd grow ſullen, moroſe, and peeviſh. 'Tis certainly much better to be merry, than ſad, and better to indulge in the former extreme of the two, than the latter. A facetious buffoon, or a harlequin is a much better character than that of a dark, miſchievous ſavage, or a moroſe, diſcontented *Cynic.* 'Tis better, and wiſer, to divert ourſelves, than to moap in dull chagrin; and to laugh at the follys of mankind, with *Democritus,* than to weep with the *Epheſian Philoſopher.*

Those conſider life in the beſt light, who regard it only as a ſort of thorough-fare, or ſtormy paſſage to a nobler region, and a happier exiſtence. So that the more chearful we are on the road, within the bounds of moderation, the more we enjoy this toy of life, and are the better prepar'd for the theatre hereafter, after exerciſing our parts well in the *palaeſtra* here.

I ſhall conclude with tranſlating the motto above:

Why will vain men their toilſome life conſume,
In anxious fears, and in deſponding gloom:
We doat on vanitys grow old in pain,
And ſeek a requiem, which we can't obtain;
Purſue a phantom, which eludes us ſtill,
And in the empty chace, find real ill.

NUMB. 6.

On RETIREMENT.

Puræ vivus a quæ ſylvaque jugerum
Paucorum. &c. HORACE.

IT is a very juſt obſervation of the great Lord *Bacon*, that he who loves ſolitude, muſt be either of a divine, or a brutiſh nature. His expreſſion is, *aut* DEUS, *aut fera eſt:* Either a GOD, or a wild beaſt. He means that a perſon muſt have ſome accompliſhments, more than common, and a vaſt fund of merit, and ſelf-ſufficiency, who cou'd long ſupport the abſence of company, and live a recluſe monaſtic life. He muſt have a good ſtock of mental proviſion to feed upon, in ſuch an inhoſpitable ſtate. And like a traveller, if he does not carry this viaticum along with him, he cannot be ſupply'd with it in the deſart, or the wilderneſs. On the other hand, without ſuch a qualification for retirement, he muſt be a

ſort

ſort of *Scythian* ſavage, or monſter, to fly his own ſpecies, and live in woods, or wilds. I ſuppoſe moſt people will acquieſce in the latter clauſe of his lordſhip's dilemma, and rank the lover of ſolitude amongſt the ſavage ſort, and think the hermit has more of the brute in him, than of the angel. But the bulk of mankind are very improper judges here, being immerſt in buſineſs, and having no notion of retirement, and ſoliloquy. It wou'd be death, and baniſhment to them, to leave their clubs, their circular viſits, buſineſs, and aſſemblys, and the gay amuſements, and parade of life. *Lucinda* can endure all the noiſe, hurry, and ſmell of the city, without any emotion; but when ſhe viſits her old aunt in the country, her organs contract ſuch a delicacy, that the ſmell of flowers, and rural air, quite diſorder her. There is an aged elm in the court, whoſe wide ſpreading limbs, and venerable ſhade, never fail to throw her into an hyſteric fit; and ſhe is as much terrify'd at the ſight of it, as children are at bug-bears, and the dark. But this ſhews a monſtrous effeminacy, and corruption of taſte; or what is worſe a mind ſwallow'd up in indolence, and falſe pleaſure, that cannot employ itſelf, without a conſtant ſucceſſion of viſits, aſſemblys, plays and gaming. One wou'd imagine, theſe modern people of pleaſure, as they are improperly call'd, thought themſelves born for nothing but to dine, to dreſs, to dance, or drink.

We

We find that in all ages, the contemplative philosophers, the inquisitive virtuosi, and the whole chorus of poets, have been admirers of solitude, and invited the *Muses* into the silent walks, and shady recesses of nature. It was there, they felt the divinity within them, and were possess'd with the true enthusiasm, and inspiration of rural life. It was here, they enjoy'd the *Secretum iter, et fallentis semita viæ.* *Scipio*, after he had made *Rome* mistress of almost the whole world, retir'd to his *Linternum* at last.

From the veneration which the poets always paid to a rural life, flow'd those imaginary colonys of beings, they have stock'd the woods and plains with. The *Dryads*, *Hamadryads*, *Fauns*, *Nymphs*, and all the other deities of the forests, and subjects of Almighty *Pan.*

The old philosophers and sages too, had their venerable shades, and divine apartments in the *Sylvan* groves. They studied nature where she shin'd brightest, and most uncorrupted: Pursuing her as *Apollo* did *Daphne*, 'till she transform'd herself into a tree. The academics had their private walks, the epicureans their gardens.

Inter

Inter ſylvas academi quærere verum.

It is commonly objected that people grow dull, and melancholy, in a ſtate of retirement. But as *Cowley* ſays, a very ſmall portion of any ingenious art, will ſtop up all thoſe gaps in our time; muſic, or painting, deſigning, chymiſtry, hiſtory or gardening, or twenty other things, will afford both innocent, and uſeful entertainment. This ſhews of what prodigious advantage it is to cultivate theſe arts in our youth, inſtead of learning the dead languages, or at leaſt both ought to be inculcated together. For want of ſuch agreeable, and uſeful amuſements many a country gentleman has recourſe to a pack of cards, or a pack of hounds, to kill time, as they call it, as well as game; or what is worſe wants the relief of the bottle, and other ſpirits, to recruit his *own*, and drown his cares, and conſtitution together.

NUMB. 7.

On RIDICULE.

THERE are few people ſo very grave, and reſerv'd in their tempers, who are not more pleas'd, and influenc'd by good wit, and polite raillery, than by dry argument, and the more ſolemn method of reaſoning, and regular deduction. 'Tis true, the ridicule muſt be juſt, and well founded, and then 'tis no more than reaſoning ſtripit of its formality, and dreſs'd up in an agreeable light. For where truth is wanting to ſupport wit, it loſes all its force on a man of ſenſe, and dwindles into a phantom, or at leaſt a glittering romance: And the more it ſeems to ſhine, and ſparkle with borrow'd rays, the leſs impreſſion it makes, and vaniſhes the ſooner. 'Tis but an *Ignis-Fatuus*, a falſe light, which only leads fools out of the way, and the more it blazes, the ſooner waſtes itſelf. Human nature has a great deal of mercury, pleaſantry, and farce in its compoſition; and life wou'd ſoon cloy us, and grow dull, and inſipid, without this enlivening mixture to animate it: For this reaſon the ancients, thoſe admirable critics

of mankind, and true judges of good taſte, and human life, expreſs'd this part of our character, by the word *Sal*, or *Salt*; meaning by this, that mirth, and wit, gave a reliſh to knowledge, and converſation, quicken'd our attention, and rais'd our taſte. In our ſearch after truth, the imagination muſt be entertain'd as well as the underſtanding: Or we ſhall make but a ſlow progreſs, and ſoon tire: Like travellers, who by driving ſtill forward, and drudging on, without ſtaying to take neceſſary refreſhments on the road, very often arrive laſt at the journey's end. Perhaps *Juvenal*'s ſatires, *Æſop*'s fables, and ſome of the old Comedies, have done more ſervice to virtue, and the curing men of the little follies, and errors of life, than ſome of the graver moraliſts, and formal philoſophers. *Eraſmus* and ſome other facetious writers, have more expos'd popery by the dreſs they have put it in, and made, it may be, more converts than *Chillingworth*, *Bently*, *Tillotſon*, or *Howel*.

INDEED this ſpirit of irony and banter may be employ'd to very ill purpoſes; and is a very dangerous inſtrument in the poſſeſſion of ſome perſons. 'Tis like a uſeful medicine, which tho' known to every empiric, and pretender, is only ſafe in the management of the wiſe and prudent; and will, for that reaſon, forever remain a ſecret in their breaſts. Some-

thing

thing comical, and merry, may be ſaid upon almoſt every ſubject; but every thing, which raiſes laughter, and looks odd at the firſt appearance, and glance of ludicrous ideas in the fancy, is not preſently to be call'd wit. A perſon, who appears in an odd fantaſtical dreſs, may excite our mirth and diverſion for a moment, but all that ceaſes, when the ſame perſon is found, upon examination, to have nothing ridiculous in him, but his garb. Falſe wit, like gay, lively colours, and rich drapery in painting, throws a ſplendid glare over objects, and gilds the ſurface of things, to dazzle the eye of a careleſs beholder. But 'twill not ſtand the teſt of a good judge, who ſtrips it of all its daub, and fucus, and views it in its native dreſs.

THUS *have we ſeen the northern ſtreamers riſe,*
Wave o'er our head, and gild the darkſome ſkies:
So bright the lambent lightnings round us play,
The warbling birds miſtake the doubtful day:
But if the ſtronger morning-light draws near,
Stript of their robes, the meteors diſappear,
O'er the wide heavens the ſun aſſerts his right,
And leſſer glories vaniſh from the ſight.

A PERSON of a gay ludicrous genius can give a turn of fancy to any thing. Thus, when a *Cynic* philoſopher beg'd a dram of ſilver of king *Anti-*

gonus ; this, ſays he, is no gift for a king. Why then give me a talent, or greater ſum, ſays the philoſopher ; and that ſaid the king is no gift for a *Cynic*. For thoſe philoſophers profeſs'd poverty, and deſpiſed riches. *Plato* refus'd a rich, perfum'd robe, which *Dionyſius* offer'd him ; ſaying, He was a man, and wou'd not dreſs himſelf like a woman. But *Ariſtippus* accepted of that robe, ſaying, that the outward dreſs cou'd not corrupt a chaſte mind. Thus things may be repreſented in different lights, and impoſe on unwary perſons. I might inſtance again in my paper on the No. 7, to ſhew the force of fancy, and how eaſy it is to give a wrong turn to things, by the various conjectures that have been made concerning that eſſay.

NUMB.

NUMB. 8.

IT is certain, that happineſs ought to be the deſire of all reaſonable creatures; therefore any principles, whether religious or political, which are deſtructive of happineſs, muſt be for that reaſon, falſe, and unnatural. The men of pleaſure, and libertiniſm, commonly fly to this paſſionate, conſtitutional deſire after happineſs, as a refuge, and ſcreen to their vices, in oppoſition to religion, which they imagine is as great an enemy to the former, as it is to the latter. But whatever faſhions religion has been dreſs'd up in, by different parties, and in various countries, it has, in all ages, been much the ſame as to its original beauty and purity: Like the ſurface of the earth, which ſtill retains its native fertility and verdure, notwithſtanding the various changes and transformations it has ſucceſſively undergone. The great principles and fundamentals of religion remain unſullied, and ſtill direct us to happineſs, and aim at the good of mankind.

So that thoſe gay gentlemen are much miſtaken, who take their idea and draught of virtue and religion from this or that particular dreſs, which it wears: For here is no rule nor ſtandard, but mere caprice and novelty. We muſt go to ſome higher pattern, and ſeek a more divine original; and we ſhall ſee that true religion is not all gloom and melancholy, and does not break off our purſuit after happineſs, but is as a ſtar, or convoy to direct us to it. If a painter was to draw a complete form of beauty, he ought not to imitate any one particular object or pattern, he muſt go deeper, and derive the divine lineaments from his own idea of beauty. 'Tis the ſame in the idea, or picture, we form of morality and virtue: We muſt ſeek that unchangeable beauty, and true excellency which it always had, and, which like *Phydias*'s form at *Athens*, is immortal.

The belief of the being of God, the reality of a future ſtate, the natural loveliness of virtue, the guilt, and remorſe which attend vice and ſatire, have been in all ages the ſame; and theſe leading principles, evidently tend to promote the happineſs of mankind, and the perfection of human nature. 'Tis certain that the wiſe and virtuous have the greateſt ſhare of true happineſs even in this ſtate: But he, who confines his views only to this preſent exiſtence, muſt have a very mean opinion of the creation, as well as of

of its author. Every thing here is in a flux and rotation about us, and every enjoyment is precarious. Our blood, after ſo many revolutions muſt ſtagnate; and whether the celeſtial bodies, after ſuch a number of circulations, have not their period, and fixation too, is uncertain.

Now to imagine that all our faculties, which are ſo capable of nobler improvements, and more perfect felicity, and ſo ambitious after it, are extinct at death, is a very diſconſolate thought, and makes human nature look very contemptible, and life in, many reſpects, hardly deſirable; to ſay nothing of the other arguments which are uſually brought for a future ſtate. Why were we thus form'd, to be deluded at laſt; to be the ſport of fortune here, to have only a taſte of exiſtence, to graſp at ſhadows, which elude us, and to be made great, in order be made nothing at laſt?

THESE reflections were occaſioned by the death of a young gentleman of *Briſtol* in the bloom of youth, and well known in this place, to whoſe memory the following lines are ſacred.

On

On the DEATH *of*

Mr. S------ B------, of *Briſtol.*

AS blooms a flower beneath the morning ſkies,
Smiles all the day, and in the evening dies;
Thus fell the youth, a victim to the tomb,
Stript of his charms, and wither'd in his bloom;
His laſt immortal ſtage appears in ſight,
And e'er his noon arrives, he ſets in night.
He left this flattering comedy below,
This chequer'd theatre of bliſs and woe;
Where men of pleaſure have a tranſient reign,
And others live but to grow old in pain;
Where good and ill by turns our minds amuſe,
And ſhift ſo faſt, we know not how to chuſe.

FLORELLO's fled!—lament him all ye youth,
And mourn in him loſt innocence, and truth.
Ye dear companions, and ye happy few,
Who, when he liv'd, his ſhining virtues knew,
Leave your inſipid mirth, for you have loſt,
All that good-nature, or a friend cou'd boaſt.
View your old comrade in the pangs of death,
With languid looks, and agonizing breath;
See his nerves tremble, and his lips turn pale,
His blood congeal, and every organ fail:

His

His farewel tears, his ſwimming eye-balls view,
And think how oft' thoſe eyes have ſmil'd on you :
How ſoon the treach'rous day may ceaſe to ſhine,
How ſoon the morning ſun in ſhades decline!
Then boaſt the glories of the human ſtate,
Is it a pleaſure to be bury'd great ?
Tho' life looks ſplendid, fate is ever blind,
And in thy train death waits unſeen behind;
Perhaps now hovers round thy gilded dome,
Or with thy laſt ſad tapers lights thee home;
With meagre looks haunts thy voluptuous ſeats,
Or at thy board with funèral napkins waits.
See one not idle in thy female train,
Penſive her air, and in her veſture plain :
See by thy ſide pale *Clotho* beck'ning ſtands
And ſpins thy fate, the diſtaff in her hands.

FLORELLO mourn, ye trees with all your ſhade,
Ye gardens which he lov'd, your glories fade;
Ye flowers in dews cloſe up your dying charms,
Once wont to cloſe them in his youthful arms.
Droop ye tall limes, ye poplars hang your head,
For oh! FLORELLO from your walks is fled!
FLORELLO's fled! but only fled to riſe
More gay, more bright, more beauteous in the ſkies;
Where love and virtue ſhine without a ſtain,
And fadeleſs youth, and joys unſully'd reign.

On

On the Common Practice of

CASTING WATER;

OR,

PREDICTION by URINE.

Qualiacunque voles *(Urina) ſomnia vendunt.*

JUVEN.

AMONGST the many various methods which are made uſe of to impoſe on the credulity of mankind, there is none more common, and yet ſo little regarded, as what is vulgarly call'd, Caſting of Water; or, the diſcovery of diſeaſes, and their cure, by the bare inſpection of the urine. This being a cheat often practis'd, eſpecially in theſe parts, it may not be amiſs, to detect the impoſture, by ſhewing that it has little or no foundation, either in reaſon, in fact, or in the animal œconomy.

WITCH-

WITCHCRAFT, and *aſtrology*, *palmiſtry*, and *divination*, have been pretty much exploded in this age of enquiry and liberty. Theſe bug-bears, which ſicken at the light, are now baniſh'd to the regions of *Lapland*, or only keep up a dying reputation in obſcure country villages, or in *Moor*'s, or *Partridge*'s almanacks. They lie mould'ring on old ſhelves, and duſty cupboards, amongſt the tales of *Fortunatus*, and *Robin Hood*, or the prophecies of *Moll*, or *Merlin*. Even apparitions are fled, or only ſkulk in gloomy church-yards, or haunt the halls of uninhabited houſes. Yet I know not by what fate, or faſcination, this myſtery of phyſic, ſtill keeps up its credit in many places, and impoſes on ſome, who don't appear to want underſtanding in other things. When cheats are harmleſs, it matters not much, if the vulgar enjoy the innocent deluſion, and play with phantoms of their own raiſing. But here people's health and lives, often ſuffer by the fraud, and the inchantment, like *Circe*'s, becomes dangerous, under the plauſible pretence of augury and prognoſtication by urine.

IT is very abſurd to imagine that the urine alone, like ſome magic glaſs, ſhou'd repreſent at one view, all the diſorders of the ſick. This being but one evacuation, amongſt many others which ought to be

be brought into the account, in order to collect the true indications, or ſymptoms of the diſeaſe. A judge might as well paſs ſentence, or depend on one witneſs only, when there are ſeveral other more material evidences to be examin'd. Beſides, it is often contrary to fact: The urine in many caſes, not being at all affected, or vitiated, as in ſome malignant fevers, comatoſe diſorders, *&c.* I need not mention that the urine is often of the ſame colour and conſiſtence, in different and oppoſite caſes. It appears the ſame in an hyſteric fit, as in the chloroſis, in ſome cholics, as in the dropſy, the diabetes, the ſtone, or gravel, *&c.* So that our prophet by urine, muſt be a *Cornelius Agrippa*, or like *Paracelſus*, conſult his familiar, to diſtinguiſh the one from the other. It is certain that all phyſicians inſpect the urine of the ſick, in acute caſes at leaſt, but then they obſerve it from day to day; and as that alters, vary the method accordingly; but theſe oraculous guides make proviſion for all future contingencies at once. They calculate in one hour for every thing which is to befall the patient, in the whole courſe of the diſeaſe. The remedys they recommend makes it ſtill more ridiculous, they being commonly the ſame, let the diſorder be what it will. So that they are to operate in ſome miraculous manner, and are to ſuit, and adapt themſelves to all the exigencys of the caſe, and all the varietys of oppoſite habits, and conſtitutions.

