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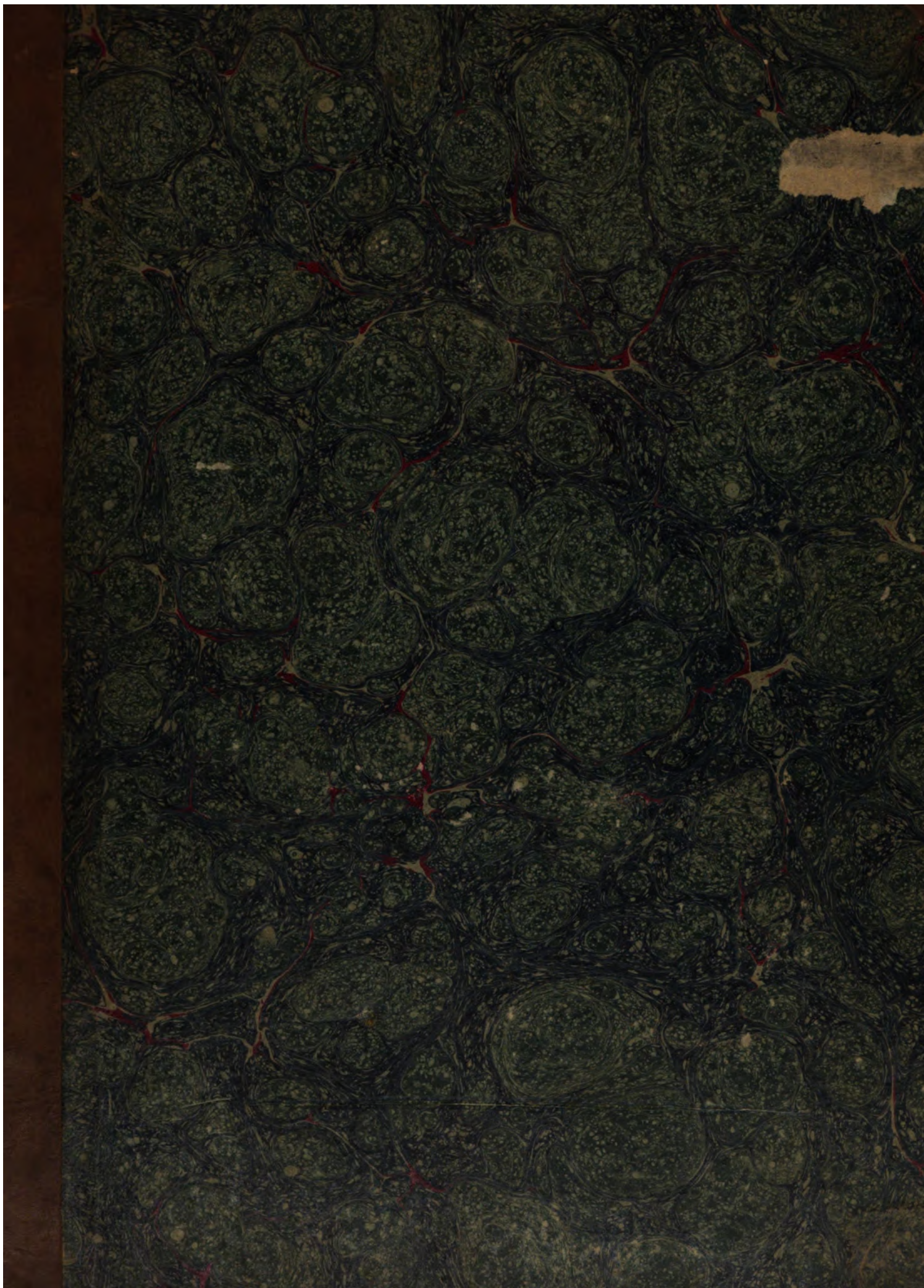
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Fellow of Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge.

— nonumque prematur in annum.

HOR.



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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

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My LORD,

THE Critics will, undoubtedly, expect, when they see your Name prefixed to this Volume, that I should address your Lordship, as the Judge of Science, and the hereditary Patron of learned Men; but I shall take the Liberty of disappointing them, having, as I presume, a stronger and more natural Claim to your Protection from a lucky Accident, than from any real Excellence I can pretend to, either as a Writer or a Scholar.

This lucky Accident, my Lord, is the Honour (I had almost said Merit) of being born within a few Miles of your Lordship; and tho' I have too much Diffidence to ask your Patronage

DEDICATION.

tronage as a Poet, I have Assurance enough to demand it as *a Man of Kent*.

I shall not imitate, in this Dedication (if such an homely Epistle may aspire to so polite a Name) the Conduct of most modern Authors, who are always particularly fulsome, at the very Time they, with the utmost Solemnity, protest against Flattery-----What I sincerely believe of you I have said already, and you will find it in the introductory Ode on Good-nature, which I beg Leave, in an especial Manner, not only to inscribe, but to apply to the Earl of Middlesex.

I am,

my Lord,

with the utmost Respect,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and most obliged humble Servant,

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ERRATA.

E R R A T A.

ODES.—Page 7, Line 8, after *to* read *the*. Page 19, Line 6, for *soft* read *soft*.
HOP-GARDEN, Book I. Page 114, Line 3, for *to* read *too*. Page 115, Line 3, after *uplift* place a comma, and dele that after *arms*.—Ibid. Line 26, for *some* read *some*. Page 117, Line 9, for *lab'rours* read *labours*. Page 120, Line 11, for *will* read *with*.—Ibid. Line 12, after *boast*, instead of a full Stop, place a Comma. Book II. Page 127, Line 10, for *Heav'ns* read *Heavens*. Page 128, Line 2, for *Zeinth* read *Zenith*. Page 131, Line 10, instead of *for* read *far*. Page 133, Line 1, for *selfish* read *selfish*. Page 142, Vers. 38, pro *rescucitat lege rescucitat*. Page 158, Vers. 38, pro *sordit lege sordet*.

JUDGMENT of MIDAS, Page 223, Line 7, for *Scen'ry* read *Scenery*. Page 229, Line 16, for *Glow-worw* read *Glow-worm*.

ESSAY on CRITICISM, Verse 251, for *wonder'd* read *wonder*. Verse 261, for *trivial* read *trivial*. Verse 426, for *steems* read *teems*. Verse 540, after *at* dele *a*.

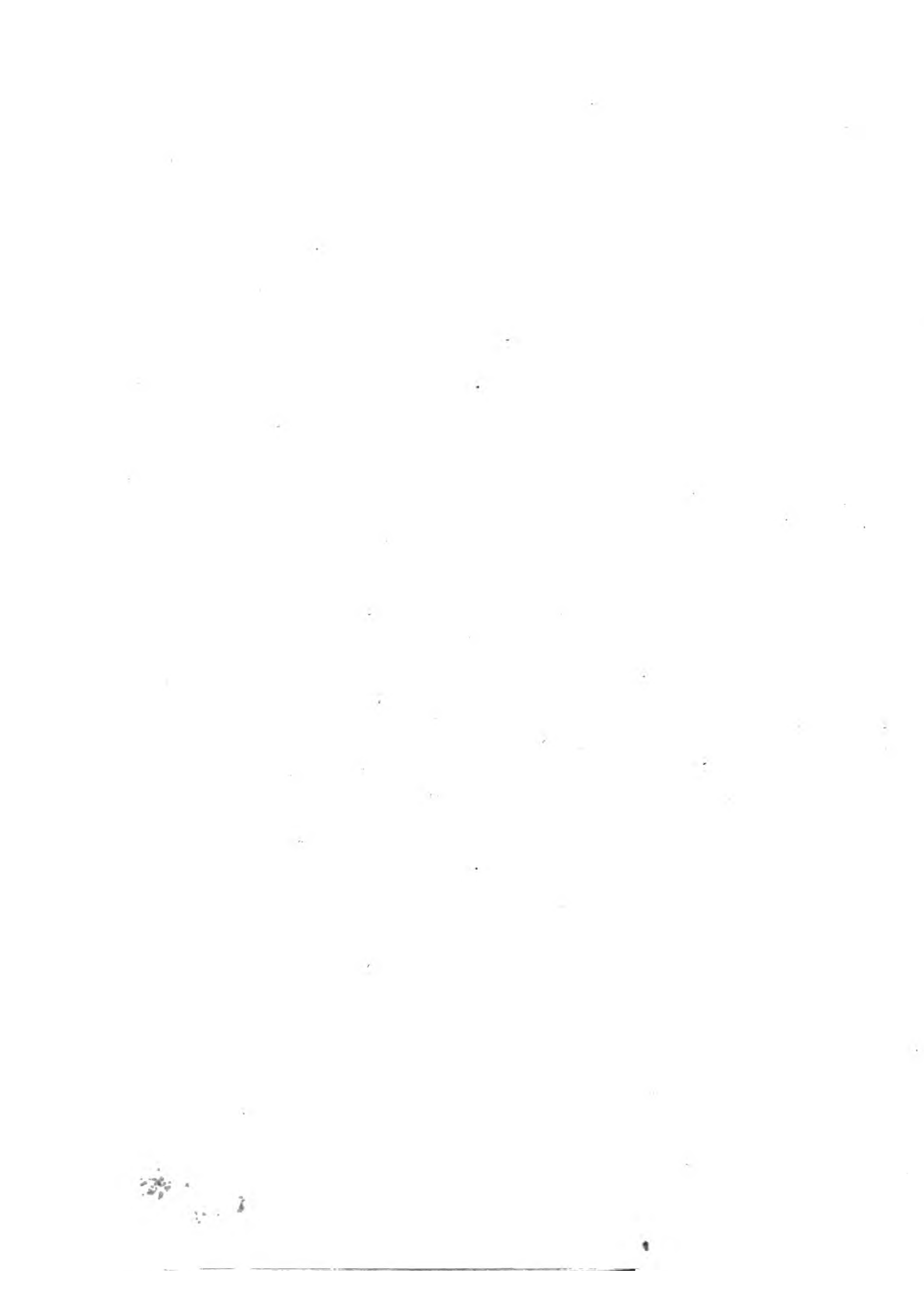
DE ARTE CRITICA, Vers. 159, pro *cituis lege citius*. Vers. 295, pro *Norman lege Normam*. Vers. 307, pro *redundet lege redundat*. Vers. 319, pro *suavitur lege suaviter*. Vers. 360, pro *celabrabitur lege celebrabitur*. Vers. 361, pro *qui lege hi*. Vers. 448, pro *subito lege subito*. Vers. 495, pro *insequenter lege insequerentur*. Vers. 573, pro *supeaddita lege superaddita*. Vers. 643, pro *infamen lege infamem*.

Ὁ παρρησιωδης, Vers. 14, pro *Ephrosyne lege Euphrosyne*. Vers. 48, pro *sylvestibus lege sylvestribus*.

————— *aut incuria fudit*
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.

HOR.

TYPOGRAPHUS.



THE
INTRODUCTION.
BEING
TWO ODES.

The former on
Good-Nature, the latter against Ill-Nature.

ON GOOD-NATURE.

I.

HAIL cherub of the highest Heav'n,
Of look divine, and temper ev'n,
Celestial sweetness, exquisite of mien,
Of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry praise the queen!

II.

Soft gracefulness, and blooming youth,
Where, grafted on the stem of truth,
That friendship reigns, no interest can divide,
And great humility looks down on pride.

III.

Oh! curse on Slander's vip'rous tongue,
That daily dares thy merit wrong;
Ideots usurp thy title, and thy frame,
Without or virtue, talent, taste, or name.

B

IV. Is

IV.

Is apathy, is heart of steel,
 Nor ear to hear, nor sense to feel,
 Life idly inoffensive such a grace,
 That it shou'd steal thy name and take thy place?

V.

No---thou art active---spirit all---
 Swifter than light'ning, at the call
 Of injur'd innocence, or griev'd desert,
 And large with liberality's thy heart.

VI.

Thy appetites in easy tides
 (As reason's luminary guides)
 Soft flow---no wind can work them to a storm,
 Correctly quick, dispassionately warm.

VII.

Yet if a transport thou canst feel
 'Tis only for thy neighbours weal:
 Great, generous acts thy ductile passions move,
 And smilingly thou weep'st with joy and love.

VIII.

Mild is thy mind to cover shame,
 Averse to envy, slow to blame,
 Bursting to praise, yet still sincere and free
 From flatt'ry's fawning tongue, and bending knee:

IX. Extensive,

IX.

Extensive, as from west to east,
Thy love descends from man to beast,
Nought is excluded little, or infirm,
Thou canst with greatness stoop to save a worm.

X.

Come, goddess, come with all thy charms
For Oh! I love thee, to my arms---
All, all my actions guide, my fancy feed,
So shall *existence* then be *life* indeed.

Against ILL-NATURE.

I.

OFSPRING of folly and of pride,
 To all that's odious, all that's base allied;
 Nurs'd up by vice, by pravity misled,
 By pedant affectation taught and bred:
 Away, thou hideous hell-born spright,
 Go, with thy looks of dark design,
 Sullen, sour, and saturnine;
 Fly to some gloomy shade, nor blot the goodly light.
 Thy planet was remote, when I was born;
 'Twas Mercury that rul'd my natal morn,
 What time the sun exerts his genial ray,
 And ripens for enjoyment every growing day;
 When to exist is but to love and sing,
 And sprightly Aries smiles upon the spring.

II.

There in yon lonesome heath,
 Which Flora, or Sylvanus never knew,
 Where never vegetable drank the dew,
 Or beast, or fowl attempts to breathe;
 Where Nature's pencil has no colours laid;
 But all is blank, and universal shade;
 Contrast to figure, motion, life and light,
 There may'st thou vent thy spight,
 For ever cursing, and for ever curs'd,
 Of all th' infernal crew the worst;

The worst in genius, measure and degree;
For envy, hatred, malice, are but parts of thee.

III.

Or woud'st thou change the scene, and quit thy den,
Behold the heav'n-deserted fen,
Where spleen, by vapours dense begot and bred,
Hardness of heart, and heaviness of head,
Have rais'd their darksome walls, and plac'd their thorny
bed;

There may'st thou all thy bitterness unload,
There may'st thou croak, in concert with the toad,
With thee the hollow howling winds shall join,
Nor shall the bittern her base throat deny,
The querulous frogs shall mix their dirge with thine,
Th' ear-piercing hern, and plover screaming high,
While million humming gnats fit œstrum shall supply.

IV.

Away---away---behold an hideous band
An herd of all thy minions are at hand,
Suspicion first with jealous caution stalks,
And ever looks around her as she walks,
With bibulous ear imperfect sounds to catch,
And prompt to listen at her neighbours latch.
Next Scandal's meagre shade,
Foe to the virgins, and the poet's fame,
A wither'd, time-deflow'ed old maid,
That ne'er enjoy'd love's ever sacred flame.

Hypo-

Hypocrisy succeeds with faint-like look,
And elevates her hands and plods upon her book.
Next comes illiberal scrambling Avarice,
Then Vanity and Affectation nice---
See, she salutes her shadow with a bow
As in short Gallic trips she minces by,
Starting antipathy is in her eye,
And squeamishly she knits her scornful brow.
To thee, Ill-Nature, all the numerous group
With lowly reverence stoop---
They wait thy call, and mourn thy long delay,
Away---thou art infectious---haste away.

A
MORNING PIECE,
O R,
An HYMN for the HAY-MAKERS.

O D E I.

*Quinetiam Gallum noctem explaudentibus alls
Auroram clarâ consuetum voce vocare.*

LUCRET.

BRISK chaunticleer his mattins had begun,
And broke the silence of the night,
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light;
Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms run.

Strong Labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
And stoutly strode over the dale,
He lent new perfumes to breath of the south,
On his back hung his wallet and flail.
Behind him came Health from her cottage of thatch,
Where never physician had lifted the latch.

First

First of the village Colin was awake,
And thus he fung, reclining on his rake.

Now the rural graces three
Dance beneath yon maple tree;
First the vestal Virtue, known
By her adamantine zone;
Next to her in rosy pride,
Sweet Society, the bride;
Last Honesty, full seemly drest
In her cleanly home-spun vest.

The abby bells in wak'ning rounds
The warning peal have giv'n;
And pious Gratitude refounds
Her morning hymn to heav'n.

All nature wakes---the birds unlock their throats,
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes.

• All alive o'er the lawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambkins play,
Sylvia and Sol arise,---and all is day---

Come, my mates, let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the Sun shines, our Hay-cocks to make,
So fine is the Day,
And so fragrant the Hay,
That the Meadow's as blithe as the Wake.



1851

10. 2. 1851

Our voices let's raise
 In Phœbus's praise,
 Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
 Our musical words
 Shall be join'd by the birds,
 And we'll dance to the tune of the stream.

A

N O O N - P I E C E ;

O R,

The M O W E R S at Dinner.

O D E II.

Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido,
 Rivumque fessus quærit, & horridi
 Dumeta Silvani, caretque
 Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

HOR.

THE Sun is now too radiant to behold,
 And vehement he sheds his liquid Rays of Gold ;
 No cloud appears thro' all the wide expanse ;
 And short, but yet distinct and clear,
 To the wanton whistling air
 The mimic shadows dance.

C

Fat

Fat Mirth, and Gallantry the gay,
 And romping Extasy 'gin play.
 Now Myriads of young Cupids rise,
 And open all their joy-bright eyes,
 Filling with infant prate the grove,
 And lip in sweetly-fault'ring love.
 In the middle of the ring,
 Mad with May, and wild of wing,
 Fire-ey'd Wantonneſs ſhall ſing.

By the rivulet on the ruſhes,
 Beneath a canopy of buſhes,
 Where the ever-faithful Tray,
 Guards the dumplings and the whey,
 Colin Clout and Yorkſhire Will
 From the leathern bottle ſwill.

Their ſcythes upon the adverſe bank
 Glitter 'mongſt th' entangled trees,
 Where the hazles form a rank,
 And court'fy to the courting breeze.

Ah ! Harriot ! ſovereign miſtreſs of my heart,
 Could I thee to theſe meads decoy,
 New grace to each fair object thou'dſt impart,
 And heighten ev'ry ſcene to perfect joy.

On a bank of fragrant thyme,
 Beneath yon stately, shadowy pine,
 We'll with the well-disguised hook
 Cheat the tenants of the brook ;
 Or where coy Daphne's thickest shade
 Drives amorous Phœbus from the glade,
 There read Sydney's high-wrought stories
 Of ladies charms and heroes glories ;
 Thence fir'd, the sweet narration act,
 And kiss the fiction into fact.

Or satiate with nature's random scenes,
 Let's to the gardens regulated greens,
 Where taste and elegance command
 Art to lend her dædal hand,
 Where Flora's flock, by nature wild,
 To discipline are reconcil'd,
 And laws and order cultivate,
 Quite civiliz'd into a state.

From the sun, and from the show'r,
 Hasten we to yon boxen bow'r,
 Secluded from the teizing pry
 Of Argus' curiosity :
 There, while Phœbus' golden mean,
 The gay meridian is seen,
 Ere decays the lamp of light,
 And length'ning shades stretch out to night----

Seize, seize the hint---each hour improve
 (This is morality in love)
 Lend, lend thine hand---O let me view
 Thy parting breaths, sweet avenue!
 Then---then thy lips, the coral cell
 Where all th' ambrosial kisses dwell!
 Thus we'll each fultry noon employ
 In day-dreams of extatic joy.

A

N I G H T - P I E C E ;

O R,

M O D E R N P H I L O S O P H Y .

O D E III.

Dicetur meritâ nox quoque nocentiâ.

HOR.

TWAS when bright Cynthia with her silver car,
 Soft stealing from Endymion's bed,
 Had call'd forth ev'ry glitt'ring star,
 And up th' ascent of heav'n her brilliant host had led.

Night, with all her negro train,
 Took possession of the plain ;

In

In an hearse she rode reclin'd,
Drawn by screech-owls flow and blind :
Close to her, with printless feet,
Crept Stillness, in a winding sheet.
Next to her deaf Silence was seen,
Treading on tip-toes over the green ;
Softly, lightly, gently she trips,
Still holding her fingers seal'd to her lips.

You could not see a fight,
You could not hear a sound,
But what confess'd the night,
And horror deepen'd round.

Beneath a myrtle's melancholy shade,
Sophron the wife was laid :
And to the answ'ring wood these sounds convey'd :
While others toil within the town,
And to Fortune smile or frown,
Fond of trifles, fond of toys,
And married to that woman, Noise ;
Sacred Wisdom be my care,
And fairest Virtue, Wisdom's heir.

His speculations thus the sage begun,
When, lo! the neighbouring bell
In solemn sound struck one :---
He starts---and recollects---he was engag'd to Nell.

Then

Then up he sprang nimble and light,
 And rapp'd at fair Ele'nor's door ;
 He laid aside virtue that night,
 And next morn por'd in Plato for more.

On the sudden Death of a CLERGYMAN.

O D E IV.

IF, like th' Orphean lyre, my song could charm,
 And light to life the ashes in the urn,
 Fate of his iron dart I would difarm,
 Sudden as thy decease should'ft thou return,
 Recall'd with mandates of despotic founds,
 And arbitrary grief, that will not hear of bounds.
 But, ah! such wishes, artless muse, forbear ;
 'Tis impotence of frantic love,
 Th' enthusiastic flight of wild despair,
 To hope the Thracian's magic power to prove.
 Alas! thy slender vein,
 Nor mighty is to move, nor forgetive to feign,
 Impatient of a rein,
 Thou canst not in due bounds the struggling measures keep,
 ---But thou, alas! canst weep---
 Thou canst--and o'er the melancholy bier
 Canst lend the sad solemnity a tear.
 Hail! to that wretched corse, untenanted and cold,
 And hail the peaceful shade loos'd from its irksome hold.

Now

Now let me say thou'rt free,
 For sure thou paid'st an heavy tax for life,
 While combating for thee,
 Nature and mortality
 Maintain'd a daily strife.
 High, on a slender thread thy vital lamp was plac'd,
 Upon the mountain's bleakest brow,
 To give a nobler light superior was it rais'd,
 But more expos'd by eminence it blaz'd;
 For not a whistling wind that blew,
 Nor the drop-descending dew,
 Nor a bat that idly flew,
 But half extinguish'd its fair flame---but now
 See---hear the storms tempestuous sweep---
 Precipitate it falls---it falls---falls lifeless in the deep.
 Cease, cease, ye weeping youth,
 Sincerity's soft sighs, and all the tears of truth.
 And you, his kindred throng, forbear
 Marble memorials to prepare,
 And sculptur'd in your breasts his busto wear.
 'Twas thus when Israel's legislator dy'd,
 No fragile mortal honours were supply'd,
 But even a grave denied.
 Better than what the pencil's daub can give,
 Better than all that Phidias ever wrought,
 Is this---that what he taught shall live,
 And what he liv'd for ever shall be taught.

On the Fifth of December, being the Birth-day
of a beautiful young Lady.

O D E V.

I.

HA I L, eldest of the monthly train,
Sire of the winter drear,
December, in whose iron reign
Expires the chequer'd Year.
Hush all the blust'ring blasts that blow,
And proudly plum'd in silver snow,
Smile gladly on this blest of Days.
The livery'd clouds shall on thee wait,
And Phœbus shine in all his state
With more than summer rays.

II.

Tho' jocund June may justly boast
Long days and happy hours,
Tho' August be Pomona's host,
And May be crown'd with flow'rs;
Tell June, his fire and crimson dies,
By Harriot's blush and Harriot's eyes,
Eclips'd and vanquish'd, fade away:
Tell August, thou canst let him see
A richer, riper fruit than he,
A sweeter flow'r than May.

The

The PRETTY CHAMBERMAID :

In Imitation of *Ne sit Ancillæ tibi amor pudori, &c.*
of Horace.

O D E VI.

I.

COLIN, oh! cease thy friend to blame,
Who entertains a servile flame.
Chide not---believe me, 'tis no more
Than great Achilles did before,
Who nobler, prouder far than he is,
Ador'd his chambermaid Briseis.

II.

The thund'ring Ajax Venus lays
In love's inextricable maze:
His slave Temessa makes him yield,
Now mistress of the sevenfold shield.
Atrides with his captive play'd,
Who always shar'd the bed she made.

III:

'Twas at the ten years siege, when all
The Trojans fell in Hector's fall,
When Helen rul'd the day and night,
And made them love, and made them fight:

D

Each

Each hero kifs'd his maid, and why,
Tho' I'm no hero, may not I?

IV.

Who knows? Perhaps Polly may be
A piece of ruin'd royalty.
She has (I cannot doubt it) been
The daughter of some mighty queen ;
But fate's irremeable doom
Has chang'd her sceptre for a broom.

V.

Ah! cease to think it---how can she,
So generous, charming, fond, and free,
So lib'ral of her little store,
So heedless of amassing more,
Have one drop of plebeian blood,
In all the circulating flood?

VI.

But you, by carping at my fire,
Do but betray your own desire---
Howe'er proceed---made tame by years,
You'll raise in me no jealous fears.
You've not one spark of love alive,
For, thanks to heav'n, you're forty-five.

I D L E N E S S.

O D E VII.

GOddeſs of eaſe, leave Lethe's brink,
 Obſequious to the Muſe and me ;
 For once endure the pain to think,
 Oh ! ſweet inſenſibility !

Siſter of peace and indolence,
 Bring, Muſe, bring numbers ſoft and flow,
 Elaborately void of ſenſe,
 And ſweetly thoughtleſs let them flow.

Near ſome cowſlip-painted mead,
 There let me doze out the dull hours,
 And under me let Flora ſpread,
 A ſofa of her ſoſteſt flow'rs.

Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe
 Forth from behind the neighbouring pine,
 And murmurs of the ſtream beneath
 Still flow in uniſon with thine.

For thee, O Idleneſs, the woes
 Of life we patiently endure,
 Thou art the ſource whence labour flows,
 We ſhun thee but to make thee ſure.

For who'd sustain war's toil and waste,
 Or who th' hoarse thund'ring of the sea,
 But to be idle at the last,
 And find a pleasing end in thee.

To the reverend and learned Dr. WEBSTER,
 Occasioned by his Dialogues on ANGER and FORGIVENESS.

O D E V III.

I.

TWAS when th' omniscient creative pow'r
 Display'd his wonders by a mortal's hand,
 And, delegated at th' appointed hour,
 Great Moses led away his chosen band ;
 When Israel's host, with all their stores,
 Past thro' the ruby-tinctur'd crystal shores,
 The wilderness of waters and of land :
 Then persecution rag'd in heav'n's own cause,
 And right on neighbouring kingdoms to infringe,
 Strict justice for the breach of nature's laws,
 Strict justice, who's full-sister to revenge :
 The legislator held the scythe of fate,
 Where'er his legions chanc'd to stray,
 Death and destruction mark'd their bloody way ;
 Immoderate was their rage, for mortal was their hate.

II.

But when the king of righteousness arose,
 And on the illumin'd East serenely smil'd,
 He shone with meekest mercy on his foes,
 Bright as the sun, but as the moon-beams mild;
 From anger, fell revenge, and discord free,
 He bad war's hellish clangor cease,
 In pastoral simplicity and peace,
 And shew'd to men that face, which Moses could not see.

III.

Well hast thou, WEBSTER, pictur'd christian love,
 And copied our great master's fair design,
 But livid Envy would the light remove,
 Or croud thy portrait in a nook malign--
 The Muse shall hold it up to popular view----
 Where the more candid and judicious few
 Shall think the bright original they see,
 The likeness nobly lost in the identity.

