THE WORKS OF THE AUTHOR OF THE NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

In FOUR VOLUMES.

REVISED and CORRECTED by Himself.

VOL. I.

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MDCCLVII.

ADVERTISEMENT

OF THE

AUTHOR.

I Think the following pieces in four volumes to be the moſt excuſeable of all that I have formerly written; and I wiſh leſs apology was needful for theſe. As there is no recalling what is got abroad, the pieces here republiſhed, I have reviſed, and corrected; and rendered them as pardonable, as it was in my power to do.

A

POEM

ON THE

LAST DAY.

In THREE BOOKS.

Venit ſumma dies.—VIRG.

VERSES

TO THE

AUTHOR.

NOW let the *Atheist* tremble; Thou alone
Canst bid his conscious heart the Godhead own.
Whom shalt thou not reform? O thou hast seen,
How God descends to judge the souls of men.
Thou heard'st the sentence how the guilty mourn,
Driv'n out from God, and never to return.
Yet more, behold ten thousand thunders fall,
And sudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When nature sunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou saw'st the boundless ruins of the world.
When guilty *Sodom* felt the burning rain,
And sulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The *patriarch* thus, the fiery tempest past,
With pious horror view'd the desart waste;
The restless smoke still wav'd its curls around,
For-ever rising from the glowing ground.
But tell me, oh! what heav'nly pleasure tell,
To think so greatly, and describe so well!

How waſt thou pleas'd the wond'rous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could riſe ſo high?
Beyond this world the labour to purſue,
And open all ETERNITY to view?
But thou art beſt delighted to rehearſe
Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verſe:
O thou haſt power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raiſe, to terrify, to charm;
To fix the ſoul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind;
By ſtricter rules well-govern'd life to ſcan,
And practiſe o'er the angel in the man.

Magd. Col.
Oxon.

T. WARTON.

To

To a LADY, with the LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE, ſacred truths, in loſty numbers told,
The proſpect of a future ſtate unfold:
The realms of night to mortal view diſplay,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author ſcorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthleſs praiſe.
Full of her glorious theme, his tow'ring muſe,
With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame purſues:
Religion's cauſe her raviſh'd heart inſpires,
And with a thouſand bright ideas fires;
Tranſports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the ſtrait limits of *mortality*,
To boundleſs orbs, and bids her fearleſs ſoar,
Where only MILTON gain'd renown before;
Where various ſcenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.
Thus did the muſes ſing in early times,
'Ere ſkill'd to flatter vice, and varniſh crimes:
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous ſongs alone,
And the chaſte poet, and the prieſt, were one.
But now, forgetful of their infant ſtate,
They ſooth the wanton pleaſures of the great:
And from the preſs, and the licentious ſtage,
With luſcious poiſon taint the thoughtleſs age;

Deceitful charms atract our wond'ring eyes,
And ſpecious ruin unſuſpected lies.
So the rich ſoil of *India*'s blooming ſhores,
Adorn'd with laviſh nature's choiceſt ſtores,
Where ſerpents lurk, by flow'rs conceal'd from ſight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.
  Theſe purer thoughts from groſs alloys refin'd,
With heav'nly raptures elevate the mind:
Not fram'd to raiſe a giddy ſhort-liv'd joy,
Whoſe falſe allurements, while they pleaſe, deſtroy;
But bliſs reſembling that of ſaints above,
Sprung from the viſion of th' Almighty Love:
Firm, ſolid bliſs, for-ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing ſweetneſs, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your ſparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten ev'ry grace.
By theſe ſecur'd, you will with pleaſure read
Of future judgment, and the riſing dead;
Of time's grand period, heav'n and earth o'erthrown;
And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan.
Theſe, when the ſtars and ſun ſhall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form reſtore:
Then ſhall you ſhine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

Pemb. Col.
Oxon.

T. TRISTRAM.

To

To the AUTHOR,

On his *Laſt Day* and *Univerſal Paſſion*.

AND muſt it be as thou haſt ſung,
Celeſtial bard, ſeraphic YOUNG?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this ſpacious glorious round?
Yon lamps of light, muſt they decay?
On nature's ſelf, deſtruction prey?
Then fame, the moſt immortal thing
Ev'n thou can'ſt hope, is on the wing.
Shall NEWTON's ſyſtem be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd?
Shall ſouls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more?
Or ſhall they quote the pictur'd age,
From POPE's and Thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue loſe their name
In deathleſs joy, or endleſs ſhame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius ſhall be ſeen:
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For HOMER, HORACE, POPE, or THEE?
Thro' life we chaſe, with fond purſuit,
What mocks our hope, like *Sodom*'s fruit:

And ſure, thy plan was well deſign'd,
To cure this madneſs of the mind;
Firſt, beyond time our thoughts to raiſe;
Then laſh our love of tranſient praiſe.
In both, we own thy doctrine juſt;
And fame's a breath, and men are duſt.

1736. J. BANCKS.

THE

LAST DAY.

BOOK I.

Ipſe pater, media nimborum in nocte, coruſca
Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
Terra tremit: fugére feræ; & mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis ſtravit pavor.—— VIRG.

WHILE others ſing the fortune of the Great;
Empire and Arms, and all the pomp of State;
With *Britain*'s Hero * ſet their ſouls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inſpire;
I draw a deeper ſcene: a ſcene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;

* The Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan;
Death's antient ſceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom,
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold deſign,
And aſk my anxious heart, if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the ſight of conſcious ſtars or ſun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the ſplendors of the *Britiſh* crown.
This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howſoe'er disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place, and kind,
Hear, and aſſiſt, a feeble mortal's lays;
'Tis your *Eternal King* I ſtrive to praiſe.
But chiefly Thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whoſe throne archangels proſtrate fall;
If at thy nod, from diſcord, and from night,
Sprang beauty, and yon ſparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkneſs of my mind diſpel;
To my great ſubject Thou my breaſt inſpire,
And raiſe my lab'ring ſoul with equal fire.
Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face:
See ſpring's gay bloom; ſee golden autumn's ſtore;
See how earth ſmiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumb'rous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies ſail.

Here,

Here, forests rise, the mountain's awful pride;
Here, rivers measure climes, and worlds divide;
There, vallies fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes, in their beds:
There, to the skies, aspiring hills ascend,
And into distant lands their shades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See *Europe*'s law, in *Albion*'s channel ride.
View the whole earth's vast landskip unconfin'd,
Or view in *Britain* all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise;
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west? The lab'ring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry:
Wide theatre! where tempests play at large,
And God's right hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the seasons, and the year controul:
They shine thro' time, with an unalter'd ray:
See This grand period rise, and That decay:
So *vast*, this world s a grain; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space;
So *bright*, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
'Twere sin in heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how sacred, all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all must drop, as autumn's sicklest grain,
And earth and firmament be sought in vain:
The tract forgot where *constellations* shone,
Or where the STUARTS fill'd an awful throne:

Time ſhall be ſlain, all *nature* be deſtroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.
Sooner, or later, in ſome future date,
(A dreadful ſecret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wiſdom knows,
Or when ten thouſand harveſts more have roſe;
When ſcenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While other *Bourbons* rule in other lands,
And (if man's ſin forbids not) other ANNES:
While the ſtill buſy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thouſand years before,
Thoughtleſs as thoſe who *now* life's mazes run,
Of earth diſſolv'd, or an extinguiſh'd ſun;
(Ye ſublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nations, hear, and ſhake!)
Thick clouds of darkneſs ſhall ariſe on day;
In ſudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the ſcatter'd foreſts rend;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted ſhore;
A ſanguine ſtain the ſilver moon o'erſpread;
Darkneſs the circle of the ſun invade;
From inmoſt heav'n inceſſant thunders roll,
And the ſtrong echo bound from pole to pole.
When, lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note: the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;

Th' ex-

Th' extended circuit of creation ſhake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.
  Oh pow'rful blaſt! to which no equal ſound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Tho' rival clarions have been ſtrain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal thro' the ſky,
Tho' God's whole enginry diſcharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.
  Have angels ſinn'd? and ſhall not man beware?
How ſhall a ſon of earth decline the ſnare?
Not folded arms, and ſlackneſs of the mind,
Can promiſe for the ſafety of mankind:
None are ſupinely good: thro' care and pain,
And various arts, the ſteep aſcent we gain.
This is the ſcene of combat, not of reſt,
Man's is laborious happineſs at beſt;
On this ſide death his dangers never ceaſe,
His joys are joys of conqueſt, not of peace.
  If then, obſequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human ſtate,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty ſmiles, or grandeur ſpreads her charms,
The conſcious ſoul would *this* great ſcene diſplay,
Call down th' immortal hoſts in dread array,
The *trumpet* ſound, the chriſtian banner ſpread,
And raiſe from ſilent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impreſſion would the picture make,
No power on earth her firm reſolve could ſhake;
Engag'd with angels ſhe would greatly ſtand,
And look regardleſs down on ſea and land;

Not

Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could reſtrain,
And death might ſhake his threat'ning launce in vain!
Her certain conqueſt would endear the fight,
And danger ſerve but to exalt delight.
  Inſtructed thus to ſhun the fatal ſpring,
Whence flow the terrors of that *day* I ſing;
More boldly we our labours may purſue,
And all the dreadful image ſet to view.
  The ſparkling eye, the ſleek and painted breaſt,
The burniſh'd ſcale, curl'd train, and riſing creſt,
All that is lovely in the noxious ſnake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake:
The ſting once drawn, his guiltleſs beauties riſe
In pleaſing luſtre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And ſtrong averſion ſoftens into love.
  Say then, my muſe, whom diſmal ſcenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The laſt extremes of terror and deſpair;
Oh ſay, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackeſt moment ſince the world began.
  Ah mournful turn! the bliſsful earth, who late
At leiſure on her axle roll'd in ſtate;
While thouſand golden planets knew no reſt,
Still onward in their circling journey preſt;
A grateful change of ſeaſons ſome to bring,
And ſweet viciſſitude of fall and ſpring:
Some thro' vaſt oceans to conduct the keel,
And ſome thoſe watry worlds to ſink, or ſwell:

Around

Around her ſome their ſplendors to diſplay,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world ſo great, of joy the bright abode,
Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkneſs and deſpair.
No ſun in radiant glory ſhines on high;
No light, but from the terrors of the ſky:
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers loſt,
And all into a ſecond chaos toſt:
One univerſal ruin ſpreads abroad;
Nothing is ſafe beneath the throne of God.
Such, earth, thy fate: what then canſt thou afford
To comfort, and ſupport, thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How muſt he bend his ſoul's ambition down?
Proſtrate the reptile own, and diſavow
His boaſted ſtature, and aſſuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curſe his form,
That ſpeaks diſtinction from his ſiſter worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
Lord, why doſt thou forſake, whom thou haſt made?
Who can ſuſtain thy anger? who can ſtand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought; oh ſave me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou, who beneath the frown of fate haſt ſtood,
And in thy dreadful agony ſweat blood;
Thou, who for me, thro' every throbbing vein,
Haſt felt the keeneſt edge of mortal pain;

Whom

Whom death led captive thro' the realms below,
And taught thoſe horrid myſteries of woe;
Defend me, O my God! Oh ſave me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
From eaſt to weſt they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring ſhelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming ſeas to ſweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compaſſionately deep:
Seas caſt the monſter forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but priſon up for wrath to come.
So fares a traytor to an earthly crown;
While death ſits threat'ning in his prince's frown,
His heart's diſmay'd; and now his fears command
To change his native for a diſtant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's ſevere decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the ſea;
The port he ſeeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted ſword.
But why this idle toil to paint *that* day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the diſtreſs,
The height of eloquence would make it leſs;
Heav'ns! how the *good* man trembles?—
And is there a *Laſt Day?* and muſt there come
A ſure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition ſwell, and, thy proud ſails to ſhow,
Take all the winds that *vanity* can blow;
Wealth on a golden mountain blazing ſtand,
And reach an *India* forth in either hand;

Spread

Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting *vine*,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright *beauty*, shine;
Shine all; in all your charms together rise;
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong desire,
Borne, like *Elijah*, in a car of fire.
In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To smile at death! to long to be dissolv'd!
From our decays a pleasure to receive!
And kindle into transport at a grave!
What equals *this?* And shall the victor now
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! Oh thou cherub, heavenly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!
Thou, Thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own soul.
For ever then, my soul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame?
They all for him pursue, or quit, their end;
The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend;
In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;

When

When darkneſs round him all her horrors ſpread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?
When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous riſe;
When now the foaming ſurges, toſt on high,
Diſcloſe the ſands beneath, and touch the ſky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghaſt,
Look back with terror on their actions paſt;
Their courage ſickens into deep diſmay,
Their hearts, thro' fear and anguiſh, melt away;
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempeſt can appeaſe;
Now they devote their treaſure to the ſeas;
Unload their ſhatter'd barque, tho' richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but oh, the ſtorm ſo high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.
The trembling prophet then, themſelves to ſave,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he deſcends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows cloſe; he's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye juſt! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety purſue)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks ſmiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his ſervant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempeſtuous nature ſilent ſtand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a ſoft embrace:
He bridles-in the monſters of the deep:
The bridled monſters awful diſtance keep;

Forget

Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.
  But ſtill ariſe new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his ſtate;
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the ſea ſhake, and heav'n and earth reſound;
Blackens the waters with the riſing ſand,
And drives vaſt billows to the diſtant land.
  As yawns an earthquake, when impriſon'd air,
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous ſize;
The prophet views the cavern with ſurprize;
Meaſures his monſtrous teeth, afar deſcry'd,
And rolls his wond'ring eyes from ſide to ſide:
Then takes poſſeſſion of the ſpacious ſeat,
And ſails ſecure within the dark retreat.
  Now is he pleas'd the northern blaſt to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear;
Or falls immerſt into the depths below,
Where the dead ſilent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the ſhelving mountain's dreadful ſhade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides ſerenely thro' the paths of death.
  Two wond'rous days and nights thro' coral groves,
Thro' labyrinths of rocks, and ſands he roves:

When

When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It ſees the king of waters riſe, and pour
His ſacred gueſt un-injur'd on the ſhore:
A type of that great bleſſing, which the muſe
In her next labour ardently purſues.

THE

LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

——Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν ἐς φάος ἐλθεῖν,
Αεί ψαν ἀποιχομένων· ὀπίσω δὲ Θεοὶ τελέθονται.
PHOCYL.

i. e.

—We hope, that the departed will rise again from the dust: after which, like the gods, they will be immortal.

NOW Man awakes, and from his silent bed,
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the rash, adventure cost,
In wide ETERNITY I dare be lost.
The muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
To *teach the swain*, or *celebrate the king*.

I grasp

I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and sing to *human kind:*
I sing to men and angels; angels join,
While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.
Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An universal concourse to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air;
In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
Drive cities, forests, mountains, to the deep,
To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race.
Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long committed dust.
Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet,
The distant head; the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see thro' the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and compleat the frame.
When the world bow'd to *Rome*'s almighty sword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord.
Yet one day lost, this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,
Bid, with due horror, his great soul farewel.

Obscure

Obſcure his fall! all welt'ring in his gore,
His trunk was caſt to periſh on the ſhore!
While Julius frown'd the bloody monſter dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This ſever'd head and trunk ſhall join once more,
Tho' realms now riſe between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's ſound each vagrant mote ſhall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the ſignal wafted in the wind,
And not one ſleeping atom lag behind.

So ſwarming bees, that on a ſummer's day
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen ſound, their wand'rings end,
And, gently circling, on a bough deſcend.

The body thus renew'd, the conſcious ſoul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or midſt the burning planets wond'ring ſtray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpſe was laid;
Or rather coaſted on her final ſtate,
And fear'd, or wiſh'd for, her appointed fate:
This ſoul, returning with a conſtant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, ſo high is wound,
The ſprings maintain an everlaſting round.

Thus a frail model of the work deſign'd
Firſt takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the ſtructure firm with laſting oak,
And marble bowels of the ſolid rock,
Turns the ſtrong arch, and bids the columns riſe,
And bear the lofty palace to the ſkies;

The

The wrongs of time enabled to ſurpaſs,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of braſs.
That antient, ſacred, and illuſtrious * dome,
Where ſoon or late fair *Albion*'s heroes come,
From camps, and courts, tho' great, or wiſe, or juſt,
To feed the worm, and moulder into duſt;
That ſolemn manſion of the royal dead,
Where paſſing ſlaves o'er ſleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows: a numerous race
Of riſing kings fill all th' extended ſpace:
A life well ſpent, not the victorious ſword,
Awards the crown, and ſtiles the greater lord.
Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his ſecond birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp ariſe,
And gilded theatres invade the ſkies,
Nations ſhall wake, whoſe unreſpected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious ſons.
The moſt magnificent, and coſtly dome,
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No ſpot, on earth, but has ſupply'd a grave,
And human ſkulls the ſpacious ocean pave.
All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,
The ſwarm ſhall iſſue, and the hive ſhall burn.
Not all at once, nor in like manner, riſe:
Some lift with pain their ſlow unwilling eyes:
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bleſs the grave, and call for laſting night.

* *Weſtminſter abbey.*

Others,

Others, whoſe long-attempted virtue ſtood
Fixt as a rock, and broke the ruſhing flood,
Whoſe firm reſolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their poſture frown;
Such, in this day of horrors, ſhall be ſeen
To face the thunders with a godlike mien;
The planets drop, their thoughts are fixt above;
The centre ſhakes, their hearts diſdain to move:
An earth diſſolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on every ſide,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bleſs the dawn of everlaſting day,
Here, *greatneſs* proſtrate falls; there, *ſtrength* gives place;
Here, *lazars* ſmile; there, beauty hides her face.
Chriſtians, and *Jews*, and *Turks*, and *Pagans* ſtand,
A blended throng, one undiſtinguiſh'd band.
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their diſtinct perſuaſions fir'd,
In mutual friendſhip their long ſlumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.
But none are fluſh'd with brighter joy, or, warm
With juſter confidence, enjoy the ſtorm,
Than thoſe, whoſe pious bounties, unconfin'd,
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illuſtrious rank, what ſhining light
With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd glory fills my ſight?
Bend down, my grateful muſe, that homage ſhow,
Which to ſuch worthies thou art proud to owe.

Wickham! Fox! Chichley! hail, illuſtrious * names,
Who to far diſtant times diſpenſe your beams;
Beneath your ſhades, and near your chryſtal ſprings,
I firſt preſum'd to touch the trembling ſtrings.
All hail, thrice-honour'd! 'Twas your great renown
To bleſs a people, and oblige a crown.
And now you riſe, eternally to ſhine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.
Indulgent God! Oh how ſhall mortal raiſe
His ſoul to due returns of grateful praiſe,
For bounty ſo profuſe to human kind,
Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who, ſome few years ago, was leſs
Than worm, or mite, or ſhadow can expreſs,
Was Nothing; ſhall I live, when ev'ry fire
Of ev'ry ſtar ſhall languiſh and expire?
When earth's no more, ſhall I ſurvive above,
And thro' the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I ſtand,
See new worlds rolling from His ſpacious hand,
Where our adventures ſhall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael ſung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of *Love divine!*
But oh! before this bliſsful ſtate, before
Th' aſpiring ſoul this wond'rous height can ſoar,
The Judge, deſcending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is ſummon'd to the Bar.

* *Founders of* New-College, Corpus-Chriſti, *and* All-Souls, *in* Oxford: *of all which the author was a member.*

This

This mighty ſcene I next preſume to draw:
Attend, great Anna, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known ſucceſsful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts:
Fiction, be far away; let no machine
Deſcending here, no fabled God, be ſeen;
Behold the God of *Gods* indeed deſcend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!
Lo! the wide theatre, whoſe ample ſpace
Muſt entertain the whole of human race,
At heav'n's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And ev'ry age, and nation, pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:
Adam ſalutes his youngeſt ſon; no ſign
Of all thoſe ages, which their births disjoin.
How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart?
What volumes have been ſwell'd, what time been ſpent,
To fix a hero's birth-day, or deſcent?
What joy muſt it now yield, what rapture raiſe,
To ſee the glorious race of antient days?
To greet thoſe worthies, who perhaps have ſtood
Illuſtrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your ſoul demands,
Cæsar un-noted in your preſence ſtands.
How vaſt the concourſe! not in number more
The waves that break on the reſounding ſhore,

The leaves that tremble in the ſhady grove,
The lamps that gild the ſpangled vaults above:
Thoſe overwhelming armies, whoſe command
Said to one empire, *Fall*; another, *Stand:*
Whoſe rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud *Cannæ*'s field,
Where *Carthage* taught victorious *Rome* to yield,
(Another blow had broke the fates decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal *Blenheim*, fam'd *Ramillia*'s hoſt,
They All are here, and here they All are loſt:
Their millions ſwell to be diſcern'd in vain,
Loſt as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
For judgment, judgment, ſons of men, prepare!
Earth ſhakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
And hell through all her trembling realms reſound.
Whoe'er thou art, thou greateſt pow'r of earth,
Bleſt with moſt equal planets at thy birth;
Whoſe valour drew the moſt ſucceſsful ſword,
Moſt realms united in one common lord;
Who, on the day of triumph, ſaidſt, Be thine
The ſkies, Jehovah, all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye.—Alas! my muſe,
How art thou loſt? what numbers canſt thou chuſe?
A ſudden bluſh inflames the waving ſky,
And now the crimſon curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great Sovereign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence

Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works ſurvey,
Creates, ſupports, confounds! Where *time*, and *place*,
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grace*,
Wait humbly at the footſtool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-ſuſpended ball
(Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.
Thence iſſuing I behold (but mortal ſight
Suſtains not ſuch a ruſhing ſea of light!)
I ſee, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heav'n's everlaſting SON;
Crown'd with that majeſty, which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, *dominion*, *praiſe*, *omnipotence*,
Support the train of their triumphant Prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night ſhades the ſolemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where-e'er ſerene, he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradiſe:
But if reſentment reddens their mild beams,
The *Eden* kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, *knowlege* ſhines in pureſt light;
On one, the ſword of *juſtice*, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in ſport, preſent the reed;
Now tell the ſcourg'd Impoſtor he ſhall bleed!

Thus glorious through the courts of heav'n, the ſource
Of life and death eternal bends his courſe;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic hoſt is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the ſtring, ſome ſtrike the ſounding ſhell,
And mingling voices in rich concert ſwell;
Voices ſeraphic; bleſt with ſuch a ſtrain,
Could *Satan* hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of Glory! Soul of Bliſs!
What a ſtupendous turn of fate is this?
O! whither art thou rais'd above the ſcorn
And indigence of *him* in *Bethlem* born;
A needleſs, helpleſs, unaccounted, gueſt,
And but a ſecond to the fodder'd beaſt?
How chang'd from *him*, who meekly proſtrate laid,
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made?
From *him*, who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd,
Wept, languiſh'd, pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd, and [dy'd;
Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe,
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?

And was't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I ſee, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vaniſh'd, ——I am wholly thine.

Miſtaken Caiaphas! Ah! which blaſphem'd;
Thou, or thy Pris'ner? which ſhall be condemn'd?
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wond'rous all! Ev'n He
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for Thee.

Now

Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raiſe
Diſtinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows ſound.
Theſe an immeaſurable arch ſupport,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the pureſt ſky,
Stream from the chryſtal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the baſis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the ſun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his ſilver ſtaff of wond'rous height,
Unfurls the *Chriſtian* flag, which waving flies,
And ſhuts and opens more than half the ſkies:
The Croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it ſheds a ſtain,
Where-e'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;
Fluſhes the hill, and ſets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable Glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty ſight.
Ah turn, unwary muſe, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not, (to make the *Sun* ſhrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wiſh it all a dream;

Wiſh, or their ſouls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be ſpoil'd of his eternal ſway.
But rather, if thou know'ſt the means, unfold
How they with tranſport might the ſcene behold.
Ah how! but by Repentance, by a mind
Quick, and ſevere its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceaſing care,
And all the pious violence of Pray'r?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I caſt my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the ſkies ſurround
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.
" O Thou! whoſe balance does the mountains weigh,
" Whoſe will the wild tumultuous ſeas obey,
" Whoſe breath can turn thoſe watry worlds to flame,
" That flame to tempeſt, and that tempeſt tame;
" Earth's meaneſt ſon, all trembling, proſtrate falls,
" And on the boundleſs of thy goodneſs calls.
" Oh! give the winds all paſt offence to ſweep,
" To ſcatter wide, or bury in the deep:
" Thy pow'r, my weakneſs, may I ever ſee,
" And wholly dedicate my ſoul to Thee:
" Reign o'er my will; my paſſions ebb and flow
" At Thy command, nor human motive know!
" If anger boil, let anger be my praiſe,
" And ſin the graceful indignation raiſe.
" My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
" And lift the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd.
" Oh may my underſtanding ever read
" This glorious volume, which Thy wiſdom made!

" Who

" Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?
" Who calls forth Summer, like a ſparkling bride?
" Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
" And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
" Not the Great Ottoman, or Greater Czar,
" Not *Europe*'s arbitreſs of peace and war.
" May ſea and land, and earth and heav'n, be join'd,
" To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
" May thoughts of Thy dread vengeance ſhake my ſoul;
" When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
" Adore, my heart, the Majesty *Divine*.
" Thro' ev'ry ſcene of life, or peace, or war,
" Plenty, or want, Thy glory be my care!
" Shine we in arms? or ſing beneath our vine?
" Thine is the vintage, and the conqueſt Thine:
" Thy pleaſure points the ſhaft, and bends the bow;
" The cluſter blaſts, or bids it brightly glow:
" 'Tis Thou that lead'ſt our pow'rful armies forth,
" And giv'ſt Great Anne *Thy* ſceptre o'er the north.
" Grant I may ever at the *Morning-Ray*,
" Open with Pray'r the conſecrated day;
" Tune Thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
" And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies:
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
" Nor ceaſe at Eve, but with the *Setting Sun*
" My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.
" And, oh! permit the gloom of ſolemn Night
" To ſacred thought may forcibly invite.

" When this world's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
" Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
" Compoſe our ſouls with a leſs dazling ſight,
" And ſhew all nature in a milder light;
" How every boiſtrous thought in calms ſubſides!
" How the ſmooth'd ſpirit into goodneſs glides!
" O how divine! to tread the milky way,
" To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
" His court admire, or for His favour ſue,
" Or leagues of friendſhip with His ſaints renew;
" Pleas'd to look down, and ſee the *World* aſleep,
" While I long vigils to its *Founder* keep!
" Canſt Thou not ſhake the centre? Oh controul,
" Subdue by force, the rebel in my ſoul:
" Thou, who canſt ſtill the raging of the flood,
" Reſtrain the various tumults of my blood;
" Teach me, with equal firmneſs, to ſuſtain
" Alluring pleaſure, and aſſaulting pain.
" O may I pant for Thee in each deſire!
" And with ſtrong faith foment the holy fire!
" Stretch out my ſoul in hope, and graſp the prize,
" Which in *Eternity*'s deep boſom lies!
" At the *Great Day* of recompence behold,
" Devoid of fear, the *fatal Book* unfold!
" Then wafted upward to the bliſsful ſeat,
" From age to age, my grateful ſong repeat;
" My Light, my Life, my God, my *Saviour*, ſee,
" And rival angels in the praiſe of Thee."

THE

THE

LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat; & mundi moles operosa laboret. OVID MET.

THE book unfolding; the resplendent seat
Of saints and angels; the tremendous fate
Of guilty souls; the gloomy realms of woe;
And all the horrors of the world below;
I next presume to sing: What yet remains
Demands my last, but most exalted strains.
And let the *Muse* or now affect the sky,
Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.
She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the goal;
She mounts, she gains upon the starry pole;
The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
And the sun darkens to her distant sight.

