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**J. TOOGOOD,  
Bridgwater.**

No.

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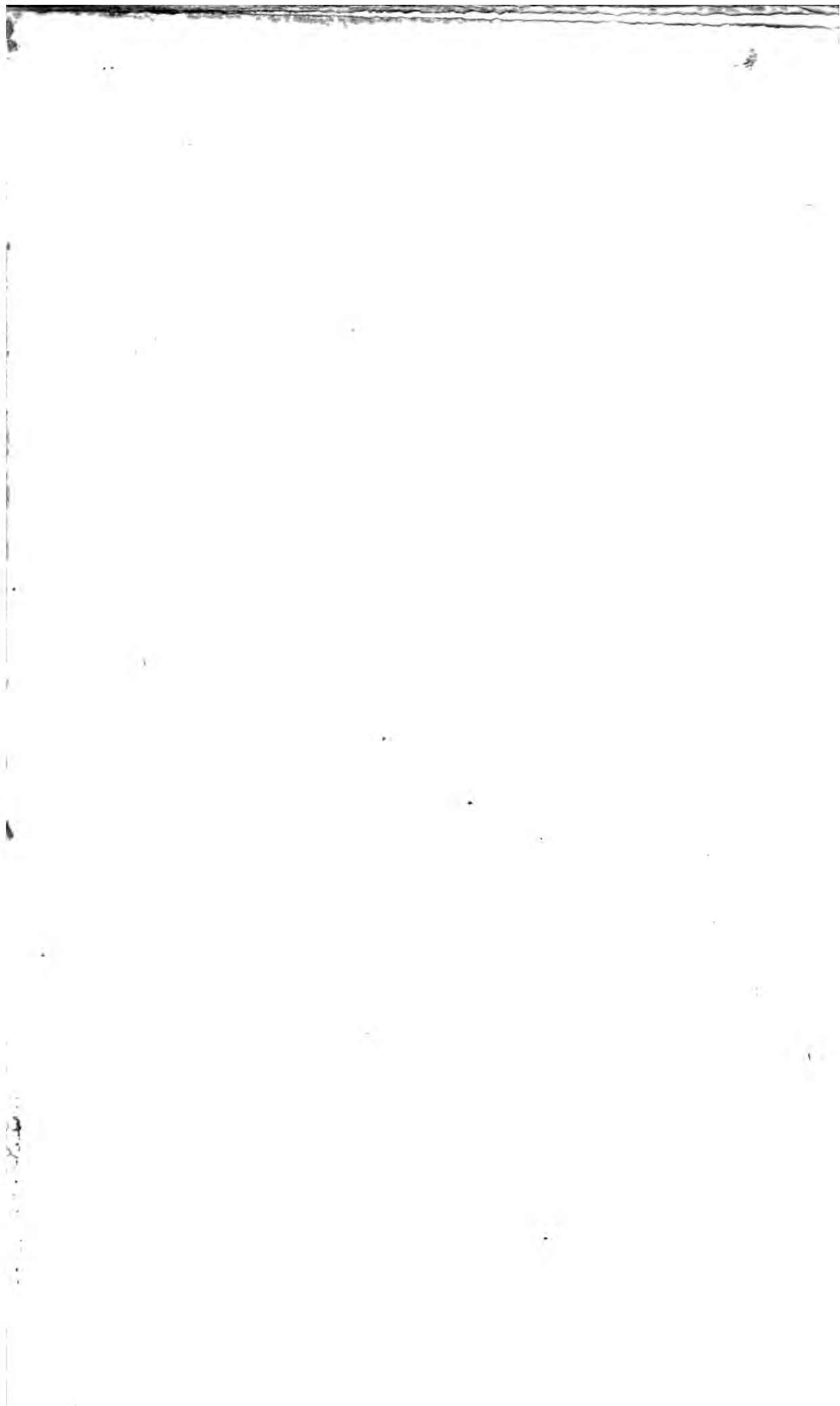
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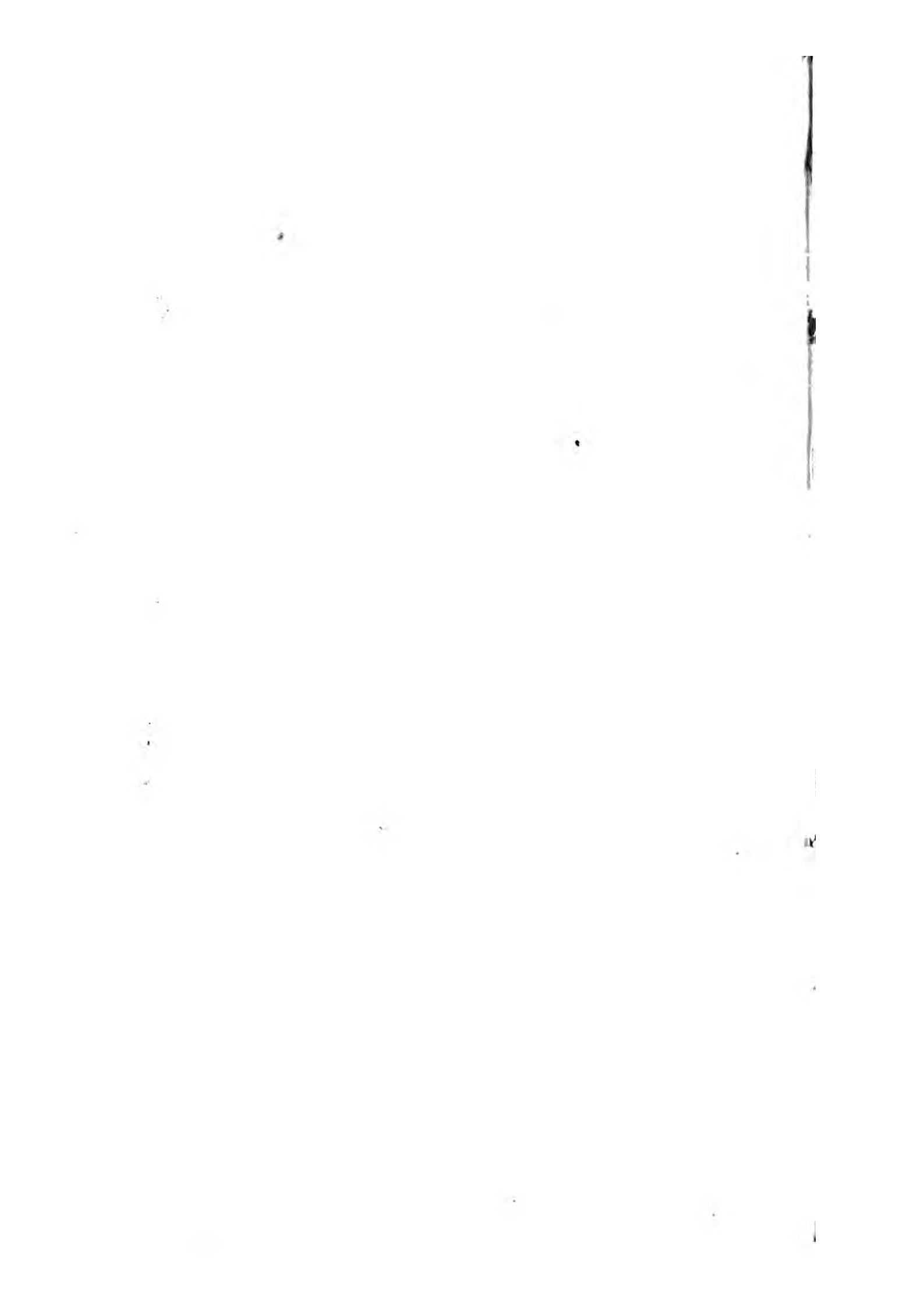
*Jan 1947*











T H E  
P O E M S  
OF THE LATE  
CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

CONSISTING OF  
HIS PRIZE POEMS, ODES, SONNETS, and FABLES,  
LATIN and ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS;

TOGETHER WITH  
*MANY ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS,*

Not included in the Quarto Edition.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,  
An Account of his LIFE and WRITINGS,

Never before published.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

---

V O L. H.

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F A B L E S.

---

*The* WHOLESALE CRITIC *and the* HOP-  
MERCHANT.

F A B L E I.

**H**AIL to each ancient sacred shade  
Of those, who gave the Muses aid,  
Skill'd verse mysterious to unfold,  
And set each brilliant thought in gold.  
Hail Aristotle's honour'd shrine,  
And great Longinius hail to thine ;  
Ye too, whose judgment ne'er cou'd fail,  
Hail Horace, and Quintilian hail ;  
And, dread of every Goth and Hun,  
Hail Pope, and peerless Addison.

Alas ! by different steps and ways  
Our modern critics aim at praise,

VOL. II.]

A

And

---

And rashly in the learned arts,  
 They judge by prejudice and parts ;  
 For cramp't by a contracted soul,  
 How shou'd they comprehend the whole ?

I know of many a deep-learn'd brother,  
 Who weighs one science by another,  
 And makes 'mongst bards poetic schism,  
 Because he understands the prism ;  
 Thinks in acuteness he surpasses,  
 From knowledge of the optic glasses.  
 There are some critics in the nation,  
 Profoundly vers'd in gravitation ;  
 Who like the bulky and the great,  
 And judge by quantity and weight.  
 Some who're extremely skill'd in building,  
 Judge by proportion, form, and gilding,  
 And praise with a sagacious look  
 The architecture of a book.

Soon as the hops arriv'd from Kent,  
 Forth to the quay the merchant went,  
 Went critically to explore  
 The merit of the hops on shore.  
 Close to a bag he took his standing,  
 And at a venture thrust his hand in ;  
 Then with the face of a physician,  
 Their colour scann'd and their condition ;  
 He trusts his touch, his smell, his eyes,  
 The goods at once approves and buys.

CATCHUP

CATCHUP so dextrous, droll, and dry,  
 It happen'd CATCHUP there was by,  
 Who like \* Jago, arch on all,  
 Is nothing, if not critical.  
 He with a sneer and with a shrug,  
 With eye of hawk, and face of pug,  
 Cry'd; fellow I admire thy fun,  
 " Thou most judiciously hast done, }  
 " Who from one handful buyst ten ton. }  
 " Does it not enter in thy crown,  
 " Some may be mouldy, some be brown;  
 " The vacancies with leaves supplied,  
 " And some half pick'd and some half dry'd?"  
 The merchant, who TOM CATCHUP knew,  
 (A merchant and a scholar too)  
 Said " what I've done is not absurd,  
 " I know my chap and take his word.—  
 " On thee, thou caviller at large,  
 " I here retort thy random charge;  
 " Who, in an hypercritic rage,  
 " Judgest ten volumes by a page;  
 " Whose wond'rous comprehensive view  
 " Grasps more than Solomon e'er knew;

A 2

With

\* O, gentle lady, do not put me to't,  
 For I am nothing if not critical.

OTHELLO, Act. 2, scene 5.



“ With every thing you claim alliance,  
 “ Art, trade, profession, calling, science ;  
 “ You mete out all things by one rule,  
 “ And are an univerfal fool.  
 “ Tho’ fwoln with vanity and pride,  
 “ You’re but one driv’ller multiplied,  
 “ A prig—that proves himself by starts,  
 “ As many dolts—as there are arts.

---

*The* ENGLISH BULL DOG, DUTCH MASTIFF,  
*and* QUAIL.

F A B L E II.

**A**RE we not all of race divine,  
 Alike of an immortal line ?  
 Shall man to man afford derision,  
 But for some casual division ?  
 To malice, and to mischief prone,  
 From climate, canton, or from zone,  
 Are all to idle discord bent,  
 These Kentish men—those men of Kent ;  
 And parties and distinction make,  
 For parties and distinction’s sake.  
 Souls sprung from an ethereal flame,  
 However clad, are still the same ;

Nor

Nor should we judge the heart or head,  
 By air we breathe, or earth we tread.  
 Dame Nature, who, all meritorious,  
 In a true Englishman is glorious ;  
 Is lively, honest, brave and bonny,  
 In Monsieur, Taffy, Teague, and Sawney.  
 Give prejudices to the wind,  
 And let's be patriots of mankind:  
 Biggots, avaut, sense can't endure ye,  
 But fabulists should try to cure ye.

A snub-nos'd Dog to fat inclin'd.  
 Of the true hogan mogan kind,  
 The favourite of an English dame,  
 Mynheer Van Trumpo was his name :  
 One morning as he chanc'd to range,  
 Met honest Towzer on the 'Change ;  
 And whom have we got here, I beg,  
 Quoth he,—and lifted up his leg ;  
 An English dog can't take an airing,  
 But foreign scoundrels must be staring.  
 I'd have your French dogs and your Spanish,  
 And all your Dutch and all your Danish,  
 By which our species is confounded,  
 Be hang'd, be poison'd, or be drowned ;  
 No mercy on the race suspected,  
 Greyhounds from Italy excepted :  
 By them my dames ne'er prove big bellied,  
 For they poor toads are Farrinellied.

Well of all dogs it stands confes'd,  
 Your English bull dogs are the best ;  
 I say it, and will set my hand to't,  
 Cambden records it, and I'll stand to't.  
 'Tis true we have too much urbanity,  
 Somewhat o'ercharg'd with soft humanity ;  
 The best things must find food for railing,  
 And every creature has it's failing.

And who are you? reply'd Van Trump,

*(Curling his tail upon his rump)*

Vaunting the regions of distraction,  
 The land of party and of faction.  
 In all fair Europe, who but we,  
 For national œconomy ;  
 For wealth and peace, that have more charms,  
 Than learned arts, or noisy arms.  
 You envy us our dancing bogs,  
 With all the music of the frogs ;  
 Join'd to the Fretchscutz's bonny loon,  
 Who on the cymbal grinds the tune.  
 For poets, and the muses nine,  
 Beyond comparison we shine ;  
 Oh ! how we warble in our gizzards,  
 With X X's, H H's and with Z Z's.  
 For fighting—now you think I'm joking ;  
 We love it better far than smoaking.  
 Ask but our troops, from man to boy,  
 Who all surviv'd at Fontenoy.

'Tis

'Tis true, as friends, and as allies,  
 We're ever ready to devite ;  
 Our loves, or any kind assistance,  
 That may be granted at a distance ;  
 But if you go to brag, good bye t' ye,  
 Nor dare to brave the High and Mighty.

Wrong are you both, rejoins a Quail,  
 Confin'd within it's wiry jail :  
 Frequent from realm to realm I've rang'd,  
 And with the seasons, climates chang'd.  
 Mankind is not so void of grace,  
 But good I've found in every place :  
 I've seen sincerity in France,  
 Amongst the Germans complaisance ;  
 In foggy Holland wit may reign,  
 I've known humility in Spain ;  
 Free'd was I by a turban'd Turk,  
 Whose life was one entire good work ;  
 And in this land, fair freedom's boast,  
 Behold my liberty is lost.  
 Despis'd Hibernia have I seen,  
 Dejected like a widow'd queen ;  
 Her robe with dignity long worn,  
 And cap of liberty were torn ;  
 Her broken fife, and harp unstrung,  
 On the uncultur'd ground were flung ;  
 Down lay her spear, defil'd with rust,  
 And book of learning in the dust ;



Her loyalty still blameless found,  
 And hospitality renown'd :  
 No more the voice of fame engross'd,  
 In discontent and clamour lost.—  
 Ah ! dire corruption, art thou spread,  
 Where never viper rear'd it's head ?  
 And didst thy baleful influence sow,  
 Where hemlock nor the nightshade grow.  
 Hapless, disconsolate, and brave,  
 Hibernia ! who'll Hibernia save ?  
 Who shall assist thee in thy woe,  
 Who ward from thee the fatal blow ?  
 'Tis done, the glorious work is done,  
 All thanks to heav'n and HARTINGTON.

---

F A S H I O N   A N D   N I G H T.

F A B L E   I I I.

Quam multa prava atque injusta fiunt moribus.

TERENT.

**F**ASHION, a motley nymph of yore,  
 The *Cyprian Queen* to *Porteus* bore :  
 Various herself in various climes,  
 She moulds the manners of the times ;

And

And turns in every age or nation,  
 The chequer'd wheel of variegation ;  
 True female that ne'er knew her will,  
 Still changing, tho' immortal still.  
 One day as the inconstant maid  
 Was careless on her sofa laid,  
 Sick of the sun and tir'd with light,  
 She thus invok'd the gloomy night :  
 " Come—these malignant rays destroy,  
 " Thou skreen of shame, and rise of joy.  
 " Come from thy western ambuscade,  
 " Queen of the rout and masquerade :  
 " Nymph, without thee no cards advance,  
 " Without thee halts the loit'ring dance ;  
 " Till thou approach, all, all's restraint,  
 " Nor is it safe to game or paint ;  
 " The belles and beaux thy influence ask,  
 " Put on the universal mask.  
 " Let us invert, in thy disguise,  
 " That odious nature, we despise."  
 She ceas'd—the fable mantled flame  
 With slow approach, and awful, came ;  
 And frowning with sarcastic sneer,  
 Reproach'd the female rioter :  
 " That nature you abuse, my fair,  
 " Was I created to repair.  
 " And contrast with a friendly shade,  
 " The pictures heaven's rich pencil made ;

“ And

“ And with my sleep alluring dose,  
 “ To give laborious art repose ;  
 “ To make both noise and action cease,  
 “ The queen of secrecy and peace.  
 “ But thou a rebel, vile, and vain,  
 “ Usurp’st my lawful old domain ;  
 “ My scepter thou affect’st to sway,  
 “ And all the various hours are day ;  
 “ With clamours of unreal joy,  
 “ My sister silence you destroy ;  
 “ The blazing lamps unnatural light  
 “ My eye balls weary and affright ;  
 “ But if I am allow’d one shade,  
 “ Which no intrusive eyes invade,  
 “ There all the atrocious imps of hell,  
 “ Theft, murder, and pollution dwell :  
 “ Thinks then how much, thou toy of chance,  
 “ Thy praise is likely worth t’inhance ;  
 “ Blind thing that runst without a guide,  
 “ Thou whirlpool in a rushing tide,  
 “ No more my fame with praise pollute,  
 “ But damn me into some repute.

---

 WHERE’S THE POKER?

## F A B L E IV.

**T**HE Poker lost, poor Susan storm’d,  
 And all the rites of rage perform’d ;

As

As scolding, crying, swearing, sweating,  
Abusing, fidgetting, and fretting.

“ Nothing but villany, and thieving ;

“ Good heavens ! what a world we live in !

“ If I don’t find it in the morning,

“ I’ll surely give my master warning.

“ He’d better far shut up his doors,

“ Than keep such good for nothing whores ;

“ For wherefoe’er their trade they drive,

“ We *virtuous* bodies cannot thrive.”

Well may poor *Susan* grunt and groan ;

Misfortunes never come alone,

But tread each other’s heels in throngs,

For the next day she lost the tongs :

The salt box, cullender, and pot,

Soon shar’d the same untimely lot.

In vain she vails and wages spent

On new ones—for the new ones went.

There’d been, (she swore) some dev’l or witch in,

To rob or plunder all the kitchen. —

One night she to her chamber crept,

(Where for a month she had not slept ;

Her master being, to her seeming,

A better play fellow than dreaming.)

Curse on the author of these wrongs,

In her own bed she found the tongs,

(Hang *Thomas* for an idle joker !)

In her own bed she found the poker ;

With

With falt box, pepper box, and kettle,

With all the culinary metal.—

Be warn'd, ye fair, by *Sufan's* crosses,

Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from losses;

For if young girls delight in kissing,

No wonder, that the poker's missing.

*The* TEA-POT and SCRUBBING-BRUSH.

F A B L E V.

**A** Tawdry TEA-POT, *a-la-mode*,  
 Where art her utmost skill bestow'd,  
 Was much esteem'd for being old,  
 And on its sides with red and gold  
 Strange beasts were drawn, in taste *Chinese*,  
 And frightful fish, and hump-back trees.

High in an elegant beaufet,  
 This pompous utensil was set,  
 And near it, on a marble slab,  
 Forfaken by some careless drab,  
 A veteran *Scrubbing-Brush* was plac'd,  
 And the rich furniture disgrac'd.  
 The *Tea-Pot* soon began to flout,  
 And thus its venom *spouted* out:  
 “ Who from the scullery or yard,  
 “ Brought in this low, this vile blackguard,

“ And

“ And laid in insolent position,  
 “ Among us people of condition ?  
 “ Back to the helper in the stable,  
 “ Scour the close-stool, or wash-house table ;  
 “ Or cleanse some horsing block, or plank,  
 “ Nor dare approach us folks of rank.  
 “ Turn—brother coffee-pot, your spout,  
 “ Observe the nasty stinking lout,  
 “ Who seems to scorn my indignation,  
 “ Nor pays due homage to my fashion ;  
 “ Take, silver sugar dish, a view,  
 “ And cousin cream pot, pray do you.  
 “ Pox on you all, replies old *Scrub*,  
 “ Of coxcombs ye confederate club.  
 “ Full of impertinence, and prate,  
 “ Ye hate all things that are sedate.  
 “ None but such ignorant infernals,  
 “ Judge, by appearance, and externals :  
 “ Train’d up in toil and useful knowledge,  
 “ I’m fellow of the kitchen college,  
 “ And with the mop, my old associate,  
 “ The family affairs negotiate.—  
 “ Am foe to filth, and things obscene,  
 “ Dirty by making others clean.—  
 “ Not shining, yet I cause to shine,  
 “ My roughness makes my neighbours fine ;  
 “ *You’re* fair without, but foul within,  
 “ With shame impregnated, and sin ;

“ To

- “ To *you* each impious scandal’s owing,  
 “ *You* set each gossip’s clack a going.—  
 “ How Parson *Tytbe* in secret sins,  
 “ And how Miss *Dainty* brought forth twins:  
 “ How dear delicious *Polly Bloom*,  
 “ Owes all her sweetnesss to perfume;  
 “ Tho’ grave at church, at cards can bet,  
 “ At once a prude and a coquette.—  
 “ ’Twas better for each British virgin,  
 “ When on roast beef, strong beer, and sturgeon,  
 “ Joyous to breakfast they set round,  
 “ Nor were aham’d to eat a pound.  
 “ These were the manners, these the ways,  
 “ In good Queen *Bess’s* golden days;  
 “ Each damsel ow’d her bloom and glee,  
 “ To wholesome elbow-grease, and me,  
 “ But now they center all their joys  
 “ In empty rattle traps and noise.  
 “ Thus where the Fates send *you*, they send  
 “ Flagitious times, which ne’er will mend,  
 “ ’Till some Philosopher can find,  
 “ A *Scrubbing-Brush* to scour the mind.

The



*The* D U E L L I S T.

## F A B L E VI.

**W**HAT's honour, did your Lordship say?  
 My Lord, I humbly crave a day.—  
 'Tis difficult, and in my mind,  
 Like substance, cannot be defin'd.  
 It deals in numerous externals,  
 And is a legion of infernals;  
 Sometimes in riot and in play,  
 'Tis breaking of the Sabbath day:  
 When 'tis consider'd as a passion,  
 I deem it lust and fornication.  
 We pay our debts in honour's cause,  
 Lost in the breaking of the laws:  
 'Tis for some selfish impious end,  
 To murder the sincerest friend;  
 But wou'd you alter all the clan,  
 Turn out an honourable man.  
 Why take a pistol from the shelf,  
 And fight a duel with yourself.—  
 'Twas on a time, the Lord knows when,  
 In *Ely*, or in *Lincoln* fen,  
 A Frog and Mouse had long disputes,  
 Held in the language of the brutes,  
 Who of a certain pool and pasture,  
 Shou'd be the sovereign and master.

Sir,

Sir, says the Frog, and d—n'd his blood,  
 I hold that my pretension's good ;  
 Nor can a *Brute* of *reason* doubt it,  
 For all that you can squeak about it.  
 The Mouse averse to be o'erpower'd,  
 Gave him the lie, and call'd him coward ;  
 Too hard for any frog's digestion,  
 To have his *froghood* call'd in question !  
 A bargain instantly was made,  
 No mouse of honour could evade.  
 On the next morn, as soon as light,  
 With desperate bullrushes to fight ;  
 The morning came—and man to man,  
 The grand *monomachy* began ;  
 Need I recount how each bravado,  
 Shone in *montant* and in *passado* ;  
 To what a height their ire they carry'd,  
 How oft they thrusted and they parry'd ;  
 But as these champions kept dispensing,  
 Finesses in the art of fencing,  
 A furious vulture took upon her,  
 Quick to decide this point of honour,  
 And, lawyer like, to make an end on't,  
 Devour'd both plaintiff and defendant.  
 Thus, often in our British nation,  
 (I speak by way of application)  
 A lie direct to some hot youth,  
 The giving which perhaps was truth,

The

The treading on a scoundrel's toe,  
 Or dealing impudence a blow,  
 Disputes in politics and law,  
 About a feather and a straw ;  
 A thousand trifles not worth naming,  
 In whoring, jockeying, and gaming,  
 Shall cause a challenge's inditing,  
 And set two loggerheads a fighting ;  
 Meanwhile the father of despair,  
 The prince of vanity and air,  
 His quarry, like an hawk discovering,  
 O'er their devoted heads hangs hovering,  
 Secure to get in his tuition,  
 These volunteers for black perdition.

