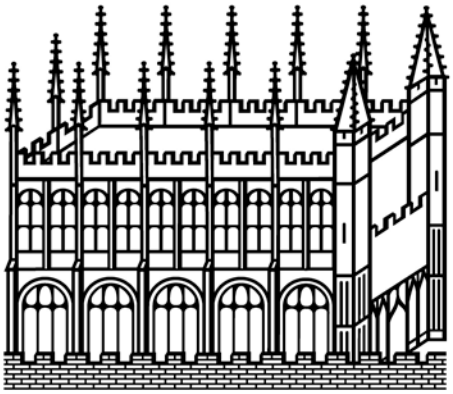

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Glasgow.

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A. V. Dester

May, 1823.

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SAVAGE's POEMS.

He knee'd. Her snowy hand he trembling seiz'd,
Just lifted to his lips, and gently squeez'd;
The meaning squeeze return'd: love caught its lore,
And enter'd at his palm through every pore.

Vide Valentine's Day Page 297 Line 71.

Printed for G. Cooke, Jan.ry 10. 1802.

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# RICHARD SAVAGE.

WITH

## THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

*By DOCTOR JOHNSON.*

**Cooke's Edition.**

Oh Savage! doubly born of noble kind,
And tenfold noble in th' exalted mind:
Want, fear, and calumny, for thee combin'd,
And blood oppreſſive clings around thy mind:
Oft to themſelves their pangs the wretched owe,
But Savage! thine from crimes of others flow.
What demons ſteel a ſhameleſs woman's breaſt!
Maternal fury, wilt thou never reſt?
With vileſt falſehoods, every fiend-like art,
The human harpy rends his bleeding heart.
Unwearied hate the curſe of being gave,
Purſued through life, and ſunk him to the grave.

*Preſton.*

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

**London:**
Printed by J. Wright, No. 20, Denmark Court, Strand.
For C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row.
And ſold by all the Bookſellers in
Great-Britain and
Ireland.

BODLEIAN
26 10 1911
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THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# RICHARD SAVAGE.

Containing his

| | |
|---|---|
| WANDERER, | EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY, |
| BASTARD, | VALENTINE'S DAY, |
| PROGRESS OF A DIVINE, | VOLUNTEER LAUREATS, |
| PUBLIC SPIRIT, | EPISTLES, |

*&c. &c. &c.*

---

Thee, SAVAGE, thee (the juſtly great) admire,
Thee, quick'ning judgment's phlegm with fancy's fire,
Thee, ſlow to cenſure, earneſt to commend,
An able critic, but a willing friend.

*Dyer's Epiſtle to Savage.*

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London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

# LIFE OF SAVAGE.

IT has been obſerved, in all ages, that the advantages of nature or of fortune, have contributed very little to the promotion of happineſs; and that thoſe whom the ſplendor of their rank, or the extent of their capacity, have placed upon the ſummits of human life, have not often given juſt occaſion to envy, in thoſe who look up to them from a lower ſtation. Whether it be that apparent ſuperiority incites great deſigns, and great deſigns are naturally liable to fatal miſcarriages; or that the general lot of mankind is miſery, and the misfortunes of thoſe whoſe eminence drew upon them an univerſal attention, have been more carefully recorded, becauſe they were more generally obſerved, and have in reality been only more conſpicuous than thoſe of others, not more frequent, or more ſevere.

That affluence and power, advantages extrinſic and adventitious, and therefore eaſily ſeparable from thoſe by whom they are poſſeſſed, ſhould very often flatter the mind with expectations of felicity which they cannot give, raiſes no aſtoniſhment; but it ſeems rational to hope, that intellectual greatneſs ſhould produce better effects; that minds qualified for great attainments ſhould firſt endeavour their own benefit; and that they who are moſt able to teach others the way to happineſs, ſhould with moſt certainty follow it themſelves.

But this obſervation, however plauſible, has been very frequently diſappointed. The heroes of literary, as well as civil hiſtory, have very often been no leſs remarkable for what they have achieved; and volumes have been written only to enumerate the miſeries of the learned, and relate their unhappy lives, and untimely deaths.

To theſe mournful narratives, I am about to add the Life of Richard Savage, a man whoſe writings entitle him to an eminent rank in the claſſes of learning, and whoſe misfortunes claim a degree of compaſſion, not always due to the unhappy, as they were often the conſequences of the crimes of others, rather than his own.

In the year 1697, Anne, Counteſs of Macclesfield, having lived for ſome time upon very uneaſy terms with her huſband, thought a public confeſſion of adultery the moſt obvious and expeditious method of obtaining her liberty; and therefore declared, that the child, with which ſhe was then great, was begotten by the Earl Rivers. This, as may eaſily be imagined, made her huſband no leſs deſirous of a ſeparation, than herſelf, and he proſecuted his deſign in

the moſt effectual manner; for he applied not to the eccleſiaſtical courts for a divorce, but to the parliament for an act, by which his marriage might be diſſolved, the nuptial contract totally annulled, and the children of his wife illegitimated. This act, after the uſual deliberation, he obtained, though without the approbation of ſome, who conſidered marriage as an affair only cognizable by eccleſiaſtical judges;* and on March 3d was ſeparated from his wife, whoſe fortune, which was very great, was repaid her; and who having, as well as her huſband, the liberty of making another choice, was, in a ſhort time, married to Colonel Bret.

While the Earl of Macclesfield was proſecuting this affair, his wife was, on the 10th of January 1697-8, delivered of a ſon, and the Earl Rivers, by appearing to conſider him as his own, left none any reaſon to doubt of the ſincerity of her declaration; for he was his godfather, and gave him his own name, which was, by his direction, inſerted in the regiſter of St. Andrew's pariſh in Holborn, but unfortunately left him to the care of his mother, whom, as ſhe was now ſet free from her huſband, he probably imagined likely to treat with great tenderneſs the child that had contributed to ſo pleaſing an event. It is not indeed eaſy to diſcover what motives could be found to overbalance that natural affection of a parent, or what intereſt could be promoted by neglect or cruelty.

But whatever were her motives, no ſooner was her ſon born, than ſhe diſcovered a reſolution of diſowning him; and, in a very ſhort time, removed him from her ſight, by committing him to the care of a poor woman, whom ſhe directed to educate him as her own, and enjoined never to inform him of his true parents.

Such was the beginning of the life of Richard Savage. Born with a legal claim to honour and to affluence, he was in two months illegitimated by the parliament, and diſowned by his mother, doomed to poverty and obſcurity, and launched upon the ocean of life, only that he might be ſwallowed by its quickſands, or daſhed upon its rocks.

His mother could not indeed infect others with the ſame cruelty. As it was impoſſible to avoid the inquiries which

* This year was made remarkable by the diſſolution of a marriage ſolemnized in the face of the church. *Salmon's Review.*

The following proteſt is regiſtered in the books of the Houſe of Lords.

Diſſentient.

Becauſe we conceive that this is the firſt bill of that nature that hath paſſed, where there was not a divorce firſt obtained in the ſpiritual court; which we look upon as an ill precedent, and may be of dangerous conſequence in the future.

HALIFAX, ROCHESTER.

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the curioſity or tenderneſs of her relations made after her child, ſhe was obliged to give ſome account of the meaſures that ſhe had taken; and her mother, the Lady Maſon, whether in approbation of her deſign, or to prevent more criminal contrivances, engaged to tranſact with the nurſe, to pay her for her care, and to ſuperintend the education of the child.

In this charitable office ſhe was aſſiſted by his godmother, Mrs. Lloyd, who, while ſhe lived, always looked upon him with that tenderneſs, which the barbarity of his mother made peculiarly neceſſary; but her death, which happened in his tenth year, was another of the misfortunes of his childhood; for though ſhe kindly endeavoured to alleviate his loſs by a legacy of three hundred pounds, yet, as he had none to proſecute his claim, to ſhelter him from oppreſſion, or call in law to the aſſiſtance of juſtice, her will was eluded by the executors, and no part of the money was ever paid.

He was, however, not yet wholly abandoned. The Lady Maſon ſtill continued her care, and directed him to be placed at a ſmall grammar ſchool near St. Alban's, where he was called by the name of his nurſe, without the leaſt intimation that he had a claim to any other.

Here he was initiated in literature, and paſſed through ſeveral of the claſſes, with what rapidity or what applauſe cannot now be known. As he always ſpoke with reſpect of his maſter, it is probable that the mean rank, in which he then appeared, did not hinder his genius from being diſtinguiſhed, or his induſtry from being rewarded; and if in ſo low a ſtate he obtained diſtinction and rewards, it is not likely that they were gained but by genius and induſtry.

It is very reaſonable to conjecture, that his application was equal to his abilities, becauſe his improvement was more than proportioned to the opportunities which he enjoyed; nor can it be doubted, that if his earlieſt productions had been preſerved, like thoſe of happier ſtudents, we might in ſome have found vigorous ſallies of that ſprightly humour, which diſtinguiſhes *The Author to be let*, and in others ſtrong touches of that ardent imagination which painted the ſolemn ſcenes of *The Wanderer*.

While he was thus cultivating his genius, his father, the Earl Rivers, was ſeized with a diſtemper, which in a ſhort time put an end to his life. He had frequently inquired after his ſon, and had always been amuſed with fallacious and evaſive anſwers; but, being now in his own opinion on his death-bed, he thought it his duty to provide for him among his other natural children, and therefore demanded a poſitive

a poſitive account of him, with an importunity not to be diverted or denied. His mother, who could no longer refuſe an anſwer, determined at leaſt to give ſuch as ſhould cut him off for ever from that happineſs which competence affords, and therefore declared that he was dead; which is perhaps the firſt inſtance of a lye invented by a mother to deprive her ſon of a proviſion which was deſigned him by another, and which ſhe could not expect herſelf, though he ſhould loſe it. This was therefore an act of wickedneſs which could not be defeated, becauſe it could not be ſuſpected; the Earl did not imagine that there could exiſt in a human form a mother that would ruin her ſon without enriching herſelf, and therefore beſtowed upon ſome other perſon ſix thouſand pounds, which he had in his will bequeathed to Savage.

The ſame cruelty which incited his mother to intercept this proviſion which had been intended him, prompted her in a ſhort time to another project, a project worthy of ſuch a diſpoſition. She endeavoured to rid herſelf from the danger of being at any time made known to him, by ſending him ſecretly to the American plantations. By whoſe kindneſs this ſcheme was counteracted, or by what interpoſition ſhe was induced to lay aſide her deſign, I know not; but being hindered, by whatever means, from baniſhing him into another country, ſhe formed, ſoon after, a ſcheme for burying him in poverty and obſcurity in his own; and, that his ſtation of life, if not the place of his reſidence, might keep him for ever at a diſtance from her, ſhe ordered him to be placed with a ſhoemaker in Holborn, that, after the uſual time of trial, he might become his apprentice.*

About this time his nurſe, who had always treated him as her own ſon, died; and it was natural for him to take care of thoſe effects, which by her death were, as he imagined, become his own; he therefore went to her houſe, opened her boxes, and examined her papers, among which he found ſome letters written to her by the Lady Maſon, which informed him of his birth, and the reaſons for which it was concealed. He was now no longer ſatisfied with the employment which had been allotted him, but thought he had a right to ſhare the affluence of his mother; and therefore, without ſcruple, applied to her as her ſon, and made uſe of every art to awaken her tenderneſs, and attract her regard. But neither his letters, nor the interpoſition of thoſe friends which his merit or his diſtreſs procured

* Preface to Savage's Miſcellanies.

him,

him, made any impreſſion upon her mind: ſhe ſtill reſolved to neglect, though ſhe could no longer diſown him. It was to no purpoſe that he frequently ſolicited her to admit him to ſee her; ſhe avoided him with the moſt vigilant precaution, and ordered him to be excluded from her houſe, by whomſoever he might be introduced, and what reaſon ſoever he might give for entering it.

Savage was, at the ſame time, ſo touched with the diſcovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings for ſeveral hours before her door, in hopes of ſeeing her as ſhe might come by accident to the window, or croſs her apartment with a candle in her hand. But all his aſſiduity and tenderneſs were without effect, for he could neither ſoften her heart, nor open her hand, and was reduced to the utmoſt miſeries of want, while he was endeavouring to awaken the affection of a mother; he was therefore obliged to ſeek ſome other means of ſupport, and, having no profeſſion, became, by neceſſity, an author, and in his eighteenth year offered to the ſtage a comedy borrowed from a Spaniſh plot, which was refuſed by the players, and was therefore given by him to Mr. Bullock, who, having more intereſt, made ſome ſlight alterations, and brought it upon the ſtage, under the title of *Woman's a Riddle*,* but allowed the unhappy author no part of the profit. Not diſcouraged, however, at his repulſe, he wrote two years afterwards *Love in a Veil*, another comedy, borrowed likewiſe from the Spaniſh, but with little better ſucceſs than before; for though it was received and acted, yet it appeared ſo late in the year, that the author obtained no other advantage from it, than the acquaintance of Sir Richard Steele, and Mr. Wilks; by whom he was pitied, careſſed, and relieved.

Sir Richard Steele, having declared in his favour with all the ardour of benevolence, which conſtituted his character, promoted his intereſt with the utmoſt zeal, related his misfortunes, applauded his merit, took all the opportunities of recommending him, and aſſerted, that† "the inhumanity of his mother had given him a right to find every good man his father." Nor was Savage admitted to his acquaintance only, but to his confidence, of which he ſometimes related an inſtance too extraordinary to be omitted, as it affords a very juſt idea of his patron's character.

He was once deſired by Sir Richard, with an air of the utmoſt importance, to come very early to his houſe the

* This play was printed firſt in 8vo, and afterwards in 12mo, the fifth edition.

† Plain Dealer.

next morning. Savage came as he had promiſed, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to inquire, but immediately ſeated himſelf with Sir Richard; the coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmoſt expedition to Hyde-Park Corner, where they ſtopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him, that he intended to publiſh a pamphlet, and that he had deſired him to come thither that he might write for him. They ſoon ſat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was ſurpriſed at the meanneſs of the entertainment, and after ſome heſitation, ventured to aſk for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finiſhed their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon.

Savage then imagined his taſk over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning, and return home; but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him, that he was without money, and that the pamphlet muſt be ſold before the dinner could be paid for; and Savage was obliged to go and offer their new production to ſale for two guineas, which, with ſome difficulty, he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and compoſed the pamphlet only to diſcharge his reckoning.

Nor did the kindneſs of Sir Richard end in common favours. He propoſed to have eſtabliſhed him in ſome ſettled ſcheme of life, and to have contracted a kind of alliance with him, by marrying him to a natural daughter, on whom he intended to beſtow a thouſand pounds. But though he was always laviſh of future bounties, he conducted his affairs in ſuch a manner, that he was ſeldom able to keep his promiſes, or execute his own intentions; and, as he was never able to raiſe the ſum which he had offered, the marriage was delayed. In the mean time, he was officiouſly informed, that Savage had ridiculed him; by which he was ſo much exaſperated, that he withdrew the allowance which he had paid him, and never afterwards admitted him to his houſe.

He was now again abandoned to fortune, without any other friend than Mr. Wilks; a man who, whatever were his abilities or ſkill as an actor, deſerves at leaſt to be remembered for his virtues, which are not often to be found

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in the world, and perhaps leſs often in his profeſſion than in others. As Mr. Wilks was one of thoſe to whom calamity ſeldom complained without relief, he naturally took an unfortunate wit into his protection, and not only aſſiſted him in any caſual diſtreſſes, but continued an equal and ſteady kindneſs to the time of his death. By his interpoſition Savage once obtained from his mother fifty pounds, and a promiſe of one hundred and fifty more; but it was the fate of this unhappy man, that few promiſes of any advantage to him were performed. His mother was infected among others with the general madneſs of the South Sea traffic; and, having been diſappointed in her expectations, refuſed to pay what perhaps nothing but the proſpect of ſudden affluence prompted her to promiſe.

Being thus obliged to depend upon the friendſhip of Mr. Wilks, he was conſequently an aſſiduous frequenter of the theatres; and in a ſhort time the amuſements of the ſtage took ſuch poſſeſſion of him, that he never was abſent from a play in ſeveral years. This conſtant attendance naturally procured him the acquaintance of the players, and, among others, of Mrs. Oldfield, who was ſo much pleaſed with his converſation, and touched with his misfortunes, that ſhe allowed him a ſettled penſion of fifty pounds a year, which was, during her life, regularly paid.

At her death he endeavoured to ſhew his gratitude in the moſt decent manner, by wearing mourning as for a mother; but did not celebrate her in elegies. In his *Wanderer*, he has indeed taken an opportunity of mentioning her, but celebrated her not for her virtue, but her beauty, an excellence which none ever denied her. This is the only encomium with which he has rewarded her liberality, and perhaps he has even in this been too laviſh of his praiſe. He ſeems to have thought, that never to mention his benefactreſs would have an appearance of ingratitude, though to have dedicated any particular performance to her memory would have only betrayed an officious partiality, that, without exalting her character, would have depreſſed his own.

He had ſometimes, by the kindneſs of Mr. Wilks, the advantage of a benefit, on which occaſions he often received uncommon marks of regard and compaſſion; and was once told, by the Duke of Dorſet, that it was juſt to conſider him as an injured nobleman, and that in his opinion the nobility ought to think themſelves obliged, without ſolicitation, to take every opportunity of ſupporting him by their countenance and patronage. But he had generally the mortification to hear that the whole intereſt of his mother was employed to fruſtrate his applications, and that

ſhe

ſhe never left any expedient untried, by which he might be cut off from the poſſibility of ſupporting life. The ſame diſpoſition ſhe endeavoured to diffuſe among all thoſe over whom nature or fortune gave her any influence, and indeed ſucceeded too well in her deſign; but could not always propagate her effrontery with her cruelty, for ſome of thoſe, whom ſhe incited againſt him, were aſhamed of their own conduct, and boaſted of that ſupport which they never gave him.

In this cenſure, I do not indiſcriminately involve all his relations; for he has mentioned with gratitude the humanity of one lady, whoſe name I am now unable to recollect, and to whom therefore I cannot pay the praiſes which ſhe deſerves for having acted well in oppoſition to influence, precept, and example.

The puniſhment which our laws inflict upon thoſe parents who murder their infants is well known, nor has its juſtice ever been conteſted; but if they deſerve death, who deſtroy a child in its birth, what pains can be ſevere enough for her who forbears to deſtroy him, only to inflict ſharper miſeries upon him; who prolongs his life only to make it miſerable; and who expoſes him, without care and without pity, to the malice of oppreſſion, the caprices of chance, and the temptations of poverty; who rejoices to ſee him overwhelmed with calamities; and, when his own induſtry, or the charity of others, has enabled him to riſe for a ſhort time above his miſeries, plunges him again into his former diſtreſs?

The kindneſs of his friends not affording him any conſtant ſupply, and the proſpect of improving his fortune by enlarging his acquaintance, neceſſarily leading him to places of expence, he found it neceſſary to endeavour once more at dramatic poetry.

The ſtory which he choſe for the ſubject, was that of Sir Thomas Overbury, a ſtory well adapted to the ſtage, though perhaps not far enough removed from the preſent age, to admit properly the fictions neceſſary to complete the plan: for the mind, which naturally loves truth, is always moſt offended with the violation of thoſe truths of which we are moſt certain; and we of courſe conceive thoſe facts moſt certain, which approach neareſt to our own time. Out of this ſtory he formed a tragedy, which, if the circumſtances in which he wrote it be conſidered, will afford at once an uncommon proof of ſtrength of genius, and evenneſs of mind; of a ſerenity not to be ruffled, and an imagination not to be ſuppreſſed. During a conſiderable part of the time in which he was employed upon this performance,

formance, he was without lodging, and often without meat; nor had he any other conveniences for ſtudy, than the field or the ſtreet allowed him; there he uſed to walk and form his ſpeeches, and afterwards ſtep into a ſhop, beg for a few moments the uſe of the pen and ink, and write down what he had compoſed upon paper, which he had picked up by accident.

But when, under theſe diſcouragements, the tragedy was finiſhed, there yet remained the labour of introducing it on the ſtage, an undertaking which, to an ingenuous mind, was in a very high degree vexatious and diſguſting; for, having little intereſt or reputation, he was obliged to ſubmit himſelf wholly to the players, and admit, with whatever reluctance, the emendations of Mr. Cibber, which he always conſidered as the diſgrace of his performance. He had indeed, in Mr. Hill, another critic of a very different claſs, from whoſe friendſhip he received great aſſiſtance on many occaſions, and whom he never mentioned but with the utmoſt tenderneſs and regard. He had been for ſome time diſtinguiſhed by him with very particular kindneſs, and on this occaſion it was natural to apply to him as an author of an eſtabliſhed character. He therefore ſent this tragedy to him, with a ſhort copy of verſes, in which he deſired his correction. Mr. Hill readily complied with his requeſt; but as he is remarkable for ſingularity of ſentiment, and bold experiments in language, Savage did not think his play much improved by his innovation, and had, even at that time, the courage to reject ſeveral paſſages which he could not approve; and, what is ſtill more laudable, Mr. Hill had the generoſity not to reſent the neglect of his alterations, but wrote the prologue and epilogue, in which he touches on the circumſtances of the author with great tenderneſs.

After all theſe obſtructions and compliances, he was only able to bring his play upon the ſtage in the ſummer, when the chief actors had retired, and the reſt were in poſſeſſion of the houſe for their own advantage. Among theſe, Mr. Savage was admitted to play the part of Sir Thomas Overbury, by which he gained no great reputation, the theatre being a province for which nature ſeemed not to have deſigned him. In the publication of his performance he was more ſucceſsful, for the rays of genius that glimmered in it, that glimmered through all the miſts which poverty and Cibber had been able to ſpread over it, procured him the notice and eſteem of many perſons eminent for their rank, their virtue, and their wit. Of this play, acted, printed, and dedicated, the accumulated pro-

fits aroſe to an hundred pounds, which he thought, at that time, a very large ſum, having never been maſter of ſo much before.

In the dedication*, for which he received ten guineas, there is nothing remarkable. But the generoſity of Mr. Hill did not end on this occaſion; for afterwards, when Mr. Savage's neceſſities returned, he encouraged a ſubſcription to a Miſcellany of Poems, in a very extraordinary manner, by publiſhing his ſtory in the Plain Dealer†, with ſome affecting lines, which he aſſerts to have been written by Mr. Savage, upon the treatment received by him from his mother, but of which he was himſelf the author, as Savage afterwards declared. Theſe lines, and the paper in which they were inſerted, had a very powerful effect upon all but his mother, whom, by making her cruelty more public, they only hardened in her averſion. Mr. Hill not only promoted the ſubſcription to the Miſcellany, but furniſhed likewiſe the greateſt part of the poems of which it is compoſed, and particularly the Happy Man, which he publiſhed as a ſpecimen.

The ſubſcriptions of thoſe whom theſe papers ſhould influence to patronize merit in diſtreſs, without any other ſolicitation, were directed to be left at Button's coffee-houſe; and Mr. Savage, going thither a few days afterwards, without expectation of any effect from his propoſal, found, to his ſurpriſe, ſeventy guineas, which had been ſent him in conſequence of the compaſſion excited by Mr. Hill's pathetic repreſentation. To this Miſcellany he wrote a Preface, in which he gives an account of his mother's cruelty, in a very uncommon ſtrain of humour, and with a gaiety of imagination, which the ſucceſs of his ſubſcription probably produced. The dedication is addreſſed to the Lady Mary Wortley Montague, whom he flatters without reſerve, and, to confeſs the truth, with very little art.

Soon afterwards, the death of the king furniſhed a general ſubject for a poetical conteſt, in which Savage engaged, and is allowed to have carried the prize of honour from his competitors. He was now advancing in reputation, and, though frequently involved in very diſtreſsful perplexities, appeared however to be gaining upon mankind, when both his fame and his life were endangered by an event, of which

* To Herbert Tryſt, Eſq. of Herefordſhire.

† The Plain Dealer was a periodical paper, written by Mr. Hill and Mr. Bond, whom Mr. Savage called the two contending powers of light and darkneſs. They wrote by turns ſix eſſays each; and the character of the work was obſerved regularly to riſe in Mr. Hill's weeks, and fall in Mr. Bond's.

it

it is not yet determined, whether it ought to be mentioned as a crime or a calamity.

On the 20th of November, 1727, Savage accidentally meeting two gentlemen, his acquaintances, whoſe names were Merchant and Gregory, he went in with them to a neighbouring coffee-houſe, and ſat drinking till it was late. He would willingly have gone to bed in the ſame houſe; but there was not room for the whole company, and therefore they agreed to ramble about the ſtreets, and divert themſelves with ſuch amuſements as ſhould offer themſelves till morning.

In their walk, they happened to diſcover a light in Robinſon's coffee-houſe, near Charing-croſs, and therefore went in. Merchant, with ſome rudeneſs, demanded a room, and was told that there was a good fire in the next parlour, which the company were about to leave, being then paying their reckoning. Merchant, not ſatisfied with this anſwer, ruſhed into the room, and was followed by his companions. He then petulantly placed himſelf between the company and the fire, and ſoon after kicked down the table. This produced a quarrel, ſwords were drawn on both ſides, and one Mr. James Sinclair was killed. Savage, having wounded likewiſe a maid that held him, forced his way with Merchant out of the houſe; but being intimidated and confuſed, without reſolution either to fly or ſtay, they were taken in a back-court, by one of the company, and ſome ſoldiers, whom he called to his aſſiſtance. Being ſecured and guarded that night, they were in the morning carried before three juſtices, who committed them to the Gatehouſe, from whence, upon the death of Mr. Sinclair, which happened the ſame day, they were removed in the night to Newgate, where they were, however, treated with ſome diſtinction, exempted from the ignominy of chains, and confined, not among the common criminals, but in the preſs-yard.

When the day of trial came, the court was crowded in a very unuſual manner, and the public appeared to intereſt itſelf as in a cauſe of general concern. The witneſſes againſt Savage and his friends were, the woman who kept the houſe, which was a houſe of ill fame, and her maid, the men who were in the room with Mr. Sinclair, and a woman of the town, who had been drinking with them, and with whom one of them had been ſeen in bed. They ſwore in general, that Merchant gave the provocation, which Savage and Gregory drew their ſwords to juſtify; that Savage drew firſt, and that he ſtabbed Sinclair when he was not in a poſture of defence, or while Gregory com-

manded his ſword; that after he had given the thruſt, he turned pale, and would have retired, but that the maid clung round him, and one of the company endeavoured to detain him, from whom he broke, by cutting the maid on the head, but was afterwards taken in a court.

There was ſome difference in their depoſitions; one did not ſee Savage give the wound, another ſaw it given when Sinclair held his point towards the ground; and the woman of the town aſſerted, that ſhe did not ſee Sinclair's ſword at all: this difference, however, was very far from amounting to inconſiſtency; but it was ſufficient to ſhew, that the hurry of the diſpute was ſuch, that it was not eaſy to diſcover the truth with relation to the particular circumſtances, and that therefore ſome deductions were to be made from the credibility of the teſtimonies.

Sinclair had declared, ſeveral times before his death, that he had received his wound from Savage, nor did Savage at his trial deny the fact, but endeavoured partly to extenuate it, by urging the ſuddenneſs of the whole action, and the impoſſibility of any ill deſign, or premeditated malice, and partly to juſtify it by the neceſſity of ſelf-defence, and the hazard of his own life, if he had loſt that opportunity of giving the thruſt: he obſerved, that neither reaſon nor law obliged a man to wait for the blow which was threatened, and which, if he ſhould ſuffer it, he might never be able to return; that it was always allowable to prevent an aſſault, and to preſerve life by taking away that of the adverſary, by whom it was endangered.

With regard to the violence, with which he endeavoured to eſcape, he declared, that it was not his deſign to fly from juſtice, or decline a trial, but to avoid the expences and ſeverities of a priſon; and that he intended to have appeared at the bar without compulſion.

This defence, which took up more than an hour, was heard by the multitude that thronged the court with the moſt attentive and reſpectful ſilence: thoſe who thought he ought not to be acquitted, owned that applauſe could not be refuſed him; and thoſe who before pitied his misfortunes, now reverenced his abilities.

The witneſſes which appeared againſt him, were proved to be perſons of characters which did not entitle them to much credit; a common ſtrumpet, a woman by whom ſtrumpets were entertained, and a man by whom they were ſupported; and the character of Savage was, by ſeveral perſons of diſtinction, aſſerted to be that of a modeſt inoffenſive man, not inclined to broils, or to inſolence, and

who

who had, to that time, been only known for his misfortunes and his wit.

Had his audience been his judges, he had undoubtedly been acquitted; but Mr. Juſtice Page, who was then upon the bench, treated him with his uſual inſolence and ſeverity, and when he had ſummed up the evidence, endeavoured to exaſperate the jury, as Savage uſed to relate it, with this eloquent harangue:

"Gentleman of the jury, you are to conſider that Mr. Savage is a very great man; a much greater man than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he wears fine cloaths, much finer cloaths than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he has abundance of money in his pocket, much more money than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; but, gentlemen of the jury, is it not a very hard caſe, gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. Savage ſhould therefore kill you or me, gentlemen of the jury?"

Savage, hearing his defence thus miſrepreſented, and the men who were to decide his fate incited againſt him by invidious compariſons, reſolutely aſſerted that his cauſe was not candidly explained, and began to recapitulate what he had before ſaid, with regard to his condition, and the neceſſity of endeavouring to eſcape the expences of impriſonment; but the judge, having ordered him to be ſilent, and repeated his orders without effect, commanded that he ſhould be taken from the bar by force.

The jury then heard the opinion of the judge, deliberated upon their verdict, and determined that Mr Savage and Mr. Gregory were guilty of murder, and Mr. Merchant, who had no ſword, only of manſlaughter. Thus ended this memorable trial, which laſted eight hours. Mr. Savage and Mr. Gregory were conducted back to priſon, where they were more cloſely confined, and loaded with irons of fifty pounds weight. Four days afterwards, they were ſent back to the court to receive ſentence; on which occaſion Savage made, as far as it could be retained in memory, the following ſpeech.

"It is now, my Lord, too late to offer any thing by way of defence or vindication; nor can we expect from your Lordſhips, in this court, but the ſentence which the law requires you, as judges, to pronounce againſt men of our calamitous condition. But we are alſo perſuaded, that, as mere men, and out of this ſeat of rigorous juſtice, you are ſuſceptible of the tender paſſions, and too humane not to commiſerate the unhappy ſituation of thoſe whom the law ſometimes, perhaps, *exacts* from you to pronounce upon.—No doubt you diſtinguiſh between offences which ariſe out

of premeditation, and a diſpoſition habituated to vice or immorality, and tranſgreſſions, which are the unhappy and unforeſeen effects of caſual abſence of reaſon, and ſudden impulſe of paſſion: we therefore hope you will contribute all you can to an extenſion of that mercy, which the gentlemen of the jury have been pleaſed to ſhew Mr. Merchant, who (allowing facts as ſworn againſt us by the evidence) has led us into this our calamity. I hope this will not be conſtrued, as if we meant to reflect upon that gentleman, or remove any thing from us upon him, or that we repine the more at our fate, becauſe he has no participation of it: No, my Lord! For my part, I declare nothing could more ſoften my grief, than to be without any companion in ſo great a misfortune."

Savage had now no hopes of life, but from the mercy of the crown, which was very earneſtly ſolicited by his friends, and which, with whatever difficulty the ſtory may obtain belief, was obſtructed only by his mother. To prejudice the Queen againſt him, ſhe made uſe of an incident, which was omitted in the order of time, that it might be mentioned together with the purpoſe which it was made to ſerve. Savage, when he had diſcovered his birth, had an inceſſant deſire to ſpeak to his mother, who always avoided him in public, and refuſed him admiſſion into her houſe. One evening, walking, as it was his cuſtom, in the ſtreet that ſhe inhabited, he ſaw the door of her houſe by accident open; he entered it, and, finding no perſon in the paſſage to hinder him, went up ſtairs to ſalute her. She diſcovered him before he could enter her chamber, alarmed the family with the moſt diſtreſsful outcries, and when ſhe had by her ſcreams gathered them about her, ordered them to drive out of the houſe that villain, who had forced himſelf in upon her, and endeavoured to murder her. Savage, who had attempted with the moſt ſubmiſſive tenderneſs to ſoften her rage, hearing her utter ſo deteſtable an accuſation, thought it prudent to retire; and, I believe, never attempted afterwards to ſpeak to her.

When the Queen was ſolicited for his pardon, and informed of the ſevere treatment which he had ſuffered from his judge, ſhe anſwered, that, however unjuſtifiable might be the manner of his trial, or whatever extenuation the action for which he was condemned might admit, ſhe could not think that man a proper object of the King's mercy, who had been capable of entering his mother's houſe in the night, with an intent to murder her.

Thus had Savage periſhed by the evidence of a bawd, a ſtrumpet, and his mother, had not juſtice and compaſſion

procured

procured him an advocate of rank, too great to be rejected unheard, and of virtue too eminent to be heard without being believed. His merit and his calamities happened to reach the ear of the Counteſs of Hertford, who engaged in his ſupport with all the tenderneſs that is excited by pity, and all the zeal which is kindled by generoſity; and, demanding an audience of the Queen, laid before her the whole ſeries of his mother's cruelty, expoſed the improbability of an accuſation by which he was charged with an intent to commit a murder that could produce no advantage, and ſoon convinced her how little his former conduct could deſerve to be mentioned as a reaſon for extraordinary ſeverity. The interpoſition of this lady was ſo ſucceſsful, that he was ſoon after admitted to bail, and, on the 9th of March 1728, pleaded the King's pardon.

Savage, during his impriſonment, his trial, and the time in which he lay under ſentence of death, behaved with great firmneſs and equality of mind, and confirmed, by his fortitude, the eſteem of thoſe who before admired him for his abilities. The peculiar circumſtances of his life were made more generally known by a ſhort account, which was then publiſhed, and of which ſeveral thouſands were in a few weeks diſperſed over the nation; and the compaſſion of mankind operated ſo powerfully in his favour, that he was enabled, by frequent preſents, not only to ſupport himſelf, but to aſſiſt Mr. Gregory in priſon; and, when he was pardoned and releaſed, he found the number of his friends not leſſened.

Some time after he had obtained his liberty, he met in the ſtreet the woman that had ſworn with ſo much malignity againſt him. She informed him that ſhe was in diſtreſs, and, with a degree of confidence not eaſily attainable, deſired him to relieve her. He, inſtead of inſulting her miſery, and taking pleaſure in the calamities of one who had brought his life into danger, reproved her gently for her perjury; and, changing the only guinea that he had, divided it equally between her and himſelf.

Compaſſion was indeed the diſtinguiſhing quality of Savage; he never appeared inclined to take advantage of weakneſs, to attack the defenceleſs, or to preſs upon the falling; whoever was diſtreſſed, was certain, at leaſt, of his good wiſhes; and when he could give no aſſiſtance to extricate them from misfortunes, he endeavoured to ſooth them by ſympathy and tenderneſs. But when his heart was not ſoftened by the ſight of miſery, he was ſometimes obſtinate in his reſentment, and did not quickly loſe the remembrance of an injury. He always continued to ſpeak

with

with anger of the inſolence and partiality of Page, and a ſhort time before his death revenged it by a ſatire.

It is natural to inquire in what terms Savage ſpoke of this fatal action, when the danger was over, and he was under no neceſſity of uſing any art to ſet his conduct in the faireſt light. He was not willing to dwell upon it; and, if he tranſiently mentioned it, appeared neither to conſider himſelf as a murderer, nor as a man wholly free from the guilt of blood*. How much, and how long he regretted it, appeared in a poem which he publiſhed many years afterwards.

He was now indeed at liberty, but was, as before, without any other ſupport than accidental favours, and uncertain patronage afforded him; ſources by which he was ſometimes very liberally ſupplied, and which at other times were ſuddenly ſtopped; ſo that he ſpent his life between want and plenty; or, what was yet worſe, between beggary and extravagance; for as whatever he received was the gift of chance, which might as well favour him at one time as another, he was tempted to ſquander what he had, becauſe he always hoped to be immediately ſupplied.

The experience of theſe inconveniences determined him to endeavour after ſome ſettled income, which, having long found ſubmiſſion and entreaties fruitleſs, he attempted to extort from his mother by rougher methods. He therefore threatened to harraſs her with lampoons, and to publiſh a narrative of her conduct, unleſs ſhe conſented to purchaſe an exemption from infamy, by allowing him a penſion. This expedient proved ſucceſsful, as Lord Tyrconnel, upon his promiſe to lay aſide his deſign of expoſing his mother, received him into his family, treated him as an equal, and engaged to allow him a penſion of two hundred pounds a year.

This was the golden part of Savage's life; and for ſome time he had no reaſon to complain of fortune; his appearance was ſplendid, his expences large, and his acquaintance extenſive. He was courted by all who endeavoured to be thought men of genius, and careſſed by all who valued themſelves upon a refined taſte. To admire Savage, was a proof of diſcernment, and to be acquainted with him, was a title to poetical reputation. His preſence was ſufficient to make any place of public entertainment popular; and his approbation and example conſtituted the faſhion.

This interval of proſperity furniſhed him with opportunities of enlarging his knowledge of human nature, by contemplating life from its higheſt gradations to its loweſt; and, had he afterwards applied to dramatic poetry, he

* In one of his letters he ſtyles it "a fatal quarrel, but too well known."

would

would perhaps not have had many ſuperiors. Of his exact obſervations on human life he has left a proof, which would do honour to the greateſt names, in a ſmall pamphlet, called, *The Author to be let*, where he introduces Iſcariot Hackney, a proſtitute ſcribbler, giving an account of his birth, his education, his diſpoſition and morals, habits of life, and maxims of conduct. In the introduction are related many ſecret hiſtories of the petty writers of that time, but ſometimes mixed with ungenerous reflections on their birth, their circumſtances, or thoſe of their relations; nor can it be denied, that ſome paſſages are ſuch as Iſcariot Hackney might himſelf have produced.

He was accuſed likewiſe of living in an appearance of friendſhip with ſome whom he ſatiriſed, and of making uſe of the confidence he gained by a ſeeming kindneſs to diſcover failings, and expoſe them: it muſt be confeſſed, that Savage's eſteem was no very certain poſſeſſion, and that he would lampoon at one time thoſe whom he had praiſed at another.

It may be alledged, that the ſame man may change his principles, and that, he who was once deſervedly commended, may be afterwards ſatiriſed with equal juſtice, or that the poet was dazzled with the appearance of virtue, and found the man whom he had celebrated, when he had an opportunity of examining him more narrowly, unworthy of the panegyric which he had too haſtily beſtowed; and that as a falſe ſatire ought to be recanted, for the ſake of him whoſe reputation may be injured, falſe praiſe ought likewiſe to be obviated, leſt the diſtinction between vice and virtue ſhould be loſt, leſt a bad man ſhould be truſted upon the credit of his encomiaſt, or leſt others ſhould endeavour to obtain the like praiſes by the ſame means.

But though theſe excuſes may be often plauſible, and ſometimes juſt, they are very ſeldom ſatisfactory to mankind; and the writer, who is not conſtant to his ſubject, quickly ſinks into contempt, his ſatire loſes its force, and his panegyric its value, and he is only conſidered at one time as a flatterer, and as a calumniator at another.

To avoid theſe imputations, it is only neceſſary to follow the rules of virtue, and to preſerve an unvaried regard to truth. For though it is undoubtedly poſſible, that a man, however cautious, may be ſometimes deceived by an artful appearance of virtue, or by falſe evidences of guilt, ſuch errors will not be frequent; and it will be allowed, that the name of an author would never have been made contemptible, had no man ever ſaid what he did not think, or miſled others but when he was himſelf deceived.

The publication of this piece, at this time, raiſed Savage a great

a great number of enemies among thoſe that were attacked by Mr. Pope, with whom he was conſidered as a kind of confederate, and whom he was ſuſpected of ſupplying with private intelligence and ſecret incidents: ſo that the ignominy of an informer was added to the terror of a ſatiriſt That he was not altogether free from literary hypocriſy, and that he ſometimes ſpoke one thing, and wrote another, cannot be denied; becauſe he himſelf confeſſed, that, when he lived in great familiarity with Dennis, he wrote the following epigram againſt him.

Should Dennis publiſh you had ſtabb'd your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had,
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad?
On one ſo poor you cannot take the law,
On one ſo old your ſword you ſcorn to draw.
Uncag'd ther, let the harmleſs monſter rage,
Secure in dulneſs, madneſs, want, and age.

This epigram was, I believe, never publiſhed.

Savage, however, ſet all the malice of all the pigmy writers at defiance, and thought the friendſhip of Mr. Pope cheaply purchaſed by being expoſed to their cenſure and their hatred; nor had he any reaſon to repent of the preference, for he found Mr. Pope a ſteady and unalienable friend almoſt to the end of his life.

About this time, notwithſtanding his avowed neutrality with regard to party, he publiſhed a panegyric on Sir Robert Walpole, for which he was rewarded by him with twenty guineas; a ſum not very large, if either the excellence of the performance, or the affluence of the patron, be conſidered; but greater than he afterwards obtained from a perſon of yet higher rank, and more deſirous, in appearance, of being diſtinguiſhed as a patron of literature.

As he was very far from approving the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole, and in converſation mentioned him ſometimes with acrimony, and generally with contempt; as he was one of thoſe who were always zealous in their aſſertions of the juſtice of the late oppoſition, jealous of the rights of the people, and alarmed by the long-continued triumph of the court; it was natural to aſk him what could induce him to employ his poetry in praiſe of that man who was, in his opinion, an enemy to liberty, and an oppreſſor of his country? He alledged, that he was then dependent upon the Lord Tyrconnel, who was an implicit follower of the miniſtry, and that being enjoined by him, not without menaces, to write in praiſe of his leader, he had not reſo-

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lution ſufficient to ſacrifice the pleaſure of affluence to that of integrity.

On this, and many other occaſions, he was ready to lament the miſery of living at the tables of other men, which was his fate from the beginning to the end of his life; for I know not whether he ever had, for three months together, a ſettled habitation, in which he could claim a right of reſidence.

To this unhappy ſtate it is juſt to impute much of the inconſtancy of his conduct; for though a readineſs to comply with the inclination of others, was no part of his natural character, yet he was ſometimes obliged to relax his obſtinacy, and ſubmit his own judgment, and even his virtue, to the government of thoſe by whom he was ſupported: ſo that, if his miſeries were ſometimes the conſequences of his faults, he ought not yet to be wholly excluded from compaſſion, becauſe his faults were very often the effects of his misfortunes.

In this gay period of his life, [1729] while he was ſurrounded by affluence and pleaſure, he publiſhed *The Wanderer*, a moral poem, of which the deſign is compriſed in theſe lines:

I fly all public care, all venal ſtrife,
To try the ſtill, compar'd with active life;
To prove, by theſe the ſons of men may owe
The fruits of bliſs to burſting clouds of woe;
That e'en calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inſpirits and adorns the thinking mind.

And more diſtinctly in the following paſſage:

By woe, the ſoul to daring action ſwells;
By woe, in plaintleſs patience it excels;
From patience, prudent clear experience ſprings,
And traces knowledge thro' the courſe of things!
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, ſucceſs,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and careſs.

This performance was always conſidered by himſelf as his maſter piece; and Mr. Pope, when he aſked his opinion of it, told him, that he read it once over, and was not diſpleaſed with it, that it gave him more pleaſure at the ſecond peruſal, and delighted him ſtill more at the third.

Even in this poem he has not been able to forbear one touch upon the cruelty of his mother, which, though remarkably delicate and tender, is a proof how deep an impreſſion it had upon his mind. This muſt be at leaſt acknowledged, which ought to be thought equivalent to many other excellencies, that this poem can promote no

other

other purpoſes than thoſe of virtue, and that it is written with a very ſtrong ſenſe of the efficacy of religion.

From a poem ſo diligently laboured, and ſo ſucceſsfully finiſhed, it might be reaſonably expected that he ſhould have gained conſiderable advantage; nor can it, without ſome degree of indignation and concern, be told, that he ſold the copy for ten guineas, of which he afterwards returned two, that the two laſt ſheets of the work might be reprinted, of which he had in his abſence entruſted the correction to a friend, who was too indolent to perform it with accuracy.

That he ſold ſo valuable a performance for ſo ſmall a price, was not to be imputed either to neceſſity, by which the learned and ingenious are very often obliged to ſubmit to very hard conditions; or to avarice, by which the booksellers are frequently incited to oppreſs that genius by which they are ſupported; but to that intemperate deſire of pleaſure, and habitual ſlavery to his paſſions, which involved him in many perplexities. This poem was addreſſed to the Lord Tyrconnel, not only in the firſt lines, but in a formal dedication, filled with the higheſt ſtrains of panegyric, and the warmeſt profeſſions of gratitude, but by no means remarkable for delicacy of connection, or elegance of ſtyle.

Theſe praiſes, in a ſhort time, he found himſelf inclined to retract, being diſcarded by the man on whom he had beſtowed them, and whom he then immediately diſcovered not to have deſerved them. Of this quarrel, which every day made more bitter, Lord Tyrconnel and Mr. Savage aſſigned very different reaſons, which might perhaps all in reality concur, though they were not all convenient to be alledged by either party. Lord Tyrconnel affirmed, that it was the conſtant practice of Mr. Savage to enter a tavern with any company that propoſed it, drink the moſt expenſive wines with great profuſion, and when the reckoning was demanded, to be without money. If, as it often happened, his company were willing to defray his part, the affair ended, without any ill conſequences; but, if they were refractory, and expected the wine ſhould be paid for by him that drank it, his method of compoſition was, to take them with him to his own apartment, aſſume the government of the houſe, and order the butler, in an imperious manner, to ſet the beſt wine in the cellar before his company, who often drank till they forgot the reſpect due to the houſe in which they were entertained, indulged themſelves in the utmoſt extravagance of merriment, practiſed the moſt licentious frolics, and committed all the outrages of drukenneſs. Nor was this the only charge which

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Lord Tyrconnel brought againſt him. Having given him a collection of valuable books, ſtamped with his own arms, he had the mortification to ſee them in a ſhort time expoſed to ſale upon the ſtalls, it being uſual with Savage, when he wanted a ſmall ſum, to take his books to the pawnbroker.

Savage, on the other hand, declared that Lord Tyrconnel quarrelled with him, becauſe he would ſubtract from his own luxury and extravagance what he had promiſed to allow him, and that his reſentment was only a plea for the violation of his promiſe. He aſſerted that he had done nothing that ought to exclude him from that ſubſiſtence which he thought not ſo much a favour, as a debt, ſince it was offered him upon conditions, which he had never broken; and that his only fault was, that he could not be ſupported with nothing.

During his continuance with the Lord Tyrconnel, he wrote "The Triumph of Health and Mirth," on the recovery of Lady Tyrconnel from a languiſhing illneſs. This performance is remarkable, not only for the gaiety of the ideas, and the melody of the numbers, but for the agreeable fiction upon which it is formed. Mirth, overwhelmed with ſorrow for the ſickneſs of her favourite, takes a flight in queſt of her ſiſter Health, whom ſhe finds reclined upon the brow of a lofty mountain, amidſt the fragrance of perpetual ſpring, with the breezes of the morning ſporting about her. Being ſolicited by her ſiſter Mirth, ſhe readily promiſes her aſſiſtance, flies away in a cloud, and impregnates the waters of Bath with new virtues, by which the ſickneſs of Belinda is relieved.