Heav'n op'ning, all its ſacred pomp diſplays,
And overwhelms her with the ruſhing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels ſhout around!
And echoing nature lengthens out the ſound!
  Ten thouſand trumpets *now* at once advance;
Now deepeſt ſilence lulls the vaſt expanſe:
So deep the ſilence, and ſo ſtrong the blaſt,
As nature dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her laſt.
Nor man, nor angel, moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the ſky:
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view ſupporting ſeraphs raiſe;
In ſolemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The ſeal is broken, and a groan is heard.
And thou, my ſoul, (oh fall to ſudden pray'r,
And let the thought ſink deep!) ſhalt thou be there?
  See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand);
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obſcene,
What more than death in every face and mien?
With what diſtreſs, and glarings of affright,
They ſhock the heart, and turn away the ſight?
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid ſecrets of the ſoul.
Each geſture mourns, each look is black with care,
And ev'ry groan is loaden with deſpair.
Reader, if guilty, ſpare the muſe, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.
  Should'ſt thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the ſoft companions of thy life,

Whoſe

Whoſe blended int'reſts levell'd at one aim,
Whoſe mix'd deſires ſent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched Self alone
Caſt on the left, of all whom thou haſt known;
How would it wound? What millions would'ſt thou give
For One more trial, One day more to live?
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's ſpace,
To graſp with eagerneſs the means of Grace;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, ſuſpend a ſtorm in air,
Arreſt the *Sun*; but ſtill of *this* deſpair.
Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image freſh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my raviſh'd ſoul admires,
And their eyes ſparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that riſe above
This world, and in bleſt angels kindle love!
To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flaſh ſuſtain, againſt its terror riſe,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are theſe the forms that moulder'd in the duſt?
Oh the tranſcendent glory of the juſt!
Yet ſtill ſome thin remains of fear and doubt,
Th' infected brightneſs of their joy pollute.
Thus the chaſte bridegroom, when the prieſt draws nigh,
Beholds his bleſſing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful paſſions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,

Leſt

Left ſtill ſome intervening chance ſhould riſe,
Leap forth at once, and ſnatch the golden prize;
Inflame his woe, by bringing it ſo late,
And ſtab him in the criſis of his fate.
Since Adam's family, from firſt to laſt,
Now into one diſtinct ſurvey is caſt;
Look round, vain-glorious muſe, and you whoe'er
Devote yourſelves to fame, and think her fair;
Look round, and ſeek the lights of human race,
Whoſe ſhining acts *time*'s brighteſt annals grace;
Who founded ſects; crowns conquer'd, or reſign'd;
Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vaſt fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madneſs of the roaring main:
All loſt? all undiſtinguiſh'd? no-where found?
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace ſound?
That hour, on which the Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right-hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or deſtroy'd;
Southern or eaſtern ſceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north or weſt dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himſelf was ſpilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.
Aloft, the ſeats of bliſs their pomp diſplay
Brighter than brightneſs, this diſtinguiſh'd day;

Leſs glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
Thro' heav'n's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
And ſhouting angels hail'd the Victor God.
Horrors, *beneath*, darkneſs in darkneſs, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad ſulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, moſt dreadful to ſurvey,
And roars outrageous for the deſtin'd prey.
The ſons of light ſcarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer preſs heav'n's everlaſting throne.
Such is the ſcene; and one ſhort moment's ſpace
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation ſwims before my ſight:
I ſee, I ſee, the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not, 'tis diſtant; I behold it *now*;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My ſoul recoils at the ſtupendous woe;
That woe, thoſe pangs, which from the *guilty* breaſt,
In theſe, or words like theſe, ſhall be expreſt.
" Who burſt the barriers of my peaceful grave?
" Ah! cruel death, that would no longer ſave,
" But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
" And caſt me out into the wrath of God;
" Where ſhrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
" And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
" Our only ſong; black fire's malignant light,
" The ſole refreſhment of the blaſted ſight.

" Muſt

" Muſt all thoſe pow'rs, heav'n gave me to ſupply
" My ſoul with pleaſure, and bring in my joy,
" Riſe up in arms againſt me, join the foe,
" *Senſe, reaſon, memory*, increaſe my woe?
" And ſhall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
" Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
" Oh! muſt I look with terror on my gain,
" And with *exiſtence* only meaſure *pain?*
" What! no reprieve, no leaſt indulgence giv'n,
" No beam of hope, from any point of heav'n!
" Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
" Is Love extinguiſh'd in the Source of Love?
" Bold that I am, did heav'n ſtoop down to hell?
" Th' expiring Lord of life my ranſom ſeal?
" Have I not been induſtrious to provoke?
" From his embraces obſtinately broke?
" Purſu'd, and panted for his mortal hate,
" Earn'd my deſtruction, labour'd out my fate?
" And dare I on extinguiſh'd Love exclaim?
" Take, take full vengeance, rouze the ſlack'ning flame;
" Juſt is my lot—but oh! muſt it tranſcend
" The reach of time, deſpair a diſtant end?
" With dreadful growth ſhoot forward, and ariſe,
" Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies!
" *NEVER!* where falls the ſoul at that dread ſound?
" Down an abyſs how dark, and how profound?
" Down, down, (I ſtill am falling, horrid pain!)
" Ten thouſand thouſand fathoms ſtill remain;
" My plunge but ſtill begun—And this for ſin?
" Could I offend, if I had never been,

" But

" But ſtill increas'd the ſenſeleſs happy maſs,
" Flow'd in the ſtream, or ſhiver'd in the graſs?
" Father of mercies! why from ſilent earth
" Did'ſt thou awake, and curſe me into birth?
" Tear me from quiet, raviſh me from night,
" And make a thankleſs preſent of thy light?
" Puſh into being a reverſe of Thee,
" And animate a clod with miſery?
" The beaſts are happy; they come forth, and keep
" Short watch on earth, and then lie down to ſleep.
" Pain is for man; and, oh! how vaſt a pain
" For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain?
" Annull'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
" And flung his agonies, and death, away?
" As our dire puniſhment for ever ſtrong,
" Our conſtitution too for ever young,
" Curs'd with returns of vigour, ſtill the ſame,
" Powerful to bear, and ſatisfy the flame:
" Still to be caught, and ſtill to be purſu'd!
" To periſh ſtill, and ſtill to be renew'd!
" And this, *My Help! My God!* at thy decree?
" Nature is chang'd, and *hell* ſhould *ſuccour* me.
" And can'ſt Thou then look down from perfect bliſs,
" And ſee me plunging in the dark abyſs?
" Calling Thee Father, in a ſea of fire?
" Or pouring blaſphemies at Thy deſire?
" With mortals anguiſh wilt Thou raiſe *Thy* name,
" And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?
" Thou, who can'ſt toſs the planets to and fro,
" Contract not Thy great vengeance to my woe;

" Cruſh

" Crush worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
" On me Almighty wrath is cast away.
" Call back Thy thunders, Lord, hold in Thy rage,
" Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage:
" Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame;
" But lose me in the greatness of Thy name.
" Thou art all Love, all Mercy, all Divine,
" And shall I make those glories cease to shine?
" Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
" And from its course turn back Omnipotence?
" Forbid it! and oh! grant, Great *God*, at least
" This one, this slender, almost *no* request;
" When I have wept a thousand lives away,
" When torment is grown weary of its prey,
" When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
" Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire."
Deep anguish! but too late; the hopeless soul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming, owns
He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain:
To talk to fiery tempests; to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er;
To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.
The favour'd of their Judge, in triumph move
To take possession of their thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply,
And fill the vacant stations of the sky;

Again

Again to kindle long extinguiſh'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze;
To crop the roſes of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of ſacred truth;
To ſwim in ſeas of bliſs, to ſtrike the ſtring,
And lift the voice to their Almighty King;
To loſe eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praiſe.
  But I attempt the wond'rous height in vain,
And leave unfiniſh'd the too lofty ſtrain:
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My ſtrength exhauſted, fainting I deſcend,
And chuſe a leſs, but no ignoble, theme,
Diſſolving elements, and worlds, in flame.
  The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And nature ſhrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the ſign, and all
Heav'n's terrors in array ſurround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conſpire,
And, darted downward, ſet the world on fire;
Black riſing clouds the thicken'd *Æther* choke,
And ſpiry flames dart thro' the rolling ſmoke,
With keen vibrations cut the ſullen night,
And ſtrike the darken'd ſky with dreadful light;
From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous courſe,
T'enrage the flame: It ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the ſtorm, and billows through the ſky:
Here winding pyramids of fire aſcend,
Cities and deſarts in one ruin blend;

Here

Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
The ſpacious face of a far diſtant realm;
There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vaſt deſtruction fills.
Hear'ſt thou that dreadful crack? that ſound which [broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre ſhook?
What wonders muſt that groan of nature tell?
Olympus there, and mightier *Atlas*, fell;
Which ſeem'd above the reach of fate to ſtand,
A tow'ring monument of God's right-hand;
Now duſt and ſmoak, whoſe brow, ſo lately, ſpread
O'er ſhelter'd countries its diffuſive ſhade.
Shew me that celebrated ſpot, where all
The various rulers of the ſever'd ball
Have humbly ſought wealth, honour, and redreſs,
That land which heav'n ſeem'd diligent to bleſs,
Once call'd *Britannia:* Can her glories end?
And can't ſurrounding ſeas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold ſurrounding ſeas!
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.
Some angel ſay, Where ran proud *Aſia*'s bound?
Or where with fruits was fair *Europa* crown'd?
Where ſtretch'd waſte *Lybia?* Where did *India*'s ſtore
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each loſt in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all diſſolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.
And now whate'er or ſwims, or walks, or flies,
nhabitants of ſea, or earth, or ſkies;

All

All on whom Adam's wiſdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and periſh in the conq'ring flame.
This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aſpire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'ns their prey;
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars, all melt away;
All, all is loſt; no monument, no ſign,
Where once ſo proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming ſtream expire,
So ſparks that ſcatter from the kindling fire;
The devaſtations of One dreadful hour
The Great Creator's Six days work devour
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet One *ſoul*
Has more to boaſt, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in ſuperior excellence,
Caſts down to nothing, ſuch a vaſt expence.
Have ye not ſeen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth diſſolving, a deſcending God?
What ſtrange ſurprizes thro' all nature ran?
For whom theſe revolutions, but for Man?
For him, Omnipotence new meaſures takes,
For him, through all eternity awakes;
Pours on him gifts ſufficient to ſupply
Heav'n's loſs, and with freſh glories fill the ſky.
Think deeply then, O Man, how *great* thou art;
Pay thyſelf homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyſelf, affront not God's reſpect.
Enter the ſacred temple of thy breaſt,
And gaze, and wander there, a raviſh'd gueſt;

Gaze

Gaze on thoſe hidden treaſures thou ſhalt find,
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowlege, ſee, the dawning light
Fortels a noon moſt exquiſitely bright!
Here, ſprings of endleſs joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promiſe of celeſtial worth!
Worth, which muſt ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter *Sun*, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, *Minor*, canſt not gueſs thy vaſt eſtate,
What ſtores, on foreign coaſts, thy landing wait:
Loſe not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod;
Thus glad all heav'n, and pleaſe that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleaſures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the ſky:
That ſervice done, its beams ſhall fade away,
And God ſhine forth in one *Eternal* Day.

THE

THE FORCE of RELIGION; OR, VANQUISH'D LOVE.

A

POEM.

In Two Books.

Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRG.

THE FORCE of RELIGION; OR, VANQUISH'D LOVE.

BOOK I.

——Ad cœlum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.

VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that ſoar'd on [high,
And open'd wond'rous ſcenes above the ſky,
My muſe deſcend: Indulge my fond deſire;
With ſofter thoughts my melting ſoul inſpire,
And ſmooth my numbers to a female's praiſe:
A partial world will liſten to my lays,
While ANNA reigns, and ſets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious liſts of fame.

Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command,
Virtue is Beauty: But when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When *youth* makes such bright objects still more bright,
And *fortune* sets them in the strongest light;
'Tis all of heav'n that we below may view,
And all, but Adoration, is your due.

Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn,
Ere *Ormond*, or her glorious QUEEN, was born:
When now *Maria*'s pow'rful arms prevail'd,
And haughty DUDLEY's bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great SUFFOLK's race,
In blooming youth adorn'd with ev'ry grace;
Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne;
Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state,
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of fate.

But how will GUILFORD, her far dearer part,
With manly reason fortify his heart?
At once she longs, and is afraid, to *know*:
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow,
To find her lord; and, finding, passes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye;
Lest that, unask'd, in speechless grief, disclose
The mournful secret of his inward woes.
Thus, after sickness, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.

At length, with troubled thought, but look serene,
And sorrow soften'd by her heav'nly mien,

She

She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
Gentle, and sweet, as vernal Zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily, or the blooming rose.
" Grieve not, my lord; a crown indeed is lost;
" What far outshines a crown, we still may boast;
" A mind compos'd; a mind that can disdain
" A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.
" Nothing is loss that virtue can improve
" To wealth eternal; and return above;
" Above, where no distinction shall be known
" 'Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a throne,
" And him, who, basking in the smiles of fate,
" Shone forth in all the splendor of the great:
" Nor can I find the diff'rence here below;
" I lately was a Queen; I still am so,
" While GUILFORD's Wife: Thee rather I *obey*,
" Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.
" When we lie down in some obscure retreat,
" Incens'd MARIA may her rage forget;
" And I to death my duty will improve,
" And what you miss in empire, add in love—
" Your godlike soul is open'd in your look,
" And I have faintly your great meaning spoke.
" For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
" To find with what content we lay it down.
" Heroes may win, but 'tis a heav'nly race
" Can *quit* a throne with a becoming grace."
Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord; whose boding bosom fear'd

A darker cloud of ills would burſt, and ſhed
Severer vengeance on her guiltleſs head:
Too juſt, alas, the terrors which he felt!
For, lo! a guard!——Forgive him, if he melt——
How ſharp her pangs, when ſever'd from his ſide,
The moſt ſincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
In ſpace confin'd, the muſe forbears to tell;
Deep was her anguiſh, but ſhe bore it well.
His pain was equal, but his virtue leſs;
He thought in grief there could be no exceſs.
Penſive he ſat, o'ercaſt with gloomy care,
And often fondly claſp'd his abſent fair;
Now, ſilent, wander'd through his rooms of ſtate,
And ſicken'd at the pomp, and tax'd his fate;
Which thus adorn'd, in all her ſhining ſtore,
A ſplendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were caſt,
And anguiſh fed on his enjoyments paſt;
Each recollected pleaſure made him ſmart,
And ev'ry tranſport ſtabb'd him to the heart.
That happy moon, which ſummon'd to delight,
That moon which ſhone on his dear nuptial night,
Which ſaw him fold her yet untaſted charms
(Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms;
Now ſees the tranſient bleſſing fleet away,
Empire and Love! the viſion of a day.
Thus, in the *Britiſh* clime, a ſummer-ſtorm
Will oft the ſmiling face of heav'n deform;
The winds with violence at once deſcend,
Sweep flow'rs and fruits, and make the foreſt bend;

A ſudden winter, while the ſun is near,
O'ercomes the ſeaſon, and inverts the year.
  But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive, from the chearful day?
The ſcene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors riſe:
For pomp and ſplendor, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown:
Black thoughts, each morn, invade the *Lover*'s breaſt,
Each Night, a ruffian locks the *Queen* to reſt.
  Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
But SUFFOLK's daughter its advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is beſt diſplay'd
In deep deſertion of all human aid:
To ſuccour in extremes, is her delight,
And cheer the heart, when terror ſtrikes the ſight.
We, diſbelieving our own ſenſes, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raiſe
To triumph o'er misfortunes, ſmile in grief,
And comfort thoſe who come to bring relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.
  Againſt her cares ſhe rais'd a dauntleſs mind;
And with an ardent heart, but moſt reſign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the ſilence of her dark retreat,
Addreſs'd her God——" Almighty Pow'r Divine!
" 'Tis Thine to raiſe, and to depreſs, is Thine;
" With honour to light up the name unknown,
" Or to put out the luſtre of a throne.

" In my ſhort ſpan both fortunes I have prov'd,
" And though with ill frail nature will be mov'd,
" I'll bear it well: (O ſtrengthen me to bear!)
" And if my piety may claim thy care;
" If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
" And tumult of a court, a Future State;
" O favour, when thy mercy I implore
" For *one* who never guilty ſceptre bore!
" 'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free;
" If it muſt fall, let vengeance fall on me.
" Let him ſurvive, his country's name to raiſe,
" And in a guilty land to ſpeak Thy praiſe!
" O may th' indulgence of a *father*'s love,
" Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!
" If *theſe* are ſafe, I'll think my pray'rs ſucceed,
" And bleſs thy tender mercies, whilſt I bleed.

'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
In which the queen to her full wrath gave way;
Thro' rigid juſtice, ruſh'd into offence,
And drank in zeal the blood of innocence:
The ſun went down in clouds, and ſeem'd to mourn
The ſad neceſſity of his return;
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd to, complain:
The tapers caſt an inauſpicious light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Sweet innocence in chains can take her reſt;
Soft ſlumber gently creeping through her breaſt,
She ſinks; and in her ſleep is re-inthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.

She

She views her fleets and armies, ſeas and land,
And ſtretches wide her ſhadow of command:
With royal purple is her viſion hung;
By phantom hoſts are ſhouts of conqueſt rung;
Low at her feet the ſuppliant rival lies;
Our priſoner mourns her fate, and bids her riſe.
Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the hills, and weſtward caſt the ſhade;
The buſy trades in city had began
To ſound, and ſpeak the painful life of man.
In tyrants breaſts the thoughts of vengeance rouze,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his ſpouſe.
At this firſt birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our ſpouſeleſs bride, our widow'd wife, awakes;
Awakes, and ſmiles; nor night's impoſture blames;
Her *real* pomps were little more than dreams;
A ſhort-liv'd blaze a light'ning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in birth, that ſhone, and were no more:
She turns her ſide, and ſoon reſumes a ſtate
Of mind, well ſuited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, though ſerious; when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched GUILFORD!) of her inſtant doom.
Sun, hide thy Beams; in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve; be guiltleſs of the ſight;
Or haſte more ſwiftly to the weſtern main;
Nor let her blood the conſcious day-light ſtain!
Oh! how ſevere! to fall ſo new a bride,
Yet bluſhing from the prieſt, in youthful pride;
When time had juſt matur'd each perfect grace,
And open'd all the wonders of her face!

To leave her GUILFORD dead to all relief,
Fond of his woe, and obſtinate in grief.
Unhappy fair! whatever fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd bleſſings) vaniſh from her view;
No train of chearful days, endearing nights,
No ſweet domeſtic joys, and chaſte delights;
Pleaſures that bloſſom e'en from doubts and fears;
And bliſs and rapture riſing out of *cares:*
No little GUILFORD, with paternal grace,
Lull'd on her knee, or ſmiling in her face;
Who, when her *deareſt father* ſhall return,
From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
Might comfort to his ſilver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart:
As where fruits fall, quick-riſing bloſſoms ſmile,
And the bleſs'd *Indian* of his care beguile.
  In vain theſe various reaſons jointly preſs,
To blacken death, and heighten her diſtreſs;
She, through th' encircling terrors, darts her ſight;
To the bleſs'd regions of eternal light,
And fills her ſoul with peace: To weeping friends
Her *father*, and her *lord*, ſhe recommends;
Unmov'd herſelf: Her foes her air ſurvey,
And rage to ſee their malice thrown away.
She ſoars; now nought on earth detains her care—
But GUILFORD; who ſtill ſtruggles for his ſhare.
Still will his form importunately riſe,
Clog and retard her tranſport to the ſkies;
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,

Thus

Thus her ſoul onward from the ſeats above,
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love:
At length ſhe conquers in the doubtful field;
That Heav'n ſhe ſeeks will be her GUILFORD's ſhield.
Now death is welcome; his approach is ſlow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh! mortals, ſhort of ſight, who think the paſt
O'erblown misfortune ſtill ſhall prove the laſt:
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
'Till life and ſorrow meet one common end.

She thinks that ſhe has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquer'd. Worſe than death is near:
Her rigid trials are not yet complete;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She ſees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had ſhe breath'd her laſt,
Ere the dire ſentence on her father paſt!

A fonder parent nature never knew;
And as his age increas'd, his fondneſs grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was beſtow'd;
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.
And can ſhe from all weakneſs ſtill refrain?
And ſtill the firmneſs of her ſoul maintain?
Impoſſible! a ſigh will force its way;
One patient tear her *mortal* birth betray;
She ſighs and weeps! but ſo ſhe weeps and ſighs,
As ſilent dews deſcend, and vapours riſe.

Celeſtial *Patience*! how doſt thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate?
While *Paſſion* takes his part, betrays our peace;
To death and torture ſwells each ſlight diſgrace;
By not oppoſing, thou doſt ills deſtroy,
And wear thy conquer'd ſorrows into joy.

Now *ſhe* revolves within her anxious mind,
What woe ſtill lingers in reſerve behind.
Griefs riſe on griefs, and ſhe can ſee no bound,
While nature laſts, and can receive a wound.
The ſword is drawn; The queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy, nor by piety, confin'd.
What mercy can the *Zealot*'s heart aſſuage,
Whoſe piety itſelf converts to rage?
She thought, and ſigh'd. And now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
New ſorrow dimm'd the luſtre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roſes die.
Alas! ſhould GUILFORD too—When now ſhe's brought
To that dire view, that *precipice* of thought,
While there ſhe trembling ſtands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, 'till heav'n's decrees are known;
Cure of all ills, till now, her lord appears—
But not to chear her heart, and dry her tears!
Not now, as uſual, like the riſing day,
To chaſe the ſhadows, and the damps away:
But, like a gloomy ſtorm, at once to ſweep
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold deſpair;

Slow, like a ghoſt, he mov'd with ſolemn pace;
A dying paleneſs ſat upon his face.
Back ſhe recoil'd, ſhe ſmote her lovely breaſt,
Her eyes the anguiſh of her heart confeſs'd;
Struck to the ſoul, ſhe ſtagger'd with the wound,
And ſunk, a breathleſs image, to the ground.
Thus the fair lily, when the ſky's o'ercaſt,
At firſt but ſhudders in the feeble blaſt;
But when the winds and weighty rains deſcend,
The fair and upright ſtem is forc'd to bend;
Till broke at length, its ſnowy leaves are ſhed,
And ſtrew with dying ſweets their native bed.

THE FORCE of RELIGION; OR, VANQUISH'D LOVE.

BOOK II.

Hic pietatis honos? ſic nos in ſceptra reponis? VIRG.

HER GUILFORD claſps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiſs recalls her fleeting breath.
To tapers thus, which by a blaſt expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, reſtores the fire:
She rear'd her ſwimming eye, and ſaw the light,
And GUILFORD too, or ſhe had loath'd the ſight:
Her *father*'s death ſhe bore, deſpis'd her *own*,
But now ſhe muſt, ſhe will, have leave to groan:

AH!

AH! GUILFORD, ſhe began, and would have ſpoke;
But ſobs ruſh'd in, and ev'ry accent broke:
Reaſon itſelf, as guſts of paſſion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempeſt, and withdrew;
So the youth loſt his *image* in the well,
When tears upon the yielding ſurface fell:
The ſcatter'd features ſlid into decay,
And ſpreading circles drove his face away.
To touch the ſoft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the braveſt ſoul,
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love diſtilling from the fair?
It melts us down; our pains delight beſtow;
And we with fondneſs languiſh o'er our woe.
This GUILFORD prov'd; and, with exceſs of pain,
And pleaſure too, did to his boſom ſtrain
The weeping fair: Sunk deep in ſoft deſire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire:
Then tore himſelf away; and, ſtanding wide,
As fearing a relapſe of fondneſs, cry'd,
With ill-diſſembled grief; "My life, forbear!
"You wound your GUILFORD with each cruel tear:
"Did you not chide my grief? Repreſs your own;
"Nor want compaſſion for *yourſelf* alone:
"Have you beheld, how, from the diſtant main,
"The thronging waves roll on, a num'rous train,
"And foam, and bellow, till they reach the ſhore;
"There burſt their noiſy pride, and are no more?
"Thus the ſucceſſive flows of human race,
"Chas'd by the coming, the preceding, chaſe;

"They

" They ſound, and ſwell, their haughty heads they rear;
" Then fall, and flatten, break, and diſappear.
" Life is a forfeit we muſt ſhortly pay;
" And where's the mighty lucre of a day?
" Why ſhould you mourn *my* fate? 'Tis moſt unkind;
" Your *own* you bore with an unſhaken mind:
" And which, can you imagine, was the dart
" That drank moſt blood, ſunk deepeſt in my heart?
" I cannot live without you; and my doom
" I meet with joy, to ſhare one common tomb.—
" And are again your tears profuſely ſpilt!
" Oh! then, my kindneſs blackens to my guilt;
" It foils itſelf, if it recall your pain;——
" Life of my life, I beg you to refrain!
" The load which fate impoſes, you increaſe;
" And help MARIA to deſtroy my peace."
  But, oh! againſt himſelf his labour turn'd;
The more He comforted, the more She mourn'd:
Compaſſion ſwells our grief; words ſoft and kind
But ſooth our weakneſs, and diſſolve the mind:
Her ſorrow flow'd in ſtreams; nor Her's alone;
While That he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
Where are the ſmiles ſhe wore, when ſhe, ſo late,
Hail'd him great partner of the regal ſtate;
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
And bending nations on the glory gaz'd?
  'Tis now the *Queen*'s command, they both retreat,
To weep with dignity, and mourn in ſtate:
She forms the *decent* miſery with joy,
And loads with pomp the wretch ſhe would deſtroy.

A ſpacious hall is hung with black ; all light
Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night.
From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
Like a dim creſcent in a clouded ſky :
It ſheds a quiv'ring melancholy gloom,
Which only ſhews the darkneſs of the room.
A ſhining ax is on the table laid ;
A dreadful ſight! and glitters thro' the ſhade.
In this ſad ſcene the lovers are confin'd ;
A ſcene of terrors, to a guilty mind!
A ſcene, that would have damp'd with riſing cares,
And quite extinguiſh'd, ev'ry love but theirs.
What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes —
Then GUILFORD, thus abruptly; "I deſpiſe
" An empire loſt; I fling away the crown;
" Numbers have laid that bright deluſion down:
" But where's the CHARLES, or DIOCLESIAN where,
" Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?
" Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to ſtand
" In full poſſeſſion of thy ſnowy hand!
" And, thro' th' unclouded chryſtal of thy eye,
" The heav'nly treaſures of thy mind to ſpy!
" Till rapture reaſon happily deſtroys,
" And my ſoul wanders thro' immortal joys!
" Give me the world, and aſk me, Where's my bliſs?
" I claſp thee to my breaſt, and anſwer, *This*.
" And ſhall the grave"—He groans, and can no more;
But all her charms in ſilence traces o'er;
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
And, wond'ring, ſees, in ſad *preſaging* thought,

From

From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
And roll along the duſt, a ghaſtly ball!
Oh! let thoſe *tremble*, who are greatly bleſs'd!
For who, but GUILFORD, could be thus diſtreſs'd?
Come hither, all you Happy, all you Great,
From flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of ſtate;
Nor think I call, your pleaſures to deſtroy,
But to refine, and to exalt, your joy:
Weep not; but, ſmiling, fix your ardent care
On nobler titles, than the *Brave* or *Fair*.
Was ever ſuch a mournful, moving, ſight?
See, if you can, by that dim, trembling, light:
Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
Like *Iſis* and her *Thames*, one ſtream they flow:
Now they ſtart wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
They ſtiffen into ſtatues of deſpair:
Now, tenderly ſevere, and fiercely kind,
They ruſh at once; they fling their cares behind,
And claſp, as if to death; new vows repeat;
And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
A ſhort deluſion! for the raging pain
Returns; and their poor hearts muſt bleed again.
Mean time, the QUEEN new cruelty decreed;
But, ill content that they ſhould *only* bleed,
A prieſt is ſent; who, with inſidious art,
Inſtills his poiſon into SUFFOLK's heart;
And GUILFORD drank it: Hanging on the breaſt,
He from his childhood was with *Rome* poſſeſt.
When now the miniſters of death draw nigh,
And in her deareſt lord ſhe firſt muſt die,

The

The ſubtle prieſt, who long had watch'd to find
The moſt unguarded paſſes of her mind,
Beſpoke her thus: "Grieve not; 'tis in your pow'r
"Your lord to reſcue from this fatal hour."
Her boſom pants; ſhe draws her breath with pain;
A ſudden horror thrills thro' ev'ry vein;
Life ſeems ſuſpended, on his words intent;
And her ſoul trembles for the great event.

The prieſt proceeds: "Embrace the faith of *Rome*,
"And ward your own, your lord's, and father's, doom."
Ye bleſſed ſpirits! now your charge ſuſtain;
The paſt was eaſe; now *firſt* ſhe ſuffers pain.
Muſt ſhe pronounce her father's death; muſt ſhe
Bid GUILFORD bleed?—It muſt not, cannot, be.
It *cannot* be! But 'tis the Chriſtian's praiſe,
Above impoſſibilities to raiſe
The weakneſs of our nature; and deride
Of vain philoſophy the boaſted pride.
What tho' our feeble ſinews ſcarce impart
A moment's ſwiftneſs to the feather'd dart;
Though tainted air our vig'rous *youth* can break,
And a chill blaſt the hardy *warrior* ſhake,
Yet are we ſtrong: Hear the loud tempeſt roar
From eaſt to weſt, and call us weak no more;
The light'ning's unreſiſted force proclaims
Our might; and thunders raiſe our humble names;
'Tis *our* JEHOVAH fills the heav'ns; as long
As He ſhall reign Almighty, We are ſtrong:
We, by devotion, *borrow* from his throne;
And almoſt make Omnipotence our own:

We

We force the gates of heav'n, by fervent pray'r;
And call forth triumph out of *man*'s despair.
Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
And bleeding heart, in silence, to the skies,
Devoutly sad—Then, bright'ning, like the day,
When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,
Shining in majesty, till now unknown,
And breathing life and spirit scarce her own;
She, rising, speaks: "If these the terms——"
Here, GUILFORD, cruel GUILFORD, (barb'rous man!
Is this thy love?) as swift as light'ning ran;
O'erwhelm'd her with tempestuous sorrow fraught,
And stifled, in its birth, the mighty thought:
Then, bursting fresh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears;
His fears for her *alone*: He beat his breast,
And thus the fervour of his soul exprest:
" Oh! let thy thought o'er our past converse rove,
" And shew one moment uninflam'd with love!
" Oh! if thy kindness can no longer last,
" In pity to thyself, forget the past!
" Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear,
" Pronounce *his* doom, whom thou hast held so dear:
" Thou, who hast took me to thy arms, and swore
" Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more;
" That to *continue*, was its utmost pow'r,
" And make the future like the present hour.
" Now call a ruffian; bid his cruel sword
" Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord;

" Transfix

" Transfix his heart (ſince you its love diſclaim),
" And ſtain his honour with a *Traitor*'s name.
" *This* might perhaps be borne without remorſe;
" But ſure a *father*'s pangs will have their force!
" Shall his good age, ſo near its journey's end,
" Through cruel torment to the grave deſcend?
" His ſhallow blood all iſſue at a wound,
" Waſh a ſlave's feet, and ſmoak upon the ground?
" But he to you has ever been ſevere;
" Then take your vengeance"—SUFFOLK now drew [near;—
Bending beneath the burden of his care;
His robes neglected, and his head was bare;
Decrepid winter, in the yearly ring,
Thus ſlowly creeps, to meet the blooming ſpring:
Downward he caſt a melancholy look;
Thrice turn'd, to hide his grief; then faintly ſpoke.
" Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
" That ax can only rob *me* of a day;
" For *thee*, my ſoul's deſire! I can't refrain;
" And ſhall my tears, my *laſt* tears, flow in vain?
" When you ſhall know a mother's tender name;
" My heart's diſtreſs no longer will you blame."
At this, afar his burſting groans were heard;
The tears ran trickling down his ſilver beard:
He ſnatch'd her hand, which to his lips he preſt,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breaſt;
Then, ſinking, call'd her piety unjuſt,
And ſoil'd his hoary temples in the duſt.
Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
Has the *Queen* brib'd you to diſtreſs her foe?