IV.

Oh hadst thou liv'd in better days than these,
 E'er to excel by all was deem'd a shame!
 Alas! thou hast no modern arts to please,
 And to deserve is all thy empty claim.
 Else thou'dst been plac'd, by learning, and by wit,
 There, where thy dignify'd inferiors sit---

Oh

Oh *they* are in their generation wise,
 Each path of interest *they* have sagely trod,---
 To live---to thrive---to rise---and still to rise---
 Better to bow to men, than kneel to God.

V.

Behold!---where poor unmanfion'd Merit stands,
 All cold; and cramped with penury and pain;
 Speechless thro' want, she rears th' imploring hands,
 And begs a little bread, but begs in vain;
 While Bribery and Dulness, passing by,
 Bid her, in sounds barbarian, starve and die.
 " Away (they cry (we never saw thy name)
 " Or in Preferment's List, or that of Fame;
 " Away---nor here the fate thou earn'st bewail,
 " Who canst not buy a vote, nor hast a soul for sale.

VI.

Oh Indignation, wherefore wert thou given,
 If drowsy Patience deaden all thy rage?---
 Yet we must *bear*---such is the will of heaven;
 And, WEBSTER, so prescribes thy candid page.
 Then let us hear thee preach seraphic love,
 Guide our disgusted thoughts to things above;
 So our free souls, fed with divine repast,
 (Unmindful of low mortals mean employ)
 Shall taste the present, recollect the past,
 And strongly hope for every future joy.

The Author apologizes to a Lady, for his being a little man.

Natura nusquam magis, quam in minimis tota est. PLIN.

Ολιγον τε φιλον τε. HOM.

I.

YES, contumelious fair, you scorn:
 The amorous dwarf, that courts you to his arms,
 But ere you leave him quite forlorn,
 And to some youth gigantic yield your charms,
 Hear him--oh hear him, if you will not try,
 And let your judgment check th' ambition of your eye.

II.

Say, is it carnage makes the man?
 Is to be monstrous really to be great?
 Say, is it wise or just to scan
 Your lover's worth by quantity, or weight?
 Ask your mamma and nurse, if it be so;
 Nurse and mamma, I ween, shall jointly answer, no.

III.

The less the body to the view,
 The soul (like springs in closer durance pent)
 Is all exertion, ever new,
 Unceasing, unextinguish'd, and unspent;
 Still pouring forth executive desire,
 As bright, as brisk, and lasting, as the vestal fire.

IV.

Does thy young bosom pant for fame ;
 Woud'st thou be of posterity the toast ?
 The poets shall ensure thy name,
 Who magnitude of *mind* not *body* boast.
 Laurels on bulky bards as rarely grow,
 As on the sturdy oak the virtuous mistletoe.

V.

Look in the glass, survey that cheek---
 Where FLORA has with all her roses blush'd ;
 The shape so tender,---looks so meek,---
 The breasts made to be press'd, not to be crush'd---
 Then turn to me,---turn with obliging eyes,
 Nor longer Nature's works, in miniature, despise.

VI.

Young AMMON did the world subdue,
 Yet had not more external man than I ;
 Ah! charmer, should I conquer you,
 With him in fame, as well as size, I'll vie.
 Then, scornful nymph, come forth to yonder grove,
 Where I defy, and challenge, all thy utmost love.

On Miss * * * *.

O D E X.

I.

L O N G, with undistinguish'd flame,
 I lov'd each fair, each witty dame,
 My heart the belle-assembly gain'd,
 And all an equal sway maintain'd.

II.

But when you came, you stood confess'd
 Sole sultana of my breast ;
 For you eclips'd, supremely fair,
 All the whole seraglio there.

III.

In this her mien, in that her grace,
 In a third I lov'd a face ;
 But you in ev'ry feature shine
 Universally divine.

IV.

What can those tumid paps excel,
 Do they sink, or do they swell ?
 While those lovely wanton eyes
 Sparkling meet them, as they rise.

V.

Thus is silver Cynthia seen,
 Glistening o'er the glassy green,

E

While

While attracted swell the waves,
Emerging from their inmost caves.

VI.

When to sweet sounds your steps you suit,
And weave the minuet to the lute,
Heav'ns! how you glide!--her neck---her chest---
Does she move, or does she rest?

VII.

As those roguish eyes advance,
Let me catch their side-long glance,
Soon---or they'll elude my sight,
Quick as light'ning, and as bright.

VIII.

Thus the bashful Pleiad cheats
The gazer's eye, and still retreats,
Then peeps agen---then skulks unseen,
Veil'd behind the azure skreen.

IX.

Like the ever-toying dove,
Smile immensity of love ;
Be Venus in each outward part,
And wear the vestal in your heart.

X.

When I ask a kifs, or so---
Grant it with a begging no,
And let each rose that decks your face
Blush assent to my embrace.

E P I T H A L A M I U M.

O D E XI.

I.

Descend, descend, ye sweet Aonian maids,
 Leave the Parnassian shades,
 The joyful Hymeneal sing,
 And to a lovelier Belle
 Than fiction e'er devis'd, or eloquence can tell,
 Your vocal tributes bring.
 And you, ye winged choristers, that fly
 In all the pensile gardens of the sky,
 Chant thro' th' enamel'd grove,
 Stretch from the trembling twigs your little throats,
 With all the wild variety of artless notes,
 But let each note be love.
 Fragrant Flora, queen of May,
 All bedight with garlands gay,
 Where in the smooth-shaven green
 The spangled cowslips variegate the scene,
 And the rivulet between,
 Whispers, murmurs, sings,
 As it stops, or falls, or springs;
 There spread a sofa of thy softest flowers,
 There let the bridegroom stay,
 There let him hate the light, and curse the day,
 And dun the tardy hours.

II.

But see the bride---she comes with silent pace,
 Full of majesty and love ;
 Not with a nobler grace
 Look'd the imperial wife of Jove,
 When erst ineffably she shone
 In Venus' irresistible, enchanting zone.
 Phœbus, great god of verse, the nymph observe,
 Observe her well ;
 Then touch each sweetly-trem'ulous nerve
 Of thy resounding shell :
 Her like huntress-Dian paint,
 Modest, but without restraint ;
 From Pallas take her decent pace,
 With Venus sweeten all her face,
 From the Zephyrs steal her sighs,
 From thyself her sun-bright eyes ;
 Then baffled, thou shalt see,
 That as did Daphne thee,
 Her charms thy genius' force shall fly,
 And by no soft persuasive sounds be brib'd
 To come within INVENTION'S narrow eye ;
 But all indignant shun its grasp, and scorn to be describ'd

III.

Now see the bridegroom rise,
 Oh ! how impatient are his joys !
 Bring me zephyrs to depaint his voice,
 But light'ning for his eyes.

He

He leaps, he springs, he flies into her arms,
With joy intense,
Feeds ev'ry sense,
And fultanates o'er all her charms.

Oh! had I Virgil's comprehensive strain,
Or sung like Pope, without a word in vain,
Then should I hope my numbers might contain,
Egregious nymph, thy boundless happiness,

How arduous to express!

Such may it last to all eternity:

And may thy Lord with thee,

Like two coeval pines in Ida's grove,

That interweave their verdant arms in love,

Each mutual office chearfully perform,

And share alike the sunshine, and the storm;

And ever, as you flourish hand in hand,

Both shade the shepherd and adorn the land,

Together with each growing year arise,

Indissolubly link'd, and climb at last the skies.

T O E T H E L I N D A,

On her doing my Verses the honour of wearing them in her bosom.

Written at Thirteen.

O D E XII.

I.

Happy verses! that were prest
 In fair Ethelinda's breast!
 Happy muse, that didst embrace
 The sweet, the heav'nly-fragrant place!
 Tell me, is the omen true,
 Shall the bard arrive there too?

II.

Oft thro' my eyes my soul has flown,
 And wanton'd on that ivory throne:
 There with extatic transport burn'd,
 And thought it was to heav'n return'd.
 Tell me, is the omen true,
 Shall the body follow too?

III.

When first at nature's early birth,
 Heav'n sent a man upon the earth,
 Ev'n Eden was more fruitful found,
 When Adam came to till the ground:
 Shall then those breasts be fair in vain,
 And only rise to fall again?

IV.

IV.

No, no, fair nymph---for no such end
 Did heav'n to thee its bounty lend;
 That breast was ne'er design'd by fate,
 For verse, or things inanimate;
 Then throw them from that downy bed,
 And take the poet in their stead.

On an EAGLE confined in a College-Court.

O D E XIII.

I.

Imperial bird, who wont to soar
 High o'er the rolling cloud,
 Where Hyperborean mountains hoar
 Their heads in Ether shroud;----
 Thou servant of almighty Jove,
 Who, free and swift as thought, could'ft rove
 To the bleak north's extremest goal;---
 Thou, who magnanimous could'ft bear
 The soveraign thund'rer's arms in air,
 And shake thy native pole!----

II.

Oh cruel fate! what barbarous hand,
 What more than Gothic ire,
 At some fierce tyrant's dread command,
 To check thy daring fire,

Has

Has plac'd thee in this servile cell,
 Where Discipline and Dulness dwell,
 Where Genius ne'er was seen to roam ;
 Where ev'ry selfish soul's at rest,
 Nor ever quits the carnal breast,
 But lurks and sneaks at home !

III.

Tho' dim'd thine eye, and clipt thy wing,
 So grov'ling ! once so great !
 The grief-inspired Muse shall sing
 In tend'rest lays thy fate.
 What time by thee scholastic Pride
 Takes his precise, pedantic stride,
 Nor on thy mis'ry casts a care,
 The stream of love ne'er from his heart
 Flows out, to act fair pity's part ;
 But stinks, and stagnates there.

IV.

Yet useful still, hold to the throng---
 Hold the reflecting glass,---
 That not untutor'd at thy wrong
 The passenger may pass :
 Thou type of wit and sense confin'd,
 Cramp'd by the oppressors of the mind,
 Who study downward on the ground ;
 Type of the fall of Greece and Rome ;
 While more than mathematic gloom,
 Envelopes all around !

DE
ARTE CRITICA.
A
LATIN VERSION.
OF
Mr. POPE's Essay on CRITICISM.

Nec me animi fallit--
Difficile illustrare Latinis versibus esse
(Multa novis verbis præsertim cum sit agendum)
Propter egestatem linguæ, & rerum novitatem. LUCRET.

ESSAY on CRITICISM.

'TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
 But of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this, 5
 Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.
 A fool might once himself alone expose,
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
 In poets as true genius is but rare,
 True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
 Both must alike from heav'n derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.
 † Let such teach others who themselves excel, 15
 And censure freely who have written well.

† Qui scribit artificiose, ab aliis commode scripta facile intelligere poterit.

Cic. ad Herenn. b. 4.

D E

A R T E C R I T I C A .

DICTU difficile est, an sit dementia major
 Egisse invitâ vatem criticumne Minervâ ;
 Ille tamen certe venia tibi dignior errat
 Qui lassat, quam qui seducit in avia, sensus
 Sunt, qui absurda canunt; sed enim stultissima stultos 5
 Quam longe exuperat criticorum natio vates ;
 Se solum exhibuit quondam, melioribus annis
 Natus hebes, ridendum ; at nunc musa improba prolem
 Innumeram gignit, quæ mox sermone soluto
 Æquiparet stolidos versus, certetque stupendo. 10

Nobis iudicium, veluti quæ dividit horas
 Machina, construitur, motus non omnibus idem,
 Non pretium, regit usque tamen sua quemque. Poetas
 Divite perpaucos venâ donavit Apollo,
 Et criticis recte sapere est rarissima virtus; 15
 Arte in utraque nitent felices indole soli,
 Musaque quos placido nascentes lumine vidit.
 Ille alios melius, qui inclaruit ipse, docebit,
 Jureque quam meruit, poterit tribuisse coronam.

Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true ;
But are not criticks to their judgment too ?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find,
† Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind : 20
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light ;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the flightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd, }
So by false learning is good sense defac'd. }
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs, nature meant but fools.
In search of wit, those lose their common sense,
And then turn criticks in their own defence.
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain wou'd be upon the laughing side :
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spight,
There are, who judge still worse than he can write. 35

Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
Turn'd criticks next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits or criticks pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse, nor ass.

† Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ullâ arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus recta ac prava dijudicant. Cic. de Orat. lib. 3.

De ARTE CRITICA.

37

Scriptores (fateor) fidunt propriæ nimis arti, 20
 Nonne autem criticos pravus favor urget ibidem ?

At vero propius si stemus, cuique fatendum est,
 Judicium quoddam natura inſeverit olim :
 Illa diem certe dubiam diffundere callet
 Et, ſtrictim deſcripta licet, ſibi linea conſtat. 25
 Sed minimum ut ſpecimen, quod pictor doctus adumbrat,
 Deterius tibi fiat eo mage, quo mage vilem
 Inducas iſti fucum, ſic mentis honeſtæ
 Doctrina effigiem maculabit prava decoram.
His inter cæcas mens illaqueata ſcholarum 30
 Ambages errat, ſtolidiſque ſupervenit *illis*
 (Diis aliter viſum eſt) petulantia. Perdere ſenſum
 Communem hi ſudant, dum fruſtra aſcendere Pindum
 Conantur, mox, ut ſe deſenſoribus ipſis
 Utantur, critici quoque fiunt : omnibus idem 35
 Ardor ſcribendi, ſtudio hi rivalis aguntur,
Illis invalida Eunuchi violentia gliſcit.
 Ridendi proprium eſt fatuis cacoethes, amantque
 Turbæ perpetuo ſeſe immiſcere jocoſæ.
 Mævius invito dum ſudat Apolline, multi 40
 Pingue opus exuperant (ſi diis placet) emendando.

Sunt qui belli homines primo, tum deinde poetæ,
 Mox critici evaſere, meri tum denique ſtulti.
 Eſt, qui nec criticum nec vatem reddit, inerſque
 Ut mulus, medium quoddam eſt aſinum inter equumque.
Bellula

Those half-learn'd witlings num'rous in our isle, 40
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile,
 Unfinish'd things one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal :
 To tell 'em, wou'd a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45

But you who seek to give and merit Fame,
 And justly bear a critick's noble name,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go.
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
 And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
 Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains. 55
 Thus in the soul, while memory prevails,
 The solid pow'r of understanding fails ;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 One science only will one genius fit ; 60
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit :
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more. 65

Each

DE ARTE CRITICA.

39

Bellula femihominum vix pœne elementa scientum 46
Primula gens horum est, premitur quibus Anglia, quantum
 Imperfecta scatent ripis animalcula Nili,
 Futile, abortivum genus, & prope nominis expers,
 Usque adeo æquivoca est, e quâ generantur, origo. 50
 Hos centum nequeunt linguæ numerare, nec una
 Unius ex ipsis, quæ centum sola fatiget.

At tu qui famam simul exigis atque redonas
 Pro meritis, criticique affectas nobile nomen.
 Metitor te ipsum, prudentisque expendito quæ sit 55
 Judicii, ingenii tibi, doctrinæque facultas ;
 Si qua profunda nimis cauto vitentor, & ista
 Linea, quâ cœunt stupor ingeniumque, notator.
 Qui finem imposuit rebus Deus omnibus aptum,
 Humani vanum ingenii restrinxit acumen. 60
 Qualis ubi oceani vis nostra irrumpit in arva
 Tunc desolatas alibi denudat arenas ;
 Sic animæ reminiscendi dum copia restat,
 Consilii gravioris abest plerumque potestas ;
 Ast ubi Phantasiæ fulgent radiantia tela, 65
 Mnemosyne teneris cum formis victa liquefcit.
 Ingenio tantum Musa uni sufficit una,
 Tanta ars est, tantilla scientia nostra videtur :
 Non solum ad certas artes astricta sequendas,
 Sæpe has non nisi quâdam in simplice parte sequatur. 70
 Deperdas partos utcunque labore triumphos,
 Dum plures, regum instar, aves acquirere laurus ;

Sed

Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same.
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright, 70
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides: 75
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effect, remains.
There are whom heav'n has blest with store of wit, 80
Yet want as much again to manage it;
For wit and judgment ever are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur, the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse, 85
Shows most true Mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd:

Nature,

Sed sua tractatu facilis provincia cuique est,
Si non, quæ pulchre sciat, ut vulgaria, temnat.

Naturam sequere imprimis, atque illius æquâ 75
Judicium ex normâ fingas, quæ nescia flecti :
Illa etenim, sine labe micans, ab origine divâ,
Clarâ, constanti, lustrantique omnia luce,
Vitamque, speciemque, & vires omnibus addat,
Et fons, & finis simul, atque criterion artis. 80
Quærit opes ex hoc thesauro ars, & sine pompâ
Præfidet, & nullas turbas facit inter agendum.
Talis vivida vis formoso in corpore mentis,
Lætitiâ toti inspirans & robora massæ,
Ordinat & motus, & nervos sustinet omnes, 85
Inter opus varium tamen ipsa abscondita fallit.
Sæpe is, cui magnum ingenium Deus addidit, idem
Indigus est majoris, ut hoc benè calleat uti ;
Ingenium nam iudicio velut uxor habendum est
Atque viro, cui fas ut pareat, usque repugnat. 90
Musæ quadrupedem labor est inhibere capistro,
Præcipientes regere, at non irritare volatus.
Pegasos, instar equi generosi, grandior ardet
Cum sentit retinacula, nobiliorque tuetur.

Regula quæque vetus tantum observata peritis 95
Non inventa fuit criticis, debetque profectò
Naturæ ascribi, sed enim quam lima polivit ;

Nature, like monarchy, is but restrain'd 90
 By the same laws, which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
 When to suppress, and when indulge our flights !
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod, 95
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just † precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from heav'n.
 The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire, 100
 And taught the world with reason to admire.
 Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd :
 But following wits from that intention stray'd :
 Who could not win the mistress woo'd the maid : 105
 Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'pothecaries taught the art,
 By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part, 110
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 Nor time, nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they.

† Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam preciperentur, mox ea scriptores observata & collecta ediderunt.
QUINTIL.

Nullas naturæ divina monarchia leges,
Exceptis solum quas sanxerit ipsa, veretur.

Qualibus, audistin' resonat celeberrima normis 100
Græcia, seu doctum premit, indulgetve furorem?
Illa suos sistit Parnassi in vertice natos,
Et, quibus ascendere docet, salebrofa viarum,
Sublimique manu dona immortalia monstrat,
Atque æquis reliquos procedere passibus urget. 105
Sic magnis doctrinâ ex exemplaribus haustâ,
Sumit ab hisce, quod hæc duxerunt ab Jove summo.
Ingenuus iudex musarum ventilat ignes,
Et fretus ratione docet præcepta placendi.
Ars critica officiosa Camœnæ servit, & ornat 110
Egregias veneres, pluresque irretit amantes.
Nunc vero docti longè diversa sequentes,
Contempti dominæ, vilem petière ministram ;
Propriaque in miseros verterunt tela poetas,
Discipulique suos pro more odere magistros. 115
Haud aliter sanè nostrates pharmacopolæ
Ex medicûm crevit quibus ars plagiaria chartis,
Audaces errorum adhibent sine mente medelas,
Et veræ Hippocratis jactant convicia proli.
Hi veterum authorum scriptis vescuntur, & ipsos 120
Vermiculos, & tempus edax vicere vorando.

44 An ESSAY on CRITICISM.

Some dryly plain, without invention's aid, 115
 Write dull receipts how poems should be made.
 These lose the sense their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away.

 You then whose judgment the right course wou'd steer,
 Know well each Ancient's proper character, 120
 His fable, subject, scope of ev'ry page,
 Religion, country, genius of his age :
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticize
 Be Homer's works your study and delight, 125
 Read him by day and meditate by night.
 Thence form your judgment, thence your notions bring,
 And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
 Or let your comment be the Mantuan muse. 130

 † When first young Maro sung of kings and wars,
 Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears,
 Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
 And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to draw ;
 But when t'examine every part he came, 135
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same;
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design,
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line. }

† Cum canerem Reges & Prælia, Cynthia aurem vellit---VIRG. Ecl. 6.

Learn

Stultitiâ simplex *ille*, & sine divite venâ,
 Carmina quo fiant pacto miserabilè narrat.
 Doctrinam ostentans, mentem alter perdidit omnem,
 Atque alter nodis vafer implicat enodando. 125

Tu quicumque cupis iudex procedere rectè,
 Fac veteris cujusque stylus discatur ad unguem ;
 Fabula, materies, quo tendat pagina quævis ;
 Patria, religio quæ sint, queis moribus ævum :
 Si non intuitu cuncta hæc complecteris uno, 130
 Scurra, cavilator----criticus mihi non eris unquam.
 Ilias esto tibi studium, tibi sola voluptas,
 Perque diem lege, per noctes meditare serenas ;
 Hinc tibi iudicium, hinc ortum sententia ducat,
 Musarumque undas fontem bibe lætus ad ipsum. 135
 Ipse suorum operum fit commentator, & author,
 Mæonidisve legas interprete scripta Marone.

Cum caneret primum parvus Maro bella virosque,
 Nec monitor Phœbus tremulas jam velleret aures,
 Legibus immunem criticis se fortè putabat, 140
 Nil nisi naturam archetypam dignatus adire :
 Sed simul ac cautè mentem per singula volvit,
 Naturam invenit, quacunque invenit Homerum.
 Victus, & attonitus, malefani definit ausi,
 Jamque laboratum in numerum vigil omnia cogit, 145
 Cultaque Aristotelis metitur carmina normâ.

Hinc

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Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem, 140
 To copy nature, is to copy them.

Some beauties yet, no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Music resembles poetry, in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach, } 145
 And which a master-hand alone can reach.
 † If where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky licence answers to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule. 150
 Thus Pegasus a nearer way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common track.
 Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true criticks dare not mend ;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part, 155
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
 Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In prospects thus some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise, } 160
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
 But care in poetry must still be had,
 It asks discretion ev'n in running mad :

† Neque tam sancta sunt ista præcepta, sed hoc quicquid est, utilitas excogitavit ; non negabo autem sic utile est plerumque ; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur.
 QUINT. lib. 2. cap. 13.

And

Hinc veterum discas præcepta vererier, illos
Sectator, sic naturam sectaberis ipsam.

At vero virtus restat jam plurima, nullo
Describenda modo, nullâque parabilis arte, 150
Nam felix tam fortuna est, quam cura canendi.
Muscam in hoc reddit divina poesis, utramque
Multæ ornant veneres, quas verbis pingere non est,
Quasque attingere nil nisi summa peritia possit.

Regula quodcumque minus diffusa videtur 155
(Quum tantum ad propriam collinet singula metam)

Si modo consiliis inferviat ulla juvandis
Apta licentia, lex enim ista licentia fiat.

Atque ita quo citius procedat, calle relicto
Communi musæ sonipes benè devius erret: 160

Accidit interdum, ut scriptores ingenium ingens
Evehat ad culpam egregiam, maculasque micantes
Quas nemo criticorum audet detergere figat;

Accidit ut linquat vulgaria claustra furore
Magnanimo, rapiatque solutum lege decorem, 165

Qui, quum iudicium non intercedat, ad ipsum
Cor properat, finesque illic simul obtinet omnes.

Haud aliter si forte jugo speculamur aprico,
Luminibus res arident, quas Dædala tellus
Parcior ostentare solet, velut ardua montis 170

Asperitas, scopulive exesi pendulus horror.
Cura tamen semper magna est adhibenda poesi,
Atque hic cum ratione insaniat author, oportet :

Et

And tho' the antients thus their rules invade,
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have made) 165
 Moderns beware! or if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end.
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need,
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The critic else proceeds without remorse, 170
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, even in them, seem faults.
 Some figures monstrous, and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near, 175
 Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display
 His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array;
 But with th' occasion, and the place comply, 180
 Conceal his force, nay, sometimes seem to fly.
 Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands; 185
 Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive war, and all-devouring age.
 See, from each clime the learn'd their incense bring;
 Hear in all tongues consenting pæans ring!

In

De ARTE CRITICA.

49

Et, quamvis veteres pro tempore jura refigunt,
Et leges violare suas regalitèr audent, 175
Tu caveas, moneo, quisquis nunc scribis, & ipsam
Si legem frangas, memor ejus respice finem.
Hoc semper tamen evites, nisi te gravis urget
Nodus, præmonstrantque authorum exempla priorum.
Ni facias, criticus totam implacabilis iram 180
Exercet, turpique notâ tibi nomen inurit.

Sed non me latuère, quibus sua liberiores
Has veterum veneres vitio dementia vertit.
Et quædam tibi signa quidem monstrosa videntur,
Si per se vel perpendas, propiorave lustres, 185
Quæ rectâ cum constituas in luce locoque,
Formam conciliat distantia justa venustam.
Non aciem semper belli dux callidus artis
Instruit æquali serie ordinibusque decoris,
Sed se temporibusque locoque accomodat, agmen 190
Celando jam, jamque fugæ simulachra ciendo.
Mentitur speciem erroris sæpe astus, & ipse
Somniat emunctus judex, non dormit Homerus.

Aspice, laurus adhuc antiquis vernat in aris,
Quas rabidæ violare manus non amplius audent; 195
Flammarum a rabie tutas, Stygiæque veneno
Invidiæ, Martisque minis & morfibus ævi.
Docta caterva, viden! fert ut fragrantia thura;
Audin ut omnigenis resonant præconia linguis!

H

Laudes

50 An ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd, 190
And fill the general chorus of mankind !
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of universal praise !
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down enlarging as they flow ! 195
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found !
Oh ! may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings from far pursues your flights, 200
Glow while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense and doubt their own.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind ; 205
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives, in large recruits of needful pride ;
For as in bodies, thus in souls we find, 210
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind :
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense !
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day ; 215

Truth

De ARTE CRITICA.

51

Laudes usque adeo meritas vox quæque rependat, 200
 Humanique simul generis chorus omnis adesto.
 Salvete, O vates ! nati melioribus annis,
 Munus & immortale æternæ laudis adepti !
 Queis juvenescit honos longo maturior ævo,
 Ditior ut diffundit aquas, dum defluit amnis ! 205
 Vos populi mundique canent, sacra nomina, quos jam
 Inventrix (sic diis visum est) non contigit ætas !
 Pars aliqua, o utinam ! sacro scintillet ab igne
 Illi, qui vestra est extrema & humillima proles !
 (Qui longe sequitur vos debilioribus alis 210
 Lector magnanimus, sed enim, sed scriptor inaudax)
 Sic critici vani, me præcipiente, priores
 Mirari, arbitrioque suo diffidere discant.

Omnibus ex causis, quæ animum corrumpere junctis
 Viribus, humanumque solent obtundere acumen, 215
 Pingue caput solita est momento impellere summo
 Stultitiæ semper cognata superbia ; quantum
 Mentis nascenti fata invidere, profuso
 Tantum subsidio fastûs superaddere gaudent ;
 Nam veluti in membris, sic sæpe animabus, inanes 220
 Exundant vice † spirituum, vice sanguinis auræ
 Suppetias inopi venit alma superbia menti,
 Atque per immensum capitis se extendit inane !
 Quod si recta valet ratio hanc dispergere nubem
 Naturæ verique dies sincera refulget. 225

† Animalium scilicet.

