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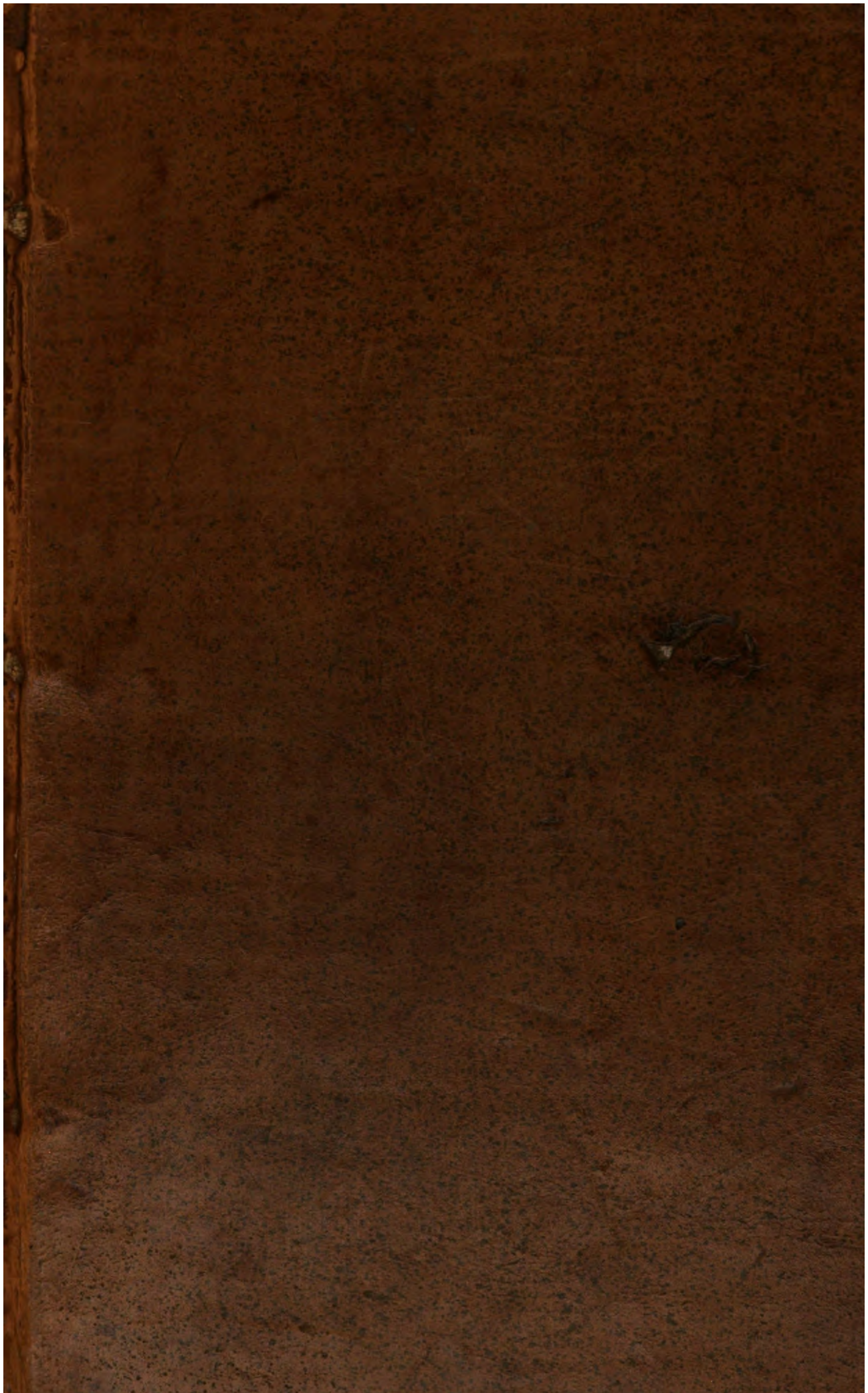
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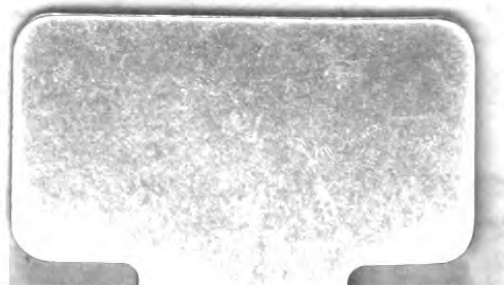
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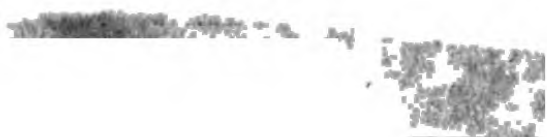


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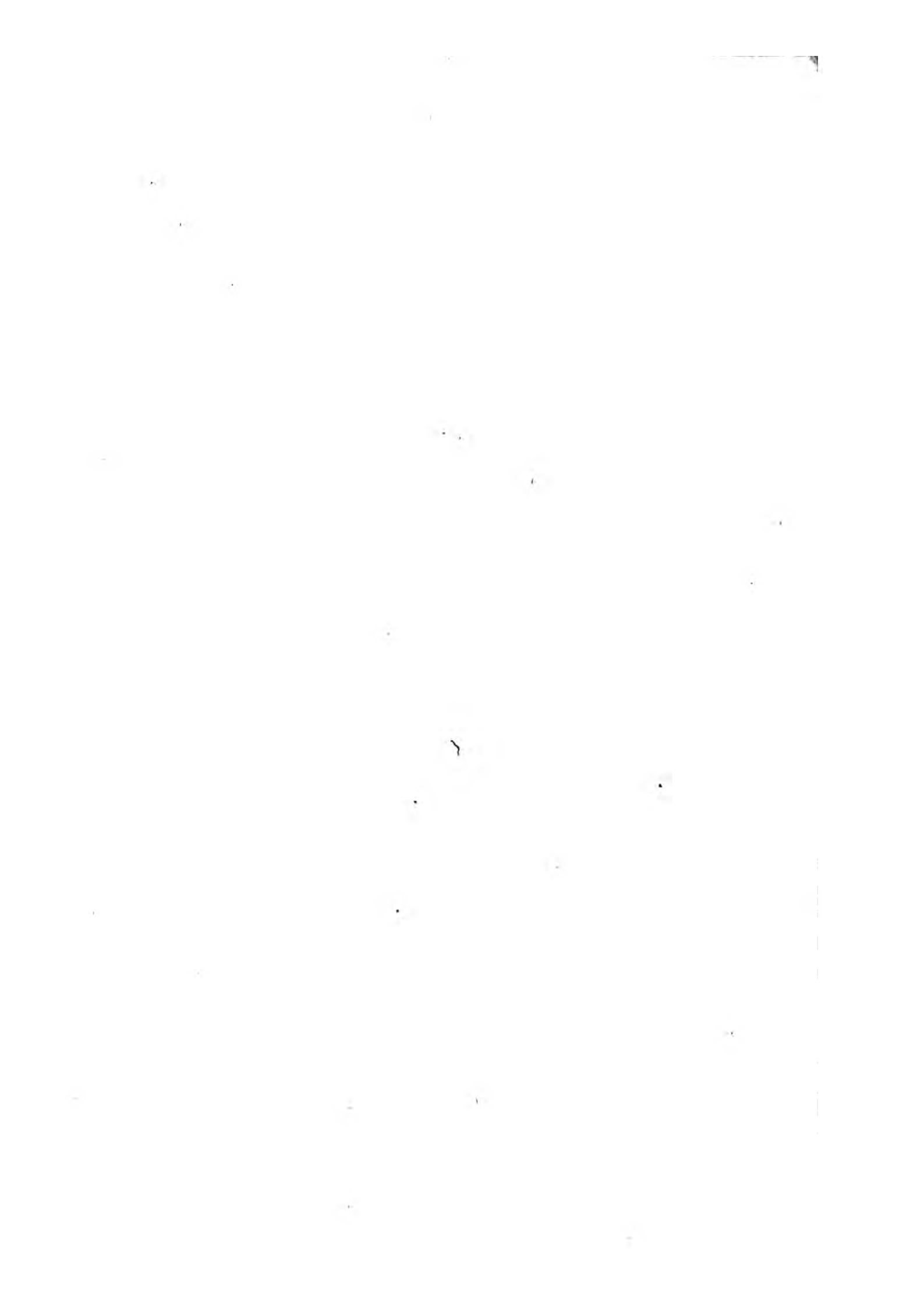


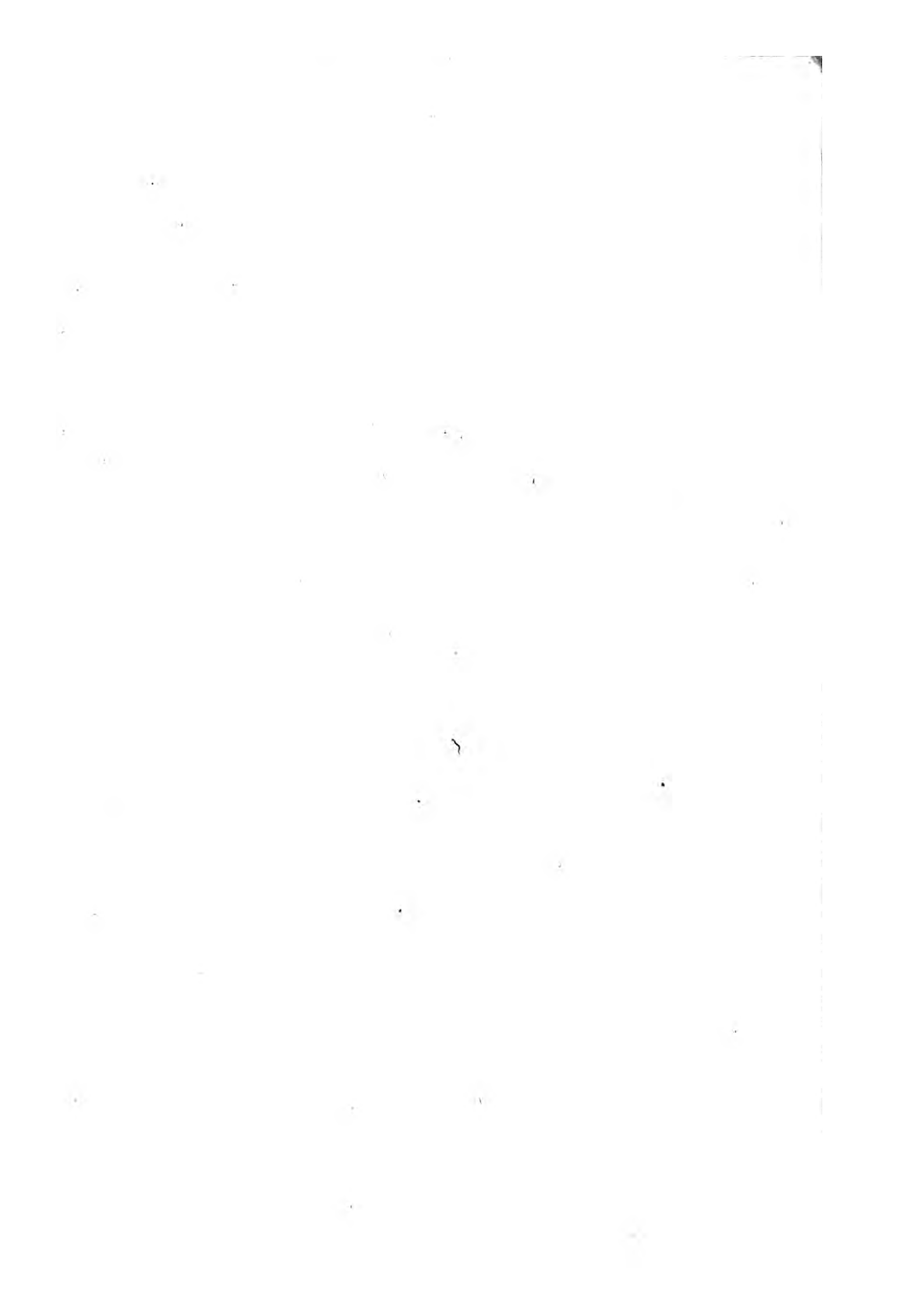
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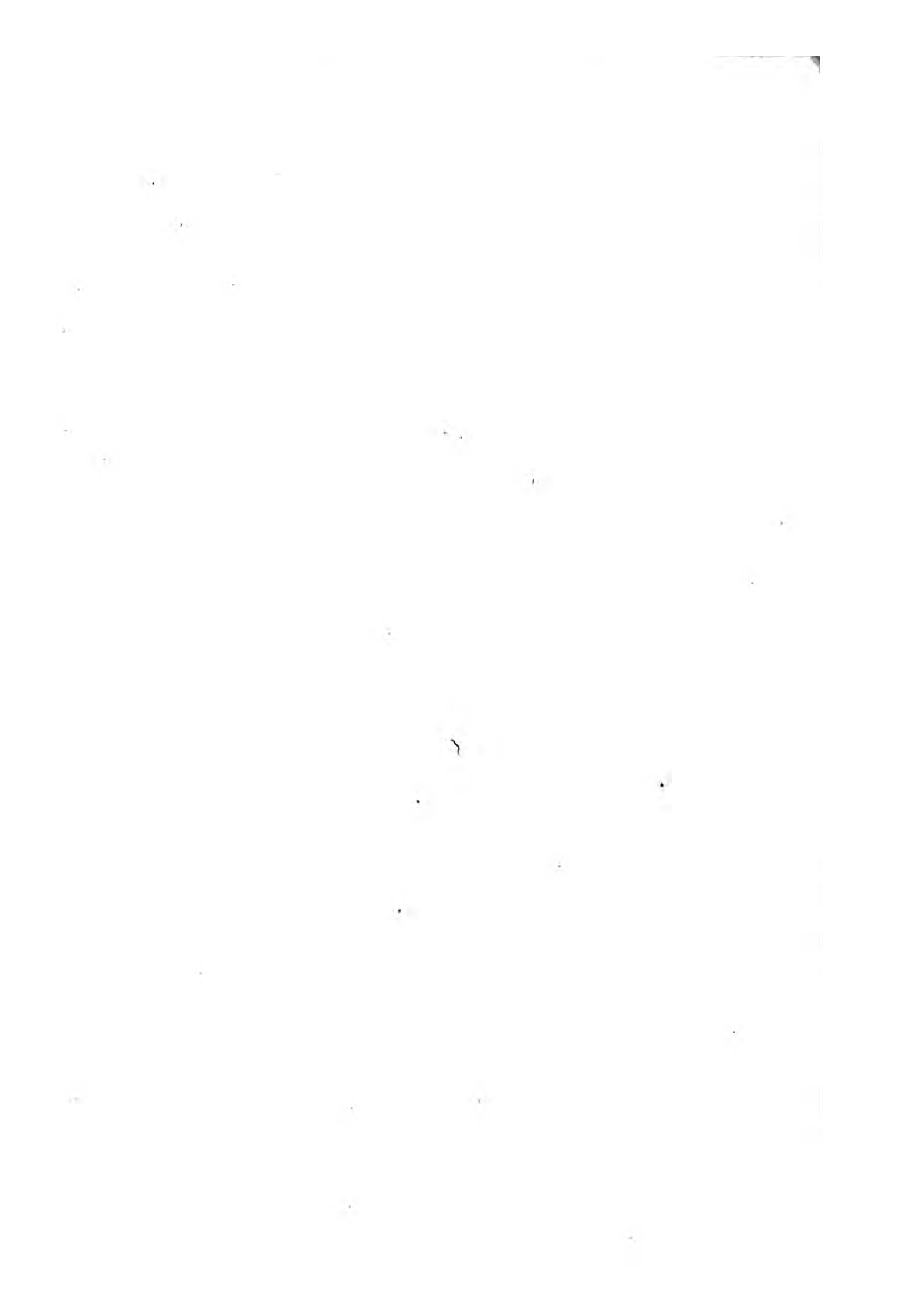


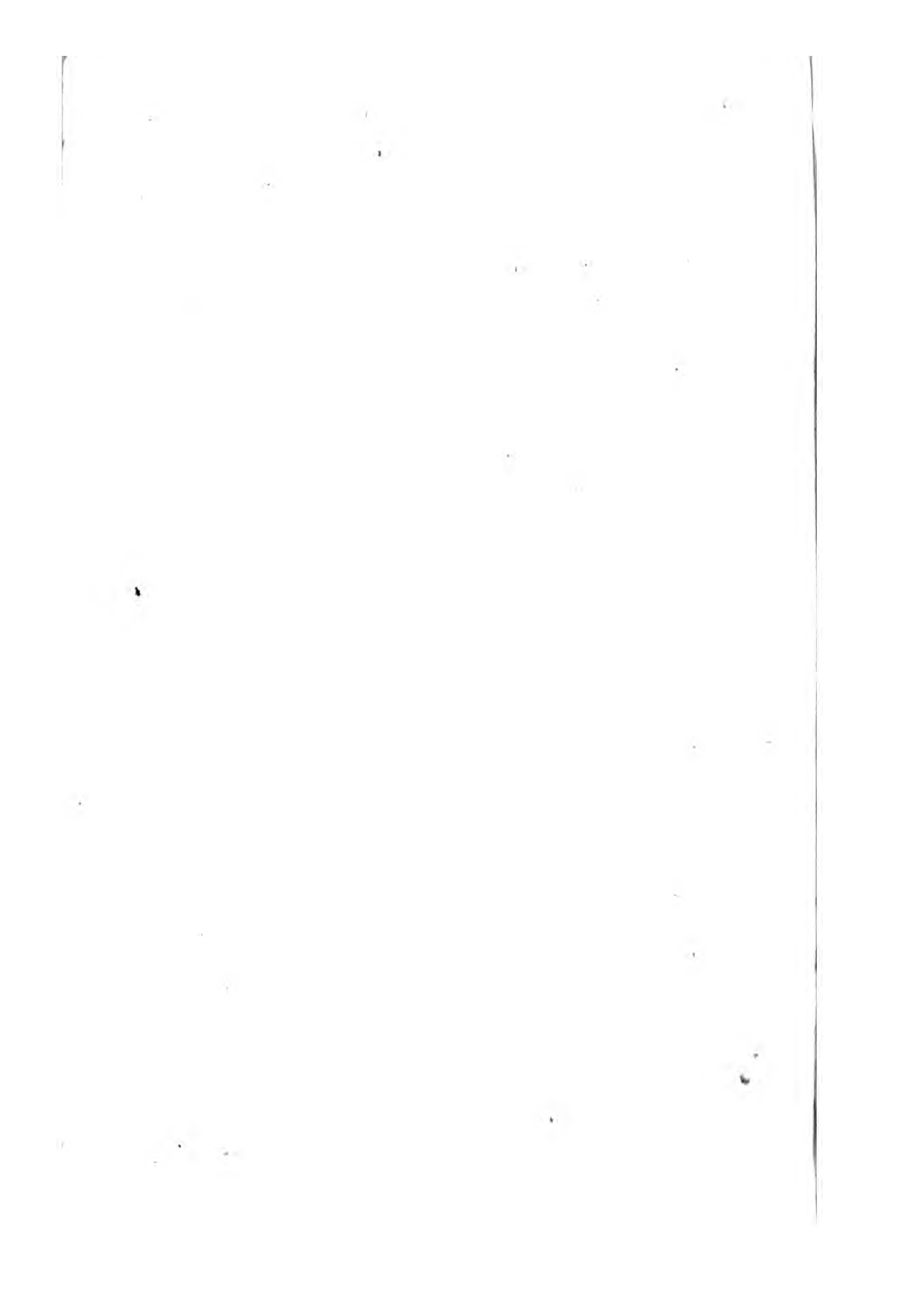


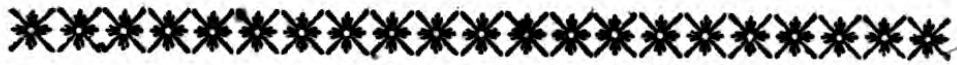






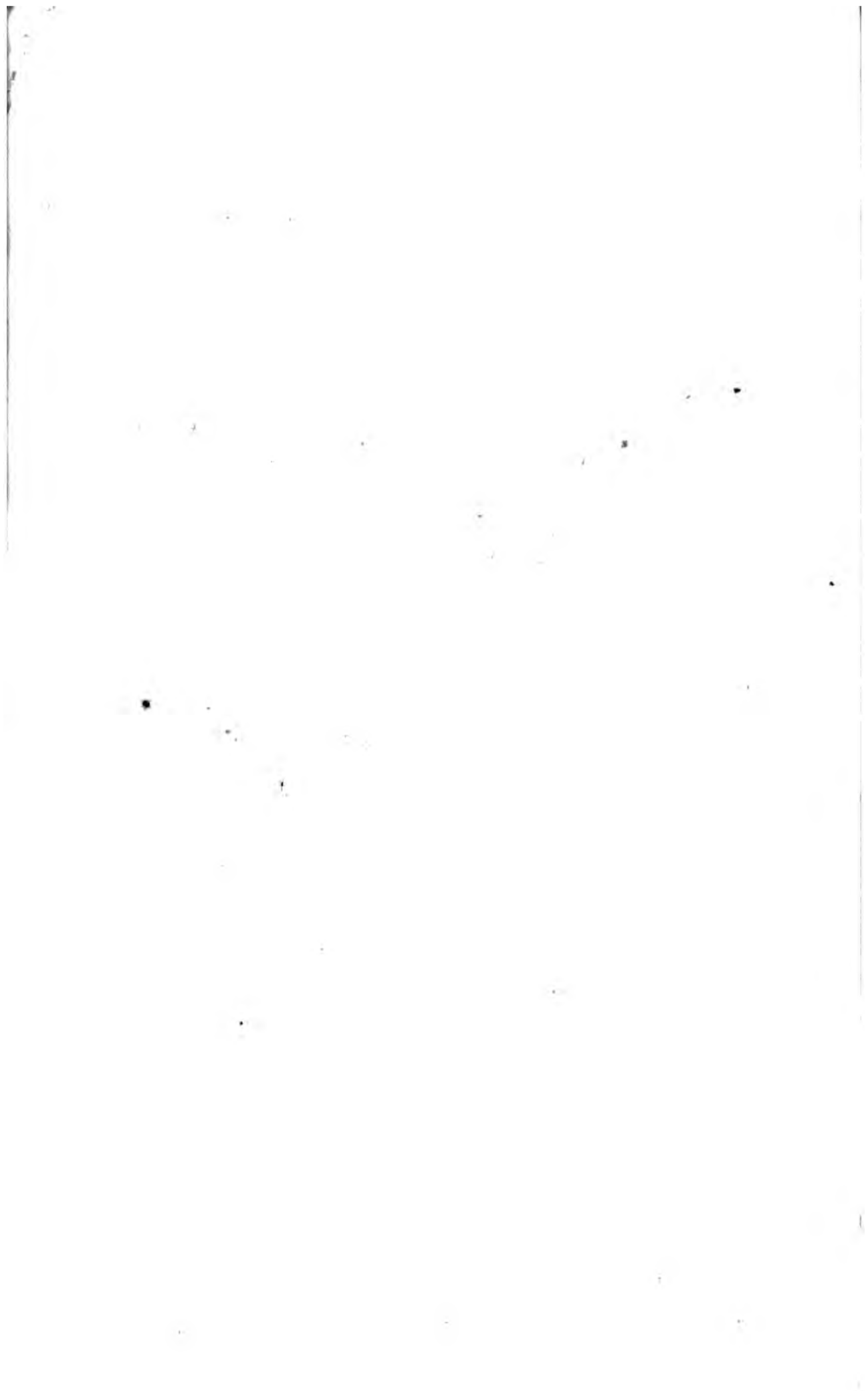






V O L. V.





A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS
IN SIX VOLUMES.
BY
SEVERAL HANDS.



LONDON: Printed by J. HUGHS,
For R. and J. DODSLEY, at Tully's-Head in Pall-Mall.
M DCC LVIII.





RURAL ELEGANCE:

An ODE to the late Duchess of SOMERSET.

Written 1750.

By WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

I.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
Will aught the Muse inspire?
Oh! peace to yonder clamorous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre!

VOL. V.

A

II. Ye

II.

Ye rural *Thanes* that o'er the mossy down
 Some panting, timorous hare pursue ;
 Does nature mean your joys alone to crown ?
 Say, does she smoothe her lawns for you ?
 For you does Echo bid the rocks reply,
 And urg'd by rude constraint resound the jovial cry ?

III.

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
 The wretched swain your sport survey ;
 He finds his faithful fences torn,
 He finds his labour'd crops a prey ;
 He sees his flock — no more in circles feed ;
 Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
 And with no random curses loads the deed.

IV.

Nor yet, ye *swains*, conclude
 That nature smiles for you alone ;
 Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,
 The proud, the selfish boast disown :
 Yours be the produce of the soil ;
 O may it still reward your toil !
 Nor ever the defenceless train
 Of clinging infants, ask support in vain !

V.

But tho' the various harvest gild your plains,
 Does the mere landscape feast your eye ?
 Or the warm hope of distant gains
 Far other cause of glee supply ?

[3]

Is not the red-streak's future juice
 The source of your delight profound,
 Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
 Purpling a whole horizon round?
 Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true
 But tho', the pebbled shores among,
 It mimick no unpleasing song,
 The limpid fountain *murmurs* not for you.

VI.

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,
 Unpleas'd the Spring her *flowery* robe resume;
 Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
 The dappled mead without a smile.
 O let a rural conscious Muse,
 For well she knows, your froward sense accuse:
 Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
 And span the massy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair,

VII.

Nor yet ye *learn'd*, nor yet ye *courtly* train,
 If haply from your haunts ye stray
 To waste with us a summer's day,
 Exclude the taste of *every* swain,
 Nor our untutor'd sense disdain:
 'Tis Nature only gives exclusive right
 To relish her supreme delight;
 She, where she pleases kind or coy,
 Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

VIII.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
 By her auspicious aid refin'd ;
 Lo ! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
 Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
 Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
 Or purple heath is ting'd in vain :
 For such the rivers dash their foaming tides,
 The mountain swells, the dale subsides ;
 Ev'n thistleless furze detains their wandering fight,
 And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

IX.

With what suspicious fearful care
 The fordid wretch secures his claim,
 If haply some luxurious heir
 Should alienate the fields that wear his name !
 What scruples left some future birth
 Should litigate a span of earth !
 Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for prose,
 The towering Muse endures not to disclose ;
 Alas ! her unrevers'd decree,
 More comprehensive and more free,
 Her lavish charter, Taste, appropriates all we see.

X.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
 And be the solemn day enroll'd,

When

When, to confirm his lofty plea,
 In nuptial fort, with bridal gold,
 The grave Venetian weds the sea:
 Each laughing Muse derides the vow;
 Ev'n Adria scorns the mock embrace,
 To some lone *hermit* on the mountain's brow,
 Allotted, from his natal hour,
 With all her myrtle shores in dow'r.
 His breast to admiration prone
 Enjoys the smile upon her face,
 Enjoys triumphant every grace,
 And finds her more his own.

XI.

Fatigu'd with form's oppressive laws,
 When SOMERSET avoids the Great;
 When cloy'd with merited applause,
 She seeks the rural calm retreat;
 Does she not praise each mossy cell,
 And feel the truth my numbers tell?
 When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
 Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
 Could she not more delighted hear
 Yon throstle chaunt the rising year?
 Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
 To crop the primrose of the plains?
 Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
 Lost to the sons of pow'r, unknown to half mankind?

XII.

Ah can she covet there to see
 The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
 That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
 That slight her merit, but adore her place ?
 Far happier, if aright I deem,
 When from gay throngs, and gilded spires,
 To where the *lonely* halcyons play,
 Her philosophic step retires :
 While studious of the moral theme,
 She, to some smooth sequester'd stream
 Likens the swain's inglorious day ;
 Pleas'd from the flowery margin to survey,
 How cool, serene, and clear the current glides away.

XIII.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
 Who slight the sweetly-pensive mind !
 On whose fair birth the Graces mild,
 And every Muse prophetic smil'd.
 Not that the poet's boasted fire
 Should Fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell ;
 Or, on the music of his lyre
 Each future age with rapture dwell ;
 The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
 Yet shall *such* bosoms claim a part
 In all that glads the human heart ;
 Yet these the spirits, form'd to judge and prove
 All nature's charms immense, and Heav'n's unbounded love.

XIV. And

XIV.

And oh! the transport, most ally'd to song,
 In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
 To catch soft hints from Nature's tongue,
 And bid Arcadia bloom around :
 Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
 Or smoothe below the verdant mead ;
 Whether we break the falling rill,
 Or thro' meandering mazes lead ;
 Or in the horrid bramble's room
 Bid careless groups of roses bloom ;
 Or let some shelter'd lake serene
 Reflect flow'rs, woods and spires, and brighten all the scene.

XV.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour !
 O beauties never known to cloy !
 While worth and genius haunt the favour'd bow'r,
 And every gentle breast partakes the joy !
 While *Charity* at eve surveys the swain,
 Enabled by these toils to cheer
 A train of helpless infants dear,
 Speed whistling home across the plain ;
 Sees vagrant *Luxury*, her hand-maid grown,
 For half her graceless deeds atone,
 And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her own.

XVI.

Why brand these pleasures with the name
 Of soft, unsocial toils, of indolence and shame ?
 Search but the garden, or the wood,
 Let yon admir'd carnation own,
 Not *all* was meant for raiment, or for food,
 Not *all* for needful use alone ;
 There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
 Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the smell.

XVII.

Why knows the nightingale to sing ?
 Why flows the pine's nectareous juice ?
 Why shines with paint the linnet's wing ?
 For sustenance alone ? for use ?
 For preservation ? Every sphere
 Shall bid fair *Pleasure's* rightful claim appear,
 And sure there seem, of *human* kind,
 Some born to shun the solemn strife ;
 Some for *amusive* tasks design'd,
 To soothe the certain ills of life ;
 Grace it's lone vales with many a budding rose,
 New founts of bliss disclose,
 Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.

XVIII.

From plains and woodlands ; from the view
 Of rural Nature's blooming face,
 Smit with the glare of rank and place,
 To courts the sons of Fancy flew ;

There

There long had Art ordain'd a rival feat ;
 There had she lavish'd all her care
 To form a scene more dazling fair,
 And call'd them from their green retreat
 To share her proud controul ;
 Had giv'n the robe with grace to flow,
 Had taught exotick gems to glow ;
 And emulous of nature's pow'r,
 Mimick'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r ;
 Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
 Moulded each ruffick limb anew,
 And warp'd the very foul !

XIX.

Awhile her magick strikes the novel eye,
 Awhile the faery forms delight ;
 And now aloof we seem to fly
 On purple pinions thro' a purer sky,
 Where all is wonderous, all is bright :
 Now landed on some spangled shore
 Awhile each dazled maniac roves
 By saphire lakes, thro' em'rald groves.
 Paternal acres please no more ;
 Adieu the simple, the sincere delight——
 Th' habitual scene of hill and dale,
 The rural herds, the vernal gale,
 The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
 The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
 Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,
 And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil,

XX.

But soon the pageant fades away !
 'Tis *Nature* only bears perpetual sway.
 We pierce the counterfeit delight,
 Fatigu'd with splendour's irksome beams,
 Fancy again demands the fight
 Of native groves, and wonted streams,
 Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
 Where Truth maintains her court, and banishes disguise.

XXI.

Then hither oft ye senators retire,
 With *Nature* here high converse hold ;
 For who like STAMFORD her delights admire,
 Like STAMFORD shall with scorn behold
 Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold ;
 Beneath the British oak's majestick shade,
 Shall see fair Truth, immortal maid,
 Friendship in artless guise array'd,
 Honour, and moral Beauty shine
 With more attractive charms, with radiance more divine.

XXII.

Yes, here alone did highest Heav'n ordain
 The lasting magazine of charms,
 Whatever wins, whatever warms,
 Whatever fancy seeks to share,
 The *great*, the *various*, and the *fair*,
 For ever should remain !

XXIII. Her

XXIII.

Her impulse nothing may restrain—
 Or whence the joy 'mid columns, tow'rs,
 'Midst all the city's artful trim,
 To rear some breathless vapid flow'rs,
 Or shrubs fuliginously grim :
 From rooms of filken foliage vain,
 To trace the dun far distant grove,
 Where smit with undissembled pain,
 The wook-lark mourns her absent love,
 Borne to the dusty town from native air,
 To mimick rural life, and soothe some vapour'd fair.

XXIV.

But how must faithless *Art* prevail,
 Should all who taste our joy sincere,
 To virtue, truth or science dear,
 Forego a court's alluring pale,
 For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
 For that rich luxury of thought they love !
 Ah no, from these the publick sphere requires
 Example for it's giddy bands ;
 From these impartial Heav'n demands
 To spread the flame itself inspires ;
 To sift Opinion's mingled mass,
 Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

XXV.

Happy, thrice happy they,
 Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
 Round the gay precincts of a throne,

With

With mild effective beams !
 Who bands of fair ideas bring,
 By solemn grott, or shady spring,
 To join their pleasing dreams !
 Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy,
 They only that deserve, enjoy.
 What tho' nor fabled Dryad haunt their grove,
 Nor Naiad near their fountains rove,
 Yet all embody'd to the mental fight,
 A train of smiling Virtues bright
 Shall there the wise retreat allow,
 Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's brow,

XXVI.

And though by faithless friends alarm'd,
 Art have with Nature wag'd presumptuous war ;
 By SEYMOUR's winning influence charm'd,
 In whom their gifts united shine,
 No longer shall their counsels jar.
 'Tis hers to mediate the peace :
 Near Percy-lodge, with awe-struck mien,
 The rebel seeks her lawful Queen,
 And havock and contention cease.
 I see the rival pow'rs combine,
 And aid each other's fair design ;
 Nature exalt the mound where Art shall build ;
 Art shape the gay alcove, while Nature paints the field.

XXVII. Begin,

Begin, ye songsters of the grove!
 O warble forth your noblest lay;
 Where SOMERSET vouchsafes to rove
 Ye leverets freely sport and play.