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One wou'd think they were entrusted with some secret commission, to bind, or purge, to relax, or astringe, to be sudorific one day, and diuretic the next, and yet but one, and the same form, and remedy still. Which is certainly true *Hocus-Pocus*, or *Legerdemain*. And that is eternally the case with all panaceas, specifics, or pretended infallible remedys, and nostrums whatever. The nonsense and absurdity of such empirical preparations holds equally good, tho' they may be recommended by the authority of patents, and be countenanc'd by the sanction of great names. These infallible receipts are very near akin to the conjurer's paper, which is suddenly converted into the form of a church, or a candlestic, is now a lanthorn, then a looking-glass, a fan, or a fardingal, and yet one and the same paper still.

It is plain from hence that nothing is more wild, and uncertain, than predictions, or judgment by urine. Yet such is the credulity of mankind, that the cheat still obtains credit, and is propagated in most counties of *England*. It is very common in these parts, to see a country-fellow riding post-haste, with a bottle of water in his pocket as full of diseases, as he himself is empty. He ventures not to open this pandoran vessel, 'till he comes into the doctor's presence, who can exorcise the infected phial, and be a counter-spell to all the evils it contains. Being arrived

riv'd at the ſeat, or cell of this prophetical *Druid*, who like the *Sybil* at *Cuma*, or the prieſt at *Delphos*, ſits in ſtate, to paſs ſentence at all events, the guilty bottle is produced, which like ſome book of fate, is to exhibit every thing relating to the ſick perſon, paſt, preſent, or to come. After ſome cabbaliſtic muttering, and very often ſome private interrogations, the oracle paſſes ſentence on the innocent urine, which is often convicted of more diſeaſes, than the whole pariſh ever knew. But there is often a great deal of artifice made uſe of in deſcribing the diſorders. The doctor craftily amuſes them with general, looſe definitions, which will ſuit almoſt any caſe. Moſt of the deſcriptions begin in this manner.—*The party has a ſpleen wind, or a rambling fever*, &c. But this is a wild, rambling account, and only deludes the enquirer. The vulgar aſcribing almoſt all diſorders to a wind in the blood. Tho' as *Whacum* ſifted *Ralpho*, before *Hudibras* conſulted the conjurer, ſo they often pump the unwary meſſenger by ſome ſpys employ'd on purpoſe. It is very comical to obſerve the ſimplicity of theſe believers in urine; which certainly ſhews that they think the doctor deals with the devil, and is converſant in necromancy, and the black art. For not ſatisfy'd with enquiring into the patient's diſorders, they muſt alſo be inform'd how old the party is, whether male, or female, ſingle, or marry'd, &c. Not only ſo, but they very often lug

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in other enquiries about ſtolen goods, or ſtray'd cattle, that they may profit what they can by the company of the omniſcient fortune-teller.

INDEED 'tis no wonder that the common people are deluded by the vain promiſes, and ſpecious artifices of ſuch illiterate pretenders, when even ſovereign princes, and wiſe parliaments, have been often bubbled out of their money, and underſtanding, by the pompous aſſurances of quacks, and empirics. King *Charles* II. and ſeveral *German* emperors were frequently deceiv'd by the mighty boaſts of chymical philoſophers. We find, as I mention'd before, that divine arcana, and infallible remedys, have from time to time ſtarted up in all ages, and in all countries. But whatever pretences they may have to preſerve people's health, and lives, it is certain they can't preſerve their own credit and reputation long. What a multitude of theſe never-failing antidotes, and golden ſpecifics, was the world amus'd with in the times of *Paracelſus*, Sir *Kenelm Digby*, and the great philoſopher Sir *Robert Boyle?* But what is become of all theſe celebrated panaceas? Even the very names of moſt of them are now forgotten, and ſhuffled off the ſtage; to be ſucceeded by others, and to give way to new comers. But we find the pleaſing deluſion is ſtill propagated, and other phantoms of a different dreſs and name, play'd off upon

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us with the ſame ſucceſs, and the ſame gaping, and credulous attendance. The ſhops, as well as the papers, are ſtill crouded with the ſame farrago, and ſplendid rhetoric of angelic pills, divine drops, celeſtial water, and miraculous powders. The ſcene is only ſhifted now, and mankind is much the ſame in all ages. People are led aſide by every thing which looks marvellous and myſterious. This will always be the caſe when reaſon, and ſolid judgement are neglected. When common ſenſe departs, then prodigy, and credulity, charms, and incantations will, like ſo many ſpectres, ſtart up in its room, and ſucceed the cloſe of day-light. If people depart from reaſon, the next ſtep either in phyſic, or divinity, is madneſs, and methodiſm, ſuperſtition and Inſpiration; for there is no medium where reaſon and philoſophy end, there, bigotry, and ignorance begin.

But this is by way of digreſſion, tho' not very remote from the ſubject. As I begun with one ſatyriſt, I ſhall now conclude with another.

To him with queſtions, and with urine,
They for diſcovery flock,—or curing.

Hudib.

TO

To a LADY.

MADAM,

I HAD the favour of yours, and am much obliged to you for your Epithalamium, which I think is very pretty and polite. If your congratulatory ſong had came ſoon enough, I find it wou'd have been abſolutely in vain for us to have aim'd at a private marriage. Since you have aſſembled ſo many little loves, and graces, and ſo many melodious birds round about us to celebrate our nuptials, that it wou'd have been utterly impoſſible to have conceal'd it long. Thoſe little, fluttering, impertinent Cupids whom you have ſummon'd from the groves, the grottos, and the ſkys, to dance and ſing at our wedding, are ſome of the moſt babbling, goſſiping creatures in the world. You might as well communicate a ſecret to a circle of ladys at a tea-table, or a piece of news from *Germany*, to a hungry politician at a coffee-houſe, as to any of thoſe aerial inhabitants. You may imagine it was for this reaſon, that I did not make you a party acquainted with ſo ſolemn a thing as the day of marriage. For as I knew you kept up a correſpondence with theſe in-

viſible emiſſarys of the air, rural fauns, and fairys, dryads, and other deitys of the foreſts, whom you retain'd in your ſervice, I might eaſily imagine you wou'd ſoon divulge ſuch a ſecret amongſt them, who are noted for infidelity and loquacity. Beſides, they have a much eaſier way of propagating reports than we mortals. For as they live in ſeparate colonys in the air, and lower regions, they can by the aſſiſtance of their ambaſſadors, the zephyrs, convey all manner of intelligence immediately, by ſucceſſive whiſpers from one diſtrict to another, ſo that the whole atmoſphere is preſently fill'd with the news. And ſome ſagacious naturaliſts will tell you, that when the air is thus impregnated with theſe reports, it burſts off in hurricanes, and is the efficient cauſe of high winds, and tempeſts. Be this as it will, it is certain that by means of theſe alternate communications, the news of a private pariſh may be tranſmitted all over *Europe*, by ſucceſſive undulations of air. As garriſons plac'd at certain diſtances round a wall'd town, can convey the alarm to each other, from ſentinel to ſentinel, in an inſtant. But to leave this fairy kingdom to *Pope*, and the *Roſicruſians*; I will tell you a ſtory of an old philoſopher, *Diogenes*; who carrying ſomething very privately conceal'd in a baſket, was aſk'd by a curious Athenian, what he had hid there? The philoſopher only reply'd, that it was conceal'd there, for that purpoſe that he might not know. *I am, Your Servant.*

The

The ANSWER.

SIR,

SINCE I receiv'd your laſt, in which you have tranſported me to the ſkys, I don't know what to think of myſelf. Your magic pen has led me ſuch a wild, aerial dance, with the various ranks, and orders of the poetical world, that I ſcarce thought myſelf any longer, a ſublunary being. Such ſudden flights, and tranſitions, wou'd at once have overſet my imagination, had I not been alternately reliev'd, and ſupported by the common incidents of life, which convinc'd me I was ſtill a mortal. My head begun indeed to grow giddy with the rapidity of ſuch a celeſtial flight, and I ſhou'd have dropt into ſome ſea, like *Icarus*, if dear curioſity had not hurry'd me on, and carry'd me along thro' thoſe immenſe regions. Tho' when I arrived at ſome of the diſtant colonys near the moon, I began to think I

ſhou'd never find the way back; however, after ſuch a towering pilgrimage, I'm at laſt returned again, and hope you are as ſafe in your old monaſtic dwelling. But ſo much for theſe excurſions.

I WONDER you tell me of being outlaw'd, and baniſh'd from the regions of *Parnaſſus*, a place which I am an utter ſtranger to, and only know it by deſcription. I had always indeed an inclination to poetry, and lov'd to follow the muſes at a diſtance, but had never inſpiration, or merit enough to be introduc'd into their company.

BUT I muſt break off abruptly.

Yours, &c.

The REPLY.

MADAM,

I AM much oblig'd to you for the pleaſure of your laſt; tho' I can't acquieſce in all you ſay, with regard to your being ſuch a ſtranger to the regions of *Parnaſſus.* You was indeed for ſome time a fugitive, or deſerter: And I muſt tell you, if you had not retain'd a party there, in the poetical ſenate, you was very near being entirely excommunicated. I mean during your long elopement to the ſmoak, noiſe and hurry of a city life. Such a deſertion as this, being deem'd high-treaſon at the court of *Parnaſſus.* But *Clio,* and two or three of the muſes, interceded ſo earneſtly for you at the throne of *Apollo,* that the incenſed deity promis'd to receive you into favour again on your promiſe of ſubmiſſion, and allegiance for the future; tho' ſome of your lawrel'd eſtate there, was confiſcated, on account of truancy

and rebellion. Now as you are return'd again from exile, to the rural ſhades, and ſuburbs of *Helicon*, the muſe's ſmiles return too, and you are again welcome the groves of *Arcadia*, and the bowers of *Pindus*. Tho' I muſt tell you that there is ſtill an aerial detachment of ſpys, or ſylphs hovering about you, to obſerve your motions, for fear of a ſecond apoſtacy. You'll ceaſe to wonder now at my not writing an Epithalamium; for while you was under this diſgrace, it were not ſafe for me to hold a correſpondence, with a proſcrib'd rebel, and deſerter. But you had more reaſon to celebrate my nuptials, as I was always loyal, and had marry'd a rural nymph, bred up in the woods and ſhades, and herſelf no ſtranger to the muſes.

Amongſt the train a rural nymph I choſe,
One fond like me of quiet, and repoſe.
No love of ſordid wealth inſpir'd my mind,
I choſe the meek, the gentle, and the kind;
Unſpoil'd by breeding, nor genteely nice,
In modern taſte, romances, dreſs and dice.

I REMEMBER ſome ſaid you was ſeduc'd by *Plutus*, and others by *Cupid*, two very miſchievous, and dangerous deitys, who are often at war with the muſes, and with their inſidious arts, are ſtill watching all the avenues to *Parnaſſus*, and lying in wait to corrupt, and inveigle *Apollo*'s tuneful train. However

ever this be, you ſoon return'd again to the camp of the muſes. And it appears from ſeveral of your compoſitions, that you have not loſt any of that ſpirit of wit, and poetry, which inſpir'd your virgin muſe, when in a paſtoral dreſs you ſung of flocks and ſhepherds, in your ſtate of innocence and celibacy, before your fall. And I don't doubt but you have received a full pardon and abſolution.

It happen'd ſince I wrote this, that there was a court, or ſort of petty-ſeſſions, held at *Parnaſſus*, in a certain lawrel grotto. There was a pretty large aſſembly of rural deitys, ſylphs, fauns, dryads, *&c.* and ſome of the ghoſts of departed poets, and heroines, who glide about thoſe regions, and have always a vote in theſe celeſtial ſynods. Your affair was then brought on the carpet, and refer'd to a ſelect committee of ſome of the tutelary deitys. I was not preſent at their debates, being myſelf under ſome diſgrace for neglect of duty. However, I had intereſt enough there to ſecure a majority on your ſide; but it was not in my power to procure a reverſe of the attainder, with regard to your old patrimonial eſtate, which was confiſcated, and forever alienated, and annex'd to the crown: The decrees of *Parnaſſus* being ſo far abſolute and irrevocable. But I had an interview with ſeveral of the jury, as ſoon as the little ſenate was diſſolv'd, who all told me you was again receiv'd into

favour. Indeed after your revolt, you often made ſome rural excurſions to your old forſaken ſhades, and poetical groves: But at that time you was always ſuſpected to be a ſpy, and cou'd never be admitted into any degree of confidence as before. The muſes knew your heart, and found you had other attachments of a ſtronger kind. You know in the *rape of the lock*, that the ſylph who was *Belinda*'s guardian, cou'd not protect her any longer, when he found the frailty of the Fair.

Sudden he view'd, in ſpite of all his art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.

THIS was the caſe with you; tho' a great deal was to be alledg'd in behalf of your conduct, after your impeachment was drawn up. One of the jury was ſo irritated, that he wou'd have this ſentence inflicted on you, *viz.* that you was to walk nine times barefoot round *Parnaſſus*, and to undergo a purification of ſo many days, by faſting, ſprinkling yourſelf with the aſhes of ivy, and miſſeltoe of the oak, which have a peculiar virtue to procure conſtancy, and to defend you againſt all manner of ſeducement, and faſcination. But however this harſh ſentence was over-rul'd, and a degree paſt in your favour, on condition of your writing an anniverſary Ode on St. *Ceciliа*'s day.

THUS

THUS madam, you ſee, you have been brought to a fair trial. You have been arraigned, convicted, condemn'd, and acquitted in one of the moſt ſolemn, auguſt, and uncorrupted aſſemblys, that ever met together. I have brought you into celeſtial, aerial company, and have given you guards, or ſatellites of tutelary beings, to attend, and patrol about you. And I aſſure you, a perſon muſt be of ſome conſequence to be thus waited on. As *Pope* ſays,

See what an equipage you have in air,
And view with ſcorn two pages, and a chair.

POPE indeed has been ſomewhat extravagant in his diſtribution of thoſe viſionary beings, ſince he has deputed no leſs than fifty, to watch over the circumference of a lady's petticoat.

I NOW take my leave of theſe romantic ſpeculations, tho' even theſe may have their uſe. The *Romans* had their good and evil genius hovering about them, which imagination often inſpir'd them. And why may not we have our angelic guardians? But 'tis time to deſcend from theſe imaginary abodes, and ſubjects, to common themes of life, and mortal affairs, *I am,*

Yours, &c.

CON-

CONTINUATION

OF

LETTERS to CORRESPONDENTS, ESSAYS, VERSES, &c.

TO

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, at *Oxford.*

SIR, MAY, 1747.

I HAVE now two of your letters before me unanſwer'd, which I ſhall preſerve as a ſort of piacula, to atone for the guilt of your long taciturnity.

YET I know not whether I ſhall be thoroughly appeas'd, without the incenſe of poetry, and the penitent tribute of a hecatomb of verſe: Your poetry, like a charm, will at any time, ſooth my reſentment. But don't think me inexorable in propoſing this poetical penance, ſince I am fully ſatisfy'd with

with your promiſe of reformation. Yet I cannot decently, or conſiſtently dwell any longer on this ſubject, being conſcious of my own neglect, and ſenſible how much it is in your power to recriminate.

I ſhou'd indeed have anſwer'd your firſt letter ſooner, but waited for the entertainment of the verſes you promis'd me. I call it the firſt letter, ſince it was the firſt receiv'd after that long ceſſation, in our epiſtolary commerce. So that commencing from that dormant period, I from thence date a new æra in the kalendar of our correſpondence. I hope you'll oblige me with the poem you promis'd me in your next, by way of expiation. And I aſſure you the next letter you ſeal, thus dedicated to reſentment, ſhall alſo ſeal your pardon, and be attended with the muſe's benediction. And I don't doubt but this will be more acceptable to you, than the abſolution of St. *Urſula*; and the pardon of the nine muſes, weigh more with you, than that of the eleven thouſand virgins, or the *Ave-Marias* of all the ſaints, in the modern *Pantheon*.

I'm exceedingly pleas'd to hear that Lord *Orrery* has almoſt compleated his *Pliny*; and don't doubt but the tranſlation will be well executed under the conduct of ſo judicious a critic, and ſo polite a gentleman. We ſhall now ſee the procunſul revive again, and

riſe

rise with fresh lustre from the rust of ages, and obscurity of time. He will only assume another shape, and appear again cloath'd in a new vehicle, and a different mode of existence. My lord's translation will at least convince unbelievers, and sceptics of this sort of resurrection; I mean the resurrection of wit, and learning, and the regeneration of the author's spirit, after the eclipse and slumber of 1700 years. His genius will not be annihilated by time, but be only transus'd into another system of matter, and animate other organs. That which inspir'd the proconsul, and glow'd in the *Roman* orator, is now reviv'd in a *Boyle*, and shines in a *British* peer. I am very much of opinion, that there is the same quantity or portion of wit, and sense still existing in the universe, tho' unequally distributed; and that, upon the whole, there is nothing lost in the intellectual, or ideal, any more than in the material, or physical creation. The celestial fire may for a time be eclipsed, and benighted by the clouds of ignorance, barbarity and superstition; or smother'd under the dust, and ruin of conquer'd states, and dissolving empires; but is never quite extinguish'd. If it is lost, or obscur'd in one race, or family, it often rises up in another, and only appears in a new shape or livery of learning. 'Tis the same here as in the material world; that which now glows in a rose, or blushes in a piony, may hereafter shine in a glow-

worm

worm, paint the carnation, or adorn the wings of a butterfly. Nothing is loſt or extinct, but only, as naturaliſts expreſs it, cook'd up in a different form or modification of being, and aſſumes a new dreſs; It is no new creation, but only ſhifting, or tranſmutation. As *Virgil* beautifully deſcribes it.

Et ſæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamq; inſita mala
Ferre pyrum, & prunis lapidoſa rubeſcere corna.