H 2

Cui-

Trust not yourself by your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend---and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain, 220
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first fight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind; 225
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
Th' eternal snows appear already past, 230
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labour of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increasing prospect tires our wond'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise! 235

† A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ,

† Diligenter legendum est, ac pene ad scribendi sollicitudinem; nec per partes modo scrutanda sunt omnia; sed perlectus liber utique ex integro refumendus. QUINTIL.

Cuicumque est animus penitus cognoscere culpas,
Nec sibi, nec sociis credat, verum omnibus aurem
Commodet, apponatque inimica opprobria lucro.

Ne musæ invigiles mediocritè, aut fuge fontem
Castalium omnino, aut haustu te prolue pleno: 230
Istius laticis tibi mens abstemia torpet
Ebria, sobrietasque redit revocata bibendo.
Intuitu musæ primo, novitateque capta
Aspirat doctrinæ ad culmina summa juvenus
Intrepida, & quoniam tunc mens est arcta, suoque 235
Omnia metitur modulo, malè lippa labores
Ponè secuturos oculis non aspicit æquis:
Mox autem attonitæ jam jamque scientia menti
Crebrescit variata modis sine limite miris!
Sic ubi desertis conscendere vallibus Alpes 340
Aggredimur, nubesque humiles calcare videmur,
Protinus æternas superâsse nives, & in ipso
Invenisse viæ lætamur limine finem:
His vero exactis tacito terrore stupemus
Durum crescentem magis & magis usque laborem, 345
Jam longus tandem prospectus læsa fatigat
Lumina, dum colles affurgunt undique fæti
Collibus, impositæque emergunt Alpibus Alpes.

Ingeniosa leget judex perfectus eâdem
Quâ vates scripsit studiosus opuscula curâ, 350
Totum

54 An ESSAY ON CRITICISM:

Survey the whole, nor seek flight faults to find,
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
 Nor lose, for that malignant, dull delight, 240
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit:
 But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That shunning faults, one quiet temper keep,
 We cannot blame indeed---but we may sleep: 245
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts:
 'Tis not a lip, nor eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force, and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome, 250
 (The world's just wonderd, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprize,
 All comes united to the admiring eyes;
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
 The whole at once is bold and regular. 255

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true, 260
 Applause, in spite of trivials faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T'avoid great errors, must the less commit.

Neglect

Totum perpendet, cenforque est parcus, ubi ardor
 Exagitat naturæ animos & concitat œstrum ;
 Nec tam fervili generosa libidine mutet
 Gaudia, quæ bibulæ menti catus ingerit author.
 Verum stagnantis mediocria carmina musæ, 255
 Quæ reptant sub limâ & certâ lege stupefcunt,
 Quæ torpent uno erroris secura tenore,
 Hæc equidem nequeo culpâre---& dormio tantum.
 Ingenii, veluti naturæ, non tibi constant
 Illecebræ formâ, quæ certis partibus infit ; 260
 Nam te non reddit labiumve oculusve venustum,
 Sed charitum cumulus, collectaque tela decoris.
 Sic ubi lustramus perfectam insignitèr ædem,
 (Quæ Romam splendore, ipsumque ita perculit orbem)
 Læta diu non ullâ in simplice parte morantur 265
 Lumina, sed sese per totum errantia pascunt ;
 Nil longum latumve nimis, nil altius æquo
 Cernitur, illustri nitor omnibus, omnibus ordo.

Quod consummatum est opus omni ex parte, nec usquam
 Nunc exstat, nec erat, nec erit labentibus annis.
 Quas sibi proponat metas advertite, poeta
 Ultra aliquid sperare, illas si absolvat, iniquum est ;
 Si recta ratione utatur, consilioque
 Perfecto, missis maculis, vos plaudite clamo. 275
 Accidit, ut vates, veluti vaser Aulicus, erret
 Scæpius errorem, ut vitet graviora, minorem.

Neglige,

Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles is a praise. 265
 Most critics fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the whole depend upon a part,
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,
 And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once, on a time, la Mancha's knight, they say, 270
 A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
 Discours'd in terms as just, in looks as sage,
 As e'er cou'd Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
 Concluding all were desp'rate fots, and fools,
 That durst depart from Aristotle's rules. 275

Our author happy in a judge so nice,
 Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice;
 Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities, what not?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about, 280
 Were but a combat in the lists left out
 "What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight;
 Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrte.
 "Not so, by heav'n! (he answers in a rage)
 "Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
 The stage can ne'er so vast a throng contain. 286
 "Then build a-new, or act it on a plain."

Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
 Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,

Neglige, quas criticus, verborum futilis auceps,
Leges edicit: nugas nescire decorum est.

Artis cujusdam tantum auxiliaris amantes 280
Partem aliquam plerique colunt vice totius; illi
Multa crepant de judicio, nihilominus istam
Stultitiam, sua quam sententia laudat, adorant.

QUIXOTUS quondam, si vera est fabula, cuidam
Occurrens vati, criticum certamen inivit 285

Docta citans, graviterque tuens, tanquam arbiter alter

DENNISIUS, *Graii* moderatus fræna theatri;

Acriter id dein afferuit, stultum esse hebetemque,

Quisquis Aristotelis posset contemnere leges.

Quid?---talem comitem nactus feliciter author, 290

Mox tragicum, quod composuit, proferre poema

Incipit, et critici scitari oracula tanti.

Jam *μυθον, τα παθη, τ'ηθη, προβλημα, λυσιν*que &

Cætera de genere hoc equiti describat hianti,

Quæ cuncta ad normam quadrarent, inter agendum 295

Si tantum prudens certamen omitteret author.

“ Quid vero certamen omittes? excipit heros;

Sic veneranda Sophi fuadent documenta. “ Quid ergo,

Armigerumque equitum que cohors scenam intret, oportet,”

Forfan, at ipsa capax non tantæ scena catervæ est: 300

“ OEdificave aliam---vel apertis utere campis.”

Sic ubi supposito morosa superbia regnat

Judicio, criticæque tenent fastidia curæ

De ARTE CRITICA. 59

Vana locum, curto modulo æstimat omnia censor,
Atque modo perverfus in artibus errat eodem, 305
Moribus ac multi, dum parte laborat in unâ.

Sunt, qui nil sapiant, falibus nifi quæque redundet
Pagina, perpetuoque nitet diftincta lepore,
Nil aptum foliti iustumve requirere, latè
Si micet ingenii chaos, indiscretaque moles. 310

Nudas naturæ veneres, vivumque decorem
Fingere, qui nequeunt, quorundam exempla fecuti
Pictorum, haud gemmis parcunt, haud fumptibus auri,
Ut feſe abſcondat rutilis inſcitia velis.

Vis veri ingenii, natura eſt cultior, id quod 315
Senferunt multi, ſed jam ſcite exprimit unus,
Quod primo pulchrum intuitu, rectumque videtur
Et mentis menti ſimulachra repercutit ipſi.

Haud ſecus ac lucem commendant ſuavitur umbræ,
Ingenio ſic ſimplicitas ſuperaddit honorem: 320
Nam fieri poſſit muſa ingenioſior æquo,
Et pereant tumidæ nimio tibi ſanguine venæ.

Nonnulli vero verborum in cortice ludunt,
Ornatusque libri ſolos muliebriter ardent.
Egregium ecce! ſtylum clamant! ſed ſemper ocellis 325
Prætereunt malé, ſi quid ineſt rationis, inunctis.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place; 315
 The face of nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay;
 But true expression, like th' unchanging sun;
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects but it alters none. } 320
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable;
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd;
 For different styles with different subjects sort, 325
 As sev'ral garbs, with country, town, and court.
 Some * by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, meer moderns in their sense!
 Such labour'd nothings in so strange a style,
 Amaze the unlearn'd, and make the learned smile. 330
 Unlucky, as Fungoso in the † play;
 These sparks with awkward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday. }

* Abolita et abrogata retinere, insolentia cujusdam est, et frivolæ in parvis jactantia. QUINTIL. lib. 1. cap. 6.

Opus est ut verba a vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta; quia nil est odiosus affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio, cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas; quam sit vitiosa, si egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova. Ibidem.

† Ben Johnson's Every Man in his humour.

Verba, velut frondes, nimio cum tegmine opacant
 Ramos, torpescunt mentis sine germine. Prava
 Rhetorice, vitri latè radiantis ad instar
 Prismatici, rutilos diffundit ubique colores; 330
 Non tibi naturæ licet amplius ora tueri,
 At malè discretis scintillant omnia flammis :
 Sed contra veluti jubar immutabile folis,
 Quicquid contrectat facundia, lustrat et auget,
 Nil variat, sed cuncta oculo splendoris inaurat. 335
 Elòquium mentis nostræ quasi vestis habenda est,
 Quæ si sit fatis apta, decentior inde videtur
 Scommata magnificis ornata procacia verbis.
 Indutos referunt regalia firmata faunos;
 Diversis etenim diversa vocabula rebus. 340
 Appingi fas est, aulæ velut aulica vestis,
 Alteraque agricolis, atque altera congruit urbi.
 Quidam scriptores, antiquis vocibus usi,
 Gloriam affectant, veterum æmula turba sonorum,
 Si mentem spectes juvenentur more recentum. 345
 Tantula nugamenta styloque operosa vetusto,
 Docti derident soli placitura popello.
 Hi nihilo magè felices quam comicus iste
 Fungoso, ostentant absurdo pepla tumore,
 Qualia nescio quis gestavit nobilis olim; 350

Atque

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And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandfires in their doublets drest. 335
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastic, if too new, or old;
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

* But most by numbers judge a poet's song, 340
 And smoth, or rough, with them, is right or wrong;
 In the bright muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please the ear,
 Not mend their minds, as some to church repair, } 345
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' † oft the ear the open vowels tire;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line; 350
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still-expected rhymes.
 Where'er you find, the cooling western breeze,
 In the next line, it whispers thro' the trees,

* *Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmine molli
 Nunc demum numero fluere ut per læve severos
 Effugit junctura unguis; scit tendere versum,
 Nec secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.* PERSIUS. Stat. 1.

† *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem
 orationem reddunt.* Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4.

Atque modo veteres doctos imitantur eodem,
 Ac hominem veteri in tunicâ dum fimia ludit.
 Verba, velut mores, a justis legibus errant,
 Si nimium antiquæ fuerint, nimiumve novatæ;
 Tu cave ne tentes infueta vocabula primus,
 Nec vetera abjicias postremus nomina rerum. 355

Lævis an asper eat versus plerique requirunt
 Censores, solosque sonos damnantve probantve;
 Mille licet veneres formosam Pierin ornent,
 Stultitiâ vox argutâ celabrabitur una: 360
 Qui juga Parnassi non ut mala corda repurgent;
 Auribus ut placeant, vivunt: sic sæpe profanos
 Impulit ad resonum pietas aurita facellum.
 His solum criticis semper par syllaba cordi est,
 Vastâ etsi usque omnis pateat vocalis hiatu; 365
 Expletivaque sæpe suas quoque suppetias dent,
 Ac versum unum oneret levium heu! decas en! pigra vocum;
 Dum non mutato resonant malé cymbala planctu,
 Atque augur miser usque scio, quid deinde sequatur.
 Quacunque aspirat *clementior aura Favoni,* 370
 Mox (nullus dubito) *graciles vibrantur ariste*

64 An ESSAY on CRITICISM.

If crystal streams, with pleasing murmurs creep, 355
 The reader's threat'ned, not in vain, with sleep.
 Then at the last, and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That like a wounded snake, drags its flow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow,
 And praise the easy vigour of a line
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art not chance, 365
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows, 370
 But when loud billows lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives, some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow,
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain, 375
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
 Hear how * Timotheus various lays surprize,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!

* Alexander's feast, or the power of music; an ode by Mr. Dryden.

While

Rivulus ut *mollis* serpit per *lævia* lapsu,
 Lector, non temerè expectes, *post murmura* somnos.
 Tum demum qua latè extremum ad distichon, ipsa
 Magnificum sine mente nihil, SENTENTIA splendet, 375
 Segnis Hypermeter, audin? adest, et claudicat, instar
 Anguis faucibus terga trahentis, prorepentisque.
 Hi proprias stupeant nugas, tu discere tentes,
 Quæ tereti properant venâ, vel amabilè languent.
 Istaque fac laudes, ubi vivida Denhamii vis 380
 Walleriæ condita fluit dulcedine musæ.
 Scribendi numerosa facultas provenit arte,
 Ut foli incessu faciles fluitare videntur,
 Plestro morigeros qui callent fingere gressus.
 Non solum asperitas teneras cave verberet aures, 385
 Sed vox quæque expressa tuæ fit mentis imago.
 Lenè edat Zephyrus suspiria blanda, politis
 Lævius in numeris labatur læve fluentum;
 At reboat, furit, æstuat æmula musa, sonoris
 Littoribus cum rauca horrendum impingitur unda: 390
 Quando est saxum Ajax vastâ vi volvere adortus,
 Tardè incedat versus, multum perque laborem.
 Non ita sive Camilla cito salis æquora rasit,
 Sive levis levitèrque terit, neque flectit aristas.
 Audin! Timothei cœlestia carmina, menti 395
 Dulcibus alloquiis varios suadentia motus!

While at each change the son of Lybian Jove,
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love; 380
 Now fierce his eyes with sparkling fury glow!
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow;
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!
 The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now. 385

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little, or too much.
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shows great pride, or little sense. 390
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
 As things seem large which we thro' mists descry, 395
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some the French writers, some our own despise;
 The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
 (Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside,) 400

Meanly

Audin! ut alternis Lybici Jovis inclyta proles
 Nunc ardet famam, solos nunc spirat amores,
 Lumina nunc vivis radiantia volvere flammis,
 Mox furtim suspiria, mox effundere fletum! 400
 Dum Persæ, Græcique pares sentire tumultus
 Discunt, victricemque lyram rex orbis adorat.
 Musica quid poterit corda ipsa fatentur, et audit
 Timotheus nostras merita cum laude Drydenus.

Tu servare modum studeas benè cautus, et istos 405
 Queis aut nil placuisse potest, aut omnia, vites.
 Exiguas naso maculas suspendere noli,
 Namque patent nullo stupor atque superbia mentis
 Clariùs indicio; neque mens est optima certè,
 Non secus ac stomachus, quæcunque recusat et odit 410
 Omnia, difficilisque nihil tibi concoquit unquam.
 Non tamen idcirco vegeti vis ulla leporis
 Te tibi furripiat; mirari mentis ineptæ est,
 Prudentis vero tantum optima quæque probare.
 Majores res apparent per nubila visæ, 415
 Atque ita luminibus stupor ampliat omnia densis.

His Galli minus arrident, illisque poetæ
 Nostrates, hodierni aliis, aliisque vetusti.
 Sic * fidei simile, ingenium sectæ arrogat uni
 Quisque suæ; solis patet illis janua cœli 420

* Christianæ scilicet.

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Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes,
Which from the first has shone on ages past, 405
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last.
(Tho' each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days)
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false and value still the true. 410

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense, which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then 415
Nor praise, nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
Who in proud dulness joins with quality,
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord. 420
What woful stuff this madrigal wou'd be,
In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me?
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens, how the style refines!

Before

Scilicet, inque malam rem cætera turba jubentur.
 Frustra autem immensis cupiunt imponere metam
 Muneribus Divûm, atque illius tela coarctant
 Solis, hyperboreas etiam qui temperat auras,
 Non solum australes genios fœcundat et auget. 425
 Qui primis latè sua lumina sparsit ab annis,
 Illustrat præsens, summumque accenderit ævum.
 (Cuique vices variæ tamen; et jam sæcula sæclis
 Succedunt pejora, et jam meliora peractis)
 Pro meritis musam laudare memento, nec unquam 430
 Neglige quod novitas distinguit, quodve vetustas.

Sunt qui nil proprium in medium proferre fuerunt,
 Judiciumque suum credunt popularibus auris;
 Tum vulgi quò exempla trahunt retrahuntque sequuntur,
 Tolluntque expositas latè per compita nugas. 435
 Turba alia authorum titulos et nomina discit
 Scriptoresque ipsos, non scripta examinat. Horum
 Pessimus iste cluet, si quem serviliter ipsos
 Visere magnates stupor ambitiosus adegit.
 Qui critice ad mensam domino ancillatur inepto, 440
 Futilis ardelio, semper referensque ferensque
 Nuntia nugarum. Quam pinguis, quam male nata
 Carmina censentur, quæcunque ego fortè vel ullus
 Pangere Apollinæ tentat faber improbus artis!
 At si quis vero, si quis vir magnus adoptet 445
 Felicem musam, quantus nitor ecce! venusque

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Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault, 425
And each exalted stanza steems with thought!

The vulgar thus thro' imitation err,
As oft the learn'd by being singular;
So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong: 430
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some blame at morning what they praise at night;
But always think the last opinion right.
A muse by these is like a mistress us'd, 435
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause, they're wiser still they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day. 440
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle oe'erspread;
Who knew most sentences, was deepest read;

Faith

Ingenio accedunt! quam prodigialitèr acer
 Fit subito stylus! omnigenam venerabile nomen
 Prætexit sacris culpam radiis, & ubique
 Carmina culta nitent, & pagina parturit omnis. 450

Stultula plebs doctos studiosa imitarier errat,
 Ut docti nullos imitando sæpius ipsi;
 Qui, si forte unquam plebs rectum viderit, (illis
 Tanto turba odio est) consultò lumina claudunt.
 Talis schismaticus Christi, grege sæpe relicto,
 Cælos ingenii pro laude paciscitur ipsos. 455

Non defunt quibus incertum mutatur in horas
 Judicium, sed semper eos sententia ducit
 Ultima palantes. Illis miseranda camæna
 More meretricis tractatur, nunc Dea certè, 460
 Nunc audit vilis lupa: dum præpingue cerebrum,
 Debilis & male munitæ stationis ad instar,
 Jam recti, jam stultitiæ pro partibus astat.
 Si causam rogites, aliquis tibi dicat eundo
 Quisque dies teneræ præbet nova pabula menti, 465
 Et sapiamus magis atque magis. Nos docta propago
 Scilicet et sapiens proavos contemnimus omnes,
 Heu! pariter nostris temnenda nepotibus olim.
 Quondam per nostros dum turba scholastica fines
 Regnavit, si cui quam plurima clausula semper 470
 In promptu, ille inter doctissimus audiit omnes;

Religiosa

Faith, gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed, 445
 And none had sense enough to be confuted:
 Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
 If faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in wit shou'd take their turn? 450
 Oft leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit;
 And authors think their reputation safe,
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind, 455
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind;
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men.
 Parties in wit attend on those of state,
 And public faction doubles private hate. 460
 Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaus;
 But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past;
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return and bless once more our eyes, 465
 New Blackmores and new Milbournes must arise;
 Nay, shou'd great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again wou'd start up from the dead.

Religiosa fides simul ac sacra omnia nasci
 Sunt visa in litem ; sapuit sat nemo refelli
 Ut se sit passus. Jam gens infulsa Scotistæ,
 Intactique abaci Thomistæ pace fruentes 475
 Inter araneolos pandunt sua retia fratres.
 Ipsa fides igitur cum sit variata, quid ergo,
 Quid mirum ingenium quoque si varia induat ora?
 Naturæ verique relictis finibus amens
 Sæpius insanire parat popularitèr author, 480
 Expectatque sibi vitalem hoc nomine famam,
 Suppetit usque suus plebi quia risus ineptæ.

Hic solitus propriâ metirier omnia normâ,
 Solos, qui secum sunt mente et partibus iisdem
 Approbat, at vanos virtuti reddit honores, 485
 Cui tantum sibi sic larvata superbia plaudit.
 Partium in ingenio studium quoque regnat, ut aulâ,
 Seditioque auget privatas publica rixas.
 DRYDENO obstabant odium atque superbia nuper
 Et stupor omnigenæ latitans sub imagine formæ,
 Nunc criticus, nunc bellus homo, mox deinde sacerdos;
 Attamen ingenium, joca cum siluère, superstes 490
 Vivit adhuc, namque olim utcunque sepulta profundis
 Pulchrior emerget tenebris tamen inclyta virtus.
 Milbourni, rursus si fas foret ora tueri,
 Blackmorique novi reducem insequenter; HOMERUS
 Ipse etiam erigeret vultus si forte verendos 495
 ZOILUS ex orco gressus revocaret. Ubique

Envy will merit, as its shade pursue,
 But like a shadow proves the substance true; 470
 For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first the sun too pow'ful beams displays,
 It draws up vapours which obscure the rays;
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way, 475
 Reflect new glories and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
 His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
 Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes. 480
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years;
 Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
 And bare threescore, is all ev'n that can boast;
 Our sons their fathers failing language see, 485
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand; 490

And

Virtuti malus, umbra velut nigra, livor adhæret,
 Sed verum ex vanâ corpus cognoscitur umbrâ.
 Ingenium, folis jam deficientis ad instar 500
 Invisum, oppositi tenebras tantum arguit orbis,
 Dum claro intemerata manent sua lumina divo.
 Sol prodit cum primum, atque intolerabilè fulget
 Attrahit obscuros flammâ magnete vapores;
 Mox vero pingunt etiam invida nubila callem 509
 Multa coloratum, & crescentia nubila spargunt
 Uberiùs, geminoque die viridaria donant.

Tu primus meritis plaudas, nihil ipse meretur,
 Qui serus laudator adest. Brevis, heu! brevis ævi
 Participes nostri vates celebrantur, et æquum est 510
 Angustam quam primum affuefcant degere vitam.
 Aurea nimirum jamjudum evanuit ætas,
 Cum vates patriarchæ extabant mille per annos:
 Jam spes deperiit, nobis vita altera, famæ,
 Nostraque marcescit sexagenaria laurus! 515
 Aspiciamus nati patriæ dispendia linguæ,
 Et vestis CHAUCERI olim gestanda DRYDENO est.
 Sic ubi parturuit mens dives imagine multâ
 Pictori, calamoque interprete cœpit acuti
 Concilium cerebri narrare coloribus aptis, 520
 Protinus ad nutum novus emicat orbis, et ipsa
 Evolvit manui sese natura disertæ;

When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light,
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live,
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray, 495
 And all the bright creation fades away.

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 Attones not for the envy which it brings.
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost! 500
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
 That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
 What is this wit which most our cares employ?
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
 Still most our trouble, when the most admir'd; 505
 The more we give, the more is still requir'd:
 The fame with pains we gain, but lose with ease,
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
 'Tis what the vicious fear; the virtuous shun,
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone! 510

Dulcia cum molles coeunt in sædera fuci
 Tandem maturi, liquidamque decentèr obumbrant
 Admittis lucem tenebris, et euntibus annis, 525
 Quando opus ad summum perductum est culmen, & audent
 E vivâ formæ extantes spirare tabellâ:
 Perfidus heu! pulchram color ævo prodidit artem,
 Egregiusque decor jam nunc fuit omnis, et urbes,
 Et fluvii, pictique hōmines, terræque fuerunt! 530

Heu! dos ingenii, veluti quodcunque furore
 Cæco prosequimur, nihil unquam muneris adfert,
 Quod redimat comitem invidiam! juvenilibus annis
 Nil nisi inane sophos jactamus, et ista voluptas
 Vana, brevis, momento evanuit alitis horæ! 535
 Flos veluti veris peperit quem prima juvenus,
 Ille viret, periitque virens sine falce caducus.
 Quid verò ingenium est quæso? Quid ut illius ergo
 Tantum insudemus? nonne est tibi perfida conjux
 Quam dominus vestis, vicinia tota potita est; 540
 Quo placuisse magis nobis fors obtigit, inde
 Nata magis cura est. Quid enim? crescentibus almæ
 Musæ muneribus populi spes crescit avari.
 Laus ipsa acquiri est operosa, et lubrica labi;
 Quin quosdam irritare necesse est; omnibus autem 545
 Nequaquam fecisse fatis datur; ingeniumque
 Expallet vitium, devitat conscia virtus,
 Stulti omnes oderê, scelesti perdere gaudent.

Quando

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
 Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
 Of old, those met rewards who cou'd excel,
 And such were prais'd, who but endeavour'd well;
 Tho' triumphs were to gen'als only due, 515
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldier too.
 Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools. 520
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each ill author is as bad a friend.
 To what base end, and by what abject ways,
 Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
 Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast, 525
 Nor in the critic let the man be lost:
 Good-nature, and good-sense must ever join;
 To err is human, to forgive divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain; 530
 Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
 No pardon vile obscenity shou'd find,
 Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind:

But

Quando adeo infestam sese ignorantia præstet,
 Absit, ut ingenium bello doctrina laceffat! 550
 Præmia propofuit meritis olim æqua vetustas,
 Et sua laus etiam conatos magna secuta est;
 Quanquam etenim fortis dux solus ovabat, at ipsis
 Militibus crines pulchræ impediere corollæ.
 At nunc qui bifidi superarunt improba montis 555
 Culmina, certatim focios detrudere tentant;
 Scriptorem, quid enim! dum quemque philautia ducit
 Zelotypum, instaurant certamina mutua vates,
 Et sese alterni stultis ludibria præbent.
 Fert ægrè alterius, qui pessimus audit honores, 560
 Improbis improbuli vice fungitur author amici;
 En fædis quam fæda viis mortalia corda
 Cogit persequier famæ malefuada libido!
 Ah! ne gloriolæ usque adeo fitis impia regnet,
 Nec critici affectans, hominis simul exue nomen; 565
 Sed candor cum iudicio conjuret amicè,
 Peccare est hominum, peccanti ignoscere, divûm.

At vero si cui ingenuo præcordia bilis
 Non despumatæ fatis acri fæce laborant,
 In scelera accensas pejora exercent iras, 570
 Nil dubitet, segetem præbent hæc tempora largam.
 Obscæno detur nulla indulgentia vati,
 Ars licet ingenio supeaddita cerea flecti

Pectora

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But dulness with obscenity must prove, 535
 As shameful sure as impotence in love.

In the fat age of pleasure, wealth and ease,
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase;
 When love was all an easy monarch's care,
 Seldom at a council, never in a war: 540

Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
 Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
 The fair fate panting at a courtier's play,
 And not a mask went unimprov'd away:

The modest fan was lifted up no more, 545
 And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before----

The following licence of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
 Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,

And taught more pleasant methods of salvation; 550
 Where heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
 Lest God himself should seem too absolute.

Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
 And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!

Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies, 555
 And the press groan'd with licenc'd blasphemies----

These

Pectora pelliciat. Verum, hercule, juncta stupori
 Scripta impura pari vano molimine prorsus 575
 Invalidam æquiparant eunuchi turpis amorem.
 Tunc ubi regnavit dives cum pace voluptas
 In nostris flos iste malus caput extulit oris.
 Tunc ubi rex facilis vigit, qui semper amore,
 Confiliis rarò, nunquam se exercuit armis: 580
 Scripserunt mimos proceres, meretricibus aulae
 Successit regimen; nec non magnatibus ipsis
 Affuit ingenium, stipendiaque ingeniosis.
 Patriciæ in scenis spectavit opuscula musæ
 Multa nurus, lasciva tuens, atque auribus haufit 585
 Omnia larvato secura modestia vultu.
 Machina, virginibus quæ ventilat ora, pudicum
 Dedidit clausa officium, ad ludicra cachinnus
 Increpuit, rubor ingenuus nihil amplius arsit.
 Deinde ex externo traducta licentia regno 590
 Audacis fæces Socini absorbuit imas,
 Sacrilegique sacerdotes tum quemque docebant
 Conati efficere, ut gratis paradison adiret;
 Ut populus patriâ cum libertate sacratis
 Affererent sua jura locis, ne scilicet unquam 595
 (Crediderim) Omnipotens foret ipse potentior æquo.
 Templâ sacram fatiram jam tum violata filebant:
 Et laudes vitii, vitio mirante, sonabant!
 Accensi hinc musæ Titanes ad astra ruerunt,
 Legeque sancitum quassit blasphemia prælum.--- 600

These monsters, critics, with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
 Yet shun their fault, who scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice; 560
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what morals critics ought to show,
 For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
 'Tis not enough wit, art, and learning join; 565
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
 That not alone what to your judgment's due
 All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence; 570
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 That if once wrong, will needs be always so;
 But you with pleasure own your errors past,
 And make each day, a critic on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true, 575
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
 Men must be taught as if you taught 'em not,
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.