—Peace to the frepent horn!
 Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn,
 No sounds inelegant and rude
 Her sacred solitudes profane!
 Unless her candour not exclude
 The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
 Who tunes his reed amidst his rural chear,
 Fearful, yet not averse, that SOMERSET should hear.



Inscription near a Sheep-cote. 1745.

By the Same.

Shepherd, would'st thou here obtain
 Pleasure unalloy'd with pain?
 Joy that suits the rural sphere?
 Gentle shepherd! lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delight,
 Verdant vales, and fountains bright;
 Trees that nod on sloping hills,
 Caves that echo tinkling rills.

If

If thou can't no charm disclose
 In the simplest bud that blows ;
 Go, forsake thy plain and fold,
 Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy ;
 Banish each tumultuous joy :
 All but love—for love inspires
 Fonder wishes, fiercer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine——
 Yet, ere thou the reins resign,
 Hear what reason seems to say,
 Hear attentive, and obey.

“ Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
 “ But beneath 'em lurks a thorn :
 “ Fair and flowery is the brake,
 “ Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

“ Think not she, whose empty pride
 “ Dares the fleecy garb deride ;
 “ Think not she who, light and vain,
 “ Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.

“ Artless deed and simple dress,
 “ Mark the chosen shepherdes ;
 “ Thoughts by decency controul'd,
 “ Well conceiv'd, and freely told.

“ Sense

“ Sense that shuns each conscious air,
 “ Wit that falls ere well aware ;
 “ Generous pity, prone to sigh
 “ If her kid or lambkin die.

“ Let not lucre, let not pride
 “ Draw thee from such charms aside ;
 “ Have not those their proper sphere ?
 “ Gentler passions triumph here.

“ See, to sweeten thy repose,
 “ The blossom buds, the fountain flows ;
 “ Lo ! to crown thy healthful board,
 “ All that milk and fruits afford.

“ Seek no more — the rest is vain ;
 “ Pleasure ending soon in pain :
 “ Anguish lightly gilded o’er :
 “ Close thy wish, and seek no more.”





N A N C Y of the V A L L E E.

A B A L L A D.

*Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ!
Candidior cygnis, bederâ formosior albâ!*

By the Same.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray :
And flocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heats of day :

When from an hazle's artless bower
Soft-warbled Strephon's tongue ;
He blest the *scene*, he blest the *hour*,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

“ Let fops with fickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden every grove :

But

But endless blessings crown the day,
 I saw fair Esham's dale !
 And every blessing find its way
 To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
 Diffus'd her lovely beams ;
 And every shining glance display'd
 The Naid of the streams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
 That float on Avon's tide ;
 Bright as the water-lily, sprung,
 And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom :
 Her eye, all mild to view ;
 The little halcyon's azure plume
 Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
 So taper, strait, and fair ;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were !

Far in the winding Vale retir'd,
 This peerless bud I found ;
 And shadowing rocks, and woods conspir'd
 To fence her beauties round.

That Nature in so lone a dell
Should form a Nymph so sweet !
Or Fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wandering feet !

Gay lordlings fought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline :
“ Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
“ As I will prove to mine.

“ 'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
“ Has won my right good will ;
“ To him I gave my plighted vow,
“ With him I'll climb the hill.”

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair ;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I those charms forego ;
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.



ODE to INDOLENCE, 1750.

By the Same.

AH! why for ever on the wing
Perfists my weary'd soul to roam?
Why, ever cheated, strives to bring
Or pleasure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird, that draws his name
From paradise's honour'd groves,
Ceaseless fatigues his little frame;
Nor finds the resting place he loves.

Lo! on the rural mossy bed
My limbs with careless ease reclin'd;
Ah, gentle Sloth! indulgent spread
The same soft bandage o'er my mind.

For why should lingering thought invade,
Yet every worldly prospect cloy?
Lend me, soft Sloth, thy friendly aid,
And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'ft thou yon calm and filent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows ;
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempeftuous wind that blows ?

An altar on it's bank fhall rife,
Where oft thy votary fhall be found ;
What time pale Autumn lulls the fkies,
And fickening verdure fades around.

Ye bufy race, ye factious train,
That haunt Ambition's guilty fhrine ;
No more perplex the world in vain,
But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puiffant Queen ! be kind :
If e'er I fhar'd thy balmy pow'r ;
If e'er I fway'd my active mind,
To weave for Thee the rural bow'r ;

Diffolve in fleep each anxious care ;
Each unavailing figh remove ;
And only let me wake to fhare
The sweets of Friendship and of Love.





ODE to HEALTH, 1730.

By the Same.

O HEALTH, capricious maid !
 Why dost thou shun my peaceful bow'r,
 Where I had hope to share thy pow'r,
 And blest thy lasting aid ?

Since thou, alas ! art flown,
 It 'vails not whether Muse or Grace,
 With tempting smile, frequent the place :
 I sigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy stay ;
 Thou yet might'st act the friendly part ;
 Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart ;
 Why speed so swift away ?

Thou scorn'st the city-air ;
 I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
 Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd,
 O false ! O partial fair !

B 3

I plunge

I plunge into the wave ;
 And tho' with purest hands I raise
 A rural altar to thy praise,
 Thou wilt not deign to save.

Amid my well-known grove,
 Where mineral fountains vainly bear
 Thy boasted name, and titles fair,
 Why scorns thy foot to rove ?

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim ;
 Enabling *him*, with idle noise,
 To drown the Muse's melting voice,
 And fright the timorous game.

Is Thought thy foe ? adieu
 Ye midnight lamps ! ye curious tomes !
 Mine eye o'er hill and valley roams,
 And deals no more with you.

Is it the Clime you flee ?
 Yet 'midst his unremitting snows,
 The poor Laponian's bosom glows ;
 And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
 When tho' I scorn'd thy guardian care,
 Nor made a vow, nor said a pray'r,
 It did not rue the crime.

Who

Who then more blest than me ?
 When the glad school-boy's task was done,
 And forth, with jocund sprite, I run
 To freedom, and to glee !

How jovial then the day !
 What since have all my labours found,
 Thus climbing life, to gaze around,
 That can thy loss repay ?

Wert thou, alas ! but kind,
 Methinks no frown that Fortune wears,
 Nor lessen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
 Could sink my chearful mind.

Whate'er my stars include ;
 What *other* breasts convert to pain,
 My towering mind should soon disdain,
 Should scorn——Ingratitude !

Repair this mouldering cell,
 And blest with objects found at home,
 And envying none their fairer dome,
 How pleas'd my soul should dwell !

Temperance should guard the doors ;
 From room to room should Memory stray,
 And, ranging all in neat array,
 Enjoy her pleasing stores——

There let them rest unknown,
 The types of many a pleasing scene ;
 But to preserve them bright or clean,
 Is thine, fair Queen ! alone.



To a LADY of QUALITY,

Fitting up her LIBRARY, 1738.

By the Same.

AH! what is Science, what is Art,
 Or what the pleasure these impart ?
 Ye trophies which the Learn'd pursue
 Through endless fruitless toils, adieu !

What can the tedious tomes bestow,
 To soothe the miseries they show ?
 What, like the blifs for *him* decreed,
 Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed !

Say, wretched Fancy ! thus refin'd
 From all that glads the simplest hind,
 How rare that object, which supplies
 A charm for too discerning eyes !

The

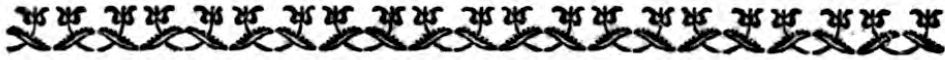
The polish'd bard, of genius vain,
Endures a deeper sense of pain :
As each invading blast devours
The richest fruits, the fairest flow'rs.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,
The steep ascent of Knowledge climb :
Then, from the tow'ring heights they scale,
Behold Contentment range—the vale.

Yet why, Aleria, tell us why
We scorn the crowd, when you are nigh ;
Why then does reason seem so fair,
Why learning then, deserve our care ?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold,
While you so fair a proof unfold
What force the brightest genius draws
From polish'd Wisdom's written laws ?

Where are our humbler tenets flown ?
What strange perfection bids us own
That Bliss with toilsome Science dwells,
And happiest he, who most excels ?



U P O N A

VISIT to the same in Winter, 1748.

By the Same.

I.

ON fair Asteria's blissful plains,
Where ever-blooming Fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we pass the winter's day;
And charm the dull-ey'd Spleen away!

II.

No linnet, from the leafless bough,
Pours forth her note melodious now;
But all admire Asteria's tongue,
Nor *wish* the linnet's vernal song.

III.

No flow'rs emit their transient rays:
Yet sure Asteria's wit displays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with *perennial* beauty shines.

IV.

Tho' rifled groves and fetter'd streams
But ill befriend a poet's dreams:
Asteria's presence wakes the lyre;
And well supplies poetick fire.

V. The

V.

The fields have lost their lovely dye ;
 No chearful azure decks the sky ;
 Yet still we bless the louring day :
 Aferia smiles—and all is gay.

VI.

Hence let the Muse no more presume
 To blame the Winter's dreary gloom ;
 Accuse his loitering hours no more ;
 But ah ! their envious *haste* deplore !

VII.

For soon, from wit and friendship's reign,
 The social hearth, the sprightly vein,
 I go—to meet the coming year,
 On savage plains, and deserts drear !

VIII.

I go—to feed on pleasures flown,
 Nor find the spring my loss atone !
 But 'mid the flowery sweets of May
 With pride recal this winter's day.





An irregular O D E after SICKNESS, 1749.

By the Same.

— *Melius, cum venerit Ipsa, canemus.*

I.

TOO long a stranger to repose,
At length from Pain's abhorred couch I rose,
And wander'd forth alone ;
To court once more the balmy breeze,
And catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

II.

'Twas from a bank with pansies gay
I hail'd once more the chearful day,
The sun's forgotten beams :
O sun! how pleasing were thy rays,
Reflected from the polish'd face
Of yon refulgent streams !

III.

Rais'd by the scene my feeble tongue
Essay'd again the sweets of song :
And thus in feeble strains and slow,
The loitering numbers'gan to flow.

IV. " Come,

IV.

- “ Come, gentle air! my languid limbs restore,
 “ And bid me welcome from the Stygian shore :
 “ For sure I heard the tender sighs,
 “ I seem’d to join the plaintive cries
 “ Of hapless youths, who thro’ the myrtle grove
 “ Bewail for ever their unfinish’d love :
 “ To that unjoyous clime,
 “ Torn from the sight of these ethereal skies ;
 “ Debarr’d the lustre of their Delia’s eyes ;
 “ And banish’d in their prime.

V.

- “ Come, gentle Air! and, while the thickets bloom,
 “ Convey the jafmin’s breath divine,
 “ Convey the woodbine’s rich perfume,
 “ Nor spare the sweet-leaf eglantine.
 “ And may’st thou shun the rugged storm
 “ Till Health her wonted charms explain,
 “ With rural pleasure in her train,
 “ To greet me in her fairest form.
 “ While from this lofty mount I view
 “ The sons of earth, the vulgar crew,
 “ Anxious for futile gains beneath me stray,
 “ And seek with erring step Contentment’s obvious way.

VI.

- “ Come, gentle Air! and thou celestial Muse,
 “ Thy genial flame infuse ;
 “ Enough to lend a pensive bosom aid,
 “ And gild Retirement’s gloomy shade ;
 “ Enough

“ Enough to rear such rustic lays
 “ As foes may slight, but partial friends will praise.”

VII.

The gentle Air allow'd my claim ;
 And, more to cheer my drooping frame,
 She mix'd the balm of opening flowers ;
 Such as the bee, with chymic powers,
 From Hybla's fragrant hill inhales,
 Or scent Sabea's blooming vales.
 But ah! the Nymphs that heal the pensive mind,
 By precepts more refin'd,
 Neglect their votary's anxious moan :
 Oh, how should They relieve ?—the Muses all were flown.

VIII.

By flowery plain, or woodland shades,
 I fondly sought the charming maids ;
 By woodland shades, or flow'ry plain,
 I sought them, faithless maids ! in vain !
 When lo ! in happier hour,
 I leave behind my native mead,
 To range where zeal and friendship lead,
 To visit *****'s honor'd bower.
 Ah foolish man ! to seek the tuneful maids
 On *other* plains, or near less verdant shades ;

IX.

Scarce have my footsteps press'd the favor'd ground,
 When sounds ethereal strike my ear ;
 At once celestial forms appear ;
 My fugitives are found !

The

The Muses *here* attune their lyres,
 Ah partial ! with unwonted fires ;
 Here, hand in hand, with careless mien,
 The sportive Graces trip the green.

X.

But whilst I wander'd o'er a scene so fair,
 Too well at one survey I trace,
 How every Muse, and every Grace,
 Had long employ'd their care.
 Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,
 Blooms not a flower amid the vernal store,
 Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,
 Glows not a shell on Adria's rocky shore,
 But torn methought from native lands or seas,
 From their arrangement, gain fresh pow'r to please.

XI.

And some had bent the wildering maze,
 Bedeckt with every shrub that blows ;
 And some entwin'd the willing sprays,
 To shield th' illustrious Dame's repose :
 Others had grac'd the sprightly dome,
 And taught the portrait where to glow ;
 Others arrang'd the curious tome ;
 Or 'mid the decorated space,
 Assign'd the laurel'd bust a place,
 And given to learning all the pomp of show.
 And now from every task withdrawn,
 They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

XII. Ah

XII.

Ah ! woe is me, said I ;
 And ***'s hilly circuit heard my cry,
 Have I for this, with labour strove,
 And lavish'd all my little store
 To fence for you my shady grove,
 And scollop every winding shore ;
 And fringe with every purple rose,
 The saphire stream that down my valley flows ?

XIII.

Ah ! lovely treacherous maids !
 To quit unseen my votive shades,
 When pale disease, and torturing pain
 Had torn me from the breezy plain,
 And to a restless couch confin'd,
 Who ne'er your wonted tasks declin'd.
 She needs not your officious aid
 To swell the song, or plan the shade ;
 By genuine Fancy fir'd,
 Her native Genius guides her hand,
 And while she marks the sage command,
 More lovely scenes her skill shall raise,
 Her lyre resound with nobler lays
 Than ever you inspir'd.
 Thus I my rage and grief display ;
 But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
 Nor will a Grace or Muse return
 Till LUXBOROUGH lead the way.

An

ANACREONTICK. 1738.

By the Same.

’T WAS in a cool Aonian glade,
 The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,
 Had sought refreshment from the shade ;
 And stretch’d him on the mossy soil.

A vagrant Muse drew nigh, and found
 The subtle traitor fast asleep ;
 And is it thine to snore profound,
 She said, yet leave the world to weep ?

But hush——from this auspicious hour,
 The world, I ween, may rest in peace ;
 And robb’d of darts, and stript of pow’r,
 Thy peevish petulance decrease.

Sleep on, poor child ! whilst I withdraw,
 And this thy vile artillery hide—
 When the Castalian fount she saw,
 And plung’d his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill-judging maid !
 Shall cause you soon to curse the day
 You dar’d the shafts of Love invade ;
 And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For, in a stream so wonderous clear,
 When angry Cupid searches round,
 Will not the radiant points appear ?
 Will not the furtive spoils be found ?

Too soon they were ; and every dart,
 Dipt in the Muse's mystic spring,
 Acquir'd new force to wound the heart ;
 And taught at once to *love* and *sing*.
 Then farewell ye Pierian quire ;
 For who will now your altars throng ?
 From Love we learn to swell the lyre ;
 And Echo asks no sweeter song.



O D E. Written 1739.

By the Same.

Urit *spes animi credula mutui.*

HOR.

'T WAS not by beauty's aid alone,
 That love usurp'd his airy throne,
 His boasted power display'd :
 'Tis kindness that secures his aim,
 'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,
 Which beauty first convey'd.

In Clara's eyes, the lightnings view ;
 Her lips with all the rose's hue
 Have all its sweets combin'd ;
 Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,
 'Till lips at once, and eyes conspire
 To prove the charmer kind —

Tho'

Tho' wit might gild the tempting snare,
 With softest accent, sweetest air,
 By Envy's self admir'd ;
 If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn,
 In vain might every grace adorn,
 What every Muse inspir'd.

Thus airy Strephon tun'd his lyre —
 He scorn'd the pangs of wild desire,
 Which love-sick swains endure :
 Resolv'd to brave the keenest dart ;
 Since frowns could never wound his heart,
 And smiles — must ever cure.

But ah ! how false these maxims prove,
 How frail security from love,
 Experience hourly shows !
 Love can imagin'd smiles supply,
 On every charming lip and eye
 Eternal sweets bestows.

In vain we trust the Fair-one's eyes ;
 In vain the sage explores the skies,
 To learn from stars his fate :
 'Till led by fancy wide astray,
 He finds no planet mark his way ;
 Convinc'd and wise — too late.

As partial to their words we prove ;
 Then boldly join the lists of love,
 With towering hopes supply'd :
 So heroes, taught by doubtful shrines,
 Mistook their Deity's designs ;
 Then took the field — and dy'd.

The DYING KID.

By the Same.

*Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit—* VIRG.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid must die;
From crystal spring, and flowery mead,
Must, in his prime of life, recede!
Erewhile, in sportive circles round
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And, on the fearful margin, play.
Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell;
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.
She tells, with what delight he flood,
To trace his features in the flood:
Then skip'd aloof with quaint amaze;
And then drew near, again to gaze.
She tells me, how with eager speed
He flew, to hear my vocal reed;
And how, with critic face profound,
And stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His

His every frolic, light as air,
 Deserves the gentle Delia's care ;
 And tears bedew her tender eye,
 To think the playful kid must die. —

But knows my Delia, timely wife,
 How soon this blameless æra flies ?
 While violence and craft succeed ;
 Unfair design, and ruthless deed !

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
 And yield her purple gifts no more ;
 Ah soon, eras'd from every grove
 Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more those bow'rs might Strephon see,
 Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee ;
 No more those beds of flow'rets find,
 Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
 His bosom, now so void of care ;
 And, when they left his ebbing vein,
 What, but insipid age, remain ?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
 That gave his life so short a date ;
 And I will join thy tenderest sighs,
 To think that youth so swiftly flies !

L O V E S O N G S, written between
the Year 1737 and 1743. By the Same.

S O N G I.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few ;
While faltering accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.
Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold ;
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear ;
And is not Flavia then sincere ?
How chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and shed a generous tear ;
And is not Flavia then sincere ?
How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress ;
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear ;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.
Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains ;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

S O N G II. The LANDSKIP.

HOW pleas'd within my native bowers
Erewhile I pass'd the day !
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers ?
Were ever flowers so gay ?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landskip round!

The river gliding down the dale!
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see:
That verdant hill, and silver stream,
Divide my love and me.

S O N G . III.

YE gentle nymphs and generous dames,
That rule o'er every British mind;
Be sure ye soothe their amorous flames,
Be sure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
In unremitting fights away:
To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,
And faintly bless the rising day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born swain,
A British youth should vainly moan;
Who scornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,
 Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
 Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
 And *boast* the fetters wrought by *you*.

SONG IV. THE SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way;
 And there on quivering pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song,
 Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may shine;
 But ask the lovely partial maid,
 What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
 And all his flaunting race with scorn;
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

SONG V.

*Ab! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
 Optarim, quam te sic quoque velle putem.*

ON every tree, in every plain,
 I trace the jovial spring in vain!
 A sickly languor veils mine eyes,
 And fast my waning vigor flies.

Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree,
 That smile on others, smile on me ;
 Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
 Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring ?
 Or what, the needless pride of spring ?
 The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
 Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair,
 Might claim awhile my wonted care ;

My rural store some pleasure yield ;
 So white a flock, so green a field !

My friends, that each in kindness vie,

Might well expect one parting sigh ;

Might well demand one tender tear ;

For when was Damon un sincere ?

But ere I ask once more to view

Yon setting sun his race renew,

Inform me, swains ; my friends, declare,

Will pitying Delia join the prayer ?

SONG VI. The Attribute of VENUS.

YES ; Fulvia is like Venus fair ;

Has all her bloom, and shape, and air :

But still, to perfect every grace,

She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore ;

And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,

An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,

But smiles distinguish'd Beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of smiles and loves,
 Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves ;
 And from her zone, the nymph may find,
 'Tis Beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my fair ; and all whose aim
 Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,
 Or bid her breathe in living stone,
 Shall take their forms from you alone.

The Rape of the TRAP, a BALLAD ; written
 at College, 1736. By the Same.

'T WAS in a land of learning,
 The Muse's favourite station,
 Such pranks, of late,
 Were play'd by a rat,
 As gave them consternation !

All in a college-study,
 Where books were in great plenty,
 This rat would devour
 More sense, in an hour,
 Than I could write—in twenty.

His breakfast, half the morning,
 He constantly attended ;
 And, when the bell rung
 For evening-song,
 His dinner scarce was ended.

Huge

Huge tomes of geo—graphy,
 And maps lay all in flutter;
 A river or a sea
 Was to him a dish of tea,
 And a kingdom—bread and butter.

Such havoc, spoil, and rapine,
 With grief my Muse rehearſes;
 How freely he would dine
 On ſome bulky ſchool-divine,
 And for deſert—eat verſes.

He ſpar'd not ev'n heroics,
 On which we poets pride us:
 And would make no more
 Of *King Arthurs*, by the ſcore,
 Than——all the world beſide does.

But if the deſperate potion,
 Might chance to over-doſe him;
 To check its rage,
 He took a page
 Of logic, to compoſe him.

A trap, in haſte and anger,
 Was bought, you need not doubt on't;
 And ſuch was the gin,
 Were a lion once in,
 He could not, I think, get out on't.

With

With cheese, not books, 'twas baited ;
 The fact, I'll not bely it ;
 Since none, I tell ye that,
 Whether scholar, or rat,
 Minds books, when he has other diet.

But more of trap and bait, sir,
 Why should I sing——or either ?
 Since the rat, with mickle pride,
 All their sophertry defy'd ;
 And dragg'd them away together.

Both trap and bait were vanish'd,
 Thro' a fracture in the flooring ;
 Which, tho' so trim
 It *now* may seem,
 Had then a doz'n, or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages ;
 (Nor think I mean to wrong ye)
 Had the rat, who thus did seize on
 The trap, less claim to reason,
 Than many a sage among ye ?

Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
 Were vermin of condition ;
 But the rat, who chiefly learn'd
 What rats alone concern'd,
 Was the deeper politician.

That

That England's topsy-turvy,
 Is clear from these mishaps, fir,
 Since traps, we may determine,
 Will no longer take our vermin ;
 But vermin take our traps, fir.

Let fophs, by rats infested,
 Then trust in *cats* to catch 'em ;
 Left they prove the utter bane
 Of our *studies*, where, 'tis plain,
 No mortal fits—to watch 'em.

A S I M I L E. By the Same.

WHAT village but has often seen
 The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,
 Tremendous claws, and shagged hair,
 Of that grim brute, yclep'd a *Bear* ?
 He from his dam, as wits agree,
 Receiv'd the curious form you see ;
 Who with her plattick tongue alone
 Produc'd a visage like her own.
 By which they hint, in mystic fashion,
 The powerful force of education.

Perhaps yon rural tribe is viewing,
 E'en now, the strange exploits of Bruin ;
 Who plays his anticks, roars aloud,
 The wonder of a gaping crowd !
 So have I known an aukward lad,
 Whose birth has made a parish glad,

Forbid,

Forbid, for fear of sense, to roam ;
 And taught by kind mamma at home ;
 Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,
 With ways and means——to play the fool.
 In sense the same, in stature higher,
 He shines, ere long, a rural squire ;
 Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears,
 And bawls and drinks——but chiefly stares !
 His tenants of superior sense
 Carouse and laugh at his *expence* ;
 And sure the pastime I'm relating
 Must prove as pleasant as *Bear-baiting*.

The CEREMONIAL.

By the Same.

“ SIR, will you please to walk before ?”

 S No pray, Sir—you are next the door.

“ Upon mine honour, I'll not stir !”

Sir, I'm at home ; consider, Sir.

“ Excuse me Sir, I'll not go first.”

Well, if I *must* be rude, I *must* ;

But yet I wish I cou'd evade it ;

'Tis strangely clownish——*be* persuaded, &c. &c.

——Go forward, cits ! go forward, squires !

Nor scruple each, what each admires.

Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding :

It flies, while you display your breeding ;

Such breeding as one's granam preaches,

Or some old dancing-master teaches——

O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
 Half crazy, or at least half-mellow,
 To come behind you, unawares,
 And fairly push you both down stairs !
 But *Death's* at hand — Let me advise ye,
 Go forward, friends — or *he'll* surprize ye.

The Beau to the Virtuofos; alluding to a Propofal
 for the Publication of a Set of BUTTERFLIES.

By the Same.

HA I L curious wights, to whom fo fair
 The form of mortal flies is !

Who deem thofe grubs beyond compare,
 Which *common* fenfe defpifes.

Whether your prey, in gardens found,
 Be urg'd thro' walks and allies ;
 Whether o'er hill, morafs or mound,
 You make more desperate fallies ;

Amid the fury of the chace,
 No rocks could e'er retard you ;
 Bleft, if a fly repay the race,
 Or painted wing reward you.

'Twas thus * Camilla, o'er the plain,
 Purfu'd the glittering ft ranger ;
 Still ey'd the purple's pleafing ftain,
 And knew nor fear nor danger.

* See *Virgil*.

'Tis

'Tis you dispense the fav'rite meat
 To nature's filmy people ;
 Know what conserves they chuse to eat,
 And what *liqueurs*, to tipple.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour ;
 And when the birth's at hand,
 Exerting your obsteric pow'r,
 Prevent a mothless land.

Yet oh ! my friends ! howe'er your view
 Above gross objects rises ;
 Whate'er refinements you pursue,
 Hear what a beau advises.

A beau, that, weigh'd with your's, must prize
 Domitian's idle passion ;
 Who fought the *death* of teasing flies
 And not their *propagation*.

Let *****'s eyes more deeply warm,
 Nor foolishly determine
 To flight fair Nature's loveliest form,
 And fight for Nature's vermin.

And speak with *some* respect of beaux ;
 No more, as triflers, treat 'em :
 'Tis better learn to save one's cloaths,
 Than cherish moths that eat 'em.

VERSES to a FRIEND.

HAVE you not seen, my gentle squire,
The humours of your kitchin fire?

Says *Ned* to *Sal*—I lead a spade;
Why don't ye play?—the girl's afraid—
Play something—any thing—but play—
'Tis but to pass the time away.

Pho! how she stands—biting her nails —
As tho' she play'd for half her vails —
Sorting her cards, haggling and picking —
We play for nothing, do us, chicken?
That card will do—blood! never doubt it —
'Tis not worth while to *think*, about it.

Sal thought and thought, and miss'd her aim;
And *Ned*, ne'er studying, won the game.

Methinks, old friend, 'tis wond'rous true,
That verse is but a game at *Loo*.

While many a bard, that shews so clearly
He writes for his amusement merely,
Is known to study, fret, and toil,
And play for nothing all the while;
Or praise at most (for wreaths of yore
Ne'er signify'd a farthing more :)
Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,
He sees your flying pen obtain it.

Thro' fragrant scenes the trifler roves,
And hallow'd haunts that Phœbus loves;

Where with strange heats his bosom glows,
 And mystic flames the God bestows.
 You, who none other flame require
 Than a good blazing parlour fire,
 Write verses—to defy the scorners,
 In cake houses, and chimney corners.

Sal found her deep-laid schemes were vain;
 The cards are cut—come deal again——
 No good comes on it when one lingers——
 I'll play the card comes next my fingers——
 Fortune could never let *Ned* loo her,
 When she had left it wholly to her.

Well, now, who wins?—Why, still the same——
 For *Sal* has lost another game.

I've done, she mutter'd——I was saying,
 It did not *argufy* my playing.
 Some folks will win they cannot chuse;
 But think or not think——some must lose.
 I may have won a game, or so——
 But then it was an age ago——
 It ne'er will be my lot again——
 I won it of a baby then——
 Give me an ace of trumps, and see,
 Our *Ned* will beat me with a three.
 'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd——
 He'll suffer for it when he's marry'd.
 Thus *Sal*, with tears in either eye,
 While victor *Ned* fate tittering by.

Thus I, long envying your success,
 And bent to write, and study less,

Sate down and scribbled in a trice,
Just what you see — and you despise.

You who can frame a tuneful song,
And hum it as you ride along ;
And, trotting on the king's high-way,
Snatch from the hedge a sprig of bay ;
Accept the verse, howe'er it flows,
From one, who is your friend in prose.

What is this wreath, so green ! so fair !
Which many wish, and few must wear ?
Which one man's indolence can gain,
Another's vigils ne'er obtain ?
For what must *Sal* or *Poet* sue,
Ere they engage with *Ned* or you ?
For luck in verse ? for luck at Loo ?
Ah no ! 'tis Genius gives *you* fame,
And *Ned* thro' skill secures the game.

}



Written at an INN on a particular Occasion.

TO thee, fair Freedom ! I retire,
From flattery, feasting, dice, and din ;
Nor art thou found in domes much higher
Than the low cot, or humble *inn*.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champain ;
For Freedom crowns it, at an *inn*.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
 I fly from Falshood's specious grin;
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,
 And chuse my lodgings at an *inn*.

Here, waiter! take my fordid ore,
 Which lacqueys else might hope to win;
 It buys what courts have not in store,
 It buys me Freedom, at an *inn*.

And now once more I shape my way
 Thro' rain or shine, thro' thick or thin,
 Secure to meet, at close of day,
 With kind reception—at an *inn*.

Whoe'er has travel'd life's dull round,
 Where'er his various tour has been,
 May sigh to think how oft he found
 His warmest welcome—at an *inn*.



The PRICE of an EQUIPAGE.

Servum si potes, Ole, non habere
Et regem potes, Ole, non habere.

MAR.

I ASK'D a friend, amidst the throng,
 Whose coach it was that trail'd along:
 "The gilded coach there—don't ye mind?
 "That with the footmen stuck behind."
 O Sir, says he, what ha'n't ye seen it?
 'Tis Timon's coach, and Timon in it.

'Tis odd, methinks, you have forgot
 Your friend, your neighbour, and — what not ?
 Your old acquaintance, Timon! — “ True,
 “ But faith his equipage is new.
 “ Bless me, said I, where can it end ?
 “ What madnes has possess'd my friend ?
 “ Four powder'd slaves, and those the tallest !
 “ Their stomachs, doubtless, not the smallest !
 “ Can Timon's revenue maintain
 “ In lace and food, so large a train ?
 “ I know his land—each inch o' ground—
 “ 'Tis not a mile to walk it round—
 “ And if his whole estate can bear
 “ To keep a lad, and one-horse chair,
 “ I own 'tis past my comprehension !” —
 Yes, Sir ; but Timon has a pension.

Thus does a false ambition rule us ;
 Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us :
 To keep a race of flickering knaves,
 He grows himself the worst of slaves.



A B A L L A D.

— *Trabit sua quemque voluptas.* VIRG.

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young squire,
 To bring down a wife, whom the swains might admire :
 But, in spite of whatever the mortal could say,
 The goddess objected the length of the way !

To give up the op'ra, the park and the ball,
 For to view the stag's horns in an old country hall :
 To have neither China nor India to see !
 Nor a lace-man to plague in a morning——not she !

To relinquish the play-house, Quin, Garrick, and Clive,
 Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive ;
 To forego the full box for his lonesome abode !
 O Heav'ns ! she should faint, she should die on the road !

To forget the gay fashions and gestures of *France*,
 And to leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance ;
 And Harlequin too !——'Twas in vain to require it—
 And she wonder'd how folks had the face to desire it !

She might yield to resign the sweet fingers of Ruckholt,
 Where the citizen-matron regales with her cuckold ;
 But Ranelagh soon would her footsteps recall,
 And the music, the lamps, and the glare of Vaux-hall.

To be sure she could *breathe* no where else than in town,
 Thus she talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown :
 But while honest Harry despair'd to succeed,
 A coach with a *coronet* trail'd her to Tweed.



THE EXTENT OF COOKERY.

——— *Aliusque et Idem.*

WHEN Tom to *Cambridge* first was sent,
 A plain brown *bob* he wore ;
 Read much, and look'd as tho' he meant
 To be a fop no more.

See him to *Lincoln's-Inn* repair,
 His resolution flag ;
 He cherishes a length of hair,
 And tucks it in a *bag*.

Nor Coke nor Salkield he regards,
 But gets into the house ;
 And soon a judge's rank rewards
 His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu ye *bobs* ! ye *bags* give place !
Full-bottoms come instead !
 Good Lord ! to see the various ways
 Of dressing——a *Calve's head*!

The Progress of ADVICE. A common Case.

——*Suade, nam certum est.*

SAYS Richard to Thomas (and seem'd half afraid)
 I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid :
 Now because Mrs. Martha to thee is well known,
 I will do't if thou bidst me, or let it alone.

Nay don't make a jest on't, 'tis no jest to me ;
 For faith I'm in earnest, so prithee be free.
 I have no fault to find with the girl since I knew her ;
 But I'd have thy advice, ere I *tye* myself to her.

Said Thomas to Richard——to speak my opinion
 There is not such a bitch in king George's dominion !
 And I firmly believe, if thou knew'st her as I do,
 Thou would'st chuse out a whipping-post, first, to be ty'd to.

She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,
 And a liar, and a fool, and a slut, and a scold—
 Next day Richard hasten'd to church and was wed,
 And ere night had inform'd her what Thomas had said.



S L E N D E R ' s G H O S T .

—*Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*

BENEATH a church-yard yew
 Decay'd and worn with age,
 At dusk of eve, methought I spy'd
 Poor Slender's ghost, that whimpering cry'd,
 O sweet ! O sweet Anne Page !

Ye gentle bards, give ear !
 Who talk of amorous rage,
 Who spoil the lily, rob the rose ;
 Come learn of me to weep your woes :
 O sweet ! O sweet Anne Page !

Why should such labour'd strains
 Your formal Muse engage ?
 I never dreamt of flame or dart,
 That fir'd my breast, or pierc'd my heart,
 But sigh'd, O sweet Anne Page !

