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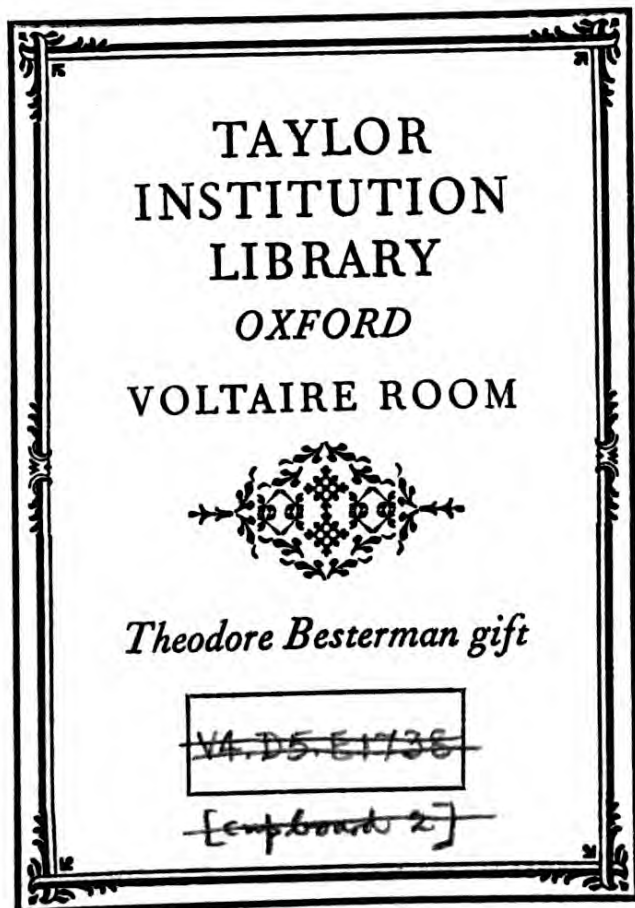
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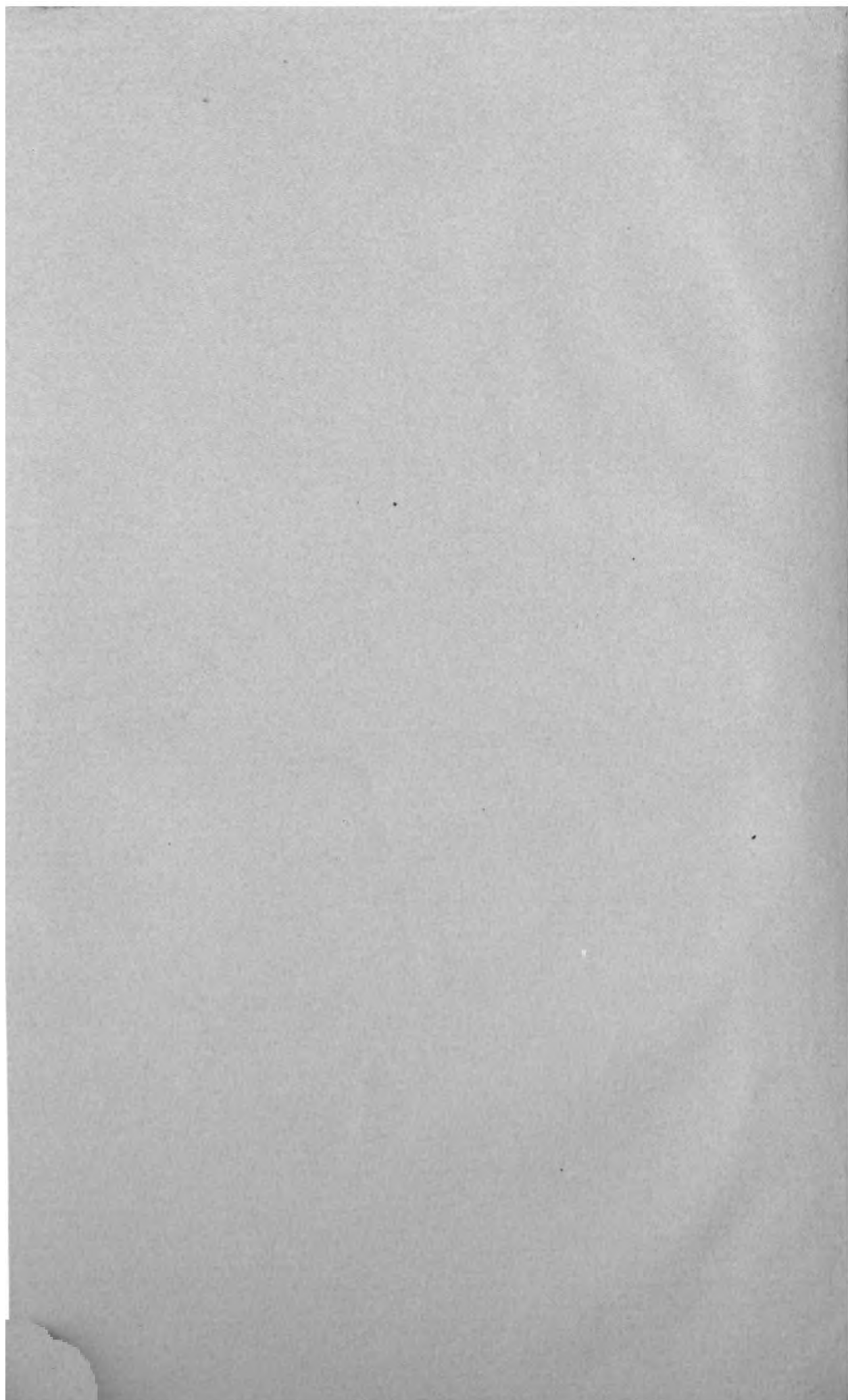
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EPISTLES