As the reputation of his abilities, the particular circumſtances of his birth and life, the ſplendour of his appearance, and the diſtinction which was for ſome time paid him by Lord Tyrconnel, entitled him to familiarity with perſons of higher rank; than thoſe to whoſe converſation he had been before admitted, he did not fail to gratify that curioſity, which induced him to take a nearer view of thoſe whom their birth, their employments, or their fortunes, neceſſarily place at a diſtance from the greateſt part of mankind, and to examine whether their merit was magnified or diminiſhed by the medium through which it was contemplated; whether the ſplendour with which they dazzled their admirers was inherent in themſelves, or only reflected on them by the objects that ſurrounded them; and whether great men were ſelected for high ſtations, or high ſtations made great men.

For this purpoſe he took all opportunities of converſing familiarly with thoſe who were moſt conſpicuous at that

time for their power or their influence; he watched their looſer moments, and examined their domeſtic behaviour, with that acuteneſs which nature had given him, and which the uncommon variety of his life had contributed to increaſe. and that inquiſitiveneſs which muſt always be produced in a vigorous mind, by an abſolute freedom from all preſſing of domeſtic engagements. His diſcernment was quick, and therefore he ſoon found in every perſon, and in every affair, ſomething that deſerved attention; he was ſupported by others, without any care for himſelf, and was therefore at leiſure to purſue his obſervations. But the opportunity of indulging his ſpeculations on great characters was now at an end. He was baniſhed from the table of Lord Tyrconnel, and turned again adrift upon the world, without proſpect of finding quickly any other harbour.

His condition did not appear to excite much compaſſion; for he had not always been careful to uſe the advantages he enjoyed, with that moderation which ought to have been with more than uſual caution preſerved by him, who knew, if he had reflected, that he was only a dependant on the bounty of another, whom he could expect to ſupport him no longer than he endeavoured to preſerve his favour by complying with his inclinations, and whom he nevertheleſs ſet at defiance, and was continually irritating by negligence or encroachments.

That Savage was too much elevated by any good fortune, is generally known; and ſome paſſages of his Introduction to "The Author to be let," ſufficiently ſhew, that he did not wholly refrain from ſuch ſatire as he afterwards thought very unjuſt, when he was expoſed to it himſelf; for, when he was afterwards ridiculed in the character of a diſtreſſed poet, he very eaſily diſcovered, that diſtreſs was not a proper ſubject for merriment, or topic for invective. He was then able to diſcern, that, if miſery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be reverenced; if of ill-fortune, to be pitied; and if of vice, not to be inſulted, becauſe it is perhaps itſelf a puniſhment adequate to the crime by which it was produced. And the humanity of that man can deſerve no panegyric, who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.

His degradation from the condition which he had enjoyed with ſuch wanton thoughtleſſneſs, was conſidered by many as an occaſion of triumph. Thoſe who had before paid their court to him without ſucceſs, ſoon returned the contempt which they had ſuffered; and they who had received favours from him, for of ſuch favours as he could beſtow

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he was very liberal, did not always remember them. Savage, however, was very little diſturbed at the marks of contempt which his ill fortune brought upon him, from thoſe whom he never eſteemed, and with whom he never conſidered himſelf as levelled by any calamities; and though it was not without ſome uneaſineſs that he ſaw ſome, whoſe friendſhip he valued, change their behaviour; he yet obſerved their coldneſs without much emotion, conſidered them as the ſlaves of fortune, and the worſhippers of proſperity, and was more inclined to deſpiſe them, than to lament himſelf.

He was not one of thoſe who ſuffered himſelf to be injured without reſiſtance, nor was leſs diligent in expoſing the faults of Lord Tyrconnel, over whom he obtained at leaſt this advantage, that he drove him firſt to the practice of outrage and violence; for he was ſo much provoked by the wit and virulence of Savage, that he came, with a number of attendants, that did no honour to his courage, to beat him at a coffee-houſe. But it happened that he had left the place a few minutes, and his lordſhip had, without danger, the pleaſure of boaſting how he would have treated him. Savage went next day to repay his viſit at his own houſe; but was prevailed on, by his domeſtics, to retire without inſiſting upon ſeeing him.

Lord Tyrconnel was accuſed by Mr. Savage of ſome actions, which ſcarcely any provocations will be thought ſufficient to juſtify; ſuch as ſeizing what he had in his lodgings, and other inſtances of wanton cruelty, by which he increaſed the diſtreſs of Savage, without any advantage to himſelf.

Theſe mutual accuſations were retorted on both ſides, for many years, with the utmoſt degree of virulence and rage; and time ſeemed rather to augment than diminiſh their reſentment. That the anger of Savage ſhould be kept alive is not ſtrange, becauſe he felt every day the conſequences of the quarrel; but it might reaſonably have been hoped, that Lord Tyrconnel might have relented, and at length forgot thoſe provocations, which, however they might have once inflamed him, had not in reality much hurt him. The ſpirit of Mr. Savage, indeed, never ſuffered him to ſolicit a reconciliation; he returned reproach for reproach, and inſult for inſult; his ſuperiority of wit ſupplied the diſadvantages of his fortune, and enabled him to form a party, and prejudice great numbers in his favour.

He now thought himſelf again at liberty to expoſe the cruelty of his mother, and therefore, about this time, publiſhed "The Baſtard," a poem, remarkable for the vivacious

ſallies of thought in the beginning, where he makes a pompous enumeration of the imaginary advantages of baſe birth; and the pathetic ſentiments at the end, where he recounts the real calamities he ſuffered by the crime of his parents. The vigour and ſpirit of the verſes, the peculiar circumſtances of the author, the novelty of the ſubject, and the notoriety of the ſtory to which the alluſions are made, procured this performance a very favourable reception; great numbers were immediately diſperſed, and editions were multiplied with unuſual rapidity.

One circumſtance attended the publication, which Savage uſed to relate with great ſatisfaction. His mother, to whom the poem was, with "due reverence," inſcribed, happened then to be at Bath, where ſhe could not conveniently retire from cenſure, or conceal herſelf from obſervation; and no ſooner did the reputation of the poem begin to ſpread, than ſhe heard it repeated in all places of concourſe, nor could ſhe enter the aſſembly-rooms, or croſs the walks, without being ſaluted with ſome lines from "The Baſtard." This was perhaps the firſt time that ever ſhe diſcovered a ſenſe of ſhame, and on this occaſion the power of wit was very conſpicuous; the wretch who had, without ſcruple, proclaimed herſelf an adultereſs, and who had firſt endeavoured to ſtarve her ſon, then to tranſport him, and afterwards to hang him, was not able to bear the repreſentation of her own conduct; but fled from reproach, though ſhe felt no pain from guilt, and left Bath with the utmoſt haſte, to ſhelter herſelf among the crowds of London. Thus Savage had the ſatisfaction of finding, that, though he could not reform his mother, he could puniſh her, and that he did not always ſuffer alone.

The pleaſure which he received from this increaſe of his poetical reputation, was ſufficient for ſome time to overbalance the miſeries of want, which this performance did not much alleviate; for it was ſold for a very trivial ſum to a bookſeller, who, though the ſucceſs was ſo uncommon that five impreſſions were ſold, of which many were undoubtedly very numerous, had not generoſity ſufficient to admit the unhappy writer to any part of the profit.

The ſale of this poem was always mentioned by Savage with the utmoſt elevation of heart, and referred to by him as an inconteſtible proof of a general acknowledgment of his abilities. It was indeed the only production of which he could juſtly boaſt a general reception.

But though he did not loſe the opportunity which ſucceſs gave him, of ſetting a high rate on his abilities, but paid due deference to the ſuffrages of mankind when they were given

given in his favour, he did not ſuffer his eſteem of himſelf to depend upon others, nor found any thing ſacred in the voice of the people when they were inclined to cenſure him; he then readily ſhewed the folly of expecting that the public ſhould judge right, obſerved how ſlowly poetical merit had often forced its way into the world; he contented himſelf with the applauſe of men of judgment, and was ſomewhat diſpoſed to exclude all thoſe from the character of men of judgment who did not applaud him.

Savage, by imputing none of his miſeries to himſelf, continued to act upon the ſame principles, and to follow the ſame path; was never made wiſer by his ſufferings, nor preſerved by one misfortune from falling into another. He proceeded throughout his life to tread the ſame ſteps on the ſame circle; always applauding his paſt conduct, or at leaſt forgetting it, to amuſe himſelf with phantoms of happineſs, which were dancing before him; and willingly turned his eyes from the light of reaſon, when it would have diſcovered the illuſion, and ſhewn him, what he never wiſhed to ſee, his real ſtate. He is even accuſed, after having lulled his imagination with thoſe ideal opiates, of having tried the ſame experiment upon his conſcience; and, having accuſtomed himſelf to impute all deviations from the right to foreign cauſes, it is certain that he was upon every occaſion too eaſily reconciled to himſelf, and that he appeared very little to regret thoſe practices, which had impaired his reputation. The reigning error of his life was, that he miſtook the love for the practice of virtue, and was indeed not ſo much a good man, as the friend of goodneſs.

He may be conſidered as a child expoſed to all the temptations of indigence, at an age when reſolution was not yet ſtrengthened by conviction, nor virtue confirmed by habit; a circumſtance which in his "Baſtard," he laments in a very affecting manner:

—— No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:
No father's guardian-hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice reſtrain'd.

"The Baſtard," however it might provoke or mortify his mother, could not be expected to melt her to compaſſion, ſo that he was ſtill under the ſame want of the neceſſaries of life; and he therefore exerted all the intereſt which his wit, or his birth, or his misfortunes could procure, to obtain, upon the death of Euſden, the place of Poet Laureat, and proſecuted his application with ſo much diligence,

that the King publicly declared it his intention to beſtow it upon him; but ſuch was the fate of Savage, that even the king, when he intended his advantage, was diſappointed in his ſchemes; for the Lord Chamberlain, who has the diſpoſal of the laurel, as one of the appendages of his office, either did not know the king's deſign, or did not approve it, or thought the nomination of the laureat an encroachment upon his rights, and therefore beſtowed the laureat upon Colley Cibber.

Savage, thus diſappointed, took a reſolution of applying to the Queen, that, having once given him life, ſhe would enable him to ſupport it, and therefore publiſhed a ſhort poem on her birth-day, to which he gave the odd title of "Volunteer Laureat." The event of this eſſay he has himſelf related in the following letter, which he prefixed to the poem, when he afterwards reprinted it in the Gentleman's Magazine, from whence I have copied it entire, as this was one of the few attempts in which Savage ſucceeded.

"Mr. Urban,

"In your Magazine for February, you publiſhed the laſt 'Volunteer Laureat,' written on a very melancholy occaſion, the death of the royal patroneſs of arts and literature in general, and of the author of that poem in particular; I now ſend you the firſt that Mr. Savage wrote under that title. This gentleman, notwithſtanding a very conſiderable intereſt, being, on the death of Mr. Euſden, diſappointed of the laureat's place, wrote the before-mentioned poem; which was no ſooner publiſhed, but the late Queen ſent to a bookſeller for it: the author had not at that time a friend either to get him introduced, or his poem preſented at court; yet ſuch was the unſpeakable goodness of that princeſs, that, notwithſtanding this act of ceremony was wanting, in a few days after publication, Mr. Savage received a bank-bill of fifty pounds, and a gracious meſſage from her Majeſty, by the Lord North and Guilford, to this effect; 'That her Majeſty was highly pleaſed with the verſes; that ſhe took particularly kind his lines there relating to the King; that he had permiſſion to write annually on the ſame ſubject; and that he ſhould yearly receive the like preſent, till ſomething better (which was her Majeſty's intention) could be done for him.' After this, he was permitted to preſent one of his annual poems to her Majeſty, had the honour of kiſſing her hand, and met with the moſt gracious reception.

Yours, &c."

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Such was the performance, and ſuch its reception; a reception which, though by no means unkind, was yet not in the higheſt degree generous: to chain down the genius of a writer to an annual panegyric, ſhewed in the Queen too much deſire of hearing her own praiſes, and a greater regard to herſelf than to him on whom her bounty was conferred. It was a kind of avaricious generoſity, by which flattery was rather purchaſed than genius rewarded.

Mrs. Oldfield had formerly given him the ſame allowance, with much more heroic intention; ſhe had no other view than to enable him to proſecute his ſtudies, and to ſet himſelf above the want of aſſiſtance, and was contented with doing good without ſtipulating for encomiums.

Savage, however, was not at liberty to make exceptions, but was raviſhed with the favours which he had received, and probably yet more with thoſe which he was promiſed; he conſidered himſelf now as a favourite of the Queen, and did not doubt but a few annual poems would eſtabliſh him in ſome profitable employment. He therefore aſſumed the title of Volunteer Laureat, not without ſome reprehenſions from Cibber, who informed him, that the title of Laureat was a mark of honour conferred by the King from whom all honour is derived, and which therefore no man has a right to beſtow upon himſelf; and added, that he might, with equal propriety, ſtyle himſelf a Volunteer Lord, or Volunteer Baronet. It cannot be denied that the remark was juſt; but Savage did not think any title, which was conferred upon Mr. Cibber, ſo honourable as that the uſurpation of it could be imputed to him as an inſtance of very exorbitant vanity, and therefore continued to write under the ſame title, and received every year the ſame reward.

He did not appear to conſider theſe encomiums as teſts of his abilities, or any thing more than annual hints to the Queen of her promiſe, or acts of ceremony, by the performance of which he was entitled to his penſion, and therefore did not labour them with great diligence, or print more than fifty each year, except that for ſome of the laſt years he regularly inſerted them in the Gentleman's Magazine, by which they were diſperſed over the kingdom.

Of ſome of them he had himſelf ſo low an opinion, that he intended to omit them in the collection of poems, for which he printed propoſals, and ſolicited ſubſcriptions; nor can it ſeem ſtrange, that, being confined to the ſame ſubject, he ſhould be at ſome times indolent, and at others unſucceſsful. He wrote indeed with a double intention, which ſupplied him with ſome variety; for his buſineſs was to

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praiſe the Queen for the favours which he had received, and to complain to her of the delay of thoſe which ſhe had promiſed: in ſome of his pieces, therefore, gratitude is predominant, and in ſome diſcontent; in ſome he repreſents himſelf as happy in her patronage, and in others as diſconſolate to find himſelf neglected.

Her promiſe, like other promiſes made to this unfortunate man, was never performed, though he took ſufficient care that it ſhould not be forgotten. The publication of his 'Volunteer Laureat' procured him no other reward than a regular remittance of fifty pounds. He was not ſo depreſſed by his diſappointments as to neglect any opportunity that offered of advancing his intereſt. When the Princeſs Anne was married, he wrote a poem upon her departure, only, as he declared, 'becauſe it was expected from him," and he was not willing to bar his own proſpects by any appearance of neglect. But he never mentioned any advantage gained by this poem, or any regard that was paid to it.

About this time, not only his hopes were in danger of being fruſtrated, but his penſion likewiſe of being obſtructed, by an accidental calumny. The writer of 'The Daily Courant,' a paper then publiſhed under the direction of the miniſtry, charged him with a crime, which, though not very great in itſelf, would have been remarkably invidious in him, and might very juſtly have incenſed the Queen againſt him. He was accuſed by name of influencing elections againſt the court, by appearing at the head of a tory mob; nor did the accuſer fail to aggravate his crime, by repreſenting it as the effect of the moſt atrocious ingratitude, and a kind of rebellion againſt the Queen, who had firſt preſerved him from an infamous death, and afterwards diſtinguiſhed him by her favour, and ſupported him by her charity. The charge, as it was open and confident, was, likewiſe, by good fortune, very particular.—The place of the tranſaction was mentioned, and the whole ſeries of the rioter's conduct related. This exactneſs made Savage's vindication eaſy; for he never had in his life ſeen the place which was declared to be the ſcene of his wickedneſs, nor ever had been preſent in any town when its repreſentatives were choſen. This anſwer he therefore made haſte to publiſh, with all the circumſtances neceſſary to make it credible; and very reaſonably demanded, that the accuſation ſhould be retracted in the ſame paper, that he might no longer ſuffer the imputation of ſedition and ingratitude. This demand was likewiſe preſſed by him in a private letter to the author of the paper, who either truſt-

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ing to the protection of thoſe whoſe defence he had undertaken, or having entertained ſome perſonal malice againſt Savage, or fearing, leſt, by retracting ſo confident an aſſertion, he ſhould impair the credit of his paper, refuſed to give him that ſatisfaction.

Savage therefore thought it neceſſary, to his own vindication, to proſecute him in the King's Bench; but as he did not find any ill effects from the accuſation, having ſufficiently cleared his innocence, he thought any farther procedure would have the appearance of revenge, and therefore willingly dropped it. He ſaw ſoon afterwards a proceſs commenced in the ſame court againſt himſelf, on an information in which he was accuſed of writing and publiſhing an obſcene pamphlet.

It was always Mr. Savage's deſire to be diſtinguiſhed; and, when any controverſy became popular, he never wanted ſome reaſon for engaging in it with great ardour, and appearing at the head of the party which he had choſen. As he was never celebrated for his prudence, he had no ſooner taken his ſide, and informed himſelf of the chief topics of the diſpute, than he took all opportunities of aſſerting and propagating his principles, without much regard to his own intereſt, or any other viſible deſign than that of drawing upon himſelf the attention of mankind.

A diſpute between the Biſhop of London and the Chancellor, was at that time the chief topic of political converſation; and therefore Savage endeavoured to become conſpicuous among the controvertiſts, with which every coffee-houſe was filled on that occaſion. He was an indefatigable oppoſer of all the claims of eccleſiaſtical power, and therefore no friend to the Biſhop of London; ſo that he engaged with great ardour in a new poem, called by him, "The Progreſs of a Divine;' in which he conducts a profligate prieſt, by all the gradations of wickedneſs, from a poor curacy in the country, to the higheſt preferments of the church, and deſcribes, with that humour which was natural to him, and that knowledge which was extended to all the diverſities of human life, his behaviour in every ſtation; and inſinuates, that this prieſt, thus accompliſhed, found at laſt a patron in the Biſhop of London.

When he was aſked, by one of his friends, on what pretence he could charge the Biſhop with ſuch an action, he had no more to ſay, than that he had only inverted the accuſation, and that he thought it reaſonable to believe, that he, who obſtructed the riſe of a good man without reaſon, would for bad reaſons promote the exaltation of a villain.

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The clergy were univerſally provoked by this ſatire; and Savage, who, as was his conſtant practice, had ſet his name to his performance, was cenſured in the Weekly Miſcellany, with a ſeverity, which he did not ſeem inclined to forget. But a return of invective was not thought a ſufficient puniſhment. The court of King's Bench was therefore moved againſt him, and he was obliged to return an anſwer to a charge of obſcenity. It was urged, in his defence, that obſcenity was criminal when it was intended to promote the practice of vice; but that Savage had only introduced obſcene ideas, with the view of expoſing them to deteſtation, and of amending the age, by ſhewing the deformity of wickedneſs. This plea was admitted; and Sir Philip Yorke, who then preſided in that court, diſmiſſed the information with encomiums upon the purity and excellence of Mr. Savage's writings.

This proſecution, however, anſwered in ſome meaſure the purpoſe of thoſe by whom it was ſet on foot; for Savage was ſo far intimidated by it, that, when the edition of his poem was ſold, he did not venture to reprint it; ſo that it was in a ſhort time forgotten, or forgotten by all but thoſe whom it offended. It is ſaid, that ſome endeavours were uſed to incenſe the Queen againſt him: but he found advocates to obviate at leaſt part of their effect; for though he was never advanced, he ſtill continued to receive his penſion.

This poem drew more infamy upon him than any incident of his life; and, as his conduct cannot be vindicated, it is proper to ſecure his memory from reproach, by informing thoſe whom he made his enemies, that he never intended to repeat the provocation; and that, though, whenever he thought he had any reaſon to complain of the clergy, he uſed to threaten them with a new edition of the "Progreſs of a Divine," it was his calm and ſettled reſolution to ſuppreſs it for ever.

He once intended to have made a better reparation for the folly or injuſtice with which he might be charged, by writing another poem, called "The Progreſs of a Free-thinker," whom he intended to lead through all the ſtages of vice and folly, to convert him from virtue to wickedneſs, and from religion to infidelity, by all the modiſh ſophiſtry uſed for that purpoſe; and at laſt to diſmiſs him by his own hand into the other world. But this plan was, like others, formed and laid aſide, till the vigour of his imagination was ſpent, and the effervеſcence of invention had ſubſided; but ſoon gave way to ſome other deſign,

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which pleaſed by its novelty for a while, and then was neglected like the former.

He was ſtill in his uſual exigencies, having no certain ſupport but the penſion allowed him by the Queen, which, though it might have kept an exact œconomiſt from want, was very far from being ſufficient for Savage, who had never been accuſtomed to diſmiſs any of his appetites without the gratification which they ſolicited, and whom nothing but want of money withheld from partaking of every pleaſure that fell within his view.

His conduct with regard to his penſion was very particular. No ſooner had he changed the bill, than he vaniſhed from the ſight of all his acquaintances, and lay for ſome time out of the reach of all the enquiries that friendſhip or curioſity could make after him; at length he appeared again pennyleſs as before, but never informed even thoſe whom he ſeemed to regard moſt, where he had been, nor was his retreat ever diſcovered. This was his conſtant practice during the whole time that he received the penſion from the Queen: he regularly diſappeared and returned. He indeed affirmed, that he retired to ſtudy, and that the money ſupported him in ſolitude for many months; but his friends declared, that the ſhort time in which it was ſpent, ſufficiently confuted his account of his conduct.

His politeneſs and his wit ſtill raiſed him friends, who were deſirous of ſetting him at length free from that indigence by which he had hitherto been oppreſſed; and therefore ſolicited Sir Robert Walpole in his favour, with ſo much earneſtneſs, that they obtained a promiſe of the next place that ſhould become vacant, not exceeding two hundred pounds a year. This promiſe was made with an uncommon declaration, "that it was not the promiſe of a miniſter to a petitioner, but of a friend to his friend"

Savage now concluded himſelf at eaſe for ever, and, as he obſerves in a poem written on that incident of his life, truſted and was truſted; but ſoon found that his confidence was ill-grounded, and this friendly promiſe was not inviolable. He ſpent a long time in ſolicitations, and at laſt deſpaired and deſiſted.

He did not indeed deny that he had given the miniſter ſome reaſon to believe, that he ſhould not ſtrengthen his own intereſt by advancing him, for he had taken care to diſtinguiſh himſelf in coffee-houſes as an advocate for the miniſtry of the laſt years of Queen Anne, and was always ready to juſtify the conduct, and exalt the character of Lord Bolingbroke, whom he mentions with great regard in an epiſtle upon authors, which he wrote about that time,

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but was too wiſe to publiſh, and of which only ſome fragments have appeared, inſerted by him in the Magazine, after his retirement.

To deſpair, was not, however, the character of Savage; when one patronage failed, he had recourſe to another. The prince was now extremely popular, and had very liberally rewarded the merit of ſome writers, whom Savage did not think ſuperior to himſelf, and therefore he reſolved to addreſs a poem to him. For this purpoſe he made choice of a ſubject, which could regard only perſons of the higheſt rank and higheſt affluence, and which was therefore proper for a poem intended to procure him the patronage of a prince; and having retired for ſome time to Richmond, that he might proſecute his deſign in full tranquillity, without the temptations of pleaſure, or the ſolicitations of creditors, by which his meditations were in equal danger of being diſconcerted, he produced a poem, "On Public Spirit, with regard to Public Works."

The plan of this poem is very extenſive, and compriſes a multitude of topics, each of which might furniſh matter ſufficient for a long performance, and of which ſome had already employed more eminent writers; but as he was perhaps not fully acquainted with the whole extent of his own deſign, and was writing to obtain a ſupply of wants too preſſing to admit of long or accurate inquiries, he paſſes negligently over many public works, which, even in his own opinion, deſerved to be more elaborately treated. But though he may ſometimes diſappoint his reader by tranſient touches upon theſe ſubjects, which have often been conſidered, and therefore naturally raiſe expectations, he muſt be allowed amply to compenſate his omiſſions, by expatiating, in the concluſion of his work, upon a kind of beneficence not yet celebrated by any eminent poet, though it now appears more ſuſceptible of embelliſhments, more adapted to exalt the ideas, and affect the paſſions, than many of thoſe which have hitherto been thought moſt worthy of the ornaments of verſe. The ſettlement of colonies in uninhabited countries, the eſtabliſhment of thoſe in ſecurity, whoſe misfortunes have made their own country no longer pleaſing or ſafe, the acquiſition of property without injury to any, the appropriation of the waſte and luxuriant bounties of nature, and the enjoyment of thoſe gifts which heaven has ſcattered upon regions uncultivated and unoccupied, cannot be conſidered without giving riſe to a great number of pleaſing ideas, and bewildering the imagination in delightful proſpects; and, therefore, whatever ſpeculations they may produce in thoſe who have confined themſelves

themſelves to political ſtudies, naturally fixed the attention, and excited the applauſe of a poet.

His deſcription of the various miſeries which force men to ſeek for refuge in diſtant countries, affords another inſtance of his proficiency in the important and extenſive ſtudy of human life; and the tenderneſs with which he recounts them, another proof of his humanity and benevolence.

In deſcribing villas and gardens, he did not omit to condemn that abſurd cuſtom which prevails among the Engliſh, of permitting ſervants to receive money from ſtrangers for the entertainment that they receive, and therefore inſerted in his poem theſe lines;

> But what the flowering pride of gardens rare,
> However royal, or however fair,
> If gates, which to acceſs ſhould ſtill give way,
> Ope but, like Peter's paradiſe, for pay?
> If perquiſited varlets frequent ſtand,
> And each new walk muſt a new tax demand?
> What foreign eye but with contempt ſurveys?
> What muſe ſhall from oblivion ſnatch their praiſe?

But before the publication of his performance, he recollected, that the Queen allowed her garden and cave at Richmond to be ſhewn for money, and that ſhe ſo openly countenanced the practice, that ſhe had beſtowed the privilege of ſhewing them, as a place of profit on a man, whoſe merit ſhe valued herſelf upon rewarding, though ſhe gave him only the liberty of diſgracing his country.

He therefore thought, with more prudence than was often exerted by him, that the publication of theſe lines might be officiouſly repreſented as an inſult upon the Queen, to whom he owed his life and his ſubſiſtence; and that the propriety of his obſervation would be no ſecurity againſt the cenſures which the unſeaſonableneſs of it might draw upon him; he therefore ſuppreſſed the paſſage in the firſt edition, but, after the Queen's death, thought the ſame caution no longer neceſſary, and reſtored it to the proper place. The poem was therefore publiſhed without any political faults, and inſcribed to the prince; but Savage, having no friend upon whom he could prevail to preſent it to him, had no other method of attracting his obſervation than the publication of frequent advertiſements, and therefore received no reward from his patron, however generous on other occaſions.

This diſappointment he never mentioned without indignation, being, by ſome means or other, confident that the

prince was not ignorant of his addreſs to him; and inſinuated, that, if any advances in popularity could have been made by diſtinguiſhing him, he had not written without notice, or without reward.

He was once inclined to have preſented his poem in perſon, and ſent to the printer for a copy with that deſign; but either his opinion changed, or his reſolution deſerted him, and he continued to reſent neglect, without attempting to force himſelf into regard. Nor was the public much more favourable than his patron, for only ſeventy two were ſold, though the performance was much commended by ſome whoſe judgment in that kind of writing is generally allowed. But Savage eaſily reconciled himſelf to mankind, without imputing any defect to his work, by obſerving that his poem was unluckily publiſhed two days after the prorogation of parliament, and, by conſequence, at a time when all thoſe who could be expected to regard it, were in the hurry of preparing for their departure, or engaged in taking leave of others, upon their diſmiſſion from public affairs. It muſt be however allowed, in juſtification of the public, that this performance is not the moſt excellent of Mr. Savage's works; and that, though it cannot be denied to contain many ſtriking ſentiments, majeſtic lines, and juſt obſervations, it is, in general, not ſufficiently poliſhed in the language, or enlivened in the imagery, or digeſted in the plan.

Thus his poem contributed nothing to the alleviation of his poverty, which was ſuch as very few could have ſupported with equal patience; but to which, it muſt likewiſe be confeſſed, that few would have been expoſed, who received punctually fifty pounds a year; a ſalary which, though by no means equal to the demands of vanity and luxury, is yet found ſufficient to ſupport families above want, and was undoubtedly more than the neceſſities of life require. But no ſooner had he received his penſion, than he withdrew to his darling privacy, from which he returned in a ſhort time to his former diſtreſs, and for ſome part of the year generally lived by chance, eating only when he was invited to the tables of his acquaintances, from which the meanneſs of his dreſs often excluded him, when the politeneſs and variety of his converſation would have been thought a ſufficient recompence for his entertainment.

He lodged as much by accident as he dined, and paſſed the night ſometimes in mean houſes, which are ſet open at night to any caſual wanderers, ſometimes in cellars among the riot and filth of the meaneſt and moſt profligate of the rabble; and ſometimes, when he had not money to ſupport

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even the expences of theſe receptacles, walked about the ſtreets till he was weary, and lay down in the ſummer upon a bulk, or in the winter, with his aſſociates in poverty, among the aſhes of a glaſs houſe. In this manner were paſſed thoſe days and thoſe nights which nature had enabled him to have employed in elevated ſpeculations, uſeful ſtudies, or pleaſing converſation. On a bulk, in a cellar, or in a glaſs-houſe among thieves and beggars, was to be found the author of "The Wanderer," the man of exalted ſentiments, extenſive views, and curious obſervations; the man whoſe remarks on life might have aſſiſted the ſtateſman, whoſe ideas of virtue might have enlightened the moraliſt, whoſe eloquence might have influenced ſenates, and whoſe delicacy might have poliſhed courts.

It cannot but be imagined that ſuch neceſſities might ſometimes force him upon diſreputables practices: and it is probable that theſe lines in "The Wanderer" were occaſioned by his reflections on his own conduct:

Though miſery leads to happineſs, and truth,
Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
(O, let none cenſure, if, untried by grief,
If, amidſt woe, untempted by relief)
He ſtoop'd reluctant to low arts of ſhame,
Which then, e'en then he ſcorn'd, and bluſh'd to name.

Whoever was acquainted with him, was certain to be ſolicited for ſmall ſums, which the frequency of the requeſt made in time conſiderable, and he was therefore quickly ſhunned by thoſe who were become familiar enough to be truſted with his neceſſities; but his rambling manner of life, and conſtant appearance at houſes of public reſort, always procured him a new ſucceſſion of friends, whoſe kindneſs had not been exhauſted by repeated requeſts, ſo that he was ſeldom abſolutely without reſources, but had in his utmoſt exigences this comfort, that he always imagined himſelf ſure of ſpeedy relief. It was obſerved, that he always aſked favours of this kind without the leaſt ſubmiſſion or apparent conſciouſneſs of dependence, and that he did not ſeem to look upon a compliance with his requeſt as an obligation that deſerved any extraordinary acknowledgments; but a refuſal was reſented by him as an affront, or complained of as an injury; nor did he readily reconcile himſelf to thoſe who either denied to lend, or gave him afterwards any intimation that they expected to be repaid.

He was ſometimes ſo far compaſſionated by thoſe who knew both his merit and diſtreſſes, that they received him into their families, but they ſoon diſcovered him to be a

very incommodious inmate; for, being always accuſtomed to an irregular manner of life, he could not confine himſelf to any ſtated hours, or pay any regard to the rules of a family, but would prolong his converſation till midnight, without conſidering that buſineſs might require his friend's application in the morning; and, when he had perſuaded himſelf to retire to bed, was not, without equal difficulty, called up to dinner; it was therefore impoſſible to pay him any diſtinction without the entire ſubverſion of all œconomy, a kind of eſtabliſhment which, wherever he went, he always appeared ambitious to overthrow.

It muſt therefore be acknowledged, in juſtification of mankind, that it was not always by the negligence or coldneſs of his friends that Savage was diſtreſſed, but becauſe it was in reality very difficult to preſerve him long in a ſtate of eaſe. To ſupply him with money was a hopeleſs attempt, for no ſooner did he ſee himſelf maſter of a ſum ſufficient to ſet him free from care for a day, than he became profuſe and luxurious. When once he had entered a tavern, or engaged in a ſcheme of pleaſure, he never retired till want of money obliged him to ſome new expedient. If he was entertained in a family, nothing was any longer to be regarded there but amuſements and jollity; wherever Savage entered, he immediately expected that order and buſineſs ſhould fly before him, that all ſhould thenceforward be left to hazard, and that no dull principle of domeſtic management ſhould be oppoſed to his inclination, or intrude upon his gaiety.

His diſtreſſes, however afflictive, never dejected him; in his loweſt ſtate he wanted not ſpirit to aſſert the natural dignity of wit, and was always ready to repreſs that inſolence which ſuperiority of fortune incited, and to trample on that reputation which roſe on any other baſis than that of merit: he never admitted any groſs familiarities, or ſubmitted to be treated otherwiſe than as an equal. Once, when he was without lodging, meat, or cloaths, one of his friends, a man not indeed remarkable for moderation in his proſperity, left a meſſage, that he deſired to ſee him about nine in the morning. Savage knew that his intention was to aſſiſt him; but was very much diſguſted that he ſhould preſume to preſcribe the hour of his attendance, and, I believe, refuſed to viſit him, and rejected his kindneſs.

The ſame invincible temper, whether firmneſs or obſtinacy, appeared in his conduct to Lord Tyrconnel, from whom he very frequently demanded, that the allowance which was once paid him ſhould be reſtored; but with whom

whom he never appeared to entertain for a moment the thought of ſoliciting a reconciliation, and whom he treated at once with all the haughtineſs of ſuperiority, and all the bitterneſs of reſentment. He wrote to him, not in a ſtyle of ſupplication or reſpect, but of reproach, menace, and contempt; and appeared determined, if he ever regained his allowance, to hold it only by the right of conqueſt.

As many more can diſcover that a man is richer, than that he is wiſer, than themſelves, ſuperiority of underſtanding is not ſo readily acknowledged as that of fortune; nor is that haughtineſs, which the conſciouſneſs of great abilities incites, borne with the ſame ſubmiſſion as the tyranny of affluence; and therefore Savage, by aſſerting his claim to deference and regard, and by treating thoſe with contempt, whom better fortune animated to rebel againſt him, did not fail to raiſe a great number of enemies in the different claſſes of mankind. Thoſe who thought themſelves raiſed above him, by the advantages of riches, hated him becauſe they found no protection from the petulance of his wit. Thoſe who were eſteemed for their writings, feared him as a critic, and maligned him as a rival, and almoſt all the ſmaller wits were his profeſſed enemies. Among theſe Mr. Millar ſo far indulged his reſentment, as to introduce him in a farce, and direct him to be perſonated on the ſtage in a dreſs like that which he then wore; a mean inſult, which only inſinuated that Savage had but one coat, and which was therefore deſpiſed by him rather than reſented; for though he wrote a lampoon againſt Millar, he never printed it.

The great hardſhips of poverty were, to Savage, not the want of lodging or of food, but the neglect and contempt which it drew upon him. He complained, that as his affairs grew deſperate, he found his reputation for capacity viſibly decline; that his opinion in queſtions of criticiſm was no longer regarded, when his coat was out of faſhion; and that thoſe who in the interval of his proſperity were always encouraging him to great undertakings, by encomiums on his genius and aſſurances of ſucceſs, now received any mention of his deſigns with coldneſs, thought that the ſubjects on which he propoſed to write were very difficult, and were ready to inform him, that the event of a poem was uncertain; that an author ought to employ much time in the conſideration of his plan, and not preſume to ſit down to write in confidence of a few curſory ideas, and a ſuperficial knowledge; difficulties were ſtarted on all ſides, and he was no longer qualified for any performance but 'The Volunteer Laureat.'

Yet even this kind of contempt never depreſſed him; for he always preſerved a ſteady confidence in his own capacity, and believed nothing above his reach, which he ſhould at any time earneſtly endeavour to attain. He formed ſchemes of the ſame kind, with regard to knowledge and to fortune, and flattered himſelf with advances to be made in ſcience, as with riches, to be enjoyed in ſome diſtant period of his life. For the acquiſition of knowledge, he was, indeed, far better qualified, than for that of riches; for he was naturally inquiſitive, and deſirous of the converſation of thoſe from whom any information was to be obtained, but by no means ſolicitous to improve thoſe opportunities that were ſometimes offered of raiſing his fortune; and he was remarkably retentive of his ideas, which, when he was once in poſſeſſion of them, rarely forſook him; a quality which could never be communicated to his money.

While he was thus wearing out his life in expectation that the Queen would ſome time recollect her promiſe, he had recourſe to the uſual practice of writers, and publiſhed propoſals for publiſhing his works by ſubſcription, to which he was encouraged by the ſucceſs of many who had not a better right to the favour of the public; but, whatever was the reaſon, he did not find the world equally inclined to favour him; and he obſerved with ſome diſcontent, that, though he offered his works at half a guinea, he was able to procure but a ſmall number, in compariſon with thoſe who ſubſcribed twice as much to Duck. Nor was it without indignation that he ſaw his propoſals neglected by the Queen, who patroniſed Mr Duck's with uncommon ardour, and incited a competition among thoſe who attended the court, who ſhould moſt promote his intereſt, and who ſhould firſt offer a ſubſcription. This was a diſtinction to which Savage made no ſcruple of aſſerting that his birth, his misfortunes, and his genius, gave him a fairer title, than could be pleaded by him on whom it was conferred.

Savage's applications were, however, not univerſally unſucceſsful; for ſome of the nobility countenanced his deſign, encouraged his propoſals, and ſubſcribed with great liberality. He related of the Duke of Chandos particularly, that, upon receiving his propoſals, he ſent him ten guineas. But the money which his ſubſcriptions afforded him, was not leſs volatile than that which he received from his other ſchemes; whenever a ſubſcription was paid him he went to a tavern; and, as money ſo collected is neceſſarily received in ſmall ſums, he never was able to ſend his poems to the preſs, but for many years continued his ſolicitation, and ſquandered whatever he obtained.

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This project of printing his works was frequently revived; and, as his propoſals grew obſolete, new ones were printed with freſher dates. To form ſchemes for the publication was one of his favourite amuſements; nor was he ever more at eaſe, than when, with any friend who readily fell-in with his ſchemes, he was adjuſting the print, forming the advertiſements, and regulating the diſperſion of his new edition, which he really intended ſome time to publiſh, and which, as long as experience had ſhewn him the impoſſibility of printing the volume together, he at laſt determined to divide into weekly or monthly numbers, that the profits of the firſt might ſupply the expences of the next.

Thus he ſpent his time in mean expedients, and tormenting ſuſpenſe, living for the greateſt part in the fear of proſecutions from his creditors, and conſequently ſkulking in obſcure parts of the town, of which he was no ſtranger to the remoteſt corners. But wherever he came, his addreſs ſecured him friends, whom his neceſſities ſoon alienated; ſo that he had perhaps a more numerous acquaintance than any man ever before attained, there being ſcarcely any perſon eminent on any account, to whom he was not known, or whoſe character he was not in ſome degree able to delineate.

This life, unhappy as it may be already imagined, was yet imbittered, in 1738, with new calamities. The death of the Queen deprived him of all the proſpects of preferment with which he ſo long entertained his imagination; and, as Sir Robert Walpole had before given him reaſon to believe that he never intended the performance of his promiſe, he was now abandoned again to fortune. He was, however, at that time, ſupported by a friend; and as it was not his cuſtom to look out for diſtant calamities, or to feel any other pain than that which forced itſelf upon his ſenſes, he was not much afflicted at his loſs, and perhaps comforted himſelf that his penſion would be now continued without the annual tribute of a panegyric.

Another expectation contributed likewiſe to ſupport him: he had taken a reſolution to write a ſecond tragedy upon the ſtory of Sir Thomas Overbury, in which he preſerved a few lines of his former play, but made a total alteration of the plan, added new incidents, and introduced new characters; ſo that it was a new tragedy, not a revival of the former. Many of his friends blamed him for not making choice of another ſubject; but, in vindication of himſelf, he aſſerted, that it was not eaſy to find a better; and that he thought it his intereſt to extinguiſh the memory of the firſt

tragedy,

tragedy, which he could only do by writing one leſs defective upon the ſame ſtory; by which he ſhould entirely defeat the artifice of the bookſellers, who, after the death of any author of reputation, are always induſtrious to ſwell his works, by uniting his worſt productions with his beſt.

In the execution of this ſcheme, however, he proceeded but ſlowly, and probably only employed himſelf upon it when he could find no other amuſement; but he pleaſed himſelf with counting the profits, and perhaps imagined, that the theatrical reputation which he was about to acquire, would be equivalent to all that he had loſt by the death of his patroneſs. He did not, in confidence of his approaching riches, neglect the meaſures proper to ſecure the continuance of his penſion, though ſome of his favourers thought him culpable for omitting to write on her death; but on her birth-day next year, he gave a proof of the ſolidity of his judgment, and the power of his genius. He knew that the track of elegy had been ſo long beaten, that it was impoſſible to travel in it, without treading in the footſteps of thoſe who had gone before him; and that therefore it was neceſſary, that he might diſtinguiſh himſelf from the herd of encomiaſts, to find out ſome new walk of funeral panegyric.

This difficult taſk he performed in ſuch a manner, that his poem may be juſtly ranked among the beſt pieces that the death of princes has produced. By transferring the mention of her death to her birth-day, he has formed a happy combination of topics, which any other man would have thought it very difficult to connect in one view, but which he has united in ſuch a manner, that the relation between them appears natural; and it may be juſtly ſaid, that what no other man would have thought on, it now appears ſcarcely poſſible for any man to miſs.

With regard to the ſucceſs of this addreſs, he was for ſome time in ſuſpenſe, but was in no great degree ſolicitous about it, till the friend who had for a conſiderable time ſupported him, removing his family to another place, took occaſion to diſmiſs him. It then became neceſſary to enquire more diligently what was determined in this affair, having reaſon to ſuſpect that no great favour was intended him, becauſe he had not received his penſion at the uſual time.

It is ſaid, that he did not take thoſe methods of retrieving his intereſt, which were moſt likely to ſucceed; and ſome of thoſe who were employed in the exchequer, cautioned him againſt too much violence in his proceedings; but Savage, who ſeldom regulated his conduct by the advice of

others,

others, gave way to his paſſion, and demanded of Sir Robert Walpole, at his levee, the reaſon of the diſtinction that was made between him and the other penſioners of the Queen, with a degree of roughneſs which perhaps determined him to withdraw what had been only delayed.—Whatever was the crime of which he was accuſed or ſuſpected, and whatever influence was employed againſt him, he received ſoon after an account that took from him all hopes of regaining his penſion; and he had now no proſpect of ſubſiſtence but from his play, and he knew no way of living for the time required to finiſh it.

So peculiar were the misfortunes of this man, deprived of an eſtate and title by a particular law, expoſed and abandoned by a mother, defrauded by a mother of a fortune which his father had allotted him, he entered the world without a friend; and though his abilities forced themſelves into eſteem and reputation, he was never able to obtain any real advantage, and whatever proſpects aroſe were always intercepted as he began to approach them. The King's intentions in his favour were fruſtrated; his dedication to the prince, whoſe generoſity on every other occaſion was eminent, procured him no reward; Sir Robert Walpole, who valued himſelf upon keeping his promiſe to others, broke it to him without regret; and the bounty of the Queen was, after her death, withdrawn from him, and from him only.

Such were his misfortunes, which yet he bore not only with decency, but with cheerfulneſs; nor was his gaiety clouded even by his laſt diſappointments, though he was in a ſhort time reduced to the loweſt degree of diſtreſs, and often wanted both lodging and food. At this time he gave another inſtance of the inſurmountable obſtinacy of his ſpirit: his cloaths were worn out, and he received notice, that at a coffee-houſe ſome cloaths and linen were left for him: the perſon who ſent them, did not, I believe, inform him to whom he was to be obliged, that he might ſpare the perplexity of acknowledging the benefit; but though the offer was ſo far generous, it was made with ſome neglect of ceremonies, which Savage ſo much reſented, that he refuſed the preſent, and declined to enter the houſe till the cloaths that had been deſigned for him were taken away.

His diſtreſs was now publicly known, and his friends, therefore, thought it proper to concert ſome meaſures for his relief; and one of them wrote a letter to him, in which he expreſſed his concern "for the miſerable withdrawing of his penſion;" and gave him hopes, that in a ſhort time he ſhould find himſelf ſupplied with a competence, "without

out any dependence on thoſe little creatures which we are pleaſed to call the Great."

The ſcheme propoſed for this happy and independent ſubſiſtence, was, that he ſhould retire into Wales, and receive an allowance of fifty pounds a year, to be raiſed by a ſubſcription, on which he was to live privately in a cheap place, without aſpiring any more to affluence, or having any farther care of reputation. This offer Savage gladly accepted, though with intentions very different from thoſe of his friends; for they propoſed that he ſhould continue an exile from London for ever, and ſpend all the remaining part of his life at Swanſea; but he deſigned only to take the opportunity, which their ſcheme offered him, of retreating, for a ſhort time, that he might prepare his play for the ſtage, and his other works for the preſs, and then to return to London to exhibit his tragedy, and live upon the profits of his own labour.

As he was ready to entertain himſelf with future pleaſures, he had planned out a ſcheme of life for the country, of which he had no knowledge but from paſtorals and ſongs. He imagined that he ſhould be tranſported to ſcenes of flowery felicity, like thoſe which one poet has reflected to another; and had projected a perpetual round of innocent pleaſures, of which he ſuſpected no interruption from pride, or ignorance, or brutality. With theſe expectations he was ſo enchanted, that when he was gently reproached by a friend, for ſubmitting to live upon a ſubſcription, and adviſed rather, by a reſolute exertion of his abilities, to ſupport himſelf, he could not bear to debar himſelf from the happineſs which was to be found in the calm of a cottage, or loſe the opportunity of liſtening, without intermiſſion, to the melody of the nightingale, which he believed was to be heard from every bramble, and which he did not fail to mention as a very important part of the happineſs of a country life.

While this ſcheme was ripening, his friends directed him to take a lodging in the liberties of the Fleet, that he might be ſecure from his creditors, and ſent him every Monday a guinea, which he commonly ſpent before the next morning, and truſted, after his uſual manner, the remaining part of the week to the bounty of fortune.

Of the inſolence he was obliged to ſuffer he gave many inſtances, of which none appeared to raiſe his indignation to a greater height, than the method which was taken of furniſhing him with cloaths. Inſtead of conſulting him, and allowing him to ſend a taylor his orders for what they thought proper to allow him, they propoſed to ſend for a

taylor

taylor to take his meaſure, and then to conſult how they ſhould equip him.