And you, whose love-sick minds
 No medicine can assuage !
 Accuse the leech's art no more,
 But learn of Slender to deplore ;
 O sweet ! O sweet Anne Page !

And you, whose souls are held,
 Like linnets, in a cage!
 Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
 Attend, and imitate my strains:
 O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

And you, who *boast* or *grieve*,
 What horrid wars ye wage!
 Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye,
 Yet mean as I do when I fight
 O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

Hence every fond conceit
 Of shepherd, or of sage!
 'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way,
 Expresses all you have to say—
 O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!



Upon R I D D L E S.

HA V E you not known a small machine
 Which brazen rings environ,
 In many a country chimney seen,
 Y-clep'd a tarring-iron?

Its puzzling nature to display
 Each idle clown may try, Sir,
 Tho', when he has acquir'd the way,
 He's not a jot the wiser.

'Tis

'Tis thus with him, who fond of rhyme
 In Wit's low species piddles ;
 And tires his thoughts, and wastes his time
 In explicating riddles.

Shall idle bards, by fancy led,
 (With wrathful zeal I speak it)
 Write with design to plague my head,
 Who have no right to break it ?

He writes the best, who, writing, can
 Both please and teach together :
 But 'tis the devil of a plan,
 That can accomplish neither.

Ye readers, hear ! ye writers too !
 O spare your darkling labours !
 For, tho' they please, not profit, you,
 They plague and hurt your neighbours.

Go learn of POPE ; then judge aright,
 Which way to Fame's the surer ;
 To put the truth in fairest light,
 Or render it obscurer.



V E R S E S to a Writer of R I D D L E S.

A H! boast not those obscuring lays,
 Nor think it sure and certain
 That every one can draw a face,
 Who can produce a curtain.

POPE does the flourish'd truth no hurt,
 While graceful flowers disguise it ;
 Thou daub'st it so with mud and dirt,
 That not a soul espies it.

His fancy decks, thy fancy shrowds ;
 What likeness is between 'em ?
 'Twixt one who soars above the clouds,
 And one entangled in 'em ?

But let my candour not upbraid
 Thy strains, which flow so purely ;
 It is thy secret, 'tis thy trade,
 Thy craft — to write obscurely.

Obscurity in thee to blame
 I've not the least pretence ;
 'Tis that alone can guard thy fame,
 The style that suits thy sense.

When Nature forms an horrid mien
 Less fit for vulgar sight ;
 The creature, fearful to be seen,
 Spontaneous shuns the light.

The bat uncouth thro' instinct fears
 The prying eyes of day ;
 Yet when the sun no more appears,
 Securely wings away.

'Tis instinct bids the frightful owl
 To devious glooms repair ;
 And points out Riddles to a fool,
 To wrap his genius there.

To * * * * *

By ANTHONY WHISTLER, Esq;

RESOLVE me, Strephon, what is this,
I think you cannot guess amiss.

'Tis the reverse of what you love.

And all the men of sense approve.

None of the *Nine* e'er gave it birth;

The offspring first of foolish mirth,

The nurs'ry's study, children's play,

Inferiour far to *Namby's* lay.

What vacant Folly first admir'd,

And then with emulation fir'd,

Gravely to imitate, aspir'd.

'Tis opposite to all good writing,

In each defect of this delighting.

Obscurity its charms displays,

And inconsistency, its praise.

No gleam of sense to wake the soul,

While clouds of nonsense round it roll.

No smooth description to delight;

No fire the passions to excite;

Not joke enough to shake the pit:

A jest obscene wou'd here be wit.

What train of thought, tho' e'er so mean,

Of black-shoe-boy or cynder-quean,

But far out-shines Sir Fopling's mind

While bent this secret charm to find!

}

The

The greatest charm as yet remains,
 Best suited to the searcher's brains,
 That when he seems on it to fall,
 He finds there is no charm at all.
 Th' appearance, first, of Nothing's fine,
 To find it Nothing is divine !
 But *Batbo* is the flow'r, to sink
 Below what mortal man can think——
 Well, now what is't ?—what is't ?—a fiddle !—
 Yes, do be angry——'tis a Riddle.

S O N G. By the Same.

LET wisdom boast her mighty pow'r,
 With passion still at strife,
 Yet love is sure the sov'reign flow'r,
 The sweet perfume of life.
 The happy breeze that swells the sail,
 When white becalm'd we lie ;
 The drop, that will the heart regale,
 And sparkle in the eye.
 The sun that wakes us to delight,
 And drives the shades away ;
 The dream that cheers our dreary night,
 And makes a brighter day.
 But if, alas ! it wrongly seize,
 The case is twice as bad ;
 This flow'r, sun, drop, or dream, or breeze,
 Will drive a blockhead mad.

To Lady FANE on her Grotto at Basilden. 1746.

By Mr. GRAVES.

GLIDE smoothly on, thou silver Thames,
Where FANE has fix'd her calm retreat ;

Go pour thy tributary streams,
To lave imperial Thetis' feet.

There when in flow'ry pride you come

Amid the courtiers of the main,

And join within the mossy dome

Old Tiber, Arno, or the Seine ;

When each ambitious stream shall boast

The glories of its flatter'd lords ;

What pomp adorns the Gallic coast,

What Rome, or Tuscany affords.

Then shalt thou speak, (and sure thy tale

Must check each partial torrent's pride,)

What scenes adorn this flow'ry vale,

Thro' which thy happier currents glide.

But when thy fond description tells

The beauties of this grott divine :

What miracles are wrought by shells,

Where nicest taste and fancy join :

Thy story shall the goddess move,

To quit her empire of the main,

Her throne of pearls, her coral grove,

And live retir'd with Thee and FANE.

The INVISIBLE. By the Same.

WHAT mortal burns not with the love of fame ?
Some write, some fight, some eat themselves a name.
For fame beau Frightful haunts each public place,
And grows conspicuous for — his ugly face.

Laura, the rural circle's constant boast,
 Sighs for the Mall, nor sleeps till she's a toast.
 The priestling, proud of doctrine not his own,
 Usurps a scarf, and longs to preach in town.
 Ev'n Westley's saints, whose cant has fill'd the nation,
 Toil more for fame, I trow, than reformation,
 B——, tho' blest with learning, sense and wit,
 Yet prides himself in never shewing it.
 Safe in his cell, he shuns the staring crowd,
 And inward shines, like Sol behind a cloud.
 For fame let fops to distant regions roam,
 Lo! here's the man—*who never stirs from home!*
 That unseen wight, whom all men wish to see,
 Illustrious grown—by mere obscurity.

The Pepper-box and Salt-feller. A FABLE.

To * * * * * Esq; By the Same.

THE 'squire had din'd alone one day,
 And Tom was call'd to *take away* :
 Tom clear'd the board with dextrous art :
 But, willing to secure a tart,
 The liquorish youth had made an halt ;
 And left the pepper-box and salt
 Alone, upon the marble table :
 Who thus, like men, were heard to squabble.

Pepper began, " Pray, Sir, says he,
 What business have you here with me ?
 Is't fit that spices of my birth
 Should rank with thee, thou scum of earth ?
 I'd have you know, Sir, I've a spirit
 Suited to my superior merit—

Tho' now, confin'd within this caſtre,
 I ſerve a northern Gothic maſter ;
 Yet born in *Java's* fragrant wood,
 To warm an eaſtern monarch's blood,
 The fun thoſe rich perfections gave me,
 Which tempted *Dutchmen* to enſlave me.

Nor are my virtues Here unknown,
 Tho' old and wrinkled now I'm grown.
 Black as I am, the faireſt maid
 Invokes my ſtimulating aid,
 To give her food the poignant flavour ;
 And, to each ſauce, it's proper flavour.
 Paſties, ragouts and fricaſſees,
 Without my ſeaſoning, fail to pleaſe :
 'Tis I, like wit, muſt give a zeſt,
 And ſprightlineſs, to every feaſt.

Phyſicians too my uſe confeſs ;
 My influence ſageſt matrons bleſs ;
 When drams prove vain, and cholics teaze,
 To me they fly for certain eaſe.
 Nay I freſh vigour can diſpenſe,
 And cure ev'n age and impotence :
 And, when of dulneſs wits complain,
 I brace the nerves, and clear the brain.

But, to the 'ſquire here, I appeal —
He knows my real value well :
 Who, with one pepper-corn content,
 Remits the vaſſal's annual rent —

Hence then, Sir *Brine*, and keep your diſtance :
 Go lend the ſcullion your aſſiſtance ;

For culinary uses fit ;
 To salt the meat upon the spit :
 Or just to keep our meat from stinking —
 And then—a special friend to drinking !”

“ Your folly moves me with surprize,
 (The silver tripod thus replies)
 Pray, master Pepper, why so hot ?
 First cousin to the mustard-pot !

What boots it *how* our life began ?
 ’Tis *breeding* makes the gentleman.
 Yet would you search my pedigree,
 I rose like *Venus* from the sea :
 The sun, whose influence *you* boast,
 Nurs’d *me* upon the *British* coast.

The chymists know my rank and place,
 When nature’s principles they trace :
 And wisest moderns yield to me
 The *elemental* monarchy.
 By me all nature is supplied
 With all her beauty, all her pride !
 In *vegetation*, I ascend ;
 To *animals*, their vigour lend ;
 Corruption’s foe, I life preserve,
 And stimulate each slacken’d nerve.
 I give jonquils their high perfume ;
 The peach it’s flavour, rose it’s bloom :
 Nay, I’m the cause, when rightly trac’d,
 Of *Pepper’s* aromattick taste.

Such claims *you* teach me to produce ;
 But need I plead my *obvious* use ?
 In seasoning all terrestrial food ?
 When *heav'n* declares, that *salt is good*.

Grant then, some *few* thy virtues find ;
 Yet *salt* gives *health* to all *mankind* :
 Physicians sure will side with me,
 While cooks alone shall plead for thee.
 In short, with all thine airs about thee,
 The world were happier far *without* thee."

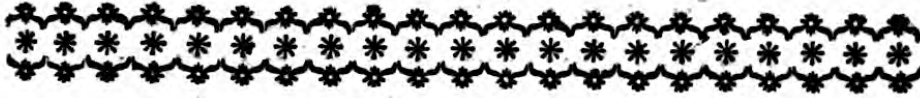
The 'squire, who all this time fate mute,
 Now put an end to their dispute :
 He rung the bell—bade *Tom* convey
 The doughty disputants away——

The salt, refresh'd by shaking up,
 At night did with his master sup :
 The pepper, *Tom* assign'd his lot
 With vinegar, and mustard-pot :
 A fop with bites and sharpers join'd,
 And, to the side-board, well confin'd !

M O R A L.

Thus *real* genius is respected !
 Conceit and folly thus neglected !
 And, O my SHENSTONE ! let the vain,
 With misbecoming pride, explain
 Their splendor, influence, wealth or birth ;
 —'Tis men of *sense* are men of *worth*.

Written



Written near B A T H. 1755.

— *Quæ tu deserta et inhospita tesqua*
Dicis, amœna vocat mecum qui sentit. HOR.

By the Same.

I.

EACH faucy cit, who strolls from town,
 With scorn surveys my gothic cell,
 Or wond'ring asks, what fordid clown
 In this drear solitude can dwell.

II.

These mould'ring walls, with ivy crown'd,
 That charm *me* with their solemn scene,
 These flow'rs that bloom spontaneous round,
 Provoke his mirth, or raise his spleen.

III.

Inur'd to smoke, throughout the year
 Yon verdant meads unmov'd he sees —
 Those hills unfightly rocks appear —
 Yon sacred groves, *mere* heaps of trees. —

IV.

The lucid fount, that murmuring falls,
Then thro' my shrubs meand'ring steals,
An useful stream the insipid calls, —
But no poetic rapture feels.

V.

Hither from noisy crowds I fly ;
Here dwells soft ease, and peace of mind ; —
Yet think not Fancy's curious eye,
To these deep solitudes confin'd.

VI.

Whene'er at morn or eve I rove,
Where yonder cliffs with pines are crown'd,
More splendid scenes my rapture move ;
How charm'd I range th' horizon round.

VII.

There Allen's stately columns rise,
And glittering from the circling wood,
With constant beauty feed my eyes,
As he the poor with constant food.

VIII.

Each pompous work, proud Bath ! I share
That decks thy hills. — Well-pleas'd I see
Thy rising cirque eclipse thy square,
And Pitt and Stanhope build for me.

IX. Here

IX.

Here Bathurst's high aerial feat,
There Seymour's lofty groves are *seen* ;
And Riggs's elegant retreat,
Adorns the variegated *scène*.

X.

Would I fair Eden's bloom restore !
Lo ! Widcomb's cultivated vale,
Where Flora paints her slopes for Moore,
And all Arabia's sweets exhale.

XI.

Luxurious thus I freely rove,
Nor at the sons of wealth repine ;
Mere tenant of each hill and grove,
Which sovereign Fancy renders mine.

XII.

Familiar grown by constant use,
The stateliest dome its master cloy—
Then grant him but these transient views,
What you possess, the bard enjoys.



VERSES to WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

On receiving a Gilt Pocket-Book. 1751.

By Mr. J A G O.

TH E S E spotless leaves, this neat array
Might *well* invite your charming quill,
In fair assemblage to display
The power of learning, wit, and skill :

• But since *you* carelessly refuse,
And to my pen the task assign ;
O ! let your Genius guide my Muse,
And every vulgar thought refine.

Teach me your best, your best-lov'd art,
With frugal care to store my mind ;
In *this* to play the miser's part,
And give mean lucre to the wind :

To shun the coxcomb's empty noise ;
To scorn the villain's artful mask ;
Nor trust gay pleasure's fleeting joys,
Nor urge ambition's endless talk.

Teach

Teach me to stem youth's boisterous tide ;
 To regulate its giddy rage ;
 By reason's aid, my barque to guide
 Into the friendly port of age :

To share what *classic* culture yields ;
 Thro' *rhetoric's* painted meads to roam ;
 With you to reap historic fields,
 And bring the golden harvest *home*.

To taste the genuine sweets of *wit* ;
 To quaff in *humour's* sprightly bowl ;
 The philosophic *mean* to hit,
 And prize the dignity of soul.

Teach me to read fair *Nature's* book,
 Wide-opening in each flowery plain ;
 And with judicious eye to look
 On all the glories of her reign.

To hail her seated on her throne ;
 By awful woods encompass'd round
 Or her *divine* extraction own,
 Tho' with a wreath of rushes crown'd.

Thro' arched walks, o'er spreading lawns,
 Near solemn rocks, with *her* to rove :
 Or court her, 'mid her gentle fauns,
 In mossy cell, or maple grove.

Whether the prospect strain the sight,
 Or in the nearer landskips charm,
 Where hills, vales, fountains, woods unite,
 To grace your sweet *Arcadian* farm,

There let me fit ; and gaze with you,
 On Nature's works by Art refin'd ;
 And own, while we their contest view,
 Both fair, but fairest, *thus* combin'd !



The S W A L L O W S.

Written September, 1748.

By the Same.

ERE yellow Autumn from our plains retir'd,
 And gave to wintry storms the varied year,
 The Swallow-race, with foresight clear inspir'd,
 To Southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.

On *Damon's* roof a grave assembly fate ;
 His roof, a refuge to the feather'd kind ;
 With serious look he mark'd the nice debate,
 And to his *Delia* thus address'd his mind.

Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid,
 Observe, and read the wond'rous ways of heav'n !
 With us thro' summer's genial reign they stay'd,
 And food, and lodging to their wants were giv'n.

But now, thro' sacred prescience, well they know
 The near approach of elemental strife ;
 The blustry tempest, and the chilling snow,
 With ev'ry want, and scourge of tender life !

Thus taught, they meditate a speedy flight ;
 For this, ev'n now they prune their vig'rous wing ;
 For this, consult, advise, prepare, excite,
 And prove their strength in many an airy ring.

No sorrow loads their breast, or swells their eye,
 To quit their friendly haunts, or native home ;
 Nor fear they, launching on the boundless sky,
 In search of future settlements, to roam.

They feel a pow'r, an impulse all divine !
 That warns them hence ; they feel it, and obey ;
 To this direction all their cares resign,
 Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way !

Well fare your flight ! ye mild domestic race !
 Oh ! for your wings to travel with the fun !
 Health brace your nerves, and Zephyrs aid your pace,
 Till your long voyage happily be done !

See,

See, *Delia*, on my roof your guests to-day ;
 To-morrow on my roof your guests no more !
 Ere yet 'tis night, with haste they wing away,
 To-morrow lands them on some safer shore.

How just the moral in this scene convey'd !
 And what without a moral wou'd we read ?
 Then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,
 And with *his* lesson register the deed.

'Tis thus life's chearful seasons roll away ;
 Thus threatens the winter of inclement age ;
 Our time of action but a summer's day ;
 And earth's frail orb the sadly-varied stage !

And does no pow'r its friendly aid dispense,
 Nor give *us* tidings of some happier clime ?
 Find *we* no guide in gracious Providence
 Beyond the stroke of death, the verge of time !

Yes, yes, the sacred oracles we hear,
 That point the path to realms of endless day :
 That bid our hearts, nor death, nor anguish fear,
This future transport, *that* to life the way.

Then let us timely for our flight prepare,
 And form the soul for her divine abode ;
 Obey the call, and trust the Leader's care
 To bring us safe thro' Virtue's paths to God.

Let no fond love for earth exact a sigh,
 No doubts divert our steady steps aside ;
 Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die :
 Heav'n is our Hope, and Providence our Guide.

P A R T II.

Written April, 1749.

AT length the winter's furly blasts are o'er ;
 Array'd in smiles the lovely spring returns :
 Health to the breeze unbars the screaming door,
 And ev'ry breast with heat celestial burns.

Again the daisies peep, the violets blow,
 Again the tenants of the leafy grove
 Forget the patt'ring hail, the driving snow,
 Resume the lay to melody and love.

And see, my Delia, see o'er yonder stream,
 Where on the sunny bank the lambkins play,
 Alike attracted to th' enliv'ning gleam,
 The stranger-swallows take their wonted way.

Welcome, ye gentle tribe, your sports pursue,
 Welcome again to Delia, and to me :
 Your peaceful councils on my roof renew,
 And plan your settlements from danger free.

No

No tempest on my shed its fury pours,
 My frugal hearth no noxious blast supplies ;
 Go, wand'ers, go, repair your footy bow'rs,
 Think, on no hostile roof my chimnies rise.

Again I'll listen to your grave debates,
 I'll think I hear your various maxims told,
 Your numbers, leaders, policies, and states,
 Your limits settled, and your tribes enroll'd.

I'll think I hear you tell of distant lands,
 What insect-nations rise from Egypt's mud,
 What painted swarms subsist on Lybia's sands,
 What mild Euphrates yields, and Ganges' flood.

Thrice happy race ! whom Nature's call invites
 To travel o'er her realms with active wing,
 To taste her choicest stores, her best delights,
 The summer's radiance, and the sweets of spring.

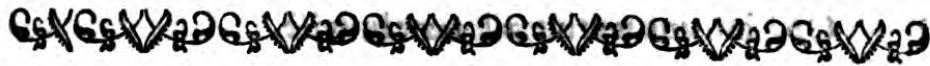
While we are doom'd to bear the restless change
 Of shifting seasons, vapours dark, or dry,
 Forbid, like you, to milder climes to range,
 When wintry clouds deform the troubled sky.

But know the period to your joys assign'd !
 Know ruin hovers o'er this earthly ball ;
 Certain as fate, and sudden as the wind,
 Its secret adamantine props shall fall.

Yet

Yet when your short-liv'd summers shine no more,
 My patient mind, sworn foe to vice's way,
 Sustain'd on lighter wings than yours shall soar
 To fairer realms beneath a brighter ray.

To plains ethereal, and Elyfian bowers,
 Where wintry storms no rude access obtain,
 Where blasts no lightning, and no thunder low'rs,
 But spring, and joy unchang'd for ever reign.



V A L E N T I N E ' s Day.

By the Same.

THE tuneful choir in amorous strains
 Accost their feather'd loves,
 While each fond mate with equal pains
 The tender fruit approves.

With chearful hop from spray to spray
 They sport along the meads;
 In social blifs together stray,
 Where love or fancy leads.

Thro' spring's gay scenes each happy pair
 Their fluttering joys pursue;
 Its various charms and produce share,
 For ever kind and true.

Their

Their spritely notes from every shade
 Their mutual loves proclaim ;
 Till winter's chilling blasts invade,
 And damp th' enlivening flame.

Then all the jocund scene declines,
 Nor woods nor meads delight ;
 The drooping tribe in secret pines,
 And mourns th' unwelcome fight.

Go, blissful warblers ! timely wise,
 Th' instructive moral tell !
 Nor thou their *meaning* lays despise,
 My charming Annabelle !



The SCAVENGERS. A Town Eclogue.

In the Manner of SWIFT.

By the Same.

A WAKE my Muse, prepare a loftier theme :
 The winding valley and the dimpled stream
 Delight not all ; quit, quit the verdant field,
 And try what dusty streets and alleys yield.

Where

Where *Avon* wider flows, and gathers fame,
 A town there stands, and *Warwick* is its name,
 For useful arts, entitled once to share
 The Mercian dame, *Elfleda's* guardian care.
 Nor less for feats of chivalry renown'd
 When her own *Guy* was with her laurels crown'd.
 Now indolence subjects the drowsy place,
 And binds in filken bonds her feeble race.
 No busy artifans their fellows greet,
 No loaded carriages obstruct the street;
 Scarce here and there a fauntring band is seen,
 And pavements dread the turf's incroaching green.

Last of the toiling race there liv'd a pair,
 Bred up in labour, and inur'd to care,
 To sweep the streets their task from sun to sun,
 And seek the nastiness that others shun.
 More plodding hind, or dame, you ne'er shall see,
 He gaffer *Pestel* hight, and gammer she.
 As at their door they fate one summer's day,
 Old *Pestel* first essay'd the plaintive lay,
 His gentle mate the plaintive lay return'd,
 And thus alternately their grief they mourn'd.

O. P. Alas! was ever such fine weather seen!
 How dusty are the roads, the streets how clean!
 How long, ye almanacks, will it be dry?
 Empty my *cart* how long, and idle I?
 Once other days, and diff'rent fate we knew,
 That something had to carry, *I* to do.

Now

Now e'en at best the times are none so good,
 But 'tis hard work to scrape a livelihood.
 The cattle in the stalls resign their life,
 And baulk the shambles, and the bloody knife.
 Th' affrighted farmer pensive sits at home,
 And turnpikes threaten to compleat my doom.

WIFE. Well! for the turnpike, that will do no hurt,
 The roads, they say, are n't much the better for't.
 But much I fear this murrain, where 'twill end,
 For sure the cattle did our door befriend.
 Oft have I prais'd them as they stalk'd along,
 Their fat the butchers pleas'd, but me their dung:

O. P. See what a little dab of dirt is here!
 But yields all Warwick more, O tell me where?
 Lo! where this ant-like hillock scarce is seen,
 Heaps upon heaps, and loads on loads have been:
 Bigger and bigger the proud dunghill grew,
 'Till my diminish'd house was hid from view.

WIFE. Ah! gaffer *Pestel*, what brave days were those,
 When higher than our house, our muck-hill rose?
 The growing mount I view'd with joyful eyes,
 And mark'd what each load added to its size.
 Wrapt in its fragrant steam we often fate,
 And to its praises held delightful chat.
 Nor did I e'er neglect my mite to pay,
 To swell the goodly heap from day to day;
 For this each morn I plied the stubbed-broom,
 'Till I scarce hobbled o'er my furrow'd roem:

For

For this I squat me on my hams each night,
 And mingle profit sweet with sweet delight?
 A cabbage once I bought, but small the cost,
 Nor do I think the farthing all was lost :
 Again you sold its well digested store,
 To dung the garden where it grew before.

O. P. What tho' the boys, and boy-like fellows jeer'd,
 And at the scavenger's employment sneer'd,
 Yet then at night content I told my gains,
 And thought well paid their malice and my pains.

Why toils the merchant but to swell his store ?
 Why craves the wealthy landlord still for more ?
 Why will our gentry flatter, trade, and lie,
 Why pack the cards, and—what d'ye call't the die ?
 All, all the pleasing paths of gain pursue,
 And wade thro' thick and thin, as we folk do.
 Sweet is the scent that from advantage springs,
 And nothing *dirty* that good interest brings.
 'Tis this that cures the scandal, and the smell,
 The rest — e'en let our learned *bettors* tell.

WIFE. When goody *Dobbins* call'd me filthy bear,
 And nam'd the kennel and the ducking chair ;
 With patience I cou'd hear the scolding quean,
 For sure 'twas dirtiness that kept me clean.
 Clean was my gown on Sundays, tho' not fine,
 Nor mistress ***'s cap so white at mine.
 A slut in silk or kersey is the same,
 Nor sweetest always is the finest dame.

Thus wail'd they pleasure past, and present cares,
 While the starv'd hog join'd his complaint to theirs.
 To still his grunting different ways they tend
 To West-gate one, and one to Cotton-end.

H A M L E T's SOLILOQUY, Imitated.

By the Same.

TO *print*, or not to *print*—that is the question.
 Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
 The quirks and crotchets of outrageous Fancy,
 Or send a well-wrote copy to the prefs,
 And by disclosing, end them. To print, to doubt
 No more ; and by one act to say we end
 The head-ach, and a thousand natural shocks
 Of scribbling frenzy—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To print—to beam
 From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound :
 To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's the rub—
 For to what class a writer may be doom'd,
 When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect that makes
 Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
 For who would bear th' impatient thirst of fame,
 The pride of conscious merit, and 'bove all,

The

The tedious importunity of friends,
 When as himself might his quietus make
 With a bare inkhorn ? Who would fardles bear ?
 To groan and sweat under a load of wit ?
 But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill,
 That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
 Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
 Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd.
 Thus critics do make cowards of us all.
 And thus the healthful face of many a poem
 Is sickly'd o'er with a pale manuscript ;
 And enterprizers of great fire and spirit,
 With this regard from DODSLEY turn away,
 And lose the name of Authors.



Transcrib'd from the Rev. Mr. PIXEL'S
 Parsonage Garden near BIRMINGHAM, 1757.

SEEK not in these paths to view
 Dryads green, or Naiads blue ;
 Such as haunt, at eve or dawn.
 a *Enville's* lake, or b *Hagley's* lawn ;
 Such as sport on c *Worfield's* meads ;
 Such as *Sbenstone's* Genius leads

a *Seat of the earl of Stamford.*

b *Seat of lord Lyttelton.*

c *Seat of Sherrington Davenport, Esq;*

O'er vale and hill, and to their care
 Consigns his waves and woodlands fair ;
 While the Muses vacant stray,
 And Echo wants her sweetest lay.

Long, long may those unrival'd shine,
 Nor shall my temp'rate breast repine,
 So Music lend her willing aid
 To gladden this ignoble shade ;
 So Peace endear this humble plain —
 And haply Elegance will deign
 To wander here, and smiling see
 Her sister nymph Simplicity.



M A L V E R N S P A, 1757.

Inscribed to Dr. W A L L.

By the Rev. Mr. PERRY.

WITH bounteous hand the gracious King of heaven
 His choicest blessings to mankind hath given,
 Whilst thoughtless they ungratefully despise
 The rich profusion that salutes their eyes.
 But wise was he who study'd every use
 Of common weeds which common fields produce.
 The dock, the nettle, in each swelling vein,
 A healing balm for many an ill contain :

Ev'N

† Ev'n deadly nightshade, tho' with poison fraught,
 At length is found a salutary draught.
 The same creative power that first display'd
 His wond'rous works for our delight and aid;
 His love to mortal man still gracious shows,
 In ev'ry stream that glides, and herb that grows.
 At his command, Malvern, thy mountains rise,
 And catch their dewy nectar from the skies;
 At his command gush out thy crystal rills,
 To cure the direful train of human ills.
 On all alike their influence freely shed,
 As the bright orb that gilds thy mountain's head.
 The wealthy squire, whose gouty limbs are laid
 On beds of down, almost of down afraid,
 At this balsamic spring may soon regain
 His lavish'd health, and o'er the spacious plain
 Pursue the hare, or chase the miscreant fox
 With winged speed o'er hills or craggy rocks.
 Here to his comfort the poor helpless swain,
 Rack'd with the torture of rheumatic pain,
 Obtains relief without the nauseous pill,
 Or that more shocking sight the doctor's bill.
 When cloudy mists obscure the visual ray,
 And turn to dismal night the gladfome day;
 The mournful wretch with pleasure here may find
 A stream that heals the lame, and cures the blind.

† See a pamphlet lately published by Mr. Gataker, where its virtues are with great candour and judgment display'd.

The pamper'd cit, whose high luxurious food
 With acrimonious poison loads his blood,
 Here polishes once more his scaly skin,
 And purifies the vital stream within.
 Amazing truth ! his wretched leprous heir,
 Who undeserv'd his father's spots must wear,
 Emerges clean if in this fount he lave,
 As the white Syrian rose from Jordan's wave.
 The latent ulcer, and the cancer dire,
 That waste our flesh with slow consuming fire,
 Whose subtle flames still spread from part to part,
 And still elude the skilful surgeon's art ;
 Here check'd submit, their raging fury laid,
 By streams from Nature's mystic engine play'd,
 The stubborn evil, for whose flux impure
 Blind bigotry at first devis'd a cure,
 Heal'd by these waters needs no more demand
 The foolish witchcraft of a Stuart's hand ;
 And Brunswick's line may trust their royal cause
 To reason, justice, liberty, and laws.
 Should all the virtues of this spa be told,
 Its praises might be wrote in lines of gold.
 No more would poets their Pierian spring,
 But Malvern spa in loftier numbers sing ;
 No more Parnassus, but the Malvern climb,
 To make their diction pure, their thoughts sublime.
 Ev'n I at these fair fountains eas'd of pain,
 To you my friend address one votive strain :

To

To you the Naiad of this balmy well
 Reveals the wonders of ther secrect cell :
 To you transfers the lay, whose active mind,
 Like her own stream from ^e earthly dregs refin'd,
 Explores a panacea for mankind.

}



Some Reflections upon hearing the Bell
 toll for the Death of a FRIEND.

By Mr. J. G.

HARK ! — what a mournful solemn sound
 Rolls murm'ring thro' the cloudy air :
 It strikes the soul with awe profound,
 Affects the gay, — alarms the fair.

With what a pathos does it speak !
 Affecting deep the thoughtful mind :
 The golden schemes of folly break,
 That hold in glittering snares mankind.

'Tis Death's dread herald calls aloud,
 Proclaims his conquest thro' the skies :
 The sun retires behind a cloud,
 And Nature seems to sympathize.

*^e See a treatise lately publish'd by doctor Wall, concerning
 the extreme purity of the water, and its great efficacy in several
 obstinate chronical disorders.*

Reflect, ye restless sons of care !
 Your vain designs his hand can spoil,
 Make hard oppressors lend an ear,
 And wretched misers cease their toil,

For what avail vast heaps of gold,
 When Death his awful writ shall send
 Tho' folly swell, and pride look bold,
 The mask must drop, the farce must end,

It is not hoary tottering age
 That now lies stretch'd beneath his stroke ;
 The tyrant stern, that feels his rage ;
 Th' oppressor's rod, that now is broke.

But oh !—'tis generous Cynthio's bell !
 Fall'n in his prime of youthful bloom :
 For Cynthio founds the doleful knell,
 And calls him to the silent tomb.

Cynthio !—whose happy healing art
 Turn'd from his friends death's fatal blow,
 And shielded from that threatening dart,
 Which now, alas !—has laid him low.

But Cynthio's virtues ne'er can die,
 They leave a grateful rich perfume :
 And now transplanted to the sky,
 In heav'n's immortal gardens bloom.

And

And hark!—ah, what celestial notes,
 With grateful accents charm my ear!
 As down th' etherial music floats,
 The sun breaks forth, the skies are clear,

From heav'n descends the joyful strain,
 Convey'd to earth on angels wings:
 To mitigate our grief and pain,
 And this the theme of joy it brings:

“ Thus write (the voice from heav'n proclaims)

“ The virtuous dead are ever blest!

“ Their works immortalize their names,

“ Their labours cease, and here they rest.

“ Behold, the Saviour wide display,

“ The trophies of his gen'rous love

“ To cheer you thro' life's thorny way,

“ And lead to flowery realms above.

“ 'Tis He destroys Death's baneful sting,

“ And bids the grave's dread horrors fly,

“ The choirs of heav'n his triumph sing,

“ And hail him victor thro' the sky.”

The R O B I N : A N E L E G Y .

Written at the close of Autumn, 1756.

By the Same.

O Come, thou melancholy Muse,
With solemn dirge assist my strain,
While shades descend, and weeping dews,
In sorrows wrap the rural plain.

Her mantle grave cool Evening spreads,
The Sun cuts short his joyful race ;
The jocund hills, the laughing meads,
Put on a sickening, dying face.

Stern Winter brings his gloomy train,
Each pleasing landscape fades from view ;
In solemn state he shuts the scene,
To flow'ry fields we bid adieu !

Quite stript of every beauty, see
How soon fair Nature's honours fade !
The flowers are fled, each spreading tree
No more affords a grateful shade.

Their naked branches now behold,
Bleak winds pierce thro' with murmuring sound ;
Chill'd by the northern breezes cold,
Their leafy honours strew the ground.

So man, who treads life's active stage,
 Like leaf or blossom fades away ;
 In tender youth, or riper age,
 Drops thus, into his native clay !

Alas ! and can we chuse but moan,
 To see all Nature's charms expire !
 Fair-blooming Spring, gay Summer gone,
 And Autumn hastening to retire !

But see the tender Redbreast comes,
 Forsaking now the leafless grove,
 Hops o'er my threshold, pecks my crumbs,
 And courts my hospitable love.

Then soothes me with his plaintive tale
 As Sol withdraws his friendly ray ;
 Chearing, as evening shades prevail,
 The soft remains of closing day.

