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CONTENT

A

POEM.

Price Six Pence.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CONTENT

A

OF E M.

Price Six Pence.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

C O N T E N T.

A

P O E M.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

Virtue was taught in Verse, and Athens' Glory rose.

PRIOR.



2.

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. CURLL in *Pater-Noster-Row*.

M. D C C. XX.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

LECTURE 1

LECTURE 1: INTRODUCTION TO QUANTUM MECHANICS

1925



C O N T E N T.

A

P O E M.

WHEN genial Beams wade thro'
the dewy Morn,
And from the Clod invite the
sprouting Corn;

When chequer'd Greens, wing'd Musick, new
blown Scents,

Conspir'd to sooth the Mind, and please each
Sense :

Then down a shady Haugh * I took my Way,
 Delighted with each Flower and budding Spray,
 Musing on all that Hurry, Pain and Strife
 Which flow from the Fantastick Ills of Life.
 Enlarg'd from such Distresses of the Mind,
 Due Gratitude to Heaven my Thoughts refin'd,
 And made me in the Laughing-SAGE's † Way,
 As a meer Farce the murm'ring World survey,
 Finding imagin'd Maladies abound,
 Tenfold, for One which gives a real Wound.

GODLIKE is He whom no false Fears annoy,
 Who lives CONTENT and grasps the present Joy;
 Whose Mind is not with wild Convulsions rent,
 Of Pride, and Avarice, and Discontent:
 Whose well train'd Passions, with a pious Awe,
 Are all subordinate to Reason's Law:
 Then smooth CONTENT arises like the Day,
 And makes each rugged Fantom flie away.

To

* A Lanc.

† Democritus.

To lowest Men she gives a lib'ral Share
 Of solid Bliss, she mitigates our Care,
 Enlarging Joys, administering Health;
 The rich Man's Pleasure, and the poor Man's
 Wealth.

A Train of Comforts on her Nod attend,
 And to her Sway, Profits and Honours bend.

HAIL blest CONTENT! who art by Heaven
 design'd
 Parent of Health, and Cheerfulness of Mind;
 Serene CONTENT shall animate my Song,
 And make th' immortal Numbers smooth and
 strong.

SELENUS thou whose hoary Beard and
 Head
 Experience speak, and Youth's Attention plead,
 Retail thy gather'd Knowledge, and disclose
 What State of Life enjoys the most Repose.

Thus

Thus I address, — and thus, the ancient Bard, —
 First to no State of Life fix thy Regard.
 All Mortals may be happy if they please,
 Not rack'd with Pain, nor lingering Disease.

MIDAS the Wretch, wrapt in his patched
 Rags,

With empty Paunch, sits brooding o'er his Bags;
 Meagre his Look, his Mind in constant Fright,
 If Winds but move his Windows in the Night;
 If Dogs should bark, or but a Mouse make Din,
 He sweats and starts, and thinks the Thief's got in;
 His Sleep forsakes him 'till the Dawn appears,
 Which every Thing but such a Caitiff cheers.
 It gives him Pain to buy a Farthing Light,
 He jumps at Home, in Darkness all the Night.
 What makes him manage with such cautious Pain?
 'Twould break a Sum; a Farthing spent so vain?
 If e'er he's pleas'd, 'tis when some needful Man
 Gives Ten *per Cent.* with an insuring Pawn.

Tho' he's provided in as much, would serve
 Whole *Nestor's* Years, he ever fears to starve;
 Tell him of Alms, alas! he'd rather chuse
 Damnation, and the promis'd Blifs refuse,

-- *And is there such a Wretch beneath the Sun?* --

Yes, he return'd, Thousands instead of One,
 To whom *Content* is utterly unknown. ----

Are all the Rich Men such? -- he answered, No,
Marcus hath Wealth, and can his Wealth bestow,
 Upon Himself, his Friends, and on the Poor,
 Enjoys enough and wishes for no more.

