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A N  
E P I S T L E

T O A

Young Nobleman.

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E P I S T L E  
T O A  
Young Nobleman  
F R O M H I S  
P R Æ C E P T O R.

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— — — — — *Sanctus haberi,  
Iustitiaeque tenax dictis factisque mereris?  
Agnosco procerem.* — — — —

JUV. SAT. 8.

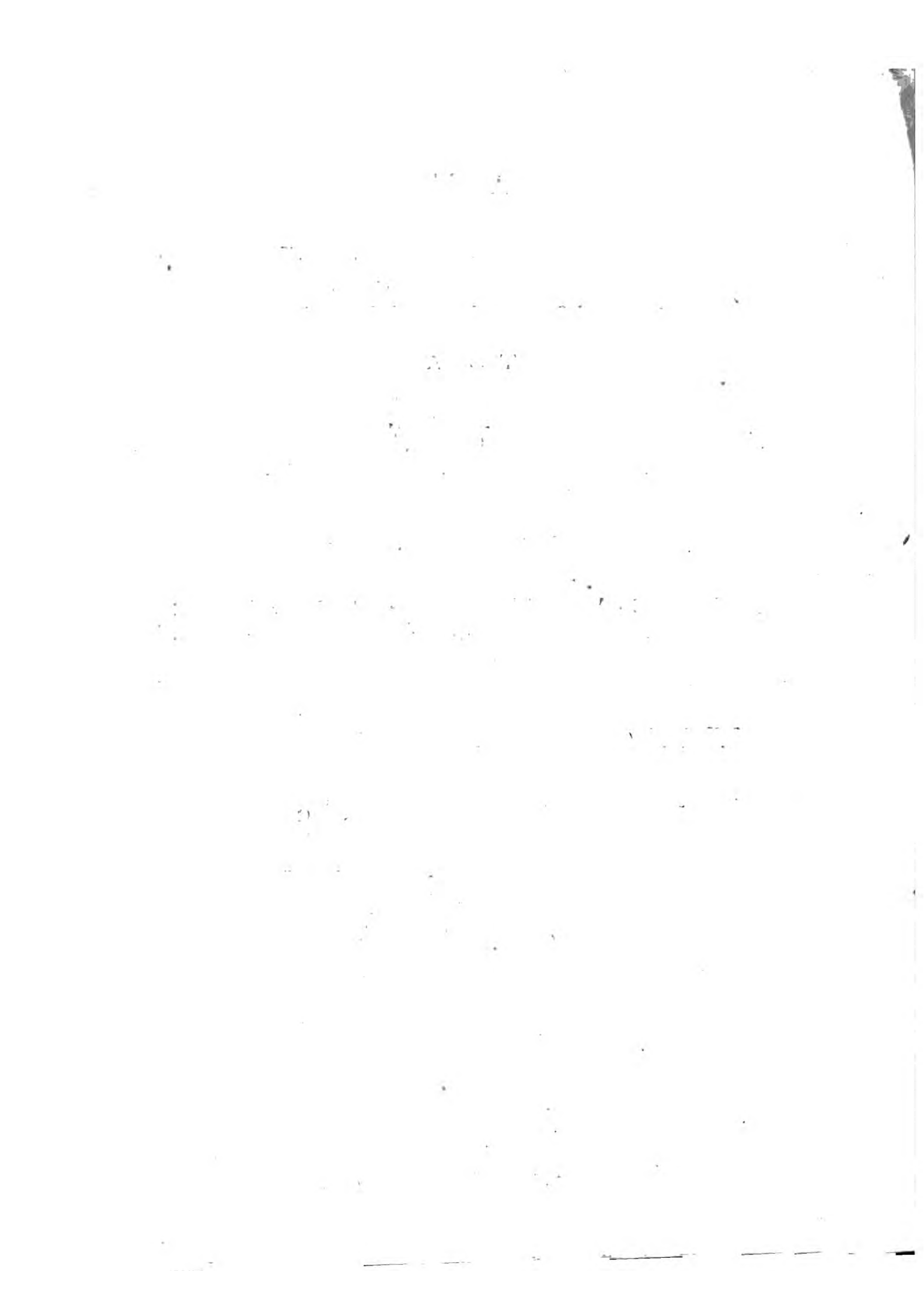
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L O N D O N :


Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER, at *Homer's Head* against *St. Dunstan's Church* in *Fleetstreet*,  
and ROBERT DODSLEY at *Tully's Head* in





To the Right HONOURABLE

The Lord Visc<sup>t</sup>. *BEAUCHAMP*.