Hæc monstra, O critici, contra hæc convertite telum,
 Huc fulmen, tonitruque styli torquete severi,
 Et penitus totum obnixa exonerate furorem!
 At tales fugias, qui, non sine fraude severi,
 Scripta malam in partem, livore interprete, vertunt; 605
 Pravis omnia prava videntur, ut omnia passim
 Ictericus propriâ ferrugine tingit ocellus.

Jam mores critici proprios, adverte, docebo;
 Dimidiata etenim est tibi sola scientia virtus.
 Non satis est ars, ingenium, doctrinaque vires, 610
 Quæque suas jungant, si non quoque candor honestis,
 Et veri sincerus amor sermonibus insint.
 Sic tibi non solum quisque amplios solvet honores,
 Sed te, qui criticum probat, exoptabit amicum,

Mutus, quando animus dubius tibi fluctuat, esto; 615
 Sin tibi confidis, dictis confide pudenter.
 Quidam hebetes semper perstant erroribus; at tu
 Præteritas lætus culpas fateare, dies-que
 Quisque dies redimat, criticoque examine tentet.

Hoc tibi non satis est, verum, quod præcipis, esse, 620
 Veridici mala rusticitas magè sæpe molesta est
 Auribus, ingenuam quam verba ferentia fraudem;
 Non ut præceptor, cave des præcepta, reique
 Ignaros, tanquam immemores, catus instrue: verax

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Without good-breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense below'd. 580

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust;
Fear most the anger of the wise to raise, 585
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

'Twere well, might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares, tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry! 590
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is uncensur'd to be dull;
Such without wit are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satyrs, 595
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain
And charitably let the dull be vain, 600

Your

De ARTE CRITICA.

85

Ipsè placet, si non careat candore, nec ullos
Judicium, urbanis quod fulget moribus, urit.

625

Tu nulli invidias monitus, rationis avarus
Si sis, præ reliquis fordes miserandus avaris.
Ne vili obsequio criticorum jura refigas,
Nec fer judicium nimis officiosus iniquum;
Prudentem haud irritabis (ne finge) monendo,
Qui laude est dignus patiens culpabitur idem.

630

Consultum meliùs criticis foret, illa maneret
Si nunc culpandi libertas. Appius autem,
Ecce! rubet, quoties loqueris, torvoque tremendus
Intuitu, reddit sævi trucia ora gigantis
Jam picta in veteri magè formidanda tapete.
Fac mittas tumidum tituloque et stemmate stultum,
Cui quædam est data jure licentia sæpe stupendi;
Tales ad libitum vates absque indole, eâdem,
Quâ sine doctrinâ doctores lege creantur.
Contemptis prudens fatiris res linque tacendas,
Assentatorumque infamen exerceat artem,
Nominibus libros magnis gens gnara dicandi,
Quæ cum mendaci laudes effutiat ore,
Non magè credenda est, quam quando pejerat olim
Non iterum pingues unquam conscribere versus.
Non raro est satius bilem cohibere fuëscas,
Humanusque finas hebetem sibi plaudere : prudens

635

640

645



86. An ESSAY on CRITICISM.

Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race, 605
As after stumbling, jades will mend their pace:
What crowds of these, impertinently bold,
In sounds, and jing'ling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs, and squeezings of the brain: 610
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.

Such shameless bards we have, and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad abandon'd critics too.
The book-full blockhead, ignorantly read, 615
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue, still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears----
All books he reads, and all he reads affails
From Dryden's fables, down to Durfy's tales. 620
With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own dispensary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
Nay, show'd his faults---but when wou'd poets mend?

No

De ARTE CRITICA.

87

Hic taceas monco, nihil indignatio prodest, 650
 Fessus eris culpando, ea gens haud fessa canendo:
 Nam temnens stimulos, tardum cum murmure cursum
 Continuat, donec jam tandem, turbinis instar
 Vapulet in torporem, & semper eundo quiescat.
 Talibus ex lapsu vis est reparata frequenti, 655
 Ut tardi titubata urgent vestigia manni.
 Horum pleraque pars, cui nulla amentia deficit,
 Tinnitu numerorum et amore fenescit inani,
 Perstat difficili carmen deducere venâ,
 Donec inexhausto restat faex ulla cerebro, 660
 Reliquias stillat vix expressæ malè mentis,
 Et miseram invalidâ exercet prurigine musam.

Sunt nobis vates hoc de grege, sed tamen idem
 Affirmo, criticorum ejusdem fortis abunde est.
 Hælluo librorum, qui sudat, hebetque legendo, 665
 Cui mens nugarum doctâ farragine turget
 Attentas propriæ voci malè recreat aures,
 Auditorque sibi solus miser ipse videtur.
 Ille omnes legit authores, omnesque laceffit
 Duræio infestus pariter magnoque Drydeno. 670
 Judice sub tali semper furatur, emitve
 Quisque suum bonus author opus: (non Garthius illi
 Si credas) proprium contexit ipse poema.
 In scenis nova si comœdia agatur, "amicus
 " Hujus scriptor (ait) meus est, cui non ego paucas 675
 " Ostendi maculas; sed mens est nulla poetis."
 Non

88 An ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd, 625
 Nor is Paul's-church more safe than Paul's-church-yard;
 Nay fly to altars; there he'll talk you dead;
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes, } 630
 But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide!

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know? 635
 Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;
 Not dully prepossess'd, or blindly right,
 Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere,
 Modestly bold, and humanely severe?
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show, 640
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
 Blest with a taste exact and unconfin'd;
 A knowledge both of books and human kind;
 Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride,
 And love to praise, with reason on his side? 645

Such once were critics; such the happy few,
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
 The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deep explore;

He

Non locus est tam sanctus, ut hunc expellere possit,
 Nec templum in tuto est, plusquam via; quin pete sacras
 Aufugiens aras, & ad aras iste sequetur
 Occidetque loquendo; etenim stultus ruet ultro 680
 Nil metuens, ubi ferre pedem vix angelus audet.
 Diffidit sibimet sapientia cauta, brevesque
 Excursus tentans in se sua lumina vertit;
 Stultitia at præceps violento vortice currit
 Nonnunquam tremefacta, nec unquam e tramite cedens, 685
 Flumine fulmineo se totam invicta profundit.

Tu vero quisnam es monita instillare peritus,
 Qui, quod scis, lætus monstras, neque scire superbis,
 Non odio ductus pravove favore, nec ulli
 Addictus sectæ, ut pecces, neque cæcus, ut erres; 690
 Doctus, at urbanus, sincerus, at aulicus idem,
 Audactèrque pudens mediâque humanus in irâ.
 Qui nunquam dubites vel amico ostendere culpas,
 Et celebres inimicum haud parcâ laude merentem.
 Purgato ingenio felix, sed & infinito, 695
 Et quod librorumque hominumque scientia ditat;
 Colloquium cui come, animus summissus & ingens,
 Laudandique omnes, ratio cum præcipit, ardor!

Tales extiterunt critici, quos Græcia quondam,
 Romaque mirata est nato: melioribus annis. 700
 Primus Aristoteles est ausus solvere navem,
 Atque datis velis vastum explorare profundum.

90 An ESSAY on CRITICISM.

He steer'd securely, and discover'd far, 650
 Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
 Receiv'd his laws, and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
 Who conquer'd nature, should preside o'er wit. 655

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense,
 Will like a friend, familiarly convey
 The truest notions in the easiest way;
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit, 660
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ;
 Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire,
 His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
 Our critics take a contrary extreme
 They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm; 665
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
 By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
 See Dionysius * Homer's thoughts refine,
 And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line.
 Fancy and art in gay Petronius please, 670
 The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
 The justest rules, and clearest method join'd;

* Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

Thus

Tutus iit, longèque ignotas attigit oras
 Lumina Mæoniæ observans radiantia stellæ.
 Jam vates, gens illa, diu quæ lege soluta est, 705
 Et sævæ capta est malè libertatis amore,
 Lætantes dominum accipiunt, atque omnis eodem,
 Qui domuit naturam, exultat præside musa.

Nusquam non grata est incuria comis Horatî,
 Qui nec opinantes nos erudit absque magistro, 710
 Ille suas leges, affabilis instar amici
 Quam veras simul & quam claro more profundit!
 Ille licet tam judicio quam divite venâ
 Maximus, audacem criticum, non scriptor inaudax,
 Præstaret se jure, tamen sedatus ibidem 715
 Cenfor, ubi cecinit divino concitus æstro,
 Carminibusque eadem inspirat, quæ tradidit Arte.
 Nostrates homines planè in contraria currunt,
 Turba, stylo vehemens critico, sed frigida Phæbo:
 Nec malè vertendo Flaccum torfere poetæ 720
 Absurdi, magè quam critici sine mente citando.
 Aspice, ut expoliat numeros Dionysius ipsi
 Mæonidæ, veneresque accersat ubique recentes!
 Conditam ingenio jactat Petronius artem,
 Cui doctrina scholas redolet simul & sapit aulam. 725

Cum docti Fabii cumulata volumina versas,
 Optima perspicuâ in serie documenta videre est,

Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace. 675
 Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
 But to be found when need requires with ease.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
 And bless their critic with a poet's fire;
 An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust 680
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
 And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd
 Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd. 685
 Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
 And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
 And the same age saw learning fall and Rome.
 With tyranny, then superstition join'd, 690
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
 Much was believ'd, but little understood,
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good;
 A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
 And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun. 695

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
 (The glory of the priest-hood, and the shame)

Stemm'd

Haud fecus utilia ac apothecis condimus arma,
 Ordine perpetuo sita juncturâque decorâ,
 Non modo ut obtineat quo sese oblectet ocellus,
 Verum etiam in promptu, quando venit usus, habenda.

Te solum omnigenæ inspirant, Longine, Camænæ,
 Et propriam penitus tibi mentem animumque dederunt;
 En! tibi propofiti criticum fideique tenacem,
 Qui vehemens sua jura, sed omnibus æqua ministrat;
 Quo probat exemplo, quas tradit acumine leges,
 Semper sublimi sublimior argumento!

Succedere diù fibi tales, pulsaque fugit
 Barbara præscriptas exorsa licentia leges:
 Româ perpetuo crescente scientia crevit,
 Atque artes aquilarum equitare audacibus alis;
 Sed tandem superata Ædem victoribus uno
 Roma triumphata est musis comitantibus ævo.
 Dira superstitio & comes est bacchata tyrannis,
 Et simul illa animos, hæc corpora sub juga misit.
 Credita ab omnibus omnia sunt, sed cognita nullis,
 Et stupor est ausus titulo pietatis abuti!
 Obruta diluvio sic est doctrina secundo,
 Et Monachis finita Gothorum exorsa fuerunt.

At vero tandem memorabile nomen Erasmus,
 (Cuique sacerdoti jactandus, cuique pudendus)

Barbariæ

94 AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
 And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see each muse in Leo's golden days, 700
 Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays!
 Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
 Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head!
 Then Sculpture and her sister arts revive,
 Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live; 705
 With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
 A Raphael painted, and a * Vida sung!
 Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
 The poets bays, and critics ivy grow:
 Cremona now shall ever boast thy name, 710
 As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from Latium chac'd,
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd muses past;
 Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance;
 But critic learning flourish'd most in France: 715
 The rules, a nation born to serve obeys;
 And Boileau still in right of Horace sways;
 But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
 And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd,

* Hieronymus Vida, an excellent Latin poet, who writ an art of poetry in verse. He flourish'd in the time of Leo the tenth.

Barbariæ obnixus torrentia tempora vincit,
Atque Gothos propriis sacros de finibus arcet.

At Leo jam rursus viden' aurea secula condit,
Sertaque neglectis revirescunt laurea musis! 755
Antiquus Romæ Genius de pulvere sacro
Attollit sublime caput. Tunc cœpit amari
Sculptura atque artes focia, cælataque rupes
Vivere, et in pulchras lapides mollescere formas;
Divinam harmoniam surgentia templa sonabant, 760
Atque stylo & calamo Raphael & Vida vigeant;
Illustres vates! cui laurea ferta poetæ
Intertexta hederis critici geminata refulgent:
Jamque æquat claram tibi, Mantua, Vida Cremonam,
Utque loci, sic semper erit vicinia famæ. 765

Mox autem profugæ metuentes improba musæ
Arma, Italos fines relinquunt, inque Arctica migrant
Littora; sed criticam sibi Gallia vendicat artem.
Gens ullas leges, docilis fervire, capessit,
Boiloviusque vices domini gerit acer Horatî. 770
At fortes spernunt præcepta externa Britanni,
Moribus indomiti quoque; nam pro jure furendi

Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold, 720
 We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
 Yet some there were among the founder few
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws. 725
 Such was the muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 Nature's * chief master-piece is writing well.
 Such was Roscommon---not more learn'd than good,
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known, 730
 And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
 Such late was Walsh---the muse's judge and friend;
 Who justly knew to blame, or to commend;
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart. 735
 This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
 'This praise at least a grateful muse may give!
 The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing;
 (Her guide now lost) no more pretends to rise, 740
 But in low numbers short excursions tries;
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:

* Essay on poetry, by the duke of Buckingham.

Angliacus pugnat genius, Romamque magistram,
 Romanumque jugum semper contemnere pergit.
 At vero jam tum non defuit unus & alter 775
 Corda, licet tumefacta minûs, magis alta gerentes,
 Ingenii partes veri studiosa fovendi
 Inque basi antiquâ leges & jura locandi.
 Talis, qui cecinit doctrinæ exemplar & author,
 “ Ars bene scribendi naturæ est summa potestas.” 780
 Talis Roscommon---bonus & doctissimus idem,
 Nobilis ingenio magè nobilitatus honesto;
 Qui Graios Latiosque authores novit ad unguem,
 Dum veneres textit pudibunda industria privas.
 Talis Walsenius ille fuit---judex & amicus 785
 Musarum, censuræ æquus laudisque minister,
 Mitis peccantûm censor, vehementisque merentûm
 Laudator, cerebrum sine mendo, & cor sine fuce!
 Hæc saltem accipias, lacrymabilis umbra, licebit,
 Hæc debet mea musa tuæ munuscula famæ, 790
 Illa eadem, infantem cujus tu fingere vocem,
 Tu monstrare viam; horridulas componere plumas
 Tu sæpe es solitus---duce jam miseranda remoto
 Illa breves humili excursus molimine tentat,
 Nec jam quid sublime, quid ingens amplius audet. 795
 Illi hoc jam fatis est--si hinc turba indocta docetur,
 Docta recognoscit studii vestigia prisca:

Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame,
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame: 745
 Averse alike to flatter or offend,
 Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.



Censuram haud curat, famam mediocritè ardet,
Culpare intrepida, at laudis tamen æqua ministra;
Haud ulli prudens assentaturve notetve;
Se demum mendis haud immunem esse fatetur,
At neque fastidit limâ, quando indiget, uti.

800





THE
H O P - G A R D E N .

A
G E O R G I C .

In Two B O O K S .

Me quoque Parnassi per lubrica culmina raptat
Laudis amor: studium sequor insanabile vatis,
Ausus non operam, non formidare poetæ
Nomen, adoratum quondam, nunc pæne procaci
Monstratum digito.----- Van. Præd. Ruft.

HOP-GARDEN

THE

HOP-GARDEN

A

GEORGE

In Two Books.

Monstrum digno...
Nonne, adortum quondam, nunc bene proci;
Aure non operam, non formidare posse
Laudis amor; studium sequor insatiabile vitæ;
Me quoque Parvuli per ludicra coluntis sapient

Van. Fred. Ruff.

THE
H O P - G A R D E N .

A
G E O R G I C .

B O O K the F I R S T .

TH E land that answers best the farmer's care,
And silvers to maturity the Hop:
When to inhume the plants; to turn the glebe;
And wed the tendrils to th' aspiring poles:
Under what sign to pluck the crop, and how 5
To cure, and in capacious sacks infold,
I teach in verse Miltonian. Smile the muse,
And meditate an honour to that land
Where first I breath'd, and struggled into life
Impatient, Cantium, to be call'd thy son. 10

Oh! cou'd I emulate Dan Sydney's muse,
Thy Sydney, Cantium----He from court retir'd
In Penhurst's sweet elysium fung delight,
Sung transport to the soft-responding streams
Of Medway, and enliven'd all her groves: 15

While ever near him, goddess of the green,
 Fair * Pembroke fat, and smil'd immense applause.
 With vocal fascination charm'd the † Hours
 Unguarded left Heav'ns adamant gate,
 And to his lyre, swift as the winged sounds 20
 That skim the air, danc'd unperceiv'd away.
 Had I such pow'r, no peasants toil, no hops
 Shou'd e'er debase my lay : far nobler themes,
 The high achievements of thy warrior kings
 Shou'd raise my thoughts, and dignify my song. 25
 But I, young rustic, dare not leave my cot,
 For so enlarg'd a sphere--ah! muse beware,
 Lest the loud larums of the braying trump,
 Lest the deep drum shou'd drown thy tender reed,
 And mar its puny joints: me, lowly swain, 30
 Every unshaven arboret, me the lawns,
 Me the voluminous Medway's silver wave,
 ‡ Content inglorious, and the hopland shades!

Yeomen, and countrymen attend my song:
 Whether you shiver in the marshy § Weald, 35
 Egregious shepherds of unnumber'd flocks,
 Whose fleeces, poison'd into purple, deck

* Sister to Sir Philip Sydney.

† — Πυλαι μυικον κρανας αις εχον Ωραι.

‡ Rura mihi, & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
 Flumina amem, sylvasque in glorius!

§ Commonly, but improperly call'd, the Wild.

HOM. E.

VIRG. GEORG. 2.

The HOP-GARDEN.

105

All Europe's kings: or in fair *Madum's vale
 Imparadis'd, blest denizons, ye dwell;
 Or † Dorovernia's awful tow'rs ye love: 40
 Or plough Tunbridgia's salutiferous hills
 Industrious, and with draughts chalybate heal'd,
 Confess divine Hygeia's blissful seat;
 The muse demands your presence, ere she tune
 Her monitory voice; observe her well, 45
 And catch the wholesome dictates as they fall.

'Midst thy paternal acres, Farmer, say
 Has gracious heav'n bestow'd one field, that basks
 Its loamy bosom in the mid-day sun,
 Emerging gently from the abject vale, 50
 Nor yet obnoxious to the wind, secure
 There shall thou plant thy hop. This soil, perhaps,
 Thou'lt say, will fill my garners. Be it so.
 But Ceres, rural goddess, at the best
 Meanly supports her vot'ry', enough for her, 55
 If ill-persuading hunger she repell,
 And keep the soul from fainting: to enlarge,
 To glad the heart, to sublimate the mind,
 And wing the flagging spirits to the sky,
 Require th' united influence and aid 60
 Of Bacchus, God of hops, with Ceres join'd

* Maidstone.

† Canterbury.

'Tis he shall gen'rate the buxom beer.
 Then on one pedestel, and hand in hand,
 Sculptur'd in Parian stone (so gratitude
 Indites) let the divine co-part'ners rise. 65
 Stands eastward in thy field a wood? 'tis well.
 Esteem it as a bulwark of thy wealth,
 And cherish all its branches; tho' we'll grant,
 Its leaves umbrageous may intercept
 The morning rays, and envy some small share 70
 Of Sol's beneficence to the infant germ.
 Yet grutch not that: when whistling Eurus comes,
 With all his worlds of insects in thy lands
 To hyemate, and monarchize o'er all.
 Thy vegetable riches, then thy wood 75
 Shall ope it's arms expansive, and embrace
 The storm reluctant, and divert its rage.
 Armies of animalc'les urge their way
 In vain: the ventilating trees oppose
 Their airy march. They blacken distant plains. 80

This site for thy young nursery obtain'd,
 Thou hast begun auspicious, if the soil
 (As sung before) be loamy; this the hop
 Loves above others, this is rich, is deep,
 Is viscous, and tenacious of the pole. 85
 Yet maugre all its native worth, it may
 Be meliorated with warm compost. See!

Yon

The HOP-GARDEN.

107

* Yon craggy mountain, whose fastidious head,
 Divides the star-set hemisphere above,
 And Cantium's plains beneath; the Appennine 90
 Of a free Italy, whose chalky fides
 With verdant shrubs diffimilarly gay,
 Still captivate the eye, while at his feet
 The silver Medway glides, and in her breast
 Views the reflected landskip, charm'd she views 95
 And murmurs louder ecstacy below.
 Here let us rest awhile, pleas'd to behold
 Th' all-beautiful horizon's wide expanse,
 Far as the eagle's ken. Here tow'ring spires
 First catch the eye, and turn the thoughts to heav'n. 100
 The lofty elms in humble majesty
 Bend with the breeze to shade the solemn groves,
 And spread an holy darkness; Ceres there
 Shines in her golden vesture. Here the meads
 Enrich'd by Flora's dædal hand, with pride 105
 Expose their spotted verdure. Nor are you
 Pomona absent; you 'midst th' hoary leaves
 Swell the vermilion cherry; and on yon trees
 Suspend the pippen's palatable gold.
 There old Sylvanus in that moss-grown grot 110
 Dwells with his wood-nymphs: they with chaplets green
 And russet mantles oft bedight, aloft

* Boxley-Hill, which extends through great part of Kent.

From yon bent oaks, in Medway's bosom fair
 Wonder at silver bleak, and prickly pearch,
 That swiftly thro' their floating forests glide. 115
 Yet not even these---these ever-varied scenes
 Of wealth and pleasure can engage my eyes
 T' o'erlook the lowly hawthorn, if from thence
 The thrush, sweet warbler, chants th' unstudied lays
 Which Phœbus' self vaulting from yonder cloud 120
 Refulgent, with enliv'ning ray inspires.
 But neither tow'ring spires, nor lofty elms,
 Nor golden Ceres, nor the meadows green,
 Nor orchats, nor the ruffet-mantled nymphs,
 Which to the murmurs of the Medway dance, 125
 Nor sweetly warbling thrush, with half those charms
 Attract my eyes, as yonder hop-land close,
 Joint-work of art and nature, which reminds
 The muse, and to her theme the wand'rer calls.

Here then with pond'rous vehicles and teams 130
 Thy rustics send, and from the caverns deep
 Command them bring the chalk: thence to the kiln
 Convey, and temper with Vulcanian fires.
 Soon as 'tis form'd, thy lime with bounteous hand
 O'er all thy lands disseminate; thy lands 135
 Which first have felt the soft'ning spade, and drank
 The strength'ning vapours from nutritious marl.

This

This done, select the choicest hop, t'insert
 Fresh in the opening glebe. Say then, my muse,
 Its various kinds, and from th' effete and vile, 140
 The eligible separate with care.
 The noblest species is by Kentish wights
 The Master-hop yclep'd. Nature to him
 Has giv'n a stouter stalk, patient of cold,
 Or Phœbus ev'n in youth, his verdant blood 145
 In brisk saltation circulates and flows
 Indefinitely vigorous: the next
 Is arid, fetid, infecund, and gross
 Significantly styl'd the Fryar: the last
 Is call'd the Savage, who in ev'ry wood, 150
 And ev'ry hedge un introduc'd intrudes.
 When such the merit of the candidates,
 Easy is the election; but, my friend
 Would'st thou ne'er fail, to Kent direct thy way,
 Where no one shall be frustrated that seeks 155
 Ought that is great or good. * Hail, Cantium, hail!
 Illustrious parent of the finest fruits,
 Illustrious parent of the best of men!
 For thee Antiquity's thrice sacred springs

* Salve magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus
 Magna virum; tibi res antiquæ laudis & artis
 Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes,
 Afræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.

VIRG. GEORG. 2.

Placidly

Placidly stagnant at their fountain head, 165
 I rashly dare to trouble (if from thence,
 If ought for thy util'ty I can drain)
 And in thy towns adopt th' Aſcræan muſe.
 Hail heroes, hail invaluable gems,
 Splendidly rough within your native mines, 165
 To luxury unrefined, better far
 To ſhake with unbought agues in your weald,
 Than dwell a ſlave to paſſion and to wealth,
 Politely paralytic in the town!
 Fav'rites of heav'n ! to whom the general doom 170
 Is all remitted, who alone poſſeſs
 Of Adam's ſons fair Eden---reſt ye here,
 Nor ſeek an earthly good above the hop;
 A good ! untasted by your ancient kings,
 And almoſt to your very fires unknown. 175

In thoſe bleſt days when great Eliza reign'd
 O'er the adoring nation, when fair peace
 Or ſpread an unſtain'd olive round the land,
 Or laurell'd war did teach our winged fleets
 To lord it o'er the world, when our brave fires 180
 Drank valour from uncauponated beer ;
 Then th' hop (before an interdicted plant,
 Shun'd like fell aconite) began to hang
 Its folded floſcles from the golden vine,
 And bloom'd a ſhade to Cantium's funny ſhores 145

The HOP-GARDEN.

III

Delightfome, and in chearful goblets laught
 Potent, what time Aquarius' urn impends
 To kill the dulsome day---potent to quench
 The Syrian ardour, and autumnal ills
 To heal with mild potations; sweeter far 190
 Than those which erst the subtile * Hengift mix'd
 T' intral voluptuous Vortigern. He, with love
 Emafcuate and wine, the toils of war,
 Neglected, and to dalliance vile and sloth
 Emancipated, faw th' incroaching Saxons 195
 With unaffected eyes; his hand which ought
 T' have shook the spear of justice, soft and smooth,
 Play'd ravishing divisions on the lyre:
 This Hengift mark'd, and (for curs'd infolence
 Soon fattens on impunity! and becomes 200
 Briareus from a dwarf) fair Thanet gain'd.
 Nor stopt he here; but to immense attempts
 Ambition sky-aspiring led him on
 Adventrous. He an only daughter rear'd,
 Roxena, matchless maid! nor rear'd in vain. 205
 Her eagle-ey'd callidity, grave deceit,
 And fairy fiction rais'd above her sex;
 And furnish'd her with thousand various wiles
 Preposterous, more than female; wondrous fair.

* See the following story told at large in Lambarde's perambulation of Kent.