REVERSE of these, is He who braves the Sky.

Curfing his Maker when he throws the Dye:

Gods, Devils, Furies, Hell, Heaven, Blood and
 Wounds,

Promiscuous fly in bursts of tainted Sounds.

He to Perdition does his Soul bequeath,

Yet inly trembles, when he thinks of Death;

Except

Except at Game, he ne'er employs his Thought
Till his'd and pointed at, -- not worth a Groat.

The desperate Remnant of a large Estate,
Goes at one Throw, and points his gloomy Fate,
He finds his Folly now, but finds too late.

Ill brooks my fondled Master to be poor,
Bred up to nought but Bottle, Game and Whore;
How pitiful he looks without his Rent!

They who fly Virtue, ever fly CONTENT.

Now I beheld the Sage look'd less severe,
Whilst Pity join'd his old Satyrick leer;
The weakly Mind, said he, is quickly torn,
Men are not Gods, some Frailties must be borne;
Heaven's bounteous Hand all in their Turn
abuse,
The happiest Men at Times their Fate refuse,
Befool themselves, -- and trump up an Excuse.

Is *Lucius* but a Subaltern of Foot,
His equal, *Gallus*, is a Coronet.

STERILLA shuns a Gossiping and why?
The teeming Mother fills her with Envy.
The pregnant Matron's Grief as much prevails,
Some of the Children, always, something ails;
One Boy is Sick, t'other has broke his Head.
And Nurse is blam'd when little Miss is Dead.

A Dutchess on a Velvet Couch reclin'd,
Blabs her fair Cheeks 'till she is almost Blind;
Poor *Phily's* Death the briny Pearls demands,
Who ceases now to snarl and lick her Hands.

THE Politicians who in learn'd Debates,
With Penetration, carve out Kingdoms Fates,
Look sour, drink Coffee, shrug, and read Gazettes,
Deep sunk in Craft of State their Souls are lost,
And all their Hopes depend upon the Post;

Each Male that's due they curse the contrare Wind,
 'Tis strange if this way Men *Contentment* find.
 Though old, their Humours I am yet to learn,
 Who vex themselves in what they've no concern.

NINNY the glaring Fop who always runs
 In Tradesmen's Books, which makes the careful
 Duns;

Often e'er Ten to break his slumbring Rest,
 Whilst with their craving Clamours he's oppress.
 He frames excuses till his Cranny akes,
 Then thinks he justly damns the cursed Snakes;
 The disappointed Dun with as much Ire,
 Both threats and Curses till his Breast's on Fire;
 Then home he goes, and pours it on his House,
 His Servants suffer oft, and oft his Spouse.

SOME groan through Life amidst a heap of
 Cares,
 To load with too much Wealth their lazy Heirs;

The lazy Heir turns all to ridicule,
 And all his Life proclaims his Father Fool;
 He toils in Spending, -- leaves a Thread-bare Son,
 To scrape anew as had his Grandfire done.

How is the fair *Myrtilla's* Bosom fir'd,
 If *Læda's* fable Locks are more admir'd;
 While *Læda* does her secret Sighs discharge,
 Because her Mouth's a Straw-breadth, ah! too large.

THUS sung the Sire, and left me to evite,
 The scorching Beams in some cool green Retreat,
 Where gentle Slumber seiz'd my wearied Brain,
 And mimick Fancy op'd the following Scene.

