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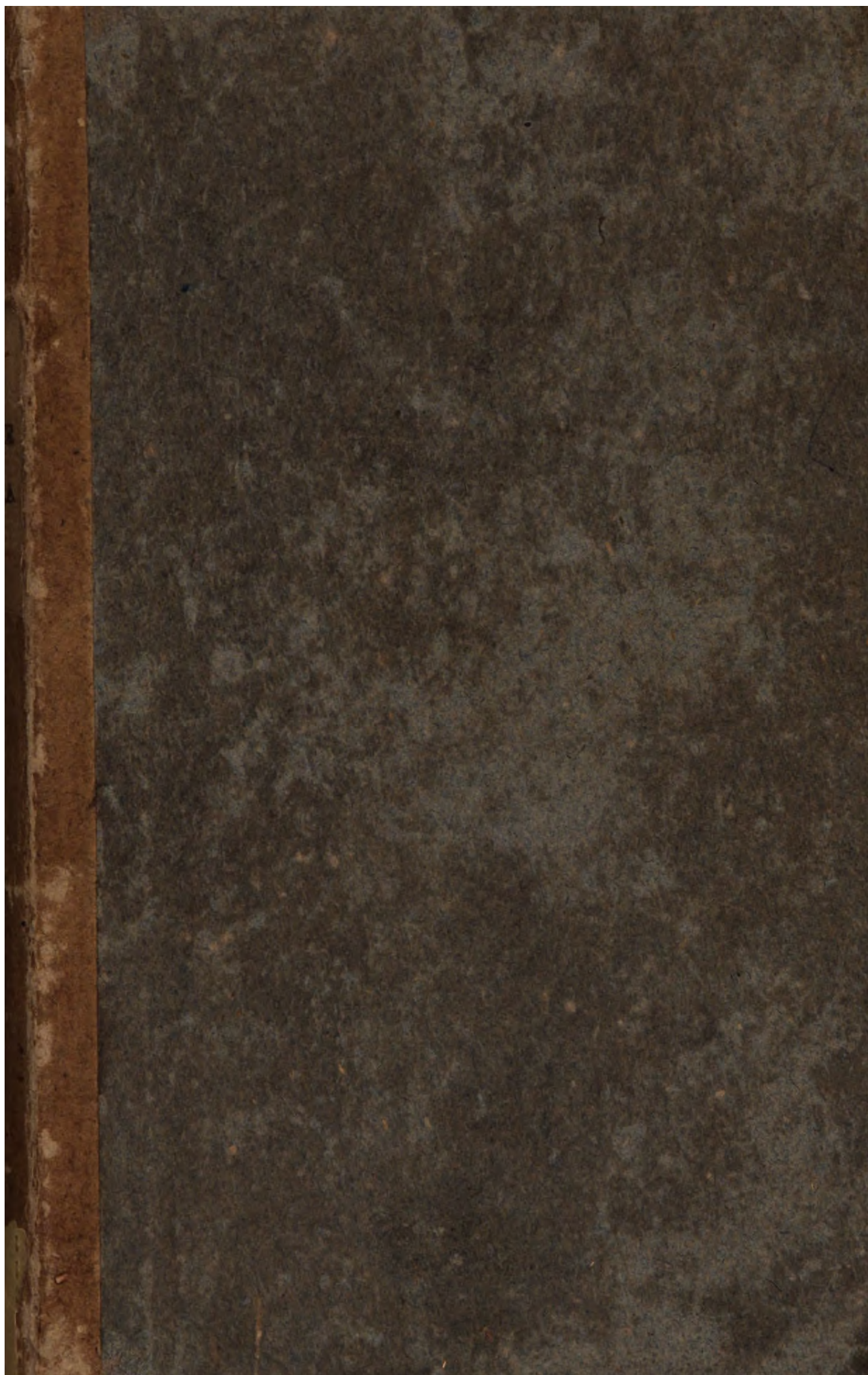
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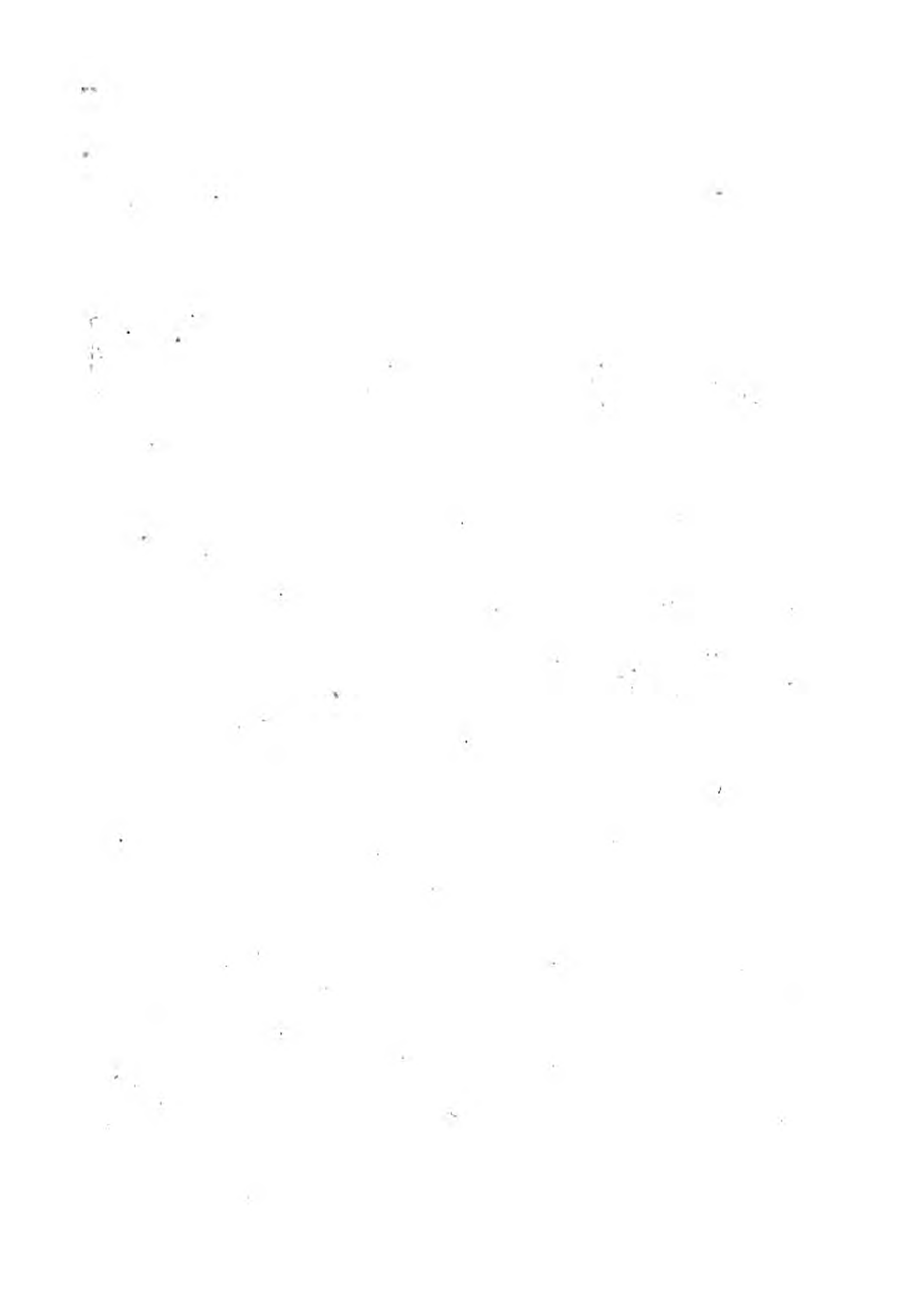
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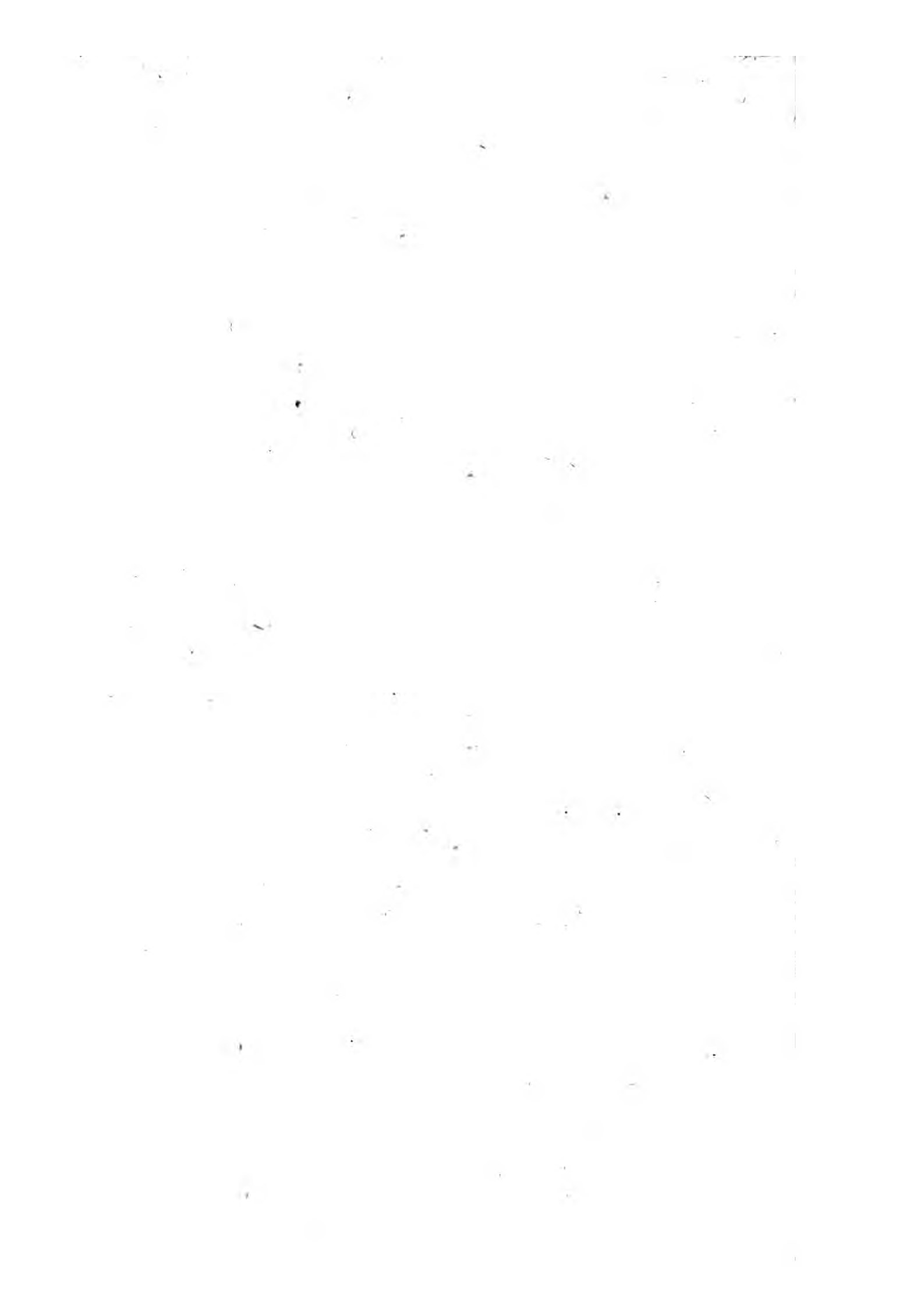
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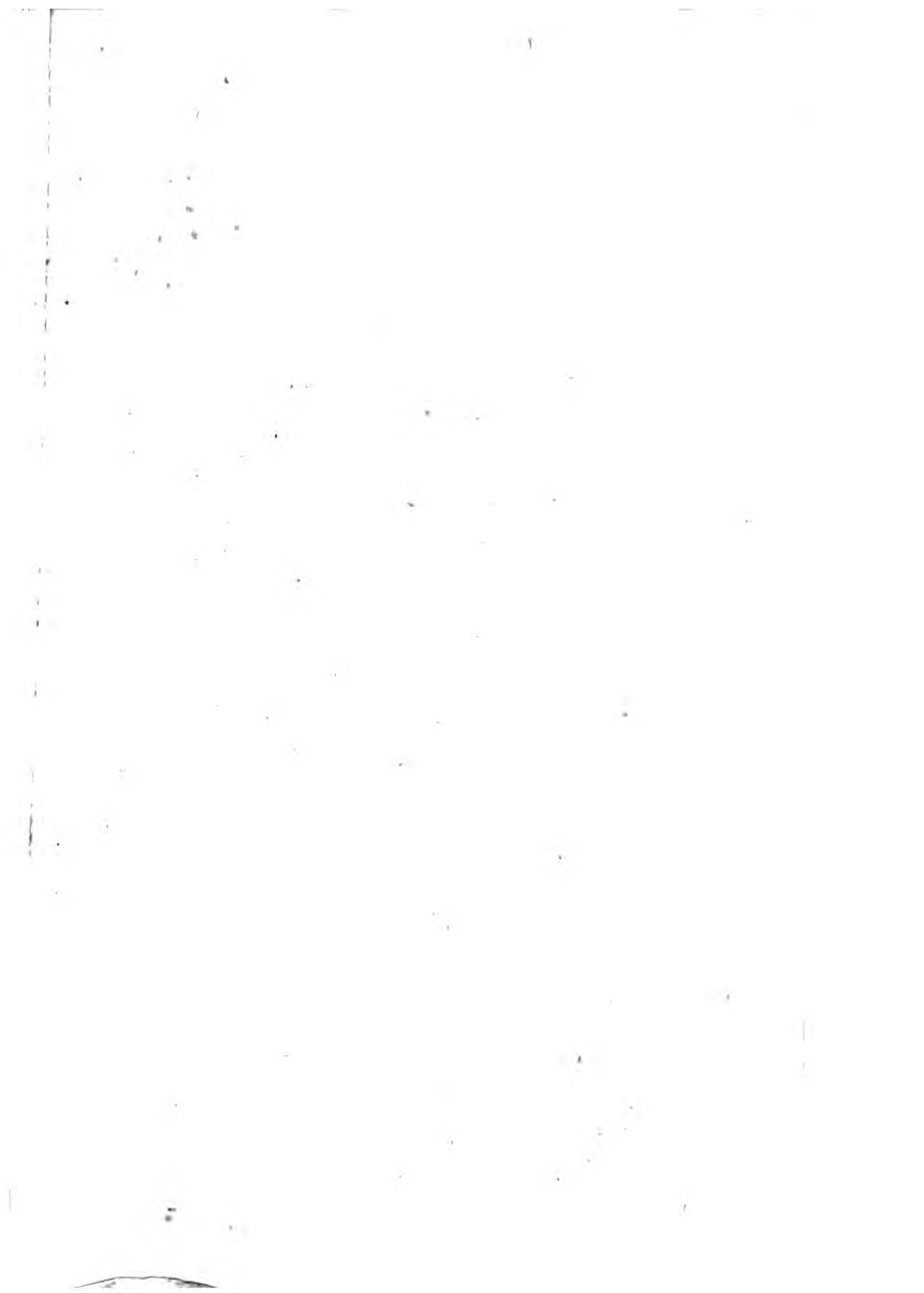
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CHRISTOPHER SMART, A.M.

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.

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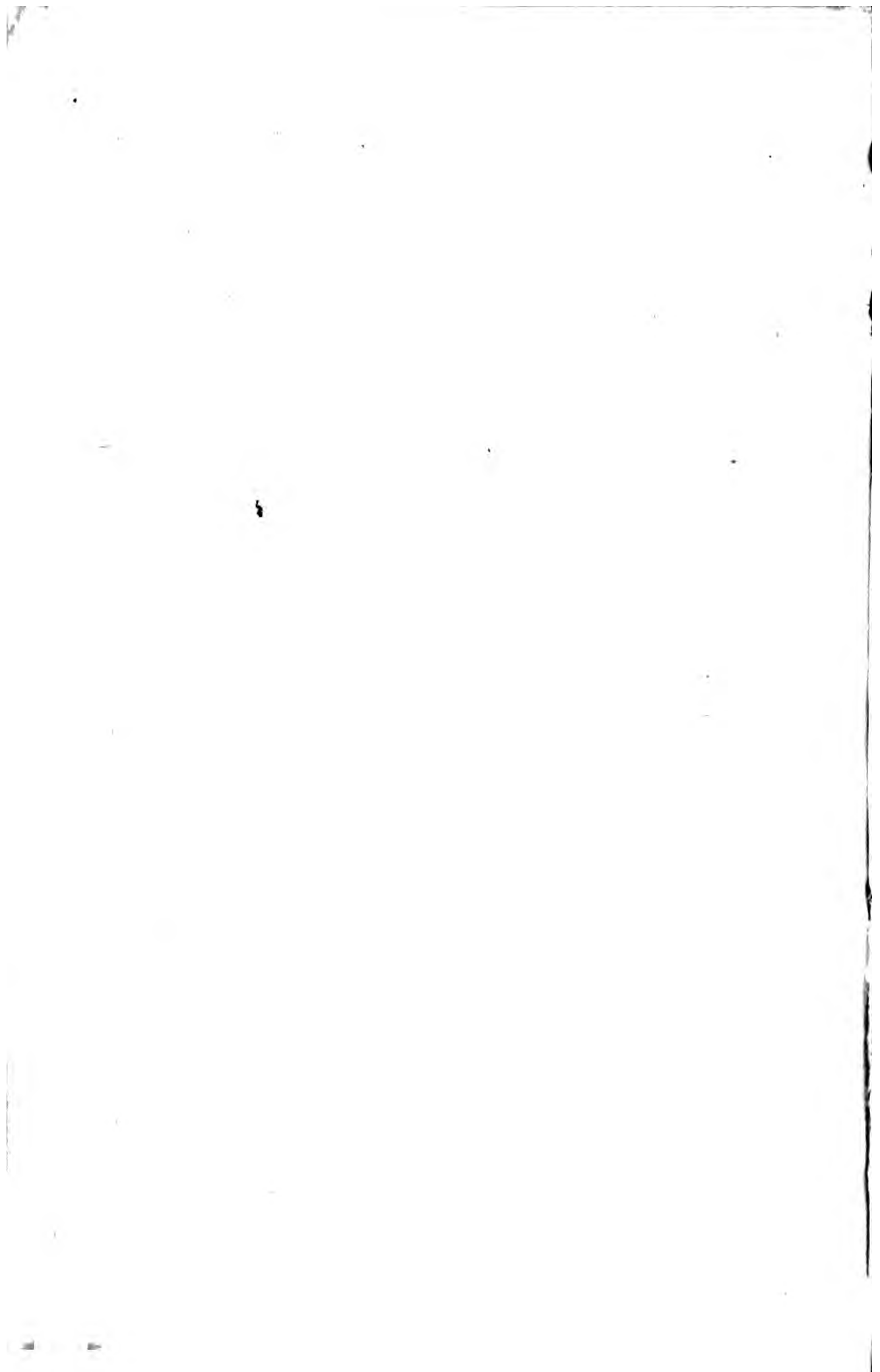


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T H E

L I F E

O F

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

THOUGH the life of an Author seldom abounds with very interesting events, yet of those who have undertaken to instruct or to amuse mankind, some account will be expected. Biography is generally considered as one of the most entertaining subjects of Literature: but its utility may perhaps be questioned. Concerning persons of humble and common attainments we are not wont to be solicitous; and the important actions of eminent characters few readers will be able to imitate. Of these however the Historian is best informed, and treats them with the greatest satisfaction. Yet he is seldom the first of men, who most attracts the attention of the public. For, if great talents be necessarily rare, the opportunities are still rarer of displaying them to the world; to this a multitude of events, whose connection is impercepti-

ble to human eyes, must necessarily concur. The external distinctions therefore between man and man are derived less from nature than from fortune; so that most, if not all, of those characters which are held up to public view, may be considered as a picture of the human species. To extract from Biography all its advantages, let the writer restrain his fancy, and the reader his admiration; let not the first suppose that he describes a perfect model, nor the latter forget that he contemplates a man.

Mr. Christopher Smart, the Author of the following Poems, was born at Shipbourne in Kent, the 11th of April, 1722.

His Father was possessed of an estate of about 300l. a year in that neighbourhood, and having been originally intended for Holy Orders, had a better taste for literature than is commonly found in country gentlemen; a taste which he transmitted to his Son.

In the beginning of his life our Author was of a very delicate constitution, having been born earlier than the natural period; and his body being too feeble to permit his indulging freely in childish amusements, his mind had leisure to exercise and expand its powers. He discovered a very early taste for Poetry; and proved when he was only four years old, by an extemporary effusion, that even then he had a relish for Verse and an ear for Numbers. He was educated at Maidstone, till he was eleven years old:

ON

on the death of his Father, which happened at that time, his Mother, Mrs. Winifred Smart, determined to send him to Durham, where he would have the advantages of a good school, change of air to strengthen a weakly frame, and the notice and protection of his Father's relations. The family had been long established in that country. An ancestor of his, Mr. Peter Smart, had been a Prebendary of Durham in the reign of Charles the first; and for resisting innovations in the church worship suffered considerably both in person and in property; of this he published an interesting narrative in a pamphlet, of which few copies now remain. Mr. Smart's Grandfather married a Miss Gilpin, of the family of the celebrated Barnard Gilpin, Rector of Houghton le Spring. The enumeration of ancestors, remarkable only for rank or fortune, is idle ostentation; but to mention the brave and the good is a tribute due to merit, and a favour to mankind.

As our Author's Father had been Steward of the estates in Kent of Lord Barnard, afterwards Earl of Darlington, the Son was very cordially received at Raby Castle, when absent, during the holidays, from School. In this noble family he had the honour of making an acquaintance with the late Dutchess of Cleveland, who discerned and patronized his talents. She allowed him forty pounds a year till her death. In the Ode to Lord Barnard, he alludes beautifully to

his literary habits and to the splendor of his connections at this early period of his life.

Mr. Smart did not continue without distinction at Durham School; and a very learned and eminent Divine, now living, has expressed obligations to our Author for his own first successful essays in Latin Versification. The Master of the School at that time was the Rev. Mr. Dongworth, an Etonian, and so eminent a scholar, that in the judgment of one, who was himself in that station, he would have obtained the Mastership of that celebrated Seminary, had it been accessible to simple merit.

Mr. Smart was removed from this place to the University of Cambridge, when he was seventeen; being admitted of Pembroke Hall, Oct. 30, 1739.

Though the favourite studies of this Seat of Learning were not congenial with his mind, yet his classical attainments and poetical powers were so eminent, as to attract the notice of persons, not very strongly prejudiced in favour of such accomplishments. Such was the force of his genius, and such the vivacity of his disposition, that his company was very earnestly solicited; and to suppress or withhold our talents, when the display of them is repaid by admiration, is commonly too great an effort for human prudence. He was therefore quickly involved in habits and expences, of which he felt the consequences during the rest of his life. His allowance from home was scanty;
for

for as his father had died suddenly, and in embarrassed circumstances, his widowed mother had been compelled to sell the largest portion of the estate at considerable loss. Our Author's chief dependance was the assistance he derived from his College, and from the Dukes of Cleveland's bounty. Many distinguished characters now living were notwithstanding of his intimate acquaintance; and it appears, by the Latin invitation of a friend to supper, preserved among his works, that he knew how to relish the Feast of Reason.

In the early part of his residence at Cambridge he wrote the *Tripes* * Poems in the present Collection. These verses have more system and design than is generally found in the compositions of young Academics: and it is some argument of their being well approved, that they were all thought worthy of a translation into English. He was encouraged by the commendations of his friends, to offer himself a Candidate for a University Scholarship. The yearly value of these appointments is barely 20*l.*; but the election is open to the whole University under the degree of Master of Arts; and
as

* The Verses so called are compositions published every year, when the Bachelors of Arts have compleated their degrees. Young men of poetical talents are appointed to this employment; and on one side of their paper, the names are printed of those students, who at the public examination, on the occasion just mentioned, have succeeded the best.

as the electors are of approved learning, and fix their choice after the strictest scrutiny, the honour of obtaining these Scholarships is considerable. It has been said that upon this occasion he translated Mr. Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day; but I do not find any sufficient authority for such a conjecture; which is rendered improbable by the length and labour of the composition. But that a scholar equal to such a work, in an impartial classical examination should surpass his competitors, is no matter of surprize.—His extraordinary success in this poem, induced him to turn his mind to other Translations from that favourite Bard; and he seems to have written to Mr. Pope for his approbation. He received from that gentleman the following Letter:—

“ TWICKENHAM, Nov. 18th.

“ S I R,

“ I thank you for the favour of yours; I would not give you the trouble of translating the whole Essay you mention; the two first Epistles are already well done, and if you try, I could wish it were on the last, which is less abstracted, and more easily falls into poetry and common place. A few lines at the beginning and the conclusion, will be sufficient for a trial whether you yourself can like the task or not. I believe the Essay on Criticism will in general be the more agreeable, both to a young writer, and to the

the

the majority of readers. What made me wish the other well done, was the want of a right understanding of the subject, which appears in the foreign versions, in two Italian, two French, and one German. There is one indeed in Latin verse printed at Wirtemberg, very faithful, but inelegant; and another in French prose; but in these the spirit of Poetry is as much lost, as the sense and system itself in the others. I ought to take this opportunity of acknowledging the Latin Translation of my Ode, which you sent me, and in which I could see little or nothing to alter, it is so exact. Believe me, Sir, equally desirous of doing you any service, and afraid of engaging you in an art so little profitable, tho' so well deserving, as good poetry."

I am,
Your most obliged
and sincere humble servant,

A. POPE."

I do not find that he bestowed any farther notice on our Author, excepting that he received him once very civilly at his house; and Mr. Smart seems to have been induced by his suggestion to undertake and finish the Latin translation of the Essay on Criticism; with much praise from the learned, but without either profit or popularity. He was admitted to
the

the Degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1743, and was elected Fellow of Pembroke-Hall, July 3, 1745.

About this time he wrote a Comedy, of which no remains have yet been found, but a few of the Songs, and the Soliloquy of the Princess Perriwinkle, preserved in the Old Woman's Magazine, which is inserted below.* He took the Degree of Master of Arts

* The Princess Perriwinkle sola, attended by fourteen Maids of great honour.

Sure such a wretch as I was never born,
 By all the world deserted and forlorn;
 This bitter-sweet, this honey-gall to prove,
 And all the oil and vinegar of love.
Pride, Love and Reason will not let me rest,
 But make a dev'lish bustle in my breast.
 To wed with Fizgig, *Pride, Pride, Pride* denies,
 Put on a Spanish padlock, *Reason* cries;
 But tender gentle *Love* with every wish complies.
Pride, Love and Reason fight till they are cloy'd,
 And each by each in mutual wounds destroy'd.
 Thus when a Barber and a Collier fight,
 The Barber beats the luckless Collier—white.
 The dusty Collier heaves his pond'rous sack,
 And, big with vengeance, beats the Barber—black.
 It comes the Brickdust man, with grime o'erspread,
 And beats the Collier and the Barber—red.
 Black, red and white in various clouds are toss'd,
 And in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost.

The

Arts in 1747, and became a candidate for Mr. Seaton's Prize, and for five years, four of which were in succession,

*The following account of the Plot, and Dramatis Personæ, in the words of an eminent person, who was an actor in it, may not be unacceptable to our readers. "It was called *A Trip to Cambridge, or the Grateful Fair.*" The business of the Drama was laid in bringing up an old country Baronet to admit his nephew a Fellow Commoner at one of the Colleges; in which expedition a daughter or niece attended. In their approach to the seat of the Muses, the waters from a heavy rain happened to be out at Fenstanton, which gave a young student of Emmanuel an opportunity of shewing his gallantry as he was riding out, by jumping from his horse and plunging into the flood to rescue the distressed damsel, who was near perishing in the stream, into which she had fallen from her poney, as the party travelled on horseback. The swain being lucky enough to effect his purpose, of course gained an interest in the lady's heart, and an acquaintance with the rest of the family, which he did not fail to cultivate on their arrival at Cambridge, with success as far as the fair one was concerned. To bring about the consent of the father, (or guardian, for my memory is not accurate) it was contrived to have a play acted, of which entertainment he was highly fond; and the Norwich company luckily came to Cambridge just at the time; only one of the actors had been detained on the road; and they could not perform the play that night, unless the Baronet would consent to take a part; which, rather than be disappointed of his favourite amusement, he was prevailed upon to do, especially as he was assured that it would amount to nothing more than sitting at a great table, and signing

succession, obtained the laurel. Though these are confessedly, excepting the short poems, the most finished

ing an instrument, as a Justice of Peace might sign a warrant; and, having been some years of the Quorum, he felt himself quite equal to the undertaking. The under play to be acted by the Norwich company on this occasion, was the *Bloody War of the King of Diamonds with the King of Spades*; and the actors in it came on with their respective emblems on their shoulders, taken from the suits of the cards they represented. The Baronet was the King of one of the parties, and in signing a declaration of war, signed his consent to the marriage of his niece or daughter, and a surrender of all her fortune.