O welcome to my homely board !
 There unmolested shalt thou stand ;
 Were it with choicest dainties stor'd,
 For thee I'd ope a liberal hand.

Since thou, of all the warbling throng,
 Who now in silence far retire,
 Remain'ft to soothe me with a song,
 And many a pleasing thought inspire.



An E P I T A P H.

By the Same.

IF e'er sharp sorrow from thine eyes did flow,
 If e'er thy bosom felt another's woe,
 If e'er fair beauty's charms thy heart did prove,
 If e'er the offspring of thy virtuous love
 Bloom'd to thy wish, or to thy soul was dear,
 This plaintive marble asks thee for a tear !
 For here, alas ! too early snatch'd away,
 All that was lovely Death has made his prey.
 No more her cheeks with crimson roses vie,
 No more the diamond sparkles in her eye ;
 Her breath no more its balmy sweets can boast,
 Alas ! that breath with all its sweets is lost.
 Pale now those lips, where blushing rubies hung,
 And mute the charming music of her tongue !
 Ye virgins fair, your fading charms survey,
 She was whate'er your tender hearts can say ;
 To her sweet memory for ever dear,
 Let the green turf receive your trickling tear.
 To this sad place your earliest garlands bring,
 And deck her grave with firstlings of the Spring.

Let

Let opening roses, drooping lillies tell,
 Like those she bloom'd, and ah ! like these she fell.
 In circling wreaths let the pale ivy grow,
 And distant yews a sable shade bestow ;
 Round her, ye Graces, constant vigils keep,
 And guard (fair Innocence !) her sacred sleep :
 Till that bright morn shall wake the beauteous clay,
 To bloom and sparkle in eternal day.



UT PICTURA POESIS.

By Mr. NOURSE, late of All-Souls College Oxon, 1741.

AS once the Muse, reclining on her lyre,
 Observ'd her fav'rite bards, a num'rous choir ;
 The conscious pleasure swell'd her silent breast,
 Her secret pride exulting smiles confess.

When thus her sister spoke, whose care presides
 O'er the mixt pallat, and the pencil guides,
 Just, Goddess, is thy joy, thy train, we own,
 Approaches nearest to Apollo's throne.

Foremost in Learning's ranks they fit sublime,
 Honour'd and lov'd thro' every age of time :
 Yet let me say, some fav'rite son of mine
 Has more than follow'd every son of thine.

Thy *Homer* needs not grieve to hear his fame
 Exceeds not Raphael's widely honour'd name :

Raphael

Raphael like him 'midst ages wrapt in night,
 Rose father of his science to the light ;
 With matchless grace, and majesty divine,
 Bade Painting breathe, and live the bold design ;
 To the clay-man the heavenly fire apply'd,
 And gave it charms to Nature's self deny'd.

With judgment, genius, industry and art,
 Does *Virgil* captivate his reader's heart ?
 With rival talents my *Caracci* blest
 Fires with like transport the spectator's breast.
 The youthful *Lucan*, who with rapid force
 Urg'd to *Pharfalia's* field the Muse's horse,
 An equal fire, an equal strength of mind,
 In *Angelo's* congenial soul will find :
 Whose wild imagination could display
 Fierce giants whirl'd from heaven—the world's last day.

With more success does tender *Ovid* move
 The melting soul to softness and to love ;
 Than wanton *Titian*, whose warm colours shew
 That gods themselves the amorous riot know ?
 Thy grandeur, *Paulo*, and thy happy stroke,
 I proudly own my emulation spoke,
 For I bestow'd them, that the world might see,
 A *Horace* too of mine arise in thee.

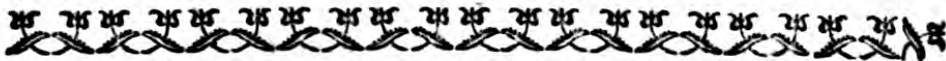
Lo ! where *Poussin* his magic colours spreads,
 Rise tower'd towns, rough rocks, and flow'ry meads :
 What leagues between those azure mountains lie,
 (Whose less'ning tops invade the purple sky)

And

And this old oak, that shades this hollow way,
Amidst whose windings sheep and oxen stray !
'Tis thus *Theocritus* his landskip gives,
'Tis thus the speaking picture moves and lives.

Alike in *Terence* and in *Guido's* air,
Our praise the height of art and nature share.
In broader mirth if *Plautus* tread the stage,
With equal humour *Hemskirk's* boors engage.

She spoke, with friendly emulation stirr'd,
And *Phæbus* from his throne with pleasure heard.



* V A C U N A .

By Mr. D——.

SCEPTRE of ease! whose calm domain extends
O'er the froze *Chronian*, or where lagging gales
Fan to repose the Southern realms. O! whom
More slaves obey than swarm about the courts
f *Pekin*, or § *Agra*——universal queen!

Me hap'ly slumb'ring all a summer's day,
Thy meanest subject, often hast thou deign'd
Gracious to visit. If thy poppy then
Was e'er infus'd into my gifted quill,

* *The goddess of Indolence.* † *The capital of China.*
§ *The capital of the Mogul's country, lately plunder'd by*
T. Kouli Kan.

If e'er my nodding Muse was blest with pow'r,
 To doze the reader with her opiate verse—
 Come, goddess; but be gentle; not as when
 On studious heads attendant thou art seen
 Fast by the twinkling lamp, poring and pale
 Immers'd in meditation, sleep's great foe?
 Where the clue-guided *casuist* unwinds
 Perplexities; or *Halley* from his tower
 Converses with the stars. In other guise
 Thy presence I invoke, serene approach,
 With forehead smooth, and fauntring gait; put on
 The smile unmeaning, or in sober mood
 Fix thy flat, musing, leaden eye: as looks
Simplicius, when he stares and seems to think.
 Prompted by thee, *Reservo* keeps at home,
 Intent on books: he when alone applies
 The needle's reparation to his hose,
 Or studious slices paper. Taught by these
Dullman takes snuff, and ever and anon
 Turns o'er the page unread. Others more sage,
 Place, year, and printer not unnoted, well
 Examine the whole *frontispiece*, and if
 Yet stricter their inquiry, e'en proceed
 To leaves within, and curious there select
Italicks, or consult the margin, pleas'd
 To find a hero or a tale: all else,
 The observation, maxim, inference
 Disturb the brain with thought.—It sure were long

To name thy sev'ral vot'ries, Pow'r supine,
 And all thy various haunts. Why should I speak
 Of coffee-house? or where the eunuch plays,
 Or *Roscus* in his buskin? These and more
 Thy crowded temples, where thou sit'st enshrin'd
 Glorious, thy incense *ambergris*, and *time*
 Thy sacrifice.—About thee cards and dice
 Lie scatter'd, and a thousand vassal beaux
 Officiate at thy worship.—Nor mean while
 Is solitude less thy peculiar sphere;
 There unattended you vouchsafe to shroud
 Your beauties, gentle Potentate; with me
 By vale or brook to loiter not displeas'd:
 Hear the stream's pebbled roar, and the sweet bee
 Humming her fairy-tunes, in praise of flowers;
 Or clam'rous rooks, on aged elm or oak,
 Aloft the cawing legislators sit,
 Debating, in full senate, points of state.

My bower, my walks, my study all are thine,
 For thee my yews project their shade: my green
 Spreads her soft lap, my waters whisper sleep.
 Here thou may'st reign secure, nor hostile thought,
 Nor argument, nor logick's dire array
 Make inroad on thy kingdom's peace.—What tho'
 Malicious tongues me harmless represent,
 A traitor to thy throne: or that I hold
 Forbidden correspondence with the Nine,
 Plotting with *Phœbus*, and thy foes! What tho'

Of satire they impeach me, strain severe !
 Thou know'st my innocence : 'tis true indeed
 I fometimes scribble, but 'tis thou inspir'd :
 In proof accept, O goddess, this my verse.



On J. W. ranging P A M P H L E T S.

By the Same.

W H AT ken mine eyes, enchanted ? man of ease,
 In elbow chair, and under brow of thought
 Intense, on some great matter fixt, no doubt :
 What mean the *myrmidons* on either hand
 In paper-coats, and orderly array,
 Spread far and wide, on table, desk, and stool,
 Variety of troops, white, purple, pied,
 And grey, and blue's battalion trim ; and who
 In marbled regimentals, some in vest
 Gay edg'd with gold ; of various garb, and tongue,
 And clime ; extended o'er the wooden plain.

Not force more numerous from her teeming loins
 Pours forth *Hungaria* to the *Danube's* bank
Croats and *Pandours* : nor the swarming war
 Of *Turk*, and *Nadir*, nodding opposite
 With particolour'd turbans. Sing, O Muse,
 Their marshal'd numbers, and puissance. First,
 With sable shield, and arms opaque, advance

Divinity

Divinity polemic, sober rage,
 Yet deadly ! (and can rage in minds divine
 Inhabit !) councils, synods, cloysters, schools,
 Cowl beats off cowl, and mitre mitre knocks.
 Presbyt'ry here with wither'd face askew,
 Vengeance demure ; and there devoutly fierce
Catholicos, in lawn sprinkled with blood.

Not far behind with her divided troops
 Comes Policy, with democratic shouts
 On one hand, on the other loud acclaim
 For pow'r hereditary, and right divine :
 I see the various portraiture display'd,
Brutus and Nimrod, libertines, and slaves,
 And crowns, and ^h breeches flutter in the air.

Who next with aspect sage and parchment wav'd
 Voluminous come on ? I know their beards
 Historic, see the style acute, with which
 They fight old Time, maugre his desp'rate scythe ;
 And as he cleaves the pyramid, apply
 Their puny prop. Hence annals, journals hence,
 And memoirs, doubtful truth, and certain lies,
 And tales, and all the magazines of war.

What Muse, O Poetry, can pass unscung
 Thy flowing banners, and gay tent, adorn'd
 With airy trophies ? or would leave thy name
 Uncatalogu'd, were it but *Nereus*-like

^h Alluding to the arms impress'd on the money of the Commonwealth of England.

To beautify the list. Not that thou want'st
Th' offensive dart, 'till *Satire's* quiver fails.

All these, and more came flocking ;—but await
The dread commander's voice, and dare no more
Start from their place, than did the *Theban* stone,
Ere yet *Amphion* sung.—From side to side
The sedentary chief, in studious mood,
And deep revolve, darts his experienc'd eye.
Forth from his presence hies his aid-de-camp,
A sturdy *Cambro-Briton*, to survey
The posture of the field ; from rank to rank
Posting succinct he gives the word, which way
The squadrons to advance, where wheel their course.
“ Vanguard to right and left.” Forthwith the bands,
As at the sound of trump, obedient move
In perfect phalanx. Each their station knows
And quarters, as the general's will ordains.

First to its place spontaneous *Versé* repairs,
Knowing the call, and practis'd to obey
His summons. Peaceful *Controversy* sheaths
Her claws, contracted to make room for *Scot*
And *Tom. Aquinas*, slumb'ring side by side ;
And *Bellarmino*, and *Luther*, heard no more
Than *Delphi's* shrine, or *Memnon's* statue dumb.
All, all, in order due and silence, look
A modern convocation. Hist'ry lies
By hist'ry, — *Hyde* and *Oldmixon* agree.



Which

Which when the marshal, from his easy chair
 Of callimanco, saw ; knit his calm brows
 Thoughtful, and thus th' assembled leaves bespoke.

Ye hierarchies, and commonweals, and thrones,
 Folios, octavos, and ye minor pow'rs
 Of paper, ere to winter-quarters sent,
 Hear me, ye list'ning books. First I direct
 Submission to your lord and faith entire.
 Did I not list you, and enroll your names
 On parchment ? See the volume ; look at me.
 Did I not mark you (as the *Prussian* late
 His subjects) badge of service when requir'd ?
 'Tis well,—and let me next, ye flimsy peers,
 Love brother-like and union recommend :
 Live peaceful, as by me together tied
 In bands of strictest amity : shou'd then
 Your master lend you to some neighb'ring state
 Auxiliaries ; remember ye preserve
 Your first allegiance pure, and chearful home
 Return, when summon'd by your natural prince.
 Be humble, nor repine, tho' smear'd with ink
 And dust inglorious ; know your birth and end,
 For rags ye were, and must to rags return.



E P I T H A L A M I U M.

By the same.

YE nymphs, that from *Diana's* sport retir'd,
 Yon forest leave awhile, and love to haunt
 The bord'ring vallies; saw ye, as they pass'd,
 A chofen pair, the glory of your plains,
 Array'd in youth's full bloom, and nature's prime?
 Saw ye the glance of beauty, when the fair,
 Quiver'd with charms, and by the Graces dress'd,
 March'd on: with joy the bridegroom flush'd, beyond
 What liveliest fancy, unpossess'd, can dream?

Heard ye the music of the groves around
 Warbling, while choirs of gratulation rung
 From ev'ry spray; and nightingales, soft tun'd,
 In notes peculiar thrill'd the nuptial song!
 Such as in neighb'ring *Windsor's* fav'rite shade
 They chaunt; and, if their *Handel's* ear be true,
 No where on silence steal with lay so sweet.

Auspicious omens brood on the fair hour!
 Did ever *Hymen's* look more fresh appear,
 Or his bright vest with deeper yellow flow?
 The vest that on occasions high and rare

Pontifical

Pontifical he wears, when hearts sincere
 Combine; of healthy cheek, and sparkling eye
 As in the state of 'nature, ere his shafts
 By gold were blunted. How the blazing torch,
 Fann'd by love's pinion, sheds unusual fire!
 Lo! by the trail of light, he left behind,
 As from the shrine his jubilee return'd,
 The Muse, invited guest, attends her theme
 Right to the nuptial bow'r. There ent'ring, thrice
 She hemm'd, thrice blest the threshold with a sneeze,
 Prelude of happiness to come. Her lyre
 She strung,—a friendly, voluntary strain.

“ Hail (she began) distinguish'd pair! how fit
 To join in wedded love, each other's choice!
 Bridegroom, thy taste is elegant indeed,
 And fingers nice, that on some sunny bank
 In beauty's garden cull'd so fair a flow'r,
 To thine transplanted from her native soil.
 Cherish before thy blooming charge; keep off
 Each blast unkind, and Zephyr's gale alone
 Blow there, and genial suns for ever smile.
 Who not applaud thy vow? hereafter who
 Dispute thy palate, judging and exact,
 Owner of curious bliss?—Nor thou, fair bride,
 Repine, nor homeward cast thy longing eye;
 'Twas time to sever from the virgin choir.
 What joy in loneliness to waste the hours
 Unfruitful? see, hard by, *Loddona's* stream

Cold and inactive creep along ; her face
 Shaded with pensive willow,—till anon
 Married to jovial *Thames*, briskly she glides
 O'er many a laughing mead.—'Tis nature wills
 Such union : blest society ! where souls
 Move, as in dance, to melody divine
 Fit partners. (How unlike the noisy broils
 Of wedded strife !) Hence friendship's gen'rous glow
 At love's high noon ; and hence the sober flame
 Steady, as life declines.—All comforts hence
 Of child and parent, strongest, dearest ties !
 Think not the fair original design'd
 To flourish and be lost. The world expects
 Some copies to adorn another age. ———
 Thank the kind gods ; be happy, live and love.



To a GENTLEMAN, on the Birth-day
 of his first Son.

By the Same.

THY sanguine hope completed in a boy,
Hymen's kind boon, my friend, I give thee joy.
 Of fine strange things, and miracles to be,
 Expect no flatt'ring prophecy from me.
 'Tis Time's maturing bus'ness to call forth
 Degen'rate meanness, or transmitted worth :

Under

Under his sliding course of hours and days
 The artist's labour mellows or decays.
 Then, let me see, what my fond wish bespoke,
 The lively colouring, and manly stroke.
 Is there the sweetness, easiness, and grace,
 Maternal beauties, shed upon his face?
 Is there the frank benevolence; the fire
 Sincere and gen'rous, darted from his fire?
 The judging Muse, where lines like these must strike,
 Will eye the copy,—own,—'tis very like:
 Point out each virtue, each resemblance tell
 Pleas'd, that the parents drew themselves so well.



On two FRIENDS born on the same Day.

By the Same.

THERE are it seems who think the natal star
 Softens to peace, or animates to war;
 That yon bright orbs, as in their course they roll,
 Dart their strong influence on the dawning soul;
 Whether to empire led by shining *Jove*,
 Or lull'd to pleasure by the queen of love:
 Whether *Mercurius* gently wav'd his hand;
 And point to arts and sciences the wand;

Or

Or angry *Mars* inspiring warlike heat,
Alarm the pulse, and at the bosom beat.

If so: then why the Muse a contrast finds
In *Palamon's* and *Arcite's* various minds?
The one of nature easy and compos'd,
Untoss'd by passion, and in arts repos'd;
T'other of eager and impetuous soul,
Starting in Honour's race, and stretching to the goal,
One calm, like *Theodosius*, to desire;
The other glowing with *Varrane's* fire:
This pleas'd to wander in *Pierian* glades,
Where the rill murmurs, and the laurel shades;
That warm'd and rous'd by what his soul approves,
The sport, the mistress, or the friend he loves.
Yet the same sun saluted them on earth,
Yet the same planets glitter'd at their birth,
The same soft gale, or whisper'd in the wood,
Or the same tempest discompos'd the flood.
It is enough, that harmony appears,
And friendship reconciles, where nature jars;
For whatsoever the scheme of dreamers be,
Their stars may differ, since their lives agree.

A WINTER THOUGHT.

By J. EARL.

I.

THE man whose constitution's strong,
And free from vexing cares his mind,
As changing seasons pass along
Can in them all fresh pleasures find,

II.

Not only in the teeming bud,
The opening leaf, and following bloom,
(Urg'd by the sap's ascending flood)
And fruit fair knitting in its room;

III.

Not only when the smiling fields
In all their gaiety appear,
And the perfumes their bosoms yield
On balmy wings the zephyrs bear,

IV.

In morning fair, in evening mild,
The murm'ring brook, and cooling shade,
Birds airy notes in consorts wild,
And Philomela's serenade.

V.

Not only in the waving ear,
And branches bending with their load,
Or whilst the produce of the year
Is gathering, and in safety stow'd.

VI.

He pleas'd, in days autumnal sees
 The shadowy leaf diversify'd
 With various colours, and the trees
 Stripp'd, and stand forth in naked pride,

VII.

Each hollow blast, and hasty show'r,
 The rattling hail, and fleecy snow,
 The candy'd rime, and scatter'd hoar,
 And icicles which downward grow.

VIII.

The shining pavement of the flood,
 To which the youthful tribes resort,
 And game, which the discover'd wood
 Exposes to the fowler's sport.

IX.

The greens, which wintry blasts defy,
 Thro' native strength, or human care,
 In hedge, or close arrangery,
 All these a source of pleasure are.

X.

The sun which from the northern signs
 Scorch'd with unfufferable heat,
 Now in a milder glory shines,
 And every glancing ray is sweet.

XI.

The silver morn, and each fair star
 Forth to the best advantage shine,
 And by the richest scene prepare
 For noble thoughts th' enlarged mind.

XII.

He, when the mornings slowest rise,
Can sweetly pass the nights away
In lucubration with the wife,
Or conversation with the gay.

XIII.

And when the winter tedious grows,
And length'ning days cold stronger bring,
A new increasing pleasure flows,
From expectation of the spring.

XIV.

So he whose faculties are sound,
His heart upright and conscience clean,
Agreeably can pass his round
Of life, in ev'ry shifting scene.

XV.

Not only in his youthful prime,
And whilst his pow'rs continue firm,
But when he feels th' effect of time,
And age prepares him for the worm.

XVI.

Grateful for every blessing past,
Patient in every present ill ;
And on whatever ground he's plac'd,
Hope does with pleasing prospects fill ;

XVII.

And faith in heav'n's enchanting love
(From whence that Sun will soon appear
Whose smiles make endless spring above)
Does all his damps, and darkness clear.

S O N G.

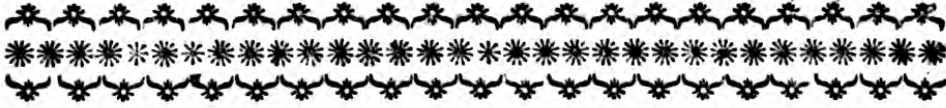
By the Same.

STELLA and Flavia every hour
Do various hearts surprize;
In Stella's soul lies all her power,
And Flavia's in her eyes.

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarchs, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eastern tyrants Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast not, Flavia, thy fair face,
Thy beauty's only store;
Thy charms will every day decrease,
Each day gives Stella more.



VERSES spoken at WESTMINSTER School.

J. F. **H**OW like you, Sir, the splendor of the day?
 What! has your lordship not a word to say?
 Can neither verse, nor prose your praises move?
 He sure dislikes who cares not to approve.
 You view with scorn our antiquated ways,
 Queen Bess's golden rules and golden days.
 No powder'd liveries attend us here,
 Hunger's our sauce, and mutton is our cheer.
 Our worn-out customs may provoke your sport,
 How long the graces, and the meals how short!
 Nor can our mouldy college-life afford
 A bed more fashionable than its board.
 No state-alcove, no wainscot can you see
 Of cedar old, or new mahogany:
 To us, poetic furniture is given,
 Curtains of night and canopy of heaven:
 Our youths, whom well-bred gentlemen despise,
 Sleep with the lamb, as with the lark they rise.
 Nay, prayers each day (strange things to modern beaux)
 Open our morning, and our evening close:
 Nor yet content with what at home we do,
 Our laws present us to the public view;

We

We to the Abbey march in white array
 Thrice every week, beside each holy day.
 What boys of rank cou'd brook such hard commands ? }
 Like meanest choristers to take their stands, }
 Or penitents, with tapers in their hands ? }
 But these objections nobles may disown,
 Who seldom stoop to wear the daggled gown :
 The school itself unmannerly they call,
 Like death a general leveller of all ;
 Which ne'er regards the priv'lege of a peer,
 What race you spring from, or what arms you bear.
 Boys on themselves, not ancestors, rely,
 Distinguish'd by intrinsic quality :
 A saucy commoner may take *his* place,
 Who is a lord, and is to be his grace.
 Not so at home——there due distinction's made,
 And full obeifance to degree is paid :
 Far milder treatment does his honour meet,
 From handmaid gentle, and from sifter sweet :
 With footmen romps (which finely must improve him)
 And kifs his cousins that his aunts may love him.
 There the whole kindred join to form an heir,
 And uncles, grandfires, grandmothers are there :
 But oh ! th' enchanting blessings who can shew,
 Which from the kennel, and the stable flow !
 When honour quits the closet for the fields,
 And all the student to the sportsman yields.

Perhaps

Perhaps some glorious hunting-match design'd,
 E'en now, tho' absent, rises to your mind ;
 If not prevented by this luckless day,
 How had you scower'd o'er hills and dales away,
 By foxes murder'd glory to obtain,
 And boast three vixens in a fortnight slain !
 Or had the generous stag with winged speed
 Across whole countries urg'd the straining steed,
 Each Yorkshire Riding might have view'd the race ;
 Your horn perhaps had rung thro' Chevy-Chace.
 More cou'd I say——

LORD C. ———— But hold, 'tis time you end,
 Who for a renegade mistake a friend.
 And cou'd you think one son so void of grace,
 T' abjure his Alma Mater to her face ?
 How shou'd not she with irony dispense,
 Who lends us figures to adorn our sense ?
 Why, 'tis to gain her smiles our parts we prove,
 To shew our genius is to shew our love :—
 And you the judges, since yourselves inspire,
 Or our pacific or prolific fire,
 Be candid, and absolve the general aim,
 We argue different, but we think the same.

Parents, when fondness, or the fashion sway,
 Will breed their child themselves, the modern way :
 No pedant schemes, that abject minds controul,
 Shou'd thwart the native freedom of his soul :

Him their own eye o'erlooks, own modes refine,
 And master's powder'd ev'ry day to dine.
 As for his pretty head, mamma takes care
 The comb's well fix'd, and nicely curl'd the hair,
 And not one thing, I'll warrant you, breeds there.
 E'en let the dirty boys, so doom'd, be fools,
 And walk thro' thick and thin to crowded schools,
 Left such rude noise shou'd hurt his tender brain,
 In his own hall Sir Timothy they train.
 Moll tells him stories while she sweeps the room,
 And he imbibes his morals from the groom.
 At twelve years old the sprightly youth is able
 To turn a pancake, or dry-rub a table.
 Soon as the clerk has taught him all he can,
 They send to London for some abler man.
 Down comes a Frenchman : Sire, me swear and vow,
 Me be surpriz'd you make no better bow :
 But will make you un brave scholar, no fear,
 Better den my own self, in two, tree year.
 The knight begins, and in a literal sence,
 Turns French to English, and makes Latin French.
 Three years my lady mother has the joy
 To hear the Frenchman and to see the boy ;
 To her it is a comfort (above all)
 That Tim should learn so fast, and grow so tall.
 Kitty, my lady's waiting maid, was sifter
 To Tom the groom, who knew the knight had kifs'd her ;

Tom

Tom manages his knight at such a rate,
 He beats the Frenchman, and he marries Kate.
 So fondly the wise mother lov'd the child,
 She quite undid him, lest he shou'd be spoil'd.

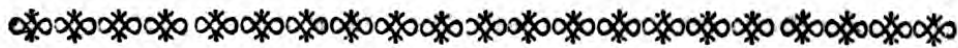
This news the widow of the neighb'ring grange
 Heard with surprize — But I, said she, will change
 This unsuccessful method, and my Jerry,
 I'll answer for't, shall never thus miscarry.
 Prate with the maid! No — him I'll breed up slyly,
 And every servant shall respect him highly.
 No trifling monsieur here shall give advice;
 I'll have some senior-fellow, grave and wise,
 From either of our universities.

She said — 'Tis done — The honest man with pains
 Gender and number, mood and tense explains;
 Jerry goes thro' his daily task and thrives,
 From *in speech* he to th' *apple-tree* arrives.
 Then studious reads what Belgian authors writ,
 And drains whole nomenclators for their wit:
 From thence apace he grows accomplish'd fully,
 Has read Corderius, and has heard of Tully.
 Shou'd Oxford next, or Paris be his chance?
 The last prevails, and he's equip'd for France.
 He goes — sees every thing that rare and new is,
 And hunts like any alderman, with Lewis;
 Till some great fortune, or mamma's command,
 Again restores him to the British strand,
 Then, welcome Sir, to bless your native land,

But see, the proper vacancy present,
 And up he comes full fraught with parliament.
 Then first his noble heart begins to sink,
 Fain would he speak, but knows not how to think :
 Howe'er he'll needs launch out beyond his reach,
 For who ne'er made a theme, makes no good speech.
 Hence the loud laugh, and scornful sneer arise,
 Hence round and round the piquant rail'ry flies,
 And thus (sad shame) tho' now he's twenty-four,
 He's finely lash'd that ne'er was lash'd before.
 While each mean time, or commoner or peer,
 Who pass'd the discipline in practice here,
 Convinc'd applauds the doctor's wholesome plan,
 Who made the youngster smart to save the man.
 For what tho' some the good old man desert,
 Grow learn'd with ease, and grasp the shade of art,
 For us, we foster here no vain pretence,
 Nor fill with empty pride the void of sense ;
 We rise with pains, nor think the labour light
 To speak like Romans, and like Romans write.
 'Tis ours to court with care the learned throng,
 To catch their spirit as we gain their tongue ;
 To enjoy the charms in Cæsar's works that shine,
 And learn to glow at Virgil's lofty line.
 'Twas thus you mov'd, and thus in riper years,
 With such superior lustre fill your spheres ;
 'Twas thus you learn'd to rise, nor can you blame
 If as we tread your steps we hope your fame.

And

And oh ! may Westminster for ever view
 Sons after sons succeed, and all like you ;
 May every doubt your great examples clear,
 And Education fix her empire here.



A LETTER to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

By the late HENRY FIELDING,

SIR,

WHILE at the helm of state you ride,
 Our nation's envy and its pride ;
 While foreign courts with wonder gaze,
 And justly all your counsels praise,
 Which, in contempt of faction's force,
 Steer, tho' oppos'd, a steady course,
 Wou'd you not wonder, Sir, to view
 Your bard a greater man than you ?
 And yet the sequel proves it true.

}

You know, Sir, certain ancient fellows
 Philosophers, and others tell us,
 That no alliance e'er between
 Greatness and happiness is seen ;
 If so, may heaven still deny
 To you, to be as great as I.

H 3

Besides,

Besides, we 're taught, it does behove us,
 To think those better who 're above us :
 Another instance of my glory,
 Who live above you twice two story,
 And from my garret can look down,
 As from an hill, on half the town.

Greatness by poets still is painted,
 With many followers acquainted :
 This too does in my favour speak,
 Your levée is but twice a week,
 From mine I can exclude but one day ;
 My door is quiet on a Sunday.

The distance too at which they bow,
 Does my superior greatness shew.
 Familiar you to admiration,
 May be approach'd by all the nation,
 While I, like Great Mogul in Indo,
 Am never seen but at a window.

The family that dines the latest,
 Is in our street esteem'd the greatest,
 But greater him we surely call,
 Who hardly deigns to dine at all.

If with my greatness you're offended,
 The fault is easily amended :
 You have it, Sir, within your power
 To take your humble servant lower.



An EPISTLE from the Elector of BAVARIA
to the FRENCH King, after the Battle of
RAMILLIES.

IF yet, great Sir, your heart can comfort know,
And the returning fights less frequent flow ;
If yet your ear can suffer ANNA'S fame,
And bear, without a start, her MARLBRO'S name ;
If half the slain o'er wide *Ramillia* spread,
Are yet forgot, and in your fancy dead :
Attend, and be yourself, while I recite
(Oh ! that I only can of losses write !)
To what a mighty sum our ills amount,
And give a faithful, tho' a sad account.

Let not *Bavaria* be condemn'd unheard,
Nor, 'till examin'd, have his conduct clear'd ;
Charge not on me alone that fatal day,
Your own commanders bore too great a sway.
Think ! Sir, with pity think ! what I have lost,
My native realms and my paternal coast,
All that a firm confed'rate could bestow,
Ev'n faith and fame, if you believe the foe.
Think what a heavy load o'erwhelms my breast,
With its own sorrows and with yours oppress ;

After one battle lost, and country gone,
Vanquish'd again, alas ! and twice undone.

Oh ! where shall I begin ? what language find
To heal the raging anguish of your mind ?
Or if you deign a willing ear to lend,
Oh ! where will my disastrous story end ?

Conquest I often promis'd, I confess,
And who from such a pow'r could promise less ?
There *Gallia's* force, and here *Bavaria's* shines,
Th' experienc'd household fills our crowded lines ;
Already had our tow'ring thoughts o'erthrown
The *Belgian* host, while we survey'd our own,
Destroy'd their provinces with sword and flame,
Let in their seas, and sack'd their *Amsterdam* ;
Already had we shar'd the fancy'd spoil,
(Imaginary trophies crown'd our toil)
Batavian standards at this temple gave,
In that the *British* crosses doom'd to wave,
A rural seat assign'd each captive chief,
In flow'ry gardens to assuage his grief,
And by his arts, and first escape prepar'd,
On *MARLBRO* had bestow'd a double guard.

Paris impatient for the conquer'd foe,
Hasten'd the tuneful hymn and solemn show ;
Triumphal chariots for the victor stay'd,
And finish'd arches cast a pompous shade ;
With nicest art the bards had dress'd their lays,
Of nothing fearful but to reach our praise ;

But

But all our hopes and expectation crost,
 What lines have we? what fame has *Boileau* lost?

Your army now, fixt on its high designs,
 Rush forth like vernal swarms, and quit their lines;
 Eager the *Dyle* they pass to seek the fight,
Judoina's fields with sudden tents are white,
 The foe descends, like torrents from the hills,
 And all the neighb'ring vale tumultuous fills:
 Preluding cannons tell th' approaching storm,
 And working armies take a dreadful form.

Soon your victorious arms, and stronger force,
 Tore all the left, and broke the *Belgian* horse;
 Their scatter'd troops are rally'd to the fight,
 But only rally'd for a second flight:

As when high heav'n on some aspiring wood,
 Which in close ranks, and thickest order stood,
 Pours its collected stores of vengeance down,
 Cedars are seen with firs and oaks o'erthrown,
 Long ravages and intervals of waste!

So gor'd their lines appear'd, and so defac'd.
 The third attack had ended all the war,
 Sunk their whole force, and sav'd your future care,
 Had MARLBRO, only MARLBRO, not been there.

As some good genius flies, to save the realms
 Which, in his absence born, a plague o'erwhelms,
 Through op'ning squadrons did the hero haste,
 And rais'd their drooping courage as he past.

Amidst

Amidst the routed *Belgians* he arriv'd,
 Turn'd the pursuit, the fainting fight reviv'd,
 Supply'd each rank, fill'd ev'ry vacant space,
 And brought the battle to its former face.

With trembling hearts we see our fate decreed ;
 Where *MARLBRO* fights how can a foe succeed ?
 To reach his life our boldest warriors strive,
 On him the storm with all its thunder drive ;
 He stems the war, and half encompass'd round
 Still clears his way, and still maintains his ground :
 Amaz'd I saw him in such dangers live,
 And envy'd him the death I wish'd to give.

But how our rising pleasure shall I tell ?
 The thund'ring steed, and the great rider, fell :
 We thank'd kind heav'n, and hop'd the victor slain,
 But all our hopes, and all our thanks were vain :
 Free from the guilt of any hostile wound
 Alive he lay, and dreadful on the ground.

As when a lion in the toils is cast,
 That uncontroul'd had laid the country waste,
 Th' insulting hinds surround him, who before
 Fled from his haunts, and trembled at his roar ;
 So round beset the mighty *Briton* lies,
 And vulgar foes attempt the glorious prize.
 'Till fresh battalions to his succour brought,
 Contending armies for the hero fought ;
 The wanted steed some friendly hand prepar'd,
 And met a fatal, but a great, reward :

A glorious death ; of his lov'd lord bereft,
The pious office unperform'd he left.