METHOUGHT I stood upon a rising Ground,
 A splendid Landskip open'd all around,
 Rocks, Rivers, Meadows, Gardens, Parks and
 Woods,
 And Domes, which hid their Turrets in the Clouds;

To me approach'd a Nymph Divinely fair,
 Celestial Virtue shone through all the Air :
 A Nymph for Grace, her Wisdom more renown'd
 Adorn'd each Grace, and both true Valour crown'd,
 'Around her Heav'nly Smiles, a Helmet blaz'd,
 And graceful as she mov'd, a Spear she gently rais'd.
 My Sight at first the Lustre scarce could bear,
 Her dazling Glories shone so strong and clear ;
 A Majesty sublime, with all that's sweet,
 Did Adoration claim, and Love invite.
 I felt her Wisdom's Charm, my Thoughts inspire,
 Her dauntless Courage set my Soul on Fire.
 The Maid, when thus I knew. I soon address'd,
 My present wishful Thoughts the Theme suggest :
 ' Of all th' Etherial Powers thou noblest Maid,
 ' To humane Weakness lend's the ready'st aid :
 ' To where *Content* and her blest train reside,
 ' Immortal *Pallas*, deign to be my Guide ;
 With my request well pleas'd our course we bent,
 To find the Habitation of *Content*.

THRO' fierce *BELLONA's* Tents we
 first advanc'd,
 Where Cannons bounc'd, and nervous Horses
 pranc'd:
 Here *Vi & armis* sat with dreadful Awe,
 And daring Front, to prop each Nation's Law,
 Attending Squadrons on her Motions wait,
 Array'd in Deaths, and fearless of their Fate.
 Here Christian Souls glow'd with as great a Fire,
 As his who made the World but one Empire.
 Even in low Ranks brave Spirits might be found,
 Who wanted nought of Monarchs but a Crown.
 But ah! Ambition stood a Foe to Peace,
 Shaking the empty Fob and ragged Fleece;
 Which were more hideous to these Sons of War,
 Than Brimstone, Smoak, and Storms of Bullets
 are.
 Here, said my Guide, *CONTENT* is rarely found,
 Where Blood and noisy Jars beset the Ground.

TRADE'S wealthy Ware-house next fell in our
Way,

Where in great Bales Part of each Nation lay,

The *Spanish* Citron, and *Hesperia's* Oil,

Persia's soft Product and the *Chinese* Toil;

Warm *Borneo's* Spices, *Arab's* scented Gum,

The *Polish* Amber, and the *Saxon* Mum,

The *Orient* Pearl, *Holland's* fine Lace and Toys,

And Tinsic Work, which the fair Nun employs.

From *India* Ivory, and the clouded Cane,

And *Cocheneal* from Streights of *Magelane*.

The *Scandinavian* Rosin, Hemp and Tar,

The *Lapland* Furs, and *Russia's* Caviare,

The *Gallick* Punchion charg'd with Ruby Juice,

Which makes the Hearts of Gods and Men rejoice.

Britannia here pours from her plenteous Horn,

Her shining Mirrours, Clock-work, Cloaths and

Corn.

Here

Here *Cent per Cents* sat poreing o're their Books,
 While many shew'd the Bankrupts in their Looks,
 Who by Mismanagement their Stock had spent,
 Curs'd these hard Times, and blam'd the Govern-
 ment.

The missive Letter, and peremptor Bill,
 Forbade them Rest, and call'd forth all their Skill,
 Uncertain Credit bore the Scepter here,
 And her prime Ministers were Hope and Fear,
 The surly Chufs demanded what we sought.

CONTENT, said I, may she with Gold be bought?
 CONTENT! said one, then star'd, and bit his
 Thumb,

And learing ask'd if I was worth a * Plumb,

LOVE's fragrant Fields, where mildest western
 Gales,

Loaden with Sweets perfume the Hills and Dales;

Where

* One Hundred Thousand Pounds,

Where longing Lovers haunt the Streams and
Glades,

And cooling Groves whose Verdure never Fades,

Thither with Joy and hasty Steps we strode,

There sure I thought our long'd-for Bliss abode.

Whom first we met on that enchanted Plain,

Was a tall yellow-hair'd young pensive Swain;

Him I address,----“ O Youth what heav'nly Power

“ Commands and graces yon *Elysian* Bower?

“ Sure 'tis CONTENT, else much I am deciev'd.