Upon hearing the deſign that was formed, he came to the lodging of a friend with the moſt violent agonies of rage; and, being aſked what it could be that gave him ſuch diſturbance, he replied, with the utmoſt vehemence of indignation, "That they had ſent for a taylor to meaſure him."

He was, however, not humbled to implicit and univerſal compliance; for when the gentleman, who had firſt informed him of the deſign to ſupport him by a ſubſcription, attempted to procure a reconciliation with the Lord Tyrconnel, he could by no means be prevailed upon to comply with the meaſures that were propoſed.

A letter was written for him, by Mr. Pope, to Sir William Lemon, to prevail upon him to interpoſe his good offices with Lord Tyrconnel, in which he ſolicited Sir William's aſſiſtance, "for a man who really needed it as much as any man could well do;" and informed him, that he was retiring "for ever to a place where he ſhould no more trouble his relations, friends, or enemies;" he confeſſed, that his paſſion had betrayed him to ſome conduct, with regard to Lord Tyrconnel, "for which he could not but heartily aſk his pardon; and, as he imagined Lord Tyrconnel's paſſion might be yet ſo high, that he would not "receive a letter from him," begged that Sir William would endeavour to ſoften him; and expreſſed his hopes that he would comply with his requeſt, and that "ſo ſmall a relation would not harden his heart againſt him."

That any man ſhould preſume to dictate a letter to him, was not very agreeable to Savage; and therefore, inſtead of copying it, he wrote his friend a letter full of maſculine reſentment and warm expoſtulations. He very juſtly obſerved, that the ſtyle was too ſupplicatory, and the repreſentation too abject, and that he ought at leaſt to have made him complain with "the dignity of a gentleman in diſtreſs." He declared that he would not write the paragraph in which he was to aſk Lord Tyrconnel's pardon, for, "he deſpiſed his pardon, and therefore could not heartily, and would not hypocritically, aſk it."

After many alterations and delays, a ſubſcription was at length raiſed, which did not amount to fifty pounds a year, though twenty were paid by one gentleman. Savage, however, was ſatisfied, and willing to retire, and was convinced that the allowance, though ſcanty, would be more than ſufficient for him, being now determined to commence a rigid œconomiſt, and to live according to the exacteſt rules

of

of frugality; for nothing was, in his opinion, more contemptible than a man, who, when he knew his income, exceeded it; and yet he confeſſed that inſtances of ſuch folly were too common, and lamented that ſome men were not to be truſted with their own money.

Full of theſe ſalutary reſolutions, he left London in July 1739, having taken leave, with great tenderneſs, of his friends, and parted from the author of this narrative with tears in his eyes. He was furniſhed with fifteen guineas, and informed, that they would be ſufficient, not only for the expence of his journey, but for his ſupport in Wales for ſome time; and that there remained but little more of the firſt collection. He promiſed a ſtrict adherence to his maxims of parſimony, and went away in the ſtage-coach; nor did his friends expect to hear from him, till he informed them of his arrival at Swanſea. But, when they leaſt expected, arrived a letter, dated the fourteenth day after his departure, in which he ſent them word, that he was yet upon the road, and without money; and therefore could not proceed without a remittance. They then ſent him the money that was in their hands, with which he was enabled to reach Briſtol, from whence he was to go to Swanſea by water. At Briſtol he found an embargo laid upon the ſhipping, ſo that he could not immediately obtain a paſſage; and being therefore obliged to ſtay there ſome time, he, with his uſual felicity, ingratiated himſelf with many of the principal inhabitants, was invited to their houſes, diſtinguiſhed at their public feaſts, and treated with a regard that gratified his vanity, and, therefore, eaſily engaged his affection.

He began, very early after his retirement, to complain of the conduct of his friends in London, and irritated many of them ſo much, by his letters, that they withdrew, however honourably, their contributions; and it is believed, that little more was paid him than the twenty pounds a year, which were allowed him by the gentleman who propoſed the ſubſcription.

After ſome ſtay at Briſtol, he retired to Swanſea, the place originally propoſed for his reſidence, where he lived about a year, very much diſſatisfied with the diminution of his ſalary; but contracted, as in other places, acquaintance with thoſe who were moſt diſtinguiſhed in that country, among whom, he has celebrated Mr. Powel and Mrs. Jones, by ſome verſes which he inſerted in the Gentleman's Magazine.

Here he completed his tragedy, of which two acts were wanting when he left London, and was deſirous of coming

to

to town to bring it upon the ſtage. This deſign was very warmly oppoſed, and he was adviſed, by his chief benefactor, to put it into the hands of Mr. Thomſon and Mr. Mallet, that it might be fitted for the ſtage, and to allow his friends to receive the profits, out of which an annual penſion ſhould be paid him. This propoſal he rejected with the utmoſt contempt. He was by no means convinced that the judgment of thoſe, to whom he was required to ſubmit, was ſuperior to his own. He was now determined, as he expreſſed it, to be "no longer kept in leading ſtrings," and had no elevated idea of "his bounty, who propoſed to penſion him out of the profits of his own labours."

He attempted in Wales to promote a ſubſcription for his works, and had once hopes of ſucceſs; but in a ſhort time afterwards, formed a reſolution of leaving that part of the country, to which he thought it not reaſonable to be confined, for the gratification of thoſe, who, having promiſed him a liberal income, had no ſooner baniſhed him to a remote corner, than they reduced his allowance to a ſalary ſcarcely equal to the neceſſities of life.

His reſentment of this treatment, which, in his own opinion at leaſt, he had not deſerved, was ſuch, that he broke off all correſpondence with moſt of his contributors, and appeared to conſider them as perſecutors and oppreſſors; and in the latter part of his life declared, that their conduct toward him, ſince his departure from London, "had been perfidiouſneſs improving on perfidiouſneſs, and inhumanity on inhumanity."

It is not to be ſuppoſed, that the neceſſities of Mr. Savage did not ſometimes incite him to ſatirical exaggerations of the behaviour of thoſe by whom he thought himſelf reduced to them. But it muſt be granted, that the diminution of his allowance was a great hardſhip, and that thoſe who withdrew their ſubſcription from a man, who, upon the faith of their promiſe, had gone into a kind of baniſhment, and abandoned all thoſe by whom he had been before relieved in his diſtreſſes, will find it no eaſy taſk to vindicate their conduct.

With an intent to return to London, he went to Briſtol, where a repetition of the kindneſs which he had formerly found, invited him to ſtay. He was not only careſſed and treated, but had a collection made for him of about thirty pounds, with which it had been happy if he had immediately departed for London; but his negligence did not ſuffer him to conſider, that ſuch proofs of kindneſs were not often to be expected, and that this ardour of benevolence

was in a great degree the effect of novelty, and might, probably, be every day leſs; and therefore he took no care to improve the happy time, but was encouraged by one favour to hope for another, till at length generoſity was exhauſted, and officiouſneſs wearied.

Another part of his miſconduct was the practice of prolonging his viſits to unſeaſonable hours, and diſconcerting all the families into which he was admitted. This was an error in a place of commerce, which all the charms of his converſation could not compenſate. Thus Mr. Savage, after the curioſity of the inhabitants was gratified, found the number of his friends daily decreaſing, perhaps without ſuſpecting for what reaſon their conduct was altered; for he ſtill continued to harraſs, with his nocturnal intruſions, thoſe that yet countenanced him, and admitted him to their houſes.

But he did not ſpend all the time of his reſidence at Briſtol in viſits or at taverns, for he ſometimes returned to his ſtudies, and began ſeveral conſiderable deſigns. When he felt an inclination to write, he always retired from the knowledge of his friends, and lay hid in an obſcure part of the ſuburbs, till he found himſelf again deſirous of company, to which it is likely that intervals of abſence made him more welcome.

He was always full of his deſign of returning to London, to bring his tragedy upon the ſtage; but, having neglected to depart with the money that was raiſed for him, he could not afterwards procure a ſum ſufficient to defray the expences of his journey; nor perhaps would a freſh ſupply have had any other effect, than, by putting immediate pleaſures in his power, to have driven the thoughts of his journey out of his mind.

While he was thus ſpending the day in contriving a ſcheme for the morrow, diſtreſs ſtole upon him by imperceptible degrees. He began to find every man from home at whoſe houſe he called; and was therefore no longer able to procure the neceſſaries of life, but wandered about the town, ſlighted and neglected, in queſt of a dinner, which he did not always obtain.

To complete his miſery, he was purſued by the officers for ſmall debts which he had contracted; and was therefore obliged to withdraw from the ſmall number of friends from whom he had ſtill reaſon to hope for favours. His cuſtom was to lie in bed the greateſt part of the day, and to go out in the night with the utmoſt privacy, and after having paid his viſit, return again before morning to his lodging, which was in the garret of an obſcure inn.

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Being thus excluded on one hand, and confined on the other, he ſuffered the utmoſt extremities of poverty, and often faſted ſo long, that he was ſeized with faintneſs, and had loſt his appetite, not being able to bear the ſmell of meat, till the action of his ſtomach was reſtored by a cordial.

In this diſtreſs he received a remittance of five pounds from London, with which he provided himſelf a decent coat, and determined to go to London, but unhappily ſpent his money at a favourite tavern. Thus was he again confined to Briſtol, where he was every day hunted by bailiffs. In this exigence he once more found a friend, who ſheltered him in his houſe, though at the uſual inconveniences with which his company was attended; for he could neither be perſuaded to go to bed in the night, nor to riſe in the day.

He had now no longer any hopes of aſſiſtance from his friends at Briſtol, who, as merchants, and by conſequence ſufficiently ſtudious of profit, cannot be ſuppoſed to have looked with much compaſſion upon negligence and extravagance, or to think any excellence equivalent to a fault of ſuch conſequence as neglect of œconomy.

At laſt he quitted the houſe of his friend, and returned to his lodging at the inn, ſtill intending to ſet out in a few days for London; but on the 10th of January 1742-3, having been at ſupper with two of his friends, he was, at his lodgings, arreſted for a debt of about eight pounds, which he owed at a coffee-houſe, and conducted to the houſe of a ſheriff's officer. The account which he gives of this misfortune, in a letter to one of the gentlemen with whom he had ſupped, is too remarkable to be omitted.

"It was not a little unfortunate for me, that I ſpent yeſterday's evening with you, becauſe the hour hindered me from entering on my new lodging; however, I have now got one, but ſuch an one as, I believe, nobody would chuſe.

"I was arreſted at the ſuit of Mrs. Read, juſt as I was going up ſtairs to bed at Mr. Bowyer's; but taken in ſo private a manner, that I believe nobody at the White Lion is appriſed of it. Though I let the officers know the ſtrength (or rather weakneſs) of my pocket, yet they treated me with the utmoſt civility; and even when they conducted me to confinement, it was in ſuch a manner, that I verily believe I could have eſcaped, which I would rather be ruined than have done, notwithſtanding the whole amount of my finances was but three pence halfpenny.

"In the firſt place I muſt inſiſt, that you will induſtriouſly conceal this from Mrs. S——s, becauſe I would not

have her good-nature ſuffer that pain, which, I know, ſhe would be apt to feel on this occaſion.

"Next, I conjure you, dear Sir, by all the ties of friendſhip, by no means to have one uneaſy thought on my account; but to have the ſame pleaſantry of countenance and unruffled ſerenity of mind, which (God be praiſed!) I have in this, and have had in a much ſeverer calamity. Furthermore, I charge you, if you value my friendſhip as truly as I do yours, not to utter, or even harbour, the leaſt reſentment againſt Mrs. Read. I believe ſhe has ruined me, but I freely forgive her; and (though I will never more have any intimacy with her) I would, at a due diſtance, rather do her an act of good, than ill will. Laſtly, (pardon the expreſſion) I abſolutely command you not to offer me any pecuniary aſſiſtance, nor to attempt getting me any from any one of your friends. At another time, or on any other occaſion, you may, dear friend, be well aſſured, I would rather write to you in the ſubmiſſive ſtyle of a requeſt, than that of a peremptory command.

"However, that my truly valuable friend may not think I am too proud to aſk a favour, let me entreat you to let me have your boy to attend me for this day, not only for the ſake of ſaving me the expence of porters, but for the delivery of ſome letters to people whoſe names I would not have known to ſtrangers.

"The civil treatment I have thus far met from thoſe whoſe priſoner I am, makes me thankful to the Almighty, that, though he has thought fit to viſit me (on my birthnight) with affliction, yet (ſuch is his great goodneſs!) my affliction is not without alleviating circumſtances. I murmur not; but am all reſignation to the divine will. As to the world, I hope that I ſhall be endued by heaven with that preſence of mind, that ſerene dignity in misfortune, that conſtitutes the character of a true nobleman; a dignity far beyond that of coronets; a nobility ariſing from the juſt principles of philoſophy, refined and exalted by thoſe of chriſtianity."

He continued five days at the officer's, in hopes that he ſhould be able to procure bail, and avoid the neceſſity of going to priſon. The ſtate in which he paſſed his time, and the treatment which he received, are very juſtly expreſſed by him, in a letter which he wrote to a friend:—"The whole day," ſays he, "has been employed in various peoples' filling my head with their fooliſh chimerical ſyſtems, which has obliged me coolly (as far as nature will admit) to digeſt, and accommodate myſelf to, every different perſon's way of thinking; hurried from one wild

ſyſtem

ſyſtem to another, till it has quite made a chaos of my imagination, and nothing done—promiſed—diſappointed—ordered to ſend every hour, from one part of the town to the other."——

When his friends, who had hitherto careſſed and applauded, found that to give bail and pay the debt was the ſame, they all refuſed to preſerve him from a priſon, at the expence of eight pounds; and therefore, after having been for ſome time at the officer's houſe, "at an immenſe expence," as he obſerves in his letter, he was at length removed to Newgate.

This expence he was enabled to ſupport, by the generoſity of Mr. Naſh, at Bath, who, upon receiving from him an account of his condition, immediately ſent him five guineas, and promiſed to promote his ſubſcription at Bath with all his intereſt.

It was offered, by ſome of his friends, that a collection ſhould be made for his enlargement; but he "treated the propoſal," and declared, "he ſhould again treat it, with diſdain. As to writing any mendicant letters, he had too high a ſpirit, and determined only to write to ſome miniſters of ſtate, to try to regain his penſion."

He continued to complain of thoſe that had ſent him into the country, and objected to them, that he had "loſt the profits of his play, which had been finiſhed three years;" and, in another letter, declares his reſolution to publiſh a pamphlet, that the world might know how "he had been uſed." This pamplet was never written.

The cheerfulneſs with which he bore his confinement, appears from the following letter, which he wrote, January the 30th, to one of his friends in London.

"I now write to you from my confinement in Newgate, where I have been ever ſince Monday laſt was ſe'en-night, and where I enjoy myſelf with much more tranquility than I have known for upwards of a twelvemonth paſt; having a room entirely to myſelf, and purſuing the amuſement of my poetical ſtudies, uninterrupted, and agreeable to my mind. I thank the Almighty, I am now all collected in myſelf; and though my perſon is in confinement, my mind can expatiate on ample and uſeful ſubjects with all the freedom imaginable. I am now more converſant with the Nine than ever; and if, inſtead of a Newgate-bird, I may be allowed to be a bird of the Muſes, I aſſure you, Sir, I ſing very freely in my cage; ſometimes, indeed, in the plaintive notes of the nightingale; but, at others, in the cheerful ſtrains of the lark."

In another letter he obſerves, that he ranges from one

ſubject to another, without confining himſelf to any particular taſk; and that he has employed one week upon one attempt, and the next upon another.

He was treated by Mr. Dagg, the keeper of the priſon, with great humanity; was ſupported by him at his own table, without any certainty of recompence; had a room to himſelf, to which he could at any time retire from all diſturbance; was allowed to ſtand at the door of the priſon; and ſometimes taken out into the fields; ſo that he ſuffered fewer hardſhips in priſon, than he had been accuſtomed to undergo in the greateſt part of his life. The keeper did not confine his benevolence to a gentle execution of his office, but made ſome overtures to the creditor for his releaſe, though without effect; and continued, during the whole time of his impriſonment, to treat him with the utmoſt tenderneſs and civility.

Savage very frequently received viſits, and ſometimes preſents, from his acquaintances; but they did not amount to a ſubſiſtence, for the greater part of which he was indebted to the generoſity of his keeper; but theſe favours, however they might endear to him the particular perſons from whom he received them, were very far from impreſſing upon his mind any advantageous ideas of the people of Briſtol, and therefore he thought he could not more properly employ himſelf in priſon, than in writing a poem called "London and Briſtol delineated."

When he had brought this poem to its preſent ſtate, which, without conſidering the chaſm, is not perfect, he wrote to London an account of his deſign, and informed his friend, that he was determined to print it with his name: but enjoined him not to communicate his intention to his Briſtol acquaintance. The gentleman, ſurpriſed at his reſolution, endeavoured to diſſuade him from publiſhing it, at leaſt from prefixing his name; and declared, that he could not reconcile the injunction of ſecreſy with his reſolution to own it at its firſt appearance. To this Savage returned an anſwer, agreeable to his character, in the following terms.

"I received yours this morning; and not without a little ſurpriſe at the contents. To anſwer a queſtion with a queſtion, you aſk me concerning London and Briſtol, Why will I add delineated? Why did Mr. Woolaſton add the ſame word to his 'Religion of Nature?' I ſuppoſe that it was his will and pleaſure to add it in his caſe; and it is ſo in my own. You are pleaſed to tell me, that you underſtand not why ſecreſy is enjoined, and yet I intend to ſet my name to it. My anſwer is—I have my private reaſons,

which

which I am not obliged to explain to any one. You doubt my friend Mr. S—— would not approve of it—And what is it to me whether he does or not? Do you imagine that Mr. S. is to dictate to me? If any man who calls himſelf my friend ſhould aſſume ſuch an air, I would ſpurn at his friendſhip with contempt. You ſay I ſeem to think ſo by not letting him know it—And ſuppoſe I do, what then? Perhaps I can give reaſons for that diſapprobation, very foreign from what you would imagine. You go on in ſaying, Suppoſe I ſhould not put my name to it—My anſwer is, that I will not ſuppoſe any ſuch thing, being determined to the contrary: neither, Sir, would I have you ſuppoſe, that I applied to you for want of another preſs: nor would I have you imagine, that I owe Mr. S—— obligations which I do not."

Such was his imprudence, and ſuch his obſtinate adherence to his own reſolutions, however abſurd. A priſoner! ſupported by charity! and, whatever inſults he might have received during the latter part of his ſtay in Briſtol, once careſſed, eſteemed, and preſented with a liberal collection, he could forget on a ſudden his danger and his obligations, to gratify the petulance of his wit, or the eagerneſs of his reſentment, and publiſhed a ſatire, by which he might reaſonably expect that he ſhould alienate thoſe who then ſupported him, and provoke thoſe whom he could neither reſiſt nor eſcape.

This reſolution, from the execution of which, it is probable, that only his death could have hindered him, is ſufficient to ſhew, how much he diſregarded all conſiderations that oppoſed his preſent paſſions, and how readily he hazarded all future advantages for any immediate gratifications. Whatever was his predominant inclination, neither hope nor fear hindered him from complying with it; nor had oppoſition any other effect than to heighten his ardour, and irritate his vehemence.

This performance was however laid aſide, while he was employed in ſoliciting aſſiſtance from ſeveral great perſons; and one interruption ſucceeding another, hindered him from ſupplying the chaſm, and perhaps from retouching the other parts, which he can hardly be imagined to have finiſhed, in his own opinion; for it is very unequal, and ſome of the lines are rather inſerted to rhyme to others, than to ſupport or improve the ſenſe; but the firſt and laſt parts are worked up with great ſpirit and elegance.

His time was ſpent in the priſon for the moſt part in ſtudy, or in receiving viſits; but ſometimes he deſcended to lower amuſements, and diverted himſelf in the kitchin

with

with the converſation of the criminals; for it was not pleaſing to him to be much without company; and though he was very capable of a judicious choice, he was often contented with the firſt that offered: for this he was ſometimes reproved by his friends, who found him ſurrounded with felons; but the reproof was on that, as on other occaſions, thrown away; he continued to gratify himſelf, and to ſet very little value on the opinion of others. But here, as in every other ſcene of his life, he made uſe of ſuch opportunities as occurred, of benefitting thoſe who were more miſerable than himſelf, and was always ready to perform any offices of humanity to his fellow-priſoners.

He now ceaſed from correſponding with any of his ſubſcribers except one, who yet continued to remit him the twenty pounds a year which he had promiſed him, and by whom it was expected that he would have been in a very ſhort time enlarged, becauſe he had directed the keeper to enquire after the ſtate of his debts. However, he took care to enter his name according to the forms of the court, that the creditor might be obliged to make him ſome allowance, if he was continued a priſoner, and when, on that occaſion, he appeared in the hall, he was treated with very unuſual reſpect.

But the reſentment of the city was afterwards raiſed by ſome accounts that had been ſpread of the ſatire, and he was informed that ſome of the merchants intended to pay the allowance which the law required, and to detain him a priſoner at their own expence. This he treated as an empty menace; and, perhaps, might have haſtened the publication, only to ſhew how much he was ſuperior to their inſults, had not all his ſchemes been ſuddenly deſtroyed.

When he had been ſix months in priſon, he received from one of his friends*, in whoſe kindneſs he had the greateſt confidence, and on whoſe aſſiſtance he chiefly depended, a letter, that contained a charge of very atrocious ingratitude, drawn up in ſuch terms as ſudden reſentment dictated. Savage returned a very ſolemn proteſtation of his innocence, but, however, appeared much diſturbed at the accuſation. Some days afterwards he was ſeized with a pain in his back and ſide, which, as it was not violent, was not ſuſpected to be dangerous; but growing daily more languid and dejected, on the 25th of July he confined himſelf to his room, and a fever ſeized his ſpirits. The ſymptoms grew every day more formidable, but his condition did not enable him to

* Mr. Pope.

to procure any aſſiſtance. The laſt time that the keeper ſaw him, was on July the 31ſt, 1743; when Savage, ſeeing him at his bed-ſide, ſaid, with an uncommon earneſtneſs, "I have ſomething to ſay to you, Sir;" but, after a pauſe, moved his hand in a melancholy manner, and, finding himſelf unable to find what he was going to communicate, ſaid, "'Tis gone!" The keeper ſoon after left him, and the next morning he died. He was buried in the church-yard of St. Peter, at the expence of the keeper.

Such were the life and death of Richard Savage, a man equally diſtinguiſhed by his virtues and his vices; and at once remarkable for his weakneſſes and abilities.

He was of a middle ſtature, of a thin habit of body, a long viſage, coarſe features, and a melancholy aſpect; of a grave and manly deportment, a ſolemn dignity of mien, but which, upon a nearer acquaintance, ſoftened into an engaging eaſineſs of manners. His walk was ſlow, and his voice tremulous and mournful. He was eaſily excited to ſmiles, but very ſeldom provoked to laughter.

His mind was in an uncommon degree vigorous and active. His judgment was accurate, his apprehenſions quick, and his memory ſo tenacious, that he was frequently obſerved to know what he had learned from others, in a ſhort time, better than thoſe by whom he was informed; and could frequently recollect incidents, with all their combination of circumſtances, which few would have regarded at the preſent time, but which the quickneſs of his apprehenſion impreſſed upon him. He had the peculiar felicity, that his attention never deſerted him; he was preſent to every object, and regardful of the moſt trifling occurrences. He had the art of eſcaping from his own reflections, and accommodating himſelf to every new ſcene.

To this quality is to be imputed the extent of his knowledge, compared with the ſmall time which he ſpent in viſible endeavours to acquire it. He mingled in curſory converſation with the ſame ſteadineſs of attention as others apply to a lecture; and, amidſt the appearance of thoughtleſs gaiety, loſt no new idea that was ſtarted, nor any hint that could be improved. He had therefore made in coffee-houſes the ſame proficiency as in other ſtudies; and it is remarkable, that the writings of a man of little education and little reading, have an air of learning ſcarcely to be found in any other performances, but which, perhaps, as often obſcures as embelliſhes them.

His judgment was eminently exact, both with regard to writings and to men. The knowledge of life was indeed his

his chief attainment; and it is not without ſome ſatisfaction, that I can produce the ſuffrage of Savage in favour of human nature, of which he never appeared to entertain ſuch odious ideas of ſome, who perhaps had neither his judgment nor experience, have publiſhed, either in oſtentation of their ſagacity, vindication of their crimes, or gratification of their malice.

His method of life particularly qualified him for converſation, of which he knew how to practiſe all the graces. He was never vehement or loud, but at once modeſt and eaſy, open and reſpectful; his language was vivacious and elegant, and equally happy on grave or humorous ſubjects. He was generally cenſured for not knowing when to retire; but that was not the defect of his judgment, but of his fortune; when he left his company, he was frequently to ſpend the remaining part of the night in the ſtreet, or at leaſt was abandoned to gloomy reflections, which it is not ſtrange that he delayed as long as he could; and ſometimes forgot that he gave others pain to avoid it himſelf.

It cannot be ſaid, that he made uſe of his abilities for the direction of his own conduct: an irregular and diſſipated manner of life, had made him the ſlave of every paſſion that happened to be excited by the preſence of its object, and that ſlavery to his paſſions reciprocally produced a life irregular and diſſipated. He was not maſter of his own motions, nor could promiſe any thing for the next day.

With regard to his œconomy, nothing can be added to the relation of his life. He appeared to think himſelf born to be ſupported by others, and diſpenſed from all neceſſity of providing for himſelf; he therefore never proſecuted any ſcheme of advantage, nor endeavoured even to ſecure the profits which his writings might have afforded him. His temper was, in conſequence of the dominion of his paſſions, uncertain and capricious; he was eaſily engaged, and eaſily diſguſted; but he is accuſed of retaining his hatred more tenaciouſly than his benevolence.

He was compaſſionate both by nature and principle, and always ready to perform offices of humanity; but when he was provoked (and very ſmall offences were ſufficient to provoke him) he would proſecute his revenge with the utmoſt acrimony till his paſſion had ſubſided.

His friendſhip was therefore of little value; for though he was zealous in the ſupport or vindication of thoſe whom he loved, yet it was always dangerous to truſt him, becauſe he conſidered himſelf as diſcharged by the firſt quarrel from all ties of honour or gratitude; and would betray

tray thoſe ſecrets which, in the warmth of confidence, had been imparted to him. This practice drew upon him an univerſal accuſation of ingratitude: nor can it be denied that he was very ready to ſet himſelf free from the load of an obligation; for he could not bear to conceive himſelf in a ſtate of dependence, his pride being equally powerful with his other paſſions, and appearing in the form of inſolence at one time, and of vanity at another. Vanity, the moſt innocent ſpecies of pride, was moſt frequently predominant. He could not eaſily leave off, when he had once begun to mention himſelf, or his works; nor ever read his verſes without ſtealing his eyes from the page, to diſcover, in the faces of his audience, how they were affected with any favourite paſſage.

A kinder name than that of vanity ought to be given to the delicacy with which he was always careful to ſeparate his own merit from every other man's, and to reject that praiſe to which he had no claim. He did not forget, in mentioning his performances, to mark every line that had been ſuggeſted or amended; and was ſo accurate, as to relate that he owed three words in 'The Wanderer,' to the advice of his friends.

His veracity was queſtioned, but with little reaſon; his accounts, though not indeed always the ſame, were generally conſiſtent. When he loved any man, he ſuppreſſed all his faults; and, when he had been offended by him, concealed all his virtues. But his characters were generally true, ſo far as he proceeded; though it cannot be denied, that his partiality might have ſometimes the effect of falſehood.

In caſes indifferent, he was zealous for virtue, truth, and juſtice: he knew very well the neceſſity of goodneſs to the preſent and future happineſs of mankind; nor is there perhaps any writer, who has leſs endeavoured to pleaſe by flattering the appetites, or perverting the judgment.

As an author, therefore, and he now ceaſes to influence mankind in any other character, if one piece which he had reſolved to ſuppreſs be excepted, he has very little to fear from the ſtricteſt moral or religious cenſure. And though he may not be altogether ſecure againſt the objections of the critic, it muſt however be acknowledged, that his works are the productions of a genius truly poetical; and, what many writers who have been more laviſhly applauded cannot boaſt, that they have an original air, which has no reſemblance of any foregoing writer: that the verſification and ſentiments have a caſt peculiar to themſelves, which no man can imitate with ſucceſs, becauſe what was

nature

nature in Savage, would in another be affectation. It muſt be confeſſed, that his deſcriptions are ſtriking, his images animated, his fictions juſtly imagined, and his allegories artfully purſued; that his diction is elevated, though ſometimes forced, and his numbers ſonorous and majeſtic, though frequently ſluggiſh and encumbered. Of his ſtyle, the general fault is harſhneſs, and its general excellence is dignity; of his ſentiments, the prevailing beauty is ſublimity, and uniformity the prevailing defect.

For his life, or for his writings, none, who candidly conſider his fortune, will think an apology either neceſſary or difficult. If he was not always ſufficiently inſtructed in his ſubject, his knowledge was at leaſt greater than could have been attained by others in the ſame ſtate. If his works were ſometimes unfiniſhed, accuracy cannot reaſonably be exacted from a man oppreſſed with want, which he has no hope of relieving but by a ſpeedy publication. The inſolence and reſentment of which he is accuſed, were not eaſily to be avoided by a great mind, irritated by perpetual hardſhips, and conſtrained hourly to return the ſpurns of contempt, and repreſs the inſolence of proſperity; and vanity may ſurely readily be pardoned in him, to whom life afforded no other comforts than barren praiſes, and the conſciouſneſs of deſerving them.

Thoſe are no proper judges of his conduct, who have ſlumbered away their time on the down of affluence; nor will any wiſe man preſume to ſay, "Had I been in Savage's condition, I ſhould have lived or written better than Savage."

This relation will not be wholly without its uſe, if thoſe, who languiſh under any part of his ſufferings, ſhall be enabled to fortify their patience, by reflecting that they feel only thoſe afflictions from which the abilities of Savage did not exempt him; or thoſe, who, in confidence of ſuperior capacities or attainments, diſregarded the common maxims of life, ſhall be reminded, that nothing will ſupply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge uſeleſs, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.*

* In the foregoing life, we have adhered invariably to the words of Dr. Johnſon, though we have omitted ſome of the paſſages introduced by him, as they allude to ſubjects which have no perſonal reference, and would ſwell the pages, without conducing to any of the eſſential purpoſes of biography.

# THE WANDERER:

## A VISION.

## *IN FIVE CANTOS.*

" Nulla mali nova mi facies inopinave ſurgit." *Virg.*

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TO THE RIGHT HON.

JOHN LORD VISCOUNT TYRCONNEL,

*Baron Charleville, and Lord Brownlow, Knight of the Bath.*

My Lord,

PART of this poem had the honour of your Lordſhip's peruſal when in manuſcript; and it was no ſmall pride to me, when it met with approbation from ſo diſtinguiſhing a judge: ſhould the reſt find the like indulgence, I ſhall have no occaſion (whatever its ſucceſs may be in the world) to repent the labour it has coſt me—But my intention is not to purſue a diſcourſe on my own performance; no, my Lord, it is to embrace this opportunity of throwing out ſentiments that relate to your Lordſhip's goodneſs, the generoſity of which, give me leave to ſay, I have greatly experienced.

I offer it not as a new remark, that dependance on the great, in former times, generally terminated in diſappointment; nay, even their bounty (if it could be called ſuch, was, in its very nature ungenerous. It was, perhaps, withheld, through an indolent or wilful neglect, till thoſe who lingered in the want of it, grew almoſt paſt the ſenſe of comfort. At length it came, too often, in a manner that half cancelled the obligation, and, perchance, muſt have been acquired too by ſome previous act of guilt in the receiver, the conſequence of which was remorſe and infamy.

But that I live, my Lord, is a proof that dependence on your Lordſhip, and the preſent miniſtry, is an aſſurance of ſucceſs. I am perſuaded, diſtreſs, in many other inſtances, affects your ſoul with a compaſſion, that always ſhows itſelf

in a manner moſt humane and active; that to forgive injuries, and confer benefits, is your delight; and that, to deſerve your friendſhip, is to deſerve the countenance of the beſt of men. To be admitted into the honour of your Lordſhip's converſation (permit me to ſpeak but juſtice) is to be elegantly introduced into the moſt inſtructive, as well as entertaining, parts of literature; it is to be furniſhed with the fineſt obſervations upon human nature, and to receive, from the moſt unaſſuming, ſweet, and winning candour, the worthieſt and moſt polite maxims—ſuch as are always enforced by the actions of your own life. I could alſo take notice of your many public-ſpirited ſervices to your country in Parliament, and your conſtant attachment to liberty, and the royal, illuſtrious houſe, of our moſt gracious ſovereign; but, my Lord, believe me, your own deeds are the nobleſt and fitteſt orators to ſpeak your praiſe, and will elevate it far beyond the power of a much abler writer than I am.

I will therefore turn my view from your Lordſhip's virtues, to the kind influence of them, which has been ſo lately ſhed upon me; and then, if my future morals and writings ſhall gain any approbation from men of parts and probity, I muſt acknowledge all to be the product of your Lordſhip's goodneſs to me. I muſt, in fine, ſay with Horace,

"Quod ſpiro, et placeo (et placeo) tuum eſt."

I am, with the higheſt gratitude and adoration,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt dutiful
and devoted ſervant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.

# THE WANDERER.

## CANTO I.

FAIN would my verſe, Tyrconnel, boaſt thy name,
Brownlowe, at once my ſubject and my fame!
Oh! could that ſpirit, which thy boſom warms,
Whoſe ſtrength ſurpriſes, and whoſe goodneſs charms!
That various worth! could that inſpire my lays,
Envy ſhould ſmile, and Cenſure learn to praiſe:
Yet though unequal to a ſoul like thine,
A generous ſoul, approaching to divine,
When bleſs'd beneath ſuch patronage I write,
Great my attempt, though hazardous my flight.
O'er ample nature I extend my views;
Nature to rural ſcenes invites the muſe:
She flies all public care, all venal ſtriſe,
To try the ſtill, compar'd with active life;
To prove, by theſe the ſons of men may owe
The fruits of bliſs to burſting clouds of woe;
That e'en calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inſpirits and adorns the thinking mind.
Come, Contemplation, whoſe unbounded gaze,
Swift in a glance, the courſe of things ſurveys;
Who in thyſelf the various view canſt find
Of ſea, land, air, and heaven, and human-kind;
What tides of paſſion in the boſom roll;
What thoughts debaſe, and what exalt the ſoul,
Whoſe pencil paints, obſequious to thy will,
All thou ſurvey'ſt, with a creative ſkill!
Oh, leave awhile thy lov'd, ſequeſter'd ſhade!
Awhile in wintery wilds vouchſafe thy aid!
Then waft me to ſome olive, bowery green,
Where, cloth'd in white, thou ſhow'ſt a mind ſerene;
Where kind Content from noiſe and court retires,
And ſmiling ſits, while muſes tune their lyres;
Where zephyrs gently breathe, while ſleep profound
To their ſoft fanning nods, with poppies crown'd;
Sleep, on a treaſure of bright dreams reclines,
By thee beſtow'd; whence Fancy colour'd ſhines,

And flutters round his brow a hovering flight,
Varying her plumes in viſionary light.
Though ſolar fires now faint and watery burn,
Juſt where with ice Aquarius frets his urn!
If thaw'd, forth iſſue, from its mouth ſevere,
Raw clouds, that ſadden all th' inverted year.
When froſt and fire with martial powers engag'd,
Froſt, northward fled the war, unequal wag'd!
Beneath the pole his legions urg'd their flight,
And gain'd a cave profound, and wide as night.
O'er cheerleſs ſcenes, by Deſolation own'd,
High on an Alp of ice he ſits enthron'd!
One clay-cold hand, his cryſtal beard ſuſtains,
And ſcepter'd one, o'er wind and tempeſt reigns;
O'er ſtony magazines of hail, that ſtorm
The bloſſom'd fruit, and flowery ſpring deform.
His languid eyes like frozen lakes appear,
Dim gleaming all the light that wanders here.
His robe ſnow-wrought, and hoar'd with age; his breath,
A nitrous damp, that ſtrikes petrific death.
Far hence lies, ever-freez'd, the northern main,
That checks, and renders navigation vain;
That, ſhut againſt the ſun's diſſolving ray,
Scatters the trembling tides of vanquiſh'd day,
And ſtretching eaſtward, half the world ſecures,
Defies diſcovery, and like time endures!
Now froſt ſent Boreal blaſts to ſcourge the air,
To bind the ſtreams, and leave the landſcape bare;
Yet when, far weſt, his violence declines,
Though here, the brook or lake his power confines;
To rocky pools, to cataracts are unknown
His chains!—to rivers rapid like the Rhone!
The falling moon caſt, cold, a quivering light,
Juſt ſilver'd o'er the ſnow, and ſunk!—pale night
Retir'd. The dawn in light-grey miſts aroſe!
Shrill chants the cock!—the hungry heifer lows!
Slow bluſh yon breaking clouds;—the ſun's uproll'd!
Th' expanſive grey turns azure, chas'd with gold;

White-glittering ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams,
Reflecting ſaffron luſtre from his beams.
O Contemplation, teach me to explore,
From Britain far remote, ſome diſtant ſhore!
From ſleep a dream diſtinct and lively claim;
Clear let the viſion ſtrike the moral's aim!
It comes! I feel it o'er my ſoul ſerene!
Still morn begins, and froſt retains the ſcene!
Hark!—the loud horn's enlivening note's begun!
From rock to vale ſweet-wandering echoes run!
Still floats the ſound ſhrill winding from afar!
Wild beaſts aſtoniſh'd dread the ſylvan war!
Spears to the ſun in files embattled play,
March on, charge briſkly, and enjoy the fray!
Swans, ducks, and geeſe, and the wing'd winter-brood,
Chatter diſcordant on yon echoing flood!
At Babel thus, when heaven the tongue confounds,
Sudden a thouſand different jargon-ſounds,
Like jangling bells, harſh mingling, grate the ear!
All ſtare! all talk! all mean! but none cohere!
Mark! wiley fowlers meditate their doom,
And ſmoky fate ſpeeds thundering through the gloom!
Stopp'd ſhort, they ceaſe in airy rings to fly,
Whirl o'er and o'er, and, fluttering, fall and die.
Still fancy wafts me on! deceiv'd I ſtand,
Eſtrang'd, adventurous on a foreign land!
Wide and more wide extends the ſcene unknown!
Where ſhall I turn, a WANDERER, and alone?
From hilly wilds, and deeps where ſnows remain,
My winding ſteps up a ſteep mountain ſtrain!
Emmers'd a-top, I mark, the hills ſubſide,
And towers aſpire, but with inferior pride!
On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work crown'd,
Bend, while their flacky winter ſhades the ground!
Hoarſe, and direct, a bluſtering north-wind blows!
On boughs, thick ruſtling, crack the criſped ſnows!
Tangles of froſt half-fright the wilder'd eye,
By heat oft-blacken'd like a lowering ſky!
Hence down the ſide two turbid rivulets pour,
And devious two, in one huge cataract roar!

While pleas'd the watery progreſs I purſue,
Yon rocks in rough aſſemblage ruſh in view!
In form an amphitheatre they riſe;
And a dark gulf in their broad centre lies.
There the dim'd ſight with dizzy weakneſs fails,
And horror o'er the firmeſt brain prevails!
Thither theſe mountain ſtreams their paſſage take,
Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful lake!
The lake, high-ſwelling, ſo redundant grows,
From the heap'd ſtore deriv'd, a river flows;
Which, deepening, travels through a diſtant wood,
And thence emerging, meets a ſiſter-flood;
Mingled they flaſh on a wide-opening plain,
And paſs yon city to the far-ſeen main.
So blend two ſouls by heaven for union made,
And ſtrengthening forward, lend a mutual aid,
And prove in every tranſient turn their aim,
Through finite life to infinite the ſame.
Nor ends the landſcape—ocean, to my ſight,
Points a blue arm, where ſailing ſhips delight,
In proſpect leſſen'd!—Now new rocks, rear'd high,
Stretch a croſs-ridge, and bar the curious eye;
There lies obſcur'd the ripening diamond's ray,
And thence red-branching coral's rent away.
In conic form there gelid cryſtal grows;
Through ſuch the palace-lamp gay luſtre throws!
Luſtre, which, through dim night, as various plays,
As play from yonder ſnows the changeful rays!
For nobler uſe the cryſtal's worth may riſe,
If tubes perſpective hem the ſpotleſs prize;
Through theſe the beams of the far-lengthen'd eye
Meaſure known ſtars, and new remoter ſpy.
Hence commerce many a ſhorten'd voyage ſteers,
Shorten'd to months, the hazard once of years;
Hence Halley's ſoul etherial flight eſſays;
Inſtructive there, from orb to orb ſhe ſtrays;
Sees round new countleſs ſuns, new ſyſtems roll!
Sees God in all! and magnifies the whole!
Yon rocky ſide enrich'd the ſummer ſcene,
And peaſants ſearch for herbs of healthful green;

Now naked, pale, and comfortleſs, it lies,
Like youth extended cold in death's diſguiſe.
There, while without the ſounding tempeſt ſwells,
Incav'd, ſecure, th' exulting eagle dwells;
And there, when nature owns prolific ſpring,
Spreads o'er her young a fondling mother's wing.
Swains on the coaſt the far-fam'd fiſh deſcry,
That gives the fleecy robe the Tyrian dye;
While ſhells, a ſcatter'd ornament beſtow,
The tinctur'd rivals of the ſhowery bow.
Yon limeleſs ſands, looſe-driving with the wind,
In future cauldrons uſeful texture find,
Till, on the furnace thrown, the glowing maſs
Brightens, and brightening hardens into glaſs.
When winter halcyons, flickering on the wave,
Tune their complaints, yon ſea forgets to rave;
Though laſh'd by ſtorms, which naval pride o'erturn,
The foaming deep in ſparkles ſeems to burn,
Loud winds turn zephyrs to enlarge their notes,
And each ſafe neſt on a calm ſurface floats.
  Now veers the wind full eaſt; and keen, and ſore,
Its cutting influence aches in every pore!
How weak thy fabric, man!—A puff, thus blown,
Staggers thy ſtrength, and echoes to thy groan.
A tooth's minuteſt nerve let anguiſh ſeize,
Swift kindred fibres catch! (ſo frail our eaſe!)
Pinch'd, pierc'd, and torn, enflam'd, and unaſſuag'd,
They ſmart, and ſwell, and throb, and ſhoot enrag'd!
From nerve to nerve fierce flies th' exulting pain!
—And are we of this mighty fabric vain?
Now my blood chills! ſcarce through my veins it glides!
Sure on each blaſt a ſhivering ague rides!
Warn'd let me this bleak eminence forſake,
And to the vale a different winding take!
  Half I deſcend: my ſpirits faſt decay;
A terrace now relieves my weary way.
Cloſe with this ſtage a precipice combines;
Whence ſtill the ſpacious country far declines!
The herds ſeem inſects in the diſtant glades,
And men diminiſh'd, as, at noon, their ſhades!

Thick on this top, o'ergrown for walks, are ſeen
Grey leafleſs wood, and winter-greens between!
The reddening berry, deep-ting'd holly ſhows,
And matted miſletoe, the white beſtows!
Though loſt the banquet of autumnal fruits,
Though on broad oaks no vernal umbrage ſhoots!
Theſe boughs, the ſilenc'd ſhivering ſongſters ſeek!
Theſe foodful berries fill the hungry beak.
Beneath appears a place, all outward bare,
Inward the dreary manſion of deſpair!
The water of the mountain-road, half ſtray'd,
Breaks o'er it wild, and falls a brown caſcade.
Has nature this rough, naked piece, deſign'd,
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind?
She has. Approach'd, appears a deep deſcent,
Which opens in a rock a large extent!
And hark!—its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
A trampling ſound of footſteps haſtening near!
A death-like chillneſs thwarts my panting breaſt:
Soft! the wiſh'd object ſtands at length confeſs'd!
Of youth his form!—But why with anguiſh bent?
Why pin'd with ſallow marks of diſcontent?
Yet patience, labouring to beguile his care,
Seems to raiſe hope, and ſmiles away deſpair.
Compaſſion, in his eye, ſurveys my grief,
And in his voice invites me to relief.
Preventive of thy call, behold my haſte,
(He ſays) nor let warm thanks thy ſpirits waſte!
All fear forget——Each portal I poſſeſs,
Duty wide-opens to receive diſtreſs.
Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led;
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread!
And now, in ſquar'd diviſions, I ſurvey
Chambers ſequeſter'd from the glare of day;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,
Through rifts; each forming a perſpective ſcene.
In front a parlour meets my entering view;
Oppos'd, a room to ſweet refection due.
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires;
Through the bor'd rock above, the ſmoke expires;

Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin's ſpread,
Crown'd with a heapy caniſter of bread.
A maple cup is next diſpatch'd, to bring
The comfort of the ſalutary ſpring:
Nor mourn we abſent bleſſings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of roſy wine;
And ſavoury cates, upon clear embers caſt,
Lie hiſſing, till ſnatch'd off; a rich repaſt!
Soon leap my ſpirits with enliven'd power,
And in gay converſe glides the feaſtful hour.
The hermit, thus: Thou wonder'ſt at thy fare:
On me, yon city, kind, beſtows her care:
Meat for keen famine, and the generous juice,
That warms chill'd life, her charities produce;
Accept without reward; unaſk'd 'twas mine;
Here what thy health requires, as free be thine.
Hence learn that God, (who, in the time of need,
In frozen deſarts can the raven feed)
Well-ſought, will delegate ſome pitying breaſt,
His ſecond means, to ſuccour man diſtreſs'd.
He paus'd. Deep thought upon his aſpect gloom'd;
Then he, with ſmile humane, his voice reſum'd.
I'm juſt inform'd, (and laugh me not to ſcorn)
By one unſeen by thee, thou'rt Engliſh-born.
Of England I—to me the Britiſh ſtate
Riſes, in dear memorial, ever great!
Here ſtand we conſcious:—Diffidence ſuſpend!
Free flow our words!—Did ne'er thy muſe extend
To grots, where Contemplation ſmiles ſerene,
Where Angels viſit, and where Joys convene?
To groves, where more than mortal voices riſe,
Catch the rapt ſoul, and waft it to the ſkies?
This cave!—Yon walks!—But, ere I more unfold,
What artful ſcenes thy eyes ſhall here behold,
Think ſubjects of my toil: nor wondering gaze!
What cannot induſtry completely raiſe?
Be the whole earth, in one great landſcape found,
By induſtry is all with beauty crown'd!
He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
Hews the hard rock, or harrows up the plain;

He forms the ſword to ſmite; he ſheaths the ſteel,
Draws health from herbs, and ſhows the balm to heal;
Or with loom'd wool the native robe ſupplies;
Or bids young plants in future foreſts riſe:
Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
Shall, with new grace, the diſtant ocean ſway;
Hence golden commerce views her wealth increaſe,
The bliſsful child of liberty and peace.
He ſcoops the ſtubborn Alps, and, ſtill employ'd,
Fills, with ſoft fertile mould, the ſteril void;
Slop'd up white rocks, ſmall, yellow harveſts grow,
And, green on terrac'd ſtages, vineyards blow!
By him fall mountains to a level ſpace,
An iſthmus ſinks, and ſunder'd ſeas embrace!
He founds a city on the naked ſhore,
And deſolation ſtarves the tract no more.
From the wild waves he won the Belgic land;
Where wide they foam'd, her towns and traffics ſtand;
He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd the furtive ground,
And firms the conqueſt with his fenceful mound.
E'en mid the watery world his Venice roſe,
Each fabric there, as Pleaſure's ſeat, he ſhows!
There marts, ſports, councils, are for action ſought,
Landſcapes for health, and ſolitude for thought.
What wonder then, I, by his potent aid,
A manſion in a barren mountain made?
Part thou haſt view'd!—If further we explore,
Let Induſtry deſerve applauſe the more.
No frowning care yon bleſt apartment ſees,
There Sleep retires, and finds a couch of eaſe.
Kind dreams, that fly remorſe, and pamper'd wealth,
There ſhed the ſmiles of innocence and health.
Mark!—Here deſcends a grot, delightful ſeat!
Which warms e'en winter, tempers ſummer heat!
See!—Gurgling from a top, a ſpring diſtils!
In mournful meaſures wind the dripping rills;
Soft coos of diſtant doves, receiv'd around,
In ſoothing mixture, ſwell the watery ſound;
And hence the ſtreamlets ſeek the terrace' ſhade,
Within, without, alike to all convey'd.