After many disappointments in attempting to get an old play-house at Hunnibun's the coach-maker's, and afterwards the Free-School in Free-School-Lane, it was acted in Pembroke College-Hall; the parlour of which made the Green Room. The Dramatis Personæ, as far as I recollect them, were

Sir Taleful Tedious—Mr. Smart, the Author.

Stiff-Rump his Nephew—Mr. Grimston, of Trinity-Hall.

Damme-blood, Fellow Commoner of Clare-Hall—Mr. now Dr. Cooper, Precentor and Archdeacon of Durham.

Giles Fitz-Gorgon, B. A. of St. John's—Mr. now Dr. Gordon, Precentor of Lincoln.

Goodman of Emmanuel—Mr. now Dr. Madan, Precentor of Peterborough.

Ferry, Servant to Sir Taleful—Mr. now Dr. Randall, Organist of King's College.

Patch, a Cobler—Mr. Bailey of Emmanuel.

Twist, (I think) a Barber—Mr. late Dr. G. Nailor, of Offord.

FEMALES.

finished of his works, yet even here confidence in
genius and aversion to the labour of correction some-
times

FEMALE S.

The gentle Fair—Mr. R. Forester, late Rector of Passenham.

Fenny, her Maid—Mr. R. Halford, then B. A. of Pembroke.

Prompter—R. Stonhewer, Esq.

Characters of the Mock-Play by those of the Drama; Music
in the Orchestra by Gentlemen of the University; time of
acting, 1747.*

* The Prologue is here subjoined.

In ancient days, as jovial Horace sings,
When laurell'd Bards were lawgivers, and kings,
Bold was the Comic Muse, without restraint
To name the vicious, and the vice to paint;
Th' enliven'd picture from the canvas flew,
And the strong likenesses crouded on the view.
Our Author practices more general rules,
He is no niggard of his knaves and fools;
Both small and great, both pert and dull his Muse
Displays, that every one may pick and chuse:
The rules dramatic though he scarcely knows
Of time and place, and all the piteous prose
That pedant Frenchmen snuffle through the nose.
Fools; who prescribe what Homer shou'd have done,
Like tattling watches, they correct the sun.
Critics, like posts, undoubtedly may show,
The way to Pindus, but they cannot go.
Whene'er immortal *Shakespeare's* works are read,
He wins the heart before he strikes the head;

Swift

times prevailed over better considerations. One of these Essays, that on the Divine Goodness, which was written in London, he so long delayed to undertake, that there was barely opportunity to write it upon paper, and to send it to Cambridge by the most expeditious conveyance, within the time limited for receiving the Compositions. That he waited for the moments propitious to invention, I will not plead as his apology; though I cannot agree with our great Critic,* that such moments will by the wise be never expected. In works of mere mechanical exertion,

OR

Swift to the soul the piercing image flies
 Swifter than *Harriot's* wit, or *Harriot's* eyes;
 Swifter than some romantic trav'lers thought,
 Swifter than British fire when William fought.
 Fancy precedes, and conquers all the mind,
 Deliberating Judgment slowly comes behind;
 Comes to the field with blunderbuss and gun,
 Like heavy *Falstaff*, when the work is done;
 Fights when the battle's o'er, with wond'rous pain,
 By *Shrewsbury's* clock, and nobly slays the slain.
 The Critic's censures are beneath our care,
 We strive to please the generous and the fair;
 To their decision we submit our claim,
 We write not, speak not, breathe not, but for them.

* He (Mr. Gray) had a notion, not very peculiar, that he could not write but at certain times, or at happy moments; a fantastick foppery to which my kindness for a man of learning and of virtue wishes him to have been superior.

Johnson's Life of Gray.

or where only the understanding is employed, all seasons to the industrious will be favourable alike; but in those, in which we must call on the imagination for her assistance, she may not be always a willing help-mate. Submit she must when resolutely summoned, to the lawful and resistless power of reason, and obeys her superior with a good grace; but she must be sought with assiduity, and soothed with kindness, by such as would obtain her most enchanting smiles. Long practice produces facility, and some poets have written well who have written for bread; but haste is commonly inconsistent with correctness, and praise may easily be over looked by him whose chief pursuit is profit. By exercise and by rest, by leisure and by employment, from every object, in every pursuit, the poet and the painter supply themselves with materials; extracting sweets alike from the flowers of the parterre, and from the wild and simple plants of the field and forest. Such seem to have been the sentiments of Mr. Smart; who has been frequently known to rise suddenly from his bed, that he might fix by writing those delightful ideas which floated before his fancy in the visions of the night.*

b

In

* I am happy in confirming these sentiments by the opinion at one period of Dr. Johnson himself. "It does not always
" happen

In 1753 he quitted College, on his marriage with Miss Anna Maria Carnan, the daughter by a former husband, of Mary, the wife of the late Mr. John Newbery. He was introduced to this gentleman's acquaintance by Dr. Burney, the celebrated and learned author of the *General History of Music*, who set for Mr. Smart several songs, and has enriched the present collection with some original compositions.

As Mr. Smart had relinquished his Fellowship without engaging in any of the professions, he seems to have trusted for his future maintenance to his powers as an author.—But he had either over-rated his own abilities and perseverance, or the favour of the public.—Though Mr. Newbery, to whom he was now allied, was himself a man of genius and a liberal patron of genius in others; yet the difficulties that had perplexed Mr. Smart at Cambridge pursued him to London; to which the expence of a family was super-added. Yet such was his thoughtlessness, that he has often, as his widow relates, invited company to
dinner,

“ happen that the success of a poet is proportionate to his
“ labour.—The same observation may be extended to all
“ works of imagination, which are often influenced by causes
“ wholly out of the performer's power, by hints of which he
“ perceives not the origin, by sudden elevations of mind
“ which he cannot produce in himself, and which sometimes
“ rise when he expects them least.”

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Epitaphs.

dinner, when no means appeared of providing a meal for themselves. About this time he wrote for the *Student*, or *Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany*; a periodical work of considerable reputation, in which many of the wits of both the Universities displayed their talents. To the *Old Woman's Magazine*, published at the same period, Mr. Newbery and himself were the chief, if not the only contributors. He translated also the works of Horace into English prose, a task which he has very ably executed; but of that kind which never will be praised in proportion to the labour. By few and apposite terms Smart has expressed the sentiments of Horace, in an idiom not placed very near the Roman in the table of grammatical affinities. Of an author not among the least difficult, he is at once an accurate and an elegant translator; and though he engaged in the undertaking when a very young man, he shews the humblest attention to the language of the original, and an absolute command over his own.

He enjoyed, while thus engaged in the metropolis, the familiar acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, Dr. James, Dr. Goldsmith, and Mr. Garrick; and indeed of most, who were then celebrated for genius, or for learning. Of Mr. Garrick's extreme parsimony much has been told, in an occupation, where œconomy is not usually ranked among the virtues. To this opinion may be opposed the fact of his offering to Mr. Smart, when

under the pressure of severe distress, the profits of a free benefit at Drury-Lane Theatre; an offer which his friends did not permit him to refuse. Upon this occasion Mr. Garrick introduced on the stage for the first time the short Drama of the *Guardian*; and performed in it himself the principal character.

Among the noble friends of Mr. Smart may be reckoned the present Lord Delaval, to whom he was private tutor in College, and who showed him upon various occasions particular instances of regard. It was at the request of this Nobleman that he wrote a Prologue and Epilogue to the Tragedy of Othello, acted at Drury-Lane Theatre by several persons of quality; the parts of Othello and Iago being filled by Sir Francis Delaval and his Lordship.

Though the fortune as well as constitution of Mr. Smart required the utmost care, he was equally negligent in the management of both, and his various and repeated embarrassments acting upon an imagination uncommonly fervid, produced temporary alienations of mind; which at last were attended with paroxysms so violent and continued as to render confinement necessary. In this melancholy state, his family, for he had now two children, must have been much embarrassed in their circumstances, but for the kind friendship and assistance of Mr. Newbery. Many other of Mr. Smart's acquaintance were likewise forward in their services; and particularly Dr. Samuel Johnson

Johnson, who, on the first approaches of Mr. Smart's malady, wrote several papers for a periodical publication in which that gentleman was concerned, to secure his claim to a share in the profits of it. Mrs. Smart also received from Dr. Johnson several letters. One of these, addressed to her at Dublin, is still preserved; and as every effusion from that celebrated pen is now become interesting, it is here presented to the reader:

“ Madam,

“ To enumerate the causes that have hindered me from answering your letter would be of no use; be assured that disrespect had no part in the delay. I have been always glad to hear of you, and have not neglected to enquire after you. I am not surpris'd to hear that you are not much delighted with Ireland. To one that has pass'd so many years in the pleasures and opulence of London, there are few places that can give much delight; but we can never unite all conveniences in any sphere; and must only consider which has the most good in the whole, or more properly which has the least evil. You have gone at the worst time; the splendor of Dublin is only to be seen in a parliament winter; and even then matters will be but little mended. I think, Madam, you may look upon your expedition as a proper preparative to the voyage which we have often talk'd of. Dublin, though a place much worse than London, is not so

bad as Iceland. You will now be hardened to all from the sight of poverty, and will be qualified to lead us forward, when we shrink at rueful spectacles of smoky cottages and ragged inhabitants. One advantage is always to be gained from the sight of poor countries; we learn to know the comforts of our own. I wish, however, it was in my power to make Ireland please you better; and whatever is in my power you may always command. I shall be glad to hear from you the history of your management; whether you have a house or a shop, and what companions you have found; let me know every good and every evil that befalls you. I must insist that you don't use me as I have used you, for we must not copy the faults of our friends: for my part I intend to mend mine, and for the future to tell you more frequently that I am, &c.

SAM. JOHNSON."

After an interval of little more than two years, Mr. Smart appeared to be pretty well restored, and was accordingly set at liberty; but his mind had received a shock from which it never entirely recovered. He took a pleasant lodging in the neighbourhood of the Park; conducting his affairs for some time with sufficient prudence. He was maintained partly by his literary occupations, and partly by the generosity of his friends; receiving among other benefactions fifty pounds a year from the Treasury; but
by

by whose interest, as I do not certainly know, I will not hazard a conjecture. Of the state of his mind, and of his modes of life at this period some idea may be formed by the following letter from Dr. Hawkeſworth to Mrs. Hunter, one of his ſiſters.

“ Dear Madam,

“ I am afraid that you have before now ſecretly accused me, and I confeſs that appearances are againſt me; I did not however delay to call upon Mr. Smart, but I was unfortunate enough twice to miſs him. I was the third day of my being in town ſeized with a fever that was then epidemic, from which I am but juſt recovered: I have ſince my being in town this ſecond time called on my old friend, and ſeen him. He received me with an ardour of kindneſs natural to the ſenſibility of his temper, and we were ſoon ſeated together by his fire ſide: I perceived upon his table a quarto book, in which he had been writing, a prayer book and a Horace: after the firſt compliments, I ſaid I had been at Margate, had ſeen his mother and his ſiſter, who expreſſed great kindneſs for him, and made me promiſe to come and ſee him; to this he made no reply; nor did he make any enquiry after thoſe I mentioned; he did not even mention the place, nor aſk me any queſtions about it, or what carried me thither. After ſome pauſe, and ſome indifferent chat, I returned to the ſubject, and ſaid that Mr. Hunter and you would be very glad to ſee

him in Kent: to this he replied very quick, "I cannot afford to be idle;" I said he might employ his mind as well in the country as in town, at which he only shook his head; and I intirely changed the subject. Upon my asking him when we should see the Psalms, he said they were going to press immediately: as to his other undertakings, I found he had compleated a translation of Phædrus in verse for Doddsley at a certain price, and that he is now busy in translating all Horace into verse, which he sometimes thinks of publishing on his own account; and sometimes of contracting for it with a bookseller; I advised him to the latter, and he then told me he was in treaty about it, and believed it would be a bargain: he told me his principal motive for translating Horace into verse, was to supersede the prose translation which he did for Newbery, which he said would hurt his memory. He intends however to review that translation, and print it at the foot of the page in his poetical version, which he proposes to print in quarto with the Latin, both in verse and prose, on the opposite page; he told me he once had thoughts of printing it by subscription, but as he had troubled his friends already, he was unwilling to do it again, and had been persuaded to publish it in numbers, which, though I rather dissuaded him, seemed at last to be the prevailing bent of his mind: he read me some of it: it is very close, and his own poetical fire sparkles in it very frequently;

quently ; yet, upon the whole, it will scarcely take place of Francis's, and therefore, if it is not adopted as a school book, which perhaps may be the case, it will turn to little account. Upon mentioning his prose translation, I saw his countenance kindle, and snatching up the book, "what, says he, do you think I had for this?" I said I could not tell, "why, says he, with great indignation, thirteen pounds." I expressed very great astonishment, which he seemed to think he should increase by adding, "but, Sir, I gave a receipt for a hundred"; my astonishment however was now over, and I found that he received only thirteen pounds because the rest had been advanced for his family ; this was a tender point, and I found means immediately to divert him from it.

He is with very decent people, in a house most delightfully situated with a terras that overlooks St. James's Park, and a door into it. He was going to dine with an old friend of my own, Mr. Richard Dalton, who has an appointment in the King's library, and if I had not been particularly engaged, I would have dined with him. He had lately received a very genteel letter from Dr. Lowth, and is by no means considered in any light that makes his company as a gentleman, a scholar, and a genius less desirable. I have been very particular, dear Madam, in relating all the particulars of this conference, that you may
draw

draw any inference, that I could draw from it, yourself.

“ I should incur my own censure, which is less tolerable than all others; if I did not express my sense of the civilities I received from you and Mr. Hunter, while I was at Margate: I have Mrs. Hawkesworth’s express request in a letter now before me to do the same on her part: if you, or any of the family come into our part of the country, we shall be very glad to accommodate you with a table and a bed; you will find a chearful fire-side and a hearty welcome. If in the mean time I can do you any service or pleasure here, you will the more oblige as you the more freely command me.

“ Our best compliments attend you, Mr. Hunter, your young gentleman, and Mrs. Smart, not forgetting the ladies we met at your house, particularly one who I think is daughter to Mrs. Holmes.

I am,

Madam,

Your obedient humble Servant,

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.”

“ LONDON, Oct. 1764.”

In the course of a few years Mr. Smart’s œconomy forsook him, and he was confined for debt in the King’s Bench Prison, the rules of which he afterwards obtained.

obtained by the kindness of his brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Carnan. He died after a short illness the 18th of May, 1770, of a disorder in his liver, leaving behind him two daughters, who with his widow are settled at Reading in Berkshire, and by their prudent management of a business, transferred to them by the late Mr. John Newbery,* are in good circumstances.

His character, compounded like that of all human beings, of good qualities and of defects, may easily be collected from this account of his life. A few of his peculiarities remain to be mentioned.

Though he was a very diligent student while at Cambridge, he was also extremely fond of exercise, and of walking in particular; at which times it was his custom to pursue his meditations. A fellow student remembers a path worn by his constant treading on the pavement under the Cloisters of his College.

His

* The author of these pages gives his testimony with peculiar pleasure to the merits of a gentleman whose friendship and civilities he experienced in early life; and whose beneficence indeed to say nothing of his intellectual powers, suffered no object within the sphere of its exertions, to be uncheered by his kindness. The following epitaph, drawn up some years ago, but not published, will be a farther evidence of the Author's opinion of Mr. Newbery's character. It is supposed to be written at the place where he was born and buried.

Stay

His piety was exemplary and fervent; it may not be uninteresting to the reader to be told, that Mr. Smart, in composing the religious poems, was frequently so impressed with the sentiment of devotion, as to write particular passages on his knees.

He was friendly, affectionate, and liberal to excess; so as often to give that to others, of which he was in the utmost want himself; he was also particularly engaging in conversation, when his first shyness was worn away; which he had in common with literary men, but in a very remarkable degree. Having undertaken

Stay, Passenger, and contemplate
 Virtues which arose on this spot;
 Urbanity, that adorned Society;
 Knowledge that instructed it;
 Industry, that raised a Family to affluence;
 Sagacity that discerned, and
 Skill that introduced,
 the most powerful discovery
 in the annals of Medicine;
 The humble Wisdom that taught,
 and still teaches, moral Lessons
 to the rising Generation.

Lament,—

That a Breast inspired with such Virtues
 is sunk in dust!

Rejoice,—

That, through Christ,
 it is immortal!

taken to introduce his wife to my Lord Darlington, with whom he was well acquainted; he had no sooner mentioned her name to his Lordship, than he retreated suddenly, as if stricken with a panic, from the room, and from the house, leaving her to follow overwhelmed with confusion.

As an instance of the wit of his conversation, the following extemporary spondiac, descriptive of the three Bedels of the University, who were at that time all very fat men, is still remembered by his academical acquaintance.

Pingua tergemorum abdomina Bedellorum.

This line he afterwards inserted in one of his poems for the *Tripes*.

During the far greater part of his life he was wholly inattentive to œconomy; and by this negligence lost first his fortune and then his credit. The civilities shewn him by persons greatly his superiors in rank and character, either induced him to expect mines of wealth, * from the exertion of his talents; or encouraged him to think himself exempted from attention to common obligations. The engagement into which he entered with Gardner the bookseller, to furnish papers monthly in conjunction with Mr. Reil for the *Universal Visitor*, is a memorable example of thoughtless imprudence. It

was

* *Modo non montes auri.* TER.

was settled between the publisher and the poets, that these last should divide between them one third of the profits of the work, and they engaged themselves moreover by a bond, not to write for ninety-nine years to come in any other publication.

But his chief fault, from which most of his other faults proceeded, was his deviations from the rules of Sobriety ; of which the early use of cordials in the infirm state of his childhood and his youth, might perhaps be one cause, and is the only extenuation.

Of the Odes of Smart it may be said in general, that they are spirited and poetical ; it will be difficult to find any other quality equally applicable to compositions very different from each other, and in many of which opposite characters occasionally predominate. The Poet has followed the example of Horace, rather than that of the Grecian models, and of him he is for the most part *doctus imitator* ; but in one or two of the serious poems he surprises the reader with passages of a ludicrous cast, and debases by an impure admixture, what otherwise would have been gold of the standard value. The example of his model may possibly be pleaded as authority for this confusion of sentiments ; but besides that the blemishes of the original will be avoided by the judicious copyist, it may fairly be questioned whether in any of the Odes
of

of Horace which are confessedly grave, incontrovertible instances can be shewn of low and colloquial manners. In the page of the poet and the historian familiar customs and domestic habits are rarely exhibited with distinctness: in order to be understood, they must be seen; nor can we now with precision ascertain the limits between the coarse and vulgar humour of ancient Rome, and that which was accounted elegant and liberal. At any rate let us not hastily impute a deviation from the principles of universal taste to so great a name as Horace.

I know not whether I shall be patiently permitted to reckon *perspicuity* among the excellencies of the Odes of Smart; as the *obscure* has prevailed with more modern and very celebrated poets, sanctioned as it should seem by the example of Pindar himself. The lyre indeed of the immortal Theban may be truly said to be *vocal to the wise*; * but its strains were also intelligible to inferior minds; for otherwise the mixed multitudes, assembled at the Olympic and Isthmian games from every quarter of Greece, would not have distinguished them with applause. Obscurity, or in other words a meaning so conveyed as not to be comprehended without painful exertion, cannot commend any composition; if it be true that we write, as well as speak, to be understood. The happy
few

* ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ.

few that can penetrate into mysteries, at which the uninitiated can only wonder, will exult in their own sagacity; but they may chance to forget their author in their admiration of themselves. The meaning of Pindar, as well as of Simonides, does not indeed always appear upon the surface; but the fragments of the latter poet, scattered through the works of the Greek historians and scholiasts, are too imperfect to make him a pattern for imitation; and of Pindar many beauties, once eminent and splendid, lie buried under the ruins of time. Allusions delicate and remote to eminent persons and distinguished events, derive from their very remoteness their interest and beauty; but this is not obscurity; every cotemporary understands them, who is capable of tasting poetry. What however was beautiful, must quickly become unintelligible, without any fault of its author, if the events to which it refers be not recorded by the historians who have descended to after ages.

Even trifles become interesting and important, when related accidentally of important characters. We are gratified in finding by an inscription in Pausanias, that Hiero, the favourite hero of Pindar, was crowned thrice, like Psaumis of Camerina, in the Olympic games; honours which his poet seems to preface in the conclusion of the Olympic Ode inscribed to him; and Homer, the most intelligible of poets, is not less engaging in his familiar narratives;

ratives; when he tells us, that the Oilean Ajax was shorter in stature than his brother, and that Ulysses was less dignified in his manner than Menelaus, till he began to speak.

As to the merit of particular Odes of our Author, the first, addressed to *Idleness*, and the second, to *Ethelinda*, which was written when he was only thirteen, possess, the one the elegance of Sappho, and the other, the sprightliness of Anacreon; the Morning-Piece is uniformly beautiful, and has long been admired for its happy description of labour; the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, inferior only to the great model by Dryden, has none of the inequalities of his two predecessors, being uniformly dignified throughout; and the Hymn to the Supreme Being, on his Recovery from Sickness, is pious, animated, and pathetic. The Ode on the fifth of December, being the Birthday of a beautiful Young Lady, has been much admired. It was written on Miss Harriot Pratt, of Downham in Norfolk, a lady for whom our Author had entertained a long and unsuccessful passion; who was the subject also of the Crambo Ballad, and other verses inserted among these Poems. The Ode, of which we are speaking is indeed highly poetical; its chief blemish is the too frequent and affected use of alliteration.

The five Poems on the Divine Attributes are

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written

written with the sublimest energies of religion, and the true enthusiasm of poetry; and had the pen of their author stopped with these compositions, they alone would have given him a very distinguished rank among the writers of verse. They are also more accurate than the generality of his poems; which may be attributed to the deference he might feel from those persons, who were to adjudge the prizes which he obtained. That Mr. Seaton's donation has produced so few poems of genuine merit has been a subject of surprise among those, who, accustomed only to cursory contemplations on the human mind, imagine that its operations may be generated by the same methods, by which men produce improvements in commerce, or effects in mechanics; that genius, to appear, needs only to be invoked; and that in the parsimony or kindness of patrons may be traced the history of the rise and declension of the arts.

To the foundation of Seaton, however, we are indebted for the poems of a *Smart*, a *Glynn*, and a *Porteus*; and if other compositions have been unnoticed, it has been less owing to their real inferiority, than to the temper of mankind; who are too deeply engaged with themselves, to bestow much time on the exertions of others.

On the *Hop Garden* much commendation cannot justly be conferred; and the praise which is withheld
from

from the poetry, will not be very chearfully lavished on the instructions. The Author seems to have addressed himself to the task without previous information on the art of which he treats. Poets are seldom acquainted with the detail of mechanical improvements; but Hops were the production of his native country, and therefore Hops must be adorned by the labours of the Muse. Hesiod, and the Poet of Mantua had both probably turned up the glebe with their own hands; but poetry was the only vehicle of instruction in the age of the Ascrean; who taught in short precepts, easily retained, like the Shepherd of Banbury, what is commonly better learnt by experience and observation. But the refined system of modern bards soar far above the reach of those for whose use we must suppose them intended; and we are well contented that bread should be prepared, and a beverage extracted from the apple by men who seek not wisdom in the *Georgics* of Virgil, nor in the *Cyder* of Phillips.

The *Hilliad* contains many spirited lines; and may afford entertainment to those who care little about the hero of the poem, or the subject of the quarrel. Compositions of this class, as they gratify malignity, are usually read with great avidity on their first appearance; but without uncommon merit they quickly sink into oblivion. Even the *Dunciad* is read per-

haps with less delight than any other work of its celebrated author; nor should we resort at all to the *Temple of Dulness* to contemplate the characters of Curll or Theobald, could we not also feast on the dispute of the Virtuofos before the throne of the Goddess.

The *Judgment of Midas* is classical and elegant; but Dramatic Pastorals, even if the generally interesting topic of love be superadded, will not greatly entertain, without their proper embellishments, acting and music. The *Comus* of Milton, with all its excellence, has been recommended entirely to general reception by the aids of the stage; and the *Amyntas* of Tasso, with the exquisitely beautiful *Pastor-Fido*, must be habited in that ancient and characteristic dress, if they return again to the admiration of the public.

Of the *Fables* and *lighter Poems*, the greater part are either printed for the first time, or collected by the kind diligence of friends* from books now scarcely to be found; and from these, and the Fables in particular, we can promise our readers considerable entertainment. Fable is indeed a species of writing interesting

* Among these a name that should be mentioned is that of Mr. Isaac Reed, the extent of whose communications could be equalled only by the facility and kindness with which they were made.

teresting to every rank of mankind, and to every age. We love to be instructed while we are amused; and exercise our critical sagacity in applying the Dramatis Personæ of the narrative to our acquaintance or ourselves, in exact proportion to our propensity for satire, or our desire of moral information. Rousseau, from a just opinion that the former inclination predominates, in his famous Critique on the *Fox and Crow* of La Fontaine, objects with his usual love of paradox and his usual spirit, to this class of compositions; but I believe he did not expect that his arguments would prevail upon mothers to withhold from their children the only writings that can induce them to read. The fable in question has certainly no merit of the moral kind; but it delights us as a just picture of human life; it is a very ancient representation of Folly duped by Flattery; and was revived as early as the time of Apuleius, and introduced by him into a serious work with all the graces of novelty, and the energy of invention.

Of the merit of the Fables before us some estimate may be made, by comparing the *Pig* of our Author with the same story in Phædrus, of which it is a very exact and beautiful translation. If in any instances the modern is surpassed by the most charming fabulist of antiquity, for which perhaps the Roman is not a little indebted to the superior force and conciseness

ness of the language in which he wrote, in others the original is undoubtedly rivalled, if not excelled; and obtains at last a doubtful victory. The Poet unites in these little compositions, the grace and ease of Prior with the humour of Swift; and to these is super-added a very considerable portion of poetical spirit; a quality in which many compositions of this nature are deficient, that have had the fortune to obtain considerable reputation.*

I know not whether our Author, in his fable of *the Citizen and the Red Lion of Brentford*, has not transgressed the limits even of mythological probability. On the productions of nature the fabulist has been permitted to lavish the powers of speech; and religious sentiment among the ancients has co-operated with him; for every oak had its dryad or hamadryad; every stream and mountain its tutelary divinity, and beasts spoke, if we will trust to Livy, long after the days of Æsop. But the works of art only began to shew themselves, as the dominion of superstition and ignorance disappeared; and we cannot help

* This is particularly the case with respect to Gay's Fables, which are now almost wholly confined to the nursery and the school; seldom recollected as poems but when forced on the memory as a task; and scarcely more than a single fable can be cited, amongst so many favourite stories, that is remarkable either for the beauty of its images, or the harmony of its numbers.

help applying the *incredulus odi* of the poet to events of which we have heard of no example.

Still, however, the handmaid of nature may be permitted to use some of the privileges of her mistress, if she uses them with caution and reserve: we can listen with patience, perhaps with pleasure, to the conversation of *the Bag-Wig and the Tobacco-Pipe*, if the poet gives speech to his imaginary characters, and speech alone. But when art assumes the person of nature; when the lion of the painter roars, and shakes his mane, and reasons like his archetype in the forest; when imitation exercises functions, which it is an indulgence to suppose even in the original, the mind rejects the fiction as improbable, and revolts against it as absurd.

But after all it may favour too much of the rigour of criticism, to attempt to restrain by the stricter rules of art poems of whose essence it is to be anomalous and excentric; taste and feeling must at last decide the question; and the irregularity of the fable, introducing a dialogue between a man and a painted board, may be forgiven for its humour.

Of the Latin Translations, the first in order as in merit is that of *Mr. Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*; and in reading the letter from him to our Author, where he speaks of this performance, one cannot help being offended at the parsimony of his praise.

The

dents are familiar only with its elements;* they are the work of a mind, attentive both to the substantial parts and to the decorations of poetry.

To the labours of Smart on the *Essay of Criticism* those persons chiefly are indebted, who being unacquainted with the English tongue, wish to see Mr. Pope's just rules of taste, embellished indeed with his powers of poetry, though appearing with less gloss and lustre through the medium of translation. Smart is a very diligent imitator of the epistolary style of Horace; and we shall find him carefully following the footsteps of his master, where we might otherwise have been disposed to suspect the purity of his language. In the famous lines intended as an echo to the sense, he has laboured through a very painful task with considerable dexterity; and in the beautiful picture of the Reign of Leo, of Vida, and of the Arts, on foreigner need regret that he is unacquainted with Pope.