O weak deſerters to misfortune's part,
By falſe affection thus to pierce her heart!
When ſhe had ſoar'd, to let your arrows fly,
And fetch her bleeding from the middle ſky?
And can her virtue, ſpringing from the ground,
Her flight recover, and diſdain the wound,
When cleaving love, and human intereſt, bind
The broken force of her aſpiring mind;
As round the gen'rous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her ſtrength, the ſerpent wreaths his train,
Her ſtruggling wings entangles, curling plies
His pois'nous tail, and ſtings her as ſhe flies?
While yet the blow's firſt dreadful weight ſhe feels,
And with its force her reſolution reels;
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful ſound,
To view diſcover, welt'ring on the ground,
Three headleſs trunks, of thoſe whoſe arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd:
The lifted ax aſſur'd her ready doom,
And ſilent mourners ſadden'd all the room.
Shall I proceed; or here break off my tale;
Nor truths, to ſtagger human faith, reveal?
She met this utmoſt malice of her fate,
With Chriſtian dignity, and pious ſtate:
The beating ſtorm's propitious rage ſhe bleſt,
And all the *martyr* triumph'd in her breaſt:
Her *lord* and *father*, for a moment's ſpace,
She ſtrictly folded in her ſoft embrace!
Then thus ſhe ſpoke, while angels heard on high,
And ſudden gladneſs ſmil'd along the ſky:

"Your

" Your over-fondneſs has not mov'd my hate;
" I am well pleas'd you make my death ſo *great*;
" I joy I cannot ſave you; and have giv'n
" Two lives, much *dearer* than my own, to heav'n,
" If ſo the queen decrees * :—But I have cauſe
" To hope my blood will ſatisfy the laws;
" And there is mercy ſtill, for you, in ſtore:
" With me the bitterneſs of death is o'er.
" He ſhot his ſting in *that* farewel-embrace;
" And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
" Then let miſtaken ſorrow be ſuppreſt,
" Nor ſeem to envy my approaching reſt."
Then, turning to the miniſters of fate,
She, ſmiling, ſays, " My victory complete:
" And tell your *Queen*, I thank her for the blow,
" And grieve my gratitude I cannot ſhow:
" A poor return I leave in *England*'s crown,
" For everlaſting pleaſure, and renown:
" Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
" Her guilt,—the *only* vengeance in her pow'r."
Not *Rome*, untouch'd with ſorrow, heard her fate;
And fierce MARIA pity'd her too late.

* Here ſhe embraces them.

LOVE

LOVE of FAME,

THE

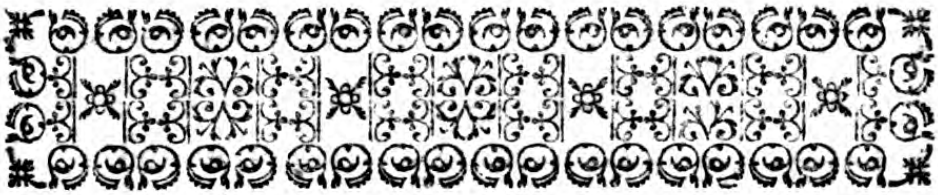
UNIVERSAL PASSION.

IN

Seven CHARACTERISTICAL

SATIRES.

——*Fulgente trahit constrictos* gloria *curru*
Non minus ignotos generosis. HOR.



PREFACE.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conſcious of the leaſt malevolence to any particular perſon through all the characters; though ſome perſons may be ſo ſelfiſh, as to engroſs a general application to themſelves. A writer in polite letters ſhould be content with reputation; the private amuſement he finds in his compoſitions; the good influence they have on his ſeverer ſtudies; that admiſſion they give him to his ſuperiors; and the poſſible good effect they may have on the public; or elſe he ſhould join to his politeneſs ſome more lucrative qualification.

But it is poſſible, that Satire may not do much good: Men may riſe in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abuſed by others: It is much *to be feared*, that miſconduct will never be chaſed

 out

out of the world by *Satire*; all therefore that is to be ſaid for it, is, that miſconduct will *certainly* be never chaſed out of the world by Satire, if no Satires are written: N or is that term unapplicable to graver compoſitions. *Ethics*, Heathen, and Chriſtian, and the Scriptures themſelves, are, in a great meaſure, a *Satire* on the weakneſs and iniquity of men; and ſome part of that Satire is in verſe too: Nay, in the firſt Ages, Philoſophy and Poetry were the ſame thing; wiſdom wore no other dreſs: So that, I hope, theſe Satires will be the more eaſily pardoned that misfortune by the ſevere. Nay, *Hiſtorians* themſelves may be conſidered as Satiriſts, and Satiriſts moſt ſevere; ſince ſuch are moſt human actions, that to *relate*, is to *expoſe* them.

No man can converſe much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he muſt either be inſenſible, or grieve, or be angry, or ſmile. Some paſſion (if we are not impaſſive) muſt be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing *indifferent* to a reaſonable and virtuous man. Now to ſmile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think moſt eligible; as it hurts ourſelves leaſt, and gives vice and folly the greateſt offence: And that for *this* reaſon; becauſe what men aim at by them, is, generally, public opinion and eſteem; which truth is the ſubject of the following Satires; and joins them together, as ſeveral branches from the ſame root: An unity of deſign, which has not, I think, in a ſett of Satires, been attempted before.

Laughing at the miſconduct of the world, will, in a great meaſure, eaſe us of any more diſagreeable paſſion about it. One paſſion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reaſon; whatever ſome may teach: For to reaſon we owe our paſſions: Had we not reaſon, we ſhould not be offended at what we find amiſs: And the *Cauſe* ſeems not to be the natural cure of any *Effect*.

Moreover, *Laughing Satire* bids the faireſt for ſucceſs: The world is too proud to be fond of a ſerious tutor; and when an Author is in a paſſion, the laugh, generally, as in converſation, turns againſt him. This kind of Satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy *Horace* is the beſt maſter: He appears in good humour while he cenſures; and therefore his cenſure has the more weight, as ſuppoſed to proceed from judgment, not from paſſion. *Juvenal* is ever in a paſſion: He has but little valuable but his eloquence and morality: The laſt of which I have had in my eye; but rather for emulation, than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn *Juvenal*, in part of the ſixth Satire (where the occaſion moſt required it), I endeavoured to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it ſoon, as diſagreeable to the writer, and reader too. *Boileau* has joined *both* the *Roman* Satiriſts with great ſucceſs; but has too much of *Juvenal* in his very ſerious Satire on Woman, which ſhould have been the gayeſt of all. An excellent critic of our own, com-

mends *Boileau*'s closeness, or, as he calls it, *Pressness*, particularly; whereas, it appears to me, that repetition is his fault, if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some prose Satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit; the last of which can never, or should never, succeed, without the former. An Author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself; which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the *Merit*, if not the *Wit*, of *Cervantes* and *Rabelais?* The last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest; but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converse with in him: He is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition: Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it; and he that succeeds in spight of it, is, * *aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior.*

Such wits, like false oracles of old (which were wits and cheats), should set up for reputation among the *weak*, in some *Bœotia*, which was the land of oracles; for the *wise* will hold them in contempt. Some wits too, like oracles, deal in *ambiguities*; but not with equal success: For though ambiguities are the *first* excellence of an impostor, they are the *last* of a wit.

* Val. Max.

Some

Some ſatirical wits and humouriſts, like their father *Lucian*, laugh at every thing indiſcriminately; which betrays ſuch a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and ſuch a want of virtue, as to poſtpone it to a jeſt. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by ſetting them on an equal foot with better things: And while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts ſhould eſcape? Some *French* writers particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the laſt conſequence; and ſome of our own. They that are for leſſening the true dignity of mankind, are not ſure of being ſucceſsful, but with regard to *one individual* in it. It is this conduct that juſtly makes a *Wit* a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of *Plato*'s fable of the birth of *Love*; one of the prettieſt fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewiſe with regard to modern *Poetry*. *Love*, ſays he, is the ſon of the goddeſs *Poverty*, and the god of *Riches*: He has from his *father* his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building caſtles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things ſerious and uſeful; his vain opinion of his own merit; and his affectation of preference and diſtinction: From his *mother* he inherits his indigence, which makes him a conſtant beggar of favours; that importunity with which he begs; his flattery; his ſervility; his fear of being deſpiſed, which is inſeperable from him. This addition

may be made; *viz.* That *Poetry*, like *Love*, is a little ſubject to *blindneſs*, which makes her miſtake her way to preferments and honours; that ſhe has her ſatirical *quiver*; and, laſtly, that ſhe retains a dutiful admiration of her *father*'s family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her *mother*'s relations.

However, this is not *neceſſity*, but *choice*: Were wiſdom her governeſs, ſhe might have much more of the father than the mother; eſpecially in ſuch an age as this, which ſhews a due paſſion for her charms.

SATIRE I.

To His GRACE

The DUKE of DORSET.

——Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam Virtutis. Juv. Sat. 10.

MY verse is Satire; DORSET, lend your ear,
And *patronize* a muse you cannot *fear*.
To poets sacred is a DORSET's name;
Their wonted passport through the gates of fame:
It *bribes* the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to *B——e*, or to me.
But you decline the *mistress* we pursue;
Others are fond of *Fame*, but *Fame* of you.
Instructive Satire, true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining *supplement* of public *laws!*

When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When *purchas'd follies*, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in *Britain*'s skilful hand;
When the *Law* shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And *South-sea* treasures are not brought to light;
When *Churchmen* Scripture for the Classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's *Grace* to *Wit*;
When men grow *great* from their *revenue spent*,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore*;
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall *Panegyric* reign, and *Censure* cease?
Shall *Poesy* like *Law*, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an *Æthiop* white,
Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
On whom praise shines, as *trophies* on a *post*?
Shall fun'ral eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And *satirise* with nothing—but their *praise*?
Why slumbers POPE, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
DONNE, DORSET, DRYDEN, ROCHESTER, are dead,
And guilt's chief foe, in ADDISON, is fled;
CONGREVE, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal, while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
Ye Gods! he will not write, and MÆVIUS will.

Doubly

Doubly diſtreſt, what author ſhall we find
Diſcretely daring, and ſeverely kind,
The courtly * *Roman*'s ſhining path to tread,
And ſharply *ſmile* prevailing folly dead?
Will no ſuperior genius ſnatch the quill,
And ſave me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Tho' vain the ſtrife, I'll ſtrive my voice to raiſe.
What will not men attempt for *ſacred praiſe?*

The *Love of Praiſe*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or leſs, and glows, in ev'ry heart:
The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The *modeſt* ſhun it, but to make it ſure.
O'er globes, and ſceptres, now on thrones it ſwells;
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in Senates, ſqueaks in Maſquerades.
Here, to S——e's *humour* makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at P——y's *eloquence*.
It aids the *dancer*'s heel, the *writer*'s head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with *life*; but nods in ſable *plumes*,
Adorns our *hearſe*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

What is not *proud?* The *pimp* is proud to ſee
So many like himſelf in high degree:
The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peeviſh virtue, and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
To ſlaughter, glories in his gilded horn.

* HORACE.

Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they *look*, another way they *steer*,
Pray to the Gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.
Others with wishful eyes on *glory* look,
When they have got their *picture* tow'rds a book;
Or *pompous* title, like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
If at his title *T*—— had dropt his quill,
T—— might have past for a great genius still.
But *T*—— alas! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a *scribbler*, who was once a *man*.
Imperious some a classic *fame* demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
While *A*'s *depos'd*, and *B* with pomp *restor'd*.
Some, for *renown*, on scraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;
Both strive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.
On *glass* how witty is a noble peer?
Did ever diamond cost a man so *dear*?
Polite diseases make some ideots *vain*;
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery;
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face, to make it clean.

Nor

Nor is't enough all hearts are ſwoln with *pride*,
Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
What can ſhe not perform? The Love of Fame
Made bold ALPHONSUS his Creator blame:
EMPEDOCLES hurl'd down the burning ſteep:
And (ſtronger ſtill!) made ALEXANDER weep.
Nay, it holds DELIA from a ſecond bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.
This paſſion with a *pimple* have I ſeen
Retard a cauſe, and give a judge the ſpleen.
By *this* inſpir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to *ſpell*, and ſome to *knot*.
It makes GLOBOSE a ſpeaker in the houſe;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouſe.
It makes *dear ſelf* on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.
Sick with the *Love of Fame*, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *court*, and leave the *ſenate* thin?
My growing ſubject ſeems but juſt begun;
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great HOMER! with thy *epic* rules,
To take a catalogue of *Britiſh* fools.
Satire! had I thy DORSET's force divine,
A knave or fool ſhould periſh in each line;
Tho' for the firſt all *Weſtminſter* ſhould plead,
And for the laſt, all *Greſham* intercede.
BEGIN. Who firſt the *catalogue* ſhall grace?
To *quality* belongs the higheſt place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room:

He ſtands for *fame* on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry, prov'd *valiant* or *diſcrete*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three deſcents* leſs wiſe?
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raiſe his fathers from the grave.
Men ſhould preſs forward in fame's glorious chace;
Nobles look *backward*, and ſo loſe the race.
Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low eſtate.
To virtue's humbleſt ſon let none prefer
Vice, tho' deſcended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, paſs for high, or baſe,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of *honeſt* men, and *wiſe*;
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lyes*.
They that on glorious anceſtors enlarge,
Produce their *debt*, inſtead of their *diſcharge*.
DORSET, let thoſe who proudly boaſt their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, ſhine.
Vain as falſe greatneſs is, the muſe muſt own
We want not fools to buy that *Briſtol* ſtone.
Mean ſons of earth, who, on a *South-ſea* tide
Of full ſucceſs, ſwam into *wealth* and *pride*,
Knock with a purſe of gold at ANSTIS' gate,
And beg to be deſcended from the great.
When men of infamy to grandeur ſoar,
They light a torch to ſhew their ſhame the more.
Thoſe governments which *curb* not evils, *cauſe*!
And a rich knave's a *libel* on our *laws*.

PELUS

BELUS with ſolid *glory* will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty ſound;
But *builds* himſelf a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immenſe eſtate!
In coſt and grandeur, *C——dos* he'll out-do;
And, *B——l—ton*, thy taſte is not ſo true.
The pile is finiſh'd; every toil is paſt;
And full perfection is arriv'd at laſt;
When, lo! my lord to ſome ſmall corner runs,
And leaves ſtate-rooms to *ſtrangers* and to *duns*.
The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In *Britain*, what is many a lordly ſeat,
But a diſcharge in full for an eſtate?
In ſmaller compaſs lies PYGMALION's fame;
Not domes, but antique ſtatues, are his flame:
Not *F——t——n*'s ſelf more *Parian* charms has known;
Nor is good *P—b—ke* more in love with ſtone.
The bailiffs come (rude men, prophanely bold!)
And bid him turn his VENUS into gold.
"No, ſirs, he cries; I'll ſooner rot in Jail.
"Shall *Grecian* arts be truck'd for *Engliſh* bail?"
Such *heads* might make their very *buſto's* laugh:
His daughter ſtarves; but * CLEOPATRA's ſafe.
Men, overloaded with a large eſtate
May ſpill their treaſure in a nice conceit:
The *rich* may be polite; but, oh! 'tis ſad
To ſay you're *curious*, when we ſwear you're *mad*.

* A famous ſtatue.

By

By your revenue meaſure your expence;
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *ſenſe*.
No man is bleſs'd by *accident* or *gueſs*;
True *wiſdom* is the price of *happineſs*:
Yet few without long diſcipline are ſage;
And our *youth* only lays up ſighs for *age*.
But how, my muſe, can'ſt thou reſiſt ſo long
The bright temptation of the Courtly throng,
Thy moſt inviting theme? The *court* affords
Much food for ſatire;—it abounds in lords.
"What lords are thoſe ſaluting with a grin?"
One is juſt *out*, and one as lately *in*.
"How comes it then to paſs we ſee preſide
"On both their brows an equal ſhare of *pride*?"
Pride, that impartial paſſion, reigns thro' all,
Attends our glory, nor deſerts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in *high place*,
And frowns a haughty exile in *diſgrace*.
Some lords it bids admire their wands ſo white,
Which bloom, like AARON's, to their raviſh'd ſight:
Some lords it bids *reſign*; and turn their wands,
Like MOSES', into ſerpents in their hands.
Theſe ſink, as divers, for renown; and boaſt,
With pride *inverted*, of their honours loſt.
But againſt reaſon ſure 'tis equal ſin,
To boaſt of merely being *out*, or *in*.

What numbers *here*, thro' odd ambition ſtrive,
To ſeem the moſt tranſported things alive?
As if by *joy*, *deſert* was underſtood;
And all the fortunate were *wiſe* and *good*.

Hence

Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely drest by * MONTEUIL, and grimace,
They take their *birth-day* suit, and *public* face:
Their smiles are only part of what they *wear*,
Put off at night, with lady *B*——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.

What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit, in the coxcomb's *dance*;
The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, *stoic*-like, support,
Without one sigh, the *pleasures* of a court.
Courts can give nothing, to the *wise* and *good*,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss*, create:
None think the Great unhappy, but the Great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur, *there*:

* A famous taylor.

There

There pleaſing objects uſeful thoughts ſuggeſt;
The *ſenſe* is raviſh'd, and the *ſoul* is bleſt;
On every thorn delightful wiſdom grows;
In every rill a ſweet inſtruction flows.
But ſome, *untaught*, o'erhear the whiſp'ring rill,
In ſpite of ſacred leiſure, blockheads ſtill:
Nor ſhoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native ſoil, the *drawing room.*

The *Squire* is *proud* to ſee his courſers ſtrain,
Or well-breath'd beagles ſweep along the plain.
Say, dear HIPPOLITUS (whoſe drink is ale,
Whoſe erudition is a *Chriſtmas*-tale,
Whoſe miſtreſs is ſaluted with a ſmack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy ſleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And RINGWOOD opens on the tainted ground,
Is that *thy* praiſe? Let RINGWOOD's fame alone;
Juſt RINGWOOD leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies, when a gypſy *you* commit,
And ſhake the clumſy *bench* with country wit;
When you the dulleſt of dull things have ſaid,
And then aſk pardon for the *jeſt* you made.

Here breathe, my muſe! and then thy taſk renew:
Ten thouſand fools unſung are ſtill in view.
Fewer lay-atheiſts made by church-debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large eſtates;
Ladies, whoſe love is conſtant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords, to SCR—PE diſcretely bend;
And fewer *ſhocks* a ſtateſmen gives his *friend.*

Is

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his ſtrain,
At *Bath*, in *ſummer*, chants the reigning laſs,
And ſweetly *whiſtles*, as the *waters* paſs?
Is there a tongue, like DELIA's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding-up?
Is there, whom his *tenth Epic* mounts to fame?
Such, and ſuch only, might exhauſt my theme:
Nor would theſe heroes of the taſk be glad;
For who can *write* ſo faſt as men run *mad*?

SATIRE II.

MY muſe, proceed, and reach thy deſtin'd end;
Tho' *toil*, and *danger* the bold taſk attend.
Heroes and *Gods* make other poems fine;
Plain Satire calls for *ſenſe* in every line:
Then, to what ſwarms thy faults I dare expoſe?
All friends to *vice* and *folly*, are thy foes.
When *ſuch* the foe, a war eternal wage;
'Tis moſt ill-nature to *repreſs* thy rage:
And if theſe ſtrains ſome nobler muſe excite,
I'll glory in the verſe I did *not* write.
So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to ſuch weakneſs by their vice betray'd,
Almighty *vanity!* to thee they owe
Their *zeſt* of pleaſure, and their *balm* of woe.
Thou, like the ſun, all *colours* doſt contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
For every foul finds reaſons to be proud,
Tho' hiſs'd and whooted by the pointing crowd.
Warm in purſuit of foxes, and renown,
* HIPPOLITUS demands the *ſylvan* crown;

* This refers to the firſt Satire.

But

But FLORIO's fame, the product of a ſhower,
Grows in his garden, an illuſtrious flower!
Why teems the earth? Why melt the vernal ſkies?
Why ſhines the ſun? To make * *Paul Diack* riſe.
From morn to night has FLORIO gazing ſtood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be ſo good;
What ſhape? What hue? Was ever nymph ſo fair?
He doats! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
O ſolid bliſs! which nothing can deſtroy,
Except a cat, bird, ſnail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies FLORIO down at night,
And wakes next day a moſt inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair ſiſter's fate,
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are thoſe enemies I mention'd, all;
Beware, O Floriſt, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A Quaker ſerv'd him, ADAM was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft the maſter went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture ſpent;
But came, and miſt it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *dæmon* cropt my flow'r?"
Serene quoth ADAM, "Lo! 'twas cruſht by me;
"Fall'n is the BAAL to which thou bow'dſt thy knee."

But all men want *amuſement*; and what crime
In ſuch a paradiſe to fool their time?
None: but why proud of this? To fame they ſoar;
We grant *they're idle*, if they'll aſk no more.

* The name of a tulip.

We

We ſmile at Floriſts, we deſpiſe their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
But are thoſe wiſer whom we moſt admire,
Survey with envy, and purſue with fire?
What's he, who ſighs for wealth, or fame, or power?
Another FLORIO doating on a flower;
A ſhort-liv'd flower; and which has often ſprung
From ſordid arts, as FLORIO's out of dung.

With what, O CODRUS! is thy fancy ſmit?
The *flow'r* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
Thy gaudy ſhelves with crimſon bindings glow,
And EPICTETUS is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee, bound up in crimſon too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That ſcience ſhould be purchas'd by the yard;
And T—N, turn'd upholſterer, ſend home
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.

If not to ſome peculiar end aſſign'd,
Study's the ſpecious *trifling* of the mind;
Or is at beſt a ſecondary aim,
A chace for *ſport* alone, and not for *game*.
If ſo, ſure they who the *mere volume* prize,
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.

On buying books LORENZO long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when, lo! a ſale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He ſells his *laſt*; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his houſe; nay, wants whereon to lie:

So

So high the generous ardour of the man
For *Romans*, *Greeks*, and *Orientals* ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
LORENZO ſign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
Unlearned men of books aſſume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' *liveries* alone
Is CODRUS' erudite ambition ſhown:
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what CODRUS would be *thought*;
And to this coſt another muſt ſucceed,
To pay a ſage, who *ſays* that he can read;
Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has ſeen;
But leaves to —— what lies between;
Of pompous books who ſhuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their *ſenſe*.

O——, whoſe accompliſhments make good
The *promiſe* of a long-illuſtrious blood,
In *arts*, and *manners* eminently grac'd,
The ſtricteſt *honour*! and the fineſt *taſte*!
Accept this verſe; if ſatire can agree
With ſo conſummate an *humanity*.

By your example would HILARIO mend;
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius ſmit,
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For tho' he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
In time he'll learn to *uſe*, not *waſte*, his ſenſe;
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.

He

He ſpares nor friend, nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like *doom's-day*; all the faults of all mankind.
What tho' *wit* tickles; tickling is unſafe,
If ſtill 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
Who, for the poor renown of being *ſmart*,
Would leave a ſting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd;
Then draw your *wit* as ſeldom as your *ſword*;
And never on the *weak*; or you'll appear
As *there* no hero, no great genius *here*.
As in ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
So *wit* is by *politeneſs* ſharpeſt ſet:
Their want of edge from their *offence* is ſeen;
Both pain us *leaſt* when exquiſitely keen.
The *fame* men give is for the *joy* they find;
Dull is the *jeſter*, when the joke's *unkind*.
Since MARCUS, doubtleſs, thinks himſelf a wit,
To pay my compliment, what place ſo fit?
His moſt facetious * letters came to hand,
Which my Firſt Satire ſweetly reprimand:
If that a *juſt* offence to MARCUS gave,
Say, MARCUS, which art thou, a *Fool*, or *Knave?*
For all but ſuch with caution I forbore;
That thou waſt either, I ne'er knew before:
I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*;
No maſk ſo good, but MARCUS muſt ſhine through:
Falſe names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy beſt concealment had been writing *well*:
But thou a brave neglect of *fame* haſt ſhown,
Of *others'* fame, great genius! and thy *own*.

* Letters ſent to the author, ſigned MARCUS.

Write

Write on unheeded; and this maxim know,
The man who *pardons*, *disappoints* his foe.
In malice to *proud wits*, some proudly lull
Their *peevish* reason; *vain* of being dull:
When some home joke has stung their *solemn* souls,
In vengeance they determine—to be *fools*;
Thro' spleen, that *little* nature gave, make *less*,
Quite zealous in the ways of *heavineſs*;
To *lumps* inanimate a fondneſs take;
And disinherit sons that are *awake*.
These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—" *He's a wit*."
Poor *negroes*, thus, to shew their burning spite
To cacodœmons, say, they're *dev'lish white*.
LAMPRIDIUS, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o'er one child; but triumphs in the rest.
How just his *grief?* one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a justice of the peace.
The *dunghill-breed* of men a *diamond* scorn,
And feel a passion for a *grain of corn*;
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with *much* pains, exerting *all* his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby father craves a booby son;
And by Heav'n's *blessing* thinks himself *undone*.
Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea;
One learns to *lisp*; another, *not* to see:

Miss

Miſs D——, tottering, catches at your hand:
Was ever thing ſo pretty born to ſtand?
Whilſt theſe what nature gave, diſown, thro' pride,
Others affect what nature has deny'd;
What nature has deny'd, fools will purſue;
As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

CRASSUS, a *grateful* ſage, our awe and ſport!
Supports grave forms; for forms the ſage ſupport.
He hems; and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"
Then quotes the *Stagyrite*, to prove it true;
And adds, "The learn'd delight in ſomething *new*."
Is't not enough the blockead ſcarce can read,
But muſt he *wiſely* look, and *gravely* plead?
As far a *formaliſt* from *wiſdom* ſits,
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

Theſe ſubtle wights (ſo blind are mortal men,
Tho' Satire *couch* them with her keeneſt pen)
For ever will hang out a ſolemn face,
To put off *nonſenſe* with a better grace:
As pedlars with ſome hero's head make bold,
Illuſtrious mark! where *pins* are to be ſold.

What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The *body*'s wiſdom to conceal the mind.
A man of ſenſe can *artifice* diſdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *ſot*.
I find the *fool*, when I behold the *ſkreen*;
For 'tis the wiſe man's intereſt to be *ſeen*.

Hence

Hence, ——, that openneſs of heart,
And juſt diſdain for that poor *mimic* art;
Hence (manly praiſe!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With generous ſcorn how oft haſt thou ſurvey'd
Of *court* and *town* the noontide maſquerade;
Where ſwarms of *knaves* the vizor quite diſgrace,
And hide ſecure behind a *naked face?*
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
Where gen'rous hearts the greateſt hazard run,
And he who truſts a *brother*, is undone?

Theſe all their care expend on outward ſhow
For wealth and fame; for fame alone, the *beau.*
Of late at WHITE'S was young FLORELLO ſeen!
How blank his look? how diſcompos'd his mien?
So hard it proves in grief ſincere to feign!
Sunk were his ſpirits; for his coat was *plain.*

Next day his breaſt regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a *ſilver lace.*
A curious artiſt, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler ſort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by ſome god inſpir'd,
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty ſoul was fir'd.
The well-ſwoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either ſhoulder has its ſhare of fame;
His ſumptuous *watch-caſe*, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *conſcience*, ſolid joy ſupplies.
He only thinks himſelf (ſo far from vain!)
ST—PE in wit, in breeding D—L—NE.