THUS learning has its winter, as well as herbs, flowers, and inſects, tho' not in ſo regular, and uniform a courſe. It riſes, or falls, fades, or flouriſhes, with the growth, or declenſions of ſtates, and convulſions of kingdoms. Like them it has its ſtormy, and blighting, its mild, and propitious ſeaſons. Sometimes it ſmiles under the ſunſhine of a *Trajan*, an *Auguſtus*, a *Bacon*, or a *Boyle*; or pines under the malignant aſpect of a *Piſiſtratus*, a *Domitian*, an *Attila*, or a *Solyman*.

BUT I muſt conclude; and aſſure you that amidſt all theſe viciſſitudes, and revolutions, nothing can diſturb the conſtancy, with which I ſubſcribe myſelf,

Immutably Yours.

TO

TO
A LADY.

MADAM,

I RETURN you a great many thanks for your kind, elegant, and ſympathizing letter of condolance, on the death of my dear ſiſter. In which you diſcover the tenderneſs of a relation, the ſincerity of a friend, and the temper of a philoſopher. It wou'd have been a double ſatisfaction, if you had vented your paſſion in the beautys of verſe, and call'd in the elegiac muſes, to paint out the diſtreſs, and mingle their tears in cadence. This wou'd be to ſet off the ſhades of ſorrow, to brighten grief, and throw an ornament o'er its gloomy viſage.

NUMBERS *like yours, cou'd gild the tragic ſhow,*
Give ſmiles to death, and decency to woe;

Dif-

Diffuſe a pleaſing luſtre o'er the tomb,
Brighten the ſhade, and beautify the gloom.
To be thus mourn'd, — ſome generous ſouls wou'd chuſe,
To fall ſubmiſſive martyrs to the muſe;
Wou'd court the cold embrace, nor fear the ſting,
Pleas'd with the fate, which ſuch a pen ſhou'd ſing.
Death has no terrors to the good, and brave,
The dread of fools, and bugbear of the ſlave.
A mind like yours, can all its rage defy,
And hail the ſtorm, that wafts you to the ſky.

I HAD not the leaſt thought of rhiming, when I firſt begun this addreſs. So you are to regard it only as a ſort of rhapſody, extempore flight, or ſally, which I leave you to improve on, and reduce to order. Your abſence has very much cool'd my inclination to poetry. I can now produce nothing but occaſional odes, or undigeſted ſonnets. I fear my muſe is about to grow ſullen, ſilent, and moroſe. I want ſomething of yours to animate me. There is certainly ſomewhat very catching, and infectious in the poetical ſpirit. The divine enthuſiaſm flies from one to another, we kindle by ſympathy, and emulation; till it propagates itſelf thro' all who are ſuſceptible of the paſſion, like lambent flames, or contagious diſeaſes. I was doubtful that the cares of a ſocial life, wou'd have baniſh'd the ſociety of the muſes; but I find that a married ſtate has not in the

leaſt

leaſt damp'd your inclination to poetry. It wou'd be too great a compliment to my ſiſter, to conclude from your long ſilence, that your grief has, like *Niobe*, ſtruck you dumb. According to the latin apophthegm.

Leves curæ, loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent.

In loud complaints light troubles find relief,
But great afflictions ſtrike us dumb with grief.

I am, with much Gratitude,

Your humble Servant.

Nov. 1738.

TO

A Young GENTLEMAN,

STUDENT at an ACADEMY.

SIR,

YOU desire me to satisfy you, with regard to some difficulties you have lately met with in your study of the scriptures. Indeed I'm not at all surpriz'd that you meet with some perplexitys, and remoras in your academical enquiries. It is a sign of a good disposition, and an inquisitive mind, to pry into the reason of things, and not to take every thing for fact, which is said to bear a divine stamp, and has

been handed down to us by ſuperſtitious rabbis, and deſigning prieſts.

But I wonder you are at all ſtagger'd at the difficulties you mention; and really think that if you have no ſtronger objections than thoſe you hint at, you have no reaſon to diſſent from the religion of your country. Moſt of the texts you cite, with regard to God's being repreſented in a too familiar light, and unbecoming manner, are figurative, and metaphorical only. As the Divine Being's attributes are above our comprehenſion, it is natural, and neceſſary, to repreſent them to our view by ſenſible ſymbols; and to accommodate them to our capacitys, by compariſons, or allegorys, borrow'd from the common occurrences of human life, and the ſimilar, tho' infinitely diſproportionate paſſions of human nature.

Sic parvis componere magna ſolebam.

As for thoſe phraſes in the *Old Teſtament*, where God is deſcrib'd as an unjuſt, or tyrannical being, or as countenancing ſuch characters, we ſhou'd rather be inclin'd to think, that there is ſome error in the tranſlation, or ſome other circumſtances in thoſe times,

times, which juſtify'd ſuch a ſeverity of conduct; or at leaſt ſuſpend our judgment, 'till we are well acquainted with critical and oriental hiſtory, and the peculiarities of the *Jewiſh* theocracy. You ſay indeed, and not without reaſon, that it is better not to believe the inſpiration of the ſcriptures, than to ſuppoſe that they repreſent the ſupreme being as unjuſt, deſpotic, or revengeful: Becauſe our natural evidences for the perfections of the deity, are ſuperior to the credibility of that teſtimony, on which the ſcriptures reſt. The particular doctrines of ſome, whether *calviniſtical*, *tritheiſtical*, *ſabellian*, or *ſocinian*, don't cancel the authority of ſacred writ; for men are fallible, and ſome parts of the goſpel may be miſrepreſented, and the ſame text ſerve a hundred ſects, and be transform'd into as many different ſhapes: Like a conjurer's paper, which is now a fan, then a fardingal, a church, a candleſtic, or what you pleaſe, and yet the ſame paper ſtill. This is call'd *leger-demain*, or conjuring, as the other is *hocus pocus* in divinity. I know a country curate, who is well vers'd in this cabbaliſtical juggling: He'll metamorphoſe a text in a moment, and ring as many changes on a few verſes, as St. *Bride*'s bells will run thro', and thus the pulpit grows as muſical, and variable, as the belfry. Yet

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there is ſo much in your objection, that this variety of opinions ſeems at firſt to interfere with the uniformity and plainneſs of ſcripture. As to the eternity of hell torments, my temper is perhaps too humane to be a good judge, for I can't digeſt the rigour of ſuch divinity, and I hope I ſhan't deſerve it. I am not bound to believe every thing handed down by tradition, if it claſhes with a more antient and ſacred oracle than that, reaſon and common ſenſe.

I am Yours.

TO

A YOUNG LADY.

YOU find, Madam, I ſtill continue to trouble the peace of your retirement, and to haunt your ſolitude like ſome unquiet ghoſt. I firſt of all diſturb'd you with poetry, and public panegyric, next with my company; and now this letter intrudes on your repoſe, and interrupts your ſilent meditations. It is very likely, it may find you ſleeping in ſome ſhady alcove, or ſurprize you beneath ſome poetic bower, in the midſt of rural contemplation. But give me leave to ſay, that you ought to be diſturb'd in ſuch criminal repoſe. When your muſe ſleeps, ſhe ought to be ſummon'd to her duty, and rous'd out of ſuch a dangerous ſlumber. 'Tis a kind alarm. As in a lethargy the moſt ſtimulating applications are beſt, to quicken the patient, and remove

the ſtupor. As you have been ſilent for ſome time, it makes me ſuſpect that you are infected with ſome of thoſe comatoſe ſymptoms, which, if not prevented in time, may end in a total ſtagnation. You'll excuſe the barbarity of theſe phraſes, when you conſider that I am now preſcribing for you. I adviſe you therefore, by all means, to exerciſe your genius, and ſet your facultys to work; and to drink, at proper medical hours, ſome of your *Caſtalian* waters, obſerving a due poetic regimen in the mean time.

THO' I have crown'd you with bays, I wou'd not have you think you are to ſit ſtill, and ſleep under the ſhade of your garland, and ſing a *requiem* to your muſe. This honour ought to be an incitement to duty and glory.

I am,

JUNE, 1749. *Yours,* &c.

THE

THE ANSWER.

I WAS, Sir, in a far leſs agreeable ſituation, than you imagin'd, when I had the favour of yours; and was ſhuddering in my chamber on one of thoſe uncommon cold days for this ſeaſon, and juſt penning a ſober epiſtle, But had I been in ſuch a ſweet reverie, or charming retreat, as you deſcribe, I ſhould have been very well pleas'd to have had my repoſe, ſo agreeably interrupted.

I AM very ſorry that I ſhou'd differ in opinion from you, but you can't perſuade me, that there is any thing criminal in my ſilence. I hate to do any thing contrary to my inclination, and I aſſure you, I have

not been ſeiz'd with a rhiming fit this long time. O! there is ſuch a bewitching charm in eaſe, that I have ſome thoughts of bidding the world farewel, of taking a draught of narcotic *Lethè*, and ſliding into the caſtle of indolence, there to ſpend my days in ſoft repoſe. I'm much oblig'd to you for your friendly advice to my muſe, but doubt it comes too late. I fear her caſe is deſperate, and that all applications will prove ineffectual; and the ſtrongeſt antihypnotics be all in vain. The medullary ſubſtance of my brain, being ſeiz'd with ſuch a ſtupefaction; that the moſt ſtimulating medicines will be fruitleſs. And what makes the caſe ſtill worſe, is, that ſhe is in love with her diſeaſe, and don't chuſe to be rous'd. But leſt you ſhou'd reſume the gift, and pluck that crown from her nodding brow, with which you have elegantly adorn'd it, ſhe wou'd willingly follow your preſcription, as far as 'tis in her power. In the firſt place you bid me exerciſe my genius; but this, if ever I had one, I find quite immers'd in ſtupidity, and overwhelm'd with vapours and pacific dews. And tho' I don't feel any *diſæthesia*, yet I cannot ſhake off the ſtupor, or ſet my animal facultys to work. She wou'd gladly drink of the *Caſtalian* ſprings, but our country don't produce thoſe waters. And as for the poetic regimen you recommend, I can't directly determine whether it conſiſts in a total abſtinence from animal food,

food, or in milk, and vegetable diet. But cou'd I learn what is the diet, of the *Briſtol* poet, I wou'd certainly enter on the reverſe in every particular. You Sir, may think as contemptibly as you pleaſe, of the poems which have lately appear'd; but I think I have reaſon to be of another opinion, when I tell you, what fine compliments I have lately receiv'd from that place, on my birth-day verſes. Are you not ſurpriz'd I did not anſwer them? You may from thence deem me an incurable: And in as deep a ſleep as *Epimenides*, when in the midſt of his fifty-ſeventh year's nap. But here you and I diſagree: You are aſham'd to appear in bad company. But bad verſes will ſometimes ſerve as a foil; tho' yours need none. Yet the brighteſt *belle* ſhines ſtill brighter, when age and deformity ſit near. You ſay I'm fairly condemn'd, when you brought me to a trial *(ſee the* Lady's Trial, *p.* 102*)* but begging your pardon; I don't think I had ~~a fair~~ trial. In the firſt place, I don't like the umpire; for a female judge, as well as a male, may be corrupted. And as I have heard there is a great intimacy between you and *Minerva*. I have a ſtrong ſuſpicion of ſome unfair dealing. And next, as you are hand and glove with all the *muſes*, I know they will ſay any thing to oblige you. Then I have my exceptions to the jury, and am confident, had *Juvenal*, *Milton*, or *Swift* been ſummon'd, the bill had been brought in *Ignoramus*. Nay, *Cupid*,

as

as you confeſs yourſelf, was never *ſubpœna'd:* And let me tell you, you'll ſcarce find a female in the nation who does, in reality, hold a correſpondence with the nine, but that *Cupid* can bring the ſtrongeſt proofs againſt her. Well,—you have crown'd me, and I have pretty well overcome any ſcruples of conſcience, about my right to the crown, and ſhall enquire no farther, if I came by it juſtly, or unjuſtly. But now I have it, I may act as I pleaſe. You ſhou'd have taken proper precautions before hand, and obliged me to take an oath of allegiance to the muſes, before my coronation; tho' 'tis probable, if you had, that like other crown'd heads, I ſhou'd never have thought of the oath, after I had been poſſeſt of the crown. But I'm quite aſham'd of theſe ungrateful expreſſions, and to atone for them, aſſure you, I'll uſe my beſt endeavours, to tear my muſe out of the ſoft enchanting arms of *Morpheus*; and if I can't recover her out of that magic circle, I'll force her to ſing even in the lap of that drowſy deity, to convince you, that whether ſleeping or waking, ſhe is at your ſervice: But take care you are not infected by the ſtupifying ſong; and ſhou'd you ſee any thing in the papers dated from *H*——, I adviſe you to drink a cup or two of coffee, as an antidote againſt the morbific effluvia of a muſe that ſings in her ſleep. But I beg pardon for taking the liberty of adviſing you; for 'tis certainly ſomewhat

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prepoſterous for the patient to adviſe the doctor; but women are fond of novel ways. But to return to my crown, which I am very much delighted with, you have heap'd ſuch a load of bays on my brow, that 'tis impoſſible to avoid nodding. And thus you ſee my ſlumber is partly owing to yourſelf. Well, — 'tis the fineſt ſhade I was ever under in my life; and I often congratulate my muſe on her unexpected promotion. And I think it the moſt prudent way to ſit down ſatisfy'd with the unmerited honours you have confer'd on me: This is a truth too many have prov'd by woful experience, who, if they had been contented with a moderate ſhare of honour, had never been thrown from the airy pinnacle of glory, to the dirty pit of contempt.

My father is much oblig'd to you for your poem on the diſappointed travellers. It is certainly very entertaining; and ſince hunger is ſuch an excellent whet to wit, I fancy faſting wou'd be the beſt method to quicken my torpid muſe. To be ſure, 'tis barbarous to be merry at another's misfortunes; but when I reflect on the melancholy circumſtances the three learned profeſſions were involv'd in, I can't forbear laughing at your mortify'd ſituation; and the penance ſuch ſtarving pilgrims underwent, in leaving their ſtudys, for the ſake of a dinner.

Your Servant.

JUNE 1749. The

The REPLY.

MADAM,

I AM much oblig'd to you for the favour of yours, of *June* 20th laſt. I was really half aſleep, when your drowſy letter as you call d it, thoroughly awak'd me. If your ſleeping meditations and dreams are thus bright and inſpir'd, I had rather have your ſlumbering epiſtles, than many others that are awake. I have often receiv'd letters which have had a narcotic quality in them, and have lull'd me to ſleep, as much as an anodyne poſſet, or a draught of cowſlip wine, or *nepenthé*. You talk in a very mortify'd ſtrain, about retiring from the world, taking a draught of *Lethe*, &c. But let me tell you, this language ill becomes one of your ſprightly temper. You are too young and gay, thus to ſequeſter yourſelf from ſociety; and like ſome enthuſiaſtic, ſoli-

litary

litary nun, take the habit, and enter on a monaſtic life. But was you thus to cloyſter yourſelf in a cell, I ſhou'd often diſturb your repoſe, haunt your hermitage when living, and when dead purſue you ſtill, and canonize you afterwards. And I dare ſay with more juſtice, than moſt of thoſe female votarys who adorn the *Roman Kalendar :* And in a fit of devotion or melancholy, take the veil, turn devoteès and work miracles. You wou'd then be chronicl'd in the rubric, like St. *Urſula*, or St. *Catherine*, &c. and ſhine in red letters in the almanac, for generations to come. You wou'd then be recorded with the days of the month, amongſt kings, queens, and conſtellations.

So you are much miſtaken, if you think, by turning recluſe, that you are about to ſleep in oblivion, and to withdraw from the world, when you are thus entering farther into it, and living after death. Your caſe wou'd not be like that deſcrib'd by *Pope*.

How happy is the blameleſs virgin's lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

I BELIEVE now you begin to wonder what I am about to do with you, and what ſort of mortal you are. You know I crown'd you before with a poetic

garland

garland; and am now preparing to canonize you amongſt ſaints and martyrs. And you may aſſure yourſelf, that was you to live like an anchorite, to ſleep in a cave, and to make your exit in that manner, I ſhou'd annually viſit your cell, and make a pilgrimage to your tomb; and, I dare ſay, with as much devotion, as thoſe who viſit *Mahomet*'s at *Mecca*, or St. *Mary Magdalen*'s at *Loretto*. Your w——s wou'd then receive a new ſanctify'd name, and be as much reſorted to as St. *Winifred*'s famous well in *Wales*.

I THINK I have now ſaid enough to rouſe you out of your lethargic ſtate: Tho' you ſay that you are deep immers'd in the *Lethæan* lake, and are ſliding into the caſtle of indolence, yet I ſhou'd, like ſome advent'rous knight, or Don *Quixote*, ſtorm the magic walls, find out the ſleeping nymph, and diſſolve the inchantment. You'll ſay this is all romantic. But I aſſure you, if you will let me know the exact time, when the ſleeping fit approaches, I will certainly come, and provide myſelf with a panacea, to remove the ſtupor, and alarm you out of your ſlumber. But I find tho' you ſleep yourſelf, you can make inanimate things ſpeak about you, that never ſpoke before. You have now in your poem on the *H—t* water's complaint, animated the pump, and made it ſpeak good ſenſe, and wit. Only, like

ſome

ſome people, it may very properly be ſaid, to ſpeak thro' its noſe.

YOUR laſt letter pleas'd me ſo much, that I muſt deſire you to write again whether awake, or aſleep; if the laſt, pray ſend me the reſult of your ſleeping lucubrations. You know poet's dreams are inſpir'd, and their ſlumbers oraculous. If you continue in the drowſy, comatoſe ſtate, pray ſend me word of it, and you ſhall have the beſt advice I can give, and always *gratis*.

So wiſhing you a good night, I expect a letter very ſoon from your dormitory cell, which will oblige

Yours, &c.

JUNE 1749.

The

The ANSWER.

JULY, 1749.