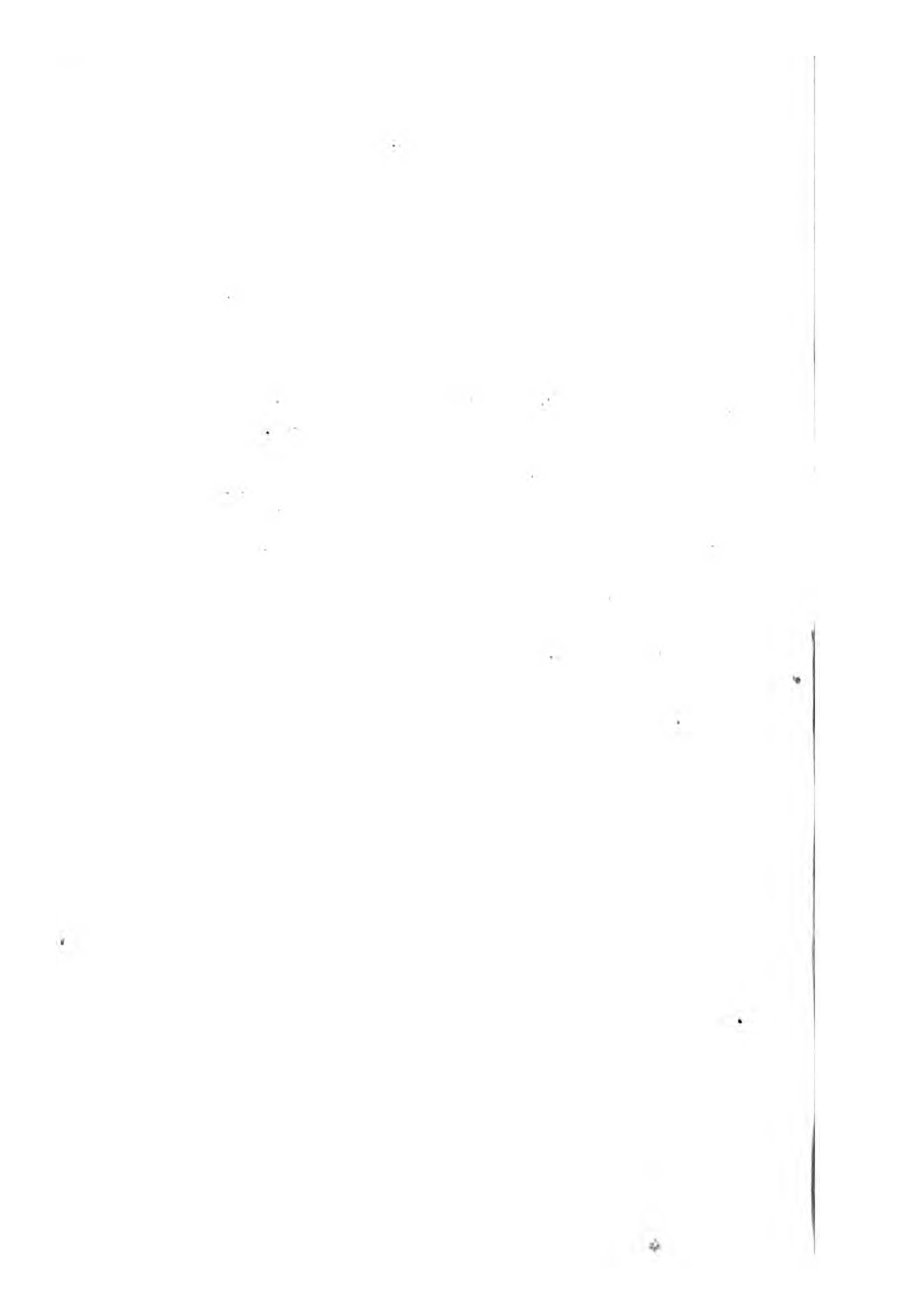
On the whole, if we consider that every species of Poetry, not even excepting the Epic, has been attempted by our Author, and most of them with eminent success, we shall be inclined to admit that the present collection is not excelled by many in the English

* The Latin Translation of the Ballad, *When Fanny Blooming Fair*, was written at the age of sixteen; and the Latin verses on *Arion* at fourteen.

which no example can justify. It has been objected, and with some reason, to Smart's celebrated translation, that it exhibits a variety of metres, unauthorized by any single example amongst the Latin poets. But had our author, too timid to pursue the rapid flights and wild genius of his original, confined himself to the regular recurrence of the Roman stanza, his imitation would not have been exact, and probably would not have been interesting. Admiration is in works of taste one source of our delight; and admiration is felt in a considerable degree, when we find the poetical measures of a dead, and of a living language capable of so close a likeness. When two excellencies cannot be united in the same effort of genius, to choose between them is the province of discretion; and the opinion of the public in the present instance has fully justified the choice of Smart.

The Translation of Milton's *L'Allegro*, (the idea of which our Author might have more happily expressed in Greek than by Παιρνωδης) will probably be less admired, as it has been done since with greater success by a classical Prelate: but I am not sure that this work is in the possession of the public.

The *Tripas-Poems*, though written as college exercises at an early age, are not wholly unworthy of this collection; they show considerable knowledge of the Latin Tongue, at a time when the generality of students





O D E S.

I D L E N E S S.

O D E I.

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

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

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

B

al
n

Where,

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

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

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

To E T H E L I N D A,

On her doing my Verses the honour of wearing them
 in her bosom.—Written at Thirteen.

O D E II.

I.

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

II.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

On an EAGLE confined in a College Court.

O D E III.

I.

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

II.

Oh cruel fate ! what barbarous hand,
 What more than Gothic ire,
 At some fierce tyrant's dread command,
 To check thy daring fire,
 Has plac'd thee in this servile cell,
 Where discipline and dulness dwell,
 Where genius ne'er was seen to roam ;
 Where ev'ry selfish soul's at rest,
 Nor ever quits the carnal breast,
 But lurks and sneaks at home !

III.

III.

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

IV.

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

On the sudden Death of a CLERGYMAN.

O D E IV.

IF, like th' Orphean lyre, my song could charm,
 And light to life the ashes in the urn,
 Fate of his iron dart I would disarm,
 Sudden as thy decease should'st thou return,
 Recall'd with mandates of despotic founds,
 And arbitrary grief that will not hear of bounds.
 But, ah! such wishes, artless Muse, forbear;
 'Tis impotence of frantic love,
 Th' enthusiastic flight of wild despair,
 To hope the Thracian's magic power to prove.
 Alas! thy slender vein,
 Nor mighty is to move, nor forgetive to feign,
 Impatient of a rein,
 Thou canst not in due bounds the struggling measures keep,
 —But thou alas! canst weep—
 Thou canst—and o'er the melancholy bier
 Canst lend the sad solemnity a tear.
 Hail! to that wretched corse, untenanted and cold,
 And hail the peaceful shade loos'd from its irksome hold.
 Now let me say thou'rt free,
 For sure thou paid'st an heavy tax for life,
 While combating for thee,
 Nature and mortality
 Maintain'd a daily strife.

Maintain'd

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

O D E S.

On GOOD-NATURE.

Q D E V.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

V.

No—thou art active—spirit all—
 Swifter than lightning; at the call
 Of injur'd innocence, or griev'd desert,
 And large with liberality thy heart.

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

Come,

X.

Come, goddess, come with all thy charms

For Oh! I love thee, to my arms—

All, all my actions guide, my fancy feed,
So shall *existence* then be *life* indeed.

On ILL-NATURE.

O D E VI.

I.

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

II.

II.

There in yon lonesome heath,
 Which Flora, or Sylvanus never knew,
 Where never vegetable drank the dew,
 Or beast, or fowl attempts to breathe ;
 Where nature's pencil has no colours laid ;
 But all is blank, and universal shade ;
 Contrast to figure, motion, life and light,
 There may'st thou vent thy spite,
 For ever cursing, and for ever curs'd,
 Of all th' infernal crew the worst ;
 The worst in genius, measure and degree ;
 For envy, hatred, malice, are but parts of thee.

III.

Or would'st thou change the scene, and quit the den,
 Behold the heav'n-deserted fen,
 Where spleen, by vapours dense begot and bred,
 Hardness of heart, and heaviness of head,
 Have rais'd their darksome walls, and plac'd their
 thorny bed ;
 There may'st thou all thy bitterness unload,
 There may'st thou croak in concert with the toad,
 With thee the hollow howling winds shall join,
 Nor shall the bittern her base throat deny,
 The querulous frogs shall mix their dirge with thine,
 Th' ear-piercing hern, the plover screaming high,
 Millions of humming gnats fit æstrum shall supply.

IV.

IV.

Away—away—behold an hideous band
 An herd of all thy minions are at hand,
 Suspicion first with jealous caution stalks,
 And ever looks around her as she walks,
 With bibulous ear imperfect sounds to catch,
 And prompt to listen at her neighbours latch:
 Next Scandal's meagre shade,
 Foe to the virgins, and the poet's fame,
 A wither'd time-deflower'd old maid,
 That ne'er enjoy'd love's ever sacred flame.
 Hypocrisy succeeds with faint-like look,
 And elevates her hands and plods upon her book.
 Next comes illiberal scrambling Avarice,
 Then Vanity and Affectation nice—
 See, she salutes her shadow with a bow
 As in short Gallic trips she minces by,
 Starting antipathy is in her eye,
 And squeamishly she knits her scornful brow:
 To thee, Ill-Nature, all the numerous group
 With lowly reverence stoop—
 They wait thy call, and mourn thy long delay,
 Away—thou art infectious—haste away.

To

To the reverend and learned Dr. WEBSTER,
Occasioned by his Dialogues on Anger and Forgiveness.

O D E VII.

I.

'T WAS when th' omniscient creative pow'r
Display'd his wonders by a mortal's hand,
And, delegated at th' appointed hour,
Great Moses led away his chosen band;
When Israel's host, with all their stores,
Past thro' the ruby-tinctur'd crystal shores,
The wilderness of waters and of land:
Then persecution rag'd in heav'n's own cause,
Strict justice for the breach of nature's laws,
The legislator held the scythe of fate,
Where'er his legions chanc'd to stray,
Death and destruction mark'd their bloody way;
Immoderate was their rage, for mortal was their hate.

II.

But when the king of righteousness arose,
And on the illumin'd east serenely smil'd,
He shone with meekest mercy on his foes,
Bright as the sun, but as the moon-beams mild;
From

From anger, fell revenge, and discord free,
 He bad war's hellish clangor cease,
 In pastoral simplicity and peace,
 And shew'd to man that face, which Moses could not see.

III.

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

IV.

Oh hadst thou liv'd in better days than these,
 E'er to excel by all was deem'd a shame!
 Alas! thou hast no modern arts to please,
 And to deserve is all thy empty claim.
 Else thou'dst been plac'd, by learning, and by wit,
 There, where thy dignify'd inferiors sit—
 Oh *they* are in their generations wise,
 Each path of interest *they* have sagely trod,—
 To live—to thrive—to rise—and still to rise—
 Better to bow to men, than kneel to God.

V.

Behold where poor unmanfion'd Merit ftands,
 All cold, and cramp't with penury and pain ;
 Speechlefs thro' want, ſhe rears th' imploring hands,
 And begs a little bread, but begs in vain ;
 While Bribery and Dullnefs, paſſing by,
 Bid her, in founds barbarian, ftarve and die.
 “ Away (they cry) we never ſaw thy name
 “ Or in Preferment's Liſt, or that of Fame ;
 “ Away—nor here the fate thou earn'ſt bewail,
 “ Who canſt not buy a vote, nor haſt a ſoul for ſale.”

VI.

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

EPITHA-

EPITHALAMIUM.

O D E VIII.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

Now see the bridegroom rise,
 Oh ! how impatient are his joys !
 Bring zephyrs to depaint his voice,
 Bring lightning for his eyes.

C

He

He leaps, he springs, he flies into her arms,
With joy intense,
Feeds ev'ry sense,

And fultanates o'er all her charms.

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

Such may it last to all eternity:

And may thy lord with thee,
Like two coeval pines in Ida's grove,
That interweave their verdant arms in love,
Each mutual office cheerfully perform,
And share alike the sunshine, and the storm;
And ever, as you flourish hand in hand,
Both shade the shepherd and adorn the land,
Together with each growing year arise,
Indissolubly link'd, and climb at last the skies.

O D E IX.

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

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

Ολιγον τε φιλον τε. HOM.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

The less the body to the view,
The soul (like springs in closer durance pent)
Is all exertion, ever new,
Unceasing, unextinguish'd, and unspent;

Still pouring forth executive desire,
As bright, as brisk, and lasting, as the vestal fire.

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

O D E X.

An Ode on the 26th of January, being the Birth-Day
of a Young Lady.

I.

ALL hail, and welcome joyous morn,
Welcome to the infant year;
Whether smooth calms thy face adorn,
Or low'ring clouds appear;
Tho' billows lash the founding shore,
And tempests thro' the forests roar,
Sweet Nancy's voice shall sooth the found;
Tho' darknes shou'd invest the skies,
New day shall beam from Nancy's eyes,
And blefs all nature round.

II.

Let but those lips their sweets disclose,
And rich perfumes exhale,
We shall not want the fragrant rose,
Nor miss the southern gale.
Then loofely to the winds unfold,
Those radiant locks of burnish'd gold,
Or on thy bosom let them rove;
His treasure-house there Cupid keeps,
And hoards up, in two snowy heaps,
His stores of choicest love.

III.

This day each warmest wish be paid
 To thee the Muse's pride,
 I long to see the blooming maid
 Chang'd to the blushing bride.
 So shall thy pleasure and thy praise
 Increase with the increasing days,
 And present joys exceed the past ;
 To give and to receive delight,
 Shall be thy task both day and night,
 While day and night shall last.

O D E XI.

On taking a BACHELOR'S DEGREE.

In allusion to Horace. Book iii, Ode 30.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.

'T IS done :—I tow'r to that degree,
 And catch such heav'nly fire,
 That Horace ne'er could rant like me,
 Nor is (a) King's-chapel higher.
 My name in sure recording page
 (b) Shall time itself o'erpow'r,

If

(a) *Regali situ pyramidum altius.*—

(b) *Quod non innumerabilis
 Annorum series, &c.*

If no rude mice with envious rage
 The buttry books devour.
 A * title too with added grace,
 My name shall now attend,
 (c) Till to the church with silent pace
 A nymph and priest ascend.
 Ev'n in the schools I now rejoice,
 Where late I shook with fear,
 Nor heed the (d) Moderator's voice
 Loud thund'ring in my ear.
 Then with (e) Æolian flute I blow
 A soft Italian lay,
 Or where (f) Cam's scanty waters flow,
 Releas'd from lectures, stray.
 Meanwhile, friend † Banks, my merits claim
 Their just reward from you,

For

* Bachelor.

- (c) — Dum Capitolium
 Scandet cum tacitè virgine pontifex.
 (d) ——— Quà violens
 Obstrepit Aufidus.—
 (e) ——— Æolium carmen ad Italos
 Deduxisse modos.
 (f) ——— Qua pauper aquæ Daunus, &c.
 † A celebrated taylor.

For Horace bids us (g) challenge fame,
 When once that fame's our due,
 Invest me with a graduate's gown,
 Midst shouts of all beholders,
 (h) My head with ample square-cap crown,
 And deck with hood my shoulders.

CAMBRIDGE.

B. A.

(g) ——— Sume superbiam
 Quæsitam meritis. —

(h) ——— Mihi Delphicâ
 Lauro cinge volens—comam.

A MORNING PIECE,

O R,

An HYMN for the HAY-MAKERS.

O D E XII.

Quinetiam Gallum noctem explaudentibus alis
 Auroram clarâ consuetum voce vocare. LUCRET.

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

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

First of the village Collin was awake,
And thus he sung reclining on his rake.

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

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

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

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

Come

Come, my mates, let us work,
 And all hands to the fork,
 While the sun shines, our hay-cocks to make,
 So fine is the day,
 And so fragrant the hay,
 That the meadow's as blith as the wake.
 Our voices let's raise
 In Phœbus's praise,
 Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
 Our musical words
 Shall be join'd by the birds,
 And we'll dance to the tune of the stream.

A NOON-PIECE;

O R,

The MOWERS at DINNER.

O D E XIII.

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

HOR.

THE sun is now too radiant to behold,
 And vehement he sheds his liquid rays of gold;

No

No cloud appears thro' all the wide expanse ;
 And short, but yet distinct and clear,
 To the wanton whistling air
 The mimic shadows dance.

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

}

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

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

Ah! Harriot! soveraign mistress of my heart,
 Could I thee to these meads decoy,

New

New grace to each fair object thou'dst impart,
And heighten ev'ry scene to perfect joy.

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

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

From the sun and from the show'r,
Haste we to yon boxen bow'r,
Secluded from the teizing pry
Of Argus' curiosity :
There, while Phœbus' golden mean,
The gay meridian is seen,

Ere

Ere decays the lamp of light,
 And length'ning shades stretch out to night—
 Seize, seize the hint—each hour improve
 (This is morality in love)
 Lend, lend thine hand—O let me view
 Thy parting breasts, sweet avenue !
 Then,—then thy lips, the coral cell
 Where all th' ambrosial kisses dwell !
 Thus we'll each sultry noon employ
 In day-dreams of extatic joy.

A NIGHT-PIECE;
 O R,
 MODERN PHILOSOPHY.
 O D E XIV.

Dicetur meritâ nox quoque nœniâ. HOR.

T WAS when bright Cynthia with her silver car,
 Soft stealing from Endymion's bed,
 Had call'd forth ev'ry glitt'ing star,
 And up th' ascent of heav'n her brilliant host had led.

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

In

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

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

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

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

Then

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

On Mifs * * * * .

O D E XV.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

IV.

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

V.

Thus is silver Cynthia seen,
Glistening o'er the glassy green,
While attracted swell the waves,
Emerging from their inmost caves.

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

IX.

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

X.

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

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

O D E XVI.

I.

HAIL, eldest of the monthly train,
 Sire of the winter drear,
 December, in whose iron reign
 Expires the chequer'd year.
 Hush all the blust'ring blasts that blow,
 And proudly plum'd in silver snow,

D

Smile

Smile gladly on this blest of days.
 The livery'd clouds shall on thee wait,
 And Phœbus shine in all his state
 With more than summer rays.

II.

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

ODE FOR MUSICK

O N

SAINT CECILIA'S DAY,

By Mr. SMART.

Hanc Vos, Pierides felix cantate calendis,

Et testudineâ, Phœbe superbe, lyrâ

Hoc solenne sacrum multos celebretur in annos,

Dignior est vestro nulla puella choro. TIBULLUS.





P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the following piece has been told, that the writing an Ode on S. Cecilia's Day, after Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope, would be great presumption, which is the reason he detains the reader in this place to make an apology, much against his will, he having all due contempt for the impertinence of Prefaces. In the first place then, it will be a little hard (he thinks) if he should be particularly mark'd out for censure, many others having written on the same subject without any such imputations; but they (it may be) did not live long enough to be laughed at, or, by some lucky means or other, escaped those shrewd remarks, which, it seems, are reserved for him. In the second place, this subject was not his choice, but imposed upon him by a gentleman very eminent in the science of Musick, for whom he has a great friendship, and who is, by his good sense and humanity, as much elevated above the generality of mankind, as by his exquisite art he is above most of his profession. The request of a friend, undoubtedly, will be sneer'd at by some as a stale and antiquated apology: it is a very good

P R E F A C E.

one notwithstanding, which is manifest even from it's triteness; for it can never be imagined, that so many excellent Authors, as well as bad ones, would have made use of it, had they not been convinced of it's cogency. As for the writer of this piece, he will rejoice in being derided, not only for obliging his friends, but any honest man whatsoever, so far as may be in the power of a person of his mean abilities. He does not pretend to equal the very worst parts of the two celebrated performances already extant on the subject; which acknowledgment alone will, with the good-natured and judicious, acquit him of presumption; because these pieces, however excellent upon the whole, are not without their blemishes. There is in them both an exact unity of design, which though in compositions of another nature a beauty, is an impropriety in the Pindaric, which should consist in the vehemence of sudden and unlook'd for transitions: hence chiefly it derives that enthusiastic fire and wildness, which greatly distinguish it from other species of Poesy. In the first stanza of * Dryden and in the fifth of
Pope

* Happy, Happy, Happy pair,
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

P R E F A C E.

* Pope, there is an air, which is so far from being adapted to the majesty of an Ode, that it would make no considerable figure in a ballad. And lastly, they both conclude with a turn which has something too epigrammatical in it. Bating these trifles, they are incomparably beautiful and great; neither is there to be found two more finished pieces of Lyric Poetry in our language, *L'allegro* and *Il penseroso* of Milton excepted, which are the finest in any. Dryden's is the more sublime and magnificent; but Pope's is the more elegant and correct; Dryden has the fire and spirit of Pindar, and Pope has the terseness and purity of Horace. Dryden's is certainly the more elevated performance of the two, but by no means so much so as people in general will have it. There are few that will allow any sort of comparison to be made between them. This is in some measure owing to that prevailing but absurd custom which has obtained

* 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.

P R E F A C E.

tained from * Horace's time even to this day, viz. of preferring Authors to the Bays by seniority. Had Mr. Pope written first, the mob, that judge by this rule, would have given him the preference; and the rather, because in this piece he does not deserve it.

It would not be right to conclude, without taking notice of a fine subject for an Ode on S. Cecilia's Day, which was suggested to the Author by his friend the learned and ingenious Mr. Comber, late of Jesus College in this University; that is David's playing to King Saul when he was troubled with the evil Spirit. He was much pleased with the hint at first, but at length was deterred from improving it by the greatness of the subject, and he thinks not without reason. The chusing too high subjects has been the ruin of many a tolerable Genius. There is a good rule which

* It seems to have been otherwise in Homer's time:

Τὴν γὰρ αἰοδὴν μάλλον επικλείουσ' ἀνθρώποι
ἢ τις ἀκροντεσσι νεωτάτη ἀμφιπιλῆται.

Homer. Odyss. ε.

And Pindar would have it otherwise in his.

———— αἰνεῖ γέ Παλαιον
μεν οἶνον, ἀνθεα δ' ὕμνων
νεωτερών ————— *Olym. 9.*

P R E F A C E.

which Fresnoy prescribes to the Painters; which is likewise applicable to the Poets.

Supremam in tabulis lucem captare diei
Infanus labor artificum; cum attingere tantum
Non pigmenta queant: auream sed Vespere lucem;
Seu modicum mane albentem; sive ætheris actam
Post hyemem nimbis transfuso sole caducam;
Seu nebulis fultam accipient, tonitruque rubentem.

ODE ON SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

ARGUMENT.

Stanza I, II. Invocation of Men and Angels to join in the Praise of S. Cecilia. The Divine Origin of Musick. Stanza III. Art of Musick, or it's miraculous power over the brute and inanimate Creation exemplified in Waller, and Stanza IV, V, in Arion. Stanza VI. the Nature of Musick, or it's power over the Passions. Instances of this in it's exciting pity. Stanza VII. In promoting Courage and Military Virtue. Stanza VIII. Excellency of Church Musick. Air to the memory of Mr. Purcell.—Praise of the Organ and it's Inventress Saint Cecilia.

I.

FROM your lyre-enchanted tow'rs,
Ye musically mystic Pow'rs,
Ye, that inform the tuneful spheres,
Inaudible to mortal ears,
While each orb in Ether swims
Accordant to th' inspiring hymns;
Hither Paradise remove
Spirits of Harmony and Love!

Thou

44 ODE ON S. CECILIA'S DAY.

Thou too, divine *Urania*, deign t' appear,
And with thy sweetly-solemn lute
To the grand argument the numbers suit ;
Such as sublime and clear,
Replete with heavenly love,
Charm th' enraptur'd souls above.
Disdainful of fantastic play,
Mix on your ambrosial tongue
Weight of sense with sound of song,
And be angelically gay.

CHORUS.

Disdainful, &c. &c.

II.

And you, ye sons of Harmony below,
How little less than angels, when ye sing!
With emulation's kindling warmth shall glow,
And from your mellow-modulating throats
The tribute of your grateful notes
In Union of Piety shall bring.
Shall Echo from her vocal cave
Repay each note, the Shepherd gave,
And shall not we our mistress praise
And give her back the borrow'd lays?
But farther still our praises we pursue ;
For ev'n *Cecilia*, mighty maid,
Confess'd she had superior aid—
She did—and other rites to greater pow'rs are due.
Higher

Higher swell the sound and higher :
 Let the winged numbers climb :
 To the heav'n of heav'ns aspire,
 Solemn, sacred, and sublime :
 From heav'n musick took it's rise,
 Return it to it's native skies.

CHORUS.

Higher swell the sound, &c. &c..

III.

Musick's a celestial art ;
 Cease to wonder at it's pow'r,
 Tho' lifeless rocks to motion start,
 Tho' trees dance lightly from the bow'r,
 Tho' rolling floods in sweet suspence
 Are held, and listen into sense.

In *Penburst's* plains when *Waller*, sick with love,
 Has found some silent solitary grove,
 Where the vague moon-beams pour a silver flood
 Of trem'lous light athwart th' unshaven wood,
 Within an hoary moss-grown cell,
 He lays his careless limbs without reserve,
 And strikes, impetuous strikes each quer'lous nerve
 Of his resounding shell.

In all the woods, in all the plains
 Around a lively stillness reigns ;
 The deer approach the secret scene,
 And weave their way thro' labyrinths green ;

While

46 ODE ON S. CECILIA'S DAY.

While *Philomela* learns the lay,
 And answers from the neighbouring bay.
 But *Med-way*, melancholy mute,
 Gently on his urn reclines,
 And all-attentive to the lute,
 In uncomplaining anguish pines :
 The crystal waters weep away,
 And bear the tidings to the sea :
Neptune in the boisterous seas
 Spreads the placid bed of peace,
 While each blast,
 Or breathes it's last,
 Or just does sigh a symphony and cease.

CHORUS.

Neptune, &c. &c.

IV.

Behold *Arion*—on the stern he stands
 Pall'd in theatrical attire,
 To the mute strings he moves th' enliv'ning hands,
 Great in distress, and wakes the golden lyre :
 While in a tender *Orthian* strain
 He thus accosts the Mistress of the main :
 By the bright beams of *Cynthia's* eyes
 Thro' which your waves attracted rise,
 And actuate the hoary deep ;
 By the secret coral cell,
 Where love, and joy, and *Neptune* dwell
 And peaceful floods in silence sleep ;

By

By the sea-flow'rs, that immerge
 Their heads around the grotto's verge,
 Dependant from the stooping stem ;
 By each roof-suspended drop,
 That lightly lingers on the top,
 And hesitates into a gem ;
 By thy kindred wat'ry Gods,
 The lakes, the riv'lets, founts and floods,
 And all the pow'rs that live unseen
 Underneath the liquid green ;
 Great *Amphitrite* (for thou can'ft bind
 The storm, and regulate the wind)
 Hence waft me, fair Goddess, oh waft me away,
 Secure from the men and the monsters of prey !

CHORUS.

Great Amphitrite, &c. &c.

V.

He sung—The winds are charm'd to sleep,
 Soft stillness steals along the deep,
 The *Tritons* and the *Nereids* sigh
 In soul-reflecting sympathy,
 And all the audience of waters weep.
 But *Amphitrite* her *Dolphin* sends—* the same,
 Which erst to *Neptune* brought the nobly perjur'd dame—
 Pleas'd

* *Fabulantur Græci hanc perpetuam Deis virginitatem vovisse : sed cum a Neptune sollicitaretur ad Atlantem confugisse, ubi a Delphino persuasa Neptune assensit. Lælius Gyraldus.*

48 ODE ON S. CECILIA'S DAY.

Pleas'd to obey, the beauteous monster flies,
And on his scales as the gilt sun-beams play,
Ten thousand variegated dies
In copious streams of lustre rise,
Rise o'er the level main and signify his way—
And now the joyous Bard, in triumph bore,
Rides the voluminous wave, and makes the wish'd for shore.
Come, ye festive, social throng,
Who sweep the lyre, or pour the song,
Your noblest melody employ,
Such as becomes the mouth of joy,
Bring the sky-aspiring thought,
With bright expression richly wrought,
And hail the Muse ascending on her throne,
The main at length subdued, and all the world her own.

CHORUS.

Come, ye festive, &c. &c.

VI.