Whene'er, by *ſeeming* chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his *Tyrian* dye,
With how ſublime a tranſport leaps his heart?
But fate ordains that deareſt friends muſt part.
In active meaſures, brought from *France*, he wheels,
And triumphs, conſcious of his learned *heels*.
So have I ſeen, on ſome bright ſummer's day,
A calf of genius, debonnair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inſpir'd by fame,
Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the ſtream.
MOROSE is ſunk with ſhame, whene'er ſurpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undiſguis'd.
No ſublunary chance his veſtments fear;
Valu'd, like leopards, as their *ſpots* appear.
A fam'd ſurtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot ſwims in a capacious ſhoe;
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barb'rous *needle* at his fame:
But open force was vain; by night ſhe went,
And, while he ſlept, ſurpris'd the darling *rent*:
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
*And glory, at one entrance, quite ſhut out.**
He ſcorns FLORELLO, and FLORELLO him;
This hates the *filthy* creature; that, the *prim*:
Thus, in each other, both theſe fools deſpiſe
Their own dear ſelves, with undiſcerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The *ſloven* and the *fopling* are the ſame.
Ye whigs and tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you purſue;

* MILTON.

Then

Then both club nonſenſe, and impetuous pride,
And *folly* joins whom *ſentiments* divide.
You vent your ſpleen, as monkeys, when they paſs,
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glaſs;
While both are *one*: and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both ſides ſhall ſtand for fools alone.
" But who art Thou?" methinks FLORELLO cries:
" Of all thy ſpecies art Thou only wiſe?"
Since ſmalleſt things can give our ſins a twitch,
As croſſing ſtraws retard a paſſing witch,
FLORELLO, thou my monitor ſhalt be;
I'll *conjure* thus ſome profit out of *thee*.
O THOU myſelf! abroad our counſels roam,
And, like ill huſbands, take no care at home:
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wiſe means to gain it haſt thou choſe?
Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of proſe.
Is thy ambition ſweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's paſt;
I'm nearer death in *this* verſe, than the *laſt*:
What then is to be done? Be wiſe with ſpeed:
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
And what ſo fooliſh as the chace of fame?
How vain the prize? how impotent our aim?
For what are men who graſp at praiſe ſublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid ſtream of time,
That riſe, and fall, that ſwell, and are no more,
Born, and *forgot*, ten thouſand in an hour?

SATIRE III.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Mr. DODINGTON.

LONG, DODINGTON, in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burthen of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you see;
Grant him *two* favours, and he'll ask for *three:*
For whose the present glory, or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *malice* of a *friend*;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raise my verse, *conceal* your own.
An ill-tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted *Britain* bright examples more?
Her *learning*, and her *genius* too, decays,
And *dark* and *cold* are her declining days;

As

As if men now were of another caſt,
They meanly live *on alms* of ages paſt.
Men ſtill are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the ſons of cold deſpair;
Or, if they fail, they juſtly ſtill take place,
Of ſuch who *run in debt* for their diſgrace;
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
We bring ſome new materials, and what's old
New caſt with care, and in no *borrow'd* mould;
Late times the verſe may read, if theſe refuſe;
And from four critics vindicate the muſe.

"Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens ſtill, to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;
For, grow but wiſe, you rob me of my game;
As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs purſue,
Renounce their four legs, and ſtart up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of *Nile*,
That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
Will I enjoy (dread feaſt!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell *deſtroyer* feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
Than thoſe who thunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
To ſee what wretches gain the praiſe they miſs.

BALBUTIUS, muffled in his ſable cloke,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens ſolemn, and as *boding*, cries,
"Ten thouſand worlds for the three unities!"

Ye doctors ſage, who thro' *Parnaſſus* teach,
Or quit the tub, or practiſe what you preach.
One judges as the *weather* dictates ; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night :
Another judges by a ſurer gage,
An author's *principles*, or *parentage* ;
Since his great anceſtors in *Flanders* fell,
The poem doubtleſs muſt be written well.
Another judges by the writer's *look* ;
Another judges, for he *bought the book* ;
Some judge, their knack of *judging wrong* to keep ;
Some judge, becauſe it is to ſoon to *ſleep*.
Thus all will judge, and with one ſingle aim,
To gain themſelves, not give the writer, fame.
The very beſt *ambitiouſly* adviſe,
Half to ſerve you, and half to paſs for wiſe.
Critics on verſe, as *ſquibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the ſtate;
Hot, envious, noiſy, proud, the ſcribbling fry
Burn, hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper, ſtink, and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verſe can crown
Than *Compton*'s ſmile, and your obliging frown ?
Not all on *books* their *criticiſm* waſte :
The genius of a *diſh* ſome juſtly taſte,
And *eat* their way to *fame* ; with anxious thought
The *ſalmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.
Impatient art rebukes the ſun's delay,
And bids *December* yield the fruits of *May* ;
Their various cares in one great point combine
The buſineſs of their lives, that is——*to dine*.

Half

Half of their precious day they give the *feaſt*;
And to a kind *digeſtion* ſpare the reſt.
APICIUS, here, the taſter of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to ſettle their renown.
  Theſe worthies of the palate guard with care
The ſacred annals of their *bills of fare*;
In thoſe choice books their *panegyrics* read,
And ſcorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.
If man by *feeding well* commences *great*,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.
  To glory ſome advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *pilferers* of fame:
Their front ſupplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thouſand lords, *behind their backs*.
Cottil, is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And *H*——*y*'s eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom ſhe ne'er was ſeen.
NIGER adopts ſtray libels; wiſely prone
To covet ſhame ſtill greater than his own.
BATHYLLUS, in the winter of threeſcore,
Belyes his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Abſence of mind BRABANTIO turns to fame,
Learns to *miſtake*, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice *diſorder* ſet,
And takes a memorandum to *forget*.
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns, or blots,
Men *forge the patents*, that create them ſots.
  As love of pleaſure into pain betrays,
So moſt grow infamous thro' love of praiſe.

But whence for praiſe can ſuch an ardor riſe,
When thoſe, who bring that incenſe, we deſpiſe?
For ſuch the vanity of great and ſmall,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can even Satire blame them; for, 'tis true,
They have moſt ample cauſe for what they do.
O fruitful *Britain!* doubtleſs thou waſt meant
A nurſe of *fools*, to ſtock the continent.
Tho' PHOEBUS and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the ſcythe will grow.
The plenteous harveſt calls me forward ſtill,
Till I ſurpaſs in length my lawyer's bill;
A WELCH deſcent, which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer ſtill, a DUTCHMAN's epigram.
When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.
See TITYRUS, with merriment poſſeſt,
Is burſt with laughter, ere he hears the jeſt:
What need he ſtay? for when the joke is o'er,
His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.
Is there of *theſe*, ye fair! ſo great a dearth,
That you need purchaſe *monkeys* for your mirth?
Some, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire;
Of *houſes* ſome; nay, houſes that they *hire:*
Some (perfect wiſdom!) of a beauteous *wife*;
And boaſt, like Cordeliers, a ſcourge for life.
Sometimes, thro' pride, the ſexes change their airs;
My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *ſwears*;
Then, ſtranger ſtill! on turning of the wind,
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.

To

To ſhew the ſtrength, and infamy of *pride*,
By all 'tis followed, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there, which at once purſue
Praiſe, and the glory to contemn it, too?
VINCENNA knows *ſelf-praiſe* betrays to *ſhame*,
And therefore lays a ſtratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in modeſty's diſguiſe,
To win applauſe; and takes it by ſurprize.
" To err", ſays he, " in ſmall things, is my fate."
You know your anſwer, *he's exact in great.*
" My *ſtile*," ſays he, " is rude, and full of faults."
But oh! what ſenſe! what energy of thoughts!
That he wants algebra, he muſt confeſs;
But not a ſoul to give our arms ſucceſs.
" Ah! That's an hit indeed," *Vincenna* cries;
" But who in heat of blood was ever wiſe?
" I own 'twas wrong, when thouſands call'd me back,
" To make that hopeleſs, ill-advis'd, attack;
" All ſay, 'twas madneſs; nor dare I deny;
" Sure never fool ſo well deſerv'd to die."
Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, *Vincenna*, could deceive in *thee*;
Whoſe conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dulleſt cannot take thee wrong.
Thou on *one ſleeve* wilt thy *revenue* wear;
And haunt the court, without a *proſpect* there.
Are theſe expedients for renown? Confeſs
Thy *little ſelf*, that I may ſcorn thee leſs.
Be wiſe, *Vincenna*, and the court forſake;
Our fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor *I*, ſhall make.

Ev'n *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
In hardy ſervice make a long campaign;
Moſt manfully beſiege their patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great*
With painful art, and application warm,
And take, at laſt, ſome *little place* by ſtorm;
Enough to keep *two ſhoes* on *Sunday* clean,
And *ſtarve* upon diſcretely, in *Sheer Lane*.
Already *this* thy fortune can afford;
Then ſtarve without the *favour* of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes ſome great men confer;
But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:
From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come;
They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:
The man that's neareſt, *yawning*, they advance:
'Tis *inhumanity* to *bleſs* by chance.
If *merit* ſues, and *greatneſs* is ſo loth
To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.
I grant at court, PHILANDER, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
Of every charm and virtue ſhe's poſſeſt:
Philander! thou art exquiſitely bleſt;
The public envy! Now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found, who may be *juſtly* proud:
But, ſee! how ſickly is ambition's taſte?
Ambition feeds on traſh, and loaths a feaſt;
For, lo! *Philander*, of reproach afraid,
In *ſecret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.
Some nymphs ſell reputation; others buy;
And love a market where the rates run high:

Italian

Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;
Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear*:
Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell,
And SHAKESPEAR's wretched stuff do quite as well;
Away the disinchanted fair would throng,
And *own*, that *English* is their mother tongue.
To shew how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses out shine;
While *tradesmen* starve, these PHILOMELS are gay;
For generous lords had rather *give*, than *pay*.
Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The *Legislature* join'd with *Drury-lane!*
When *Britain* calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their *country*—if the *dance* is done.
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtless; but first set your notions right.
Worth, of *politeness* is the needful ground;
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
Triflers not e'en in trifles can excel;
'Tis *solid* bodies only *polish* well.
Great, chosen prophet! For these latter days,
To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways!
Well, H—GER, dost thou thy *master* serve;
Well has he seen his *servant* should not starve.
Thou to his name hast splendid *temples* rais'd;
In various forms of *worship* seen him prais'd,
Gaudy devotion, like a *Roman*, shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.
Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice*;

Thy ſacrifice ſupreme, an *hundred maids!*
That ſolemn rite of midnight maſquerades!
If maids the quite exhauſted town denies,
An hundred head of *cuckolds* may ſuffice.
Thou ſmil'ſt, well pleas'd with the *converted* land,
To ſee the *fifty churches* at a ſtand.
And that thy miniſter may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted ſtill prevail,
Of *minor prophets* a ſucceſſion ſure
The propagation of thy zeal ſecure.
See commons, peers, and miniſters of ſtate,
In ſolemn council met, and deep debate!
What Godlike enterprize is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applauſe the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of *whores*, and *fiddle-ſtrings!*
Tho' bold theſe truths, thou, Muſe, with truths like [theſe,
Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praiſe to pleaſe:
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like juſt *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common ſenſe,
To write a *Satire*, which gave none *offence?*
And, ſince from *life* I take the draughts you ſee,
If men diſlike them, do they cenſure *me?*
The fool, and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
And Godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honeſt men* pay all.
How hard for real worth to gain its price?
A man ſhall make his fortune in a trice,

If

If bleſt with pliant, tho' but ſlender, ſenſe,
Feign'd modeſty, and real impudence:
A ſupple knee, ſmooth tongue, an eaſy grace,
A curſe within, a ſmile upon his face;
A beauteous ſiſter, or convenient wife,
Are *prizes* in the lottery of life;
Genius and *virtue* they will ſoon defeat,
And lodge you in the boſom of the *great*.
To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*
From men's refuſing what you ought to gain.
May, DODINGTON, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my preſaging thoughts already view
By WALPOLE's conduct fir'd, and friendſhip grac'd,
Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, *here*, thoſe awful councils aid,
Which you, *abroad*, with ſuch ſucceſs obey'd:
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendſhip dear;
What moſt we wiſh, with eaſe we fanſy near.

SATIRE IV.

To the Right Honourable

Sir SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND ſome fair tree th' ambitious *Woodbine* grows,
And breathes her ſweets on the ſupporting boughs:
So ſweet the *verſe*, th' ambitious verſe, ſhould be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes ſupport from thee;
Thee, Compton, born o'er ſenates to preſide,
Their *dignity* to raiſe, their *councils* guide;
Deep to diſcern, and widely to ſurvey,
And kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;
Of diſtant virtues nice extreams to blend,
The *Crown*'s aſſerter, and the *People*'s friend:
Nor doſt thou ſcorn, amid ſublimer views,
To liſten to the labours of the *muſe*;
Thy ſmiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inſpire*.
Vex'd at a public fame, ſo juſtly won,
The jealous Chremes is with ſpleen undone;

Chremes,

CHREMES, for airy penſions of *renown*,
Devotes his ſervice to the *State*, and *Crown*;
All ſchemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,
Tho' *Britain*'s thankleſs, ſtill *this patriot* loves:
But patriots differ; ſome may ſhed their blood,
He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the public good;
Conſults the ſacred ſteam, and there forſees
What ſtorms, or ſun-ſhine, Providence decrees;
Knows, for each day, the *weather* of our fate:
A *quid-nunc* is an *almanack* of State.

You ſmile, and think *this* ſtateſman void of uſe:
Why may not time his ſecret worth produce?
Since *apes* can roaſt the choice *Caſtanian Nut*,
Since *ſteeds* of genius are expert at *Put*;
Since half the Senate *Not content* can ſay,
Geeſe nations ſave, and *puppies* plots betray.

What makes *him* model realms, and counſel kings?
An incapacity for ſmaller things:
Poor CHREMES can't conduct his *own eſtate*,
And thence has undertaken *Europe*'s fate.

GEHENNO leaves the realm to CHREMES' ſkill,
And boldly claims a province higher ſtill:
To raiſe a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a *Bible*, and a *ſhoulder-knot*;
Deep in the ſecret, he looks thro' the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that *ſaves his ſoul*;
To talk with rev'rence you muſt take good heed,
Nor ſhock his *tender reaſon* with the Creed:
Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with *blaſphemies*.

Peerage

Peerage is poiſon, good eſtates are bad
For this diſeaſe; poor rogues run ſeldom mad.
Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
And *falling ſtocks* quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the ſun ſhines, BLUNT talks with wond'rous force;
But thunder mars *ſmall beer*, and *weak diſcourſe*.
Such uſeful *inſtruments* the weather ſhow,
Juſt as their *Mercury* is high or low:
Health chiefly keeps an Atheiſt in the dark;
A fever argues better than a *Clarke*:
Let but the logick in his *pulſe* decay,
The *Grecian* he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apoſtate youth, who reaſon'd *once* ſo well.
C——, who makes ſo merry with the Creed,
He almoſt thinks he diſbelieves *indeed*;
But only thinks ſo; to give both their due,
Satan, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.
Of ſome for *glory* ſuch the boundleſs rage,
That they're the blackeſt *ſcandal* of their age.
NARCISSUS the *Tartarian club* diſclaims;
Nay, a *Free-maſon*, with ſome terror, names;
Omits no duty; nor can *envy* ſay,
He miſs'd, theſe many years, the *Church*, or *Play*:
He makes no noiſe in *Parliament*, 'tis true;
But pays his *debts*, and *viſit*, when 'tis due;
His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,
And then, he can out-bow the *bowing dean*;
A ſmile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wiſe and worthleſs ſhares.

In

In gay fatigues, this moſt undaunted chief,
Patient of *idleneſs* beyond belief,
Moſt charitably lends the town his *face*,
For ornament, in ev'ry public place;
As ſure as *cards*, he to the *aſſembly* comes,
And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms:
Whem *Ombre* calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three:
NARCISSUS is the glory of his race;
For who does *nothing* with a better grace?
  To deck my liſt, by nature were deſign'd
Such ſhining *expletives* of human kind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Senſe to be right, and *paſſion* to be wrong.
  To counterpoiſe this hero of the *mode*,
Some for renown are *ſingular* and *odd*;
What other men diſlike, is ſure to pleaſe,
Of all mankind, theſe dear *antipodes*;
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter ſtill,
And *birth-days* are their days of dreſſing *ill*.
ARB—T is a fool, and F—— a ſage,
S—LY will fright you, E—— engage;
By nature ſtreams run backward, flame deſcends,
Stones mount, and S——X is the worſt of friends:
They take their reſt by *day*, and wake by *night*,
And bluſh, if you ſurprize them in the *right*;
If they by chance blurt out, 'ere well aware,
A ſwan is white, or Q——Y is fair.
  Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool *in* faſhion, but a fool that's *out*,

His

His paſſion for abſurdity's ſo ſtrong,
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong:
Tho' wrong the mode, comply; more ſenſe is ſhewn
In wearing *others'* follies, than your *own*.
If what is out of faſhion moſt you prize,
Methinks you ſhould endeavour to be *wiſe*.
But what in oddneſs can be more ſublime
Than S——, the foremoſt *toyman* of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich *ſhell* inhances,
And ASHMOLE's baby-houſe, is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich *Peru!*
How his eyes languiſh? how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which JOSEPH *never* wore?
He ſhews, on *holidays*, a ſacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd queen BESS's chin.
" Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,
" Since the great *plague* that ſwept as many more,
" Was ever year unbleſt as *this?*" he'll cry,
" It has not brought us one new *butterfly!*"
In times that ſuffer ſuch learn'd men as *theſe*,
Unhappy I——Y! how came *you* to pleaſe?
Not gaudy butterflies are LICO's game;
But, in effect, his chace is much the ſame:
Warm in purſuit, he *levées* all the great,
Stanch to the foot of *title*, and *eſtate*:
Where-e'er their *lordſhips* go, they never find
Or LICO, or their *ſhadows*, lag behind;
He *ſets* them ſure, where-e'er their *lordſhips* run,
Cloſe at their elbows, as a *morning-dun*;

A

As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,
And *fame* was, like a *fever*, to be caught:
But after ſeven years dance, from place to place,
The * *Dane* is more familiar with his Grace.
Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;
Or living *pendant*, dangling at his ear,
For ever whiſp'ring ſecrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town?
Who'd be a *glaſs*, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy *pin* to ſtick upon his ſleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchſafes *it* leave;
Or *cuſhion*, when his heavineſs ſhall pleaſe
To loll, or *thump* it, for his better eaſe;
Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night, beſpoke,
When the peer *raſhly* ſwears he'll club his joke?
Who'd ſhake with laughter, tho' he cou'd not find
His lordſhip's jeſt; or, if his noſe broke wind,
For bleſſings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry, *Chimney ſweep*, or drive a *plough*?
With terms like theſe, how mean the tribe that *cloſe*?
Scarce meaner they, who terms like theſe, *impoſe*.
But what's the tribe moſt likely to comply?
The men of ink, or antient authors, lye;
The writing tribe, who ſhameleſs *auctions* hold
Of praiſe, by inch of candle to be ſold:
All men they flatter, but themſelves the moſt,
With deathleſs fame, their everlaſting boaſt:

* A *Daniſh* dog of the Duke of *Argyle*.

For

For fame no cully makes ſo much her jeſt,
As her old conſtant ſpark, the bard profeſt.
" B—LE ſhines in council, M——T in the fight,
" P—L—M's magnificent; but I can write,
" And what to my great ſoul like glory dear?"
'Till ſome god whiſpers in his tingling ear,
That *fame*'s unwholſome taken without *meat*,
And life is beſt ſuſtain'd by what is *eat*:
Grown *lean*, and *wiſe*, he curſes what he writ,
And wiſhes all his wants were in his *wit*.

Ah! what avails it, when his *dinner*'s loſt,
That his triumphant name adorns a *poſt*?
Or that his ſhining page (provoking fate!)
Defends Sirloins, which ſons of dulneſs *eat*?

What foe to verſe without compaſſion hears,
What cruel *proſe-man* can refrain from tears,
When the poor muſe, for leſs than half a crown,
A *proſtitute* on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, tho' *not* in print,
Clubs *credit* for *Geneva* in the *Mint*?

Ye bards! why will you ſing, tho' uninſpir'd?
Ye bards! why will you *ſtarve*, to be *admir'd*?
Defunct by PHOEBUS' laws, beyond redreſs,
Why will your *ſpectres* haunt the frighted preſs?
Bad metre, that *excreſcence* of the head,
Like *hair*, will ſprout, altho' the poet's *dead*.

All other trades *demand*, verſe-makers *beg*;
A dedication is a *wooden leg*;
A barren *Labeo*, the true *mumper*'s faſhion,
Expoſes *borrow'd brats* to move *compaſſion*.

Tho'

Tho' ſuch myſelf, vile bards I diſcommend;
Nay more, tho' gentle DAMON is my *friend*.
" Is't then a crime to *write?*"—If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to *forbear*:
For ſome, tho' few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unſeen the labours of the pen;
Who know the muſe's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her ſupport;
Who ſerve, *unaſk'd*, the *leaſt pretence* to wit;
My ſole excuſe, alas! for having writ.
A——LE true wit is ſtudious to reſtore;
And D——T ſmiles, if PHOEBUS ſmil'd before;
P——KE in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And HENRIETTA like a muſe inſpires.
  But, ah! not *inſpiration* can obtain
That fame, which poets languiſh for in vain.
How mad their aim, who thirſt for glory, ſtrive
To graſp, what no man can poſſeſs *alive?*
Fame's a *reverſion* in which men take place
(O late reverſion!) at their own deceaſe.
This truth ſagacious LINTOT knows ſo well,
He *ſtarves* his authors, that their works may *ſell*.
  That *fame* is *wealth*, fantaſtic poets cry;
That *wealth* is *fame*, another clan reply;
Who know no guilt, no ſcandal, but in *rags*;
And *ſwell* in juſt proportion to their *bags*.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold*;
The firſt young lord, which in the *Mall* you meet,
Shall match the veriest huncks in *Lombard-ſtreet*,

From

From rescu'd candle's ends, who rais'd a sum,
And starves to join a *peny* to a *plumb*.
A *beardless* miser? 'Tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal *all* our own.
Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
Will mortgage CELIA to redeem their *land*.
For love, young, noble, rich, CASTALIO dies;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine MONIMIA, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail,—but *half a crown*.
He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*:
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When HARRY conquer'd, and half *France* expir'd:
He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain;
Nay, a *dull sheriff* for his *golden chain*.
"Who'd be a slave?" the gallant Colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes:
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,—
Just is his title,—for he will not *fight*:
All soldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,
As maids of honour *beauty*,—by their *place*:
But, when indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain;
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet *revenge*, and *half absolves* his sword.
Of *boasting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
A *soldier* should be modest as a *maid*:
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they *touch*, *destroy*:

'Tis

'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But, if you pay yourſelf, the world is free.
Were there no tongue to ſpeak them but his own,
AUGUSTUS' deeds in arms had ne'er been known,
AUGUSTUS' deeds; if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and miſguides his aim,
Such is the Prince's worth, of whom I ſpeak;
The ROMAN would not bluſh at the miſtake.

SATIRE V.

ON

WOMEN.

O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's *works! Creature, in whom excell'd*
Whatever can to sight, or thought, be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost! ——— MILTON.

NOR reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own:
But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings:*
Attend, and you discern it in the fair
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair*;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye*;
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *sigh*.
The sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame;
Nay, thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme:

A theme, fair ——! doubly kind to me,
Since ſatyrizing *thoſe*, is praiſing *thee*;
Who would'ſt not bear, too modeſtly refin'd,
A panegyric of a groſſer kind.

BRITANNIA's daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of admiration, loſe their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarniſh to the ſated ſight:
As unreſerv'd, and beauteous, as the ſun,
Thro' every *ſign* of vanity they run;
Aſſemblies, *Parks*, coarſe feaſts in *City-halls*,
Lectures, and *Trials*, *Plays*, *Committees*, *Balls*,
Wells, *Bedlams*, *Executions*, *Smithfield*-ſcenes,
And *Fortune-tellers* Caves, and *Lions* Dens,
Taverns, *Exchanges*, *Bridewells*, *Drawing-rooms*,
Inſtallments, *Pillories*, *Coronations*, *Tombs*,
Tumblers, and *Funerals*, *Puppet-ſhows*, *Reviews*,
Sales, *Races*, *Rabbets*, (and ſtill ſtranger!) *Pews*.

CLARINDA's boſom burns, but burns for *Fame*;
And Love lies vanquiſh'd in a *nobler* flame;
Warm gleams of hope ſhe, *now*, diſpenſes; *then*,
Like *April* ſuns, dives into clouds agen:
With all her luſtre, *now*, her lover warms;
Then, out of *oſtentation*, hides her charms.
'Tis, next, her pleaſure ſweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a ſudden pain;
Then, ſhe ſtarts up, all ecſtaſy and bliſs,
And is, ſweet ſoul! juſt as ſincere in this:
O how ſhe rolls her charming eyes in *ſpight*!
And looks delightfully with all her might!

But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wiſe,
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.

ZARA reſembles *Ætna* crown'd with ſnows;
Without ſhe freezes, and within ſhe glows:
Twice ere the ſun deſcends, with zeal inſpir'd,
From the vain converſe of the world retir'd,
She reads the *pſalms*, and *chapters* for the day,
In ——— CLEOPATRA, or the laſt new play.
Thus gloomy ZARA, with a ſolemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her *face*.

Nor far beneath her in *renown*, is ſhe,
Who, thro' good-breeding, is ill company;
Whoſe *manners* will not let her larum ceaſe,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when *at peace*;
To find you *news*, who racks her ſubtle head,
And vows——*that her great-grandfather is dead*.

A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear;
But 'tis a taſk indeed to learn —*to hear*:
In that the ſkill of converſation lies;
That *ſhews*, or *makes*, you both polite, and wiſe.

XANTIPPE cries, "Let nymphs who nought can ſay,
"Be loſt in ſilence, and reſign the day;
"And let the guilty wife her guilt confeſs,
"By tame behaviour, and a ſoft addreſs:"
Thro' *virtue*, *ſhe* refuſes to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Thro' wiſdom, *ſhe* refuſes to ſubmit
To wiſdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;
Then, her unblemiſh'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her huſband's kindneſs with diſdain:

But

But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind ſent,
Juſt *intimates* the lady's diſcontent.
Wine may indeed excite the meekeſt dame;
But keen XANTIPPE, ſcorning *borrow'd* flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel*, and compoſing *tea*:
Nor reſts by night, but, more ſincere than nice,
She *ſhakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice:
Doubly, like echo, *ſound* is her delight,
And the *laſt word* is her eternal right.
Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, riſe
To laſh our crimes, but muſt our wives be *wiſe*?
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:
What *black*, what *ceaſeleſs* cares beſiege our ſtate?
What ſtrokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate*?
If fate forbears us, fancy ſtrikes the blow;
We *make* misfortune; *ſuicides* in woe.
Superfluous aid! unneceſſary ſkill!
Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill?
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight*, bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with ſolemn knell,
On *folly*'s errands, as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home?
Men drop ſo faſt, ere life's mid ſtage we tread,
Few know ſo many friends *alive*, as *dead*.
Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chace
We preſs coy fortune with unſlacken'd pace;

Our ardent labours for the *toys* we ſeek,
Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week:
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between *ſatiety* and *fierce deſire*.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But *one*; a female friend's endearing ſmile;
A tender ſmile, our ſorrows' only balm,
And, in life's tempeſt, the ſad ſailor's calm.

How have I ſeen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, perſuaſion in her eye;
Victorious tenderneſs! it all o'ercame,
Huſbands look'd mild, and *ſavages* grew tame.

The *Sylvan* race our active nymphs purſue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There *Maſter* BETTY leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair *Miſs* CHARLES to toilets is confin'd,
Nor raſhly tempts the barb'rous ſun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And volt from *hunters* to the *manag'd ſteed*;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And FOBERT has the forming of the *Fair*.

More than *one* ſteed muſt DELIA's empire feel,
Who ſits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
And as ſhe guides it thro' th' admiring throng,
With what an air ſhe ſmacks the *ſilken* thong?
Graceful as JOHN, ſhe moderates the reins,
And whiſtles ſweet her *diuretic* ſtrains:
SESOSTRIS-like, ſuch charioteers as *theſe*
May drive ſix harneſs'd *monarchs*, if they pleaſe:

They

They *drive*, *row*, *run*, with love of glory ſmit,
Leap, *ſwim*, *ſhoot flying*, and pronounce on *wit*.
O'er the *Belle-lettre* lovely DAPHNE reigns;
Again the god APOLLO wears her chains:
With legs toſs'd high, on her ſophee ſhe ſits,
Vouchſafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance ſhe's the final teſt;
One act read o'er, ſhe propheſies the reſt;
And then, pronouncing with deciſive air,
Fully convinces all the town—*ſhe's fair*.
Had lovely DAPHNE HECATESSA's face,
How would her elegance of taſte decreaſe?
Some ladies *judgment* in their *features* lies,
And all their *genius* ſparkles from their *eyes*.
But hold, ſhe cries, lampooner! have a care;
Muſt I want common ſenſe, becauſe I'm fair?
O no: See STELLA; her *eyes* ſhine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She ſeems inſpir'd, and can herſelf inſpire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could DAPHNE publiſh, and could ſhe forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to *ſenſe*,
Nor is't a ſanction for *impertinence*.