INDEED Doctor you are quite mistaken in thinking I am young and gay. For I assure you I am grave and old. We women love contradiction; besides I know surely my own age and temper best. Well—supposing I'm charm'd into the castle of indolence; don't imagine that I am going out of the World.—No, no, I'm only stepping farther into it. I dare say above half the people of *Europe* have taken up lodgings there already; and some of the best sort too. But don't mistake my meaning; by the best, I mean the richest.——Well—I am come to life again, nor won't be fainted this turn, to give you the satisfaction of a strolling pilgrimage. I'll accept of no saintship on this side the skys, lest I shou'd miss it on the other. For I am apt to think, man has made many a saint in this world, who will turn

out

out ſinners in the next: And tho' I am obliged to you for your noble, and hazardous intentions, I ſhall not, for this time, put you to the trouble of ſtorming caſtles, and diſſolving enchantments, of providing yourſelf a *Roſinante*, or truſty 'ſquire *Sancho*, with proper accoutrements, for ſuch a deſperate undertaking, where you might be loſt yourſelf. For ſhou'd you come within the reach of *Circe*, who ſits at the gate of this enchanted caſtle, you wou'd more probably be my companion, than deliverer.

I HAVE a melancholy ſtory to tell you of my muſe. I never left teizing her, 'till I had wak'd her: She gap'd, and aſk'd, what I wanted? I told her, ſhe muſt ſing. 'Twas thus *Virgil*'s ſhepherds wak'd the drowſy God *Silenus*. She told me, ſhe cou'd not, and was much out of humour. But being told ſhe muſt, ſhe gap'd again, and utter'd *The Pump's Complaint*; but was horribly in a pet all the while. Soon after I was much engag'd in the hurry of company, and was obliged to viſit ſix days out of ſeven. The muſes you know hate noiſe, and flutter, ſo ſhe took advantage of my eternal engagements, and ſtole away one afternoon in the midſt of an aſſembly; nor have I had leiſure, or inclination, to enquire after her ſince. She has ſlept away one half of the ſummer, and I ſuppoſe deſigns to loiter away the other half, in verdant meads, near tinkling rills, and amaranthine-bow-

ers. Nor do I, in the leaſt, expect her return, 'till two, or three ſmart froſts drive her home. I give myſelf no trouble about the fugitive, being ſure of her at laſt. She has ſeveral times before elop'd from me in ſummer, but always return'd at the firſt ſetting in of the *Pleiades*, or on the approach of ſtormy, wintry weather. Can't one account for this phænomenon in a natural way? as well as for the migration of ſnites, pheaſants, and woodcocks at a certain ſeaſon, and their ſtated, periodical flights. Now, Sir, you know that the intellectual facultys depend very much on the connection we have.—But I won't enter into philoſophy.

I HAVE heard of the ſeven winter ſleepers, but, I believe, mine is the only ſummer ſleeper. I thank you for the free offer of your advice; but believe me, I'm not aſham'd of the unfaſhionable enjoyment of rude health. Had you gentlemen no better patients than myſelf, nine parts in ten of you might indulge a ſweet repoſe in the downy caſtle of indolence.

I am, with all my ſenſes about me,

Yours, &c.

THE

THE REPLY.

AUGUST, 1749.

I THOUGHT, madam, my laſt letter wou'd have left you as ſilent, as the ghoſt which I made of you. But I find that you are determined not to be cheated, or complimented out of your exiſtence. You won't buy immortality, and adoration on ſuch terms. You tell me you are come to life again, and won't be ſainted this turn. I aſſure, you I am very glad of your reſurrection; and find now, that my laſt letter, had as good an effect as a bliſter-plaiſter. I told you before, that I wou'd not let you reſt in peace, and was too much your friend to ſooth you in thoſe dangerous ſlumbers, and rock your repoſe. Now you begin to exert yourſelf, leſt you ſhou'd be buried alive, and idoliz'd, like ſome tutelar ſaint or relic. Beſides, I find you are much afraid of my ſtorming your enchanted caſtle, and threaten me

with a male *Circe*, who, with his magic power, will confine me in the ſleepy palace, where I ſhall be rather your companion, than deliverer. If ſo, the adventure wou'd end very agreeably: With ſuch a companion the bondage wou'd be happy, and the captivity pleaſing. You tell me that you are neither young, nor gay; but I muſt credit my own ſenſes, or was I under ſome ſtrange deluſion or faſcination, when in your company? For, notwithſtanding your mourning robes, and ſable, funeral appearance, I cou'd diſcover an uncommon vivacity, and ſprightlineſs in your looks, thro' all the gloom and gravity of your dreſs. Beſides, you muſt know that I am a great phyſiognomiſt, and the moment I ſaw you, cou'd tell your age, and diſpoſition at the firſt glance. I am ſorry to hear that your muſe has elop'd from you, and ſhou'd be glad to meet with her in her ſolitary ramble.

Whether o'er plains ſhe likes to rove,
Or haunts the muſic of the grove;
Or if the brooks delight her more,
Or airy heights where lapwings ſoar,
Cloſe to her ſteps I'd follow ſtill,
And trace the nymph from hill to hill.
Tell me, ye ſwains, O! tell me where,
At noon to find the ſleeping fair, &c.

If I cou'd light on this vagabond, I wou'd treat her with the utmoſt hoſpitality; eſpecially as I have now a vacant place for her, having loſt my own, in the laſt foggy morning.

I LIKE your frankneſs, and ſincerity, in telling me you don't approve of the preſent conduct of our miniſtry, and the meaſures of adminiſtration. And I aſſure you, in many things, my ſentiments coincide with yours: But poetry and politics never well agree together. 'Tis our buſineſs to ſing in the groves, while we have any to ſing in. I hope the Government won't lay a tax on wit, as well as on every thing elſe. If ſo, they'll have a large revenue out of your poetical eſtate. The light of our minds will then increaſe the exchequer, as well as that of the ſky; unleſs we darken up our underſtandings, as well as our windows.

As to party ſentiments, whether religious, or political, I never like a perſon one jot the worſe for differing from me in either; if he is ſo candid, as to allow me the ſame quarter and privilege. There's nothing ſhews a more mean, abject, narrow, contracted ſpirit, than to cenſure or condemn others for differing from us in religious matters. We can no more help our opinions, than we can our complexion, or feature. As to almoſt all mankind, 'tis chance,

cuſtom, and education alone that make the difference. Where one changes his religion or party, on principle, or conviction, ten thouſand take it as they find it. We might as well be angry with each other for being born under ſuch a latitude. If we had been bred up in *China* or *Turky*, in *Italy* or *Germany*, we ſhou'd have been Pagans, or Mahometans, Papiſts, or Lutherans, as the ſeveral countries differ'd. All ſuch profeſſion is only local and nominal; and all ſuch may be call'd accidental religion, any farther than we are convinc'd by reaſon and examination. It is honeſty and juſtice, truth and ſincerity alone, which can make a good or a bad man, in any climate, or any ſect. This is in our power, the other not. It matters not much, if we are ſincere, as to the external conformity, whether we worſhip in a ſynagogue, or a grove, at a moſque, or a meeting-houſe, a gilded altar, or a humble rural chapel, cover'd with yew and ivy. I think I cou'd be more devout at the latter. Thoſe old ruinous ſtones, and reverend greens, wou'd inſpire me more, than the pomp of golden candleſtics, and conſecrated images.

I HAVE thus given you my notion of religious matters. Sincerity is enough: All the reſt is but froth, noiſe, and vanity; or, what is worſe, ill-nature, ſpleen and perſecution. With regard to what

I have ſaid on this ſubject, Mr. *Pope* very juſtly obſerves:

Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect—and all are damn'd beſide.
Meanly they ſeek that bleſſing to confine, &c.

Pope himſelf was the ſubject of much religious rage, and rancor amongſt bigoted proteſtants, on account of his being a Roman Catholic; tho' he was a perſon of the utmoſt candor, humanity, and benevolence to all others. Every proteſtant who is poſſeſt with this damning, perſecuting ſpirit, is himſelf a papiſt in the worſt ſenſe, whatever his profeſſion may be. Had it not been for a ſpirit of enquiry, toleration, and liberty amongſt the firſt reformers, we ſhou'd ſtill have continu'd under the clouds of popiſh darkneſs, ſuperſtition, and ignorance. It was a juſt, and fine character that *Dryden* gave of Sir *William Gower*, in one of his Dedications, *viz. You have not ſuffer'd the difference of opinions, which produces ſuch hatred, and enmity amongſt the brutal part of our ſpecies, to alter your regard for me, or divert you from the ſettled baſis of good-nature and good-ſenſe.* Merit ought to be the only badge and characteriſtic. And this it is that prompts me to be inviolably.

Yours, &c.

FROM

Mr. R - - - - - L,

At St. *Mary-Hall*, OXFORD.

Dear Sir,

I RECEIVED your laſt favour at this place, and return you my thanks for the verſes on the *Diſappointed Travellers*, which I had the ſatisfaction to ſhew to (Dr. *King*) and Mr. *Watkins*. They all join with me in their commendations of them, and were much entertain'd with the deſcription you ſo humorouſly give of the different ſentiments of each ſuffering profeſſion.

I HAVE now left the buſtle, as well as diverſions, of *London* for the retirement, and improvement of this univerſity at St. *Mary-Hall*. I can want no advantage of a learned kind, for our principal is

Dr.

Dr. *King*, no enjoyment that ſincere friendſhip can beſtow, for here I ſhall enjoy the ſociety of Lord *B—e*, at his return from *Ireland*, where he is now ill of an ague. Oh that with the ſkill of *Eſculapius*, you had the wings of *Hermes*, and could reſtore him to me, and his health to him! You'll forgive the warm flights I take on this occaſion; but when Lord *B—le* labours under any oppreſſion, my heart ſeems to ſhoot into an *Hercules*, that would break from confinement, and lift the load from his ſhoulders.

I HAVE not got a copy here, of thoſe verſes I promis'd you, but as ſoon as I receive my papers I ſhall punctually keep my word, and ſubmit them to your correction. — Dear ſir, let me have ſoon the pleaſure of hearing from you, I'll watch every college, the gentle ſtreams of *Iſis*, and every thing elſe worth notice at *Oxford*, but I'll entertain you in my next, and convince you that the inſpiration of the univerſity, is preferable to that of *London*, and that wherever I am, I cannot ceaſe to be,

Dear SIR,

Your faithful humble Servant.

TO

TO

Mr. R - - - - - L.

Dear Sir,

I RECEIV'D yours, and am much oblig'd to you for the kind approbation my burlesque verses met with at *Oxford.* But in your encomiums I doubt you discover more of the candid partiality of a friend, than the just opinion, and kind severity of a critic. I assure you I have often been more edify'd by the satyr of an enemy, than the panegyric of a friend. The one is a sincere monitor, to keep us on our guard, to alarm our vigilance, and point out our follys, or vices: While the other, by praise, and well-meant compliment, addresses our weaker part, sooths our vanity, and lulls us asleep with the pleasing smiles of applause: Like a calm at sea, which is often more dangerous than the

the roughneſs of a ſtorm, and the rage of a tempeſt. We are enchanted by the one, but alarm'd by the other. That makes us ſecure, and thoughtleſs; but this watchful, and attentive. You tell me a friend of yours, at *Oxford*, is about to publiſh the lives of ingenious *Engliſh* ladies; and as I have the pleaſure to be acquainted with one who deſerves that character, I ſhou'd be glad to ſee her ſhine in ſuch a conſtellation of wits. I ſhall ſend you ſome of her poems, that you may judge of her accompliſhments. It is pity one of ſuch fine brillant parts, ſhou'd be eclipſed in obſcurity. But you know —

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.

It is certain, that, in all ages, moſt people of genius, and a philoſophical taſte, have been fond of ſolitude and retirement. But merit ought not to be conceal'd in ſhades, or immur'd in cloyſters. If you knew her private virtues, as well as her poetical, and intellectual endowments, you wou'd certainly think ſhe wou'd make a very diſtinguiſh'd figure in ſuch a galaxy of ladies.

I HAVE lately read over *Thomſon's Caſtle of Indolence*; and tho' there are a great many fine ſentiments in it, I think he ſeems, ſometimes, to have nodded in his own palace.

I am Yours.

THE

THE ANSWER TO THE LADY'S LAST LETTER of *August* 1749.

I NOW, Madam, frankly confeſs that I am fairly outdone, and at my own weapons too. Your pen is victorious both in poetry and proſe. What preſumption was it in me to enter the liſts with ſuch a heroine, ſo renown'd for paper adventures, and the chivalry of that wing'd and pointed inſtrument the quill? However, 'tis a conſolation to me to contend with ſuch a competitor, proud if I am vanquiſh'd by ſo fair an antagoniſt.

You

You are much mistaken in thinking me to be quite jaded, and fatigued. I assure you I am never tir'd with reading your letters, especially your last, and longest. It pleas'd me the more, as it was checquer'd, and diversify'd with the beauties of poetry. I find your vagrant gipsey of a muse has not took such a long flight, but that she returns to her old quarters again, and gives you a visit sometimes. Like *Noah*'s dove, she found no rest for her feet, in this inhospitable region; but flew back again, with bays in her mouth. Now she is return'd with such a present, I advise you to entertain her well, to prevent such sallies for the future. So now I have no need to pursue this vagabond, this *ignus fatuus*, any longer. Besides, I am afraid, if I shou'd follow the meteor, and be deluded by the wandring light, I might fall into some bog, or be lost in some impenetrable forest.

Yet if by chance I heard her song,
Chanting far off the woods among,
Invited by the rural lay,
I'd thro' the pathless desart stray,
Where roses wild adorn the green,
And wither in the shade unseen;
And many a pink, and artless flower,
With purple stain the sylvan bower.

While

While cooing turtles from on high,
Murmur their love-plaints near the ſky.
I'd aſk each wood-nymph of the ſhade,
If they had ſeen the wand'ring maid;
And in what boſky grove or cell,
The ſolitary fair might dwell.
Or if the drowſy god of ſleep,
Has clos'd her eyes in ſlumber deep;
And with enchantments magic tie,
Seal'd up thoſe lips of harmony.
Pan, *with his horn, ſhou'd break the ſpell,*
And ſhake the dormitory cell.

I ASSURE you, Madam, you are miſtaken in your interpretation of my ſparkling enigma, as you are pleas'd to call it. I don't know how you could unravel the meaning of thoſe three aſteriſms, when I had none myſelf. For I only ſet them down at random to puzzle you, as you had perplex'd me with your intricrate ſcrawl of blotted lines; which I believe a *Cecil* cou'd not have decypher'd, nor *Ariadne* herſelf unravel. As you write ſo many enigma's, I regard you as a *Delphian* prieſteſs, or one of the ſybil maids of old, who ſat on a tripos, and deliver'd out propheſies in verſe. Your ſolution of the meaning of thoſe three ſtars is very ingenious and probable. Indeed they may ſtand for many things, and contain as much

much myſtery as *Oates*'s plot, or *Layer*'s conſpiracy. They may be a type or emblem of the three kings at *Cologne*, the three graces, a triple crown, or the three kingdoms of *Britain*. But the truth is, I intended nothing by them, but amuſement; and a ſort of counterpart to your hieroglyphic lines.

YOUR ſentiments of religion and liberty, I like extremely. We ought certainly, in common juſtice, and charity, to allow each other, a fair, and mutual liberty of enquiry, in religious matters eſpecially. *Judge not that you be not judged. To his own maſter he ſtandeth or falls*, are uſeful leſſons. In theſe caſes, I think we ought to do as we wou'd be done by. Another divine, and golden precept. Many people have been ſtigmatiz'd for error, and damn'd for heretics, who may find a milder ſentence hereafter, before a more impartial judge, and more candid tribunal. We are not to ſettle our notions of truth and error, from the ſanction of infallible popes, venerable councils, and grey-hair'd ſynods. No doubt it is their province to ſettle their own rules, rubrics, rites, and canons. But every one muſt judge of the truth of a propoſition according to his own ideas, and perception, and not anothers. Unleſs we cou'd all ſee with the ſame intellectual optics, and thro' one univerſal infallible medium. But as in viſion, people muſt ſee according to the repreſentation of objects

painted

painted on the retina; ſo they muſt judge according as the evidence of things appears to the underſtanding. Yet moſt of our idle diſputes and controverſies have proceeded from this ſuppoſed certainty, or infallibility in ourſelves; and for want of a mutual indulgence, and toleration to thoſe who differ from us in ſome ſpeculations.

BUT whatever is truth or error, right or wrong, ſo far it is certain, that a perſecutor is always wrong in practice, however orthodox in opinion.

I SUPPOSE you have ſeen the earl of *Orrery*'s life of *Swift*, which is wrote in a very genteel manner, in the politeſt ſtile, and with the moſt impartial pen. As his lordſhip has celebrated his wit, and parts, he has alſo expoſed his failings and vices. I had lately the honour of a viſit from his Lordſhip and his two ſons; who are both young gentlemen of great and promiſing parts. I can aſſure you his lordſhip enquir'd after *Sylvia*, and told me he ſhould be pleas'd to ſee ſome of your verſes.

I am,

Your humble ſervant.

AN

A N

Allegorical Dialogue,

BETWEEN THE

HUCK-MUCK, † *and the* BEESOM,

Which is Lately introduc'd by ſome

BREWERS, *inſtead of the* OLD HUCK-MUCK.

THOU upſtart ſon, of mungril race,
Preſume not to uſurp my place.
From antient, royal lineage born,
Thy mean original I ſcorn.

† The STRAINER us'd in Brewing.

In bright, hereditary line,
Th' immortal race of *Huck-mucks* ſhine.
My antient pedigree I hold,
From fam'd *Diogenes* of old;
Only this difference is obſerv'd,
I thrive, and fatten, where he ſtarv'd.
The *Cynic* ſnarl'd in empty cell,
While I in plenteous moiſture dwell;
And revel oft' from morn to night,
Like *Bacchus* in diſtended plight.

SECUR'D by *right divine*, I reign
O'er every tributary grain:
Millions of ſubjects round me throng,
And pay me tribute, right, or wrong.
And tho' they oft' rebel, and jar,
Fermenting with inteſtine war,
Yet ſoon with ſpunging power I quell
All inſurrections in my cell;
And drain my ſubjects vital ſap,
At my old cuſtom-houſe, the tap.
The juice which ſlakes a monarch's thirſt,
Is thro' my veſſels filter'd firſt.
Round me in daily ſacrifice,
Sweet clouds of ſmoaking incenſe riſe;
While from my fountain-head below,
Rich tides of fragrant liquor flow.