Paſs on—New ſcenes by my creative power,
Invite Reflection's ſweet and ſolemn hour.
We enter'd, where, in well-rang'd order, ſtood
Th' inſtructive volumes of the wiſe and good.
Theſe friends (ſaid he) though I deſert mankind,
Good angels never would permit behind.
Each genius, youth conceals, or time diſplays,
I know; each work ſome ſeraph here conveys,
Retirement thus preſents my ſearchful thought,
What heaven inſpir'd, and what the muſe has taught;
What Young ſatiric and ſublime has writ,
Whoſe life is virtue, and whoſe muſe is wit.
Rap'd I foreſee thy Mallet's* early aim
Shine in full worth, and ſhoot at length to fame.
Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,
And the ripe judgment of inſtructive years.
In Hill is all that generous ſouls revere,
To virtue and the muſe for ever dear:
And Thomſon, in this praiſe, thy merit ſee,
The tongue that praiſes merit, praiſes thee.
Theſe ſcorn (ſaid I) the verſe-wright of their age,
Vain of a labour'd, languid, uſeleſs page;
To whoſe dim faculty the meaning ſong
Is glaring or obſcure, when clear and ſtrong;
Who, in cant phraſes, gives a work diſgrace;
His wit, and oddneſs of his tone and face;
Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an eſſay,
In ſome low libel a mean heart diſplay;
Thoſe, who once prais'd, now undeceiv'd deſpiſe,
It lives contemn'd a day, then harmleſs dies.
Or ſhould ſome nobler bard, their worth, unpraiſe,
Deſerting morals, that adorn his lays,
Alas! too oft each ſcience ſhows the ſame,
The great grow jealous of a greater name:
Ye bards, the frailty mourn, yet brave the ſhock;
Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke?
Oh, ſtill proceed, with ſacred rapture fir'd!
Unenvy'd had he liv'd, if unadmir'd.

* He had then juſt written the Excurſion.

Let envy, he reply'd, all ireful riſe,
Envy purſues alone the brave and wiſe;
Maro and Socrates inſpire her pain,
And Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train!
To whom be Nature's and Britannia's praiſe!
All their bright honours ruſh into his lays!
And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel!
Though gay as Mirth, as curious Thought ſedate,
As Elegance polite, as Power elate;
Profound as Reaſon, and as Juſtice clear;
Soft as Compaſſion, yet as Truth ſevere;
As Bounty copious, as Perſuaſion ſweet,
Like Nature various, and like Art complete;
So fine her morals, ſo ſublime her views,
His life is almoſt equall'd by his Muſe.

O Pope!—Since Envy is decreed by Fate,
Since ſhe purſues alone the wiſe and great;
In one ſmall, emblematic landſcape, ſee,
How vaſt a diſtance 'twixt thy foe and thee!
Truth from an eminence ſurveys our ſcene
(A hill, where all is clear, and all ſerene).
Rude earth-bred ſtorms o'er meaner valleys blow,
And wandering miſts roll, blackening far below;
Dark and debas'd, like them, is Envy's aim,
And clear and eminent, like Truth, thy fame.

Thus I. From what dire cauſe can Envy ſpring?
Or why emboſom we a viper's ſting?
'Tis Envy ſtings our darling paſſion, pride.
Alas! (the man of mighty ſoul replied)
Why chooſe we miſeries? Moſt derive their birth
From one bad ſource—we dread ſuperior worth;
Preferr'd, it ſeems a ſatire on our own;
Then heedleſs to excel, we meanly moan:
Then we abſtract our views, and envy ſhow,
Whence ſprings the miſery, pride is doom'd to know.
Thus Folly pain creates: by Wiſdom's power,
We ſhun the weight of many a reſtleſs hour—
Lo! I meet wrong; perhaps the wrong I feel,
Tends, by the ſcheme of things, to public weal.

I, of the whole, am part—the joy men ſee,
Muſt circulate, and ſo revolve to me.
Why ſhould I then of private loſs complain?
Of loſs, that proves, *per* chance, a brother's gain?
The wind, that binds one bark within the bay,
May waft a richer freight its wiſh'd-for way.
If rains redundant flood the abject ground,
Mountains are but ſupplied, when vales are drown'd;
If, with ſoft moiſture ſwell'd, the vale looks gay,
The verdure of the mountain fades away.
Shall clouds, but at my welfare's call deſcend?
Shall gravity for me her laws ſuſpend?
For me ſhall ſuns their noon-tide courſe forbear?
Or motion not ſubſiſt to influence air?
Let the means vary, be they froſt, or flame,
Thy end, O Nature! ſtill remains the ſame!
Be this the motive of a wiſe man's care,—
To ſhun deſerving ills, and learn to bear.

## CANTO II.

WHILE thus a mind humane, and wiſe, he ſhows,
All eloquent of truth his language flows.
Youth, though depreſs'd, through all his form appears:
Through all his ſentiments the depth of years.
Thus he—Yet farther induſtry behold,
Which conſcious waits new wonders to unfold,
Enter my chapel next—Lo! here begin
The hallow'd rites, that check the growth of ſin.
When firſt we met, how ſoon you ſeem'd to know
My boſom, labouring with the throbs of woe!
Such racking throbs!—Soft! when I rouſe thoſe cares,
On my chill'd mind pale recollection glares!
When moping frenzy ſtrove my thoughts to ſway,
Here prudent labours chas'd her power away.
Full, and rough-riſing from yon ſculptur'd wall,
Bold prophets nations to repentance call!
Meek martyrs ſmile in flames! gor'd champions groan!
And muſe-like cherubs tune their harps in ſtone!
Next ſhadow'd light a rounding force beſtows,
Swells into life, and ſpeaking action grows!
Here pleaſing, melancholy ſubjects find,
To calm, amuſe, exalt the penſive mind!
This figure tender grief, like mine, implies,
And ſemblant thoughts, that earthly pomp deſpiſe.
Such penitential Magdalene reveals;
Looſe-veil'd, in negligence of charms ſhe kneels.
Though dreſs, near-ſtor'd, its vanity ſupplies,
The vanity of dreſs unheeded lies,
The ſinful world in ſorrowing eye ſhe keeps,
As o'er Jeruſalem Meſſiah weeps.
One hand her boſom ſmites; in one appears
The lifted lawn, that drinks her falling tears.
Since evil outweighs good, and ſways mankind,
True fortitude aſſumes the patient mind:
Such prov'd Meſſiah's, though to ſuffering born,
To penury, repulſe, reproach, and ſcorn.
Here, by the pencil, mark his flight deſign'd;
The weary'd view in by a ſtream reclin'd,

Who feeds the child. Her looks a charm expreſs,
A modeſt charm, that dignifies diſtreſs.
Boughs o'er their heads with bluſhing fruits depend,
Which angels to her buſied conſort bend.
Hence by the ſmiling infant ſeems diſcern'd,
Trifles, concerning Him, all heaven concern'd.
  Here the transfigur'd Son from earth retires:
See! the white form in a bright cloud aſpires!
Full on his followers burſts a flood of rays,
Proſtrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming blaze!
Like noon-tide ſummer-ſuns the rays appear,
Unſufferable, magnificent and near!
  What ſcene of agony the garden brings;
The cup of gall; the ſuppliant King of kings!
The crown of thorns; the croſs, that felt him die;
Theſe, languid in the ſketch, unfiniſh'd lie.
  There, from the dead, centurions ſee him riſe,
See! but ſtruck down with horrible ſurpriſe!
As the firſt glory ſeem'd a ſun at noon,
This caſts the ſilver ſplendour of the moon.
  Here peopled day, th' aſcending God ſurveys!
The glory varies, as the myriads gaze!
Now ſoften'd, like a ſun at diſtance ſeen,
When through a cloud bright-glancing, yet ſerene!
Now faſt increaſing to the crowd amaz'd,
Like ſome vaſt meteor high in æther rais'd!
  My labour, yon high-vaulted altar ſtains
With dyes, that emulate ætherial plains.
The convex glaſs, which in that opening glows,
Mid circling rays a pictur'd Saviour ſhows!
Bright it collects the beams, which trembling all,
Back from the God, a ſhowery radiance fall.
Lightning the ſcene beneath! a ſcene divine!
Where ſaints, clouds, ſeraphs, intermingled ſhine!
  Here water-falls, that play melodious round,
Like a ſweet organ, ſwell a lofty ſound!
The ſolemn notes bid earthly paſſions fly,
Lull all my cares, and lift my ſoul on high!
  This monumental marble—this I rear
To one—Oh! ever mourn'd!—Oh! ever dear!

He ſtopt—pathetic ſighs the pauſe ſupply,
And the prompt tear ſtarts, quivering, on his eye!
I look'd—two columns near the wall were ſeen,
An imag'd beauty ſtretch'd at length between.
Near the wept fair, her harp Cecilia ſtrung;
Leaning, from high, a liſtening angel hung!
Friendſhip, whoſe figure at the feet remains,
A phœnix, with irradiate creſt, ſuſtains:
This grac'd one palm, while one extends t'impart
Two foreign hands, that claſp a burning heart.
A pendent veil two hovering ſeraphs raiſe,
Which opening heaven upon the roof diſplays!
And two, benevolent, leſs diſtant, hold
A vaſe, collective of perfumes uproll'd!
Theſe from the heart, by friendſhip held, ariſe,
Odorous as incenſe gathering in the ſkies.
In the fond pelican is love expreſt,
Who opens to her young her tender breaſt.
Two mated turtles hovering hang in air,
One by a faulcon ſtruck!—in wild deſpair,
The hermit cries—So death, alas! deſtroys
The tender conſort of my cares and joys!
Again ſoft tears upon his eye-lid hung,
Again check'd ſounds dy'd, fluttering, on his tongue.
Too well his pining inmoſt thought I know!
Too well e'en ſilence tells the ſtory'd woe!
To his my ſighs, to his my tears reply!
I ſtray o'er all the tomb a watery eye!
Next, on the wall, her ſcenes of life I gaz'd,
The form back-leaning, by a globe half rais'd!
Cherubs a proffer'd crown of glory ſhow,
Ey'd wiſtful by th' admiring fair below.
In action eloquent diſpos'd her hands,
One ſhows her breaſt, in rapture one expands!
This the fond hermit ſeiz'd!—o'er all his ſoul,
The ſoft, wild, wailing, amorous paſſion ſtole!
In ſtedfaſt gaze his eyes her aſpect keep,
Then turn away, a while dejected weep;
Then he reverts them; but reverts in vain,
Dimm'd with the ſwelling grief that ſtreams again.

Where now is my philoſophy? (he cries)
My joy, hope, reaſon, my Olympia dies!
Why did I e'er that prime of bleſſings know?
Was it, ye cruel fates, t' embitter woe?
Why would your bolts not level firſt my head?
Why muſt I live to weep Olympia dead?
—Sir, I had once a wife! Fair bloom'd her youth,
Her form was beauty, and her ſoul was truth!
Oh, ſhe was dear! How dear, what words can ſay?
She dies!—my heaven at once is ſnatch'd away!
Ah! what avails, that, by a father's care,
I roſe a wealthy and illuſtrious heir?
That early in my youth I learn'd to prove
Th' inſtructive, pleaſing, academic grove?
That in the ſenate eloquence was mine?
That valour gave me in the field to ſhine?
That love ſhower'd bleſſings too—far more than all
High rapt ambition e'er could happy call?
Ah!—What are theſe, which ev'n the wiſe adore?
Loſt is my pride!—Olympia is no more!
Had I, ye perſecuting powers! been born
The world's cold pity, or, at beſt, its ſcorn:
Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth bereft;
To want, to ſhame, to ruthleſs cenſure left!
Patience, or pride, to this, relief ſupplies!
But a loſt wife!—there! there diſtraction lies!
Now three ſad years I yield me all to grief,
And fly the hated comfort of relief!
Though rich, great, young, I leave a pompous ſeat,
(My brother's now) to ſeek ſome dark retreat:
Mid cloiſter'd ſolitary tombs I ſtray,
Deſpair and horror lead the cheerleſs way!
My ſorrow grows to ſuch a wild exceſs,
Life, injur'd life, muſt wiſh the paſſion leſs!
Olympia!—my Olympia's loſt! (I cry)
Olympia's loſt the hollow vaults reply!
Louder I make my lamentable moan;
The ſwelling echoes learn like me to groan;
The ghoſts to ſcream, as through lone aiſles they ſweep;
The ſhrines to ſhudder, and the ſaints to weep!

Now grief and rage, by gathering ſighs ſuppreſt,
Swell my full heart, and heave my labouring breaſt!
With ſtruggling ſtarts, each vital ſtring they ſtrain,
And ſtrike the tottering fabric of my brain!
O'er my ſunk ſpirits frowns a vapoury ſcene,
Woe's dark retreat! the madding maze of ſpleen!
A deep damp gloom o'erſpreads the murky cell;
Here pining thoughts and ſecret terrors dwell!
Here learn the great unreal wants to feign!
Unpleaſing truths here mortify the vain!
Here Learning, blinded firſt, and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wild!
Here firſt Credulity on Reaſon won!
And hear falſe Zeal myſterious rants begun!
Here Love impearls each moment with a tear,
And Superſtition owes to Spleen her fear!
Fantaſtic lightnings, through the dreary way,
In ſwift, ſhort ſignals flaſh the burſting day!
Above, beneath, acroſs, around, they fly!
A dire deception ſtrikes the mental eye!
By the blue fires, pale phantoms grin ſevere!
Shrill, fancy'd echoes wound th' affrighted ear!
Air-baniſh'd ſpirits flag in fogs profound,
And, all obſcene, ſhed baneful damps around!
Now whiſpers, trembling in ſome feeble wind,
Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind!
Loud laughs the hag!—She mocks complaint away,
Unroofs the den, and lets in more than day.
Swarms of wild fancies, wing'd in various flight,
Seek emblematic ſhades, and myſtic light!
Some drive with rapid ſteeds the ſhining car!
Theſe nod from thrones! Thoſe thunder in the war!
Till, tir'd, they turn from the deluſive ſhow,
Start from wild joy, and fix in ſtupid woe.
Here the lone hour a blank of life diſplays,
Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raiſe;
A fiend in evil moments ever nigh!
Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!
Her eye all red, and ſunk!—A robe ſhe wore,
With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.

A mirror in one hand collective ſhows,
Vary'd and multiply'd, that group of woes.
This endleſs foe to generous toil and pain
Lolls on a couch for eaſe; but lolls in vain;
She muſes o'er her woe-embroider'd veſt,
And ſelf-abhorrence heightens in her breaſt.
To ſhun her care, the force of ſleep ſhe tries,
Still wakes her mind, though ſlumbers doze her eyes:
She dreams, ſtarts, riſes, ſtalks from place to place,
With reſtleſs, thoughtful, interrupted pace;
Now eyes the ſun, and curſes every ray,
Now the green ground, where colour fades away.
Dim Spectres dance. Again her eye ſhe rears;
Then from the blood-ſhot ball wipes purpled tears;
Then preſſes hard her brow, with miſchief fraught,
Her brow half burſts with agony of thought!
From me (ſhe cries) pale wretch, thy comfort claim,
Born of deſpair, and ſuicide my name!
Why ſhould thy life a moment's pain endure!
Here every object proffers grief a cure.
She points where leaves of hemlock blackening ſhoot!
Fear not! pluck! eat (ſaid ſhe) the ſovereign root!
Then death, revers'd, ſhall bear his ebon lance!
Soft o'er thy ſight ſhall ſwim the ſhadowy trance!
Or leap yon rock, poſſeſs a watery grave,
And leave wild ſorrow to the wind and wave!
Or mark—this poniard thus from miſery frees!
She wounds her breaſt!—the guilty ſteel I ſeize!
Straight, where ſhe ſtruck, a ſmoaking ſpring of gore
Wells from the wound, and floats the crimſon'd floor,
She faints! ſhe fades!—Calm thoughts the dead revolve,
And now, unſtartling, fix the dire reſolve;
Death drops his terrors, and, with charming wiles,
Winning, and kind, like my Olympia ſmiles!
He points the paſſage to the ſeats divine,
Where poets, heroes, ſainted lovers ſhine!
I come, Olympia!—my rear'd arm extends!
Half to my breaſt the threatening point deſcends;
Straight thunder rocks the land! new lightnings play!
When, lo! a voice reſounds—Ariſe! away!

Away! nor murmur at th' afflictive rod:
Nor tempt the vengeance of an angry God!
Fly'ſt thou from providence for vain relief?
Such ill-ſought eaſe ſhall draw avenging grief.
Honour, the more obſtructed, ſtronger ſhines,
And zeal by perſecution's rage refines.
By woe, the ſoul to daring action ſwells;
By woe, in paintleſs patience it excels;
From patience, prudent dear experience ſprings,
And traces knowledge through the courſe of things!
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, ſucceſs,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and careſs.
The vaniſh'd fiend thus ſent a hollow voice,
Would'ſt thou be happy? ſtraight be death thy choice.
How mean are thoſe, who paſſively complain;
While active ſouls, more free, their fetters ſtrain!
Though knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, ſucceſs,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and careſs;
On earth ſucceſs muſt in its turn give way,
And ev'n perfection introduce decay.
Never the world of ſpirits thus—their reſt
Untouch'd! entire!—once happy, ever bleſt!
Earneſt the heavenly voice reſponſive cries,
Oh, liſten not to ſubtilty unwiſe!
Thy guardian ſaint, who mourns thy hapleſs fate,
Heaven grants to prop thy virtue, ere too late.
Know, if thou wilt thy dear lov'd wife deplore,
Olympia waits thee on a foreign ſhore;
There in a cell thy laſt remains be ſpent;
Away! deceive deſpair, and find content!
I heard, obey'd; nor more of fate complain'd;
Long ſeas I meaſur'd, and this mountain gain'd.
Soon to a yawning rift, chance turn'd my way;
A den it prov'd, where a huge ſerpent lay!
Flame-eye'd he lay!—he rages now for food,
Meets my firſt glance, and meditates my blood!
His bulk, in many a gather'd orb uproll'd,
Rears ſpire on ſpire! His ſcales, be-dropt with gold,
Shine burniſh'd in the ſun! ſuch height they gain,
They dart green luſtre on the diſtant main!

Now writh'd in dreadful ſlope, he ſtoops his creſt,
Furious to fix on my unſhielded breaſt!
Juſt as he ſprings, my ſabre ſmites the foe!
Headleſs he falls beneath th' unerring blow!
Wrath yet remains, though ſtrength his fabric leaves,
And the meant hiſs the gaſping mouth deceives;
The length'ning trunk ſlow-looſens every fold,
Lingers in life: then ſtretches ſtiff, and cold.
Juſt as th' inveterate ſon of miſchief ends,
Comes a white dove, and near the ſpot deſcends;
I hail this omen! all bad paſſions ceaſe,
Like the ſlain ſnake, and all within is peace.
Next, to religion this plain roof I raiſe!
In duteous rites my hallow'd tapers blaze!
I bid due incenſe on my altars ſmoke!
Then, at this tomb, my promis'd love invoke!
She hears! ſhe comes!—My heart what raptures warm?
All my Olympia ſparkles in the form!
No pale, wan, livid mark of death ſhe bears!
Each roſeate look a quickening tranſport wears!
A robe of light, high-wrought, her ſhape inveſts;
Unzon'd the ſwelling beauty of her breaſts!
Her auburn hair each flowing ring reſumes,
In her fair hand, love's branch of myrtle blooms!
Silent, awhile, each well-known charm I trace;
Then, thus, (while nearer ſhe avoids th' embrace)
Thou dear deceit!—muſt I a ſhade purſue?
Dazzled I gaze!—thou ſwim'ſt before my view!
Dip'd in etherial dews, her bough divine
Sprinkles my eyes, which, ſtrengthen'd, bear the ſhine:
Still thus I urge (for ſtill the ſhadowy bliſs
Shuns the warm graſp, nor yields the tender kiſs)
Oh, fly not!—fade not! liſten to love's call!
She lives! no more I'm man! I'm ſpirit all!
Then let me ſnatch thee!—preſs thee!—take me whole!
Oh, cloſe!—yet cloſer!—cloſer to my ſoul!
Twice, round her waiſt, my eager arms entwin'd,
And, twice deceiv'd, my frenzy claſp'd the wind!
Then thus I rav'd—Behold thy huſband kneel,
And judge! O judge what agonies I feel!

Oh! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair:
Take horror's ſhape, and fright me to deſpair;
Rather than thus, unpitying, ſee me moan,
Far rather frown, and fix me here in ſtone!
But mock not thus!—Alas (the charmer ſaid,
Smiling, and in her ſmile ſoft radiance play'd)
Alas! no more eluded ſtrength employ,
To claſp a ſhade!—What more is mortal joy?
Man's bliſs is, like his knowledge, but ſurmis'd;
One ignorance, the other pain diſguis'd!
Thou wert (had all thy wiſh been ſtill poſſeſt)
Supremely curs'd from being greatly bleſt;
For oh! ſo fair, ſo dear was I to thee,
Thou hadſt forgot thy God to worſhip me;
This he foreſaw, and ſnatch'd me to the tomb;
Above I flouriſh in unfading bloom.
Think me not loſt: for thee I heaven implore!
Thy guardian angel, though a wife no more!
I, when abſtracted from this world you ſeem,
Hint the pure thought, and frame the heavenly dream!
Cloſe at thy ſide, when morning ſtreaks the air,
In muſic's voice I wake thy mind to prayer!
By me, thy hymns, like pureſt incenſe, riſe,
Fragrant with grace, and pleaſing to the ſkies!
And when that form ſhall from its clay refine,
(That only bar betwixt my ſoul and thine!)
When thy lov'd ſpirit mounts to realms of light,
Then ſhall Olympia aid thy earlieſt flight:
Mingled we'll flame in raptures that aſpire
Beyond all youth, all ſenſe, and all deſire.
She ended. Still ſuch ſweetneſs dwells behind,
Th' inchanting voice ſtill warbles in my mind:
But lo! th' unbodied viſion fleets away!—
—Stay, my Olympia!—I conjure thee, ſtay!
Yet ſtay—for thee my memory learns to ſmart!
Sure every vein contains a bleeding heart!
Sooner ſhall ſplendor leave the blaze of day,
Than love, ſo pure, ſo vaſt as mine, decay!
From the ſame heavenly ſource its luſtre came,
And glows, immortal, with congenial flame!

Ah!—let me not with fires neglected burn;
Sweet miſtreſs of my ſoul, return, return!
  Alas!—ſhe's fled—I traverſe now the place
Where my enamour'd thoughts her footſteps trace.
Now, o'er the tomb, I bend my drooping head,
There tears, the eloquence of ſorrow, ſhed.
Sighs choke my words, unable to expreſs
The pangs, the throbs of ſpeechleſs tenderneſs!
Not with more ardent, more tranſparent flame,
Call dying ſaints on their Creator's name,
Than I on her's;—but through yon yielding door,
Glides a new phantom o'er the illumin'd floor!
The roof ſwift kindles from the beaming ground,
And floods of living luſtre flame around!
In all the majeſty of light array'd,
Awful it ſhines!—'tis Cato's honour'd ſhade!
As I the heavenly viſitant purſue,
Sublimer glory opens to my view!
He ſpeaks!—But, oh! what words ſhall dare repeat
His thoughts;—They leave me fir'd with patriot heat!
More than poetic raptures now I feel,
And own that godlike paſſion, public zeal!
But from my frailty, it receives a ſtain,
I grow, unlike my great inſpirer, vain;
And burn, once more, the buſy world to know,
And would, in ſcenes of action foremoſt glow!
Where proud ambition points her dazzling rays;
Where coronets and crowns, attractive, blaze!
When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
And lures me back to ſolitary love.
She tells me truth, prefers an humble ſtate,
That genuine greatneſs ſhuns the being great!
That mean are thoſe, who falſe-term'd honour prize;
Whoſe fabrics from their country's ruin riſe;
Who look the traitor, like the patriot, fair;
Who, to enjoy the vineyard, wrong the heir.
  I hear!—through all my veins new tranſports roll!
I gaze!—warm love comes ruſhing in my ſoul:
Raviſh'd I gaze!—again her charms decay!
Again my manhood to my grief gives way!

Cato returns!—Zeal takes her courſe to reign!
But zeal is in ambition loſt again!
I'm now the ſlave of fondneſs!—now of pride!
—By turns they conquer, and by turns ſubſide!
Theſe balanc'd each by each, the golden mean,
Betwixt them found, gives happineſs ſerene;
This I'll enjoy!—He ended!—I reply'd,
O hermit! thou art worth ſeverely try'd!
But had not innate grief produc'd thy woes,
Men, barbarous men, had prey'd on thy repoſe,
When ſeeking joy, we ſeldom ſorrow miſs,
And often miſery points the path to bliſs.
The ſoil, moſt worthy of the thrifty ſwain,
Is wounded thus, ere truſted with the grain;
The ſtruggling grain muſt work obſcure its way,
Ere the firſt green ſprings upwards to the day;
Up-ſprung, ſuch weed-like coarſeneſs it betrays,
Flocks on th' abandon'd blade permiſſive graze;
Then ſhoots the wealth, from imperfection clear,
And thus a grateful harveſt crowns the year.

## CANTO III.

THUS free our ſocial time from morning flows,
Till riſing ſhades attempt the day to cloſe.
Thus my new friend: behold the light's decay:
Back to yon city let me point thy way.
South-weſt, behind yon hill, the ſloping ſun,
To ocean's verge his fluent courſe has run:
His parting eyes a watery radiance ſhed,
Glance through the vale, and tip the mountain's head:
To which oppos'd the ſhadowy gulfs below,
Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd ſnow.
Now dance the ſtars, where Veſper leads the way;
Yet all faint-glimmering with remains of day
Orient, the queen of night emits her dawn,
And throws, unſeen, her mantle o'er the lawn.
Up the blue ſteep, her crimſon orb now ſhines;
Now on the mountain-top her arm reclines,
In a red creſcent ſeen: Her zone now gleams,
Like Venus, quivering in reflecting ſtreams.
Yet reddening, yet round-burning up the air,
From the white cliff, her feet ſlow-riſing glare.
See! flames, condens'd, now vary her attire;
Her face, a broad circumference of fire.
Dark firs ſeem kindled in nocturnal blaze;
Through ranks of pines, her broken luſtre plays,
Here glares, there brown-projecting ſhade beſtows,
And, glittering, ſports upon the ſpangled ſnows.
Now ſilver turn her beams!—yon den they gain;
The big, rous'd lion ſhakes his brindled main.
Fierce, fleet, gaunt monſters all prepar'd for gore,
Rend woods, vales, rocks, with wide reſounding roar.
O dire preſage!—But fear not thou, my friend,
Our ſteps the guardians of the juſt attend.
Homeward I'll wait thee on—and now ſurvey,
How men and ſpirits chaſe the night away;
Yon nymphs and ſwains in amorous mirth advance;
To breathing muſic moves the circling dance.

Here the bold youth in deeds adventurous glow,
Skimming in rapid ſleds the crackling ſnow.
Not when Tydides won the funeral race,
Shot his light car along in ſwifter pace.
Here the glaz'd way with iron feet they dare,
And glide, well-pois'd, like Mercuries in air.
There crowds, with ſtable tread, and level'd eye,
Lift, and diſmiſs the quoits, that whirling fly.
With force ſuperior, not with ſkill ſo true,
The ponderous diſk from Roman ſinews flew.
Where neighbouring hills ſome cloudy ſheet ſuſtain,
Freez'd o'er the nether vale a penſile plain,
Croſs the roof'd hollow rolls the maſſy round,
The crack'd ice rattles, and the rocks reſound!
Cenſures, diſputes, and laughs, alternate, riſe;
And deafening clangor thunders up the ſkies.
Thus, amid crowded images, ſerene,
From hour to hour we paſs'd, from ſcene to ſcene:
Faſt wore the night. Full long we pac'd our way:
Vain ſteps! the city yet far diſtant lay.
While thus the hermit, ere my wonder ſpoke,
Methought, with new amuſement, ſilence broke:
Yon amber-hu'd caſcade, which fleecy flies
Through rocks, and ſtrays along the trackleſs ſkies,
To frolic fairies marks the mazy ring;
Forth to the dance from little cells they ſpring,
Meaſur'd to pipe or harp;—and next they ſtand,
Marſhal'd beneath the moon, a radiant band!
In froſt-work now delight the ſportive kind:
Now court wild fancy in the whiſtling wind.
Hark! the funeral bell's deep-ſounding toll,
To bliſs, from miſery, calls ſome righteous ſoul!
Juſt freed from life, life ſwift-aſcending fire,
Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder ſpire!
Light claſps it's wings!—it views, with pitying ſight,
The friendly mourner pay the pious rite;
The plume high wrought, that blackening nods in air;
The ſlow-pac'd weeping pomp; the ſolemn prayer;

The decent tomb; the verſe, that ſorrow gives,
Where, to remembrance ſweet, fair virtue lives.
  Now to mid-heaven the whiten'd moon inclines,
And ſhades contract, mark'd out in clearer lines:
With noiſeleſs gloom the plains are delug'd o'er;
See!—from the north, what ſtreaming meteors pour!
Beneath Boötes ſprings the radiant train,
And quiver through the axle of his wain.
O'er altars thus, impainted, we behold
Half-circling glories ſhoot in rays of gold.
Croſs æther ſwift elance the vivid fires!
As ſwift again each pointed flame retires!
In Fancy's eye encountering armies glare,
And ſanguine enſigns wave unfurl'd in air;
Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled ſtate.
Thus comets, dreadful viſitants! ariſe
To them wild omens! ſcience to the wiſe!
Theſe mark the comet to the ſun incline,
While deep-red flames around its centre ſhine!
While its fierce rear a winding trail diſplays,
And lights all æther with the ſweepy blaze!
Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
And ſhoots by worlds unnumber'd and unknown;
By worlds, whoſe people, all aghaſt with fear,
May view that miniſter of vengeance near!
Till now, the tranſient glow, remote and loſt,
Decays, and darkens 'mid involving froſt!
Or when it, ſunward, drinks rich beams again,
And burns imperious on th' ætherial plain!
The learn'd-one, curious, eyes it from afar,
Sparkling through night, a new illuſtrious ſtar!
  The moon, deſcending, ſaw us now purſue
The various talk:—the city near in view!
Here from ſtill-life (he cries) avert thy ſight,
And mark what deeds adorn, or ſhame the night!
But, heedful, each immodeſt proſpect fly;
Where decency forbids inquiry's eye.
Man, were not man, without love's wanton fire,
But reaſon's glory is to quell deſire.

What are thy fruits, O luſt? Short bleſſings bought
With long remorſe, the ſeed of bitter thought;
Perhaps ſome babe to dire diſeaſes born,
Doom'd for another's crimes, through life, to mourn;
Or murder'd, to preſerve a mother's fame;
Or caſt obſcure; the child of want and ſhame!
Falſe pride! What vices on our conduct ſteal,
From the world's eye one frailty to conceal!
Ye cruel mothers!—Soft! thoſe words command;
So near ſhall cruelty and mother ſtand?
Can the dove's boſom ſnakey venom draw?
Can its foot ſharpen, like the vulture's claw?
Can the fond goat, or tender, fleecy dam
Howl like the wolf, or tear the kid or lamb?
Yes, there are mothers—There I fear'd his aim,
And, conſcious, trembled at the coming name;
Then, with a ſigh, his iſſuing words oppos'd!
Straight with a falling tear the ſpeech he clos'd!
That tenderneſs, which ties of blood deny,
Nature repaid me from a ſtranger's eye.
Pale grew my cheeks!—But now to general views
Our converſe turns, which thus my friend renews.
Yon manſion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day,
From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
Around, athwart, the friſking ſhadows fly.
There midnight riot ſpreads illuſive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time deſtroys.
Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant eaſe
Shall wake ſharp warnings in ſome fierce diſeaſe.
O man! thy fabric's like a well-form'd ſtate;
Thy thoughts, firſt rank'd, were ſure deſign'd the great;
Paſſions plebeians are, which faction raiſe;
Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze;
Then giddy Anarchy's rude triumphs riſe:
Then ſovereign Reaſon from her empire flies:
That ruler once depos'd, wiſdom and wit,
To noiſe and folly, place and power ſubmit;
Like a frail bark thy weaken'd mind is toſt,
Unſteer'd, unbalanc'd till its wealth is loſt.

The miſer-ſpirit eyes the ſpendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of ſordid care.
His treaſures fly to cloy each fawning ſlave;
Yet grudge a ſtone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employ'd;
For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoy'd;
For this, he grip'd the poor, and alms deny'd,
Unfriended liv'd and unlamented died.
Yet ſmile, griev'd ſhade! when that unproſperous [ſtore
Faſt-leſſens, when gay hours return no more;
Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall,
Men once oblig'd, like him, ungrateful all!
Then thought-inſpiring woe his heart ſhall mend,
And prove his only wiſe, unflattering friend.
Folly exhibits thus unmanly ſport,
While plotting miſchief keeps reſerv'd her court.
Lo! from that mount, in blaſting ſulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapp'd with ſmoke!
In chariot-ſhape they whirl up yonder tower,
Lean on its brow, and like deſtruction lour!
From the black depth, a fiery legion ſprings;
Each bold, bad ſpectre claps her ſounding wings:
And ſtraight beneath a ſummon'd, traitorous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention ſtand:
From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows:
The villians, cloſe beneath th' infection pent,
Feel, all-poſſeſs'd, their riſing galls ferment:
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devaſtation dire!
But juſtice marks their ways: ſhe waves in air,
The ſword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.
While here dark villany herſelf deceives,
There ſtudious honeſty our view relieves.
A feeble taper, from yon loneſome room,
Scattering thin rays, juſt glimmers through the gloom.
There ſits the ſapient bard in muſeful mood,
And glows impaſſion'd for his country's good!
All the bright ſpirits of the juſt combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!

He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays refulgent ſhine!
Now rapt! now more than man!—I ſee him climb,
To view this ſpeck of earth from worlds ſublime!
I ſee him now o'er nature's works preſide!
How clear the viſion; and the ſcene how wide!
Let ſome a name by adulation raiſe,
Or ſcandal, meaner than a venal praiſe!
My muſe (he cries) a nobler proſpect view!
Through Fancy's wilds ſome moral's point purſue!
From dark Deception clear drawn truth diſplay,
As from black chaos roſe reſplendent day!
Awake Compaſſion, and bid Terror riſe!
Bid humble Sorrows ſtrike ſuperior eyes!
So pamper'd Power, unconſcious of diſtreſs,
May ſee, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redreſs.
Ye traitors, tyrants, fear his ſtinging lay!
Ye powers unlov'd, unpity'd in decay!
But know, to you ſweet-bloſſom'd fame he brings,
Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings!
O thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art,
(Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart!
If wailing worth can generous warmth excite!
If verſe can gild inſtruction with delight,
Inſpire his honeſt muſe with orient flame,
To riſe, to dare, to reach the nobleſt aim!
But, O my friend! myſterious is our fate!
How mean his fortune, though his mind elate!
Æneas-like he paſſes through the crowd,
Unſought, unſeen beneath misfortune's cloud;
Or ſeen with ſlight regard: Unprais'd his name;
His after-honour and our after-ſhame.
The doom'd deſert, to avarice ſtands confeſs'd;
Her eyes averted are, and ſteel'd her breaſt.
Envy aſquint the future wonder eyes:
Bold Inſult, pointing, hoots him as he flies;
While coward Cenſure, ſkill'd in darker ways,
Hints ſure detraction in diſſembled praiſe!
Hunger, thirſt, nakedneſs, there grievous fall!
Unjuſt deriſion too!—that tongue of gall!

Slow comes Relief, with no mild charms endued,
Uſh'red by Pride, and by Reproach purſued.
Forc'd Pity meets him with a cold reſpect,
Unkind as Scorn, ungenerous as Neglect.
Yet, ſuffering worth! thy fortitude will ſhine!
Thy foes are virtues, and her friends are thine!
Patience is thine, and peace thy days ſhall crown;
Thy treaſure prudence, and thy claim renown:
Myriads, unborn, ſhall mourn thy hapleſs fate,
And myriads grow, by thy example, great!
Hark! from the watch-tower rolls the trumpet's ſound,
Sweet through ſtill night, proclaiming ſafety round.
Yon ſhade illuſtrious quits the realms of reſt,
To aid ſome orphan of its race diſtreſt,
Safe winds him through the ſubterraneous way,
That mines yon manſion, grown with ruin grey,
And marks the wealthy, unſuſpected ground,
Where, green with ruſt, long-buried coins abound.
This plaintive ghoſt, from earth when newly fled,
Saw thoſe, the living truſted, wrong the dead!
He ſaw, by fraud abus'd, the lifeleſs hand
Sign the falſe deed that alienates his land;
Heard, on his fame, injurious cenſure thrown,
And mourn'd the beggar'd orphan's bitter groan,
Commiſſion'd now the falſehood he reveals,
To juſtice ſoon th' enabled heir appeals;
Soon, by his wealth, are coſtly pleas maintain'd,
And, by diſcover'd truth, loſt right regain'd.
But why (ſome may inquire) why kind ſucceſs,
Since myſtic heaven gives miſery oft to bleſs?
Though miſery leads to happineſs and truth,
Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
Unſtrengthen'd virtue ſcarce his boſom fir'd,
And fearful from his growing wants retir'd.
Oh, let not cenſure, if (untry'd by grief,
If, amidſt woe, untempted by relief,)
He ſtoop'd reluctant to low arts of ſhame,
When then, e'en then he ſcorn'd, and bluſh'd to name.
Heav'n ſees, and makes th' imperfect worth its care,
And cheers the trembling heart, unform'd to bear,

Now riſing fortune elevates his mind,
He ſhines unclouded, and adorns mankind.
So in ſome engine, that denies a vent,
If unreſpiring is ſome creature pent,
It ſickens, droops, and pants, and gaſps for breath,
Sad o'er the ſight ſwim ſhadowy miſts of death;
If then kind air pours powerful in again,
New heats, new pulſes, quicken every vein;
From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled eye,
Diſpers'd, the dark and dampy vapours fly.
From trembling tombs the ghoſts of greatneſs riſe,
And o'er their bodies hang with wiſtful eyes;
Or diſcontented ſtalk, and mix their howls [owls.
With howling wolves, their ſcreams with ſcreaming
The interval 'twixt morn and night is nigh,
Winter more nitrous chills the ſhadow'd ſky.
Springs with ſoft heats no more give borders green,
Nor ſmoking breath along the whiten'd ſcene;
While ſteamy currents, ſweet in proſpect, charm,
Like veins blue-winding in a fair one's arm.
Now Sleep to Fancy parts with half his pow'r,
And broken ſlumbers drag the reſtleſs hour.
The murder'd ſeems alive, and ghaſtly glares,
And in dire dreams the conſcious murderer ſcares,
Shows the yet-ſpouting wound, th' enſanguin'd floor,
The walls yet ſmoking with the ſpatter'd gore;
Or ſhrieks to dozing juſtice, and reveals
The deed, which fraudful art from day conceals;
The delve obſcene, where no ſuſpicion pries,
Where the diſfigur'd corſe unſhrouded lies;
The ſure, the ſtriking proof, ſo ſtrong maintain'd,
Pale Guilt ſtarts ſelf-convicted, when arraign'd.
Theſe ſpirits Treaſon of its power diveſt,
And turn the peril from the patriot's breaſt.
Thoſe ſolemn thought inſpire, or bright deſcend
To ſnatch in viſion ſweet the dying friend.
But we deceive the gloom, the matin bell
Summons to pray'r!—Now breaks th' enchanter's ſpell!
And now—But yon fair ſpirit's form ſurvey!
'Tis ſhe—Olympia beckons me away!

I haſte!—I fly!—adieu!—and when you ſee
The youth who bleeds with fondneſs, think on me:
Tell him my tale, and be his pain careſt;
By love I tortur'd was, by love I'm bleſt.
When worſhipp'd woman we entranc'd behold,
We praiſe the Maker in his faireſt mould;
The pride of nature, harmony combin'd,
And light immortal to the ſoul refin'd!
Depriv'd of charming women, ſoon we miſs
The prize of friendſhip, and the life of bliſs!
  Still through the ſhapes Olympia dawning breaks!
What bloom, what brightneſs luſters o'er her cheeks!
Again ſhe calls!—I dare no longer ſtay!
A kind farewel—Olympia, I obey.
  He turn'd, no longer in my ſight remain'd;
The mountain he, I ſafe the city gain'd.

## CANTO IV.

STILL o'er my mind wild Fancy holds her ſway,
Still on ſtrange viſionary land I ſtray.
Now ſcenes crowd thick! now indiſtinct appear!
Swift glide the months, and turn the varying year!
Near the bull's horn light's riſing monarch draws;
Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws!
From vernal heat pale Winter forc'd to fly,
Northward retires, yet turns a watery eye;
Then with an anguiſh breath nips infant blooms,
Deprives unfolding ſpring of rich perfumes,
Shakes the ſlow-circling blood of human race,
And in ſharp livid looks contracts the face.
Now o'er Norwegian hills he ſtrides away:
Such ſlippery paths Ambition's ſteps betray.
Turning, with ſighs, far ſpiral firs he ſees,
Which bow obedient to the ſouthern breeze:
Now from yon Zemblan rock his creſt he ſhrouds,
Like Fame's, obſcur'd amid the whitening clouds;
Thence his loſt empire is with tears deplor'd:
Such tyrants ſhed o'er liberty reſtor'd.
Beneath his eye (that throws malignant light
Ten times the meaſur'd round of mortal ſight)
A waſte, pale glimmering, like a moon that wanes
A wild expanſe of frozen ſea contains.
It cracks!—vaſt floating mountains beat the ſhore!
Far off he hears thoſe icy ruins roar,
And from the hideous craſh diſtracted flies,
Like one who feels his dying infant's cries.
Near, and more near the ruſhing torrents ſound,
And one great rift runs through the vaſt profound,
Swift as a ſhooting meteor; groaning loud,
Like deep-roll'd thunder through a rending cloud.
The late dark pole now feels unſetting day;
In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way;
O'er many a polar Alp to froſt he goes,
O'er crackling vales imbrown'd with melting ſnow;
Here bears ſtalk tenants of the barren ſpace,
Few men, unſocial thoſe!—a barbarous race!

At length the cave appears! the race is run:
How he recounts the conqueſts loſt and won,
And taleful in th' embrace of froſt remains,
Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.
Meanwhile the ſun his beams on Cancer throws,
Which now beneath his warmeſt influence glows.
From glowing Cancer fallen, the king of day,
Red through the kindling Lion ſhoots his ray.
The tawny harveſt pays the earlier plough,
And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough,
'Tis day-ſpring. Now green labyrinths I frequent,
Where Wiſdom oft retires to meet Content.
The mounting lark her warbling anthem lends,
From note to note the raviſh'd ſoul aſcends;
As thus it would the patriarch's ladder climb,
By ſome good angels led to worlds ſublime;
Oft (legends ſay) the ſnake with waken'd ire,
Like Envy, rears in many a ſcaly ſpire;
Then ſongſters droop, then yield their vital gore,
And innocence and muſic are no more.
Mild rides the Morn in orient beauty dreſt,
An azure mantle, and a purple veſt.
Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet diſplay,
Her amber treſſes negligently gay.
Collected now her roſy hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly dews diſtil.
The ſongful Zephyrs, and the laughing Hours,
Breathe ſweet; and ſtrow her opening way with flowers.
The chattering ſwallows leave their neſted care,
Each promiſing return with plenteous fare.
So the fond ſwain, who to the market hies,
Stills, with big hopes, his infant's tender cries.
Yonder two turtles, o'er their callow brood,
Hang hovering, e'er they ſeek their guiltleſs food.
Fondly they bill. Now to their morning care,
Like our firſt parents, part the amorous pair:
But ah!—a pair no more!—With ſpreading wings,
From the high-ſounding cliff a vulture ſprings;
Steady he ſails along the aerial grey,
Stoops down, and bears yon timorous dove away.

Start we, who worſe than vultures, Nimrods find,
Men meditating prey on human kind?
Wild beaſts to gloomy dens repace their way, [prey.
Where their couch'd young demand the ſlaughter'd
Rooks, from their nodding neſts, black-ſwarming fly,
And, in hoarſe uproar, tell the fowler nigh.
Now, in his tabernacle rous'd, the ſun
Is warn'd the blue ætherial ſteep to run.
While on his couch of floating jaſper laid,
From his bright eye ſleep calls the dewy ſhade.
The cryſtal dome tranſparent pillars raiſe,
Whence, beam'd from ſapphires, living azure plays:
The liquid floor, in-wrought with pearls divine,
Where all his labours in moſaic ſhine.
His coronet, a cloud of ſilver-white;
His robe with unconſuming crimſon bright,
Varied with gems, all heaven's collected ſtore!
While his looſe locks deſcend a golden ſhower.
If to his ſteps compar'd, we tardy find
The Grecian racers, who outſtrip the wind,
Fleet to the glowing race behold him ſtart!
His quickening eyes a quivering radiance dart,
And, while his laſt nocturnal flag is furl'd,
Swift into life and motion look the world.
The ſun-flower now averts her blooming cheek
From weſt, to view his eaſtern luſtre break.
What gay creative power his preſence brings!
Hills, lawns, lakes, villages!—the face of things,
All night beneath ſucceſſive ſhadows miſs'd,
Inſtant begins in colours to exiſt:
But abſent theſe from ſons of riot keep,
Loſt in impure, unmeditating ſleep.
T' unlock his fence, the new-riſen ſwain prepares,
And, ere forth-driven, recounts his fleecy cares;
When, lo! an ambuſh'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold!
But by the paſtor not in vain defied,
Like our arch foe by ſome celeſtial guide.
Spread on yon rock the ſea-calf I ſurvey:
Baſk'd in the ſun, his ſkin reflects the day.