“  H A T is Nobility ? ” — Wou'd you  
then know  
The real Substance, stripp'd of all  
its Show ?

Can You, MY LORD, the honest Freedom bear  
Of Truths I ought to tell, and you to hear ?  
Or shall I say — “ Such Beauty, Birth, Estate,  
“ Must make their Owner lov'd, and make him great !  
“ Above the mean Restraint of vulgar Rules,  
“ Your Will a Law, Plebeians but your Tools ;  
“ While mingling with your Blood each Honour flows,  
“ And in each Pulse a PERCY'S Ardour glows.

Not

Not so the *Muse*: She teaches you to know,  
 How vain those Honours you to Others owe!  
 Who rise to *Glory*, must by *Virtue* rise,  
 'Tis in the Mind all genuine Greatness lies:  
 On that eternal Base, on that alone,  
 The World's Esteem you build, and more – your own.

Tho' PERCY, SEYMOUR, mighty Names! combine  
 To swell your Blood, to dignify your Line;  
 For you tho' Fortune all her Stores has spread,  
 And Pleasure tempts you to her rosy Bed;  
 Tho' Beauty, fairer than the fairest Face,  
 Breathes round your Form each animated Grace:  
 Yet what avail Birth, Beauty, Fortune's Store,  
 The Plume of Title, and the Pride of Power,  
 If deaf to Virtue's, deaf to Honour's Call,  
 To Tyrant Vice a wretched Slave you fall?  
 To Vice paternal Laurels you must yield;  
 Revers'd each Triumph, lost each purple Field,  
 Your Sires no more their captive Foes detain,  
 You pay the Ransom, and you break the Chain;  
 No more your long-descended Fame we view,  
 No HARTFORD fought, no PERCY bled for You.

I know



I know, MY LORD, *Ambition* fills your Mind,  
 The Pilot she, and she the rising Wind :  
 Take, take her for your Guide ; her Gales receive,  
 But quell her Storms, nor let the Billows heave.  
 So shall you shun the giddy Heroe's Fate,  
 And by her just Commands be *truly Great*.

She bids you first, in Life's soft vernal Hours,  
 Of genial Nature wake the latent Powers ;  
 With rising Years still rising Arts display,  
 With new-born Graces mark each new-born Day :  
 'Tis now the Time young Passion to restrain,  
 Before the crooked Stem you bend in vain,  
 Before unpliant grows the rambling Spray,  
 And scorns the Hand of Reason to obey.  
 In Passion's Strife you can no Medium have,  
 But must be or the Master, or the Slave :  
 Then guide the Courser with a steady Rein,  
 Ere yet he bounds o'er Pleasure's flowery Plain,  
 Ere yet with blind with headlong Speed he flies,  
 Nor feels the Bit, nor hears the Rider's Cries.

"For whom these Toys?" you may perhaps enquire;  
 First for your SELF: *That* Nature will inspire. —  
 She swells the filial Thought, the kindred Tear,  
 She makes the PARENT and the SISTER dear:  
 To these in closest Bands of Love ally'd,  
 Their Joy or Grief you live, their Shame or Pride:  
 You she commands to make their Blifs your own;  
 Hence scorn to think or act for SELF alone;  
 Hence bravely strive upon your own to raise  
 Their Honour, Grandeur, Dignity and Praise.

But wider far, beyond the narrow Bound  
 Of Family, *Ambition* looks around;  
 Looks round, and seeks the FRIEND's delightful Face,  
 The Friend at least demands the second Place.