The Shepherd sigh'd, and told me that I rav'd;

Rare she appears, unless on some fine Day

She grace a Nuptial, but soon hastes away:

If her you seek, soon hence you must remove,

Her Presence is precarious in Love.

THRO' these and other Shrines we wander'd
long,

Which merit not Description in my Song,

Till

'Till at the last, methought we cast our Eye
 Upon an antique Temple square and high,
 Its Area wide, its Spire did pierce the Sky;
 On adamantine Dorick Pillars rear'd,
 Strong *Gothick* Work the massy Pile appear'd:
 Nothing seem'd little, all was great design'd,
 Which pleas'd the Eye at once, and fill'd the Mind.
 Whilst Wonder did my curious Thoughts ingage,
 To us approach'd a studious reverend Sage;
 Both Awe and Kindness his grave Aspect bore,
 Which spoke him rich with Wisdom's finest Store;
 He ask'd our Errand there.—Straight I reply'd,
 “ **C**ONTENT: In these high Towers does she
 reside?
 Not far from hence said he her Palace stands,
 Ours she regards, as we do her Demands,
 Philosophy sustains her peaceful Sway,
 And in Return she feasts us every Day,
 Encourg'd with his Words, I thus add'd
 “ **C**ONTENT: In these high Towers does she
 Then

Then straight an antient Telescope he brought,
By *SOCRATES* and *EPICLETUS*

wrought,

Improved since, made easier to the Sight,
Lengthen'd the Tube, the Glasses ground more
bright ;

Through this he show'd a Hill, whose lofty Brow
Enjoy'd the Sun, while Vapours all below,
In pitchy Clouds, encircled it around,
Where Fantoms of most horrid Forms abound,
The ugly Brood of lazy Spleen and Fear,
Frightful in Shape most monstrous did appear.

Then thus my Guide,——

Your Way lies through yon Gloom, be not aghast,
Come briskly on, you'll jest them when they're
past ;

Mere empty Spectres, harmless as the Air,
Which merit not your Notice, less your Care.

Encourag'd with his Words, I thus address

My noble Guide, and grateful Joy express ;

“ O! sacred WISDOM, thine's the Scource of

“ Light,

“ Without thy Blaze the World would grope in

“ Night,

“ Of Woe and Bliss thou only art the Test,

“ Falshood and Truth before Thee stand confest;

“ Thou mak'st a double Life: One Nature gave,

“ But without Thine, what is it Mortals have?

“ A breathing Motion grazing to the Grave.

Now through the Damps methought we boldly

went,

Smiling at all the Grins of Discontent;

Tho' oft pull'd back the rising Ground we gain'd,

Whilst inward Joy my wearied Limbs sustain'd:

Arriv'd the Height, whose Top was large and

plain,

And what appear'd soon recompens'd my Pain,

Nature's whole Beauty deck'd th' enamell'd Scene.

AMIDST the Glade the sacred Palace stood,
 The Architecture not so fine as good,
 Nor scrimp, nor gouty, regular and plain,
 Plain were the Columns which the Roof sustain:
 An easy Greatness in the whole was found,
 Where all that Nature wanted did abound.
 But here no Beds are screen'd with rich Brocade,
 Nor Fewel-Logs in Silver Grates are laid;
 No broken *China* Bowls disturb the Joy
 Of waiting Hand-Maid or the running Boy,
 Nor in the Cupboard Heaps of Plate are rang'd,
 To be with each splenetick Fashion chang'd.

A weather-beaten Sentry watch'd the Gate,
 Of Temper cross, and practis'd in Debate:
 Till once acquaint with him, no Entry here;
 Tho' brave as *CÆSAR*, or as *HELEN*
 fair.

To Strangers fierce, but with Familiars tame,
 And *Touchstone Disappointment* was his Name.

THIS fair Inscription shone above the Gate,
Fear none but him whose WILL directs thy Fate,
 With Smile austere he lifted up his Head,
 Pointed the Characters, and bid us read:
 We did, and stood resolv'd. The Gates at last
 Op'd of their own accord, and in we past.