---

*The* COUNTRY SQUIRE *and the* MANDRAKE.

## F A B L E VII.

**T**HE sun had rais'd above the mead,  
 His glorious horizontal head ;  
 Sad *Philomela* left her thorn ;  
 The lively linnets hymn'd the morn,  
 And nature, like a waking bride,  
 Her blushes spread on ev'ry side ;  
 The cock as usual crow'd up *Tray*,  
 Who nightly with his master lay ;

The faithful spaniel gave the word,  
 TRELOOBY at the signal stirr'd,  
 And with his gun, from wood to wood  
 The man of prey his course pursu'd ;  
 The dew and herbage all around,  
 Like pearls and emeralds on the ground ;  
 Th' uncultur'd flowers that rudely rise,  
 Where smiling freedom art defies ;  
 The lark, in transport, tow'ring high,  
 The crimson curtains of the sky,  
 Afflicted not *Trelooby's* mind—  
 For what is beauty to the blind ?  
 Th' amorous voice of *silvan* love,  
 Form'd charming concerts in the grove ;  
 Sweet zephyr sigh'd on Flora's breast,  
 And drew the black-bird from his nest ;  
 Whistling he leapt from leaf to leaf ;  
 But what is music to the deaf ?

At length while poring on the ground,  
 With monumental look profound,  
 A curious vegetable caught  
 His—something similar to thought :  
 Wond'ring, he ponder'd, stooping low,  
 (*Trelooby* always lov'd a show)  
 And on the Mandrake's vernal station,  
 Star'd with prodigious observation.  
 Th' affronted Mandrake with a frown,  
 Address'd in rage the wealthy clown.

“ Proud

“ Proud member of the rambling race,  
 “ That vegetate from place to place,  
 “ Pursue the leveret at large,  
 “ Nor near thy blunderbuss discharge.  
 “ Disdainful tho’ thou look’st on me,  
 “ What art thou, or what can’st thou be?  
 “ Nature, that mark’d thee as a fool,  
 “ Gave no materials for the school.  
 “ In what consists thy work and fame?  
 “ The preservation of the Game.—  
 “ For what? thou avaricious elf,  
 “ But to destroy it all thyself;  
 “ To lead a life of drink and feast,  
 “ T’ opprefs the poor, and cheat the priest,  
 “ Or triumph in a virgin lost,  
 “ Is all the manhood thou canst boast.—  
 “ Pretty, in nature’s various plan,  
 “ To see a weed that’s like a man;  
 “ But ’tis a grievous thing indeed,  
 “ To see a man so like a weed.”

---

*The* BROCADED GOWN *and* LINEN RAG.

## F A B L E VIII.

**F**ROM a fine lady to her maid,  
 A Gown descended of brocade.

B 2

French!

French!—Yes, from Paris—that's enough,  
That wou'd give dignity to stuff.

By accident or by design,  
Or from some cause, I can't divine ;  
A Linen Rag, (sad source of wrangling !)  
On a contiguous peg was dangling,  
Vilely besmear'd—for late his master,  
It serv'd in quality of plaister.

The Gown, contemptuous beholder,  
Gave a *French* shrug from either shoulder,  
And rustling with emotions furious,  
Bespoke the Rag in terms injurious.

“ Unfit for tinder, lint or *fodder*,  
“ Thou thing of filth, (and what is odder)  
“ Discarded from thy owner's back,  
“ Dar'st thou proceed, and gold attack ?  
“ Instant away—or in this place,  
“ *Begar* me give you *caup de grace*.”

To this reply'd the honest Rag,  
Who lik'd a jest, and was a wag ;

“ Tho' thy glib tongue without a halt run,  
“ Thou shabby second-hand subaltern,  
“ At once so antient and so easy,  
“ At once so gorgeous and so greasy ;  
“ I value not thy gasconading,  
“ Nor all thy alamode parading ;  
“ But to abstain from words imperious,  
“ And to be sober, grave, and serious.

“ 'Tho'

“ Tho’ says friend Horace, ’tis no treason,  
 “ At once to giggle, and to reason,  
 “ When me you lesson, friend, you dream,  
 “ For know I am not what I seem ;  
 “ Soon by the mills refining motion,  
 “ The sweetest daughter of the ocean,  
 “ Fair Medway, shall with snowy hue,  
 “ My virgin purity renew,  
 “ And give me reinform’d existence,  
 “ A good retention and subsistence.  
 “ Then shall the sons of genius join,  
 “ To make my second life divine.  
 “ O MURRAY, let me then dispense,  
 “ Some portion of thy eloquence ;  
 “ For *Greek* and *Roman* rhetoric shine,  
 “ United and improved in thine.  
 “ The spirit stirring \* sage alarms,  
 “ And *Ciceronian* sweetness’s charms.  
 “ Th’ *Athenian* AKENSLDE may deign  
 “ To stamp me deathless with his pen.  
 “ While flows approv’d by all the Nine  
 “ Th’ immortal soul of every line.  
 “ COLLINS, perhaps, his aid may lend,  
 “ *Melpomene*’s selected friend.  
 “ Perhaps our great Augustan Gray  
 “ May grace me with a Doric lay ;

B 3 :

“ With

\* Demosthenes.



“ With sweet, with manly words of woe,  
 “ That nervously pathetic flow,  
 “ What, MASON, may I owe to you ?  
 “ Learning’s first pride, and nature’s too ;  
 “ On thee she cast her sweetest smile,  
 “ And gave thee Art’s correcting file ;  
 “ That file, which with assiduous pain,  
 “ The viper *Envy* bites in vain.—  
 “ Such glories my mean lot betide,  
 “ Hear, tawdry fool, and check thy pride.—  
 “ Thou, after scouring, dying, turning,  
 “ (If haply thou escape a burning)  
 “ From gown to petticoat descending,  
 “ And in a beggar’s mantle ending,  
 “ Shalt in a dunghill or a sty,  
 “ ’Midst filth and vermin rot and die.

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MADAM *and the* MAGPIE.

F A B L E IX.

**Y**E thunders roll, ye oceans roar,  
 And wake the rough resounding shore ;  
 Ye guns in smoke and flames engage,  
 And shake the ramparts with your rage ;  
 Boreas distend your chops and blow ;  
 Ring, ring, ye bonny bells of Bow ;

Ye



Ye drums and rattles, rend the ears,  
 Like twenty thousand Southwark fairs;  
 Bellow ye bulls, and bawl ye bats,  
 Encore, encore, ye amorous cats;  
 In vain poor things ye squeak and squall,  
 Soft Sylvia shall out-tongue you all:  
 But here she comes—there's no relief,  
 She comes, and blessed are the deaf.

“ A Magpie! why, you're mad, my dear,  
 “ To bring a chattering Magpie here.  
 “ A prating play thing, fit for boys—  
 “ You know I can't endure a noise.—  
 “ You brought this precious present sure,  
 “ My headach and my cough to cure.  
 “ Pray hand him in and let him stain  
 “ Each curtain, and each counterpane;  
 “ Yes, he shall roost upon my toilet,  
 “ Or on my pillow—he can't spoil it:  
 “ He'll only make me catch my death.—  
 “ O heavens! for a little breath!—  
 “ Thank God, I never knew resentment,  
 “ But am all patience and contentment,  
 “ Or else, you paltry knave, I shou'd  
 “ (As any other woman wou'd)  
 “ Wring off his neck, and down your gullet  
 “ Cram it, by way of chick or pullet.—  
 “ Well, I must lock up all my rings,  
 “ My jewels, and my curious things:

“ My Chinese toys must go to pot ;  
 “ My dear, my pinchbecks—and what not ?  
 “ For all your Magpies are, like lawyers,  
 “ At once thieves, brawlers, and destroyers.—  
 “ You for a wife have search’d the globe,  
 “ You’ve got a very female Job,  
 “ Pattern of love, and peace and unity,  
 “ Or how cou’d you expect impunity ?  
 “ O Lord ! this nasty thing will bite,  
 “ And scratch and clapper, claw and fight.  
 “ O monstrous wretch, thus to devise,  
 “ To tear out your poor Sylvia’s eyes.  
 “ You’re a fine Popish plot pursuing,  
 “ By presents to affect my ruin ;  
 “ And thus for good are ill retorting  
 “ To ME, who brought you such a fortune ;  
 “ To ME, you low-liv’d clown, to ME,  
 “ Who came of such a family ;  
 “ ME, who for age to age possess’d  
 “ A *lion rampant* on my crest ;  
 “ ME, who have fill’d your empty coffers,  
 “ ME, who’d so many better offers ;  
 “ And is my merit thus regarded,  
 “ Cuckold, my virtue thus rewarded.  
 “ O ’tis past sufferance—Mary—Mary,  
 “ I faint—the citron, or the clary.

The poor man, who had bought the creature,  
 Out of pure conjugal good-nature,

Stodd

Stood at this violent attack,  
 Like statues made by ROUBILLIAC,  
 Tho' form'd beyond all skill antique,  
 They can't their marble silence break ;  
 They only breathe, and think, and start,  
 Astonish'd at their maker's art.  
 " Quoth Mag, fair Grizzle, I must grant,  
 " Your spouse a magpye cannot want :  
 " For troth (to give the dev'l his due)  
 " He keeps a rookery in you.  
 " Don't fear I'll tarry long, sweet lady,  
 " Where there is din enough already,  
 " We never shou'd agree together,  
 " Although we're so much of a feather ;  
 " You're fond of peace, no man can doubt it,  
 " Who make such wond'rous noise about it ;  
 " And your tongue of immortal mould  
 " Proclaims in thunder you're no scold.  
 " Yes, yes, you're sovereign of the tongue,  
 " And, like the king, can do no wrong ;  
 " Justly your spouse restrains his voice,  
 " Nor vainly answers words with noise ;  
 " This storm, which no soul can endure,  
 " Requires a very different cure ;  
 " For such four verjuice dispositions,  
 " Your crabsticks are the best physicians.

*The* BLOCKHEAD *and* BEEHIVE.

## F A B L E X.

**T**HE fragrance of the new-mown hay  
 Paid incense to the god of day ;  
 Who issuing from his eastern gate,  
 Resplendent rode in all his state,  
 Rous'd by the light from soft repose,  
 Big with the Muse, a Bard arose,  
 And the fresh garden's still retreat  
 He measur'd with poetic feet.  
 The cooling, high, o'er-arching shade,  
 By the embracing branches made,  
 The smooth shorn sod, whose verdant glofs,  
 Was check'd with intermingled moss,  
 Cowslips, like topazes that shine,  
 Close by the silver serpentine,  
 Rude rustics which assert the bow'rs,  
 Amidst the educated flow'rs.  
 The lime tree and sweet-scented bay,  
 (The sole reward of many a lay)  
 And all the poets of the wing,  
 Who sweetly without salary sing,  
 Attract at once his observation,  
 Peopling thy wilds, Imagination !  
 " Sweet nature, who this turf bedews,  
 " Sweet nature, who's the thrush's muse !

" How

“ How she each anxious thought beguiles,  
 “ And meets me with ten thousand smiles !  
 “ O infinite benignity !  
 “ She smiles, but not alone on me ;  
 “ On hill, on dale, on lake, on lawn,  
 “ Like Celia when her picture’s drawn ;  
 “ Assuming countless charms and airs,  
 “ ’Till HAYMAN’S matchless art despairs,  
 “ Pausing like me he dreads to fall  
 “ From the divine original.”

More had he said—but in there came  
 A lout—Squire *Booby* was his name.—  
 The bard, who at a distant view,  
 The busy prattling blockhead knew,  
 Retir’d into a secret nook,  
 And thence his observations took.  
 Vex’d he cou’d find no man to teize,  
 The squire ’gan chattering to the bees,  
 And pertly with officious mien,  
 He thus address’d their humming queen :  
 “ Madam, be not in any terrors,  
 “ I only come t’amend your errors ;  
 “ My friendship briefly to display,  
 “ And put you in a better way.  
 “ Cease, Madam, (if I may advise)  
 “ To carry honey on your thighs,  
 “ Employ (’tis better, I aver)  
 “ Old Grub the fairies coach-maker ;

For

“ For he who has sufficient art  
 “ To make a coach, may make a cart.  
 “ To these you’ll yoke some sixteen bees,  
 “ Who will dispatch your work with ease;  
 “ And come and go, and go and come,  
 “ To bring your honey harvest home.—  
 “ Ma’m, architecture you’re not skill’d in,  
 “ I don’t approve your way of building;  
 “ In this there’s nothing like design,  
 “ Pray learn the use of *Gunter’s* line.  
 “ I’ll serve your Highness at a pinch,  
 “ I am a scholar every inch,  
 “ And know each author I lay fist on,  
 “ From Archimedes down to Whiston.—  
 “ Tho’ honey making be your trade,  
 “ In chemistry you want some aid.—  
 “ Pleas’d with your work, altho’ you sing,  
 “ You’re not quite right—’tis not the thing.  
 “ Myself wou’d gladly be an actor,  
 “ To help the honey manufacture.—  
 “ I hear for war you are preparing,  
 “ Which I should like to have a share in;  
 “ Yet tho’ the enemy be landing,  
 “ ’Tis wrong to keep an army standing.—  
 “ If you’ll ensure me from the laws  
 “ I’ll write a pamphlet in your cause.—  
 “ I vow I am concern’d to see  
 “ Your want of state—œconomy.

Of

“ Of nothing living I pronounce ill,  
 “ But I don't like your privy-council.”  
 “ There is, I know, a certain bee,  
 “ (Wou'd he was from the ministry)  
 “ Which certain bee, if rightly known,  
 “ Wou'd prove no better than a drone ;  
 “ There are (but I shall name no names,  
 “ I never love to kindle flames)  
 “ A pack of rogues with crimes grown callous,  
 “ Who greatly wou'd adorn the gallows, ;  
 “ That with the wasps, for paltry gold,  
 “ A secret correspondence hold,  
 “ Yet you'll be great—your subjects free,  
 “ If the whole thing be left to me.—

Thus, like the waters of the ocean,  
 His tongue had run in ceaseless motion,  
 Had not the Queen ta'en up in wrath,  
 This thing of folly and of froth.

“ Impertinent and witless medler,  
 “ Thou smattering, empty, noisy pedlar !  
 “ By vanity, thou bladder blown,  
 “ To be the football of the town.  
 “ O happy England, land of freedom,  
 “ Replete with statesmen, if she need'em,  
 “ Where war is wag'd by *Sue* or *Nell*,  
 “ And *Jobson* is a Machiavel !—  
 “ Tell *Hard-wick* that his judgment fails,  
 “ Show Justice how to hold her scales.—

“ To



“ To fire the soul at once, and please,  
 “ Teach *Murray* and *Demosthenes* ;  
 “ Say *Vane* is not by goodness grac’d,  
 “ And wants humanity and taste.—  
 “ Tho’ *Pelham* with *Mæcenæ* vies,  
 “ Tell Fame she’s false, and Truth she lies ;  
 “ And then return, thou verbal Hector,  
 “ And give the bees another lecture.”

This said, the portal she unbarr’d,  
 Calling the Bees upon their guard,  
 And set at once about his ears  
 Ten thousand of her granadiers.—  
 Some on his lips and palate hung,  
 And the offending member stung.  
 “ Just (says the bard from out the grot)  
 “ Just, tho’ severe, is your sad lot,  
 “ Who think, and talk, and live in vain.  
 “ Of sweet society the bane.  
 “ Business misplac’d is a mere jest,  
 “ And active idleness at best.”

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*The* CITIZEN *and the* RED LION  
 of BRENTFORD.

F A B L E XI.

**I** Love my friend—but love my ease,  
 And claim a right myself to please ;

To



To company however prone,  
At times all men wou'd be alone.  
Free from each interruption rude,  
Or what is meant by solitude.  
My villa lies within the bills,  
So—like a theatre it fills :  
To me my kind acquaintance stray,  
And Sunday proves no Sabbath day ;  
Yet many a friend and near relation,  
Make up a glorious congregation ;  
They croud by dozens and by dozens,  
And bring me all their country cousins.  
Tho' cringing landlords on the road,  
Who find for man and horse abode ;  
Tho' gilded grapes to sign-post chain'd,  
Invite them to be entertain'd,  
And straddling crows his kilderkin,  
Tho' jolly Bacchus calls them in ;  
Nay—tho' my landlady wou'd trust 'em,  
Pilgarlick's sure of all the custom ;  
And his whole house is like a fair,  
Unless he only treats with air.  
What ? shall each pert half witted wit,  
That calls me Jack, or calls me Kit,  
Prey on my time, or on my table ?  
No—but let's hasten to the Fable.

The eve advanc'd, the sun declin'd,  
BALL to the *booby-butcb* was join'd,

A wealthy cockney drove away,  
 To celebrate Saint Saturday ;  
 Wife, daughter, pug, all crouded in,  
 To meet at country house their kin.  
 Thro' Brentford, to fair Twickenham's bow'rs,  
 The ungreased grumbling axle scow'rs,  
 To pass in rural sweets a day,  
 But there's a Lion in the way :  
 This Lion a most furious elf,  
 Hung up to represent himself,  
 Redden'd with rage, and shook his mane,  
 And roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd again.  
 Wond'rous, tho' painted on a board,  
 He roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd.  
 " Fool ! (says the majesty of beasts)  
 " At whose expence a legion feasts,  
 " Foe to yourself, you those pursue,  
 " Who're eating up your cakes and you ;  
 " Walk in, walk in, so prudence votes)  
 " And give poor BALL a feed of oats,  
 " Look to yourself, and as for ma'm,  
 " Coax her to take a little dram ;  
 " Let Miss and Pug with cakes be fed,  
 " Then honest man go back to bed ;  
 " You're better, and you're cheaper there,  
 " Where are no hangers on to fear,  
 " Go buy friend *Newbery's* new Pantheon,  
 " And con the tale of poor Acteon,  
 " Horn'd

“ Horn’d by Diana, and o’erpower’d,  
 “ And by the dogs he fed devour’d.  
 “ What he receiv’d from charity,  
 “ Lewdness perhaps may give to thee ;  
 “ And tho’ your spouse my lecture scorns,  
 “ Beware his fate, beware his horns.”  
 “ Sir,” says the Cit, (who made a stand,  
 And strok’d his forehead with his hand)  
 “ By your grim gravity and grace,  
 “ You greatly wou’d become the mace.  
 “ This kind advice I gladly take,—  
 “ Draw’r, bring the dram, and bring a cake,  
 “ With good brown beer that’s brisk and humming.”  
 “ *A coming, Sir! a coming, coming!*  
 The Cit then took a hearty draught,  
 And shook his jolly sides and laugh’d.  
 Then to the king of beasts he bow’d,  
 And thus his gratitude avow’d.—  
 “ Sir, for your sapient oration,  
 “ I owe the greatest obligation.  
 “ You stand expes’d to sun and show’r,  
 “ I know *Jack Ellis* of the Tow’r ;  
 “ By him you soon may gain renown,  
 “ He’ll show your Highness to the town ;  
 “ Or, if you chuse your station here,  
 “ To call forth Britons to their beer,  
 “ As painter of distinguish’d note,  
 “ He’ll send his man to clean your coat.”

The Lion thank'd him for his proffer,  
 And if a vacancy shou'd offer,  
 Declar'd he had too just a notion,  
 To be averse to such promotion.  
 The Citizen drove off with joy,  
 "For London—Ball—for London—hoy."  
 Content to bed, he went his way,  
 And is no Bankrupt to this day.

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*The* HERALD *and* HUSBAND-MAN.

F A B L E XII.

— Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

JUVENAL.

**I** With friend Juvenal agree,  
 Virtue's the true nobility ;  
 Has of herself sufficient charms,  
 Altho' without a coat of arms.  
 HONESTUS does not know the rules,  
 Concerning Or and Fez, and Gules.  
 Yet sets the wond'ring eye to gaze on,  
 Such deeds no herald e'er could blaze on.  
 Tawdry atchievements out of place,  
 Do but augment a fool's disgrace ;  
 A coward is a double jest,  
 Who has a lion for his crest ;

And

And things are come to such a pass,  
 Two horses may support an ass ;  
 And on a Gamester or Buffoon,  
 A moral motto's a lampoon.  
 An honest rustic having done  
 His master's work 'twixt fun and fun,  
 Retir'd to dress a little spot,  
 Adjoining to his homely cot,  
 Where pleas'd, in miniature, he found  
 His landlord's culinary ground,  
 Some herbs that feed, and some that heal,  
 The winter's medicine or meal.  
 The sage, which in his garden seen,  
 No man need ever die \* I ween ;  
 The marjoram comely to behold,  
 With thyme, and ruddiest marygold,  
 And mint and penny-royal sweet,  
 To deck the cottage windows meet ;  
 And baum, that yields a finer juice  
 Than all that China can produce ;  
 With carrots red, and turnips white,  
 And leeks, Cadwallader's delight ;  
 And all the favory crop that vie  
 To please the palate and the eye.  
 Thus, as intent, he did survey  
 His plot, a Herald came that way,

C 2

A

\* Cur moriatur Homo, cui salvia crescit in horto ?

A man of great escutcheon'd knowledge,  
 And member of the motley college.  
 Heedless the peasant pass'd he by,  
 Indulging this foliloquy ;

“ Ye gods ! what an enormous space,  
 “ ’Twixt man and man does nature place ;  
 “ While some by deeds of honour rise,  
 “ To such a height, as far out-vies  
 “ *The visible diurnal sphere* ;  
 “ While others, like this rustic here,  
 “ Grope in the groveling ground content,  
 “ Without or lineage or descent.

“ Hail, Heraldry ! mysterious art,  
 “ Bright patroness of all descent,  
 “ Mankind would on a level lie,  
 “ And undistinguish'd live and die ;  
 “ Depriv'd of thy illustrious aid,  
 “ Such ! so momentous is our trade.

“ Sir, says the clown, why sure you joke,  
 “ (And kept on digging as he spoke)  
 “ And prate not to extort conviction,  
 “ But merrily by way of fiction.  
 “ Say, do your manuscripts attest,  
 “ What was old father Adam's crest ;  
 “ Did he a nobler *Coat* receive  
 “ In right of marrying Mrs. Eve ;  
 “ Or had supporters when he kiss'd her,  
 “ On dexter side, and side sinister ;

“ Or was his motto, prithee speak,  
 “ English, French, Latin, Welch, or Greek ;  
 “ Or was he not, without a lye,  
 “ Just such a nobleman as I ?  
 “ Virtue, which great defects can stifle,  
 “ May beam distinction on a trifle ;  
 “ And honour, with her native charms,  
 “ May beautify a coat of arms ;  
 “ Realities sometimes will thrive,  
 “ E’en by appearance kept alive ;  
 “ But by themselves, Gules, Or, and Fez,  
 “ Are cyphers, neither more or less :  
 “ Keep both thy head and hands from crimes,  
 “ Be honest in the worst of times :  
 “ Health’s on my countenance impress’d,  
 “ And sweet content’s my daily guest,  
 “ My fame alone I build on this,  
 “ And Garter King at Arms may kiss.”—

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*A STORY of a COCK and a BULL.*

F A B L E XIII.

**Y**ES— we excell in arts and arms,  
 In learning’s lore and beauty’s charms.  
 The seas wide empire we engross,  
 All nations hail the British cross ;



The land of liberty we tread,  
 And woe to his devoted head,  
 Who dares the contrary advance,  
 One Englishman's worth ten of France.  
 These these are truths, what man won't write for,  
 Won't swear, won't bully, or won't fight for ;  
 Yet (tho' perhaps I speak thro' vanity)  
 Wou'd we'd a little more humanity ;  
 Too far, I fear, I've drove the jest,  
 So leave to Cock and Bull the rest.

A Bull who'd listen'd to the vows  
 Of above fifteen hundred cows ;  
 And serv'd his master fresh and fresh,  
 With hecatombs of special flesh,  
 Like to an hermit or a dervise,  
 (Grown old and feeble in the service)  
 Now left the meadow's green parade,  
 And sought a solitary shade.  
 The cows proclaim'd in mournful lowing,  
 The Bull's deficiency in wooing,  
 And to their disappointed master,  
 All told the terrible difaster.

“ Is this the case (quoth Hodge) O rare !  
 “ But hold, to-morrow is the fair.  
 “ Thou to thy doom, old boy, art fated,  
 “ To-morrow—and thou shalt be baited.”  
 The deed was done—curse on the wrong !  
 Bloody description, hold thy tongue.—

Victorious



Victorious yet the Bull return'd,  
And with stern silence inly mourn'd.

A vet'ran, brave, majestic Cock,  
Who serv'd for hour glafs, guard, and clock,  
Who crow'd the mansion's first relief,  
Alike from goblin and from thief;  
Whose youth escap'd the Christmas skillet,  
Whose vigour brav'd the Shrovetide billet,  
Had just return'd in wounds and pain,  
Triumphant from the barbarous train.—  
By riv'let's brink, with trees o'er grown,  
He heard his fellow sufferer's moan;  
And greatly scorning wounds and smart,  
Gave him three cheers with all his heart.