SEMPRONIA lik'd her man; and well ſhe might;
The youth in perſon, and in parts, was bright;
Poſſeſs'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
That claims juſt empire o'er the female heart:
He met her paſſion, all her ſighs return'd,
And, in full rage of youthful ardour, burn'd:

Large his poſſeſſions, and beyond her own;
Their bliſs the theme, and envy of the town:
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In ſtepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diſeas'd, *threeſcore*.
The fatal ſequel I, thro' ſhame, forbear:
Of pride, and *av'rice*, who can cure the fair?

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Thoſe few wants anſwer'd, bring ſincere delights;
But fools create themſelves new appetites:
Fancy, and pride, ſeek things at vaſt expence,
Which reliſh not to *reaſon*, nor to *ſenſe*.
When *ſurfeit*, or *unthankfulneſs*, deſtroys,
In *nature*'s narrow ſphere, our ſolid joys,
In *fancy*'s airy land of noiſe and ſhow,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleaſures, grow;
Like cats in air-pumps, to ſubſiſt we ſtrive
On joys too thin to keep the ſoul alive.

LEMIRA's ſick; make haſte; the doctor call:
He comes; but where's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor ſtares; her woman curt'ſies low,
And cries, "My Lady, Sir, is always ſo:
" Diverſions put her maladies to flight;
" True, ſhe can't *ſtand*, but ſhe can *dance* all night:
" I've known my Lady (for ſhe loves a tune)
" For *fevers* take an opera in *June*:
" And, tho' perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
" A midnight Park is ſov'reign for a *cold*:
" With *cholics*, breakfaſts of green fruit agree;
" With *indigeſtions*, ſupper juſt at three."

A ſtrange alternative, replies Sir *Hans*,
Muſt women have a *doctor*, or a *dance?*
Tho' ſick to death, *abroad* they ſafely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home:*
For want ——but not of health, are ladies ill;
And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor*'s *bill.*

Alas, my heart! how languiſhingly fair
Yon lady lolls? With what a tender air?
Pale as a young dramatic author, when,
O'er darling lines, fell CIBBER waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has * *Veny* chid?
Dead is her father, or the maſk forbid?
"Late ſitting up has turn'd her roſes white."
Why went ſhe not to bed? "Becauſe 'twas *night*."
Did ſhe then dance, or play? "Nor this, nor that."
Well, night ſoon ſteals away in pleaſing chat.
"No, all alone, her *pray'rs* ſhe rather choſe;
"Than be that *wretch* to ſleep till morning roſe."
Then Lady CYNTHIA, miſtreſs of the ſhade,
Goes, with the *faſhionable* owls, to bed:
This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;
Her ſoul is ſilly, but her body's wiſe.

Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five.*
You, in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite;
To keep her word, a *brown* one comes at night:
Next day ſhe ſhines in gloſſy *black*; and then,
Revolves into her native *red* agen:

* Lap-dog.

Like a dove's neck, ſhe ſhifts her tranſient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But *one* admirer has the painted laſs;
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glaſs:
Yet LAURA's beautiful to ſuch exceſs,
That all her *art* ſcarce makes her pleaſe us *leſs*.
To deck the female cheek, HE only knows,
Who paints leſs fair the *lily*, and the *roſe*.

How gay *they* ſmile? Such bleſſings *nature* pours,
O'er-ſtock'd mankind enjoy but half her ſtores:
In diſtant wilds, by human eyes unſeen,
She rears her flow'rs, and ſpreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely deſart trace,
And *waſte* their muſic on the ſavage race.
Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliſs?
Repine we *guiltleſs* in a world like this?
But our lewd taſtes her lawful charms refuſe,
And painted *art*'s deprav'd allurements chuſe.
Such FULVIA's paſſion for the town; freſh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and ſhady groves, and chryſtal ſprings,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But ſmoke, and duſt, and noiſe, and crowds, delight;
And to be preſs'd to death, tranſports her quite:
Where ſilver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
And *woodbines* give their ſweets, and *limes* their ſhades,
Black kennels abſent *odours* ſhe regrets,
And ſtops her noſe at beds of violets.

Is ſtormy life preferr'd to the ſerene?
Or is the public to the private ſcene?

Retir'd,

Retir'd, we tread a ſmooth and open way;
Thro' briars and brambles in the *world* we ſtray;
Stiff oppoſition, and *perplex'd* debate,
And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *ſtinging* hate,
Which choak our paſſage, our career controul,
And wound the firmeſt temper of our ſoul.
O ſacred ſolitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
By thy pure ſtream, or in thy waving ſhade,
We court fair wiſdom, that celeſtial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Stangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*:
There, from the ways of men laid ſafe aſhore,
We ſmile to hear the diſtant tempeſt roar;
There, bleſs'd with health, with buſineſs unperplex'd,
This life we reliſh, and enſure the *next*;
There too the *Muſes* ſport; theſe numbers free,
Pierian EASTBURY! I owe to thee.

There ſport the *Muſes*; but not there alone:
Their ſacred force AMELIA feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herſelf, AMELIA weds a wit:
Both wits! tho' miracles are ſaid to ceaſe,
Three days, three wond'rous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth ſun a warm diſpute aroſe,
On DURFEY's poeſy, and BUNYAN's proſe:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

PHOEBE, tho' ſhe poſſeſſes nothing leſs,
Is proud of being rich in happineſs:

Laboriouſly purſues deluſive toys,
Content with pains, ſince they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted tranſport will ſhe ſay,
" Well, ſure, we were ſo happy *yeſterday!*
" And then that charming party for *to-morrow!*"
Tho', well ſhe knows, 'twill languiſh into ſorrow:
But ſhe dares never boaſt the *preſent* hour;
So groſs that cheat, it is beyond her power:
For ſuch is or our weakneſs, or our curſe,
Or rather ſuch our crime, which ſtill is worſe,
The preſent moment, like a wife, we ſhun,
And ne'er enjoy, becauſe it is *our own.*
Pleaſures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleaſure, like *quickſilver*, is *bright*, and *coy*;
We ſtrive to graſp it with our utmoſt ſkill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters ſtill:
If ſeiz'd at laſt, compute your mighty gains;
What is it, but rank poiſon in your veins?
As FLAVIA in her glaſs an angel ſpies,
Pride whiſpers in her ear pernicious lyes;
Tells her, while ſhe ſurveys a face ſo fine,
There's no ſatiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and ſhe melts (ſweet ſoul!) in tears:
She, fond and young, laſt week, her wiſh enjoy'd,
In ſoft amuſement all the night employ'd;
The morning came, when STREPHON, waking, found
(Surpriſing ſight!) his bride in ſorrow drown'd.
" What miracle, ſays STREPHON, makes thee weep?
" Ah, barb'rous man, ſhe cries, how cou'd you——
" *ſleep?*"

Men

Men love a *miſtreſs*, as they love a *feaſt*;
How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taſte*?
Yet ſure there is a certain time of day,
We wiſh our miſtreſs, and our meat, away:
But ſoon the ſated appetites return,
Again our ſtomachs crave, our boſoms burn:
Eternal Love let man, then, never ſwear;
Let women never *triumph*, nor *deſpair*;
Nor praiſe, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill;
Hunger and Love are foreign to the *will*.

There is indeed a paſſion more refin'd,
For thoſe few nymphs whoſe charms are of the mind:
But not of that unfaſhionable ſet
Is PHYLLIS; PHYLLIS and her DAMON met.
Eternal Love exactly hits her taſte;
PHYLLIS demands eternal Love at *leaſt*.
Embracing PHYLLIS with ſoft-ſmiling eyes,
Eternal Love I vow, the ſwain replies:
But ſay, my *All*, my *Miſtreſs*, and my *Friend*!
What day next week th' *Eternity* ſhall *end*?

Some nymphs prefer *aſtronomy* to *love*;
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philoſopher to ROWLEY flies,
Where, in a *box*, the whole creation lies:
She ſees the planets in their turns advance,
And ſcorns, POITIER, thy ſublunary dance:
Of DESAGULIER ſhe beſpeaks freſh air;
And WHISTON has *engagements* with the fair.
What vain experiments SOPHRONIA tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.

But tho' to-day this rage of ſcience reigns,
(O fickle ſex!) ſoon end her learned pains.
Lo! PUG from JUPITER her heart has got,
Turns out the ſtars, and NEWTON is a ſot.
To ——— turn; ſhe never took the height
Of SATURN, yet is ever in the right.
She ſtrikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to fight, and elegant to thought,
The *great* are vanquiſh'd, and the *wiſe* are taught.
Her breeding finiſh'd, and her temper ſweet,
When ſerious, eaſy; and when gay, diſcrete;
In glitt'ring ſcenes, o'er her own heart, ſincere;
In crouds, collected; and in courts, ſevere;
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well-underſtood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet not ſuperior to her ſex's cares,
The mode ſhe fixes by the gown ſhe wears;
Of *ſilks* and *china* ſhe's the laſt appeal;
In theſe great points ſhe *leads* the commonweal;
And if diſputes of *empire* riſe between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and *Colberteen*,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkneſs! till ſuſpended fate
Aſſumes *her* nod, to cloſe the grand debate.
When ſuch her mind, why will the fair expreſs
Their emulation only in their *dreſs?*
But, oh! the nymph that mounts above the *ſkies*,
And, *gratis*, clears religious myſteries,
Reſolv'd the *church*'s welfare to enſure,
And make her family a *fine-cure:*

The

The theme divine at *cards* ſhe'll not forget,
But *takes in* texts of Scripture at *picquet*;
In thoſe licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her *Maker* that her *cards* are good.
What angels would theſe be, who thus excel
In theologics, could they *ſew* as well!
Yet why ſhould not the fair her text purſue?
Can ſhe more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, ſhe who makes no uſe but *chat*
Of her religion, ſhould be barr'd in that.

ISAAC, a brother of the canting ſtrain,
When he has knock'd at his own ſcull in vain,
To beauteous MARCIA often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the *fair*.
O how his pious ſoul exults to find
Such love for *holy* men in woman-kind?
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture, he
Hangs on her *bloom*, like an induſtrious *bee*;
Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts ſweet wiſdom from ſo fair a *flower*?

The *young* and *gay* declining, APPIA flies
At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wiſe*:
By nature more an *eagle* than a *dove*,
She impiouſly prefers the *world* to *love*.

Can wealth give happineſs? look round, and ſee
What gay diſtreſs! what ſplendid miſery!
Whatever fortune laviſhly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it ſays;
Like any lord it *promiſes*—and *pays*.

How

How will the miſer ſtartle, to be told
Of ſuch a wonder, as *inſolvent* gold?
What nature *wants* has an intrinſic weight;
All *more*, is but the faſhion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view;
It charms us *now*; *anon* we caſt anew;
To ſome freſh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Miſtaken lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accompliſhments will win the fair:
The *fair*, 'tis true, by *genius* ſhould be won,
As *flow'rs* unfold their beauties to the *ſun*;
And yet in female ſcales a fop out-weighs,
And wit muſt wear the *willow* and the *bays*.
Nought ſhines ſo bright in vain LIBERIA's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, ſhe ſpreads her charms,
Snatches the dear deſtroyer to her arms;
And amply gives, (tho' treated long amiſs)
The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*.
If you reſent, and wiſh a *woman* ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

The *languid* lady next appears in ſtate,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, ſtaggers, till ſome foreign aid
To her own ſtature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to ſo *ſevere* a doom,
She, by juſt ſtages, *journeys* round the room:

But, knowing her own weakneſs, ſhe deſpairs
To ſcale the *Alps*—that is, aſcend the *ſtairs*.
My fan! let others ſay, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! ſcarf! is her *laconic* ſtile.
And that is ſpoke with ſuch a dying fall,
That *Betty* rather *ſees*, than *hears* the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O liſten with attention moſt profound!
Her voice is but the ſhadow of a ſound.
And help! oh help! her ſpirits are ſo dead,
One hand ſcarce liſts the other to her head.
If, there, a ſtubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! ſhe ſinks away! and is no more.
Let the robuſt, and the gigantic *carve*,
Life is not worth ſo much, ſhe'd rather *ſtarve*:
But chew ſhe muſt herſelf; ah cruel fate!
That ROSALINDA can't by *proxy* eat,
An *antidote* in female caprice lies
(Kind heav'n!) againſt the *poiſon* of their eyes.
THALESTRIS triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phraſe obſcene.
In fair and open dealing where's the ſhame;
What nature dares to *give*, ſhe dares to *name*.
This *honeſt fellow* is ſincere and plain,
And juſtly gives the jealous huſband pain.
(Vain is the taſk to petticoats aſſign'd,
If wanton language ſhews a *naked* mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath ſupplies the vacancies of ſenſe.

Hark!

Hark! the ſhrill notes tranſpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to ſwear.
By JOVE, is faint, and for the ſimple ſwain;
She, on the Chriſtian Syſtem, is prophane.
But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dreſs*, ſhe's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When JOVE deputes a lady in his ſtead?
A *lady*, pardon my miſtaken pen,
A ſhameleſs woman is the worſt of *men*.
Few to good-breeding make a juſt pretence;
Good-breeding is the bloſſom of good-ſenſe;
The laſt reſult of an accompliſh'd mind,
With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns;
And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
With *Chineſe* painters modern *toaſts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity*:
They *throw* their perſons with a hoyden air
Acroſs the room, and *toſs* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modeſt look, the caſtigated grace,
The gentle movement, and ſlow-meaſur'd pace,
For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pray'd*,
Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.
Stiff forms are bad; but let not worſe intrude,
Nor conquer *art* and *nature*, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And lady *D*——'s ſelf will be polite.

Ye

Ye rising fair! ye bloom of *Britain*'s isle!
When high-born ANNA, with a soften'd smile,
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard, is, not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.
But adoration! give me something *more*,
Cries LYCE, on the borders of *threescore:*
Nought treads so silent as the foot of *time*;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime;
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news, that we *grow old*.
Autumnal LYCE carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms!
While rival *undertakers* hover round,
And with his spade the *sexton* marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conquests, and *defrauds* the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd *sprites* away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of LYCE but *herself* is old.
Her grizzled locks assume a *smirking* grace,
And art has *levell'd* her deep-furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll ask her *blessing*, but can't ask her *love*.
She grants, indeed, a lady *may* decline
(All ladies *but* herself) at *ninety-nine*.

O how unlike her was the ſacred age
Of prudent PORTIA? *Her* grey hairs *engage*;
Whoſe thoughts are ſuited to her life's decline:
Virtue's the paint that can make *wrinkles* ſhine.
That, and that *only*, can old age ſuſtain;
Which yet all wiſh, nor know they wiſh for *pain*.
Not numerous are our joys, when life is new;
And yearly ſome are falling of the *few*;
But when we conquer life's meridian ſtage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop *apace*; by *nature* ſome decay,
And ſome the blaſts of *fortune* ſweep away;
'Till naked quite of happineſs, aloud
We call for death, and *ſhelter* in a ſhroud.
Where's PORTIA now?—But PORTIA left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
Like bluſhing roſe-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew?
Who into ſhelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and *paſſion* toſs it to and fro;
A-while torment, and then quite *ſink* in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans, ſince in ſilent duſt
Your beſt *example* lies, my *precepts* truſt.
Life ſwarms with ills; the *boldeſt* are afraid;
Where then is ſafety for a *tender maid?*
Unfit for conflict, round beſet with woes,
And *man*, whom leaſt ſhe fears, her worſt of foes!

When

When kind, moſt cruel; when oblig'd the moſt,
The leaſt obliging; and by favours loſt.
Cruel by nature, they for kindneſs hate;
And ſcorn you for thoſe ills *themſelves* create.
If on your fame *our* ſex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever ſtick, thro' malice of your *own*.
Moſt hard! in pleaſing your chief *glory* lies;
And yet from pleaſing your chief *dangers* riſe:
Then pleaſe the *Beſt*; and know, for men of ſenſe,
Your ſtrongeſt charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.
In *ſimple* manners all the ſecret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be bleſt and wiſe.
Vain *ſhew* and *noiſe* intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddineſs*, and end in *pain*.
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praiſe,
Which, all thoſe wretches I deſcribe, betrays.
Your ſex's glory 'tis, to ſhine *unknown*;
Of all applauſe, be fondeſt of *your own*.
Beware the fever of the *mind!* that thirſt
With which the age is eminently curſt:
To drink of *pleaſure*, but inflames deſire;
And abſtinence alone can quench the fire;
Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb;
Give peace *in hand*; and promiſe bliſs *to come*.

SATIRE

SATIRE VI.

ON

WOMEN.

Inſcribed to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

Lady ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

Interdum tamen & tollit comœdia vocem. HOR.

I Sought a patroneſs, but ſought in vain.
APOLLO whiſper'd in my ear—" GERMAIN."—
I know her not—" Your reaſon's ſomewhat odd;
" Who knows his patron, now?" reply'd the god.
" Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
" Then ſteal great names, to ſhield them from the town.
" Detected *worth*, like *beauty* diſarray'd,
" To covert flies, of *praiſe* itſelf afraid:
" Should *ſhe* refuſe to patronize your lays,
" In vengeance write a volume in *her praiſe*.

" Nor

" Nor think it hard ſo great a length to run;
" When ſuch the theme, 'twill eaſily be done."
Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human ſtrength;
You, *here*, in miniature your pictures ſee;
Nor hope from ZINCKS more juſtice than from me.
My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *ſide*;
His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench*, your pride:
He's *dear*, you *frugal*; chooſe my *cheaper* lay;
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.
LAVINIA is *polite*, but not *prophane*;
To *Church* as conſtant as to *Drury-lane*.
She decently, *in form*, pays heav'n its due;
And makes a civil viſit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a ſolemn air,
Conceals her face, which *paſſes* for a *prayer*:
Curt'ſies to curt'ſies, then, with grace, ſucceed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the *Creed*.
Or if ſhe joins the Service, 'tis to *ſpeak*;
Thro' dreadful *ſilence* the pent heart might break:
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
To God himſelf, and fondly think they *pray*.
But *ſweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd*;
For they're before their Maker—and *mankind*:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
SATAN himſelf will toll the pariſh bell.
Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,
DRUSA receives her viſitants in bed;
But, chaſte as ice, this *Veſta*, to defy
The very blackeſt tongue of calumny,

When

When from the ſheets her lovely form ſhe lifts,
She begs you *juſt* would *turn you*, while ſhe *ſhifts*.
Thoſe charms are greateſt which decline the ſight,
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no *woman*, *where* there's no *reſerve*;
And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *ſtarve*.
But with a modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of ſpirit*.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye;
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
"Or if you take a lion by the beard,*
"Or dare defy the fell *Hyrcanian* pard,
"Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough *Ruſſian* bear,"
Firſt *make your will*, and then *converſe* with her.
This lady glories in profuſe expence;
And thinks *diſtraction* is *magnificence*.
To beggar her gallant, is *ſome* delight;
To be more fatal ſtill, is *exquiſite*;
Had ever nymph ſuch reaſon to be glad?
In *duel* fell two lovers; one run *mad*.
Her *foes* their honeſt execrations pour;
Her *lovers* only ſhould *deteſt* her more.
FLAVIA is conſtant to her old gallant,
And generouſly ſupports him in his want.
But marriage is a fetter, is a ſnare,
A hell, no lady ſo polite can bear.
She's faithful, ſhe's obſervant; and with pains
Her angel-brood of *baſtards* ſhe maintains.

* SHAKESPEARE.

Nor

Nor leaſt advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.
AMASIA hates a prude, and ſcorns reſtraint;
Whate'er ſhe *is*, ſhe'll not *appear* a ſaint:
Her ſoul ſuperior flies formality;
So gay her air, her conduct is ſo free,
Some might ſuſpect the nymph not *over-good*——
Nor would they be miſtaken, if they ſhould.
Unmaried ABRA puts on formal airs;
Her cuſhion's thread-bare with her conſtant prayers.
Her only grief is, that ſhe cannot be
At once engag'd in *prayer* and *charity*.
And *this*, to do her juſtice, muſt be ſaid,
"*Who would not think that* ABRA *was a maid?*"
Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed;
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no diſeaſe reduce her pride before,
LAVINIA will be raviſh'd at threeſcore.
Then ſhe ſubmits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting—but her ſpark.
LUCIA thinks happineſs conſiſts in ſtate;
She weds an *ideot*, but ſhe eats in *plate*.
The goods of fortune, which her ſoul poſſeſs,
Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happineſs;
The rude *material*: *wiſdom* add to *this*,
Wiſdom, the ſole *artificer* of bliſs;
She from herſelf, if ſo compell'd by need,
Of *thin content* can draw the ſubtle thread;
But (no detraction to her ſacred ſkill)
If ſhe can work in *gold*, 'tis better ſtill.

If

If TULLIA had been bleſt with *half* her ſenſe,
None could too much admire her excellence:
But ſince ſhe can make *error* ſhine ſo bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
With underſtanding ſhe is quite o'er-run;
And by too great accompliſhments undone:
With ſkill ſhe vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever moſt *divinely* in the *wrong*.
Naked in nothing ſhould a woman be;
But veil her very *wit* with *modeſty*:
Let man *diſcover*, let not her *diſplay*,
But yield her *charms of mind* with ſweet delay.
For pleaſure form'd, perverſely ſome believe,
To make themſelves *important*, men muſt *grieve*.
LESBIA the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends, the fop ſhe laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain ſhe's *proud* of ſecret innocence;
The fact ſhe feigns were ſcarce a worſe offence.
MIRA, endow'd with every charm to bleſs,
Has no deſign, but on her huſband's *peace*:
He lov'd her much; and greatly was he mov'd
At ſmall inquietudes in her he lov'd.
"*How charming this?*"—The pleaſure laſted long;
Now every day the fits come thick and ſtrong:
At laſt he found the charmer only *feign'd*;
And was diverted when he *ſhould* be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in ſtore?
How tedious life, now ſhe can *plague* no more?
She tries a thouſand arts; but none ſucceed:
She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed*:

Thus

Thus ſtrictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,
Her huſband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.

Anxious MELANIA riſes to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Viſit, preſent, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majeſty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges, querulouſly ſhrill.
" You went laſt night with CELIA to the ball."
You prove it falſe. " Not go! that's worſt of all."
Nothing can pleaſe her, nothing *not* inflame;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *ſame*.
Her lover muſt be *ſad*, to pleaſe her ſpleen;
His *mirth* is an inexpiable ſin:
For of all *rivals* that can pain her breaſt,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the reſt;
To wreck her quiet, the moſt dreadful ſhelf
Is, if her lover dares enjoy himſelf.

And this, becauſe ſhe's exquiſitely fair:
Should I diſpute her beauty, how ſhe'd ſtare?
How would MELANIA be ſurpriz'd to hear
She's quite deform'd? And yet the caſe is clear;
What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces ſhine?
They, like the ſun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms*, becauſe the ſoul is *ſeen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can *bear*;
Some, none *reſiſt*, tho' not exceeding fair.

ASPASIA's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.
"Folks are so aukward! Things so unpolite!"
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicay's shock'd where-e'er she goes;
Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*.
Heav'n by its favour has the Fair distrest,
And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.
Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring,
Thou *shining*, *frail*, *ador'd*, and *wretched* thing?
Old-age *will* come; disease *may* come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threescore*.
Thy fortune, and thy charms, may soon decay:
But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes;
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;
Then *wrought* into the soul let virtues shine;
The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.
JULIA's a manager; she's born for rule;
And knows her *wiser* husband is a *fool*;
Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtle thread*
That guides the lover to his fair-one's bed:
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters *dictate*, or *convey*.
But if depriv'd of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her *own* breakfast she'll *project a scheme*,
Nor *take* her *tea* without a *stratagem*;

Presides

Presides o'er *trifles* with a *serious* face;
Important, by the virtue of *grimace*.
Ladies supreme among amusements reign;
By nature born to *sooth*, and *entertain*.
Their *prudence* in a share of folly lies:
Why will they be so *weak*, as to be *wise*?

SYRENA is for ever in extremes,
And *with a vengeance* she commends, or blames,
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her *judgment* just, her *sentence* is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

BRUNETTA's wise in actions great, and rare;
But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.
Thus ev'ry hour BRUNETTA is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle*, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with ALICEA, there you'll see,
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree:
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress, is aside.
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, she loves;
And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.
Gloves by queen BESS's maidens might be mist;
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *fist*.

Lovers, beware! to *wound* how can ſhe fail
With ſcarlet finger, and long jetty nail?
For H——Y the firſt *wit* ſhe cannot be,
Nor, cruel R——D, the firſt *toaſt*, for thee.
Since full each other ſtation of *renown*,
Who would not be the greateſt *trapes* in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A *female ſloven* is an odious ſight.
Fair ISABELLA is ſo fond of *fame*,
That her *dear ſelf* is her eternal theme;
Through hopes of contradiction, oft ſhe'll ſay,
"Methinks I look ſo wretchedly to day!"
When moſt the world applauds you, moſt beware;
'Tis often leſs a *bleſſing* than a *ſnare*.
Diſtruſt *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raiſes our renown;
Our *own* as ſurely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Leſt ſoon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.
But own I muſt, in this perverted age,
Who moſt *deſerve*, can't always moſt *engage*.
So far is worth from making glory ſure,
It often hinders what it *ſhould* procure.
Whom praiſe we *moſt*? The virtuous, brave, and wiſe?
No; wretches, whom, in ſecret, we deſpiſe.
And who ſo blind, as not to ſee the cauſe?
No rivals rais'd by ſuch *diſcrete* applauſe;
And yet, of credit it lays in a ſtore,
By which our ſpleen may wound *true* worth the more.

Ladies

Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all*:
Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?
So ſweet is *that one* crime they don't purſue,
To pay its loſs, they think *all* others *few*.
Who hold *that* crime ſo dear, muſt never claim
Of *injur'd modeſty* the ſacred name.
But CLIO thus: "What! railing without end?
"Mean taſk! how much more generous to commend?"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind *inſtructor*, and *example* too.
"DAPHNIS," ſays CLIO, "has a charming eye:
"What pity 'tis her ſhoulder is awry!
"ASPASIA's ſhape indeed—But then her air—
"The man has parts who finds deſtruction there.
"ALMERIA's wit has ſomething that's divine;
"And wit's enough—how few in all things ſhine.
"SELINA ſerves her friends, relieves the poor—
"Who was it ſaid SELINA's near threeſcore?
"At LUCIA's match I from my ſoul rejoice;
"The world congratulates ſo wiſe a choice;
"His lordſhip's rent-roll is exceeding great—
"But mortgages will ſap the beſt eſtate.
"In SHERLEY's form might cherubims appear;
"But then—ſhe has a *freckle* on her *ear*."
Without a *but*, HORTENSIA ſhe commends,
The firſt of women, and the beſt of friends;
Owns her in perſon, wit, fame, virtue, bright:
But how comes this to paſs?—She dy'd laſt night.
Thus nymphs commend, who yet at ſatire rail:
Indeed *that*'s needleſs, if *ſuch praiſe* prevail.

And whence ſuch praiſe ? Our virulence is thrown
On *others'* fame, thro' fondneſs for our *own.*
Of rank and riches proud, CLEORA frowns;
For are not *coronets* akin to *crowns ?*
Her greedy eye, and her ſublime addreſs,
The height of *avarice* and *pride* confeſs.
You ſeek perfections worthy of her rank ;
Go, ſeek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reaſon uncontroul'd,
For ever burns her ſacred thirſt of gold.
As fond of five-pence, as the verieſt *cit* ;
And quite as much deteſted as a *wit.*
Can gold calm *paſſion,* or make *reaſon* ſhine ?
Can we dig *peace,* or *wiſdom,* from the mine ?
Wiſdom to gold prefer ; for 'tis much leſs
To make our *fortune,* than our *happineſs.*
That happineſs which great ones often ſee,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree ;
Themſelves unbleſt. The poor are *only* poor ;
But what are they who *droop* amid their ſtore ?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch *of ſtate* ;
The *happy* only are the truly *great.*
Peaſants enjoy like appetites with kings;
And thoſe beſt ſatisfied with cheapeſt things.
Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *ſenſe,*
Our envy would be due to large expence.
Since not, thoſe pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of flattery ?
They languiſh ! oh ſupport them with a *lye !*

A *decent competence* we fully taste;
It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast:
More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone;
The rich must *labour* to possess *their own*,
To feel their great abundance; and request
Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest;
To *see* their treasures, *hear* their glory told,
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *shine*.
All *hoarded* treasures they repute a load;
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd.
Grand *reservoirs* of public happiness,
Through *secret* streams diffusively they bless;
And, while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,
Relieve our *wants*, and *spare* our *blushes* too.
But Satire is my task; and *these* destroy
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,
And blast our common enemy, G——N:
But our *invectives* must despair success;
For next to *praise*, she values nothing less.

What picture's yonder, loosen'd from its frame?
Or is't ASTURIA? that affected dame.
The brightest forms, through *affectation*, fade
To strange *new* things, which *nature* never made.
Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes.
In ALBUCINDA's native grace is seen
What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.