EACH Day a Herald, by the QUEEN'S Com-
 mand,
 Was order'd on a Mount to take his stand,
 And thence to all the Earth this Offer make,
 Who are inclin'd her Favours to partake,
 Shall have them free, if they small Rubs can bear,
 Of Disappointment, Spleen and bug-bear Fear.

RAIS'D on a Throne within the outer Gate
 The Goddess sat, her Vot'ries round her wait:

The beautiful Divinity disclos'd
 Sweetness sublime, which roughest Cares compos'd :
 Her Looks sedate, yet joyful and serene,
 Not rich her Dress, but suitable and clean :
 Unfurrow'd was her Brow, her Cheeks were smooth,
 Tho' Old as Time, enjoy'd immortal Youth ;
 And all her Accents so harmonious flow'd,
 That every listning Ear with Pleasure glow'd.
 An Olive-Garland on her Head she wore,
 And her right Hand a Cornucopia bore.
 Cross *Touchstone* fill'd a Bench without the Door,
 To try the *Sterling* of each human Ore ;
 Grim Judge he was, and them away he sent,
 Unfit t' approach the Shrine of calm CONTENT.

To him a hoary Dotard load with Bags ;
 Unweildy Load ! to one who hardly drags
 His Being.—More than Seventy Years, said he
 I've sought this Court, 'till now unfound by me,

Now let me rest. — Yes, if you want no more;
 But e'er the Sun has made his Annual Tour
 Know, grov'ling Wretch, thy Wealth's without
 thy Power.

The Thoughts of Death, and ceasing from his Gain,
 Brought on the old Man's Head so sharp a Pain,
 Which dim'd his Optick Nerves, and with the Light
 He lost the Palace, and crawl'd back to Night.

Poor gripping Thing, how useless is thy Breath,
 While nothing's so much long'd for as thy Death?
 How meanly hast thou spent thy Lease of Years,
 A Slave to Poverty, to Toils and Fears?
 And all to vie with some black rugged Hill,
 Whose rich Contents Millions of Chests can fill;
 As round the greedy Rock clings to the Mine,
 And hinders it in open Day to shine;
 'Till Diggers hew it from the Spar's Imbrace,
 Making it Circle, stamp'd with *Cæsar's* Face;

So dost thou hoard, and from thy Prince purloin,
 His useful Image, and thy Country-Coin;
 'Till gaping Heirs have freed th' imprison'd Slave,
 When to their Comfort thou hast fill'd a Grave.

THE next who with a jaunty Air approach'd,
 Was a gay Youth, who thither had been Coach'd;
 Sleek were his *Flanders*-Mares, his Liveries fine,
 With glittering Gold his Furniture did shine.
 Sure such methought may enter when they please,
 Who have all these appearances of Ease;
 Strutting he march'd, nor any leave he crav'd,
 Attempt to pass but found himself deceiv'd.
 Old *Touchstone* gave him on his Breast a Box,
 Which op'd the Sluices of a latent Pox,
 Then bid his Equipage in haste depart,
 The Youth look'd on them with a fainting Heart;
 He found he could not Walk, and bid them stay,
 Swore Three cramp Oaths, mounted, and wheel'd
 away.

THE Power express'd herself thus, with a Smile,
 ' These changing Shadows are not worth our
 while;

' With smallest Trifles oft their Peace is torn,
 ' If here at Night, they rarely meet the Morn.'

ANOTHER Beau as fine, but more vivace,
 Whose Airs sat round him with an easy Grace,
 And well bred Motion, came up to the Gate,
 I lov'd him much, and trembled for his Fate;
 The Centry broke his clouded Cane, -- he smil'd,
 Got fairly in, and all our Fears beguil'd.