Translated from the
French of Mr. VOLTAIRE.

O N
H A P P I N E S S,
L I B E R T Y,
A N D
E N V Y.

Inscrib'd to
JOHN COMINS, Esq;

By WILLIAM GORDON, A. M.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, in *Oxford-Arms Passage,*
Warwick-Lane, 1738.

Price One Shilling.

1870

1871

1872



E P I S T L E I.
O N
H A P P I N E S S :
O R,
The just Equality of Conditions
in the World.



ERMOTIMUS, you're newly come abroad,
Plain Country bred, a Stranger to the
Mode,

Unsettled quite, and willing to receive
Instructions for the grand Affair, TO LIVE.
Some certain Method ev'ry Man pursues,
But what Condition shall the Novice chuse ?

B

No

No doubt, you'll say the happiest of all,
 Pray tell me, Youngster, where the Choice must fall?
 The King's Finances, and the Bench of Right,
 The Court, the Army, and the Church invite.
 No Matter how your Genius decide,
 Give way to Nature ; Happiness is ty'd
 To no determin'd, or elective State,
 The Temper of the Mind decrees our Fate ;
 All States are equal, here the Difference lies,
 That Fools are wretched, happy are the Wise.

All Men are Sailors, Happiness the Port ;
 The Shelves are frequent, Winds uncertain sport ;
 Kind Heaven allots a Vessel meet for each,
 With diff'rent Gales the Foreign Coast to reach ;
 If better mann'd, or well equipt she rides,
 The Dangers are proportion'd in the Tides.
 When raging Tempests swell the troubled Main,
 The purple Streamers are display'd in vain.
 The filken Cables, and the tow'ring Mast,
 Are undistinguish'd by the gath'ring Blast.