The rescu'd chief, by the past danger warm'd,
Our weaken'd *houhold* with new fury storm'd :
While all around to our admiring eyes
Fresh foes, and undiscover'd squadrons, rise.
The boasted guards that spread your name so far,
And turn'd where-e'er they fought the doubtful war,
With heaps of slaughter strow'd the fatal plain,
And did a thousand glorious things in vain ;
Broke with unequal force such numbers die,
That I my self rejoic'd to see them fly.

But oh ! how few preserv'd themselves by flight ?
Or found a shelter from th' approaching night ?
Thousands fall undistinguish'd in the dark,
And five whole leagues with wide destruction mark,

Scarce at *Ramillia* did the slaughter end,
When the swift victor had approach'd *Ostend* ;
Took in whole states and countries in his way,
Brussels, nor *Ghent*, nor *Antwerp* gain'd a day ;
Within the compass of one circling moon,
The *Lis*, the *Demer*, and the *Scheld* his own.

What in the foe's, and what in *William's* hand,
Did for an age the power of *France* withstand ;
Tho' each campaign she crowded nations drain'd,
And the fat soil with blood of thousands stain'd ;
Those forts and provinces does *MARLBRO* gain
In twice three suns, and not a foldier slain ;

None

None can suspend the fortune of their town,
 But who their harvest and their country drown;
 Compell'd to call (his valour to evade)
 The less destructive ocean to their aid.

Oh! were our loss to *Flandria's* plains confin'd!
 But what a train of ills are still behind?
 Beyond the *Adige Vendome* feels the blow,
 And *Villars* now retires without a foe,
 The fate of *Flanders* spreads in *Spain* the flame,
 And their new monarch robs of half his fame;
 But *France* shall hear, in some late distant reign,
 An unborn *Lewis* curse *Ramillia's* plain.

Whither, oh! whither shall *Bavaria* run?
 Or where himself, or where the victor shun?
 Shall I no more with vain ambition roam,
 But my own subjects rule in peace at home?
 Thence an abandon'd fugitive I'm driv'n,
 Like the first guilty man by angry heav'n
 From his bless'd mansions, where th' avenging lord
 Still guards the passage with a brandish'd sword.
 Or shall I to *Brabantia's* courts retire,
 And reign o'er distant provinces for hire?
 Shall I with borrow'd government dispense,
 A royal servant and another's prince?
 These countries too (oh my hard fate!) are lost,
 And I am banish'd from a foreign coast;
 Now may I fight secure of future toils,
 Of no new countries a third battle spoils.

Oh,

Oh, *Tallard!* once I did thy chains deplore,
 But envy now the fate I mourn'd before ;
 By bondage blest'd, protected by the foe,
 You live contented with one overthrow ;
 Her captive, *Britain* kindly kept away
 From the disgrace of the last fatal day.

How does my fall the haughty victor raise,
 And join divided nations in his praise ;
 Grateful *Germania* unknown titles frames,
 And *CHURCHILL* writes amongst her sov'reign names.
 Part of her states obey a *British* lord,
 Small part ! of the great empire he restor'd.
 From the proud *Spaniard* he extorts applause,
 And rivals with the *Dutch* their great *Nassaus*.
 In ev'ry language are his battles known,
 The *Swede* and *Pole* for his, despise their own.
 A thousand sects in him their safety place,
 And our own faints are thank'd for our disgrace.
England alone, and that some pleasure gives,
 Envy herself the blessings she receives.

My grief each place renews where-e'er I go,
 And ev'ry art contributes to my woe ;
Ramillia's plain each painter's pencil yields,
Bavaria flies in all their canvas fields :
 On me, young poets their rude lays indite,
 And on my sorrows practise how to write ;
 I in their scenes with borrow'd passion rage,
 And act a shameful part on ev'ry stage.

In *Flandria* will the tale be ever told,
 Nor will it grow, with ever telling, old :
 The lisping infants will their MARLBRO raise,
 And their new speech grow plainer in his praise ;
 His story will employ their middle years,
 And in their latest age recall their fears,
 While to their children's children they relate
 The business of a day, their country's fate :
 Then lead them forth, their thoughts to entertain,
 And shew the wond'ring youth *Ramillia's* plain ;
 'Twas here they fought, the *household* fled that way,
 And this the spot where MARLBRO prostrate lay.

Here they, perhaps, shall add *Bavaria's* name,
 Censure his courage, and his conduct blame :
 'Tis false, 'tis false, I did not basely yield,
 I left indeed, but left a bloody field :
 Believe not, future ages, ne'er believe
 The vile aspersions which these wretches give ;
 If you too far my injur'd honour try,
 Take heed, my ghost, it will, it shall, be nigh,
 Rise in his face, and give the slave the lie.

Why should the stars thus on *Britannia* smile,
 And partial blessings crown the fav'rite isle ?
Holland does her for their great founder own ;
Britannia gave to *Portugal* a crown :
 Twice by her queens does proud *Iberia* fall ;
 Her *Edwards* and her *Henrys* conquer'd *Gaul* :

The *Swede* her arms from late oppression freed,
 And if he dares oppress, will curb the *Swede*.
 She, from herself, decides her neighbours fates,
 Rescues by turns, by turns subdues their states;
 In the wide globe no part could nature stretch
 Beyond her arms, and out of *Britain's* reach:
 Who fear'd, she e'er could have *Bavaria* seen?
 Such realms, and kingdoms, hills, and seas between?
 Yet there, — oh sad remembrance of my woe!
 Distant *Bavaria* does her triumphs show.
 Proud state! must *Europe* lie at thy command,
 No prince without thee rise, without thee stand!
 What share? what part is thine of all the spoil?
 Thine only is the hazard and the toil.
 An empire thou hast fav'd and all its states,
Iberia's realms have felt severer fates:
 What wou'dst thou more? still do thy arms advance?
 Heav'n knows what doom thou hast reserv'd for *France!*
 From whose wise care does all the treasure rise,
 That slaughter'd hosts and shatter'd fleets supplies?
 From whence such boundless conquest does she reap,
 Purchas'd with all her boasted millions cheap?
 O blest'd! oh envy'd *QUEEN!* that does command
 At such a time, in such a happy land;
 Great in her armies and her pow'rful fleet!
 Great in her treasures! in her triumphs great!
 But greater still! and what we envy most,
 That can a *MARLBRO* for her subject boast!

Oh,

Oh, *Gallia!* from what splendors art thou hurl'd?
 The terror once of all the western world;
 Thy spreading map each year did larger grow,
 New mountains still did rise, new rivers flow;
 But now surrounded by thy ancient mounds,
 Dost inward shrink from thy new-conquer'd bounds.
 Why did not nature, far from MARLBRO'S worth,
 In distant ages bring her *Louis* forth?
 Each uncontroll'd had conquer'd worlds alone,
 Happy! for *Europe*, they together shone.

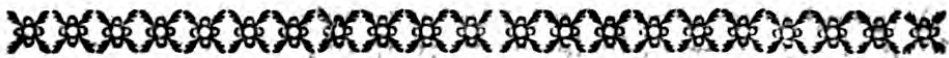
Cease! *Louis*, cease! from wars and slaughter cease!
 Oh! sue at last, 'tis time to sue, for peace!
 Urge nor too far your twice unhappy fate,
 Nor MARLBRO'S stronger arm confess too late:
 Who never camps or rough encounters saw,
 Can no just image of the hero draw:
 He must, alas! that MARLBRO truly knows,
 Face him in battle, and whole armies lose.
 Believe me, Sir, on my unwilling breast,
 Fate has his virtues one by one impress:
 With what a force our *Schellemburg* he storm'd?
 And *Bleinheim's* battle with what conduct form'd?
 How great his vigilance; how quick his thought;
 What his contempt of death, *Ramillia* taught.
 These nature cool for peace and counsel forms,
 For battle those with rage and fury warms;
 But to her fav'rite *Britain* does impart
 The coolest head at once and warmest heart;

So

So does *Sicilia's* lofty mountains show
Flames in her bosom, on her head the snow.

My youth with flatt'ring smiles did Fortune crown,
The more severely on my age to frown ?
Of Pleasure's endless stores I drank my fill,
Officious Nature waited on my will ;
The *Austrian* rescu'd, and the *Turk* o'erthrown,
Europe and *Asia* fill'd with my renown :
Blasted are all my glories and my fame,
Lost is my country and illustrious name ;
The titles from their present lord are torn,
Which my great ancestors so long had borne ;
No native honours shall my offspring grace,
The last elector with a num'rous race.
Half my unhappy subjects lost by wars,
The rest for a worse fate the victor spares :
Were they for this entrusted to my care ?
This the reward the brave, the faithful share ?
My sons lament, in distant dungeons thrown,
Unacted crimes, and follies not their own ;
But oh ! my consort ! --- my o'er-flowing eyes
Gush forth with tears, and all my sorrows rise,
While the dear tender exile I bemoan ;
Oh royal bride ! oh daughter of a throne !
Not thus I promis'd when I sought thy bed,
Thou didst the brave, the great *Bavaria* wed :
Curst be ambition ! curst the thirst of pow'r !
And curst that once-lov'd title Emperor !

Excuse, great Sir, the ravings of a mind,
 That can so just a cause for sorrow find ;
 My words too rudely may a monarch greet
 For oh ! was ever grief like mine discreet !
 No suff'rings shall my firm alliance end,
 An unsuccessful, but a faithful friend.



To the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

PARDON, great Duke, if *Britain's* stile delights ;
 Or if th' Imperial title more invites ;
 Pardon, great Prince, the failings of a Muse,
 That dares not hope for more than your excuse,
 Forc'd at a distance to attempt your praise,
 And sing your victories in mournful lays,
 To cast in shadows, and allay the light,
 That wounds, with nearer rays, the dazled sight,
 Nor durst in a direct and open strain
 Such acts, with her unhallow'd notes, prophane :
 In tow'ring verse let meaner heroes grow,
 And to elab'rate lines their greatness owe,
 Your actions, own'd by ev'ry nation, want
 Praises, no greater than a foe may grant.

Oh ! when shall *Europe*, by her MARLBRO's sword,
 To lasting peace and liberty restor'd,

Allow

Allow her weary champion a retreat,
To his lov'd country and his rising seat?

Where your soft partner, far from martial noise,
Your cares shall sweeten with domestic joys :
Your conquests she with doubtful pleasure hears,
And in the midst of ev'ry triumph fears ;
Betwixt her queen and you divides her life,
A friend obsequious, and a faithful wife.

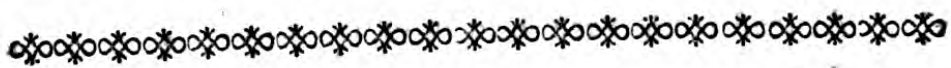
Hail *Woodstock* ! hail ye celebrated glades !
Grow fast ye woods, and flourish thick ye shades !
Ye rising tow'rs for your new lord prepare,
Like your old *Henry* come from *Gallia's* war.
The gen'ral's arms as far the king's o'erpow'r,
As this new structure does surpass the bow'r.

The pleasing prospects and romantic scite,
The spacious compass, and the stately height ;
The painted gardens, in their flow'ry prime,
Demand whole volumes of immortal rhyme,
And if the Muse would second the design,
Mean as they are, should in my numbers shine.
There live, the joy and wonder of our isles,
Happy in *Albion's* love and *ANNA's* smiles.

While from the godlike race of *CHURCHILL* born,
Four beauteous *Rosamonds* this bow'r adorn,
Who with the ancient syren of the place
In charms might vie, and ev'ry blooming grace ;
But blest'd with equal virtues had she been,
Like them she had been favour'd by the *QUEEN*,

Whom your high merit, and their own, prefers
To all the worthiest beds of *England's* peers.

Thus the great eagle, when heav'n's wars are o'er,
And the loud thunder has forgot to roar,
Jove's fires laid by, with those of *Venus* burns,
To his forsaken mate and shades returns ;
On some proud tree, more sacred than the rest,
With curious art he builds his spacious nest ;
In the warm sun lies basking all the day,
While round their fire the gen'rous eaglets play ;
Their fire, well-pleas'd to see the noble brood
Fill all the loftiest cedars of the wood.



An ODE on Miss HARRIET HANBURY
at Six Years old.

By Sir CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

I.

WHY shou'd I thus employ my time,
To paint those cheeks of rosy hue ?
Why shou'd I search my brains for rhyme,
To sing those eyes of glossy blue ?

II.

The pow'r as yet is all in vain,
Thy num'rous charms, and various graces :
They only serve to banish pain,
And light up joy in parents' faces.

III. But

III.

But soon those eyes their strength shall feel ;
 Those charms their pow'ful sway shall find :
 Youth shall in crowds before you kneel,
 And own your empire o'er mankind.

IV.

Then when on Beauty's throne you sit,
 And thousands court your wish'd-for arms ;
 My Muse shall stretch her utmost wit,
 To sing the victories of your charms.

V.

Charms that in time shall ne'er be lost,
 At least while verse like mine endures ;
 And future HANBURYS shall boast,
 Of verse like mine, of charms like yours.

VI.

A little vain we both may be,
 Since scarce another house can shew,
 A poet, that can sing like me ;
 A beauty, that can charm like you.





A S O N G

Upon Miss HARRIET HANBURY, address'd
to the Rev. Mr. BIRT.

By the Same.

I.

DEAR doctor of St. Mary's,
In the hundred of Bergavenny,
I've seen such a lass,
With a shape and a face,
As never was match'd by any.

II.

Such wit, such bloom, and such beauty,
Has this girl of Ponty Pool, Sir,
With eyes that wou'd make
The toughest heart ach,
And the wisest man a fool, Sir.

III.

At our fair t'other day she appear'd, Sir,
And the Welchmen all flock'd and view'd her;
And all of them said,
She was fit to have been made
A wife for Owen Tudor.

IV. They

IV.

They wou'd ne'er have been tir'd with gazing,
And so much her charms did please, Sir,
That all of them staid,
Till their ale grew dead,
And cold was their toasted cheese, Sir.

V.

How happy the lord of the manor,
That shall be of her possesst, Sir ;
For all must agree,
Who my HARRIET shall see,
She's a HARRIET of the best, Sir.

VI.

Then pray make a ballad about her ;
We know you have wit if you'd shew it,
Then don't be aham'd,
You can never be blam'd,
For a prophet is often a poet.

VII.

But why don't you make one yourself then ?
I suppose I by you shall be told, Sir :
This beautiful piece,
Alas, is my niece ;
And besides she's but five years old, Sir.

VIII.

But tho', my dear friend, she's no older,
In her face it may plainly be seen, Sir,
That this angel at five,
Will, if she's alive,
Be a goddess at fifteen, Sir.

TO Mr. GARNIER and Mr. PEARCE of BATH.
A grateful ODE, in return for the extraordinary
Kindness and Humanity they shewed to me and my
eldest Daughter, now Lady ESSEX, 1753.

By the Same,

I.

WHAT glorious verse from Love has sprung?
How well has Indignation sung?
And can the gentle Muse,
Whilst in her once belov'd abode
I stray, and suppliant kneel, an ode
To Gratitude refuse,

II.

GARNIER, my friend, accept this verse,
And thou receive, well-natur'd PEARCE,
All I can give of fame.
Let others, other subjects sing,
Some murd'rous chief, some tyrant king,
Humanity's my theme.

III.

Whilst arts like yours, employ'd by you,
Make verse in such a theme your due,
To whom indulgent Heav'n
Its fav'rite pow'r of doing good,
By you so rightly understood,
Judiciously has giv'n.

IV. Behold,

IV.

Behold, obedient to your pow'r,
 Consuming fevers rage no more,
 Nor chilling agues freeze ;
 The cripple dances void of pain,
 The deaf in raptures hear again,
 The blind transported sees.

V.

Health at your call extends her wing,
 Each healing plant, each friendly spring,
 Its various pow'r discloses,
 O'er Death's approaches you prevail,
 See Chloe's cheek, of late so pale,
 Blooms with returning roses.

VI.

These gifts, my friends, which shine in you,
 Are rare, yet to some chosen few
 Heav'n has the same assign'd ;
 Health waits on Mead's prescription still,
 And Hawkins' hand, and Ranby's skill,
 Are blessings to mankind.

VI . .

But hearts like yours are rare indeed,
 Which for another's wounds can bleed,
 Another's grief can feel ;
 The lover's fear, the parent's groan,
 Your natures catch, and make your own,
 And share the pains you heal.

But

But why to them, Hygeia, why
 Dost thou thy cordial drop deny
 Who but for others live ;
 Oh, goddess, hear my pray'r, and grant
 That these that health may never want,
 Which they to others give.



ODE to DEATH. Translated from the
 FRENCH of the King of PRUSSIA.

By Dr. HAWKSWORTH.

YET a few *years*, or *days* perhaps,
 Or *moments* pass with silent lapse,
 And time to me shall be no more ;
 No more the sun these eyes shall view,
 Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
 And life's fantastic dream be o'er.

Alas ! I touch the dreadful brink,
 From nature's verge impell'd I sink,
 And endless darkness wraps me round !
 Yes, Death is ever at my hand,
 Fast by my bed he takes his stand,
 And constant at my board is found.

Earth,

Earth, air, and fire, and water, join
 Against this fleeting life of mine,
 And where for succour can I fly ?
 If art with flatt'ring wiles pretend
 To shield me like a guardian friend,
 By Art, ere Nature bids, I die.

I see this tyrant of the mind,
 This idol Flesh to dust consign'd,
 Once call'd from dust by pow'r divine ;
 Its features change, 'tis pale, 'tis cold——
 Hence dreadful spectre ! to behold
 Thy aspect, is to make it mine.

And can I then with guilty pride,
 Which fear nor shame can quell or hide,
 This flesh still pamper and adorn !
 Thus viewing what I soon *shall be*,
 Can what I *am* demand the knee,
 Or look on aught around with scorn ?

But then this spark that warms, that guides,
 That lives, that thinks, what fate betides ?
 Can this be dust, a kneaded clod !
 This yield to death ! the soul, the mind,
 That measures heav'n, and mounts the wind,
 That knows at once itself and God ?

Great

Great Cause of all, above, below,
 Who knows thee must for ever know,
 Immortal and divine !
 Thy image on my soul imprest,
 Of endless being is the test,
 And bids Eternity be mine !

Transporting thought !—but am I sure
 That endless life will joy secure ?
 Joy's only to the just decreed !
 The guilty wretch expiring, goes
 Where vengeance endless life bestows,
 That endless mis'ry may succeed.

Great God, how awful is the scene !
 A breath, a tranfient breath between ;
 And can I jest, and laugh, and play !
 To earth, alas ! too firmly bound,
 Trees deeply rooted in the ground,
 Are shiver'd when they're torn away.

Vain joys, which envy'd greatness gains,
 How do ye bind with filken chains,
 Which ask *Herculean* strength to break !
 How with new terrors have ye arm'd
 The pow'r whose slightest glance alarm'd,
 How many deaths of one ye make !

Yet,

Yet, dumb with wonder, I behold
 Man's thoughtless race in error bold,
 Forget or scorn the *laws* of death;
 With *these* no projects coincide,
 Nor vows, nor toils, nor hopes, *they* guide,
 Each thinks he draws immortal breath.

Each blind to fate's approaching hour,
 Intrigues, or fights, for wealth, or pow'r,
 And slumb'ring dangers dare provoke:
 And he who tott'ring scarce sustains
 A century's age, plans future gains,
 And feels an unexpected stroke.

Go on, unbridled desp'rate band,
 Scorn rocks, gulphs, winds, search sea and land,
 And spoil new worlds wherever found.
 Seize, haste to seize the glitt'ring prize,
 And fights, and tears, and pray'rs despise,
 Nor spare the temple's holy ground.

They go, succeed, but look again,
 The desp'rate hand you seek in vain,
 Now trod in dust the peasant's scorn.
 But who that saw their treasures swell,
 That heard th' infatiate vow rebel,
 Would e'er have thought them mortal born?

See

See the world's victor mount his car,
 Blood marks his progress wide and far,
 Sure he shall reign while ages fly ;
 No, vanish'd like a morning cloud,
 The hero was but just allow'd
 To fight, to conquer, and to die.

And is it true, I ask with dread,
 That nations heap'd on nations bled
 Beneath his chariot's fervid wheel,
 With trophies to adorn the spot,
 Where his pale corse was left to rot,
 And doom'd the hungry reptile's meal ?

Yes, Fortune weary'd with her play,
 Her toy, this hero, casts away,
 And scarce the form of man is seen :
 Awe chills my breast, my eyes o'erflow,
 Around my brows no roses glow,
 The cypress mine, funereal green !

Yet in this hour of grief and fears,
 When awful Truth unveil'd appears,
 Some pow'r unknown usurps my breast ;
 Back to the world my thoughts are led,
 My feet in Folly's labyrinth tread,
 And fancy dreams that life is blest.

How weak an empress is the mind,
 Whom Pleasure's flow'ry wreaths can bind,
 And captive to her altars lead !
 Weak Reason yields to Phrenzy's rage,
 And all the world is Folly's stage,
 And all that act are fools indeed.

And yet this strange, this sudden flight,
 From gloomy cares to gay delight,
 This fickleness, so light and vain,
 In life's delusive transient dream,
 Where men nor things are what they seem,
 Is all the real good we gain.



The Hymns of DIONYSIUS: Translated from the Greek.

By the Rev. Mr. MERRICK.

To the MUSE.

LEND thy voice, celestial maid,
 Through thy vocal grove convey'd;
 Let a sudden call from thee
 Wake my soul to harmony.
 Raise, oh! raise the hallow'd strain,
 Mistress of the tuneful train.

And thou sacred source of light,
 Author of our mystic rite,
 Thou whom erst Latona bore
 On the sea-girt Delian shore,
 Join the fav'ring Muse, and shed
 All thy influence on my head.

II. TO APOLLO.

Be still, ye vaulted skies! be still.
 Each hollow vale, each echoing hill,
 Let earth and seas, and winds attend;
 Ye birds awhile your notes suspend;
 Be hush'd each sound, behold him nigh,
 Parent of sacred harmony;
 He comes! his unshorn hair behind
 Loose floating to the wanton wind.
 Hail, fire of day, whose rosy car,
 Through the pathless fields of air,
 By thy winged couriers borne,
 Ope the eyelids of the morn.
 Thou, whose locks their light display
 O'er the wide ætherial way,
 Wreathing their united rays
 Into one promiscuous blaze.
 Under thy all-seeing eye
 Earth's remotest corners lie;
 While, in thy repeated course,
 Issuing from thy fruitful source,

Floods

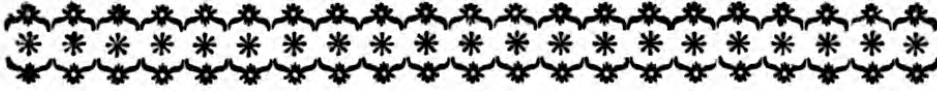
Floods of fire incessant stray,
 Streams of everlasting day.
 Round thy sphere the starry throng,
 Varying sweet their ceaseless song,
 (While their vivid flames on high
 Deck the clear untroubled sky,)
 To the tuneful lyre advance,
 Joining in the mystic dance,
 And with step alternate beat
 Old Olympus' lofty feat.
 At their head the wakeful Moon
 Drives her milkwhite heifers on,
 And with measur'd pace and even
 Glides around the vast of heaven,
 Journeying with unwearied force,
 And rejoicing in her course.
 Time attends with swift career,
 And forms the circle of the year.

III. TO NEMESIS.

Nemesis, whose dreaded weight
 Turns the scale of human fate;
 On whose front black terrors dwell,
 Daughter dire of Justice, hail!
 Thou whose adamantine rein
 Curbs the arrogant and vain.
 Wrong and Force before thee die
 Envy shuns thy searching eye,
 And her sable wings outspread,
 Flies to hide her hated head.

Where thy wheel with restless round
 Runs along th' unprinted ground,
 Humbled there, at thy decree
 Human greatness bows the knee.
 Thine it is unseen to trace
 Step by step each mortal's pace :
 Thine the sons of Pride to check,
 And to bend the stubborn neck,
 Till our lives directed stand
 By the measure in thy hand.
 Thou observant fit'st on high
 With bent brow and steadfast eye,
 Weighing all that meets thy view
 In thy balance just and true.
 Goddess, look propitious down,
 View us, but without a frown,
 Nemesis whose dreaded weight
 Turns the scale of human fate.

Nemesis be still our theme,
 Power immortal and supreme,
 Thee we praise, nor thee alone,
 But add the partner of thy throne.
 Thee and Justice both we sing,
 Justice, whose unwearied wing
 Rears aloft the virtuous name
 Safe from hell's rapacious claim ;
 And when thou thy wrath hast shed
 Turns it from the guiltless head.



A SATIRE in the Manner of PERSIUS, in a
Dialogue between ATTICUS and EUGENIO.

By the late Lord HERVEY.

ATTICUS.

WHY wears my pensive friend that gloomy brow ?

Say, whence proceeds th' imaginary woe ?

What prosp'rous villain hast thou met to-day ?

Or hath afflicted Virtue cross'd thy way ?

Is it some crime unpunish'd you deplore,

Or right subverted by injurious Power ?

Be this or that the cause, 'tis wisely done

To make the sorrows of mankind your own :

To see the injur'd pleading unredress'd,

The proud exalted, and the meek oppress'd,

Can hurt thy health, and rob thee of thy rest.

Your cares are in a hopeful way to cease,

If you must find perfection to find peace.

But reck thy malice, vent thy stifled rage,

Inveigh against the times and lash the age. —

Perhaps just recent from the court you come,

O'er public ills to ruminatè at home :

Say, which of all the wretches thou hast seen

Hath thrown a morsel to thy hungry spleen ?

What worthless member of that medley throng,
 Who basely acts, or tamely suffers wrong?
 He, who to nothing but his inter'ft true,
 Cajoles the fool he's working to undo :
 Or that more despicable timorous slave,
 Who knows himself abus'd, yet hugs the knave?
 Perhaps you mourn our senate's finking fame,
 That shew of freedom dwindled to a name :
 Where hireling judges deal their venal laws,
 And the best bidder hath the justest cause ;
 What then ?
 They have the pow'r, and who shall dare to blame
 The legal wrong that bears Afræa's name ?
 Besides, such thoughts shou'd never stir the rage
 Of youthful gall ;—reflection comes with age :
 'Tis our decaying life's autumnal fruit,
 The bitter produce of our latest shoot,
 When ev'ry blossom of the tree is dead,
 Enjoyment wither'd, and our wishes fled :
 Thine still is in its spring, on ev'ry bough
 Fair Plenty blooms, and youthful Odours blow ;
 Season of joy, too early to be wise,
 The time to covet pleasures, not despise :
 Yours is an age when trifles ought to please,
 Too soon for reason to attack thy ease.
 Tho' soon the hour shall come, when thou shalt know
 'Tis vain fruition all, and empty shew.

But

But late examine, late inspect mankind,
 If seeing pains, 'tis prudence to be blind.
 Let not their vices yet employ thy thoughts,
 Laugh at their follies, ere you weep their faults :
 And when (as sure you must) at length you find
 What things men are, resolve to arm your mind,
 Too nicely never their demerits scan,
 And of their virtues make the most you can.
 Silent avert the mischief they intend,
 And cross, but seem not to discern, their end :
 If they prevail, submit, for prudence lies
 In suffering well.—'Tis equally unwise,
 To see the injuries we won't resent,
 And mourn the evils which we can't prevent.

EUGENIO.

You counsel well to bid me arm my mind
 Wou'd the receipt were easy, as 'tis kind ;
 But hard it is for misery to reach
 That fortitude prosperity can teach.
 Cou'd I forbid what has been to have been,
 Or lodge a doubt on truths myself have seen ;
 Cou'd I divest remembrance of her store,
 And say, collect these images no more ;
 Cou'd I dislodge sensation from my breast,
 And charm her wakeful faculties to rest ;
 Cou'd I my nature and myself subdue,
 I might the method you prescribe pursue.

But if unfeign'd afflictions we endure,
 If reason's our disease, and not our cure,
 Then seeming ease is all we can obtain ;
 As one, who long familiariz'd to pain,
 Still feels the smart, but ceases to complain.
 Tho' young in life, yet long inur'd to care,
 Thus I submissive every evil bear :
 If unexpected ills alone are hard,
 Mine shou'd be light, who am for all prepar'd :
 No difappointments can my peace annoy,
 Difuse has wean'd me from all hopes of joy :
 The vain pursuit for ever I give o'er,
 Repuls'd I strive, betray'd I trust no more :
 Mankind I know, their nature, and their art,
 Their vice their own, their virtue but a part ;
 Ill play'd so oft, that all the cheat can tell,
 And dang'rous only where 'tis acted well.
 In different classes rang'd, a different name
 Attends their practice, but the heart's the same.
 Their hate is interest, interest too their love,
 On the same springs these different engines move :
 That sharpens malice, and directs her sting,
 And thence the honey'd streams of flattery spring.
 Long I suspected what at last I know :
 I thought men worthless, now I've prov'd 'em so ;
 Reluctant prov'd it, by too sure a rule,
 I learn'd my science in a painful school.

He

He buys e'en wisdom at too dear a price,
 Who pays my sad experience to be wise.
 Why did I hope, by sanguine views possess'd,
 That Virtue harbour'd in a human breast ?
 Why did I trust to Flattery's specious wile,
 The April sunshine of her transient smile ?
 Why disbelieve the lessons of the wife,
 That taught me young to pierce her thin disguise ?
 I thought their rancour, not their prudence, spoke,
 That age perverse in false invectives broke ;
 I thought their comments on this gaudy scene
 The effects of phlegm, and dictated by spleen ;
 That jealous of the joys themselves were past,
 Their envy try'd to pall their children's taste :
 Like the deaf adder to the charmer's tongue,
 I gave no credit to the truths they sung ;
 But, happy in a visionary scheme,
 Still sought companions worthy my esteem :
 The tongue, the heart's interpreter I deem'd,
 And judg'd of what men were by what they seem'd ;
 I thought each warm professor meant me fair,
 Each supple sycophant a friend sincere.
 The solemn hypocrite, whose close design
 Mirth never interrupts, nor love, nor wine,
 Who talks on any secret but his own,
 Collecting all, communicating none ;
 Who still attentive to what others say,
 Observes to wound, or questions to betray ;

Of him as guardian of my private thought,
 In morning counsels cool resolves I fought ;
 To him still open, cautiously confign'd
 The inmost treasures of my secret mind ;
 My joys, and griefs delighted to impart,
 In sacred confidence unmix'd with art ;
 That dangerous pleasure of the honest heart !
 Whene'er I purpos'd to unbend my soul
 In social banquets, where the circling bowl
 To gladness lifts all sorrows but despair,
 And gives a transient Lethe to our care ;
 I chose the men whose talents entertain,
 And season converse with a lively strain ;
 Who thoughtless still, by hope, nor fear perplex'd,
 Enjoy the present hour, and risque the next.
 These not the luxury of slothful ease,
 Soft downy beds, nor balmy slumbers please ;
 While wakeful kings on purple couches own
 The secret sorrows of their envy'd crown,
 And wait revolving light, with shorter rest
 Than e'en those wretches by their power oppress'd :
 This jocund train, devoted to delight,
 In chearful vigils still protract the night,
 Nor dread the cares approaching with the day ;
 Thro' each vicissitude for ever gay.
 With such I commun'd, pleas'd that I cou'd find
 Recess so grateful to the active mind :

And

And while the youths in sprightly contest try,
 With humorous tale, or apposite reply,
 Or amorous song, or inoffensive jest,
 (The test of wit) to glad the lengthen'd feast ;
 My soul, said I, depend upon their truth,
 For fraud inhabits not the breast of youth ;
 Indulge thy genius here, be free, be safe,
 Mirth is their aim, they covet but to laugh ;
 Pure from deceit, as ignorant of care,
 Their friendship, and their joys are both sincere,
 I judg'd their nature, like their humour good ;
 As if the soul depended on the blood ;
 And that the seeds of honesty must grow
 Wherever health resides, or spirits flow.
 I see my error, but I see too late :

'Tis vain inspection to look back on Fate. —
 What are the men who most esteem'd we find,
 But such whose vices are the most refin'd ?
 Blind preference ! for vice like poison shews,
 The surest death is in the subtlest dose. —
 To such reflections when I turn my mind,
 I loath my being, and abhor mankind.
 What joy for truth, what commerce for the just,
 If all our safety's founded on distrust ;
 If all our wisdom is a mean deceit,
 And he who prospers but the ablest cheat !

ATTICUS.

ATTICUS.

O early wife! how well hast thou defin'd
The worth, the joys, the friendship of mankind!

EUGENIO.

Blest be the pow'rs, I know their abject state.

ATTICUS.

Yet bear with this, and hope a better fate.
Thrice happy they, who view with stable eyes
The shifting scene, who temp'rate, firm, and wise,
Can bear its sorrows, and its joys despise;
Who look on disappointments, shocks, and strife,
And all the consequential ills of life,
Not as severities the gods impose,
But easy terms indulgent Heav'n allows
To man, by short probation to obtain
Immortal recompence for transient pain.
Th' intent of Heav'n thus rightly understood,
From every evil we extract a good:
This truth divine implanted in the heart,
Supports each drudging mortal thro' his part;
Gives a delightful prospect to the blind;
The friendless thence a constant succour find:
The wretch by fraud betray'd, by pow'r oppress'd,
With this restorative still soothes his breast;
This suffering Virtue cheers, this Pain beguiles,
And decks Calamity herself in smiles.
When Mead and Friend have ranack'd ev'ry rule,
Taught in Hippocrates' and Galen's school,

}

To quiet ills that mock the leech's art,
 Which opiates fail to deaden in the heart,
 This cordial still th' incurable sustains :
 He triumphs in the sharp instructive pains,
 Nor like a Roman hero, falsely great,
 With impious hand anticipates his fate ;
 But waits resign'd the slow approach of death ;
 Till that great Power who gave, demands his breath.
 Such are thy solid comforts, love divine,
 Such solid comforts, O my friend, be thine.
 On this firm basis thy foundation lay,
 Of happiness unsubject to decay.
 On man no more, that frail support, depend,
 The kindest patron, or the warmest friend ;
 The warmest friend may one day prove untrue,
 And interest change the kindest patron's view.
 Hear not, my friend, the fondness they profess,
 Nor on the trial grieve to find it less :
 With patience each capricious change endure ;
 Careful to merit where reward is sure.
 To Providence implicitly resign'd,
 Let this grand precept poise thy wavering mind :
 With partial eyes we view our own weak cause,
 And rashly scan her upright equal laws :
 For undeserv'd she ne'er inflicts a woe,
 Nor is her recompence unsure, tho' slow.
 Unpunish'd none transgress, deceiv'd none trust,
 Her rules are fixt, and all her ways are just.