But o'er th' affections too she claims the sway,
Pierces the human heart, and steals the soul away ;
And as attractive sounds move high or low,
Th' obedient ductile passions ebb and flow,
Has any Nymph her faithful lover lost,
And in the visions of the night,
And all the day-dreams of the light,
In sorrow's tempest turbulently tost—

From

From her cheeks the roses die,
 The radiations vanish from her sun-bright eye,
 And her breast, the throne of love,
 Can hardly, hardly, hardly move,
 To fend th' ambrosial sigh.

But let the skillful bard appear,
 And pour the sounds medicinal in her ear ;
 Sing some sad, some plaintive ditty,
 Steept in tears, that endless flow,
 Melancholy notes of pity,
 Notes that mean a world of woe ;
 She too shall sympathize, she too shall moan,
 And pitying others sorrows sigh away her own.

CHORUS.

Sing some sad, some &c. &c.

VII.

Wake, wake, the kettle-drum, prolong
 The swelling trumpet's silver song,
 And let the kindred accents pass
 Thro' the horn's meandering brass.
 Arise—The patriot muse invites to war,
 And mounts *Bellona's* brazen car ;
 While *Harmony*, terrific maid !
 Appears in martial pomp array'd :
 The sword, the target, and the lance
 She wields, and as she moves, exalts the Pyrrhic dance.

Timbles

E

30 ODE ON S. CECILIA'S DAY.

Trembles the earth, resound the skies—
Swift o'er the fleet, the camp she flies
With thunder in her voice and lightning in her eyes.

The gallant warriors engage
With inextinguishable rage,
And hearts unchil'd with fear;
Fame numbers all the chosen bands
Full in the front fair *Vict'ry* stands,
And *Triumph* crowns the rear.

CHORUS.

The Gallant warriors, &c. &c.

VIII.

But hark the Temple's hollow'd roof resounds,
And *Purcell* lives along the solemn sounds—
Mellifluous, yet manly too,
He pours his strains along,
As from the lion *Sampson* slew,
Comes sweetness from the strong.
Not like the soft *Italian* swains,
He trills the weak enervate strains,
Where sense and musick are at strife;
His vigorous notes with meaning teem,
With fire, with force explain the theme,
And sing the subject into life.

Attend—he sings *Cecilia*—matchless Dame!

'Tis She—'tis She—fond to extend her fame,

On

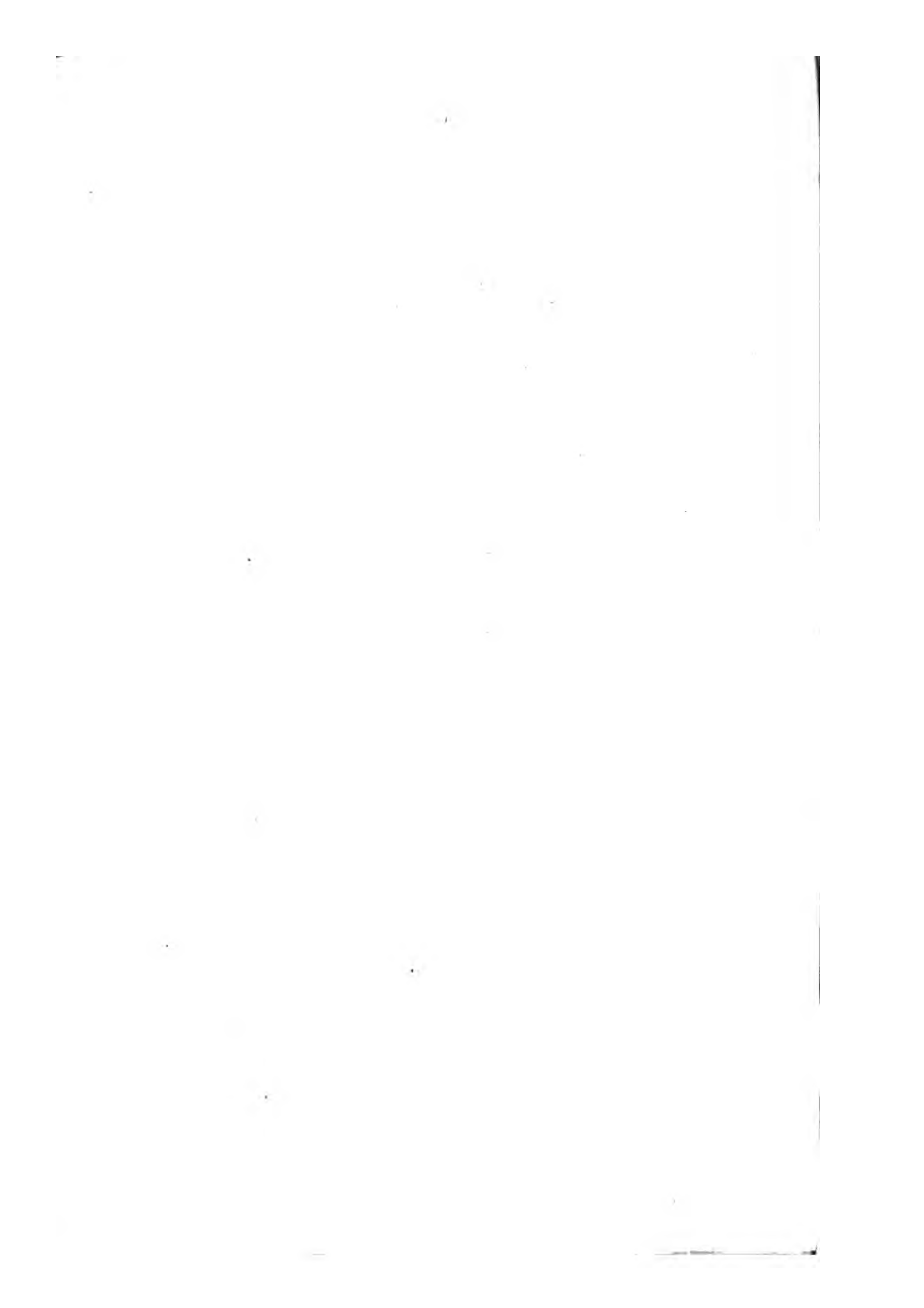
On the loud chords the notes conspire to stay,
 And sweetly swell into a long delay,
 And dwell delighted on her name.

Blow on, ye sacred Organs, blow,
 In tones magnificently flow ;
 Such is the musick, such the lays,
 Which suit your fair Inventress' praise :
 While round religious silence reigns,
 And loitering winds expect the strains.
 Hail majestic mournful measure,
 Source of many a pensive pleasure !
 Blest pledge of love to mortals giv'n,
 As pattern of the rest of heav'n !
 And thou chief honor of the veil,
 Hail, harmonious Virgin, hail !

When *Death* shall blot out every name,
 And *Time* shall break the trump of Fame,
 Angels may listen to thy lute ;
 Thy pow'r shall last, thy bays shall bloom,
 When tongues shall cease, and worlds consume,
 And all the tuneful spheres be mute.

GRAND CHORUS.

When Death shall blot out every name, &c.

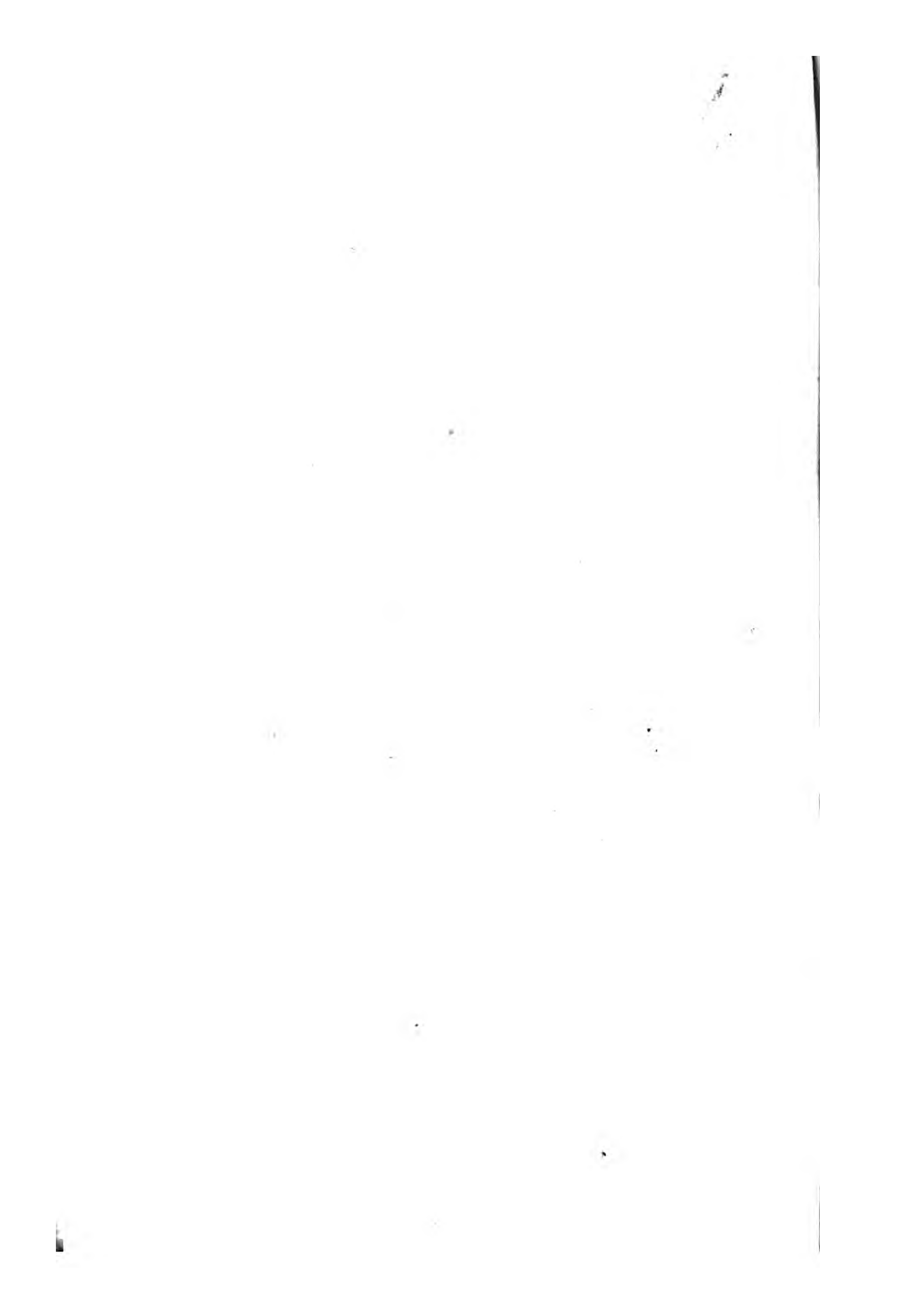


H Y M N
TO THE
SUPREME BEING,

O N

Recovery from a dangerous Fit of Illness..

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A..





TO DOCTOR JAMES.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING made an humble offering to HIM, without whose blessing your skill, admirable as it is, would have been to no purpose, I think myself bound by all the ties of gratitude, to render my next acknowledgments to you, who, under God, restored me to health from as violent and dangerous a disorder, as perhaps ever man survived. And my thanks become more particularly your just tribute, since this was the third time, that your judgment and medicines rescued me from the grave, permit me to say, in a manner almost miraculous.

If it be meritorious to have investigated medicines for the cure of distempers, either overlooked or disregarded by all your predecessors, millions yet unborn will celebrate the man, who wrote the *Medicinal Dictionary*, and invented the *Fever Powder*.

DEDICATION.

Let such considerations as these, arm you with constancy against the impotent attacks of those whose interest interferes with that of Mankind; and let it not displease you to have those for your particular enemies, who are foes to the Public in general.

It is no wonder, indeed, that some of the retailers of medicines should zealously oppose whatever might endanger their Trade, but 'tis amazing that there should be any Physicians mercenary and mean enough to pay their court *to*, and ingratiate themselves *with*, such persons, by the strongest efforts to prejudice the inventor of the Fever Powder at the expence of honour, dignity, and conscience. Believe me, however, and let this be a part of your consolation, that there are very few Physicians in *Britain*, who were born gentlemen, and whose fortunes place them above such fordid dependencies, who do not think and speak of you, as I do.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged,

And most humble Servant,

C. SMART.

H Y M N
TO THE
S U P R E M E B E I N G.

I.

WHEN * *Israel's* ruler on the royal bed
In anguish and in perturbation lay,
The down reliev'd not his anointed head,
And rest gave place to horror and dismay.
Fast flow'd the tears, high heav'd each gasping sigh
When God's own prophet thunder'd—MONARCH,
THOU MUST DIE.

II.

And must I go, th' illustrious mourner cry'd,
I who have serv'd thee still in faith and truth,
Whose snow-white conscience no foul crime has died
From youth to manhood, infancy to youth,
Like *David*, who have still rever'd thy word
The sovereign of myself and servant of the Lord!

* Hezekiah vi. Isaiah xxxviii.

III.

The judge Almighty heard his suppliant's moan,
 Repeal'd his sentence, and his health restor'd ;
 The beams of mercy on his temples shone,
 Shot from that heaven to which his sighs had soar'd ;
 The * sun retreated at his maker's nod
 And miracles confirm the genuine work of God.

IV.

But, O immortals ! What had I to plead
 When death stood o'er me with his threat'ning lance,
 When reason left me in the time of need,
 And sense was lost in terror or in trance,
 My sinking soul was with my blood inflam'd,
 And the celestial image sunk, defac'd and maim'd,

V.

I sent back memory, in heedful guise,
 To search the records of preceding years ;
 Home, like the † raven to the ark, she flies,
 Croaking bad tidings to my trembling ears.
 O sun, again that thy retreat was made,
 And threw my follies back into the friendly shade !

VI.

But who are they, that bid affliction cease !—
 Redemption and forgiveness, heavenly sounds !
 Behold.

* Isaiah, chap. xxxviii. † Gen. viii. 7.

Behold the dove that brings the branch of peace,
 Behold the balm that heals the gaping wounds—
 Vengeance divine's by penitence suppress—
 She * struggles with the angel, conquers, and is blest.

VII.

Yet hold, presumption, nor too fondly climb,
 And thou too hold, O horrible despair !
 In man humility's alone sublime,
 Who diffidently hopes he's *Christ's* own care—
 O all-sufficient Lamb ! in death's dread hour
 Thy merits who shall flight, or who can doubt thy power?

VIII.

But soul-rejoicing health again returns,
 The blood meanders gentle in each vein,
 The lamp of life renew'd with vigour burns,
 And exil'd reason takes her seat again—
 Brisk leaps the heart, the mind's at large once more,
 To love, to praise, to blest, to wonder and adore.

IX.

The virtuous partner of my nuptial bands,
 Appear'd a widow to my frantic fight ;
 My little prattlers lifting up their hands,
 Beckon me back to them, to life, and light ;
 I come, ye spotless sweets ! I come again,
 Nor have your tears been shed, nor have ye knelt in vain.

X.

* Gen. xxxii, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.

X.

All glory to th' ETERNAL, to th' IMMENSE,
 All glory to th' OMNISCIENT and GOOD,
 Whose power's uncircumscrib'd, whose love's intense ;
 But yet whose justice ne'er could be withstood.
 Except thro' him—thro' him, who stands alone,
 Of worth, of weight allow'd for all Mankind t' atone !

XI.

He rais'd the lame, the lepers he made whole,
 He fix'd the palsied nerves of weak decay,
 He drove out Satan from the tortur'd soul,
 And to the blind gave or restor'd the day,—
 Nay more,—far more unequal'd pangs sustain'd,
 Till his lost fallen flock his taintless blood regain'd.

XII.

My feeble feet refus'd my body's weight,
 Nor wou'd my eyes admit the glorious light,
 My nerves convuls'd shook fearful of their fate,
 My mind lay open to the powers of night.
 He pitying did a second birth bestow
 A birth of joy—not like the first of tears and woe.

XIII.

Ye strengthen'd feet, forth to his altar move ;
 Quick'en, ye new-strung nerves, th' enraptur'd lyre ;
 Ye heav'n-directed eyes, o'erflow with love ;
 Glow, glow, my soul, with pure seraphic fire ;
Deeds,

Deeds, thoughts, and words no more his mandates break,
But to his endless glory work, conceive, and speak.

XIV.

O! penitence, to virtue near allied,
Thou can'st new joys e'en to the blest impart;
The list'ning angels lay their harps aside
To hear the musick of thy contrite heart;
And heav'n itself wears a more radiant face,
When charity presents thee to the throne of grace.

XV.

* Chief of metallic forms is regal gold;
Of elements, the limpid fount that flows;
Give me 'mongst gems the brilliant to behold;
O'er *Flora's* flock imperial is the rose:
Above all birds the sov'reign eagle soars;
And monarch of the field the lordly lion roars.

XVI.

What can with great *Leviathan* compare,
Who takes his pastime in the mighty main?
What, like the *Sun*, shines thro' the realms of air,
And gilds and glorifies th' ethereal plain—
Yet what are these to man, who bears the sway;
For all was made for him—to serve and to obey.

XVII.

* Pind. Olymp. 1.

XVII.

Thus in high heaven charity is great,
 Faith, hope, devotion hold a lower place ;
 On her the cherubs and the seraphs wait,
 Her, every virtue courts, and every grace ;
 See ! on the right, close by th' Almighty's throne,
 In him she shines confest, who came to make her known.

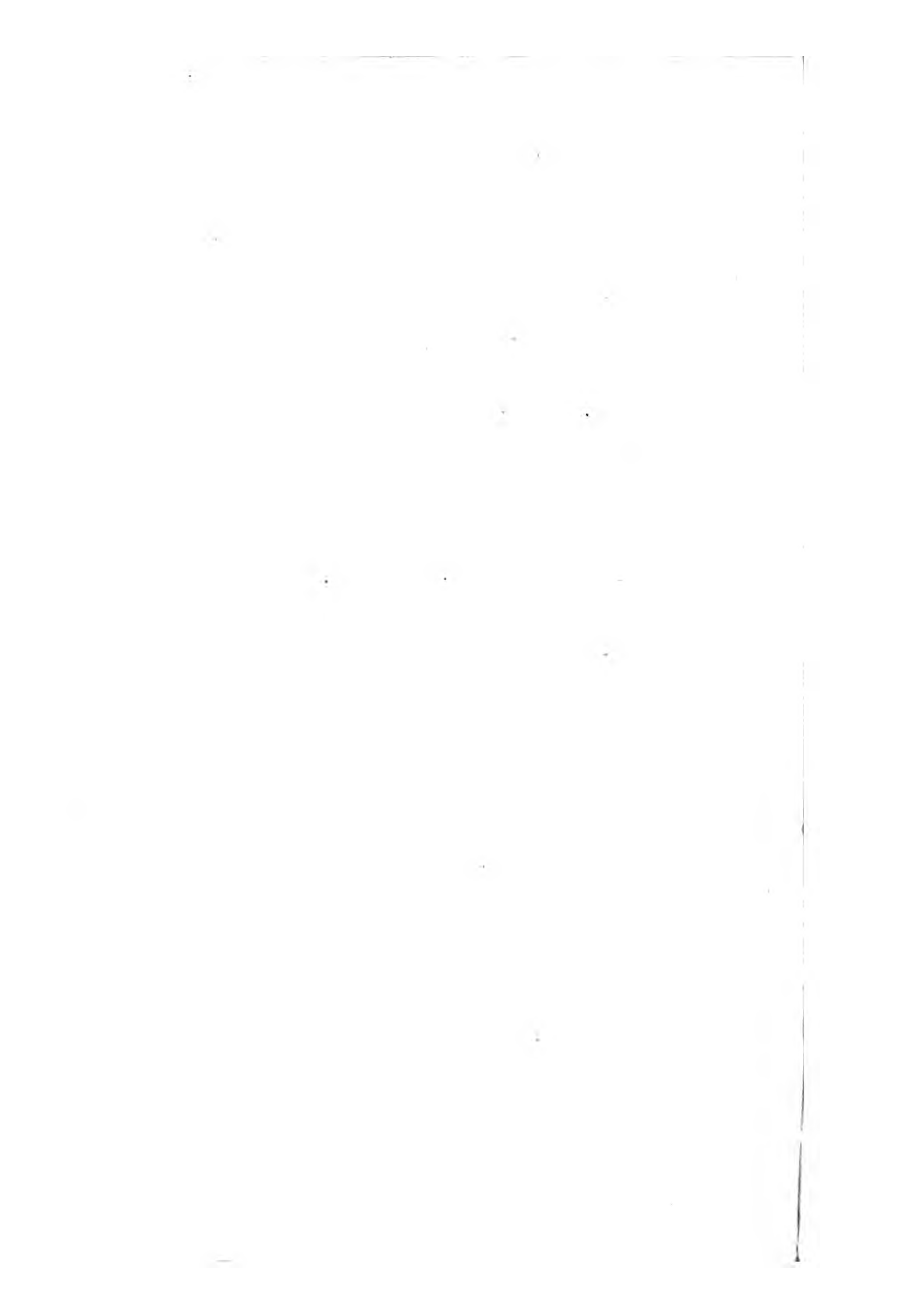
XVIII.

Deep-rooted in my heart then let her grow,
 That for the past the future may atone ;
 That I may act what thou hast giv'n to know,
 That I may live for THEE and THEE alone,
 And justify those sweetest words from heav'n,
 " THAT HE SHALL LOVE THEE MOST * TO WHOM
 THOU'ST MOST FORGIVEN.

* Luke vii. 41, 42, 43.

ON THE
ETERNITY OF THE SUPREME BEING,
A
POETICAL ESSAY.

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.
Fellow of Pembroke-Hall in the University of Cambridge.





A CLAUSE OF *Mr. SEATON'S* WILL,

Dated Oct. 8, 1738.

I Give my Kissingbury Estate to the University of Cambridge for ever : the Rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare-Hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being, or any two of them shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a Subject, which Subject shall for the first year be one or other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding years, till the subject is exhausted ; and afterwards the Subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Master of Clare-Hall, and Greek Professor to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being and recommendation of Virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the Rent of the above Estate to that Master of Arts, whose Poem on the Subject given shall be best approved by them. Which Poem I ordain to be always in English, and to
be

A CLAUSE OF *Mr. SEATON'S* WILL.

be printed ; the expence of which shall be deducted out of the product of the Estate, and the residue given as a reward for the Composer of the Poem, or Ode, or Copy of Verses.

WE the underwritten, do assign *Mr. SEATON'S* Reward to C. SMART, M. A. for his Poem on *The Omniscience of the Supreme Being*, and direct the said Poem to be printed, according to the tenor of the Will.

J. WILCOX, Vice-Chancellor.

T. FRANKLIN, Greek-Professor.

November 2, 1752.

ON

O N T H E
O M N I S C I E N C E
O F T H E
S U P R E M E B E I N G.

ARISE, divine Urania, with new strains
To hymn thy God, and thou, immortal Fame,
Arise, and blow thy everlasting trump.
All glory to th' Omniscient, and praise,
And pow'r, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.
Thou too, my Heart, whom he, and he alone,
Who all things knows, can know, with love replete,
Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyself
A living sacrifice before his throne:
And may th' eternal, high mysterious tree,

That

And lift me from myself, each thought impure
 Banish ; each low idea raise, refine,
 Enlarge, and sanctify ;—so shall the muse
 Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
 Her God on earth, as he is prais'd in heaven.

Immense Creator ! whose all-powerful hand
 Fram'd universal Being, and whose Eye
 Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good ;
 Where shall the tim'rous bard thy praise begin,
 Where end the purest sacrifice of song,
 And just thanksgiving ?—The thought-kindling light,
 Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
 Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
 And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee.
 Hail to the chearful rays of ruddy morn,
 That paint the streaky East, and blithsome rouse
 The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest !
 Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
 And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew !
 Without the aid of yonder golden globe
 Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lilly,
 The tulip and auricula's spotted pride ;
 Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
 So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.
 O thrice-illustrious ! were it not for thee
 Those pansies, that reclining from the bank,
 View thro' th' immaculate, pellucid stream

Their

Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
 Might as well change their triple boast, the white,
 The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
 The Eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
 Ev'n with the baneful hemlock's irksome green.
 Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams
 The tribes of woodland warblers wou'd remain
 Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
 The praise of him, who, e'er he form'd their lord,
 Their voices tun'd to transport, wing'd their flight,
 And bade them call for nurture, and receive ;
 And lo ! they call ; the blackbird and the thrush,
 The woodlark, and the redbreast jointly call ;
 He hears and feeds their feather'd families,
 He feeds his sweet musicians,—nor neglects
 Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide ;
 And tho' their throats coarse rattling hurt the ear,
 They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
 They mean, and leave ingratitude to man ;—
 But not to all,—for hark ! the organs blow
 Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
 And grace th' harmonious choir, celestial feast
 To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind ;
 The thrilling trebles of the many base
 Join in accordant meet, and with one voice
 All to the sacred subject suit their song :
 While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns

Angelically penfive, till the joy
 Improves and purifies ;—the solemn scene
 The Sun thro' storied panes furveys with awe,
 And bashfully with-holds each bolder beam.
 Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
 The cherub Gratitude ;—behold her eyes !
 With love and gladness weepingly they shed
 Extatic smiles ; the incense, that her hands
 Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
 Caught from the nectarine's blossom, and her voice
 Is more than voice can tell ; to him she sings,
 To him who feeds, who clothes and who adorns,
 Who made and who preserves, whatever dwells
 In air, in stedfast earth, or fickle sea.
 O He is good, he is immensely good !
 Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man ;
 Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
 Dispensing all his blessings for the best
 In order and in beauty :—raise, attend,
 Attest, and praise, ye quarters of the world !
 Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
 To him, who made the mite ; tho' Asia's pride,
 Ye carry armies on your tow'r-crown'd backs,
 And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to him
 Who is as great, as perfect and as good
 In his less-striking wonders, till at length
 The eye's at fault and seeks th' assisting glafs.

Approach

Approach and bring from Araby the blest
 The fragrant cassia, frankincense and myrrh,
 And meekly kneeling at the altar's foot
 Lay all the tributary incense down.
 Stoop, fable Africa, with rev'rence stoop,
 And from thy brow take off the painted plume ;
 With golden ingots all thy camels load
 T' adorn his temples, hasten with thy spear
 Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
 While unpursu'd the lions roam and roar,
 And ruin'd tow'rs, rude rocks and caverns wide
 Remurmur to the glorious, surly found.
 And thou, fair Indian, whose immense domain
 To counterpoise the Hemisphere extends,
 Hasten from the West, and with thy fruits and flow'rs,
 Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
 More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow
 By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn
 Is thine ; thine therefore be a portion due
 Of thanks and praise : come with thy brilliant crown
 And vest of fur ; and from thy fragrant lap
 Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.
 But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of grace
 And Christian excellence, his goodness own,
 Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise ;
Glad :

Clad in the armour of the living God
 Approach, unsheath the spirit's flaming sword ;
 Faith's shield, Salvation's glory,—compass'd helm
 With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
 Fair truth's invulnerable breast-plate spread ;
 Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
 And let the song of charity begin
 In strains seraphic, and melodious pray'r.
 “ O all-sufficient, all beneficent,
 “ Thou God of Goodness and of glory, hear !
 “ Thou, who to lowliest minds dost condescend,
 “ Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
 “ Adopting jealousy to prove thy love :
 “ Thou, who resign'd humility uphold,
 “ Ev'n as the florist props the drooping rose,
 “ But quell tyrannic pride with peerless pow'r,
 “ Ev'n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak .
 “ O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
 “ Thou God of Goodness, and of glory, hear !
 “ Bless all mankind, and bring them in the end
 “ To heav'n, to immortality, and THEE !