She

She was, and docile, which her pious nurse 210
 Observ'd, and early in each female fraud
 Her 'gan initiate; well she knew to smile,
 Whene'er vexation gall'd her; did she weep?
 'Twas not sincere, the fountains of her eyes
 Play'd artificial streams, yet so well forc'd 215
 They look'd like nature; for ev'n art to her
 Was natural, and contrarieties
 Seem'd in Roxena congruous and allied.
 Such was she, when brisk Vortigern beheld,
 Ill-fated prince! and lov'd her. She perceiv'd, 220
 Soon she perceiv'd her conquest; soon she told,
 With hasty joy transported, her old fire.
 The Saxon inly smil'd, and to his isle
 The willing prince invited, but first bad
 The nymph prepare the potions; such as fire 225
 The blood's meand'ring rivulets, and depress
 To love the soul. Lo! at the noon of night
 Thrice Hecate invok'd the maid---and thrice
 The goddess stoop'd assent; forth from a cloud
 She stoop'd, and gave the philters pow'r to charm. 230
 These in a splendid cup of burnish'd gold
 The lovely forcerefs mix'd, and to the prince
 Health, peace, and joy propin'd, but to herself
 Mutter'd dire exorcisms, and wish'd effect
 To th' love-creating draught: lowly she bow'd 235
 Fawning insinuation bland, that might

Deceive

The HOP-GARDEN.

113

Deceive Laertes' son; her lucid orbs
Shed copiously the oblique rays; her face
Like modest Luna's shone, but not so pale,
And with no borrow'd lustre; on her brow 240
Smil'd Fallacy, while summoning each grace,
Kneeling she gave the cup. The prince (for who!
Who cou'd have spurn'd a suppliant so divine?)
Drank eager, and in ecstasy devour'd
Th' ambrosial perturbation; mad with love 245
He clasp'd her, and in Hymeneal bands
At once the nymph demanded and obtain'd.
Now Hengist, all his ample wish fulfill'd,
Exulted; and from Kent th' uxorious prince
Exterminated, and usurp'd his seat. 250
Long did he reign; but all-devouring time
Has raz'd his palace walls---Perchance on them
Grows the green hop, and o'er his crumbled bust
In spiral twines ascends the scancile pole.---
But now to plant, to dig, to dung, to weed; 255
Tasks how indelicate? demand the muse.

Come, fair magician, sportive Fancy come,
With thy unbounded imagery; child of thought,
From thy ariel citadel descend,
And (for thou canst) assist me. Bring with thee 260
Thy all-creative Talisman; with thee
The active spirits ideal, tow'ring flights,

Q

That

That hover o'er the muse-refounding groves,
 And all thy colourings, all thy shapes display.
 Thou to be here, Experience, so shall I 265
 My rules nor in low prose jejunely *say*,
 Nor in smooth numbers musically err;
 But vain is Fancy and Experience vain,
 If thou, O Hesiod! Virgil of our land,
 Or hear'st thou rather, Milton, bard divine, 270
 Whose greatness who shall imitate, save thee?
 If thou O * Philips fav'ring dost not hear
 Me, inexpert of verse; with gentle hand
 Uprear the unpinion'd muse, high on the top
 Of that immeasurable mount, that far 275
 Exceeds thine own Plinlimmon, where thou tun'st
 With Phœbus' self thy lyre. Give me to turn
 Th' unwieldly subject with thy graceful ease,
 Extol its baseness with thy art; but chief
 Illumine, and invigorate with thy fire. 280

When Phœbus looks thro' Aries on the spring,
 And vernal flow'rs promise the dulcet fruit,
 Autumnal pride! delay not then thy setts
 In 'Tellus' facile bosom to depose
 Timely: if thou art wise the bulkiest chuse: 285
 To every root three joints indulge, and form

* Mr. John Philips, author of *Cyder*, a poem.

The HOP-GARDEN.

115

The Quincunx with well regulated hills.
 Soon from the dung-enriched earth, their heads
 Thy young plants will uplift their virgin arms,
 They'll stretch, and marriageable claim the pole. 290
 Nor frustrate thou their wishes, so thou may'st
 Expect an hopeful issue, jolly Mirth,
 Sister of taleful Jocus, tuneful Song,
 And fat Good-nature with her honest face.
 But yet in the novitiate of their love, 295
 And tenderness of youth suffice small shoots
 Cut from the widow'd willow, nor provide
 Poles insurmountable as yet. 'Tis then
 When twice bright Phœbus' vivifying ray,
 Twice the cold touch of winter's icy hand, 300
 They've felt; 'tis then we fell sublimer props.
 'Tis then the sturdy woodman's axe from far
 Resounds, resounds, and hark! with hollow groans
 Down tumble the big trees, and rushing roll
 O'er the crush'd crackling brake, while in his cave 305
 Forlorn; dejected, 'midst the weeping dryads
 Laments Sylvanus for his verdant care.
 The ash, or willow for thy use select,
 Or storm-enduring chesnut; but the oak
 Unfit for this employ, for nobler ends 310
 Reserve untouch'd; she when by time matur'd,
 Capacious, of some British demi-god,
 Vernon, or Warren, shall with rapid wing

Q 2

Infuriate,

Infuriate, like Jove's armour-bearing bird,
 Fly on thy foes; They, like the parted waves, 315
 Which to the brazen beak murmuring give way
 Amaz'd, and roaring from the fight recede.---
 In that sweet month, when to the list'ning swains
 Fair Philomel sings love, and every cot
 With garlands blooms bedight, with bandage meet 320
 The tendrils bind, and to the tall pole tie,
 Else soon, too soon their meretricious arms
 Round each ignoble clod they'll fold, and leave
 Averse the lordly prop. Thus, have I heard
 Where there's no mutual tye, no strong connection 325
 Of love-conspiring hearts, oft the young bride
 Has prostituted to her slaves her charms,
 While the infatuated lord admires
 * Fresh-budding sprouts, and issue not his own.
 Now turn the glebe: soon with correcting hand 330
 When smiling June in jocund dance leads on
 Long days and happy hours, from ev'ry vine
 Dock the redundant branches, and once more
 With the sharp spade thy numerous acres till.
 The shovel next must lend its aid, enlarge 335
 The little hillocks, and erase the weeds.
 This in that month its title which derives

* Miraturque novas frondes, & non sua poma.

The HOP-GARDEN.

117

From great Augustus' ever sacred name!
Sovereign of Science! master of the Muse!
Neglected Genius' firm ally! Of worth
Best judge, and best rewarder, whose applause
To bards was fame and fortune! O! 'twas well,
Well did you too in this, all glorious heroes!
Ye Romans!--on Time's wing you've stamp'd his praise,
And time shall bear it to eternity.

340

345

Now are our lab'ours crown'd with their reward,
Now bloom the florid hops, and in the stream
Shine in their floating silver, while above
T'embow'ring branches culminate, and form
A walk impervious to the sun; the poles
In comely order stand; and while you cleave
With the small skiff the Medway's lucid wave,
In comely order still their ranks preserve,
And seem to march along th' extensive plain:
In neat arrangement thus the men of Kent,
With native oak at once adorn'd and arm'd,
Intrepid march'd; for well they knew the cries
Of dying Liberty, and Astræa's voice,
Who as she fled, to echoing woods complain'd
Of tyranny, and William; like a god,
Refulgent stood the conqueror, on his troops
He sent his looks enliv'ning as the sun's,
But on his foes frown'd agony, frown'd death.

350

355

360

On.

On his left side in bright emblazonry
 His falchion burn'd; forth from his sevenfold shield 365
 A basilisk shot adamant; his brow
 Wore clouds of fury!—on that with plumage crown'd
 Of various hue sat a tremendous cone:
 Thus fits high-canopied above the clouds,
 Terrific beauty of nocturnal skies, 370
 * Northern Aurora; she thro' th' azure air
 Shoots, shoots her trem'lous rays in painted streaks
 Continual, while waving to the wind
 O'er Night's dark veil her lucid tresses flow.
 The trav'ler views th' unseasonable day 375
 Astound, the proud bend lowly to the earth,
 The pious matrons tremble for the world.
 But what can daunt th' insuperable souls
 Of Cantium's matchless sons? On they proceed,
 All innocent of fear; each face express'd 380
 Contemptuous admiration, while they view'd
 The well-fed brigades of embroider'd slaves
 That drew the sword for gain. First of the van,
 With an enormous bough, a shepherd swain
 Whistled with rustic notes; but such as show'd 385
 A heart magnanimous: The men of Kent

* Aurora Borealis, or lights in the air; a phenomenon which of late years has been very frequent here, and in all the more northern countries.

The HOP-GARDEN.

119

Follow the tuneful swain, while o'er their heads
The green leaves whisper, and the big boughs bend.
'Twas thus the Thracian, whose all-quick'ning lyre
The floods inspir'd, and taught the rocks to feel, 390
Play'd before dancing Hæmus, to the tune,
The lute's soft tune! The flutt'ring branches wave,
The rocks enjoy it, and the rivulets hear,
The hillocks skip, emerge the humble vales,
And all the mighty mountain-nods applause. 395
The conqueror view'd them, and as one that sees
The vast abrupt of Scylla, or as one
That from th' oblivious Lethæan streams
Has drank eternal apathy, he stood.
His host an universal panic seiz'd 400
Prodigious, inopine; their armour shook,
And clatter'd to the trembling of their limbs;
Some to the walking wilderness gan run
Confus'd, and in th' inhospitable shade
For shelter fought---Wretches! they shelter find, 405
Eternal shelter in the arms of death!
Thus when Aquarius pours out all his urn
Down on some lonesome heath, the traveller
That wanders o'er the wint'ry waste, accepts
The invitation of some spreading beech 410
Joyous; but soon the treach'rous gloom betrays
Th' unwary visitor, while on his head
Th' enlarging drops in double show'rs descend.

And!

And now no longer in disguise the men
 Of Kent appear; down they all drop their boughs, 415
 And shine in brazen panoply divine.
 Enough---Great William (for full well he knew
 How vain would be the contest) to the sons
 Of glorious Cantium, gave their lives, and laws,
 And liberties secure, and to the prowess 420
 Of Kentish wights, like Cæsar, deign'd to yield.
 Cæsar and William! Hail immortal worthies,
 Illustrious vanquish'd! Cantium, if to them,
 Posterity will all her chiefs unborn,
 Ought similar, ought second has to boast. 425
 Once more (so prophecies the Muse) thy sons
 Shall triumph, emulous of their fires---till then
 With olive, and with hop-land garlands crown'd,
 O'er all thy land reign Plenty, reign fair Peace.

THE
HOP-GARDEN.

A
GEORGIC.

BOOK the SECOND.

Omnia quæ multo ante memor provisâ repones,
Si te digna manet divini gloria ruris.

VIRG. Geor. lib. I.

R

GARDEN

THE

POPULAR

BOOK

FOR

THE

YOUTH

OF

THE

WEST

INDIAN

TRIBE

OF

THE

WEST

INDIAN

TRIBE

OF

THE

WEST

INDIAN

TRIBE

THE
H O P - G A R D E N .

A
G E O R G I C .

B O O K the S E C O N D .

AT length the Muse her destin'd task resumes
With joy; agen o'er all her hop-land groves
She longs t' expatiate free of wing. Long while
For a much-loving, much-lov'd youth she wept,
And sorrow'd silence o'er th' untimely urn. 5
Hush then, effeminate sobs; and thou, my heart,
Rebel to grief no more---And yet a while,
A little while, indulge the friendly tears.
O'er the wild world, like Noah's dove, in vain
I seek the olive peace, around me wide 10
See! see! the wat'ry waste---In vain, forlorn
I call the Phœnix fair Sincerity;
Alas!---extinguish'd to the skies she fled,
And left no heir behind her. Where is now
Th' eternal smile of goodness? Where is now 15

That all-extensive charity of soul,
 So rich in sweetness, that the classic founts
 In elegance Augustan cloath'd, the wit
 That flow'd perennial, hardly were observ'd,
 Or, if observ'd, set off a brighter gem. 20
 How oft, and yet how seldom did it seem!
 Have I enjoy'd his converse?---When we met,
 The hours how swift they sweetly fled, and till
 Agen I saw him, how they loiter'd. Oh!
 * THEOPHILUS, thou dear departed soul,
 What flattering tales thou told'st me? How thou'dst hail
 My Muse, and took'st imaginary walks
 All in my hopland groves! Stay yet, oh stay!
 Thou dear deluder, thou hast seen but half----
 He's gone! and ought that's equal to his praise 30
 Fame has not for me, tho' she prove most kind.
 Howe'er this verse be sacred to thy name,
 These tears, the last sad duty of a friend.
 Oft I'll indulge the pleasurable pain
 Of recollection; oft on Medway's banks 35
 I'll muse on thee full pensive; while her streams
 Regardful ever of my grief, shall flow
 In fullen silence silverly along.
 The weeping shores----or else accordant with
 My loud laments, shall ever and anon 40
 Make melancholy music to the shades,

* Mr. Theophilus Wheeler, of Christ-College, Cambridge.

The HOP-GARDEN.

125

The hopland shades, that on her banks expose
Serpentine vines and flowing locks of gold.

Ye smiling nymphs, th' inseparable train
Of saffron Ceres; ye, that gamesome dance, 45
And sing to jolly Autumn, while he stands
With his right hand poizing the scales of heav'n,
And with his left grasps Amalthea's horn :
Young chorus of fair bacchanals, descend,
And leave a while the fickle; yonder hill, 50
Where stand the loaded hop-poles, claims your care.
There mighty Bacchus stradling cros the bin,
Waits your attendance---There he glad reviews
His paunch, approaching to immensity
Still nearer, and with pride of heart surveys 55
Obedient mortals, and the world his own.
See! from the great metropolis they rush,
Th' industrious vulgar. They, like prudent bees,
In Kent's wide garden roam, expert to crop
The flow'ry hop, and provident to work, 60
Ere winter numb their sunburnt hands, and winds
Engoal them, murmuring in their gloomy cells.
From these, such as appear the rest t' excell
In strength and young agility, select.
These shall support with vigour and address 65
The bin-man's weighty office; now extract
From the sequacious earth the pole, and now

Unmarry

Unmarry from the closely clinging vine.
 O'er twice three pickers, and no more, extend
 The bin-man's sway; unless thy ears can bear 70
 The crack of poles continual, and thine eyes
 Behold unmoved the hurrying peasant tear
 Thy wealth, and throw it on the thankless ground:
 But first the careful planter will consult
 His quantity of acres, and his crop, 75
 How many and how large his kilns; and then
 Proportion'd to his wants the hands provide.
 But yet, of greater consequence and cost,
 One thing remains un Sung, a man of faith
 And long experience, in whose thund'ring voice 80
 Lives hoarse authority, potent to quell
 The frequent frays of the tumultuous crew.
 He shall preside o'er all thy hop-land store,
 Severe dictator! His unerring hand,
 And eye inquisitive, in heedful guise, 85
 Shall to the brink the measure fill, and fair
 On the twin registers the work record.
 And yet I've known them own a female reign,
 And gentle * Marianne's soft Orphean voice
 Has hymn'd sweet lessons of humanity 90
 To the wild brutal crew. Oft her command
 Has fav'd the pillars of the hopland state,

* The Author's youngest Sister.

The HOP-GARDEN.

127

The lofty poles from ruin, and sustain'd,
 Like ANNA, or ELIZA, her domain,
 With more than manly dignity. Oft I've seen, 95
 Ev'n at her frown the boist'rous uproar cease,
 And the mad pickers, tam'd to diligence,
 Cull from the bin the sprawling sprigs, and leaves
 That stain the fample, and its worth debase.
 All things thus settled and prepared, what now 100
 Can let the planters purposes? Unless
 The Heav'ns frown dissent, and ominous winds
 Howl thro' the concave of the troubled sky.
 And oft, alas! the long experienc'd wights
 (Oh! could they too prevent them) storms foresee. 105
 * For, as the storm rides on the rising clouds,

* Numquam imprudentibus imber
 Obfuit. Aut illum surgentem vallibus imis
 Aëriæ fugere grues: aut bucula cœlum
 Suspiciens, patulis captavit naribus auras:
 Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo:
 Et veterem in limo ranæ cecinere querelam.
 Sæpius & tectis penetralibus extulit ova
 Angustum formica terens iter, & bibit ingens
 Arcus & e pastu decedens agmine magno
 Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.
 Jam varias pelagi volucres, & quæ Asia circum
 Dulcibus in stagnis rimantur prata Caystri,
 Certatim largos humeris infundere rores;
 Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas,
 Et studio incassum videas gestire lavandi.
 Tum cornix plena pluviam vocat improba voce,
 Et sola in sicca secum spatiatum arena.
 Nec nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellæ
 Nescivere hyemem.

VIRG. Georg. I.

Fly

Fly the fleet wild-geese far away, or else
 The heifer towards the zeinth rears her head,
 And with expanded nostrils snuffs the air:
 The swallows too their airy circuits weave, **110**
 And screaming skim the brook; and fen-bred frogs
 Forth from their hoarse throats their old grutch recite:
 Or from her earthly coverlets the ant
 Heaves her huge eggs along the narrow way:
 Or bends Thaumantia's variegated bow **115**
 Athwart the cope of heav'n: or sable crows
 Obstreperous of wing, in crouds combine:
 Besides, unnumber'd troops of birds marine,
 And Asia's feather'd flocks, that in the muds
 Of flow'ry-edg'd Cayster wont to prey, **120**
 Now in the shallows duck their speckled heads,
 And lust to lave in vain, their unctious plumes
 Repulsive baffle their efforts: Next hark
 How the curs'd raven, with her harmful voice,
 Invokes the rain, and croaking to herself,
 Struts on some spacious solitary shore. **125**
 Nor want thy servants and thy wife at home
 Signs to presage the show'r; for in the hall
 Sheds Niobe her precious tears, and warns
 Beneath thy leaden tubes to fix the vase,
 And catch the falling dew-drops, which supply **130**
 Soft water and salubrious, far the best
 To soak thy hops, and brew thy generous beer.

But

The HOP-GARDEN.

129

But tho' bright Phœbus smile, and in the skies
The purple-rob'd serenity appear;
Tho' every cloud be fled, yet if the rage
Of Boreas, or the blasting East prevail,
The planter has enough to check his hopes,
And in due bounds confine his joy; for see
The ruffian winds, in their abrupt career,
Leave not a hop behind, or at the best
Mangle the circling vine, and intercept
The juice nutritious: Fatal means, alas!
Their colour and condition to destroy.
Haste then, ye peasants; pull the poles, the hops;
Where are the bins? Run, run, ye nimble maids,
Move ev'ry muscle, ev'ry nerve extend,
To save our crop from ruin, and ourselves.

Soon as bright Chanticleer explodes the night
With flutt'ring wings, and hymns the new-born day,
The bugle-horn inspire, whose clam'rous bray
Shall rouse from sleep the rebel rout, and tune
To temper for the labours of the day.
Wisely the several stations of the bins
By lot determine. Justice this, and this
Fair Prudence does demand; for not without
A certain method cou'dst thou rule the mob
Irrational, nor every where alike
Fair hangs the hop to tempt the picker's hand.

S

Now

Now see the crew mechanic might and main
 Labour with lively diligence, inspir'd 160
 By appetite of gain and lust of praise :
 What mind so petty, servile, and debas'd,
 As not to know ambition ? Her great sway
 From *Colin Clout* to Emperors she exerts.
 To err is human, human to be vain. 165
 'Tis vanity, and mock desire of fame,
 That prompts the rustic, on the steeple-top
 Sublime, to mark the outlines of his shoe,
 And in the area to engrave his name.
 With pride of heart the churchwarden surveys, 170
 High o'er the bellfry, girt with birds and flow'rs,
 His story wrote in capitals: " 'Twas I
 " That bought the font ; and I repair'd the pews."
 With pride like this the emulating mob
 Strive for the mastery---who first may fill 175
 The bellying bin, and cleanest cull the hops,
 Nor ought retards, unless invited out
 By Sol's declining, and the evening's calm,
 Leander leads Lætitia to the scene
 Of shade and fragrance---Then th' exulting band 180
 Of pickers male and female, seize the fair
 Reluctant, and with boist'rous force and brute,
 By cries unmov'd, they bury her in the bin.
 Nor does the youth escape---him too they seize,
 And in such posture place as best may serve 185
 To

The Hop-GARDEN.

131

To hide his charmer's blushes. Then with shouts
They rend the echoing air, and from them both
(So custom has ordain'd) a larges claim.

Thus much be sung of picking---next succeeds
Th' important care of curing---Quit the field, 190
And at the kiln th' instructive muse attend.

On your hair-cloth eight inches deep, nor more,
Let the green hops lie lightly ; next expand
The smoothest surface with the toothy rake. 195
Thus for is just above; but more it boots
That charcoal flames burn equably below,
The charcoal flames, which from thy corded wood,
Or antiquated poles, with wond'rous skill,
The fable priests of Vulcan shall prepare. 200
Constant and moderate let the heat ascend ;
Which to effect, there are, who with success
Place in the kiln the ventilating fan.
Hail, learned, useful * man ! whose head and heart
Conspire to make us happy, deign t' accept 205
One honest verse ; and if thy industry
Has serv'd the hopland cause, the Muse forebodes
This sole invention, both in use and fame,
The † mystic fan of Bacchus shall exceed.

* Dr. Hales.

† Mystica Vannus Iacchi.

VIRG. GEOR. I.

When the fourth hour expires, with careful hand
 The half-bak'd hops turn over. Soon as time 211
 Has well exhausted twice two glasses more,
 They'll leap and crackle with their bursting feeds,
 For use domestic, or for sale mature.

There are, who in the choice of cloth t'enfold 215
 Their wealthy crop, the viler, coarser sort,
 With prodigal œconomy prefer :
 All that is good is cheap, all dear that's base.
 Besides, the planter shou'd a bait prepare,
 T' intrap the chapman's notice, and divert 220
 Shrewd Observation from her busy pry.

When in the bag thy hops the rustic treads,
 Let him wear heel-less sandals ; nor presume
 Their fragrancy barefooted to defile :
 Such filthy ways for slaves in Malaga 225
 Leave we to practise---Whence I've often seen,
 When beautiful Dorinda's iv'ry hands
 Had built the pastry-fabric (food divine
 For Christmas gambols and the hour of mirth)
 As the dry'd foreign fruit, with piercing eye, 230
 She cull'd suspicious---lo! she starts, she frowns
 With indignation at a negro's nail.

Should'st thou thy harvest for the mart design,
 Be thine own factor ; nor employ those drones 234
 Who've

The HOP-GARDEN.

133

Who've stings, but make no honey, felfish slaves!
That thrive and fatten on the planter's toil.

What then remains unfung? unless the care
To stack thy poles oblique in comely cones,
Left rot or rain destroy them---'Tis a fight
Most seemly to behold, and gives, O Winter!
A landskip not unpleasing ev'n to thee. 240

And now, ye rivals of the hopland state,
Madum and Dorovernia rejoice,
How great amidst such rivals to excel!
Let * Grenovicum boast (for boast she may) 245
The birth of great Eliza.---Hail, my queen!
And yet I'll call thee by a dearer name,
My countrywoman, hail! Thy worth alone
Gives fame to worlds, and makes whole ages glorious!

Let Sevenoaks vaunt the hospitable seat 251
Of † Knoll most ancient: Awefully, my Muse,
These social scenes of grandeur and delight,
Of love and veneration, let me tread.
How oft beneath yon oak has amorous Prior 255
Awaken'd Echo with sweet Chloë's name!
While noble Sackville heard, hearing approv'd,

* Greenwich, where Q. Elizabeth was born.

† The seat of the Duke of Dorset.

Approv-

Approving, greatly recompens'd. But he,
 Alas ! has number'd with th' illustrious dead,
 And orphan merit has no guardian now ! 260

Next Shipbourne, tho' her precincts are confin'd
 To narrow limits, yet can shew a train
 Of village beauties, pastorally sweet,
 And rurally magnificent. Here * Fairlawn
 Ope her delightful prospects : Dear Fairlawn
 There, where at once at variance and agreed, 265
 Nature and art hold dalliance. There where rills
 Kiss the green drooping herbage, there where trees,
 The tall trees tremble at th' approach of heav'n,
 And bow their salutation to the sun,
 Who fosters all their foliage---These are thine, 270
 Yes, little Shipbourne, boast that these are thine---
 And if---But oh !---and if 'tis no disgrace,
 The birth of him who now records thy praise.

Nor shalt thou, Mereworth, remain unfung,
 Where noble Westmoreland, his country's friend, 275
 Bids British greatness love the silent shade,
 Where piles superb, in classic elegance,
 Arise, and all is Roman, like his heart.

Nor Chatham, tho' it is not thine to shew
 The lofty forest or the verdant lawns, 280

* The feat of Lord Vane.

The HOP-GARDEN.

135

Yet niggard filence shall not grutch thee praise.

The lofty forests by thy sons prepar'd

Becomes the warlike navy, braves the floods,

And gives Sylvanus empire in the main.

Oh that Britannia, in the day of war,

285

Wou'd not alone Minerva's valour trust,

But also hear her wisdom ! Then her oaks

Shap'd by her own mechanics, wou'd alone

Her island fortify, and fix her fame ;

Nor wou'd she weep, like Rachael, for her sons,

290

Whose glorious blood, in mad profusion,

In foreign lands is shed---and shed in vain.

Now on fair Dover's topmost cliff I'll stand,

And look with scorn and triumph on proud France.

Of yore an isthmus jutting from this coast,

295

Join'd the Britannic to the Gallic shore ;

But Neptune on a day, with fury fir'd,

Rear'd his tremendous trident, smote the earth,

And broke th' unnatural union at a blow.---

“ 'Twixt you and you, my servants and my sons,

300

“ Be there (he cried) eternal discord---France

“ Shall bow the neck to Cantium's peerless offspring,

“ And as the oak reigns lordly o'er the shrub,

“ So shall the hop have homage from the vine.”

A



A
V O Y A G E
TO THE
P L A N E T S.

Translated by the Rev. Mr. FAWKES, A. M.

T

D A T U R

MUNDORUM PLURALITAS.

UNDE labor novus hic menti ? Quæ cura quietam
Sollicitat, rapiensque extra confinia terræ,
Cœlestes sine more jubet volitare per ignes ?
Scilicet impatiens angusto hoc orbe teneri,
Fontinelle, tuos audax imitariæ ausus 5
Gestio, & infolitas spirant præcordia flammæ.

Fallor, an ipse venit ? Delapsus ab æthere summo
Pegason urget eques, laterique flagellifer instat :
Me vocat ; & duris desiste laboribus, inquit,
“ Me duce, carpe viam facilem, tibi singula clarè 10
“ Expediam, tibi cernere erit, quos fidera nôrunt,
“ Indigenas cultusque virûm, moresque docebo.”
Nec mora, pennipedem conscendo jussus, ovanisque
(Quanquam animus secum volvens exempla priorum
Bellerophontæ pallet dispendia famæ) 15

Post

A

VOYAGE to the PLANETS.

Translated by the Rev. Mr. FAWKES, A. M.

SA Y, what uncommon cares disturb my rest,
And kindle raptures foreign to my breast?
From earth's low confines lift my mind on high,
To trace new worlds revolving in the sky?
Yes----I'm impatient of this orb of clay, 5
And boldly dare to meditate my way,
Where Fontinelle first saw the planets roll,
And all the God tumultuous shakes my soul.