To



To Mrs. B I N D O N at B A T H.

By the Honourable Sir C. H. WILLIAMS.

A P O L L O of old on Britannia did smile,
 And Delphi forfook for the sake of this isle,
 Around him he lavishly scatter'd his lays,
 And in every wilderneck planted his bays ;
 Then Chaucer and Spenser harmonious were heard,
 Then Shakespear, and Milton, and Waller appear'd,
 And Dryden, whose brows by Apollo were crown'd,
 As he sung in such strains as the God might have own'd ;
 But now, since the laurel is given of late
 To Cibber, to Eusden, to Shadwel and Tate,
 Apollo hath quitted the isle he once lov'd,
 And his harp and his bays to Hibernia remov'd ;
 He vows and he swears he'll inspire us no more,
 And has put out Pope's fires which he kindled before ;
 And further he says, *men* no longer shall boast
 A science their flight and ill treatment hath lost ;
 But that *women* alone for the future shall write ;
 And who can resist, when they doubly delight ?
 And lest we shou'd doubt what he said to be true,
 Has begun by inspiring Saphira and You.

Mrs.



Mrs. B I N D O N 's A N S W E R.

WHEN home I return'd from the dancing last night,
 And elate by your praises attempted to write,
 I familiarly call'd on Apollo for aid,
 And told him how many fine things you had said ;
 He smil'd at my folly, and gave me to know,
 Your wit, and not mine, by your writing you shew ;
 And then, says the God, still to make you more vain,
 He hath promis'd that I shall enlighten your brain,
 When he knows in his heart, if he speak but his mind,
 That no woman alive can now boast I am kind :
 For since Daphne to shun me grew into a laurel,
 With the sex I have sworn still to keep up the quarrel.
 I thought it all joke, 'till by writing to you,
 I have prov'd his resentment, alas ! but too true.



Sir C H A R L E S 's R E P L Y.

I'LL not believe that Phœbus did not smile,
 Unhappily for you I know his stile ;
 To strains like yours of old his harp he strung,
 And while he dictated Orinda sung.

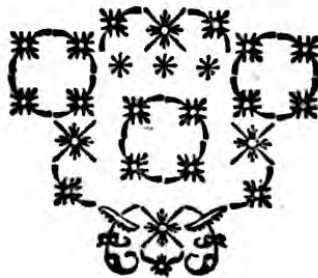
Did

Did beauteous Daphne's scorn of proffer'd love
 Against the sex his indignation move?
 It rather made you his peculiar care,
 Convinc'd from thence, ye were as good as fair.
 As mortals who from dust receiv'd their birth,
 Must when they die return to native earth;
 So too the laurel, that your brow adorns,
 Sprang from the fair, and to the fair returns.



To a L A D Y, who sent Compliments to a
 CLERGYMAN upon the Ten of Hearts.

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear,
 Old English services are more sincere;
 You send Ten Hearts, the tythe is only mine,
 Give me but One, and burn the other Nine.





The G R O T T O.

Written by the late Mr. GREEN of the Custom-
House, under the Name of PETER DRAKE, a
Fisherman of BRENTFORD.

Printed in the Year 1732, but never published.

*Scilicet hic possis curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter fluvias Academi quærere verum.* HOR.

Our wits Apollo's influence beg,
The Grotto makes them all with egg:
Finding this chalk-stone in my nest,
I strain, and lay among the rest.

A DIEU awhile, forsaken flood,
To ramble in the Delian wood,
And pray the God my well-meant song
May not my subject's merit wrong.

Say, father *Thames*, whose gentle pace
Gives leave to view what beauties grace
Your flow'ry banks, if you have seen
The much sung GROTTO of the queen.
Contemplative, forget awhile
Oxonian towers, and *Windsor's* pile,

And

And *Woolsey's* pride (his greatest guilt)
 And what great *William* since has built ;
 And flowing fast by *Richmond* scenes,
 (Honour'd retreat of two great queens)
 From *Sion-house*, whose proud survey
 Brow-beats your flood, look crosses the way,
 And view, from highest swell of tide,
 The milder scenes of *Surry* side.

Though yet no palace grace the shore,
 To lodge that pair you shou'd adore ;
 Nor abbies, great in ruin, rise,
 Royal equivalents for vice ;
 Behold a Grott, in Delphic grove,
 The Graces' and the Muses' love.
 (O might our laureat study here,
 How would he hail his new-born year !)

A temple from vain glories free,
 Whose goddess is Philosophy,
 Whose sides such licens'd idols crown
 As superstition wou'd pull down ;
 The only pilgrimage I know
 That men of sense wou'd chuse to go :
 Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,
Urania cheers with heavenly voice,
 While all the Virtues gather round,
 To see her consecrate the ground.
 If thou the God with winged feet,
 In council talk of this retreat,

And

And jealous gods resentment show
 At altars rais'd to men below ;
 Tell those proud lords of heaven, 'tis fit
 Their house our heroes should adm it ;
 While each exists, as poets sing,
 A lazy lewd immortal thing,
 They must, or grow in disrepute,
 With earth's first commoners recruit.

Needless it is in terms unskill'd
 To praise whatever *Boyle* shall build ;
 Needless it is the busts to name
 Of men, monopolists of fame ;
 Four chiefs adorn the modest stone,
 For virtue as for learning known ;
 The thinking sculpture helps to raise
 Deep thoughts, the genii of the place :
 To the mind's ear, and inward fight,
 There silence speaks, and shade gives light :
 While insects from the threshold preach,
 And minds dispos'd to musing teach :
 Proud of strong limbs and painted hues,
 They perish by the slightest bruise ;
 Or maladies begun within,
 Destroy more slow life's frail machine ;
 From maggot-youth thro' change of state
 They feel like us the turns of Fate ;
 Some born to creep have liv'd to fly,
 And change earth-cells for dwellings high ;

And some that did their six wings keep,
 Before they dy'd been forc'd to creep.
 They politics like ours profess,
 The greater prey upon the less ;
 Some strain on foot huge loads to bring ;
 Some toil incessant on the wing ;
 And in their different ways explore
 Wise sense of want by future store ;
 Nor from their vigorous schemes desist
 Till death, and then are never mist.
 Some frolic, toil, marry, increase,
 Are sick and well, have war and peace,
 And broke with age, in half a day
 Yield to successors, and away.

Let not profane this sacred place,
 Hypocrisy with Janus' face ;
 Or Pomp, mixt state of pride and care ;
 Court kindness, Falshood's polish'd ware ;
 Scandal disguis'd in Friendship's vail,
 That tells, unask'd, th' injurious tale ;
 Or art politic, which allows
 The jesuit-remedy for vows ;
 Or priest, perfuming crowned head,
 Till in a swoon Truth lies for dead ;
 Or tawdry critic, who perceives
 No grace, which plain proportion gives,
 And more than lineaments divine
 Admires the gilding of the shrine ;

Or

Or that self-haunting spectre Spleen,
 In thickest fog the clearest seen ;
 Or Prophecy, which dreams a lie,
 That fools believe and knaves apply ;
 Or frolick Mirth profanely loud,
 And happy only in a crowd ;
 Or Melancholy's pensive gloom,
 Proxy in Contemplation's room.

O Delia, when I touch this string,
 To thee my Muse directs her wing.
 Unspotted fair, with downcast look
 Mind not so much the murm'ring brook ;
 Nor fixt in thought, with footstep slow
 Through cypresses allies cherish woe :
 I see the soul in pensive fit,
 And mopeing like sick linnet fit,
 With dewy eye and moulting wing,
 Unperch'd, averse to fly or sing ;
 I see the favourite curls begin
 (Disus'd to toilet discipline,)
 To quit their post, lose their smart air,
 And grow again like common hair ;
 And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,
 Raise a red circle round the eye ;
 And by this bur about the moon,
 Conjecture more ill weather soon.
 Love not so much the doleful knell ;
 And news the boding night-birds tell ;

Nor watch the wainscot's hollow blow ;
 And hens portentous when they crow ;
 Nor sleepless mind the death-watch beat ;
 In taper find no winding sheet ;
 Nor in burnt coal a coffin see,
 Tho' thrown at others meant for thee :
 Or when the coruscation gleams,
 Find out not first the bloody streams ;
 Nor in impressed remembrance keep
 Grim tap'stry figures wrought in sleep ;
 Nor rise to see in antique hall
 The moon-light monsters on the wall,
 And shadowy spectres darkly pass
 Trailing their fables o'er the grass.
 Let vice and guilt act how they please
 In souls their conquer'd provinces ;
 By heaven's just charter it appears,
 Virtue's exempt from quartering fears.
 Shall then arm'd fancies fiercely dress,
 Live at discretion in your breast ?
 Be wise, and panic fright disdain,
 As notions, meteors of the brain ;
 And fights perform'd, illusive scene !
 By magic lanthorn of the spleen.
 Come here, from baleful cares releas'd,
 With Virtue's ticket, to a feast,
 Where decent mirth and wisdom join'd
 In stewardship, regale the mind.

Call back the Cupids to your eyes,
 I see the godlings with surprize
 Not knowing home in such a plight,
 Fly to and fro, afraid to light.—

Far from my theme, from method far,
 Convey'd in Venus' flying car,
 I go compell'd by feather'd steeds,
 That scorn the rein when Delia leads.

No dawb of elegiac strain
 These holy walls shall ever stain ;
 As spiders Irish wainscot flee,
 Falshood with them shall disagree :
 This floor let not the vulgar tread,
 Who worship only what they dread ;
 Nor bigots who but one way see
 Through blinkers of authority ;
 Nor they who its four saints defame
 By making virtue but a name ;
 Nor abstract wit, (painful regale
 To hunt the pig with slippery tail !)
 Artists who richly chafe their thought,
 Gaudy without but hollow wrought,
 And beat too thin, and tool'd too much
 To bear the proof and standard touch ;
 Nor fops to guard this silvan ark
 With necklace bells in treble bark ;
 Nor Cynics growl and fiercely paw,
 The mastiffs of the moral law.

Come Nymph with rural honours drest,
 Virtue's exterior form confest,
 With charms untarnish'd, innocence
 Display, and Eden shall commence :
 When thus you come in sober fit,
 And wisdom is prefer'd to wit ;
 And looks diviner graces tell,
 Which don't with giggling muscles dwell ;
 And beauty like the ray-clipt sun,
 With bolder eye we look upon ;
 Learning shall with obsequious mien
 Tell all the wonders she has seen ;
 Reason her logic armour quit,
 And proof to mild persuasion fit ;
 Religion with free thought dispense,
 And cease crusading against sense ;
 Philosophy and she embrace,
 And their first league again take place ;
 And morals pure, in duty bound,
 Nymph-like the sister chiefs surround ;
 Nature shall smile, and round this cell
 The turf to your light pressure swell,
 And knowing beauty by her shoe,
 Well air its carpet from the dew.
 The Oak, while you his umbrage deck
 Lets fall his acorns in your neck :
 Zephyr his civil kisses gives,
 And plays with curls, instead of leaves :

Birds, seeing you, believe it spring,
 And during their vacation sing ;
 And flow'rs lean forward from their feats
 To traffic in exchange of sweets ;
 And angels bearing wreaths descend,
 Preferr'd as vergers to attend
 This fane, whose deity intreats
 The Fair to grace its upper seats.

O kindly view our letter'd strife,
 And guard us through polemic life ;
 From poison vehicled in praise,
 For satire shots but slightly graze ;
 We claim your zeal, and find within,
 Philosophy and you are kin.

What Virtue is we judge by you,
 For actions right are beauteous too :
 By tracing the sole female mind,
 We best what is true Nature find :
 Your vapours bred from fumes declare,
 How steams create tempestuous air,
 Till gushing tears and hasty rain
 Make heaven and you serene again :
 Our travels through the starry skies
 Were first suggested by your eyes ;
 We by the interposing fan,
 Learn how eclipses first began ;
 The vast ellipse from Scarbro' home,
 Describes how blazing comets roam ;

The glowing colours of the cheek
 Their origin from Phœbus speak ;
 Our watch how Luna strays above
 Feels like the care of jealous love ;
 And all things we in science know
 From your known love for riddles flow.

Father ! forgive, thus far I stray,
 Drawn by attraction from my way.
 Mark next with awe, the foundress well
 Who on these banks delights to dwell ;
 You on the terrafs see her plain,
 Move like Diana with her train.

If you then fairly speak your mind,
 In wedlock since with Isis join'd,
 You'll own, you never yet did see,
 At least in such a high degree,
 Greatness delighted to undress ;
 Science a scepter'd hand cares ;
 A queen the friends of freedom prize ;
 A woman wise men canonize.



The BEE, the ANT, and the SPARROW :
A F A B L E.

Address'd to PHEBE and KITTY C. at Boarding School.

MY dears, 'tis said in days of old,
That beasts cou'd talk, and birds cou'd scold.
But now it seems the human race
Alone engross the speaker's place.
Yet lately, if report be true,
(And much the tale relates to you)
There met a Sparrow, Ant, and Bee,
Which reason'd and convers'd as we.

Who reads my page will doubtless grant
That Phe's the wise industrious Ant.
And all with half an eye may see
That Kitty is the busy Bee.
Here then are two—but where's the third ?
Go search your school, you'll find the Bird.
Your school ! I ask your pardon fair,
I'm sure you'll find no Sparrow there.

Now to my tale—One summer's morn
A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn ;

Studios

Studious to husband every hour,
 And make the most of ev'ry flow'r.
 Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,
 And loads with yellow wax her thighs ;
 With which the artist builds her comb,
 And keeps all tight and warm at home :
 Or from the cowslip's golden bells
 Sucks honey to enrich her cells :
 Or every tempting rose pursues,
 Or sips the lilly's fragrant dews ;
 Yet never robs the shining bloom,
 Or of its beauty or perfume.
 Thus she discharg'd in every way
 The various duties of the day.

It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,
 Whose brow was wrinkled o'er by care :
 A great œconomist was she,
 Nor less laborious than the Bee ;
 By pensive parents often taught
 What ills arise from want of thought ;
 That poverty on sloth depends,
 On poverty the loss of friends.
 Hence every day the Ant is found
 With anxious steps to tread the ground ;
 With curious search to trace the grain,
 And drag the heavy load with pain.

The active Bee with pleasure saw
 The Ant fulfil her parents' law.

Ah !

Ah ! sifter-labourer, says she,
 How very fortunate are we !
 Who taught in infancy to know
 The comforts, which from labour flow,
 Are independent of the great,
 Nor know the wants of pride and state.
 Why is our food so very sweet ?
 Because we earn, before we eat.
 Why are our wants so very few ?
 Because we nature's calls pursue.
 Whence our complacency of mind ?
 Because we act our parts assign'd.
 Have we incessant tasks to do ?
 Is not all nature busy too !
 Doth not the sun with constant pace
 Persist to run his annual race ?
 Do not the stars, which shine so bright,
 Renew their courses every night ?
 Doth not the ox obedient bow
 His patient neck, and draw the plough ?
 Or when did e'er the generous steed
 Withhold his labour or his speed ?
 If you all nature's system scan,
 The only idle thing is man !
 A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear
 Their sage discourse, and strait drew near.
 The bird was talkative and loud,
 And very pert and very proud ;

As worthless and as vain a thing,
 Perhaps as ever wore a wing.
 She found, as on a spray she sat,
 The little friends were deep in chat ;
 That virtue was their favourite theme,
 And toil and probity their scheme :
 Such talk was hateful to her breast,
 She thought them arrant prudes at best.
 When to display her naughty mind,
 Hunger with cruelty combin'd ;
 She view'd the Ant with savage eyes,
 And hopt and hopt to snatch her prize.
 The bee, who watch'd her opening bill,
 And guess'd her fell design to kill ;
 Ask'd her from what her anger rose,
 And why she treated Ants as foes ?
 The Sparrow her reply began,
 And thus the conversation ran.

Whenever I'm dispos'd to dine,
 I think the whole creation mine ;
 That I'm a bird of high degree,
 And every insect made for me.
 Hence oft I search the emmet brood,
 For emmets are delicious food :
 And oft in wantonness and play,
 I slay ten thousand in a day.
 For truth it is, without disguise,
 That I love mischief as my eyes.

Oh !

Oh! fie, the honest Bee reply'd,
 I fear you make base man your guide;
 Of every creature sure the worst,
 Tho' in creation's scale the first!
 Ungrateful man! 'tis strange he thrives,
 Who burns the Bees, to rob their hives!
 I hate his vile administration,
 And so do all the emmet nation.
 What fatal foes to birds are men
 Quite to the Eagle from the Wren!
 Oh! do not men's example take,
 Who mischief do for mischief's sake;
 But spare the Ant—her worth demands
 Esteem and friendship at your hands.
 A mind with every virtue blest,
 Must raise compassion in your breast.

Virtue! rejoin'd the sneering bird,
 Where did you learn that gothic word?
 Since I was hatch'd, I never heard,
 That virtue was at all rever'd.
 But say it was the ancients' claim,
 Yet moderns disavow the name;
 Unless, my dear, you read romances,
 I cannot reconcile your fancies.
 Virtue in fairy tales is seen
 To play the goddess or the queen;
 But what's a queen without the pow'r,
 Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?

Yet

Yet this is all that virtue brags,
 At best 'tis only worth in rags.
 Such whims my very heart derides,
 Indeed you make me burst my fides.
 Trust me Miss Bee — to speak the truth,
 I've copyed men from earliest youth ;
 The same our taste, the same our school,
 Passion and appetite our rule.
 And call me bird, or call me finner,
 I'll ne'er forego my sport or dinner.

A prowling cat the miscreant spies,
 And wide expands her amber eyes:
 Near and more near Grimalkin draws,
 She wags her tail, protends her paws ;
 Then springing on her thoughtless prey,
 She bore the vicious bird away.

Thus in her cruelty and pride,
 The wicked wanton Sparrow dy'd.



O D E on a S T O R M.

W I T H gallant pomp, and beauteous pride
 The floating pile in harbour rode,
 Proud of her freight, the swelling tide
 Reluctant left the vessel's side,
 And rais'd it as she flow'd.

The

The waves with Eastern breezes curl'd,
 Had silver'd half the liquid plain ;
 The anchors weigh'd, the sails unfurl'd,
 Serenely mov'd the wooden world,
 And stretch'd along the main,

The scaly natives of the deep,
 Press to admire the vast machine,
 In sporting gambols round it leap,
 Or swimming low, due distance keep,
 In homage to their queen.

Thus, as life glides in gentle gale
 Pretended friendship waits on pow'r,
 But early quits the borrow'd veil
 When adverse Fortune shifts the sail,
 And hastens to devour.

In vain we fly approaching ill,
 Danger can multiply its form ;
 Expos'd we fly like Jonas still,
 And heaven, when 'tis heaven's will,
 O'ertakes us in a storm.

The distant surges foamy white
 Foretel the furious blast ;
 Dreadful, tho' distant was the fight,
 Confed'rate winds and waves unite,
 And menace ev'ry mast.

Winds

Winds whiffling thro' the shrouds, proclaim
 A fatal harvest on the deck,
 Quick in pursuit as active flame,
 Too soon the rolling ruin came,
 And ratify'd the wreck.

Thus, Adam smil'd with new-born grace,
 Life's flame inspir'd by heav'nly breath;
 Thus the same breath sweeps off his race,
 Disorders Nature's beauteous face,
 And spreads disease and death.

Stripp'd of her pride, the vessel rolls,
 And as by sympathy she knew
 The secret anguish of our souls,
 With inward deeper groans condoles
 The danger of her crew.

Now what avails it to be brave,
 On liquid precipices hung?
 Suspended on a breaking wave,
 Beneath us yawn'd a sea-green grave,
 And silenc'd ev'ry tongue.

The faithless flood forsook her keel,
 And downward launch'd the lab'ring hull,
 Stun'd she forgot awhile to reel
 And feel almost, or seem'd to feel
 A momentary lull.

Thus

Thus in the jaws of death we lay,
 Nor light, nor comfort found us there,
 Lost in the gulph and floods of spray
 No sun to chear us, nor a ray
 Of hope, but all despair.

The nearer shore, the more despair,
 While certain ruin waits on land;
 Should we pursue our wishes there,
 Soon we recant the fatal pray'r,
 And strive to shun the strand.

At length, the Being whose behest
 Reduc'd this Chaos into form,
 His goodness and his pow'r express'd,
 He spoke — and, as a God, suppress'd
 Our troubles, and the storm.



I S A I A H XXXIV.

COME near, ye nations! and give ear, O earth!
 Ye distant isles, and continents remote,
 Where-e'er dispers'd beneath the vast expanse
 Of heav'n's high roof, attend! Attend, and hear
 Your doom tremendous ratify'd above,
 Sad retribution of enormous guilt,

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Which

Which calling loud for justice and revenge,
 Flew swift as light up to the throne of God,
 And pull'd down dire destruction on the earth.
 The mighty God, with all his thunder arm'd,
 Will cast abroad the terrors of his wrath ;
 And show'r down vengeance on the guilty land.
 The Lord of hosts amidst a night of clouds,
 And with the majesty of darkness crown'd,
 Thunder'd aloft ; and from the inmost heav'n
 Hurl'd down impetuous fury swift as thought
 Through th' azure void, wide-stretch'd from pole to pole,
 To ravage all the boundless universe.
 As when a blust'ring wind rolls from the North,
 And shakes all autumn with the driving blast ;
 So shall the fury of th' Omnipotent
 Destroy the nations, and confound their arms,
 Swords, shields, and spears, and all the pow'rs of war ;
 With eager speed rush o'er th' embattled ranks,
 And thro' the thick battalions urge its way.
 JEHOVAH'S arm will shake the vast convex,
 And wrap the whole circumference around
 In wasting desolation, ruin wide.
 Destructive slaughter, ghastly to behold,
 Dire specimen of wrath omnipotent,
 Shall march tremendous o'er the burden'd earth,
 Oppress'd, and conscious of unusual weight,
 Shrinking beneath the heavy load of death.
 The purple piles, and mountains of the slain,

Expiring wretches, pouring out their souls
 With bursts of groans, shall fill the lab'ring world.
 Each slaughter'd corps shall breath a pestilence;
 And wide around diffuse the scents of death.
 Th' eternal hills shall float in seas of blood;
 And mountains vanish in the crimson tide.
 Nature's huge volume shall be folded up
 Like a vast scroll; and all the glittering orbs
 Drop from the heavens like autumnal leaves,
 Or the ripe fig, when sultry *Sirius* reigns;
 While peals of thunder rattling in the skies,
 Shall roll incessant o'er th' astonish'd world.
 Death and destruction threat'ning all below,
 And in substantial darkness high enthron'd,
 Shall draw the curtains of eternal night,
 And spread confusion hideous o'er the earth,
 As when the embryo world ere time began,
 In one rude heap, one undigested mass
 Of jarring discord, and disorder lay.
 The sun, amaz'd to see the wild obscure,
 No more with radiant light shall gild the skies;
 No more diffusing his all-genial beams
 On the high mountains spread the shining morn;
 But downwards flaming thro' the vast immense,
 Shall hide his glory in eternal night.
 Thus in loud thunder speaks th' Almighty Sire—
 In copious slaughter will I take my sword,

And, *Idumea* ! thou shalt swim in blood.
 The Lord shall hasten from the lofty skies ;
 Destruction on his awful footsteps waits ;
 Death stalks before, ruin on every side
 Proclaims the terror of an angry God.
 The ravenous sword, pamper'd with reeking gore,
 Drunk with the blood of half the rebel world,
 Shall there be sheath'd in *Israel's* stubborn foes.

Bozrah with human sacrifice shall smoke,
 And *Idumea*, thoughtless of her fate,
 Shall feel the smart of heav'n's avenging rod.
 The great, the small, th' oppressor, and th' oppress'd,
 Shall join promiscuous in the common heap ;
 And one vast ruin shall involve them all.
 For *Israel's* God is girt with burning rage,
 And vows a last revenge to *Zion's* foes.
 The silver streams, that shine along the plain,
 And chide their banks, and tinkle as they run,
 Shall stop, and stagnate to a fable pool ;
 And, black with mud, unconscious of a tide,
 No more shall charm the sense, or lull the soul,
 Or in soft murmurs die upon the ear :
 But in crude streams and deadly stench exhale,
 And with contagious vapours load the sky.

Rapacious flames, in pyramids of fire,
 Shall burn unquenchable ; and sulph'rous smoke,

Advancing

Advancing o'er the horizontal plain,
 In dusky wreaths roll ever to the skies.
 Th' inhospitable land, left desolate,
 Unfruitful, but in ev'ry noxious weed,
 Shall be a lonely desert, waste and wild ;
 Within whose silent confines none shall dwell ;
 Nor ever more be heard th' harmonious voice
 Of warbling birds, that heretofore were wont
 In vocal choir to animate the grove,
 And from the shady covert of the trees
 Dispense sweet music to the list'ning vale :
 But hooting owls, that spread their lazy wings
 O'er the dark gloom, and with their boding screams
 Double the native horrors of the night ;
 These with the cormorants shall dwell therein,
 Securely in the upper lintels lodge,
 And in the windows direful dirges sing.

God shall extend, and bare his thund'ring arm ;
 And with confusion circumscribe the land.
 Where are the nobles, and the mighty chiefs,
 That in soft ease their filken moments waste ;
 To whom their prostrate vassals throng in crowds,
 Striving who first shall awful homage pay,
 And adoration ? Them shall they invoke ;
 But all in vain ; their names shall be no more,
 But in their stead more worthy savages,
 With rapine uncontrollable shall reign ;

And nobler brutes shall canton out the land.
 Those regal domes, and tow'ring palaces,
 That high in clouds exalt their impious heads,
 Reflecting thro' the liquid firmament
 Home to the distant ken a dazzling blaze,
 Thorns shall surround, and nettles grow within :
 Ivy shall creep along the painted walls ;
 The matted grass o'erspread the polish'd floor ;
 And brambles vile entwine the empty throne.
 While beasts from different climes, joyous to find
 A place of rest to man alone denied,
 Shall take possession of the gilded domes :
 The shaggy satyrs, that old forests haunt,
 The ostrich and his mate, and dragons huge
 Shall sport, and revel in the dreary waste.
 There the hoarse screech-owls, that in dead of night
 Upon the chimney tops perch ominous,
 While songs obscene the silent hours disturb,
 Shall in loud shrieks their sad presages tell,
 Shall unmolested solitude enjoy,
 And desolation make more desolate.
 Ravens, and vulturs, scenting from afar
 The universal slaughter, shall come forth
 From the high mountain, and the humble vale,
 Croaking in hideous consort, as they fly,
 Dark'ning the heavens with their ghastly train ;
 And glut their hungry jaws with human prey.

Not one of these shall fail ; none want her mate ;
 But shall for ever, such the Lord's decree,
 In *Edom's* ruins wanton undisturb'd.
 This is the fate, ordain'd for *Zion's* foes.

I S A I A H XXXV.

WHEN *Idumea*, and the nations round,
 Th' inveterate foes of *Israel*, and of God,
 Lie vanquish'd, dormant on the dreary waste
 Of far extended ruin ; and involv'd
 In hideous woe, and desolation wide,
 Then shall *Judea* lift her chearful head ;
 Put forth the leaves of glad prosperity ;
 And, after all the gloomy scene of grief
 And sad affliction, flourish and revive
 In all the bright serenity of peace.
 As the gay rose, when winter storms are past,
 Warm'd with the influ'nce of a kinder sun,
 Comes from the bud with a vermilion blush,
 Chearing the sight, and scattering all around
 A balmy odour, that perfumes the skies.
 She shall rejoice with joy unspeakable,
 And, fraught with richest blessings from above,
 Spring forth in all the pride of *Lebanon*,
 Whose lofty cedars, wond'rous to behold,
 In bodies huge, and to the skies erect
 Stand eminent, branch over branch out-spread

In reg'lar distances, and verdant shades,
 Emblem of happy state. Nor shall the hills
 Of fragrant *Carmel*, rich in fruitful soil ;
 Nor *S Sharon's* flow'ry plain in all its bloom,
 Array'd in Nature's goodliest attire,
 And breathing fresh a gale of heav'nly sweets,
 Spring forth in greater glory. For the Lord
 His goodness will declare, that knows no bounds ;
 And all the people shall behold his might,
 And see the wonders of omnipotence.

Strengthen the languid nerves, ye seers ! and bid
 The trembling hand be strong. Call into life
 The dissipated spirits ; and confirm
 The feeble knees ; th' unactive joints support ;
 And bid the lazy blood flow briskly on,
 And circulate with joy thro' every vein.
 Comfort th' oppress'd ; and smooth the ruffled mind ;
 Say to th' afflicted heart, devoid of hope,
 Behold ! th' Almighty rushes from the skies,
 Ev'n *Israel's* God from his refulgent throne
 Of glory comes, but not with radiant blaze
 Of light, ev'n light invisible, as when
 To *Moses* on Mount *Horeb* he appear'd,
 And sent his faithful servant to redeem
 Ungrateful *Israel* from *Egyptian* bonds ;
 Nor with the music of a still, soft voice,
 As when h' inform'd the prophet of his will ;
 But in a black and dreadful hemisphere

Of darkness, arm'd with flaming thunderbolts,
 And flashes of red lightning to increase
 The woe, and make ev'n darkness visible.
 The hills shall tremble at his dire approach ;
 And fearful mountains, pil'd up to the clouds,
 Fall down precipitant with rapid force,
 And spread a plain immense. For God will come
 Full fraught with vengeance to consume your foes ;
 You in his bounteous mercy to protect.

Then shall the eyes long clos'd in blackest night,
 To whom no gladfome dawn of light appear'd,
 But comfortless, impenetrable shade,
 Shake off the film of darkness, and behold
 The long expected day. New scenes of joy
 Shall then appear, and various prospects rise
 To cheer the new-born sight. The deafen'd ear,
 On whose dull nerves sad-moping Silence dwelt,
 And lock'd from music's note, or voice of man,
 Shall open glad its labyrinths of sound,
 Again the stringed instrument shall feel,
 And the sweet words of social converse hear.

The lame, infirm, creeping with slow advance,
 Dragging with pain, reluctant feet along,
 And scarcely by the friendly crutch sustain'd,
 Shall throw th' unserviceable prop aside,
 And stand erect, exulting like a roe
 Upon Mount *Tabor*, frisking nimbly round
 On the soft verdant turf, with wanton tread

Skimming

Skimming along the surface of the plain,
 Or lightly bounding o'er the rising ground.
 The dumb for melancholy silence fram'd,
 Cut off from friendly converse with mankind,
 Striving in vain the sad defect to mend
 With gabbling noise of broken syllables
 Confus'd, shall talk in dialects compleat ;
 And tongues, that knew not how to speak, shall sing.
 New scenes of joy shall gladden ev'ry face ;
 And universal peace o'erspread the land.

The glowing ground, gaping with burning thirst,
 Shall greedily suck in the humid tide,
 Pouring from caverns of the craggy hills
 In limpid streams, still warbling, as they fall,
 Melodious murmurs down the ample glade,
 And crystal springs refresh the thirsty land.
 Where heretofore the curling serpent lay
 In many a wily labyrinth self-roll'd,
 Or swept deceitful o'er the dusty plain
 In horrid spires, and many a towering maze,
 The trembling reed shall wave his fringed top ;
 And the tall rush in slender spires up-rise.
 The swampy marsh shall its broad flag produce,
 With bending willow, sport of every wind ;
 And vegetable earth new bloom display
 Delightful, with prolific verdure cloth'd,
 A wasteful desert now, and barren soil.

A way shall be prepar'd, a path direct,
 Mark'd out by line with an unerring hand,
 Ev'n a streight path, which God himself shall make;
 It shall be call'd, THE WAY OF HOLINESS;
 A way to sacred footsteps only known,
 Where the unhallow'd shall no entrance find,
 Nor impious feet profane the sacred ground.
 God shall attend the motions of the just,
 Watch o'er their steps, and guide them as they go;
 And none shall wander from the obvious path,
 For who can err, when God directs the way?

The rampant lion shall not wander there,
 Nor fiery tiger, roaring for his prey;
 Nor prowling wolf, that howls along the plain,
 With the keen pangs of raging hunger stung;
 Nor furlly bear in *Nebo's* mountains bred,
 Or *Carmel's* forest ranging merciless;
 Such as came furious from the neighb'ring groves
 Of ancient *Bethel* with voracious speed,
 Grinning destruction as they roam'd along,
 And slew the mockers of the good old seer.
 But free, and unmolested shall they walk
 Whom heav'n protects, and God vouchsafes to guide.
 The ransom'd captives, weary of the yoke,
 The heavy yoke of long oppressive thrall,
 Shall chearfully return to happier climes,
 In melody break forth the gladden'd heart,
 That speaks deliverance, and the voice of joy.

Judab

Judah shall witness to the grateful song ;
 And faithful *Zion* echo back the sound.
 No signs of woe shall hang upon the cheek,
 No shuddering fear, nor horrible despair ;
 But grief with all its melancholy train
 Of huge dismay shall fly from ev'ry face.
 Gladness shall crown the head, peace fill the heart,
 And endless rapture dwell on ev'ry brow.



WOODSTOCK PARK. A POEM.

By WILLIAM HARRISON. 1706.