“ Rise, neighbour, from that penfive attitude,  
“ Brave witness of vile man's ingratitude;  
“ And let us both with spur and horn,  
“ The cruel reasoning monster scorn.—  
“ Methinks at every dawn of day,  
“ When first I chant my blithsome lay,  
“ Methinks I hear from out the sky,  
“ All will be better by and by;  
“ When bloody, base, degenerate man,  
“ Who deviates from his maker's plan;  
“ Who nature and her works abuses,  
“ And thus his fellow servants uses,  
“ Shall greatly, and yet justly want,  
“ The mercy he refus'd to grant;

C 4.

“ And

“ And (while his heart his conscience purges):  
 “ Shall wish to be the brute he scourges.”

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*The* SNAKE, *the* GOOSE, *and* NIGHTINGALE.

Humbly addressed to the Hissers and Catcallers  
 attending both Houses.

F A B L E XIV.

W HEN rul'd by truth and nature's ways,  
 When just to blame, yet fix'd to praise,  
 As votary of the *Delphic* God,  
 I reverence the critic's rod ;  
 But when inflam'd with spite alone,  
 I hold all critics but as one ;  
 For tho' they class themselves with art,  
 And each man takes a different part ;  
 Yet whatso'er they praise and blame ;  
 They in their motives are the same.

Forth as she waddled in the brake,  
 A grey Goose stumbled on a Snake,  
 And took th' occasion to abuse her,  
 And of rank plagiarism accuse her.  
 “ 'Twas I, quoth she, in every vale,  
 “ First hiss'd the noisy Nightingale ;  
 “ And boldly cavill'd at each note,  
 “ That twitter'd in the Woodlark's throat :

“ I,

“ I, who sublime and more than mortal,  
 “ Must stoop to enter at the portal,  
 “ Have ever been the first to show  
 “ My hate to every thing that’s low ;  
 “ While thou, mean mimic of my manner,  
 “ (Without inlifting to my banner)  
 “ Dar’st in thy grov’ling situation,  
 “ To counterfeit my fibilation.”

The Snake enrag’d, reply’d, “ Know, Madam,  
 “ I date my charter down from Adam ;  
 “ Nor can I, since I bear the bell,  
 “ E’er imitate where I excell.  
 “ Had any other creature dar’d  
 “ Once to aver, what you’ve aver’d,  
 “ I might have been more fierce and fervent,  
 “ But you’re a Goose,—and so your servant.”  
 “ Truce with your folly and your pride,”  
 The warbling Philomela cry’d ;  
 “ Since no more animals we find  
 “ In nature, of the hissing kind,  
 “ You should be friends with one another,  
 “ Nay, kind as brother is to brother.  
 “ For know, thou pattern of abuse,  
 “ Thou Snake art but a crawling goose ;  
 “ And thou dull dabbler in each lake,  
 “ Art nothing but a feather’d Snake.”

Mrs.

*Mrs.* ABIGAIL *and the* DUMB WAITER.

F A B L E XV.

WITH frowning brow and aspect low'ring,  
 As Abigail one day was scow'ring,  
 From chair to chair she past along,  
 Without soliloquy or song ;  
 Content, in humdrum mood, t'adjust  
 Her matters to disperse the dust.—  
 Thus plodded on the sullen fair,  
 'Till a Dumb Waiter claim'd her care ;  
 She then in rage, with shrill salute,  
 Bespoke the inoffensive mute :—  
 “ Thou stupid tool of vapourish asses,  
 “ With thy brown shelves for pots and glasses ;  
 “ Thou foreign whirligigg, for whom  
 “ US honest folks must quit the room ;  
 “ And, like young misses at a christ'ning,  
 “ Are forc'd to be content with list'ning ;  
 “ Tho' thou'rt a fav'rite of my *masters*,  
 “ I'll set thee gadding on thy castors.”  
 This said—with many a rough attack,  
 She scrubb'd him 'till she made him crack ;  
 Insulted stronger still and stronger,  
 The poor dumb thing, could hold no longer.—  
 “ Thou drab, born mops and brooms to dandle,  
 “ Thou haberdasher of *small* scandal,

“ Factor

“ Factor of family abuse,  
 “ Retailer of domestic news ;  
 “ My lord, as soon as I appear,  
 “ Confines thee in thy proper sphere ;  
 “ Or else, at ev’ry place of call,  
 “ The chandler’s shop, or cobbler’s stall,  
 “ Or ale-house, where (for petty tales,  
 “ Gin, beer, and ale are constant vails)  
 “ Each word at table that was spoke,  
 “ Wou’d soon become the public joke,  
 “ And chearful innocent converse,  
 “ To scandal warp’d—or something worse.—  
 “ Whene’er my master I attend,  
 “ Freely his mind he can unbend ;—  
 “ But when such praters fill my place,  
 “ Then nothing should be said—but grace.”

---

*The BAG-WIG and the TOBACCO-PIPE.*

## F A B L E XVI.

**A** Bag-Wig of a jauntee 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

And with its vapours far and near,  
 Outstunk the essence of Monsieur ;  
 At which it's rage, the thing of hair,  
 Thus, bristling up, began declare..

“ Bak'd dirt ! that with intrusion rude  
 “ Breakst in upon my solitude,  
 “ And whose offensive 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 ! sure some one smoak'd thee, Friend,  
 “ Reverfely, 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)  
 Raising 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, fantastic bragger ?  
 “ Whose

“ 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 fought 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.

## F A B L E XVII.

**O**LD Care with Industry and Art,  
 At length so well had play’d his part ;

He



He heap'd up such an ample store,  
That Av'rice cou'd not sigh 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 crowded 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 her's the largests 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,  
Diffus'd 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



She found her riches at an end,  
And that she had not made one friend.—  
All curs'd 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 refrain 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 *Œconomy* ;  
And styled her fair *Discretion's Queen*,  
The mistress of the golden mean.  
Now *Generosity* confin'd,  
Perfectly easy in her mind ;  
Still loves to give, yet knows to spare,  
Nor wishes to be free from Care.

*The P I G.*

## F A B L E XVIII.

**I**N every age, and each profession,  
 Men err the most by prepossession;  
 But when the thing is clearly shown,  
 And fairly stated, fully known,  
 We soon applaud what we deride,  
 And penitence succeeds to pride.—  
 A certain Baron on a day,  
 Having a mind to shew away,  
 Invited all the Wits and Wags,  
*Foot, Massy, Shuter, Yates and Skeggs,*  
 And built a large commodious stage,  
 For the Choice Spirits of the age;  
 But above all, among the rest,  
 There came a Genius who profess'd  
 To have a curious trick in store,  
 Which never was perform'd before.  
 Thro' all the town this soon got air,  
 And the whole house was like a fair;  
 But soon his entry as he made,  
 Without a prompter, or parade,  
 'Twas all expectance, all suspense,  
 And silence gagg'd the audience.  
 He hid his head behind his wig,  
 And with such truth took off a Pig,

All swore 'twas serious, and no joke,  
 For doubtless underneath his cloak,  
 He had conceal'd some grunting elf,  
 Or, was a real hog himself.  
 A search was made, no pig was found—  
 With thund'ring claps the seats resound,  
 And pit, and box, and galleries roar,  
 With—O rare! 'bravo! and encore.  
 Old *Roger Grouse*, a country clown,  
 Who yet knew something of the town,  
 Beheld the mimic and his whim,  
 And on the morrow challeng'd him,  
 Declaring to each beau and bunter,  
 That he'd out-grunt th' egregious grunter.  
 The morrow came—the croud was greater—  
 But prejudice and rank ill-nature  
 Usurp'd the minds of men and wenches,  
 Who came to hiss, and break the benches.  
 The mimic took his usual station,  
 And squeak'd with general approbation.  
 Again, encore! encore! they cry—  
 'Twas quite THE THING—'T WAS VERY HIGH:  
 Old *Grouse* conceal'd, amidst the racket,  
 A real Pig beneath his jacket—  
 Then forth he came—and with his nail  
 He pinch'd the urchin by the tail.  
 The tortur'd Pig from out his throat,  
 Produc'd the genuine nat'ral note.

All bellow'd out—'twas very sad !  
 Sure never stuff was half so bad !  
 That like a Pig !—each cry'd in scoff,  
 Pshaw ! Nonsense ! Blockhead ! Off ! Off ! Off !  
 The mimic was extoll'd ; and *Grouse*  
 Was hiss'd, and catcall'd from the house.—  
 “ Soft ye, a word before I go,”  
 Quoth honest *Hodge*—and stooping low  
 Produc'd the Pig, and thus aloud  
 Bespoke the *stupid*, partial croud :  
 “ Behold, and learn from this poor creature,  
 “ How much you Critics know of Nature.”

---

 S W E E T W I L L I A M .

## B A L L A D I .

## I .

**B**Y a prattling stream, on a Midsummer's eve,  
 Where the woodbine and jess'mine their boughs inter-  
 weave,  
 Fair Flora, I cry'd, to my harbour 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 .

## 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 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.

**N**O 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.

## 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,  
 They 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 sooth 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.

On my WIFE'S BIRTH-DAY;  
BALLAD III.

## I.

'TIS *Nancy's* birth-day—raise your strains,  
Ye nymphs of the Parnassian plains,  
And sing with more than usual glee  
To *Nancy*, who was born for me.

## II.

Tell the blithe Graces as they bound  
Luxuriant in the buxom round ;  
They're not more elegantly free,  
Than *Nancy*, who was born for me.

## III.

Tell royal *Venus*, tho' she rove,  
The Queen of the immortal grove ;  
That she must share her golden fee  
With *Nancy*, who was born for me.

## IV.

Tell *Pallas*, tho' th' Athenian school,  
And ev'ry trite pedantic fool,  
On her to place the palm agree,  
'Tis *Nancy's*, who was born for me.

## V.

Tell spotless *Dian*, tho' she range,  
The regent of the up-land grange,  
In chastity she yields to thee,  
O, *Nancy*, who wast born for me.



## VI.

Tell *Cupid*, *Hymen*, and tell *Jove*,  
 With all the pow'rs of life and love,  
 That I'd disdain to breathe or *be*,  
 If *Nancy* was not born for me.

---

*The* D E C I S I O N.

## BALLAD IV.

## I.

**M**Y Florio, wildest of his sex,  
 (Who sure the veriest saint 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 Clœe 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 V.

## I.

**F**ROM 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.

Forbear, 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 yes.

## III.

Your tongue's a traitor 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* SILENT FAIR.  
 BALLAD . V.

## I.

**F**ROM 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.

## III.

And if in them you chance to find  
 Aught that is gentle, aught that's kind,

Adieu

Adieu mean hopes of being great,  
And all the littlenefs of ftate.

## IV.

All thoughts of grandeur I'll defpife;  
Which from dependence take their rife;  
To ferve her fhall be my employ,  
And love's fweet agony my joy.

---

*The* FORCE *of* INNOCENCE.

To Mifs C \* \* \* \* \*.

## BALLAD VII.

## I.

**T**HE blooming damfel, whose defence  
Is adamantine innocence,  
Requires no guardian to attend  
Her steps, for modefty's her friend:  
Tho' her fair arms are weak to wield  
The glitt'ring fpear, and mafly fhield;  
Yet fafe from force and fraud combin'd,  
She is an Amazon in mind.

## II.

With this artillery fhe goes,  
Not only 'mongft the harmlefs beaux:  
But e'en unhurt and undifmay'd,  
Views the long fword and fierce cockade,

Tho'

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 Russia'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* DISTRESSED DAMSEL.

## BALLAD VIII.

## I.

**O**F 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 vot'ries to love, but unmindful 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 list 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*

*The* FAIR RECLUSE.

## BALLAD IX.

## I.

**Y**E 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.



## 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 Miss \*\*\*\* one of the Chichester Graces.

Written in Goodwood Gardens, September, 1750.

## BALLAD X.

## 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 fright 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 landscape 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.

## 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 solicit 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.

---

 LOVELY HARRIOT,

A Crambo Ballad.

BALLAD XI.

## I.

**G**REAT Phœbus in his vast career,  
 Who forms the self succeeding year,  
 Thron'd in his amber chariot;

Sees

Sees not an object half so bright,  
 Nor gives such joy, such life, such light,  
 As dear delicious HARRIOT.

## II.

Pedants of dull phlegmatic turns,  
 Whose pulse not beats, whose blood not burns,  
 Read Malebranche, Boyle and Marriot;  
 I scorn their philosophic strife,  
 And study nature from the life,  
 (Where most she shines) in HARRIOT.

## III.

When she admits another wooer,  
 I rave like Shakespeare's jealous Moor,  
 And am as raging Barry hot.  
 True, virtuous, lovely, was his dove,  
 But virtue, beauty, truth and love,  
 Are other names for HARRIOT.

## IV.

Ye factious members who oppose,  
 And tire both Houses with your prose,  
 Tho' never can ye carry aught;  
 You might command the nation's sense,  
 And without bribery convince,  
 Had ye the voice of HARRIOT.

## V.

You of the music common weal,  
 Who borrow, beg, compose, or steal,  
 Cantata, air, or ariet;

You'd

You'd burn your cumb'rous works in score,  
 And sing, compose, and play no more,  
 If once you heard my HARRIOT.

## VI.

Were there a wretch who dar'd essay,  
 Such wond'rous sweetness to betray  
 I'd call him an Iscariot;  
 But her e'en satire can't annoy,  
 So strictly chaste, but kindly coy,  
 Is fair angelic HARRIOT.

## VII.

While sultans, emperors, and kings,  
 (Mean appetite of earthly things)  
 In all the waste of war riot;  
 Love's softer duel be my aim,  
 Praise, honour, glory, conquest, fame,  
 Are center'd all in HARRIOT.

## VIII.

I swear by Hymen and the pow'rs  
 That haunt Love's ever blushing bow'rs,  
 So sweet a nymph to marry ought;  
 Then may I hug her silken yoke,  
 And give the last, the final stroke,  
 T' accomplish lovely HARRIOT.

To J E N N Y G R A Y.

BALLAD XII.

I.

**B**RING, Phœbus, from Parnassian bow'r,s  
A chaplet of poetic flowers,

That far out bloom the May ;  
Bring verse so smooth, and thoughts so free,  
And all the Muses heraldry,

To blazon JENNY GRAY.

II.

Observe yon almond's rich perfume,  
Presenting Spring with early bloom,

In ruddy tints how gay !  
Thus, foremost of the blushing fair,  
With such a blithsome, buxom air,

Blooms lovely JENNY GRAY.

III.

The merry, chirping, plumy throng,  
The bushes and the twigs among

That pipe the sylvan lay,  
All hush'd at her delightful voice  
In silent extacy rejoice,

And study JENNY GRAY.

IV.

Ye balmy odour-breathing gales,  
That lightly sweep the green robed vales,  
And in each rose-bush play ;

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I know

I know you all, you're arrant cheats,  
 And steal your more than natural sweets,  
 From lovely JENNY GRAY.

## V.

Pomona and that Goddess bright,  
 The florist's and the maids delight,  
 In vain their charms display;  
 The luscious nectarine, juicy peach,  
 In richness, nor in sweetness reach  
 The lips of JENNY GRAY.

## VI.

To the sweet knot of Graces three,  
 Th' immortal band of bards agree,  
 A tuneful tax to pay;  
 There yet remains a matchless worth,  
 There yet remains a lovelier fourth,  
 And she is JENNY GRAY.

---

To Miss KITTY BENNET and her Cat Crop.

## BALLAD XIII.

## I.

**F**ULL many a heart, that now is free,  
 May shortly, fair one, beat for thee,  
 And court thy pleasing chain;  
 Then prudent hear a friend's advice,  
 And learn to guard, by conduct nice,  
 The conquests you shall gain.

## II.

## II.

When Tabby Tom your Crop pursues,  
 How many a bite, and many a bruise  
     The amorous Swain endures?  
 E'er yet one favouring glance he catch,  
 What frequent squalls, how many a scratch  
     His tendernefs procures?

## III.

Tho' this, 'tis own'd, be fomewhat rude,  
 And Pufs by nature be a prude,  
     Yet hence you may improve;  
 By decent pride, and dint of scoff,  
 Keep caterwauling coxcombs off,  
     And ward th' attacks of love.

## IV.

Your Crop a mousing when you see,  
 She teaches you œconomy,  
     Which makes the pot to boil:  
 And when she plays with what she gains,  
 She shews you pleasure springs from pains,  
     And mirth's the fruit of toil.



The PRETTY BAR-KEEPER of the MITRE.

BALLAD XIV.

Written at College, 1741.

I.

“ **R**ELAX, sweet girl, your wearied mind,  
 “ And to hear the poet talk,  
 “ Gentlest creature of your kind,  
 “ Lay aside your sponge and chalk;  
 “ Cease, cease the bar-bell, nor refuse  
 “ To hear the jingle of the Muse.

II.

“ Hear your numerous vot’ries prayers,  
 “ Come, O come, and bring with thee  
 “ Giddy whimsies, wanton airs,  
 “ And all love’s soft artillery;  
 “ Smiles and throbs, and frowns, and tears,  
 “ With all the little hopes and fears.

III.

She heard—she came—and e’er she spoke,  
 Not unravish’d you might see  
 Her wanton eyes that wink’d the joke,  
 Ee’r her tongue could set it free.  
 While a forc’d blush her cheeks inflam’d,  
 And seem’d to say she was asham’d.

IV.

## IV.

No handkerchief her bosom hid,  
 No tippet from our sight debars  
 Her heaving breasts with moles o'erspread,  
 Mark'd, little hemispheres, with stars ;  
 While on them all our eyes we move,  
 Our eyes that meant immoderate love.

## V.

In every gesture, every air,  
 Th' imperfect lisp, the languid eye,  
 In every motion of the fair  
 We awkward imitators vie,  
 And forming our own from her face,  
 Strive to look pretty, as we gaze.

## VI.

If e'er she sneer'd, the mimic crowd  
 Sneer'd too, and all their pipes laid down ;  
 If she but stoop'd, we lowly bow'd,  
 And fullen if she 'gan to frown  
 In solemn silence sat profound—  
 But did she laugh !—the laugh went round.

## VII.

Her snuff-box if the nymph pull'd out,  
 Each Johnian in responsive airs  
 Fed with the tickling dust his snout,  
 With all the politesse of bears.  
 Dropt she her fan beneath her hoop,  
 Ev'n stake-stuck Clarians strove to stoop.

## VIII

The tons of culinary Kays  
 Smoaking from the eternal treat,  
 Loft in extatic transport gaze,  
 As tho' the fair was good to eat ;  
 Ev'n gloomiest King's men, pleas'd awhile,  
 " Grin horribly a ghastly smile."

## IX.

But hark, she cries, " my mama calls,"  
 And strait she's vanish'd from our fight ;  
 'Twas then we saw the empty bowls,  
 'Twas then we first perceiv'd it night ;  
 While all, sad Synod, silent moan,  
 Both that she went—and went alone.

---

The WIDOW'S RESOLUTION. A Cantata.

## BALLAD XV.

## RECITATIVE.

**S**YLVIA, the most contented of her kind,  
 Remain'd in joyless widowhood resign'd :  
 In vain to gain her every shepherd strove,  
 Each passion ebb'd, but grief, which drowned love.

## AIR.

Away, she cry'd, ye swains, be mute,  
 Nor with your odious fruitless suit  
 My loyal thoughts controul ;

My

My grief on Resolution's rock  
Is built, nor can temptation shock  
The purpose of my soul.

Tho' blith content with jocund air  
May balance comfort against care,  
And make me life sustain;  
Yet ev'ry joy has wing'd its flight,  
Except that pensive dear delight  
That takes it's rise from pain.

## RECITATIVE.

She said :—A youth approach'd of manly grace,  
A son of Mars, and of th' Hibernian race :—  
In flow'ry rhetorick he no time employ'd,  
He came—he woo'd—he wedded and enjoy'd.

## AIR.

Dido thus of old protested,  
Ne'er to know a second flame ;  
But alas ! she found she jested,  
When the stately Trojan came.  
Nature a disguise may borrow,  
Yet this maxim true will prove,  
Spite of pride, and spite of sorrow,  
She that has an heart must love.  
What on earth is so enchanting  
As beauty weeping on her weeds !  
Thro' flowing eyes on bosom panting  
What a rapturous ray proceeds ?

Since

Since from death there's no returning,  
 When th' old lover bids adieu,  
 All the pomp and farce of mourning  
 Are but signals for a new.

---

EPISTLE to MRS. TYLER.

**I**T ever was allow'd, dear Madam,  
 Ev'n from the days of father Adam,  
 Of all perfection flesh is heir to,  
 Fair patience is the gentlest virtue ;  
 This is a truth our grandames teach,  
 Our poets sing, and parsons preach ;  
 Yet after all, dear Moll, the fact is  
 We seldom put it into practice ;  
 I'll warrant (if one knew the truth)  
 You've call'd me many an idle youth,  
 And styled me rude ungrateful bear,  
 Enough to make a parson swear.

I shall not make a long oration  
 In order for my vindication,  
 For what the plague can I say more  
 Than lazy dogs have done before ;  
 Such stuff is naught but mere tautology,  
 And so take that for my apology.

First

First then for custards, my dear Mary,  
 The produce of your dainty dairy,  
 For stew'd, for bak'd, for boil'd, for roast,  
 And all the teas and all the toast ;  
 With thankful tongue and bowing attitude,  
 I here present you with my gratitude :  
 Next for your apples, pears and plumbs  
 Acknowledgment in order comes ;  
 For wine, for ale, for fowl, for fish—for  
 Ev'n all one's appetite can wish for :  
 But O ye pens and, O ye pencils,  
 And all ye scribbling utensils,  
 Say in what words and in what metre,  
 Shall unfeign'd admiration greet her,  
 For that rich banquet so refin'd  
 Her conversation gave the mind ;  
 The solid meal of sense and worth,  
 Set off by the desert of mirth ;  
 Wit's fruit and pleasure's genial bowl,  
 And all the joyous flow of soul ;  
 For these, and every kind ingredient  
 That form'd your love—your most obedient.

---

To the Rev. Mr. POWELL, on the Non-performance of  
 a Promise he made the Author of a Hare.

**F**RIEND, with regard to this same hare,  
 Am I to hope, or to despair ?

By

By punctual post the letter came,  
 With P\*\*\*LL's hand, and P\*\*\*LL's name:  
 Yet there appear'd, for love or money,  
 Nor hare, nor leveret, nor coney.  
 Say, my dear Morgan, has my lord,  
 Like other great ones kept his word?  
 Or have you been deceiv'd by 'squire?  
 Or has your poacher lost his wire?  
 Or in some unpropitious hole,  
 Instead of puffs, trepann'd a mole?  
 Thou valiant son of great Cadwallader,  
 Hast thou a hare, or hast thou swallow'd her?

But, now, me thinks, I hear you say,  
 (And shake your head) " Ah, well-a-day!  
 " Painful pre-em'nence to be wise,  
 " We wits have such short memories.  
 " Oh, that the act was not in force!  
 " A horse!—my kingdom for a horse!  
 " To love—yet be deny'd the sport!  
 " Oh! for a friend or two at court!  
 " God knows, there's scarce a man of quality  
 " In all our peerless principality—

But hold—for on his country joking,  
 To a warm Welchman's most provoking.  
 As for poor puffs, upon my honour,  
 I never set my heart upon her.  
 But any gift from friend to friend,  
 Is pleasing in it's aim and end.



I, like the cock, wou'd spurn a jewel,  
 Sent by th' unkind, th' unjust, and cruel.  
 But honest P\*\*\*LL!—Sure from him  
 A barley-corn wou'd be a gem.  
 Pleas'd therefore had I been, and proud,  
 And prais'd thy generous heart aloud,  
 If 'stead of hare (but do not blab it)  
 You'd sent me only a Welch rabbit.

---

The S I C K M O N K E Y.

Epigram I.

**A** Lady sent lately for 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.”

---

A P O L L O and D A P H N E.

Epigram II.

**W**HEN Phœbus was am'rous, and long'd to be rude,  
 Miss Daphne cry'd pish! and ran swift to the wood,  
 And

And rather than do such a naughty affair,  
She became a fine laurel to deck the god's hair.

The nymph was be fure of a cold constitution,  
To be turn'd to a tree was a strange resolution;  
But in this she resembled a true modern spouse,  
For she fled from his arms to distinguish his brows.

The MISER and the MOUSE.

Epigram III. (From the Greek.)

**T**O a Mouse says a Miser, " my dear Mr. Mouse,  
" Pray what may you please for to want in my house ?"  
Says the Mouse, " Mr. Miser, pray keep yourself quiet,  
" You are safe in your person, your purse, and your diet :  
" A lodging I want, which ev'n you may afford,  
" But none wou'd come here to beg, borrow, or board."

Epigram IV.

On a Woman who was singing Ballads for Money  
to bury her Husband.

**F**OR her Husband deceas'd, Sally chants the sweet lay,  
Why, faith, this is singular sorrow ;  
But (I doubt) since she sings for a dead man to-day,  
She'll cry for a live one to-morrow.

To

To the Right Hon. EARL of DARLINGTON, on his  
being appointed Paymaster of his Majesty's Forces.

“ The royal hand, my Lord, shall raise  
“ To nobler heights thy name ;  
“ Who praises thee shall meet with praise,  
“ Ennobled in thy fame.

SMART'S ODE.