Or portly, and majeſtic ſize,
Thy taper ſtructure I deſpiſe.
Shall ſuch a mean, *Plebeian* ſcrub,
Reign in the palace of my tub?
Vile offspring thou, of bending broom,
Or humble heath, ſhalt thou preſume
T' invade my old paternal throne,
Who haſt no title of thy own?
While I from loftier trees high-born,
Regard thy reptile race with ſcorn.
No more my awful ſceptre brave,
Fit implement of every ſlave;
Thy ſervile drudgery I diſdain,
Go ſweep the kitchen which I ſtain.

Thus from his throne the *Huck-muck* ſpoke,
And next the *Beeſom* ſilence broke.

The Beesom's Reply.

Proud haughty *Huck-muck!* boaſt no more,
Of Anceſtors, a numerous ſcore.
Thou bloated, pamper'd ſon of pride,
Thy empty lineage I deride.
I value not thy royal line,
Nor thy pretended *right divine*;

What boots high blood, and antient ſtate?
Mine is as good, tho' not ſo great.
By genealogy of old,
A birchen ſceptre too I hold;
And oft' the blood of monarchs ſtains
With purple ornament my veins;
In every hall and every ſchool,
I often bear the ſovereign rule.

No longer ſhalt thou ſtrut and ſwell,
In thy dominion of the cell.
For while thou govern'ſt with oppreſſion,
I value not thy high *ſucceſſion*.
A *right divine*, to govern wrong,
Can to no potentate belong.
Kings are but *fathers of the ſtate*,
And if not virtuous, can't *be great*.
When ſubjects feel the ſervile chain,
The tyrant has no right to reign.
Dominion's but an empty thing,
The people conſtitute the king:
A ſcepter'd *creature* made at will,
And is himſelf a *ſubject* ſtill;
Subject to laws far more divine,
Than *Cyrus*' race, or *Cæſar*'s line.

THY people long oppreſt complain,
Of thy unjuſt, tyrannic reign.

My ſubjects own my gentler ſway,
Nor feel the tribute which they pay.

But after all our long debate,
Let no new jars diſturb the ſtate;
Tho', 'twixt your majeſty and me,
In certain points we diſagree,
Yet in one ſcheme we both comply,
To drain our ſubjects mighty dry.
While every tributary grain,
Curſes our arbitrary reign,
And murmurs thro' the tub in vain.
Let us unite a ſafer way,
And govern with alternate ſway,
Then if the ſturdy ſlaves rebel,
And raiſe new ferments in our cell,
We'll both agree at next election,
To keep the vaſſals in ſubjection.

Pleas'd with the *Beeſom*'s ſmooth deceit,
The *Huck-muck* left his royal ſeat;
The *Beeſom* took the throne and charter,
But never wou'd reſign it after.
Whilſt vext to looſe his ancient ſway,
For grief the *Huck-muck* pin'd away.

This world, good reader, where we dwell,
Is but a larger brewing cell:

A cell where many *Huck-mucks* reign,
And monarchs buſtle for a grain :
A veſſel floating here and there,
In ſeas of circumambient air,
Where *pious princes* wars are brewing,
And meditate each other's ruin.
While injur'd ſubjects groan in vain,
And change their maſter, not their chain.
'Tis the ſame game, look where we will,
The *Beeſom*, and the *Huck-muck* ſtill.

HAPPY the man who calm and wiſe,
Smiles at the ſtorms which round him riſe.
Who can in ſome ſtill harbour dwell,
And make a palace of a cell.

A

Mirror *for* Detractors.

Addreſs'd to a FRIEND.

By a YOUNG LADY.

THIS wit was with experience bought,
(And that's the beſt of wit 'tis thought)
That when a woman dares indite,
And ſeek in print the public ſight,
All tongues are preſently in motion,
About her perſon, mind, and portion;
And ev'ry blemiſh, ev'ry fault,
Unſeen before, to light is brought.

Nay

Nay generouſly they take the trouble
Thoſe blemiſhes and faults to double.

WHENE'ER you chance her name to hear,
With a contemptuous ſmiling ſneer
A prude exclaims, O ſhe's a wit !
And I've obſerv'd that epithet
Mean ſelf-conceit, ill-nature, pride,
And fifty hateful things beſide.

THE Men are mighty apt to ſay,
This ſilly girl has loſt her way;
No doubt ſhe thinks we muſt admire,
And ſuch a rhiming wit deſire;
But here her folly does appear,
We never chuſe a learned fair.
Nor like to ſee a woman try
With our ſuperior parts to vie.
She ought to mind domeſtic cares;
The ſex were made for ſuch affairs.
She'd better take in hand the needle,
And not pretend to rhime and riddle.
Shall women thus uſurp the pen ?
That weapon nature made for men :
Preſumptuous thing ! how did ſhe dare
This implement from us to tear ?

In ſhort, if women are allow'd,
(Women by nature vain and proud)
Thus boldly on the preſs to ſeize,
And ſay in print whate'er they pleaſe,
They'll ſoon their lawful lords deſpiſe,
And think themſelves as ſybils wiſe.

Thus far the men their wit diſplay,
Let's hear now what the women ſay :

Now we'll ſuppoſe a tattling ſet
Of females o'er tea-table met,
While from its time-conſuming ſtreams
Ariſe a hundred idle themes,
Of fans, of flounces, flys and faces,
Of lapdogs, lovers, lawns and laces.
At length this well-known foe to fame,
In luckleſs hour brings forth my name :
Then they exclaim with great good-nature,
O Lord ! that witty, rhiming creature !
Alternate then their parts ſuſtain ;
Pray don't you think ſhe's mighty vain,
Says one ;—no doubt, another cries ;
Vain,—lord, of what ? a third replies.
What tho' ſuppoſe the thing can rhime,
And on the changing numbers chime,
No merit lies in that, 'tis plain,
And others if they were as vain,

I make

I make no doubt, cou'd write as well,
Would they but try, perhaps excel.

THEN thus *Philantha*, in whoſe breaſt
Good-nature is a conſtant gueſt,
I own I've heard before with pain
Some people call her proud and vain,
I know her well, yet ne'er could ſee
This mighty pride, and vanity.

YOU, Madam, are I find her friend,
But I can never apprehend,
She ever yet a poem penn'd.
They're all another's work, no doubt,
With which ſhe makes this mighty rout.

THAT's very like ; but, Miſs, ſuppoſe,
She does the tedious ſtuff compoſe ;
Yet for my part tho' ſome may praiſe,
And ſtick the creature out with bays,
I can ſee nothing in the ſcrawls,
That for ſuch vaſt encomiums calls.
'Tis true, in length if merit lies,
From all ſhe'll bear away the prize.

THIS for her poems may be ſaid,
They're mighty good to lull the head ;

For

For nothing there picquant you'll find
To raiſe a laugh, or rouſe the mind.
No doctor's opiate can exceed 'em,
Whene'er I want a nap I read 'em.

PHILANTHA then — 'tis ſo well known,
That all thoſe poems are her own,
I wonder any one can doubt it,
Or have a ſingle thought about it;
And oft' I've heard the lines commended,
Then all allow they're well intended.

THAT may perhaps be true enough,
But who's the better for her ſtuff.
I ſee no difference in the times,
The world's not mended by her rhimes.
She to the men I apprehend,
Intends herſelf to recommend
By ſcribbling verſes, but ſhe'll find,
They don't ſo much regard the mind;
For tho' they're civil to her face,
'Tis all a farce, and meer grimace;
Her back once turn'd, I've heard 'em ſwear,
They hated wiſdom in the fair.

THEN ſhe's ſo nice, and ſo refin'd
About the morals, and the mind,

That

That really, Madam, I'm afraid,
This rhiming wit will die a maid ;
And if ſhe weds, it is high time,
I think ſhe's almoſt paſt her prime.
Why with the men as I've been told,
She'll paper converſation hold.

MADAM that's fact, I long have known it,
Without a bluſh i've heard her own it.

GOOD Lord, ſome women are ſo bold,
I vow, I bluſh to hear it told.
I hate cenſoriouſneſs, but when
Girls freely correſpond with men,
I can't forbear to ſpeak my mind,
Altho' to ſcandal ne'er inclin'd.
Well, I proteſt I never yet
To any man a letter writ ;
It may be innocent 'tis true,
But 'tis a thing I ne'er could do.

WELL cry'd *Philantha*, I proteſt,
I almoſt think you are in jeſt,
For really, miſs, I cannot ſee
In this the breach of modeſty ;
With men we chat away our time,
And none regard it as a crime ;

And

And where's the difference if we write,
'Tis but our words in black and white.
I think, we may without offence,
Converſe by pen with men of ſenſe.

WELL let us ſay no more about her,
But entertain ourſelves without her;
No harm I meant, nor none I wiſh;
Miſs won't you drink another diſh?
Not one drop more, I thank you, madam,
Here take away the tea-things, *Adam.*
And bring the cards, and ſince we're met,
Pray let us make at whiſt a ſet.

THUS tea and ſcandal, cards and faſhion,
Deſtroy the time of half the nation.

BUT Sir, methinks, 'tis very hard
From pen, and ink to be debarr'd:
Are ſimple women only fit,
To dreſs, to darn, to flower, or knit,
To mind the diſtaff, or the ſpit.

WHY are the needle and the pen,
Thought incompatible by men?
May we not ſometimes uſe the quill,
And yet be careful houſewifes ſtill?

Why

Why is it thought in us a crime
To utter common-ſenſe in rhime?
Why muſt each rhimer be a wit?
Why mark'd with that loath'd epithet?
For envy, hatred, ſcorn, or fear,
To wit, you know, are often near.
Good-natur'd wit, polite, refin'd,
Which ſeeks to pleaſe, not pain the mind,
How rare to find! for O, how few
Have true and gen'rous wit like you!
Your mind in different mould was caſt,
To raiſe a character, not blaſt;
Pleaſe to encourage what I write,
And ſmile upon my humble flight.

1748.

DIREC-

DIRECTIONS,

How to Steer with

EASE and SAFETY,

O'ER THE

ROUGH, TEMPESTUOUS SEA of LIFE.

By the Same.

IF thro' the rugged road of life,
An eaſy courſe you'd glide.
Free from affliction, care and ſtrife,
Theſe rules ſhou'd be your guide.

YOUR ſpring of life to heaven devote,
Religion will beſtow,

The

The ſafeſt, ſureſt antidote,
For every mortal woe.

LET virtue, bright, immortal maid,
Be your unerring guide;
And wiſdom, with celeſtial aid,
O'er all your ſteps preſide.

THRO' life be this reſolve purſu'd,
Whate'er your lot ſhall be,
To act with honeſt rectitude,
And keep a conſcience free.

HOPE not your happineſs to find
Abroad, but homewards bend,
And ever let your peace of mind,
Upon yourſelf depend.

PASSION and fancy, hope and fear,
Will ſometimes gild the ſcene,
But move within bright reaſon's ſphere,
And keep the golden mean.

HOPE not for wild, romantic bliſs,
Nor wiſh a lofty ſtate,
The firſt is follys paradiſe,
The laſt a war with fate.

SEEK not from gold your happineſs,
Nor in that bubble fame,

Pain,

Pain, care, diſeaſe, the rich oppreſs,
And envy blaſts a name.

FONDLY by childiſh fancy led,
Ne'er ſeek for bliſs complete;
Pain's twiſted in life's ſlender thread,
And care in every ſtate.

SUFFICIENT ills in life ariſe,
Then why, with cruel art,
Shou'd we new cares, new pains deviſe,
And groan with fancy'd ſmart?

BUT ſince, while on this ſtage of life
Fortune oft' ſhifts the ſcene;
Since every ſtate with care is rife,
And pain will intervene.

ARM well, with fortitude, your mind,
And ſhou'd diſtreſſes riſe;
Think 'tis by Providence deſign'd,
To teach us to be wiſe.

IF ſmiling fortune ſhou'd appear,
And glittering gifts beſtow,
Of pride and vanity beware,
Nor ſwell with fortune's flow.

THUS arm'd—when cares and griefs arise,
(For rise they often will)
Serenely calm, without surprise,
You'll meet the lessen'd ill.

WITH steady mind, and equal soul,
You'll view the changing scene;
On soft content the hours shall roll,
And all be peace within.

AND when the dangerous journey's past,
And shades of death arise,
In death's embrace you'll sweetly rest,
And wake in happier skys.

MORAL and MEDICAL

APOPHTHEGMS,

In IMITATION of

EPICTETUS, Lord BACON, and ROCHEFOUCAULT.

CONTENTMENT, *the grand Basis of all Happiness.*

HAPPINESS consists in enjoying what we have in peace, and not in pursuing what we have not: Therefore no ambitious man can be happy; but like a troubled sea, always in agitation.

THE advantage of riches is more imaginary than real; since the richest can enjoy but a small part

of what they poſſeſs. A competence ſupplys us with all the neceſſarys of life, the other with its ſuperfluitys.

LONG life, and health, are commonly the bleſſings of the poor; diſeaſe, and anxiety, generally the portion of the rich.

IF the rich man does not live like the poor, he will be miſerable with his riches. If he does not uſe voluntary labour, and govern his appetite by choice, as the other does by neceſſity, tho' his riches increaſe, his health and pleaſure will leſſen and decay.

ANXIETY and reſtleſſneſs the great cauſes of debauchery and intemperance; hunting after pleaſures when nature does not aſk, nor appetite require.

THE greateſt pleaſure of life is virtuous love, not indulged too far: The greateſt treaſure is a contented mind: The greateſt poſſeſſion is health: The greateſt reſtorative ſleep: And the greateſt medicine, and ſolace in trouble, is a true friend.

THE higheſt wiſdom conſiſts in the knowledge of ourſelves.

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THE trueſt happineſs is the government of our paſſions.

IT was the conſtant and divine maxim of the ſtoic philoſophy, that happineſs conſiſted not in any external poſſeſſions, but in the mind itſelf: The direction of one, ſays *Epictetus*, is in our power, and the other not.

HUMILITY, and a ſenſe of our own ignorance and weakneſs, the greateſt indications of knowledge and virtue.

PRIDE the greateſt friend to vice and ignorance. He who never owns himſelf in an error, or fault, is abſolutely incurable, and incorrigible.

No one happy, who has not conquer'd the fear of death.

NOTHING recommends a perſon more to the world than truth and good-nature.

NOTHING promotes health more than exerciſe of body, and tranquillity of mind.

IF we would live to be old, we muſt be old when

young: The wiſdom of age ought to check the indiſcretions of youth.

THEY who are wiſe, and abſtemious in their youth, may indulge ſometimes at forty without danger.

THE quantity of what we eat and drink is generally more pernicious than the quality. Moſt diſorders proceed from repletion, and are cur'd by evacuation.

HE who indulges to a variety of diſhes at one meal, muſt expect a variety of diſorders; unleſs he has a ſtomach for every diſh.

GLUTTONY and hard-drinking the greateſt labour in the world.

THE ſtomach labours hard to grind, digeſt, and carry off the ſuperfluous load. Some think if they eat to exceſs, they muſt drink in proportion; as if a ſurfeit of food was to be cured by a ſurfeit of liquor; which is only giving nature a double fatigue.

No poſſeſſions good, but by the uſe we make of them.

THE greateſt benefit of wealth, except houſes, pictures, gardens, &c. is the capacity and power it gives us to do good: And the greateſt bleſſing to mankind, is a heart to make uſe of it, and diffuſe it.

" IN heaps, like amber-greaſe, a ſtink it lies,
" But well diſpers'd, is incenſe to the ſkies.
" What riches give us—let us firſt enquire,
" Meat, fire, and cloaths—what more, meat, cloaths, and fire.
" What can they give? to dying *Hopkins* heirs,
" Vigor to *B—w*? or eaſe the ſtateſman's cares?
" Can they in health bid ſickly *Celia* glow,
" In *Fulvia*'s buckle eaſe the throbs below?

AN old man near the *Hague*, ſays Sir *W. Temple*, who ſerved his houſe from his dairy, grew ſo rich, that he left off buſineſs, bought a fine houſe at the *Hague*, and furniſh'd it, reſolving to live at eaſe the reſt of his life; but grew ſo weary of being idle, that he ſold it, and return'd again to his dirt and his dairy.

THE ſame author ſays, the beſt books to mortify our vanity, and to curb our pride, are *Solomon*'s Eccleſiaſtes, *Marcus Antonius*'s meditations, and *Almanzor*'s philoſophy, the greateſt princes, as well as the wiſeſt philoſophers, in their own or in any age.

THE poor ſometimes in want, the covetous always.

EVERY ſincere man is good: Every honeſt man the moſt religious: Every guilty mind unhappy.

IT is the common opinion, and maxim of the vulgar, to centre either their happineſs or their miſery on external enjoyments, or poſſeſſions. It is the true eſſence, and genius of philoſophy, or religion, to ſeek it at home, and to look for it in our own breaſts. *Epictetus.* We are ſtill tormented with a fruitleſs chace, and hunting after imaginary phantoms of happineſs, when we have it in poſſeſſion, if we wou'd ſit down contented. But—

" This cruel ſomething unpoſſeſs'd,
" Corrodes, and leavens all the reſt."

Quod quæris—Hic eſt, if attended to, would conquer all vain ambition. *Noſce teipſum*, or know thyſelf, if thoroughly underſtood, contains a fund of morality and wiſdom, and is the baſis of all practical philoſophy. *Cætera deſunt.*

AN

AN
ESSAY on HEALTH.

Mens ſana in corpore ſano.

NEXT to the peace and welfare of our minds, our connection with a future ſtate, and our happineſs hereafter, there is nothing of greater importance than our health, and eaſe here; nothing which ought more to employ our warmeſt wiſhes, and to engage our moſt diligent attention. Such an eſteem even to veneration the antients had for this bleſſing, that the *Grecians*, as well as *Romans* erected altars and temples to the goddeſs *Hygeya*, or health; and the inventors and reſtorers of methods and medicines to promote it, were often idoliz'd and rank'd

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amongſt the number of their heroes and tutelar deitys. However various and oppoſite the complexions, the cuſtoms, and opinions of mankind in different ages and climates, this has been the moſt univerſal object, on which all deſires have fix'd, and all paſſions center'd at laſt.