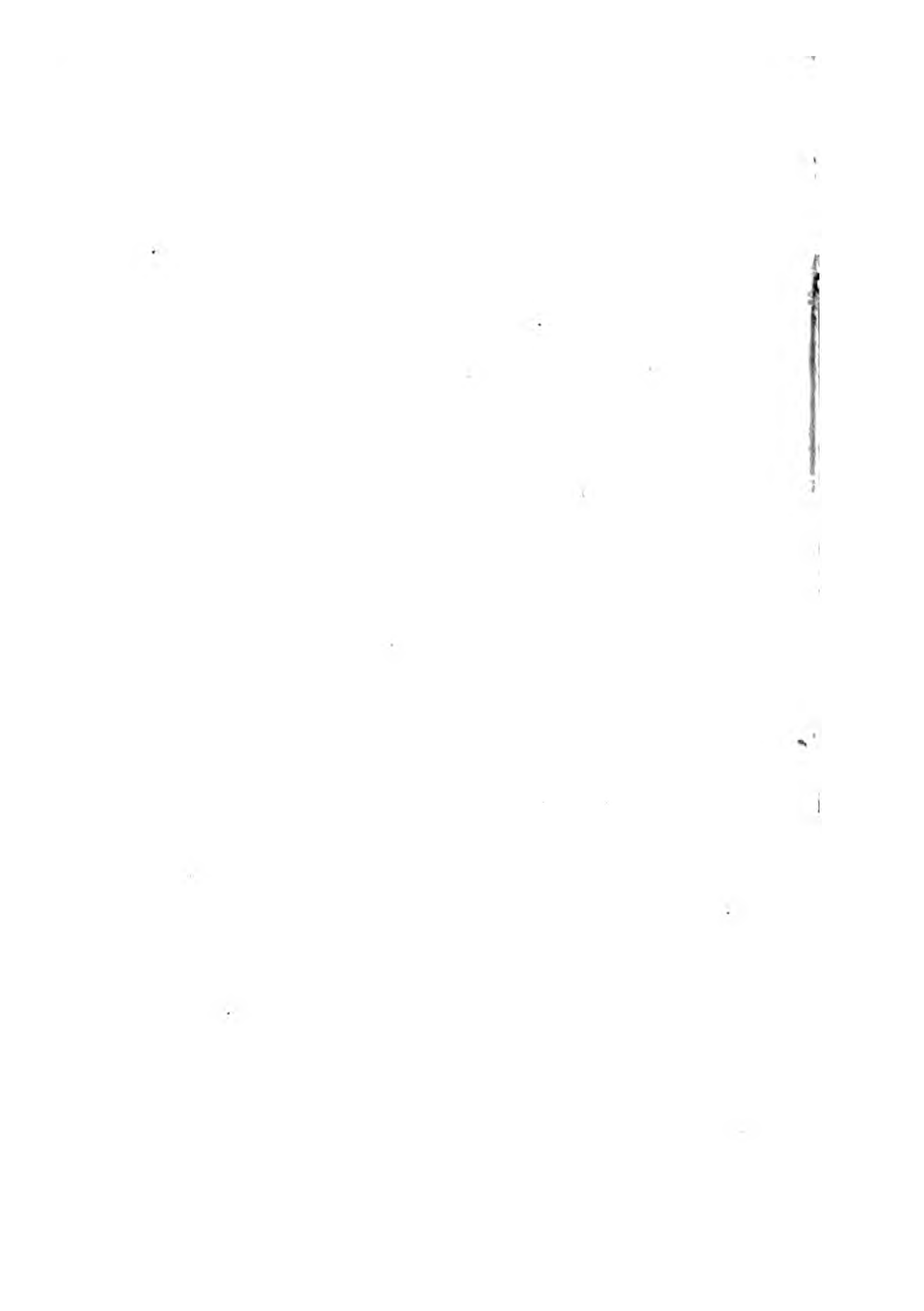
T H E
H O P - G A R D E N .

▲

G E O R G I C .

IN TWO BOOKS.

Me quoque Parnassi per lubrica culmina raptat
Laudis amor : studium sequor insanabile vatis,
Ausus non operam, non formidare poetæ
Nomen, adoratum quondam, nunc pæne procaci
Monstratum digito. ————— VAN. PRÆD. RUST.



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

A

G E O R G I C .

BOOK THE FIRST.

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

Oh ! cou'd I emulate skilled Sydney's muse,
Thy Sydney, Cantium—He from court retir'd

In Penhurst's sweet elysium sung delight,
 Sung transport to the soft-responding streams
 Of Medway, and enliven'd all her groves :
 While ever near him, goddess of the green,
 Fair * Pembroke sat, and smil'd immense applause.
 With vocal fascination charm'd the † hours
 Unguarded left Heav'n's adamant gate,
 And to his lyre, swift as the winged sounds
 That skim the air, danc'd unperceiv'd away.
 Had I such pow'r, no peasants humble toil
 Shou'd e'er debase my lay : far nobler themes,
 The high achievements of thy warrior kings
 Shou'd raise my thoughts, and dignify my song.
 But I, young rustic, dare not leave my cot,
 For so enlarg'd a sphere—ah ! muse beware,
 Lest the loud larums of the braying trump,
 Lest the deep drum shou'd drown thy tender reed,¹
 And mar its puny joints : me, lowly swain,
 Every unshaven arboret, me the lawns,
 Me the voluminous Medway's silver wave,
 ‡ Content inglorious, and the hopland shades !

Yoemen

* Sister to Sir Philip Sydney.

† — Πυλαι μυκρον θρανυ ας εχοι Ωραι. ΗΟΜ. Ε.

‡ Rura mihi, & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
 Flumina amem, sylvasque in gloria! VIRG. GEORG. 2.

Yeomen and countrymen, attend my song :
 Whether you shiver in the marshy * Weald,
 Egregious shepherds of unnumber'd flocks,
 Whose fleeces, poison'd into purple, deck
 All Europe's kings : or in fair † Madum's vale
 Imparadis'd, blest denizons, ye dwell ;
 Or ‡ Dorovernia's awful tow'rs ye love :
 Or plough Tunbridgia's salutiferous hills
 Industrious, and with draughts chalybate heal'd,
 Confess divine Hygeia's blissful feat ;
 The muse demands your presence, ere she tune
 Her monitory voice ; observe her well,
 And catch the wholesome dictates as they fall.

'Midst thy paternal acres, Farmer, say
 Has gracious heav'n bestow'd one field, that basks
 Its loamy bosom in the mid-day sun,
 Emerging gently from the abject vale,
 Nor yet obnoxious to the wind, secure
 There shall thou plant thy hop. This soil, perhaps,
 Thou'lt say, will fill my garners. Be it so.
 But Ceres, rural goddess, at the best
 Meanly supports her vot'ry', enough for her,
 If ill-persuading hunger she repell,
 And keep the soul from fainting ; to enlarge,

To

* Commonly, but improperly called, the Wild.

† Maidstone.

‡ Canterbury.

To glad the heart, to sublimate the mind,
 And wing the flagging spirits to the sky,
 Require th' united influence and aid
 Of Bacchus, God of hops, with Ceres join'd.
 'Tis he shall generate the buxom beer.
 Then on one pedestal, and hand in hand,
 Sculptur'd in Parian stone (so gratitude
 Indites) let the divine co-partners rise.
 Stands eastward in thy field a wood ? 'tis well.
 Esteem it as a bulwark of thy wealth,
 And cherish all its branches ; tho' we'll grant,
 Its leaves umbrageous may intercept
 The morning rays, and envy some small share
 Of Sol's beneficence to th' infant germ.
 Yet grudge not that : when whistling Eurus comes,
 With all his worlds of insects in thy lands
 To hyemate, and monarchize o'er all
 Thy vegetable riches, then thy wood
 Shall ope it's arms expansive, and embrace
 The storm reluctant, and divert its rage.
 Armies of animalcules urge their way
 In vain : the ventilating trees oppose
 Their airy march. They blacken distant plains.

This site for thy young nursery obtain'd,
 Thou hast begun auspicious, if the soil
 (As sung before) be loamy ; this the hop
 Loves above others, this is rich, is deep,

Is viscous, and tenacious of the pole.
 Yet maugre all its native worth, it may
 Be meliorated with warmth compost. See !
 * Yon craggy mountain, whose fastidious head
 Divides the star-set hemisphere above,
 And Cantium's plains beneath ; the Appennine
 Of a free Italy, whose chalky fides
 With verdant shrubs dissimilarly gay,
 Still captivate the eye, while at his feet
 The silver Medway glides, and in her breast
 Views the reflected landskip, charm'd the views
 And murmurs louder ecstasy below.
 Here let us rest awhile, pleas'd to behold
 Th' all-beautiful horizon's wide expanse,
 Far as the eagle's ken. Here tow'ring spires
 First catch the eye, and turn the thoughts to heav'n.
 The lofty elms in humble majesty
 Bend with the breeze to shade the solemn groves,
 And spread an holy darkness ; Ceres there
 Shines in her golden vesture. Here the meads
 Enrich'd by Flora's dædal hand, with pride
 Expose their spotted verdure. Nor are you,
 Pomona, absent ; you 'midst hoary leaves
 Swell the vermilion cherry ; and on yon trees
 Suspend the pippen's palatable gold.

There

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

There old Sylvanus in that moss-grown grot
 Dwells with his wood-nymphs : they with chaplets green
 And russet mantles oft bedight, aloft
 From yon bent oaks, in Medway's bosom 'fair
 Wonder at silver bleak, and prickly perch,
 That swiftly thro' their floating forests glide.
 Yet not even these—these ever varied scenes
 Of wealth and pleasure can engage my eyes
 T' o'erlook the lowly hawthorn, if from thence
 The thrush, sweet warbler, chants th' unstudied lays
 Which Phœbus' self vaulting from yonder cloud
 Refulgent, with enliv'ning ray inspires.
 But neither tow'ring spires, nor lofty elms,
 Nor golden Ceres, nor the meadows green,
 Nor orchards, nor the russet-mantled nymphs,
 Which to the murmurs of the Medway dance,
 Nor sweetly warbling thrush, with half those charms
 Attract my eyes, as yonder hop-land close,
 Joint-work of art and nature, which reminds
 The muse, and to her theme the wand'rer calls.

Here then with pond'rous vehicles and teams
 Thy rustics send, and from the caverns deep
 Command them bring the chalk : thence to the kiln
 Convey, and temper with Vulcanian fires.
 Soon as 'tis form'd, thy lime with bounteous hand
 O'er all thy lands disseminate ; thy lands

Which

Which first have felt the soft'ning spade, and drank
The strength'ning vapours from nutritious marl.

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

Illustrious

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

VIRG. GEORG. 2.

Illustrious parent of the best of men !
 For thee Antiquity's thrice sacred springs
 Placidly stagnant at their fountain head,
 I rashly dare to trouble (if from thence
 I ought for thy utility can drain)
 And in thy towns adopt th' Aſcræan muſe.
 Hail heroes, hail invaluable gems.
 Fav'rites of heav'n ! to whom the general doom
 Is all remitted, who alone poſſeſs
 Of Adam's ſons fair Eden—reſt ye here,
 Nor ſeek an earthly good above the hop ;
 A good ! untasted by your ancient kings,
 And to your very fires almoſt unknown.

In thoſe bleſt days when great Eliza reign'd
 O'er the adoring nation, when fair peace
 Or ſpread an unſtain'd olive round the land,
 Or laurell'd war did teach our winged fleets
 To lord it o'er the world, when our brave fires
 Drank valour from uncauponated beer ;
 The hop (before an interdicted plant,
 Shun'd like fell aconite) began to hang
 Its folded floſcles from the golden vine,
 And bloom'd a ſhade to Cantium's funny ſhores
 Delightſome, and in chearful goblets laught
 Potent, what time Aquarius' urn impends
 To kill the dulſome day—potent to quench
 The Syrian ardour, and autumnal ills

To heal with mild potations ; sweeter far
 Than those which erst the subtle * Hengist mix'd
 T' intral voluptuous Vortigern. He, with love
 Emasculate and wine, the toils of war
 Neglected, and to dalliance vile and sloth
 Emancipated, saw th' incroaching Saxons
 With unaffected eyes ; his hand which ought
 T' have shook the spear of justice, soft and smooth,
 Play'd ravishing divisions on the lyre :
 This Hengist mark'd, and (for curs'd insolence
 Soon fattens on impunity ! and rises
 Briareus from a dwarf) fair Thanet gain'd.
 Nor stopt he here ; but to immense attempts
 Ambition sky-aspiring led him on
 Adventrous. He an only daughter rear'd,
 Roxena, matchless maid ! nor rear'd in vain.
 Her eagle-ey'd callidity, deceit,
 And fairy fiction rais'd above her sex,
 And furnish'd with a thousand various wiles
 Preposterous, more than female ; wondrous fair
 She was, and docile, which her pious nurse
 Observ'd, and early in each female fraud
 Her 'gan initiate : well she knew to smile,
 Whene'er vexation gall'd her ; did she weep ?
 'Twas not sincere, the fountains of her eyes

K

Play'd

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

Play'd artificial streams, yet so well forc'd
 'They look'd like nature ; for ev'n art to her
 Was natural, and contrarities
 Seem'd in Røxena congruous and allied.
 Such was she, when brisk Vortigern beheld,
 Ill-fated prince ! and lov'd her. She perceiv'd,
 Soon she perceiv'd her conquest ; soon she told,
 With hasty joy transported, her old fire.
 The Saxon inly smil'd, and to his isle
 'The willing prince invited, but first bad
 The nymph prepare the potions ; such as fire
 The blood's meand'ring rivulets, and depress
 To love the soul. Lo ! at the noon of night
 Thrice Hecate invok'd the maid—and thrice
 The goddess stoop'd assent ; forth from a cloud
 She stoop'd, and gave the philters pow'r to charm.
 These in a splendid cup of burnish'd gold
 The lovely forcerefs mix'd, and to the prince
 Health, peace and joy propin'd, but to herself
 Mutter'd dire exorcisms, and wish'd effect
 To th' love-creating draught : lowly she bow'd
 Fawning insinuation bland, that might
 Deceive Laertes' son ; her lucid orbs
 Shed copiously the oblique rays ; her face
 Like modest Luna's shone, but not so pale,
 And with no borrow'd lustre ; on her brow
 Smil'd Fallacy, while summoning each grace,
Kneeling

Kneeling she gave the cup. The prince (for who!
 Who cou'd have spurn'd a suppliant so divine?
 Drank eager, and in ecstasy devour'd
 Th' ambrosial perturbation; mad with love
 He clasp'd her, and in Hymeneal bands
 At once the nymph demanded and obtain'd.
 Now Hengist, all his ample wish fulfill'd,
 Exulted; and from Kent th' uxorious prince
 Exterminated, and usurp'd his seat.
 Long did he reign; but all-devouring time
 Has raz'd his palace walls—Perchance on them
 Grows the green hop, and o'er his crumbled butt
 In spiral twines ascends the scantile pole.—
 But now to plant, to dig, to dung, to weed;
 Tasks humble, but important, ask the muse.

Come, fair magician, sportive Fancy, come,
 With wildest imagery; thou child of thought,
 From thy aerial citadel descend,
 And (for thou canst) assist me. Bring with thee
 Thy all-creative Talisman; with thee
 The active spirits ideal, tow'ring flights,
 That hover o'er the muse-refounding groves,
 And all thy colourings, all thy shapes display.
 Thou too be here, Experience, so shall I
 My rules nor in low prose jejunely *say*,
 Nor in smooth numbers musically err;
 But vain is Fancy and Experience vain,

If thou, O Hesiod ! Virgil of our land,
 * Or hear'ft thou rather, Milton, bard divine,
 Whose greatness who shalt imitate, save thee ?
 If thou, O † Philips, fav'ring dost not hear
 Me, inexpert of verse ; with gentle hand
 Uprear the unpinion'd muse, high on the top
 Of that immeasurable mount, that far
 Exceeds thine own Plinlimmon, where thou tun'ft
 With Phœbus' self thy lyre. Give me to turn
 Th' unwieldly subject with thy graceful ease,
 Extol its baseness with thy art ; but chief
 Illumine, and invigorate with thy fire.

When Phœbus' looks thro' Aries on the spring,
 And vernal flow'rs teem with the dulcet fruit,
 Autumnal pride ! delay not then thy sets
 In Tellus' facile bosom to depose
 Timely : if thou art wise the bulkiest chuse :
 To every root three joints indulge, and form
 The Quincunx with well regulated hills.
 Soon from the dung-enriched earth, their heads
 Thy young plants will uplift their virgin arms,
 They'll stretch, and marriageable claim the pole.

Nor

* At ipse

Subtilis Veterum judex & callidus audis. HORAT.

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

Nor frustrate thou their wishes, so thou may'st
Expect an hopeful issue, jolly Mirth,
Sister of taleful Momus, tuneful Song,
And fat Good-nature with her honest face.
But yet in the novitiate of their love,
And tenderness of youth suffice small shoots
Cut from the widow'd willow, nor provide
Poles insurmountable as yet. 'Tis then
When twice bright Phœbus' vivifying ray,
Twice the cold touch of winter's icy hand,
They've felt; 'tis then we fell sublimer props.
'Tis then the sturdy woodman's axe from far
Resounds, resounds, and hark! with hollow groans
Down tumble the big trees, and rushing roll
O'er the crush'd crackling brake, while in his cave
Forlorn, dejected, 'midst the weeping dryads,
Laments Sylvanus for his verdant care.
The ash or willow for thy use select,
Or storm enduring chestnut; but the oak
Unfit for this employ, for nobler ends
Reserve untouch'd; she when by time matur'd,
Capacious of some British demi-god,
Vernon, or Warren, shall with rapid wing
Infuriate, like Jove's armour-bearing bird,
Fly on thy foes; They, like the parted waves,
Which to the brazen beak murmuring give way
Amaz'd and roaring from the fight recede.—

In that sweet month, when to the list'ning swains
 Fair Philomel sings love, and every cot
 With garlands blooms bedight, with bandage meet
 The tendrils bind, and to the tall pole tie,
 Else soon, too soon their meretricious arms
 Round each ignoble clod they'll fold, and leave
 Averse the lordly prop. Thus, have I heard
 Where there's no mutual tye, no strong connection
 Of love-conspiring hearts, oft the young bride
 Has prostituted to her slaves her charms,
 While the infatuated lord admires
 • Fresh-butting sprouts, and issue not his own.
 Now turn the glebe : soon with correcting hand
 When smiling June in jocund dance leads on
 Long days and happy hours, from ev'ry vine
 Dock the redundant branches, and once more
 With the sharp spade thy numerous acres till.
 The shovel next must lend its aid, enlarge
 The little hillocks, and erase the weeds.
 This in that month its title which derives
 From great Augustus' ever sacred name !
 Sovereign of Science ! master of the Muse !
 Neglected Genius firm ally ! Of worth
 Best judge, and best rewarder, whose applause
 To bards was fame and fortune ! O ! 'twas well,
 Well did you too in this, all glorious heroes !

YD

• *Miraturque novas frondes, & non sua poma. VIRG.*

Ye Romans!—on Time's wing you've stamp'd his praise,
And time shall bear it to eternity.

Now are our labours crown'd with their reward,
Now bloom the florid hops, and in the stream
Shine in their floating silver, while above
T' embow'ring branches culminate, and form
A walk impervious to the sun; the poles
In comely order stand; and while you cleave
With the small skiff the Medway's lucid wave,
In comely order still their ranks preserve,
And seem to march along th' extensive plain.
In neat arrangement thus the men of Kent,
With native oak at once adorn'd and arm'd,
Intrepid march'd; for well they knew the cries
Of dying Freedom, and Astræa's voice,
Who as she fled, to echoing woods complain'd
Of tyranny, and William; like a god,
Refulgent stood the conqueror, on his troops
He sent his looks enliv'ning as the sun's,
But on his foes frown'd agony, and death.
On his left side in bright emblazonry
His falchion burn'd; forth from his sevenfold shield
A basilisk shot adamant; his bow
Wore clouds of fury!—on that with plumage crown'd
Of various hue sat a tremendous cone:
Thus sits high-canopied above the clouds,

Terrific beauty of nocturnal skies,
 * Northern Aurora ; she thro' th' azure air
 Shoots, shoots her trem'lous rays in painted streaks
 Continual, while waving to the wind
 O'er Night's dark veil her lucid tresses flow.
 The trav'ler views th' unseasonable day
 Astound, the proud bend lowly to the earth,
 The pious matrons tremble for the world.
 But what can daunt th' insuperable souls
 Of Cantium's matchless sons ? On they proceed,
 All innocent of fear ; each face express'd
 Contemptuous admiration, while they view'd
 The well fed brigades of embroider'd slaves
 That drew the sword for gain. First of the van,
 With an enormous bough, a shepherd swain
 Whistled with rustic notes ; but such as show'd
 A heart magnanimous : The men of Kent
 Follow the tuneful swain, while o'er their heads
 The green leaves whisper, and the big boughs bend,
 'Twas thus the Thracian, whose all-quick'ning lyre
 The floods inspir'd, and taught the rocks to feel,
 Enchanted dancing Hæmus, to the tune,
 The lute's soft tune ! The flutt'ring branches wave,
 The rocks enjoy it, and the rivulets hear,

The

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

The hillocks skip, emerge the humble vales,
 And all the mighty mountain nods applause.
 The conqueror view'd them, and as one that sees
 The vast abrupt of Scylla, or as one
 That from th' oblivious streams of Lethe's pool
 Has drank eternal apathy, he stood.
 His host an universal panic seiz'd
 Prodigious, inopine ; their armour shook,
 And clatter'd to the trembling of their limbs ;
 Some to the walking wilderness gan run
 Confus'd, and in th' inhospitable shade
 For shelter sought—Wretches ! they shelter find,
 Eternal shelter in the arms of death !
 Thus when Aquarius pours out all his urn
 Down on some lonesome heath, the traveller
 That wanders o'er the wint'ry waste, accepts
 The invitation of some spreading beech
 Joyous ; but soon the treach'rous gloom betrays
 Th' unwary visitor, while on his head
 Th' enlarging drops in double show'rs descend.

And now no longer in disguise the men
 Of Kent appear ; down they all drop their boughs,
 And shine in brazen panoply divine.
 Enough—Great William (for full well he knew
 How vain would be the contest) to the sons
 Of glorious Cantium gave their lives, and laws,
 And liberties secure, and to the prowess

Of

Of Cantium's sons, like Cæsar, deign'd to yield.
Cæsar and William ! Hail immortal worthies,
Illustrious vanquish'd ! Cantium, if to them,
Posterity with all her chiefs unborn,
Ought similar, ought second has to boast.
Once more (so prophecies the muse) thy sons
Shall triumph, emulous of their sires—till then
With olive, and with hop-land garlands crown'd,
O'er all thy land reign Plenty, reign fair Peace.

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

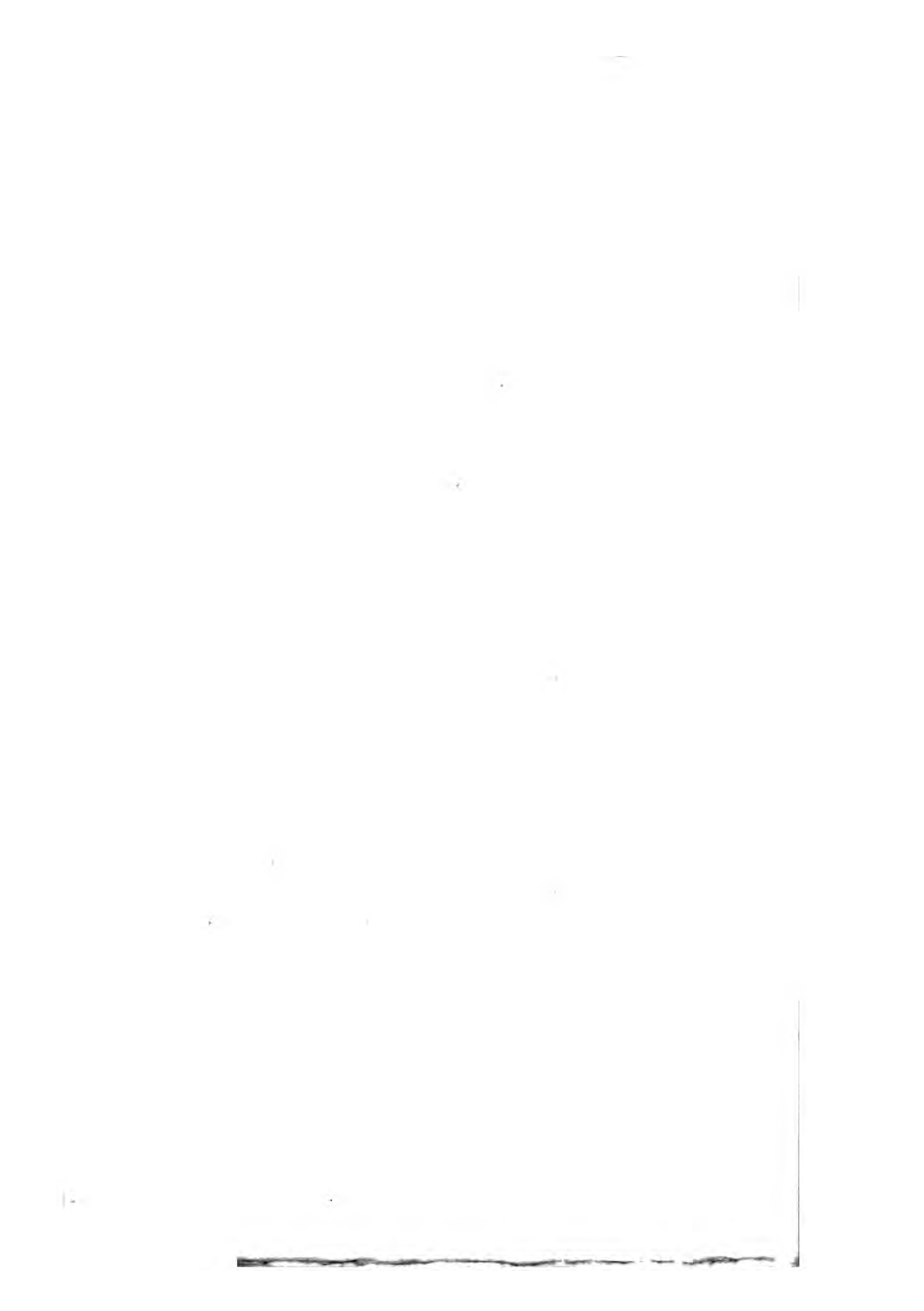
A

G E O R G I C.

BOOK THE SECOND.

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

VIRE. Geor. lib. 2.



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

A
G E O R G I C.

BOOK THE SECOND.

AT length the muse her destin'd task resumes
With joy; agen o'er all her hop-land groves
She seeks t' expatiate free of wing. Long while
For a much-loving, much-lov'd youth she wept,
Sorrowing in silence o'er th' untimely urn.
Hush then, effeminate sobs; and thou, my heart,
Rebel to grief no more—And yet a while,
A little while, indulge the friendly tears.
O'er the wild world, like Noah's dove, in vain
I seek the olive peace, around me wide
See! see! the wat'ry waste—In vain forlorn
I call the Phœnix fair Sincerity;

Alas

Alas!—extinguish'd to the skies she fled,
 And left no heir behind her. Where is now
 Th' eternal smile of goodness? Where is now
 That all-extensive charity of soul,
 So rich in sweetness, that the classic founts
 In elegance Augustan cloath'd, the wit
 That flow'd perennial, hardly were observ'd,
 Or, if observ'd, set off that brighter gem.
 How oft, and yet how seldom did it seem!
 Have I enjoy'd his converse?—When we met,
 The hours how swift they sweetly fled, and till
 Agen I saw him, how they loiter'd. Oh!
 * THEOPHILUS, thou dear departed soul,
 What flattering tales thou told'st me? How thou'dst hañ
 My muse, and took'st imaginary walks
 All in my hopland groves; Stay yet, oh stay!
 Thou dear deluder, thou hast seen but half—
 He's gone! and ought that's equal to his praise
 Fame has not for me, tho' she prove most kind.
 Howe'er this verse be sacred to thy name,
 These tears, the last sad duty of a friend,
 Oft I'll indulge the pleasurable pain
 Of recollection; oft on Medway's banks
 I'll muse on thee full pensive; while her streams
 Regardful ever of my grief, shall flow
 In sullen silence silverly along

The

Theophilus Wheeler, of Christ Church, Cambridge.

The weeping shores—or else accordant with
My loud laments, shall ever and anon
Make melancholy music to the shades,
The hopland shades, that on her banks expose
Serpentine vines and flowing locks of gold.

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

The

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

Has

* The Author's youngest Sister.

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

Fly

* *Nunquam imprudentibus inber
 Obsuit. Aut illum surgentem vallis imis
 Aëriæ fugere grues! aut bucula cælum
 Suspiciens, patulis captavit naribus auras:
 Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo:
 Et veterem in limo ranæ cecinere querelam.
 Sæpius & tectis penetralibus extulit ova
 Angustum formica terens iter, & bibit ingens
 Arcus, & e pastu decedens agmine magno
 Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.
 Jam varias pelagi volucres, & quæ Asia circum
 Dulcibus in stagnis rimantur pratra Caystri,*

Certatim

Fly the fleet wild-geese far away, or else
 The heifer towards the zenith rears her head,
 And with expanded nostrils snuffs the air :
 The swallows too their airy circuits weave,
 And screaming skim the brook ; and fen bred frogs
 Forth from their hoarse throats their old grudge recite :
 Or from her earthly coverlets the ant
 Heaves her huge eggs along the narrow way :
 Or bends * Thaumantia's variegated bow
 Athwart the cope of heav'n : or fable crows
 Obstreperous of wing, in clouds combine :
 Besides, unnumber'd troops of birds marine,
 And Asia's feather'd flocks, that in the muds
 Of flow'ry e'ig'd Cayster wont to prey,
 Now in the shallows duck their speckled heads,
 And lust to lave in vain, their unctious plumes
 Repulsive baffle their efforts : hearken next
 How the curs'd raven, with her harmful voice,
 Invokes the rain, and croaking to herself,
 Struts on some spacious solitary shore.