The Cane was soon renew'd which had been broke,
 And thus the Virtue to the Circle spoke,
 ' Each thing Magnificent or Gay we grant,
 ' To them who're capable to bear their want.'

Two handsom Toasts came next, them well
 I knew,
 Their lovely Make the Court's Observance drew;
 Three waiting Maids attended in the Rear,
 Each loaden with as much as she could bear :
 One mov'd beneath a Load of Silks and Lace,
 Another bore the Offsets of the Face ;
 But the most bulky Burden of the Three,
 Was hers who bore the Utensils of *Bohea*.
 My Mind indulgent in their Favour pled,
 Hoping no Opposition would be made :
 So mannerly, so smooth, so mild their Eye,
 Enough almost to give CONTENT Envy.
 But soon I found my Error, the bold Judge,
 Who acted as if prompted by some Grudge,
 Them thus saluted with a hollow Tone,
 ' You're none of my acquaintance get you gone ;
 ' What Loads of Trump'ry these? --- Ha where's
 my *Cross*?
 ' I'll try if these are solid Ware or bofs.

The *China* felt the fury of his Blow,
 And lost a Being, or for use or show ;
 For use or show no more's each Plate or Cup,
 But all in Shreds upon the Threshold drop.
 Now every Charm which deck'd their Face before,
 Give Place to Rage, and Beauty is no more ;
 The briny Stream their rosy Cheeks besmear'd,
 Whilst they in Clouds of Vapours disappear'd.

A rustick Hind, attir'd in home-spun Gray,
 With forked Locks, and Shoes bedaub'd with Clay,
 Palms shod with Horn, his Front fresh, brown, and
 broad,

With Legs and Shoulders fitted for a Load ;
 He 'midst Ten brawling Children laugh'd and sung,
 While Consort Hob-nails on the Pavement rung :
 Up to the Porter unconcern'd he came,
 Forcing along his Offspring and their Dame.

Cross *Touchstone* strove to stop him but the Clown,
 At handy-cuffs him match'd, and threw him down ;

And spite of him into the Palace went,
Where he was kindly welcom'd by *Content*.

Two *Busbian* Philosophs put in their Claims,
Gamaliel and *Critis* were their Names;
But soon's they had our *British* HOMER seen,
With Face unruff'd waiting on the QUEEN,
Envious Hate their surly Bosoms fir'd,
Their Colour chang'd, they from the Porch retir'd;
Backward they went, reflecting with much Rage,
On the bad Taste and Humour of the Age,
Which paid so much Respect to Nat'ral Parts,
While they were starving Graduates of Arts.
The Goddess fell a laughing at the Fools,
And sent them packing to their Grammar-Schools;
Or in some Garret elevate to dwell,
There with *Sisyphian* Toil to teach dull Beaus to spell.

Now all this while a Gale of Eastern Wind,
And cloudy Skies oppress'd the human Mind;

The

The Wind set *West*, back'd with the radiant Beams,
 Which warm'd the Air, and danc'd upon the Streams,
 Exhal'd the Spleen, and sooth'd a World of Souls,
 Who crowded now the Avenue in Shoals.

Numbers in Black, of Widowers, Relicts Heirs,
 Of new wed Lovers many handsome Pairs;
 Men landed from abroad, from Camps and Seas,
 Others got through some dangerous Disease:
 A train of *Belles* adorn'd with something new,
 And even of ancient *Prudes* there were a few;
 Who were refresh'd with Scandal and with Tea,
 Which for a space set them from Vapours free;
 Here from their Cups the lower species flockt,
 And Knaves with Bribes and cheating Method
 flockt.

THE Power survey'd the Troop, and gave
 command,

They should no longer in the Entry stand;
 But be convey'd into *Chimera's* Tower,
 There to attend her Pleasure for an Hour.

Soon

SOON as they entred, Apprehensions shook
 The Fabrick, Fear was fixt on every Look;
 Old Age and Poverty, Disease, Disgrace,
 With horrid Grin, star'd full in ev'ry Face,
 Which made them trembling at their unknown
 Fate,

Issue in haste out by the Postern-Gate.