It levels strait the plain and gilded Poop,
 The Royal Galley, and the Fishing Sloop.
 If any Mortal, with successful Oar,
 Ride out the Storm, or safely swim to Shore,
 The Vessel is the same, superior Skill
 Prevails, directed by the Sov'reign Will.
 Perhaps you'll tell me, 'tis a grand Mistake
 To think our States are equal as our Make
 In Point of Fortune ; or that Heav'n design'd
 An universal Level for Mankind.
 Shall City Dames behind the Counter vie
 With Royal Consorts thron'd in Majesty ?
 Is the Sensation equally refin'd
 With Priests themselves, however much resign'd,
 With red or green to deck the close-shorn Pate,
 The Marks of high ecclesiastick State ;
 Or muff'd in a greasy tatter'd Hood,
 Kneel twice a Day beneath the Prior's Rod,
 Doom'd to receive, with penitential Awe,
 Full twenty Stripes by rigid Cloister Law ?

The Beau that struts so elegant and free,
 Is happy sure in eminent Degree
 Above the Slave chain'd to his smutt'd Desk,
 Half-choak'd with Dust, and poring o'er his Task

No ; such a Disposition were unjust ;
 Sage Nature were a Niggard of her Trust,
 And lavish to a scandalous Extreme,
 If Happiness were by the partial Scheme
 Monopoliz'd by Rank and growing Name. }
 An errant Fop the Col'nel wou'd be call'd,
 Whose Taste of Joy and Pleasure is not pall'd,
 Try'd by the Marschal's more exalted Sense ;
 Th' Imperial Lord, spite of the joint Pretence
 Of seven Electors, yet enjoys alone
 More Happiness by Virtue of his Throne,
 A Subject's Heart, in all that's soft and gay,
 Must yield to those that bear the Regal Sway.
 Forbid it Heaven, such a Charge be laid
 Against thy Goodness by the Hearts thou'st made.

The Means of Happiness are all convey'd
 With our first Breath, tho' sometimes ill apply'd.
 While different Orders and Degrees admit
 Of perfect Satisfaction, is it fit
 That ev'ry Individual shou'd claim
 Despotick Rule? The Title is but lame
 That Truncheon, Mitre, Bench, or Council Board,
 Constituent of Happiness afford.

Nor fordid Wealth, nor gaudy Drefs avail,
 But gen'rous Sense and Virtue never fail.

Before *Pandora's* baleful Coffer op'd
 All Men enjoy'd alike, alike they hop'd;
 So have we heard, and we have still the same
 Undoubted Right to justify our Claim.

Mark those poor Rusticks lab'ring on the Plains,
 That dig through Rocks, and cleave the knotted Veins
 Of stubborn Beech, that turn the rapid Course
 Of swelling Streams, and by repeated Force
 Of Spades dividing the compacted Parts,
 Improve the Soil to glad their simple Hearts.

Not

Not those enchanted high-bred am'rous Swains
 Now celebrated in the melting Strains
 Of *Farinelle* ; No tender *Thyrsis* weaves
 The Rosy Garland, shaded with the Leaves
 Of Myrtle Copses, playing with the Fair
 In charming *Timaretta's* flowing Hair.
 No chosen Rind preserves their cypher'd Names,
 No gallant Speech communicates their Flames.
 Plain *Colin* there with *Peter* by his Side,
 Suspended on their brawny Sinews guide
 The tott'ring Plow-Share through the miry Clay,
Perretta calls them out by Break of Day.
 You see them bending, all bedufted o'er
 Round the long Year, defy the chilling Pow'r
 Of Winter Blasts, and fultry Summer Heats,
 Yet sing contented with their homely Fates.
 Where each rough Voice, yet unimprov'd by Art,
 In Antick Concert bears a jovial Part.
 Health, Vigour, Peace of Mind, and sweet Repose,
 From Poverty and painful Labour flows.