Nor

Certatim largos humeris infundere rores ;
 Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas,
 Et studio incassum videas gestire lavandi.
 Tum cornix plena pluviam vocat improba voce,
 Et sola in sicca secum spatatur arena,
 Nec nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellæ
 Nescivere hyemem. VIRG. Georg. 1.

* Iris.

Nor want thy servants and thy wife at home
 Signs to presage the show'r ; for in the hall
 Sheds Niobe her prescient tears, and warns
 Beneath thy leaden tubes to fix the vase,
 And catch the falling dew-drops, which supply
 Soft water and salubrious, far the best
 To soak thy hops, and brew thy generous beer.
 But tho' bright Phœbus smile, and in the skies
 The purple-rob'd serenity appear ;
 Tho' every cloud be fled, yet if the rage
 Of Boreas, or the blasting East prevail,
 The planter has enough to check his hopes,
 And in due bounds confine his joys ; for see
 The ruffian winds in their abrupt career,
 Leave not a hop behind, or at the best
 Mangle the circling vine, and intercept
 The juice nutritious : Fatal means, alas !
 Their colour and condition to destroy.
 Hasten then, ye peasants ; pull the poles, the hops ;
 Where are the bins ? Run, run, ye nimble maids,
 Move ev'ry muscle, ev'ry nerve extend,
 To save our crop from ruin, and ourselves.

Soon as bright Chanticleer explodes the night
 With flutt'ring wings, and hymns the new-born day,
 The bugle-horn inspire, whose clam'rous bray
 Shall rouse from sleep the rebel rout, and tune
 To temper for the labours of the day.

Wifely the feveral ftations of the bins
 By lot determine. Juftice this, and this
 Fair Prudence does demand ; for not without
 A certain method cou'dft thou rule the mob
 Irrational, nor every where alike
 Fair hangs the hop to tempt the picker's hand.

Now fee the crew mechanic might and main
 Labour with lively diligence, inspir'd
 By appetite of gain and luft of praife :
 What mind fo petty, fervile, fo debas'd,
 As not to know ambition ? Her great fway
 From *Colin Clout* to Emperors ſhe exerts.
 To err is human, human to be vain.
 'Tis vanity, and mock defire of fame,
 That prompts the ruftic, on the ſteeple top
 Sublime, to mark the area of his ſhoe,
 And in the outline to engrave his name.
 With pride of heart the churchwarden ſurveys,
 High-o'er the bellfry, girt with birds and flow'rs,
 His ftory wrote in capitals : “ 'Twas I
 “ That bought the font ; and I repair'd the pews.”
 With pride like this the emulating mob
 Strive for the maftery—who firft may fill
 The bellying bin, and cleaneft cull the hops,
 Nor ought retards, unlefs invited out
 By Sol's declining, and the evening's calm,
 Leander leads Læticia to the ſcene

Of shade and fragrance—Then th' exulting band,
 Of pickers male and female, feize the fair
 Reluctant, and with boist'rous force and brute,
 By cries unmov'd, they bury her i' th' bin.
 Nor does the youth escape—him too they feize,
 And in such posture place as best may serve
 To hide his charmer's blushes. Then with shouts
 They rend the echoing air, and from them both
 (So custom has ordain'd) a largess claim.

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

On your hair-cloth eight inches deep, nor more,
 Let the green hops lie lightly; next expand
 The smoothest surface with the toothy rake.
 Thus far is just above; but more it boots
 That charcoal flames burn equably below,
 The charcoal flames, which from thy corded wood,
 Or antiquated poles, with wond'rous skill,
 The fable priests of Vulcan shall prepare.
 Constant and moderate let the heat ascend;
 Which to effect, there are, who with success
 Place in the kiln the ventilating fan.
 Hail, learned, useful * man! whose head and heart
 Conspire to make us happy, deign t' accept.

* Dr. Hales.

One honest verse ; and if thy industry
 Has serv'd the hopland cause, the muse forebodes
 This sole invention, both in use and fame,
 The * mystic fan of Bacchus shall exceed.

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

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

When in the bag thy hops the rustic treads,
 Let him wear heel-less sandal ; nor presume
 Their fragrancy barefooted to defile :
 Such filthy ways for slaves in Malaga
 Leave we to practice—Whence I've often seen,
 When beautiful Dorinda's iv'ry hands
 Has built the pastry-fabric (food divine
 For Christmas gambols and the hour of mirth)

As.

* Mystica Vannus Iacchi.

VIRG. Georg. 1.

As the dry'd foreign fruit, with piercing eye,
 She culls suspicious—lo ! she starts, she frowns
 With indignation at a negro's nail.

Should'st thou thy harvest for the mart design,
 Be thine own factor ; nor employ those drones
 Who've stings, but make no honey, selfish slaves !
 That thrive and fatten on the planter's toil.

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

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

Let Sevenoaks vaunt the hospitable seat
 Of † Knoll most ancient : Awefully my muse,

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These

* Greenwich, where Q. Elizabeth was born.

† The seat of the Duke of Dorset.

These social scenes of grandeur and delight,
 Of love and veneration, let me tread.
 How oft beneath yon oak has amorous Prior
 Awaken'd Echo with sweet Chloë's name !
 While noble Sackville heard, hearing approv'd,
 Approving, greatly recompens'd. But he,
 Alas ! is number'd with th' illustrious dead,
 And orphan merit has no guardian now !

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

Nor shalt thou, Mereworth, remain un Sung,
 Where noble Westmoreland, his country's friend,
 Bids British greatness love the silent shade,

Where

* The seat of Lord Vane.

Where piles superb, in classic elegance,
Arise, and all is Roman, like his heart.

Nor Chatham, tho' it is not thine to shew
The lofty forest or the verdant lawns,
Yet niggard silence shall not grudge thee praise.
The lofty forests by thy sons prepar'd
Becomes the warlike navy, braves the floods,
And gives Sylvanus empire in the main.
Oh that Britannia, in the day of war,
Wou'd not alone Minerva's valour trust,
But also hear her wisdom ! Then her oaks
Shap'd by her own mechanics, wou'd alone
Her island fortify, and fix her fame ;
Nor wou'd she weep, like Rachael, for her sons,
Whose glorious blood, in mad profusion,
In foreign lands is shed—and shed in vain.



T H E
H I L L I A D :
A N
E P I C P O E M.

By C. S M A R T. A. M.

Fellow of Pembroke-Hall, in the University of Cambridge.

— Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, & pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.

V I R O .



A

L E T T E R

T O A

FRIEND at the University of CAMBRIDGE.

Dear *****,

I AM now to acknowledge several letters, which I lately received from you, without any return on my part. As I have been very much hurried of late with a multiplicity of affairs, I must beg you will not only be kind enough to overlook my past omission, but to indulge me for a little time longer. As soon as I am master of sufficient leisure, I will give you my sentiments without reserve, concerning the affair, about which you have thought proper to consult me; for the present I desire you will consider this as a receipt for your many favours, or a promissory note to discharge my debt of friendship as soon as possible.

The

The design and colouring of a poem, such as you have planned, are not to be executed in a hurry, but with slow and careful touches, which will give that finishing to your piece, remarkable in every thing that comes from your hand, and which I could wish the precipitancy of my temper would permit me to aim at upon all occasions. I long to see you take a new flight to the regions of fame, not upon unequal wings, that sometimes rise to a degree of elevation, and then fall again, but with an uniform tenour, like the bird in VIRGIL,

“ Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.”

I have been now for about three weeks in this scene of smoke and dust, and I think the republic of letters seems to be lamentably upon the decline in this metropolis. Attornies clerks, and raw unexperienced boys, are the chief critics we have at present. With a supercilious look and peremptory voice, which they have caught from a few of their oracles, as dark and ignorant as themselves, these striplings take upon them to decide upon fable, character, language and sentiment.

“ Nescis, heu nescis dominæ fastidia Romæ ;

“ Crede mihi, nimium Martia turba sapit.”

With regard to writers, the town swarms with them, and the aim of them all is pretty much the same, viz.

to elevate and surprize, as Mr. Bays says. At the head of these still continues the INSPECTOR. As we frequently laughed together concerning this writer, when you were last in town, I need not here give you a description of his parts and genius. I remember you express'd great amazement at the reception his essays seemed to meet with in all our coffee houses ; but you must consider that there are artifices to gain success, as well as merit to deserve it. The former of these his INSPECTORSHIP is eminently possessed of, and sooner than fail, he will not hesitate, in order to make himself talked of at any rate, to become most glaringly ridiculous. This answers the purpose of the book-sellers, as well perhaps as Attick wit, and hence it results that they are willing to continue him in their pay.

In the packet, which I have sent to you by the stage coach, you will find a paper called the IMPERTINENT, written by himself. In this curious piece he has not stopped at abusing his own dear person, which is the only subject he has not handled with his usual malice, and the rest of it is made a vehicle for invective against Mr. Fielding and me. It was ushered into the world in a pompous manner, as if intended to be continued, but no second number was ever published, and to shew you a further instance of his fallacy, he thence took occasion to triumph over a pretender

to

to essay-writing, which he would fain insinuate, cannot be executed by any one but himself.

This unfair dealing, so unworthy a man, who aspires to be a member of the serene republic of letters, induced me to wave for a time the design you know I was engaged in, in order to bestow a few lines upon this scribbler, who in my eyes is a disgrace to literature. In the first heat of my poetic fury, I formed the idea of another DUNCIAD, which I intended to call after the name of my hero, THE HILLIAD. The first book of it you will receive, among other things, by the coach, and I shall be glad to be favoured with your opinion of it.

If it conduces to your entertainment, I shall have gained my end; for though I have received such provocation from this man, I believe I shall never carry it any further. I really find some involuntary sensations of compassion for him, and I cannot help thinking, that, if he could keep within the bounds of decency and good manners, he would be a rare instance of what may be done by a fluency of periods, without genius, sense, or meaning. Though I am persuaded he is quite incorrigible, I am still reluctant to publish that piece, for I would rather be commended to posterity by the elegant and amiable muses, than by the satyric sister, politely called by an eminent author, *the least engaging of the Nine.*—

On

On this account I shall proceed no further 'till you have favoured me with your opinion, by which I will absolutely determine myself. I hope therefore you will peruse it as soon as you can with convenience, and return it to me by the stage. You may shew it to Jack *****, and to Mr. ****.

I am, with great sincerity,

Dear ****,

Your most obedient humble servant,

C. SMART.

LONDON, 15th December, 1752.

DEAR SMART,

THE perusal of your poem has given me so much pleasure, that I cannot postpone thanking you for it, by the first opportunity that has offered. I have read it to the persons you desired I should, and they approve the design in the highest manner. I cannot conceive what should make you hesitate a moment about the publication, and to be free with you, you
must

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must not by any means suppress it. When I say this, I must observe, that I should be glad to see you better employed, than in the dissection of an insect; but since the work should be done by some body, and since you have made such a progress, I must take the liberty to insist, that you will not drop this undertaking.

To speak in plain terms; I look upon it to be indispensably incumbent on you to bring the miscreant to poetic justice; it is what you owe to the cause of learning in general, to your Alma Mater, this University, and, let me add, it is what you owe to yourself. The world will absolve you from any imputation of ill-nature, when it is considered that the pen is drawn in defence of your own character. Give me leave upon this occasion, to quote a passage from the SPECTATOR, which I think pertinent to the present subject. “Every honest man ought to look upon
 “himself as in a natural state of war with the libeller
 “and lampooner, and to annoy them, wherever
 “they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon
 “them, and treating them as they treat others.”

Thus thought the polite Mr. Addison in a case where he was not immediately concerned; and can you doubt what to do, when personally attacked? As soon as the hissing of the snake is heard, some means should

should be devised to crush him. The advice of VIRGIL is,—“ Cape faxa manu, cape robora pastor.”

I can tell you that your friends here expect this of you, and we are all unanimous in thinking, that a man who has the honour of belonging to this learned University, and to whom the prize, for displaying with a masterly hand the attributes of his Maker, has been adjudged for three years successively, should not, on any account, suffer himself to be trifled with, by so frigid and empty a writer. I would have you reflect that you launched into the world with many circumstances, that raised a general expectation of you, and the early approbation of such a genius as Mr. POPE, for your elegant version of his ode, made you considered as one, who might hereafter make a figure in the literary world; and let me recommend to you, not to let the laurel, yet green upon your brow, be torn off by the prophane hands of an unhallowed hireling. This, I think, as is observed already, you owe to yourself, and to that University which has distinguished you with honour.

Besides the motives of retaliation, which I have urged for the publication of your poem, I cannot help considering this matter in a moral light, and I must avow, that in my eyes it appears an action of very great merit. If to pull off the mask from an im-

M 2

postor,

postor, and detect him in his native colours to the view of a long-deluded public, may be looked upon as a service to mankind (as it certainly is) a better opportunity never can offer itself.

In my opinion the cause of literature is in imminent danger of a total degeneracy, should this writer's diurnal productions meet with further encouragement. Without straining hard for it, I can perceive a corruption of taste diffusing itself, throughout the cities of London and Westminster. For a clear vein of thinking, easy natural expression, and an intelligible style, this pretender has substituted brisk question and answer, pert, unmeaning periods, ungrammatical construction, unnatural metaphors, with a profusion of epithets, inconsistent for the most part with the real or figurative meaning of his words, and in short, all the masculine beauties of style, are likely to be banished from among us by the continuation of his papers for almost two years together.

Now, Sir, I submit it to you, whether this may not lead on to a total depravity of sense and taste. Should the more sober at our coffee-houses be dazzled with false embellishments; should boys admire this unnatural flourishing, I do not in the least question, but the rising generation will be totally infected with this strange motley style, and thus anti-thesis

thesis and point will be the prevailing turn of the nation.

It is to prevent a contagion of this sort, that HORACE took the pen in hand; for this Quintilian favoured the world with his excellent work. The ingenious authors of France have always attended to this point. Truth, they insisted, is the very foundation of fine writing, and that no thought can be beautiful, which is not just, was their constant lesson. To enforce this and preserve a manly way of thinking BOILEAU lashed the scribblers of his time, and in our own country the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians have laboured for this end. To this we owe the Bathos, in which we find exposed, with the most delicate traits of satire, all false figures in writing; and finally to this we owe the Dunciad of Mr. POPE.

These instances, dear Smart, are sufficient to justify your proceeding, and let me tell you, that a cultivation of taste is a point of more moment than perhaps may appear at first sight. In the course of my reading I have observed that a corruption in morals has always attended a decline of letters. Of this Mr. POPE seems to be sensible, and, hence we find in the conclusion of his Dunciad, the general progress of dulness over the land is the final coup de grace to every thing decent, every thing laudable, elegant and polite.

Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares morality expires.
 Nor public fame, nor private dares to shine,
 Nor human spark is left, nor glympse divine.
 Lo! thy dread empire, CHAOS! is restor'd.
 Light dies before thy uncreating word.
 Thy hand great ANARCH lets the curtain fall,
 And universal darkness buries all.

I am aware that you may answer to what has been premised, that the man is not of consequence enough for all this, and you may observe to me, that at first fitting out, I myself called him by the figurative and typical appellation of an insect. But if an insect gets into the sunshine, and there blazes, shines and buzzes to the annoyance of those, who may be basking in the beams, it is time for the muses wing to brush the thing away. In plain English, the rapidity, with which this writer went on in his progress, was so astonishing, that I really looked upon him to be reserved for the great instrument of dullness in the completion of her work, which certainly must be accomplished, unless a speedy stop be put to that inundation of nonsense and immorality with which he has overwhelmed the nation.

I have mentioned immorality, nor will I retract the word. Has he not attacked, maliciously attacked the reputations of many gentlemen, to whom the world has been greatly obliged?—He did not brandish his
 goose-

goose-quill for any length of time, before he discharged a torrent of abuse upon the reverend Mr. Francis, whose amiable character, and valuable translation of HORACE, have endeared him both to those, who are, and those who are not acquainted with him. Even beauty and innocence were no safe-guards against his calumny, and the soft-eyed virgin was by him cruelly obliged to shed the tender tear.

Upon the commencement of the Covent-Garden Journal, Mr. Fielding declared an humorous war against this writer, which was intended to be carried with an amicable pleasantry, in order to contribute to the entertainment of the town. It is recent in every bodies memory, how the INSPECTOR behaved upon that occasion. Conscious that there was not an atom of humour in his composition, he had recourse to his usual shifts, and instantly disclosed a private conversation; by which he reduced himself to the alternative mentioned by Mr. POPE; “and if he lies not, must at least betray.” Through all Mr. Fielding’s inimitable comic Romances, we perceive no such thing as personal malice, no private character dragged into light; but every stroke is copied from the volume which nature has unfolded to him; every scene of life is by him represented in its natural colours, and every species of folly or humour is ridiculed with the most exquisite touches. A genius like this is perhaps more

useful to mankind, than any class of writers; he serves to dispel all gloom from our minds, to work off our ill-humours by the gay sensations excited by a well directed pleasantry, and in a vein of mirth he leads his readers into the knowledge of human nature; the most useful and pleasing science we can apply to. And yet so deserving an author has been most grossly treated by this wild Essayist, and, not to multiply instances, has he not attempted to raise tumults and divisions in our theatres, contrary to all decency and common sense, and contrary to the practice of all polite writers, whose chief aim has ever been to cherish harmony and good manners, and to diffuse through all ranks of people a just refinement of taste in all our public entertainments?

These considerations, dear Sir, prompt you to the blow, and will justify it when given. I believe, I may venture to add, never had poet so inviting a subject for satire; POPE himself had not so good an hero for his DUNCIAD. The first Worthy who sat in that throne, viz. Lewis Theobald of dull memory, employed himself in matters of some utility, and, upon being dethroned, the person, who succeeded, was one, who formerly had some scattered rays of light; and in most of his comedies, though whimsical and extravagant, there are many strokes of drollery; not to mention that the Careless Husband is a finished piece.

But

But in the Hero of the Hilliad all the requisites seem to be united, without one single exception. You remember, no doubt, that in the dissertation prefixed to the Dunciad the efficient qualities of an hero for the little epic are mentioned to be vanity, impudence and debauchery. These accomplishments, I apprehend, are glaring in the person you have fixed upon. As a single and notable instance of the two first, has he not upon all occasions joined himself to some celebrated name, such as the Right Honourable the Earl of Orrery, or some other such exalted character? I have frequently diverted myself by comparing this proceeding to the cruelty of a tyrant, who used to tie a living person to a dead carcass; and as to your hero's debauchery, there are, I am told, many pleasant instances of it.

Add to these several subordinate qualifications; such as foppery, a surprizing alacrity to get into scrapes, with a notable facility of extricating himself, an amazing turn for politicks, a wonderful knowledge of herbs, minerals and plants, and to crown all, a comfortable share of gentle dulness. This gentle dulness is not that impenetrable stupidity, which is remarkable in some men, but it is known by that countenance, which Dr. Garth calls, "demurely meek, insipidly serene." It is known by a brisk volubility of speech, a lively manner of saying nothing
through

through an entire paper, and upon all occasions by a conscious simper, short insertions of witty remarks, the frequent exclamation of wonder, the self-applauding chit-chat, and the pleasant repartee.

Upon the whole, dear Smart, I cannot conceive what doubt can remain in your mind about the publication ; it is conferring on him that ridicule, which his life, character, and actions deserve. I shall be in town in less than a fortnight, when I shall bring your poem with me, and if you will give me leave, I will help you to some notes, which I think will illustrate many passages.

—— “ Satyrarum ego, (ni pudet illas)
Adjutor, &c. Juv.

I am, dear Smart,

Yours very sincerely,

* * * * *

CAMBRIDGE, 21st Dec. 1752.

THE

T H E

H I L L I A D.

BOOK THE FIRST.]

THOU God of jest, who o'er th' ambrosial bowl,
Giv'st joy to Jove, while laughter shakes the pole ;
And thou, fair Justice, of immortal line,
Hear, and assist the poet's grand design,

NOTES VARIORUM.

Thou God of jest. As the design of heroic poetry is to celebrate the virtues and noble achievements of truly great personages, and conduct them through a series of hardships to the completion of their wishes, so the little epic delights in representing, with an ironical drollery, the mock qualities of those, who, for the benefit of the laughing part of mankind, are pleased to become egregiously ridiculous, in an affected imitation of the truly renown'd worthies above-mentioned. Hence our poet calls upon Momus, at the first opening of his poem, to convert his hero into a jest. So that in the present case, it cannot

Who aims at triumph by no common ways,
But on the stem of dulness grafts the bays.

NOTES VARIORUM.

not be said, *facit indignatio versum*, but, if I may be allowed the expression, *facit titillatio versum*; which may serve to shew our author's temper of mind is free from rancour, or ill-nature. Notwithstanding the great incentives he has had to prompt him to this undertaking, he is not actuated by the spirit of revenge; and to check the fallies of fancy and humourous invention, he further invokes the goddess Themis, to administer strict, poetic justice.

Shakes the pole.] Several cavils have been raised against this passage. QUINBUS FLESTRIN, the unborn poet, is of opinion that it is brought in merely to eke out a verse; but though in many points I am inclined to look upon this critick as irrefragable, I must beg leave at present to appeal from his verdict; and, tho' Horace lays it down as rule not to admire any thing, I cannot help enjoying so pleasing an operation of the mind upon this occasion. We are here presented with a grand idea, no less than Jupiter shaking his sides and the heavens at the same time. The Pagan thunderer has often been said to agitate the pole with a nod, which in my mind gives too awful an image, whereas the one in question conveys an idea of him in good humour, and confirms what Mr. Orator Henley says in his excellent tracts, that "the deity is a joyous being."

MARTINUS MACULARIUS,

M. D. Reg. Soc. Bur. &c. Soc.

Grafts the bays,] Much puzzle hath been occasioned among the naturalists concerning the engraftment here mentioned. HILL's natural history of trees and plants, vol. 52, page 336 saith, it has been frequently attempted, but that the tree of
dulness.

O thou, whatever name delight thine ear,
Pimp! Poet! Puffer! 'Pothecary! Play'r!

NOTES VARIORUM.

dulness will not admit any such inoculation. He adds in page 339, that he himself tried the experiment for two years successively, but that the twig of laurel, like a feather in the state of electricity, drooped and died the moment he touched it. Notwithstanding this authority, it is well known that this operation has been performed by some choice spirits. ERASMUS in his encomium on Folly shews how it may be accomplished; in our own times POPE and GARTH found means to do the same: and in the sequel of this work, we make no doubt but the stem here-mentioned will bear some luxuriant branches, like the tree in VIRGIL,

*Nec longum tempus, et ingens
Exiit ad Cælum ramis felicibus arbor,
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua Poma.*

Pimp,] An old English word for a mean fellow; see CHAUCER and SPENCER.

Poet,] QUINBUS FLESTRIN saith, with his usual importance, that this is the only piece of justice done to our hero in this work. To this assents the widow at Cuper's who it seems is not a little proud of the "words by Dr. Hill, and the music by Lewis Granon, Esq;" This opinion is further confirmed by Major England, who admires the pretty turns on Kitty, and Kate, and Catherine and Katy, but from these venerable authorities, judicious Reader, you may boldly dissent, *meo periculo.*

MART. MAC.

Puffer,] Of this talent take a specimen. In a letter to himself he saith; "you have discovered many of the beauties of
" the

Whose baseless fame by vanity is buoy'd,
 Like the huge earth, self-center'd in the void,
 Accept one part'ner thy own worth t'explore,
 And in thy praise be singular no more.

NOTES VARIORUM.

“ the ancients; they are obliged to you; we are obliged to
 “ you; were they alive they would thank you; we who are
 “ alive do thank you.” His constant custom of running on
 in this manner, occasioned the following epigram,

Hill puffs himself, forbear to chide;
 An insect vile and mean,
 Must first, he knows, be magnify'd
 Before it can be seen.

[*Pothecary, Play'r.*] For both these vide WOODWARD'S letter,
passim.

[*Like the huge earth.*] The allusion here seems to be taken
 from OVID, who describes the earth fixed in the air, by its
 own stupidity, or *vis inertia*:—

Pendebat in aere tellus,

Ponderibus librata suis.—

But, reader, dilate your imagination to take in the much greater
 idea our poet here presents to you: consider the immense in-
 anity of space, and then the comparative nothingness of the
 globe, and you may attain an adequate conception of our hero's
 reputation, and the mighty basis it stands upon. It is worth ob-
 serving here that our author, *quasi aliud agens*, displays at one
 touch of his pen more knowledge of the planetary system, than
 is to be found in all the volumes of the mathematicians.

This note is partly by Macularius, and partly by Mr. Jinkyns,
 Philomath.

Say,

Say, Muse, what Dæmon, foe to ease and truth,
 First from the mortar dragg'd th' adventrous youth,
 And made him, 'mongst the scribbling sons of men,
 Change peace for war, the pestle for the pen?
 'Twas on a day (O may that day appear
 No more, but lose its station in the year,
 In the new style be not its name enroll'd
 But share annihilation in the old!)

NOTES VARIORUM.

[*Say, Muse,*] Observe, gentle reader, how tenderly our author treats his hero throughout his whole poem; he does not here impute his ridiculous conduct, and all that train of errors which have attended his consummate vanity, to his own perverse inclination, but with greater candour insinuates that some Dæmon, foe to Hillario's repose, first misled his youthful imagination; which is a kind of apology for his life and character. He is not the only one who has been seduced to his ruin in this manner. We read it in POPE,

Some Dæmon whisper'd, Visto have a taste.

Hence then arise our hero's misfortunes; and that the Dæmon above-mentioned was a foe to truth, will appear from Hillario's notable talent at misrepresenting circumstances, for which vide all the INSPECTORS.

[*May that day appear,*] This seems to be wrote with an eye to a beautiful passage in a very elegant poem;

Ye Gods annihilate both space and time,
 And make two lovers happy.—

The request is extremely modest, and I really wonder it was never complied with; but it must be said in favour of Mr.

Smart,

A tawny Sybil, whose alluring song,
 Decoy'd the 'prentices and maiden throng,
 First from the counter young HILLARIO charm'd,
 And first his unambitious soul alarm'd —
 An old strip'd curtain cros her arms was flung,
 And tatter'd tap'stry o'er her shoulders hung ;

NOTES VARIORUM.

Smart, that he, is still more reasonable in his demand, and it appears by the alteration in the stile, that his scheme may be reduced to practice though the other is mighty fine in theory. The INSPECTOR is of this opinion, and so is Monsieur de Scaizau.

A tatter'd tap'stry] Our Author has been extremely negligent upon this occasion, and has indolently omitted an opportunity of displaying his talent for poetick imagery. HOMER has described the shield of Achilles with all the art of his imagination; VIRGIL has followed him in this point, and indeed both he and OVID, seem to be delighted when they have either a picture to describe, or some representation in the labours of the loom. Hence arises a double delight; we admire the work of the artificer, and the poet's account of it; and this pleasure Mr. Smart might have impressed upon his readers in this passage, as many things were wrought into the tapestry here-mentioned. In one part our hero was administering to a patient, "and the fresh vomit runs for ever green." The theatre at May-fair made a conspicuous figure in the piece—the pit seemed to rise in an uproar—the gallery opened its rude throats—and apples, oranges and halfpence flew about our hero's ears.—The mall in St. James's Park was displayed in a beautiful Vista, and you might perceive Hillario with his janty
 air

Her loins with patch-work cincture were begirt,
 That more than spoke diversity of dirt ;
 With age her back was double and awry,
 Twain were her teeth, and single was her eye,
 Cold palsy shook her head—she seem'd at most
 A living corps, or an untimely ghost,
 With voice far-fetch'd from hollow throat profound,
 And more than mortal was th' infernal found.

“ Sweet boy, who seem'ft for glorious deeds design'd,
 “ O come and leave that clyfter pipe behind ;
 “ Cross this prophetic hand with filver coin,
 “ And all the wealth and fame, I have, is thine—
 She said—he (for what stripling cou'd withstand ?)
 Strait with his ONLY six-pence grac'd her hand.
 And now the precious fury all her breast
 At once invaded, and at once possess'd ;
 Her eye was fix'd in an extatic stare,
 And on her head uprose th' astonish'd hair :

NOTES VARIORUM.

air waddling along.—In Mary le Bone fields, he was dancing round a glow worm, and finally the Rotunda at Ranelagh filled the eye with its magnificence, and in a corner of it stood a handsome young fellow holding a personage, dressed in blue silk, by the ear; “ the very worsted still looked black and blue.” There were many other curious figures, but out of a shameful laziness has our poet omitted them.