'Tis He! He comes! and thro' the sun-bright skies
Drives foaming Pegasus, and thus he cries: 10
" Cease, cease, dear youth, too studiously employ'd,
" And wing with me the unresisting void;
" 'Tis thine with me round other worlds to soar,
" And visit kingdoms never known before;
" While I succinctly shew each various race, 15
" The manners and the genius of the place."
I (tho' my mind with lively horror fraught,
Thinks on Bellerophon, and shudders at the thought)

140 Datur MUNDORUM PLURALITAS.

Post equitem sedeo, liquidumque per aëra labor.
---Mercurium petimus primum : Dux talibus inquit,
“ Aspicias vanæ malefana negotia gentis,
“ Quam mens destituit Titane exusta propinquo.
“ Stramineis viden' ? Hic velatus tempora fertis 20
“ Emicat, & solos reges crepat atque tetrarchas.
“ Ille suam carbone Chloen depingit amator
“ Infelix, ægram rudia indigestaque mentem
“ Carmina demulcent, indoctaque tibia musas.
“ En ! sedet incomptus crines barbataque menta 25
“ Astrologus, nova qui venatur fidera, solus
“ Semper in obscuro penetrati ; multa que muros
“ Linea nigrantes, & multa triangula pingunt.
“ Ecce ! sed interea curru flamante propinquat
“ Titan.---Clamo, O me ! gelidâ sub rupe, sub'umbrâ
“ Siste precor : tantos nequeo perferre calores.” 31

Pegason inde tuo genius felicior astro
Appulit, alma Venus. Spirant quam molliter auræ !

Ridet

A VOYAGE to the PLANETS. 141

Mount quick the winged steed ; he springs, he flies,
Shoots thro' the yielding air, and cleaves the liquid skies !
----First, swift Cyllenius, circling round the sun,
We reach, when thus my friendly guide begun :
“ Mark well the genius of this fiery place,
“ The wild amusements of the brainfick race,
“ Whose minds the beams of Titan, too intense, 25
“ Affect with frenzy, and distract the sense.
“ A monarch here gives subject princes law,
“ A mighty monarch, with a crown of straw.
“ There fits a lover, sad in pensive air,
“ And like the dismal image of despair, } 30
“ With charcoal paints his Chloe heav'nly fair.
“ In sadly-foothing strain rude notes he sings,
“ And strikes harsh numbers from the jarring strings.
“ Lo ! an astrologer, with filth besmear'd,
“ Rough and neglected, with a length of beard, 35
“ Pores round his cell for undiscover'd stars,
“ And decks the wall with triangles and squares.
“ Lo!---But the radiant car of Phœbus nigh
“ Glows with red ardour, and inflames the sky---
“ Oh ! waft me, hide me in some cool retreat ; 40
“ I faint, I sicken with the fervent heat.”

Thence to that milder orb we wing our way,
Where Venus governs with an easy sway:

Soft

142. Datur MUNDORUM PLURALITAS.

Ridet ager, frugum facilis, lascivaque florum
Nutrix; non Euri ruit hic per dulcia Tempe 35
Vis fera, non Boreæ; sed blandior aura Favonî,
Lenis agens tremulo nutantes vertice sylvas,
Usque fovet teneros, quos usque rescucitat, ignes.
Hic lætis animata fonis Saltatio vivit :
Hic jam voce ciet cantum, jam pectine, dulces 40
Musica docta modos : pulchræ longo ordine nymphæ
Festivas ducunt choreas, dilecta juvenus
Certatim stipant comites: latè halat amomo
Omne nemus, varioque æterni veris odore :
Cura procul : circumvolitant risusque jocique : 45
Atque amor est, quodcunque vides. Venus ipsa volentes
Imperio regit indigenas, hic innuba Phœbe,
Innuba Pallas amet, cupiant servire Catones.

Jamque datum molimur iter, fedesque beatas
Multa gemens linquo; & lugubre rubentia Martis

Arva,

A VOYAGE to the PLANETS. 143

Soft breathes the air ; fair Flora paints the ground,
And laughing Ceres deals her gifts around. 45
This blisful *Tempe* no rough blasts molest,
Of blust'ring Boreas, or the baleful East ;
But gentle Zephyrs o'er the woodlands flay,
Court the tall trees, and round the branches play,
Ætherial gales dispensing as they flow, 50
To fan those passions which they teach to glow.
Here the gay youth in measur'd steps advance,
While sprightly music animates the dance ;
There the sweet melody of sound admire,
Sigh with the song, or languish to the lyre : 55
Fair nymphs and amorous youths, a lovely band,
Blend in the dance, light-bounding hand in hand.
From ev'ry grove the buxom Zephyrs bring
The rich ambrosia of eternal spring.
Care dwells not here, their pleasures to destroy, 60
But Laughter, Jest, and universal joy :
All, all is love ; for Venus reigns confess
The sole sultana of each captive breast :
Cold Cynthia here wou'd Cupid's victim prove, }
Or the chaste daughter of imperial Jove, } 65
And Cato's virtue be the slave of love.

But now thro' destin'd fields of air we fly,
And leave those mansions, not without a sigh :

144 Datur MUNDORUM PLURALITAS.

Arva, ubi fanguineæ dominantur in omnia rixæ, 50
Advehimur, ferro riget horrida turba, geritque
Spiculaque, gladiosque, ferosque in bella dolones.
Pro choreâ, & dulci modulamine, Pyrrhicus illis
Saltus, & horribiles placet ære ciere fonores.
Hic conjux viduata viro longo effera luctu 55
Flet noctem, solumque torum sterileque Hymenæos
Deplorans, lacerat crines, & pectora plangit :
Nequicquam --sponsus ni fortè appareat, hospes
Heu! brevis, in somnis, & ludicra fallat imago.
Immemor ille tori interea ruit acer in hostem : 60
Horrendum strepit armorum fragor undique campis ;
Atque immortales durant in sæcula pugnæ.

Hinc Jovis immensum delati accedimus orbem.
Illic mille locis exercet sæva tyrannus
Imperia in totidem servos, totidemque rebelles : 65
Sed brevis exercet : parat illi fata veneno

Per-

A VOYAGE to the PLANETS. 145

Thence the dire coast we reach, the dreary plains,
Where Mars, grim god, and bloody discord reigns. 70
The host in arms embattled sternly stands,
The sword, the dart, the dagger, in their hands.
Here no fair nymphs to silver sounds advance,
But buskin'd heroes form the Pyrrhic dance.
And brazen trumpets, terrible from far, 75
With martial music fire the soul to war.
Here the lone bride bewails her absent lord,
The sterile nuptials, the deserted board,
Sighs the long nights; and, frantic with despair,
Beats her bare breast, and rends her flowing hair: 80
In vain she sighs, in vain dissolves in tears---
In sleep, perhaps, the warrior lord appears,
A fleeting form that glides before her sight,
A momentary vision of the night.
Mean while, regardless of her anxious pray'r, 85
The hardy husband sternly stalks to war;
Our ears the clang of ringing armour rends,
And the immortal battle never ends.

Hence thro' the boundless void we nimbly move,
And reach the wide-extended plains of Jove. 90
Here the stern tyrant sways an iron rod;
A thousand vassals tremble at his nod.
How short the period of a tyrant's date!
The pois'nous phial speeds the work of fate:

U

Scarce

146 Datur MUNDORUM PLURALITAS.

Perjurus, populosque premit novus ipse tyrannus.
Hi decies pacem figunt pretio atque refigunt :
Tum demum arma parant : longe lateque cohortes
Extenduntur agris ; simul æquora tota teguntur 70
Classibus, & ficti celebrantur utrinque triumphi.
Fædera mox ineunt nunquam violanda ; brevique
Belli iterum simulachra cient ; referuntur in altum
Classes, pacificoque replentur milite campi.
Filius hic patri meditatur, sponsa marito, 75
Servus hero infidias. Has leges scilicet illis
Imposuit natura locis, quo tempore patrem
Jupiter ipse suum folio detrufit avito.
Inde venena viris, perjuria, munera, fraudes
Suadet opum fitis, & regnandi dira cupido. 80

Saturni tandem nos illætabilis ora
Accipit : ignavum pecus hic per opaca locorum
Pinguescunt de more, gravi torpentque veterno.
Vivitur in specubus : quis enim tam sedulus, arces
Qui fruatur ingentes, operosaque mænia condatur ? 85

¶

Idem.

A VOYAGE to the PLANETS. 147

Scarce is the proud, imperious tyrant dead, 95
 But, lo! a second lords it in his stead.
 Here peace, as common merchandize, is sold,
 Heav'n's first best blessing for pernicious gold :
 War soon succeeds, the sturdy squadrons stand
 Wide o'er the fields a formidable band ; 100
 With num'rous fleets they croud the groaning main,
 And triumph for the victories they feign :
 Again in strict alliances unite,
 Till discord raise again the phantom of a fight ; 105
 Again they sail ; again the troops prepare
 Their falchions for the mockery of war.
 The son inhuman seeks his father's life,
 The slave his master's, and her lord's the wife.
 With vengeance thus their kindling bosoms fire, 110
 Since Jove usurp'd the sceptre of his fire.
 Thence poisons, perjuries, and bribes betray ;
 Nor other passions do their souls obey
 'Than thirst of gold, and avarice of sway.

At length we land, vast fields of æther coast, 115
 On Saturn's cold uncomfortable coast ;
 Here in the gloom the pamper'd fluggards lull
 The lazy hours, lethargically dull.
 In caves they live ; for who was ever known
 So wise, so sedulous to build a town ?

148 Datur MUNDORUM PLURALITAS.

Idem omnes stupor altus habet, sub pectore fixus.
Non studia ambitiosa Jovis, variosque labores
Mercurii, non Martis opus, non Cyprida nôrunt.
Post obitum, ut perhibent, sedes glomerantur in istas 90
Qui longam nullas vitam excoluere per artes ;
Sed Cerere & Baccho pleni, somnoque sepulti
Cunctarum duxere æterna obliviam rerum.
Non avium auditur cantus, non murmur aquarum,
Mugitusve boum, aut pecorum balatus in agris : 95
Nudos non decorant fegetes, non gramina campos.
Sylva, usquam si sylva, latet sub monte nivali,
Et canet viduata comis : hic noctua tantum
Glisque habitat, bufoque & cum testudine, talpa.
Flumina dum tardè subterlabentia terras 100
Pigram undam volvunt, & sola papavera pascunt :
Quorum lentus odor, lethæaque pocula somnos
Suadent perpetuos, circumfusæque tenebræ.

Horrendo

The same stupidity infects the whole,
 Fix'd in the breast, and center'd in the soul.
 These never feel th' ambitious fires of Jove,
 To Industry not Mercury can move,
 Mars cannot spur to war, nor Venus woo to love. } 125
 Here rove those souls, 'tis said, when life departs,
 Who never cultivated useful arts;
 But stupify'd with plenty and repose,
 Dreamt out long life in one continued dose!
 No feather'd songsters, with sweet-warbled strains: } 130
 Attune to melting melody the plains,
 No flocks wide-past'ring bleat, nor oxen low,
 No fountains musically murm'ring flow;
 Th' ungenial waste no tender herbage yields,
 No harvests wave luxuriant in the fields. } 135
 Low lie the groves, if groves this land can boast,
 Chain'd in the fetters of eternal frost,
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. }
 Dull animals inhabit this abode,
 The owl, mole, dormouse, tortoise, and the toad. } 140
 Dull rivers deep within their channels glide,
 And flow roll on their tributary tide:
 Nor aught th' unvegetative waters feed,
 But sleepy poppy and the slimy reed;
 Whose lazy fogs, like Lethe's cups, dispense } 145
 Eternal flumbers of dull indolence.

150 Datur MUNDORUM PLURALITAS.

Horrendo visu obstupui : quin Pegason ipsum
Defecere animi ; sensit dux, terque flagello
Insonuit clarum, terque alta voce morantem
Increpuit : fecat ille cito pede lævia campi
Ætherei, terræque secundâ allabitur aurâ.

105

Cantabr. in Comitibus prioribus 1740-1.



A VOYAGE to the PLANETS. 151

Agast I stood, the drowfy vapours lull
My soul in gloom, ev'n Pegasus grew dull.
My guide observ'd, and thrice he urg'd his speed,
Thrice the loud lash resounded from the steed ; 150
Fir'd at the strokes, he flies with slacken'd rein
Swift o'er the level of the liquid plain,
Glides with the gentle gale, and lights on earth again. }



LINE 22

Materies gaudet vi Inertia.

V
THE
T E M P L E
OF

D U L N E S S.

Translated by the same Hand,

Materies gaudet vi Inertiæ.

VErvecum in patria, quâ latè Hibernica squalent
Arva inarata, palus horrenda voragine crebrâ
Ante oculos jacet ; haud illic impune viator
Per tenebras iter instituat ; tremit undique tellus
Sub pedibus malefida, vapores undique densos
Sudat humus, nebulisque amicitur tristibus herba. 5

Huc fato infelix si quando agiteris iniquo,
Et tutò in medium liceat penetrare, videbis.
Attonitus, nigrâ de nube emergere templum,
Templum ingens, immane, altum penetrabile Stuporis. 10
Plumbea stat turris, plumbum finuatur in arcus,
Et solido limosa tument fundamina plumbo.
Hanc, pia Materies, Divo ædem extruxit inerti,
Stultitiæ impulsu--quid enim ? Lethargica semper

Sponte

T H E
T E M P L E of D U L N E S S.

Translated by the same Hand.

IN Ireland's wild, uncultivated plains,
Where torpid sloth, and foggy dulness reigns,
Full many a fen infects the putrid shore,
And many a gulph the melancholy moor:
Let not the stranger in these regions stray, 5
Dark is the sky, and perilous the way ;
Beneath his foot-steps shakes the trembling ground,
Dense fogs and exhalations hover round,
And with black clouds the tender turf is crown'd. }

Here shou'd'st thou rove, by Fate's severe command,
And safely reach the center of the land ; 11
Thine eyes shall view, with horror and surprize,
The fane of Dulness, of enormous size,
Emerging from the fable cloud arise. }
A leaden tow'r upheaves its heavy head, 15
Vast leaden arches press the slimy bed,
The soft soil swells beneath the load of lead. }
Old Matter here erected this abode,
At Folly's impulse, to the Slothful God.

156 Materies gaudet vi Inertiæ.

Sponte fuâ nihil aggreditur, dormitat in horas, 15
Et, sine vi, nullo gaudet Dea languida motu.

Hic ea monstra habitant, quæ olim sub luminis auras
Materies peperit fomno patre, lividus iste
Zoilus, & Bavio non impar Mævius ; audax
Spinoza, & Pyrrho, cumque Hobbefio Epicurus. 20
Ast omnes valeat quæ mufa referre ? frequentes
Usque adeo videas Hebetes properare ?----nec adfert]
Quidquam opis Anglorum doctæ vicinia gentis.
Sic quondam, ut perhibent, stupuit Bœotica tellus
Vicina licet Antycirâ, nihil inde salutis, 25
Nil tulit hellebori Zephyrus, cum sæpe per æquor
Felicem ad Lesbion levibus volitaverit alis,
Indigenæ mellita ferens fufpiria Floræ.

Porticus illa vides ? Gothicis fuffulta columnis,
Templi aditus, quàm laxa patet ! custodia qualis

Ante

The TEMPLE of DULNESS. 157

And here the drone lethargic loves to stay, 20
Slumb'ring the dull, inactive hours away ;
For still, unless by foreign force imprest,
The languid Goddess holds her state of rest.

Their habitation here those monsters keep,
Whom Matter father'd on the God of Sleep : 25
Here Zoilus, with cank'ring envy pale,
Here Mævius bids his brother Bavius, hail ;
Spinoza, Epicure, and all those mobs
Of wicked wits, from Pyrrho down to Hobbes.
How can the Muse recount the numerous crew 30
Of frequent fools that crowd upon the view ?
Nor can learn'd Albion's sun that burns so clear,
Disperse the dulness that involves them here.
Bœotia thus remain'd, in days of yore,
Senseless and stupid, tho' the neighb'ring shore } 35
Afforded salutary hellebore :
No cure exhal'd from Zephyr's buxom breeze,
That gently brush'd the bosom of the seas,
As oft to Lesbian fields he wing'd his way,
Fanning fair Flora, and in airy play } 40
Breath'd balmy sighs, that melt the soul away.

Behold that portico! how vast, how wide!
The pillars Gothic, wrought with barb'rous pride :

158 Materies gaudet vi Inertiæ.

Ante fores! quatuor formæ sua tollere miris
Ora modis! en! torva tuens stat limine in ipso
Personam Logices induta Sophistica, denis
Cincta Categoriis, matrem quæ maxima natu
Filia materiem agnoscit---quantum instar in ipsâ est! 35
Grande caput, tenues oculi, cutis arida produnt
Fallacem : rete una manus tenet, altera fustem.
Vestis arachneis sordit circumdata telis,
Queis gaudet labyrinthæos Dea callida nodos.
Aspicias jam funereo gradientem incessu--- 40
Quàm lentè cælo Saturni volvitur astrum,
Quàm lentè saltaverunt post Orphea montes,
Quàm lentè, Oxonii, solennis pondera cænæ
Gestant tergeminorum abdomina bedellorum.

Proxima deinde tenet loca forte infana Mathefis, 45
Nuda pedes, chlamydem discincta, incompta capillos,
Immemor externi, punctoque innixa reclinat.

Ante

The TEMPLE of DULNESS.

155

Four monstrous shapes before the portal wait,
Of horrid aspect, centry to the gate : 45
Lo ! in the entrance, with disdainful eye,
In Logick's dark disguise, stands Sophistry :
Her very front would common sense confound,
Encompas'd with ten categories round :
She from Old Matter, the great mother, came, 50
By birth the eldest---and how like the dame !
Her shrivel'd skin, small eyes, prodigious pate,
Denote her shrewd, and subtle in debate :
This hand a net, and that sustains a club,
T' entangle her antagonist, or drub. 55
The spider's toils, all o'er her garment spread,
Imply the mazy errors of her head.
Behold her marching with funereal pace,
Slow as old Saturn rolls thro' boundless space,
Slow as the mighty mountains mov'd along, 60
When Orpheus rais'd the lyre-attended song :
Or, as at Oxford, on some Gaudy day,
Fat Beadles, in magnificent array,
With big round bellies bear the pond'rous treat,
And heavily lag on, with the vast load of meat. 65

The next, mad Mathefis; her feet all bare,
Ungirt, untrim'd, with dissoluted hair :
No foreign object can her thoughts disjoint ;
Reclin'd she sits, and ponders o'er a point.

I

Before

160 Materies gaudet vi Inertiæ.

Ante pedes vario inscriptam diagrammate arenam
Cernas, rectis curva, atque intertextata rotunda
Schemata quadratis--queis scilicet abdita rerum 50
Pandere se jactat solam, doctasque sorores
Fastidit, propriæque nihil non arrogat arti.
Illam olim, duce Neutono, tum tendit ad astra,
Ætheriasque domos superum, indignata volantem
Turba mathematicum retrahit, pœnasque reposcens 55
Detinet in terris, nugisq̄ue exercet ineptis.

Tertia Microphile, proles furtiva parentis
Divinæ; produxit enim commixta furenti
Diva viro Physice---muscas & papiliones
Lustrat inexpletum, collumque & tempora rident 60
Floribus, & fungis, totâque propagine veris.
Rara oculis nugarum avidis animalia quærit
Omne genus, seu serpit humi, seu ludit in undis,
Seu volitans tremulis liquidum fecat aëra pennis.

The TEMPLE of DULNESS.

161

Before her, lo ! inscrib'd upon the ground,
 Strange diagrams th' astonish'd sight confound,
 Right lines and curves, with figures square and round.
 With these the monster, arrogant and vain,
 Boasts that she can all mysteries explain,
 And treats the sacred Sisters with disdain.
 She, when great Newton sought his kindred skies,
 Sprung high in air, and strove with him to rise,
 In vain---the mathematic mob restrains
 Her flight, indignant, and on earth detains ;
 E'er since the captive wretch her brains employs
 On trifling trinkets, and on gewgaw toys.

} 70

} 75

80

Microphile is station'd next in place,
 The spurious issue of celestial race ;
 From heav'nly Physice she took her birth,
 Her fire a madman of the sons of earth ;
 On flies she pores with keen, unwearied sight,
 And moths and butterflies, her dear delight ;
 Mushrooms and flow'rs, collected on a string,
 Around her neck, around her temples cling,
 With all the strange production of the spring.
 With greedy eyes she'll search the world to find
 Rare, uncouth animals of every kind ;
 Whether along the humble ground they stray,
 Or nimbly sportive in the waters play,
 Or thro' the light expanse of æther fly,
 And with fleet pinions cleave the liquid sky.

85

} 90

95

Y

Ye

162 Materies gaudet vi Inertiæ.

O ! ubi littoribus nostris felicior aura 65
Polypon appulerit, quanto cava templa Stuporis
Mugitu concussa tremant, reboabit & ingens
Pulsa palus ! Plausu excipiet Dea blanda secundo
Microphile ante omnes ; jam non crocodilon adorat ;
Non bombyx, conchæve juvant : sed Polypon ardet, 70
Solum Polypon ardet,----& ecce ! faceta feraci
Falce novos creat assidue, pascitque creatos,
Ah ! modo dilectis pascit nova gaudia muscis.

Quartam Materies peperit conjuncta Stupori,
Nomen Atheia illi, monstrum cui lumen ademptum, 75
Atque aures ; cui sensus abest ; sed mille trifulcæ
Ore micant linguæ, refugas quibus inficit auras.
Hanc Stupor ipse parens odit, vicina nefandos
Horret sylva fonos, neque furda repercutit Echo

Mendacem

The TEMPLE of DULNESS. 163

Ye gales, that gently breathe upon our shore,
O! let the Polypus be wafted o'er;
How will the hollow dome of Dulness ring,
With what loud joy receive the wond'rous thing? 100
Applause will rend the skies, and all around
The quivering quagmires bellow back the sound;
How will Microphile her joy attest,
And glow with warmer raptures than the rest?
This will the curious crocodile excell, 105
The weaving worm, and silver-shining shell;
No object e'er will wake her wonder thus
As Polypus, her darling Polypus.
Lo! by the wounds of her creating knife,
New Polypusses wriggle into life, 110
Fast as they rise, she feeds with ample store
Of once rare flies, but now esteem'd no more.

The fourth dire shape from mother Matter came,
Dulness her fire, and Atheism is her name;
In her no glimpse of sacred Sense appears, 115
Depriv'd of eyes, and destitute of ears:
And yet she brandishes a thousand tongues,
And blasts the world with air-infecting lungs.
Curs'd by her fire, her very words are wounds,
No grove re-ecchoes the detested sounds. 120

164 Materies gaudet vi Inertiæ.

Mendacem natura redarguit ipsa, Deumque 80
Et cœlum, & terræ, veraciaque Astra fatentur.
Se simul agglomerans surgit chorus omnis aquarum,
Et puro sublimè sonat grave fulmen olympo.

Fonte ortus Lethæo, ipsius ad ostia templi,
Ire soporifero tendit cum murmure rivus, 85
Huc potum Stolidos Deus evocat agmine magno :
Crebri adfunt, largisque sitim restinguere gaudent
Haustibus, atque iterant calices, certantque stupendo.
Me, me etiam, clamo, occurrens ;---sed vellicat aurem
`aliope, nocuasque vetat contingere lymphas.



The TEMPLE of DULNESS. 165

Whate'er she speaks all nature proves a lye,
The earth, the heav'ns, the starry-spangled sky
Proclaim the wise, eternal Deity :
The congregated waves in mountains driven
Roar in grand chorus to the Lord of Heaven; 125
Thro' skies serene the glorious thunders roll,
Loudly pronounce the God, and shake the founding Pole.

A river, murmuring from Lethæan source,
Full to the fane directs its sleepy course;
The Pow'r of Dulness, leaning on the brink, 130
Here calls the multitude of fools to drink.
Swarming they crowd to stupify the skull,
With frequent cups contending to be dull.
Me, let me taste the sacred stream, I cry'd,
Without-stretch'd arm---the Muse my boon deny'd, } 135
And fav'd me from the sense-intoxicating tide.



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A
MECHANICAL SOLUTION
OF THE
PROPAGATION of YAWNING.

Translated by the same Hand.

Y

M U T U A

OSCITATIONUM PROPAGATIO

Solvi potest Mechanicè.

MOMUS, scurra, procax superùm, quo tempore
Pallas
Exiluit cerebro Jovis, est pro more jocatus
Nescio quid stultum de partu : excanduit irâ
Jupiter, asper, acerba tuens; “ et tu quoque, dixit,
“ Garrule, concipies, fætumq; ex ore profundes:” 5
Haud mora, jamque supinus in aulâ extenditur ingens
Derisor; dubiâ velantur lumina nocte;
Stertit hians immane;---e naso Gallica clangunt
Classica, Germaniq; simul sermonis amaror :

Edita vix tandem est monstrum Polychasnia, proles 10
Tanto digna parente, aviæq; simillima Nocti.

A
MECHANICAL SOLUTION
OF THE
PROPAGATION of YAWNING.

Translated by the same Hand.

WHEN Pallas issued from the brain of Jove,
Momus, the Mimic of the Gods above,
In his mock mood impertinently spoke,
About the birth, some low, ridiculous joke :
Jove, sternly frowning, glow'd with vengeful ire, 5
And thus indignant said th' Almighty Sire,
" Loquacious Slave, that laugh'ft without a cause,
" Thou shalt conceive, and bring forth at thy jaws."
He spoke---stretch'd in the hall the Mimic lies,
Supinely dull, thick vapours dim his eyes : 10
And as his jaws a horrid chasm disclose,
It seem'd he made a trumpet of his nose ;
Tho' harsh the strain, and horrible to hear,
Like German jargon grating on the ear.

} 15
}
} Her

Z

170 MUTUA OSCITATIONUM, &c.

Illa oculos tentat nequicquam aperire, veterno
 Torpida, & horrendo vultum distorta cachinno.
 Æmulus hanc Jovis aspiciens, qui fictile vulgus
 Fecerat infelix, imitarier arte Prometheus 15
 Audet---nec flammis opus est cœlestibus: auræ
 Tres Stygiæ flatus, nigræ tria pocula Lethes
 Miscet, & innuptæ suspiria longa puellæ,
 His adipem suis & guttur conjungit aselli,
 Tensaque cum gemitu somnifque sequacibus ora. 20
 Sic etiam in terris Dea, quæ mortalibus ægris
 Ferret opem, inque hebetes dominarier apta, creata est.

Nonne vides, ut præcipiti petit oppida cursu
 Rustica plebs, stipatque forum? sublime tribunal
 Armigerique equitesque premunt, de more parati 25
 Justitiæ lances proferre fideliter æquas,
 Grande capillitium induti, frontemque minacem.
 Non temerè attoniti caupones, turbaque furum
 Aufugiunt, gravidæque timent trucia ora puellæ.
 At mox fida comes Polychasmia, matutinis 30
 Quæ se miscuerat poc'lis Cerealibus, ipsum
 Judicis in cerebrum scandit---jamque unus & alter
 Cæperunt longas in hiatus ducere voces:
 Donec per cunctos Dea jam solenne, profundum
 Sparferit Hum---nutant taciti, tum brachia magno 35
 Extendunt nifu, patulis & faucibus hiscunt.

Interea

Her eyes to open oft in vain she try'd,
 Lock'd were the lids, her mouth distended wide.
 Her when Prometheus happen'd to survey } 20
 (Rival of Jove, that made mankind of clay)
 He form'd without the aid of heav'nly ray. }
 To three Lethæan cups he learnt to mix
 Deep sighs of virgins, with three blasts from Styx,
 The bray of asses, with the fat of brawn, 25
 The sleep-preceding groan, and hideous yawn.
 Thus Polychasmia took her wond'rous birth,
 A Goddess helpful to the sons of earth.