WHAT the prophetic muse foretold is true,  
And royal justice gives to worth its due ;  
The Roman spirit now breathes forth again,  
And Virtue's temple leads to honour's fane ;  
But not alone to thee this grant extends,  
Nor in thy rise great Brunswick's goodness ends :  
Whoe'er has known thy hospitable dome,  
Where each glad guest still finds himself at home :  
Whoe'er has seen the numerous poor that wait  
To bless thy bounty at the expanded gate ;  
Whoe'er has seen thee general joy impart,  
And smile away chagrin from every heart,  
All these are happy—pleasure reigns confessed,  
And thy prosperity makes thousands blest.

On

On the Death of MASTER NEWBERRY, after a  
lingering Illness.

**H**ENCEFORTH be every tender tear suppress,  
Or let us weep for joy, that he is blest;  
From grief to bliss, from earth to heav'n remov'd,  
His mem'ry honour'd, as his life belov'd:  
That heart o'er which no evil e'er had pow'r;  
That disposition sickness cou'd not sour;  
That sense so oft to riper years denied,  
That patience heroes might have own'd with pride.  
His painful race undauntedly he ran,  
And in the eleventh winter died a man.

---

Epitaph on the Rev. Mr. REYNOLDS, at St. Peter's  
in the Isle of Thanet.

**W**AS Rhetoric on the lips of sorrow hung,  
Or cou'd affliction lend the heart a tongue,  
Then should my soul, in noble anguish free,  
Do glorious justice to herself and thee.  
But ah! when loaded with a weight of woe,  
Ev'n nature, blessed nature is our foe.  
When we should praise, we sympathetic groan,  
For sad mortality is all our own.

Yet

Yet but a word: as lowly as he lies,  
 He spurns all empires and asserts the skies.  
 Blush, power! he had no interest here below;  
 Blush, malice! that he dy'd without a foe;  
 The universal friend, so form'd to engage,  
 Was far too precious for this world and age.  
 Years were deny'd, for (such his worth and truth)  
 Kind heaven has call'd him to eternal youth.

---

To my worthy Friend Mr. T. B. one of the People  
 called Quakers.

Written in his Garden July, 1752.

**F**REE from the proud, the pompous, and the vain,  
 How simply neat, and elegantly plain  
 Thy rural villa lifts its modest head,  
 Where fair convenience reigns in fashion's stead;  
 Where sober plenty does its bliss impart,  
 And glads thine hospitable, honest heart.  
 Mirth without vice, and rapture without noise,  
 And all the decent, all the manly joys!  
 Beneath a shadowy bow'r, the summer's pride,  
 Thy darling \* Tullia sitting by thy side;  
 Where light and shade in varied scenes display  
 A contrast sweet, like friendly yea and nay.  
 My hand, the secretary of my mind,  
 Leaves thee these lines upon the poplar's rind.

\* His daughter.

On seeing the Picture of Miss R—— G——N.

Drawn by Mr. Varelst, of Threadneedle-street.

**S**HALL candid \* Prior, in immortal lays,  
 Thy ancestor with generous ardour praise ;  
 Who, with his pencil's animating pow'r,  
 In liveliest dies immortaliz'd a flow'r,  
 And shall no just, impartial bard be found,  
 Thy more exalted merits to resound ?  
 Who giv'st to beauty a perpetual bloom,  
 And lively grace, which age shall not consume ;  
 Who mak'st the speaking eyes with meaning roll,  
 And paint'st at once the body and the soul.

\* See Verses on a Flower painted by Varelst.

---

An Invitation to Mrs. Tyler, a Clergyman's Lady,  
 to dine upon a Couple of Ducks on the Anniver-  
 sary of the Authors Wedding-Day.

**H**AD I the pen of *Sir John Suckling*,  
 And could find out a rhyme for duckling,  
 Why dearest madam, in that case,  
 I would invite you to a brace.  
 Haste, gentle \* shepherdes, away,  
 To morrow is the gaudy day,

That

\* As every good parson is the shepherd of his flock, his  
 wife is a shepherdes of course.

That day, when to my longing arms,  
*Nancy* resign'd her golden charms,  
 And set my am'rous inclination  
 Upon the bus'ness of the nation.  
 Industrious *Moll*, \* with many a pluck,  
 Unwings the plumage of each duck ;  
 And as she sits a brooding o'er,  
 You'd think she'd hatch a couple more.  
 Come, all ye Muses, come and sing—  
 Shall we then roast them on a string ?  
 Or shall we make our dirty jilt run,  
 To beg a roast of Mrs. † *Bilton* ?  
 But to delight you more with these,  
 We shall provide a dish of pease :  
 On ducks alone we'll not regale you,  
 We'll wine, we'll punch you, and we'll ale you.  
 To-morrow is the gaudy day,  
 Haste, gentle shepherdes, away.

\* The Maid.

† The Landlady of the Public House.

---

To MISS S—— P——E.

**F**AIR partner of my *Nancy's* heart,  
 Who feel'st, like me, love's poignant dart ;  
 Who at a frown can'st pant for pain,  
 And at a smile revive again ;

F

Who



Who doat't to that severe degree,]  
You're jealous, e'en of constancy;  
Born hopes and fears and doubts to prove,  
And each vicissitude of love!  
To this my humble suit attend,  
And be my advocate and friend.  
So may just heav'n your goodness bless,  
Successful ev'n in my success!  
Oft at the silent hour of night,  
When bold intrusion wings her flight,  
My fair, from care and bus'ness free,  
Unbosoms all her soul to thee,  
Each hope with which her bosom heaves,  
Each tender wish her heart receives  
To thee are intimately known,  
And all her thoughts become thy own:  
Then take the blessed blisful hour,  
To try love's sweet infectious pow'r;  
And let your sister souls conspire  
In love's, as friendship's calmer fire.  
So may thy transport equal mine,  
Na — every joy be doubly thine!  
So may the youth, whom you prefer,  
Be all I wish to be to her.

**D**ISERTISSIME Rømulì Nepotum,  
 Quot sunt, quotque fuère, Marce Tullì,  
 Et quot pòst aliis erunt in annis,  
 Gratias tibi maximas CATULLUS,  
 Agit pessimus omnium Poeta ;—  
 Tanto pessimus omnium Poeta,  
 Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

---

 I M I T A T E D

After Dining with Mr. MURRAY.

**O** THOU, of British Orators the chief  
 That *were*, or *are* in *being*, or belief ;  
 All eminence and goodness as thou art,  
 Accept the gratitude of POET SMART,—  
 The meanest of the tuneful train as far,  
 As thou transcend'st the brightest at the bar.

## INSCRIPTIONS ON AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

On one End.

**P**ARTEM aliquam, O venti, divûm referatis ad  
aures.

On one Side,

Salve, quæ fingis proprio modulamine carmen,  
Salve, Memnoniam vox imitata lyram !  
Dulcè O divinûmque sonas sine pollicis ictu,  
Dives naturæ simplicis, artis inops !  
Talia, quæ incultæ dant mellea labra puellæ,  
Talia sunt faciles quæ modulantur aves.

On the other Side.

HAIL heav'nly harp, where Memnon's skill is  
shewn,  
That charm'ft the ear with musick all thine own !  
Which tho' untouch'd, can'ft rapt'rous strains impart.  
O rich of genuine nature, free from art !  
Such the wild warblings of the fylvan throng,  
So simply sweet the untaught virgin's song,

On the other End.

Christophorus Smart Henrico Bell Armigero.

An

An EPIGRAM by Sir Thomas More.

De Tyndaro.

**N**ON minimo insignem naso dum forte puellam  
 Basiat, en! voluit Tyndarus esse dicax.  
 Frustra, ait, ergo tuis mea profero labra labellis,  
 Nostra procul nasus distinet ora tuus.  
 Protinus erubuit, tacitaque excanduit irâ,  
 Nempe parum falso tacta puella fale.  
 Nasus ab ore meus tua si tenet oscula, dixit,  
 Quà nasus non est, hâc dare parte potes.

The LONG-NOSED FAIR.

**O**NCE on a time I fair Dorinda kifs'd,  
 Whose nose was too distinguish'd to be mis'd;  
 My dear, says I, I fain would kifs you clofer,  
 But tho' your lips say aye—your nose says, no, Sir.—  
 The maid was equally to fun inclin'd,  
 And plac'd her lovely lilly-hand behind;  
 Here, swain, she cry'd, may'st thou securely kifs,  
 Where there's no nose to interrupt thy blifs.

## FANNY, BLOOMING FAIR.

*Translated into Latin, in the manner of Mr. Bourne.*

## I.

CUM primùm ante oculos, viridi lasciva juventâ,  
 Non temere attonitos Fannia pulchra stetit,  
 Ut mihi se gratus calor insinuavit in ossa  
 Miranti speciem, virgineumque decus!  
 Dum partes meditor varias, & amabile—quid non?  
 Lustrandique acies magna libido capit;  
 Prodigus & laudum dum formam ad sidera tollo,  
 Subdolus en! furtim labitur intus amor.

## II.

Idalii pueri, Venerisque exercitus omnis  
 Exornat multo lumina foeta dolo;  
 Hic currus, hic tela jacent, hic arcus Amoris,  
 Cypri possiditis hic manet ipse jugis.  
 Nativis gena pulchra rosis vestita superbit,  
 Invalidam artificis spernere nata manum;  
 Non tantas jactat veneres suavissimus horti  
 Incola, quando novis spirat amoma comis.

## III.

Concinnis membris patet immortalis origo,  
 Illa Jovis monstrant quid potuere manus;  
 Reginamque Cnidi, formosam Cyprida, reddit,  
 Quicumque egregio ludit in ore decor!

Quanta

## FANNY, BLOOMING FAIR.

## I.

**W**HEN Fanny, blooming fair,  
 First caught my ravish'd sight,  
 Pleas'd with her shape and air,  
 I felt a strange delight :  
 Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,  
 Admiring ev'ry part,  
 And ev'ry feature prais'd,  
 She stole into my heart.

## II.

In her bewitching eyes  
 Ten thousand loves appear ;  
 There Cupid basking lies,  
 His shafts are hoarded there.  
 Her blooming cheeks are dy'd  
 With colour all her own,  
 Exceling far the pride  
 Of roses newly blown.

## III.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess  
 The lucky hand of Jove ;  
 Her features all express  
 The beauteous queen of love.

Quanta mihi nervos, heu, quanta est flamma medullas,  
 Pectoris ut video luxuriantis ebur—  
 Pectoris eximiæ nymphæ—jam dulcè tumentis  
 Jam subsidentis—sed cupit ante premi.

## IV.

Circumdat mediam cestus (mihi credite) nympham  
 Insignis cestus, quem dedit ipsa Venus :  
 Dulce satellitium circa illam ludit amorum,  
 Atque hilares ducit turba jocosa choros.  
 Felix ante homines istius cingula zonæ  
 Qui solvas, felix, quisquis es, ante Deos !  
 Omnes, tanta omnes, nisi me, contingere posse  
 Gaudia, vosque Dii, tuque puella neges.



What flames my nerves invade  
When I behold the breast  
Of that too charming maid  
Rife suing to be prest!

## IV.

Venus round Fanny's waist  
Has her own cestus bound,  
There guardian Cupids grace,  
And dance the circle round.  
How happy must he be,  
Who shall her zone unloose!  
That blifs to all but me,  
May heav'n and she refuse.

## The PRETTY CHAMBERMAID :

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

## I.

**C**OLLIN, 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 Tecmessa 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;  
Each hero kiss'd his maid, and why,  
Tho' I'm no hero, may not I?

## IV.

## O D E IV. Ad Xanthiam Phoceum

## I.

**N**E fit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,  
 Xanthia Phoceu ; prius insolentem  
 Serva Briseis niveo colore  
         Movit Achillem :

## II.

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum  
 Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ :  
 Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho.  
         Virgine rapta :

## III.

Barbaræ postquam cecidère turmæ  
 Theffalo victore, & ademptus Hector  
 Tradidit fessis leviora tolli  
         Pergama Graiis.

## IV.

## IV.

Who knows? Polly Perhaps 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—  
How'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.

## IV.

Nescias an te generum beati  
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes.  
Regium certè genus & penates  
Mœret iniquos.

## V.

Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ  
Plebe dilectam; neque sic fidelem,  
Sic lucro averfam potuisse nasci  
Matre pudendâ.

## VI.

Brachia, & vultum, teretèsque furas.  
Integer laudo. Fuge suspicari,  
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas  
Claudere lustrum.

## CHRISTOPHORUS SMART

SAMUELI SAUNDERS, Col. Regal, S. P. D.

**P**HŒBUS & Liber, charitesque mecum  
 Nocte cœnabunt (ita spondet Hermes)  
 Nostra sed prorsus, nisi te magistro,  
 Poc'la recufant.

Attici dives venias leporis,  
 Non sine affueto venias cachinno, et  
 Blanda pinguedo explicitâ renidens  
 Fronte jocetur.

Georgium expecto, Salis architectum  
 Duplicis vafrum fati, æmulosque  
 Spero vos inter fore nunc, ut olim,  
 Nobile bellum.

Dumque lucubrata per omne longi  
 Frigoris sæclum pueros tenellos  
 Alma nox pictas videt otiosos  
 Volvere chartas.

Proh pudor! devota lucro juvenus  
 (Ut puellarum numerus fenumque)  
 Pallet infomnis repetita duri  
 Jurgia ludi.

Sperne

Sperne (nam multæ cerebrum Minervæ  
Est tibi) nugas age quætuofas,  
Arduas, vanas, & amara curæ

Elue mecum.

Jam riget tellus, hyemantque menses,  
Vestra sed laurus vireat, tuisque  
In genis dulcis rosa sanitatis

Sera moretur.

Aul. Pemb. Cantab, Cal. Jan



## THE FAMOUS GENERAL EPITAPH

From DEMOSTHENES.

**T**HESE for their country's cause were sheath'd in  
arms

And all base imputations dare despise ;  
And *nobly* struck with GLORY'S *dreadful charms*,  
Made death their aim, eternity their prize.  
For never could their mighty spirits yield,  
To see themselves and country-men in chains ;  
And earth's kind bosom hides them in the field  
Of battle, so the WILL SUPREME ordains ;  
To conquer chance and error's not reveal'd,  
For mortals sure mortality remains.

---

Οἶδ' ἄτερ' ἔνεκα σφετέρᾳ εἰς δῆρ' ἔθεντο  
Ὀπλᾶ καὶ ἀντιπάλων ὕβριν ἀπεσκέδασαν ;  
Μαρνάμενος δ' ἀρετῆς καὶ δειμάτος, οὐκ ἔσ᾿ ἄωσαν  
Ψυχὰς, ἀλλ' αἰδῆν κοῖνον ἔθεντο βράβη  
Δουλοσύνης στυγεράν ἀμφὶς ἔχωσιν ὕβριν.  
Οὐνεκεν Ἑλλήνων, ὡς μή ζυλὸν αὐχένι Θέντες,  
Γαῖα δὲ πατρὶς ἔχει κόλποις τῶν πλεῖστα καμόντων  
Σώματ' ἐπεὶ Θνητοῖς ἐκ Διὸς ἦδε κρίσις  
Μηδὲν ἀμαρτεῖν ἔστι Θεῶν καὶ πάντα κατορθοῦν,  
Ἐν βιοτῇ μοῖραν δ' οὔτε φυγεῖν ἔσπορεν.



C A R M E N

I N

S. C Æ C I L I A M.



O D E

O N

SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.



Vol. II.]

G

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;  
 The breathing instruments inspire,  
 Wake into voice each silent string,  
 And sweep the sounding lyre!  
     In a sadly-pleasing strain,  
     Let the warbling lute complain:  
         Let the loud trumpet sound,  
         'Till the roofs all around  
         The shrill echoes rebound:  
 While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,  
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.  
     Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,  
     Gently steal upon the ear;  
     Now louder, and yet louder rise,  
     And fill with spreading sounds the skies;  
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,  
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;  
     Till by degrees, remote and small,  
         The strains decay,  
         And melt away,  
     In a dying, dying fall.

II.

## I.

**D**ESCENDE cœlo, spiritu quæ melleo

Imples, Camœna, tibias ;

Descende, pulsas quæ lyram volucris manu,

Nervumque sopitum excita :

Discat fundere suaviter severas

Testudo numerosa cantilenas :

Cava classica clangoribus auras

Repleant, resonent tremebundarum

Laquearia convulsa domorum :

Inque vicem lentâ gravia organa majestate

Spirent, augustoque sonore inflata tumescant.

Ut clarè, ut placidi molliter auribus

Se furtim bibulis insinuant modi !

Mox tollunt violentum altiùs altiùs

Auditum Superis sonum !

Jamque exultantes numeri atque audacia turgent

Carmina, jam tremulus fractis fluitat furor auris ;

Donec minutatim remota,

Jam liquefacta,

Jam moritura,

Murmura languent,

Murmura dulci

Leniter attenuata casu.

## II.

By Music minds an equal temper know,  
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.  
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,  
 Music her soft assuasive voice applies ;  
     Or when the soul is press'd with cares,  
     Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.  
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;  
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :  
     Melancholy lifts her head,  
     Morpheus rouses from his bed,  
     Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,  
     Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes :  
 Intestine War no more our passions wage,  
 And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

## III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,  
 How martial music every bosom warms !  
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,  
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,  
     While Argo saw her kindred trees  
     Descend from Pelion to the main :  
 Transported demi-gods stood round,  
 And men grew heroes at the sound,  
     Enflam'd with glory's charms ;  
 Each chief his sev'n-fold shield display'd,  
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade,  
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound  
     To arms, to arms, to arms !

## IV.

## II.

Æquas ut servat moderatrix Musica mentes !

Ut premit, aut laxat mollibus imperiis !

Seu gaudiorum turbida pectora

Tumultuosis fluctibus æstuant,

Tranquillat ; urget seu malorum

Pondus, humo levat Illa voce.

Gestit bellantes animoso accendere cantu ;

Blanda que amatori medicamina sufficit ægro :

Languens ecce ! caput Mœstitia erigit,

Morpheus molliculis profilit e toris,

Ulnas implicitas pandit Inertia,

Audit deciduis Invidia anguibus :

Intestina animi cessant bella ; applicat aures

Seditio, nec præcipites reminiscitur iras.

## III.

Ast ubi dulcis amor patriæ pia mittit in arma,

O ! quanto accendunt mavortia tympana pulsu !

Sic, cum prima viam navis tentaret inaufam,

Thrax cecinit, puppique lyram tractavit in altâ,

Dum vidit Argo Pelion arduum

Pinus sorores deferere impigras,

Et turba circumfusa muto

Semideûm stupuere plausu :

Incedit heros, quisquis audiit sonum,

Amore flagrans gloriæ ;

Dum feminudum quisque rapit manu

Ensem, et coruscat multiplicem ægida :

Ad arma sylvæ, ad arma montes,

Terra, mare, astra sonant ad arma !

## IV.

But when thro' all the infernal bounds  
Which flaming Phlegethon furrounds,  
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led  
To the pale nations of the dead,  
What sounds were heard,  
What scenes appear'd,  
O'er all the dreary coasts !  
Dreadful gleams,  
Dismal screams,  
Fires that glow,  
Shrieks of woe,  
Sullen moans,  
Hollow groans,  
And cries of tortur'd ghosts !  
But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;  
And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire,  
See, shady forms advance !  
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,  
Ixion rests upon his wheel,  
And the pale spectres dance !  
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,  
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

## IV.

Sed, cum per orci limites cavernosi,  
 Amplexibus quos igneis obit fumans  
 Phlegethon, Poetam, Morte non minus pollens,  
 Adire jussit pallidos Amor manes,

Quæ mirac'la sonorum!

Ouæ feralia monstra videri,

Diras per oras diffita!

Horrida fulgura,

Vox penetrabilis

Sæva querentium,

Et picei ignis

Triste crepusculum,

Diri ululatus,

Et gemitûs gravis

Mœsta profunditas,

Dumque luunt pœnas animæ, tremuli singultus:  
 Sed audin'! audin'! auream ferit chelyn,

Miserisque fecit otium:

En! tenue ut patulis auribus agmen adest!

Quiescit ingens Sisyphi saxum, et suæ

Acclinis Ixion rotæ,

Atque leves ineunt pallida spectra choros!  
 Ferratis sua membra toris collapsa reclinant  
 Oblitæ irarum Eumenides, et lurica circum  
 Colla auscultantes sese explicuere colubri!



## V.

By the streams that ever flow,  
 By the fragrant winds that blow  
     O'er th' Elyfian flow'rs,  
 By those happy souls who dwell  
 In yellow meads of asphodel,  
     Or amaranthine bow'rs,  
 By the heroes armed shades,  
 Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,  
 By the youths that dy'd for love,  
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,  
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life ;  
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife !  
     He sung, and Hell consented  
     To hear the Poet's prayer ;  
     Stern Proserpine relented  
     And gave him back the fair.  
     Thus song cou'd prevail  
     O'er death and o'er hell,  
 A conquest how hard and how glorious !  
     Tho' fate had fast bound her,  
     With Styx nine times round her,  
 Yet music and love were victorious.

## VI.

## V.

Per fluentorum vada, quæ perenni

Rore delibant sinuosa ripas ;

Per levem, siqua Elyfii vireta

Ventilat aura ;

Per beatorum Genios colentes

Arva, quæ passim asphodelis renidet

Gramen auratis, amaranthinæve um-

bracula frondis ;

Per duces, si quis dubiam per umbram

Splendidis latè loca lustrat armis ;

Myrtæ et quisquis querulus vagatur

Incola sylvæ ;

Reddite (vos rapuistis enim) mihi reddite sponsam,

Obtestor, parilive adjungite me quoque fato !

Canit, canenti Dis ferus annuit,

Ceditque blandarum harmoniæ precum,

Et victa mansuescunt severæ

Persephones sine more corda.

Io Triumphe ! Mors et Orcus Orpheo

Lætantur domitore domari,

Vatemque mirâ insigniunt victoriâ !

Fata obstant—novies Styx circumfusa coercet—

Nequicquam—vincit musica, vincit amor.

## VI.

## VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :  
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !  
 How wilt thou now the fatal sister move ?  
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,  
 Beside the fall of fountains,  
 Or where Hebrus wanders  
 Rolling in mæanders,  
 All alone  
 Unheard, unknown,  
 He makes his moan,  
 And calls her ghost,  
 For ever, ever, ever lost !  
 Now with furies surrounded,  
 Despairing, confounded,  
 He trembles, he glows  
 Amidst Rhodope's snows ;  
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;  
 Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—  
 — Ah ! see he dies !  
 Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,  
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,  
 Eurydice the woods,  
 Eurydice the floods,  
 Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

## VII.

## VII.

Sed nimiùm, heu ! nimiùm impatiens respexit amator :

Ah ! cecidit, cecidit, subitoque elapsa refugit !

Quâ prece jam furdas flectes, temerarie, Parcas ?

At tu, si crimen, crimen amantis habes.

Nunc pendulis sub antris,

Jugesve propter undas,

Ubi callibus reductis

Temerè vagatur Hebrus,

Heu ! solus, neque

Auditus, neque

Cognitus ulli,

Fletus integrat,

Teque gemens vocat, Eurydice,

Perdita, perdita,

Heu ! omne in ævum perdita !

Nunc totum Eumenides exagitant, jugis

En ! canæ Rhodopes in gelidis tremit,

Ardescens tremit, infans, spemque abjicit omnem.

Ecce ! per avia lustra furens fugit ocyor Euro ;

Evœ ! perstrepat, audin', ut Hæmus, et ingemit evœ !—

— Ah ! perit !—

Eurydicen tamen extremâ cum voce profundit,

Eurydicen tremulo murmure lingua canit,

Eurydicen nemus,

Eurydicen aquæ,

Eurydicen montes, gemebundaque saxa retorquent.