And yet beware: for Most desire a Friend  
 For sordid Lucre, not for Virtue's End.  
 There are, who with fond Favour's fickle Gale,  
 Now sudden swell, and now contract their Sail;  
 This Week devour, the next with sickening Eye  
 Avoid, and cast the fully'd Play-thing by;

There

There are, who, tossing in the Bed of Vice,  
 For Flattery's Opiate give the highest Price ;  
 Yet from the saving Hand of Friendship turn,  
 Her Medicines dread, her generous Offers spurn.  
 Deserted Greatness! who but pities Thee?  
 By Crowds encompass'd, thou no Friend canst see:  
 Or should kind Truth invade thy tender Ear,  
 We pity still; for thou no Truth canst bear.  
 Ne'er grudg'd thy Wealth to swell an useles State,  
 Yet frugal deem'd th' Expence of Friends too great;  
 For Friends ne'er mixing in ambitious Strife,  
 For Friends, the richest Furniture of Life!  
 Oh! fallen from *Pride*, magnificent no more,  
 Know, Friends are cheap, while worthy Men are poor!  
 Riches in Heaps a nauseous Dunghill stand,  
 Diffus'd by Bounty cheer the smiling Land;  
 Joy, Love, and Friendship, blooming thence arise,  
 And waft the sweetest Incense to the Skies.  
 Be Your's, MY LORD, to court a better Aim,  
 Your Pride to burn with Friendship's purer Flame;  
 By Virtue kindl'd, by like Manners fed,  
 By mutual Wishes mutual Favours spread,

Increas'd with Years, by candid Truth refin'd,  
 Pour all its boundless Ardours thro' your Mind.  
 Be yours the Care a chosen Band to gain ;  
 With Them to Glory's radiant Summit strain,  
 Aiding and aided each, while All contend,  
 Who best, who bravest, shall assist his Friend.

Thus still should *private* Friendships spread around,  
 Till in their joint Embrace the PUBLICK's found,  
 The common Friend! — Then all her Good explore,  
 Explor'd, pursue with each unbiafs'd Power.  
 But chief the Greatest should her Laws revere,  
 Ennobling Honours, which she bids them wear.  
 A BRITISH NOBLE is a dubious Name,  
 Of lowest Infamy, or highest Fame :  
 Born to redress an injur'd Orphan's Cause,  
 To smooth th' unequal Frown of rigid Laws ;  
 To stand an *Isthmus* of our well-mix'd State,  
 Where rival Pow'rs with restless Billows beat,  
 And from each side alike the Fury fling  
 Of madd'ning Commons, or encroaching King.

How mean, who can this sacred Station leave,  
 By Birth a Patriot, but by Choice a Slave!  
 How great, who answers this illustrious End,  
 Whom Prince and People call their equal Friend!

“ Yes, there I’ll rest; *Ambition* toils no more,  
 “ That Goal attain’d, sure her long Race is o’er?”

Alas! ’tis scarce begun: *Ambition* smiles  
 At the poor Limits of the *British* Isles,  
 That would in vain her boundless Flight oppose,  
 And with their circling Waves her Views inclose:  
 She o’er the Globe expatiates unconfin’d,  
 Expands with CHRISTIAN CHARITY the Mind,  
 And pants to be the Friend of all Mankind.

Her Country all beneath one ambient Sky,  
 Whoe’er beholds yon radiant Orbs on high,  
 To whom one Sun impartial gives the Day,  
 To whom the silver Moon her milder Ray,  
 Whom the same Water, Earth and Air sustain,  
 O’er whom one PARENT-KING extends his Reign,  
 Are her Compatriots all, by her belov’d,  
 In Nature near, tho’ far by Space remov’d;



On common Earth no Foreigner she knows,  
 No Foe can find, except fair Virtue's Foes:  
 No Motive needs her chearful Aid to lend,  
 To Want and Woe an undemanded Friend.  
 Nor thus advances Others Blifs alone;  
 But in the Way to theirs still finds her own. —  
 Theirs is her own. What? should your Taper light  
 Ten thousand, burns it to yourself less bright?  
 "Men are ungrateful." — Be they so, that dare!  
 Is that the Giver's, or Receiver's Care?  
 Oh! blind to Joys that from true Bounty flow,  
 To think, Those e'er repent whose *Hearts* bestow!