Lo! how the rustic multitude from far
 Haste to the town, and crowd the clam'rous bar. 30
 The prest bench groans with many a squire and knight,
 Who weigh out justice, and distribute right :
 Severe they seem, and formidably big,
 With front important, and huge periwig.
 The little villains skulk aloof dismay'd, 35
 And panic terrors seize the pregnant maid.
 But soon friend Polychasm', who always near,
 Herself had mingled with their morning beer,
 Steals to the judges brain, and centers there. }
 Then in the court the horrid yawn began, 40
 And Hum, profound and solemn, went from man to man :
 Silent they nod, and with prodigious strain
 Stretch out their arms, then listless yawn again :

172 MUTUA OSCITATIONUM, &c.

Intereà legum Caupones jurgia miscent,
Queis nil Rhetorice est, nisi copia major hiandi :
Vocibus ambiguis certant, nugasque strophasque
Alternis jaculantur, & irascuntur amicè, 40
Donantque accipiuntque stuporis missile plumbum.

Vos, Fanatica turba, nequit pia musa tacere:
Majoremne aliunde potest diducere rictum ?
Ascendit gravis Orator, miserâque loquelâ
Expromit thesin ; in partes quam deinde minutas 45
Distrahit, ut connectat, & explicat obscurando :
Spargitur heu ! pigris verborum fomnus ab alis,
Grex circùm gemit, & plausum declarat hiando.

Nec vos, qui falsò matrem jactatis Hygeian
Patremque Hippocratem, taceam---Polychasmia, vestros
Agnosco natos : tumidas sine pondere voces 50
In vulgum eructant ; emuncto quisque bacillum
Applicat auratum naso, graviterque facetus
Totum se in vultum cogit, medicamina pandens---
Rusticus haurit amara, atque infanabile dormit ; 55

Nec

For all the flow'rs of rhetoric they can boast,
 Amidst their wranglings, is to gape the most : 45
 Ambiguous quirks, and friendly wrath they vent,
 And give and take the leaden argument.

Ye too, Fanaticks, never shall escape
 The faithful muse ; for who so greatly gape?
 Mounted on high, with serious care perplext, 50
 The miserable preacher takes his text ;
 Then into parts minute, with wondrous pain,
 Divides, connects, and then divides again, }
 And does with grave obscurity explain : }
 While from his lips lean periods lingring creep, 55
 And not one meaning interrupts their sleep,
 The drowsy hearers stretch their weary jaws
 With lamentable groan, and yawning gape applause.

The Quacks of Phyfic next provoke my ire,
 Who falsely boast Hippocrates their fire : 60
 Goddess! thy sons I ken---verbose and loud,
 They puff their windy bubbles on the crowd :
 With look important, critical, and vain,
 Each to his nose applies the gilded cane ;
 And as he nods, and ponders o'er the case, 65
 Gravely collects himself into his face,
 Explains his med'cines---which the rustic buys,
 Drinks the dire draught, and of the doctor dies ;

174 MUTUA OSCITATIONUM, &c.

Nec sensus revocare queant fomenta, nec herbæ,
Non ars, non miræ magicus sonus ABRACADABRÆ.

Ante alios summa es, Polychasnia, cura Sophistæ :
Ille Tui cæcas vires, causamque latentem
Sedulus exquirit---quo scilicet impete fauces 60
Invitæ disjungantur ; quo vortice aquosæ
Particulæ fluitent, comitesque ut fulminis imbres,
Cum strepitu erumpant ; ut deinde vaporet ocellos
Materies subtilis ; ut in cutis insinuet se
Retia ; tum, si forte datur contingere nervos 65
Concordes, cunctorum ora expanduntur hiulca.
Sic ubi, Phœbe pater, fumis chelyn, harmoniamque
Abstrusam in chordis simul elicis, altera, siquam
Æqualis tenor aptavit, tremit æmula cantûs,
Memnoniamque imitata lyram sine pollicis ictu 70
Divinum resonat proprio modulamine carmen.

Me quoque, mene tuum tetigisti, ingrata, Poetam ?
Hei mihi ! totus hio tibi jam stupefactus ; in ipso
Parnasso captus longè longèque remotas
Prospecto Musas, sitioque, ut Tantalus alter, 75

Castalias

A MECHANICAL SOLUTION, &c. 175

No pills, no potions can to life restore ;
ABRACADABRA, necromantic pow'r
Can charm, and conjure up from death no more. } 70

But more than aught that's marvellous and rare,
The studious Soph makes Polychasm' his care ;
Explores what secret spring, what hidden cause,
Distends with hideous chasm th' unwilling jaws, 75
What latent ducts the dewy moisture pour
With sound tremendous, like a thunder-show'r :
How subtle matter, exquisitely thin,
Pervades the curious net-work of the skin,
Affects th' accordant nerve---all eyes are drown'd 80
In drowsy vapours, and the yawn goes round.
When Phœbus thus his flying fingers flings
Across the chords, and sweeps the trembling strings ;
If e'er a lyre at unison there be,
It swells with emulating harmony, 85
Like Memnon's harp, in ancient times renown'd,
Breathing, untouch'd, sweet-modulated sound.

But oh! ungrateful! to thy own true bard,
Oh! Polychasm', is this my just reward?
Thy drowsy dews upon my head distill, 90
Just at the entrance of th' Aonian hill ;
Listless I gape, unactive, and supine,
And at vast distance view the sacred Nine:

Wifful

176 MUTUA OSCITATIONUM, &c.

Castalias fitus inter aquas, inhiantis ab ore
Nectarei fugiunt latices--hos Popius urnâ
Excipit undanti, & fontem sibi vendicat omnem.

Hand aliter Socium esuriens Sizator edacem
Dum videt, appositusque cibus frustratur hiantem, 80
Dentibus infrendens nequicquam lumine torvo
Sæpius exprobrat; nequicquam brachia tendit
Sedulus officiosa, dapes remove paratus.
Olli nunquam exempta fames, quin frustra suprema
Devoret, & peritura immani ingurgitet ore : 85
Tum demum jubet auferri; nudata capaci
Offa sonant, lugubre sonant, allisa catino.

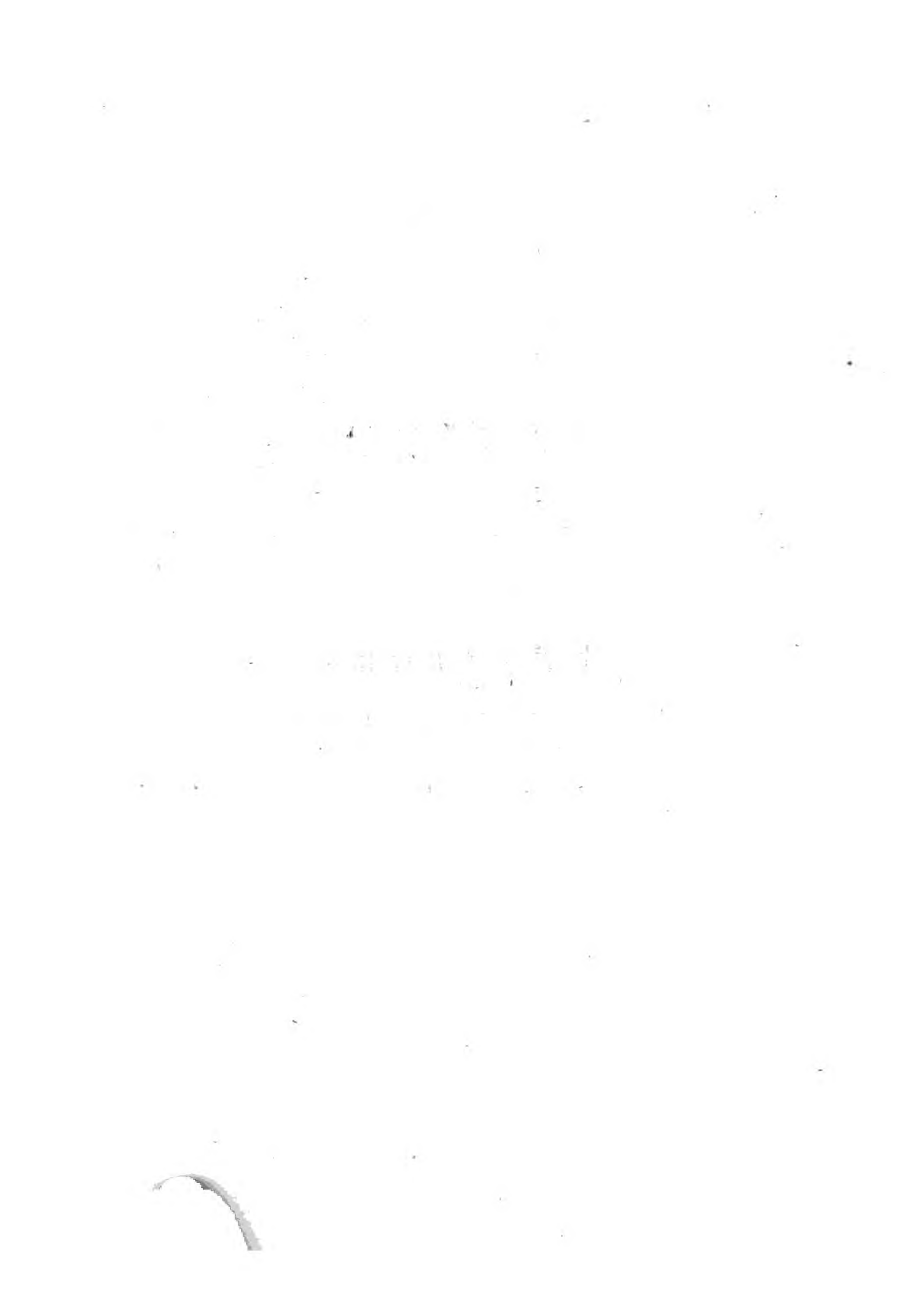


A MECHANICAL SOLUTION, &c. 177

Wistful I view---the streams increase my thirst,
In vain---like Tantalus, with plenty curst, 95
No draughts nectareous to my portion fall,
These godlike Pope exhausts, and greatly claims them all.

Thus the lean Sizar views, with gaze agast,
The hungry Tutor at his noon's repast;
In vain he grinds his teeth---his grudging eye, 100
And visage sharp, keen appetite imply;
Oft he attempts, officious, to convey
The lessening relicks of the meal away---
In vain---no morsel 'scapes the greedy jaw,
All, all is gorg'd in magisterial maw;
Till at the last, observant of his word,
The lamentable waiter clears the board,
And inly-murmuring miserably groans,
To see the empty dish, and hear the founding bones.

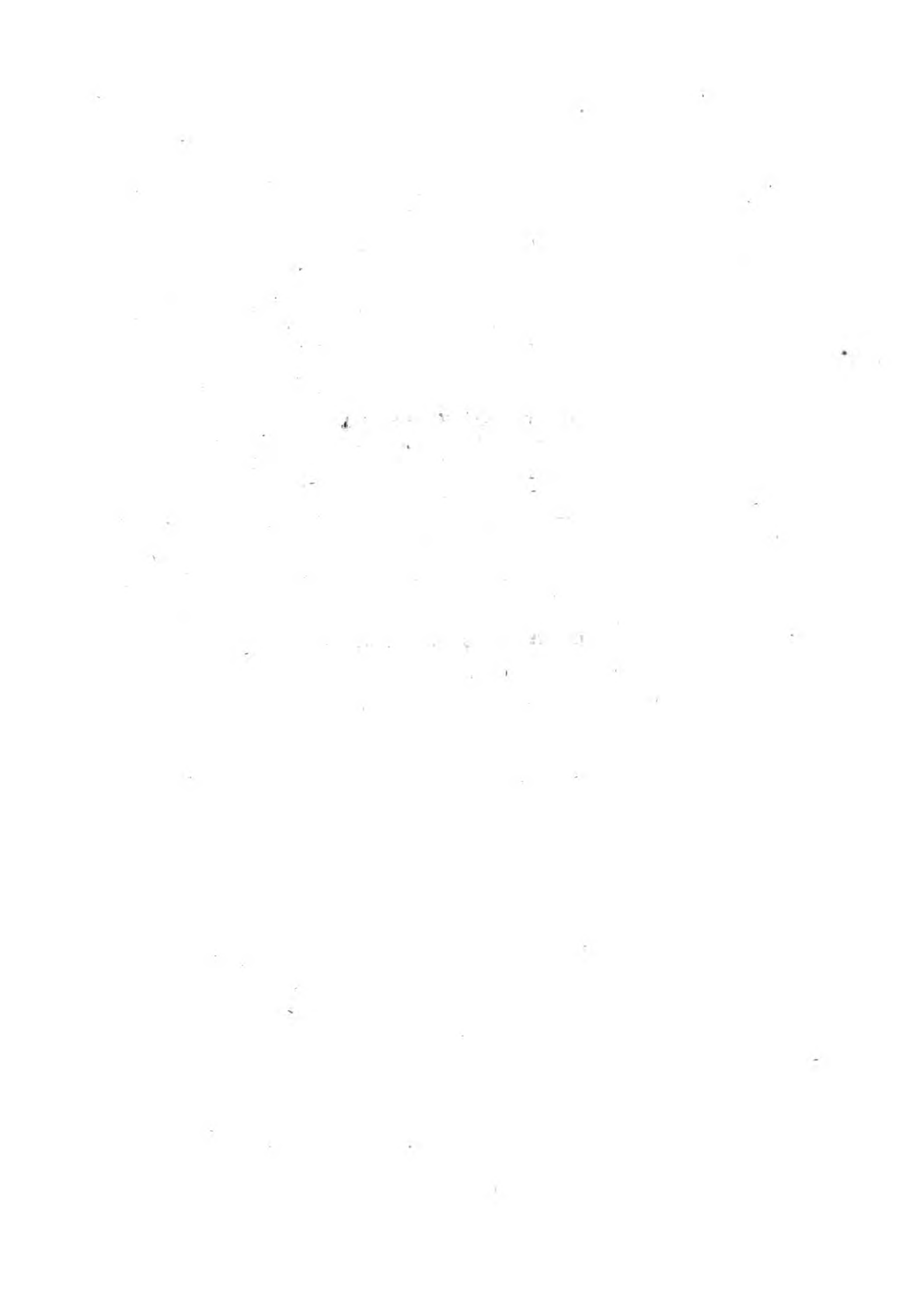




A
L A T I N V E R S I O N
O F
M I L T O N ' S L ' A L L E G R O .

Χρυσέα χαλκείων, ἑκατομβοὶ ἑννεαβοίων.

Hom.



A
L A T I N V E R S I O N
O F
M I L T O N ' S L ' A L L E G R O .

Χρυσέα χαλκείων, ἑκατομβοὶ ἑννεαβοίων.

Hom.

L' A L L E G R O.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus, and blackest Mid-night born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell, 5
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings ;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10

But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more 15
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;
Or whether (as some Sages sing)
The frolick wind, that breathes the spring,

Zephyr

‘Ο ΠΑΙΓΝΙΩΔΗΣ.

PROCUL hinc, O procul esto informis Ægrimonia,
Quam janitori Obscuritas nigerrima
Suscepit olim Cerbero,
Desertam in cavea Stygis profundâ,
Horribiles inter formas, visusque profanos, 5
Obscœnosque ululatus,
Incultam licet invenire sedem,
Nox ubi parturiens
Zelotypis furtim nido superincubat alis
Queriturque tristis noctua,
Sub densis illic ebenis scopulisque cavatis, 10
Vestri rugosis more supercilij,
Æternùm maneat Cimmeriâ in domo.

Sed huc propinquet comis et pulcherrima,
Quæ nympha divis audit Ephrosyne choris,
Patiens tamen vocatur a mortalibus 15
Medicina cordis hilaritas, quam candida
Venus duabus insuper cum Gratiis
Dias Lyæo patri in aurâs edidit :
Sive ille ventus (cæteri ut Mystæ canunt)
Jocundus aurâ qui ver implet melleâ, 20
Zephyrus

Zephyr with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a Maying, 20
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blith, and debonair ;
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee 25
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple fleek ; 30
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides ;
 Come, and trip it, as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe :
 And in thy right hand lead with thee 35
 The mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreproved pleasures free ; 40
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;

Then

Zephyrus puellam amplexus est Tithoniam
 Quondam calendis feratam Maiis,
 Tunc pallidis genuit super violariis,
 Super et rosarum roscidâ lanugine,
 Alacrem, beatam, vividamque filiam. 25
 Agedum puella, quin pari vadant gradu
 Jocus et Juventas, Scommata et Protervitas,
 Dolusque duplex, nutus et niçtatio,
 Tenuisque risus huc et huc contortili;
 Qualis venustâ pendet Hebes in genâ, 30
 Amatque jungi lævibus gelafinis;
 Curæ sequatur Ludus infestus nigræ, et
 Laterum Cachinnus pinguium frustra tenax.
 Agite caterva ludat exultim levis,
 Pedesque dulcis subleuet lascivia; 35
 Dextrumque claudat alma Libertas latus,
 Oreadum palantium suavissima;
 Et, si tuis honoribus non defui,
 Me scribe vestræ, læta Virgo, familiæ,
 Ut illius simul et tui consortio 40
 Liberrimâ juvenemur innocentia;
 Ut cum volatus auspicatur concitos,
 Stupidamque alaunda voce noctem territat;
 Levata cœlestem in pharon diluculò,
 Priùsque gilvum quam rubet crepusculum. 45

Tunc

Then to come in spight of sorrow, 45
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Thro' the sweet-briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine :
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin ; 50
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before.
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
 Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill, 55
 Thro' the high wood echoing shrill.
 Sometimes walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state, 60
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight.
 While the plowman near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landskip round it measures, 70

Ruffet

Tunc ad fenestras (anxii nolint, velint)
Diem precemur prosperam viciniæ,
Caput exerentes e rosis sylvestibus,
Seu vite, five flexili cynosbato.
Dum Martius clamore Gallus vivido 50
Tenuem laceffit in fugâ caliginem,
Graditurve farris ad struem, vel horreum,
Dominæ præeuns, graduque grandi glorians.
Sæpe audiamus ut canes et cornua
Sonore læto mane sopitum cient, 55
Dum quâ præalti clivus albescit jugi,
Docilis canora reddit Echo murmura.
Mox, teste multo, quâ virent colles, vager,
Ulmofque sepes ordinatas implicat,
Eoa stans apricus ante limina, 60
Ubi sol coruscum magnus instaurat diem
Vestitus igni, lucidoque fuccino,
Inter micantûm mille formas nubium.
Vicinus agrum dum colonus transmeat,
Atque æmulatur ore fistulam rudi, 65
Mulêtramque portat cantitans puellula,
Falcique cõtem messor aptat stridulæ,
Suamque pastor quisque garrit fabulam,
Reclinis in convalle, subter arbuto.
Mox illecebras oculus arripuit novas, 70
Dum longus undiquaque prospectus patet,

Ruffet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daizies pide, 75
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :
 Tow'rs and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80
 Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their favory dinner set
 Of herbs and other country messes, 85
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead, 90
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The up-land Hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid, 95
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;

And

Canum novale, et fusca saltus æquora,
 Quà pecora gramen demetunt vagantia,
 Sublimium sterilia terga montium,
 Qui ponderosa sæpe torquent nubila, 75
 Maculosa vernis prata passim bellibus,
 Amnes vadosi, et latiora flumina.
 Pinnaeque murorum, atque turres cernere est
 Cristata circum quas coronant robora,
 Ubi forte quædam nymphea fallit, cui decor 80
 Viciniam (cynosura tanquam) illuminat.
 Juxta duarum subter umbrâ quercuum,
 Culmis opertâ fumus emicat casâ,
 Qua jam vocati Thyrsis et Corydon sedent,
 Famemque odoro comprimunt convivio, 85
 Herbis, cibisque rusticis, nitidissimâ
 Quæ sufficit succincta Phillis dexterâ :
 Mox Thestyli morem gerens jacentia
 Aureis catenis cogit in fasces fata :
 Vernisve in horis, sole tostum virgines 90
 Fænum recenti pellicit fragrantia ;
 Est et serenis quando fæta gaudiis
 Excelsiora perplacent magalia ;
 Utcunque juxta flumen in numerum sonant
 Campanæ, et icæta dulcè barbitos strepit, 95
 Dum multa nymphea, multa pubes duritèr
 Pellunt trementes ad canorem cespites
 Dubias per umbras ; qua labore liberi

And young and old come forth to play
 On a sun-shine holy-day,
 Till the live-long day-light fail,
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat ;
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
 And by the Friar's lanthorn led ;
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat, 105
 To earn his cream-bowl duly fet,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end,
 Then lies him down the lubbar fiend, 110
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his rattin sings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, 115
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Towred cities please us then,
 And the busy humm of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace high triumph hold, 120
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize

Of

Juvenesque ludunt, et senes promiscui,
 Melius nitente sole propter ferias. 100
 Jam quando vesperascit, omnes allicit
 Auro liquenti Bacchus hordiacus,
 Phyllisque narrat fabulosa facinora,
 Lamia ut paratas Mabba consumpsit dapes,
 Se vapulasse, et esse pressam ab Incubo, 105
 Fatuoque tritâ ab igne seductam viâ;
 Ut et laborem subiit Idolon gravem,
 Floremque lactis meritis est stipendium;
 Unius (inquit) ante noctis exitum 110
 Tot grana frugis fuste trivit veneficus,
 Quot expedire rustici nequeunt decem,
 Quo jam peracto plumbeum monstrum cubat,
 Focumque totum latere longo metiens
 Crinita membra fessus igne recreat; 115
 Dein, priusquam gallus evocat diem,
 Tandem satur phantasma sese proripit.
 Sic absolutis fabulis ineunt toros,
 Atque ad susurros dormiunt favonii,
 Turrita deinde perplacebunt oppida, 120
 Et gentis occupatæ mixta murmura,
 Equitumque turba, nobilesque spendidi,
 Qui pacis ipsâ vel triumphant in togâ,
 Nurusque, quarum lumen impetus viris
 Jaculatur acres, præmiumque destinat 125

Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.

There let Hymen oft appear,

125

In saffron robe, with taper clear,

And pomp, and feast, and revelry,

With mask and antique pageantry,

Such sights as youthful poets dream

On summer eves by haunted stream.

130

Then to the well-trod stage anon,

If Johnson's learned sock be on,

Or sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's child,

Warble his native wood-notes wild,

And ever against eating cares

135

Lap me in soft Lydian airs,

Married to immortal verse,

Such as the meeting soul may pierce

In notes, with many a winding bout

Of linked sweetness long drawn out

140

With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,

The melting voice thro' mazes running ;

Untwisting all the chains that tye

The hidden soul of harmony :

That

Marti aut Minervæ, quorum uterque nititur
 Nymphæ probari, quæ probatur omnibus :
 Hymenæus illic sæpe prætendat facem
 Clariffimam, croceumque velamen trahat,
 Spectac'la, mimi, pompa, commiffatio, 130
 Veterumque ritu nocte fint convivia,
 Talesque visus, quos vident in fomniis
 Juvenes poetæ, dum celebris rivuli
 Securi ad oram vespere æstivo jacent.
 Tunc ad theatra demigrem frequentia 135
 Johnsonæ, si tu, docte foccum proferas ;
 Sive * Ille musæ filius fundat sonos,
 Quam dulcè, quam feliciter temerarios !
 Curæque carmen semper antidotos modis
 Mentem relaxet involutam Lydiis ; 140
 Oh ! sim perenni emancipatus carmini,
 Quod tentet usque ad intimum cor emicans,
 Aurefque gratis detinens ambagibus
 Pedibus ligatis suaviter nectat moras,
 Dum liquida vox, labyrinthus ut, deflectitur 145
 Dolo perita et negligenti industriâ,
 Variâque cæcos arte nodos explicat,
 Animam latentem qui coercent musices ;

* Shakefpear.

That Orpheus self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

145

150



Adeo ut quiete expergefactus aureâ
 Toros relinquat ipse Thrax amaranthinos,
 Medioque tales captet Elyfio fonos,
 Quales avaram fuadeant Proferpinam
 Nullâ obligatam lege sponfam reddere.
 His fi redundes gaudiis, prudentis est,
 Lætitia, tecum velle vitam degere.

150

155



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BALLADS, FABLES,

AND OTHER

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Adhuc supersunt multa, quæ possim loqui,
Et copiosa abundat rerum varietas. PHÆDRUS.

SWEET WILLIAM

BALLAD I

I
 Y a prairie stream, on a Midsummer's eve,
 Where the woodbine and jessamine their boughe
 murmur
 Parted, I cry'd to get their repair,
 For I had a chaplet for sweet William's hair

II

II
 The water-welling lily, and gilded pond-lily,
 But such languid odours how could I approve,
 Just warm from the lips of the lad that I love

III

III
 She brought me, William, and his love to display,
 The nodding crocus, and ever-green bay,
 But why did I care, when my constant known
 And still, his hands were enough of his own

IV

IV
 The rest was a gift that I could not condemn,
 For he brought me two roses that grew on a stem,
 Of the best purple as they stood emblem consist,
 So I kiss'd 'em, and kiss'd 'em quite close to my breast

SWEET WILLIAM.

BALLAD I.

I.

BY a prattling stream, on a Midsummer's eve,
Where the woodbine and jess'mine their boughs
interweave,
Fair Flora, I cry'd, to my arbour repair,
For I must have a chaplet for sweet William's hair.

II.

She brought me the vi'let that grows on the hill,
The vale-dwelling lilly, and gilded jonquill :
But such languid odours how cou'd I approve,
Just warm from the lips of the lad that I love.

III.

She brought me, his faith and his truth to display,
The undying myrtle, and ever-green bay :
But why these to me, who've his constancy known ?
And Billy has laurels enough of his own.

IV.

The next was a gift that I could not contemn,
For she brought me two roses that grew on a stem :
Of the dear nuptial tie they stood emblems confest,
So I kiss'd 'em, and press'd 'em quite close to my breast.

V. She

V.

She brought me a sun-flow'r---This, fair one's, your due ;
 For it once was a maiden, and love-sick like you :
 Oh ! give it me quick, to my shepherd I'll run,
 As true to his flame, as this flow'r to the sun.

The LASS with the golden Locks.

BALLAD II.

I.

NO more of my Harriot, of Polly no more,
 Nor all the bright beauties that charm'd me before ;
 My heart for a slave to gay Venus I've sold,
 And barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold :
 I'll throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks,
 And will sing to my lass with the golden locks.

II.

Tho' o'er her white forehead the gilt tresses flow,
 Like the rays of the sun on a hillock of snow ;
 Such painters of old drew the Queen of the Fair,
 'Tis the taste of the antients, 'tis classical hair :
 And tho' witlings may scoff, and tho' raillery mocks,
 Yet I'll sing to my lass with the golden locks.

2

III. To

III.

To live and to love, to converse and be free,
Is loving, my charmer, and living with thee:
Away go the hours in kisses and rhyme,
Spite of all the grave lectures of old father Time;
A fig for his dials, his watches and clocks,
He's best spent with the lass of the golden locks.

IV.