Short is the rule, and to be learnt with eaſe,
Retain your gentle ſelves, and you *muſt* pleaſe.
Here might I ſing of MEMMIA's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the ſoft machine:
How two red lips affected *Zephyrs* blow,
To cool the *Bohea*, and inflame the *Beau*:
While one white *finger*, and a *thumb*, conſpire
To lift the *cup*, and make the *world* admire.
Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal ſtream!
As LETHE, dreadful to the *Love of Fame*.
What devaſtations on thy banks are ſeen!
What *ſhades* of mighty names which *once* have been!
An *hecatomb* of characters ſupplies
Thy painted altars daily ſacriſice.
H——, P——, B——, aſpers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of fineſt ſugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taſte:
Scandal's the ſweet'ner of a *female* feaſt.
But this inhuman triumph ſhall decline,
And thy revolting *Naiads* call for *wine*;
Spirits no longer ſhall ſerve *under* thee;
But reign in thy own cup, *exploded tea!*
CITRONIA's noſe declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give CITRONIA's noſe the lie? *
The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd;
At length, to reſcue man, the generous laſs
Stole from her conſort the pernicious glaſs.

* ——*Solem quis dicere falſum*
Audeat? VIRG.

As glorious as the *British* queen renown'd,
Who ſuck'd the poiſon from her huſband's wound.
Nor to the *glaſs* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.
O JUVENAL! for thy ſeverer rage!
To laſh the ranker follies of our age.
Are there, among the females of our iſle
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *ſmile?*
There are. Vice, once by *modeſt nature* chain'd
And *legal ties*, expatiates unreſtrain'd;
Without thin *decency* held up to view,
Naked ſhe ſtalks o'er *Law* and *Goſpel* too.
Our matrons lead ſuch exemplary lives,
Men ſigh in vain for *none*, but for their *wives*;
Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a ſcore.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis ſtedfaſt hate,
And one eternal tempeſt of debate.
What foul eruptions, from a look moſt meek!
What thunders burſting, from a dimpled cheek!
Their *paſſions* bear it with a lofty hand!
But then, their *reaſon* is at due command.
Is there whom you deteſt, and ſeek his life?
Truſt no ſoul with the ſecret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And aſk, what kindred is a *ſpouſe* to them?
What ſwarms of am'rous *grandmothers* I ſee?
And miſſes, *antient* in iniquity!
What blaſting whiſpers, and what loud declaiming!
What lying, drinking, bawding, ſwearing, gaming!

Friendſhip ſo cold, ſuch warm incontinence;
Such griping av'rice, ſuch profuſe expence;
Such dead devotion, ſuch a zeal for crimes;
Such licens'd ill, ſuch maſquerading times;
Such venal faith, ſuch miſapply'd applauſe;
Such flatter'd guilt, and ſuch inverted laws;
Such diſſolution through the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since *Sundays* have no balls, the well-dreſs'd *belle*
Shines in the pew, but ſmiles to hear of *hell*;
And caſts an eye of ſweet diſdain on all,
Who liſten leſs to C——NS, than St. *Paul*.
Atheiſts have been but rare; ſince nature's birth,
Till now, She-atheiſts ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep reſearches, ſay, whence ſprings
This daring character, in timorous things?
Who ſtart at *feathers*, from an *inſect* fly,
A match for nothing—but the *Deity*.

But, not to wrong the fair, the muſe muſt own
In this purſuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more ſubſtantial view,
"From thinking free, to be free agents too."

They ſtrive with their own hearts, and keep them down,
In complaiſance to all the fools in town.
O how they tremble at the name of *prude!*
And die with ſhame at thought of being *good!*
For what will ARTIMIS, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, ſay?
They heav'n defy, to earth's vile dregs a ſlave;
Thro' cowardice, moſt execrably brave.

With our own judgments durſt we to comply,
In virtue ſhould we live, in glory die.
Riſe then, my muſe, in honeſt fury riſe;
They dread a Satire, who defy the Skies.
Atheiſts are few: moſt nymphs a Godhead own;
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.
From atheiſts far, they ſtedfaſtly believe
God is, and is Almighty———to *forgive*.
His other excellence they'll not diſpute;
But *mercy*, ſure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleaſures of a ſhort duration chain
A *lady*'s ſoul in everlaſting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms deſtroy,
For now and then a *ſip* of tranſient joy?
No, he's for ever in a ſmiling mood;
He's like themſelves; or how could he be good?
And they blaſpheme, who blacker ſchemes ſuppoſe.—
Devoutly, thus, JEHOVAH they depoſe,
The *pure!* the *juſt!* and ſet up, in his ſtead,
A deity, that's perfectly *well-bred*.
" Dear T—L—N! beſure the beſt of men;
" Nor thought he more, than thought great ORIGEN.
" Though once upon a time he miſbehav'd;
" Poor SATAN! doubtleſs, he'll at length be ſav'd.
" Let prieſts do ſomething for their One in Ten;
" It is their *trade*; ſo far they're honeſt men.
" Let them cant on, ſince they have got the knack,
" And dreſs their notions, like themſelves, in *black*;
" Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*,
" From joys of this, to keep them all their *own*.

" Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
" But then they leave our *untyth'd virtue* free.
" *Virtue's a pretty thing to make a ſhow:*
" Did ever mortal write like ROCHEFOUCAUT?"
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologiſt,
And, pleading, ſafely enters on his liſt.
Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *prophane*.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face?*
Virtue made *viſible* in outward grace?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more ſhe *charms*, the more ſhe *ſhocks* mankind.
But charms decline: the Fair long vigils keep:
They ſleep no more! * *Quadrille* has murder'd ſleep.
" Poor K—P! cries LIVIA; I have not been there
" Theſe two nights; the poor creature will deſpair.
" I hate a croud—but to do good, you know—
" And people of condition ſhould beſtow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—P's grave matrons run;
Now *ſet* a daughter, and now *ſtake* a ſon;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
And beggar half their race——thro' *charity*.
Immortal were we, or elſe mortal *quite*,
I leſs ſhould blame this criminal delight:
But ſince the gay aſſembly's gayeſt room
Is but an upper ſtory to ſome tomb,
Methinks, we need not our *ſhort* beings ſhun,
And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.

* SHAKESPEARE.

We

We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.

The love of gaming is the worſt of ills;
With ceaſeleſs ſtorms the blacken'd ſoul it fills;
Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood;
Deſtroys the pow'r and will of doing good;
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in diſgrace,
And, what is ſtill more dreadful—ſpoils your face.

See yonder ſet of thieves that live on ſpoil,
The *ſcandal*, and the *ruin*, of our iſle!
And ſee, (ſtrange ſight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her ſnowy hand;
That rattles loud a ſmall enchanted box,
Which, loud as thunder, on the board ſhe knocks.
And as fierce ſtorms, which earth's foundation ſhook,
From ÆOLUS's cave impetuous broke,
From this ſmall cavern a mix'd tempeſt flies,
Fear, rage, convulſion, tears, oaths, blaſphemies!
For men, I mean,—the fair diſcharges none;
She (guiltleſs creature!) ſwears to heav'n alone.

See her eyes ſtart! cheeks glow! and muſcles ſwell!
Like the mad maid in the *Cumean* cell.
Thus that divine-one her *ſoft* nights employs!
Thus tunes her ſoul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aking head,
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The *die* ſpins lovely, or the *cards* go round;
Imaginary ruin charms her ſtill;
Her happy lord is cuckol'd by *ſpadil*:

And

And if ſhe's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her *darling* ſon.
O ſcene of horror, and of wild deſpair!
Why is the rich ATRIDES' ſplendid heir
Conſtrain'd to quit his antient lordly ſeat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn ſword? And whence that diſmal cry?
Why pale diſtraction thro' the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling ſervants from the tempeſt creep.
Why that gay *ſon* to diſtant regions ſent?
What fiends that *daughter*'s deſtin'd match prevent?
Why the whole houſe in ſudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but laſt night—my lady *play'd*.
But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame?*
Though, now, your hearts on *lucre* are beſtow'd,
'Twas, firſt, a *vain devotion* to the *mode*.
Nor ceaſe we *here*, ſince 'tis a vice ſo ſtrong;
The torrent ſweeps all womankind along.
This may be ſaid, in honour of our times,
That none now ſtand *diſtinguiſh'd* by their crimes.
If ſin you muſt, take nature for your guide;
Love has ſome ſoft excuſe to ſooth your pride:
Ye fair apoſtates from love's antient pow'r!
Can nothing *raviſh* but a *golden ſhow'r?*
Can cards alone your glowing fancy ſeize?
Muſt CUPID learn to *punt*, ere he can *pleaſe?*
When you're enamour'd of a *lift* or *caſt*,
What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chaſte?*

Why

Why muſt ſtrong youths *unmarry'd* pine away ?
They find no woman diſengag'd——*from play*.
Why pine the *marry'd?*—O ſeverer fate !
They find from play no diſengag'd—*eſtate*.
FLAVIA, at lovers falſe, *untouch'd*, and *hard*,
Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.
Nor ARRIA's bible can ſecure her age ;
Her threeſcore years are ſhuffling with her page.
While *death* ſtands by, but till the game is done,
To ſweep *that ſtake*, in juſtice, long *his own* ;
Like old cards ting'd with ſulphur, ſhe takes fire ;
Or, like ſnuffs ſunk in ſockets, blazes higher.
Ye gods ! with *new* delights inſpire the Fair ;
Or give us *ſons*, and ſave us from deſpair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, huſbands, *tradeſmen*, cloſe
In my complaint, and brand your ſins in *proſe :*
Yet I believe, as firmly as my Creed,
In ſpite of all our wiſdom, you'll proceed :
Our pride ſo great, our paſſion is ſo ſtrong,
Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.
I hear you cry, " This fellow's very odd."
When *you* chaſtiſe, who would not kiſs the rod ?
But I've a charm your anger ſhall controul,
And turn your eyes with coldneſs on the *vole*.

The charm begins ! To yonder flood of light,
That burſts o'er gloomy *Britain*, turn your ſight.
What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your ſouls with awe?
Her deeds are precepts, her example law ;
'Midſt empire's charms, how CAROLINA's heart
Glows with the love of *virtue*, and of *art?*

Her

Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Excefs of goodnefs! it has dawn'd on me:
When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
Or godlike deeds were fhown, or generous thoughts,
She fmil'd, *induftrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the *borrow'd* luftre drew.

* Thus the majeftic mother of mankind,
To her own charms moft amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently ftood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the chryftal flood;
Survey'd the ftranger in the painted wave,
And, fmiling, prais'd the beauties which fhe gave.

* MILTON.

SATIRE VII.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit IPSE, *canemus.* VIRG.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,
Smile, WALPOLE, or the *Nine* inspire in vain:
To *thee* 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
Where BRUNSWICK's glory crowns the whole design?
That glory, which thy counsels make so bright;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To *give*, and *take*, a lustre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The *fountain* is not foreign to the *stream*.
How all mankind will be surpriz'd, to see
This flood of *British* folly charg'd on thee!
Say, *Britain!* whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?

The

The cauſe is plain, a cauſe which we muſt bleſs;
For caprice is the daughter of *ſucceſs*,
(A bad effect, but from a pleaſing cauſe!)
And gives our rulers undeſign'd applauſe;
Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increaſe,
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.

While I ſurvey the bleſſings of our iſle,
Her *arts* triumphant in the royal ſmile,
Her public *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
Her *commerce* ſpreading ſails in every ſky,
The pleaſing ſcene recals my theme agen,
And ſhews the madneſs of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodſhed, draw the murd'ring ſword,
And burn to give mankind a ſingle lord.

The follies paſt are of a private kind;
Their ſphere is ſmall; their miſchief is confin'd:
But daring men there are (Awake, my muſe,
And raiſe thy verſe!) who bolder frenzy chuſe;
Who, ſtung by glory, rave, and bound away;
The *world* their field, and *humankind* their prey.

The *Grecian* chief, th' enthuſiaſt of his *pride*,
With rage and terror ſtalking by his ſide,
Raves round the globe; he ſoars into a god!
Stand faſt, *Olympus!* and ſuſtain his nod.
The peſt divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miſeries and pains.
What ſlaughter'd *hoſts!* what *cities* in a blaze!
What waſted *countries!* and what crimſon *ſeas!*
With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repoſe.

And

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraiſe
The boiſt'rous boy, and blaſt his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the *ſtorm*,
Or *famine*, or *volcano*? They perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can ſlay,
And ſpread their ample deſarts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With *dearth*, and *peſtilence*, to ſhare the crown.
When men extol a wild deſtroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preſerver they blaſpheme.
One to deſtroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder *thouſands*, takes a ſpecious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal *fame*.
When, after battle, I the field have ſeen
Spread o'er with ghaſtly ſhapes, which once were men;
A *nation* cruſh'd, a nation of the *brave!*
A realm of death! and on this ſide the grave!
Are there, ſaid I, who from this ſad ſurvey,
This *human chaos*, carry ſmiles away?
How did my heart with indignation riſe!
How honeſt nature ſwell'd into my eyes!
How was I ſhock'd to think the hero's trade,
Of ſuch materials, *fame* and *triumph* made!
How guilty theſe? Yet not leſs guilty they,
Who reach falſe glory by a ſmoother way:
Who wrap deſtruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and ſmiles, more fatal than their ſwords;
Who ſtifle *nature*, and ſubſiſt on *art*;
Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart*;

All real kindneſs for the ſhew diſcard,
As marble poliſh'd, and as marble hard;
Who do for gold what Chriſtians do thro' Grace,
" With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
" The thinneſt food on which a wretch can dine:"
Or, if they ſerve you, ſerve you diſinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindneſs, are unkind.
Such *Courtiers* were, and ſuch again may be,
WALPOLE, when men forget to copy thee.

Here ceaſe, my Muſe! the *catalogue* is writ;
Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,
Tho' diſappointed thouſands juſtly blame
Thy partial pen, and boaſt an equal claim:
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furniſh laughter for another year.
Then let CRISPINO, who was ne'er refus'd
The *juſtice* yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait; and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in ſome future ſtrain.

Some future ſtrain, in which the Muſe ſhall tell
How *ſcience* dwindles, and how *volumes* ſwell.

How commentators each *dark* paſſage ſhun,
And hold their farthing candle to the *ſun*.

How tortur'd texts to ſpeak our ſenſe are made,
And every vice is to the Scripture laid.

How miſers ſqueeze a young voluptuous peer;
His ſins to LUCIFER not half ſo dear.

How VERRES is leſs qualify'd to ſteal
With ſword and piſtol, than with wax and ſeal.

How

How lawyers' fees to ſuch exceſs are run,
That clients are redreſs'd till they're undone.
How one man's anguiſh is another's ſport;
And ev'n denials coſt us dear at court.
How man eternally falſe judgments makes,
And all his joys and ſorrows are *miſtakes*.
This ſwarm of themes that ſettles on my pen,
Which I, like ſummer-flies, ſhake off agen,
Let others ſing; to whom my weak eſſay
But ſounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
That duty done, I haſten to complete
My own deſign; for TONSON's at the gate.
The Love of Fame in its *effects* ſurvey'd,
The Muſe has ſung; be now the *cauſe* diſplay'd:
Since ſo diffuſive, and ſo wide its ſway,
What is this power, whom all mankind obey?
Shot from above, by heav'n's indulgence, came
This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raiſe, to deify, mankind,
Still burning brighteſt in the nobleſt mind.
By large-ſoul'd men, for thirſt of fame renown'd,
Wiſe *laws* were fram'd, and ſacred *arts* were found;
Deſire of praiſe firſt broke the *patriot*'s reſt;
And made a bulwark of the *warrior*'s breaſt;
It bids ARGYLL in fields and ſenates ſhine.
What more can prove its origin divine?
But, oh! this paſſion planted in the ſoul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming miniſter of *virtue* meant,
Set up falſe gods, and wrong'd her high deſcent.

AM-

AMBITION, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots, and beauties, an alternate ſource;
Hence GILDON rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcaſes of wit;
And in art-loving SCARBOROUGH is ſeen
How kind a pattern POLLIO *might* have been.
Purſuit of fame with pedants fills our ſchools,
And into *coxcombs* burniſhes our *fools*;
Purſuit of fame makes ſolid learning bright,
And NEWTON lifts above a mortal height;
That key of nature, by whoſe wit ſhe clears
Her long, long ſecrets of five thouſand years.
Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what *degrees*, pride ſways the ſoul?
(For tho' in all, not equally, ſhe reigns)
Awake to knowlege, and attend my ſtrains.
Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I diſcloſe,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dulleſt proſe;
As if a letter'd dunce had ſaid, "'Tis right,"
And *imprimatur* uſher'd it to light.
AMBITION, in the *truly noble mind*,
With Siſter-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd LUCRECE, who, with equal dread,
From *guilt*, and *ſhame*, by her laſt conduct, fled:
Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm diſdain,
And the ſword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the ſlave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her ſide, her *Love of Fame* obey'd.
In *meaner minds* ambition works alone;
But with ſuch art puts virtue's aſpect on,

That

That not more like in feature and in mien,
* The God and mortal in the comic ſcene.
Falſe JULIUS, ambuſh'd in this fair diſguiſe,
Soon made the *Roman* liberties his prize.
No maſk in *baſeſt minds* ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her aſs's ears:
All I have ſung are inſtances of *this*,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiſs.
Ye *vain!* deſiſt from your erroneous ſtriſe;
Be wiſe, and quit the *falſe* ſublime of life.
The *true* ambition there alone reſides,
Where *juſtice* vindicates, and *wiſdom* guides;
Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* ſtate;
Our *purpoſe* good, as our *atchievement* great;
Where public *bleſſings* public *praiſe* attend;
Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.
Would'ſt thou be *fam'd?* Have thoſe high deeds in view
Brave men would act, tho' *ſcandal* ſhould enſue.
Behold a Prince! whom no ſwoln thoughts inflame;
No pride of thrones, no fever after *Fame*;
But when the welfare of mankind inſpires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conqueſts then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs, ſparkle in his ſight;
Tumult and *noiſe* are dear, which with them bring
His people's bleſſings to their ardent king:
But, when thoſe great heroic motives ceaſe,
His ſwelling ſoul ſubſides to native peace;

* AMPHITRYON.

From

From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A *ſudden* foe to ſplendor and applauſe;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly ſhout his name.
O pride celeſtial! which can pride diſdain;
O bleſt ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.
From one fam'd *Alpine* hill, which props the ſky,
In whoſe deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burſt the *Rhone* and ſounding *Po*; there ſhine,
In infant rills, the *Danube* and the *Rhine*;
From the rich ſtore one fruitful urn ſupplies,
Whole kingdoms ſmile, a thouſand harveſts riſe.
In BRUNSWICK ſuch a ſource the Muſe adores,
Which public bleſſings thro' half *Europe* pours.
When his heart burns with ſuch a god-like aim,
Angels and GEORGE are *rivals* for the fame;
GEORGE, who in foes can ſoft affections raiſe,
And charm envenom'd Satire into praiſe.
* Nor *human* rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves*.
Ev'n ſtorms (death's fierceſt miniſters!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to ſpare.
Thus, *nature*'s *ſelf*, ſupporting *man*'s decree,
Stiles *Britain* ſovereign, ſovereign of the *ſea*.
While *ſea* and *air*, great BRUNSWICK! ſhook our State,
And ſported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what ſhe lov'd, and preſs'd with fear,
Of *ever* loſing what ſhe held moſt dear,

* The King in danger by ſea.

How

How did BRITANNIA, like * ACHILLES, weep,
And tell her ſorrows to the *kindred deep?*
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive, for Thee, with the ſurge, and fight the ſtorm?
What felt thy WALPOLE, pilot of the realm?
Our PALINURUS † ſlept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd; long ſince enur'd to wake,
And out-watch every ſtar, for BRUNSWICK's ſake:
By thwarting paſſions toſs'd, by cares oppreſt,
He found the tempeſt pictur'd in his breaſt:
But, *now*, what joys that gloom of heart diſpel,
No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which *nature* and the *graces* form,
At will, to raiſe, or huſh, the *civil* ſtorm.

* HOM. Il. lib. I.
† *Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem, &c.* VIRG. lib. V.

O D E S,

OCCASIONED BY

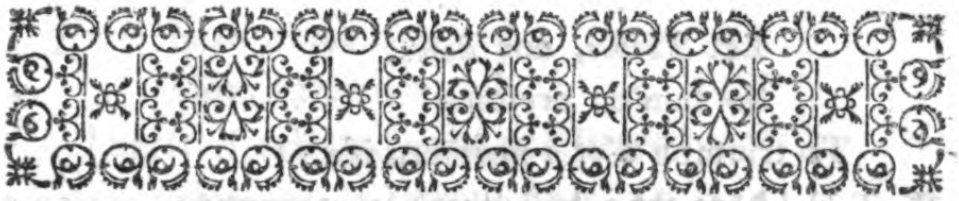
HIS MAJESTY'S

ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT

OF THE

SEA SERVICE.

I THINK Myſelf obliged to recommend to you a Conſideration of the greateſt Importance; and I ſhould look upon it as a great Happineſs, if, at the Beginning of My Reign, I could ſee the Foundation laid of ſo great and neceſſary a Work, as the Increaſe and Encouragement of our Seamen in general; that they may be invited, rather than compelled by Force and Violence, to enter into the Service of their Country, as oft as Occaſion ſhall require it: A Conſideration worthy the Repreſentatives of a People great and flouriſhing in Trade and Navigation. This leads Me to mention to you the caſe of *Greenwich-Hoſpital*, that care may be taken, by ſome Addition to that Fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable Proviſion, for the Support and Maintenance of Our Seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the Service of their Country. [SPEECH, *Jan.* 27, 172$\frac{7}{8}$.]



TO THE

KING.

M.DCC.XXVIII.

I.

OLD OCEAN's praiſe
Demands my lays;
A truly *Britiſh* theme I ſing;
A theme ſo great,
I dare complete,
And join with OCEAN, *Ocean*'s King.

II.

The *Roman* Ode
Majeſtic flow'd;
Its *ſtream* divinely clear, and ſtrong;
In ſenſe, and ſound,
Thebes roll'd profound;
The *torrent* roar'd, and foam'd along.

III.

Let *Thebes*, nor *Rome*,
So fam'd, presume
To triumph o'er a northern isle;
Late time shall know
The *North* can *glow*,
If dread AUGUSTUS deign to smile.

IV.

The Naval-crown
Is all His own!
Our Fleet, if *war*, or *commerce*, call,
His will performs
Thro' waves and storms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

V.

No former race,
With strong embrace,
This theme to ravish durst aspire;
With virgin charms
My soul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

VI.

My lays I file
With cautious toil;
Ye graces! turn the glowing lines;
On anvils neat
Your strokes repeat;
At every stroke the work refines!

VII. How

VII.

How music charms?
How metre warms?
Parent of actions, good and brave!
How vice it tames?
And worth inflames?
And holds proud empire o'er the grave?

VIII.

Jove mark'd for man
A scanty span,
But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit scorns the grave;
To wit he gave
The life of gods! immortal bloom!

IX.

Since *years* will fly,
And *pleasures* die,
Day after day, as years advance;
Since, while life lasts,
Joy suffers blasts
From frowning *fate*, and fickle *chance*;

X.

Nor life is long;
But soon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, death's pallid shore;
We make, at least,
Of *bad* the *best*,
If in life's fantom, *Fame*, we soar.

XI.

Our ſtrains divide
The laurel's pride;
With thoſe we lift to life, we live;
By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And ſhare the bleſſings which we give.

XII.

What hero's praiſe
Can fire my lays,
Like His, with whom my lay begun?
" *Juſtice* ſincere,
" And *courage* clear,
" Riſe the two columns of his throne.

XIII.

" How form'd for ſway?
" Who look, obey;
" They read the monarch in his *port*:
" Their love and awe
" Supply the *law*;
" And his *own* luſtre makes the court:"

XIV.

On yonder height,
What golden light
Triumphant ſhines? And ſhines *alone*?
Unrivall'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the Sun; 'tis *Britain*'s throne.

XV. Our

XV.

Our Monarch, there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempeſts riſe, diſdains to bend;
Like *Britiſh* oak,
Derides the ſtroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

XVI.

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair *Albion*, like an amorous maid;
While *intereſt* wings
Bold foreign kings
To fly, like eagles, to his ſhade.

XVII.

At his proud foot
The *ſea*, pour'd out,
Immortal nouriſhment ſupplies;
Thence *wealth* and *ſtate*,
And *power* and *fate*,
Which *Europe* reads in GEORGE's eyes.

XVIII.

From what we view,
We take the clue,
Which leads from great to greater things:
Men doubt no more,
But gods adore,
When ſuch reſemblance ſhines in kings.

EPISTLES

TO

MR. POPE,

CONCERNING THE

AUTHORS of the AGE.

M.DCC.XXX.

EPISTLE I.

TO

MR. POPE.

WHILST you at *Twick'nam* plan the future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wiſe and good,
Our ſenate meets; at parties, parties bawl,
And pamphlets ſtun the ſtreets, and load the ſtall:
So ruſhing tides bring things obſcene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs ſwim in ſight;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And CODRUS' proſe works up, and LICO's ſtrains.
Lo! what from *cellars* riſe, what ruſh from high,
Where ſpeculation rooſted near the ſky;
Letters, Eſſays, Sock, Buſkin, Satire, Song,
And all the *Garret* thunders on the throng!
O POPE! I burſt; nor can, nor will, refrain;
I'll write; let others, in their turn, complain:

Truce,

Truce, truce, ye *Vandals!* my tormented ear
Leſs dreads a pillory than pamphleteer;
I've *heard* myſelf to death; and, plagu'd each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my pow'r?
For who can write the true abſurd like me?——
Thy pardon, CODRUS! who, I mean, but thee?
POPE! if like mine, or CODRUS', were thy ſtyle,
The blood of vipers had not ſtain'd thy file;
Merit leſs ſolid, leſs deſpite had bred;
They had not *bit*; and then they had not *bled*.
Fame is a public miſtreſs, none enjoys,
But, more or leſs, his rival's peace deſtroys;
With *fame*, in juſt proportion, *envy* grows;
The man that makes a character, makes foes:
Slight, peeviſh inſects round a genius riſe,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To ſhew they live) they flutter, and they ſting:
But as by depredations whaſps proclaim
The faireſt fruit, ſo theſe the faireſt fame.
Shall we not cenſure all the motly train,
Whether with ale irriguous, or champaign?
Whether they tread the vale of proſe, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college ſloven, or embroider'd ſpark;
The purple prelate, or the pariſh-clerk;
The quiet *quidnunc*, or demanding prig;
The plaintiff tory, or defendant whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or ſad;
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;

Pro-

Profoundly dull, or ſhallowly polite;
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, taylors, tune the reeds,
And meaſuring words to meaſuring ſhapes ſucceeds;
For bankrupts write, when ruin'd ſhops are ſhut,
As maggots crawl from out a periſh'd nut.
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting ſenſe for tradeſmen, ſerve for wits.
By thriving men ſubſiſts each other trade;
Of every *broken* craft a *Writer*'s made:
Thus his material, Paper, takes its birth
From tatter'd rags of all the ſtuff on earth.
Hail, fruitful *iſle!* to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old ſong;
Thee well a land of liberty we name,
Where all are free to ſcandal and to ſhame;
Thy ſons, by print, may ſet their hearts at eaſe,
And be mankind's contempt, whene'er they pleaſe;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject ſenſe
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
Their heavy proſe our injur'd reaſon tires;
Their verſe immoral kindles looſe deſires:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our ſport and pity, puniſhment and crime.
What glorious motives urge our Authors on,
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone?
One loſes his eſtate, and down he ſits,
To ſhew (in vain!) he ſtill retains his wits:
Another marries, and his dear proves keen;
He writes as an *Hypnotic* for the ſpleen:

Some

Some write, confin'd by phyſic; ſome, by debt;
Some, for 'tis *Sunday*; ſome becauſe 'tis wet;
Thro' private pique ſome do the public right,
And love their king and country out of ſpight:
Another writes becauſe his father writ,
And proves himſelf a baſtard by his wit.

Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither: Why write then? He wants twenty pound:
His belly, not his brains, this impulſe give;
He'll grow immortal; for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no proviſion made, but of his theme;
Perhaps a *title* has his fancy ſmit,
Or a quaint *motto*, which he thinks has wit:
He writes, in inſpiration puts his truſt,
Tho' wrong his thoughts, the *gods* will make them juſt;
Genius directly from the *gods* deſcends,
And who by labour would diſtruſt his *friends*?
Thus having reaſon'd with conſummate ſkill,
In immortality he dips his quill;
And, ſince blank paper is deny'd the preſs,
He mingles the whole alphabet by gueſs:
In various ſets, which various words compoſe,
Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.

So ſounds ſpontaneous from the *Sybil* broke,
Dark to herſelf the wonders which ſhe ſpoke;
The prieſts found out the meaning, if they cou'd;
And nations ſtar'd at what none underſtood.

Clodio dreſs'd, danc'd, drank, viſited, (the whole
And great concern of an immortal ſoul!)