Man to his M A K E R thus best Homage pays,  
 Thus peaceful walks thro' Virtue's pleasing Ways:  
 Her gentle Image on the Soul imprest,  
 Bids each tempestuous Passion leave the Breast:  
 Thence with her livid self-devouring Snakes  
 Pale *Envy* flies; her Quiver *Slander* breaks:  
 Thus falls (dire Scourge of a distracted Age!)  
 The knave-led one-ey'd Monster, *Party-Rage*.

*Ambition* jostles with her Friends no more ;  
 Nor thirsts *Revenge* to drink a Brother's Gore ;  
*Fury-Remorse* no stinging Scorpions rears ;  
 O'er trembling Guilt no falling sword appears.  
 Hence *Conscience*, void of Blame, her Front erects,  
 Her God adores, all other Fear rejects.  
 Hence JUST AMBITION boundless Splendours crown,  
 And hence she calls Eternity her own.

Thus your lov'd SCIPIO pass'd his glorious Days,  
 Blest with his KINDRED'S, FRIEND'S, and COUNTRY'S  
 Nor ended there the human Hero's Thought, [Praise.  
 Nor in the *Roman* was the *Man* forgot ;  
 In the deaf Battle hearing Nature's Call,  
 He doom'd with Tears a rival Empire's Fall,  
 The WORLD'S great Patriot He ! — By Fame inspir'd  
 His Youth each Art adorn'd, each Virtue fir'd ;  
 He thro' *Rome's* Sons the brave Contagion spread,  
 Now led to Conquest, now to Wisdom led ;  
 Pleas'd, or to still the Forum's civil Roar,  
 Or muse, *Cajeta*, on thy bending Shore ;

Free from Affairs, unfetter'd with Parade,  
To taste a Friend amid the rural Shade:  
There deigns to mingle in immortal Lays,  
There deep thro' Time his Country's Fate surveys,  
While from his Tongue sublimest Precepts flow —  
“ How Man but sojourns on this Spot below,  
“ How mortal Fame is to a Point confin'd,  
“ Heaven only fit to fill th' immortal Mind,  
“ For Heaven that Virtue can alone prepare,  
“ And Vice would find herself unhappy *there*.”  
Hence loos'd from Earth his pure Affections soar,  
Where sensual Pleasure cheats the Soul no more.  
Beneath his Feet do Nation's Treasures lye?  
Millions he views with unretorted Eye.  
His Country's Manners does Corruption drown?  
He, blameless Censor! stems them by his own.  
Did Kingdoms groan? He bade Oppression cease,  
Stern Tyrants aw'd, and gave the World a Peace.  
Did *Justice* call? He car'd not what became  
Of Life, or of Life's sweetest Breath, his Fame:  
For Her he dar'd the Noble's, People's Hate,  
For Her he liv'd, for Her resign'd to Fate.

These



These were his Honours, his high Triumphs these!  
 Oh! how unlike the Slaves of Wealth and Ease:  
 With Plenty curs'd, to make all Life a Void,  
 Too great, too noble, to be well employ'd,  
 They seek some livery'd Friend to drag away  
 The heavy, cumbrous, miserable Day.  
 Inglorious State! — worse than the Beggar's Doom,  
 To ask their daily Being of a Groom!

Others there are, that with unfeeling Ear  
 A *Scipio's*, *Sydney's*, *Falkland's* Glory hear;  
 Unmov'd could *Somers'* various Virtues see,  
*Pope's* scorn of Vice, and filial Piety;  
 Are Proof to every Lure of *honest* Fame,  
 Yet still of Sycophants would buy a Name;  
 Still for their scornful Mistress, Glory's fake,  
 Can every Pain, — but to deserve her, take.  
 Hence Birds of Throat obscene and greedy Maw,  
 The chatt'ring Magpye, the tale-bearing Daw,  
 Rooks, Vultures, Harpies, their vile Board surround,  
 While frighted Merit flies th' unhallow'd Ground,