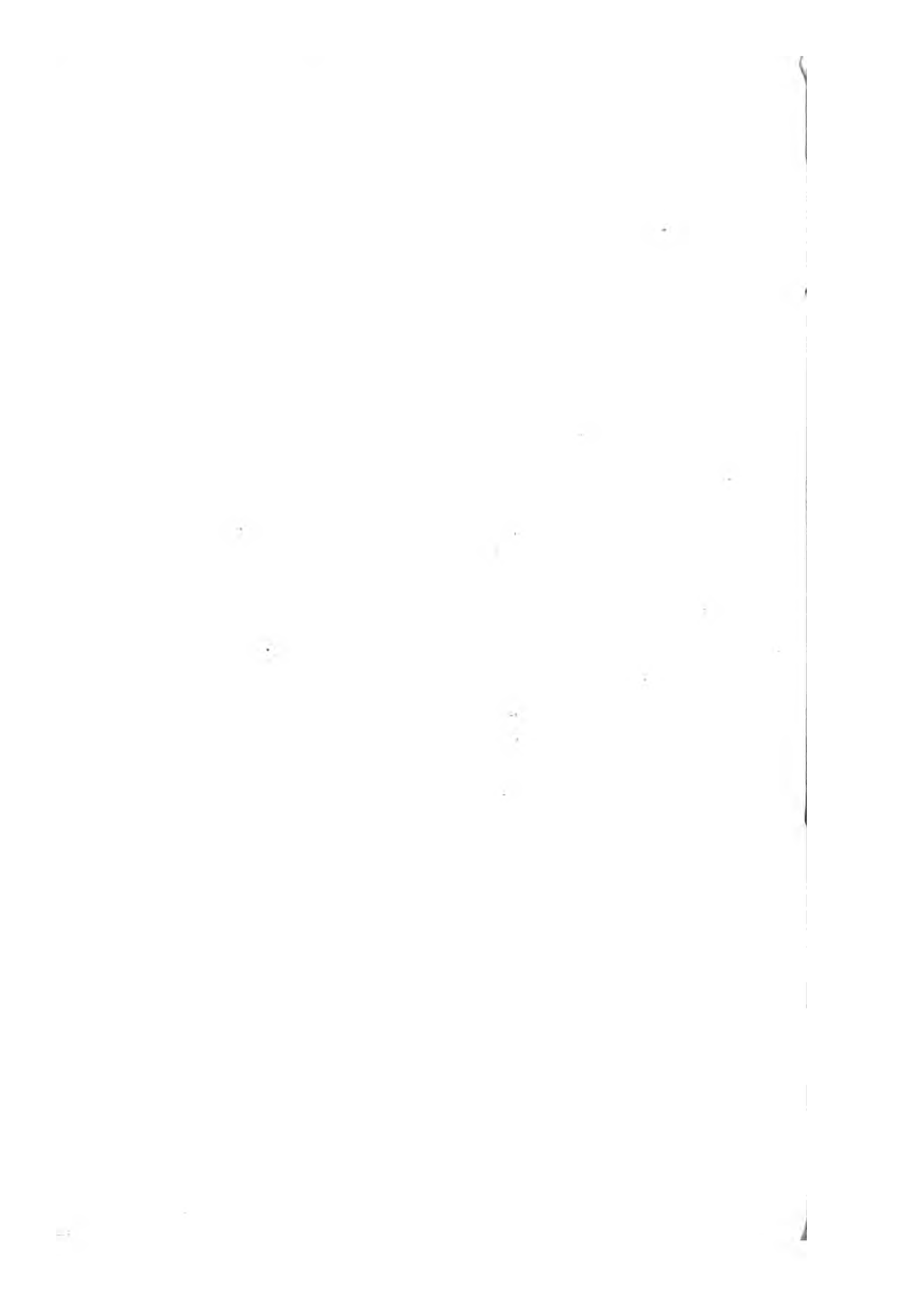
## VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,  
And fate's severest rage disarm :  
Music can soften pain to ease,  
And make despair and madness please :  
Our joys below it can improve,  
And antedate the bliss above.  
This the divine Cecilia found,  
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.  
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,  
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear,  
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,  
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;  
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.  
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,  
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n ;  
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,  
Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

## VII.

Luſtus muſica temperat feroces,  
Et fati levat ingruentis iſtus :  
Dulcis muſica mollitè dolorem  
Mutat lætitia ; ſonante pleſtro  
Spes averſa redit, Furor recumbit :  
Nobis illa eadem breves adauget  
Terræ delicias, opeſque cœli  
Præſentire docet remotiores.

Hinc ſolum cecinit Numen, memor, unde beatam  
Ceperat harmoniam et modulamina non ſua, Virgo.  
Organa plena choris ubi magnifico concentu  
Miſcentur, aurem ætherei inclinant incolæ ;  
Terreſtres animæ tolluntur in aſtra tument  
Carminè, divinoque alitur ſacra flamma furore ;  
Dum prona cœlo pendet angelûm cohors.  
Orpheûm jam taceant Pierides ſuum,  
Major Cæciliæ vis datur inclytæ.  
Ille vix umbram revocavit orco ;  
Illa ſublataſ ſuper aſtra mentes  
Inſerit cœlo, ſuperiſque miſcet  
Carminè Diviſ.





A

L A T I N V E R S I O N

O F

MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO.

*Χρυσεία χαλκείων, ἑκατομβοὶ ἰννεαβοίων.* HOM.





**H**ENCE, 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,  
 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.

    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  
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;  
 Or whether (as some Sages sing)  
 The frolick wind, that breathes the spring,  
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,  
 As he met her once a Maying,  
 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

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

Sed huc propinquet comis et pulcherrima,  
 Quæ nympha divis audit Euphrosyne choris,  
 Patiens tamen vocatur à mortalibus  
 Medicina cordis hilaritas, quam candida  
 Venus duabus insuper cum Gratiis  
 Dias Lyæo patri in auras edidit :  
 Sive ille ventus (cæteri ut Mystæ canunt)  
 Jocundus aurâ qui ver implet melleâ,  
 Zephyrus puellam amplexus est Tithoniam  
 Quondam calendis feriatam Maiis,  
 Tunc pallidis genuit super violariis,  
 Super et rosarum roscidâ lanugine,  
 Alacrem, beatam, vividamque filiam.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
 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 sleek;  
 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  
 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;  
 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 to come in spight of sorrow,  
 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;  
 And to the stack or the barn-door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before.

Agedum puella, quin pari vadant gradu  
 Jocus et Juventas, Scommata et Protervitas,  
 Dolusque duplex, nutus et ni&ctatio,  
 Tenuisque risus huc et huc contortilis;  
 Qualis venust pendet Hebes in genâ,  
 Amatque jungi lævibus gelafinis;  
 Curæ sequatur Ludus infestus nigræ, et  
 Laterum Cachinnus pinguium frustra tenax.  
 Agite caterva ludat exultim levis,  
 Pedesque dnlcis subleuet lascivia;  
 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  
 Liberrimâ juvenemur innocentia;  
 Ut cum volatus auspicatur concitos;  
 Stupidamque alauda voce noctem territat;  
 Levata cœlestem in pharon diluculò,  
 Priùsque gilvum quam rubet crepusculum.  
 Tunc ad fenestras (anxii nolint, velint)  
 Diem precemur prosperam viciniæ,  
 Caput exerentes e rosis sylvestribus,  
 Seu vite, sive flexili cynosbato.  
 Dum Martius clamore Gallus vivido  
 Tenuem laceffit in fugâ caliginem,  
 Graditurve farris ad struem, vel horreum,  
 Dominæ præeuns, graduque grandi glorians.

Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Thro' the high wood echoing shrill.  
Sometimes walking not unseen  
By edge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great sun begins his state,  
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight.  
While the ploughman near at hand,  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
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,  
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
Mountains, on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest,  
Meadows trim with daizies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:  
Tow'rs and battlements its fees  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies  
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard

Sæpe audiamus ut canes et cornua  
 Sonore læto mane sopitum cient,  
 Dum quæ præalti clivus albescit jugi,  
 Docilis canora reddit Echo murmura.  
 Mox, teste multo, quæ virent colles, vager,  
 Ulmosque sepes ordinatas implicat,  
 Eoa stans apricus ante limina,  
 Ubi sol coruscum magnus instaurat diem  
 Vestitus igni, lucidoque succino,  
 Inter micantùm mille formas nubium.  
 Vicinus agrum dum colonus transmeat,  
 Atque æmulatur ore fistulam rudi,  
 Mulctramque portat cantitans puellula,  
 Falcique cotem messor aptat stridulæ,  
 Suamque pastor quisque garrit fabulam,  
 Reclinis in convalle, subter arbuto.  
 Mox illecebras oculus arripuit novas,  
 Dum longus undiquaque prospectus patet,  
 Canum novale, et fusca saltûs æquora,  
 Quæ pecora gramen demetunt vagantia ;  
 Sublimium sterilia terga montium,  
 Qui ponderosa sæpe torquent nubila,  
 Maculosa vernis prata passim bellibus,  
 Amnes vadosi, et latiora flumina.  
 Pinnaeque murorum, atque turres cernere est  
 Cristata circùm quas coronant robora,  
 Ubi forte quædam nymphea fallit, cui decor  
 Viciniam (cynosura tanquam) illuminat.

Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
 Are at their savory dinner fet  
 Of herbs and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
 And then in haste her bowr's she leaves:  
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
 Or if the earlier season lead  
 To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead;  
 Sometimes with secure delight  
 The up-land hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks found  
 To many a youth and many a maid;  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
 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,  
 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 sweats,  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly fet,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn.

That



Juxta duarum subter umbrà quercuum,  
 Culmis operiâ fumus emicat casâ,  
 Quà jam vocati Thyrsis et Corydon sedent,  
 Famemque odoro compriment convivio,  
 Herbis, cibisque rusticis, nitidissimâ.  
 Quæ sufficit succincta Phillis dexterâ :  
 Mox Thestyli morem gerens jacentia  
 Aureis catenis cogit in fasces fata :  
 Vernisve in hœris, sole tostum virgines.  
 Fœnum recenti pellicit fragrantia ;  
 Est et serenis quando foeta gaudiis.  
 Excelsiora perplacent magalia ;  
 Utcunque juxta flumen in numerum sonant.  
 Campanæ, et ic̄ta dulcè barbitos strepit,  
 Dum multa nymp̄ha, multa pubes duritèr  
 Pellunt trementes ad canorem cespites  
 Dubias per umbras : qua labore liberi  
 Juvenesque ludunt, et fenes promiscui,  
 Melius nitente sole propter ferias.  
 Jam quando vesperascit, omnes allicit  
 Auro liquenti Bacchus hordiaceus,  
 Phyllisque narrat fabulosa facinora,  
 Lamia ut paratas Mabba consumpsit dapes,  
 Se vapulasse, et esse pressam ab Incubo,  
 Fatuoque tritâ ab igne seductam viâ ;  
 Ut et laborem subiit Idolon gravem,  
 Floremque lactis meritis est stipendium ;  
 Unius (inquit) ante noctis exitum  
 Tot grana frugis fuste trivit veneficus,



That ten day-labourers could not end,  
 Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,  
 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 maddin sings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.  
 Towred cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
 In weeds of peace high triumph hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace whom all commend,  
 There let Hymen oft appear,  
 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.  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Johnson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And:

Quot expedire rustici nequeunt decem,  
 Quo jam peracto plumbeum monstrum cubat,  
 Focumque totum latere longo metiens  
 Crinita membra fessus igne recreat ;  
 Dein, priusquam gallus evocat diem,  
 Tandem fatur phantasma sese proripit.  
 Sic absolutis fabulis ineunt toros,  
 Atque ad fufurros dormiunt favonii.  
 Turrita deinde perplacebunt oppida,  
 Et gentis occupatae mixta murmura,  
 Equitumque turba, nobilesque spendidi,  
 Qui pacis ipsa vel triumphant in togâ,  
 Nurusque, quarum lumen impetus viris  
 Jaçulatur acres, præmiumque destinat  
 Marti aut Minervæ, quorum uterque nititur  
 Nymphæ probari, quæ probatur omnibus :  
 Hymenæus illic sæpe prætendat facem  
 Clarissimam, croceumque velamen trahat,  
 Spectac'la, mimi, pompa, commissatio,  
 Veterumque ritu nocte sint convivia,  
 Talesque visus, quos vident in somniis.  
 Jvenes poetæ, dum celebris rivuli  
 Securi ad oram vespere æstivo jacent.  
 Tunc ad theatra demigrem frequentia  
 Johnsonæ, si tu, docte foccum proferas ;  
 Sive \* Ille musæ filius fundat fonos,  
 Quam dulcè, quam feliciter, temerarios !

Curæque

\* Shakspeare.

And ever against eating cares  
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  
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice thro' mazes running;  
Untwisting all the chains that tye  
The hidden soul of harmony :  
That Orpheus self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heap'd Elyfian 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..

Curæque carmen semper antidotos modis  
 Mentem relaxet involutam Lydiis ;  
 Oh ! si perenni emancipatus carmini,  
 Quod tentet usque ad intimum cor emicans,  
 Aureque gratis detinens ambagibus  
 Pedibus legatis suaviter necat moras,  
 Dum liquida vox, labyrinthus ut, deflectitur  
 Dolo perita et negligenti industriâ,  
 Variâque cæcos arte nodos explicat,  
 Animam latentem qui coercent musices ;  
 Adeo ut quiete expergefactus aureâ  
 Toros relinquat ipse Thrax amaranthinos,  
 Medioque tales captet Elyfio sonos,  
 Quales avaram suadeant Proserpinam  
 Nullâ obligatam lege sponsam reddere.  
 His si redundes gaudiis, prudentis est,  
 Lætitia, tecum velle vitam degere,





A

V O Y A G E

T O T H E

P L A N E T S.

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



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 imitarier ausus  
 Gestio, & insolitas 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  
 “ Expediam, tibi cernere erit, quos sidera nôrunt,  
 “ Indigenas cultusque virûm, moresque docebo.”  
 Nec mora, pennipedem conscendo jussus, ovanisque  
 (Quamquam animus secum volvens exempla priorum  
 Bellerophontæ pallet dispendia famæ)  
 Post equitem sedeo, liquidumque per aëra labor.  
 —Mercurium petimus primum : Dux talibus anfit ;  
 “ Aspicias vanæ malefana negotia gentis,  
 “ Quam mens destituit Titane exust propinquo.  
 “ Stramineis viden’ ? Hic velatus tempora fertis  
 “ Emicat, & solos reges crepat atque tetrarchas.

“ Ille

SAY, 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,  
 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:  
 "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,  
 "The manners and the genius of the place."  
 I (tho' my mind with lively horror fraught,  
 Thinks on Bellerophon, and shudders at the thought)  
 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,  
 "Affect with frenzy, and distract the sense.  
 "A monarch here gives subject princes law,  
 "A mighty monarch, with a crown of straw.

"There



128 DATUR MUNDORAM PLURALITAS.

- “ Ille suam carbone Chloen depingit amator  
“ Infelix, ægram rudia indigestaque mentem  
“ Carmina demulcent, indoctaque tibia masas.  
“ En ! fedet incomptus crines barbataque menta  
“ Astrologus, nova qui venatur sidera, solus  
“ Semper in obscuro penetrali ; multaque 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.”

Pegason inde tuo genius felicior astro  
Appulit, alma Venus. Spirant quam molliter auræ !  
Ridet ager, frugum facilis, lascivaque florum  
Nutrix ; non Euri ruit hic per dulcia Tempe  
Vis fera, non Boreæ ; sed blandior aura Favonî,  
Lenis agens tremulo nutantes vertice sylvas,  
Usque fovet teneros, quos usque rescuscitat, ignes.  
Hic lætis animata sonis Saltatio vivit :

Hic

“ There fits a lover, sad in pensive air,  
 “ And like the dismal image of despair,  
 “ With charcoal paints his Chloe heav’nly fair. }  
 “ In sadly-soothing 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,  
 “ Pores round his cell for undiscover’d stars,  
 “ And decks the walls 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 ;  
 “ I faint, I ficken with the fervent heat.”

Thence to that milder orb we wing our way,  
 Where Venus governs with an easy sway.  
 Soft breaths the air ; fair Flora paints the ground,  
 And laughing Ceres deals her gifts around.  
 This blissful *Tempe* no rough blasts molest,  
 Of blust’ring Boreas, or the baleful East ;  
 But gentle Zephyrs o’er the woodlands stray,  
 Court the tall trees, and round the branches play,  
 Ætherial gales dispensing as they flow,  
 To fan those passions which they teach to glow.  
 Here the gay youth in measured steps advance,  
 While sprightly music animates the dance ;

There

430 DATUR MUNDORUM PLURALITAS.

Hic jam voce ciet cantum, jam pectine, dulces  
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 :  
Atque amor est, quodcunque vides. Venus ipsa volentes  
Imperio regit indigenas, hic innuba Phœbe,  
Innuba Pallas amet, cupiant fervire Catones.

Jamque datum molimur iter, sedesque beatas  
Multa gemens linquo ; & lugubre rubentia Martis  
Arva, ubi sanguinæ dominantur in omnia rixæ,  
Advehimur, ferro riget horrida turba, geritque  
Spiculaque, gladiosque, ferosque in bella dolones.  
Pro choreâ, & dulci modulamine, Pyrrhicus illis  
Saltus, & horribiles placet ære ciere sonores.  
Hic conjux viduata viro longo effera luctu  
Flet noctem, solumque torum sterilesque Hymenæos  
Deplorans, lacerat crines, & pectora plangit :

Nequiquam

There the sweet melody of sounds admire,  
 Sigh with the song, or languish to the lyre :  
 Fair numpfs 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,  
 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,  
 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 :  
 Thence the dire coast we reach, the dreary plains,  
 Where Mars, grim god, and bloody discord reigns.  
 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 from the Pyrrhic dance ;  
 And brazen trumpets, terrible from far,  
 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 :

132 DATUR MUNDORUM PLURALITAS.

Nequiquam—sponsus ni fortè appareat, hospes  
Heu! brevis, in somnis, & ludicra fallat imago.  
Immemor ille tori interea ruit acer in hostem :  
Horrendum strepit armorum fragor undique campis ;  
Atque immortales durant in sæcula pugnae.

Hinc Jovis immensum delati accedimus orbem.  
Illic mille locis exercet sæva tyrannus  
Imperia in totidem servos, totidemque rebelles :  
Sed brevis exercet : parat illi fata veneno  
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  
Classibus, & ficti celebrantur utrinque triumphi.  
Fœdera mox ineunt nunquam violanda ; brevique  
Belli iterum simulachra cient ; referuntur in altum  
Classes, pacificoque replentur milite campi.

Filius

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.  
 Meanwhile, regardless of her anxious pray'r,  
 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.  
 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 :  
 Scarce is the proud imperious tyrant dead,  
 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 ;  
 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 ;  
 Again they sail ; again the troops prepare  
 Their falchions for the mockery of war.

134 DATUR MUNDORUM PLURALITAS.

Filius hic patri meditatur, sponsa marito,  
Servus hero insidias. Has leges scilicet illis.  
Imposuit natura locis, quo tempore patrem  
Jupiter ipse suum folio detrusit avito.  
Inde venena viris, perjuria, munera, fraudes.  
Suadet opum fitis, & regnandi dira cupido.

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 struat ingentes, operosaque mænia condat ?  
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.  
Qui longam nullas vitam excoluère per artes ;  
Sed Cerere & Baccho pleni, somnoque sepulti  
Cunctarum duxère æterna oblivia rerum.  
Non avium auditur cantus, non murmur aquarum,  
Mugitusve boum, aut pecorum balatus in agris :



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,  
 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,  
 On Saturn's cold uncomfortable coast ;  
 Here in the gloom the pamper'd sluggards lull  
 The lazy hours, lethargically dull.  
 In caves they live ; for who was ever known  
 So wise, so sedulous to build a town ?  
 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. }  
 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 continual dose !  
 No feather'd songsters, with sweet-warbled strains  
 Attune to melting melody the plains,  
 No flocks wide past'ring bleat, nor oxen low,  
 No fountains musically murm'ring flow ;



136 DATUR MUNDORUM PLURALITAS.

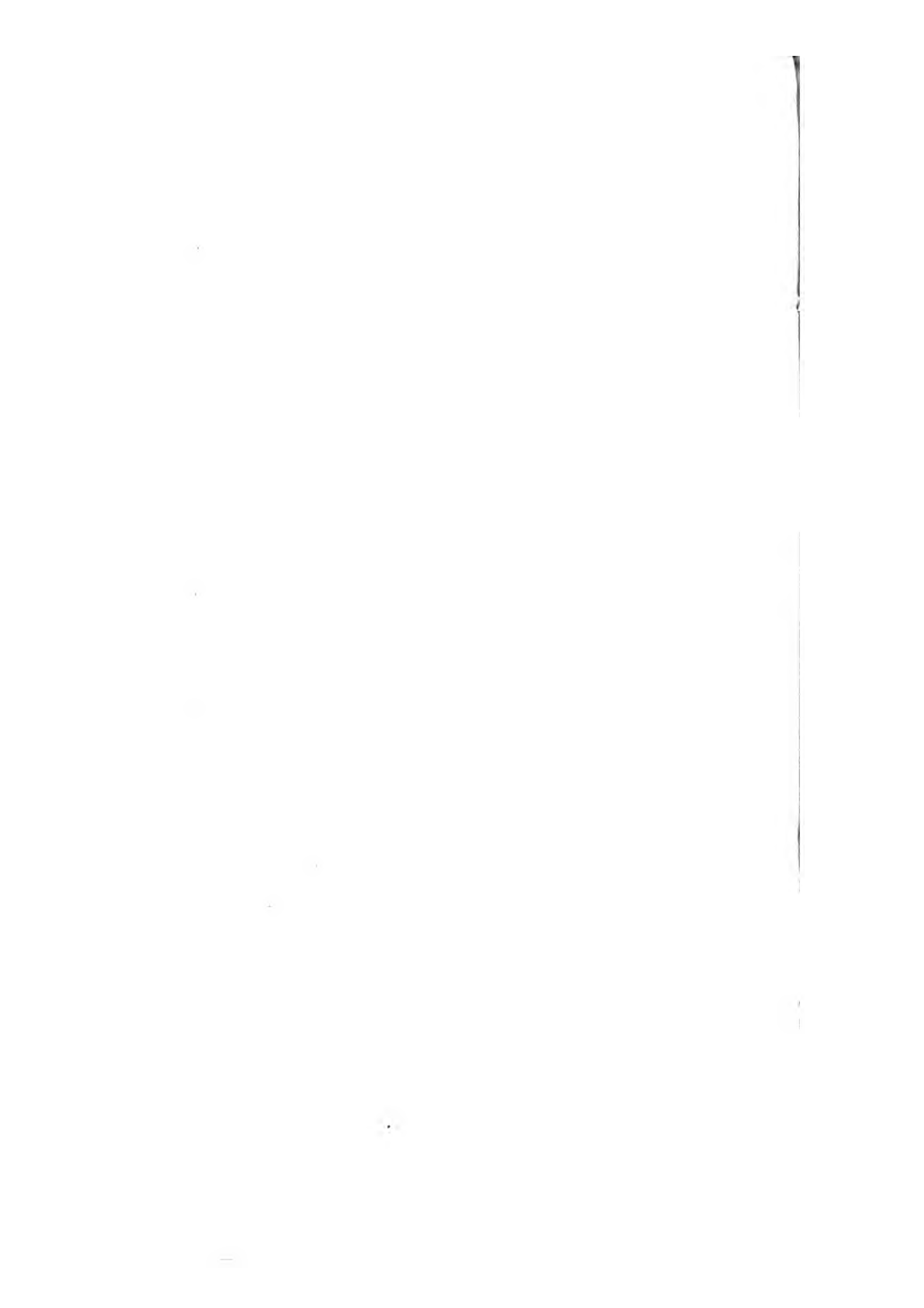
Nudos non decorant segetes, non gramina campos,  
Sylva, usquam si sylva, latet sub monte nivali,  
Et canet viduata comis : hic noctua tantùm  
Glisq̄ue habitat, bufoque & cum testudine, talpa.  
Flumina dum tardè subterlabentia terras  
Pigram undam volvunt, & sola papavera pascunt :  
Quorum lentus odor, lethæaque pocula somnos  
Suadent perpetuos, circumfusæque tenebræ.

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

Cantabr. in Comitiiis prioribus, 1740-1.

Th' ungenial waste no tender herbage yields,  
 No harvests wave luxuriant in the fields.  
 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.  
 Dull rivers deep within their channels glide,  
 And slow roll on their tributary tide :  
 Nor ought th' unvegetative waters feed,  
 But sleepy poppy and the slimy reed ;  
 Whose lazy fogs, like Lethe's cups, dispense  
 Eternal slumbers of dull indolence.

Agast I stood, the drowsy 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 ;  
 Fir'd at the strokes, he flies with slacken'd rein  
 Swift o'er the level of the liquid plain,  
 Guides me with gentle gale, and lights on earth again.





T H E

T E M P L E

O F

D U L N E S S.

Translated by the same Hand.



**V**ERVECUM in patria, quæ latè Hibernica squalens  
 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, nebulaeque amicitur tristibus herba.

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.  
 Plumbea stat turris, plumbum sinuatur in arcus,  
 Et solido limosa tument fundamina plumbo.  
 Hanc, pia Materies, Divo ædem extruxit inertî,  
 Stultitiæ impulsu—quid enim ? Lethargica semper  
 Sponte suâ nihil aggreditur, dormitat in horas,  
 Et sine vi, nullo gaudet Dea languida motu.

Hic

**I**N Ireland's wild, uncultivated plains  
 Where torpid sloth, and foggy dulness reigns,  
 Full many a fen infests the putrid shore,  
 And many a gulph the melancholy moor.  
 Let not the stranger in these regions stray,  
 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 ;  
 Thine eyes shall view, with horror and surprize,  
 The fane of Dulness, of enormous size,  
 Emerging from the sable cloud arise.  
 A leaden tow'r upheaves it's heavy head,  
 Vast leaden arches press the slimy bed,  
 The soft soil swells beneath the load of lead.  
 Old Matter here erected his abode,  
 At Folly's impulse, to the Slothful God.  
 And here the drone lethargic loves to stray,  
 Slumb'ring the dull, inactive hours away ;  
 For still, unless by foreign force imprest,  
 The languid Goddess holds her state of rest.

Their

142 MATERIES GAUDET VI INERTIÆ.

Hic ea monstra habitant, quæ olim sub luminis auræ  
 Materies peperit somno patre, lividus iste  
 Zoilus, & Bavio non impar Mævius; audax  
 Spinoza, & Pyrrho, cumque Hobbesio Epicurus.  
 Ast omnes valeat quæ musa referre? frequentes  
 Usque adeo videas Hebetes properare?—nec adfert  
 Quidquam opis Anglorum doctæ vicinâ gentis.  
 Sic quondam, ut perhibent, stupuit Bœotica tellus  
 Vicinâ licet Antycirâ, nihil inde salutis,  
 Nil tulit hellebori Zephyrus, cum sæpe per æquor  
 Felicem ad Lesbos levibus volitaverit alis,  
 Indigenæ mellita ferens suspiria Floræ.