Habitarunt Dī quoque silvas.

VIRG.

KIND heav'n at length, successfully implor'd,
 To Britain's arms her hero had restor'd :
 And now our fears remov'd, with loud applause
 Jointly we crown'd his conduct, and his cause.
 Transporting pleasure rais'd each drooping tongue,
 The peasants shouted, and the poets sung.
 The poets sung, tho' Addison alone
 Adorns thy laurels, and maintains his own ;
 In him alone, great MARLBOROUGH, is seen,
 Thy graceful motion, and thy godlike mien :

Each

Each action he exalts with rage divine,
And the full Danube flows in ev'ry line.

But we in vain to that sublime aspire ;
So heatless glow-worms emulate the fire,
Shine without warmth : another song prepare,
My Muse ; the country is the Muse's care ;
Thither thy much lov'd MARLBOROUGH pursue
With eager verse, and keep thy theme in view.

But oh ! what joyful numbers can disclose
The various raptures his approach bestows ;
How vales resound, how crowds collected share
The radiant glories of the matchless pair ?
The gen'rous youths, within whose bosoms glow
Some secret unripe longings for a foe,
Surveying here the favourite of Fame,
Conceive new hopes, and nurse the growing flame :
While softer maids confess a pleasing pain,
And sighing wish he had been born a swain.

So when the pow'rs appeas'd bad discord cease,
And Greece obtain'd from jarring gods a peace,
The god of war, and beauteous queen of love,
To Cyprian shades their peaceful chariot drove :
Shepherds and nymphs attending form'd the train,
And mirth unusual revell'd on the plain.
And should the gods once more their heav'n forego,
To range on earth, and bless mankind below,
O'er all the globe no region would be found,
With nobler soil, or brighter beauty crown'd.

Phœbus

Phœbus for this would change his Delphic grove,
 Juno her Samos, and his Ida Jove.

Olympic games no longer should delight,
 But neighb'ring plains afford a nobler fight.
 Where England's great Æneas standing by,
 Impatient youths on winged courfers fly :
 Urg'd by his presence they out-strip the wind
 Involv'd in smoke, and leave the Muse behind.

But see ! once more returns the rival train,
 And now they stretch, now bending loose the rein,
 And fears and hopes beat high in ev'ry vein. }
 'Till one (long since successful in the field)
 Exerts that strength he first with art conceal'd ;
 Then swift as light'ning darted through the skies,
 Springs forward to the goal, and bears away the prize.

By arts like these all other palms are won,
 They end with glory, who with caution run.
 We neither write, nor act, what long can last,
 When the first heat sees all our vigour past ;
 But, jaded, both their short-liv'd mettle lose,
 The furious statesman, and the fiery Muse.

The contest ended, night with gloomy face
 O'erspreads the heav'n ; and now with equal pace }
 The victor, and the vanquish'd, quit the place :
 Sleep's friendly office is to all the same,
 His conquest he forgets, and they their shame.

Next morning, ere the sun with sickly ray
 O'er doubtful shades maintains the dawning day,

The sprightly horn proclaims some danger near,
 And hounds, harmonious to the sportsman's ear,
 With deep-mouth'd notes rouse up the trembling deer.
 Startled he leaps aside, and list'ning round,
 This way and that explores the hostile sound,
 Arm'd for that fight, which he declines with shame,
 Too fond of life, too negligent of fame;
 For Nature, to display her various art,
 Had fortify'd his head, but not his heart:
 Those spears, which useless on his front appear'd,
 On any else had been ador'd and fear'd.
 But honours disproportion'd are a load,
 Grandeur a specious curse, when ill bestow'd.

Thus void of hope, and panting with surprize,
 In vain he'd combat, and as vainly flies.
 Of paths mysterious whether to pursue
 The scented track informs the lab'ring crew:
 With speed redoubled, they the hint embrace,
 Whilst animating music warms the chace:
 Flush'd are their hopes, and with one gen'ral cry
 They echo through the woods, and sound their conquest nigh
 Not so the prey; he now for safety bends
 From enemies profess'd, to faithless friends,
 Who to the wretched own no shelter due,
 But fly more swiftly than his foes pursue.
 This last disgrace with indignation fires
 His drooping soul, and gen'rous rage inspires;

By

By all forsaken, he resolves at length
 To try the poor remains of wasted strength ;
 With looks and mien majestic stands at bay,
 And whets his horns for the approaching fray :
 Too late alas ! for, the first charge begun,
 Soon he repents what cowardice had done,
 Owns the mistake of his o'er-hasty flight,
 And awkwardly maintains a languid fight ;
 Here, and there, aiming a successful blow,
 And only seems to nod upon the foe.

So coward princes, who at war's alarm,
 Start from their greatness, and themselves disarm,
 With recollected forces strive in vain
 Their empire, or their honour, to regain,
 And turn to rally on some distant plain,
 Whilst the fierce conqu'ror bravely urges on,
 Improves th' advantage, and ascends the throne.

Forgive, great Denham, that in abject verse,
 What richly thou adorn'st, I thus rehearse.
 Thy noble chace all others does exceed,
 In artful fury, and well-temper'd speed.
 We read with pleasure, imitate with pain,
 Where fancy fires, and judgment holds the rein.

Goddeſs, proceed ; and as to relicks found
 Altars we raiſe, and conſecrate the ground,
 Pay thou thy homage to an aged ſeat,
 Small in itſelf, but in its owner great ;

Where

Where Chaucer (sacred name!) whole years employ'd,
 Coy Nature courted, and at length enjoy'd ;
 Mov'd at his suit, the naked goddess came,
 Reveal'd her charms, and recompens'd his flame.
 Rome's pious king with like success retir'd,
 And taught his people, what his Nymph inspir'd.
 Hence flow descriptions regularly fine,
 And beauties such as never can decline :
 Each lively image makes the reader start,
 And poetry invades the painter's art.

This Dryden saw, and with his wonted fate
 (Rich in himself) endeavour'd to translate ;
 Took wond'rous pains to do the author wrong,
 And set to modern tune his ancient song.
 Cadence, and sound, which we so prize, and use,
 Ill suit the majesty of Chaucer's Muse ;
 His language only can his thoughts express,
 Old honest Clytus scorns the Persian dress.

Inimitable bard !

In raptures loud I would thy praises tell,
 And on th' inspiring theme for ever dwell,
 Did not the maid, whose wond'rous beauty seen,
 Inflam'd great Henry, and incens'd his queen,
 With pleasing sorrow move me to survey
 A neighb'ring structure, awful in decay,
 For ever sacred, and in ruin blest,
 Which heretofore contain'd that lovely guest.

Admiring strangers, who attentive come
 To learn the tale of this romantic dome,
 By faithful monuments instructed, view
 (Tho' time should spare) what civil rage can do.
 Where land skips once, in rich apartments high,
 Through various prospects led the wand'ring eye :
 Where painted rivers flow'd through flow'ry meads,
 And hoary mountains rear'd their awful heads :
 Or where by hands of curious virgins wrought,
 In rich array embroider'd heroes fought :
 Now hemlock thrives, and weeds of pow'ful charms
 O'er ragged walls extend their baleful arms.
 Monsters obscene their pois'nous roots invade,
 And bloated pant beneath the gloomy shade.

Thus noblest buildings are with ease effac'd,
 And what's well wrote alone, will always last.

Ev'n Vanbrugh's fame, that does so brightly shine
 In rules exact, and greatness of design,
 Would fall a victim to devouring age,
 Had not that hand, which built, adorn'd the stage.
 Wit so refin'd without the poet's pain,
 Such artful scenes in such a flowing vein,
 O'er latest æras deathless will prevail,
 When Doric and Corinthian orders fail ;
 When each proud pyramid its height foregoes,
 And sinks beneath the base on which it rose.

Ye British fair, whose names but mention'd, give
 Worth to the tale, and make the poem live ;

Vouchsafe to hear, whilst briefly I relate
Great Henry's flame, and Rosamonda's fate.

Pierc'd to the soul by her resifless eyes,
Lo ! at her feet the scepter'd vassal lies,
Now big with hopes, now tortur'd with despair,
Nor toils, nor pleasures, can divert his care.
Her voice, her look, ten thousand wounds impart,
And fix the pleasing image in his heart ;
Such as (if Fame has drawn the picture true,
Her native lustre sung, nor added new)
Might tempt the thund'rer from his blest'd abode,
To court that beauty which himself bestow'd.

Features so wrought not Venus' self displays,
When dress'd by youthful pens in vocal lays ;
Not equal charms in all the Graces join,
And only Sunderland is more divine.

Thus fatally adorn'd, the hapless fair
Receives his suit, and listens to his prayer ;
Fond of her ruin, pleas'd to be undone,
She reaps the conquest that her eyes had won.

Tho' tongues obscure, at humble distance plac'd,
May censure joys which they despair to taste :
Whene'er th' attack is made, all jointly own
What bright temptations sparkle from a throne :
Could love no entrance find, ambition can,
They clasp the monarch who despise the man ;
Beyond his boldest wish the hero blest'd,
Riots in joys too great to be express'd ;

And now, with caution, does the means pursue,
As they are great, to make them lasting too.

'Mid shades obscure, remote from vulgar eye,
An artful edifice is rear'd on high,
Through which inextricable windings run,
Loft in themselves, and end where they begun.

Mæander thus, as ancient stories feign,
In curling channels wander'd o'er the plain ;
Oft by himself o'ertook, himself survey'd,
And backward turning, to his fountain stray'd.

Nor much unlike to these are mazes found,
By loit'ring hinds imprinted on the ground ;
Who, when releas'd by some distinguish'd day,
Lead ruddy damsels forth to rural play ;
And on the flow'ry vale, or mountain's brow,
The yielding glebe in wanton furrows plow.

Ye Sylvan Nymphs, who with a pleasing pride,
O'er shady groves, and secret vows preside,
On this mysterious pile with care attend,
Protect the mistress, and the prince befriend :
With both conspire to blind the wary dame,
And screen th' important tale from babbling Fame.

Ah faithless guards ! in vain with od'rous smoke
We feast your altars, and your aid invoke ;
When nuptial debts are now no longer paid,
More ways than one the rover is betray'd :
Affected passion does no more suffice,
And aukward kindness proves a weak disguise.

Woman,

Woman, by nature arm'd against deceit,
 With indignation smiles upon the cheat ;
 Looks down with scorn, and only burns to know
 Th' uncertain author of her certain woe.

As a fierce lioness of Lybian race,
 Struck by the hunter's hand, with furious pace
 Strides o'er the sands, and red with recent gore
 Yells out her pain, and makes the forest roar :
 So raves the queen incens'd ; and loudly tells
 The restless grief that in her bosom dwells,
 For her lov'd lord from her embraces fled,
 Her flighted beauty, and her widow'd bed.

What dire effects her kindled fury wrought,
 Whether by pointed steel, or poison'd draught,
 Th' unguarded rival fell, forbear to ask,
 Th' unwilling Muse declines the mournful task,
 Recoils with anguish, wounded to the soul,
 Feels ev'ry stab, and drinks th' invenom'd bowl.

Thee, beauteous fair, Love made a pris'ner here,
 But great Eliza's doom was more severe ;
 By hate implacable to shades confin'd,
 Where still the native grandeur of her mind
 Clear and unfully'd shone, with radiant grace
 Gilding the dusky horrors of the place.

No nobler gifts can heav'n itself pour down,
 Than to deserve, and to despise a crown.

In some dark room, for pompous sorrow made,
 Methinks I see the royal virgin laid ;

With anxious thoughts employ'd on former times,
 Their various fate, their glory, and their crimes ;
 Th' ill-boding place a just concernment gives,
 Since Elinora in Maria lives.

Maria — but forgotten be her name,
 In long oblivion lost, o'erlook'd by fame.

Do thou, O Albion, from remembrance chase
 Thy persecuted sons, thy martyr'd race :
 And freed at length by ANNA's milder ray,
 From furious zeal, and arbitrary sway,
 Enjoy the present, or the future scene,
 With promis'd blessings fraught, without one cloud serene,

Stop, goddess, stop, recall thy daring flight,
 I cannot, must not tempt the wond'rous height.
 Themes so exalted, with proportion'd wing,
 Let Addison, let Garth, let Congreve sing ;
 Whilst list'ning nations crowd the vocal lyre,
 Foretaste their blifs, and languish with desire.

To thee thy song, thy province is assign'd,
 And what should foremost stand, is yet behind,
 Silenc'd be all antiquity could boast,
 And let old Woodstock in the new be lost.
 No more her Edwards, or her Henrys please ;
 Their spoils of war, or monuments of peace :
 By CHURCHILL's hand so largely is out-done,
 What either prince has built, and both have won.

With admiration struck, we gaze around,
 The fancy entertain, the sense confound :

And

And whilst our eyes o'er the foundation roam,
 Prefage the wonders of the finish'd dome.

Thus did our hero's early dawn display
 Th' auspicious beams of his advancing day.

We, who in humble cells, and learn'd retreat,
 Are strangers to the splendor of the great,
 On barren cliffs of speculation thrown,
 Of all besides unknowing, and unknown,
 Pronounce our fabrics just in ev'ry part,
 And scorn the poor attempts of modern art ;
 (Proud of his cottage so exults the swain,
 Who loves the forest, and admires the plain,)
 'Till here convinc'd, unwillingly we find
 Our Wickhams, and our Wainfleets, left behind ;
 Far as the molehill by the mountain's brow,
 Or shrubs by cedars, in whose shade they grow.

Rise, glorious pile, the princess bids thee rise,
 And claim thy title to her kindred skies :
 Where she presides all must be nobly great,
 All must be regular, and all compleat ;
 No other hand the mighty work requires,
 Art may inform, but she alone inspires.

When lab'ring Tyrians, with united toil,
 Advanc'd their Carthage on the destin'd soil,
 So fate their queen, and look'd auspicious down,
 Herself the Genius of the rising town.

Thrice happy he, to whom the task shall fall,
 To grace with shining images the wall ;

And in bold colours silently rehearse,
 What soars above the reach of humble verse,
 No fam'd exploits, from musty annals brought,
 Shall share his art, or furnish out the draught ;
 No foreign heroes in triumphant cars,
 No Latian victories, nor Græcian wars :
 Germania's fruitful fields alone afford
 Work for the pencil, harvest for the sword.
 Her well-drawn fights with horror shall surprize,
 And clouds of smoke upon the canvas rise ;
 Rivers distain'd shall reeking currents boast,
 And wind in crimson waves the plunging host ;
 Each mortal pang be seen, each dying throe,
 And Death look grim in all the pomp of woe,
 But far, oh far distinguish'd from the rest !
 By youth, by beauty, and a waving crest,
 Like young Patroclus, Dormer shall be slain,
 And great Achilles' soul be shock'd again.

Successful Kneller, whose improving air
 Adds light to light, and graces to the fair,
 Thus may compleat the glories of his age,
 And in one piece the whole soft sex engage ;
 Who shall in crowds the lovely dead surround,
 And weep rich gems upon his streaming wound ;
 By sad remembrance urg'd to fruitless moan,
 And lost in Dormer's charms, neglect their own,

Yet artist stop not here, but boldly dare
 Next to design, what next deserves thy care,

'Midst

'Midst British squadrons awefully serene,
 On rising ground let MARLBOROUGH be seen,
 With his drawn fauchion light'ning on the foe,
 Prepar'd to strike the great decisive blow ;
 While phlegmatic allies his vengeance stay,
 By absence these, and by their presence they.

Ill-fated Gauls to 'scape his thunder so,
 And by a short reprieve inhance their woe !
 When they in arms again the combat try,
 Again their troops in wild disorder fly,
 No usual ties of clemency shall bind,
 No temper shall assuage the victor's mind :
 But heaps on heaps atone the fatal wrong,
 And rage unbounded drive the storm along.

Legions of foes resistless shall advance
 O'er prostrate mounds, to shock the power of France,
 Their loud demands to proud Lutetia tell,
 And rouze th' inglorious tyrant from his cell.

Then provinces releas'd shall break their chain,
 Forego their bondage, and forget their pain.

Iberia, with extended arms, shall run
 To liberty, to life, to Austria's son ;
 And by mild councils generously sway'd,
 Own thy example, ANNA ! and thy aid ;
 Whole kingdoms shall be blest'd, all Europe free,
 And lift her hands unmanacled to Thee.



A Fit of the S P L E E N.

In Imitation of SHAKESPEAR.



By Dr. I B B O T.

FAREWEL, vain world ! and thou it's vaineſt part,
 O lovely woman ! fram'd for man's deſtruction !
 Beauty like nightſhade to the ſeeming wiſe,
 If ſeen, gives wiſhes, reſtleſs, endleſs longings ;
 If taſted, death. Too hard decree of fate,
 That life muſt be a burthen, or muſt end !

Farewel, vain world ! dwelling of ills and fears,
 Full of fond hopes, falſe joys, and ſad repentance ;
 For tho' ſometimes warm Fancy lights a fire,
 That mounting upwards darts its pointed head
 Up, thro' the unoppoſing air, to heav'n,
 Yet then comes Thought, and cold Conſideration,
 Lame Afterthought with endleſs ſcruples fraught,
 Benumm'd with tears, to damp the goodly blaze.

Farewel, vain world !—Yet, ere I die, I'll find
 Contentment's ſeat, unknown to guilt or ſorrow ;
 Haſte then, for nimble Death purſues me cloſe,
 Methinks I hear his ſteps, tho' trod in air ;

My

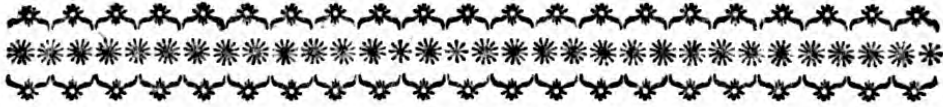
My fluttering soul seems like a bird entrapp'd,
 That beats his wings against the prison walls,
 And fain wou'd be at liberty again ;
 And oft the death-watch with ill-boading beats
 Hath warn'd me that my time wou'd soon expire,
 And that life's thread, ne'er to be wound up more,
 Wou'd by the spring of fate be quickly drawn
 To its full stretch—Haste then, and let me find
 A shelter, that may shut out noise and light,
 Save one dim taper, whose neglected snuff,
 Grown higher than the flame, shall with its bulk
 Almost extinguish it ; no noise be there,
 But that of falling water, friend to thought.

Hail, gloomy shade ! th' abode of modesty
 Void of deceit ; no glittering objects here
 Dazzle the eyes ; and thou, delightful Silence,
 Silence, the great Divinity's discourse !
 The angels' language, and the hermits' pride,
 The help of waking wisdom, and its food ;
 In thee philosophers have justly plac'd
 The sovereign good ; free from the broken vows,
 The calumnies, reproaches, and the lies
 Of which the noisy babbling world complains.

* So the struck deer, with some deep wound oppress'd,
 Lies down to die, the arrow in his breast ;
 There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
 Inly he bleeds, and pants his life away.

* *These four lines are said to be added by Mr. POPE.*

H Y M N



H Y M N to Miss L A U R E N C E, in
the P U M P - R O O M. B A T H, 1753.

NAIAD of this healthful stream,
 Fair LAURENTIA, if I deem
 Rightly of thy office here,
 If the theme may please thine ear,
 Listen gracious to my lays,
 While the springs of HEALTH I praise:
 Nor will less thy glory shine,
 If their praise I blend with thine.
 For of their renown of old
 Stories many FAME hath told ;
 Ancient bards their name have sung
 Heroes, kings, and gods among,
 And with various titles grac'd,
 While their fountain-head they trac'd.
 Whether ^aBLADUD, king of yore,
 Skill'd in philosophic lore,
 Mingling various kinds of earth,
 Metallic, gave the waters birth,

^a BLADUD] See Mr. Selden's notes on the third song of Drayton's POLYOLBION, where, in an ancient fragment of rhimes, are enumerated all the ingredients which BLADUD employ'd in making the baths.

KING'S

KING'S-BATH nam'd, beneath thy feet
 Boiling ay with mineral heat :
 Or, whether from his car on high
 Phœbus saw with amorous eye
 The fountain-nymph, with humid train,
 Light of foot, trip o'er the plain ;
 Strait the god, inflam'd with love,
 Swift descending from above,
 All in fervors bright array'd
 Pres'd her bosom ; and the maid
 Gladly to his warm embrace
 Yielded : whence the happy place,
 Where the nymph he woo'd and won,
 Was call'd the ^b WATERS OF THE SUN.
 FAME that title widely spread ;
 Yet, ere Roman legions fled
 The wrath of sturdy British knights,
 Pallas claim'd religious rights ;
 British ^c PALLADOUR then rose,
 From the goddess nam'd, who chose
 Near her favourite streams to dwell,
 Guardian of the sacred well.

^b WATERS OF THE SUN] *Aquæ solis. Bath. Sol in hac urbe templum habuit, et nomen quod exhibet Antoninus, loco dedit.* Antonini Iter XIV. publish'd by Gale.

^c PALLADOUR] *Pallas etiam, teste Solino, fontibus hisce fuit præsul, suamque habuit ædem, ubi et perpetuos ignes. Ab eâ, appellabatur Britannis, Caer PALLADOUR: Urbs aquæ Palladiæ.* Ibid.

But

But long since d HYGEIA fair
 Under her peculiar care
 Receiv'd the springs ; for well she knows
 Each falubrious rill that flows
 Forth from subterranean vaults,
 Stor'd by NATURE's hand with salts,
 Steel, or sulphur : for *her* use
 NATURE opens every sluice,
 Which HYGEIA gives in charge
 To sev'ral nymphs : herself at large
 Roams o'er hill, and dale, and plain,
 Lacky'd by a duteous train ;
 Oreads, Naiads, Dryads pay
 Service glad : some smooth her way,
 Or mists disperse, or brush the trees ;
 Others waft the morning-breeze
 From mountain-tops ; adown the hills
 Others pour refreshing rills,
 Or bathe her limbs in fountain neat,
 Aiding, all, her influence sweet.
 SHE with smiling eye surveys
 Rustic labours, and conveys
 STRENGTH to the active thresher's arm,
 To village-maidens BEAUTY's charm.
 Happy are the sons of earth
 Whom the goddesses at their birth

d HYGEIA] *The goddess of health.*

Shin'd

Shin'd on. Yet, her heavenly ray
 Numbers, not respecting, stray
 From her presence, and pursue
 LUXURY'S paths, whose fordid crew,
 LUST inordinate, and SLOTH,
 And GLUTTONY'S unwieldy growth,
 Lead them on to SHAME, and PAIN,
 And MALADIES, an endless train.
 Oft with pangs distracting torn
 They HYGEIA'S absence mourn ;
 Bitter change ! their languid eyes
 Feel not joy in sunny skies ;
 Nor doth NIGHT, with slumber blest,
 Close them at the hour of rest.
 And oft with sighs, and tears, and pray'r
 Half-suppress'd by sad despair,
 They the queen of health implore
 Her wish'd presence to restore.

Nor unmindful of their woes
 Is the goddess ; for she chose
 Thee, LAURENTIA, loveliest maid
 Among thy sister nymphs, who play'd
 On the banks of ^e Avon, Thee,
 Bright-ey'd nymph, she chose to be
 Her substitute, and pow'r she gave
 Sov'reign o'er the healing wave

^e Avon] *The river which runs by Bath.*

Which

Which thou rul'st with gentle sway,
 Thee the smoaking ties obey,
 Joyous ; and at thy command
 Wash thy ^f rosy-finger'd hand ;
 Thence in crystal cups convey'd
 Yield their salutary aid
 To all, whom Thou with look benign
 Smil'st on round HYGEIA's shrine ;
 All of appetite deprav'd,
 Those whom pale-ey'd SPLEEN enslav'd,
 Cripples bent with gouty pain,
 Whom JAUNDICE ting'd with muddy stain,
 Or whose frame of nerves, with stroke
 Benumbing, tremulous PALSY broke.
 These the balmy, cordial stream
 Quaff, rejoicing ; Thee, their theme
 Of praise, extoll ; thy tender care,
 Thy soft address, and courteous air :
 And while ^g HARMONY, the friend
 Of HEALTH, delights to recommend
 Thy ministry, thy charms inspire
 Love, and joy, and gay desire :
 For the goddess, when she gave
 Rule imperial o'er the wave,
 To adorn the gift, and grace thy state,
 On Thee bade YOUTH and BEAUTY wait.

^f Rosy-finger'd] *The effects of the hot water.*
^g HARMONY] *The music in the pump-room.*

Nor dost thou not taste delight
 Where thou fit'st in duteous plight ;
 For the joy, thy hand bestows,
 Back to thee redounding flows,
 When the cheek of faded hue,
 Thou see'st displaying roses new.
 Thee suspended & crutches please,
 Signal trophies from DISEASE
 Won to HEALTH victorious. Hail,
 Comfort, and support of frail
 Human state ! Hail, blooming maid !
 Nymph belov'd ! without thy aid,
 He, who, greeting thee, his lays
 Now attunes to notes of praise,
 Mute had been, oppress'd with pain
 Of spasm rheumatic. Hail again,
 Priests of HYGEIA's shrine !
 Still dispense her gift divine,
 Still her vot'ries lead to HEALTH ;
 Else, what profits Marlborough's wealth,
 h Eliza's form, and Stanhope's wit,
 And all the eloquence of Pitt.

& Crutches] *Over Bladud's image in the king's bath hang many crutches.*

h Eliza] *Lady Betty Spencer.*

ΥΓΙΑΙΝΕΙΝ ΜΕΝ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ· ΤΟ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΝ
 ΚΑΛΟΝ ΓΕΝΕΣΘΑΙ· ΤΡΙΤΟΝ ΔΕ ΠΛΟΥΤΕΙΝ.

LUCIAN.

A LETTER to CORINNA from a CAPTAIN
in Country Quarters.

MY earliest flame, to whom I owe
 All that a captain needs to know ;
 Drefs, and quadrille, and air, and chat,
 Lewd fongs, loud laughter, and all that ;
 Arts that have widows oft subdued,
 And never fail'd to win a prude ;
 Think, charmer, how I live forlorn
 At quarters, from Corinna torn.
 Not more diftrefs the cornet feels
 From gruel, and *Ward's* popifh pills.
 What fhall I do now you're away,
 To kill that only foe, the day ?
 The landed 'quire, and dull freeholder,
 Are fure no comrades for a foldier ;
 To drink with parfons all day long,
Mifaubin tells me wou'd be wrong :
Sober advice, and *Curl's Dutch whore*
 I've read, 'till I can read no more.
 At noon I rife, and ftrait alarm
 A femptrefs' fhop, or country farm ;
 Repuls'd, my next purfuit is a'ter
 The parfon's wife, or landlord's daughter :
 At market oft for game I fearch,
 Oft at affemblies, oft at church,

And

And plight my faith and gold to-boot ;
 Yet demme if a foul will do't —
 In short our credit's sunk so low,
 Since troops were kept o'foot for shew,
 She that for soldiers once run mad,
 Is turn'd republican, egad !
 And when I boast my feats, the shrew
 Asks who was slain the last review.
 Know then, that I and captain Trueman
 Resolve to keep a mis--in common :
 Not her, among the batter'd lasses,
 Such as our friend Toupét careffes,
 But her, a nymph of poliff'd sence,
 Which pedants call impertinence ;
 Train'd up to laugh, and drink, and swear,
 And raily with the prettiest air —
 Amidst our frolicks and caroufes
 How shall we pity wretched spoufes !
 But where can this dear foul be found,
 In garret high, or under ground ?
 If so divine a fair there be,
 Charming Corinna, thou art she.
 But oh ! what motives can persuade
 Belles, to prefer a rural shade,
 In this gay month, when pleasures bloom,
 The park, the play—the drawing room—
 Lo ! birthnights upon birthnights tread,
 Term is begun, the lawyer fee'd ;

My friend the merchant, let me tell ye,
 Calls in his way to Farinelli ;
 Add that my fatten gown and watch
 Some unfledg'd booby 'squire may catch,
 Who, charm'd with his delicious quarry,
 May first debauch me, and then marry ;
 Never was season more befitting
 Sine conv——ns last were fitting.
 And shall I leave dear Charing-cross,
 And let two boys my charms ingross ?
 Leave play-house, temple, and the rummer ?
 A country friend might serve in summer !

The town's your choice——yet, charming fair,
 Observe what ills attend you there.
 Captains, that once admir'd your beauty,
 Are kept by quality on duty ;
 Cits, for attoning alms disburse
 A tester——templars, something worse :
 My lord may take you to his bed,
 But then he sends you back unpaid ;
 And all you gain from generous cully,
 Must go to keep some Irish bully.
Pinchbeck demands the tweezer case,
 And *Monmouth-street* the gown and stays ;
 More mischiefs yet come crowding on,
 Bridewell,—West Indies—and Sir John—
 Then oh ! to lewdness bid adieu,
 And chafly live, confin'd to two.

A T A L E .

By Mr. MERRICK.

IF Virtue prompt thy willing mind
 To actions gen'rous, good and kind ;
 Fortune beyond thy hopes shall bless
 Thy toils, and crown them with success :
 But he whose bounties only rise
 From prospects of a future prize,
 With sorrow shall compute his gains,
 And reap repentance for his pains.

Precepts are often found to fail,
 So take instruction from my tale.

In ancient days there liv'd a priest,
 Infrin'd within whose pious breast
 Fair Virtue shone ; his open look
 Gave sanction to each word he spoke.
 Fix'd to no home, in mean array,
 From place to place he took his way,
 Instructing as he went along,
 And dealing blessings to the throng.
 The truth he labour'd to express,
 In language plain as was his dress ;
 Yet all with secret rapture hung
 On every accent of his tongue :

A silent eloquence there ran
 Through all the actions of the man ;
 They mark'd his soul's unblemish'd frame,
 His precept and his life the fame.

It chanc'd, as musing once he stray'd,
 Around him night's descending shade
 Unheeded stole ; through paths unknown
 With darkling steps he wander'd on,
 And wish'd to shroud his weary head
 Beneath some hospitable shed.

When through the gloom a sudden ray
 Sprung forth, and shot across the way.
 Led by the light, a cott he found ;
 A pious dame the mansion own'd,
 Whose open heart, tho' small her store,
 Ne'er turn'd the stranger from her door.
 Think at the sight of such a guest,
 What transport rose within her breast :
 With joy the friendly board she spread,
 And plac'd him in her warmest bed.
 Deep sunk in sleep the trav'ler lay,
 Tir'd with the labours of the day.

'Tis best, as ablest critics deem,
 To suit your language to your theme ;
 Obsequious to their rules, the Muse
 In humbler strain her tale pursues.

The matron, while her thankful guest
 Had shar'd with her the slender feast,

With

With curious eye had view'd him o'er,
 Had mark'd the tatter'd garb he wore,
 And through the yawning frieze had seen
 No traces of a shirt within.

And now her hands with pious care
 A shirt of home-spun cloth prepare :
 'Twas coarse, but would the longer hold,
 And serve to fence him from the cold.

The toil employ'd her all the night,
 And ended with the rising light.

The priest arose at break of day,
 And hasten'd to pursue his way ;

With thanks he took the finish'd vest,

The hospitable dame he bless'd,

“ And that thy charity, he said,

“ May fall with int'rest on thy head,

“ May thy first work, when I am gone,

“ Continue 'till the setting sun.”

She heard ; but soon her household care
 Had banish'd from her thoughts the pray'r ;
 The remnant of her cloth she took,
 And measur'd out her little stock.

Beneath her hands the length'ning piece
 Surpriz'd her with a vast increase ;
 Astonish'd at a sight so new,
 She measur'd still, and still it grew.

As when in sleep, with winged pace
 O'er hills and plains we urge the race,

With eager hopes we onward bend,
 And think our labour near its end ;
 But mimic Fancy soon supplies
 New scenes to cheat our wond'ring eyes :
 Before our feet new plains extend,
 New vallies sink, new hills ascend,
 And still the goal, when these are o'er,
 Appears as distant as before.
 In such a dream with such surprize,
 From morn to eve the woman plies
 Her task ; but when the setting ray
 Had clos'd her labour with the day,
 With joy the wond'rous heap survey'd,
 And saw her bounty well repay'd.

A neighb'ring dame, the story known,
 Much wish'd to make the case her own ;
 For tho' she ne'er was seen before
 To lodge the stranger or the poor,
 She wisely thought on one so good
 Her charity were well bestow'd.
 As by her door his journey lay,
 She stop'd the trav'ler on his way ;
 Beg'd him to enter and receive
 Such welcome as her house could give :
 The priest comply'd, and ent'ring found
 The board with various plenty crown'd ;
 On heaps of down he pass'd the night,
 And slumber'd 'till the morning light,

At break of day the dame address'd
 In friendly guise her rev'rend guest :
 Linen so coarse, she said, was ne'er
 Design'd for Christian backs to wear ;
 And as it griev'd her to survey
 Such virtue in so mean array,
 Herself had toil'd with sleepless eyes
 To furnish him with fresh supplies :
 Fine was the texture, such as comes
 From wealthy Holland's skilful looms.
 The priest accepts the proffer'd boon,
 He thanks her for her kindness shown,
 And grateful as he leaves her door,
 Repeats the pray'r he made before,
 Just parted from the holy man,
 With eager haste the matron ran
 To reach her cloth, and had design'd
 To measure what was left behind ;
 But thinking first, that as the pray'r
 For the whole day had fix'd her care,
 One labour would employ it all,
 And leave no time for Nature's call,
 Ere to the destin'd work she goes,
 She deems it best to pluck a rose,
 The hissing geese, as forth she went,
 Gave omens of the dire event ;
 The herds, that graz'd the neighb'ring plain,
 Look'd up, and snuff'd the coming rain ;

The

The bird that screams at midnight hours,
 (Diviner of approaching show'rs)
 Full on the left, with hideous croak,
 Stood flutt'ring on a blasted oak.