He ſees yon tower-like ſhip the waves divide,
And ſlips again beneath the glaſſy tide.
The watery herbs and ſhrubs, and vines and flowers,
Rear their bent heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly ſhowers.
Hail, glorious ſun! to whoſe attractive fires,
The weaken'd, vegetative life aſpires!
The juices wrought by thy directive force,
Through plants and trees perform their genial courſe,
Extend in root, with barks unyielding bind
The hearted trunk; or weave the branching rind;
Expand in leaves, in flowery bloſſoms ſhoot,
Bleed in rich gums, and ſwell in ripen'd fruit.
From Thee, bright, univerſal Power! began
Inſtinct in brute, and generous love in man.
Talk'd I of love?—Yon ſwain, with amorous air,
Soft ſwells his pipe, to charm the rural fair.
She milks the flocks; then, liſtening as he plays,
Steals, in the running brook, a conſcious gaze.
The trout, that deep in winter ooz'd remains,
Up-ſprings, and ſunward turns his crimſon ſtains.
The tenants of the warren, vainly chas'd,
Now lur'd to ambient fields in green repaſt,
Seek their ſmall vaulted labyrinths in vain;
Entangling nets betray the ſkipping train;
Red maſſacres through their republic fly,
And heaps on heaps by ruthleſs ſpaniels die.
The fiſher, who the lonely beech has ſtray'd,
And all the livelong night his network ſpread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded ſnare away;
Where flounce, deceiv'd, th' expiring finny prey.
Near Neptune's temple (Neptune's now no more)
Whoſe ſtatue plants a trident on the ſhore,
In ſportive rings the generous dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the image human-kind:
Dear, pleaſing friendſhip!—See! the pile commands
The vale, and grim at ſuperſtition ſtands!
Time's hand there leaves its print of moſſy green,
With hollows, carv'd for ſnakes, and birds obſcene.
O Gibbs, whoſe art the ſolemn fane can raiſe,
Where God delights to dwell, and man to praiſe;

When moulder'd thus the column falls away,
Like ſome great prince majeſtic in decay;
When Ignorance and Scorn the ground ſhall tread,
Where Wiſdom tutor'd, and Devotion pray'd;
Where all thy pompous work our wonder claim;
What, but the muſe alone, preſerve thy name.
The ſun ſhines, broken, through yon arch, that rears
This once round fabric, half depriv'd by years,
Which roſe a ſtately colonnade, and crown'd
Encircling pillars, now unfaithful found;
In fragments, theſe the fall of thoſe forbode,
Which, nodding, juſt up-heave their crumbling load.
High, on yon column, which has batter'd ſtood,
Like ſome ſtripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,
The ſtork inhabits her aerial neſt;
By her are liberty and peace careſt;
She flies the realms that own deſpotic kings,
And only ſpreads o'er free-born ſtates her wings.
The roof is now the daw's, or raven's haunt,
And loathſome toads in the dark entrance pant;
Or ſnakes, that lurk to ſnap the heedleſs fly,
And fated bird, that oft comes fluttering by.
An aqueduct acroſs yon vale is laid,
Its channel through a ruin'd arch betray'd;
Whirl'd down a ſteep, it flies with torrent force,
Flaſhes and roars, and plows a devious courſe.
Attracted miſts a golden cloud commence,
While through high-colour'd air ſtrike rays intenſe.
Betwixt two points, which yon ſteep mountains ſhow,
Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
Beneath a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
Leads lengthening in the rock—Be this my ſeat.
Heat never enters here; but coolneſs reigns
O'er zephyrs, and diſtilling, watery veins.
Secluded now I trace th' inſtructive page,
And live o'er ſcenes of many a backward age;
Through days, months, years, through time's whole courſe I run,
And preſent ſtand where time itſelf begun.

Ye mighty dead, of juſt, diſtinguiſh'd fame,
Your thoughts, (ye bright inſtructors) here I claim!
Here ancient knowledge opens nature's ſprings;
Here truths hiſtoric give the hearts of kings.
Hence contemplation learns white hours to find,
And labours virtue on th' attentive mind:
O lov'd retreat! thy joys content beſtow,
Nor guilt, nor ſhame, nor ſharp repentance know.
What the fifth Charles long aim'd in power to ſee,
That happineſs he found reſerv'd in thee.
Now let me change the page—Here Tully weeps,
While in Death's icy arms his Tullia ſleeps,
His daughter dear!—Retir'd I ſee him mourn,
By all the frenzy now of anguiſh torn.
Wild his compliant! Nor ſweeter ſorrow's ſtrains,
When Singer for Alexis loſt complains.
Each friend condoles, expoſtulates, reproves;
More than a father raving Tully loves;
Or Salluſt cenſures thus!—Unheeding blame,
He ſchemes a temple on his Tullia's name.
Thus o'er my hermit once did grief prevail,
Thus roſe Olympia's tomb, his moving tale,
The ſighs, tears, frantic ſtarts that baniſh reſt,
And all the burſting ſorrows of his breaſt.
But hark! a ſudden power attunes the air!
Th' enchanting ſound enamour'd breezes bear;
Now low, now high, they ſink, or lift the ſong,
Which the cave echoes ſweet, and ſweet the creeks prolong.
I liſten'd, gaz'd, when, wondrous to behold,
From ocean ſteam'd, a vapour gathering roll'd:
A blue, round ſpot on the mid roof it came,
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame.
Full orb'd it ſhone, and dimm'd the ſwimming ſight,
While doubling objects danc'd with darkling light,
Amaz'd I ſtood!—amaz'd I ſtill remain!
What earthly power this wonder can explain?
Gradual, at length, the luſtre dies away:
My eyes reſtor'd, a mortal form ſurvey.
My hermit friend! 'Tis he—All hail! (he cries)
I ſee, and would alleviate, thy ſurpriſe.

The vaniſh'd meteor was heaven's meſſage meant,
To warn thee hence: I knew the high intent.
Hear then! in this ſequeſter'd cave retir'd,
Departed ſaints converſe with men inſpir'd.
'Tis ſacred ground; nor can thy mind endure,
Yet unprepar'd, an intercourſe ſo pure.
Quick let us hence—And now extend thy views
O'er yonder lawn; there find the heaven-born muſe!
Or ſeek her, where ſhe truſts her tuneful tale
To the mid, ſilent wood, or vocal vale;
Where trees half check the light with trembling ſhades
Cloſe in deep glooms, or open clear in glades;
Or where ſurrounding viſtas far deſcend,
The landſcape varied at each leſſening end;
She, only ſhe can mortal thought refine,
And raiſe thy voice to viſitants divine.

## CANTO V.

WE left the cave. Be fear (ſaid I) defy'd!
Virtue (for thou art virtue) is my guide.
By time-worn ſteps a ſteep aſcent we gain,
Whoſe ſummit yields a proſpect o'er the plain.
There, bench'd with turf, an oak our ſeat extends,
Whoſe top a verdant, branch'd pavilion bends.
Viſtas, with leaves, diverſify the ſcene,
Some pale, ſome brown, and ſome of lively green.
Now, from the full-grown day a beamy ſhower
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each gloſſy flower.
Gay inſects ſparkle in the genial blaze,
Various as light, and countleſs as its rays:
They dance on every ſtream, and pictur'd play,
Till, by the watery racer, ſnatch'd away.
Now, from yon range of rocks, ſtrong rays rebound,
Doubling the day on flowery plains around;
King-cup beneath far-ſtriking colours glance,
Bright as th' etherial glows the green expanſe.
Gems of the field!—the topaz charms the ſight,
Like theſe, effulging yellow ſtreams of light.
From the ſame rocks, fall rills with ſoften'd force,
Meet in yon mead, and well a river's ſource.
Through her clear channel ſhine her finny ſhoals,
O'er ſands, like gold, the liquid cryſtal rolls.
Dimm'd on yon coarſer moor, her charms decay,
And ſhape, through ruſtling reeds, a ruffled way.
Near willows ſhort and buſhy ſhadows throw;
Now loſt, ſhe ſeems through nether tracts to flow;
Yet, at yon point, winds out in ſilver ſtate,
Like virtue from a labyrinth of fate.
In lengthening rows, prone from the mountains run
The flocks:—their fleeces gliſtening in the ſun;
Her ſtreams they ſeek, and, 'twixt her neighbouring [trees,
Recline in various attitudes of eaſe.
Where the herds ſip, the little ſcaly fry,
Swift from the ſhore, in ſcattering myriads fly.
Each livery'd cloud, that round th' horizon glows,
Shifts in odd ſcenes, like earth, from whence it roſe,

The bee hums wanton in yon jaſmine bower,
And circling ſettles, and deſpoils the flower.
Melodious there the plumy ſongſters meet,
And all charm'd echo from her arch'd retreat.
Neat poliſh'd manſions riſe in proſpect gay:
Time-batter'd towers frown awful in decay;
The ſun plays glittering on the rocks and ſpires,
And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.
Here mirth and fancy's wanton train advance,
And to light meaſures turn the ſwimming dance,
Sweet, ſlow-pac'd Melancholy next appears,
Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears.
Here meditation ſhines, in azure dreſt,
All ſtar'd with gems; a ſun adorns her creſt.
Religion, to whoſe lifted, raptur'd eyes
Seraphic hoſts deſcend from opening ſkies;
Beauty, who ſways the heart, and charms the ſight;
Whoſe tongue is muſic, and whoſe ſmile delight;
Whoſe brow is majeſty; whoſe boſom peace;
Who bade creation be, and chaos ceaſe;
Whoſe breath perfumes the ſpring; whoſe eye divine
Kindled the ſun, and gave its light to ſhine.
Here, in thy likeneſs, fair Ophelia* ſeen,
She throws kind luſtre o'er th' enliven'd green.
Next her deſcription, rob'd in various hues,
Invites attention from the penſive muſe!
The muſe!—ſhe comes! refin'd the paſſions wait,
And precept, ever winning, wiſe, and great.
The muſe! a thouſand ſpirits wing the air
(Once men, who made like her mankind their care):
Enamour'd round her preſs th' inſpiring throng,
And ſwell to ecſtacy her ſolemn ſong.
Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind.
Whether her ſight the dew-bright dawn ſurveys,
The moon's dry heat, or evening's temper'd rays,
The hours of ſtorm, or calm, the gleby ground,
The coral'd ſea, gem'd rock, or ſky profound,

* Mrs. Oldfield.

A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
Each image ſtrikes with energy divine;
Bacon and Newton in her thoughts conſpire;
Nor ſweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre.
My hermit thus. She beckons us away:
Oh, let us ſwift the high beheſt obey! [croſt,
Now through a lane, which mingling tracts have
The way unequal, and the lanpſcape loſt,
We rove. The warblers lively tunes eſſay,
The lark on wing, the linnet on the ſpray,
While muſic trembles in their ſongful throats,
The bullfinch whiſtles ſoft his flute-like notes.
The bolder blackbird ſwells ſonorous lays;
The varying thruſh commands the tuneful maze;
Each a wild length of melody purſues;
While the ſoft murmuring, amorous wood-dove coos.
And, when in ſpring theſe melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo ſends her uniſon of woe.
But as ſmooth ſeas are furrow'd by a ſtorm;
As troubles all our tranquil joys deform;
So, loud through air, unwelcome noiſes ſound;
And harmony's at once, in diſcord, drown'd.
From yon dark cypreſs, croaks the raven's cry;
As diſſonant the daw, jay, chattering pie:
The clamorous crows abandon'd carnage ſeek,
And the harſh owl ſhrills out a ſharpening ſhriek.
At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate's prefer'd
To bar the treſpaſs of a vagrant herd.
Faſt by, a meagre mendicant we find,
Whoſe ruſſet rags hang fluttering in the wind:
Years bow his back, a ſtaff ſupports his tread,
And ſoft white hairs ſhade thin his palſy'd head.
Poor wretch!—Is this for charity his haunt?
He meets the frequent ſlight, and ruthleſs taunt.
On ſlaves of guilt oft ſmiles the ſquandering peer;
But paſſing knows not common bounty here.
Vain thing! in what doſt thou ſuperior ſhine?
His our firſt ſire: what race more an ient thine?
Leſs backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw
From men, whoſe influence kept the world in awe;

Whoſe worthleſs ſons, like thee perchance conſum'd
Their ample ſtore, their line to want was doom'd.
So thine may periſh, by the courſe of things,
While his, from beggars, re-aſcend to kings.
Now, lazar, as thy hardſhips I peruſe,
On my own ſtate inſtructed would I muſe.
When I view greatneſs, I my lot lament;
Compar'd to thee, I ſnatch ſupreme content.
I might have felt, did heaven not gracious deal,
A fate, which I muſt mourn to ſee thee feel.
But ſoft! the cripple our approach deſcries,
And to the gate, though weak, officious hies.
I ſpring preventive and unbar the way,
Then, turning, with a ſmile of pity, ſay,
Here, friend!—this little copper alms receive,
Inſtance of will, without the power to give.
Hermit, if here with pity we reflect,
How muſt we grieve, when learning meets neglect?
When god-like ſouls endure a mean reſtraint;
When generous will is curb'd by tyrant want?
He truly feels what to diſtreſs belongs,
Who to his private, adds a people's wrongs;
Merit's a mark, at which diſgrace is thrown,
And every injur'd virtue is his own.
Such their own pangs with patience here endure,
Yet there weep wounds, they are denied to cure;
Thus rich in poverty, thus humbly great,
And, though depreſs'd, ſuperior to their fate.
Minions in power, and miſers, 'mid their ſtore,
Are mean in greatneſs, and in plenty poor.
What's power, or wealth? Were they not form'd for aid,
A ſpring for virtue, and from wrongs a ſhade?
In power we ſavage tyranny behold,
And wily avarice owns polluted gold.
From golden ſands her pride could Lybia raiſe,
Could ſhe, who ſpreads no paſture, claim our praiſe?
Loath'd were her wealth, where rabid monſters breed;
Where ſerpents, pamper'd on her venom, feed,
No ſheltery trees invite the wanderer's eye,
No fruits, no grain, no gums, her tracts ſupply;

On her vaſt wilds no lovely proſpects run;
But all lies barren, though beneath the ſun.
My hermit thus. I know thy ſoul believes,
'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
Were the whole known, that we uncouth ſuppoſe,
Doubtleſs, would beauteous ſymmetry diſcloſe.
The naked cliff, that ſingly rough remains,
In proſpect dignifies the fertile plains;
Lead-colour'd clouds, in ſcattering fragments ſeen,
Show, though in broken views, the blue ſerene.
Severe diſtreſſes induſtry inſpire;
Thus captive oft excelling arts acquire,
And boldly ſtruggle through a ſtate of ſhame,
To life, eaſe, plenty, liberty, and fame.
Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
And one red victory years of peace maintain'd.
We paſs through want to wealth, through diſmal ſtrife,
To calm content, through death to endleſs life.
Libya thou nam'ſt—let Afric's waſtes appear
Curſt by thoſe heats that fructify the year;
Yet the ſame ſuns her orange-groves befriend,
Where cluſtering globes in ſhining rows depend.
Here when fierce beams o'er withering plants are roll'd,
There the green fruit ſeems ripen'd into gold.
E'en ſcenes that ſtrike with terrible ſurpriſe,
Still prove a God, juſt, merciful, and wiſe.
Sad wintery blaſts, that ſtrip the autumn, bring
The milder beauties of a flowery ſpring.
Ye ſulphurous fires in jaggy lightnings break!
Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations ſhake!
Ye ſtorms of riving flame the foreſt tear!
Deep crack the rocks! rent trees be whirl'd in air!
Reft at a ſtroke, ſome ſtately fane we'll mourn;
Her tombs wide-ſhatter'd, and her dead uptorn;
Were noxious ſpirits not from caverns drawn,
Rack earth would ſoon in gulfs enormous yawn:
Then all were loſt!—Or would we floating view
The baleful cloud, there would deſtruction brew;

Plague, fever, frenzy, cloſe-engendering lie,
Till theſe red ruptures clear the ſullied ſky.
Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
In parcel'd tracts to various uſes wrought.
Here hardening ripeneſs the firſt blooms behold,
There the laſt bloſſoms ſpring-like pride unfold.
Here ſwelling peaſe on leafy ſtalks are ſeen,
Mix'd flowers of red and azure ſhine between;
Whoſe weaving beauties, heighten'd by the ſun,
In colour'd lanes along the furrows run.
There the next produce of a genial ſhower,
The beans freſh bloſſoms in a ſpeckled flower;
Whoſe morning dews, when to the ſun reſign'd,
With undulating ſweets embalm the wind.
Now daiſy plats of clover ſquare the plain,
And part the bearded from the beardleſs grain.
The fibrous flax with verdure binds the field,
Which on the loom ſhall art-ſpun labours yield.
The mulberry, in fair ſummer-green array'd,
Full in the midſt ſtarts up, a ſilky ſhade.
For human taſte the rich-ſtain'd fruitage bleeds;
The leaf the ſilk-emitting reptile feeds.
As ſwans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
Here worms for man their gloſſy entrails weave.
Hence to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
Sprigs, fruits, and flowers, on figur'd veſtments play:
But induſtry prepares them oft to pleaſe
The guilty pride of vain, luxuriant eaſe.
Now frequent, duſty gales offenſive blow,
And o'er my ſight a tranſient blindneſs throw.
Windward we ſhift. Near down th' ethereal ſteep,
The lamp of day hangs hovering o'er the deep.
Dun ſhades, in rocky ſhapes up æther roll'd,
Project long ſhaggy points, deep-ting'd with gold.
Others take faint the unripen'd cherry's dye,
And paint amuſing landſcapes on the eye.
Their blue-veil'd yellow, through a ſky ſerene,
In ſwelling mixture forms a floating green.
Streak'd through white clouds a mild vermilion ſhines,
And the breeze freſhens as the heat declines.

Yon crooked ſunny roads change riſing views
From brown to ſandy red, and chalky hues.
One mingled ſcene another quick ſucceeds,
Men, chariots, teams, yok'd ſteers, and prancing ſteeds,
Which climb, deſcend, and, as loud whips reſound,
Stretch, ſweat, and ſmoke along unequal ground.
On winding Thames, reflecting radiant beams,
When boats, ſhips, barges, mark the roughen'd ſtreams.
This way, and that, they different points purſue;
So mix the motions, and ſo ſhifts the view,
While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes;
The gifts of heaven in gay profuſion riſe;
Trees rich with gums and fruits; with jewels, rocks:
Plains with flowers, herbs, and plants, and beeves and flocks;
Mountains with mines; with oak, and cedar, woods:
Quarries with marble, and with fiſh the floods.
In darkening ſpots, mid fields of various dyes,
Tilth new manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd diſplay,
The green graſs yellowing into ſcentful hay.
And thick-ſet hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
And berries blacken on the vivid thorn.
Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd ſcene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green.
The native ſtrawberry red-ripening grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the roſe.
There nightingales in unprun'd copſes build,
In ſhaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.
'Twixt ferns and thiſtles, unſown flowers amuſe,
And form a lucid chace of various hues;
Many half grey with duſt: confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich year, and lead the wandering eye.
Contemplative we tread the flowery plain,
The muſe preceding with her heavenly train.
When, lo! the mendicant, ſo late behind,
Strange view! now journeying in our front we find!
And yet a view more ſtrange, our heed demands;
Touch'd by the muſe's wand transform'd he ſtands.

O'er ſkin late wrinkled, inſtant beauty ſpreads;
The late dimm'd eye a vivid luſtre ſheds;
Hairs, once ſo thin, now graceful locks decline;
And rags now chang'd in regal veſtments ſhine.
The hermit thus. In him the BARD behold,
Once ſeen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold;
The BARD, whoſe want ſo multiplied his woes,
He ſunk a mortal, and a ſeraph roſe.
See!—where thoſe ſtately yew-trees darkling grow,
And, waving o'er yon graves, brown horrors throw.
Scornful he points—there, o'er his ſacred duſt,
Ariſe the ſculptur'd tomb and labour'd buſt.
Vain pomp! beſtow'd by oſtentatious pride,
Who to a life of want relief deny'd.
But thus the BARD. Are theſe the gifts of ſtate?
Gifts unreceiv'd!—Theſe! Ye ungenerous great!
How was I treated when in life forlorn?
My claim your pity; but my lot your ſcorn.
Why were my ſtudious hours oppos'd by need?
In me did poverty from guilt proceed?
Did I contemporary authors wrong,
And deem'd their worth but as they priz'd my ſong?
Did I ſoothe vice, or venal ſtrokes betray
In the low-purpos'd, loud polemic fray?
Did e'er my verſe immodeſt worth contain,
Or, once licentious, heavenly truth profane?
Never.—And yet when Envy ſunk my name,
Who call'd my ſhadow'd merit into fame?
When, undeſerv'd, a priſon's grate I ſaw,
What hand redeem'd me from the wreſted law!
Who cloth'd me naked, or when hungry fed?
Why cruſh'd the living? Why extoll'd the dead;
But foreign languages adopt my lays,
And diſtant nations ſhame you into praiſe.
Why ſhould unreliſh'd wit theſe honours cauſe?
Cuſtom, not knowledge, dictates your applauſe:
Or think you thus a ſelf-renown to raiſe,
And mingle your vain glories with my bays?
Be your's the mouldering tomb! Be mine the lay
Immortal!—Thus he ſcoffs the pomp away.

Though words like theſe unletter'd pride impeach,
To the meek heart he turns with milder ſpeech.
Though now a ſeraph, oft he deigns to wear
The face of human friendſhip, oft of care;
To walk diſguis'd an object of relief,
A learn'd, good man, long exercis'd in grief;
Forlorn, a friendleſs orphan oft to roam,
Craving ſome kind, ſome hoſpitable home:
Or, like Ulyſſes, a low lazar ſtand;
Beſeeching Pity's eye, and Bounty's hand;
Or, like Ulyſſes, royal aid requeſt,
Wandering from court to court, a king diſtreſt.
Thus varying ſhapes, the ſeeming ſon of woe
Eyes the cold heart, and hearts that generous glow:
Then to the muſe relates each lordly name,
Who deals impartial infamy and fame.
Oft, as when men in mortal ſtate depreſs'd,
His lays taught virtue, which his life confeſs'd.
He now forms viſionary ſcenes below,
Inſpiring patience in the heart of woe;
Patience, that ſoftens every ſad extreme,
That caſts through dungeon-glooms a cheerful gleam,
Diſarms Diſeaſe of pain, mocks Slander's ſting,
And ſtrips of terrors the terrific king,
'Gainſt Want, a ſourer foe, its ſuccour lends,
And ſmiling ſees th' ingratitude of friends.

Nor are theſe taſks to him alone conſign'd,
Millions inviſible befriend mankind.
When watery ſtructures, ſeen croſs heaven t' aſcend,
Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
Fancy beholds, adown each glittering ſide,
Myriads of miſſionary ſeraphs glide;
She ſees good angels genial ſhowers beſtow
From the red convex of the dewy bow.
They ſmile upon the ſwain: He views the prize;
Then grateful bends, to bleſs the bounteous ſkies.
Some winds collect, and ſend propitious gales
Oft where Britannia's navy ſpreads her ſails;
There ever wafting, on the breath of fame,
Unequal'd glory in her ſovereign's name.

Some teach young zephyrs vernal ſweets to bear,
And float the balmy health on ambient air;
Zephyrs, that oft, where lovers liſtening lie,
Along the grove in melting muſic die,
And in lone caves to minds poetic roll
Seraphic whiſpers, that abſtract the ſoul.
Some range the colours, as they parted fly,
Clear-pointed to the philoſophic eye:
The flaming red, that pains the dwelling gaze;
The ſtainleſs, lightſome yellow's gilding rays;
The clouded orange, that betwixt them glows,
And to kind mixture tawny luſtre owes:
All-cheering green, that gives the ſpring its dye;
The bright, tranſparent blue, that robes the ſky;
And indigo, which ſhaded light diſplays;
And violet, which in the view decays.
Parental hues, whence others all proceed;
An ever-mingling, changeful, countleſs breed;
Unravel'd, variegated, lines of light,
When blended, dazzling in promiſcuous white.
Oft through theſe bows departed ſpirits range,
New to the ſkies, admiring at their change;
Each mind a void, as when firſt born to earth,
Behold a ſecond blank, in ſecond birth;
Then, as yon ſeraph bard fram'd hearts below,
Each ſees him here tranſcendent knowledge ſhow,
New ſaints he tutors into truth refin'd,
And tunes to rapt'rous love the new-form'd mind.
He ſwells the lyre, whoſe loud, melodious lays
Call high Hoſannas from the voice of praiſe;
Though one bad age ſuch poeſy could wrong,
Now worlds around retentive roll the ſong:
Now God's high throne the full-voic'd raptures gain,
Celeſtial hoſts returning ſtrain for ſtrain.
Thus he, who once knew want without relief,
Sees joys reſulting from well-ſuffering grief.
Hark! while we talk, a diſtant pattering rain
Reſounds!—See! up the broad etherial plain
Shoots the bright bow!—The ſeraph flits away;
The muſe, the graces from our view decay.

Behind yon weſtern hill the globe of light
Drops ſudden; faſt-purſu'd by ſhades of night.
Yon graves from winter-ſcenes to mind recal
Rebellion's council, and rebellion's fall.
What fiends in ſulphurous, car-like clouds upflew!
What midnight treaſon glar'd beneath their view!
And now the traitors rear their Babel-ſchemes,
Big, and more big, ſtupendous miſchief ſeems;
But juſtice, rouz'd, ſuperior ſtrength employs,
Their ſcheme wide ſhatters, and their hope deſtroys.
Diſcord ſhe wills; the miſſile ruin flies;
Sudden, unnatural debates ariſe,
Doubt, mutual jealouſy, and dumb diſguſt,
Dark-hinted mutterings, and avow'd diſtruſt;
To ſecret ferment is each heart reſign'd;
Suſpicion hovers in each clouded mind;
They jar, accus'd accuſe, revil'd revile,
And wrath to wrath oppoſe, and guile to guile;
Wrangling they part, themſelves themſelves betray
Each dire device ſtarts naked into day;
They feel confuſion in the van with fear;
They feel the king of terrors in the rear.
Of theſe were three by different motives fir'd,
Ambition one, and one revenge inſpir'd.
The third, O Mammon, was thy meaner ſlave;
Thou idol ſeldom of the great and brave!
Florio, whoſe life was one continued feaſt,
His wealth diminiſh'd, and his debts increas'd,
Vain pomp, and equipage, his low deſires,
Who ne'er to intellectual bliſs aſpires;
He, to repair by vice what vice has broke,
Durſt with bold treaſons judgment's rod provoke.
His ſtrength of mind, by luxury half diſſolv'd,
Ill brooks the woe, where deep he ſtands involv'd.
He weeps, ſtamps wild, and to and fro now flies;
Now wrings his hands, and ſends unmanly cries,
Arraigns his judge, affirms unjuſt he bleeds,
And uow recants, and now for mercy pleads;
Now blames aſſociates, raves with inward ſtrife,
Upbraids himſelf; then thinks alone on life.

He rolls red, ſwelling, tearful eyes around,
Sore ſmites his breaſt, and ſinks upon the ground.
He wails, he quite deſponds, convulſive lies,
Shrinks from the fancied axe, and thinks he dies:
Revives, with hope inquires, ſtops ſhort with fear,
Entreats ev'n flattery, nor the worſt will hear;
The worſt, alas, his doom! —What friend replies?
Each ſpeaks with ſhaking head, and down-caſt eyes.
One ſilence breaks, then pauſes, drops a tear;
Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear;
But what kind friendſhip part reſerves unknown
Comes thundering in his keeper's ſurly tone.
Enough ſtruck through and through, in ghaſtly ſtare,
He ſtands transfix'd, the ſtatue of deſpair;
Nor aught of life, nor aught of death he knows,
Till thought returns, and brings return of woes:
Now pours a ſtorm of grief in guſhing ſtreams:
That paſt—collected in himſelf he ſeems,
And with forc'd ſmile retires—his latent thought
Dark, horrid, as the priſon's diſmal vault.
If with himſelf at variance ever-wild,
With angry heaven how ſtands he reconcil'd?
No penitential oriſons ariſe;
Nay, he obteſts the juſtice of the ſkies.
Not for his guilt, for ſentenc'd life he moans;
His chains rough-clanking to diſcordant groans,
To bars harſh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,
Hoarſe-echoing walls, and hollow-ringing floors,
To thoughts more diſſonant, far, far leſs kind,
One anarchy, one chaos of the mind.
At length, fatigu'd with grief, on earth he lies:
But ſoon as ſleep weighs down th' unwilling eyes,
Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,
Treaſon ſucceeds, and all transforms to joy.
Proud palaces their glittering ſtores display:
Gain he purſues, and rapine leads the way.
What gold! what gems!—he ſtrains to ſeize the prize;
Quick from his touch diſſolv'd, a cloud it flies.
Conſcious he cries—and muſt I wake to weep?
Ah, yet return, return, deluſive ſleep!

Sleep comes; but liberty no more:—Unkind,
The dungeon-glooms hang heavy on his mind.
Shrill winds are heard, and howling demons call;
Wide-flying portals ſeem unhing'd to fall:
Then cloſe with ſudden claps; a dreadful din!
He ſtarts, wakes, ſtorms, and all is hell within.
His genius flies—reflects he now on prayer?
Alas! bad ſpirits turn thoſe thoughts to air.
What ſhall be next? What ſtraight relinquiſh breath,
To bar a public, juſt, though ſhameful death?
Raſh, horrid thought! yet now afraid to live,
Murderous he ſtrikes—may heaven the deed forgive!
Why had he thus falſe ſpirit to rebel?
And why not fortitude to ſuffer well?
Were his ſucceſs how terrible the blow!
And it recoils on him eternal woe,
Heaven this affliction then for mercy meant,
That a good end might cloſe a life miſpent.
Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge reſound,
Far from the compaſs of yon ſacred ground;
Full in the centre of three meeting ways,
Stak'd through he lies.—Warn'd let the wicked gaze.
Near yonder fane, where miſery ſleeps in peace,
Whoſe ſpire faſt-leſſens, as theſe ſhades increaſe,
Left to the north, whence oft brew'd tempeſts roll,
Tempeſts, dire emblems, Coſimo, of thy ſoul!
There mark that Coſimo, much for guile renown'd!
His grave by unbid plants of poiſon crown'd.
When out of power, through him the public good,
So ſtrong his factious tribe, ſuſpended ſtood.
In power, vindictive actions were his aim,
And patriots periſh'd by th' ungenerous flame.
If the beſt cauſe he in the ſenate choſe,
Ev'n right in him from ſome wrong motive roſe.
The bad he loath'd, and would the weak deſpiſe;
Yet courted, for dark ends, and ſhunn'd the wiſe.
When ill his purpoſe, eloquent his ſtrain;
His malice had a look, and voice humane.
His ſmile, the ſignal of ſome vile intent,
A private poniard, or empoiſon'd ſcent;

Proud, yet to popular applauſe a ſlave;
No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.
His boons unfrequent, or unjuſt to need;
The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed;
But, if they chanc'd on learned worth to fall,
Bounty in him was oſtentation all,
No true benevolence his thought ſublimes,
His nobleſt actions are illuſtrious crimes,
Fine parts, which virtue might have rank'd with fame,
Enhance his guilt, and magnify his ſhame.
When parts in probity in man combine,
In wiſdom's eye, how charming muſt he ſhine!
Let him, leſs happy, truth at leaſt impart
And what he wants in genius bear in heart.
Coſmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
That ſtorm of paſſion, which his nature feels:
He feels much fear, more anger, and moſt pride;
But pride and anger make all fear ſubſide.
Dauntleſs he meets at length untimely fate;
A deſperate ſpirit! rather fierce, than great.
Darkling he glides along the dreary coaſt,
A ſullen, wandering, ſelf-tormenting ghoſt.
Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
With emblem fair in ſculpture riſing round,
Juſt where a croſſing, lengthening aiſle we find,
Full eaſt; whence God returns to judge mankind.
Once-lov'd Horatio ſleeps, a mind elate!
Lamented ſhade, ambition was thy fate.
Ev'n angels, wondering, oft his worth ſurvey'd;
Behold a man, like one of us! they ſaid.
Straight heard the furies, and with envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his fall prepar'd.
Firſt Avarice came. In vain Self-love ſhe preſs'd;
The poor he pity'd ſtill, and ſtill redreſs'd:
Learning was his, and knowledge to commend,
Of arts a patron, and of want a friend.
Next came Revenge: but her eſſay how vain!
Not Hate, nor Envy, in his heart remain.
No previous Malice could his mind engage,
Malice the mother of vindictive Rage.

No—from his life his foes might learn to live;
He held it ſtill a triumph to forgive.
At length Ambition urg'd his country's weal,
Aſſuming the fair look of public zeal;
Still in his breaſt ſo generous glow'd the flame,
The vice, when there, a virtue half became.
His pitying eye ſaw millions in diſtreſs,
He deem'd it godlike to have power to bleſs:
Thus, when unguarded, treaſon ſtain'd him o'er;
And virtue and content were then no more.
But when to death by rigorous juſtice doom'd,
His genuine ſpirit ſaint-like ſtate reſum'd,
Oft from ſoft penitence diſtill'd a tear;
Oft hope in heavenly mercy lighten'd fear;
Oft would a drop from ſtruggling nature fall,
And then a ſmile of patience brighten all.
He ſeeks in heaven a friend, nor ſeeks in vain.
His guardian angel ſwift deſcends again;
And reſolution thus beſpeaks a mind,
Not ſcorning life, yet all to death reſign'd;
—Ye chains, fit only to reſtrain the will
Of common, deſperate veterans in ill,
Though rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,
Did e'er my riſing ſoul your preſſure wear?
No!—free as liberty, and quick as light,
To worlds remote ſhe takes unbounded flight.
Ye dungeon glooms, that dim corporeal eyes,
Could ye once blot her proſpect of the ſkies?
No!—from her clearer ſight ye fled away,
Like error, pierc'd by truth's reſiſtleſs ray.
Ye walls, that witneſs my repentant moan!
Ye echoes, that to midnight ſorrows groan!
Do I, in wrath, to you of fate complain?
Or once betray fear's moſt inglorious pain?
No!—Hail, twice hail then, ignominious death!
Behold how willing glides my parting breath!
Far greater, better far—ay, far indeed!
Like me, have ſuffer'd, and like me will bleed.
Apoſtles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs all,
Like me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.

Shall I, whoſe days, at beſt, no ill deſign'd,
Whoſe virtue ſhone not, though I lov'd mankind,
Shall I, now guilty wretch, ſhall I repine?
Ah, no! to juſtice let me life reſign!
Quick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe!
He taught me patience, who firſt taught me woe;
But friends are foes, they render woe ſevere,
For me they wail, from me extort the tear.
Not thoſe, yet abſent, miſſive griefs control;
Theſe periods weep, thoſe rave, and theſe condole,
At entrance ſhrieks a friend, with pale ſurpriſe,
Another panting, poſtrate, ſpeechleſs lies;
One gripes my hand, one ſobs upon my breaſt!
Ah, who can bear?—it ſhocks, it murders reſt!
And is it yours, alas! my friends to feel?
And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal?
Is mine the patience, yours the boſom ſtrife?
Ah! would raſh love lure back my thoughts to life?
Adieu, dear, dangerous mourners! ſwift depart!
Ah, fly me! fly!—I tear ye from my heart.
  Ye ſaints, whom fears of death could ne'er control,
In my laſt hour compoſe, ſupport my ſoul!
See my blood waſh repented ſin away!
Receive, receive me to eternal day!
  With words like theſe the deſtin'd hero dies,
While angels waft his ſoul to happier ſkies.
  Diſtinction now gives way; yet on we talk,
Full darkneſs deepening o'er the formleſs walk.
Night treads not with light ſtep the dewy gale,
Nor bright diſtends her ſtar-embroider'd vale!
Her leaden'd feet, inclement damps diſtil,
Clouds ſhut her face, black winds her veſture fill;
An earth-born meteor lights her ſable ſkies,
Eaſtward it ſhoots, and, ſunk, forgotten dies.
So pride, that roſe from duſt to guilty power,
Glares out in vain; ſo duſt ſhall pride devour.
  Fiſhers, who yonder brink by torches gain,
With teethful tridents ſtrike the ſcaly train,
Like ſnakes in eagles' claws, in vain they ſtrive,
When heav'd aloft, and quivering yet alive.

While here methought, our time in converſe paſs'd,
The moon clouds muffled, and the night wore faſt,
At prowlings wolves was heard the maſtiff's bay,
And the warn'd maſter's arms forbad the prey!
Thus treaſon ſteels, the patriot thus deſcries,
Forth ſprings the monarch, and the miſchief flies.
Pale glow-worms glimmer'd through the depth of night,
Scattering, like hope through fear, a doubtful light,
Lone Philomela tun'd the ſilent grove,
With penſive pleaſure liſten'd wakeful love.
Half-dreaming fancy form'd an angel's tongue,
And pain forgot to groan, ſo ſweet ſhe ſung.
The night-crone, with the melody alarm'd,
Now paus'd, now liſten'd, and a while was charm'd;
But like the man, whoſe frequent ſtubborn will
Reſiſts what kind, ſeraphic ſounds inſtil,
Her heart the love-inſpiring voice repell'd,
Her breaſt with agitating miſchief ſwell'd;
Which clos'd her ear, and tempted to deſtroy
The tuneful life, that charms with virtuous joy.
Now faſt we meaſure back the trackleſs way;
No friendly ſtars directive beams diſplay.
But lo!—a thouſand lights ſhoot inſtant rays;
Yon kindling rock reflects the ſtartling blaze.
I ſtand aſtoniſh'd—thus the hermit cries:
Fear not, but liſten with enlarg'd ſurpriſe!
Still muſt theſe hours our mutual converſe claim,
And ceaſe to echo ſtill Olympia's name;
Grots, rivulets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
Olympia now no ſighing winds repeat.
Can I be mortal, and thoſe hours no more,
Thoſe amorous hours, that plaintive echoes bore?
Am I the ſame? Ah no!—Behold a mind,
Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd!
Late months, that made the vernal ſeaſon gay,
Saw my health languiſh off in pale decay.
No racking pain yet gave diſeaſe a date;
No ſad, preſageful thought preluded fate:

Yet number'd were my days—My deſtin'd end
Near, and more near—Nay, every fear ſuſpend!
I paſs'd a weary, lingering, ſleepleſs night:
Then roſe, to walk in morning's earlieſt light:
But few my ſteps—a faint, and cheerleſs few!
Refreſhment from my flagging ſpirits flew.
When, low, retir'd beneath a cyprus ſhade,
My limbs upon a flowery bank I laid,
Soon by ſoft-creeping, murmuring winds compos'd,
A ſlumber preſs'd my languid eyes—They clos'd:
But clos'd not long—Methought Olympia ſpoke;
Thrice loud ſhe call'd, and thrice the ſlumber broke.
I wak'd. Forth-gliding from a neighbouring wood,
Full in my view, the ſhadowy charmer ſtood,
Rapturous I ſtarted up to claſp the ſhade;
But ſtagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade:
A mantling chillneſs o'er my boſom ſpread,
As if that inſtant number'd with the dead.
Her voice now ſent afar, imperfect ſound,
When in a ſwimming trance my pangs were drown'd.
Still farther off ſhe call'd—With ſoft ſurpriſe,
I turn'd—but void of ſtrength, and aid to riſe;
Short, ſhorter, ſhorter yet, my breath I drew:
Then up my ſtruggling ſoul unburden'd flew,
Thus from a ſtate, where ſin and grief abide,
Heaven ſummon'd me to mercy—thus I died.
He ſaid. Th' aſtoniſhment with which I ſtart,
Like bolted ice runs ſhivering through my heart.
Art thou not mortal then? I cried. But lo!
His raiment lightens, and his features glow!
In ſhady ringlets falls a length of hair;
Embloom'd his aſpect ſhines, enlarg'd his air.
Mild from his eyes enlivening glories beam;
Mild on his brow ſits majeſty ſupreme.
Bright plumes of every dye, that round him flow,
Veſt, robe, and wings, in varied luſtre ſhow.
He looks, and forward ſteps with mien divine;
A grace celeſtial gives him all to ſhine.
He ſpeaks—Nature is raviſh'd at the ſound,
The foreſts move, and ſtreams ſtand liſtening round!

Thus he. As incorruption I aſſum'd,
As inſtant in immortal youth I bloom'd!
Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital ſprings,
With different lights diſcern'd the form of things;
To earth my paſſions fell like miſts away,
And reaſon open'd in eternal day.
Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
Celeſtial knowledge ſhone in every view.
My food was truth—what traſport could I miſs?
My proſpect, all infinitude of bliſs.
Olympia met me firſt, and, ſmiling gay,
Onward to mercy led the ſhining way;
As far tranſcendant to her wonted air,
As her dear wonted ſelf to many a fair!
In voice, and form, beauty more beauteous ſhows,
And harmony ſtill more harmonious grows.
She points out ſouls who taught me friendſhip's charms,
They gaze, they glow, they ſpring into my arms!
Well pleas'd, high anceſtors my view command;
Patrons and patriots all; a glorious band!
Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,
Shone out white-rob'd with ſaints, a ſpotleſs mind!
What once, below, ambition made him miſs,
Humility here gain'd, a life of bliſs!
Though late, let ſinners then from ſin depart;
Heaven never yet deſpis'd the contrite heart.
Laſt ſhone, with ſweet, exalted luſtre grac'd,
The ſeraph-bard, in higheſt order plac'd!
Seers, lovers, legiſlators, prelates, kings,
All raptur'd liſten, as he raptur'd ſings.
Sweetneſs and ſtrength his look and lays employ,
Greet ſmiles with ſmiles, and every joy with joy:
Charmful he roſe; his ever charmful tongue
Joy to our ſecond hymeneals ſung;
Still as we paſs'd the bright, celeſtial throng
Hail'd us in ſocial love, and heavenly ſong.
Of that no more! my deathleſs friendſhip ſee!
I come an angel to the muſe and thee.
Theſe lights, that vibrate, and promiſcuous ſhine,
Are emanations all of forms divine.

And here the muſe, though melted from thy gaze,
Stands among ſpirits, mingling rays with rays.
If thou wouldſt peace attain, my words attend,
The laſt, fond words of thy departed friend!
True joy's a ſeraph, that to heaven aſpires,
Unhurt it triumphs mid' celeſtial choirs.
But ſhould no cares a mortal ſtate moleſt,
Life were a ſtate of ignorance at beſt.
Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
Thoſe ills ſolemnity of thought inſpire.
Did not the ſoul abroad for objects roam,
Whence could ſhe learn to call ideas home?
Juſtly to know thyſelf, peruſe mankind;
To know thy God, paint nature on thy mind:
Without ſuch ſcience of the worldly ſcene,
What is retirement?—Empty pride or ſpleen:
But with it wiſdom. There ſhall cares refine,
Render'd by contemplation half-divine.
Truſt not the frantic, or myſterious guide,
Nor ſtoop a captive to the ſchoolman's pride.
On nature's wonders fix alone thy zeal!
They dim not reaſon, when the truth reveal;
So ſhall religion in thy heart endure,
From all traditionary falſehood pure,
So life make death familiar to thy eye,
So ſhalt thou live, as thou may'ſt learn to die;
And though thou view'ſt thy worſt oppreſſor thrive,
From tranſient woe, immortal bliſs derive.
Farewel—Nay, ſtop the parting tear!—I go!
But leave the muſe thy comforter below.
He ſaid. Inſtant his pinions upward ſoar,
He leſſening as they riſe, till ſeen no more.
While contemplation weigh'd the myſtic view,
The lights all vaniſh'd, and the viſion flew.

# THE BASTARD:

Inſcribed, with all due reverence, to

*MRS. BRETT, ONCE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.*

"Decet hæc dare dona Novercam." *Ov. Met.*

## THE PREFACE.

THE reader will eaſily perceive theſe verſes were begun when my heart was gayer than it has been of late; and finiſhed in hours of the deepeſt melancholy.

I hope the world will do me the juſtice to believe, that no part of this flows from any real anger againſt the Lady to whom it is inſcribed. Whatever undeſerved ſeverities I may have received at her hands, would ſhe deal ſo candidly as acknowledge truth, ſhe very well knows, by an experience of many years, that I have ever behaved myſelf towards her, like one who thought it his duty to ſupport with patience all afflictions from that quarter. Indeed, if I had not been capable of forgiving a mother, I muſt have bluſhed to receive pardon myſelf at the hands of my Sovereign.

Neither, to ſay the truth, were the manner of my birth all, ſhould I have any reaſon for complaint—When I am a little diſpoſed to a gay turn of thinking, I conſider, as I was a derelict from my cradle, I have the honour of a lawful claim to the beſt protection in Europe. For being a ſpot of earth, to which nobody pretends a title, I devolve naturally upon the king, as one of the rights of his royalty.

While I preſume to name his Majeſty, I look back, with confuſion, upon the mercy I have lately experienced; becauſe it is impoſſible to remember it, but with ſomething I would fain forget, for the ſake of my future peace, and alleviation of my paſt misfortune.

I owe my life to the royal pity, if a wretch can, with propriety, be ſaid to live, whoſe days are fewer than his for-

rows; and to whom death had been but a redemption from miſery.

But I will ſuffer my pardon as my puniſhment, till that life, which has ſo graciouſly been given me, ſhall become conſiderable enough not to be uſeleſs in his ſervice to whom it was forfeited. Under influence of theſe ſentiments, with which his Majeſty's great goodneſs has inſpired me, I conſider my loſs of fortune and dignity as my happineſs; to which, as I am born without ambition, I am thrown from them without repining—Poſſeſſing thoſe advantages, my care had been, perhaps, how to enjoy life; by the want of them I am taught this nobler leſſon, to ſtudy how to deſerve it.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

# THE BASTARD.

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The muſe, exulting, thus her lay began.
Bleſt be the baſtard's birth! through wondrous ways
He ſhines eccentric, like a comet's blaze!
No ſickly fruit of faint compliance he!
He! ſtamp'd in nature's mint of ecſtaſy!
He lives to build, not boaſt, a generous race:
No tenth tranſmitter of a fooliſh face.
His daring hope, no ſire's example bounds;
His firſt-born lights no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame;
He glories in a baſtard's glowing name.
Born to himſelf, by no poſſeſſion led,
In freedom foſter'd, and by fortune fed;
Nor guides, nor rules, his ſovereign choice control,
His body independent as his ſoul;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoy'd no aim,
Preſcrib'd no duty, and aſſign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded ſon, he ſtands alone,
His heart unbiaſs'd, and his mind his own.
O mother, yet no mother! 'tis to you,
My thanks for ſuch diſtinguiſh'd claims are due.
You, unenſlav'd to nature's narrow laws,
Warm championeſs for freedom's ſacred cauſe,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral and divine,
Diſcharg'd my graſping ſoul; puſh'd me from ſhore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.
What had I loſt, if, conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to ſlight,
And coldly conſcious of a huſband's right,
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life, by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd deſire,
And unconcurring ſpirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull domeſtic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;

Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The ſlave of pomp, a cypher in the ſtate;
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And ſlumbering in a ſeat by chance my own.
Far nobler bleſſings wait the baſtard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as neceſſity he ſtarts away,
Climbs againſt wrongs, and brightens into day.
Thus unprophetic, lately miſinſpir'd,
I ſung: gay fluttering hope my fancy fir'd;
Inly ſecure, through conſcious ſcorn of ill,
Nor taught by Wiſdom how to balance will;
Raſhly deceiv'd, I ſaw no pits to ſhun,
But thought to purpoſe and to act were one:
Heedleſs what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now, expos'd, and ſhrinking from diſtreſs,
I fly to ſhelter, while the tempeſts preſs;
My muſe to grief reſigns the varying tone,
The raptures languiſh, and the numbers groan.
O memory! thou ſoul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our paſſions o'er again!
Why doſt thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous ſmart to every blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how ſoon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'ſt me not;
While ſharp and numberleſs my ſorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'ſt and multiply'ſt them all!
Is chance a guilt, that my diſaſtrous heart,
For miſchief never meant, muſt ever ſmart?
Can ſelf-defence be ſin?—Ah, plead no more!
What though no purpos'd malice ſtain'd thee o'er?
Had heaven befriended thy unhappy ſide,
Thou hadſt not been provok'd—Or thou hadſt died.
Far be the guilt of homeſhed blood from all
On whom, unſought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through Pity's eye condemn'd to ſee.
Remembrance veils his rage, but ſwells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.

Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have lived till folly died in ſhame,
Till kindling wiſdom felt a thirſt for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
Both happy, generous, candid, and belov'd;
He might have ſav'd ſome worth, now doom'd to fall;
And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.
O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where ſhall my hope find reſt?—No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with pray'r:
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice reſtrain'd;
Is it not thine to ſnatch ſome powerful arm,
Firſt to advance, then ſcreen from future harm?
Am I return'd from death to live in pain?
Or would imperial pity ſave in vain?
Diſtruſt it not—What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miſcall'd, farewel—of ſoul ſevere,
This ſad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,
Alone from ſtrangers every comfort flow'd!
Loſt to the life you gave, your ſon no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
New-born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whiſper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and ſerenely great,
Majeſtic mother of a kneeling ſtate;
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one conſent adore!
One conteſt yet remains in this deſire,
Who moſt ſhall give applauſe where all admire.

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

## VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNEL'S RECOVERY AT BATH.

WHERE Thames with pride beholds Auguſta's charms,
And either India pours into her arms;
Where liberty bids honeſt arts abound,
And pleaſures dance in one eternal round;
High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame,
Goddeſs of mirth! Euphroſyne her name.
Her ſmile more cheerful than a vernal morn;
All life! all bloom! of youth and fancy born.
Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her ſubmit!
She looks her ſire, and ſpeaks her mother's wit.
O'er the gay world the ſweet inſpirer reigns;
Spleen flies, and Elegance her pomp ſuſtains.
Thee, goddeſs! thee! the fair and young obey;
Wealth, wit, love, muſic, all confeſs thy ſway.
In the bleak wild e'en want by thee is bleſs'd.
And pamper'd pride without thee pines for reſt.
The rich grow richer, while in thee they find
The matchleſs treaſure of a ſmiling mind.
Science by thee flows ſoft in ſocial eaſe,
And virtue, loſing rigour, learns to pleaſe.
The goddeſs ſummons each illuſtrious name,
Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amuſive game.
She, whoſe fair throne is fix'd in human ſouls,
From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.
But where (ſhe cried) is ſhe, my favourite! ſhe
Of all my race, the deareſt far to me!
Whoſe life's the life of each refin'd delight?
She ſaid—But no Tyrconnel glads her ſight.
Swift ſunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;
Swift roſe the ſwelling ſigh, and trembling tear.
In kind low murmurs all the loſs deplore!
Tyrconnel droops, and pleaſure is no more.

The goddeſs, ſilent, paus'd in muſeful air;
But mirth, like virtue, cannot long deſpair.
Celeſtial-hinted thoughts gay Hope inſpir'd,
Smiling ſhe roſe, and all with hope were fir'd.
Where Bath's aſcending turrers meet her eyes;
Straight wafted on the tepid breeze ſhe flies,
She flies, her elder ſiſter Health to find;
She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd.
Around her birds in earlieſt concert ſing;
Her cheek the ſemblance of the kindling ſpring;
Freſh-tinctur'd like a ſummer-evening ſky,
And a mild ſun ſits ſmiling in her eye.
Looſe to the wind her verdant veſtments flow;
Her limbs yet recent from the ſprings below;
There oft ſhe bathes, then peaceful ſits ſecure,
Where every gale is fragrant, freſh, and pure;
Where flowers and herbs their cordial odours blend,
And all their balmy virtues faſt aſcend.
Hail, ſiſter, hail! (the kindred goddeſs cries)
No common ſuppliant ſtands before your eyes.
You, with whoſe living breath the morn is fraught,
Fluſh the fair cheek, and point the cheerful thought!
Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline!
Each finer ſenſe, that forms delight, is thine!
Bright ſuns by thee diffuſe a brighter blaze,
And the freſh green a freſher green diſplays!
Without thee pleaſures die, or dully cloy,
And life with thee, howe'er depreſs'd, is joy.
Such thy vaſt power!—The deity replies,
Mirth never aſks a boon which Health denies:
Our mingled gifts tranſcend imperial wealth;
Health ſtrengthens mirth, and mirth inſpirits health.
Theſe gales, yon ſprings, herbs, flowers, and ſun, are
Thine is their ſmile! be all their influence thine. [mine;
Euphroſyne rejoins—Thy friendſhip prove!
See the dear ſickening object of my love!
Shall that warm heart, ſo cheerful e'en in pain,
So form'd to pleaſe, unpleas'd itſelf remain?
Siſter! in her my ſmile anew diſplay,
And all the ſocial world ſhall bleſs thy ſway.

Swift, as ſhe ſpeaks, Health ſpreads the purple wing
Soars in the colour'd clouds, and ſheds the ſpring:
Now bland and ſweet ſhe floats along in air;
Air feels, and ſoftening owns th' æthereal fair!
In ſtill deſcent ſhe melts on opening flowers!
And deep impregnates plants with genial ſhowers.
The genial ſhowers, new-riſing to the ray,
Exhale in roſeate clouds, and glad the day.
Now in a zephyr's borrow'd voice ſhe ſings,
Sweeps the freſh dews, and ſhakes them from her wings,
Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiſs,
Breathes the ſure earneſt of awakening bliſs.
Sapphira feels it, with a ſoft ſurpriſe,
Glide through her veins, and quicken in her eyes!
  Inſtant in her own form the goddeſs glows,
Where, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows;
Then, plunging, to the flood new virtue gives;
Steeps every charm; and, as ſhe bathes, it lives!
As from her locks ſhe ſheds the vital ſhower,
'Tis done! (ſhe cries) theſe ſprings poſſeſs my power!
Let theſe immediate to my darling roll
Health, vigour, life, and gay returning ſoul.
Thou ſmil'ſt Euphroſyne; and conſcious ſee,
Prompt to thy ſmile, how nature joys with thee.
All is green life! all beauty roſy bright;
Full harmony, young love, and dear delight!
See vernal hours lead circling joys along!
All ſun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all ſong!
  Receive thy care! Now mirth and health combine.
Each heart ſhall gladden, and each virtue ſhine.
Quick to Auguſta bear thy prize away;
There let her ſmile, and bid a world be gay.

As from her locks she sheds the vital shower,
'Tis done! (she cries) these sprigs possess my power!
Let these immediate to my darling roll
Health, vigour, life and gay returning soul.
Savage Vide. Page 128. Line 91.
Design'd by J. Thurston. Engrav'd by R. Rhodes for C. Cooke. Nov. 7th. 1800.

# AN EPISTLE

## TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

STILL let low wits, who ſenſe nor honour prize,
Sneer at all gratitude, all truth diſguiſe;
At living worth, becauſe alive, exclaim,
Inſult the exil'd, and the dead defame!
Such paint, what pity veils in private woes,
And what we ſee with grief, with mirth expoſe;
Studious to urge—(whom will mean authors ſpare?)
The child's, the parent's, and the conſort's tear;
Unconſcious of what pangs the heart may rend,
To loſe what they have ne'er deſerv'd—a friend.
Such, ignorant of facts, invent, relate,
Expos'd perſiſt, and anſwer'd ſtill debate:
Such, but by foils, the cleareſt luſtre ſee,
And deem aſperſing others, praiſing thee.
Far from theſe tracks my honeſt lays aſpire,
And greet a generous heart with generous fire.
Truth be my guide! truth, which thy virtue claims!
This, nor the poet, nor the patron ſhames!
When party minds ſhall loſe contracted views,
And hiſtory queſtion the recording muſe;
'Tis this alone to after-times muſt ſhine,
And ſtamp the poet and his theme divine.
Long has my muſe, from many a mournful cauſe,
Sung with ſmall power, nor ſought ſublime applauſe;
From that great point ſhe now ſhall urge her ſcope;
On that fair promiſe reſt her future hope;
Where policy, from ſtate illuſion clear,
Can through an open aſpect ſhine ſincere;
Where ſcience, law, and liberty depend,
And own the patron, patriot, and the friend;
(That breaſt to feel, that eye on worth to gaze,
That ſmile to cheriſh, and that hand to raiſe!)
Whoſe beſt of hearts her beſt of thoughts inflame,
Whoſe joy is bounty, and whoſe gift is fame.
Where, for relief, flies innocence diſtreſs'd?
To you, who chaſe oppreſſion from th' oppreſs'd

Who, when complaint to you alone belongs,
Forgive your own, though not a people's wrongs:
Who ſtill make public property your care,
And thence bid private grief no more deſpair.
Aſk they what ſtate your ſheltering care ſhall own?
'Tis youth, 'tis age, the cottage, and the throne:
Nor can the priſon 'ſcape your ſearching eye,
Your ear ſtill opening to the captive's cry.
Nor leſs was promis'd from thy early ſkill,
Ere power enforc'd benevolence of will!
To friends refin'd, thy private life adher'd,
By thee improving, ere by thee preferr'd.
Well hadſt thou weigh'd what truth ſuch friends afford
With thee reſigning, and with thee reſtor'd.
Thou taught'ſt them all extenſive love to bear,
And now mankind with thee their friendſhip ſhare.
As the rich cloud by due degrees expands,
And ſhowers down plenty thick on ſundry lands,
Thy ſpreading worth in various bounty fell,
Made genius flouriſh, and made art excel.
How many, yet deceiv'd, all power oppoſe?
Their fears increaſing, as decreaſe their woes;
Jealous of bondage, while they freedom gain,
And moſt oblig'd, moſt eager to complain.
But well we count our bliſs, if well we view,
When power oppreſſion, not protection grew;
View preſent ills that puniſh diſtant climes;
Or bleed in memory here from ancient times.
Mark firſt the robe abus'd religion wore,
Story'd with griefs, and ſtain'd with human gore!
What various tortures, engines, fires, reveal,
Study'd empower'd, and ſanctify'd by zeal?
Stop here, my muſe!—Peculiar woes deſcry!
Bid them in ſad ſucceſſion ſtrike thy eye!
Lo, to her eye the ſad ſucceſſion ſprings!
She looks, ſhe weeps, and, as ſhe weeps, ſhe ſings.
See the doom'd Hebrew of his ſtores bereft!
See holy murder juſtify the theft!
His ravag'd gold ſome uſeleſs ſhrine ſhall raiſe,
His gems on ſuperſtitious idols blaze!

His wife, his babe, deny'd their little home,
Stripp'd, ſtarv'd, unfriended, and unpity'd roam.
Lo, the prieſt's hand the wafer-god ſupplies!—
A king by conſecrated poiſon dies!
See learning range yon broad ethereal plain,
From world to world, and godlike ſcience gain!
Ah! what avails the curious ſearch ſuſtain'd,
The finiſh'd toil, the godlike ſcience gain'd?
Sentenc'd to flames th' expanſive wiſdom fell,
And truth from heaven was ſorcery from hell.
See reaſon bid each myſtic wile retire,
Strike out new light! and mark!—the wiſe admire!
Zeal ſhall ſuch hereſy, like learning, hate:
The ſame their glory, and the ſame their fate.
Lo, from ſought mercy, one his life receives!
Life, worſe than death, that cruel mercy gives:
The man, perchance, who wealth and honours bore,
Slaves in the mine, or ceaſeleſs ſtrains the oar.
So doom'd are theſe, and ſuch, perhaps, our doom,
Own'd we a prince, avert it heaven! from Rome.
Nor private worth alone falſe zeal aſſails;
Whole nations bleed when bigotry prevails.
What are ſworn friendſhips? What are kindred ties?
What's faith with hereſy? (the zealot cries.)
See, when war ſinks the thundering cannons roar;
When wounds, and death, and diſcord are no more;
When muſic bids undreading joys advance,
Swell the ſoft hour, and turn the ſwimming dance:
When, to crown theſe, the ſocial ſparkling bowl
Lifts the cheer'd ſenſe, and pours out all the ſoul;
Sudden he ſends red maſſacre abroad;
Faithleſs to man, to prove his faith to God.
What pure perſuaſive eloquence denies,
All drunk with blood, the arguing ſword ſupplies;
The ſword, which to th' aſſaſſin's hand is given!
Th' aſſaſſin's hand!—pronounc'd the hand of heaven!
Sex bleeds with ſex, and infancy with age;
No rank, no place, no virtue, ſtops his rage;
Shall ſword, and flame, and devaſtation ceaſe,
To pleaſe with zeal, wild zeal! the God of Peace?

Nor leſs abuſe has ſcourg'd the civil ſtate,
When a king's will became a nation's fate,
Enormous power! Nor nobler, nor ſerene;
Now fierce and cruel; now but wild and mean.
See titles ſold, to raiſe th' unjuſt ſupply!
Compell'd the purchaſe! or be-fin'd, or buy!
No public ſpirit, guarded well by laws,
Uncenſur'd cenſures in his country's cauſe
See from the merchant forc'd th' unwilling loan!
Who dares deny or deem his wealth his own?
Denying, ſee! where dungeon damps ariſe,
Diſeas'd he pines, and unaſſiſted dies.
Far more than maſſacre that fate accurſt!
As of all deaths the lingering is the worſt.
New courts of cenſure griev'd with new offence,
Tax'd without power, and fin'd without pretence,
Explain'd, at will, each ſtatute's wreſted aim,
Till marks of merit were the marks of ſhame;
So monſtrous!—Life was the ſevereſt grief,
And the worſt death ſeem'd welcome for relief.
In vain the ſubject ſought redreſs from law,
No ſenate liv'd the partial judge to awe:
Senates were void, and ſenators confin'd,
For the great cauſe of nature and mankind;
Who kings ſuperior to the people own;
Yet prove the law ſuperior to the throne.
Who can review without a generous tear,
A church, a ſtate, ſo impious, ſo ſevere;
A land uncultur'd through polemic jars,
Rich!—but with carnage from inteſtine wars,
The hand of induſtry employ'd no more,
And commerce flying to ſome ſafer ſhore;
All property reduc'd, to power a prey,
And ſenſe and learning chas'd by zeal away?
Who honours not each dear departed ghoſt,
That ſtrove for liberty ſo won, ſo loſt:
So well regain'd when godlike William roſe,
And firſt entail'd the bleſſing George beſtows?
May Walpole ſtill the growing triumph raiſe,
And bid theſe emulate Eliza's days;

Still ſerve a prince, who, o'er his people great,
As far tranſcends in virtue, as in ſtate!
  The muſe purſues thee to thy rural ſeat;
Ev'n there ſhall liberty inſpire retreat.
When ſolemn cares in flowing wit are drown'd,
And ſportive chat and ſocial laughs go round:
Ev'n then, when pauſing mirth begins to fail,
The converſe varies to the ſerious tale.
The tale pathetic ſpeaks ſome wretch that owes
To ſome deficent law reliefleſs woes.
What inſtant pity warms thy generous breaſt!
How all the legiſlator ſtands confeſs'd!
Now ſprings the hint! 'tis now improv'd to thought!
Now ripe! and now to public welfare brought!
New bills, which regulating means beſtow,
Juſtice preſerve, yet ſoftening mercy know:
Juſtice ſhall low vexatious wiles decline,
And ſtill thrive moſt, when lawyers moſt repine,
Juſtice from jargon ſhall refin'd appear.
To knowledge through our native language clear.
Hence we may learn, no more deceiv'd by law,
Whence wealth and life their beſt aſſurance draw.
  The freed inſolvent, with induſtrious hand,
Strives yet to ſatisfy the juſt demand:
Thus ruthleſs men, who would his powers reſtrain,
Oft what ſeverity would loſe obtain.
Theſe, and a thouſand gifts, thy thought acquires,
Which liberty benevolent inſpires.
From liberty the fruits of law increaſe,
Plenty, and joy, and all the arts of peace.
Abroad the merchant, while the tempeſts rave,
Adventurous ſails, or fears the wind and wave;
At home untir'd we find th' auſpicious hand
With flocks, and herds, and harveſts, bleſs the land:
While there, the peaſant glads the grateful ſoil,
Here mark the ſhipwright, there the maſon toil,
Hew, ſquare, and rear, magnificent, the ſtone,
And give our oaks a glory not their own!
What life demands by this obeys her call,
And added elegance conſummates all.

Thus ſtately cities, ſtatelier navies riſe,
And ſpread our grandeur under diſtant ſkies.
From liberty each nobler ſcience ſprung,
A Bacon brighten'd, and a Spencer ſung:
A Clarke and Locke new tracks of truth explore,
And Newton reaches heights unreach'd before.
What trade ſees property that wealth maintain,
What induſtry no longer dreads to gain;
What tender conſcience kneels with fears reſign'd,
Enjoys her worſhip, and avows her mind:
What genius now from want to fortune climbs,
And to ſafe ſcience every thought ſublimes;
What royal power, from his ſuperior ſtate,
Sees public happineſs his own create;
But kens thoſe patriots ſouls, to which he owes
Of old each ſource, whence now each bleſſing flows?
And if ſuch ſpirits from their heaven deſcend,
And blended flame, to point one glorious end:
Flame from one breaſt, and thence to Britain ſhine,
What love, what praiſe, O Walpole, then is thine?

# THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

## No. 1.

### ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1731-2.

TWICE twenty tedious moons have roll'd away,
Since hope, kind flatterer! tun'd my penſive lay,
Whiſpering, that you, who rais'd me from deſpair,
Meant by your ſmiles to make life worth my care;
With pitying hand an orphan's tears to ſcreen,
And o'er the motherleſs extend the queen.
'Twill be—the prophet guides the poet's ſtrain!
Grief never touch'd a heart like your's in vain:
Heaven gave you power, becauſe you love to bleſs;
And pity, when you feel it, is redreſs.

Two fathers join'd to rob my claim of one!
My mother too thought fit to have no ſon!
The ſenate next, whoſe aid the helpleſs own,
Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet parents pityleſs, nor peers unkind,
Nor titles loſt, nor woes myſterious join'd,
Strip me of hope—by heav'n thus lowly laid,
To find a Pharoah's daughter in the ſhade.

You cannot hear unmov'd, when wrongs implore,
Your heart is woman, though your mind be more;
Kind, like the power who gave you to our prayers,
You would not lengthen life to ſharpen cares;
They, who a barren leave to life beſtow,
Snatch but from death to ſacrifice to woe.
Hated by her from whom my life I drew,
Whence ſhould I hope, if not from heaven and you!
Nor dare I groan beneath affliction's rod,
My queen my mother, and my father—God.

The pitying muſes ſaw me wit purſue;
A baſtard-ſon, alas! on that ſide too,
Did not your eyes exalt the poet's fire,
And what the muſe denies, the queen inſpire!
While riſing thus your heavenly ſoul to view,
I learn, how angels think, by copying you.

Great princeſs! 'tis decreed—once every year
I march uncall'd your Laureat Volunteer;
Thus ſhall your poet his low genius raiſe,
And charm the world with truths too vaſt for praiſe.
Nor need I dwell on glories all your own,
Since ſurer means to tempt your ſmiles are known;
Your poet ſhall allot your lord his part,
And paint him in his nobleſt throne—your heart.
Is there a greatneſs that adorns him beſt,
A riſing wiſh, that ripens in his breaſt?
Has he foremeant ſome diſtant age to bleſs,
Diſarm oppreſſion, or expel diſtreſs?
Plans he ſome ſcheme to reconcile mankind,
People the ſeas, and buſy every wind?
Would he by pity the deceiv'd reclaim,
And ſmile contending factions into ſhame?
Would his example lend his laws a weight,
And breathe his own ſoft morals o'er his ſtate?
The muſe ſhall find it all, ſhall make it ſeen,
And teach the world his praiſe, to charm his queen.
Such be the annual truths my verſe imparts,
Nor frown, fair favourite of a people's hearts!
Happy if, plac'd, perchance, beneath your eye,
My muſe, unpenſion'd, might her pinions try;
Fearleſs to fail, while you indulge her flame,
And bid me proudly boaſt your Laureat's name;
Renobled thus by wreaths my queen beſtows,
I loſe all memory of wrongs and woes.

## No. II.

### ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1732 3.

"GREAT princeſs, 'tis decreed! once every year,
" I march uncall'd, your Laureat Volun-
teer."
So ſung the muſe; nor ſung the muſe in vain:
My queen accepts, the year renews the ſtrain.
Ere firſt your influence ſhone with heavenly aid,
Each thought was terror; for each view was ſhade.
Fortune to life each flowery path deny'd;
No ſcience learn'd to bloom, no lay to glide.
Inſtead of hallow'd hill, or vocal dale,
Or ſtream, ſweet-echoing to the tuneful tale;
Damp dens confin'd, or barren deſarts ſpread,
With ſpectres haunted, and the muſes fled;
Ruins in penſive emblem ſeem to riſe,
And all was dark, or wild, to Fancy's eyes.
But hark! a gladdening voice all nature cheers!
Diſperſe, ye glooms! a day of joy appears!
Hail, happy day!—'Twas on thy glorious morn,
The firſt, the faireſt of her ſex was born!
How ſwift the change! Cold, wintery ſorrows fly!
Where'er ſhe looks, delight ſurrounds the eye!
Mild ſhines the ſun, the woodlands warble round,
The vales ſweet echo, ſweet the rocks reſound!
In cordial air, ſoft fragrance floats along;
Each ſcene is verdure, and each voice is ſong!
Shoot from your orb divine, ye quickening rays,
Boundleſs, like her benevolence, ye blaze!
Soft emblems of her bounty, fall ye ſhowers!
And ſweet aſcend, and fair unfold ye flowers!
Ye roſes, lilies, you were earlieſt claim,
In whiteneſs, and in fragrance, match her fame!
'Tis yours to fade, to fame like her's is due
Undying ſweets, and bloom for ever new.
Ye bloſſoms, that one varied landſcape riſe,
And ſend your ſcentful tribute to the ſkies;

Diffuſive like yon royal branches ſmile,
Grace the young year, and glad the grateful iſle!
Attend, ye muſes! mark the feather'd quires!
Thoſe the ſpring wakes, as you the queen inſpires.
O, let her praiſe for ever ſwell your ſong!
Sweet let your ſacred ſtreams the notes prolong,
Clear, and more clear, through all my lays refine;
And there let heaven and her reflected ſhine!
As, when chill blights from vernal ſuns retire,
Cheerful the vegetative world aſpire,
Put forth unfolding blooms, and waving try
Th' enlivening influence of a milder ſky;
So gives her birth (like yon approaching ſpring)
The land to flouriſh, and the muſe to ſing.
'Twas thus, Zenobia, on Palmyra's throne,
In learning, beauty, and in virtue ſhone,
Beneath her roſe, Longinus, in thy name,
The poet's, critic's, and the patriot's fame!
Is there (ſo high be you, great princeſs, prais'd)
A woe unpitied, or a worth unrais'd?
Art learns to ſoar by your ſweet influence taught;
In life well cheriſh'd; nor in death forgot:
In death, as life, the learn'd your goodneſs tell!
Witneſs the ſacred buſts of Richmond's cell!
Sages, who in unfading light ſhall ſhine;
Who graſp'd at ſcience, like your own, divine!
The muſe, who hails with ſong this glorious morn,
Now looks through days, through months, through years unborn;
All white they riſe, and in their courſe expreſs'd
A king by kings rever'd, by ſubjects bleſt!
A queen, where'er true greatneſs ſpreads in fame;
Where learning towers beyond her ſex's aim;
Where pure religion no extreme can touch,
Of faith too little, or of zeal too much;
Where theſe behold, as on this bleſs'd of morns,
What love protects them, and what worth adorns;
Where'er diffuſive goodneſs ſmiles, a queen
Still prais'd with rapture, as with wonder ſeen!

See nations round, of every wiſh poſſeſs'd!
Life in each eye, and joy in every breaſt!
Shall I, on what I lightly touch'd, explain?
Shall I, (vain thought!) attempt the finiſh'd ſtrain?
No!—let the poet ſtop unequal lays,
And to the juſt hiſtorian yield your praiſe.

## No. III.

### ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1734-5.

IN youth no parent nurs'd my infant ſongs,
'Twas mine to be inſpir'd alone by wrongs;
Wrongs, that with life their fierce attack began,
Drank infant tears, and ſtill purſue the man.
Life ſcarce is life—Dejection all is mine;
The power, that loves in lonely ſhades to pine;
Of fading cheek, of unelated views;
Whoſe weaken'd eyes the rays of hope refuſe.
'Tis mine the mean, inhuman pride to find;
Who ſhuns th' oppreſs'd, to fortune only kind;
Whoſe pity's inſult, and whoſe cold reſpect
Is keen as ſcorn, ungenerous as neglect.
Void of benevolent, obliging grace,
E'en dubious Friendſhip half averts his face.
Thus ſunk in ſickneſs, thus with woes oppreſt,
How ſhall the fire awake within my breaſt?
How ſhall the muſe her flagging pinions raiſe?
How tune her voice to Carolina's praiſe?
From jarring thought no tuneful raptures flow;
Theſe with fair days and gentle ſeaſons glow:
Such give alone ſweet Philomel to ſing,
And Philomel's the poet of the ſpring.
But ſoft, my ſoul! ſee yon celeſtial light!
Before whoſe lambent luſtre breaks the night.
It glads me like the morning clad in dews,
And beams reviving from the vernal muſe:
Inſpiring joyous peace, 'tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe!
A ſtranger long to miſery and me.
Her verdant mantle gracefully declines,
And, flower-embroider'd, as it varies, ſhines.

To form her garland, Zephyr, from his wing,
Throws the firſt flowers and foliage of the ſpring.
Her looks how lovely! health and joy have lent
Bloom to her cheek, and to her brow content.
Behold, ſweet-beaming her etherial eyes!
Soft as the Pleiades o'er the dewy ſkies.
She blunts the point of care, alleviates woes,
And pours the balm of comfort and repoſe!
Bids the heart yield to Virtue's ſilent call,
And ſhows Ambition's ſons mere children all;
Who hunt for toys which pleaſe with tinſel ſhine;
For which they ſquabble, and for which they pine.
Oh, hear her voice, more mellow than the gale,
That breath'd through ſhepherd's pipe enchants the vale!
Hark! ſhe invites from city ſmoke and noiſe,
Vapours impure, and from impurer joys;
From various evils, that, with rage combin'd,
Untune the body, and pollute the mind:
From crowds, to whom no ſocial faith belongs,
Who tread one circle of deceit and wrongs;
With whom politeneſs is but civil guile,
And laws oppreſs, exerted by the vile.
To this oppos'd, the muſe preſents the ſcene;
Where ſylvan pleaſures ever ſmiles ſerene;
Pleaſures that emulate the bleſt above,
Health, innocence, and peace, the muſe, and love;
Pleaſures that raviſh, while alternate wrought
By friendly converſe, and abſtracted thought.
Theſe ſoothe my throbbing breaſt. No loſs I mourn;
Though both from riches and from grandeur torn.
Weep I cruel mother? No—I've ſeen,
From heaven, a pitying, a maternal queen.
One gave me life; but would no comfort grant;
She more than life reſum'd by giving want.
Would ſhe the being which ſhe gave deſtroy?
My queen gives life, and bids me hope for joy.
Honours and wealth I cheerfully reſign;
If competence, if learned eaſe be mine!

If I by mental, heartfelt joys be fir'd,
And in the vale by all the muſe inſpir'd!
  Here ceaſe my plaint—See yon enlivening ſcenes!
Child of the ſpring! Behold the beſt of queens!
Softneſs and beauty roſe this heavenly morn,
Dawn'd wiſdom, and benevolence was born.
Joy, o'er her people, in her influence roſe;
Like that which ſpring o'er rural nature throws.
War to the peaceful pipe reſigns his roar,
And breaks his billows on ſome diſtant ſhore.
Domeſtic diſcord ſinks beneath her ſmile,
And arts, and trade, and plenty, glad the iſle.
Lo, Induſtry ſurveys, with feaſted eyes,
His due reward, a plenteous harveſt riſe!
Nor (taught by commerce) joys in that alone;
But ſees the harveſt of a world his own.
Hence thy juſt praiſe, thou mild, majeſtic Thames!
Rich river! richer than Pactolus' ſtreams!
Than thoſe renown'd of yore, by poets roll'd
O'er intermingled pearls, and ſands of gold.
How glorious thou, when from old Ocean's urn,
Loaded with India's wealth, thy waves return!
Alive thy banks! along each bordering line,
High cultur'd blooms, inviting villas ſhine:
And while around ten thouſand beauties glow,
Theſe ſtill o'er thoſe redoubling luſtre throw.
  " Come then (ſo whiſper'd the indulgent muſe)
" Come then, in Richmond groves thy ſorrows loſe!
" Come then, and hymn this day! The pleaſing
    " ſcene
" Shows, in each view, the genius of thy queen.
" Hear nature whiſpering in the breeze her ſong,
" Hear her ſweet warbling through the feather'd
    " throng!
" Come, with the warbling world thy notes unite,
" And with the vegetable ſmile delight!
" Sure ſuch a ſcene and ſong will ſoon reſtore
" Loſt quiet, and give bliſs unknown before;
" Receive it grateful, and adore, when given,
" The goodneſs of thy parent, queen, and heaven!

" With me each private virtue lifts the voice;
" While public ſpirit bids the land rejoice:
" O'er all thy queen's benevolence deſcends,
" And wide o'er all her vital light extends.
" As winter ſoftens into ſpring, to you
" Blooms fortune's ſeaſon, through her ſmile, anew,
" Still for paſt bounty, let new lays impart
" The ſweet effuſions of a grateful heart!
" Caſt through the teleſcope of hope your eye!
" There goodneſs infinite, ſupreme, deſcry!
" From him that ray of virtue ſtream'd on earth,
" Which kindled Caroline's bright ſoul to birth.
" Behold, he ſpreads one univerſal ſpring!
" Mortals, transform'd to angels, then ſhall ſing;
" Oppreſſion then ſhall fly with want and ſhame,
" And bleſſing and exiſtence be the ſame!"

## No. IV.

### ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1735-6.

LO! the mild ſun ſalutes the opening ſpring,
And gladdening nature calls the muſe to ſing;
Gay chirp the birds, the bloomy ſweets exhale,
And health, and ſong, and fragrance fill the gale.
Yet, mildeſt ſuns, to me are pain ſevere,
And muſic's ſelf is diſcord to my ear!
I, jocund ſpring, unſympathiſing, ſee,
And health, that comes to all, comes not to me.
Dear health once fled, what ſpirits can I find!
What ſolace meet, when fled my peace of mind?
From abſent books what ſtudious hint deviſe?
From abſent friends what aid to thought can riſe?
A genius whiſper'd in my ear—Go ſeek
Some man of ſtate!—The muſe your wrongs may ſpeak.
But will ſuch liſten to the plaintive ſtrain?
The happy ſeldom heed th' unhappy's pain.
To wealth, to honours, wherefore was I born?
Why left to poverty, repulſe, and ſcorn?
Why was I form'd of elegant deſires?
Thought, which beyond a vulgar flight aſpires!
Why, by the proud, and wicked, cruſh'd to earth?
Better the day of death, than day of birth!
Thus I exclaim'd: a little cherub ſmil'd;
"Hope, I am call'd (ſaid he,) a heaven-born child!
Wrongs ſure you have; complain you juſtly may:
But let wild ſorrow whirl not thought away!
No—truſt to honour! that you ne'er will ſtain
From peerage-blood, which fires your filial vein.
Truſt more to Providence! from me ne'er ſwerve!
Once to diſtruſt, is never to deſerve.
Did not this day a Caroline diſcloſe?
I promis'd at her birth, and bleſſing roſe!
(Bleſſing, o'er all the letter'd world to ſhine,
In knowledge clear, beneficence divine!)
'Tis her's, as mine, to chaſe away deſpair;
Woe undeſerv'd is her peculiar care.

Her bright benevolence ſends me to grief:
On want ſheds bounty, and on wrong relief."
Then calm-ey'd Patience, born of angel-kind,
Open'd a dawn of comfort on my mind.
With her came Fortitude, of godlike air!
Theſe arm to conquer ills; at leaſt to bear:
Arm'd thus, my queen while wayward fates ordain,
My life to lengthen, but to lengthen pain;
Your bard, his ſorrows with a ſmile endures;
Since to be wretched, is—to be made yours.

## No. V.

### ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1736-7.

YE ſpirits bright, that æther rove,
That breathe the vernal ſoul of love;
Bid health deſcend in balmy dews,
And life in every gale diffuſe;
That give the flowers to ſhine, the birds to ſing;
Oh, glad this natal day, the prime of ſpring!
The virgin ſnow-drop firſt appears;
Her golden head the crocus rears.
The flowery tribe, profuſe and gay,
Spread to the ſoft, inviting ray.
So arts ſhall bloom by Carolina's ſmile,
So ſhall her fame waft fragrance o'er the iſle,
The warblers various, ſweet and clear,
From bloomy ſprays ſalute the year.
O muſe, awake! aſcend, and ſing!
Hail the fair rival of the ſpring!
To woodland honours woodland hymns belong;
To her, the pride of arts! the muſe's ſong.
Kind, as of late her clement ſway,
The ſeaſon ſheds a trepid ray.
The ſtorms of Boreas rave no more;
The ſtorms of Faction ceaſe to roar,
At vernal ſuns as wintery tempeſts ceaſe,
She, lovely power! ſmiles faction into peace.

## No. VI.

### FOR THE FIRST OF MARCH, 1737-8.

*Sacred to the Memory of her late Majesty, humbly addressed to his Majesty.*

OFT has the muſe, on this diſtinguiſh'd day,
Tun'd to glad harmony the vernal lay;
But, O lamented change! the lay muſt flow
From grateful rapture now to grateful woe.
She, to this day, who joyous luſtre gave,
Deſcends for ever to the ſilent grave.
She, born at once to charm us and to mend,
Of human race the pattern and the friend.
To be or fondly or ſeverely kind,
To check the raſh or prompt the better mind,
Parents ſhall learn from her, and thus ſhall draw
From filial love alone a filial awe.
Who ſeek in avarice wiſdom's art to ſave;
Who often ſquander, yet who never gave;
From her theſe knew the righteous mean to find,
And the mild virtue ſtole on half mankind.
The laviſh now caught frugal wiſdom's lore,
Yet ſtill, the more they ſav'd, beſtow'd the more.
Now miſers learn'd at others woes to melt,
And ſaw and wonder'd at the change they felt.
The generous, when on her they turn'd their view,
The generous e'en themſelves more generous grew,
Learn'd the ſhunn'd haunts of ſhame-fac'd want to trace,
To goodneſs, delicacy, adding grace,
The conſcious cheek no riſing bluſh confeſs'd,
Nor dwelt one thought to pain the modeſt breaſt;
Kind and more kind did thus her bounty ſhower,
And knew no limit but a bounded power.
This truth the widow's ſighs, alas! proclaim;
For this the orphans tears embalm her fame.
The wiſe beheld her learning's ſummit gain,
Yet never giddy grow, nor ever vain:

But on one ſcience point a ſtedfaſt eye,
That ſcience—how to live and how to die.
Say, Memory, while to thy grateful ſight
Ariſe her virtues in unfading light,
What joys were ours, what ſorrows now remain;
Ah! how ſublime the bliſs! how deep the pain!
And thou, bright princeſs, ſeated now on high,
Next one, the faireſt daughter of the ſky,
Whoſe warm-felt love is to all beings known,
Thy ſiſter Charity! next her thy throne;
See at thy tomb the Virtues weeping lie!
There in dumb ſorrow ſeem the Arts to die.
So were the ſun o'er other orbs to blaze,
And from our world, like thee, withdraw his rays,
No more to viſit where he warm'd before,
All life muſt ceaſe, and nature be no more.
Yet ſhall the muſe a heavenly height eſſay,
Beyond the weakneſs mix'd with mortal clay;
Beyond the loſs, which though ſhe bleeds to ſee,
Though ne'er to be redeem'd, the loſs of thee!
Beyond ev'n this, ſhe hails with joyous lay,
Thy better birth, thy firſt true natal day;
A day, that ſees thee borne beyond the tomb,
To endleſs health, to youth's eternal bloom;
Borne to the mighty dead, the ſouls ſublime
Of every famous age, and every clime;
To goodneſs fix'd by truth's unvarying laws,
To bliſs that knows no period, knows no pauſe—
Save when thine eye, from yonder pure ſerene,
Sheds a ſoft eye on this our gloomy ſcene.
With me now liberty and learning mourn,
From all relief, like thy lov'd conſort, torn;
For where can prince or people hope relief,
When each contend to be ſupreme in grief?
So vy'd thy virtues, that could point the way,
So well to govern; yet ſo well obey.
Deign one look more! ah! ſee thy conſort dear
Wiſhing all hearts, except his own, to cheer.
Lo! ſtill he bids thy wonted bounty flow,
To weeping families of worth and woe.

He ſtops all tears, however faſt they riſe,
Save thoſe that ſtill muſt fall from grateful eyes,
And, ſpite of griefs that ſo uſurp his mind,
Still watches o'er the welfare of mankind.
Father of thoſe whoſe rights thy care defends,
Still moſt their own, when moſt their ſovereign's friends;
Then chiefly brave, from bondage cheifly free,
When moſt they truſt, when moſt they copy thee;
Ah! let the loweſt of thy ſubjects pay
His honeſt, heart-felt tributary lay;
In anguiſh happy, if permitted here
One ſigh to vent, to drop one virtuous tear;
Happier, if pardon'd, ſhould he wildly moan,
And with a monarch's ſorrow mix his own.

# OF PUBLIC SPIRIT

## IN REGARD TO PUBLIC WORKS:

*An Epiſtle to his Royal Highneſs Frederick Prince of Wales.*

### Contents.

Of reſervoirs, and their uſe; of draining fens, and building bridges, cutting canals, repairing harbours, and ſtopping inundations, making rivers navigable, building light-houſes; of agriculture, gardening, and planting for the nobleſt uſes; of commerce; of public roads; of public buildings, viz. ſquares, ſtreets, manſions, palaces, courts of juſtice, ſenate-houſes, theatres, hoſpitals, churches, colleges; the variety of worthies produced by the latter; of colonies. The ſlave-trade cenſured, &c.

GREAT hope of Britain!—Here the muſe eſſays
A theme, which, to attempt alone, is praiſe.
Be her's a zeal of public ſpirit known!
A princely zeal!—a ſpirit all your own!
Where never ſcience beam'd a friendly ray,
Where one vaſt blank neglected nature lay;
From public ſpirit there, by arts employ'd,
Creation, varying, glads the cheerleſs void,
Hail, arts! where ſafety, treaſure, and delight,
On land, on wave, in wondrous works unite!
Thoſe wondrous works, O muſe! ſucceſſive raiſe,
And point their worth, their dignity, and praiſe.
What though no ſtreams, magnificently play'd,
Riſe a proud column, fall a grand caſcade;
Through nether pipes, which nobler uſe renowns,
Lo! ductile rivulets viſit diſtant towns!
Now vaniſh fens, whence vapours riſe no more,
Whoſe agueiſh influence tainted heaven before.
The ſolid iſthmus ſinks a watery ſpace,
And wonders, in new ſtate, at naval grace.
Where the flood deepening rolls, or wide extends,
From road to road yon arch, connective bends:
Where ports were chok'd; where mounds, in vain, aroſe;
There harbours open, and there breaches cloſe;
To keels, obedient, ſpreads each liquid plain,
And bulwark moles repel the boiſterous main.
When the ſunk ſun no homeward ſail befriends,
On the rocks brow the light-houſe kind aſcends,

And from the ſhoaly, o'er the gulfy way,
Points to the pilot's eye the warning ray.
  Count ſtill, my muſe (to count, what muſe can ceaſe?)
The works of public ſpirit, freedom, peace!
By them ſhall plants, in foreſts, reach the ſkies;
Then loſe their leafy pride, and navies riſe.
(Navies, which to invaſive foes explain,
Heaven throws not round us rocks and ſeas in vain:)
The ſail of commerce in each ſky aſpires,
And property aſſures what toil acquires.
  Who digs the mine or quarry, digs with glee!
No ſlave!—His option and his gain are free:
Him the ſame laws the ſame protection yield,
Who ploughs the furrow, or who owns the field.
  Unlike where tyranny the rod maintains
O'er turfleſs, leafleſs, and uncultur'd plains,
Here herbs of food and phyſic plenty ſhowers,
Gives fruits to bluſh, and colours various flowers.
Where ſands or ſtony wilds once ſtarv'd the year,
Laughs the green lawn, and nods the golden ear;
White ſhine the fleecy race, which fate ſhall doom
The feaſt of life, the treaſure of the loom.
  On plains now bare ſhall gardens wave their groves;
While ſettling ſongſters woo their feather'd loves.
Where pathleſs woods no grateful openings knew,
Walks tempt the ſtep, and viſtas court the view.
See the parterre confeſs expanſive day;
The grot, eluſive of the noon-tide ray.
Up yon green ſlope a length of terrace lies,
Whence gradual landſcapes fade in diſtant ſkies.
Now the blue lake reflected heaven diſplays;
Now darkens, regularly wild, the maze.
Urns, obeliſks, fanes, ſtatues intervene;
Now centre, now commence, or end the ſcene.
Lo, proud alcoves! lo, ſoft ſequeſter'd bowers!
Retreats of ſocial, or of ſtudious hours!
Rank above rank here ſhapely greens aſcend;
There others natively-groteſque depend.
The rude, the delicate, immingled tell
How art would nature, nature art excel;

And how, while theſe their rival charms impart,
Art brightens nature, nature brightens art;
Thus, in the various, yet harmonious ſpace,
Blend order, ſymmetry, and force, and grace.
When theſe from public ſpirit ſmile, we ſee
Free-opening gates, and bowery pleaſures free;
For ſure great ſouls one truth can never miſs,
Bliſs not communicated is not bliſs.
Thus public ſpirit, liberty and peace,
Carve, build, and plant, and give the land increaſe;
From peaſant hands imperial works ariſe,
And Britiſh hence with Roman grandeur vies;
Not grandeur that in pompous whim appears,
That levels hills, and vales to mountains rears;
That alters nature's regulated grace,
Meaning to deck, but deſtin'd to deface.
Though no proud gates, with China's taught to vie,
Magnificently uſeleſs ſtrike the eye;
(Uſeleſs, where rocks a ſurer barrier lend;
Where ſeas encircle, and where fleets defend;)
What though no arch of triumph is aſſign'd
To laurel'd Pride, whoſe ſword has thinn'd mankind;
Though no vaſt wall extends from coaſt to coaſt,
No pyramid aſpires, ſublimely loſt;
Yet the ſafe road through rocks ſhall winding tend,
And the firm cauſeway o'er the clays aſcend.
Lo! ſtately ſtreets, lo! ample ſquares invite
The ſalutary gale, that breathes delight.
Lo! ſtructures mark the charitable ſoil,
For caſual ill, maim'd valour, feeble toil,
Worn out with care, infirmity, and age;
The life here entering, quitting there the ſtage:
The babe of lawleſs birth, doom'd elſe to moan,
To ſtarve or bleed for errors not his own!
Let the frail mother 'ſcape the fame defil'd,
If from the murdering mother 'ſcape the child;
Oh! guard his youth from Sin's alluring voice;
From deeds of dire neceſſity, not choice!
His grateful hand, thus never harmful known,
Shall on the public welfare build his own.

Thus worthy crafts, which low-born life divide,
Give towns their opulence, and courts their pride.
Sacred to pleaſure, ſtructures riſe elate,
To that ſtill worthy of the wiſe and great.
Sacred to pleaſure then ſhall piles aſcend?
They ſhall—when pleaſure and inſtruction bend.
Let theatres from public ſpirit ſhine!
Such theatres, as, Athens, once were thine!
See! the gay muſe of pointed wit poſſeſt,
Who makes the virtuous laugh, the decent jeſt:
What though ſhe mock, ſhe mocks with honeſt aim,
And laughs each favourite folly into ſhame,
With liberal light the tragic charms the age:
In ſolemn-training robes ſhe fills the ſtage;
There human nature, mark'd in different lines,
Alive in character diſtinctly ſhines.
Quick paſſions change alternate on her face;
Her diction muſic, as her action grace.
Inſtant we catch her terror-giving cares,
Pathetic ſighs, and pity-moving tears;
Inſtant we catch her generous glow of ſoul,
Till one great ſtriking moral crowns the whole.
Hence in warm youth, by ſcenes of virtue taught,
Honour exalts, and love expands the thought!
Hence pity, to peculiar grief aſſign'd,
Grows wide benevolence to all mankind.
Where various edifice the land renowns,
There public ſpirit plans, exalts, and crowns.
She cheers the manſion with the ſpacious hall,
Bids painting live along the ſtoried wall;
Seated, ſhe ſmiling eyes th' uncloſing door,
And much ſhe welcomes all, but moſt the poor;
She turns the pillar, or the arch ſhe bends,
The choir ſhe lengthens, or the choir extends;
She rears the tower, whoſe height the heavens admire;
She rears, ſhe rounds, ſhe points the leſſening ſpire;
At her command the college-roofs aſcend
(For public ſpirit ſtill is learning's friend)
Stupendous piles, which uſeful pomp completes,
Thus riſe religion's, and thus learning's ſeats:

There moral truth and holy ſcience ſpring,
And give the ſage to teach the bard to ſing.
There ſome draw health from herbs and mineral veins,
Some ſearch the ſyſtems of the heavenly plains;
Some call from hiſtory paſt times to view,
And others trace old laws, and ſketch out new;
Thence ſaving rights by legiſlators plann'd,
And guardian patriots thence inſpire the land.
Now grant, ye powers, one great, one fond deſire,
And, granting, bid a new Whitehall aſpire!
Far let it lead, by well-pleas'd Thames ſurvey'd,
The ſwelling arch, and ſtately colonnade;
Bid courts of juſtice, ſenate-chambers join,
Till various all in one proud work combine!
But now by all the generous goddeſs ſeen,
When moſt diffus'd ſhe ſhines, and moſt benign!
Ye ſons of miſery, attract her view!
Ye ſallow, hollow-ey'd, and meagre crew!
Such high perfection have our arts attain'd,
That now few ſons of toil our arts demand;
Then to the public, to itſelf, we fear,
E'en willing induſtry grows uſeleſs here;
Are we too populous at length confeſs'd,
From confluent ſtrangers refug'd and redreſs'd!
Has War ſo long withdrawn his barbarous train,
That Peace o'erſtocks us with the ſons of men?
So long has plague left pure the ambient air,
That want muſt prey on thoſe diſeaſe would ſpare?
Hence beauteous wretches (beauty's foul diſgrace!)
Though born the pride, the ſhame of human race;
Fair wretches hence, who nightly ſtreets annoy,
Live but themſelves and others to deſtroy.
Hence robbers riſe, to theft, to murder prone,
Firſt driv'n by want, from habit deſperate grown;
Hence for ow'd trifles oft our jails contain
(Torn from mankind) a miſerable train;
Torn from, in ſpite of Nature's tendereſt cries,
Parental, filial, and connubial ties:
The trader, when on ev'ry ſide diſtreſt,
Hence flies to what expedient frauds ſuggeſt;

To prop his queſtion'd credit's tottering ſtate,
Others he firſt involves to ſhare his fate;
Then for mean refuge muſt ſelf-exil'd roam,
Never to hope a friend, nor find a home,
This public ſpirit ſees, ſhe ſees and feels!
Her breaſt the throb, her eye the tear reveals;
(The patriot throb that beats, the tear that flows
For others welfare, and for others woes)—
And what can I (ſhe ſaid) to cure their grief?
Shall I or point out death, or point relief?
Forth ſhall I lead them to ſome happier ſoil,
To conqueſt lead them, and enrich with ſpoil?
Bid them convulſe a world, make nature groan,
And ſpill, in ſhedding others blood, their own?
No, no—ſuch wars do thou, Ambition, wage!
Go ſterilize the fertile with thy rage!
Whole nations to depolulate is thine;
To people, culture, and protect, be mine!
Then range the world, diſcovery!—Strait he goes,
O'er ſeas, o'er Lybia's ſands, and Zembla's ſnows;
He ſettles where kind rays till now have ſmil'd
(Vain ſmile!) on ſome luxuriant houſeleſs wild.
How many ſons of want might here enjoy,
What nature gives for age but to deſtroy?
Bluſh, bluſh, O ſun (ſhe cries) here vainly found,
To riſe, to ſet, to roll the ſeaſons round!
Shall heaven diſtil in dews, deſcend in rain,
From earth guſh fountains, rivers flow—in vain?
There ſhall the watery lives in myriads ſtray,
And be, to be alone each other's prey?
Unſought ſhall here the teeming quarries own
The various ſpecies of mechanic ſtone?
From ſtructure this, from ſculpture that confine?
Shall rocks forbid the latent gem to ſhine?
Shall mines, obedient, aid no artiſt's care,
Nor give the martial ſword, and peaceful ſhare?
Ah! ſhall they never precious ore unfold,
To ſmile in ſilver, or to flame in gold?
Shall here the vegetable world alone,
For joys, for various virtues, reſt unknown?