VARIOUS are the treatiſes which have been compos'd on the ſubject of Health; this has employ'd the pens as well as the purſes of the wiſeſt and richeſt in all ages. This has exercis'd the labour of the chymiſt, the penetration of philoſophers, and the ambition of mighty princes. But after all theſe learned reſearches, it certainly depends more on the conduct of life, and the diſpoſition of the heart, than on the painful purſuits and dreams of chymiſts, and the idle reverys of the brain; and is undoubtedly more the true genuine reſult, and native offspring of practice and experience, than of theory and ſpeculation. If it is taught, and nurs'd up in the ſchools of philoſophy; it is found in the fields of ſimple peaſants, and illiterate ſwains; and thrives and bloſſoms moſt in deſart heaths and barren mountains: And here godlike temperance ſmiling with open arms, and a thouſand bleſſings, invites us to her plain and frugal, but happy and voluptuous table, encircled with all the graces, and attended by blooming *Hebe*; more voluptuous, and truly luxurious, than the moſt

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pompous feaſts, and ſplendid entertainments: As the Poet divinely ſays——

Reaſon's whole pleaſures, all the joys of ſenſe,
Lie in three Words, Health, Peace, *and* Competence.
But Health conſiſts in Temperance *alone;*
And Peace, fair Virtue, Peace is all thy own.

VIRTUE never appears more charming, nor the advantages and effects of it in this life more conſpicuous, than in its connection with the preſent ſubject, and in its contributing to the health of our bodys, as well as to the peace and tranquillity of our minds. Fine and poetical is the deſcription we find given of it by a wiſe philoſopher, and obſerver of human nature—*Happy is the man that findeth wiſdom, &c. long life is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour.*

BUT tho' this ſubject of health has been ſo often canvaſs'd, and ſo emphatically recommended by the ableſt writers, and moſt learned pens, I ſhall not think my time miſemploy'd, to communicate ſome obſervations of my own on ſo important a ſpeculation: For tho' ſcarce any thing can be advanc'd new on ſuch a trite ſubject; yet the ſame thoughts diſpos'd in various views, and in different lights and ſituations, may convey new and different impreſſions; like

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the ſame object ſeen thro' various mediums, and in different poſitions of the ſpectator : Beſides, as this book is like to fall into many hands, I am willing to embrace this opportunity, to attempt ſomething which may be of more real ſervice to mankind than the amuſements of rhime, and the more idle entertainments of poetry ; eſpecially as they are the reſult for the moſt part of my own obſervations, in practiſing phyſic, and attending the ſick in a large and populous town between twenty and thirty years : And I muſt have paſſed my time very ill in ſuch a ſituation, not to have digeſted ſome remarks on the oeconomy of life, and the method of preſerving and reſtoring Health. Others may boaſt of more ſplendid and more profitable practice, in wealthy and luxurious citys ; but obſcure villages and country towns afford as much, or more room for experience and ſpeculation. Here diſeaſes are found in their more native ſimple dreſs ; and are often more the effects of bad air, and contagious effluvia, than the debauches of art, and the luxurious indulgences of high life.

HEALTH, after all the definitions of various writers, may be ſaid to conſiſt in an equal, calm, and uniform motion, or circulation of the blood and juices, through all the tubes and canals of the human frame : Every thing, therefore, which has a tendency to diſturb, or obſtruct, to accelerate, or retard

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this motion and diſtribution of the animal fluids thro' their reſpective ſtrainers, muſt conſequently introduce diſeaſes of one kind or other, and deſtroy the peace and tranquillity of the animal oeconomy. All habitual exceſſes, which tend to interrupt this peaceful harmony and equilibrium, are condemn'd at once, as very pernicious to the conſtitution. I need not mention in particular, intemperance of all ſorts, *viz.* too great an indulgence to animal foods, high ſeaſon'd diſhes, and all the poiſonous preparations of refin'd cookery; hard drinking, violent exerciſes, violent paſſions, midnight hours, &c. which tend to give too quick a motion to the fluids, to hurry on the vital tide too faſt, without giving it time to perform the proper ſecretions: Not that all exceſs is to be condemn'd at proper ſeaſons, if not repeated too often. The circulation may be ſometimes too dull and languid, and a ſeaſonable indulgence will tend to exalt the ſpirits, remove the lentor, and give new life and vigor to the gloomy frame: Like a ſhip at ſea, we may ſometimes ſuffer by a calm, as well as a ſtorm: Or like ſtagnating air and water, which will corrupt, and loſe its ſpring, without proper breezes to fan the current, and give it new life and motion. But here recreations, and the diverſions of exerciſe. will anſwer the ſame end, in a much ſafer, and more effectual manner, than company and the bottle. But all vigorous exerciſes, ſuch as quoits, tennis, racing,

and

ſhooting, wreſtling, *&c.* are now reckon'd too robuſt and clowniſh for the modiſh effeminacys, and genteel refinements of the modern gentlemen of taſte and pleaſure. Tho' they were the healthy amuſements of people of the firſt rank, for fortune, parts, and wiſdom, amongſt our anceſtors; they are now rank'd amongſt bear-garden recreations, and ruſtic paſtimes, at country villages and rural wakes.

THIS is juſtly ſatyriz'd by *Dryden*—

Our wiſe forefathers liv'd on ſimple food,
Toil ſtrung their nerves, toil purify'd their blood,
But we their ſons, a pamper'd race of men, &c.

But theſe gentlemen of elegant taſte, and falſe pleaſure, need no other rebuke or chaſtiſement, than that which is the common reſult of their licentious life, and voluptuous unnatural indulgencys, which are diſeaſe, ſhort life, and all the gloomy train of ills which attend a weak ſtate of nerves, and hypocondriacal depreſſions; the gout, the ſcurvy, the gravel, or dropſy, to whoſe company I leave them.

ALL the diſorders which are incident to the human frame, may admit of two general diviſions, and are either original, and hereditary, or artificial, and acquir'd. The chief baſis and foundation of health conſiſts in a natural ſound ſtate of ſolids, or what

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is commonly called a good conſtitution. The old ſaying or axiom is always true—*Gaudeant bene nati.* The *mala ſtamina vitæ*, can never be entirely recover'd by all the art of phyſic, nor all the diligence of regimen. It is like a natural bad intractable ſoil, or a dull heavy ſaturnine genius, which defeat and fruſtrate all the ſkill of cultivation and manure, and all the pains of education and inſtruction : But for one who inherits a bad natural conſtitution, there are fifty that deſtroy a good one. Lord *Bacon* carry'd this matter ſo far, as to ſay, That ſcarce one in a thouſand dy'd a natural death.

When the frame and texture of the habit is thus originally bad, the beſt method is to live by rule, and to fly to the aſſiſtance of art to repair and patch up in ſome meaſure the defects of nature : Like a building compos'd of brittle materials, it muſt be ſhor'd and prop'd up occaſionally, tho' it can never be ſound and ſtrong. People of this unhappy complexion, are obliged to live regularly, and to have a ſtrict regard to all the non-naturals : And by this means ſome of the moſt tender and delicate nerves ſpin out the thread of life to a longer period than others of a more robuſt and athletic compoſition ; who depending on the ſtrength of their conſtitution, and hurry'd on by a luxuriant impetuoſity of ſpirits, indulge to thoſe exceſſes which ſoon terminate in acute

diſeaſes.

diſeaſes. And it univerſally holds good in theſe caſes, that the ſtronger the habit, the ſtronger and more violent is the diſtemper; as lightning exerts its influence more furiouſly on ſolid bodys, and rages the more where it meets with the greateſt reſiſtance. To thoſe who are born with weak flaccid fibres, or bad juices, I would recommend from their infancy. along with proper medicines, the lighteſt and moſt ſimple nutriments, as well as thin cloathing, without the pernicious cramps and confinements of tight ſwathing, and the barbarous cuſtom of cloſe bandage, and ligatures; which are little better than committing the innocent babe to priſon, under the torture and puniſhment of pins, rollers, ſhackles, and linnen fetters; by whoſe compreſſion the tender limbs of infants are clogg'd in their growth, which ought to have their full play, extenſion, and liberty. And this rule will hold univerſally in all caſes.

Air, exerciſe, and cold bathing, are alſo very ſerviceable, when they can be comply'd with, to anſwer the ſame intentions of invigorating the habit. As to bathing, few have either the courage, or convenience to ſubmit to cold immerſion; and ſome of tender nerves can't well bear the ſhock of ſo ſudden a tranſition: To ſuch I wou'd adviſe what has been ſeldom thought of, but what has been often practis'd with ſucceſs; and this is walking, or exerciſing naked,

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in any proper apartment, or convenient court or garden: This is bathing in the atmosphere: In a winter morning, it is a gentler cold bath: And if practis'd often with friction, will vastly promote health, by cleansing, and deterging the cutaneous glands, and promoting insensible perspiration. But the use of old, is the *strigil*, now laid aside, and quite inconsistent with the nicety and effeminacy of the present age. The antients very wisely and successfully recommended a variety of exercises for restoring weak constitutions, of which we know but little more than the name. *Galen*, in his book, de *Sanitate tuenda*, has wrote a large treatise on the benefit of the *strigil*, or flesh-brush, and the vast advantage of frequent chafing, in a variety of cases. The *Discus*, and the *parva pila*, were often made use of, not only for pleasure and recreation, but to preserve health, open the pores, and strengthen the fibres in particular disorders. *Fumigation* was also of great use, as well as *Friction*. As to *Friction*, it is still a common saying among the *Indians*, that none have the gout to any great degree, who have slaves enough to rub them: But horses have now only the benefit of this exercise. Of *Fumigation*, as practis'd by the antients, we know nothing now, any farther than the transitory relief of *sal volatile*, or *harshorn* to fainting or dying people, of the modern practice of taking snuff, which is so far

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from being ſerviceable, unleſs to divert ſome rheum, that it is become a very pernicious cuſtom, by clogging the head, and blunting the ſenſation of the olfactory nerves. *Jactation*, and the *Lecti penſiles*, were very much in requeſt amongſt the *Romans*, and anſwer'd the end of opiates now. Many other exerciſes were formerly recommended, of which *Herodicus*, *Mercurialis*, and other gymnaſtic writers have copiouſly treated.

HAVING thus given ſome general hints, and directions, for the conduct of hereditary conſtitutional valetudinarians; the next method or ſtep propoſed, was to exhibit ſome rules for the preſervation of health in a good conſtitution, and the cure or mitigation of *acquired* diſorders. And here it may be laid down for a fundamental axiom, That 'tis much eaſier to preſerve health, than to reſtore it when loſt. It is certainly very much in our own power, whether we will be ſick, or well, happy, or miſerable. It is but to hearken to the voice of wiſdom, and attend to the ſober dictates of calm ſenſe, and reaſon. Diſeaſes, and ſickneſs will indeed often proceed from contagious effluvia, various accidents, from impreſſions of the air, and other involuntary cauſes; but they are oftner the effect of our own irregularitys.

I SHALL

I SHALL here only mention three things which very much contribute to the preſervation of our health: *Temperance*, *Chearfulneſs*, and *Exerciſe*. On theſe three rules, like ſo many ſprings or movements, the wheels of life, or the animal machine, may glide on ſmooth, and ſerene, 'till the oil, which nouriſhes the lamp, is ſpent, and nature ſinks under the ruſt of time, and the burden of years. *Temperance* has been ſo frequently and juſtly recommended by divines, phyſicians, and philoſophers, in all ages, that 'tis almoſt needleſs to expatiate on ſuch a beaten ſubject. But, notwithſtanding all theſe admonitions, it is but to little purpoſe to dictate to the gayety of youth, the madneſs of pleaſure, the invitations of company, and all the luxuriant ſallys of juvenile heat. A ſhort life and a merry one carrys it. But the misfortune is, theſe gentlemen of riot and extravagance, miſs of their imaginary aim, and loſe their happineſs in ſickneſs and diſeaſe, before they have finiſh'd the race of pleaſure. The ſight of a hoſpital or a church-yard, would be a better monitor to ſuch debauchees, than all the lectures of morality, and the precepts of phyſic. The diſeaſes of the one, the agonys and convulſions of an abus'd, and ruin'd conſtitution, and the gloomy horror of the other, would preach more powerfully than *Socrates* or *Seneca*, *Sydenham* or *Sherlock*.

BUT having committed theſe lunatic libertines to the hoſpital, for the cure of this diſorder of the mind, I ſhall quote a few lines ſuitable to the ſubject.

Health ſooths awhile the gay voluptuous ſpark,
A fever argues better than a Clark.
Let pedants waſte their hours of eaſe,
And ſweat all night at Socrates:
A mould'ring tomb, or dying bed,
Says all that the old ſages ſaid.
For me, theſe ſhatter'd bones contain
More morals than the Vatican:
For when I find my virtue fail,
And vice and luxury prevail,
Among the tombs I'll take a turn,
And meditate on Scipio's *urn;*
There the vile foot of every ſlave
Inſults a Charles *or a* Guſtave;
Beggars with awful aſhes ſport,
And tread the Cæſars *in the dirt.*

OUR exiſtence in this life is not unfitly compar'd, as well by divines, as poets and philoſophers, to a voyage, or tranſitory paſſage over a dangerous, rough, and fluctuating ſea, ruffled with ſtorms, and agitated by tempeſts, full of ſhoals, ſands and pirates, where reaſon is the guide, and poleſtar, and experience the beſt pilot.

Thro'

Thro' life's vaſt ocean, diverſly we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale, &c.

POPE.

THIS compariſon is made uſe of by *Homer*, who paints out human life in the *Odyſſey*, by repreſenting *Ulyſſes* and *Telemachus* ſailing over various ſeas, under the conduct of *Mentor*, or Wiſdom. On one coaſt the *Syrens*, with all the allurements of love, on another *Circe*, with the intoxicating ſnares of wine, and luxurious arts, try all their ſkill to ſeduce the youthful traveller; which is beautifully allegoriz'd by the transformation into ſwine, or ſots. But the young adventurer, with heroic fortitude, reſiſts all temptations, 'till he arrives ſafe at the deſtin'd harbour.

NEXT to *Temperance*, *Chearfulneſs* has a great tendency to promote, and preſerve health. As there is a near communication, and ſympathy between the intellectual, and organical frame, whatever affects one, muſt alſo influence the other. This is too evident to require much illuſtration. How many have pin'd away in atrophys, and diſſolv'd in conſumptions, by grief, anxiety, and diſappointed love, which like a ſilent canker, or ſubterranean fire, prey on the vitals, and ſap the ſtrongeſt conſtitution.——*Vulnus alit Venus, et coeco carpitur igne.*——Gayety, and chear-

chearfulneſs awaken every faculty of the ſoul, exalt the ſpirits, and diffuſe new life and vigor o'er the animal frame. It was an old ſaying—*Ira furor brevis eſt*—or, anger is a ſhort madneſs. It may be as well call'd a fever of a ſhort duration. And thoſe who are ſubject to frequent returns of theſe fits, or paroxyſms of paſſion, ought to bleed, and be dieted, as much as thoſe who labour under an acute diſtemper, attended with great inflamation, convulſive motions, and a high delirium: people ſubject to anger being affected with the ſame ſymptoms. The government of the paſſions therefore, as it is connected with the preſervation of health, falls under the province of phyſic, as well as morality. When the mind is calm and ſerene, the ſpirits and vital tide are calm and compos'd too; the animal frame ſympathizes in the peaceful harmony, and moves in a ſedate and regular manner. But violent paſſions, like a hurricane, throw all into a ferment, and deſtroy that equilibrium, and tranquility, in which health conſiſts. Paſſion raiſes a tempeſt in the conſtitution, and is a ſort of earthquake in the human frame. We can't command the elements without, nor regulate the clouds, the winds and the vapours; but 'tis very much in our power to keep fair weather, and ſunſhine within. This ſubject of the regulation of our paſſions has been ſo often illuſtrated by the beſt authors, that 'tis impoſſible to ſay much upon it without

out tautology: Tho' ſuch directions cannot be inculcated too often; nor *Marcus Antonius*, *Seneca*, and *Epictetus*, be conſulted too much on this occaſion. But I ſhall conclude theſe remarks with ſome quotations from one of the greateſt princes, as well as the wiſeſt philoſopher amongſt the antients; however unfaſhionable ſuch citations may be. *Be not haſty in thy ſpirit to be angry, for anger reſteth in the boſom of fools. Avoid ſtrife and contention, and peace ſhall prolong thy days.* Eccleſ.

Next to the peace and tranquility of the mind, the *exerciſe* of the body (to which may be added air) is vaſtly conducive to the preſervation of health. The very frame and ſtructure of our bodys, ſilently admoniſhes us that we were made for an active life. Every organ, and every nerve, is form'd to bear the ply and flexibility of motion, and the muſcles to ſlide on lubricating cartilages, like ſo many pulleys. Without frequent motion, the blood will ſtagnate, and the circulation become languid in the capillarys, the fibres ſtiff and rigid, and contract a ſort of ruſt like clocks, watches, and other machines, if not wound up, and ſet a going.

Next to *Exerciſe*, there is nothing contributes more to preſerve health than air, which may be very properly called the breath of life. People who

confine themſelves to little, cloſe, wainſcotted rooms, are for this reaſon apt to be unhealthy ; ſubject to palpitations, nervous oppreſſions, and liable to take cold. Some modern rooms are, in a leſſer degree, like *exhauſted receivers* ; and was it not for the benefit of a chimney, thoſe who indulge to an inactive ſedentary life, would be in great danger of ſuffocation. It is certain, that thoſe who are moſt expos'd to the air, can beſt bear the impreſſions of it. Air is the grand inſtrument and engine of reſpiration ; and it depends very much on the weight, and preſſure of this circumambient body, whether we are ſick, or well, gay or gloomy, according to the different effects of its rarefaction, and elaſticity ; or its laxity, and condenſation. But without entering into the philoſophy, and the wonderful texture, and propertys of this inviſible fluid, the effects of it are obvious, and apparent, by the health, vigour, and long lives of peaſants, ſhepherds, carriers, and others who are moſt expos'd to it, in all its varietys. Theſe obſervations, with regard to air, exerciſe, *&c.* may be confirmed by many inſtances of longævity ; and the examples of thoſe who have run out the longeſt races, with health, and vigour ; who commonly lived in rural abodes, mountains, and deſarts, with great temperance, exerciſe, and ſimplicity of diet : Such as the *BritiſhDruids*, the *Patriarchs*, the *Indian Brachmans*, the primitive *Fathers* and *Hermits*, amongſt

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whom a hundred years was no uncommon date. I cou'd here mention many more recent inſtances in our own climate; ſuch as *Donald Ray*, of *Skie*, *Henry Jenkins*, of *Yorkſhire*, who dy'd at 163, and is reckon'd the oldeſt perſon we have any account of in ſtory ſince the deluge; and *Thomas Parr*, who was brought to court at 152, in the reign of King *Charles* the firſt, to receive an untimely end, even at that age, by the ſmoak and diet of a city.