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

Grande

Their habitation here those monsters keep,  
 Whom Matter father'd on the God of Sleep :  
 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  
 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, thro' the neighb'ring shore }  
 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 }  
 Breath'd balmy sighs, that melt the soul away. }

Behold that portico ! how vast, how wide !  
 The pillars Gothic, wrought with barb'rous pride :  
 Four monstrous shapes before the portal wait,  
 Of horrid aspect, centry to the gate ;  
 Lo ! in the entrance, with disdainful eye,  
 In Logick's dark disguise, stands Sophistry :  
 Her very front would common sense confound,  
 Encompass'd with ten categories round :  
 She from Old Matter, the great mother, came,  
 By birth the eldest—and how like the dame !

Her



144 MATERIES GAUDET VI INERTIÆ.

Grande caput, tenues oculi, cutis arida produnt  
Fallacem : rete una manus tenet, altera fustem.  
Vestis arachneis fordit circumdata telis,  
Queis gaudet labyrinthæos Dea callida nodos.  
Aspicias jam funereo gradientem incessu—  
Quàm lentè cælo Saturni volvitur astrum,  
Quàm lentè saltaverunt post Orphea montes,  
Quàm lentè, Oxonii, solemnis pondera cænæ  
Gestant tergemina abdomina bedellorum.

Proxima deinde tenet loca sorte infana Mathefis,  
Nuda pedes, chlamydem discincta, incompta capillos,  
Immemor externi, punctoque innixa reclinat.  
Ante pedes vario inscriptam diagrammate arenam  
Cernas, rectis curva, atque intertextata rotunda  
Schemata quadratis—queis scilicet abdita rerum  
Pandere se jactat solam, doctasque sorores  
Fastidit, propriæque nihil non arrogat arti.  
Illàm olim, duce Neutono, tum tendit ad astra,  
Ætheriasque domos superùm, indignata volentem  
Turba mathematicùm retrahit, pœnasque reposcens  
Detinet in terris, nugisque exercet ineptis.

Tertia

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.  
 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,  
 When Orpheus rais'd the lyre-attending 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.

The next, mad Mathesis; 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.  
 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 fought 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.

146 MATERIES GAUDET VI INERTIÆ.

Tertia Microphile, proles furtiva parentis  
Divinæ; produxit enim commixta furenti  
Diva viro Phycæ—mufcas & papiliones  
Luftrat inexpletum, collumque & tempora rident  
Floribus, & fungis, totâque propagine veris.  
Rara oculis nugarum avidis animalia quærit  
Omne genus, feu ferpit humi, feu ludit in undis,  
Seu volitans tremulis liquidum fecat aëra pennis.  
O! ubi littoribus nostris felicior aura  
Polypon appulerit, quanto cava templa Stuporis  
Mugitu concuffa trement, reboabit & ingens  
Pulfa palus! Plaufu excipiet Dea blanda fecundo  
Microphile ante omnes; jam non crocodilon adorat;  
Non bombyx, conchæve juvant: fed Polypon ardet,  
Solum Polypon ardet,—& ecce! faceta feraci

Falce

Microphile is station'd next in place,  
 The spurious issue of celestial race ;  
 From heav'nly Physice she took her birth,  
 Her sire a madman of the sons of earth ;  
 On flies she pores with keen unvaried 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.  
 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 ?  
 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,  
 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,

148 MATERIES GAUDET VI INERTIÆ,

Falce novos creat assidue, pascitque creatos,  
Ah ! modo dilectis pascit nova gaudia muscis.

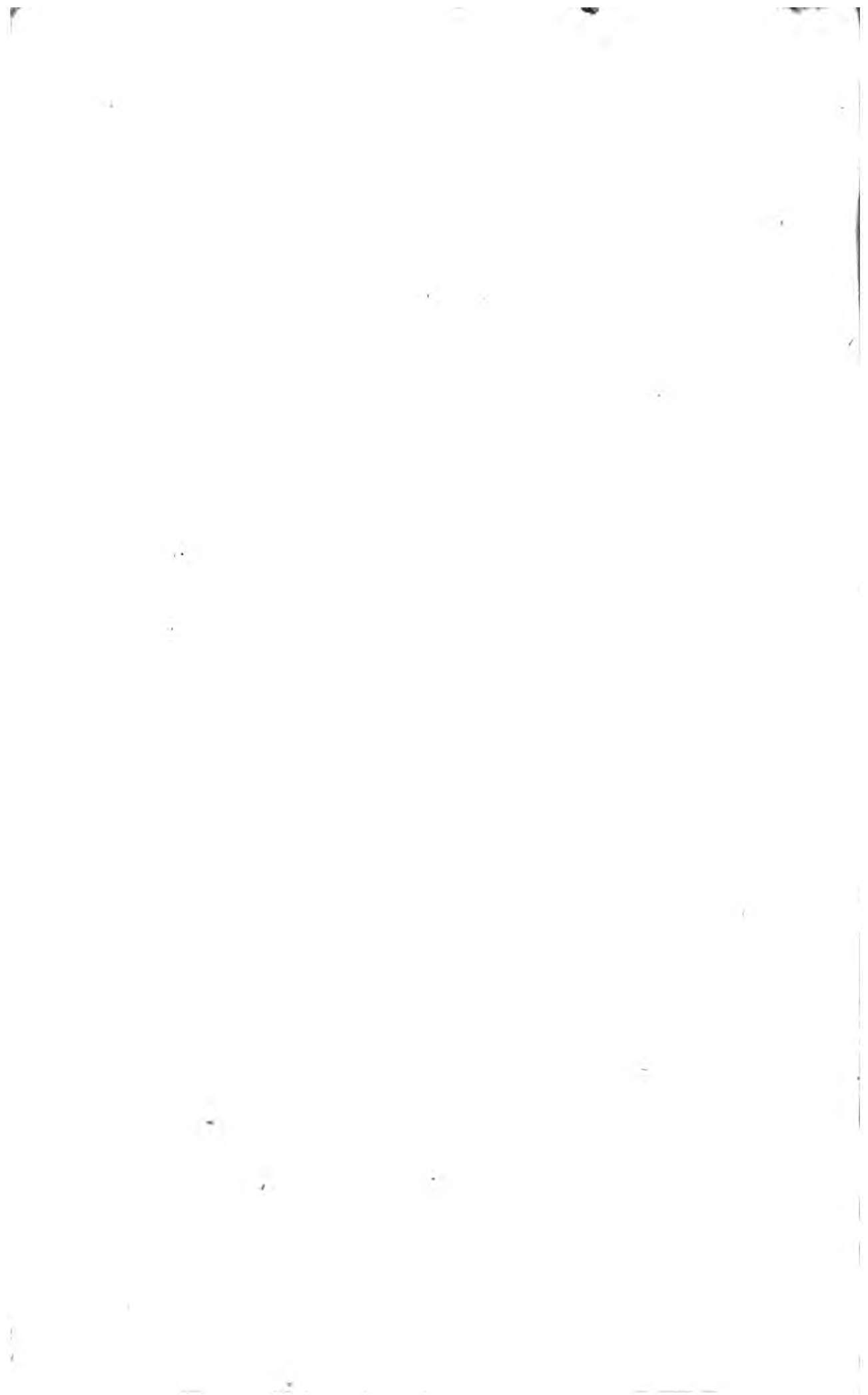
Quartam Materies peperit conjuncta Stupori,  
Nomen Atheia illi, monstrum cui lumen ademptum,  
Atque aures ; cui sensus abest ; sed mille trifulcæ  
Ore micant linguæ, refugas quibus inficit auras.  
Hanc Stupor ipse parens odit, vicina nefandos  
Horret sylva sonos, neque surda repercutit Echo.  
Mendacem natura redarguit ipsa, Deumque  
Et cælum, & 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,  
Huc potum Stolidos Deus evocat agmine magno :  
Crebri adsunt, largisque sitim restinguere gaudent  
Haustibus, atque iterant calices, certantque stupendo.  
Me, me etiam, clamo, occurrens ;—sed vellicat aurem  
Calliope, nocuasque vetat contingere lymphas.

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 her name ;  
In her no glimpse of sacred Sense appears,  
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.  
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 ;  
'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,  
Here calls the multitude of fools to crink.  
Swarming they crowd to stupify the skull,  
With frequent cups contending to be dull.  
Me, let me taste the sacred stream, I cry'd,  
With out-stretch'd arm—the Muse my boon deny'd, }  
And fav'd me from the sense-intoxicating tide. }





A

MECHANICAL SOLUTION

OF THE

PROPAGATION OF YAWNING.

Translated by the same Hand.



K 4

MUTUA



MUTUA OSCITATIONUM PROPAGATIO.  
SOLVI POTEST MECHANICE.

**M**OMUS, scurra, procax superûm, 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 :”  
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 Polychasmia, proles.  
Tanto digna parente, aviæq; simillima Nocti.  
Illa oculos tentat nequicquam aperire, veterne  
Torpida, & horrendo vultum, distorta cachinno.  
Æmulus hanc Jovis aspiciens, qui fictile vulgus  
Fecerat infelix, imitarier arte Prometheus  
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 somnisque sequacibus ora.

**W**HEN 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,  
 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 :  
 And as his jaws a horrid chafm difclofe,  
 It feem'd he made a trumpet of his nofe ;  
 Tho' harsh the ftrain, and horrible to hear,  
 Like German jargon grating on the ear.

At length was Polychaemia brought to light,  
 Worthy her fire, a monster of a fight,  
 Refembling her great grandmother, Old Night. }  
 Her eyes to open oft in vain ſhe try'd,  
 Lock'd were the lids, her mouth diftended wide.  
 Her when Prometheus happen'd to ſurvey }  
 (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,  
 The ſleep-preceding groan, and hideous yawn.

Thus

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 paratæ  
Justitiæ lances proferre fideliter æquas,  
Grande capillitium induiti, frontemque minacem.  
Non temerè attoniti caupones, turbaque furum  
Aufugiunt, gravidæque timent trucia ora puellæ.  
At mox fida comes Polychasnia, matutinis  
Quæ se miscuerat poc'lis Cerealibus, ipsum  
Judicis in cerebrum scandit—jamque unus & alter  
Cæperunt longas in hiatum ducere voces :  
Donec per cunctos Dea jam solenne, profundum  
Sparferit Hum—nutant taciti, tum brachia magno  
Extendunt nifu, patulis & faucibus hiscunt.  
Interea legum Caupones jurgia miscent,  
Queis nil Rhetorice est, nisi copia major hiandi :  
Vocibus ambiguis certant, nugasque strophasque  
Alternis jaculantur, & irascuntur amicè,  
Donantque accipiuntque stuporis missile plumbum.

Vox, Fanatica turba, nequit pia musa tacere.  
Majoremne aliunde potest diducere rictum ?  
Ascendit gravis Orator, miserâque loquelâ.

Expromit

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.  
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,  
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,  
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 :  
For all the flow'rs of rhetoric they can boast  
Amidst their wranglings, is to gape the most :  
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,  
The miserable preacher takes his text ;

Then:

Expromit thesin ; in partes quam deinde minutas  
 Diftrahit, ut connectat, & explicat obscurando :  
 Spargitur heu ! pigris verborum somnus 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  
 In vulgum eructant ; emuncto quisque bacillum  
 Applicat auratum naso, graviterque facetus  
 Totum se in vultum cogit, medicamina pandens—  
 Rusticus haurit âmara, atque insanabile dormit ;  
 Nec sensus revocare queant fomenta, nec herbæ,  
 Non ars, non miræ magicus sonus ABRACADABRÆ.

Ante alios summa es, Polychasmia, cura Sophistæ :  
 Ille Tui cæcas vires, causamque latentem  
 Sedulus exquirit—quo scilicet impete fâuces  
 Invitæ disjungantur ; quo vortice aquosæ  
 Particulæ fluitent, comitesque, ut fulminis imbres,  
 Cum strepitu erumpant ; ut deinde vaporet ocellos.

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,  
 And not one meaning interrupts their sleep.  
 The drowsy hearers stretch their weary jaws  
 With lamentable groan, and yawning gape applause.

The Quacks of Physic next provoke my ire,  
 Who falsely boast Hippocrates their fire :  
 Goddess! thy sons I ken—verbose and loud,  
 They puff their windy bubble 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,  
 Gravely collects himself into his face,  
 Explains his med'cines—which the rustic buys,  
 Drinks the dire draught, and of the doctor dies ;  
 No pills, no potions can to life restore ;  
 ABRACADABRA, necromantic pow'r  
 Can charm, and conjure up from death no more.

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,  
 What latent ducts the dewy moisture pour  
 With sound tremendous, like a thunder-show'r :

How



Materies subtilis ; ut in cutis infinet se  
 Retia ; tum, si forte datur contingere nervos  
 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  
 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 Mufas, sitioque, ut Tantalus alter,  
 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,  
 Dentibus infrendens nequicquam lumine torvo  
 Sæpius exprobrat ; nequicquam brachia tendit  
 Sedulus officiosa, dapes remove paratus.

How subtle matter, exquisitely thin,  
 Pervades the curious net-work of the skin,  
 Affects th' accordant nerve—all eyes are drown'd  
 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,  
 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,  
 Just at the entrance of th' Aonian hill;  
 Listless I gape, unactive, and supine,  
 And at vast distance view the sacred Nine:  
 Wistful I view—the streams increase my thirst,  
 In vain—like Tantalus, with plenty curst;  
 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,  
 And visage sharp, keen appetite imply;  
 Oft he attempts, officious, to convey  
 The lessening relicks of the meal away—

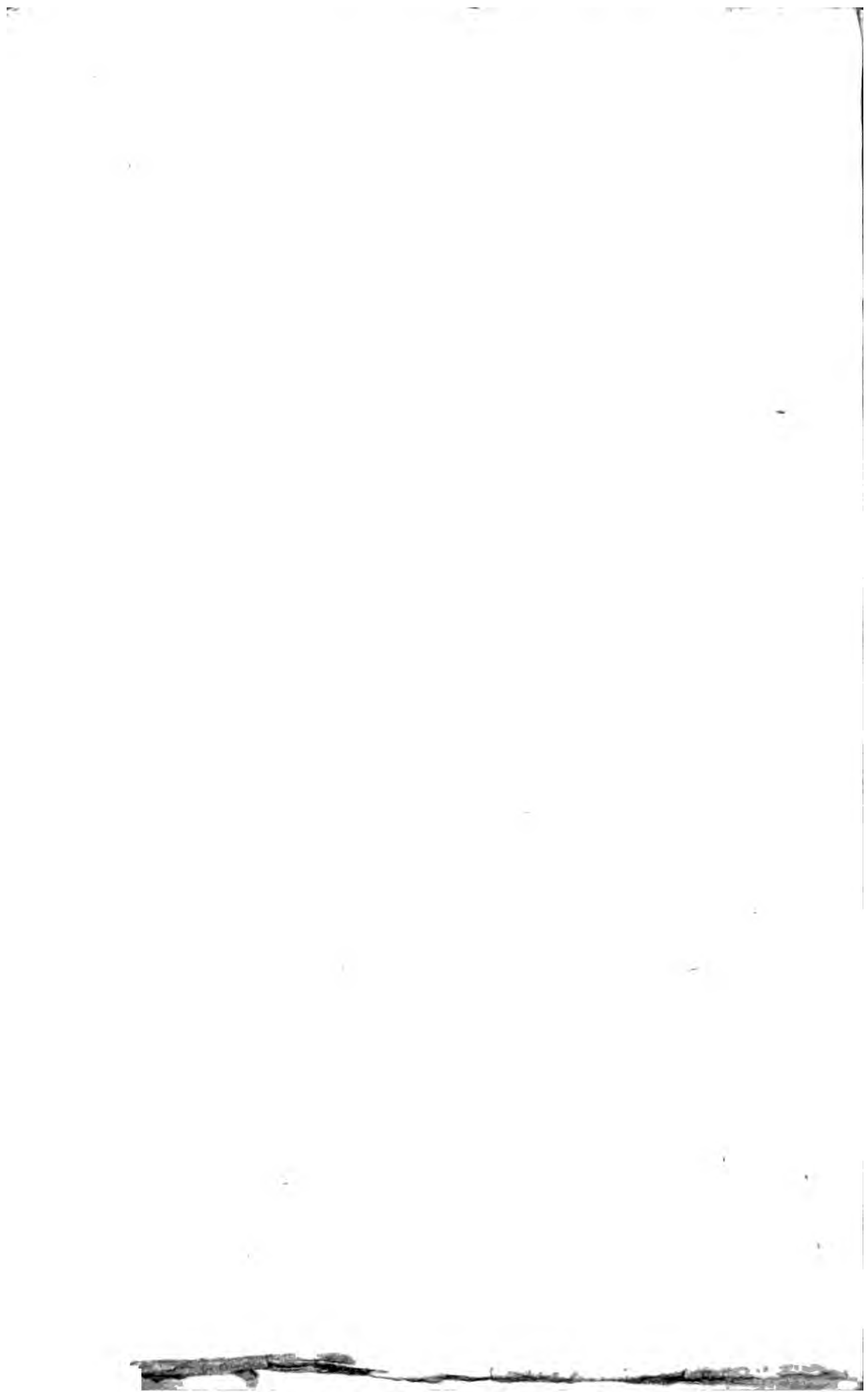
In



160 MUTUA OSCITATIONUM, &c.

Olli nunquam exempta fames, quin frustra suprema  
Devoret, & peritura immani ingurgitet ore :  
Tum demum jubet auferri ; nudata capaci  
Offa sonant, lugubre sonant, allisa catino.

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 sounding bones.





T H E  
H O R A T I A N C A N O N S  
O F  
F R I E N D S H I P.

"NAY, 'tis the same with all th' affected crew  
Of singing men and singing women too :  
Do they not set their catcalls up of course ?  
The King himself may ask them till he's hoarse ;  
But wou'd you crack their windpipes and their lungs,  
The certain way's to bid them hold their tongues.  
'Twas thus with *Minum*—*Minum* one wou'd think,  
My Lord Mayor might have govern'd with a wink.

L 2

Yet

1 Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos  
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati :  
Injussi nunquam desistant. Sardus habebat  
Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæsar, qui cogere posset,  
Si peteret per amicitiam patris atque suam, non  
Quidquam proficeret : si collibuisse, ab ovo  
Usque ad mala citaret, Io Bacche ! modo summa  
Voce, modo hac resonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.

Yet did the Magistrate e'er condescend  
 To ask a song, as kinsman or as friend,  
 The urchin coin'd excuses to get off,  
 'Twas—hem—the devil take this whoreson cough.  
 But wait awhile, and catch him in the glee,  
 He'd roar the \*Lion in the lowest key,  
 Or strain the morning Lark quite up to G. }  
 Aft Beard, or Lowe, and shew his tuneful art  
 From the plumb-pudding down to the desert.  
 2 Never on earth was such a various elf,  
 He every day possess'd a different self;  
 Sometimes he'd scow'r along the streets like wind,  
 As if some fifty bailiffs were behind;  
 At other times he'd sadly, faunt'ring crawl,  
 As tho' he led the hearse, or held the fable pall.  
 3 Now for promotion he was all on flame,  
 And ev'ry sentence from St. James's came.  
 He'd brag how Sir John \*\*\*\* met him in the Strand,  
 And how his Grace of \*\*\*\*\* took him by the hand;

\* *The Lion's Song, in Pyramus and Thisbe.*

† *A song in one of Mr. Handel's Oratorios.*

2 Nil æquale homini fuit illi: sæpe velut qui  
 Currebat fugiens hostem: persæpe velut qui  
 Junonis sacra ferret. Habebat sæpe ducentos,  
 Sæpe decem servos: modo reges, atque tetrarchas.

3 Omnia magna loquens. Modo, Sit mihi mensa tripes, &  
 Concha falis puri, & toga, quæ defendere frigus,  
 Quamvis crassa, queat, decies centena dedisses

How the Prince saw him at the last review,  
 And ask'd who was that pretty youth in blue?  
 Now wou'd he praise the peaceful sylvan scene,  
 The healthful cottage, and the golden mean.  
 Now wou'd he cry, contented let me dwell  
 Safe in the harbour of my college cell;  
 No foreign cooks, nor livry'd servants nigh,  
 Let me with comfort eat my mutton-pye;  
 While my pint-bottle, op'd by help of fork,  
 With wine enough to navigate a cork,  
 My sober solitary meal shall crown,  
 To study edge the mind, and drive the vapours down.  
 Yet, strange to tell, this wond'rous student lay  
 Snoring in bed for all the livelong day;  
 Night was his time for labour—in a word,  
 Never was man so cleverly absurd.

4 But here a friend of mine turns up his nose,  
 And you (he cries) are perfect, I suppose:

L 3.

Perfect!

*Huic parco paucis contento: quinque diebus  
 Nil erat in oculis. noctes vigilabat ad ipsum  
 Mane: diem totum stertebat. nil fuit unquam  
 Sic impar sibi. nunc aliquis dicat mihi: Quid tu?*

4 *Nullane habes vitia? immo alia, & fortasse minora.  
 Mænius absentem Novium cum carperet: heus tu,  
 Quidam ait. ignoras te? an ut ignotum dare nobis  
 Verba putas? egomet mi ignosco, Mænius inquit.  
 Stultus, & improbus hic amor est, dignusque notari.  
 Cum tua pervideas oculis mala lippus inunctis,*

Perfect! not I (pray, gentle Sir, forbear)  
 In this good age, when vices are so rare,  
 I plead humanity, and claim my share.  
 Who has not faults? great MARLBOROUGH had one,  
 Nor CHESTERFIELD is spotless, nor the SUN.  
*Grub-worm* was railing at his friend *Tom. Queer*,  
 When *Wit-woud* thus reproach'd him with a sneer,  
 Have you no flaws, who are so prone to snub,  
 I have—but I forgive myself, quoth *Grub*.  
 'Tis is a fervile selfishness, a fault  
 Which Justice scarce can punish, as she ought:  
 Blind as a poking, dirt-compelling mole,  
 To all that stains thy own polluted soul,  
 Yet each small failing spy'ft in other men,  
 Spy'ft with the quickness of an eagle's ken.  
 Tho' strong resentment rarely lag behind,  
 And all thy virulence be paid in kind.  
 5 Philander's temper's violent, nor fits  
 The wond'rous waggishness of modern wits;

His

Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum.

Quam aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius? at tibi contra  
 Evenit, inquirent vitia ut tua rursus & illi.

5 Itacundior est paullo? minus aptus acutis  
 Naribus horum hominum? rideri possit, eo quod  
 Rusticius tonsa toga defluit, & male laxus  
 In pede calceus hæret. at est bonus, ut melior vir.  
 Non alius quisquam: at tibi amicus: at ingenium ingens.  
 Inulto latet hoc sub corpore, denique teipsum

His cap's awry, all ragged is his gown,  
 And (wicked rogue !) he wears his stockings down ;  
 But h'as a soul ingenuous as his face,  
 To you a friend, and all the human race ;  
 Genius, that all the depths of learning sounds,  
 And generosity, that knows no bounds.  
 In fruits like these if the good youth excel,  
 Let them compensate for the awkward shell,  
 Sift then yourself, I say, and sift again,  
 Glean the pernicious tares from out the grain ;  
 And ask thy heart if Custom, Nature's heir,  
 Hath sown no undiscover'd fern-seed there,  
 This be our standard then, on this we rest,  
 Nor search the Casuists for another test.  
 6 Let's be like lovers gloriously deceiv'd,  
 And each good man a better still believ'd ;

E'en

*Concute, num qua tibi vitiorum inſeverit olim  
 Natura, aut etiam conſuetudo mala. namque  
 Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris.*

6 Illuc prævertamur : amatorem quod amicæ  
 Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipſa hæc  
 Delectant : veluti Balbinum polypus Agnæ :  
 Vellem in amicitia ſic erraremus ; & iſti  
 Errori nomen virtus poſuiſſet honeſtum.  
 At, pater ut nati, ſic nos debemus amici,  
 Si quod ſit vitium, non ſtupidire. ſtrabonem  
 Appellat Pætum pater : & Pallum, male paryus  
 Si cui filius eſt : ut abortivus fuit olim



E'en Celia's wart Strephon will not neglect,  
 But praises, kisses, loves the dear defect.  
 Oh! that in friendship we were thus to blame,  
 And ermin'd candour, tender of our fame,  
 Wou'd cloath the honest error with an honest name! }  
 Be we then still to those we hold most dear,  
 Fatherly fond, and tenderly severe.  
 The fire, whose son squints forty thousand ways,  
 Finds in his features mighty room for praise:  
 Ah! born (he cries) to make the ladies sigh,  
 Jacky, thou hast an am'rous cast o' th' eye.  
 Another's child's abortive—he believes  
 Nature most perfect in diminutives;  
 And men of ev'ry rank, with one accord  
 Salute each crooked rascal with My Lord.  
 (For bandy legs, hump-back, and knocking knee,  
 Are all excessive signs of Q----ty.)  
 Thus let us judge our friends—if Scrub subsist  
 Too meanly, Scrub is an œconomist;  
 And if Tom Tinkle is full loud and pert,  
 He aims at wit, and does it to divert.