While food and phyſic, plants and herbs ſupply,
Here muſt they ſhoot alone to bloom and die?
Shall fruits, which none but brutal eyes ſurvey,
Untouch'd grow ripe, untaſted drop away?
Shall here th' irrational, the ſavage kind,
Lord it o'er ſtores by heaven for man deſign'd,
And trample what mild ſuns benignly raiſe,
While man muſt loſe the uſe, and heaven the praiſe?
Shall it then be?—(Indignant here ſhe roſe,
Indignant, yet humane, her boſom glows)—
No! By each honour'd Grecian, Roman name,
By men for virtue deify'd by fame,
Who peopled lands, who model'd infant ſtate,
And then bade empire be maturely great;
By theſe I ſwear (be witneſs earth and ſkies!)
Fair order here ſhall from confuſion riſe.
Rapt, I a future colony ſurvey!
Come then, ye ſons of miſery! come away!
Let thoſe, whoſe ſorrows from neglect are known,
(Here taught, compell'd, empower'd) neglect atone!
Let thoſe enjoy, who never merit woes,
In youth th' induſtrious wiſh, in age repoſe!
Allotted acres (no reluctant ſoil)
Shall prompt their induſtry, and pay their toil.
Let families, long ſtrangers to delight,
Whom wayward fate diſpers'd, by me unite,
Here live enjoying life; ſee plenty, peace;
Their lands increaſing as their ſons increaſe.
As nature yet is found, in leafy glades,
To intermix the walks with lights and ſhades;
Or as with good and ill, in chequer'd ſtrife,
Various the goddeſs colours human life,
So, in this fertile clime, if yet are ſeen
Moors, marſhes, cliffs, by turns to intervene;
Where cliffs, moors, marſhes, deſolate the view,
Where haunts the bittern, and where ſcreams the mew;
Where prowls the wolf, where roll'd the ſerpent lies,
Shall ſolemn fanes and halls of juſtice riſe,
And towns ſhall open (all of ſtructure fair!
To brightening proſpects, and to pureſt air;

Frequented ports, and vineyards green ſucceed,
And flocks increaſing whiten all the mead.
On ſcience ſcience, arts on arts refine,
On theſe from high all heaven ſhall ſmiling ſhine,
And public ſpirit here a people ſhow,
Free, numerous, pleas'd, and buſy all below.
Learn, future native of this promis'd land,
What your forefathers ow'd my ſaving hand;
Learn, when deſpair ſuch ſudden bliſs ſhall ſee,
Such bliſs muſt ſhine from Oglethorpe or me!
Do you the neighbouring blameleſs Indian aid,
Culture what he neglects, not his invade,
Dare not, oh dare not, with ambitious view,
Force or demand ſubjection never due.
Let, by my ſpecious name, no tyrants riſe,
And cry, while they enſlave, they civilize!
Know, liberty and I are ſtill the ſame,
Congenial!—ever mingling flame with flame!
Why muſt I Afric's ſable children ſee
Vended for ſlaves, though form'd by nature free,
The nameleſs tortures cruel minds invent,
Thoſe to ſubject, whom nature equal meant?
If theſe you dare (albeit unjuſt ſucceſs
Empowers you now unpuniſh'd to oppreſs)
Revolving empire you and your's may doom
(Rome all ſubdued, yet Vandals vanquiſh'd Rome,)
Yes, empire may revolve, give them the day,
And yoke may yoke, and blood may blood repay.
Thus (ah! how far unequal'd by my lays,
Unſkill'd the heart to melt, or mind to raiſe,)
Sublime, benevolent, deep, ſweetly clear,
Worthy a Thomſon's muſe, a Frederick's ear,
Thus ſpoke the goddeſs. Thus I faintly tell
In what lov'd works heaven gives her to excel.
But who her ſons, that, to her intereſt true,
Converſant lead her to a prince like you?
Theſe, ſir, ſalute you from life's middle ſtate,
Rich without gold, and without titles great:
Knowledge of books and men exalts their thought,
In wit accompliſh'd, though in wiles untaught,

Careleſs of whiſpers meant to wound their name,
Nor ſneer'd nor brib'd from virtue into ſhame;
In letters elegant, in honour bright,
They come, they catch, and they reflect delight.
Mixing with theſe, a few of rank are found,
For councils, embaſſies, and camps renown'd,
Vers'd in gay life, in honeſt maxims read,
And ever warm of heart, yet cool of head,
From theſe the circling glaſs gives wit to ſhine,
The bright grow brighter, and ev'n courts refine;
From theſe ſo gifted, candid, and upright,
Flows knowledge, ſoftening into eaſe polite.
Happy the men, who ſuch a prince can pleaſe!
Happy the prince rever'd by men like theſe!
His condeſcenſions dignity diſplay,
Grave with the wiſe, and with the witty gay;
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due ſtatues, to his fame ſhall riſe;
Ever ſhall public ſpirit beam his praiſe,
And the muſe ſwell it in immortal lays.

# TO MR. JOHN DYER,

## A PAINTER.

*Adviſing him to draw a certain noble and illuſtrious perſon: occaſioned by ſeeing his picture of the celebrated Clio.**

FORGIVE an artleſs, an officious friend,
Weak, when I judge, but willing to commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind fortune rais'd,
Depreſs'd, obſcur'd, unpity'd, and unprais'd;
Yet, when theſe well-known features I peruſe,
Some warmth awakes—ſome embers of a muſe.
Ye Muſes, Graces, and ye Loves, appear!
Your queen, your Venus, and your Clio's here!
In ſuch pure fires her riſing thoughts refine!
Her eyes with ſuch commanding ſweetneſs ſhine:
Such vivid tinctures ſure through æther glow,
Stain ſummer clouds, or gild the watery bow:
If life Pygmalion's ivory favourite fir'd,
Sure ſome enamour'd god this draught inſpir'd!
Or, if you raſhly caught Promethean flame,
Shade the ſweet theft, and mar the beauteous frame!
Yet if thoſe cheering lights the proſpect fly,
Ah!—let no pleaſing view the loſs ſupply.
Some dreary den, ſome deſart waſte, prepare,
Wild as my thoughts, or dark as my deſpair.
But ſtill, my friend, ſtill the ſweet object ſtays,
Still ſtream your colours rich with Clio's rays!
Sure at each kindling touch your canvaſs glows!
Sure the full form, inſtinct with ſpirit, grows!
Let the dull artiſt puzzling rules explore,
Dwell on the face, and gaze the features o'er;
You eye the ſoul—there genuine nature find,
You, through the meaning muſcles, ſtrike the mind.
Nor can one view ſuch boundleſs power confine,
All nature opens to an art like thine!
Now rural ſcenes in ſimple grandeur riſe,
Vales, hills, lawns, lakes, and vineyards feaſt our eyes.

* See Dyer's poems.

Now halcyon Peace a ſmiling aſpect wears!
Now the red ſcene with war and ruin glares!
Here Britain's fleets o'er Europe's ſeas preſide!
There long-loſt cities rear their ancient pride;
You from the grave can half redeem the ſlain,
And bid great Julius charm the world again:
Mark out Pharſalia's, mark out Munda's fray,
And image all the honours of the day.
But if new glories moſt our warmth excite,
If toils untry'd to nobleſt aims invite;
Would you in envy'd pomp unrivall'd reign,
Oh, let Horatius grace the canvaſs plain!
His form might e'en idolatry create,
In lineage, titles, wealth, and worth elate!
Empires to him might virgin honours owe,
From him arts, arms, and laws, new influence know.
For him kind ſuns on fruits and grains ſhall ſhine,
And future gold lie ripening in the mine:
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due ſtatues, to his fame ſhall riſe.
Through thoſe bright features, Cæſar's ſpirit trace,
Each conquering ſweetneſs, each imperial grace,
All that is ſoft, or eminently great,
In love, in war, in knowledge, or in ſtate.
Thus ſhall your colours, like his worth, amaze!
Thus ſhall you charm, enrich'd with Clio's praiſe!
Clear, and more clear, your golden genius ſhines!
While my dim lamp of life obſcure declines:
Dull'd in damp ſhades, it waſtes, unſeen, away,
While yours, triumphant, grows one blaze of day.

## VERSES

### SENT TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

*With the Tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, expecting him to correct it.*

AS the ſoul, ſtripp'd of mortal clay,
Grows all divinely fair,
And boundleſs roves the milky way,
And views ſweet proſpects there :

This hero, clogg'd with droſſy lines,
By thee new vigour tries ;
As thy correcting hand refines,
Bright ſcenes around him riſe.

Thy touch brings the wiſh'd ſtone to paſs,
So ſought, ſo long foretold ;
It turns polluted lead or braſs
At once to pureſt gold.

## PROLOGUE,

*Spoken at the revival of Shakeſpeare's King Henry the Sixth, at the Theatre Royal, in Drury Lane. Printed before the Play, from a ſpurious Copy.*

TO-NIGHT a patient ear, ye Britons, lend,
And to your great forefathers' deeds attend.
Here, cheaply warn'd, ye bleſt deſcendants view
What ills on England civil diſcord drew.
To wound the heart the martial muſe prepares,
While the red ſcene with raging ſlaughter glares.
Here, while a monarch's ſufferings we relate,
Let gen'rous grief his ruin'd grandeur wait.
While Second Richard's blood for vengeance calls,
Doom'd for his grandſire's guilt, poor Henry falls
In civil jars avenging judgment blows,
And royal wrongs entail a people's woes.
Henry, unvers'd in wiles, more good than great,
Drew on by meekneſs his diſaſtrous fate.

Thus when you ſee this land by faction toſt,
Her nobles ſlain, her laws, her freedom loſt;
Let this reflection from the action flow,
We ne'er from foreign foes could ruin know.
Oh, let us then inteſtine diſcord ſhun,
We ne'er can be, but by ourſelves, undone!

## THE ANIMALCULE;

### A TALE.

*Occaſioned by his Grace the Duke of Rutland's receiving the Small-pox by Inoculation.*

IN animalcules, muſe, diſplay
Spirits, of name unknown in ſong!
Reader, a kind attention pay,
Nor think an uſeful comment long.

Far leſs than mites, on mites they prey;
Minuteſt things my ſwarms contain:
When o'er your ivory teeth they ſway,
Then throb your little nerves with pain.

Fluids, in drops, minutely ſwell;
Theſe ſubtile beings each contains;
In the ſmall ſanguine globes they dwell,
Roll from the heart, and trace the veins.

Through every tender tube they rove,
In finer ſpirits ſtrike the brain;
Wind quick through every fibrous grove,
And ſeek, through pores, the heart again.

If they with purer drops dilate,
And lodge where entity began,
They actuate with a genial heat,
And kindle into future man.

But, when our lives are nature's due,
Air, ſeas, nor fire, their frames diſſolve;
They matter, through all forms, purſue,
And oft to genial heats revolve.

Thus once an animalcule prov'd,
When man, a patron to the bays;
This patron was in Greece belov'd;
Yet Fame was faithleſs to his praiſe.

In Rome this animalcule grew
Mæcenas, whom the claſſics rate!
Among the Gauls it prov'd Richlieu,
In learning, power, and bounty great.

In Britain, Halifax it roſe;
(By Halifax, bloom'd Congreve's ſtrains);
And now it rediminiſh'd glows,
To glide through godlike Rutland's veins.

A plague there is, too many know;
Too ſeldom perfect cures befal it:
The muſe may term it beauty's foe;
In phyſic, the ſmall-pox we call it.

From Turks we learn this plague t' aſſuage,
They, by admitting, turn its courſe:
Their kiſs will tame the tumor's rage;
By yielding, they o'ercome the force.

Thus Rutland did its touch invite,
While, watchful in the ambient air,
Thus, little, guardian, ſubtil ſpright
Did with the poiſon in repair.

Th' infection from the heart it clears;
Th' infection, now dilated thin,
In pearly pimples but appears,
Expell'd upon the ſurface ſkin.

And now it, mouldering, waſtes away:
'Tis gone!—doom'd to return no more!
Our animalcule keeps its ſtay,
And muſt new labyrinths explore.

And now the noble's thoughts are ſeen,
Unmark'd, it views his heart's deſires!
It now reflects what it has been,
And, rapturous, at his change admires!

Its priſtine virtues kept, combine,
To be again in Rutland known;
But they, immers'd, no longer ſhine,
Nor equal, nor increaſe his own.

## TO MRS. ELIZABETH HAYWOOD.

### ON HER NOVEL, CALLED THE "RASH RESOLVE."

DOOM'D to a fate which damps the poet's flame,
A muſe, unfriended, greets thy riſing name!
Unvers'd in envy's, or in flattery's phraſe,
Greatneſs ſhe flies, yet merit claims her praiſe;
Nor will ſhe, at her withering wreath repine,
But ſmile, if fame and fortune cheriſh thine.
The ſciences in thy ſweet genius charm,
And, with their ſtrength, thy ſex's ſoftneſs arm.
In thy full figures, painting's force we find,
As muſic fires, thy language lifts the mind.
Thy power gives form, and touches into life
The paſſions imag'd in their bleeding ſtrife:
Contraſted ſtrokes, true art and fancy ſhow,
And lights and ſhades in lively mixture flow.
Hope attacks fear, and reaſon, love's control,
Jealouſy wounds, and friendſhip heals the ſoul:
Black falſehood wears bright gallantry's diſguiſe,
And the gilt crowd enchants the fair-one's eyes.
Thy dames, in griefs and frailties lovely ſhine,
And when moſt mortal, half appear divine.
If, when ſome godlike, favourite paſſion ſways,
The willing heart too fatally obeys,
Great minds lament what cruel cenſure blames,
And ruin'd virtue generous pity claims.
Eliza, ſtill impatient love's powerful queen!
Let love, ſoft love, exalt each ſwelling ſcene.
Arm'd with keen wit, in fame's wide liſts advance!
Spain yields in fiction, in politeneſs France.
Such orient light, as the firſt poets knew,
Flames from thy thought, and brightens every view!
A ſtrong, a glorious, a luxuriant fire,
Which warms cold wiſdom into wild deſire!

Thy fable glows ſo rich through every page,
What mortal's force can the fierce heat aſſuage?
And yet—but ſay if ever doom'd to prove
The ſad, the dear perplexities of love!
Where ſeeming tranſport ſoftens every pain,
Where fancy'd freedom waits the winning chain;
Varying from pangs to viſionary joys,
Sweet is the fate, and charms as it deſtroys!
Say then—if love to ſudden rage gives way,
Will the ſoft paſſion not reſume its ſway?
Charming, and charm'd, can love from love retire!
Can a cold convent quench th' unwilling fire?
Precept, if human, may our thoughts refine,
More we admire, but cannot prove divine.

## AN APOLOGY TO BRILLANTE.

### FOR HAVING LONG OMITTED WRITING IN VERSE.

*In Imitation of a certain Mimic of Anacreon.*

CAN I matchleſs charms recite?
Source of ever-ſpringing light!
Could I count the vernal flowers,
Count in endleſs time the hours;
Count the countleſs ſtars above,
Count the captive hearts of love;
Paint the torture of his fire,
Paint the pangs thoſe eyes inſpire!
(Pleaſing torture, thus to ſhine,
Purify'd by fires like thine!)
Then I'd ſtrike the ſounding ſtring!
Then I'd thy perfection ſing.
Myſtic world!—Thou ſomething more!
Wonder of th' Almighty's ſtore!
Nature's depth's we oft deſcry,
Oft they're pierc'd by Learning's eye;
Thou, if thought on thee would gain,
Prov'ſt (like heav'n) enquiry vain.
Charms unequall'd we purſue!
Charms in ſhining throngs we view!

Number'd then could nature's be,
Nature's ſelf were poor to thee.

## AN EPISTLE.

### TO MRS. OLDFIELD, OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL.

WHILE to your charms unequal verſe I raiſe,
Aw'd, I admire, and tremble as I praiſe:
Here art and genius new refinement need,
Liſtening, they gaze, and, as they gaze, recede!
Can art or genius, or their powers combin'd
But from corporeal organs, ſketch the mind?
When ſound embody'd can with ſharp ſurpriſe,
The muſe may emulate your voice and eyes.
Mark rival arts perfection's point purſue!
Each rivals each, but to excel in you!
The buſt and medal bear the meaning face,
And the proud ſtatue adds the poſture's grace!
Imag'd at length, the bury'd heroine, known,
Still ſeems to wound, to ſmile, or frown in ſtone!
As art would art, or metal ſtone ſurpaſs,
Her ſoul ſtrikes, gleaming through Corinthian braſs!
Serene, the ſaint in ſmiling ſilver ſhines,
And cherubs weep in gold o'er fainted ſhrines,
If long-loſt forms from Raphael's pencil glow,
Wondrous in warmth the mimic colours flow!
Each look, each attitude, new grace diſplays;
Your voice and motion life and muſic raiſe.
Thus Cleopatra in your charms refines;
She lives, ſhe ſpeaks, with force improv'd ſhe ſhines!
Fair, and more fair, you ev'ry grace tranſmit;
Love, learning, beauty, elegance, and wit.
Cæſar, the world's unrival'd maſter, fir'd,
In her imperial ſoul, his own admir'd!
Philippi's victor wore her winning chain,
And felt not empires loſs in beauty's gain.
Could the pale heroes your bright influence know,
Or catch the ſilver accents as they flow,
Drawn from dark reſt by your enchanting ſtrain,
Each ſhade were lur'd to life and love again.

Say, ſweet inſpirer! were each annal known,
What living greatneſs ſhines there not your own!
If the griev'd muſe by ſome lov'd empreſs roſe,
New ſtrength, new grace, it to your influence owes!
If power by war diſtinguiſh'd height reveals,
Your nobler pride the wounds of fortune heals!
Then could an empire's cauſe demand your care,
The ſoul, that juſtly thinks, would greatly dare.
Long has feign'd Venus mock'd the muſe's praiſe,
You dart, divine Ophelia! genuine rays!
Warm through thoſe eyes enlivening raptures roll!
Sweet through each ſtriking feature ſtreams your ſoul!
The ſoul's bright meanings heighten beauty's fires:
Your looks, your thoughts, your deeds, each grace inſpires!
Know then, if rank'd with monarchs, here you ſtand,
What fate declines, you from the muſe demand!
Each grace that ſhone of old in each fam'd fair,
Or may in modern dames refinement wear;
Whate'er juſt, emulative thoughts purſue,
Is all confirm'd, is all ador'd in you!
If godlike boſoms pant for power to bleſs,
If 'tis a monarch's glory to redreſs;
In conſcious majeſty you ſhine ſerene,
In thought a heroine, and in act a queen.

## VERSES.

### OCCASIONED BY READING MR. AARON HILL'S POEM, CALLED "GIDEON."

*The lines marked thus ' ' are taken from Gideon.*

LET other poets poorly ſing
Their flatteries to the vulgar great!
Her airy flight let wandering fancy wing,
And rival nature's moſt luxuriant ſtore,
To ſwell ſome monſter's pride, who ſhames a ſtate,
Or form a wreath to crown tyrannic power!
Thou who inform'dſt this clay with active fire!
Do thou, ſupreme of powers! my thoughts refine,

And with thy pureſt heat my ſoul inſpire,
That with Hillarius' worth my verſe may ſhine!
As thy lov'd Gideon once ſet Iſreal free,
So he with ſweet, ſeraphic lays,
'Redeems the uſe of captive poetry,'
Which firſt was form'd to ſpeak thy glorious praiſe.

Moſes, with an enchanting tongue,
Pharoah's juſt overthrow ſublimely ſung!
When Saul and Jonathan in death were laid,
Surviving David felt the ſoftening fire!
And, by the Great Almighty's tuneful aid,
Wak'd into endleſs life his mournful lyre.
Their different thoughts, met in Hillarius' ſong,
Roll in one channel more divinely ſtrong!
With Pindar's fire his verſe's ſpirit flies,
'Wafted in charming muſic through the air!'
Unſtop'd by clouds, it reaches to the ſkies,
And joins with angel's hallelujahs there,
Flows mix'd, and ſweetly ſtrikes th' Almighty's ear.

Rebels ſhould bluſh when they his Gideon ſee!
That Gideon born to ſet his country free.
O that ſuch heroes in each age might riſe,
Brightening through vapours like the morning-ſtar,
Generous to triumph, and in council wiſe;
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!

When Gideon, Oreb, Hyram, Shimron ſhine
Fierce in the blaze of war as they engage!
Great bard! what energy, but thine,
Could reach the vaſt deſcription of their rage?
Or when, to cruel foes betray'd,
Sareph and Hamar call for aid,
Loſt, and bewilder'd in deſpair,
How piercing are the hapleſs lover's cries!
What tender ſtrokes in melting accents riſe!
Oh, what a maſterpiece of pity's there!
Nor goodly Joah ſhows thy ſweetneſs leſs,
When, like kind heaven, he frees them from diſtreſs!

Hail thou, whoſe verſe, a living image, ſhines,

In Gideon's character your own you drew!
As there the graceful patriot ſhines,
We in that image bright Hillarius view!
Let the low crowd, who love unwholeſome fare,
When in thy words the breath of angels flows,
Like groſs-fed ſpirits, ſick in purer air,
Their earthly ſouls by their dull taſte diſcloſe!
Thy dazzling genius ſhines too bright!
And they, like ſpectres, ſhun the ſtreams of light.
But while in ſhades of ignorance they ſtray,
Round thee rays of knowledge play,
'And ſhow thee glittering in abſtracted day.'

## TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
## BESSY, COUNTESS OF ROCHFORD,

*Daughter of the late Earl Rivers—when with Child.*

AS when the ſun walks forth in flaming gold, [fold'
Mean plants may ſmile, and humble flowers un-
The low-laid lark the diſtant æther wings,
And, as ſhe ſoars, her daring anthem ſings;
So, when thy charms celeſtial views create,
My ſmiling ſong ſurmounts my gloomy fate.
Thy angel-embryo prompts my towering lays,
Claims my fond wiſh, and fires my future praiſe:
May it, if male, its grandſire's image wear;
Or in its mother's charms confeſs the fair;
At the kind birth may each mild planet wait;
Soft be the pain, but prove the bleſſing great.
Hail, Rivers! hallow'd ſhade! deſcend from reſt!
Deſcend and ſmile, to ſee thy Rochford bleſt:
Weep not the ſcenes through which my life muſt run,
Though fate, fleet-footed, ſcents thy languid ſon.
The bar that, darkening, croſs'd my creſted claim,
Yields at her charms, and brightens in their flame:
That blood which honour'd, in thy Rochford reigns,
In cold, unwilling wanderings trac'd my veins.
Want's wintery realm froze hard around my view;
And ſcorn's keen blaſts a cutting anguiſh blew.

To ſuch ſad weight my gathering griefs were wrought,
Life ſeem'd not life, but when convuls'd with thought;
Decreed beneath a mother's frown to pine,
Madneſs were eaſe, to miſery form'd like mine!
Yet my muſe waits thee through the realms of day,
Where lambent lightnings round thy temples play,
Sure my fierce woes will, like thoſe fires, refine,
Thus loſe their torture, and thus glorious ſhine!
And now the muſe heaven's milky path ſurveys,
With thee, 'twixt pendent worlds, it wondering ſtrays,
Worlds which, unnumber'd as thy virtues, roll
Round ſuns—fix'd, radiant emblems of thy ſoul!
Hence lights refracted run through diſtant ſkies,
Changeful on azure plains in quivering dyes!
So thy mind darted through its earthy frame,
A wide, a various, and a glittering flame.
Now a new ſcene enormous luſtre brings,
Now ſeraphs ſhade thee round with ſilver wings;
In angel-forms thou ſeeſt thy Rochford ſhine;
In each ſweet form is trac'd her beauteous line!
Such was her ſoul, ere this ſelected mould
Sprung at thy wiſh, the ſparkling life t' infold!
So amidſt cherubs ſhone her ſon refin'd,
Are infant-fleſh the new-form'd ſoul enſhrin'd!
So ſhall a ſequent race from Rochford riſe,
The world's fair pride—deſcendants of the ſkies.

## TO THE EXCELLENT MIRANDA,

### CONSORT OF AARON HILL, ESQ. ON READING HER POEMS.

EACH ſoftening charm of Clio's ſmiling ſong,
Montague's ſoul, which ſhines divinely ſtrong,
Theſe blend, with graceful eaſe, to form thy rhyme,
Tender yet chaſte; ſweet-ſounding, yet ſublime;
Wiſdom and wit have made thy works their care,
Each paſſion glows, refin'd by precept, there;
To fair Miranda's form each grace is kind;
The muſes and the virtues tune thy mind.

## VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY.

POLLY, from me, though now a love-ſick youth,
Nay, though a poet, hear the voice of truth!
Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty;
So grave, yet gay; ſo ſilly, yet ſo witty;
A heart of ſoftneſs, yet a tongue of ſatire;
You've cruelty, yet, ev'n with that, good nature:
Now you are free, and now reſerv'd awhile;
Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing ſmile.
Reproach'd for abſence, yet your ſight deny'd;
My tongue you ſilence, yet my ſilence chide.
How would you chide me, ſhould your ſex defame!
Yet, ſhould they praiſe, grow jealous, and exclaim.
If I deſpair, with ſome kind look you bleſs;
But if I hope, at once all hope ſuppreſs.
You ſcorn; yet ſhould my paſſion change, or fail,
Too late you'd whimper out a ſofter tale.
You love; yet from your lover's wiſh retire;
Doubt, yet diſcern; deny, and yet deſire.
Such, Polly, are your ſex—part truth, part fiction,
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

## THE GENTLEMAN.

### ADDRESSED TO JOHN JOLIFFE, ESQ.

A DECENT mien, an elegance of dreſs,
Words, which at eaſe, each winning grace ex-preſs;
A life, where love, by wiſdom poliſh'd, ſhines,
Where wiſdom's ſelf again, by love, refines;
Where we to chance for friendſhip never truſt,
Nor ever dread from ſudden whim diſguſt;
To ſocial manners, and the heart humane;
A nature ever great, and never vain;
A wit, that no licentious pertneſs knows;
The ſenſe, that unaſſuming candour ſhows;
Reaſon, by narrow principles uncheck'd,
Slave to no party, bigot to no ſect;
Knowledge of various life, of learning too;
Thence taſte; thence truth, which will from taſte enſue:

Unwilling cenſure, though a judgment clear;
A ſmile indulgent, and that ſmile ſincere;
An humble, though an elevated mind;
A pride, its pleaſure but to ſerve mankind:
If theſe eſteem and admiration raiſe;
Give true delight, and gain unflattering praiſe,
In one wiſh'd view th' accompliſh'd man we ſee;
Theſe graces all are thine, and thou art he.

## CHARACTER

### OF THE REV. JAMES FOSTER.

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FROM Codex hear, ye eccleſiaſtic men,
This paſtoral charge to Webſter, Stebbing, Ven;
Attend, ye emblems of your P———'s mind!
Mark faith, mark hope, mark charity, defin'd;
On terms, whence no ideas ye can draw,
Pin well your faith, and then pronounce it law;
Firſt wealth, a croſier next, your hope enflame;
And next church-power—a power o'er conſcience claim;
In modes of worſhip right of choice deny;
Say, to convert, all means are fair;—add, why?
'Tis charitable—let your power decree,
That perſecution then is charity;
Call reaſon error; forms, not things, diſplay;
Let moral doctrine to abſtruſe give way;
Sink demonſtration; myſtery preach alone;
Be thus religion's friend, and thus your own.
But Foſter well this honeſt truth extends—
Where myſtery begins, religion ends.
In him, great modern miracle! we ſee
A prieſt, from avarice and ambition free;
One, whom no perſecuting ſpirit fires;
Whoſe heart and tongue benevolence inſpires:
Learn'd, not aſſuming; eloquent, yet plain;
Meek, though not timorous; conſcious, though not vain;

Without craft, reverend; holy, without cant;
Zealous for truth, without enthuſiaſt rant.
His faith, where no credulity is ſeen,
'Twixt infidel and bigot, marks the mean;
His hope, no mitre militant on earth,
'Tis that bright crown, which heaven reſerves for worth.
A prieſt, in charity with all mankind,
His love to virtue, not to ſect confin'd:
Truth his delight; from him it flames abroad,
From him, who fears no being, but his God.
In him from Chriſtian, moral light can ſhine;
Not mad with myſtery, but a ſound divine;
He wins the wiſe and good, with reaſon's lore;
Then ſtrikes their paſſions with pathetic power;
Where Vice erects her head, rebukes the page;
Mix'd with rebuke, perſuaſive charms engage;
Charms, which th' unthinking muſt to thought excite;
Lo! vice leſs vicious! virtue more upright:
Him copy, Codex, that the good and wiſe,
Who ſo abhor thy heart, and head deſpiſe,
May ſee thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what elſe is damn'd to fame.
  But ſhould ſome churchman, apeing wit ſevere,
The poet's ſure turn'd Baptiſt—ſay, and ſneer;
Shame on that narrow mind ſo often known,
Which in one mode of faith, owns worth alone.
Sneer on, rail, wrangle! nought this truth repels—
Virtue is virtue, whereſo'er ſhe dwells;
And ſure, where Learning gives her light to ſhine,
Her's is all praiſe—if her's, 'tis Foſter, thine.
Thee boaſt diſſenters; we with pride may own
Our Tillotſon; and Rome her Fenelon.*

* In this character of the Rev. James Foſter, truth guided the pen of the muſe. Mr. Pope paid a tribute to the modeſt worth of this excellent man: little did he imagine his Rev. Annotator would endeavour to convert his praiſe into abuſe. The character and writings of Foſter will be admired and read, when the works of the bitter controverſialiſt are forgotten.

## THE POET'S DEPENDANCE

### ON A STATESMAN.

SOME ſeem to hint, and others proof will bring,
That, from neglect, my numerous hardſhips ſpring.
Seek the great man, they cry!—'tis then decreed,
In him, if I count fortune, I ſucceed.
What friends to ſecond? who for me ſhould ſue,
Have intereſts, partial to themſelves, in view.
They own my matchleſs fate compaſſion draws,
They all wiſh well, lament, but drop my cauſe.
There are who aſk no penſion, want no place,
No title wiſh, and would accept no grace.
Can I entreat they ſhould for me obtain
The leaſt, who greateſt for themſelves diſdain?
A ſtateſman, knowing this, unkind, will cry,
Thoſe love him: let thoſe ſerve him!—why ſhould I?
Say, ſhall I turn where lucre points my views;
At firſt deſert my friends, at length abuſe?
But, on leſs terms, in promiſe he complies:
Years bury years, and hopes on hopes ariſe;
I truſt, am truſted on my fairy gain;
And woes on woes attend, an endleſs train.
Be poſts diſpos'd at will!—I have, for theſe,
No gold to plead, no impudence to teaze.
All ſecret ſervice from my ſoul I hate;
All dark intrigues of pleaſure, or of ſtate.
I have no power, election-votes to gain;
No will to hackney out polemic ſtrain;
To ſhape, as time ſhall ſerve, my verſe, or proſe,
To flatter thence, nor ſlur, a courtier's foes;
Nor him to daub with praiſe, if I prevail;
Nor ſhock'd by him with libels to aſſail.
Where theſe are not, what claim to me belongs?
Though mine the muſe and virtue, birth and wrongs.
Where lives the ſtateſman, ſo in honour clear,
To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?
No!—there to ſeek is but to find freſh pain:
The promiſe broke, renew'd, and broke again;

To be, as humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd;
By turns affronted, and by turns amuſed;
To loſe that time, which worthier thoughts require;
To loſe the health which ſhould thoſe thoughts inſpire;
To ſtarve and hope; or, like cameleons, fare
On miniſterial faith, which means but air.
But ſtill, undrooping, I the crew diſdain,
Who, or by jobs, or libels, wealth obtain.
Ne'er let me be, through thoſe, from want exempt;
In one man's favour, in the world's contempt;
Worſe in my own!—through thoſe, to poſts who riſe,
Themſelves, in ſecret, muſt themſelves deſpiſe;
Vile, and more vile, till they at length diſclaim
Not ſenſe alone of glory, but of ſhame.
What though I hourly ſee the ſervile herd,
For meanneſs honour'd, and for guilt preferr'd;
See ſelfiſh paſſion, public virtue ſeem;
And public virtue an enthuſiaſt dream;
See favour'd falſehood, innocence belied,
Meekneſs depreſs'd, and power-elated pride;
A ſcene will ſhow, all-righteous viſion haſte;
The meek exalted, and the proud debas'd!—
Oh, to be there!—to tread that friendly ſhore,
Where falſehood, pride, and ſtateſmen, are no more!
But ere indulg'd—ere fate my breath ſhall claim,
A poet ſtill is anxious after fame.
What future fame would my ambition crave?
This were my wiſh—could ought my memory ſave,
Say, when in death my ſorrows lie repos'd,
That my paſt life no venal view diſclos'd;
Say, I well knew, while in a ſtate obſcure,
Without the being baſe, the being poor;
Say, I had parts, too moderate to tranſcend:
Yet ſenſe to mean, and virtue not t'offend;
My heart ſupplying what my head denied,
Say that, by Pope eſteem'd I liv'd and died;
Whoſe writings the beſt rules to write could give;
Whoſe life the nobler ſcience how to live.

## AN EPISTLE.

### TO DAMON AND DELIA.

HEAR Damon, Delia hear, in candid lays,
Truth without anger, without flattery, praiſe!
A bookiſh mind, with pedantry unfraught,
Of a ſedate, yet never gloomy thought.
Prompt to rejoice, when others pleaſure know,
And prompt to feel the pang for others woe;
To ſoften faults, to which a foe is prone,
And, in a friend's perfection, praiſe your own:
A will ſincere, unknown to ſelfiſh views;
A heart of love, of gallantry a muſe;
A delicate, yet not a jealous mind;
A paſſion ever fond, yet never blind,
Glowing with amorous, yet with guiltleſs fires,
In ever-eager, never groſs deſires:
A modeſt honour, ſacred to contain
From tattling vanity, when ſmiles you gain;
Conſtant, moſt pleas'd when beauty moſt you pleaſe:
Damon! your pictures ſhown in tints like theſe.
Say, Delia! muſt I chide you or commend?
Say, muſt I be your flatterer or your friend?
To praiſe no graces in a rival fair,
Nor your own foibles in a ſiſter ſpare;
Each lovers billet, bantering, to reveal,
And never know one ſecret to conceal;
Young, fickle, fair, a levity inborn,
To treat all ſighing ſlaves with flippant ſcorn;
An eye, expreſſive of a wandering mind:
Nor this to read, nor that to think inclin'd;
Or when a book, or thought, from whim retards,
Intent on ſongs or novels, dreſs or cards;
Choice to ſelect the party of delight,
To kill time, thought, and fame, in frolic flight,
To flutter here, to flurry there on wing;
To talk, to teaze, to ſimper, or to ſing;
To prude it, to coquet it—him to truſt,
Whoſe vain, looſe life, ſhould caution or diſguſt;

Him to diſlike, whoſe modeſt worth ſhould pleaſe.—
Say, is your picture ſhown in tints like theſe?
Your's!—you deny it—Hear the point then tried,
Let judgment, truth, the muſe, and love decide.
What your's!—Nay, faireſt trifler, frown not ſo!
Is it? the muſe with doubt—Love anſwers NO:
You ſmile—Is't not? Again the queſtion try!—
Yes, judgment thinks, and truth will YES, reply.

## TO MISS M*** H****.

### SENT WITH MR. POPE'S WORKS.

SEE female vice and female folly here,
Raillied with wit polite or laſh'd ſevere:
Let Pope preſent ſuch objects to our view;
Such are, my fair, the full reverſe of you.
Rapt when, to Loddon's ſtream * from Windſor's ſhades,
He ſings the modeſt charms of ſylvan maids;
Dear Burford's hills in memory's eye appear,
And Luddal's ſpring † ſtill murmurs in my ear:
But then you ceaſe to bleſs my longing eyes,
Dumb is the ſpring, the joyleſs proſpect dies:
Come then, my charmer, come! here tranſport reigns!
New health, new youth, inſpirits all my veins.
Each hour let intercourſe of hearts employ,
Thou life of lovelineſs! thou ſoul of joy!
Love wakes the birds—oh, hear each melting lay!
Love warms the world—come charmer, come away!
But hark!—immortal Pope reſumes the lyre!
Diviner airs, diviner flights, inſpire:
Hark where an angel's language tunes the line!
See where the thoughts and looks of angels ſhine!
Here he pour'd all the muſic of your tongue,
And all your looks and thoughts, unconſcious, ſung.

* Alluding to the beautiful Epiſole of Loddona, in Windſor Foreſt
† A ſpring near Burford.

## ON THE RECOVERY OF
## A LADY OF QUALITY
*From the Small-Pox.*

LONG a lov'd fair had bleſs'd her conſort's ſight
With amorous pride, and undiſturb'd delight;
Till death, grown envious, with repugnant aim,
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.
He ſummons each diſeaſe!—the noxious crew,
Writhing, in dire diſtortions, ſtrike his view!
From various plagues, which various natures know,
Forth ruſhes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair, the miſſile miſchief flies,
The ſanguine ſtreams in raging ferments riſe!
It drives, ignipotent, through every vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain!
Now a chill damp the charmer's luſtre dims!
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor ſwims!
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inſpire,
Like ſetting ſtars, ſcarce ſhoot a glimmering fire.
Here ſtands her conſort, ſore, with anguiſh, preſt,
Grief in his eye, and terror in his breaſt.
The Paphian graces, ſmit with anxious care,
In ſilent ſorrow weep the waining fair.
Eight ſuns, ſucceſſive, roll their fire away,
And eight ſlow nights ſee their deep ſhades decay.
While theſe revolve, though mute each muſe appears,
Each ſpeaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
On the ninth noon, great Phœbus, liſtening bends!
On the ninth noon, each voice in pray'r aſcends!—
Great god of light, of ſong, and phyſic's art,
Reſtore the languid fair, new ſoul impart!
Her beauty, wit, and virtue claim thy care,
And thine own bounty's almoſt rivall'd there.
Each paus'd. The god aſſents. Would death advance!
Phœbus, unſeen, arreſts the threatening lance!
Down from his orb a livid influence ſtreams,
And quickening earth imbibes ſalubrious beams;

Each balmy plant, increaſe of virtue knows,
And art, inſpir'd, with all her patron, glows.
The charmer's opening eye, kind hope, reveals,
Kind hope her conſort's breaſt enlivening feels.
Each grace revives, each muſe reſumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with re-lumin'd fire.
As health's auſpicious powers gay life diſplay,
Death, ſullen at the ſight, ſtalks ſlow away.

## THE FRIEND.

### AN EPISTLE TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

O MY lov'd Hill, O thou by heaven deſign'd
To charm, to mend, and to adorn mankind!
To thee my hopes, fears, joys, and ſorrows tend,
Thou brother, father, nearer yet!—thou friend!
If worldly friendſhips oft cement, divide,
As intereſts vary, or as whims preſide;
If leagues of luxury borrow friendſhips light,
Or leagues ſubverſive of all ſocial right:
O ſay, my Hill, in what propitious ſphere,
Gain we the friend, pure, knowing, and ſincere?
'Tis where the worthy and the wiſe retire;
There wealth may learn its uſe, may love inſpire;
There may young worth the nobleſt end obtain,
In want may friends, in friends may knowledge gain;
In knowledge bliſs; for wiſdom virtue finds,
And brightens mortal to immortal minds.
Kind then my wrongs, if love, like yours, ſucceed;
For you, like virtue, are a friend indeed.
Oft when you ſaw my youth wild error know,
Reproof, ſoft-hinted, taught the bluſh to glow.
Young and unform'd, you firſt my genius rais'd,
Juſt ſmil'd when faulty; and when moderate prais'd.
Me ſhunn'd, me ruin'd, ſuch a mother's rage!
You ſung, till pity wept o'er every page.
You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame;
Yet, yet, th' obdurate mother felt no ſhame.
Pierc'd as I was! your counſel ſoften'd care,
To eaſe turn'd anguiſh, and to hope deſpair.

The man who never wound afflictive feels,
He never felt the balmy worth that heals.
Welcome the wound, when bleſt with ſuch relief!
For deep is felt the friend, when felt in grief.
From you ſhall never, but with life, remove
Aſpiring genius, condeſcending love,
When ſome, with cold, ſuperior looks, redreſs,
Relief ſeems inſult, and confirms diſtreſs;
You, when you view the man with wrongs beſieg'd,
While warm you act th' obliger, ſeem th' oblig'd.
All-winning mild to each of lowly ſtate;
To equals free, unſervile to the great;
Greatneſs you honour, when by worth acquir'd,
Worth is by worth in every rank admir'd.
Greatneſs you ſcorn, when titles inſult ſpeak;
Proud to vain pride, to honour'd meekneſs meek
That worthleſs bliſs, which others court, you fly!
That worthy woe, they ſhun, attracts your eye.
But ſhall the muſe reſound alone your praiſe,
No—let the public friend exalt her lays!
O trace that friend with me!—he's yours!—he's mine;
The world's—beneficent, behold him ſhine!
Is wealth his ſphere? If riches, like a tide,
From either India pour her golden pride;
Rich in good works, him others wants employ;
He gives the widow's heart to ſing for joy.
To orphans, priſoners, ſhall his bounty flow;
The weeping family of want and woe.
Is knowledge his? Benevolently great,
In leiſure active, and in care ſedate;
What aid, his little wealth perchance denies,
In each hard inſtance his advice ſupplies.
With modeſt truth he ſets the wandering right;
And gives religion pure, primæval light;
In love diffuſive, as in light refin'd,
The liberal emblem of his Maker's mind.
Is power his orb? He then, like power divine,
On all, though with a varied ray, will ſhine.
Ere power was his, the man he once careſs'd,
Meets the ſame faithful ſmile, and mutual breaſt;

But aſk his friend ſome dignity of ſtate;
His friend, unequal to th' incumbent weight;
Aſks it a ſtranger, one whom parts inſpire
With all a people's welfare would require?
His choice admits no pauſe; his gift will prove
All private, well abſorb'd in public love.
He ſhields his country, when for aid ſhe calls;
Or, ſhould ſhe fall, with her he greatly falls:
But, as proud Rome, with guilty conqueſt crown'd,
Spread ſlavery, death, and deſolation round,
Should e'er his country, for dominion's prize,
Againſt the ſons of men a faction riſe,
Glory in hers, is in his eye diſgrace;
The friend of truth; the friend of human race.
Thus to no one, no ſect, no clime confin'd,
His boundleſs love embraces all mankind;
And all their virtues in his life are known;
And all their joys and ſorrows are his own.
Theſe are the lights where ſtands that friend confeſt;
This, this the ſpirit which informs thy breaſt.
Through fortune's cloud thy genuine worth can ſhine;
What wouldſt thou not, were wealth and greatneſs thine?

## AN EPISTLE

### TO MR. JOHN DYER, AUTHOR OF GRONGAR-HILL.

*In Answer to his from the Country.**

NOW various birds in melting concert ſing,
And hail the beauty of the opening ſpring:
Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful ſtrains;
Wakes, in thy verſe and friendſhip ever kind,
Melodious comfort to my jarring mind.
Oh could my ſoul through depths of knowledge ſee,
Could I read nature and mankind like thee,
I ſhould o'ercome, or bear the ſhock of fate,
And e'en draw envy to the humbleſt ſtate.

* See Dyer's Poems.