It is evident from hence, that health, vigor, and long life, are the genuine offſpring of ſobriety and exerciſe; that they thrive more in barren regions, and deſart mountains, than in the fruitful plains of *Campania*, or *Andaluſia*; that nature is content with little; but that air, earth, and ſea, and all the elements, cannot ſatisfy either the thirſt of ambition, or the cravings and madneſs of luxurious epicures.

After recommending theſe general precepts for the preſervation of health, and the prevention of diſeaſes, the next intention was to give ſome directions for the reſtoring loſt health, and the cure of diſtempers, by proper regimen and medicines.

And here it may be laid down as a certain fundamental axiom, or propoſition,—That the method of

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cure muſt vary, and differ according to the different habit, and conſtitution of the patient; as well as their different climate, air, manner of living, ſeaſon of the year, age, and other circumſtances. Different complexions, conſtitutions, and cauſes of diſtempers, call for different ways and means of treating them: A perſon of a thin, choleric, vigorous, and ſanguine temperament, certainly requires other medicines, and management, than the melancholy, the corpulent, the cold, and leucophlegmatic: The ſame holds good with regard to the other diſtinctions: And indeed the chief practice of phyſic, conſiſts in ſuiting and adapting the regimen, according to all the exigencys of the caſe, and the varietys of habit, *&c.* We might as well find out one garment to fit every ſhape of body, and one laſt for every foot, as one receipt, or file of medicines, to accommodate itſelf to all diſorders. This ſhews the folly and abſurdity of all univerſal, infallible remedys.

As we are form'd according to the ſtricteſt laws of mechaniſm; and as the greateſt, and moſt wonderful ſkill, and wiſdom, are diſplay'd in the ſtructure, and organization of our frames; regulated by the laws of motion, and the forces of muſcular power, it certainly requires ſome ſkill, if not mathematical knowledge, to rectify the diſorders of ſuch a complicated machine. As to our external frame,

frame, we resemble clocks, or other automata, or rather an hydraulic machine; where the heart, like a central fountain, distributes the purple tide, thro' an infinite number of cylindrical pipes, tubes, and canals, and is subject to the same laws as other propell'd fluids.* As almost all disorders may be accounted for from too great a velocity, or too great a lentor, and sluggishness in the circulation, the method of cure must depend very much on adjusting the powers of medicines, or their *vis momenti*, according to the greater, or less resistance they meet with. Such reasoning, founded on the principles of mechanical philosophy, may be in many instances applyed to rectify the obstructions of the animal machine; tho' not with such a degree of certainty as an artificer, who can take abroad and inspect the wheels, and movements of an inanimate machine; yet a great deal may be done by a thorough knowledge of the human structure, and the laws of secretion, compar'd to the ignorance of those, who depend on mere experience only, and occult, immechanical operations,

We might as well be thought, according to the Epicurean doctrine, to be created by chance, and

* *Divini conditoris mechanicen, satis admirari non possumus, ad regulas Mathematicas planè adaptatem.*——Willis. Pharmac.

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form'd at random, as to be cured at random. To be thus harmoniouſly jumbled together by a caſual concourſe of particles, and the declination of combining atoms, as to be ſet to rights, and adjuſted again, by as fortuitous a combination of medicines, without meaning, deſign, or rational direction: Therefore all medicinal applications, which are founded on precarious hypotheſes, and owe their reputation to the plauſible, chimerical, and idle pretences of certainty and infallibili y, ought to be deſpis'd by all men of ſober ſenſe and judgment. Such empirical ſchemes are as romantic and impracticable, as the inveſtigation of the philoſopher's ſtone, or the art of reſtoring youth to old age, like *Jolaus*. All thoſe pompous preparations of *Elixirs of Life*, *Panaceas*, *Specifics*, divine *Arcana*, *&c.* are only the idle dreams of enthuſiaſtic chymiſts, or artful impoſtors, and are fitter to amuſe the imagination, than to inform the underſtanding, or repair a broken conſtitution. Yet ſuch is the credulity of mankind, that people, who reaſon well in other matters, are daily impos'd on by ſuch infallible noſtrums; which are ſaid to work cures without any regard to ſkill or judgment, and without any previous preparation. But cures perform'd in this manner, muſt certainly be aſcribed to mere chance, or to charms, and faſcination. Such remedys, whatever they be, muſt be ſuppoſed to have ſome ſecret commiſſion or ſagacity, like blood-hounds

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on the ſcent, to find out the guilty, morbific particles, expel them at once, and put them to a total flight. Theſe gentlemen of miſtery, pretend to cure pleuriſys without bleeding, fevers without ſweating, and all foulneſs and obſtructions in the ſtomach, and *primæ viæ*, without vomiting, or purging. But *Augeas*'s ſtable might as ſoon be cleanſed by a bucket of water, as ſuch loads removed without ſome evacuation, unleſs faſting will do the buſineſs. In all theſe caſes, it is certainly beſt to follow the light and dictates of nature, which direct us far otherwiſe. A ſurfeit, or crapula, is often cured by a natural vomiting, or purging; colds, and the firſt attacks of a fever, by natural ſweats; a plethora by natural hæmorrhages, or critical diſcharges of one kind or other: At leaſt nature, or the conſtitution exerts its efforts, by ſome ſuch methods, to conquer the diſeaſe, which, if too weak, calls for the aſſiſtance of art. But ſtill nature is the guide and poleſtar, to direct us how to proceed, and ſteer the medical courſe: Without whoſe ſacred light, and influence, we are expos'd to the naked rocks, and barren ſhoals of ignorance, or ſubject to the capricious direction of every wanton gale, and the piratical attacks of quacks, and empirics, who board us under falſe colours.

But without entering into any philoſophical enquirys and reaſonings, which I have no room for

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here, I have always found, after much experience and obſervation, that the cure of moſt diſeaſes, whether acute or chronical, depends very much on ſeaſonable evacuations, at the firſt approach and formation of the diſtemper, by bleeding or cleanſing the ſtomach, and *primæ viæ*, or grand alimentary duct, according as the habit requires. It is reaſonable to conclude, as well as matter of fact, that moſt diſorders are originally deriv'd from ſome irregularitys, and indigeſtion in thoſe parts: and where the cauſe is, the remedy ought to be apply'd. 'Twill be to little purpoſe to aim at cleanſing, and rectifying the remoter cells, and finer tubes of the human body, when the obſtruction lies in the larger canals, and grand receptacles. We might, with equal reaſon, attempt to ſcour the diſtant pipes and branches of an aquæduct, when the fault, or ſtoppage lies in the baſon, or original fountain. This is beginning at the wrong end, and will never ſucceed in practice, however plauſible it may appear in ſpeculation.

Most diſorders in our climate, except thoſe which are the growth of intemperance, are owing to an obſtructed perſpiration, or what is commonly call'd taking cold. In theſe caſes the perſpirable particles, or inviſible ſteam, which ought to paſs off thro' the cutaneous glands, is thrown in upon ſome of the larger, and noble organs, the ſtomach, lungs, or viſce-

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ra. Here the conſtitution, ſenſible of an unuſual load, endeavours to expel and diſcharge itſelf of the burthen, by various efforts of vomiting, purging, ſweating, *&c.* Thus we are plainly directed what method to take, ſince as as we are form'd on the principles of ſelf-preſervation, nature never errs in her firſt attempts to relieve itſelf: and 'tis certain there are more diſorders prevented by attending to theſe firſt motions and admonitions, than ever are cured afterwards. When we have thus finiſh'd the great fundamental buſineſs of evacuation, the next ſtep is, to reduce, or direct the o'er-flowing juices, like ſwelling ſtreams, into their antient ducts and channels again. As obſtructed perſpiration is the original, or at leaſt, general cauſe of all fevers, the method of treating them in particular, is plainly pointed out, *viz.* To open the ſecretory, cutaneous pores, by gentle diaphoretics, and plentiful dilution, or in other words to attenuate the too great viſcidity and coheſion of the blood, which is commonly the caſe in fevers of all denominations: as the materia medica abounds with ſudorifics, thoſe ought to be ſelected, which are moſt appropriated to the exigencys of the caſe, or the various ſymptoms of the fever. But in the general, I have always experienc'd that the *teſtacea*, either with or without the *ſerpentaria*, or ſome other warm drug, the moſt univerſally ſucceſsful. A fever is a term of a vague, looſe, undetermined meaning; but

but without entering into all its divisions, it may be rang'd under two general heads, which comprehend almost all the different species, *viz. inflammatory* or *nervous*, and depress'd; high, or low, effluent, or influent; these distinct tribes require as distinct and different a management. In the first class, when the blood runs high, with an impetuous tide, turgid pulse, deliria, *&c.* the patient cannot be kept too low, nor dilution indulg'd too much: the milder *testacea*, assisted with cooling salts, and pacific emulsions, are highly necessary, to lessen the velocity, and impetus of the tumultuous fluids. But in the slow, or depress'd kind, the warmer medicines must take place, to diffuse the vital heat, to quicken the languid circulation, and divert the disorder from the viscera, and internal parts, where it is apt to center. Blistering is, more particularly here, of great and universal use, as nothing takes off the lentor of the blood, more than this stimulus, nor opens the secretions better; and is consequently a most powerful and safe diluter, and attenuator, especially when there is any disposition to comatose symptoms. As to particular, local fevers, such as the pleurisy, angina, sciatica, *&c.* I have always found, after proper phlebotomy, that blistering as near as possible to the part affected, (with dilution, and suitable attenuating medicines) has caus'd the most immediate

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derivation and relief. And in all vertigoes, epilepſys, and lethargic caſes, where the head is originally affected, there is nothing better than a large epiſpaſtic, to take in all the back part of the head, like a large coif; which, if applied in time, commonly gives a certain relief.

THESE general hints will ſuffice for the conduct of moſt fevers, except thoſe of an *irregular*, *anomalous* kind, which fall under no proper rule, and are ſubject to no laws, but the all-wiſe, unerring, and univerſal cognizance of a *ſpecific doctor*; who can provide for all theſe varietys, and contingencys at once, by ſome infallible *Proteus* like medicine, that can ſhift itſelf into all forms, and be accommodated to all conſtitutions, and exigencys, like a conjurer's cap, or a magic lanthorn. Of this kind are Dr. *Henry*'s and *James*'s powders, and twenty other infallible, omnipotent *noſtrums*, which are to cure by patent, and to perform miracles by the ſanction of ſenates, and the authority of parliament. But a conclave of cardinals, and venerable ſynods may, with as good a grace, dictate to our faith and underſtanding, as theſe to our health; and infallible councils as well ſave our ſouls, as the other our lives. Theſe *panacean* remedys are calculated for all fevers indifferently, as well as other diſorders, and are to cure at all events, and ſerve for all meridians: They are to perform the attack, and fall on at once, without regard to any pre-

vious method, order, or evacuation. Sometimes, indeed, like bold undiſciplin'd troops, they may obtain the victory, by the ſuddenneſs, and impetuoſity of the onſet, more by ſurprize, than prudence. But the wiſe and cautious phyſician, like a diſcreet general, makes his approaches in a calm and regular manner he obſerves the poſture of the enemy, and the diſpoſition of the ground. The *empiric* ſhoots at random; the other attacks with art, and is conducted by diſcretion. But credulity will carry it, while the world is more govern'd by the caprice of novelty and prodigy, than by reaſon and common ſenſe; for there is certainly a great deal of myſtery, enthuſiaſm, and fanaticiſm in phyſic, as well as in divinity. Tho' freedom of writing, and enquiry, has gone a great way, in breaking the ſpell, and diſſolving the enchantment, ſince the days of *Van Helmont* and *Paracelſus*.

My next intention is to add a few obſervations, with regard to *chronical* diſorders. In theſe caſes there is more room, and time, and a larger field for medicines to exert their force, than in *acute* caſes, which ſoon terminate, and come to a *criſis*. The *Materia Medica*, in both the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, abounds with an infinite number of medicines, of various virtue and intention, either *ſudorific*, *diuretic*, *alterative*, &c. according as the conſtitution

ſtitution is diſpos'd, or as nature points out the way. Here experience and obſervation muſt be the chief guide, ſince 'tis impoſſible to diſcover the virtues and properties of material ſubſtances *á priori*, by any chymical tortures, or microſcopical inſpections: The texture and configuration of the parts of any ſimple, after the ſtricteſt analytical ſcrutiny, will never make it confeſs its latent virtue; no philoſophy, for inſtance, could diſcover that the particles which conſtitute *Ipecacuana*, *Jalap*, or *Aloes*, were impregnated with an emetic, or cathartic quality, 'till uſe and experience had confirm'd it.

But amidſt all the boundleſs variety of ſimple or compound remedys, there are three in modern practice, of remarkable force and efficacy, viz. *Opium*, *Mercury*, and the *Bark*, at leaſt in obſtinate chronical caſes: Theſe are the three grand powers or pillars of medicine (except the claſs of evacuating remedys) on which the whole fabric of modern practice is ſupported; and if any great, and ſurprizing cures are perform'd, it is chiefly by the aſſiſtance, and combination of one or other of thoſe powerful drugs.

Opium, by its pacific quality, gives the moſt divine and ſenſible relief, under all violent and torturing impreſſions of pain, and in moſt diarrhæas, and other preternatural, profuſe diſcharges; and even in high

inflammatory fevers, there is nothing calms the fury and impetuosity of the blood more than some anodyne preparation; it is also vastly serviceable in some maniacal cases, if given in large doses, after proper evacuation, for the same reason. A person in a high delirious fever, or phrensy, being, for the time, in a state of madness, and inflam'd with all the symptoms of a maniac. This composing, narcotic drug, sooths the rage of the spirits, takes off the stimulus of pain, and throws the whole frame into a pleasing calm and tranquility, diffuses a sort of music and harmony on the constitution, and produces the same gentle transporting sensation on the body, as harmonious sounds on the mind. *Opium* has also a very great and sensible effect, when applied outwardly, which demonstrates that it is of a most diffusive, penetrating nature. I have often known violent fits of the cholic, and pains in the stomach, and other parts relieved by nothing but proper, anodyne plaisters, where the internal use of it could not be comply'd with.

NEXT to *Opium*, *Mercury* is a noble, and most powerful deobstruent. As it is compos'd of extremely subtle, volatile, and ponderous particles, it is capable by the heat, and muscular action of the stomach, of passing the lacteals in a fine vapor, or effluvium; and consequently nothing is so well adapted to open all glandular obstructions, and to attenu-

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ate the too great cohesion of the blood, by means of its expansive *power*, *fluidity* and *momentum*. As most chronic disorders are to be ascrib'd to too great a viscidity or lentor, the active force of *Mercury*, administer'd in small quantitys, dissolves the sizinefs, opens the natural secretions, and acts as a *glandular purge*, and detergent in the remotest capillarys, and recesses of the human frame; not to mention its more immediate efficacy in obstructions of the great concoctive organ, the stomach, and bowels. The virtues and powers of this noble mineral may be variously applied, and directed, according to the intention in view; and may be made either sudorific, cathartic, or diuretic, if blended and incorporated with medicines, endu'd with those respective properties. Mercurial pills thus compounded are the finest alterative yet discover'd, and will perform wonders in some obstinate cases, and scorbutic and scruphulous obstructions, of which I could give a multitude of instances.

THE next great and powerful remedy is the *Peruvian Cortex*, the discovery of which noble drug has been of more service to mankind, than all the golden mines of that country. This is the only specific we have in medicine, and is infallible in all periodical cases. But without regard to its wonderful use, and virtue in intermitting disorders, it is an excellent *stomachic*, in most cases, attended with relaxation, weak,

flaccid nerves, and moiſt habits; and when combin'd and aſſiſted by ſuitable diaphoretics, ſuch as *Guiacum*, *Valerian*, *Serpentaria*, the *Pulvis Ari*, &c. to open, and expand its reſinous particles, it becomes an excellent *alterative* and *antiſcorbutic*. Indeed, each of theſe noble drugs, or engines of medicine, may be determined thro' various ways or canals, and act with joint forces, when blended with each other, or with different remedys, according to the deſign and conduct of the phyſician or manager; as the pipes of a fountain may be directed this, or that way, or with a greater, or leſs velocity, or impetus, according to the management or diſpoſition of the cocks and ſprings.

I HAVE thus conciſely hinted at a few of the virtues of theſe three great, and wonderful remedys: Theſe fundamental, and powerful drugs, together with the *Teſtacea*, and a few others, will ſtill keep up their credit and reputation, amidſt all the *farrago* of medicine, and the confuſion and uncertainty of the *Materia Medica*. In the general, I have always obſerv'd, that the more ſimple and uncompounded theſe, as well as other remedys are, they are the more ſucceſsful and efficacious. The furnaces of the laboratory, and the tortures of chymical fire, with its various *ſublimations*, and *menſtruums*, have indeed furniſh'd us with a great variety of artificial *extracts crocuſſes*, *elixirs*,

elixirs, &c. but many of them are uncertain, or violent in their operation, and will ſometimes kill, as well as cure: They are, in this reſpect, like the modern refinements of cookery, and the chymical fire is often as pernicious as the culinary one. The more ſimple and natural our food, as well as our phyſic, it is generally the more pure and wholeſome. A vaſt number of theſe artificial preparations, uſher'd in with pompous names, and glittering ſounds, have ſtarted up in all ages, and overflowed the practice with a deluge of drugs; but their reign has been generally ſhort, and their reputation tranſitory; like ſucceſſive waves, or alternate puppets, they are ſoon joſtled off the ſtage, to make way for new comers; or, like hovering phantoms, amuſe our fancys with deluſive glare, then ſhoot away, and vaniſh into air.