Largus

*Sisyphus. hunc varum, distortis eruribus, illum  
 Balbutit scaurum, pravis sultum male talis.  
 Parcius hic vivit? frugi dicatur. ineptus,  
 Et jactantior hic paullo est? concinnus amicis.  
 Postulat ut videatur. at est turculentior, atque  
 Plus æquo liber? simplex, fortisque habeatur.*

Lergus is apt to bluster, but you'll find  
 'Tis owing to his magnitude of mind :  
 Lollius is passionate, and loves a whore,  
 Spirit and constitution !—nothing more—  
 Ned to a bullying peer is ty'd for life,  
 And in commendam holds a scolding wife ;  
 Slave to a fool's caprice, and woman's will ;  
 But patience, patience is a virtue still !  
 Ask of Chamont a kingdom for a fish,  
 He'll give you three rather than spoil a dish ;  
 Nor pride, nor luxury, is in the case,  
 But Hospitality—an't please your Grace.  
 Should a great gen'ral give a drab a pension—  
 Meanness !—the devil—'tis perfect condescension.  
 Such ways make many friends, and make friends long,  
 Or else my good friend Horace reasons wrong.  
 7 But we alas ! e'en virtuous deeds invert,  
 And into vice misconstrue all desert.  
 See we a man of modesty and merit,  
 Sober and meek—we swear he has no spirit ;  
 We call him stupid, who with caution breaks  
 His silence, and will think before he speaks.

Fidelio.

Cædior est ? acres inter numeretur opinor,  
 Hæc res & jungit, junctos & servat amicos.

7 At nos virtutes ipsas invertimus, atque  
 Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare. Probus quis  
 Nobiscum vivit ? multum est demissus homo. illi  
 Tardo, cognomen pingui damus. hic fugit omnes.

Fidelio treads the path of life with care,  
 And eyes his footsteps ; for he fears a snare.  
 His wary way still scandal misapplies,  
 And calls him subtle, who's no more than wise.  
 If any man is unconstrain'd and free,  
 As oft, my Lælius, I have been to thee,  
 When rudely to thy room I chance to scour,  
 And interrupt thee in the studious hour ;  
 From Coke and Littleton thy mind unbend,  
 With more familiar nonsense of a friend ;  
 Talk of my friendship, and of thy desert,  
 Shew thee my works, and candidly impart  
 At once the product of my head and heart,  
 Nasutus calls me fool, and clownish bear,  
 Nor (but for perfect candour) stops he there.  
 § Ah ! what unthinking, heedless things are men,  
 'T' enact such laws as must themselves condemn ?

}  
}

In

*Infidias, nullique malo latus obdit apertum ?  
 (Cum genus hoc inter vitæ versetur, ubi acris  
 Ividia, atque vigent ubi crimina) pro bene sano,  
 Ac non incauto, fictum astutumque vocamus.  
 Simplicior, quis, qualem me sæpe libenter  
 Obtulerim tibi, Mæcenas, ut forte legentem  
 Aut tacitum impellat quovis sermone ? molestus !  
 Communi sensu plane caret, inquitus. § Eheu,  
 Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam ?  
 Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur : optimus ille est,  
 Qui minimis urgetur. amicus dulcis, ut æquum est,  
 Cum mea compenset vitiis bona, pluribus hisce*

In every human soul some vices spring  
 (For fair perfection is no mortal thing)  
 Whoe'er is with the fewest faults endu'd,  
 Is but the best of what cannot be good.  
 Then view me, friend, in an impartial light,  
 Survey the good and bad, the black and white ;  
 And if you find me, Sir, upon the whole,  
 To be an honest and ingenuous soul,  
 By the same rule I'll measure you again,  
 And give you your allowance to a grain.  
 'Tis friendly and 'tis fair, on either hand,  
 To grant th' indulgence we ourselves demand.  
 If on your hump we cast a fav'ring eye,  
 You must excuse all those who are awry.  
 In short, since vice or folly, great or small,  
 Is more or less inherent in us all,  
 Whoe'er offends, our censure let us guide,  
 With a strong bias to the candid side ;

Non

*Si modo plura mihi bona sunt, inclinēt ; amari  
 Si volet hac lege, in trutina ponetur eadem.  
 Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum  
 Postulat ; ignoscat verrucis illius. æquum est,  
 Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus.  
 Denique, quatenus excidi penitus vitium iræ,  
 Cætera item nequeunt stultis hærentia ; cur non  
 Ponderibus, modulisque suis ratio utitur ? ac res  
 Ut quæque est, ita suppliciiis delicta coeret ?*

Nor (as the stoicks did in ancient times)  
 Rank little foibles with enormous crimes.  
 9 If, when your butler, e'er he brings a dish,  
 Should lick his fingers, or shou'd drop a fish,  
 Or from the side-board filch a cup of ale,  
 Enrag'd you send the puny thief to gaol;  
 You'd be (methink) as infamous an oaf,  
 As that immense portentous scoundrel —— †.  
 Yet worfe by far (if worfe at all can be)  
 In folly and iniquity is he;  
 Who, for some trivial, social, well-meant joke,  
 Which candour shou'd forget as soon as spoke,  
 Wou'd shun his friend, neglectful and unkind,  
 As if old Parson Packthread was behind:  
 Who drags up all his visitors by force,  
 And, without mercy, reads them his discourse.

10 If

9 Si quis eum servum, patinam qui tollere jussus,  
 Semefos pisces, tepidumque liguricrit jus,  
 In cruce suffigat; Labeone infanior inter  
 Sanos dicatur. Quanto hoc furiosius atque  
 Majus peccatum est? paulum deliquit amicus,  
 (Quod nisi concedas, habere insuavis, acerbus;)  
 Odisti, & fugis, ut Drusonem debitor æris?  
 Qui nisi cum tristes misero venere Calendæ,  
 Mercedem aut nummos unde unde extricat, amaras  
 Porrecto jugulo historias, captivus ut, audit.

† *An infamous attorney.*

10 If sick at heart, and heavy at the head,  
 My drunken friend should reel betimes to bed ;  
 And in the morn, with affluent discharge,  
 Shou'd sign and seal his residence at large ;  
 Or should he in some passionate debate,  
 By way of instance, break an earthen plate ;  
 Wou'd I forsake him for a piece of delph ?  
 No—not for China's wide domain itself.  
 If toys like these were cause of real grief,  
 What shou'd I do, or whither seek relief,  
 Suppose him perjur'd, faithless, pimp, or thief ?  
 Away—a foolish knavish tribe you are,  
 Who falsely put all vices on a par.  
 From this fair reason her assent withdraws,  
 E'en fordid interest gives up the cause,  
 That mother of our customs and our laws.

When

10 *Comminxit lectum potus, mensave catillum  
 Evandri manibus tritum dejecit : ob hanc rem,  
 Aut positum ante mea quia pullum in parte catini  
 Sustulit esuriens, minus hoc jucundus amicus  
 Sit mihi ? quid faciam, si furtum fecerit ? aut si  
 Prodiderit commissa fide ? sponsumve negarit ?  
 Queis paria esse fere placuit peccata, laborant,  
 Cum ventum ad verum est ; sensus, moresque repugnant  
 Atque ipsa utilitas justæ prope mater, & æqui.  
 Cum proreperunt primis animalia terris,  
 Mutum & turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,  
 Unguibus, & pugnis, dein sustibus, atque ita porro  
 Pugnant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus :*



When first yon golden sun array'd the east,  
 Small was the difference 'twixt man and beast;  
 With hands, with nails, with teeth, with clubs they fought,  
 'Till malice was improv'd, & deadlier weapons wrought.  
 Language, at length, and words experience found,  
 And sense obtain'd a vehicle in sound.

Then wholesome laws were fram'd, and towns were built,  
 And justice seiz'd the lawless vagrants guilt;  
 And theft, adultery, and fornication

Were punish'd much, forsooth, tho' much in fashion:

11 For long before fair Helen's fatal charms  
 Had many a -----

-----  
 ----- *Hiatus magnus lacrymabilis* -----  
 -----

set the world in arms.

But

Donec verba, quibus voces, sensusque notarent,  
 Nominaque invenere; dehinc absistere bello,  
 Oppida cœperunt munire, & ponere leges;  
 Ne quis fur esset, neu latro, neu quis adulter

11 Nam fuit ante Helenam cunnus teterrima belli

Causa: sed ignotis perierunt mortibus illi,  
 Quos Venerem incertam rapientes more ferarum  
 Viribus editior cædebat, ut in grege taurus.

-----  
 ----- dum tu quadrante lavatum

Rex ibis, neque te quisquam stipator, ineptum  
 Præter Crispinum, sectabitur: & mihi dulces  
 Ignoscent, si quid peccavero stultus, amici:

But kindly kept by no historian's care,  
 They all goodluck, have perish'd to an hair.  
 But be that as it may, yet in all climes,  
 There's diff'rent punishment for diff'rent crimes.  
 Hold, blockhead, hold—this sure is not the way,  
 For all alike I'd lash, and all I'd slay,  
 Cries W\*\*\*\*\*N, if I'd sovereign sway.  
 Have sov'reign sway, and in imperial robe,  
 With fury † *sultanate* o'er half the globe.  
 Meanwhile, if I from each indulgent friend,  
 Obtain remission, when I chance t' offend,  
 Why, in return, I'll make the balance even,  
 And, for forgiving, they shall be forgiven.  
 12 With zeal I'll love, be courteous e'en to strife,  
 More blest than Emperors in private life.

12 Inque vicem illorum patiar delicta libenter,  
 Privatusque magis vivam te rege beatus.

† A word coined in the manner of Mr. W———.



An occasional Prologue and Epilogue to Othello, as it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, on Thursday the 7th of March, 1751, by Persons of Distinction for their Diversion.

**W**HILE mercenary actors tread the stage,  
 And hireling scribblers lash or lull the age,  
 Our's 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 transcendant glory crown'd,  
 For high achievements, as for wit renown'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

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 Shakespeare'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.

**T**RUE woman to the last—my peroration  
 I come to speak in spite 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'am, says Coquetilla, a disgrace?  
 “ Merit in any form may shew her face:  
 “ In this dull age the male things ought to play,  
 “ To teach them what to do, and what to say.”  
 In short, they all with diff'rent cavils cram us,  
 And only are unanimous to damn us.  
 But still there are a fair judicious few,  
 Who judge unbiass'd, and with candour view;  
 Who value honesty, tho' clad in buff,  
 And wit, tho' dress'd in an old English ruff.  
 Behold them here—I beaming sense decry,  
 Shot from the living lustre of each eye.  
 Such meaning smiles each blooming face adorn,  
 As deck the pleasure-painted brow of morn;

And

And shew the person of each matchless fair,  
 Tho' rich to rapture, and above compare,  
 Is, ev'n with all the skill of heav'n design'd,  
 But an imperfect image of their mind;  
 While chastity unblemish'd and unbrib'd  
 Adds a majestic mien that scorns to be describ'd:  
 Such, we will vaunt, and only such as these,  
 'Tis our ambition, and our fame to please.

---

EPILOGUE TO THE APPRENTICE.

*(Enters reading a Play Bill)*

A Very pretty bill—as I'm alive!  
 The part of—nobody—by Mrs. Clive!  
 A paltry scribbling fool—to leave me out—  
 He'll say, perhaps—he thought I cou'd not *spout*.  
 Malice and envy to the last degree!  
 And why?—I wrote a farce as well as he,  
 And fairly ventur'd it—without the aid  
 Of prologue dress'd in black, and face in masquerade; }  
 Oh! Pit—have pity—see how I'm dismay'd!  
 Poor soul! this canting stuff will never do,  
 Unless like Bayes he brings his hangman too.  
 But granting that from these same obsequies,  
 Some pickings to our bard in black arise;

'Should your applause to joy convert his fear,  
 As *Pallas* turns to feast—*Lardella's bier* ;  
 Yet 'twould have been a better scheme: by half  
 'T' have thrown his weeds aside, and learnt with me  
 to laugh.

I cou'd have shewn him, had he been inclin'd,  
 A spouting junto of the female kind.

'There dwells a milliner in yonder row,  
 Well drefs'd, full voic'd, and nobly built for shew,  
 Who, when in rage she scolds at *Sue* and *Sarah*,  
*Damn'd, damn'd dissembler!*—thinks she more than  
*Zara*.

She has a daughter too that deals in lace,  
 And sings—*O pender well*—and *Chevy Chase*,  
 And fain wou'd fill the fair *Ophelia's* place. }  
 And in her cock'd up hat, and gown of camblet,  
 Presumes on something—*touching the Lord Hamlet*.  
 A cousin too she has with squinting eyes,  
 With wadling gait, and voice like *London Cries* ;  
 Who for the stage too short by half a story,  
 Acts *Lady Townly*—thus—in all her glory.  
 And while she's traversing her scanty room,  
 Cries—“ Lord! my lord, what can I do at home !”  
 In short, we've girls enough for all the fellows, }  
 The ranting, whining, starting and the jealous,  
 The *Hotspurs*, *Romeos*, *Hamlets*, and *Othellos*. }  
 Oh! little do these silly people know,  
 What dreadful trials—actors undergo.

Myself

Myself—who most in harmony delight,  
 Am scolding here from morning until night.  
 Then take advice from me, ye giddy things,  
 Ye royal milliners, ye apron'd kings;  
 Young men beware, and shun our slippery ways,  
 Study arithmetic, and shun our plays;  
 And you, ye girls, let not our tinsel train  
 Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning brain;  
 Be timely wise, for oh! be sure of this;  
 A shop with virtue, is the height of blifs.

---

 E P I L O G U E

Spoken by Mr. SHUTTER, at Covent Garden, after  
 the Play of the CONSCIOUS LOVERS, acted  
 for the Benefit of the Middlesex Hospital for  
 Lying-in Women, 1755, in the Character of a  
 Man-Midwife.

*(Enters with a Child)*

**W**HOE'ER begot thee, has no cause to blush:  
 Thou'rt a brave chopping boy, (*child cries*) nay,  
 hush! hush! hush!  
 A workman, faith! a man of rare discretion,  
 A friend to Britain, and to our profession:

M. 3

With.



With face so chubby, and with looks so glad,  
O rare roast beef of England—here's a lad!

*(Shews him to the Company.)*

*(Child makes a noise again)*

Nay if you once begin to puke and cough,  
Go to the nurse. Within!—here take him off.  
Well, heav'n be prais'd, it is a peopling age,  
Thanks to the bar, the pulpit, and the stage;  
But not to th' army—that's not worth a farthing,  
The captains go too much to Covent Garden,  
Spoil many a girl,—but seldom make a mother,  
They foil us one way—but we have them t'other.

*(Shakes a box of pills.)*

The nation prospers by such joyous souls,  
Hence smokes my table, hence my chariot rolls.  
Tho' some snug jobs, from surgery may spring,  
Man-midwifry, man-midwifry's the thing!  
Lean shou'd I be, e'en as my own anatomy,  
By mere catharticks and by plain phlebotomy.  
Well, besides gain, besides the pow'r to please,  
Besides the music of such birds as these,

*(Shakes a purse.)*

It is a joy refin'd, unmix'd and pure,  
To hear the praises of the grateful poor.  
This day comes honest Taffy to my house,  
“ Cot pless her, her has sav'd her poy and spouse,  
“ Her sav'd her Gwinnifrid, or death had swallow'd her,  
“ Tho' creat crand, creat crand crand child of Cad-  
“ wallader.”

Cries

Cries Patrick Touzl'em, " I am bound to pray,  
 " You've fav'd my Sue in your same phyfick way,  
 " And further shall I thank you yesterday." }

Then Sawney came and thank'd me for my love,  
 (I very readily excus'd *his glove*)

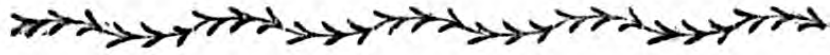
He blest'd the mon, e'en by St. Andrew's crofs,  
 " Who cur'd his bonny bearn and blithsome lafs."

But merriment and mimickry apart,  
 Thanks to each bounteous hand and gen'rous heart }  
 Of those, who tenderly take pity's part ;  
 Who in good-natur'd acts can sweetly grieve,  
 Swift to lament, but swifter to relieve.  
 Thanks to the lovely fair ones, types of heaven,  
 Who raise and beautify the bounty given ;  
 But chief to \* him in whom distress confides,  
 Who o'er this noble plan so gloriously presides.

\* The Earl afterwards Duke of Northumberland.







D E

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

A .

L A T I N . V E R S I O N .

O . F

Mr. POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

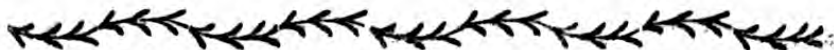
Nec me animi fallit—

Difficile illustrare Latinis versibus esse

(Multa novis verbis præsertim cum sit agendum)

Propter egestatem linguæ, & rerum novitatem.

LUCRET. .





AN 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,  
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 critick'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,  
And censure freely who have written well.  
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true ;  
But are not criticks to their judgment too ?

Yet

\* 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 .

**D**ICTU 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.  
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.

Nobis judicium, 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;  
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.  
Scriptores (fateor) fidunt propriæ nimis arti,  
Nonne autem criticos pravus favor urget ibidem?

At:

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find,  
 \* Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind :  
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light ;  
 The lines tho' touched but faintly, are drawn right.  
 But as the slightest 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 spite,  
 There are, who judge still worse than he can write.

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.  
 Those half-learn'd witlings num'rous in our isle,  
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile,

Unfinish'd

\* Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ullâ arte, aut ratione, quæ  
 sint in artibus ac rationibus recta ac prava dijudicant.

Cic. de Orat. lib. 3.

At vero propius si stemus, cuique fatendum est,  
 Judicium quoddam natura inſeverit olim :  
 Illa diem certe dubiam diffundere callet  
 Et, ſtriſtim deſcripta licet, ſibi linea conſtat.  
 Sed minimum ut ſpecimen, quod piſtor 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  
 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  
 Ardor ſcribendi, ſtudio hi rivalis aguntur,  
*Illis* invalida cunuchi violentia gliſcit.  
 Ridendi proprium eſt fatuis cacoethes, amantque  
 Turbæ perpetuo ſeſe immiſcere jocoſæ.  
 Mævius invito dum ſudat Apolline, multi  
 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 ſemi-hominum vix pœne elementa ſcientum  
*Primula* gens horum eſt, premitur quibus Anglia,  
 quantum  
 Imperfecta ſcatent ripis animalcula Nili,

Futile

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.

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

First

Futile, abortivum genus, & prope nominis expers,  
 Usque adeo æquivoca est, e quâ generantur, origo.  
 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, prudensque expendito quæ fit  
 Judicii, ingenii tibi, doctrinæque facultas ;  
 Si qua profunda nimis, cauto vitentor, & ista  
 Linea, quâ coeunt stupor ingeniumque, notator.  
 Qui finem imposuit rebus Deus omnibus aptum,  
 Humani vanum ingenii restrinxit acumen.  
 Qualis ubi oceani vis nostra irrumpit in arva,  
 Tunc defolatas alibi denudat arenas ;  
 Sic animæ reminiscendi dum copia restat,  
 Consilii gravioris abest plerumque potestas ;  
 Ast ubi Phantasiæ fulgent radiantia tela,  
 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.  
 Deperdas partos utcunque labore triumphos,  
 Dum plures, regum instar, aves acquirere lauros ;  
 Sed sua tractatu facilis provincia cuique est,  
 Si non, quæ pulchre sciat, ut vulgaria, temnat.

Naturam



First follow Nature, and your judgment frame  
 By her just standard, which is still the same.  
 Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,  
 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 :  
 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,  
 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,  
 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, like monarchy, is but restrain'd  
 By the same laws, which first herself ordain'd.

Here

Naturam sequere imprimis, atque illius æquâ  
 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.  
 Quærit opes ex hoc thesauro ars, & sine pompâ  
 Præsidet, & nullas turbas facit inter agendum.  
 Talis vivida vis formoso in corpore mentis,  
 Lætitiâ toti inspirans & robora massæ,  
 Ordinât & motus, & nervos sustinet omnes,  
 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 judicio velut uxor habendum est  
 Atque viro, cui fas ut pareat, usque repugnat.  
 Musæ quadrupedem labor est inhibere capistro,  
 Præcipites regere, at non irritare volatus.  
 Pegafos, instar equi generosi, grandior ardet  
 Cum sentit retinacula, nobiliorque tuetur.

Regula quæque vetus tantum observata peritis  
 Non inventa fuit criticis, debetque profectò  
 Naturæ ascribi, sed enim quam lima polivit ;  
 Nullas naturæ divina monarchia leges,  
 Exceptis solum quas sanxerit ipsa, veretur.

Qualibus,

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,  
 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 critick fann'd the poet's fire,  
 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:  
 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,  
 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.  
 Some dryly plain, without invention's aid,  
 Write dull receipts how poems should be made;

These

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

Qualibus, audistin' resonat celeberrima normis  
 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.  
 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  
 Egregias veneres, pluresque irretit amantes.  
 Nunc vero docti longè diversa sequentes,  
 Contempti dominæ, vilem petiêre ministram;  
 Propriaque in miseros verterunt tela poetas,  
 Discipulique suos pro more odere magistros.  
 Haud aliter sanè nostrates pharmacopolæ  
 Ex medicum crevit quibus ars plagiaria chartis,  
 Audaces errorum adhibent sine mente medelas,  
 Et veræ Hippocratis jactant convicia proli.  
 Hi veterum authorum scriptis vescuntur, & ipsos  
 Vermiculos, & tempus edax vicere vorando.  
 Stultitiâ simplex ille, & sine divite venâ,  
 Carmina quo fiant pacto miserabilè narrat.

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,  
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,  
Read them 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.

\* When first young Maro sung of kings and wars,  
Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears,  
Perhaps he seem'd above the critick's law,  
And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to draw ;  
But when t'examine every part he came,  
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. }  
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem,  
To copy nature, is to copy them.

Some

\* Cum canerem Reges & Prælia, Cynthia aurem —Vellit.

VIRG. Ecl. 6.

Doctrinam ostentans, mentem alter perdidit omnem,  
Atque alter nodis vafer implicat enodando.

Tu quicumque cupis iudex procedere rectè,  
Fâc veteris cujusque stylus discatur ad unguem ;  
Fâbula, materies, quo tendat pagina quævis ;  
Patria, religio quæ sint, queis moribus ævum :  
Si non intuitu cunctâ hæc complecteris uno,  
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.  
Ipse suorum operum sit commentator, & author,  
Mæonidisve lègas interprete scripta Marone.

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



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,  
 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.  
 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,  
 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, }  
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.  
 But care in poetry must still be had,  
 It asks discretion ev'n in running mad :

And

\* 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.

At vero virtus reſtat jam plurima, nullo  
 Deſcribenda modo, nullâque parabilis arte,  
 Nam felix tam fortuna eſt, quam cura canendi.  
 Muſicam in hoc reddit divina poeſis, utramque  
 Multæ ornant veneres, quas verbis pingere non eſt,  
 Quasque attingere nil niſi ſumma peritia poſſit.  
 Regula quandocunq; minus diſfuſa videtur,  
 (Quum tantum ad propriam collinet ſingula metam)  
 Si modo conſiliis inſerviat ulla juvandis  
 Apta licentia, lex enim iſta licentia fiat.  
 Atque ita quo citius procedat, callidè relicto  
 Communi muſæ ſonipes benè devius erret.  
 Accidit interdum, ut ſcriptores ingenium ingens  
 Evehat ad culpam egregiam, maculaſque micantes  
 Quas nemo criticorum audent detergere figat;  
 Accidit ut linquat vulgaria clauſtra furore  
 Magnanimo, rapiatque ſolutum lege decorem,  
 Qui, quam iudicium non intercedat, ad ipſum  
 Cor properat, fineſque illic ſimul obtinet omnes.  
 Haud aliter ſi forte iugo ſpeculamur aprico,  
 Luminibus reſ arident, quas Dædala tellus  
 Parcior oſtentare ſolet, velut ardua montis  
 Aſperitas, ſcopulive exeſi pendulus horror.  
 Cura tamen ſemper magna eſt adhibenda poeſi,  
 Atque hic cum ratione inſaniat author, oportet:



And tho' the antients thus their rules invade,  
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)  
 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 critick else proceeds without remorse,  
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts  
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.  
 Some figures monstrous, and miss-shap'd appear,  
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,  
 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,  
 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;  
 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

Et, quamvis veteres pro tempore jura refigunt,  
 Et leges violare suas regalitèr audent,  
 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 faciàs, criticus totam implacabilis iram  
 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,  
 Quæ rectâ cum constituas in luce looque,  
 Formam conciliat distantia justa venustam.  
 Non aciem semper belli dux callidus artis  
 Instruit æquali serie ordinibusque décoris,  
 Sed se temporibusque looque accomodat, agmen  
 Celando jam, jamque fugæ simulachra ciendo.  
 Mentitur speciem erroris sæpe astus, & ipse  
 Somniat emunctus jûdex, non dormit Homerus.

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

Laudes.