Colin

Colin wou'd stare to see the bufling Crowd
 In *Paris* Streets tumultuous and loud
 Offensive to his Ears; but to his Heart
 No Joy thofe airy Pleafures cou'd impart.
 Not move Defire, he'd fpuen the giddy Scene,
 And wifh for nothing but his Fields agen.
 Delightful Fields, endear'd by confcious Love,
 Th' eternal Flame deriving from above ;
 That fpreads its genial Warmth around the Poles,
 That ftocks the Air, and fills with countlefs Shoals
 The wat'ry Deep, fo brooding o'er the Reft,
 With gen'rous Off-fpring crowns the Wood-land
 Gueft ;
 Whofe Shafts directed by congenial Laws,
 Or plain, or gilded, will promote the Caufe.
 A glaring Outside and affected Shew
 Hides all the native Beauties from our View.
 Why this Profufion? Can't you fix your Choice
 Without thofe tinfel Baubles, formal Toys •

Which

Which *Hebert* to the City Sparks retails,
 And trusts to Miss's Fortune for his Bills.
 Love does not always boast of sure Content,
 Skreen'd with a gilded Roof, and curious Paint.

The rav'nous Eagle, shooting through the Skies
 On Wings expanded, with Affection eyes
 His high-flown Dame ; and o'er the lonely Plain
 Love-tam'd the Bull, in softest lowing Strain,
 The wanton Heifer courts to ease his Pain.
 Sweet *Philomel*, with each returning Spring,
 In melting Numbers to her Mate will sing.
 Round ev'ry Shrub, the buzzing Insects vie
 In am'rous Sports, and wanton as they fly.
 Blest in themselves, are they perplex'd to know
 What Kinds are plac'd above them, what below ?
 Why shou'd not I enjoy my present State,
 Tho' some more happy, more Abundance get ?

But hold ; the Wretch with pinching Want op-
 prest,
 That moves Compassion, yet creates Distaste,

And

And drags about a ghastly Coarse, that shows
 No Mark of Life, but feeling Sense of Woes,
 Is he still happy ? That I must disown ;
 But *Tamas*, late degraded from his Throne
 By Slaves conspiring, don't applaud his Fate ;
 Prime Viziers, and Grandees of the State
 Confin'd to Dungeons, with the Loss of Place,
 Feel as affecting Sorrows in Disgrace.
 Cross Accidents, and Disappointments wait
 On all Mankind, annex'd to ev'ry State.
Concini less aspiring, good, and just,
 Had never died for shameful Breach of Trust.
 Late Author-like the Poet *M*—— starv'd,
 But so the lavish thoughtless Man deserv'd.
 All States, and all Professions are the same ;
 Whilst Courts a servile mean Attendance claim,
 With Party-Zeal the Church divided rails,
 And through the Army low Intrigue prevails.
 True Merit oft unpatroniz'd, remains
 Obscure ; Misfortune universal reigns ;

So Good diffusive runs through ev'ry Sphere ;
 Nor grand Appearance, nor the humblest Fare,
 Nor Wealth, nor Poverty, nor youthful Bloom,
 Nor riper Age, can dissipate the Gloom ;
 No Difference of Rank or State can cure
 The Care-sick Mind, or Happiness ensure.
 Where is that boasted Blessing, look we round,
 That fleeting airy Phantom to be found ?
 Be not deceiv'd, it lies within your Breast,
 Of that rich Treasure you are all possess.
 Be wise, whate'er Condition you embrace,
 And be assur'd of solid Happiness.





E P I S T L E II.

On Liberty.

IF Happiness so much desir'd appears
 In the short Flux, and Compass of our Years,
 The Growth of genuine Wisdom ; let me know
 Next who the matchless Treasure can bestow ?
 Can I myself? Or is it from above,
 The fair Allotment of celestial Love ?
 Like Parentage, or native Form, and Wit,
 Which Thought and Circumspection ne'er admit.
 Methinks I'm free ; but is it so in Fact ?
 Or do my Soul and Body blindly act
 By foreign Instinct ? Is the Will supreme
 This leading Pow'r, or is it all a Dream ?
 Lost in this darksome, this perplexing Maze,
 My trembling Eyeballs drown'd in Tears I raise

To Heav'n submits ; the vaulted Azure rends,
 And strait to this terrestrial Spot descends
 A Seraph, chose from that exalted Band,
 Which round the sacred Throne commission'd stand ;
 Those Rays adopted by th' eternal Mind,
 For highest Contemplation all design'd ;
 Enliven'd with the Beams, reflecting bright
 From that pure Essence ; so the Floods of Light
 Diffusive through th' Aerial Spaces run,
 Shot from the flaming Center of the Sun.
 His Form assum'd material, but refin'd,
 Like those that shrowded *Galileus'* Mind :
 Or *Newton's* Soul, that in our Father's Days,
 Dark Night dispell'd with penetrating Rays.