NONE waited out their Hour but only Two,
 Who had been wedded Fifteen Years ago;
 The Man had learn'd the World, and fixt his
 Mind,

His Spouse was chearful, beautiful and kind:
 She neither fear'd the shock nor Fantom's stare,
 She thought her Husband wife, and knew that he
 was there.

Now while the Court was fitting, my fair Guide,
 Into a fine *Elysium* me convey'd;

I saw, or thought I saw, the spacious Fields,
 Adorn'd with all prolifick Nature yields;
 Profusely rich, with her most valu'd Store,
 But as m' enchanted Fancy wander'd o'er
 The happy Plain, new Beauties seem'd to rise,
 The Fields were fled, and all was painted Skies.
 Pleas'd for a while, I wish'd the former Scene;
 Straight all return'd and eas'd me of my Pain.
 Again the flow'ry Meadows disappear,
 And Hills and Groves their stately Summits rear;
 These sink again, and rapid Rivers flow,
 Next from the Rivers, Cities seem to grow.

S O M E T I M E the fleeting Scene I had forgot,
 In busie Thought intranc'd, with Pain I fought,
 To know the hidden Charm, straight all was fled,
 And boundless Heav'ns o'er boundless Ocean spread;
 Impatient I obtest my noble Guide,
 Reveal this wond'rous Secret. She reply'd.

WE carried on what greatly we design'd,
 When all these human Follies you resign'd,
 Ambition, Luxury, and a covetous Mind;
 Yet think not true *Content* can thus be bought,
 There's wanting still a train of virtuous Thought.

WHEN me your Leader, prudently you choose
 And list'ning to my Counsel, did refuse
 Fantaftick Joys, your Soul was thus prepar'd
 For true *Content* and thus I do reward
 Your gen'rous Toil. Observe this wondrous Clime,
 Of Nature's Blessings here are hid the Prime;
 But wise and virtuous Thought in constant Course,
 Must draw these Beauties from their hidden Source,
 The smallest Intermiffions will transform
 The pleasant Scene, and spoil each perfect Charm.
 'Tis ugly Vice will rob you of *Content*,
 And to your View all hellish Woes present.

Nor grudge the Care in Virtue you employ,
 Your present Toil will prove your future Joy.
 Then Smil'd she heav'nly sweet, and parting said,
 Hold fast your virtuous Mind, of nothing be afraid.

A while the charming Voice so fill'd my Ears,
 I griev'd, the Form Divine no more appears.
 Then to confirm my yet unsteady Mind,
 Under a lonely Shadow I reclin'd,
 To try the Virtues of the Clime I sought.
 Then straight call'd up a Train of hideous Thought,
 Famine and Blood, and Pestilence appear,
 Wild Shrieks and loud Laments disturb my Ear;
 New Woes and Horrors did my Sight alarm.
 Envy and Hate compos'd the wretched Charm.

SOON as I saw, I dropt the hateful View,
 And thus I sought past Pleasures to renew.
 To heav'nly Love my Thoughts I next compose,
 Then quick as Thought the following Sight disclose.

Streams, Meadows, Grotto's Birds carolling,
 Calmness and temp'rate warmth, and endless Spring,
 A perfect Transcript of these upper Bowers,
 The Habitation of th' immortal Powers.

BACK to the Palace ravished I went,
 Resolved to reside with blest Content.
 Where all my special Friends methought I met,
 In order 'mongst the best of Mankind set:
 My Soul with too much Pleasure overcharg'd,
 The captiv'd Senses to their Post enlarg'd;
 Lifting my Eyes I view'd declining Day,
 Sprang from the Green, and homeward bent my way;
 Reflecting on that Hurry, Pain and Strife,
 Which flow from false and real Ills of Life.

E I N I S