Than the swan in the brook she's more dear to my sight,
Her mien is more stately, her breast is more white,
Her sweet lips are rubies, all rubies above,
Which are fit for the language or labour of love;
At the park in the mall, at the play in the box,
My lass bears the bell with her golden locks.

V.

Her beautiful eyes, as they roll or they flow,
Shall be glad for my joy, or shall weep for my woe;
She shall ease my fond heart, and shall soothe my soft pain,
While thousands of rivals are fighting in vain;
Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like the fox,
While I have the lass with the golden locks.

The D E C I S I O N.

B A L L A D III.

I.

MY Florio, wildest of his sex,
 (Who sure the veriest faint wou'd vex)
 From beauty roves to beauty ;
 Yet, tho' abroad the wanton roam,
 Whene'er he deigns to stay at home,
 He always minds his duty.



II.

Something to every charming she,
 In thoughtless prodigality,
 He's granting still and granting,
 To Phyllis that, to Cloe this,
 And every madam, every miss ;
 Yet I find nothing wanting.

III.

If haply I his will displease,
 Tempestuous as th' autumnal seas
 He foams and rages ever ;

But

But when he ceases from his ire,
 I cry, such spirit, and such fire,
 Is surely wond'rous clever.

IV.

I ne'er want reason to complain;
 But sweet is pleasure after pain,
 And every joy grows greater.
 Then trust me, damsels, whilst I tell,
 I should not like him half so well,
 If I cou'd make him better.

The TALKATIVE FAIR.

BALLAD IV.

I.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
 At all times and at every place,
 You scold, repeat, and sing, and say,
 Nor are there hopes, you'll ever cease.

II.

Fobear, my Celia, oh! forbear,
 If your own health, or ours you prize;
 For all mankind that hear you, swear
 Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

D d

Your

III.

Your tongue's a traytor to your face,
 Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd,
 All are distracted while they gaze ;
 But if they listen, they are cur'd.

IV.

Your silence wou'd acquire more praise,
 Than all you say, or all I write ;
 One look ten thousand charms displays ;
 Then hush--- and be an angel quite.

The - S I L E N T F A I R .

B A L L A D V .

I.

FROM all her fair loquacious kind,
 So different is my Rosalind,
 That not one accent can I gain
 To crown my hopes, or sooth my pain.

II.

Ye lovers, who can construe sighs,
 And are the interpreters of eyes,
 To language all her looks translate,
 And in her gestures read my fate.

And

III.

And if in them you chance to find
Ought that is gentle, ought that's kind,
Adieu mean hopes of being great,
And all the littleness of state.

IV.

All thoughts of grandeur I'll despise,
Which from dependence take their rise ;
To serve her shall be my employ,
And love's sweet agony my joy.

The FORCE of INNOCENCE.

To Miss C***.

B A L L A D VI.

I.

THE blooming damsel, whose defence
Is adamantine innocence,
Requires no guardian to attend
Her steps, for modesty's her friend:
Tho' her fair arms are weak to wield
The glitt'ring spear, and massy shield ;
Yet safe from force and fraud combin'd,
She is an Amazon in mind.

D d 2

With

II.

With this artillery she goes,
 Not only 'mongst the harmless beaux:
 But even unhurt and undismay'd,
 Views the long sword and fierce cockade.
 Tho' all a fyren as she talks,
 And all a goddess as she walks,
 Yet decency each action guides,
 And wisdom o'er her tongue presides.

III.

Place her in Ruffia's showery plains,
 Where a perpetual winter reigns,
 The elements may rave and range,
 Yet her fix'd mind will never change.
 Place her, Ambition, in thy tow'rs,
 'Mongst the more dang'rous golden show'rs,
 E'en there she'd spurn the venal tribe,
 And fold her arms against the bribe.

IV.

Leave her defenceless and alone,
 A pris'ner in the torrid zone,
 The sunshine there might vainly vie
 With the bright lustre of her eye;
 But Phœbus' self, with all his fire,
 Cou'd ne'er one unchaste thought inspire.
 But virtue's path she'd still pursue,
 And still, my fair, wou'd copy you.

The

The DISTRESSED DAMSEL.

BALLAD VII.

I.

OF all my experience how vast the amount,
 Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count!
 Was ever a damsel so sadly betray'd,
 To live to these years and yet still be a maid ?

II.

Ye heroes triumphant, by land and by sea,
 Sworn vott'ries to love, but undmindful of me ;
 You can storm a strong fort, or can form a blockade,
 Yet ye stand by, like dastards, and see me a maid.

III.

Ye lawyers so just, who with slippery tongue,
 Can do what you please, or with right, or with wrong,
 Can it be, or by law or by equity said,
 That a buxom young girl ought to die an old maid ?

IV.

Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill
 Can save, or demolish, can cure, or can kill,
 To a poor, forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
 Who is sick --- very sick -- of remaining a maid.

V.

Ye fops, I invoke, not to lift to my song,
 Who answer no end --- and to no sex belong;
 Ye echoes of echoes, and shadows of shade ----
 For if I had you ---- I might still be a maid.

The FAIR RECLUSE.

B A L L A D VIII.

I.

YE ancient patriarchs of the wood,
 That veil around these awful glooms,
 Who many a century have stood
 In verdant age, that ever blooms.

II.

Ye Gothic tow'rs, by vapours dense,
 Obscur'd into severer state,
 In pastoral magnificence
 At once so simple and so great.

III.

Why all your jealous shades on me,
 Ye hoary elders do ye spread?
 Fair Innocence shou'd still be free,
 Nought shou'd be chain'd, but what we dread.

IV.

Say, must these tears for ever flow?
Can I from patience learn content,
While solitude still nurses woe,
And leaves me leisure to lament.

V.

My guardian see!---who wards off peace,
Whose cruelty is his employ,
Who bids the tongue of transport cease,
And stops each avenue to joy ?

VI.

Freedom of air alone is giv'n,
To aggravate, not sooth my grief,
To view th' immensely-distant heav'n,
My nearest prospect of relief.

To

To Miss **** one of the Chichester Graces.

Written in Goodwood Gardens, September 1750.

B A L L A D IX.

I.

“ Y E hills that overlook the plains,
 “ Where wealth and Gothic greatness reigns,
 “ Where Nature’s hand by Art is check’d,
 “ And Taste herself is architect;
 “ Ye fallows grey, ye forests brown,
 “ And seas that the vast prospect crown,
 “ Ye freight the soul with fancy’s store,
 “ Nor can she one idea more !”

II.

I said---when dearest of her kind
 (Her form the picture of her mind)
 Chloris approach’d---The landskip flew !
 All nature vanish’d from my view !
 She seem’d all Nature to comprize,
 Her lips! her beauteous breasts! her eyes!
 That rous’d, and yet abash’d desire,
 With liquid, languid, living fire !

III.

But then---her voice!---how fram'd t' endear!
The music of the Gods to hear!
Wit that so pierc'd, without offence,
So brac'd by the strong nerves of sense!
Pallas with Venus play'd her part,
To rob me of an honest heart;
Prudence and Passion jointly strove,
And Reason was th' ally of Love.

IV.

Ah me! thou sweet, delicious maid,
From whence shall I sollicit aid?
Hope and despair alike destroy,
One kills with grief, and one with joy.
Celestial Chloris! Nymph divine!
To save me, the dear task be thine.
Tho' conquest be the woman's care,
The angel's glory is to spare.

The PHYSICIAN and the MONKEY.

An EPIGRAM.

ALADY sent lately to one Doctor Drug,
 To come in an instant, and clyster poor Pug---
 As the fair one commanded he came at the word,
 And did the grand office in tie-wig and sword.

The affair being ended, so sweet and so nice !
 He held out his hand with---“You know, ma’am, my
 “ price.”
 “ Your price,” says the lady--- “ Why, Sir, he’s your
 “ brother,
 “ And doctors must never take fees of each other.”

APOLLO and DAPHNE.

An EPIGRAM.

WHEN Phœbus was am’rous, and long’d to be
 rude,
 Miss Daphne cry’d Pish ! and ran swift to the wood,
 And rather than do such a naughty affair,
 She became a fine laurel to deck the God’s hair.

The

The nymph was, no doubt, of a cold constitution ;
 For sure to turn tree was an odd resolution !
 Yet in this she behav'd like a true modern spouse,
 For she fled from his arms to distinguish his brows.

The BAG-WIG and the TOBACCO-PIPE.

A F A B L E.

A Bag-wig of a jauntie air,
 Trick'd up with all a barber's care,
 Loaded with powder and perfume,
 Hung in a spendthrift's dressing-room ;
 Close by its side, by chance convey'd,
 A black Tobacco-pipe was laid ;
 And with its vapours far and near,
 Outstunk the essence of Monfieur ;
 At which its rage, the thing of hair,
 Thus, bristling up, began declare.

“ Bak'd dirt ! that with intrusion rude
 “ Breaks in upon my solitude,
 “ And with thy fetid breath defiles
 “ The air for forty thousand miles ---

" Avaunt---pollution's in thy touch---
 " O barb'rous English ! horrid Dutch !
 " I cannot bear it---Here, Sue, Nan,
 " Go call the maid to call the man,
 " And bid him come without delay,
 " To take this odious pipe away.
 " Hideous ! fure some one smoak'd thee, Friend,
 " Reversefy, at his t'other end.
 " Oh ! what mix'd odours ! what a throng
 " Of salt and sour, of stale and strong !
 " A most unnatural combination,
 " Enough to mar all perspiration---
 " Monstrous ! again---'twou'd vex a faint !
 " Susan, the drops---or else I faint !"
 The pipe (for 'twas a pipe of foul)
 Raifing himself upon his bole,
 In smoke, like oracle of old,
 Did thus his sentiments unfold.

" Why, what's the matter, Goodman Swagger,
 " Thou flaunting French, fantastick bragger ?
 " Whose whole fine speech is (with a pox)
 " Ridiculous and heterodox.
 " 'Twas better for the English nation
 " Before such scoundrels came in fashion,
 " When none sought hair in realms unknown,
 " But every blockhead bore his own.

“ Know, puppy, I’m an English pipe,
 “ Deem’d worthy of each Briton’s gripe,
 “ Who, with my cloud-compelling aid
 “ Help our plantations and our trade,
 “ And am, when sober and when mellow,
 “ An upright, downright, honest fellow.
 “ Tho’ fools, like you, may think me rough,
 “ And scorn me, ’cause I am in buff,
 “ Yet your contempt I glad receive,
 “ ’Tis all the fame that you can give :
 “ None finery or fopp’ry prize ;
 “ But they who’ve something to disguise ;
 “ For simple nature hates abuse,
 “ And Plainness is the dress of Use.”

 CARE and GENEROSITY.

A F A B L E.

OL D Care with Industry and Art,
 At length so well had play’d his Part ;
 He heap’d up such an ample store,
 That Av’rice cou’d not figh for more :
 Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
 His coffers overflow’d with Gold ;
 The land all round him was his own,
 With corn his crouded granaries groan.

In short so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain;
With happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, sincere and free,
Her name was Generosity.
'Twas hers the largesse to bestow
On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might safe abide:
For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
The bread she broke, the drink she drew;
There Sickness laid her aching head,
And there Distress cou'd find a bed. ----
Each hour with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffused she blessings round the land:
Her gifts and glory lasted long,
And numerous was th' accepting throng.
At length pale Penury seiz'd the dame,
And Fortune fled, and Ruin came,
She found her riches at an end,
And that she had not made one friend. ---
All curst her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what she'd done before;

She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
When lo! to comfort her came Care. ----
And cry'd, my dear, if you will join,
Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine;
All will be well--you shall have store,
And I be plagu'd with Wealth no more.----
Tho' I restrain your bounteous heart,
You still shall act the generous part. ---
The Bridal came--great was the feast,
And good the pudding and the priest;
The bride in nine moons brought him forth
A little maid of matchless worth:
Her face was mix'd of Care and Glee,
They christen'd her Oeconomy;
And styled her fair Discretion's Queen,
The mistress of the golden mean.
Now Generosity confin'd,
Is perfect easy in her mind;
She loves to give, yet knows to spare,
Nor wishes to be free from Care:

A N O C C A S I O N A L

P R O L O G U E and E P I L O G U E

T O

O T H E L L O,

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, on
Thursday the 7th of March 1751, by Persons of Di-
stinction for their Diversion.

WH I L E mercenary actors tread the stage,
And hireling scriblers lash or lull the age,
Ours be the task t'instruct, and entertain,
Without one thought of glory or of gain.
Virtue's her own---from no external cause---
She gives, and she demands the Self-applause:
Home to her breast she brings the heart-felt bays,
Heedless alike of profit, and of praise.
This now perhaps is wrong---yet this we know,
'Twas sense and truth a century ago:
When Britain with transcendent glory crown'd,
For high atchievements, as for wit renown'd;

Cull'd

Cull'd from each growing grace the purest part,
 And cropt the flowers from every blooming art.
 Our noblest youth would then embrace the task
 Of comic humour, or the mystic masque.
 'Twas theirs t'incourage worth, and give to bards
 What now is spent in boxing and in cards :
 Good sense their pleasure---Virtue still their guide,
 And English magnanimity---their pride.
 Methinks I see with Fancy's magic eye,
 The shade of Shakespear, in yon azure sky.
 On yon high cloud behold the bard advance,
 Piercing all Nature with a single glance :
 In various attitudes around him stand
 The passions, waiting for his dread command.
 First kneeling Love before his feet appears,
 And musically sighing melts in tears.
 Near him fell Jealousy with fury burns,
 And into storms the amorous breathings turns ;
 Then Hope with heavenward look, and Joy draws near,
 While palsied Terror trembles in the rear.

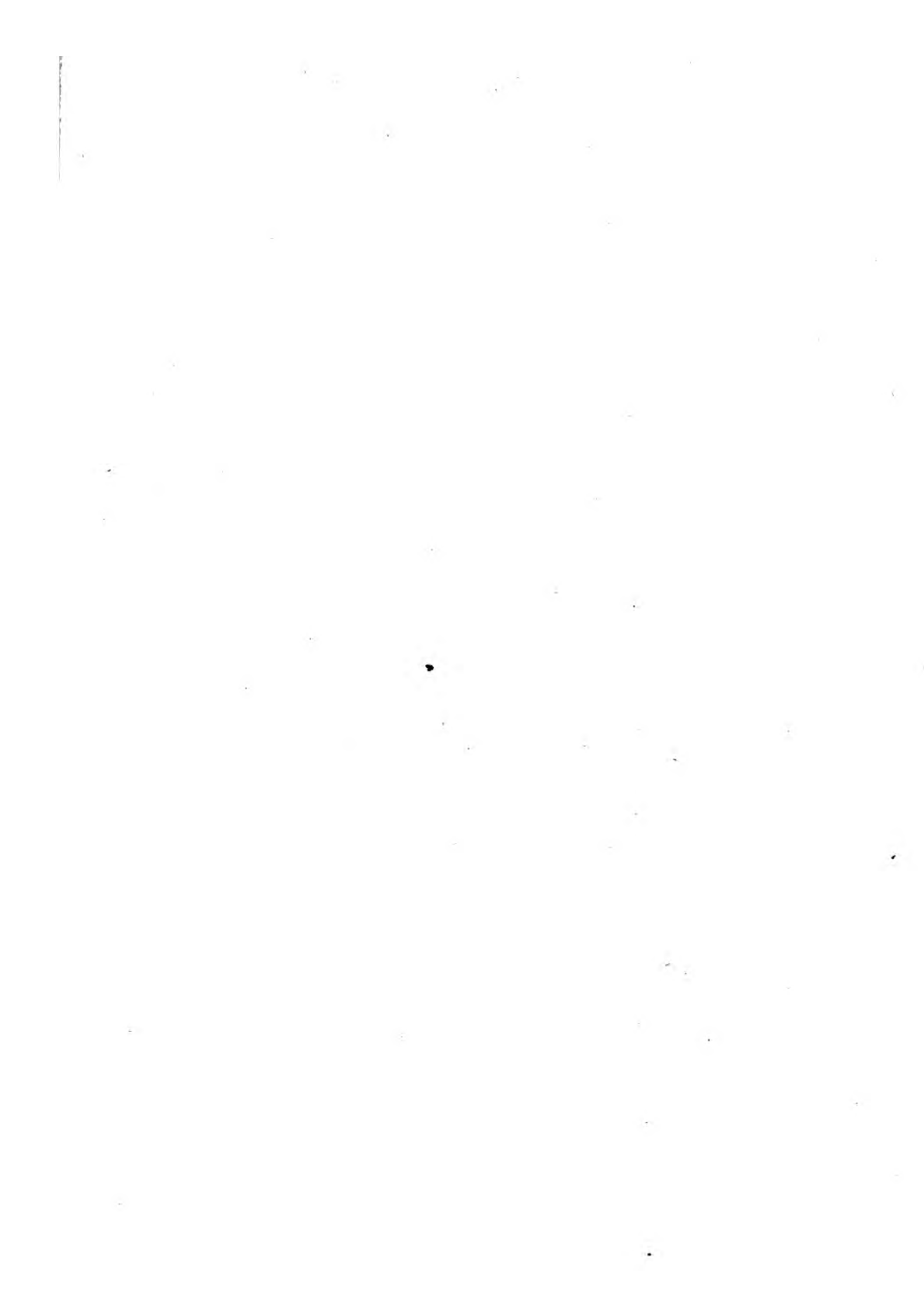
Such Shakespear's train of horror and delight,
 And such we hope to introduce to-night.
 But if, tho' just in thought, we fail in fact,
 And good intention ripens not to act,
 Weigh our design, your censure still defer,
 When truth's in view 'tis glorious e'en to err.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by DESDEMONA.

TRUE woman to the last---my peroration
 I come to speak in spight of suffocation ;
 To shew the present and the age to come,
 We may be choak'd, but never can be dumb.
 Well now methinks I see you all run out,
 And haste away to Lady Bragwell's rout ;
 Each modish sentiment to hear and weigh,
 Of those who nothing think, and all things say.
 Prudella first in parody begins,
 (For Nonsense and Buffoonery are twins)
 " Can beaux the court for theatres exchange ?
 " *I swear by Heaven 'tis strange, 'tis passing strange ;*
 " And very whimsical, and mighty dull,
 " *And pitiful, and wond'rous pitiful :*
 " *I wish I had not heard it---*Blessed dame !
 Whene'er she speaks her audience with the same.
 Next Neddy Nicely---" Fye, O fye, good lack,
 " A nasty man to make his face all black."
 Then Lady Stiffneck shews her pious rage,
 And wonders we shou'd act---upon a stage.

“ Why, ma'me, fays Coquetilla, a difgrace?
 “ Merit in any form may fhew her face:
 “ In this dull age the male things ought to play,
 “ To teach them what to do, and what to fay.”
 In fhort, they all with different cavils cram us,
 And only are unanimous to damn us.
 But ftill there are a fair judicious few,
 Who judge unbias'd, and with candour view;
 Who value honefty, tho' clad in buff,
 And wit, tho' drefs'd in an old Englifh ruff.
 Behold them here--I beaming fenfe defcry,
 Shot from the living luftre of each eye.
 Such meaning fmiles each blooming face adorn,
 As deck the pleasure-painted brow of morn;
 And fhew the perfon of each matchlefs fair,
 Tho' rich to rapture, and above compare,
 Is, even with all the fkill of heaven defign'd,
 But an imperfect image of their mind;
 While chaftity unblemifh'd and unbrib'd
 Adds a majestic mien that fcorns to be defcrib'd:
 Such, we will vaunt, and only fuch as thefe,
 'Tis our ambition, and our fame to please.



THE
J U D G M E N T
O F
M I D A S.
A
M A S Q U E.

Auriculas Afini Mida Rex habet.

Juv.

P E R S O N S represented.

A P O L L O.

P A N.

T I M O L U S, God of the Mountain.

M I D A S.

C A L L I O P E.

M E L P O M E N E.

A G N O,

M E L I N O E,

} Two Wood-nymphs.

S A T Y R S, &c.



T H E
J U D G M E N T O F M I D A S .

T I M O L U S , M E L I N O E and A G N O , two Wood-nymphs.

T I M O L U S .

A G N O , To-day we wear our acron crown,
The parsley wreath be thine ; it is most meet
We grace the presence of these rival gods
With all the honours of our woodland weeds.
Thine was the task, Melinoe, to prepare
The turf-built theatre, the boxen bow'r,
And all the sylvan scen'ry.

M E L I N O E .

That task,
Sire of these shades, is done. On yester eve,
Assisted by a thousand friendly fays,
While fav'ring Dian held her glitt'ring lamp,

We.

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We ply'd our nightly toils, nor ply'd we long,
 For Art was not the mistress of our revels,
 'Twas gentle Nature, whom we jointly woo'd;
 She heard, and yielded to the forms we taught her,
 Yet still remain'd herself.-----Simplicity,
 Fair Nature's genuine daughter, was there too,
 So soft, yet so magnificent of mien,
 She shone all ornament without a gem.
 The blithsome Flora, ever sweet and young,
 Offer'd her various store : We cull'd a few
 To robe, and recommend our darksome verdure,
 But shun'd to be luxuriant.-----

TIMOLUS.

It was well.

Agno, thy looks are pensive : What dejects
 Thy pleasure-painted aspect ? Sweetest nymph,
 That ever trod the turf, or sought the shade,
 Speak, nor conceal a thought.

AGNO.

King of the woods,

I tremble for the royal arbiter.
 'Tis hard to judge, when'er the great contend,
 Sure to displease the vanquish'd : When such pow'rs
 Contest the laurel with such ardent strife,
 'Tis not the sentence of fair equity,
 But 'tis their pleasure that is right or wrong.

TIMOLUS.

TIMOLUS.

'Tis well remark'd, and on experience founded.
 I do remember that my sifter Ida
 (Whenas on her own shadowy mount we met,
 To celebrate the birth-day of the Spring,
 And th' orgies of the May) wou'd oft recount
 The rage of the indignant goddeffes,
 When shepherd Paris to the Cyprian queen,
 With hand obsequious gave the golden toy.
 Heav'n's queen, the sifter and the wife of Jove,
 Rag'd like a feeble mortal; fall'n she seem'd,
 Her deity in human passions lost :
 Ev'n Wisdom's goddess, jealous of her form,
 Deem'd her own attribute her second virtue.
 Both vow'd and fought revenge.

AGNO.

If such the fate
 Of him who judg'd aright, what must be his
 Who shall mistake the cause? for much I doubt
 The skill of Midas, since his fatal wish :
 Which Bacchus heard, and curs'd him with the gift.
 Yet grant him wise, to err is human still,
 And mortal is the consequence.

MELINOE.

Most true.

Besides, I fear him partial; for with Pan

G g

He

226 The JUDGMENT of MIDAS.

He tends the sheep-walks all the live-long day,
And on the braky lawn to the shrill pipe
In aukward gambols he affects to dance,
Or tumbles to the tabor---'tis not likely
That such an umpire shou'd be equitable,
Unless he guefs at justice.

TIMOLUS.

Soft---no more----

'Tis ours to wish for Pan, and fear from Phœbus,
Whose near approach I hear : Ye stately cedars
Forth from your fummits bow your awful heads,
And reverence the gods. Let my whole mountain tremble,
Not with a fearful, but religious awe,
And holiness of horror. You, ye winds,
That make soft, solemn music 'mongst the leaves,
Be all to stillness hush'd ; and thou their echo
Listen, and hold thy peace ; for see they come.

*S C E N E opens, and discovers Apollo, attended by
Clio and Melpomene, on the right hand of Midas,
and Pan on the left, whom Timolus, with Agno and
Melinoe, join.*

MIDAS.

Begin, celestial candidates for praise,
Begin the tuneful contest : I, mean while,

4

With

With heedful notice and attention meet,
Will weigh your merits, and decide your cause.

APOLLO.

From Jove begin the rapturous song,
To him our earliest lays belong,
We are his offspring all ;
'Twas he, whose looks supremely bright,
Smil'd darksome chaos into light,
And fram'd this glorious ball.

PAN.

Sylvanus, in his shadowy grove,
The seat of rural peace and love,
Attends my Doric lays ;
By th' altar on the myrtle mount,
Where plays the wood-nymph's favourite fount,
I'll celebrate his praise.

CLIO.

Parnassus, where's thy boasted height,
Where, Pegafus, thy fire and flight,
Where all your thoughts so bold and free,
Ye daughters of Mnemosyne ?
If Pan o'er Phœbus can prevail,
And the great god of verse shou'd fail ?

AGNO.

From nature's works, and nature's laws,
We find delight, and seek applause ;

The prattling streams and zephyrs bland,
 And fragrant flow'rs by zephyrs fann'd,
 The level lawns and buxom bow'rs,
 Speak Nature and her works are ours.

MELPOMENE.

What were all your fragrant bow'rs,
 Splendid days, and happy hours,
 Spring's verdant robe, fair Flora's blush,
 And all the poets of the bush?
 What the paintings of the grove,
 Rural music, mirth and love?
 Life and ev'ry joy wou'd pall,
 If Phœbus shone not on you all.

MELINOE.

We chant to Phœbus, king of day,
 The morning and the evening lay.
 But Pan, each satyre, nymph and fawn,
 Adore as laureat of the lawn;
 From peevish March to joyous June
 He keeps our restless souls in tune,
 Without his oaten reed and song,
 Phœbus, thy days wou'd seem too long.

APOLLO.

Am I not he, who prescious from on high,
 Sends a long look thro' all futurity?
 Am I not he, to whom alone belong
 The powers of Med'cine, Melody and Song?

Diffusely

The JUDGMENT of MIDAS. 229

Diffufely lib'ral, as divinely bright,
Eye of the univerfe and fire of light.

PAN.

O'er cots and vales, and every shepherd fwain,
Inpeaceable pre-eminence I reign;
With pipe on plain, and nymph in fecret grove,
The day is mufic, and the night is love.
I bleft with thefe, nor envy nor defire
Thy gaudy chariot, or thy golden lyre.

CLIO.

Soon as the dawn difpels the dark,
Illuftrious Phœbus 'gins t' appear,
Proclaimed by the herald lark,
And ever-wakeful chanticleer,
The Perfian pays his morning vow,
And all the turban'd eafterns bow.

AGNO.

Soon as the evening shades advance,
And the gilt glow-worn glitters fair,
For ruftic gambol, gibe and dance,
Fawns, nymphs and dryads all prepare,
Pan fhall his fwains from toil relieve,
And rule the revels of the eve.

MELPOMENE.

In numbers as fmoth as Callirhoe's fream,
Glide the filver-ton'd verfe when Apollo's the theme;

While

The JUDGMENT of MIDAS.

While on his own mount Cyparissus is seen,
And Daphne preserves her immutable green.
We'll hail Hyperion with transport so long,
Th' inventor, the patron, and subject of song.

MELINOE.

While on the calm ocean the Halcyon shall breed,
And Syrinx shall sigh with her musical reed,
While fairies, and satyres, and fawns shall approve
The music, the mirth, and the life of the grove,
So long shall our Pan be than thee more divine,
For he shall be rising when thou shalt decline.

MIDAS.

No more-----To Pan and to his beauteous nymphs
I do adjudge the prize, as is most due.

*Enter two Satyres, and crown MIDAS with
a pair of ass's ears*



APOLLO.

Such rural honours all the gods decree,
To those who sing like Pan, and judge like thee.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F I N I S.