POLYMETIS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

“Th' astonish'd hair :] This passage seems to be an imitation
 of

No more her colour, or her looks the same,
 But moonshine madness quite convuls'd her frame,
 While, big with fate, again the silence broke,
 And in few words voluminously spoke.

“ In these three lines athwart thy palm I see,
 “ Either a tripod, or a triple-tree,
 “ For Oh! I ken by mysteries profound,
 “ Too light to sink thou never can’st be drown’d—
 “ Whate’er thy end, the fates are now at strife,
 “ Yet strange variety shall check thy life—
 “ Thou grand dictator of each publick show,
 “ Wit, moralist, quack, harlequin, and beau,
 “ Survey man’s vice, self-prais’d, and self-preferr’d,
 “ And be th’ INSPECTOR of th’ infected herd;

NOTES VARIORUM.

of the Sybil in the sixth book of VIRGIL;

Subito non vultus, non color unus

Nec comæ mansere comæ.—

and is admirably expressive of the witch’s prophetic fury, and utters in the prediction of Hillario’s fortune with proper solemnity.—

This note is by one of the Æolists, mentioned with honour in the Tale of a Tub.

Be th’ INSPECTOR, &c.] When the Distemper first raged among the horned cattle, the king and council ordered a certain officer to super-intend the beasts, and to direct that such, as were found to be infected, should be knocked in the head.

This

“ By any means aspire at any ends,
 “ Baseness exalts, and cowardice defends,
 “ The checquer’d world’s before thee—go—farewell,
 “ Beware of Irishmen—and learn to spell.”

Here from her breast th’ inspiring fury flew:
 She ceas’d—and instant from his sight withdrew.
 Fir’d with his fate, and conscious of his worth,
 The beardless wight prepar’d to fall forth.
 But first (’twas just, ’twas natural to grieve)
 He sigh’d and took a soft pathetic leave.

NOTES VARIORUM.

This officer was called the INSPECTOR, and from thence I would venture to lay a wager, our hero derived his title.

BENTLEY, JUNIOR.

Beware of Irishmen, &c.] It extremely probable that our poet is intimately acquainted with the classics; he seems frequently to have them in his eye, and such an air of enthusiasm runs through his whole speech, that the learned reader may easily perceive he has taken fire at some of the prophecies in HOMER and VIRGIL.—The whole is delivered in breaks, and unconnected transitions, which denote vehement emotions in the mind; and the hint here concerning the Irish is perfectly in the manner of all great epic poets, who generally give the reader some idea of what is to ensue, without unfolding the whole. Thus we find in VIRGIL,

*Bella, horrida bella,
 Et Tybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.*

and again,

Alius Latio jam partus Achilles.

“ Farewel, a long farewell to all my drugs,
 “ My labell’d vials, and my letter’d jugs;
 “ And you, ye bearers of no trivial charge
 “ Where all my Latin stands inscrib’d at large:
 “ Ye jars, ye gallipots, and draw’rs adieu,
 “ Be to my memory lost, as lost to view,
 “ And ye, whom I so oft have joy’d to wipe,
 “ Th’ ear-sifting syringe, and back-piercing pipe,
 “ Farewel—my day of glory’s on the dawn,
 “ And now,—Hillario’s occupation’s gone.”

Quick with the word his way the hero made,
 Conducted by a glorious cavalcade;
 Pert Petulance the first attracts his eye,
 And drowsy Dulness slowly saunters by,
 With Malice old, and Scandal ever new,
 And neutral Nonsense, neither false nor true.

NOTES VARIORUM.

And in the sequel of this work, I believe, it will be found, that as Æneas had another Achilles, so our hero has had as formidable an adversary.

Farewel, a long farewell,] The ingenious Mr. L—der says that the following passage is taken from a work, which he intends shortly to publish by subscription, and he has now in the press a pamphlet, called “ Mr. Smart’s Use and Abuse of the Moderns.” But, with his leave, this passage is partly imitated from Cardinal Wolsey’s speech, and from Othello.

Neutral nonsense, &c. The train, here described, is worthy of Hillario, pertness, dulness, scandal and malice, &c. being the
 very

Infernal Falshood next approach'd the hand
 With * * * and the koran in her hand.
 Her motley vesture with the leopard vies,
 Stain'd with a foul variety of lies.
 Next spiteful Enmity, gangren'd at heart,
 Presents a dagger, and conceals a dart.

NOTES VARIORUM.

very constituents of an hero for the mock heroic; and it is not without propriety that nonsense is introduced with the epithet, neutral; nonsense being like a Dutchman, not only in an unmeaning stupidity, but in the art of preserving a strict neutrality. This neutrality may be aptly explained by the following epigram,

Word-valiant wight, thou great he shrew,
 That wrangles to no end;
 Since nonsense is nor false nor true,
 Thou'rt no man's foe or friend.

Falshood,] This lady is described with two books in her hand, but our author chusing to preserve a neutrality, though not a nonsensical one, upon this occasion, the Tories are at liberty to fill up this blank with Rapin, Burnet, or any names that will fit the niches; and the Whigs may, if they please, insert Echard, Higgons, &c. But why, exclaimeth a certain critic; should falshood be given to Hillario?—Because, replieth Macularius, he has given many specimens of his talent that way. Our hero took it into his head some time since to tell the world that he caned a gentleman, whom he called by the name of Mario; what degree of faith the town gave him upon that occasion, may be collected from the two following lines, by a certain wag who shall be nameless.

On th' earth crawls Flatt'ry with her bosom bare,
And Vanity sails over him in air.

Such was the groupe—they bow'd and they ador'd,
And hail'd Hillario for their sovereign lord.
Flush'd with success, and proud of his allies,
Th' exulting hero thus triumphant cries.

“ Friends, brethren, ever present, ever dear,
“ Home to my heart, nor quit your title there,
“ While you approve, assist, instruct, inspire,
“ Heat my young blood, and set my soul on fire ;

NOTES VARIORUM.

To beat one man great Hill was fated ;
What man ?—a man that he created.

The following epigram may be also properly inserted here.

What H—ll one day says, he the next does deny,
And candidly tells us—'tis all a damn'd lye :
Dear Doctor—this candour from you is not wanted ;
For why shou'd you own it ? 'tis taken for granted.

Crawls Flatt'ry, &c.] Our hero is as remarkable for his encomiums, where it is his interest to commend, as for his abuse, where he has taken a dislike ; but from the latter he is easily to be bought off, as may be seen in the following excellent epigram.

An author's writings oft reveal,
Where now and then he takes a meal.
Invite him once a week to dinner,
H 'll faint you, tho' the vilest sinner.

Have

“ No foreign aid my daring pen shall chuse,
 “ But boldly verlify without a Muse.
 “ I’ll teach Minerva, I’ll inspire the Nine,
 “ Great Phœbus shall in consultation join,
 “ And round my nobler brow his forfeit laurel twine. }

He said—and Clamour of Commotion born,
 Rear’d to the skies her ear-afflicting horn,
 While JARGON grav’d his titles on a block,
 And styl’d him M. D. Acad. Budig. Soc.

NOTES VARIORUM.

Have you a smiling, vacant face,
 He gives you foul, expression, grace.
 Swears what you will, unswears it too;
 What will not beef and pudding do?

Without a muse, &c.] No the devil a bit!—I am the only person that can do that!—My poems, written at fifteen, were done without the assistance of any muse, and better than all Smart’s poetry.—The Muses are strumpets—they frequently give an intellectual *gonorrhœa*—Court debt not paid—I’ll never be poet laureate.—Coup de grace unanswerable—Our foes shall knuckle—five pounds to any bishop that will equal this—*Gum guaiacum* for *Latin lignum vitæ*.—Adam the first Dutchman—victorious stroke for Old England—Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.

Oratory-Right-Reason-Chapel, Saturday
 13th of January, and old stile for ever.

Jargon grav’d, &c.] JARGON is here properly introduced grav-ing our hero’s titles, which are admirably brought into

But now the harbingers of fate and fame
 Signs, omens, prodigies, and portents came.
 Lo! (though mid-day) the grave Athenian fowl,
 Eyed the bright sun, and hail'd him with a howl,
 Moths, mites, and maggots, fleas, (a numerous crew!)
 And gnats and grubworms crouded on his view,

NOTES VARIORUM.

verse, but the gentleman who wrote the last note, Mr. Orator H—ley, takes umbrage at this passage, and exclaimeth to the following effect. “Jargon is meant for me.” There is more music in a peal of marrowbones and cleavers than in these verses.—I am a logician upon fundamentals.—A. rationalist,—lover of *mankande*, Glastonberry thorn,—huzza, boys.—Wit a vivacious command of all objects and ideas.—I am the only wit in Great Britain. See Oratory tracts, &c. 10036.”

Patience, good Mr. Orator! We are not at leisure to answer thee at present, but must observe that *Jargon* has done more for our hero, than ever did the society at Bordeaux, as will appear from the following extract of a letter sent to MARTINUS MACULARIUS, by a fellow of that society:

J'ai bien reçu la lettre, dont vous m'avez fait l'honneur le 12me passé. A l'égard de ce Monsieur Hillario, qui se vante si prodigieusement chez vous, je ne trouve pas qu'il est enrollé dans notre société, & son nom est parfaitement inconnu ici. J'attends de vous nouvelles, &c.

Moths, mites, &c.

The important objects of his future speculations!
 O would the sons of men once think their eyes,
 And reason given 'em but to study flies.

M. MACULARIUS.

Dulness.

Infects ! without the microscopic aid,
 Gigantic by the eye of Dulness made !
 And stranger still—and never heard before !
 A wooden lion roar'd, or seem'd to roar.
 But (what the most his youthful bosom warm'd,
 Heighten'd each hope and every fear disarm'd)
 On an high dome a damsel took her stand,
 With a well-freighted jordan in her hand,
 Where curious mixtures strove on every side,
 And solids found with laxer fluids vied—
 Lo ! on his crown the lotion choice and large,
 She foused—and gave at once a full discharge.

NOTES VARIORUM.

Dulness made] This passage may be properly illustrated by a recollection of two lines in Mr. POPE's essay on criticism.

As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
 Dulness is very apt to magnify.

Wooden lion roar'd,] Not the black lion in Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, where the New Craftsman is published, nor yet the red lion at Brentford, but the beast of the Bedford, who may truly be said to have been alive, when animated by Addison and Steel, though now reduced to that state of Blockheadism, which is so conspicuous in his master. *Ficulnus, inutile lignum!*

BENTLEY, junior.

A full discharge,] Reader do not turn up your nose at this passage ! it is much more decent than POPE's—Recollect what SWIFT says, that a nice man has filthy ideas, and let it be considered

Not Archimedes, when with conscious pride,
 I'VE FOUND IT OUT ! I'VE FOUND IT OUT ! he cry'd,
 Not costive bardlings, when a rhyme comes pat,
 Not grave Grimalkin when she smells a rat :
 Not the shrewd statesman when he scents a plot,
 Not coy Prudelia, when she knows what's what,
 Not our own hero, when (O matchless luck !)
 His keen discernment found another Duck ;

NOTES VARIORUM.

Considered this discharge may have the same effect upon our hero, as a similar accident had upon a person of equal parts and genius.

Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
 As oil'd by magic juices for the course,
 Vig'rous he rises from th' effluvia strong,
 Imbibes new life and scours and stinks along.

POPE'S Dunciad.

Archimedes, &c.] As soon as the Philosopher here mentioned discovered the modern *Save-all*, and the *New-invented patent black-ball*, he threw down his pipe, and ran all along Piccadilly, with his shirt out of his breeches, crying out like a madman, *ευρηκα ! ευρηκα !* which in modern English is, the job is done ! the job is done !

VETUS SCHOL.

Another Duck,] Hillario having a mind to celebrate and recommend a genius to the world, compares him to Stephen Duck, and at the close of a late INSPECTOR, cries out, " I have found another Duck, but who shall find a Caroline ?

Frim

With such extatic transports did abound,
 As what he smelt and saw, and felt and found.
 “ Ye Gods I thank ye to profusion free,
 “ Thus to adorn and thus distinguish me,
 “ And thou, fair Cloacina, whom I serve,
 “ (If a desire to please is to deserve,)
 “ To you I’ll consecrate my future lays,
 “ And on the smoothest paper print my soft essays.”

NOTES VARIORUM.

Print my soft essays,] Our hero for once has spoke truth of himself, for which we could produce the testimonies of several persons of distinction. Bath and Tunbridgewells have upon many occasions testified their gratitude to him on this head, as his works have been always found of singular use with the waters of those places. To this effect also speaketh that excellent comedian, Mr. Henry Woodward, in an ingenious parody on *busy, curious, thirsty fly, &c.*

I.

Busy, curious, hungry Hill,
 Write of me and write your fill.
 Freely welcome to abuse,
 Could’st thou tire thy railing muse.
 Make the most of this you can,
 Strife is short and life’s a span.

II.

Both alike your works and pay,
 Hasten quick to their decay,
 This a trifle, those no more,
 Tho’ repeated to threescore.
 Threescore volumes when they’re writ,
 Will appear at last b-----t.

And

No more he spoke ; but slightly slid along,
Escorted by the miscellaneous throng.

And now, thou Goddess, whose fire-darting eyes
Defy all distance and transpierce the skies,
To men the councils of the Gods relate,
And faithfully describe the grand debate.

NOTES VARIORUM.

And now, thou Goddess, &c.] This invocation is perfectly in the spirit of ancient poetry. If I may use Milton's words, our author here presumes into the heavens, an earthly guest, and draws empyreal air. Hence he calls upon the Goddess to assist his strain, while he relates the councils of the Gods. VIRGIL, when the plot thickens upon his hands, as Mr. Byes has it, has offered up his prayers a second time to the Muse, and he seems to labour under the weight of his subject, when he cries out,

Majus opus moveo, major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.

This is the case at present with the writer of the HILLIAD, and this piece of machinery will evince the absurdity of that Lucretian doctrine, which asserts that the Gods are wrapped up in a lazy indolence, and do not trouble themselves about human affairs. The words of Lucretius are,

*Omnis enim per se divûm natura necesse est
Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,
Semota a rebus nostris, disjunctaque longè.*

It is now recommended to the editors of the Anti-Lucretius to make use of this instance to the contrary in the next publication of that work.—

M. MACULARIUS,
Incumber &c.

The cloud-compelling thund'rer, at whose call
 The Gods assembled in th' etherial hall,
 From his bright throne the deities address :
 " What impious noise disturbs our awful rest,
 " With din prophane assaults immortal ears,
 " And jars harsh discord to the tuneful spheres?
 " Nature, my hand-maid, yet without a stain,
 " Has never once productive prov'd in vain,
 " 'Till now—luxuriant and regardless quite
 " Of her divine, eternal rule of right,
 " On mere privation she's bestow'd a frame,
 " And dignify'd a nothing with a name,
 " A wretch devoid of use, of sense and grace,
 " Th' insolvent tenant of incumber'd space.

NOTES VARIORUM.

Incumber'd space] Jupiter's speech is full of pomp and solemnity, and is finely closed by a description of our hero, who is here said to take up a place in the creation to no purpose. What a different notion of the end of his existence has Hillario, from what we find delivered by the excellent Longinus in his treatise on the sublime. The passage is admirable, translated by the author of the pleasures of imagination.

" The Godlike geniuses of Greece were well-assured that
 " nature had not intended man for a low spirited or ignoble
 " being; but bringing us into life and the midst of this wide
 " universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic
 " solemnity, that we might be spectators of all her magnificence,
 " and candidates high in emulation for the prize of glory : she has therefore implanted in our souls an inextinguishable

“ Good is his cause, and just is his pretence,”
 (Replies the God of theft and eloquence.)
 “ A hand mercurial, ready to convey,
 “ E’en in the presence of the garish day,
 “ The work an English classic late has writ,
 “ And by adoption be the fire of wit—
 “ Sure to be this is to be something—sure,
 “ Next to perform, ’tis glorious to procure.

NOTES VARIORUM.

“ guishable love of every thing great and exalted, of every
 “ thing which appears divine beyond our comprehension.
 “ Hence by the very propensity of nature we are led to ad-
 “ mire, not little springs or shallow rivulets, however clear
 “ and delicious, but the Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and
 “ much more than all the Ocean.”—Instead of acting upon
 this plan, Hillario is employed in pursuit of insects in Ken-
 fington-gardens, and as this is all the gratitude he pays for the
 being conferred upon him, he is finely termed an Insolvent
 tenant.

By adoption be the fire, &c.] Our hero has taken an entire
 letter from Sir Thomas Fitz-Osborne, and with inimitable
 effrontery published it in his *INSPECTOR*, No. 239, as a pro-
 duction of his own. We are informed that, having been taxed
 with this affair, he declares with a great deal of art, that it
 was given him by another person, to which all we have to say
 is, that the receiver is as bad as the thief.

M. MACULARIUS.

Glorious to procure.] If our author could be thought capable
 of punning, I should imagine that the word *procure*, in this
 place,

“ Small was th’ exertion of my God-like soul,
 “ When privately Apollo’s herd I stole,
 “ Compar’d to him, who braves th’ all-seeing sun,
 “ And boldly bids th’ astonish’d world look on.

Her approbation Venus next express,
 And on Hillario’s part the throne address,

NOTES VARIORUM.

place, is made use of in preference to an appellation given to our hero in the commencement of this poem, viz. a *Pimp*, but the reader will please to recollect that the term *Pimp* is not in that passage used in its modern acceptation.

Small was th’ exertion, &c.] Not so fast, good poet, cries out in this place, M. MACULARIUS. We do not find that HILLARIO, upon any occasion whatever, has been charged with stealing Apollo’s quiver, and certain it is, that those arrows, which he has shot at all the word, never were taken from thence. But of Mercury it is recorded by HORACE, that he really did deceive the God of wit in this manner;

Te boves olim nisi reddidisses

Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci

Voce dum terret viduus pharetra

Risit Apollo.

Venus next express’d,] Venus rises in this assembly quite in the manner attributed to her in the ancient poets; thus we see in VIRGIL that she is all mildness, and at every word breathes Ambrosia;

———— *At non Venus aurea contra,*

Pauca refert.—

She

“ If there be any praise the nails to pare,
 “ And in soft ringlets wreathe th’ elastic hair,
 “ In talk and tea to trifle time away ;
 “ The mien so easy and the dress so gay !
 “ Can my Hillario’s worth remain unknown,
 “ With whom coy Sylvia trusts herself alone.
 “ With whom, so pure, so innocent his life,
 “ The jealous husband leaves his buxom wife.
 “ What tho’ he ne’er assume the post of Mars,
 “ By me disbanded from all amorous wars ;

NOTES VARIORUM.

*She is to speak upon this occasion, as well as in the case produced from the *Æneid*, in favour of a much loved son, though indeed we cannot say that she has been quite so kind to Hillario, as formerly she was to *Æneas*, it being evident that she has not bestowed upon him that lustre of youthful bloom, and that liquid radiance of the eye, which she is said to have given the pious Trojan.

————— *Lumenque juventæ*

Purpureum, et latos oculis afflavit honores.

*On the contrary Venus here talks of his black self, which makes it suspected that she reconciled herself to this hue, out of a compliment to Vulcan, of whom she has frequent favours to solicit: and perhaps it may appear hereafter, that she procured a sword for our hero from the celestial blacksmith’s forge. One thing is not a little surprizing, that, while Venus speaks on the side of Hillario, she should omit the real utility he has been of to the cause of love by his experience as an apothecary, of which he himself hath told us, several

have

“ His fancy (if not person) he employs,
 “ And oft ideal countesses enjoys—
 “ Tho’ hard his heart, yet beauty shall controul,
 “ And sweeten all the rancour of his soul,
 “ While his black self, Florinda ever near,
 “ Shews like a Diamond in an Ethiop’s ear.”

NOTES VARIORUM.

have profited; and it should be remembered at the same time, that he actually has employed his person in the service of Venus, and has now an offspring of the amorous congress. It is moreover notorious, that having, in his elegant language, tasted of the cool stream, he was ready to plunge in again, and therefore publicly set himself up for a wife, and thus, became a fortune-hunter with his pen, and if he has failed in his design, it is because the ladies do not approve the new scheme of propagation without the knowledge of a man, which Hilario pretended to explain so handsomely in the *Lucina sine concubitu*.—But the truth is, he never wrote a syllable of this book, though he transcribed part of it, and shewed it to a bookseller, in order to procure a higher price for his productions.

QUINBUS FLESTRIN.

Diamond in an Æthiop’s ear,] There is neither morality, nor integrity, nor unity, nor universality in this poem.—The author of it is a SMART; I hope to see a SMARTHEAD published; I had my pocket picked the other day, as I was going through Paul’s Church-yard, and I firmly believe it was this little author, as the man who can pun, will also pick a pocket.

JOHN DENNIS, Junior.

Inanity

When Pallas—thus—“ Cease—ye immortals—cease
 “ Nor rob serene stupidity of peace—
 “ Should Jove himself in calculation mad
 “ Still negatives to blank negations add,
 “ How could the barren cyphers ever breed,
 “ But nothing still from nothing would proceed?
 “ Raise or depress—or magnify—or blame,
 “ Inanity will ever be the same.”

NOTES VARIORUM.

[*Inanity will ever be, &c.*] Our author does not here mean to list himself among the disputants concerning pure space, but the doctrine he would advance, is, that nothing can come from nothing. In so unbelieving an age as this, it is possible this tenet may not be received, but if the reader has a mind to see it handled at large, he may find it in Rungurtius, vol. 16, pagina 1001. “ De hac re multum et turpiter hallucinantur scriptores tam exteri quam domestici. Spatium enim absolute et relativum debent distingui, priusquam distincta esse possunt; neque ulla alia regula ad normam rei metaphysicæ quadrabit, quam triplex consideratio de substantiâ inanitatis, sive entitate nihili, quæ quidem consideratio triplex ad unam reduci potest necessitatem; nempe idem spatium de quo jam satis dictum est.” This opinion is further corroborated by the tracts of the society of Bourdeaux. “ Selon la distinction entre les choses, qui n’ont pas de différence, il nous faut absolument agréer, que les idées, qui ont frappé l’imagination, peuvent bien être effacées, pourvu qu’on ne s’avise pas d’oublier cet espace immense, qui environne toute la nature, et le système des étoiles.” Among our countrymen, I do not know any body that has handled
 this

“ Not so (says Phoebus) my celestial friend,
 “ E’en blank privation has its use and end—
 “ How sweetly shadows recommend the light,
 “ And darkness renders my own beams more bright !
 “ How rise from filth the violet and rose !
 “ From emptiness how softest musick flows !

NOTES VARIORUM.

this subject so well as the accurate Mr. Fielding, in his essay upon Nothing, which the reader may find in the first volume of his miscellanies; but with all due deference to his authority, we beg leave to dissent from one assertion in the said essay; the residence of nothing might in his time have been in a critick’s head, and we are apt to believe that there is a something like nothing in most critick’s heads to this day, and this false appearance misled the excellent metaphysician just quoted; for nothing, in its *puris naturalibus*, as Gravesend describes it in his experimental philosophy, does subsist nowhere so properly at present as in the pericranium of our hero.

MART. MACULARIUS.

‘Musick flows,] Persons of most genius, says the INSPECTOR, Friday Jan. 26, Number 587, “ have in general been the fondest of musick; Sir Isaac Newton was remarkable for his affection for harmony; he was scarce ever missed at the beginning of any performance, but was seldom seen at the end of it.” And indeed of this opinion is M. MACULARIUS; and he further adds, that if Sir Isaac was still living it is probable he would be at the beginning of the INSPECTOR’S next song at Cuper’s, but that he would not be at the end of it, may be proved to a mathematical demonstration, though Hillario takes so much pleasure in beating time to them himself, and

- “ How absence to possession adds a grace,
 “ And modest vacancy to all gives place ?
 “ Contrasted when fair nature’s works we spy,
 “ More they allure the mind and more they charm
 the eye.
 “ So from Hillario some effect may spring,
 “ E’en him—that slight Penumbra of a thing.”

NOTES VARIORUM.

though he so frequently exclaims, very fine!—O fine!—vastly fine!—Since the lucubration of Friday Jan. 26th has been mentioned, we think proper to observe here, that his INSPECTORSHIP has the most notable talent at a motto—QUINBUS FLESTRIN faith, “ he is a tartar for that,” and of this, learned reader, take a specimen along with you. How aptly upon the subject of musick does he bid his readers pluck grapes from the loaded vine!

Carpite de plenis pendentes vitibus uvas. OVID.

The above-mentioned QUINBUS FLESTRIN, peremptorily says, this line has been cavilled at by some minor critics, because, “ the grapes are sour;” and indeed of that way of thinking is MACULARIUS, who hath been greatly astonished at the taste of Hillario, in so frequently culling from Valerius Flaccus. But he is clearly of opinion, that the lines from Welstead and Dennis, are selected with great judgment, and are hung out as proper signs of what entertainment is to be furnished up to his customers.

Penumbra of a thing,] Whatever mean opinion Dr. Phœbus may entertain of his terrestrial brother physician and poet: on earth, Hillario is talked of in a different manner, as will appear

Morpheus at length in the debate awoke,
 And drowsily a few dull words he spoke—
 Declar'd Hillario was the friend of ease,
 And had a soporific pow'r to please,
 Once more Hillario he pronounc'd with pain,
 But at the very found was lull'd to sleep again.

NOTES VARIORUM.

pear from the following parody on the lines prefixed by Mr. DRYDEN, to Milton's Paradise Lost.

Three wise great men in the same Æra born,
 Britannia's happy island did adorn :
 Henley in care of souls display'd his skill,
 Rock shone in physick, and in both John H—ll,
 The force of nature could no farther go,
 To make a third, she join'd the former two.

QUINBUS FLESTRIN.

Lull'd to sleep again.] The hypnotick, or soporiferous quality of Hillario's pen, is manifest from the following asseveration, which was published in the New Craftsman, and is a letter from a tradesman in the city.

“ S I R,

“ From a motive of gratitude, and for the sake of those of
 “ my fellow-creatures, who may unhappily be afflicted ; as I
 “ have been for some time past, I beg leave, through the
 “ channel of your paper, to communicate the disorder I have
 “ laboured under, and the extraordinary cure I have lately
 “ met with. I have had for many months successively a slow
 “ nervous fever, with a constant flutter on my spirits, attend-
 “ ed with pertinacious watchings, twitchings of the nerves,

O 3

“ and

Momus the last of all, in merry mood,
 As moderator in th' assembly stood.
 " Ye laughter-loving pow'rs, ye Gods of mirth,
 " What ! not regard my deputy on earth ?
 " Whose chymic skill turns brass to gold with ease,
 " And out of Gibber forges Socrates ?

NOTES VARIORUM.

" and other grievous symptoms, which reduced me to a mere
 " shadow. At length, by the interposition of divine provi-
 " dence, a friend who had himself experienced it, advised me
 " to have recourse to the reading of the INSPECTORS. I ac-
 " cordingly took one of them, and the effect it had upon me
 " was such, that I fell into a profound sleep, which lasted
 " near six and thirty hours. By this I have attained a more
 " composed habit of body, and I now doze away almost all
 " my time, but for fear of a lethargy, am ordered to take
 " them in smaller quantities. A paragraph at a time now
 " answers my purpose, and under heaven I owe my sleeping
 " powers to the above-mentioned INSPECTORS. I look
 " upon them to be a grand soporificum mirabile, very proper
 " to be had in all families. He makes great allowance to
 " those who by them to sell again, or to send abroad to the
 " plantations; and the above fact I am ready to attest when-
 " ever called upon. Given under my hand this 4th day of
 " January, 1753.

" Humphrey Roberts, Weaver, in Crispin-street, Spital-
 fields, opposite the White Horse."

Forges Socrates,] Socrates was the father of the truest philo-
 sophy that ever appeared in the world, and though he has not
 drawn God's image, which was reserved for the light of the
 gospel,

- “ Whose genius makes consistencies to fight,
 “ And forms an union betwixt wrong and right ?
 “ Who (five whole days in senseless malice past)
 “ Repents, and is religious at the last ?

NOTES VARIORUM.

gospel, he has at least given the shadow, which together with his exemplary life, induces Erasmus to cry out, *Sancle Socrates ora pro nobis*; of Mr. Cibber we shall say nothing; as he has said abundantly enough of himself, but to illustrate the poet's meaning in this passage, it may be necessary to observe that when the British worthy was indisposed some time since, the INSPECTOR did not hesitate to prefer him to the God-like ancient philosopher. *O te, Boltane, cerebri felicem.*

M. MACULARIUS.

Consistencies to fight,] Alluding to his egregious talent at distinctions without a difference.