Hear said the Seraph Consolation fraught,
 Hear what can be reveal'd, or you be taught ;
 Your lab'ring Thoughts, so laudable and fair,
 Engage my Pity, and demand my Care.
 Yes ; Freedom so essential to Thought,
 In each low Spirit, with it's Being wrought,

To human Race, and me alike is giv'n
 The greatest Blessings of indulgent Heav'n.
 Who lays, approves, and executes a Scheme,
 Is free in acting, worthy Praise or Blame ;
 This Privilege, the Author of our Make
 Deigns that his fav'rite Offspring shou'd partake ;
 That Offspring we ; the Semblance of his Pow'r
 That knew, and will'd the spacious World before,
 So Matter now subservient to thy Will
 Prime Lord on Earth, if thou exert thy Skill
 Takes all Impressions, runs in various Molds,
 And no Disputes with it's Superiour holds.
 The Seas, the Winds thou over-rul'st in Part,
 With bare Direction, or assiduous Art.
 Our Souls themselves were but mechanick Things
 Without this Freedom, mov'd by secret Springs ;
 Action, Desire, Complacency, and Pain,
 And all the boasted Pow'rs of Nature vain
 Engines of Thought, wound up by Sov'reign Pow'r,
 Like stupid Clockwork stinted to an Hour.

Led by Appearance, and mistaken Rules
 We're all abus'd, a Set of worthless Tools.

With God's own Image can we be imprest
 Of this elective Freedom dispossess't ?

What Homage, or what Service can we pay
 Involuntary ? When we disobey

We can't offend ; nor please by doing right ;
 Our Hopes and Fears are all abolish'd straight.

No just Administration can take place

In Heav'n or Earth ; a *Catiline* may pass

For inoffensive, *Cato* be esteem'd

A Ruffian, for Destiny is deem'd

Th' impulsive Cause : And this disorder'd Scene

Is fitted only for the Worst of Men.

The proud Oppressor, one that dares to seize

Another's Right insatiate ; *Mirreweys*,

Cartouche, and others of like monstrous Size.

The slanderous Wretch yet more pernicious, cries,

“ What have I done ? why should you brand my Name ?

“ Let God the real Author bear the Blame.

“ He

“ He forfeited my Word, my Hands employ’d

“ In Burning, Plunder, Sacrilege and Blood.

Thus God the Source of Equity, and Peace,

Is charg’d with Guilt and Riot to his Face.

The vile Abettors of this frightful Scheme

May worship *Satan*, more they can’t defame.

Struck with his Speech, I shrunk like one oppress’d

With Fumes spirituous, starting in his Rest ;

Whose feeble Eye-lids, and yet glimm’ring Sight

But ill sustain the sudden Blaze of Light,

That breaks upon him ere he’s well awake ;

At last I ventur’d, fore dismay’d to speak.

Blest Commentator on th’ eternal Laws,

If Man is free, what is the direful Cause

Of so great Weakness ? To what End this Light

Of boasted Knowledge ? He’s bewilder’d quite,

Misled to Error, his distracted Choice

Applauding Virtue, but embracing Vice.

This Lord on Earth, sagacious and free,

Why so enthrall’d, so plung’d in Misery ?

Then

Then he reply'd with softest Eloquence,
 What groundless Sorrow so confounds thy Sense?
 Because thy Freedom suffers some controul;—
 Was God oblig'd, when he endow'd thy Soul,
 To give away his own eternal Right,
 To ward all change, and make it infinite,
 Adapted to each Station, Time, and Place?
 Thou rival'st God, and hast forgot thy Race.