I MIGHT here, if I had room, enumerate the virtues of various ſimples, and vegetables, which have fell under the courſe of my practice. Having here perhaps had opportunitys of making more obſervations than thoſe who live in large citys, remote from herbs, who find that the pharmaceutical preparations of the ſhops, frequent preſcriptions, and the gilded apparatus, and pomp of phyſic, are much readier at hand, and more pleaſing to their patients, as well as more uſeful to themſelves, than the ſimple, and natural infuſion of herbs, decoctions, and all the

uſeful purſuits of botany. But as I often attend the poor in the country, who can neither fee the preſcriber, nor pay the apothecary, I have frequently been oblig'd to ſend them to the fields, and gardens, for thoſe ſalutary herbs, or roots, which nature has provided for the relief of mankind, without penetrating the bowels of the earth, and ranſacking both the *Indies*. I ſhall here mention a few of the moſt remarkable ſimples, however diſagreeable it may be to the preſent faſhion, and dreſs of pharmacy; for there is a faſhion, and mode in medicine, as well as in cloaths, tho' the *capital remedys* I have mention'd, have ſtill kept up their credit, amidſt all the changes and revolutions of the phyſical empire.

GROUND-IVY, or *Ale-hoof*, is a valuable, and noble plant, and ſcarce any vegetable cleanſes, and deterges more powerfully, or in other words, is a ſafer or milder pectoral. This was the herb, as *Temple* obſerves, with which our anceſtors made their common drink, who were eſteem'd the longeſt livers in the world: It is alſo the more to be valu'd, as it is to be gather'd in almoſt all places, and all ſeaſons of the year; as if providence deſign'd that to be moſt eaſily obtain'd, which is moſt uſeful. *Camomile*, *Rue*, *Betony*, *Liverwort*, *Colts-foot*, and *Buck-bean*, the roots of *Garlick*, *Aron*, *Valerian*, and *Burdock*, have all great and ſovereign virtues, in their reſpec-

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tive claſſes, however common, and neglected, as vulgar, and obſolete, by the caprice of new inventions, and the tyranny of cuſtom. The virtues of *Elder* and *Sage* would fill a volume, beſides many others of equal worth and value. The wiſe author of nature has amply furniſh'd us with phyſic, as well as food, in theſe medicinal plants: I have often found well-choſen diet-drinks, effectually remove ſeveral diſorders, that have eluded all the art of nicer pharmacy. But the ſtudy of botany is now too much neglected for artificial preparations, and the genteel cant, and intereſts of phyſic; nothing will avail with ſome but chymical compoſitions, and we are to be conjur'd into health all at once, by ſome *enchanted pill*, or *drop*, or ſome ſuch wonderful *catholicon*. But this was not the practice of *Hippocrates*, *Galen*, *Celſus*, or *Sydenham*, who ſtudy'd nature more: *Virgil* mentions it as the principal character of *Iapis*, who cur'd *Æneas*.

Scire poteſtates herbarum, uſumque medendi.

It was his part
To ſtudy herbs, and know the healing art.

SOME people, who perhaps aim more at amuſement than inſtruction, may wonder that I have not been more copious in enumerating the medicines appro-

propriated to particular diſorders, and their reſpective virtues. But (not to mention that this would be inconſiſtent with the intended brevity of this eſſay) I think ſuch diſquiſitions are more calculated for the entertainment of the reader, than for his real uſe, and ſervice: For whatever are the general and ſpecific virtues, and powers of medicines, the particular uſe and application of them muſt eternally vary; and depend at laſt on the ſkill and judgment of the preſcriber. There is nothing more uſeleſs, and impertinent, than the confus'd, and immethodical accounts we find in ſome botanic, and medical writers, who, like *Culpeper* and *Salmon*, aſcribe indiſcriminately, almoſt all ſorts of virtues, to all herbs, and medicines. But a bundle of receipts, or an apothecary's file, will as well qualify a perſon for practice, as ſuch common-place cant, and undiſtinguiſh'd deſcriptions.

But not having time to expatiate, I ſhall only obſerve, that the wiſe and beneficent author of nature has adorn'd the earth with an infinite, and beautiful variety of plants and vegetables, which are many of them only fit for medicinal uſes: And that there is in every climate, and region, a ſufficient proviſion made for the wants and neceſſitys of its reſpective inhabitants, both *dietetic*, and *phyſical*. And conſequently, navigation has rather ſupply'd us with materials for the luxury and effeminacys of life, than

for

for its real cravings, and neceſſities. This is demonſtrated from the health, vigor, and happineſs of the old *Britons*, *Braſilians*, *&c.* before they had any commerce, or communication with other nations, or were poliſh'd and civiliz'd into riches, luxury, and diſeaſes. As *Pope* has beautifully repreſented.

Lo! the poor Indian, whoſe untutor'd mind, &c.

Sir *William Temple* has alſo very juſtly made the ſame obſervations; and has himſelf took notice of ſix medicinal plants peculiar to our climate, (tho' many might be added of equal value) *viz. Sage*, *Rue*, *Saffron*, *Ale-hooff*, *Garlick*, and *Elder*; the virtues of which he has particularly ſpecify'd.

I HAVE thus communicated a few obſervations on this important ſubject of *Health*, chiefly collected from my own experience; in which my ſole view has been to ſuggeſt ſome hints (or rather faint *ſketches*, and *outlines*, for others to fill up, and finiſh) that may tend to promote the health, and happineſs of mankind, without regard to the ambitious and mercenary views of ſome in modern practice, or to the falſe oſtentation of illiterate pretenders, and deſigning empirics: And if it don't add to the happineſs of others, it will certainly add to my own, that my deſign was good, and my intention honeſt. I ſhall only obſerve, with a celebrated wri-

ter,

ter, *That Health is commonly the blessing of the poor, and not of the rich: And that if the rich wou'd be healthy or happy, they must live like the poor, tho' they may shine with the great; or do that by choice, which the others do by necessity.*

It may be inferr'd from hence, that *Health* is the golden *Hesperian* fruit of *Exercise*, *Quiet*, and *Temperance*, which may be comprised in these two lines:

A happy being, and a peaceful end,
On Toil, Content, *and* Temperance *depend.*

I shall conclude these cursory remarks, with a poem compos'd a great many years ago; which being adapted to the subject, I have now revised and corrected, tho' a very intractable theme for poetry.

TO
Dr. MORGAN,
ON HIS
PHILOSOPHICAL PRINCIPLES
OF
MEDICINE.

AS uſeful labors call for grateful praiſe,
Accept this tribute of my humble lays:
Great is the taſk, extenſive is the theme,
Great as your work, extenſive as your fame;
Yet ſhall the muſe attempt the vaſt deſign,
And your applauſe reſound in every Line.

IN the primæval, happy days of old,
When golden years their radiant circles roll'd,

When

When on wild fruits, and herbs, men liv'd content,
And thankful took what heaven's rich bounty ſent.
No noxious humors ſtain'd the purple tide,
Nor *luxury* ſought, what *nature* had deny'd:
They drank the chryſtal ſtream, and ſweetly ſlept
On moſſy couches, with the flocks they kept;
Grief then was abſent, ſickneſs hardly known,
Peaceful they liv'd, and dy'd without a groan.

DISEASE at firſt ſprung from its parent vice,
And hence the *Healing Art* deriv'd its riſe:
Immortal art! whoſe power divinely ſaves,
From pining ſickneſs, and devouring graves.
Plain remedys at firſt were valu'd moſt,
The drugs were few, and moderate the coſt.
The ſick were cur'd without a *gilded pill*,
A *ſovereign bolus*, or a pompous bill.
As vice increas'd, ſo *phyſic*, by degrees,
Increas'd its empire, and increas'd its fees;
In after ages more miſterious grew,
As pride prevail'd, and intereſt came in view;
Dreſt by deſigning Men, in dark diſguiſe,
And veil'd in awful ſhapes from vulgar eyes.

WITH *Galen*'s ſect a cloud of med'cines came,
Of various form, and venerable name;
Phyſic was all confuſion, all profound,
While jargon reign'd, and learning lay in ſound.

The

The learned *Arabs*, from old writings, drew
A compound ſcheme, and model'd all anew.
Involv'd in clouds of ſmoak, and chymic flame,
Van Helmont next, and *Paracelſus* came.
While truth, and nature's light, was darken'd o'er,
And the great *Coan* precepts ſhone no more,
'Till the laſt age appear'd, when gleams of light
Shot thro' the chaos, and diſpel'd the night.

THEN *Bacon* flouriſh'd, whoſe extenſive mind,
On ſolid fact immortal ſchemes deſign'd:
While *Hobbs*, and *Harvey*, *Clerc*, *Baglive*, and *Boyle*,
Purſu'd fair truth, with an unweary'd toil.
Boyle on experiment alone rely'd,
And nature, which he lov'd, was ſtill his guide.

LOCKE now appear'd like ſome propitious light,
And chas'd the ſhades of metaphyſic right;
He all the ſchoolmen's ſophiſtry diſplay'd,
And welcome truth to every art convey'd.

SYDENHAM made practice by experience plain,
Taught by no idle fictions of the brain;
Sydenham the old, the ſimple way renew'd,
Nor ſtudy'd what was *great*, but what was *good*.

THE ſcene ſtill changes each revolving year,
And lo! new wonders to our view appear:

See

See health on Seraphs wings, divinely bright,
Shines with the rays of *mathematic light*.
Such was of late the pleaſing vaſt ſurprize,
When northern ſtreamers lighted all the ſkys ;
When, ſoon as ſhades of night the earth o'erſpread,
Amaz'd we ſaw new morning o'er our head.
With thirſt of knowledge fir'd, ſee every ſage,
With learned labor, in the work engage.

But tho' ſuch numbers have purſu'd the theme,
To you alone we owe a *finiſh'd ſcheme*.
All that *Bellini*, *Keill*, or *Pitcairne* dar'd,
At beſt is faint eſſay, with your's compar'd.
The great *Boerhaave* will hail the grateful ſight,
And read you o'er with wonder and delight.

You leave the beaten circle of the ſchools,
And the dull round of antiquated rules ;
On *facts* depend, then *reaſon from th' effect*,
And with eſtabliſh'd truths your ſcheme connect ;
While by juſt conſequence, from theſe you draw
Some *fundamental* rule, and *uſeful law*.

Such was the path immortal *Newton* trod,
He form'd the wond'rous plan, and mark'd the rod ;
Led by this clue, he travel'd o'er the ſky,
And marſhal'd all the ſhining worlds on high.

Mature

Mature in thought, you *Newton*'s laws reduce
To nobler ends, and more important uſe :
To guard man's feeble frame from fell diſeaſe,
Or when we ſink with pain to give us eaſe :
For every ail aſcribe its proper *cauſe*,
To nature's govern'd by *mechanic laws* ;
You ſhew how ſpringy air affects our frame,
To raiſe, or to depreſs the vital flame :
How orbs above by gravitation ſteer,
Impreſs their force, and influence the air ;
How *Cynthia*'s ſilent energy preſides,
Ferments the blood, and agitates the tides.

When fatal fevers kindle flames within,
Which raging glow o'er all the ſcorch'd machine,
You ſhew how nature prudently detains
Diluting ſerum in the burning veins ;
Your well-tim'd medicines mitigate the heat,
And o'er the frame diffuſe a balmy ſweat :
The monſter *Febris* flys the potent ſpell,
In haſte retires, and calmly ſeeks her cell.
Medicine from hence ſhall triumph with ſucceſs,
Nor pining patients linger in diſtreſs.

My raptur'd muſe ſees with prophetic eyes,
New ages roll along, new ſyſtems riſe ;
Sees phyſic on *mechanic reaſoning* climb,
And raiſe a ſtructure to the ſkys ſublime ;

Sees ſickneſs fled, *Health* bloom with cherub face,
And age creep on, with ſlow, reluctant pace;
Experience with her torch, direct our youth,
Scatter the miſts, and light the way to *truth.*
While dark Hypotheſis no more prevails,
Nor pupils liſten to romantic tales:
Nor proud *authority* with bug-bear rules
Enſlaves our minds, or dictates in the ſchools.
But *liberty* ſits Goddeſs of our iſle,
And peaceful bleſſings all around her ſmile;
Darkneſs and bigotry before her fly,
And truth, and virtue, grow beneath her eye.

THE

The SURPRIZE:

Occaſion'd by a Perſon's Receiving

Mourning for a FRIEND, a young Lady, Who Feign'd herſelf Dead.

ARE theſe the preſents friends beſtow?
Sad repreſentatives of woe!
Black trophys of departing breath,
Signals of darkneſs, and of death.
Unwelcome gifts! which only wait
To dreſs the meſſenger of fate.

AND is the blooming fair one fled,
And *Delia* mingled with the dead?
She who all other darts defy'd,
Herſelf the fatal ſhaft has try'd.
Her air ſo ſprightly, and ſo gay,
She baniſh'd every care away;
And when alive cou'd wonders do,
And keep her friends from dying too.*

* Alluding to her curing ſome young Ladys of the Vapours.

THUS while I muſing ſat in tears,
A grateful ſound ſalutes my ears:
It is her voice, her air, her frame,
Or elſe, ſome viſionary dream.
'Tis *Delia*'s ſelf! with glad ſurprize,
The living fair ſalutes my eyes.
To dying criminals, reprieve
Cou'd ne'er more rapturous pleaſure give.
Not ſhowers which cool the thirſty plain,
Not ſmiles to a deſpairing ſwain,
Than to my mind, oppreſt with care,
This *Reſurrection* of the fair.

LIFE, like a flower, we often ſay,
Blooms fair awhile, then fades away.
You beſt the metaphor explain,
For you can *die*, and *riſe* again.

BUT oh! how barbarous, how unkind,
To torture thus your lover's mind?
Each friend, for ſuch rude treatment, thinks,
You are more ſavage than a *Lynx*;
And frolic as the apiſh tribe,
In the ſame region who reſide.
May you, for this, for ever more,
Tranſported be to that wild ſhore,
Where baboons dance, and lions roar.

THE

THE WHEEL-BARROW,

A POEM:

Occaſion'd by the Author's ſeeing his own Works truckl'd along in Bundles, in a WHEEL-BARROW.

'TIS ſaid, all nature moves on wheels,
And every world the impulſe feels;
The purple tide, on wheels unſeen,
Glides thro' the animal machine;
On wheels of ſtate great kingdoms move,
And imitate the orbs above;
State-lotterys thus are wheel'd about,
Where fools put in—and knaves draw out;
The cart-wheel round its axis rolls,
As ſtars revolve about their poles;
And thus the loſty *Muſes* ſong,
In humble *Barrow* rolls along.
Oh! how the bard's bright fame ſhall riſe,
That in a *Wheel-Barrow* mounts the ſkys!

AM-

AMBITIOUS poet! tell us why
You ſtoop ſo low—to riſe ſo high?
The lofty Muſe ſublime, ſhou'd dare
Ride in her chariot thro' the air,
Elijah like, as 'tis related,
In flying coach to heaven tranſlated.
Sure *Pegaſus* is grown a jade,
To be thus ſlovenly convey'd:
Yet *Blackmore* was condemn'd to *Styx*.
Tho' wont to ride in coach and ſix.

OUR poet, ſure, cou'd have no pride,
In ſuch a Phaeton to ride.
Can this vile vehicle be fit
To carry poetry and wit?
This rumbling implement, deſign'd
For uſes of ignobler kind;
To carry rubbiſh, loam, or lime,
Now groans beneath a load of rhime;
Yet partly its old uſe retains,
To bear the *rubbiſh* of the brains;
And as it bears the poet's ſong,
With its own muſic wheels along.
Oh! how the anxious bard wou'd rue,
If thus the verſe ſhou'd rumble too.

I DOUBT it bodes ſome fatal ſpell,
To mount in ſuch low vehicle.

In

In carts as malefactors hie,
At *Tyburn*'s tragic tree to die:
To ſee your tomes in *Barrow* vile
Convey'd,— wou'd make a *Cynic* ſmile:
And ſhou'd they ſhare an equal fate,
How ſhort would be the muſe's date?
But 'twou'd be moſt infernal ſentence,
For *Bards* to die without repentance:
Yet thus you'd mount toward the ſky,
Aloft in air ſuſpended high.

THIS *Barrow* now ſhall wheel no more,
In dirty errands, as before:
Shall that machine which bore the bays,
And truckl'd with immortal lays,
Be doom'd to labour in highways?
To carry fruit, or lumber fit,
Which bore the golden fruit of wit?
It wou'd, thus proſtituted, mourn,
To the old drudgery to return.
Triumphal chariots ſtill by charter
Repoſe in pomp forever after.
'Tis ſaid the famous *Bucentaur*,
Which once the *Doge* of *Venice* bore,
For ſuch high ſervice does remain
In ſtate—and ſeldom ſail again;
And thus the *Barrow* ſhall be bleſt,
And rot in everlaſting reſt.

CHA-

CHARIOTS, which won th' *Olympic* race,
Of other chariots ſtill took place:
So ſhall all other *Barrows* bow,
And *truckle* to this *Barrow* now.

BY ſage aſtronomers we're told,
In fabulous hiſtory of old,
That fam'd *Auriga** by tranſlation,
Became a radiant conſtallation.
Then who this *Barrow* can deny
An equal honour in the ſky?
There for ſuch merit to remain,
Immortal made, like *Charles's Wain:*
On this baſe earth no more to drag on,
No *Wheel-Barrow*, but now a *Waggon*.

* The celeſtial *Waggoner*, or *Carter*, a Conſtellation, conſiſting of 14 Stars. The Inventor of the *Waggon* was ſaid to be tranſlated to Heaven by *Jupiter*.

F I N I S.