Cft

Oft have I ſaid, "Awake! exiſt! and ſtrive
"For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
As oft I overheard the *dæmon* ſay,
Who daily met the loit'rer in his way,
I'll meet thee, youth, at WHITE'S: The youth replies,
I'll meet thee there, and falls his ſacrifice;
His fortune ſquander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To ev'ry bribe, and blind to ev'ry ſnare:
CLODIO for bread his indolence muſt quit,
Or turn a ſoldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we! all, but life, they ſtake;
How muſt *Spain* tremble, and the *German* ſhake?
Such writers have we! all, but ſenſe, they print;
Ev'n GEORGE'S praiſe is dated from the *Mint*.
In arms contemptible, in arts prophane,
Such ſwords, ſuch pens, diſgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before ye thus aſpire,
And ſteal (for you *can ſteal*) cœleſtial fire.
O! the juſt contraſt! O the beauteous ſtrife!
'Twixt their cool writings, and *pindaric* life:
They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;
They cheat the lender, and their *works* the buyer.
I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
For who ſo ſad, but muſt ſome mirth confeſs
At gay CASTRUCHIO'S miſcellaneous dreſs?
Tho' there's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.
Theſe, nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majeſtic dome;

They

They make a private ſtudy of the ſtreet;
And looking full on every man they meet,
Run ſouſe againſt his chaps; who ſtands amaz'd
To find they did not ſee, but only gaz'd.
How muſt theſe bards be rapt into the ſkies?
You need not *read*, you *feel* their ecſtaſies.
Will they perſiſt? 'Tis madneſs; *Lintot*, run,
See them confin'd——"O that's already done."
Moſt, as by leaſes, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, poſſeſſion of the *Mint*.
If you miſtake, and pity theſe poor men,
Eſt Ulubris, they cry, and write again.
Such wits their nuiſance manfully expoſe,
And then pronounce juſt judges learning's foes;
O frail concluſion! the reverſe is true;
If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you:
Treat them, ye judges! with an honeſt ſcorn,
And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
There's true good-nature in your diſreſpect;
In juſtice to the good, the bad neglect:
For immortality, if hardſhips plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.
But, O! what wiſdom can convince a fool,
But that 'tis dulneſs to conceive him dull?
'Tis ſad experience takes the cenſor's part,
Conviction, not from reaſon, but from ſmart.
A virgin-author, recent from the preſs,
The ſheets yet wet, applauds his great ſucceſs;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Thoſe in his hand, and glory in his head;

'Tis

'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight!
His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night:
But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
He finds that without sleeping he could dream:
So sparks, they say, take goddesses to bed,
And find next day the devil in their stead.

In vain *advertisements* the town o'erspread;
They're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.
Who *press* for fame, but small recruits will raise;
'Tis *voluntiers* alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man,
Of his immortal work displays the plan,
And says, "Sir, I'm your friend; all fear dismiss;
"Your glory, and my own, shall live by this;
"Your pow'r is fixt, your fame thro' time convey'd,
"And *Britain Europe*'s Queen—if I am pay'd."
A Statesman has his answer in a trice;
"Sir, such a genius is beyond all price;
"What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns;
His work is folded, and his bosom burns:
His patron he will patronize no more;
But rushes like a tempest out of door.
Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another, and the same;
For *A*, his magic pen evokes an *O*,
And turns the tide of *Europe* on the foe:
He rams his quill with scandal, and with scoff;
But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar;
But when once publish'd, they are heard no more

Thus

Thus diſtant bugbears fright, but, nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.
Can theſe oblige, whoſe heads and hearts are ſuch?
No; every party's tainted by their touch.
Infected perſons fly each public place;
And none, or enemies alone, embrace:
To the foul fiend their every paſſion's ſold;
They love, and hate, *extempore*, for gold:
What image of their fury can we form?
Dulneſs and rage, a puddle in a ſtorm.
Reſt they in peace? If yon are pleas'd to *buy*,
To ſwell your ſails, like *Lapland* winds, they fly:
Write they with rage? The tempeſt quickly flags;
A *State-Ulyſſes* tames 'em with his bags;
Let him be what he will, *Turk*, *Pagan*, *Jew*:
For *Chriſtian* miniſters of ſtate are few.
Behind the curtain lurks the fountain head,
That pours his politics thro' pipes of lead,
Which far and near ejaculate, and ſpout
O'er tea and coffee, poiſon to the rout:
But when they have beſpatter'd all they may,
The ſtateſman throws his filthy ſquirts away!
With *golden* forceps, theſe, another takes,
And ſtate-elixirs of the vipers makes.
The *richeſt* ſtateſman wants wherewith to *pay*
A ſervile ſycophant, if well they weigh
How much it coſts the wretch to be ſo baſe;
Nor can the *greateſt* pow'rs enough *diſgrace*,
Enough *chaſtiſe*, ſuch proſtitute applauſe,
If well they weigh how much it ſtains their cauſe.

But

But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er ſeduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well-brib'd, for virtue-ſelf they fight;
Still in the wrong, tho' champions for the right:
Whoe'er their crimes for intereſt only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds *commit*.
Nought but inconſtancy *Britannia* meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd ſheets;
From the ſame hand how various is the page?
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage?
Tracts battle tracts, ſelf-contradictions glare;
Say, is this lunacy? ——I wiſh it were.
If ſuch our writers, ſtartled at the ſight,
Felons may bleſs their ſtars they cannot write!
How juſtly PROTEUS' tranſmigrations fit
The monſtrous changes of a modern wit?
Now, ſuch a gentle *ſtream* of eloquence
As ſeldom riſes to the verge of ſenſe;
Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a *flame*,
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;
Now, on immodeſt traſh, the *ſwine obſcene*,
Invites the town to ſup at *Drury-lane*;
A dreadful *lion*, now he roars at pow'r,
Which ſends him to his brothers at the *Tow'r*;
He's now a *ſerpent*, and his double tongue,
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of thoſe he ſtung?
What knot can bind him, his evaſion ſuch?
One knot he well deſerves, which might do much.
The flood, flame, ſwine, the lion, and the ſnake,
Thoſe fivefold monſters, modern authors make:

The

The *Snake* reigns moſt; Snakes, PLINY ſays, are bred,
When the *brain*'s periſh'd in a human head.
Ye groveling, trodden, whipt, ſtript, turncoat, things,
Made up of venom, volumes, ſtains, and ſtings!
Thrown from the *Tree of Knowlege*, like you, curſt
To ſcribble in the duſt, was Snake the firſt.

What if the *figure* ſhould in *fact* prove true?
It did in ELKENAH, why not in you?
Poor ELKENAH, all other changes paſt,
For bread in *Smithfield dragons* hiſt at laſt,
Spit ſtreams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners ſuited to his ſhape:
Such is the fate of talents miſapply'd;
So liv'd your *Prototype*; and ſo he dy'd.

Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train,
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is eminently ſeen:
Heaven ſtands abſolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Thro' meager jaws they draw their venal breath,
As ghaſtly as their brothers in *Macbeth*:
Their feet thro' faithleſs leather meet the dirt,
And oftner chang'd their principles, than ſhirt.
The tranſient veſtments of theſe frugal men,
Haſten to paper for our mirth agen:
Too ſoon (O merry-melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble thro' a grate:
The man lampoon'd forgets it at the ſight;
The friend thro' pity gives, the foe thro' ſpight;

And

And tho' full conſcious of his injur'd purſe,
LINTOT relents, nor CURLL can wiſh them worſe.
So fare the men, who writers dare commence
Without their *patent*, probity, and ſenſe.
From *theſe*, their politics our *quidnunc*'s ſeek,
And *Saturday*'s the learning of the week:
Theſe labouring wits, like paviours, mend our ways,
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat, eſſays;
Ram their coarſe nonſenſe down, tho' ne'er ſo dull;
And hem at every thump upon your ſkull:
Theſe ſtaunch-bred writing-hounds begin the cry,
And honeſt folly echoes to the lye.
O how I laugh, when I a blockhead ſee,
Thanking a villain for his *probity*.
Who ſtretches out a moſt reſpectful ear,
With ſnares for woodcocks in his holy leer:
It tickles thro' my ſoul to hear the *cock*'s
Sincere encomium on his friend the *fox*,
Sole *patron* of his *liberties* and *rights!*
While graceleſs *Reynard* liſtens——till he bites.
As when the trumpet ſounds, th' o'erloaded ſtate
Diſcharges all her *poor* and *profligate*;
Crimes of all kinds diſhonour'd weapons wield,
And *priſons* pour their filth into the field;
Thus nature's refuſe, and the dregs of men,
Compoſe the *black militia* of the *pen*.

EPISTLE II.

FROM

OXFORD.

ALL write at *London*; ſhall the rage abate
Here, where it moſt ſhould ſhine, the *Muſes ſeat?*
Where, mortal or immortal, as they pleaſe,
The learn'd may chuſe eternity, or eaſe?
Has not a * ROYAL PATRON wiſely ſtrove
To woo the muſe in her *Athenian* grove?
Added new ſtrings to her harmonious ſhell,
And giv'n new tongues to thoſe who ſpoke ſo well?
Let *theſe* inſtruct, with truth's illuſtrious ray,
Awake the world, and ſcare our owls away.
Mean while, O friend! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to *write*, and *live*;

* His late Majeſty's benefaction for modern languages.

Serious

Serious ſhould be an author's final views;
Who write for pure amuſement, ne'er amuſe.
An *Author!* 'Tis a venerable name!
How few deſerve it, and what numbers claim?
Unbleſt with ſenſe above their peers refin'd,
Who ſhall ſtand up, *dictators* to mankind?
Nay, who dare *ſhine*, if not in *virtue*'s cauſe?
That ſole proprietor of juſt applauſe.
Ye reſtleſs men, who pant for letter'd praiſe,
With whom would you conſult to gain the bays?—
With thoſe great authors whoſe fam'd works you read?
'Tis well: go, then, conſult the laurell'd ſhade.
What anſwer will the laurell'd ſhade return?
Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
The nobleſt works his envy'd genius writ,
That boaſt of nought more excellent than *wit*.
If this be true, as 'tis a truth moſt dread,
Woe to the page which has not *that* to plead!
Fontaine and *Chaucer*, dying, wiſh'd unwrote
The ſprightlieſt efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and *Waller*, brighteſt ſons of fame,
Condemn'd the charm of ages to the flame:
And in one point is all true wiſdom caſt,
To think that *early* we muſt think *at laſt*.
Immortal wits, ev'n *dead*, break nature's laws,
Injurious ſtill to virtue's ſacred cauſe;
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be *forgot*.
Thus ends your courted *fame*: does lucre then,
The ſacred *thirſt* of *gold*, betray your pen?

In profe 'tis blameable, in verfe 'tis worfe,
Provokes the mufe, extorts *Apollo*'s curfe;
His facred influence never fhould be fold;
'Tis arrant *Simony* to fing for gold:
'Tis immortality fhould fire your mind;
Scorn a lefs paymafter than all mankind.
If bribes you feek, know this, ye writing tribe!
Who writes for virtue has the largeft bribe:
All's on the party of the virtuous man;
The good will furely ferve him, if they can;
The bad, when intereft, or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their *intereft*, and their *pride*:
But fhould both fail to take him to their care,
He boafts a *greater* friend, and both may fpare.
Letters to man uncommon light difpenfe;
And what is virtue, but fuperior fenfe?
In parts and learning you who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, *your* crimes are double-dy'd.
What is a fcandal of the firft renown,
But letter'd knaves, and *atheifts* in a gown?
'Tis harder far to pleafe than give offence;
The leaft mifconduct damns the brighteft fenfe;
Each fhallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impreffions deep
On thofe, that o'er a page of *Milton* fleep:
Nor in their dulnefs think to fave your fhame,
True, thefe are fools; but wife men fay the fame.
Wits are a defpicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;

When the man ſhocks us, while the writer ſhines,
Our ſcorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence ſome diſpenſe,
And play the fool, becauſe they're men of ſenſe.
What inſtances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their *genius* brought?
Againſt their wills what numbers ruin ſhun,
Purely thro' want of wit to be undone?
Nature has ſhewn, by making it ſo rare,
That *wit*'s a jewel which we need not wear.
Of plain ſound *ſenſe* life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the moſt ſubſtantial trade,
Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays;
A ſplendid ſource of ill ten thouſand ways;
A certain ſnare to miſeries immenſe;
A gay prerogative from common ſenſe;
Unleſs ſtrong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.
But grant your judgment equal to the beſt,
Senſe fills your head, and genius fires your breaſt;
Yet ſtill forbear: your wit (conſider well)
'Tis great to ſhew, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to ſeize the golden prize
Of place or power; but greater to deſpiſe.
If ſtill you languiſh for an author's name,
Think private merit leſs than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deſerve, and take, the great prerogative.
But ponder what it is; how dear 'twill coſt,
To write one page which you may juſtly boaſt.

Senſe may be good, yet not deſerve the preſs;
Who write, an awful character profeſs;
The world as pupil of their wiſdom claim,
And for their ſtipend an immortal fame:
Nothing but what is ſolid or refin'd,
Should dare aſk public audience of mankind.
Severely weigh your learning and your wit:
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:
No writer, fam'd in your own way, paſs o'er;
Much truſt example, but reflexion more:
More had the ancients writ, they more had taught;
Which ſhews ſome work is left for modern thought.
This weigh'd, perfection know, and known, adore,
Toil, burn for that, but do not aim at more:
Above, beneath it, the juſt limits fix;
And zealouſly prefer four lines to ſix.
Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for it's *ſwiftneſs* ne'er applaud your pen.
Leave to the jockeys that *New-market* praiſe,
Slow runs the *Pegaſus* that wins the bays.
Much time for *immortality* to pay,
Is juſt and wiſe; for *leſs* is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife *pain*:
The ſame good ſenſe that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impoſſibilities they ſeek;
What man can be immortal in a week?
Excuſe no *fault*; tho' beautiful, 'twill harm;
One fault ſhocks more than twenty beauties charm.

Our

Our age demands correctness; *Addison*
And *you*, this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once *Achilles* found,
The *whole* is mortal, if a *part*'s unsound.
He that *strikes out*, and strikes not out the *best*,
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest:
Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,
We praise for what you *burn*, and what you *spare*:
The part you burn, smells sweet before the shrine,
And is as incense to the part divine.
Nor *frequent* write, tho' you can do it well;
Men may too *oft*, tho' not too *much*, excel.
A few good works gain fame; more sink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you writ well, what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?
Do *boldly* what you do, and let your page
Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly *Lucius* censures, and commends,
That *Lucius* has no foes, except his friends.
Let *satire* less engage you than *applause*;
It shews a gen'rous mind to wink at flaws:
Is genius yours? be yours a glorious end,
Be your *king*'s, *country*'s, *truth*'s, *religion*'s friend;
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run posterity, in debt.
And since the fam'd alone make others live,
First *have* that glory you presume to *give*.
If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.

Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal ſplinters fly.
As the ſoft plume gives ſwiftneſs to the dart,
Good-breeding ſends the ſatire to the heart.
Painters and ſurgeons may the *ſtructure* ſcan;
Genius and *morals* be with you the *man*:
Defaults in thoſe alone ſhould give offence!
Who ſtrikes the *perſon*, pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded ſatire can't extend
To *Codrus'* form; I'm not ſo much his friend:
Himſelf ſhould publiſh that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, ſhort, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.
Is that call'd *humour?* It has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, or ſenſe.
Unleſs you boaſt the genius of a *Swift*,
Beware of *humour*, the dull rogue's *laſt ſhift*.
Can others write like you? Your taſk give o'er,
'Tis printing what was publiſh'd long before.
If nought peculiar thro' your labours run,
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think cloſe, read nature, turn
Mens manners o'er, and half your volumes burn;
To nurſe with quick reflexion, be your ſtrife,
Thoughts born from preſent objects, warm from life:
When moſt unſought, ſuch inſpirations riſe,
Slighted by fools, and cheriſh'd by the wiſe:
Expect peculiar fame from theſe alone;
Theſe make an author, theſe are all your own.

Life,

Life, like their bibles, coolly men turn o'er;
Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.
True, all men think of course, as all men dream;
And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.
Letters admit not of a half renown;
They give you *nothing*, or they give a *crown*.
No work e'er gain'd *true* fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.
Weighty the *subject*, cogent the *discourse*,
Clear be the *style*, the very *sound* of force;
Easy the *conduct*, simple the *design*,
Striking the *moral*, and the *soul* divine:
Let nature art, and judgment wit, exceed;
O'er learning reason reign; o'er that, your *Creed*:
Thus *virtue*'s *seeds* at once, and *laurel*'s, grow;
Do thus, and rise a *Pope*, or a *Despreau*:
And when your genius exquisitely shines,
Live up to the full lustre of your lines:
Parts but expose those men who virtue quit;
A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
And they plead *Lucifer*'s detested cause,
Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
Would you restore just honours to the pen?
From able writers *rise* to worthy men.
'Who's this with nonsense, nonsense would restrain?
'Who's this, (they cry) so vainly schools the vain?
'Who damns our trash, with so much trash replete?
'As, three ells round, huge *Cheyne* rails at meat?'
Shall I with *Bavius* then my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault?

With huge *Examens* overwhelm my page,
And darken reaſon with dogmatic rage?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhime,
In proſe a duller could excuſe the crime?
Sure, next to writing, the moſt idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we ſing.
At that tribunal ſtands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe:
Time is the judge; *Time* has nor friend nor foe;
Falſe fame *muſt* wither, and the true *will* grow.
Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;
For if I fall, by my *own* pen I die;
While ſnarlers ſtrive with proud but fruitleſs pain,
To *wound immortals*, or to *ſlay the ſlain*.
Sore preſt with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to ſerve me this campaign;
And ſafely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and ſleep behind my ſhield;
Unleſs dire *Codrus* rouſes to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.
As turns a flock of geeſe, and on the green,
Poke out their fooliſh necks in aukward ſpleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to *biſs*, not *bite*,
So war their quills, when *ſons* of *dulneſs* write.

A

PARAPHRASE

On PART of the

BOOK of *JOB*.

A

PARAPHRASE

On PART of the

BOOK of *JOB*.*

THRICE happy Job † long liv'd in Regal State,
Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great;
Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.

At

* It is disputed among the criticks who was the author of the book of *Job*; some give it to *Moses*, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me which favour the former of these opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

† The Almighty's speech, chapter, xxxviii, *&c.* which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest, and most antient Poem in the world. Bishop *Patrick* says, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subse-

At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills ſucceed; a dreadful train!
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The ſword wide-waſting, the reproachful tongue,
And ſpotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more?
A change ſo ſad what mortal heart could bear?
Exhauſted woe had left him nought to fear;
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he preſt,
Wept in the duſt, and ſorely ſmote his breaſt.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
In anguiſh of their hearts their mantles rent,
And ſev'n long days in ſolemn ſilence ſpent;

quent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; ſo that this piece is a ſort of an epitome of the whole book of *Job*.

I uſe the word *paraphraſe*, becauſe I want another which might better anſwer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and tranſpoſed. The *mountain*, the *comet*, the *ſun*, and other parts, are entirely added: thoſe upon the *peacock*, the *lion*, &c. are much enlarged: and I have thrown the whole into a method more ſuitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myſelf, find the reaſons for the great liberties I have indulged myſelf in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which ſhews that they contribute much to the ſublime. This ſpeech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation ſeems indeed the proper ſtyle of majeſty incenſed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a perſon execute himſelf, does from a common execution; for he that aſks the guilty a proper queſtion, makes him, in effect, paſs ſentence on himſelf.

A debt of rev'rence to diſtreſs ſo great!
Then JOB contain'd no more; but curs'd his fate.
His day of birth, its inauſpicious light,
He wiſhes ſunk in ſhades of endleſs night,
And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
Death, inſtant death; impatient for the grave,
That ſeat of peace, that manſion of repoſe,
Where reſt and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counſellors are huſh'd, and mighty kings
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and diſpleas'd his friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And ſentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
Fix'd in opinion, both refuſe to yield,
And ſummon all their reaſon to the field:
So high at length their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the laſt extent of human thought:
A pauſe enſu'd.—When, lo! heav'n interpos'd,
And awefully the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible ſurprize,
A ſudden whirlwind blacken'd all the ſkies:
(They ſaw, and trembled!)* From the darkneſs broke
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke.

Who

* The book of *Job* is well known to be dramatick, and, like the tragedies of old *Greece*, is fiction built on truth. Probably this moſt noble part of it, the Almighty ſpeaking out of the whirlwind (ſo ſuitable to the after-practice of the *Greek* ſtage, when there happen'd *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious; but it is a fiction more agree-able

Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign?
Lifts up his thought against me from the dust,
And tells the World's Creator what is just?
Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply:
Where didst Thou dwell at nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the spacious *earth?*
Who on its surface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner-stone? What hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it in air;
When the bright morning stars in concert sung,
When heav'n's high arch with loud hosanna's rung;
When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?
Earth's num'rous *kingdoms*, hast Thou view'd them all?
And can thy span of knowlege grasp the ball?
Who heav'd the *mountain*, which sublimely stands,
And casts its shadow into distant lands?
Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the *deep*,
Can that wild world in due subjection keep?
I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow'd side,
And did a bason for the floods provide;
I chain'd them with my word; the boiling sea,
Work'd up in tempests, hears my great decree;

" Thus

able to the time in which *Job* liv'd, than to any since. Frequent before the Law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exod.* c. 19. *Ezek.* c. 1. &c. Hence is He said to *dwell in thick darkness: And have his way in the whirlwind.*

" * Thus far, thy floating tide ſhall be convey'd;
" And here, O main, be thy proud billows ſtay'd."
Haſt Thou explor'd the *ſecrets* of the deep,
Where, ſhut from uſe, unnumber'd treaſures ſleep;
Where, down a thouſand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the ſea?
Thoſe gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?
Hath the cleft *centre* open'd wide to Thee?
Death's inmoſt chambers didſt Thou ever ſee?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal thro' th'incumbent ſhade?
Deep are thoſe ſhades; but ſhades ſtill deeper hide
My counſels from the ken of human pride.
Where dwells the *light?* In what refulgent dome?
And where has *darkneſs* made her diſmal home?
Thou know'ſt, no doubt, ſince thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wiſdom thro' long ages brought,
Since nature was call'd forth when Thou waſt by,
And into being roſe beneath thine eye!
Are *miſts* begotten? Who their father knew?
From whom deſcend the pearly drops of dew?

To

* There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is ſignally ſublime. We are ſtruck with admiration to ſee the vaſt and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horſe, raging, toſſing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its maſter. This paſſage yields in ſublimity to that of *Let there be light*, &c. ſo much only, as the abſolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like ſpirit in theſe two paſſages is no bad concurrent argument, that *Moſes* is author of the book of *Job*.

To bind the ſtream by night, what hand can boaſt,
Or whiten morning, with the hoary *froſt?*
Whoſe pow'rful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the ſea, and turns it into ſtone?
A ſudden deſart ſpreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waſte?
Thou know'ſt Me not; Thy blindneſs cannot ſee
How vaſt a diſtance parts thy God from Thee.
Canſt Thou in *whirlwinds* mount aloft? Canſt Thou
In clouds and darkneſs wrap thy aweful brow?
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and ſhade the world with night?
Who launch'd the *clouds* in air, and bid them roll
Suſpended ſeas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refreſh the burning ſandy plain,
And quench the ſummer with a waſte of rain?
Who in rough deſarts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and deſolation ſmile?
There blooms the roſe, where human face ne'er ſhone,
And ſpreads its beauties to the ſun alone.
To check the ſhow'r, who liſts his hand on high,
And ſhuts the ſluices of th' exhauſted ſky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her ruſſet plains;
But, new in life, a chearful proſpect yields
Of ſhining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and foreſts laviſh all their bloom,
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume?
Haſt Thou e'er ſcal'd my wintry ſkies, and ſeen
Of *hail* and *ſnows* my northern magazine?

Thefe the dread treafures of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and ftorms, at my command,
Rage thro' the world, or wafte a guilty land.
Who taught the rapid *winds* to fly fo faft,
Or fhakes the centre with his eaftern blaft?
Who from the fkies can a whole deluge pour?
Who ftrikes thro' nature with the folemn roar
Of dreadful *thunder*, points it where to fall,
And in fierce *lightning* wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the found, and in the flafh expires.
Who drew the *comet* out to fuch a fize,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the fkies?
Did Thy refentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce, from Thee?
Who on low earth can moderate the rein,
That guides the *ftars* along th' ethereal plain?
Appoint their feafons, and direct their courfe,
Their luftre brighten, and fupply their force?
Canft Thou the fkies benevolence reftrain,
And caufe the *Pleiades* to fhine in vain?
Or, when *Orion* fparkles from his fphere,
Thaw the cold feafon, and unbind the year?
Bid *Mazzaroth* his deftin'd ftation know,
And teach the bright *Arcturus* where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her ftars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I referve in ftore.
Doft Thou pronounce where day-light fhall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn;

Awake

Awake the *ſun*, and bid him come away,
And glad *thy* world with his obſequious ray?
Haſt Thou, inthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the ſpacious ring of heav'n?
That pomp of light, what hand ſo far diſplays,
That diſtant earth lies baſking in the blaze?

Who did the *ſoul* with her rich pow'rs inveſt,
And light up reaſon in the human breaſt?
To ſhine, with freſh increaſe of luſtre, bright,
When ſtars and ſun are ſet in endleſs night?
To theſe my various queſtions make reply.
Th' Almighty ſpoke; and, ſpeaking, ſhook the ſky.

What then, *Chaldæan* Sire, was thy ſurprize!
Thus Thou, with trembling heart, and down-caſt eyes:
" Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
" My tongue has err'd; but ſhall preſume no more.
" My voice is in eternal ſilence bound,
" And all my ſoul falls proſtrate to the ground."

He ceas'd: When, lo! again th' Almighty ſpoke;
The ſame dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.

Can that arm meaſure with an arm divine?
And canſt thou thunder with a voice like Mine?
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-ſpreading main,
When, mad with tempeſts, all the billows riſe
In all their rage, and daſh the diſtant ſkies?

Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
And be the grandeur of thy pow'r diſplay'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The ſpacious round of the creation ſhake;

Diſpatch

Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust. When This is done,
I grant thy safety lodg'd in Thee alone;
Of Thee Thou art, and may'st undaunted stand
Behind the buckler of thine own right-hand.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
What worlds hast Thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd;
What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd?
When * pain'd with hunger, the wild *Raven*'s brood
Loud calls on God, importunate for food,
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
And stills the clamour of the craving nest?

Who in the stupid † *Ostrich* has subdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?

While

* Another argument that *Moses* was the author, is, that most of the creatures here mentioned are *Egyptian*. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence, is, because by her clamorous and importunate voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence κοράσσω *a* κόραξ, *Ælian*. l. 2. c. 48. is *to ask earnestly*. And since there were ravens on the banks of the *Nile* more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in this place.

† There are many instances of this bird's stupidity: Let two suffice. *First*, It covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight,

——————Stat lumine clauso
Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere
Quæ non ipsa videt—————— Claud.

Secondly,

While far ſhe flies, her ſcatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the ſandy ground;
Caſt out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent ſky;
Adopted by the ſun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray.
Unmindful ſhe, that ſome unhappy tread
May cruſh her young in their neglected bed.
† What time ſhe ſkims along the field with ſpeed,
* She ſcorns the rider, and purſuing ſteed.

How

Secondly, They that go in purſuit of them, draw the ſkin of an Oſtrich's neck on one hand, which proves a ſufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have ſo little brain, that *Heliogabalus* had ſix hundred heads for his ſupper.

Here we may obſerve that our judicious as well as ſublime author, juſt touches the great points of diſtinction in each creature, and then haſtens to another. A deſcription is exact when you cannot *add*, but what is common to another thing; nor *withdraw*, but ſomething peculiarly belonging to the thing deſcrib'd. A *likeneſs* is loſt in too much deſcription, as a *meaning* often in too much illuſtration.

† Here is marked another *peculiar* quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion compoſed of both, and uſing its wings as ſails, makes great ſpeed.

Vaſta velut Lybiæ venantûm vocibus ales
Cum premitur, calidas curſu tranſmittit arenas,
Inque modum veli ſinuatis flamine pennis
Pulverulenta volat——— Claud. in Eutr.

* *Xenophon* ſays, *Cyrus* had horſes that could overtake

How rich the ‡ *Peacock!* what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the ſun!
He proudly ſpreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
With conſcious ſtate the ſpacious round diſplays,
And ſlowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the *Hawk* to find, in ſeaſons wiſe,
Perpetual ſummer, and a change of ſkies?
When clouds deform the year, ſhe mounts the wind,
Shoots to the ſouth, nor fears the ſtorm behind;
The ſun returning, ſhe returns agen,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Tho' ſtrong the * *Hawk*, tho' practis'd well to fly,
An *Eagle* drops her in a lower ſky;
An *Eagle*, when, deſerting human ſight,
She ſeeks the ſun in her unweary'd flight:

Did

take the goat and the wild aſs; but none that could reach this creature. A thouſand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the ſtated price of a horſe that could equal their ſpeed.

‡ Though this bird is but juſt mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and ſpreading thoſe beautiful plumes (which are there ſhut up) into half a dozen lines. The circumſtance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the ſun is true: *Expandit colores adverſo maxime ſole, quia ſic fulgentius radiant*, Plin. lx. c. 20.

* *Thuanus (de Re Accip.)* mentions a hawk that flew from *Paris* to *London* in a night.

And the *Egyptians*, in regard to its ſwiftneſs, made it their ſymbol for the wind; for which reaſon we may ſuppoſe the hawk, as well as the crow *above*, to have been a bird of note in *Egypt*.

Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
So high in air, and ſeat her on the clift,
Where far above *thy* world ſhe dwells alone,
And proudly makes the ſtrength of rocks her own;
† Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread ſurvey,
And with a glance predeſtinates her prey?
She feaſts her young with blood; and, hov'ring o'er
Th' unſlaughter'd hoſt, enjoys the *promis'd* gore.
‡ Know'ſt Thou how many moons, by Me aſſign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain *Goat*, and foreſt *Hind*,
While pregnant they a mother's load ſuſtain?
They bend in anguiſh, and caſt forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed;
Walk unſuſtain'd, and unaſſiſted feed;
They live at once; forſake the dam's warm ſide;
Take the wide world, with nature for their guide;

Bound

† The eagle is ſaid to be of ſo acute a ſight, that when ſhe is ſo high in air that man cannot ſee her, ſhe can diſcern the ſmalleſt fiſh under water. My author accurately underſtood the nature of the creatures he deſcribes, and ſeems to have been a Naturaliſt as well as a Poet, which the next note will confirm.

‡ The meaning of this queſtion is, Knoweſt thou the *time and circumſtances* of their bringing forth? For to know the time only, was eaſy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumſtances had ſomething peculiarly expreſſive of God's Providence, which makes the queſtion proper in this place. *Pliny* obſerves, that the hind with young is by inſtinct directed to a certain herb called *Seſelis*, which facilitates the birth. Thunder alſo (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the ſame effect. *Pſ.* xxix. In ſo early an age to obſerve theſe things, may ſtile our author a Naturaliſt.

Bound o'er the lawn, or ſeek the diſtant glade;
And find a home in each delightful ſhade.
Will the tall *Reem*, which knows no Lord but Me,
Low at the crib, and aſk an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn ſhoulder to the yoke,
Break the ſtiff clod, and o'er thy furrow ſmoak?
Since great his ſtrength, go truſt him, void of care;
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
Bid him bring home the ſeaſons to thy doors,
And caſt his load among thy gather'd ſtores.
Didſt Thou from ſervice the *Wild-Aſs* diſcharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
Thro' the wide waſte, his ample manſion, roam,
And loſe himſelf in his unbounded home?
By nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains ſpread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He ſees in diſtant ſmoak the city throng;
Conſcious of freedom, ſcorns the ſmother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the ſervile rein.
Survey the warlike *Horſe!* didſt Thou inveſt
With thunder, his robuſt diſtended cheſt?
No ſenſe of fear his dauntleſs ſoul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his noſtrils blaze;
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulneſs of his might;
High-rais'd he ſnuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a ſtorm of fury ſhakes the ground.

How

How does his firm, his rising heart, advance
Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance;
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazling shield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;
But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
Till death; and when he groans, he groans his last.
  But, fiercer still, the lordly *Lion* stalks,
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the desart with his rolling eye.
Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
And roar to Thee, and live upon thy hand?
Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood;
Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day,
In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?
* By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,
And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground.
Now shrieks, and dying groans, the desart fill;
They rage, they rend; their rav'nous jaws distil
With crimson foam; and, when the banquet's o'er,
They stride away, and paint their steps with gore;

In

* Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts, particularly the lion, *Psal.* civ. 20. The *Arabians* have one among their 500 names for the lion, which signifies *the hunter by moon-shine.*

In flight alone the ſhepherd puts his truſt,
And ſhudders at the talon in the duſt.
Mild is my *Behemoth*, tho' large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and repreſt his flame,
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts aſhore for food;
Earth ſinks beneath him, as he moves along
To ſeek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
See, with what ſtrength his harden'd loins are bound,
All over proof, and ſhut againſt a wound.
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated ſinews fail.
Built high and wide, his ſolid bones ſurpaſs
The bars of ſteel; his ribs are ribs of braſs;
His port majeſtic, and his armed jaw,
Give the wide foreſt, and the mountain, law.
The mountains feed him; there the beaſts admire
The mighty ſtranger, and in dread retire:
At length his greatneſs nearer they ſurvey,
Graze in his ſhadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marſhes are his cool retreat,
His noontide ſhelter from the burning heat;
Their ſedgy boſoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their ſhade.
His eye drinks *Jordan* up, when, fir'd with drought,
He truſts to turn its current down his throat;
In leſſen'd waves it creeps along the plain:
† He ſinks a river, and he thirſts again.

Go

† *Cepheſi glaciale caput quo ſuetus anhelam*
Ferre ſitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto.
Stat. Theb. v. 349.

‡ Go to the *Nile*, and, from its fruitful ſide,
Caſt forth thy line into the ſwelling tide:
With ſlender hair *Leviathan* command,
And ſtretch his vaſtneſs on the loaded ſtrand.
Will he become Thy ſervant? Will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at Thy frown?
Or with his ſport amuſe thy leiſure day,
And, bound in ſilk, with thy ſoft maidens play?
Shall pompous banquets ſwell with ſuch a prize?
And the bowl journey round his ample ſize?
Or the debating merchants ſhare the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Thro' his firm ſkull what ſteel its way can win?
What forceful engine can ſubdue his ſkin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchleſs might;
The braveſt ſhrink to cowards in his ſight;
† The raſheſt dare not rouſe him up: Who then
Shall turn on Me, among the ſons of men?

Qui ſpiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
Flumina, &c. Claud. Pref. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole ſeem too much for an eaſtern poet, tho' ſome commentators of name ſtrain hard in this place for a new conſtruction, through fear of it.

‡ The taking the crocodile is moſt difficult. *Diodorus* ſays, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When *Auguſtus* conquer'd *Egypt*, he ſtruck a medal, the impreſs of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inſcription, *Nemo antea religavit*.

† This alludes to a cuſtom of this creature, which is, when ſated with fiſh, to come aſhore and ſleep among the reeds.

Am

Am I a debtor? Haſt thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts which are on Me conferr'd?
My laviſh fruit a thouſand valleys fills,
And Mine the herds, that graze a thouſand hills:
Earth, ſea, and air, All nature is my own;
And ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath my throne.
And dar'ſt Thou with the World's great Father vye,
Thou, who doſt tremble at my creature's eye?
At full my huge *Leviathan* ſhall riſe,
Boaſt all his ſtrength, and ſpread his wond'rous ſize.
Who, great in arms, e'er ſtripp'd his ſhining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a ſingle ſcale?
Whoſe heart ſuſtains him to draw near? ‡ Behold,
Deſtruction yawns; his ſpacious jaws unfold,
And, marſhal'd round the wide expanſe, diſcloſe
Teeth edg'd with death, and crouding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either ſide ariſe!
And what a deep abyſs between them lies!
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet ſound,
The one how long, the other how profound.
His bulk is charg'd with ſuch a furious ſoul,
That clouds of ſmoke from his ſpread noſtrils roll,
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
* Fate iſſues from his jaws in ſtreams of fire.

The

‡ The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, ſays *Pliny*, *ſit totum os*. *Martial* ſays to his old woman,

Cùm comparata rictibus tuis ora
Niliacus habet crocodilus anguſta.

So that the expreſſion there is barely juſt.

* This too is nearer truth than at firſt view may be

The rage of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas,
Thy terror, this thy great Superior pleaſe;
Strength on his ample ſhoulder ſits in ſtate;
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of ſolid fleſh are ſlow to part;
As ſteel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

When, late-awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And, ſtretching forth his ſtature to the clouds,
Writhes in the ſun aloft his ſcaly height,
And ſtrikes the diſtant hills with tranſient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror ſpread,
The Mighty fear, nor bluſh to own their dread.

† Large is his front; and, when his burniſh'd eyes
Liſt their broad lids, the morning ſeems to riſe.

In

imagined. The crocodile, ſay the naturaliſts, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repreſt is hot, and burſts out ſo violently, that it reſembles fire and ſmoke. The horſe ſuppreſſes not his breath by any means ſo long, neither is he ſo fierce and animated; yet the moſt correct of poets ventures to uſe the ſame metaphor concerning him.

Collectumque premens *volvit ſub naribus* ignem.

By this and the foregoing note I would caution againſt a falſe opinion of the eaſtern boldneſs, from paſſages in them ill underſtood.

† *His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning.* I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would expreſs, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the *Egyptians* ſtole their hieroglyphic for the

In vain may death in various ſhapes invade,
The ſwift-wing'd arrow, the deſcending blade;
His naked breaſt their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle ſauchion flies.
Shut in himſelf, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempeſt of their rattling ſpears;
The cumber'd ſtrand their waſted vollies ſtrow;
His ſport, the rage and labour of the foe.
His paſtimes like a chaldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the riſing mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footſteps ſhine along the ſea;

the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this paſſage, though no commentator, I have ſeen, mentions it. It is eaſy to conceive how the *Egyptians* ſhould be both readers, and admirers of the writings of *Moſes*, whom I ſuppoſe the author of this poem.

I have obſerved already that three or four of the creatures here deſcribed are *Egyptian*; the two laſt are notoriouſly ſo, they are the river-horſe and the crocodile, thoſe celebrated inhabitants of the *Nile*; and on theſe two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than *Moſes*, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largeſt works of his hand, *viz.* the elephant and the whale. This is ſo natural an expectation, that ſome commentators have rendered *behemoth* and *leviathan*, the elephant and whale, tho' the deſcriptions in our author will not admit of it; but *Moſes* being, as we may well ſuppoſe, under an immediate terror of the *hippopotamos* and crocodile, from their daily miſchiefs and ravages around him, it is very accountable why he ſhould permit them to take place.

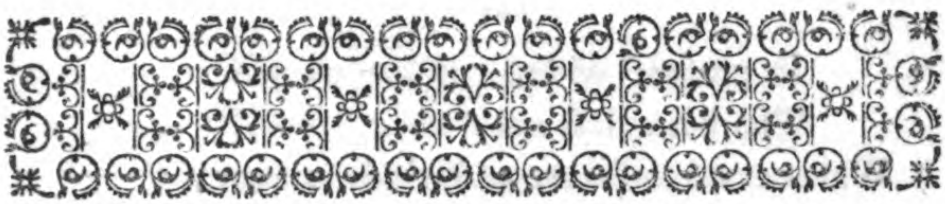
The foam high-wrought, with white divides the green,
And diſtant ſailors point where death has been.
His like earth bears not on her ſpacious face:
Alone in nature ſtands his dauntleſs race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd.
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around:
Makes ev'ry ſwoln, diſdainful heart, ſubſide,
And holds dominion o'er the ſons of pride.

Then the *Chaldæan* eas'd his lab'ring breaſt,
With full conviction of his crime oppreſt.
"Thou canſt accompliſh All things, Lord of Might;
" And ev'ry thought is naked to Thy ſight.
" But, oh! Thy ways are wonderful, and lie
" Beyond the deepeſt reach of mortal eye.
" Oft have I heard of Thine Almighty Pow'r;
" But never ſaw Thee till this dreadful hour.
" O'erwhelm'd with ſhame, the Lord of life I ſee,
" Abhor myſelf, and give my ſoul to Thee.
" Nor ſhall my weakneſs tempt Thine anger more:
" Man is not made to *queſtion*, but *adore*."

OCEAN.

AN

ODE.



OCEAN.

AN

ODE.

Let the ſea make a noiſe, let the floods clap their hands.
Pſal. xcviii.

I.

SWEET rural ſcene!
Of *flocks* and *green!*
At careleſs eaſe my limbs are ſpread;
All nature ſtill,
But yonder rill;
And liſt'ning pines nod o'er my head:

II.

In prospect wide,
The boundless *tide!*
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze,
The curling seas
Dance on, in *measure* to the shore.

III.

Who sings the *source*
Of *wealth* and *force?*
Vast field of commerce, and big *war*,
Where *wonders* dwell!
Where *terrors* swell!
And *Neptune* thunders from his car?

IV.

Where? Where, are they,
Whom *Pæan*'s ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?——
What! none aspire?
I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

V.

The wave resounds!
The rock rebounds!
The *Nereids* to my song reply!
I lead the choir,
And they conspire,
With voice and shell, to lift it high.

VI. *They*

VI.

They ſpread in air
Their boſoms fair,
Their verdant treſſes pour behind:
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant ſwell the wind.

VII.

Who love the ſhore,
Let thoſe adore
The God *Apollo*, and his *Nine*,
Parnaſſus' hill,
And *Orpheus*' ſkill;
But let *Arion*'s harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
Is *Britain*'s reign;
Her ſtrength, her glory, is her *fleet*:
The main! the main!
Be *Britain*'s ſtrain;
As *Tritons* ſtrong, as *Syrens* ſweet.

IX.

Thro' nature wide
Is nought deſcry'd
So rich in pleaſure or ſurprize;
When all-ſerene,
How *ſweet* the ſcene?
How *dreadful*, when the billows riſe;

X.

And ſtorms deface
The fluid glaſs,
In which ere-while *Britania* fair
Look'd down with pride,
Like *Ocean*'s bride,
Adjuſting her majeſtic air?

XI.

When tempeſts ceaſe,
And huſh'd in peace,
The flatten'd ſurges ſmoothly ſpread,
Deep ſilence keep,
And ſeem to ſleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed;

XII.

With what a trance,
The level glance,
Unbroken, ſhoots along the ſeas?
Which tempt from ſhore
The painted oar;
And every canvas courts the breeze!

XIII.

When ruſhes forth
The frowning *north*
On black'ning billows, with what dread
My ſhuddering ſoul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head?

XIV. With

XIV.

With terror, mark
Yon flying *bark!*
Now center-deep defcend the brave;
Now, tofs'd on high,
It takes the fky,
A feather on the tow'ring wave!

XV.

Now fpins around
In whirls profound:
Now whelm'd; now pendant near the clouds;
Now ftunn'd, it reels
Midft thunders peals:
And now fierce lightning fires the fhrouds.

XVI.

All Ether burns!
Chaos returns!
And blends, once more, the feas and fkies:
No fpace between
Thy bofom green,
O deep! and the blue concave, lies.

XVII.

The northern blaft,
The fhatter'd maft,
The fyrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking fpout,
The ftars gone out,
The boiling ftreight, the monfters fhock,

XVIII.

Let others fear;
To *Britain* dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
Thoſe terrors charm,
Which keep her warm
In chace of honeſt gain, or fame.

XIX.

The ſtars are bright
To chear the night,
And ſhed, thro' ſhadows, temper'd fire;
And *Phœbus* flames,
With burniſh'd beams,
Which ſome *adore*, and all *admire*.

XX.

Are then the ſeas
Outſhone by *theſe?*
Bright *Thetis!* thou art not outſhone;
With kinder beams,
And ſofter gleams,
Thy boſom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There, ſet in *green*,
Gold-ſtars are ſeen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the ſun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII. Thoſe

XXII.

Thoſe *clouds*, whoſe dyes
Adorn the ſkies,
That ſilver *ſnow*, that pearly *rain*,
Has *Phœbus* ſtole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

XXIII.

The gaudy *bow*,
Whoſe colours glow,
Whoſe arch with ſo much ſkill is bent,
To *Phœbus'* ray,
Which paints ſo gay,
By thee the wat'ry woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters ſleep,
What unknown treaſures pave the floor?
The *pearl*, in rows,
Pale luſtre throws;
The *wealth* immenſe, which ſtorms devour.

XXV.

From *Indian* mines,
With proud deſigns,
The merchant, ſwoln, digs golden ore;
The tempeſts riſe,
And ſeize the prize,
And toſs him breathleſs on the ſhore.

XXVI. His

XXVI.

His ſon complains
In pious ſtrains,
" Ah cruel thirſt of gold"! he cries;
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet ſwelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou watry vaſt!
What mounds are caſt
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er?
Thy proudeſt foam
Muſt know its home;
But rage of gold diſdains a ſhore.

XXVIII.

Gold *pleaſure* buys;
But pleaſure dies,
Too ſoon the groſs fruition cloys;
Tho' *raptures* court,
The *ſenſe* is ſhort;
But virtue kindles living joys;

XXIX.

Joys felt *alone!*
Joys aſk'd of none!
Which time's and fortune's arrows miſs;
Joys that ſubſiſt,
Tho' fates reſiſt,
An unprecarious, endleſs bliſs!

XXX. The

XXX.

The ſoul *refin'd*
Is moſt inclin'd
To every *moral* excellence;
All vice is dull,
A knave's a fool;
And *virtue* is the child of *ſenſe*.

XXXI.

The virtuous mind,
Nor *wave*, nor *wind*,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
The ſhaken ball,
Nor planets' fall,
From its firm baſis can dethrone.

XXXII.

This *Britain* knows,
And therefore glows
With gen'rous paſſions, and expends
Her *wealth* and *zeal*
On public weal,
And brightens both by god-like ends.

XXXIII.

What end ſo great
As that which late
Awoke the genius of the *main*;
Which tow'ring roſe
With GEORGE to cloſe,
And rival great ELIZA's reign?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
From *Britain*'s throne
To re-inflame a grand design;
That voice shall rear
Yon * *fabric fair*,
As nature's rose at the *divine*.

XXXV.

When nature sprung,
Blest angels sung,
And shouted o'er the rising ball;
For strains as high
As man's can fly,
These sea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boist'rous seas,
The lap of ease
Receives our *wounded*, and our *old*;
High *domes* ascend!
Stretch'd *arches* bend!
Proud *columns* swell! wide *gates* unfold!

XXXVII.

Here, soft-reclin'd,
From wave, from wind,
And fortune's tempest safe ashore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleasing *shadows* o'er.

* A new fund for *Greenwich* hospital, recommended from the throne.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

In lengthen'd tales,
Our fleet prevails;
In tales the lenitives of *age!*
And o'er the bowl,
They fire the ſoul
Of liſt'ning *youth*, to martial rage.

XXXIX.

Unhappy they!
And falſly gay!
Who baſk for ever in ſucceſs;
A conſtant feaſt
Quite palls the taſte,
And long *enjoyment* is *diſtreſs*.

XL.

When, after toil,
His native ſoil
The panting *mariner* regains,
What *tranſport* flows
From bare *repoſe?*
We reap our pleaſure from our pains.

XLI.

Ye warlike ſlain!
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a wat'ry winding ſheet;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's ‡ *full-blown glory* greet.

‡ Written ſoon after K. George the firſt's acceſſion.

XLII. What

XLII.

What pow'rful charm
Can death disarm?
Your long, your iron slumbers break?
By *Jove*, by *Fame*,
By GEORGE's name,
Awake! awake! awake!

XLIII.

With spiral shell,
Full-blasted, tell,
That all your wat'ry realms should ring;
Your *pearl*-alcoves,
Your *coral*-groves,
Should echo *theirs*, and *Britain*'s king.

XLIV.

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
As CAROLINA's virtues please,
Or suns invite
The ravish'd sight,
The *British* flag shall sweep the seas.

XLV.

Peculiar both!
Our soil's *strong growth*,
And our bold natives' *hardy mind*;
Sure heaven bespoke
Our *hearts* and *oak*,
To give a master to mankind.

XLVI. *That*

XLVI.

That nobleſt birth
Of teeming earth,
Of foreſts fair, that daughter proud,
To foreign coaſts
Our grandeur boaſts,
And *Britain*'s pleaſure ſpeaks aloud:

XLVII.

Now big with *war*,
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand;
Now, ſumptuous ſpoils
Of foreign *ſoils*
Pours in the boſom of our land.

XLVIII.

Hence, Britain lays
In ſcales, and weighs
The fates of kingdoms, and of kings;
And as ſhe frowns,
Or ſmiles, on crowns
A night, or day of *glory*, ſprings.

XLIX.

Thus *Ocean* ſwells
The ſtreams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high;
Or elſe withdraws
The mighty cauſe,
And leaves their famiſh'd channels dry.

SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING

I. The BRITISH Sailor's *Exultation.*

II. His *Prayer* before Engagement.

THE DEDICATION.

TO

MR. VOLTAIRE.

I.

MY muſe, a bird of paſſage, flies
From frozen climes to milder ſkies;
From chilling blaſts ſhe ſeeks thy chearing beam,
A beam of favour, *here* deny'd;
Conſcious of faults her bluſhing pride
Hopes an aſylum in ſo great a name.

II.

* To dive full deep in *antient days*,
The *warrior*'s ardent deeds to raiſe,
And *monarchs* aggrandize;—the glory, Thine;
Thine is the *drama*, how renown'd?
Thine, *Epic*'s loftier trump to ſound;——
But let ARION's ſea-ſtrung harp be Mine:

* Annals of the emperor CHARLES XII. LEWIS XIV.

III.

But where's his *dolphin?* Knowſt thou, where?—
May that be found in Thee, VOLTAIRE!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illuſtrious raiſe
My ſinking ſong? Mere *mortal* lays,
So patroniz'd, are reſcu'd from the grave.

IV.

"Tell me, ſayſt thou, who courts my ſmile?
"What ſtranger ſtray'd from yonder iſle?"—
No ſtranger, Sir! tho' born in foreign climes;
On *Dorſet* downs, when MILTON's page,
With *Sin* and *Death*, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, *who* ſooth'd with gentle rhymes?

V.

Who kindly couch'd thy cenſure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to deſcry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy ſtrong?
Who half-inclin'd thee to confeſs,
Nor could thy modeſty do leſs,
That MILTON's blindneſs lay not in his ſong?

VI.

But ſuch debates long ſince are flown;
For ever ſet the ſuns that ſhone
On airy paſtimes, ere our brows were grey:
How ſhortly ſhall we Both forget,
To thee my patron, I, my debt,
And thou to thine, for *Pruſſia*'s golden key.

VII. The

VII.

The present, in oblivion cast,
Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past;
Full soon the wide distinction die between
The frowns, and favours of the great;
High-flush'd success, and pale defeat;
The *Gallic* gaiety, and *British* spleen.

VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! stay:—
Oh friend! as deaf, as rapid, they;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!—
Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
Tho' nothing strikes the listening ear;
Time groans his last! ETERNAL loudly calls!

IX.

Nor calls in vain; the call inspires
Far other counsels, and desires,
Than once prevail'd; we stand on higher ground;
What scenes we see?—Exalted aim!
With ardors *new*, our spirits flame;
Ambition blest! with more than *laurels* crown'd.

A SEA-PIECE.

ODE the FIRST.

The BRITISH SAILOR's *Exultation.*

I.

IN lofty ſounds let thoſe delight,
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;
And bold in word, of arms decline the ſtroke;
'Tis mean to boaſt; but great to lend
To foes the counſel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence ariſe theſe loud alarms?
Why gleams the *ſouth* with brandiſh'd arms?
War, bath'd in blood, from curſt ambition ſprings:
Ambition mean! ignoble pride!
Perhaps their ardors may ſubſide,
When weigh'd the wonders *Britain*'s ſailor ſings.

III. Hear,

III.

Hear, and revere.—At *Britain*'s nod,
From each enchanted grove, and wood,
Haſtes the huge *oak*, or ſhadeleſs foreſt leaves;
The mountain *pines* aſſume new forms,
Spread canvas-wings, and fly thro' ſtorms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV.

She *nods* again: The labouring earth
Diſcloſes a tremendous birth;
In ſmoaking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence, monſters of enormous ſize,
And hideous aſpect, threat'ning riſe,
Flame from the deck, from trembling baſtions roar.

V.

Theſe miniſters of fate fulfil,
On empires wide, an *iſland*'s will,
When thrones unjuſt wake vengeance: Know, ye pow'rs!
In ſudden night, and ponderous balls,
And floods of flame, the tempeſt falls,
When brav'd *Britannia*'s awful ſenate lours.

VI.

In her * grand council ſhe ſurveys,
In patriot picture, what may raiſe,
Of inſolent attempts, a warm diſdain;
From hope's triumphant ſummit thrown,
Like darted lightning, ſwiftly down
The wealth of *Ind*, and confidence of *Spain*.

* Houſe of Lords.

VII.

Britannia ſheaths her courage keen,
And ſpares her nitrous magazine;
Her *cannon* ſlumber, till the proud aſpire,
And leave all law below them; then *they* blaze!
They thunder from reſounding ſeas,
Touch'd by their injur'd maſter's ſoul of fire.

VIII.

Then furies riſe! the battle raves!
And rends the ſkies! and warms the waves!
And calls a tempeſt from the peaceful deep,
In ſpite of nature, ſpite of JOVE,
While all-ſerene, and huſh'd above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers ſleep.

IX.

A thouſand deaths the burſting bomb
Hurls from her diſembowel'd womb;
Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance, join'd,
Red-wing'd by ſtrong, ſulphureous blaſts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men, and maſts;
And leave ſing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks behind.

X.

Dwarf lawrels riſe in tented fields;
The wreath immortal, *ocean* yields;
There war's whole ſting is ſhot, whole fire is ſpent,
Whole glory blooms: How pale, how tame,
How lambent is BELLONA's flame;
How her ſtorms languiſh on the continent?

XI. From

XI.

From the dread front of *antient* war
Less terror frown'd; her scythed car,
Her castled elephant, and batt'ring beam,
Stoop to those engines which deny
Superior terrors to the sky,
And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
The graveless dead, an *ocean* warm'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd,
To patient *Britain*'s angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? Or do I rave?
Or see I VULCAN's sooty cave,
Where JOVE's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
Those swarthy gods of *toil* and *heat*,
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouze the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye sons of *Ætna!* hear my call;
Unfinish'd let those bawbles fall,
Yon shield of MARS, MINERVA's helmet blue:
Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin: * And, first, take rapid *flight*,
Fierce *flame*, and clouds of thickest *night*,
And ghastly *terror*, paler than the dead;
Then, borrow from the north his *roar*,
Mix *groans*, and *deaths*; one *phial* pour
Of wrong'd *Britannia*'s wrath; and it is made;
Gaul starts, and trembles,—at your dreadful trade.

* Alluding to VIRGIL's description of thunder.

ODE

ODE the SECOND.

IN WHICH IS

The SAILOR's *Prayer* before Engagement.

I.

SO form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and *Bourbon* ſhake;
If *Britain*'s crimes ſupport not *Britain*'s foes,
And edge their ſwords: O Pow'r Divine!
If bleſt by Thee the bold deſign,
Embattled hoſts a ſingle arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
In *Britain*'s cauſe, by fame enroll'd
In deathleſs annal! deathleſs deeds inſpire;
From oozy beds, for *Britain*'s ſake,
Awake, illuſtrious chiefs! awake;
And kindle in your ſons paternal fire.

III.

The day commiſſion'd from Above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full ſhock too *feeble* to ſuſtain;
Or *firm* to ſtand its final blow,
When vital ſtreams of blood ſhall flow,
And turn to crimſon the diſcolour'd main;

IV. *That*

IV.

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour! ———
" Hear us, O hear, Almighty Pow'r!
" Our guide in counſel, and our ſtrength in fight!
" Now war's important die is thrown,
" If left the day to man alone,
" How blind is wiſdom, and how weak is might?

V.

" Let proſtrate hearts, and awful fear,
" And deep remorſe, and ſighs ſincere
" For *Britain*'s guilt, the wrath divine appeaſe;
" A wrath, more formidable far
" Than angry nature's waſteful war,
" The whirl of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas.

VI.

" From out the deep, to Thee we cry,
" To Thee, at nature's helm on high!
" Steer Thou our conduct, dread OMNIPOTENCE!
" To Thee for ſuccour we reſort;
" Thy favour is our only port;
" Our only rock of ſafety, thy defence.

VIII.

" O Thou, to whom the lions roar,
" And, not unheard, thy boon implore!
" Thy throne our burſts of cannon loud invoke:
" Thou can'ſt arreſt the flying ball;
" Or ſend it back, and bid it fall
" On thoſe, from whoſe proud deck the thunder broke.

" VIII. *Britain*

VIII.

" *Britain*, in vain, extends her care.
" To climes * remote, for aids in war;
" Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe;
" There's one alliance, one alone,
" Can crown her arms, or fix her throne;
" And that alliance is not found below.

IX.

" ALLY SUPREME! we turn to Thee;
" We learn obedience from the sea;
" With seas, and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil;
" 'Tis Thine our blood to freeze, or warm;
" To rouze, or hush, the martial storm;
" And turn the tide of conquest, at thy will.

X.

" 'Tis Thine to beam sublime renown,
" Or quench the glories of a crown;
" 'Tis Thine to doom, 'tis Thine from *death* to free;
" To turn aside his levell'd dart,
" Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:——
" *There* we cast anchor, we confide in THEE.

XI.

" THOU, who hast taught the *north* to roar,
" And streaming † lights nocturnal pour
" Of frightful aspect! when proud foes invade,
" Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
" Bid *Britain*'s flags, as meteors, blaze;
" And GEORGE depute to thunder in thy stead.

* Russia. † Aurora Borealis. " XII. The

XII.

" The *right* alone is bold, and ſtrong;
" Black, hovering clouds appall the *wrong*
" With dread of vengeance:—Nature's awful Sire!
" Leſs than one moment ſhouldſt Thou frown,
" Where is puiſſance, and renown?
" Thrones tremble, empires ſink, or worlds expire.

XIII.

" Let GEORGE the juſt chaſtiſe the vain:
" THOU, who doſt curb the rebel main,
" To mount the ſhore when boiling billows rave!
" Bid GEORGE repel a bolder tide,
" The boundleſs ſwell of *Gallic* pride;
" And check *ambition*'s overwhelming wave.

XIV.

" And when (all milder means withſtood)
" *Ambition* tam'd by loſs of blood,
" Regains her reaſon; then, on angels wings,
" Let *peace* deſcend, and ſhouting greet,
" With peals of joy, *Britannia*'s fleet,
" How richly freighted? It, triumphant, brings
" The poiſe of kingdoms, and the fate of kings."

END of VOL. I.