In the vast Ocean, shall each Atom claim
 Immensity? the Reason is the same;
 Thy Pow'rs are bounded, changeable, and weak,
 Thy Strength, thy Judgment Imperfection speak,
 The Substance and Proportions of thy Make. }
 All Nature is restricted, and confin'd,
 Is Man alone exempted in his Mind?
 Say, when the Passions oft tumultuous rise,
 With great Reluctance if the Will complies,
 You're conscious of the Struggle, and must own
 You had that Freedom, for it was outdone.

If Chance a Fever with fermenting Flame,
 And Pulse uneven, shake thy puny Frame,
 Health is impair'd, but not for ever gone ;
 When the Life Springs regain their proper Tone,
 More settl'd, easy, firm, and temperate,
 It proves recover'd from the Brink of Fate.
 So fares it with the Freedom of thy Mind,
 Exclaim no more, but own the Author kind.
 Sometimes the darling Treasure here below
 Through Pride, and Thirst of Greatness we forego ;
 Vain Curiosity, bewitching Pow'r,
 Love, Anger, and a thousand Mischiefs more
 Pervert the Soul ; but still you can award
 Their Batteries by Thought, and due Regard.
 Read for Improvement, profit by Advice,
 Consult your Friends, regarded by the Wise
 As Guardian Angels delegate from Heav'n ;
 So *Sylva*, *Vernage*, and *Helvetius* giv'n,
 In pure Compassion to the World were sent,
 Th' impending Fate of Mortals to prevent.

Is there on Earth a Man so frantic grown
 But in Effect this Principle will own ?
 Some blinded Fool forswears it in Debate,
 Bawls loud for certain undiscerning Fate ;
 But mark when Danger has alarm'd his Fears,
 How deep his Thought, how circumspect he steers ;
 Mark, when oppos'd, his bitter keen Reproach,
 His gnawing Spleen, when Rival Names encroach.
 You'll see him chide his Son, if he offend,
 Chastise his Faults, and charge him to amend ;
 No doubt he thinks him capable, and free ;
 His ev'ry Step and Action disagree
 With his black Scheme ; he juggles in his Heart,
 Inventing subtle shuffling Terms of Art
 To falve the gross Absurdity, denied
 In each Man's Practice, and his Faith when tried,
 He feels himself this Liberty prevail,
 Yet acts the Slave, and will perversely rail.

Thus certain of your Liberty bestow'd
 By Heav'n for good, return it whence it flow'd.

Guard

Guard well thy Reason, no Disputes admit,
 Nor endless Wrangling of licentious Wit.
 Confirm'd in Judgment, with Simplicity
 And Love of Truth, the giddy Transports fly
 Of selfish Zeal, that no Compassion shows
 To human Frailty, no Miscarriage knows.
 Indulge the Weakness of your common Make,
 Put on the Brother, and forgive Mistake.
 Be wise yourself, to Sympathy inclin'd
 And happy in the Good of all Mankind.

With peerless Wisdom thus the Seraph said,
 When rapt in Extasy, my Sense betray'd
 A secret Itch, and rash Desire to know
 Things hid from Mortals in the World below.
 To scan the simple Essence of the Mind
 And Space distinct from Matter, or combin'd.
 To measure Time, with quick Discernment weigh
 The dark Events of long Eternity.
 To comprehend th' elastic Powers aright,
 And all the various Properties of Light.

Mysterious Questions that perplex the Brains
 Of curious Nat'ralists, and mock their Pains,
 Ev'n *Mairant's* subtil, penetrating Thought,
 And *Gravesande's* deep Researches ne'er have wrought
 A true Discovery ; nor those airy Flights
 Of fancied Learning in the Fool that writes
 A fine-spun Explanation of the Laws
 Of rapid Whirlwinds, and assigns the Cause.