Flies to the private Shade, the pure Retreat,  
 And to their Scoundrels leaves the Proud and Great.  
 What, tho' their Hands ne'er hold *Britannia's* Reins,  
 Nor Swords e'er seek her Foes on crimson Plains?  
 Yet *Blount* shall own they drive six Horses well,  
 And *Hockley's* Heroes of their Bravery tell.  
 Their Name with *Mordaunt's* *Pope* disdains to sing,  
 Yet with their Triumphs does *Newmarket* ring,  
 Yet in her Annals is Life's glorious Course  
 Immortaliz'd — by some immortal Horse.  
 What tho', ye fair! they break thro' Honour's Laws?  
 Yet thence they gain a modish World's Applause:  
 Receiv'd, repuls'd, their Boast is still the same,  
 And still they triumph o'er each injur'd Name.  
 Their Vote, we know, ne'er rais'd the drooping State,  
 But rescu'd Operas from impending Fate.  
 Their Bounty never bids Affliction smile,  
 But pampers Fiddlers with the Tradesman's Spoil;  
 And in one luscious Sauce is often drown'd,  
 What might have chear'd their beggar'd Tenants  
 No *Goth* to Learning e'er was Foe so fell, [round.  
 Yet oft their Praises Dedications swell;

Yet

Yet *White's* allows them, in a Length of Years,  
The first of Sharpers, tho' the last of Peers.

In vain for such may Domes on Domes arise,  
With Heads audacious, and invade the Skies ;  
In vain dishonour'd Stars dart mimick Rays,  
And give their fordid Breasts a borrow'd Blaze ;  
In vain with lordly Rule their wide Domains,  
Swell hundred Hills, and spread an hundred Plains :  
If mean, they're meaner by their lofty State,  
(So Statues lessen by a Base too great)  
With Birth ignoble, starving in their Store,  
Obscur'd by Splendour, impotent with Pow'r,  
By Titles stain'd, with Beauty unadorn'd,  
Besieg'd by Flatt'ry, but by Merit scorn'd,  
The Slaves of Slaves, Corruption's dirty Tools,  
The Prey of Villains, and the Gaze of Fools.

Rise then, MY LORD, with nobler Ardour rise !  
And whilst your Sires before your ravish'd Eyes,  
Pass in a grand Review, Oh ! pant for Fame,  
And by your Actions still adorn their Name,

Transmitting thence with added Lustre down  
Honours, that may your future Offspring crown!

That Sight the Muse with pleasing Hope surveys,  
While to the blissful Hour her Fancy strays,  
When in the HARTFORD of another Age,  
The same fair Virtues shall your Soul engage;  
The same soft Meekness and majestick Mien,  
Shall grace the publick, chear the private Scene:  
From whom a new ELIZA shall arise,  
Wit, Spirit, Sense, and Goodness in her Eyes,  
O'er willing Hearts to spread her lasting Sway,  
For ever innocent, for ever gay.  
When to another BEAUCHAMP you shall owe  
Those Joys, that with your dawning Virtues grow,  
In Him again be born, again shall live,  
And take that Happiness, which now you give.  
Heaven has on You pour'd wide her kindest Show'r;  
Health, Riches, Honours blest your natal Hour,  
At once an Elegance of Form and Mind,  
To please, to serve, and to adorn your Kind,  
Of gentle Manners, but of Genius strong,  
When gay, collected, and polite, tho' young.

These bounteous Heav'n bestows: 'Tis Your's to  
 Her Gifts, and from their Use to draw your Praise: <sup>[raise</sup>  
 Her's the Materials, Your's the Work must be;  
 Your Choice, MY LORD, is *Fame* or *Infamy*.

Oh! should your Virtues in pure Current flow,  
 And Wealth and Pleasure all around bestow,  
 Till Earth no more their length'ning Stream can bound,  
 Nor sinks their Fame in Time's vast Ocean drown'd,  
 Say, might the Muse to future Age declare,  
 They were her early Honour and her Care?  
 That by her Hand their bub'ling Fount was clear'd,  
 That following where the mazy Rill appear'd,  
 She form'd their Channel, and their Course she steer'd? }  
 Might then this fond ambitious Verse pretend  
 She taught the Pupil, yet preserv'd the Friend;  
 First twin'd the Wreaths, that shall your Temples  
 Still happier in your Glory than her own? <sup>[crown,</sup>