Religious at the last?] On every Saturday the florid Hillario becomes, in Woodward's phrase, a lay preacher; but his flimsy, heavy, impotent lucubrations have rather been of prejudice to the good old cause; and we hear that there is now preparing for the press, by a very eminent divine, a defence of christianity against the misrepresentations of a certain officious writer; and for the present we think proper to apply an epigram, occasioned by a dispute between two beaux concerning religion.

I.

On grace, free will, and myst'ries high,
 Two wits harangu'd the table;
 J—n H—ll believes he knows not why,
 Tom swears 'tis all a fable.

O 4

III

- “ A paltry play’r, that in no parts succeeds,
 “ A hackney writer, whom no mortal reads.

NOTES VARIORUM.

II.

Peace, idiots, peace, and both agree,
 Tom kifs thy empty brother;
 Religion laughs at foes like thee,
 But dreads a friend like t’other.

A paltry Play’r, &c.] It appears that the first effort of this universal genius, who is lately become remarkable as the *Bobadil* of literature, was to excell in Pantomime. What was the event?—he was damned.—Mr. Cross, the prompter, took great pains to fit him for the part of *Oroonoko*—he was damned.—He attempted *Captain Blandford*—he was damned.—He acted *Constant* in the *Provok’d Wife*—he was damned.—He represented the *Botanist* in *Romeo and Juliet*, at the Little Theatre in the Hay-market, under the direction of Mr. Theobald—he was damned.—He appeared in the character of *Lothario*, at the celebrated theatre in *May-Fair*—he was damned there too. Mr. Cross, however, to alleviate his misfortune, charitably bestowed upon him a 15th part of his own benefit. See the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for last December, and also Woodward’s letter, *passim*.

No mortal read.] Notwithstanding this assertion of *Momus*, our hero pro eâ, quâ est, verecundiâ, compareth himself to Addison and Steele, which occasioned the following epigram, by the right hon. the earl * * * addressed to the right honourable G—e D—n.

Art thou not angry, learning’s great protector,
 To hear that flimsy author, the INSPECTOR,
 Of cant, of puff, that daily vain inditer,
 Call Addison, or Steele, his brother writer?

“ The trumpet of a base deserted cause,
 “ Damn’d to the scandal of his own applause ;
 “ While thus he stands a general wit confest,
 “ With all these titles, all these talents blest,
 “ Be he by Jovè’s authority assign’d,
 “ The UNIVERSAL BUTT of all mankind.”

So spake and ceas’d the joy-exciting God,
 And Jove immediate gave th’ assenting nod,
 When Fame her adamantine trump uprear’d,
 And thus th’ irrevocable doom declar’d.

“ While in the vale perennial fountains flow,
 “ And fragrant Zephyrs musically blow ;
 “ While the majestic sea from pole to pole,
 “ In horrible magnificence shall roll,

NOTES VARIORUM.

So a pert H—ll (in Æsop’s fabling days)
 Swoln up with vanity, and self-giv’n praise,
 To his huge neighbour mountain might have said,
 “ See ; (brother) how We Mountains lift the head !
 “ How great We shew ! how awful, and how high,
 “ Amidst these paultry Mounts, that here around us lie !”

And now, reader, please to observe, that, since so ingenious a nobleman hath condescended to take notice of his INSPECTORSHIP, Mr. Smart doth not need any apology for the notice he hath also taken of him.

M. MACULARIUS.

The trumpet; &c.] In a very pleasant account of the riots in Drury-lane Play-house, by Henry Fielding, Esq; we find the following

- “ While yonder glorious canopy on high .
 “ Shall overhang the curtains of the sky,
 “ While the gay seasons their due course shall run,
 “ Ruled by the brilliant stars and golden fun,
 “ While wit and fool antagonists shall be,
 “ And sense and taste and nature shall agree,
 “ While love shall live, and rapture shall rejoice,
 “ Fed by the notes of Handel, Arne and Boyce, .

NOTES VARIORUM.

following humorous description of our hero in the character of a trumpeter. “ They all ran away except the trumpeter, who having an empyema in his side, as well as several dreadful bruises on his breech, was taken. When he was brought before Garrick to be examined, he said the ninnies, to whom he had the honour to be trumpeter, had resented the use made of the monsters by Garrick. That it was unfair, that it was cruel, that it was inhuman to employ a man’s own subjects against him. That Rich was lawful sovereign over all the monsters in the universe, with much more of the same kind; all which Garrick seemed to think unworthy of an answer; but when the trumpeter challenged him as his acquaintance, the chief with great disdain turned his back, and ordered the fellow to be dismissed with full power of trumpeting again on what side he pleased.” Hillario has since trumpeted in the cause of Pantomime, the gaudy scenery of which with great judgment he dismisses from the Opera-house, and saith, it is now fixed in its proper place in the theatre. On this occasion, MACULARIUS cannot help exclaiming, “ O Shakespear! O Johnson! rest, rest perturbed spirits.”

Handel, Arne, and Boyce,] The first of these gentlemen may
 be

“ While with joint force o’er humour’s droll domain;
 “ Cervantes, Fielding, Lucian, Swift shall reign,
 “ While thinking figures from the canvas start,
 “ And Hogarth is the Garrick of his art.
 “ So long in gross stupidity’s extreme,
 “ Shall H-ll th’ ARCH-DUNCE remain o’er every
 dunce supreme.

NOTES VARIORUM.

be justly looked upon as the Milton of musick, and the talents of the two latter may not improperly be delineated by calling them the Drydens of their profession, as they not only touch the strings of love with exquisite art, but also, when they please, reach the truly sublime.

Hogarth is the Garrick, &c.] The opinion which Mr. Hogarth entertains of our hero’s writings, may be guess’d at, by any one who will take the pleasure of looking at a print called Beer-street, in which Hillario’s critique upon the Royal Society is put into a basket directed to the trunk-maker in St. Paul’s Church-yard. I shall only just observe that the compliment in this passage to Mr. Hogarth is reciprocal, and reflects a lustre on Mr. Garrick, both of them having similar talents, equally capable of the highest elevation, and of representing the ordinary scenes of life, with the most exquisite humour.

Conclusion.] And now candid reader, MARTINUS MACULARIUS hath attended thee throughout the first book of this most delectable poem. As it is not improbable that those will be inquisitive after the particulars relating to this thy commen-

commentator, he here gives thee notice that he is preparing for the press, **Memoirs of MARTINUS MACULARIUS**, with his travels by sea and land, together with his flights aerial, and descents subterraneous, &c. And in the mean time he bids thee farewell, until the appearance of the second book of the **HILLIAD**, of which we will say, *speciosa miracula promet*. And so as Terence says, *Vos valetē & plaudite*.

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

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

Aurículas Afini Mida Rex habet. Juv.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

APOLLO.

PAN,

TIMOLUS, God of the Mountain.

MIDAS.

CALLIOPE.

MELPOMENE.

AGNO,

MELINOE,

} two Wood-Nymphs.

SATYRS, &c.

T H E

JUDGMENT OF MIDAS.

TIMOLUS, MELINOE and AGNO, two Wood-nymphs.

TIMOLUS.

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

MELINOE.

That task,
Sire of these shades, is done. On yester eve,
Assisted by a thousand friendly fays,
While fav'ring Dian held her glitt'ring lamp,
We ply'd our nightly toils, nor ply'd we long,
For Art was not the mistress of our revels,
'Twas gentle Nature, whom we jointly woo'd;

She

She heard, and yielded to the forms we taught her,
 Yet still remain'd herself——Simplicity,
 Fair Nature's genuine daughter, too was there,
 So soft yet so magnificent of mien,
 She shone all ornament without a gem.
 The blithsome Flora, ever sweet and young,
 Offer'd her various store : we cull'd a few
 To robe, and recommend our darksome verdure,
 But shun'd to be luxuriant.—

TIMOLUS.

It was well.

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

AGNO.

King of the woods,

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

TIMOLUS.

'Tis well remark'd, and on experience founded.
 I do remember that my sister Ida

(When

(When as on her own shadowy mount we met,
 To celebrate the birth-day of the Spring,
 And th' orgies of the May) wou'd oft recount
 The rage of the indignant goddeffes,
 When shepherd Paris to the Cyprian queen,
 With hand obsequious gave the golden toy.
 Heav'n's queen, the fister and the wife of Jove,
 Rag'd like a feeble mortal ; fall'n she seem'd,
 Her deity in human passions loft :
 Ev'n Wisdom's goddeffs, jealous of her form,
 Deem'd her own attribute her fecond virtue.
 Both vow'd and fought revenge.

AGNO.

If fuch the fate
 Of him who judg'd aright, what muft be his
 Who fhall miftake the caufe ? for much I doubt
 The skill of Midas, fince his fatal wifh,
 Which Bacchus heard, and curs'd him with the gift.
 Yet grant him wifely, to err is human ftill,
 And mortal is the confequence.

MELINOE.

Moft true.
 Befides, I fear him partial ; for with Pan
 He tends the fheep-walks all the live-long day,
 And on the braky lawn to the shrill pipe
 In aukward gambols he affects to dance,

P

Or

Or tumbles to the tabor—'tis not likely
That such an umpire shou'd be equitable,
Unless he guesses at justice.

TIMOLUS.

Soft—no more—

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

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

MIDAS.

Begin, celestial candidates for praise,
Begin the tuneful contest: I, mean while,
With heedful notice and attention meet,
Will weigh your merits, and decide your cause.

APOLLO.

APOLLO.

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

PAN.

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

CLIO.

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

AGRO.

From nature's works, and nature's laws,
 We find delight, and seek applause ;
 The prattling streams and zephyrs bland.
 And fragrant flow'rs by zephyrs fann'd,

The level lawns and buxom bow'rs,
 Speak Nature and her works are ours.

MELPOMENE.

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

MELINOE.

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

APOLLO.

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

Diffusely

Diffusely lib'ral, as divinely bright,
 Eye of the universe and fire of light.

PAN.

O'er cots and vales, and every shepherd swain,
 In peaceable pre-eminence I reign ;
 With pipe on plain, and nymph in secret grove,
 The day is music, and the night is love.
 I, blest with these, nor envy nor desire
 Thy gaudy chariot, or thy golden lyre.

CLIO.

Soon as the dawn dispels the dark,
 Illustrious Phœbus 'gins t' appear,
 Proclaimed by the herald lark,
 And ever-wakeful chanticleer,
 The Persian pays his morning vow,
 And all the turban'd easterns bow.

AGNO.

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

MELPO-

MELPOMENE.

In numbers as smooth as Callirhoe's stream,
 Glide the silver-ton'd verse when Apollo's the theme;
 While on his own mount Cyparissus is seen,
 And Daphne preserves her immutable green.
 We'll hail Hyperion with transport so long,
 Th' inventor, the patron, and subject of song.

MELINOE.

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

MIDAS.

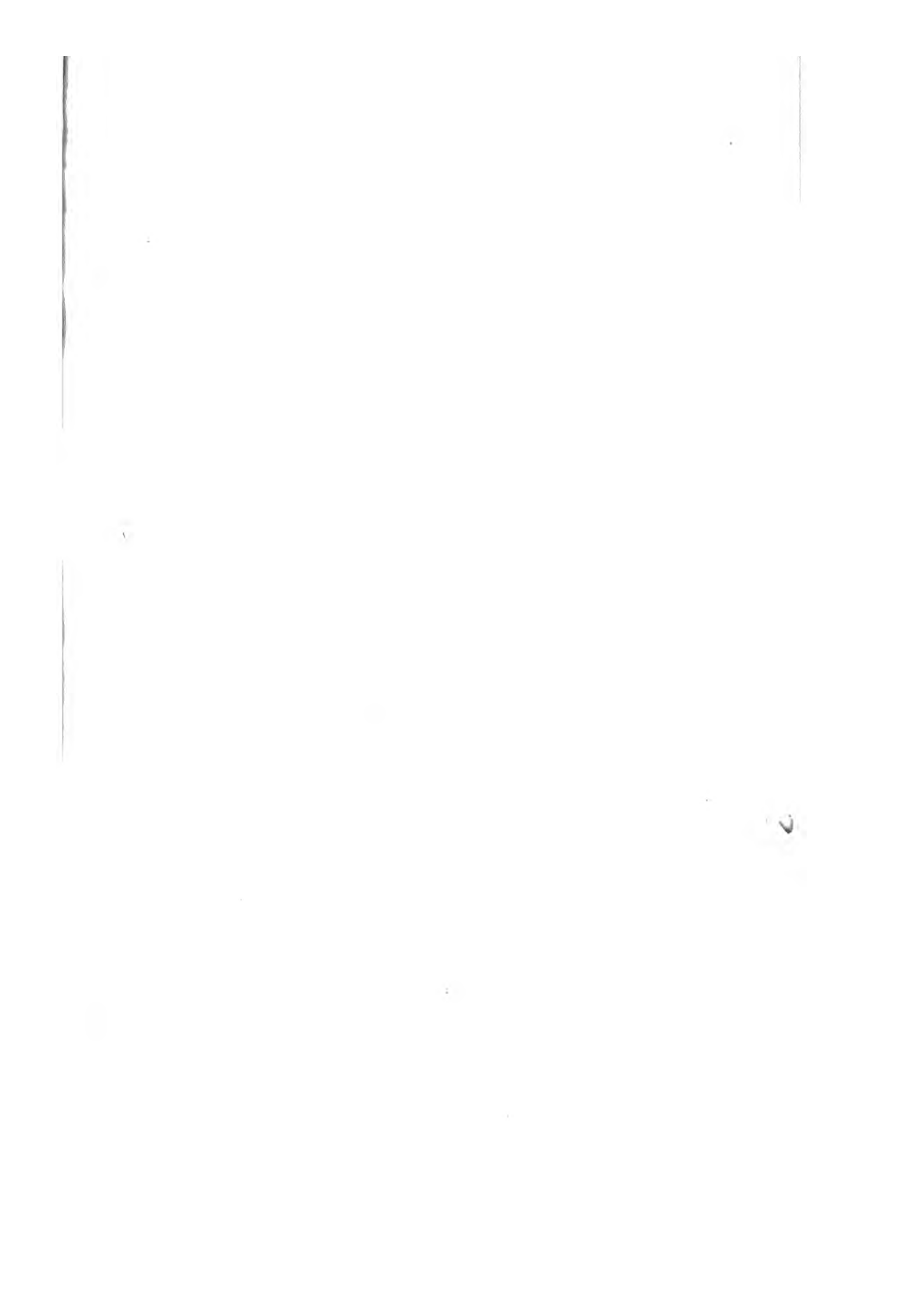
No more—To Pan and to his beauteous nymphs
 I do adjudge the prize, as is most due.

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

APOLLO.

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

[Exeunt omnes.]





REASON AND IMAGINATION.

A F A B L E.

IMAGINATION, in the flight
Of young desire and gay delight,
Began to think upon a mate;
As weary of a single state;
For sick of change, as left at will,
And cloy'd with entertainment still,
She thought it better to be grave
To settle, to take up, and save.
She therefore to her chamber sped,
And thus at first attir'd her head.
Upon her hair, with brilliants grac'd,
Her tow'r of beamy gold she plac'd;
Her ears with pendant jewels glow'd
Of various water, curious mode,
As nature sports the wintry ice,
In many a whimsical device.
Her eye-brows arch'd upon the stream
Of rays, beyond the piercing beam;
Her cheeks in matchless colour high,
She veil'd to fix the gazer's eye;

Q

Her

Her paps, as white as Fancy draws,
 She cover'd with a crimson gauze;
 And on her wings she threw perfume
 From buds of everlasting bloom.
 Her zone, ungirded from her vest,
 She wore across her swelling breast;
 On which, in gems, this verse was wrought,
 "I make and shift the scenes of Thought."
 In her right hand a wand she held,
 Which Magick's utmost pow'r excell'd;
 And in her left retain'd a Chart,
 With figures far surpassing art,
 Of other natures, suns and moons,
 Of other moves to higher tunes.
 The Sylphs and Sylphids, fleet as light,
 The Fairies of the gamefome night,
 The Muses, Graces, all attend
 Her service, to her journey's end:
 And Fortune, sometimes at her hand,
 Is now the fav'rite of her band,
 Dispatch'd before the news to bear,
 And all th' adventure to prepare.

Beneath an Holm-tree's friendly shade,
 Was REASON's little cottage made;
 Before, a river deep and still;
 Behind, a rocky soaring hill.
 Himself, adorn'd in seemly plight,
 Was reading to the Eastern light;

And

And ever, as he meekly knelt,
 Upon the Book of Wisdom dwelt.
 The Spirit of the shifting wheel,
 Thus first essay'd his pulse to feel.—
 “ The Nymph supreme o'er works of wit,
 “ O'er labour'd plan, and lucky hit,
 “ Is coming to your homely cot,
 “ To call you to a nobler lot ;
 “ I, *Fortune*, promise wealth and pow'r,
 “ By way of matrimonial dow'r :
 “ Preferment crowns the golden day,
 “ When fair Occasion leads the way.”
 Thus spake the frail, capricious dame,
 When she that sent the message came.—

“ From first Invention's highest sphere,
 “ I, Queen of Imag'ry, appear ;
 “ And throw myself at REASON's feet,
 “ Upon a weighty point to treat.
 “ You dwell alone, and are too grave ;
 “ You make yourself too much a slave ;
 “ Your shrewd deductions run a length,
 “ 'Till all your spirits waste their strength ;
 “ Your fav'rite logick is full close ;
 “ Your morals are to much a dose ;
 “ You ply your studies 'till you risk
 “ Your senses—you should be more brisk—
 “ The Doctors soon will find a flaw,
 “ And lock you up in chains and straw.

Q 2

“ But,

“ But, if you are inclin’d to take
 “ The gen’rous offer, which I make,
 “ I’ll lead you from this hole and ditch,
 “ To gay Conception’s top-moſt pitch ;
 “ To thoſe bright p’ains, where crowd in ſwarms
 “ The ſpirits of fantaſtic forms ;
 “ To planets populous with elves ;
 “ To natures ſtill above themſelves,
 “ By ſoaring to the wond’rous height
 “ Of notions, which they ſtill create ;
 “ I’ll bring you to the pearly cars,
 “ By dragons drawn, above the ſtars ;
 “ To colours of Arabian glow ;
 “ And to the heart-dilating ſhow
 “ Of paintings, which ſurmount the life :
 “ At once your tut’refs, and your wife.”—
 “ —Soft, ſoft, (ſays REASON) lovely friend ;
 “ Tho’ to a parley I attend,
 “ I cannot take thee for a mate ;
 “ I’m loſt, if e’er I change my ſtate.
 “ But whenſoe’er your raptures riſe,
 “ I’ll try to come with my ſupplies ;
 “ To muſter up my ſober aid,
 What time your lively powr’s invade ;
 “ To act conjointly in the war
 “ On Dullneſs, whom we both abhor ;
 “ And ev’ry folly that you make,
 “ I muſt be there, for conduct’s ſake ;

“ Thy

“ Thy correspondent, thine ally ;
“ Or any thing, but bind and tye—
“ But, e'er this treaty be agreed,
“ Give me thy wand and winged steed :
“ Take thou this compass and this rule,
“ That Wit may cease to play the fool ;
“ And that thy vot'ries who are born
“ For praise, may never sink to scorn.”

NEW VERSION OF THE PSALMS.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

HALLELUJAH ! kneel and sing
Praises to the heav'nly king ;
To the God supremely great,
Hallelujah in the height.

Praise him, arch-angelic band,
Ye that in his presence stand ;
Praise him, ye that watch and pray,
Michael's myriads in array.

Praise him, sun at each extreme,
Orient streak, and western beam ;
Moon and stars of mystic dance,
Silv'ring in the blue expanse.

Praise him, O ye heights that soar
 Heav'n and heav'n for evermore;
 And ye streams of living rill
 Higher yet and purer still.

Let them praise his glorious name,
 From whose fruitful word they came;
 And they first began to be
 As he gave the great decree.

Their constituent parts he founds
 For duration without bounds;
 And their covenant has seal'd,
 Which shall never be repeal'd.

Praise the Lord on earth's domains;
 Praise, ye mutes, that sea contains;
 They that on the surface leap,
 And the dragons of the deep.

Batt'ring hail, and fires that glow,
 Streaming vapours, plummy snow;
 Wind and storm, his wrath incurr'd
 Wing'd and pointed at his word.

Mountains of enormous scale,
 Every hill and every vale;
 Fruit trees of a thousand dies,
 Cedars that perfume the skies!

ODE TO LORD BARNARD. 221

Beasts that haunt the woodland maze,
Nibbling flocks and droves that graze;
Reptiles of amphibious breed,
Feather'd millions form'd for speed.

Kings, with Jesus for their guide,
Peopled regions far and wide;
Heroes of their country's cause,
Princes, judges of the laws.

Age and childhood, youth and maid,
To his name your praise be paid;
For his word is worth alone
Far above his crown and throne.

He shall dignify the crest
Of his people, rais'd and blest;
While we serve with praise and pray'rs,
All in Christ his saints and heirs.

ODE TO LORD BARNARD,
on his Accession to that Title.

*Sis licet felix ubicunque mavis,
Et memor nostri.* HOR.

MELPOMENE, who charm'd the skies,
Queen of the lyre and lute,
Say, shall my noble patron rise,
And thou, sweet Muse, be mute?

Q 4

Shall

222 ODE TO LORD BARNARD.

Shall Fame, to celebrate his praise,
Her loudests, loftiest accents raise,
 And all her silver trumps employ,
And thou restrain thy tuneful hand,
And thou an idle list'ner stand
 Amidst the general joy?

Fobid it, all ye powers above,
 That human hearts can try,
Forbid it gratitude and love,
 And every tender tie:
Was it not he, whose pious cares
Upheld me in my earliest years,
 And cheer'd me from his ample store,
Who animated my designs,
In Roman and Athenian mines,
 To search for learning's ore?

The royal hand my Lord shall raise
 To nobler heights thy name,
Who praises thee, shall meet with praise
 Ennobled in thy fame.
A disposition form'd to please,
With dignity endear'd by ease,
 And grandeur in good nature lost,
Have more of genuine desert,
Have more the merit of the heart,
 Than arts and arms can boast.

Can I forget fair Raby's * towers,
 How awful and how great!
 Can I forget such blissful bowers,
 Such splendour in retreat!
 Where me, ev'n me, an infant bard,
 Cleveland † and Hope ‡ indulgent heard.
 (Then fame I felt thy first alarms),
 Ah, much lov'd pair!—tho' one is fled,
 Still one compensates for the dead,
 In merit and in charms.

O more than compensation, sure!
 O blessings on thy life!
 Long may the three-fold bliss endure,
 In daughters, sons, and wife!
Hope, copyist of her mother's mind,
 Is loveliest, liveliest of her kind,
 Her soul with every virtue teems,
 By none in wit or worth outdone,
 With eyes, that shining on the sun,
 Defy his brightest beams.

Hark! Charity's cherubic voice
 Calls to her numerous poor,
 And bids their languid hearts rejoice,
 And points to Raby's door;

* His Lordship's seat in the county of Durham.

† Her late Grace of Cleveland.

‡ The Honourable Mrs. Hope.

224 ODE TO LORD BARNARD.

With open heart and open hands,
There HOSPITALITY—she stands,
A nymph, whom men and gods admire,
Daughter of heavenly GOODNESS she,
Her sister's GENEROSITY,
And HONOUR is her sire.

What tho' my Lord, betwixt us lie,
Full many an envious league,
Such vast extent of sea and sky,
As even the eye fatigue ;
Tho' interposing ocean raves,
And heaves his heaven assaulting waves,
While on the shores the billows beat,,
Yet still my grateful muse is free,
To tune her warmest strains to thee,
And lay them at thy feet.

GOODNESS is ever kindly prone
To feign what fate denies,
And others want of worth t'attone,
Finds in herself supplies :
Thus dignity itself restrains,
By condescension's silken reins,
While you the lowly Muse upraise ;
When such the theme, so mean the bard,
Not to reject is to reward,
To pardon is to praise.

ODE



ODE TO LADY HARRIOT.

I.

TO Harriot all accomplish'd fair,
Begin, ye Nine, a grateful air ;
Ye Graces join her worth to tell,
And blazon what you can't excell.

II.

Let Flora rife all her bow'rs,
For fragrant shrubs, and painted flow'rs,
And, in her vernal robes array'd,
Present them to the noble maid.

III.

Her breath shall give them new perfume,
Her blushes shall their dyes outbloom ;
The lilly now no more shall boast
Its whiteness, in her bosom lost.

IV.

See yon delicious woodbines rife
By oaks exalted to the skies,
So view in Harriot's matchless mind
Humility and greatness join'd.

226 ODE TO E. NORTHUMBERLAND.

V.

To paint her dignity and ease,
Form'd to command, and form'd to please,
In wreaths expressive be there wove
The birds of Venus and of Jove.

VI.

There where th' immortal laurel grows,
And there, where blooms the crimson rose,
Be with this line the chaplet bound,
That beauty is with virtue crown'd.

ODE TO THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
ON HIS BEING APPOINTED LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND,
PRESENTED ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF LORD WARKWORTH.

WHAT'ER distinguish'd patriots rise,
The times and manners to revise,
And drooping merit raise,
The song of triumph still pursues
Their footsteps, and the moral muse
Dwells sweetly on their praise.
It is a task of true delight,
The ways of goodness to recite,
And all her works refin'd;
Tho' modest greatness under rate
Its lustre; 'tis as fix'd as fate,
Says truth with music join'd.

All!

All hail to this auspicious morn,
 When we, for gallant WARKWORTH born,
 Our gratulations pay:
 Tho' virtue all the live long year,
 Refuse her eulogy to hear,
 She must attend to-day.

All hail to that transcendant fair,
 That crown'd thy wishes with an heir,
 And bless'd her native land:
 Still shoots thy undegenerate line,
 Like oak from oak, and pine from pine,
 As goodly and as grand.

O how illustrious and divine
 Were all the heroes of thy line,
 'Gainst Rome's ambitious CHEAT!
 Born all these base insidious arts,
 Which work the most in weakest hearts
 To dare and to defeat!

Live then in triumph o'er deceit,
 That with new honours we may greet
 The house of ARMS and ARTS,
 'Till blest experience shall evince
 How fairly you present that prince,
 Who's sovereign of our hearts.

In pity to our sister isle
 With sighs we lend thee for a while;

228 THE SWEETS OF EVENING.

O be thou soon restor'd,
Tho' STANHOPE, HALLIFAX were there,
We never had a man to spare
Our love could less afford.

THE SWEETS OF EVENING.

THE sweets of evening charm the mind,
Sick of the sultry day;
The body then no more confin'd,
But exercise with freedom join'd,
When Phœbus sheathes his ray.

While all-serene the summer moon
Sends glances thro' the trees,
And Philomel begins her tune,
Asteria too shall help her soon
With voice of skilful ease.

A nosegay, every thing that grows,
And music, every sound
To lull the sun to his repose;
The skies are coloured like the rose
With lively streaks around.

Of all the changes rung by time
None half so sweet appear,
As those when thoughts themselves sublime,
And with superior natures chime
In fancy's highest sphere.

ODE

ODE to a Virginia Nightingale, which was cured of a Fit in the Bosom of a young Lady, who afterwards nursed the Author in a dangerous Illness.

Sweet bird ! whose fate and mine agree,
 As far as proud humanity,
 The parallel will own ;
 O let our voice and hearts combine,
 O let us, fellow-warblers join,
 Our patroness to crown.

When heavy hung thy flagging wing,
 When thou could'st neither move nor sing,
 Of spirits void and rest ;
 A lovely nymph her aid apply'd,
 She gave the bliss to heav'n allied,
 And cur'd thee on her breast.

Me too the kind indulgent maid,
 With gen'rous care and timely aid,
 Restor'd to mirth and health ;
 Then join'd to her, O may I prove
 By friendship, gratitude, and love,
 The Poverty of Wealth.

MARTIAL. Book 1, Ep. 26.

WHEN *Brutus*' fall wing'd fame to *Porcia* brought,
 Those arms her friends conceal'd, her passion fought.
 She soon perceiv'd their poor officious wiles,
 Approves their zeal, but at their folly smiles.
 What *Cato* taught heaven sure cannot deny,
 Bereav'd of all, we still have pow'r to die.
 Then down her throat the burning coal conveyed,
 Go now, ye fools, and hide your swords, she said.

On a Lady throwing Snow-Balls at her Lover.

From the Latin of Petronius Ascanius

WHEN, wanton fair, the snowy orb you throw,
 I feel a fire before unknown in snow.
 E'en coldest snow I find has pow'r to warm
 My breast, when flung by *Julia*'s lovely arm.
 T' elude loves powerful arts I strive in vain,
 If ice and snow can latent fires contain.
 These frolics leave: the force of beauty prove,
 With equal passion cool my ardent love.

END OF VOL I.