Mean while the Seraph 'scap'd my ravish'd Sight
 To blest Abodes of Truth had wing'd his Flight,
 I stood rebuk'd, not daring to explore
 The latent Purpose of the Sov'reign Pow'r,
 So far beyond my Reach, which he declin'd
 To prostitute ; and yet amazing kind
 To my first earnest Suit had shown Regard,
 And certain Means of Happiness declar'd,





EPISTLE III.

On Envy.



A N thus created free, shou'd exercise
 His Government to curb tyrannick Vice ;
 Shake off the Yoke, indignant to obey
 Those lawless Passions that usurp the Sway.
 See that fell Monster, rack'd with gnawing Spleen,
 An errant Cow'rd, yet bloody minded, keen
 For black Revenge, that darts envenom'd stings
 Quite through the Heart, and Racks, and Tortures
 flings :
 Bane of the Mind, Envy appears too plain
 The worst and most mischievous of the Train.

The Child of Pride, engender'd in the Breast
 Of stupid Folly, by his Dam carest ;
 Fain would he break from her abhorr'd Embrace
 And ape his Sire, but dares not shew his Face.
 Confounded with the Sense of foreign Worth,
 He lies oppress'd, like that dread Son of Earth
 So noted for his Enmity to Heav'n,
 Crush'd by the Gods, and to the Center driv'n
 All flaming through the Fires that he had hurl'd,
 With fruitless Aim, at the celestial World.
 In that deep Cavern, now he raves and roars,
 Expecting doubtless to unhinge the Poles,
 Mount *Etna* labours heaving with the Shock,
 But strait subsides impregnable as Rock.

'Gainst *Aristides* what cou'd move the Judge
 To act so basely ? Hear the secret Grudge
 Which he confess'd triumphant in his Rage,
 " He cou'd not bear that Idol of his Age,"
 Have I not seen false Meteors in the State
 Pursue great *Villars* with immortal Hate.

Attempt

Attempt that Orb, from which their Safety flow'd,
 To shade his Conquests, and his Brightness cloud,
 He fought for them, they mouth'd at him aloud.

When rousing Death and Danger in the Field,
 He told his Prince, that nought should make him
 yield,

Just Cause of Fear he apprehended none
 But from the Malice of *Versailles* alone ;
 Were he secure from Slander in his Court
 He'd meet his Foes, and bring him fair Report.



What dire Misfortune wrings the jealous Heart
 In publick Joy to give so killing Smart?
 Like Guests disgusted, the most wholesome Food
 Is Pois'n sour'd with hot cholerick Blood.
 Ungen'rous Mortals, when you come abroad
 In quest of Fame, wou'd you engross the Road?
 Can you admit no Rival in the Course,
 But strait oppress them by unnat'ral Force,
 Like those fell Tyrants that begin their Reign
 With Blood of Kinsmen, and of Brothers slain.

Some

Some fresh Production brings a crowded Pit,
 So fatal to Adventurers in Wit,
 When *Fausta* speaks, or fair *Zenobia* sighs
 In sweet *Duphrene's*, or *Goffin's* melting Voice ;
 So lively Strokes of Nature charm their Ears,
 And the whole Audience is dissolv'd in Tears.
Gotus enrag'd to Madness with th' Applause
 Cries in a Corner from a diff'rent Cause.

Poor *Gotus* this precarious Honour grieves ;
 How blest that Author, how despis'd he lives !
 Heart-rending Thought ! But if you take it well,
 Improve this Heat, and study to excel.
 Labour, refine, scratch, polish, and amend,
 Till you deserve the same Success in End.
 Loud Claps rewarded *Glorioso's* Pains
 That pierc'd your throbbing Heart ; but what
 remains ?
 Write something better and wipe out the Stains.
 As you desire to 'scape the Critick Rage
 Print no more Fustian to disgrace the Stage.

If Rival Praise triumphant move your Spite,

Revenge it bravely by superior Flight.

Your Monument his Trophies must outvy,

Trees only move, when *Orpheus* is nigh.

With red and white bedaub'd, the swarthy Chit

On *Venus* or *Roban* will prove her Wit.