In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,  
 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 !  
 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,  
 Glows 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 ;  
 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,  
 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 ;

Trust.

Laudes usque adeo meritas vox quæque rependat,  
 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!  
 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  
 Lector magnanimus, sed enim, sed scriptor inaudax)  
 Sic critici vani, me præcipiente, priores  
 Mirari, arbitrioque suo diffidere discant.

Omnibus ex causis, quæ animum corrumpere juncit  
 Viribus, humanumque solent obtundere acumen,  
 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  
 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.

\* Animalium scilicet.

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,  
And drinking largely sobers us again.  
Fir'd at first sight 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 ;  
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,  
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' encreasing prospect tires our wond'ring eyes,  
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

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

Survey

\* *Diligenter legendum est, ac pene ad scribendi sollicitudinem; nec per partes modo scrutanda sunt omnia; sed periectus liber utique ex integro resumendus.*

QUINTIL.

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

Ne musæ invigiles mediocritèr, aut fuge fontem  
 Castalium omnino, aut haustu te prolue pleno :  
 Istius laticis tibi mens abstemia torpet  
 Ebria, sobrietasque redit revocata bibendo.  
 Intuitu musæ primo, novitateque capta  
 Aspirat doctrinæ ad cùlmina summa juvenus  
 Intrepida, & quoniam tunc mens est arcta, suoque  
 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  
 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,  
 Jam longus tandem prospectus læsa fatigat  
 Lumina, dum colles assurgunt undique fæti  
 Collibus, impositæque emergunt Alpibus Alpes.

Ingeniosa leget judex perfectus eadem  
 Quâ vates scripsit studiosus opuscula curâ,

Totum



Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,  
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;  
 Nor lose, for that malignant, dull delight,  
 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.  
 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,  
 (The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome!)  
 No single parts unequally surprize,  
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes;  
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;  
 The whole at once is bold and regular.

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,  
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.  
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,  
 To 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,  
 Quæ reptant sub limâ & certâ lege stupefcunt,  
 Quæ torpent uno erroris secura tenore,  
 Hæc equidem nequeo culpæ—& dormio tantum.  
 Ingenii, veluti naturæ, non tibi constant  
 Illecebræ formâ, quæ certis partibus infit ;  
 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  
 Lumina, sed sese per totum errantia pascunt ;  
 Nil longum latumve nimis, nil altius æquo  
 Cernitur, illustris 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 adverte, poeta  
 Ultra aliquid sperare, illas si absolvat, iniquum est ;  
 Si recta ratione utatur, consilioque  
 Perfecto, missis maculis, vos plaudite clamo.  
 Accidit, ut vates, veluti vafer Aulicus, erret  
 Sæpius errorem, ut vitet graviora, minorem.

Neglige,



Neglect the rules each verbal critick lays,  
 For not to know some trifles is a praise.  
 Most criticks 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,  
 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.  
 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,  
 Were but a combat in the lists left out.  
 "What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight;  
 "Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrice.  
 "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.  
 "Then build a-new, or act it on a plain."

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

Form

Neglige, quas criticus, verborum futilis auceps,  
 Leges edicit: nugas nescire décorum est.  
 Artis cujusdam tantum auxiliaris amantes  
 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  
 Docta citans, graviterque tuens, tanquam arbiter alter  
 DENNISIUS, *Græci* moderatus fræna theatri;  
 Acriter id dein asseruit, stultum esse hebetemque,  
 Quisquis Aristotelis possit contemnere leges.  
 Quid?—talem comitem nactus feliciter author,  
 Mox tragicum, quod composuit, proferre poemæ  
 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  
 Si tantum prudens certamen omitteret author.

“ Quid vero certamen omittes? excipit heros;  
 Sic veneranda Sophi suadent documenta. “ Quid ergo,  
 Armigerumque equitumque cohors scenam intret,  
 oportet,”

Forfan, at ipsa capax non tantæ scena catervæ est:  
 “ Ædificave aliam—vel apertis utere campis.”

Sic ubi supposito morosa superbia regnat  
 Judicio, criticæque tenent fastidia curæ

Form short ideas, and offend in arts  
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,  
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line ;  
Pleas'd with a work, where nothing's just or fit,  
One glaring chaos, and wild heap of wit,  
Poets like painters, thus unskill'd to trace  
The naked nature, and the living grace,  
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,  
And hide with ornaments their want of art.  
True † wit is nature to advantage dress'd,  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd ;  
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight, we find,  
That gives us back the image of our mind.  
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,  
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit :  
For works may have more wit than does them good,  
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others, for language all their care express,  
And value books, as women men, for dress :  
Their praise is still—the style is excellent ;  
The sense they humbly take upon content.  
Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Falſe

† Naturam intueamur, hanc ſequamur ; id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoſcunt.

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

Sunt, qui nil sapiant, salibus nisi quæque redundat  
 Pagina, perpetuoque nitet distincta lepore,  
 Nil aptum soliti justumve requirere, latè  
 Si micet ingenii chaos, indiscretaque moles.  
 Nudas naturæ veneres, vivumque decorem  
 Fingere, qui nequeunt, quorundam exempla secuti  
 Pictorum, haud gemmis parcunt, haud sumptibus auri,  
 Ut sese abscondat rutilus incitiam velis.  
 Vis veri ingenii, natura est cultior, id quod  
 Senferunt multi, sed jam scite exprimit unus,  
 Quod primo pulchrum intuitu, rectumque videtur  
 Et mentis menti simulachra repercutit ipsi.  
 Haud secus ac lucem commendant suaviter umbræ,  
 Ingenio sic simplicitas superaddit honorem :  
 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  
 Prætereunt malè, si quid inest rationis, inunctis.  
 Verba, velut frondes, nimio cum tegmine opacant  
 Ramos, torpescunt mentis sine germine. Prava

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass  
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place ;  
 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.

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 diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects fort,  
 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 th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.  
 Unlucky, as Fungoso in the † play ;  
 These sparks with aukward vanity display  
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday.

And

\* *Abolita et abrogata retinere, insolentiæ cujusdam est, et frivoliæ in parvis jactantiæ.* QUINTIL. lib. 1. cap. 6.

Opus est ut verba a vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta ; quia nil est odiosius 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. *Ibid.*

† Ben Johnson's Every Man in his Humour.

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



And but so mimic ancient wits at best,  
 As apes our grandfires in their doublets drest.  
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold ;  
 Alike fantastick, 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,  
 And smooth, 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, }  
 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 !  
 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,

If

\* *Quis populi fermo 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.

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



If crystal streams, with pleasing murmurs creep,  
 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 slow length along.  
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know  
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow,  
 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,  
 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,  
 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,  
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.  
 Hear how Timotheus\* various lays surprize,  
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise;

While

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

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,  
 Segnis Hypermeter, audin ? adest, et claudicat, instar  
 Anguis faucia terga trahentis, prorepentisque.  
 Hi proprias stupeant nugas, tu distere tentes,  
 Quæ tereti properant venâ, vel amabilè languent.  
 Itaque fac laudes, ubi vivida Denhamii vis  
 Walleriæ condita fluit dulcedine musæ.  
 Scribendi numerosa facultas provenit arte,  
 Ut soli incessu faciles fluitare videntur,  
 Plectrâ morigeros qui callent. fingere gressus.  
 Non solum asperitas teneras cave verberet aures,  
 Sed vox quæque expressa tuæ sit 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 undâ.  
 Quando est faxum 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  
 Dulcibus alloquiis varios suadentia motus !

**Audin !**

While at each change the son of Lybian Jove,  
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love ;  
 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 found !  
 The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,  
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

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 shews great pride, or little sense.  
 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,  
 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,)

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!  
 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  
 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  
 Omnia, difficilisque nihil tibi concoquit unquam.  
 Non tamen idcirco vegeti vis ulla leporis  
 Te tibi surripiat; mirari mentis ineptæ est,  
 Prudentis vero tantum optima quæque probare.  
 Majores res apparent per nubi'a visæ,  
 Atque ita luminibus stupor ampliat omnia deasis.

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

Scilicet

\* Christianæ scilicet.

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,  
 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.

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  
 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.  
 What woful stuff this madrigal wou'd be,  
 In some starv'd 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.  
 Qui primis latè sua lumina sparsit ab annis,  
 Illustrat præsens, summumque accenderit ævum.  
 (Cuique vices variæ tamen; et jam sæcula fœclis  
 Succedunt pejora, et jam meliora peractis)  
 Pro meritis musam laudare memento, nec unquam  
 Neglige quod novitas distinguit, quodve vetustas.

Sunt qui nil proprium in medium proferre suerunt,  
 Judiciumque suum credunt popularibus auris;  
 Tum vulgi quod exempla trahunt retrahuntque sequuntur,  
 Tolluntque expositas latè per compita nugas.  
 Turba alia authorum titulos et nomina discit  
 Scriptoresque ipsos, non scripta examinat. Horum  
 Pessimus iste cluet, si quem servilitè ipsos  
 Visere magnates stupor ambitiosus adegit.  
 Qui critice ad mensam domino ancillatur inepto,  
 Futilis ardèlio, 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  
 Fêlicem musam, quantus nitor ecce! venusque

Ingenio



Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,  
And each exalted stanza teems 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:  
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,  
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.  
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;  
Our wiser sons, no doubt will think us so.  
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'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.

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

Non desunt quibus incertum mutatur in horas  
 Judicium, sed semper eos sententia ducit  
 Ultima palantes. Illis miseranda camæna  
 More meretricis tractatur, nunc Dea certè,  
 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,  
 Et sapimus 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  
 In promptu, ille inter doctissimus audiit omnes ;

Religiosa

Faith, gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,  
 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 different dresses worn,  
 What wonder modes in wit shou'd take their turn?  
 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,  
 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.  
 Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,  
 In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux;  
 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,  
 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.

Envy

Religiosa fides simul ac sacra omnia nasci  
 Sunt visa in litem ; sapuit fat nemo refelli  
 Ut se sit passus. Jam gens insulsa Scotistæ,  
 Intactique abaci Thomistæ pace fruentes  
 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,  
 Expectatque sibi vitalem hæc nomine famam,  
 Suppetit usque suus plebi quia risus ineptæ.

Hic solitus propriâ metirier omnia normâ,  
 Solos, qui secum sunt mente et partibus iisdem  
 Approbat, ac vanos virtuti reddit honores,  
 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 filuère, superstes  
 Vivit adhuc, namque olim utcunque sepulta profundis  
 Pulchrior emerget tenebris tamen inclyta virtus.  
 Milbourni, rursus si fas foret ora tueri,  
 Blackmorique novi reducem insequerentur ; HOMERUS  
 Ipse etiam erigeret vultus si forte verendos  
 ZOTILUS ex orco gressus revocaret. Ubique

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

And

Virtuti malus, umbra velut nigra, livor adhæret,  
 Sed verum ex vanâ corpus cognoscitur umbrâ.  
 Ingenium, solis jam deficientis ad instar  
 Invifum, oppositi tenebras tantum arguit orbis,  
 Dum claro intemerata manent sua lumina divo.  
 Sol prodit cum primum, atque intolerabile fulget  
 Attrahit obscuros flammâ magnete vapores;  
 Mox vero pingunt etiam invida nubila callem  
 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  
 Angustam quam primum affuescant 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!  
 Aspiciamus nati patriæ dispendia linguæ,  
 Et vestris CHAUCERI olim gestanda DRYDENO est.  
 Sic ubi parturuit mens dives imagine multâ  
 Pictori, calamoque interprete cœpit acuti  
 Concilium cerebri narrare coloribus aptis,  
 Protinus ad nutum novus emicat orbis, et ipsa  
 Evolvit manui sese natura difertæ;

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,  
 And all the bright creation fades away.

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,  
 Attunes not for the envy which it brings.  
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,  
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost !  
 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 ;  
 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 !

If



Dulcia cum molles coeunt in fœdera fuci  
 Tandem maturi, liquidamque decentèr obumbrant  
 Admiftis lucem tenebris, et euntibus annis  
 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, piſtisque homines, terræque fuerunt !

Heu ! dos ingenii, veluti quodcunque furore  
 Cæco proſequimur, nihil unquam muneris adfert,  
 Quod redimat comitem invidiam ! juvenilibus annis  
 Nil niſi inane ſophos jaſtamus, et iſta voluptas  
 Vana, brevis, momento evanuit alitis horæ !  
 Flos veluti veris peperit quem prima juvenus,  
 Ille viret, peritque 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 ;  
 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  
 Nequaquam feciſſe ſatis datur ; ingeniumque  
 Expallet vitium, devitat conſcia virtus,  
 Stulti omnes oderê, ſceleſti perdere gaudent.



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,  
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldier too.  
 Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,  
 Employ their pains to spurn some other down;  
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,  
 Contending wits become the sport of fools.  
 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,  
 Nor in the critick 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;  
 Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,  
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.  
 No pardon vile obscenity thou'd find,  
 Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind:

But

Quando adeo infestam sese ignorantia præstet,  
 Absit, ut ingenium bello doctrina laceffat !  
 Præmia proposuit 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 tunc qui bifidi superarunt improba montis  
 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,  
 Improbus 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 :  
 Sed candor cum judicio conjuret amicè,  
 Peccare est hominum, peccanti ignoscere, divûm.

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

Pectora;

But dulness with obscenity must prove,  
 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 council, never in a war:  
 Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;  
 Nay wits had pensions and young lords had wit:  
 The fair sate panting at a courtier's play,  
 And not a mask went unimprov'd away:  
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,  
 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;  
 Where heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,  
 Left 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,  
 And the press groan'd with licenc'd blasphemies—

These

Pectora pelliciat. Verum, hercule, juncta stupori  
 Scripta impura pari vano molimine prorsus  
 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,  
 Consiliis raro, nunquam se exercuit armis :  
 Scripserunt mimos proceres, meretricibus aulæ  
 Successit regimen ; nec non magnatibus ipsis  
 Affuit ingenium, stipendiaque ingeniosis.  
 Patriciæ in scenis spectavit opuscula musæ  
 Multa nurus, lasciva tuens, atque auribus hausit  
 Omnia larvato sæcura modestia vultu.  
 Machina, virginibus quæ ventilat ora, pudicum  
 Dedidicit clausa officium, ad ludicra cachinnus.  
 Increpuit, rubor ingenuus nihil amplius arsit.  
 Deinde ex externo traducta licentia regno  
 Audacis fæces Socini absorbuit imas,  
 Sacrilegique sacerdotes tum quemque docebant  
 Conati efficere, ut gratis paradison adiret ;  
 Ut populus patriâ cum libertate saccratis  
 Affererent sua jura locis, ne scilicet unquam  
 (Crediderim) Omnipotens foret ipse potentior æquo.  
 Templâ sacram satiram jam tum violata silebant :  
 Et laudes vitii, vitio mirante, sonabant !  
 Accensi hinc musæ Titanes ad astra ruerunt,  
 Legeque sancitum quassit blasphemia prælum.—

Hæc

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;  
 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;  
 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;  
 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,  
 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.

Without

Hæc monstra, O critici, contra hæc convertite telum,  
 Huc fulmen, tonitruque styli torquete severi,  
 Et penitus totum obnixi exonerate furorem !  
 At tales fugias, qui, non sine fraude severi,  
 Scripta malam in partem, livore interprete, vertunt ;  
 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 fatis est ars, ingenium, doctrinaque vires  
 Quæque suas jungant, si non quoque candor honestis,  
 Et veri sincerus amor sermonibus insint.  
 Sic tibi non solum quisque amplos solvet honores,  
 Sed te, qui criticum probat, exoptabit amicum,

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

Hoc tibi non fatis est, verum, quod præcipis, esse,  
 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

Ipsè .



Without good-breeding, truth is difapprov'd ;  
That only makes fuperior fenfe belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence ;  
For the worft avarice is that of fenfe.  
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,  
Nor be fo civil as to prove unjust ;  
Fear moft the anger of the wife to raife,  
Thofe beft can bear reproof who merit praife.

'Twere well, might criticks ftill this freedom take,  
But Appius reddens at each word you fpeak,  
And ftares, tremendous with a threat'ning eye,  
Like fome fierce tyrant in old tapeftry !  
Fear moft to tax an honourable fool,  
Whofe right it is uncensur'd to be dull ;  
Such, without wit, are poets when they pleafe,  
As without learning they can take degrees.  
Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful fatyrs,  
And flattery to fulfome dedicators,  
Whom, when they praife, the world believes no more,  
Than when they promife to give fcribbling o'er.  
'Tis beft fometimes your censure to refrain  
And charitably let the dull be vain.

Your



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

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.

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 et libitum vates absque indole, eâdem,  
Quâ sine doctrinâ doctores lege creantur.  
Contemptis prudens fatiris res linque tacendas,  
Assentatorumque infamem exerceat artem,  
Nominibus libros magnis gens gnara dicandi ;  
Quæ cum mendaci laudes effutiat ore,  
Non magnè credenda est, quam quando pejerat olim  
Non iterum pingues unquam conscribere versus.  
Non raro est fatius bilem cohibere suëticas,  
Humanusque finas hebetem sibi plaudere : prudens

Hic

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,  
 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;  
 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 critic's too.  
 The book-full blockhead, ignorantly read,  
 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.  
 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

Hic taceas moneo, nihil indignatio prodest,  
 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,  
 Ut tardi titubata urgent vestigia manni.  
 Horum pleraque pars, cui nulla amentia defit,  
 Tinnitu numerorum et amore senescit inani,  
 Perstat difficili carmen deducere venâ,  
 Donec inexhausto restat fœx ulla cerebro,  
 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.  
 Helluo librorum, qui sudat, hebetque legendo,  
 Cui mens nugarum doctâ farragine turget  
 Attentas propriæ voci malè recreat aures,  
 Auditorque sibi solus miser ipse videtur.  
 Ille omnes legit authores, omnesque laceffit  
 Durseio infestus pariter magnoque Drydeno.  
 Judice sub tali semper furatur, emitve  
 Quisque suum bonus author opus: non Garthius (illi  
 Si credas) proprium contexuit ipse poema.  
 In scenis nova si comœdia agatur, "amicus  
 "Hujus scriptor (ait) meus est, cui non ego paucas  
 "Ostendi maculas; sed mens est nulla poetis."

Non

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,  
 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,  
 But rattling nonsense in full volleys 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?  
 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,  
 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?

Such once were criticks; 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  
 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  
 Non unquam tremefacta, nec unquam è tramite cedens,  
 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 cœcus, ut erres;  
 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,  
 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 natos melioribus annis.  
 Primus Aristoteles est ausus solvere navem,  
 Atque datis velis vastum explorare profundum.

He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,  
 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.

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,  
 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 criticks take a contrary extreme,  
 They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm;  
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations  
 By wits, than criticks 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,  
 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;

Thus

\* Dionysius of Halicarnassus.



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

Nusquam non grata est incuria comis Horatî,  
 Qui nec opinantes nos erudit absque magistro.  
 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  
 Cenfor, ubi cecinit divino concitus æstro,  
 Carminibusque eadem inspirat, quæ tradidit Arte.  
 Nostrates homines planè in contraria currunt,  
 Turba, stylo vehemens critico, sed frigida Phœbo :  
 Nec malè vertendo Flaccum torfere poetæ  
 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.

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



Thus useful arms in magazines we place,  
 All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace.  
 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 critick with a poet's fire;  
 An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust  
 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 criticks justly reign'd,  
 Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.  
 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,  
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;  
 Much was believ'd, but little understood,  
 And to be dull was construed to be good;  
 A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,  
 And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

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

Stem'd

Haud secus 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 propositi criticum fideique tenacem,  
 Qui vehemens sua jura, sed omnibus æqua ministrat;  
 Quo probat exemplo, quas tradit acumine leges,  
 Semper sublimi sublimior argumento!

Succedere diù sibi tales, pulsaque fugit  
 Barbara præscriptas exosa licentia leges.  
 Româ perpetuo crescente scientia crevit,  
 Atque artes aquilarum equitare audacibus alis;  
 Sed tandem superata iisdem 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)

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

But see each muse in Læo's golden days,  
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;  
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 critick's ivy grow:  
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,  
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 critick learning flourish'd most in France:  
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,

Fit

\* Hieronymus Vida, an excellent Latin poet, who was  
an art of poetry in verse. He flourished in the time of Leo  
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 !  
Antiquus Romæ Genius de pulvere sacro  
Attollit sublime caput. Tunc cœpit amari  
Sculptura atque artes sociæ, cælataque rupes  
Vivere, et in pulchras lapides mollescere formas ;  
Divinam harmoniam surgentia templa sonabant,  
Atque stylo & calamo Raphael & Vida vigebant ;  
Illustres vates ! cui laurea ferta poetæ  
Intertexta hedæris critici geminata refulgent :  
Jamque æquat claram tibi, Mantua, Vida Cremonam,  
Utque loci, sic semper erit vicinia famæ.

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

Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,  
 We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.  
 Yet some there were among the sounder 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.  
 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,  
 And ev'ry author's merit but his own.  
 Such late was Walsh—the muse's judge and friend ;  
 Who justly know to blame, or to commend ;  
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert.  
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.  
 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,  
 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 :  
Careless

\* 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  
 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.”  
 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  
 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.  
 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.  
 Illi hoc jam satis est—si hinc turba indocta docetur,  
 Docta recognoscit studii vestigia prisca :

Censuram.

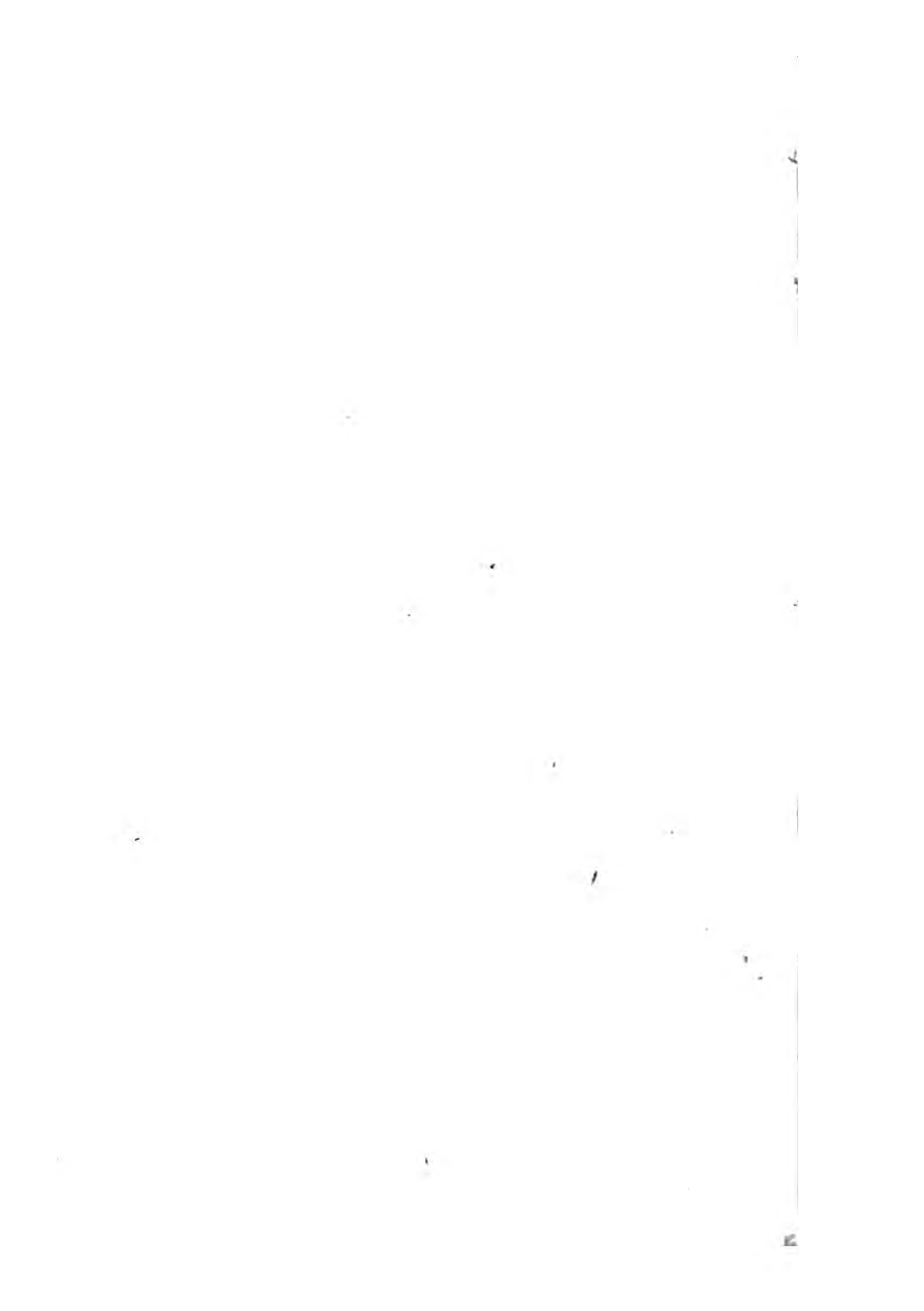
Careless of censure, not too fond of fame,  
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame :  
Averse alike to flatter or offend,  
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

THE END.



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.

FINIS.



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Ausî deserere & celebrare domestica facta.*

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