Thou canſt raiſe honour from each ill event,
From ſhocks gain vigour, and from want content.
Think not light poetry my life's chief care!
The muſe's manſion is, at beſt, but air;
But, if more ſolid works my meaning forms,
Th' unfiniſh'd ſtructures fall by fortune's ſtorms.
Oft have I ſaid we falſely thoſe accuſe
Whoſe godlike ſouls life's middle ſtate refuſe.
Self-love, I cry'd, there ſeeks ignoble reſt;
Care ſleeps not calm, when millions wake unbleſt;
Mean let me ſhrink, or ſpread ſweet ſhade o'er all,
Low as the ſhrub or as the cedar tall!—
'Twas vain! 'twas wild!— I ſought the middle ſtate,
And found the good, and found the truly great.
Though verſe can never give my ſoul her aim;
Though action only claims ſubſtantial fame;
Though fate denies what my proud wants require,
Yet grant me, heaven, by knowledge to aſpire:
Thus to inquiry let me prompt the mind;
Thus clear dimm'd truth, and bid her bleſs mankind;
From the pierc'd orphan thus draw ſhafts of grief!
Arm want with patience, and teach wealth relief!
To ſerve lov'd liberty inſpire my breath!
Or, if my life be uſeleſs, grant me death;
For he, who uſeleſs is in life ſurvey'd,
Burthens that world his duty bids him aid.
Say, what have honours to allure the mind,
Which he gains moſt, who leaſt has ſerv'd mankind?
Titles, when worn by fools, I dare deſpiſe;
Yet they claim homage, when they crown the wiſe.
When high diſtinction marks deſerving heirs,
Deſert ſtill dignifies the mark it wears.
But, who to birth alone would honours owe?
Honours, if true, from ſeeds of merit grow.
Thoſe trees, with ſweeteſt charms, invite our eyes,
Which, from our own engraftment, fruitful riſe.
Still we love beſt what we with labour gain,
As the child's dearer for the mother's pain.
The great I would not envy nor deride;
Nor ſtoop to ſwell a vain ſuperior's pride;

Nor view an equal's hope with jealous eyes;
Nor cruſh the wretch beneath who wailing lies.
My ſympathizing breaſt his grief can feel,
And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.
Ne'er among friendſhips let me ſow debate,
Nor by another's fall advance my ſtate;
Nor miſuſe wit againſt an abſent friend:
Let me the virtues of a foe defend!
In wealth and want true minds preſerve their weight;
Meek, though exalted; though diſgrac'd, elate;
Generous or grateful, wrong'd or help'd they live;
Grateful to ſerve, and generous to forgive.

This may they learn, who cloſe thy life attend,
Which, dear in memory, ſtill inſtructs thy friend.
Though cruel diſtance bars my groſſer eye,
My ſoul, clear-ſighted, draws thy virtue nigh;
Through her deep woe that quickening comfort gleams,
And lights up fortitude with friendſhip's beams.

## VERSES

### OCCASIONED BY THE VICE-PRINCIPAL OF ST. MARY-HALL, OXFORD,

*Being prescnted by the Honourable Mrs. Knight, to the Livin of Godsfield, in Essex.*

WHILE by mean arts and meaner patrons riſe
Prieſts, whom the learned and the good deſpiſe,
This ſees fair Knight, in whoſe trancendent mind,
Are wiſdom, purity, and truth enſhrin'd.
A modeſt merit now ſhe plans to lift,
Thy living, Godsfield! falls her inſtant gift.
Let me (ſaid ſhe) reward alone the wiſe,
And make the church-revenue virtue's prize.
She ſought the man of honeſt, candid breaſt,
In faith, in works of goodneſs, full expreſt;
Though young, yet tutoring academic youth
To ſcience moral, and religious truth.
She ſought where the diſintereſted friend,
The ſcholar, ſage, and free companion blend;

The pleaſing poet, and the deep divine,
She ſought, ſhe found, and, Hart! the prize was thine.

## FULVIA.

### A POEM.

LET Fulvia's wiſdom be a ſlave to will,
Her darling paſſions, ſcandal and quadrille;
On friends and foes her tongue a ſatire known,
Her deeds a ſatire on herſelf alone.
On her poor kindred deigns ſhe word or look?
'Tis cold reſpect, or 'tis unjuſt rebuke;
Worſe when good-natur'd, than when moſt ſevere:
The jeſt impure then pains the modeſt ear.
How juſt the ſceptic! the divine how odd!
What turns of wit play ſmartly on her god!
The fates, my neareſt kindred, foes decree:
Fulvia, when piqu'd at them, ſtrait pities me.
She, like benevolence, a ſmile beſtows,
Favours to me indulge her ſpleen to thoſe.
The banquet ſerv'd, with peereſſes I ſit:
She tells my ſtory, and repeats my wit.
With mouth diſtorted, through a ſounding noſe
It comes, now homelineſs more homely grows.
With ſee-ſaw ſounds, and nonſenſe not my own,
She ſkrews her features, and ſhe cracks her tone.
How fine your baſtard! why ſo ſoft a ſtrain?
What, ſuch a mother, ſatiriſe again!
Oft I object—but fix'd is Fulvia's will—
Ah! though unkind, ſhe is my mother ſtill!
The verſe now flows, the manuſcript ſhe claims,
'Tis fam'd—The fame each curious fair enflames:
The wild-fire runs; from copy, copy grows:
The Bretts, alarm'd, a ſeparate peace propoſe.
'Tis ratified—How alter'd Fulvia's look!
My wit's degraded, and my cauſe forſook.
Thus ſhe: What's poetry but to amuſe?
Might I adviſe—there are more ſolid views.
With a cool air ſhe adds: This tale is old:
Were it my caſe, it ſhould no more be told.

Complaints—had I been worthy to adviſe—
You know—but when are wits, like women, wiſe?
True it may take; but, think whate'er you liſt,
All love the ſatire, not the ſatiriſt.
I ſtart, I ſtare, ſtand fix'd, then pauſe awhile;
Then heſitate, then ponder well, then ſmile.
Madam—a penſion loſt—and where's amends?
Sir, (ſhe replies) indeed you'll loſe your friends.
Why did I ſtart? 'twas but a change of wind—
Or the ſame thing—the lady chang'd her mind.
I bow, depart, deſpiſe, diſcern her all:
Nanny reviſits, and diſgrac'd I fall.
Let Fulvia's friendſhip whirl with every whim!
A reed, a weathercock, a ſhade, a dream:
No more the friendſhip ſhall be now diſplay'd
By weathercock, or reed, or dream, or ſhade;
To Nanny fix'd unvarying ſhall it tend,
For ſouls, ſo form'd alike, were form'd to blend.

## EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

CLOS'D are thoſe eyes that beam'd ſeraphic fire;
Cold is that breaſt which gave the world deſire;
Mute is the voice where winning ſoftneſs warm'd,
Where muſic melted, and where wiſdom charm'd,
And lively wit, which, decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.
Could modeſt knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
Perſuaſive reaſon and endearing truth,
Could honour, ſhown in friendſhips moſt refin'd,
And ſenſe, that ſhields th' attempted virtuous mind;
The ſocial temper never known to ſtrife,
The heightening graces that embelliſh life;
Could theſe have e'er the darts of death defied,
Never, ah! never had Melinda died;
Nor can ſhe die—ev'n now ſurvives her name,
Immortaliz'd by friendſhip, love, and fame.

# THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

## A POEM.

### OCCASIONED BY THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

(*Written in the Year* 1734.)

MILD roſe the morn! the fate of nature bright
Wore one extenſive ſmile of calm and light;
Wide, o'er the land, did hovering ſilence reign,
Wide, o'er the blue diffuſion of the main;
When lo! before me, on the ſouthern ſhore,
Stood forth the power, whom Albion's ſons adore;
Bleſt Liberty! whoſe charge is Albion's iſle;
Whom reaſon gives to bloom, and truth to ſmile;
Gives peace to gladden, ſheltering law to ſpread,
Learning to lift aloft her laurel'd head,
Rich induſtry to view, with pleaſing eyes,
Her fleets, her cities, and her harveſts riſe.
In curious emblems every art expreſt,
Glow'd from the loom, and brighten'd on his veſt.
Science in various lights attention won,
Wav'd on his robe, and glitter'd in the ſun.
My words, he cried, my words obſervance claim;
Reſound, ye muſes, and receive them, fame!
Here was my ſtation, when, o'er ocean wide,
The great, third William, ſtretch'd his naval pride:
I with my ſacred influence ſwell'd his ſoul;
Th' enſlav'd to ſee, th' enſlaver to control.
In vain did waves diſperſe, and winds detain:
He came, he ſav'd; in his was ſeen my reign.
How juſt, how great, the plan his ſoul deſign'd,
To humble tyrants, and ſecure mankind!
Next Marlborough in his ſteps ſucceſsful trod:
This, godlike plann'd; that, finiſh'd like a god!
And, while oppreſſion fled to realms unknown,
Europe was free, and Britain glorious ſhone.
Where Naſſau's race extenſive growth diſplay'd,
There freedom ever found a ſheltering ſhade.

Still heaven is kind!—See, from the princely root,
Millions to bleſs, the BRANCH auſpicious ſhoot!
He lives, he flouriſhes, his honours ſpread;
Fair virtues blooming on his youthful head:
Nurſe him, ye heavenly dews, ye ſunny rays,
Into firm health, fair fame, and length of days!
He paus'd, and caſting o'er the deep his eye,
Where the laſt billow ſwells into the ſky,
Where, in gay viſion, round th' horizon's line,
The moving clouds with various beauty ſhine;
As drooping from their boſom, ting'd with gold,
Shoots forth a ſail, amuſive to behold!
Lo! while its light the glowing wave returns,
Broad like a ſun the bark approaching burns.
Near, and more near, great Naſſau ſoon he ſpy'd,
And beauteous Anna, Britain's eldeſt pride!
Thus ſpoke the Genius, as advanc'd the ſail—
Hail, blooming hero! high-born princeſs, hail!
Thy charms thy mother's love of truth diſplay,
Her light of virtue, and her beauty's ray;
Her dignity; which, copying the divine,
Soften'd, through condeſcenſion, learns to ſhine.
Greatneſs of thought, with prudence for its guide;
Knowledge, from nature and from art ſupply'd;
To nobleſt objects pointed various ways;
Pointed by judgment's clear, unerring rays.
What manly virtues in her mind excel!
Yet on her heart what tender paſſions dwell!
For ah! what pangs did late her peace deſtroy,
To part with thee, ſo wont to give her joy.
How heav'd her breaſt, how ſadden'd was her mien!
All in the mother then was loſt the queen.
The ſwelling tear then dimm'd her parting view,
The ſtruggling ſigh ſtopp'd ſhort her laſt adieu:
Ev'n now thy fancied perils fill her mind;
The ſecret rock, rough wave, and riſing wind;
The ſhoal, ſo treacherous, near the tempting land;
Th' ingulphing whirlpool, and the ſwallowing ſand;
Theſe fancied perils all, by day, by night,
In thought; alarm her, and in dreams affright;

For thee her heart unceaſing love declares,
In dou ts, in hopes, in wiſhes, and in prayers!
Her prayers are heard!—For me, 'tis thine to brave
The ſand, the ſhoal, rock, whirlpool, wind, and wave:
Kind ſafety waits, to waft thee gently o'er,
And joy to greet thee on the Belgic ſhore.
May future times, when their fond praiſe would tell
How moſt their favourite characters excel;
How bleſt! how great!—then may their ſongs declare,
So great! ſo bleſt!—ſuch Anne and Naſſau were.

## E GRÆCO RUF.

Qui te videt beatus eſt,
Beatior qui te audiet,
Qui baſiat ſemideus eſt.
Qui te poſſidet eſt Deus. *Buchanan.*

### THE FOREGOING LINES PARAPRASED.

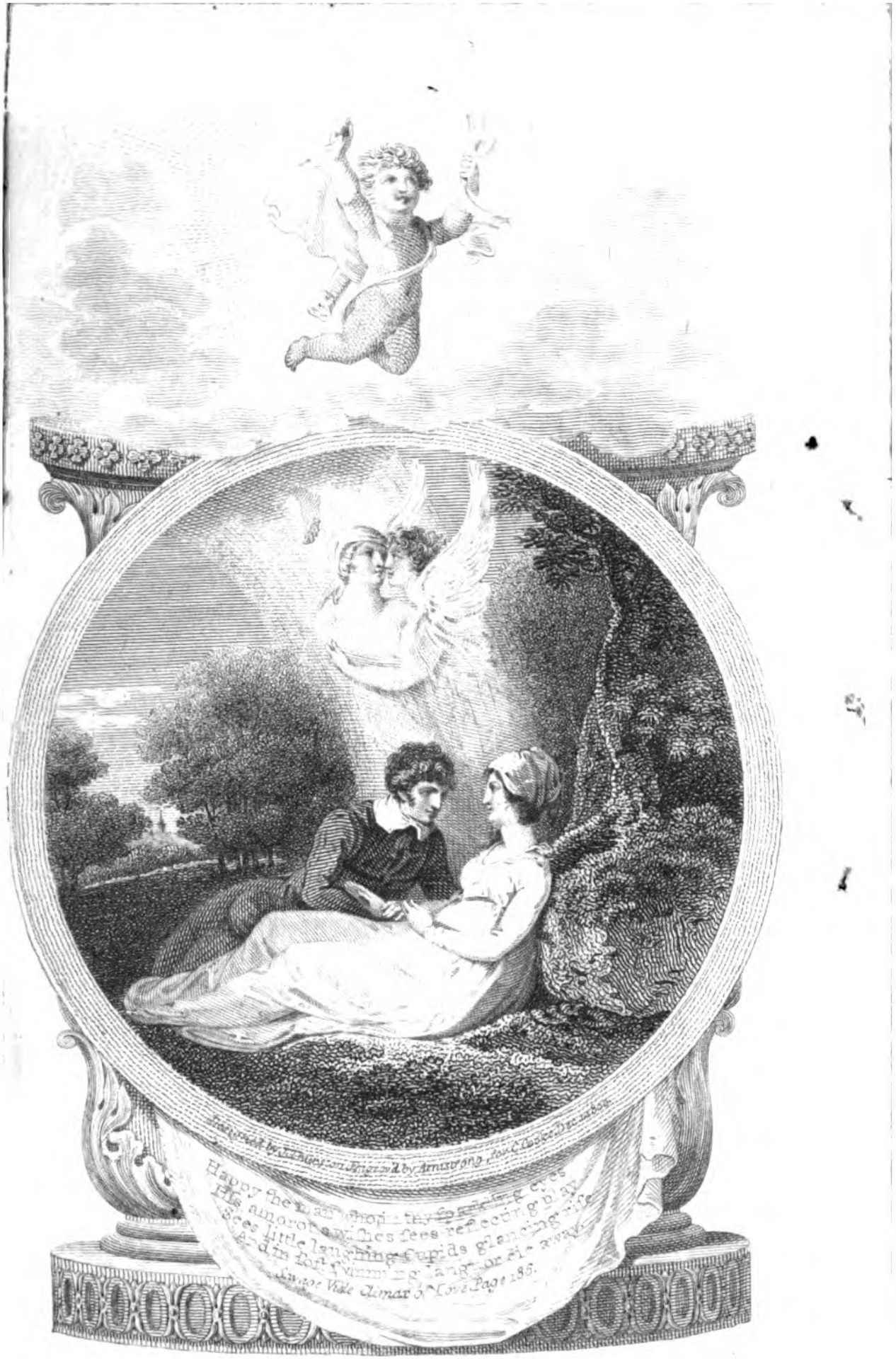
*The Climax of Love.*

HAPPY the man, who, in thy ſparkling eyes,
His amorous wiſhes ſees, reflecting play;
Sees little laughing Cupids glancing, riſe,
And, in ſoft-ſwimming languor, die away.

Still happier he! to whom thy meanings roll,
In ſounds which love, harmonious love, inſpire;
On his charm'd ear ſits, rapt, his liſtening ſoul,
Till admiration form intenſe deſire.

Half-deity is he who warm may preſs
Thy lip, ſoft-ſwelling to the kindling kiſs;
And may that lip aſſentive warmth expreſs,
Till love draw willing love to ardent bliſs!

Circling thy waiſt, and circled in thy arms,
Who, melting on thy mutual melting breaſt,
Entranc'd enjoys love's whole luxurious charms,
Is all a God!—is of all heaven poſſeſt.



# THE EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY.

## A POEM.

*Addreſſed to Mrs Bridget Jones, a young Widow Lady of Llanelly, Caermarthenſhire.*

ONCE beauty, wiſhing fond deſire to move,
Contriv'd to catch the heart of wandering love.
Come, pureſt atoms! beauty aid implores;
For new ſoft texture leave ætherial ſtores.
They come, they crowd, the ſhining hues unfold,
Be their's a form, which beauty's ſelf ſhall mould!
To mould my charmer's form ſhe all apply'd!—
Whence Cambria boaſts the birth of Nature's pride.
She calls the Graces—Such is beauty's ſtate,
Prompt, at her call, th' obedient Graces wait.
Firſt your fair feet they ſhape, and ſhape to pleaſe;
Each ſtands deſign'd for dignity and eaſe.
Firm, on theſe curious pedeſtals, depend
Two poliſh'd pillars; which, as fair, aſcend; [riſe;
From well wrought knees, more fair, more large, they
Seen by the muſe, though hid from mortal eyes.
More poliſh'd yet, your fabric each ſuſtains;
That pureſt temple where perfection reigns,
A ſmall, ſweet circle forms your faultleſs waiſt,
By beauty ſhap'd to be by love embrac'd.
Beyond that leſſening waiſt, two orbs deviſe,
What ſwelling charms, in fair proportion, riſe!
Freſh peeping there, two bluſhing buds are found,
Each like a roſe, which lilies white ſurround.
There feeling ſenſe, let pitying ſighs inſpire,
Till panting pity ſwells to warm deſire:
Deſire, though warm, is chaſte! each warmeſt kiſs,
All rapture chaſte, when Hymen bids the bliſs,
Rounding and ſoft, two taper arms deſcend;
Two ſnow-white hands, in taper fingers, end.
Lo! cunning beauty, on each palm, deſigns
Love's fortune and your own, in myſtic lines;
And lovely whiteneſs, either arm contains
Diverſified with azure wandering veins;

The wandering veins conceal a generous flood,
The purple treaſure of celeſtial blood,
Rounding and white your neck, as curious, rears
O'er all a face, where beauty's ſelf appears.
Her ſoft attendants ſmooth the ſpotleſs ſkin,
And, ſmoothly oval, turn the ſhapely chin;
The ſhapely chin, to beauty's riſing face,
Shall, doubling gently, give a double grace,
And ſoon ſweet opening, roſy lips diſcloſe
The well rang'd teeth, in lily-whitening rows;
Here life is breath'd, and florid life aſſumes
A breath, whoſe fragrance vies with vernal blooms;
And two fair cheeks give modeſty to raiſe
A beauteous bluſh at praiſe, though juſt the praiſe.
And nature now, from each kind ray ſupplies
Soft, clement ſmiles, and love-inſpiring eyes;
New graces, to thoſe eyes, mild ſhades, allow;
Fringe their fair lids, and pencil either brow.
While ſenſe of viſion lights up orbs ſo rare,
May none, but pleaſing objects, viſit there!
Two little porches, (which, one ſenſe empowers,
To draw rich ſcent from aromatic flowers)
In ſtructure neat, and deck'd with poliſh'd grace,
Shall equal firſt, then heighten, beauty's face.
To ſmelling ſenſe, oh, may the flowery year,
Its firſt, laſt, choiceſt incenſe, offer here!
Tranſparent next, two curious creſcents bound
The two-fold entrance of inſpiring ſound,
And, granting a new power of ſenſe to hear,
New finer organs form each curious ear;
Form to imbibe what moſt the ſoul can move,
Muſic and reaſon, poeſy and love.
Next, on an open front, is pleaſing wrought
A penſive ſweetneſs, born of patient thought:
Above your lucid ſhoulders locks diſplay'd,
Prone to deſcend, ſhall ſoften light with ſhade.
All, with a nameleſs air and mien, unite,
And, as you move, each movement is delight.
Tun'd is your melting tongue and equal mind,
At once by knowledge heighten'd and refin'd.

The virtues next to beauty's nod incline ;
For, where they lend not light, ſhe cannot ſhine ;
Let theſe the temperate ſenſe of taſte reveal,
And give, while nature ſpreads the ſimple meal.
The palate pure, to reliſh health deſign'd,
From luxury, as taintleſs as your mind.
The virtues, chaſtity, and truth, impart ;
And mould to ſweet benevolence your heart.
Thus beauty finiſh'd—Thus ſhe gains the ſway,
And love ſtill follows where ſhe leads the way.
From every gift of heaven, to charm is thine ;
To love, to praiſe, and to adore, be mine.

## SENT TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

### WITH THE WANDERER.

*Alluding to an Episode, where a young Man turns Hermit, for the Loss of his Wife Olympia.*

WHEN with delight fond love on beauty dwelt,
While this the youth, and that the fair expreſt,
Faint was his joy compar'd to what I felt,
When in my angel Biddy's preſence bleſt.

Tell her, my muſe, in ſoft, ſad, ſighing breath,
If ſhe his piercing grief can pitying ſee,
Worſe than to him was his Olympia's death,
From her each moment's abſence is to me.

## ON FALSE HISTORIANS.

### A SATIRE.

SURE of all plagues with which dull proſe is curſt,
Scandals, from falſe hiſtorians, ſpot the worſt.
In queſt of theſe the muſe ſhall firſt advance,
Bold, to explore the regions of romance ;
Romance, call'd hiſtory—Lo ! at once ſhe ſkims
The viſionary world of monkiſh whims ;
Where fallacy, in legends, wildly ſhines,
And vengeance glares from violated ſhrines ;

Where ſaints perform all tricks, and ſtartle thought
With many a miracle that ne'er was wrought;
Saints that ne'er liv'd, or ſuch as juſtice paints,
Jugglers, on ſuperſtition palm'd for ſaints.
Here, canoniz'd, let creed-mongers be ſhown,
Red-letter'd ſaints, and red aſſaſſins known;
While thoſe they martyr'd, ſuch as angels roſe!
All black enroll'd among religion's foes,
Snatch'd by ſulphureous clouds, a LIE proclaims,
Number'd with fiends, and plung'd in endleſs flames.
  Hiſtory, from air or deep draws many a ſpright,
Such as, from nurſe or prieſt, might boys affright;
Or ſuch as but o'er feveriſh ſlumbers fly,
And fix in melancholy frenzy's eye.
Now meteors make enthuſiaſt wonder ſtare,
And image wild portentous wars in air!
Seers fall entranc'd! ſome wizard's lawleſs ſkill
Now whirls, now fetters, nature's works at will!
Thus hiſtory, by machine, mock-epic ſeems,
Not from poetic, but from monkiſh dreams.
  The devil, who prieſt and ſorcerer muſt obey,
The ſorcerer us'd to raiſe, the parſon lay.
When Echard wav'd his pen, the hiſtory ſhows,
The parſon conjur'd, and the fiend uproſe.
A camp at diſtance, and the ſcene a wood,
Here enter'd Noll, and there old Satan ſtood:
No tail his rump, his foot no hoof reveal'd;
Like a wiſe cuckold, with his horns conceal'd:
Not a gay ſerpent, glittering to the eye;
But more than ſerpent, or than harlot ſly:
For, lawyer-like, a fiend no wit can 'ſcape,
The demon ſtands confeſt in proper ſhape!
Now ſpreads his parchment, now is ſign'd the ſcroll;
Thus Noll gains empire, and the devil has Noll.
  Wondrous hiſtorian! thus account for evil,
And thus for its ſucceſs—'tis all the devil.
Though ne'er that devil we ſaw, yet one we ſee,—
One of an author ſure, and—thou art he.
  But duſky phantoms, muſe, no more purſue,
Now clearer objects open—yet untrue.

Awful the genuine hiſtorian's name!
Falſe ones—with what materials build they fame;
Fabrics of fame, by dirty means made good,
As neſts of martins are compil'd of mud.
Peace be with Curll—with him I wave all ſtrife,
Who pens each felon's, and each actor's life;
Biography that cooks the devil's martyrs,
And lards with luſcious rapes the cheats of Chartres.
  Materials, which belief in gazettes claim,
Looſe ſtrung, run gingling into hiſtory's name.
Thick as Egyptian clouds of raining flies;
As thick as worms where man corrupting lies;
As peſts obſcene that haunt the ruin'd pile;
As monſters floundering in the muddy Nile;
Minutes, memoirs, views, reviews appear,
Where ſlander darkens each recorded year.
In a paſt reign is feign'd ſome amorous league;
Some ring or letter now reveals th' intrigue:
Queens, with their minions, work unſeemly things,
And boys grow dukes, when catamites to kings.
Does a prince die? What poiſons they furniſe!
No royal mortal ſure by nature dies.
Is a prince born? What birth more baſe believ'd!
Or, what's more ſtrange, his mother ne'er conceiv'd!
Thus ſlander popular o'er truth prevails,
And eaſy minds imbibe romantic tales.
Thus, 'ſtead of hiſtory, ſuch authors raiſe
Mere crude wild novels of bad hints for plays.
  Some uſurp names—an Engliſh garreteer,
From minutes forg'd, is Monſieur Meſnager.*
Some, while on good or ill ſucceſs they ſtare,
Give conduct a complexion dark or fair;
Others, as little to enquiry prone,
Account for actions, though their ſpring's unknown.
  One ſtateſman vices has, and virtues too;
Hence will conteſted character enſue.

* *The Minutes of Monſ. Meſnager*; a book calculated to vilify the adminiſtration in the four laſt years of Queen Anne's reign. The truth is, that this libel was not written by Monſ. Meſnager, neither was any ſuch book ever printed in the French tongue, from which it is impudently ſaid in the title page to be tranſlated.

View but the black, he's fiend; the bright but ſcan,
He's angel: view him all—he's ſtill a man.
But ſuch hiſtorians all accuſe, acquit;
No virtue theſe, and thoſe no vice admit;
For either in a friend no fault will know,
And neither own a virtue in a foe.
Where hear-ſay knowledge ſits on public names,
And bold conjecture or extols or blames,
Spring party libels; from whoſe aſhes dead,
A monſter, miſnam'd Hiſtory, lifts his head.
Contending factions crowd to hear its roar!
But when once heard, it dies to noiſe no more.
From theſe no anſwer, no applauſe from thoſe,
O'er half they ſimper, and o'er half they doze.
So when in ſenate, with egregious pate,
Perks up Sir * * * * * in ſome deep debate;
He hems, looks wiſe, tunes thin his labouring throat,
To prove black white, poſtpone or palm the vote;
In ſly contempt, ſome, Hear him! Hear him! cry;
Some yawn, ſome ſneer; none ſecond, none reply.
But dare ſuch miſcreants now ruſh abroad,
By blanket, cane, pump, pillory, unaw'd?
Dare they imp Falſehood thus, and plume her wings,
From preſent characters and recent things?
Yes: What untruths! or truths in what diſguiſe!
What Boyers and what Oldmixons ariſe!
What facts from all but them and ſlander ſcreen'd!
Here meets a counſel, no where elſe conven'd;
There, from originals, come, thick as ſpawn,
Letters ne'er wrote, memorials never drawn;
To ſecret conference ne'er held they yoke,
Treaties ne'er plann'd, and ſpeeches never ſpoke.
From, Oldmixon, thy brow, too well we know,
Like ſin from Satan's far and wide they go.
In vain may St. John ſafe in conſcience ſit;
In vain with truth confute, contemn with wit:
Confute, contemn, amid ſelected friends;
There ſinks the juſtice, there the ſatire ends,
Here, though a century ſcarce ſuch leaves uncloſe,
From mould and duſt the ſlander ſacred grows.

Now none reply where all deſpiſe the page;
But will dumb ſcorn deceive no future age?
Then, ſhould dull periods cloud not ſeeming fact,
Will no fine pen th' unanſwer'd lie extract?
Well ſet in plan, and poliſh'd into ſtyle,
Fair and more fair may finiſh'd fraud beguile;
By every language ſnatch'd, by time receiv'd,
In every clime, by every age believ'd:
How vain to virtue truſt the great their name,
When ſuch their lot for infamy or fame.

## A CHARACTER.

FAIR truth, in courts where juſtice ſhould preſide,
Alike the judge and advocate would guide;
And theſe would vie each dubious point to clear,
To ſtop the widow's and the orphan's tear!
Where all, like Yorke, of delicate addreſs,
Strength to diſcern, and ſweetneſs to expreſs,
Learn'd, juſt, polite, born every heart to gain,
Like Cummins mild; like *Forteſcue humane,
All eloquent of truth, divinely known,
So deep, ſo clear, all ſcience is his own.
Of heart impure, and impotent of head,
In hiſtory, rhetoric, ethics, law, unread;
How far unlike ſuch worthies, once a drudge,
From floundering in low caſes, roſe a judge.
Form'd to make pleaders laugh, his nonſenſe thunders,
And, on low juries, breathes contagious blunders.
His brothers bluſh, becauſe no bluſh he knows,
Nor e'er † "one corrupted finger ſhows."
See, drunk with pow'r, the circuit lord expreſt!
Full, in his eye, his betters ſtand confeſt:
Whoſe wealth, birth, virtue, from a tongue ſo looſe,
'Scape not provincial, vile, buffoon abuſe.
Still to what circuit is aſſign'd his name,
There, ſwift before him, flies the warner—Fame,

* The Honourable William Forteſcue, one of the juſtices of his Majeſty's Court of Common Pleas.

† When Page one uncorrupted finger ſhows.

Conteſt ſtops ſhort, conſent yields every cauſe
To coſt; delay, endures them, and withdraws.
But how 'ſcape priſoners? To their trial chain'd,
All, all ſhall ſtand condemn'd, who ſtand arraign'd.
Dire guilt, which elſe would deteſtation cauſe,
Prejudg'd with inſult, wonderous pity draws.
But 'ſcapes e'en innocence his harſh harangue?
Alas!—e'en innocence itſelf muſt hang;
Muſt hang to pleaſe him, when of ſpleen poſſeſt;
Muſt hang to bring forth an abortive jeſt.
Why liv'd he not e'er ſtar-chambers had fail'd,
When fine, tax, cenſure, all but law prevail'd;
Or law, ſubſervient to ſome murderous will,
Became a precedent to murder ſtill?
Yet e'en when patriots did for traitors bleed,
Was e'er the job to ſuch a ſlave decreed,
Whoſe ſavage mind wants ſophiſt-art to draw,
O'er murder'd virtue ſpecious veils of law?
Why, ſtudent, when the bench your youth admits;
Where, though the worſt, with the beſt rank'd he ſits;
Where ſound opinions you attentive write,
As once a Raymond, now a Lee to cite,
Why pauſe you ſcornful when he dins the court?
Note well his cruel quirks, and well report.
Let his own words againſt himſelf point clear
Satire more ſharp than verſe when moſt ſevere.

## EPITAPH ON MRS. JONES,

### GRANDMOTHER TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES, OF LLANELLY IN CAERMARTHENSHIRE.

IN her, whoſe relics mark this ſacred earth,
Shone all domeſtic and all ſocial worth;
Firſt, heaven her hope with early offspring crown'd;
And thence a ſecond race roſe numerous round.
Heaven to induſtrious virtue bleſſing lent,
And was all competence, and all content.
Though frugal care, in Wiſdom's eye admir'd,
Knew to preſerve what induſtry requir'd;

Yet, at her board with decent plenty bleſt,
The journeying ſtranger ſat a welcome gueſt.
Preſt on all ſides, did trading neighbours fear
Ruin, which hung o'er exigence ſevere?
Farewel the friend, who ſpar'd th' aſſiſtant loan—
A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.
Did piteous lazars oft attend her door?
She gave—farewel the parent of the poor.
Youth, age, and want, once cheer'd, now ſighing ſwell
Bleſs her lov'd name, and weep a laſt farewel.

## VALENTINE'S DAY.

### A POEM.

*Addressed to a young Widow Lady.*

ADIEU, ye rocks that witneſs'd once my flame,
Return'd my ſighs, and echo'd Chloe's name!
Cambria, farewell!—my Chloe's charms no more
Invite my ſteps along Llanelly's ſhore;
There no wild dens conceal voracious foes,
The beach no fierce, amphibious monſter knows;
No crocodile there fleſh'd with prey appears,
And o'er that bleeding prey weeps cruel tears;
No falſe hyæna, feigning human grief,
There murders him, whoſe goodneſs means relief:
Yet tides, conſpiring with unfaithful ground,
Though diſtant ſeen, with treacherous arms, ſurround.
There quickſands, thick as beauty's ſnares annoy,
Look fair to tempt, and whom they tempt, deſtroy,
I watch'd the ſeas, I pac'd the ſands with care,
Eſcap'd, but wildly ruſh'd on beauty's ſnare.
Ah!—better far, than by that ſnare o'erpow'r'd,
Had ſands ingulf'd me, or had ſeas devour'd.
Far from that ſhore, where ſyren beauty dwells,
And wraps ſweet ruin in reſiſtleſs ſpells;
From Cambrian plains; which Chloe's luſtre boaſt,
Me native England yields a ſafer coaſt.
Chloe, farewel!—Now ſeas with boiſterous pride
Divide us, and will ever far divide:

Yet while each plant, which vernal youth reſumes,
Feels the green blood aſcend in future blooms;
While little feather'd ſongſters of the air
In woodlands tuneful woo and fondly pair,
The muſe exults, to beauty tunes the lyre,
And willing loves the ſwelling notes inſpire.
  Sure on this day, when hope attains ſucceſs,
Bright Venus firſt did young Adonis bleſs.
Her charms not brighter, Chloe, ſure than thine;
Though fluſh'd his youth, not more his warmth than mine.
Sequeſter'd far within a myrtle grove,
Whoſe blooming boſom courts retiring love;
Where a clear ſun, the blue ſerene diſplays,
And ſheds, through vernal air, attemper'd rays;
Where flowers their aromatic incenſe bring,
And fragrant flouriſh in eternal ſpring;
There mate to mate each dove reſponſive coos,
While this aſſents, as that enamour'd woos,
There rills amuſive, ſend from rocks around,
A ſolitary, pleaſing, murmuring ſound;
Then form a limpid lake. The lake ſerene
Reflects the wonders of the bliſsful ſcene.
To love the birds attune their chirping throats,
And on each breeze immortal muſic floats.
There ſeated on a riſing turf is ſeen,
Graceful, in looſe array, the Cyprian queen;
All freſh and fair, all mild, as Ocean gave
The goddeſs, riſing from the azure wave;
Diſhevell'd looks diſtil celeſtial dews,
And all her limbs, divine perfumes diffuſe.
Her voice ſo charms, the plumy, warbling throngs,
In liſtening wonder loſt, ſuſpend their ſongs.
It ſounds—"Why loiters my Adonis?"—cry,
"Why loiters my Adonis?"—rocks reply.
"Oh, come away!"—they thrice, repeating, ſay;
And echo thrice repeats,—"Oh, come away!"—
Kind zephyrs waft them to her lover's ears;
Who, inſtant at th' enchanting call, appears.
Her placid eye, where ſparkling joy refines,
Benignant, with alluring luſtre ſhines.

His locks, in which looſe, ringlets, charm the view,
Float careleſs, lucid from their amber hue.
A myrtle wreath her roſy fingers frame,
Which, from her hand, his poliſh'd temples claim:
His temples fair, a ſtreaking beauty ſtain,
As ſmooth white marble ſhines with azure veins.
He kneel'd. Her ſnowy hand he trembling ſeiz'd,
Juſt lifted to his lip, and gently ſqueez'd;
The meaning ſqueeze return'd, love caught its lore,
And enter'd, at his palm, through every pore.
Then ſwell'd her downy breaſts, till then enclos'd,
Faſt heaving, half-conceal'd and half-expos'd:
Soft ſhe reclines. He, as they fall and riſe,
Hangs, hovering o'er them, with enamour'd eyes,
And, warm'd, grows wanton—As he thus admir'd,
He pry'd, he touch'd, and with the touch was fir'd.
Half-angry, yet half-pleas'd, her frown beguiles
The boy to fear; but, at his fear, ſhe ſmiles.
The youth leſs timorous and the fair leſs coy,
Supinely amorous they reclining toy.
More amorous ſtill his ſanguine meaning ſtole
In wiſtful glances, to her ſoftening ſoul:
In her fair eye her ſoftening ſoul he reads:
To freedom, freedom, boon, to boon, ſucceeds.
With conſcious bluſh, th' impaſſion'd charmer burns;
And, bluſh for bluſh, the impaſſion'd youth returns.
They look, they languish, ſigh with pleaſing pain,
And wiſh and gaze, and gaze and wiſh again.
'Twixt her white, parting boſom ſteals the boy,
And more than hope preludes tumultuous joy;
Through every vein the vigorous tranſport ran,
Strung every nerve, and brac'd the boy to man.
Struggling, yet yielding, half o'erpower'd, ſhe pants,
Seems to deny, and yet, denying, grants.
Quick, like the tendrils of a curling vine,
Fond limbs with limbs, in amorous folds, entwine.
Lips preſs on lips, careſſing and careſt,
Now eye darts flame to eye, and breaſt to breaſt.
All ſhe reſigns, as dear deſires incite.
And rapt he reach'd the brink of full delight.

Her waiſt compreſs'd in his exulting arms,
He ſtorms, explores, and rifles all her charms;
Claſps in ecſtatic bliſs th' expiring fair,
And, thrilling, melting, neſtling, riots there.
How long the rapture laſts, how ſoon it fleets,
How oft it pauſes, and how oft repeats;
What joys they both receive, and both beſtow,
Virgins may gueſs, but wives experienc'd know:
From joys, like theſe, (ah, why deny'd to me?)
Sprung a freſh, blooming boy, my fair, from thee.
May he, a new Adonis, lift his creſt,
In all the florid grace of youth confeſt!
Firſt let him learn to liſp your lover's name,
And, when he reads, here annual read my flame.
When beauty firſt ſhall wake his genial fire,
And the firſt tingling ſenſe excite deſire;
When the dear object, of his peace poſſeſt,
Gains and ſtill gains on his unguarded breaſt:
Then may he ſay, as he this verſe reviews,
So my bright mother charm'd the poet's muſe.
His heart thus flutter'd oft 'twixt doubt and fear,
Lighten'd with hope, and ſadden'd with deſpair,
Say, on ſome rival did ſhe ſmile too kind?
Ah, read—what jealouſy diſtracts his mind!
Smil'd ſhe on him? He imag'd rays divine,
And gaz'd and gladden'd with a love like mine.
How dwelt her praiſe upon his raptur'd tongue!
Ah!—when ſhe frown'd, what plaintive notes he ſung!
And could ſhe frown on him—Ah, wherefore, tell!
On him, whoſe only crime was loving well?
Thus may thy ſon his pangs with mine compare,
Then wiſh his mother had been kind as fair.
For him may love the myrtle wreath entwine;
Though the ſad willow ſuits a woe like mine!
Ne'er may the filial hope, like me, complain!
Ah! never ſigh and bleed, like me, in vain!—
When death affords that peace which love denies,
Ah, no!—far other ſcene my fate ſupplies;
When earth to earth my lifeleſs corſe is laid,
And o'er it hangs the yew or cypreſs ſhade:

When pale I flit along the dreary coaſt,
An helpleſs lover's pining plaintive ghoſt;
Here annual on this dear returning day,
While feather'd choirs renew the melting lay;
May you, my fair, when you theſe ſtrains ſhall ſee,
Juſt ſpare one ſigh, one tear, to love and me,
Me, who, in abſence or in death, adore,
Thoſe heavenly charms I muſt behold no more.

## TO JOHN POWEL, ESQUIRE.

### BARRISTER AT LAW.

IN me long abſent, long with anguiſh fraught,
In me, though ſilence long has deaden'd thought,
Yet memory lives, and calls the muſe s aid
To ſnatch our friendſhip from oblivion's ſhade.
As ſoon the ſun ſhall ceaſe the world to warm,
As ſoon Llanelly's* fair that world to charm,
As grateful ſenſe of goodneſs, true like thine,
Shall e'er deſert a breaſt ſo warm as mine.
When imag'd Cambria ſtrikes my memory's eye,
(Cambria, my darling ſcene!) I, ſighing, cry,
Where is my Powell? dear aſſociate!—where?
To him I would unboſom every care;
To him, who early felt, from beauty, pain;
Gall'd in a plighted, faithleſs virgin's chain.
At length, from her ungenerous fetters, freed,
Again he loves! he woes! his hopes ſucceed,
But the gay bridegroom, ſtill by fortune croſt,
Is, inſtant, in the weeping widower loſt.
Her, his ſole joy! her from his boſom torn,
What feeling heart, but learns, like his, to mourn?
Can nature, then, ſuch ſudden ſhocks, ſuſtain?
Nature thus ſtruck, all reaſon pleads in vain!
Though late, from reaſon yet he draws relief,
Dwells on her memory; but diſpels his grief.
Love, wealth, and fame, (tyrannic paſſions all!)
No more enflame him, and no more enthral.

* Mrs. Bridget Jones.

He ſeeks no more, in Rufus' hall, renown;
Nor envies Pelf the jargon of the gown;
But pleas'd with competence, on rural plains,
His wiſdom courts that eaſe his worth obtains.
Would private jars, which ſudden riſe, increaſe?
His candour ſmiles all diſcord into peace.
To party ſtorms is public weal reſign'd?
Each ſteady patriot-virtue ſteers his mind.
Calm, on the beach, while maddening billows rave,
He gains philoſophy from every wave;
Science, from every object round, he draws;
From various nature, and from nature's laws.
He lives o'er every paſt hiſtoric age;
He calls forth ethics from the fabled page.
Him evangelic truth, to thought excites;
And him, by turns each claſſic muſe delights.
With wit well-natur'd; wit, that would diſdain
A pleaſure riſing from another's pain;
Social to all, and moſt of bliſs poſſeſt,
When moſt he renders all, around him, bleſt:
To unread 'ſquires illiterately gay;
Among the learn'd, as learned full as they;
With the polite, all, all-accompliſh'd eaſe,
By nature form'd, without deceit, to pleaſe.
Thus ſhines thy youth; and thus my friend, elate
In bliſs as well as worth, is truly great.
Me ſtill ſhould ruthleſs fate, unjuſt, expoſe
Beneath thoſe clouds, that rain unnumber'd woes;
Me, to ſome nobler ſphere, ſhould fortune raiſe,
To wealth conſpicious, and to laurel'd praiſe;
Unalter'd yet be love and friendſhip mine:
I ſtill am Chloe's, and I ſtill am thine.

## LONDON AND BRISTOL DELINEATED *

TWO ſea-port cities mark Britannia's fame,
And theſe from commerce different honours claim.
What different honours ſhall the muſes pay,
While one inſpires and one untunes the lay?
Now ſilver Iſis brightening flows along,
Echoing from Oxford ſhore each claſſic ſong;
Then weds with Tame; and theſe, O London, ſee
Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!
Wide, deep, unſullied Thames, meandering glides
And bears thy wealth on mild majeſtic tides.
Thy ſhips, with gilded palaces that vie,
In glittering pomp, ſtrike wondering China's eye,
And thence returning bear, in ſplendid ſtate,
To Britain's merchants, India's eaſtern freight.
India, her treaſure from her weſtern ſhores,
Due at thy feet, a willing tribute pours;
Thy warring navies diſtant nations awe,
And bid the world obey thy righteous law.
Thus ſhine thy manly ſons of liberal mind;
Thy change deep-buſied, yet as courts refin'd;
Councils, like ſenates, that enforce debate,
With fluent eloquence and reaſon's weight.
Whoſe patriot virtue, lawleſs power controls;
Their Britiſh emulating Roman ſouls.
Of theſe the worthieſt ſtill ſelected ſtand,
Still lead the ſenate, and ſtill ſave the land:
Social, not ſelfiſh, here, O Learning, trace
Thy friends, the lovers of all human race!
In a dark bottom ſunk, O Briſtol now,
With native malice, lift thy lowering brow!
Then as ſome hell-born ſprite in mortal guiſe,
Borrows the ſhape of goodneſs, and belies,
All fair, all ſmug, to yon proud hall invite,
To feaſt all ſtrangers ape an air polite!
From Cambria drain'd, all England's weſtern coaſt,
Not elegant, yet coſtly banquets boaſt!

* The Author preferr'd this title to that of London and Briſtol compared, which, when he began this piece, he intended to prefix to it.

Revere, or ſeem the ſtranger to revere;
Praiſe, fawn, profeſs, be all things but ſincere:
Inſidious now, our boſom ſecrets ſteal,
And theſe with ſly ſarcaſtic ſneer reveal.
Preſent we meet thy ſneaking treacherous ſmiles;
The harmleſs abſent ſtill thy ſneer reviles;
Such as in thee all parts ſuperior find,
The ſneer that marks the fool and knave combin'd;
When melting pity would afford relief,
The ruthleſs ſneer that inſult adds to grief.
What friendſhip canſt thou boaſt? what honours claim?
To thee each ſtranger owes an injur'd name.
What ſmiles thy ſons muſt in their foes excite!
Thy ſons, to whom all diſcord is delight;
From whom eternal mutual railing flows;
Who in each other's crimes their own expoſe:
Thy ſons, though crafty, dead to wiſdom's call;
Deſpiſing all men, and deſpis'd by all:
Sons, while thy cliffs a ditch-like river laves,
Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves,
Of thoughts as narrow as of words immenſe,
As full of turbulence as void of ſenſe?
Thee, thee, what ſenatorial ſouls adorn!
Thy natives ſure would prove a ſenate's ſcorn.
Do ſtrangers deign to ſerve thee; what their praiſe?
Their generous ſervices thy murmrus raiſe.
What fiend malign, that o'er thy air preſides,
Around from breaſt to breaſt inherent glides,
And, as he glides, there ſcatters in a trice
The lurking ſeeds of every rank device?
Let foreign youths to thy indentures run!
Each, each will prove in thy adopted ſon,
Proud, pert, and dull—though brilliant once from ſchools,
Will ſcorn all learning's, as all virtue's rules;
And, though by nature friendly, honeſt, brave,
Turn a ſly, ſelfiſh, ſimpering, ſharping knave.
Boaſt petty courts, where 'ſtead of fluent eaſe,
Of cited precedents and learned pleas;

'Stead of ſage counſel in the dubious cauſe,
Attorneys, chattering wild, burleſque the laws—
(So ſhameleſs quacks, who doctor's rights invade,
Of jargon and of poiſon form a trade.
So canting coblers, while from tubs they teach,
Buffoon the goſpel they pretend to preach.)
Boaſt petty courts, whence rules new rigour draw,
Unknown to nature's and to ſtatute-law;
Quirks that explain all ſaving rights away,
To give th' attorney and the catchpoll prey.
Is there where law too rigorous may deſcend,
Or Charity her kindly hand extend?
Thy courts, that, ſhut when pity would redreſs,
Spontaneous open to inflict diſtreſs.
Try miſdemeanors!—all thy wiles employ,
Not to chaſtiſe the offender, but deſtroy;
Bid the large lawleſs fine his fate foretel;
Bid it beyond his crime and fortune ſwell;
Cut off from ſervice due to kindred blood,
To private welfare and to public good,
Pity'd by all but thee, he ſentenc'd lies;
Impriſon'd languiſhes, impriſon'd dies.

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Boaſt ſwarming veſſels, whoſe plebeian ſtate
Owes not to merchants but mechanics freight.
Boaſt nought but pedlar-fleets—in war's alarms,
Unknown to glory, as unknown to arms.
Boaſt thy baſe *Tolſey, and thy turn-ſpit dogs,
Thy †Halliers horſes and thy human hogs;

* A place where the merchants uſed to meet to tranſact their affairs, before the exchance was erected. See Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xiii. p. 496.

† Halliers are the perſons who drive or own the ſledges, which are here uſed inſtead of carts.

Upſtarts and muſhrooms, proud, relentleſs hearts!
Thou blank of ſciences! thou dearth of arts!
Such foes as learning once was doom'd to ſee!
Huns, Goths, and Vandals, were but types of thee.
Proceed, great Briſtol, in all-righteous ways,
And let one juſtice heighten yet thy praiſe;
Still ſpare the catamite, and ſwinge the whore,
And be, whate'er Gomorrha was before.

THE END.

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