But how absurd ? if some more happy Fair

Is lov'd, a Rival's Wit or anxious Care

Ne'er spoil her Features nor prevent Despair. }

Stark staring mad let the Fanatick rail,

Attempt to rival, and discredit *Bayle*,

With Sense of his great Worth the Learn'd imprest,

Jurieu's vile Name for ever will detest.

A wretched Author oft chagrin'd, we see,

Rakes all the Sinks of horrid Infamy.

In Conversation both with old and young,

Court Ministers, and all the servile Throng

That crowd their Levees, vents unnat'ral Spite,

Perverts all Reason, and the Sense of Right.

So strong his Inclination to defame,
 'Tis Blasphemy and Error in extreme,
 To say, the Globe revolves in rapid Course
 Towards th' Equator by a central Force.
Malbranche has copy'd old *Spinoza's* Scheme,
Locke taints the Mind, to his eternal Shame,
 With Principles of *Epicurus' Cast*,
 And *Pope's* a Reprobate of vicious Taste,
 Deny'd to *Christian Faith*, and sober Sense,
 He dares avow that Mercy is immense ;
 That God regards his Creatures with Delight,
 And spite of false Appearance, all is Right.

Still more ridiculous those Hackney-Scribes,
 More mischievous those mercenary Tribes
 Of Gazetteers, the Scandal of each Age,
 That sell their Ink, and prostitute their Rage.
 Whose Taste deprav'd, immoral and profane,
 Set on to Slander, never can refrain,
 One spirited by strange Possession, rails
 ,Gainst an Academy ; but nought avails

His impotent Revenge ; the bawling Noise
 In Shame reflected on its Author dies.
 Perhaps he claim'd some Privilege or Place
 And was repuls'd, yet gain'd by the Disgrace.
 Their Institution solid and severe
 No worthless carping *Zoilus* will spare.
 By all deserted, and despis'd by all
 The Sport of Boys, unpity'd he must fall.

Hermotimus, let this encroaching Vice
 Create Abhorrence ; let our Spirits rise
 With joyful Transports in the fair Contraste
 Of Candour join'd with true and finish'd Taste ;
 When *Richlieu* aim'd to stifle in it's Birth
 The best Production e'er appear'd on Earth ;
 Vain his Attempt ; when *Chapelain* was bid
 Try the great Author, and condemn the *Cid*,
 He ventur'd on the Task, but justly said,
 " Wou'd I myself the finish'd Piece had made."
 So *Chapelain*, and all unbiass'd Hearts
 Extol the Likeness of distinguish'd Parts.

At *Colbert's* Suit *Bernini* once arriv'd
 From *Rome*, that Master-Piece of Art perceiv'd
 A Landskip fram'd in *Perrau's* happy Thought
 To grace the *Louvre* ; God's ! if there is aught
 He cry'd, so finish'd in your native Clime,
 A Genius the Wonder of his Time ;
 What need I come from the remotest Part
 Of *Italy* ? Do Justice to his Art.
 True Merit here, and Sense exalted shin'd ;
 This, this preserves Tranquillity of Mind.
 How great and how delightful is the Theme !
 When conscious Thoughts all Enmity disclaim ;
 When Rival Worth is favour'd, and caref'd,
 And all their Praise is to ourselves address'd.
 When Minds united in Pursuits of Art
 Taste all the Joys, and feel the common Smart.
 If this prevail'd, the Scene of Earth wou'd prove
 Delightful to the Sense, as yonder Grove
 Where Oaks and Pines in sweet Conjunction rise,
 And thrive by just continual Supplies,

Their

Their Roots descending to the Center bear,
 Their Tops aspiring to the starry Sphere.
 Their Trunks unshaken, the majestick Boughs
 Wave, scornful of the Tempest when it blows.
 Thus to each other cordial Aids they give,
 And o'er the Power of Time triumphant live.
 Whilst in the Shade, vile Serpents exercise
 Perpetual Strife and Animosities ;
 And hiss and fight, till they can hiss no more,
 Then soak the Roots with their envenom'd Gore.

F I N I S.