Amazement seiz'd the trembling dame,
 When first she saw the plenteous stream :
 She wonder'd much, and much she fear'd ;
 And think how Niobe appear'd,
 When chang'd into a rock she stood,
 And at her feet the headlong flood,
 With downward force impetuous ran,
 High foaming, o'er the delug'd plain ;
 So look'd the dame, when all around
 The torrent smok'd upon the ground :
 Still spreading wider than before,
 It seem'd a sea without a shore.

Your bards that wrote in heathen days,
 Had such a theme employ'd their lays,
 Had tortur'd their inventive brain,
 With dire portents to fill the strain ;
 Had bid the neighb'ring river mourn
 His alter'd stream and tainted urn ;
 Or made the Naiads lift their heads,
 Astonish'd from their wat'ry beds,
 And, seated on the river's side,
 Squeeze from their locks the briny tide.
 But little skill'd in Pagan lore ;
 I pass such idle fancies o'er :

Truth

Truth is my care, whose lovely face
Shines brightest in the plainest dress.

At eve the torrent stopt it's course ;
Stung with vexation and remorse,
The dame laments her fruitless cost,
Her hopes deceiv'd, her labour lost.
Nor think that here her suff'rings end,
Reproach and infamy attend :
Surrounding boys, where-e'er she came,
With insults loud divulge her shame ;
And farmers stop her with demands
Of recompence for damag'd lands.



The W I S H.

By the Same.

HOW short is life's uncertain space !
Alas ! how quickly done !
How swift the wild precarious chace !
And yet how difficult the race !
How very hard to run !

Youth stops at first its wilful ears
To Wisdom's prudent voice ;
Till now arriv'd to riper years,
Experienc'd age worn out with cares
Repents its earlier choice.

What

What though its prospects now appear
 So pleasing and refin'd ;
 Yet groundless hope, and anxious fear,
 By turns the busy moments share,
 And prey upon the mind.

Since then false joys our fancy cheat
 With hopes of real blifs ;
 Ye guardian pow'rs that rule my fate,
 The only wish that I create,
 Is all compriz'd in this.

May I through life's uncertain tide,
 Be still from pain exempt ;
 May all my wants be still supply'd,
 My state too low t' admit of pride,
 And yet above contempt.

But should your Providence divine
 A greater blifs intend ;
 May all those blessings you design,
 (If e'er those blessings shall be mine)
 Be center'd in a friend.



The BEARS and BEES. A FABLE.

By the same.

AS two young Bears in wanton mood,
 Forth-issuing from a neighbouring wood,
 Came where th'industrious Bees had stor'd
 In artful cells their luscious hoard ;
 O'erjoy'd they seiz'd with eager haste
 Luxurious on the rich repast.
 Alarm'd at this the little crew
 About their ears vindictive flew.
 The beasts unable to sustain
 Th' unequal combat, quit the plain ;
 Halfblind with rage, and mad with pain ;
 Their native shelter they regain ;
 There sit, and now discreeter grown,
 Too late their rashness they bemoan ;
 And this by dear experience gain,
 That pleasure's ever bought with pain.
 So when the gilded baits of vice
 Are plac'd before our longing eyes,
 With greedy haste we snatch our fill,
 And swallow down the latent ill ;
 But when experience opes our eyes,
 Away the fancy'd pleasure flies.
 It flies, but oh ! too late we find
 It leaves a real sting behind.

A FRAGMENT.



A F R A G M E N T.

By the Same.

* * * * *
* * * * *

When recent in the womb I lay,
Ere yet my life began,
Thy care preserv'd the sleeping clay,
And form'd it into man.

Oh ! may this frame, that rising grew
Beneath thy plastic hands,
Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er thy will commands.

The soul that moves this earthly load
Thy semblance let it bear ;
Nor lose the traces of the God,
Who stamp'd his image there.



The CAMELION: A FABLE after
 Monsieur DE LA MOTTE.

By the Same.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes, that hardly serv'd at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post,
 Yet round the world the blade has been
 To see whatever cou'd be seen,
 Returning from his finish'd tour,
 Grown ten times perter than before ;
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travell'd fool your mouth will stop,
 " Sir, if my judgment you'll allow——
 " I've seen—and sure I ought to know——
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast ;
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass,
 And on their way in friendly chat
 Now talk'd of this and then of that,
 Discours'd awhile 'mongst other matter
 Of the Camelion's form and nature.

“ A stranger animal, cries one,
 “ Sure never liv’d beneath the fun.
 “ A lizard’s body lean and long,
 “ A fish’s head, a serpent’s tongue,
 “ It’s tooth with triple claw disjoin’d ;
 “ And what a length of tail behind !
 “ How slow it’s pace, and then it’s hue——
 “ Who ever saw so fine a blue ?”
 “ Hold there, the other quick replies,
 “ ’Tis green —— I saw it with these eyes,
 “ As late with open mouth it lay,
 “ And warm’d it in the sunny ray ;
 “ Stretch’d at its ease the beast I view’d,
 “ And saw it eat the air for food.”
 “ I’ve seen it, Sir, as well as you,
 “ And must again affirm it blue.
 “ At leisure I the beast survey’d
 “ Extended in the cooling shade.”
 “ ’Tis green, ’tis green, Sir, I assure ye——
 “ Green ! cries the other in a fury——
 “ Why, Sir—d’ye think I’ve lost my eyes ?”
 “ ’Twere no great loss, the friend replies,
 “ For, if they always serve you thus,
 “ You’ll find ’em but of little use.”
 So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows :
 When luckily came by a third——
 To him the question they refer’d ;

And

And beg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

“Sirs, cries the umpire, cease your pother—

“The creature's neither one nor t' other.

“I caught the animal last night,

“And view'd it o'er by candle-light;

“I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—

“You stare—but Sirs, I've got it yet,

“And can produce it.” “Pray, Sir, do:

“I'll lay my life, the thing is blue.”

“And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen

“The reptile, you'll pronounce him green.”

“Well then, at once to ease the doubt,

“Replies the man, I'll turn him out:

“And when before your eyes I've set him,

“If you don't find him black, I'll eat him.”

He said; then full before their fight
Produc'd the beast, and lo! 'twas white.—

Both star'd, the man look'd wond'rous wise—

“My children,” the Camelion cries,

(Then first the creature found a tongue)

“You all are right, and all are wrong:

“When next you talk of what you view,

“Think others see, as well as you:

“Nor wonder, if you find that none

“Prefers your eye-sight to his own.”



IMMORTALITY: or, the Consolation of
HUMAN LIFE. A MONODY.

By THOMAS DENTON, M. A.

————— *Animi natura videtur*

Atque animæ claranda meis jam versibus esse :

Et metus ille foras præceps Acheruntis agendus

Funditus, humanam qui vitam turbat ab imo,

Omnia suffundus mortis nigrore.

LUCR.

I.

WHEN black-brow'd Night her dusky mantle spread,
And wrapt in solemn gloom the fable sky ;
When soothing Sleep her opiate dew had shed,
And seal'd in silken slumbers ev'ry eye :
My wakeful thoughts admit no balmy rest,
Nor the sweet blifs of soft oblivion share ;
But watchful woe distracts my aching breast,
My heart the subject of corroding care :
From haunts of men with wand'ring steps and flow
I solitary steal, and sooth my pensive woe.

II.

Yet no fell passion's rough discordant rage
Untun'd the music of my tranquil mind ;
Ambition's tinfell'd charms could ne'er engage,
No harbour there could fordid av'rice find :

From

From lust's foul spring my grief disdains to flow,
 No sighs of envy from my bosom break,
 But soft compassion melts my soul to woe,
 And social tears fast trickle down my cheek ;
 Ah me ! when nature gives one general groan,
 Each heart must beat with woe, each voice responsive moan.

III.

Where'er I cast my moist'ned eyes around,
 Or stretch my prospect o'er the distant land,
 There foul *Corruption's* tainted steps are found,
 And *Death* grim-visag'd waves his iron hand.
 Tho' now soft *Pleasure* gild the smiling scene,
 And sportive *Joy* call forth her festive train,
 Sinking in night each vital form is seen,
 Like air-blown bubbles on the wat'ry plain ;
 a Fell *Death*, like brooding *Harpy*, the repast
 Will snatch with talons foul, or sour its grateful taste.

IV.

Ye smiling glories of the youthful year,
 That ope your fragrant bosoms to the day,
 That clad in all the pride of spring appear,
 And steep'd in dew your silken leaves display :
 In *Nature's* richest robes tho' thus bedight,
 Tho' her soft pencil trace your various dye,
 Tho' lures your roseate hue the charmed sight,
 Tho' odours sweet your nect'rous breath supply,
 Soon on your leaves *Time's* cank'rous tooth shall prey,
 Your dulcet dews exhale, your beauteous bloom decay.

a *Vid.* VIRG. *Æn.* lib. 3. ver. 210. & seq.

V.

Ye hedge-row elms, beneath whose spreading shade
 The grazing herds defy the ratt'ling shower;
 Ye lofty oaks, in whose wide arms display'd,
 The clam'rous rook builds high his airy bower;
 Stript by hoar Winter's rough inclement rage,
 In mournful heaps your leafy honours lie,
 Ev'n your hard ribs shall feel the force of age,
 And your bare trunks the friendly shade deny;
 No more by chearful vegetation green,
 Your sapless bolks shall sink, and quit th' evanid scene.

VI.

Ye feather'd warblers of the vernal year
 That careless sing, nor fear the frowns of fate,
 Tune your sad notes to death and winter drear!
 Ill suit these mirthful strains your transient state.
 No more with chearful song nor sprightly air
 Salute the blushes of the rising day,
 With doleful ditties, drooping wings repair
 To the lone covert of the nightly spray;
 Where love-lorn *Philomela* strains her throat,
 Surround the budding thorn, and swell the mournful note.

VII.

Come sighing *Elegy*, with sweetest airs
 Of melting music teach my grief to flow,
 I too must mix my sad complaint with theirs,
 Our fates are equal, equal be our woe.

Come,

Come, *Melancholy*, spread thy raven wing,
 And in thy ebon car, by Fancy led,
 To the dark charnel vault thy vot'ry bring,
 The murky mansions of the mould'ring dead,
 Where dank dews breathe, and taint the sickly skies,
 Where in sad loathsome heaps all human glory lies.

VIII.

Wrapt in the gloom of uncreated night
 Secure we slept in senseless matter's arms,
 Nor pain could vex, nor pallid fear affright,
 Our quiet fancy felt no dream's alarms.
 Soon as to life our animated clay
 Awakes, and conscious being opes our eyes,
 Care's fretful family at once dismay,
 With ghastly air a thousand phantoms rise,
 Sad *Horror* hangs o'er all the deep'ning gloom,
Grief prompts the labour'd sigh, *Death* opes the marble tomb.

IX.

Yet life's strong love intoxicates the soul,
 And thirst of bliss inflames the ferv'rous mind,
 With eager draughts we drain the pois'nous bowl,
 And in the dregs the cordial hope to find.
 O heav'n ! for this light end were mortals made,
 And plac'd on earth, with happiness in view,
 To catch with cheated grasp the flitting shade,
 And with vain toil the fancied form pursue,
 Then give their short-liv'd being to the wind,
 As the wing'd arrow flies, and leaves no track behind !

X.

Thus lonely wand'ring thro' the nightly shade
 Against the stern decrees of stubborn Fate,
 To mockful Echo my complaints I made,
 Of life's short period, or its toilfome state.
 'Tis death-like silence all, no sound I hear,
 Save the hoarse raven croaking from the sky,
 Or scaly beetle murm'ring thro' the air,
 Or screech-owl screaming with ill-omen'd cry ;
 Save when with brazen tongue from yon high tow'r
 The clock deep-founding speaks, and counts the passing hour.

XI.

Pale Cynthia mounted on her silver car
 O'er heav'n's blue concave drives her nightly round ;
 See a torn abbey, wrapt in gloom, appear
 Scatter'd in wild confusion o'er the ground.
 Here rav'nous *Ruin* lifts her wasteful hands
 O'er bri'ar-grown grots and bramble-shaded graves ;
 Safe from her wrath one weeping marble stands,
 O'er which the mournful yew its umbrage waves ;
 Ope, ope thy pond'rous jaws, thou friendly tomb,
 Close the sad deathful scene, and shroud me in thy womb !

XII.

Forth issuing lovely from the gloomy shade,
 Which stately pines in phalanx deep compose,
 Fair above mortals comes a smiling maid
 To sooth my sighs, and chear my heart-felt woes.

Here

Here nurs'd by *Contemplation*, matron sage,
 Where with mute *Solitude* she loves to dwell,
 In truth's fair lore she form'd her early age,
 And trim'd the midnight lamp in lonely cell,
 Here learn'd clear reason's heav'n-sprung light to raise
 O'er passion's low-born mists, or pleasure's spurious blaze.

XIII.

Her azure mantle flows with easy grace,
 Nor fashion's folds constrain, nor custom's tye ;
 An optic tube she bears, each sphere to trace
 That rolls its rapid orbit round the sky :
 Yet not to heav'n alone her view's confin'd ;
 A clear reflecting plane she holds, to show
 The various movements of the reas'ning mind,
 How strange ideas link, and habits grow,
 Passion's fierce impulse, will's free power to scan,
 To paint the featur'd soul, and mark th' internal man.

XIV.

Whence these sad strains, said she, of plaintive grief,
 Which pierce the sleep-clos'd ear of peaceful rest ?
 Oft has the sick'ning mind here found relief,
 Here quell'd the throbbing tumults of the breast :
 Lift up thy loaden eyes to yon fair cloud,
 Where moon-sprung ^b *Iris* blends her beauteous dyes :
 I lift them soon, and as I gazing stood,
 The fleeting phantom in a moment flies ;

^b *A rainbow form'd by the rays of the moon at night : an object often visible, tho' from its languid colours not often observ'd.*

Where beam'd the gilded arch of gaudy hue,
Frowns the dark lou'ring cloud all gloomy to the view.

XV.

Life's emblem fit, said I, that roscid bow!
The gay illusive pageant of an hour
To real semblance tricks her airy show,
Then sinks in night's dull arms, and is no more!
Ah! fool, said she, tho' now to fancy's fight
The violet pale, the blushing red decays,
Tho' now no painted cloud reflect the light,
Nor drops prismatic break the falling rays,
Yet still the colours live, tho' none appear,
Glow in the darting beam that gilds yon crystal sphere.

XVI.

Then let not *Fancy* with her vagrant blaze
Mislead in trackless paths of wild deceit;
On Reason's steady lamp still ardent gaze;
Led by her sober light to Truth's retreat.
Tho' wond'ring Ign'rance sees each form decay,
The breathless bird, bare trunk, and shrivel'd flow'r;
New forms successive catch the vital ray,
Sing their wild notes, or smile th' allotted hour,
And search creation's ample circuit round,
Tho' modes of being change, all life's immortal found,

XVII.

See the slow reptile grov'ling o'er the green,
That trails thro' slimy paths its cumbrous load,
Start in new beauty from the lowly scene,
And wing with flutt'ring pride th' ætherial road;

Burst their shell-prisons, see the feather'd kind,
 Where in dark durance pent awhile they lie,
 Dispread their painted plumage to the wind,
 Brush the brisk air, swift shooting thro' the sky,
 Hail with their choral hymns the new-born day,
 Distend their joy-swoln breasts, and carol the sweet lay.

XVIII.

See man thro' varied periods fixt by fate
 Ascend perfection's scale by slow degree;
 The plant-like fœtus quits its senseless state,
 And helpless hangs sweet-smiling on the knee;
 Soon outward objects steal into the brain,
 Next pratt'ling childhood lisps with mimic air,
 Then mem'ry links her fleet ideal train,
 And sober reason rises to compare,
 The full-grown breast some manly passion warms,
 It pants for glory's meed, or beats to love's alarms :

XIX.

Then say since nature's high behest appears
 That living forms should change of being prove,
 In which new joy the novel scene endears,
 New objects rise to please, new wings to move;
 Since man too taught by sage experience knows
 His frame revolving treads life's varying stage,
 That the man-plant first vegetating grows,
 Then sense directs, then reason rules in age;
 Say is it strange, should death's all-dreaded hour
 Waft to some unknown scenes, or wake some untried pow'r?

XX. The

XX.

The wise Creator wrapt in fleshly veil
 The ray divine, the pure ætherial mate ;
 Tho' worn by age the brittle fabric fail,
 The smiling soul survives the frowns of fate :
 Each circling year, each quick-revolving day
 Touches with mould'ring tooth thy flitting frame,
 With furtive flight repairs th' unseen decay ;
 For ever changing, yet in change the same,
 Oft hast thou dropt unhurt thy mortal part,
 Dare the grim terror then, nor dread his guiltless dart.

XXI.

The twinkling eye, whose various-humour'd round
 Takes in soft net th' inverted form behind,
 The list'ning ears, that catch the waving sound,
 Are but mere organs of the feeling mind :
 External matter thus can lend its aid,
 And distant shapes with foreign pow'r supply ;
 Thus the long tube by *Galilæo* made
 Brings home the wonders of the peopled sky :
 The pow'r percipient then feels no decay,
 Tho' blind the tube, and darkness blot the visual ray.

XXII.

When lock'd in short suspense by sleep's soft pow'r
 In temporary death the senses lie,
 When solemn silence reigns at midnight hour,
 Deaf the dull ear, and clos'd the curtain'd eye ;

Objects of sense, each conscious sense asleep,
 With lively image strike the wakeful soul,
 Some frowning rock that threatens the foaming deep,
 Or wood-hung vale, where streams mæand'ring roll,
 Some long-lost friend's returning voice you hear,
 Clasp the life-pictur'd shade, and drop the pleasing tear.

XXIII.

Each outward organ, as ideas rise,
 Gives easy entrance to the motley train ;
Reflection calm, with retrospective eyes
 Surveys her treasures in the formful brain ;
 Tho' Death relentless shed his baleful dew,
 In Lethe dip each form-conveying pow'r,
 Unhurt *Reflection* may her themes pursue,
 Smile at the ruin, safe amidst her store ;
 Without one sense's aid in life's low vale,
 Fancy can furnish joys, and reason lift her scale ;

XXIV.

Thus the lone lover in the pensive shade
 In day-dreams rapt of soft ecstatic bliss,
 Pursues in thought the visionary maid,
 Feasts on the fancy'd smile, and favour'd kiss :
 Thus the young poet at the close of day
 Led by the magic of some fairy song
 Thro' the dun umbrage winds his heedless way,
 Nor hears the babbling brook that brawls along :
 Thus deathless *Newton* deaf to nature's cries
 Would measure *Time* and *Space*, and travel 'round the skies.

XXV. When

XXV.

When juſt expiring hangs life's trembling light,
 And fell diſeaſe ſtrikes deep the deadly dart,
 Reaſon and mem'ry burn with ardour bright,
 And gen'rous paſſions warm the throbbing heart;
 Oft will the vig'rous ſoul in life's laſt ſtage
 With keen'eſt reliſh taſte pure mental joys:
 Since the fierce efforts of diſtemper's rage
 Nor 'bates her vigour, nor her pow'rs deſtroys,
 Say, ſhall her luſtre death itſelf impair?
 When in high noon ſhe rides, then ſets in dark deſpair?

XXVI.

Tho' through the heart no purple tide ſhould flow,
 No quiv'ring nerve ſhould vibrate to the brain,
 The mental pow'rs no mean dependence know;
 Thought may ſurvive, and each fair paſſion reign:
 As when *Lucina* ends the pangful ſtrife,
 Lifts the young babe, and lights her lambent flame,
 Some pow'rs new-waking hail the dawning life,
 Some unſuſpended live, unchang'd, the ſame;
 So from our duſt freſh faculties may bloom,
 Some poſthumous ſurvive, and triumph o'er the tomb.

XXVII.

This fibrous frame by nature's kindly law,
 Which gives each joy to keen ſenſation here,
 O'er purer ſcenes of bliſs the veil may draw,
 And cloud reflection's more exalted ſphere.

When

When Death's cold hand with all-dissolving pow'r
 Shall the close tie with friendly stroke unbind,
 Alike our mortal as our natal hour

May to new being raise the waking mind :
 On death's new genial day the soul may rise,
 Born to some higher life, and hail some brighter skies.

XXVIII.

The moss-grown tree, that shrinks with rolling years,
 The drooping flow'rs that die so soon away,
 Let not thy heart alarm with boding fears,

Nor thy own ruin date from their decay :
 The blushing rose that breathes the balmy dew,
 No pleasing transports of perception knows,
 The rev'rend oak, that circling springs renew,
 Thinks not, nor by long age experienc'd grows ;
 Thy fate and theirs confess no kindred tie,
 Tho' their frail forms may fade, shall sense and reason die ?

XXIX.

Nor let life's ills, that in dire circle rage,
 Steal from thy heaving breast those labour'd sighs ;
 These, the kind tutors of thy infant age,

Train the young pupil for the future skies :
 Unschool'd in early prime, in riper years
 Wretched and scorn'd still struts the bearded boy ;
 The tingling rod bedew'd with briny tears
 Shoots forth in graceful fruits of manly joy :
 The painful cares that vex the toilsom spring
 Shall plenteous crops of bliss in life's last harvest bring.

XXX. She

XXX.

She ceas'd, and vanish'd into fightless wind—
 O'er my torn breast alternate passions sway,
 Now Doubt desponding damps the wav'ring mind,
 Now Hope reviving sheds her chearful ray.
 Soon from the skies in heav'nly white array'd,
Faith to my sight reveal'd, fair Cherub ! stood,
 With life replete the volume she display'd,
 Seal'd with the ruddy stains of crimson blood ;
 Each fear now starts away, as spectres fly
 When the sun's orient beam first gilds the purple sky.

XXXI.

Mean while the faithful herald of the day
 The village cock crows loud with trumpet shrill,
 The warbling lark soars high, and morning grey
 Lifts her glad forehead o'er the cloud-wrapt hill :
 Nature's wild music fills the vocal vale ;
 The bleating flocks that bite the dewy ground,
 The lowing herds that graze the woodland dale,
 And cavern'd echo, swell the chearful sound ;
 Homeward I bend with clear unclouded mind,
 Mix with the busy world, and leave each care behind.



To the Memory of a GENTLEMAN,
who died on his Travels to ROME.

Written in 1738.

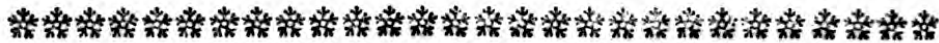
By the Rev. Dr. SHIPLEY.

L ANGTON, dear partner of my soul,
Accept what pious passion meditates
To grace thy fate. Sad memory
And grateful love, and impotent regret
Shall wake to paint thy gentle mind,
Thy wise good nature, friendship delicate
In secret converse, native mirth
And sprightly fancy; sweet artificer
Of social pleasure; nor forgot
The noble thirst of knowledge and fair fame
That led thee far thro' foreign climes
Inquisitive: but chief the pleasant banks
Of Tiber, ever honour'd stream,
Detain'd thee visiting the last remains
Of ancient art; fair forms exact
In sculpture, columns, and the mould'ring bulk
Of theatres. In deep thought rapt
Of old renown, thy mind survey'd the scenes

Delighted,

Delighted, where the first of men
 Once dwelt, familiar Scipio, virtuous chief,
 Stern Cato, and the patriot mind
 Of faithful Brutus, best philosopher.

Well did the generous search employ
 Thy blooming years by virtue crown'd, tho' death
 Unseen oppress'd thee, far from home,
 A helpless stranger. No familiar voice,
 No pitying eye cheer'd thy last pangs.
 O worthy longest days ! for thee shall flow
 The pious solitary tear,
 And thoughtful friendship sadden o'er thine urn.



Captain T—— of BATTEREAU'S Regiment in
 the Isle of SKIE to Capain P—— at Fort
 AUGUSTUS.

— **C**OME, Thomas, give us t'other sonnet.—
 Dear captain pray reflect upon it.
 Was ever so absurd a thing ?
 What, at the pole to bid me sing !
 Alas ! search all the mountains round,
 There's no Thalia to be found ;
 And Fancy, child of southern skies,
 Averse the fullen region flies.
 I scribble verses ! why you know
 I left the Muses long ago,

Deserted all the tuneful band
 To right the files, and study Bland.
 Indeed in youth's fantastic prime
 Mistled I wander'd into rhyme,
 And various sonnets penn'd in plenty
 On ev'ry nymph from twelve to twenty,
 Compar'd to roses, pinks and lillies,
 The cheeks of Chloe and of Phillis ;
 With all the cant you find in many
 A stillborn modern miscellany.
 My lines——how proud was I to see 'em
 Steal into Doddsley's new Musæum,
 Or in a letter fair and clean
 Committed to the Magazine.
 Our follies change——that whim is o'er——
 The bagatelles amuse no more.
 Know by these presents, that in fine
 I quit all commerce with the Nine.
 Love strains, and all poetic matters,
 Lampons, epistles, odes, and fatires,
 These toys and trifles I discard,
 And leave the bays to poet Ward.
 Know, now to politics consign'd
 I give up all the busy mind ;
 Curious each pamphlet I peruse,
 And sip my coffee o'er the news.
 But a propos——for last Courant,
 Pray thank the lady governante,
 From Aix—pho ! what is't—la Chapelle,
 Of treaties now the gazettes tell ;

A peace unites the jarring powers,
 And ev'ry trade will thrive, but our's.
 Farewel, as wrong'd Othello said,
 The plumed troops, and neighing steed!
 The troops! alas! more havock there
 A peace will make, than all the war.
 What crowds of heroes in a day
 Reduc'd to starve on half their pay!
 From Lowendhal 'twou'd pity meet,
 And Saxe himself might weep to see't.
 Already Fancy's active pow'r
 Foreruns the near approaching hour.
 Methinks, curs'd chance! the fatal stroke
 I feel, and seem already broke.
 The park I saunter up and down,
 Or sit upon a bench alone
 Pensive and sad— *le juste portrait*
D'un pauvre capitaine reformé.
 My wig, which shun'd each ruder wind,
 Toupee'd before, and bag'd behind,
 Which John was us'd with nicest art
 To comb, and teach the curls to part,
 Lost the belle air and jaunty pride,
 Now lank depends on either side:
 My hat grown white and rusted o'er
 Once *bien trouffé* with *galon d'or*;
 My coat distain'd with dust and rain,
 And all my figure quite campaign.
 Tavern and coffee-house unwilling
 To give me credit for a shilling:

Forbid

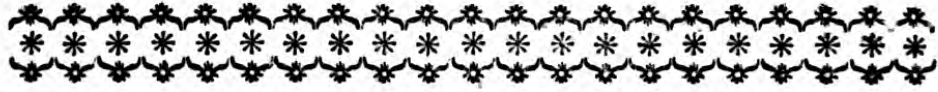
Forbid by ev'ry scornful belle
 The precincts of the gay ruelle.
 My vows tho' breath'd in ev'ry ear,
 Not e'en a chambermaid will hear :
 No silver in my purse to pay
 For opera-tickets, or the play :
 No message sent to bid me come
 A fortnight after to a drum :
 No visits or receiv'd or pay'd,
 No ball, ridotto, masquerade :
 All pensive, heartless, and chagrine
 I sit, devoted prey to spleen ;
 Shabbily fine with tarnish'd lace,
 And hunger pictur'd in my face.

To you, dear P——, indulgent heav'n
 A gentler, happier lot has giv'n,
 To you has dealt with bounteous hands
 Palladian seats, and fruitful lands :
 Then in my sorrows have the grace
 To take some pity on my case ;
 And as you know the times are hard,
 Send a spruce valet with a card——
 Your compliments, and beg I'd dine,
 And taste your mutton and your wine ;
 You'll find most punctual and observant,
 Your most obliged humble servant.

C. T.

Q 2

To



To Mr. J. H. at the TEMPLE, occasioned
by a Translation of an Epistle of HORACE.
1730.

By the Rev. Mr. S——, of Magdalen College, OXFORD.

TIME flies—so you and Horace sing,
From whence you many a moral bring,
To teach us how to steer our lives,
T' enjoy our bottles and our wives.

Young man, I well approve your notions,
And wholly am at your devotions.

I hate your sour, canting rascals,
That talk of Ember-weeks and Pascals ;
Black villains, who desire to wean us,
From Bacchus' pleasures, and from Venus',
To gain themselves a larger share,
And fob us off with fast and prayer ;
And tell us none to Elyfium go,
Who do not plague themselves below.
Can mis'ry raise the grateful heart,
Or tuneful songs of praise impart ?

The great Creator's work we view,
And trace it out by Wisdom's clue :
Nothing is *good* but what is *true*.

}
With

With cautious and with thankful eye
 We scan the great variety :
 Each *good* within our reach we taste,
 And call our neighbour to the feast.
 Our souls do gen'rously disown
 All pleasure that's confin'd to one ;
 The only rational employment
 Is, to receive and give enjoyment :
 To ev'ry pleasure we attend,
 Not to enjoy is to offend.

But still, amidst the various crowd
 Of *goods*, that call with voices loud,
 Our nat'ral genius, education,
 Parents, companions, or our station,
 Direct us to some *single choice*,
 In which we chiefly must rejoice.

Pleasures are ladies—some we court
 To pass away an hour in sport :
 We like them all for this or that,
 For silence some, and some for chat ;
 For ev'ry one, as Cowley sings,
 Or arrows yields, or bows, or strings.
 But, after all this rambling life,
 Each man must have his proper *wife*.
 You know my meaning — some *one good*,
 Felt, heard, or seen, or understood,
 Will captivate the heart's affection,
 And bring the rest into subjection.

Pray mind the tenor of my song ;
It holds together, tho' 'tis long.

You've made an early choice, and wife one ;
The best I know within th' horizon.
My lady *Larv* is rich and handsome :
May she be worth you a king's ransom !
But I must tell you, (you'll excuse
My friendly, tho' plain dealing Muse)
In her own hands is all her dower ;
There's not a groat within your power ;
And yet you're whoring with *the Nine* ;
With them you breakfast, sup, and dine,
With them you spend your days and nights —
Is't fitting she shou'd bear such flights ?
Beggarily, ballad-singing carrions,
Can they advance you to the barons ?
You've made me too an old Tom Dingle,
And I, forsooth, must try to jingle.

Your lady wou'd not do you wrong ;
She owns you're tender yet, and young —
She'd wink at now and then a song ;
But still expects to share the time,
Which now is all bestow'd on rhyme.
Read in the morning Hobbes *de Homine*,
At noon, e'en sport with your Melpomene,
Youngster, I've something more to say,
To wean you from this itch of play.

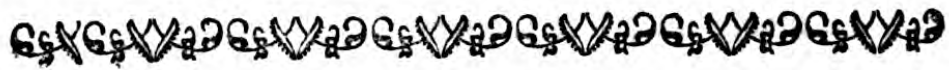
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In his *Officiis* old Marc Tully,
 'Mongst certain points he handles fully,
 (A book I ever must delight in
 Far beyond all that since is written!)—
 He tells us there, our parents' praise
 Their children's virtue ought to raise :
 Their worth and praise shou'd prick us on
 To labour after like renown.

Who but thy father has been able,
 Like Hercules, to cleanse a stable ?
 About his ears how strange a rattle !
 Who ever stood so tough a battle ?
 H' has tam'd the most unruly cattle.—
 Just two such jobbs as yet remain
 To be dispatch'd by you and B ——. }
 Your father with Herculean club
 The tyrants of our souls did drub ;
 B — for our bodies, you our chattels,
 Must undertake the self-same battles.
 The world on you have fix'd their eyes,
 'Tis you must quell these tyrannies :
 So shall some title, now unknown,
Bangorian-like your labours crown.
 Ravish'd, methinks, in thought I see
 The *uni-versal liberty*.

But after all, I know what's in you :
 You'll do't, a thousand to one guinea.

Time flies—the work and pleasure's great ;
 Begin, before it grows too late,
 Where the *plays* stand the *statutes* lodge ;
 And dance not, 'till you dance a judge ;
 Then, tho' you are not half so taper,
My Lord, you'll cut a higher caper,



To the Rev. Mr. J. S. 1731.

By J. H.

S I R,

PROMISES are different cafes
 At various times, in various places.
 In crowded street of Arlington,
 Where slaves of hope to levées run,
 A promise signifies no more,
 Than in the chamber of a whore.
 And when the good deceiv'd Sir *Francis*
 With *madam* up from Yorkshire dances,
 To claim the great man's promise given
 Some six years since, or (some say) seven ;
 No one can blame that curious writer,
 That says, they'll both return the lighter.
 But can we hence affirm that no mis
 Of all the sex can keep a promise ?

Or

Or say, from what our courtier speaks,
 That all men's faiths are wafer-cakes ?
 That courts make rogues is my belief,
 As 'tis the mill that makes the thief.
 But 'cause one limb is none o' th' best,
 Shall I for that cut off the rest ?

Sure it may be with safety said,
 A parson's promise duely made
 Beneath a prelate's holy roof,
 Must stand 'gainst all assaults a proof.
 Yet he, who thinks the church mistaken,
 May find himself in time mistaken.
 I know the man, and grieve to say't,
 Who so did fail— and that was S ———
 And can we then no more depend on
 Our good forgetful friend at Findon,
 Than on a courtier promifeful,
 Or a whore's oath to cheat her cull ?
 Can S ——— no better promise keep ?
 If that were true—I e'en shou'd weep.

In Sarum's town when last we met,
 I told you 'mongst much other prate,
 That my design was to withdraw,
 And leave the craggy paths of *law* :
 And as the skilful pilot steers
 Wide of the dreadful rocks he fears,
 And in the safer ocean rides,
 Nor fears his vessel's bulging sides ;

So I from Coke's and Croke's reports,
 And special pleadings of the courts,
 Had veer'd about to bury dead,
 And 'gainst a pulpit run my head.
 Didst thou not promise then and there,
 (But promises are china-ware)
 Didst thou not promise, as I spoke,
 That you'd ere long your Muse invoke,
 And cloath'd in strong harmonious line,
 Send counsel to the young divine?
 Where of thy word then is the troth,
 Which I thought good as any oath?
 Or where that strong harmonious line,
 Bles'd by each sister of the Nine?

That whore we spake of i' th' beginning,
 Hath some excuse to make for finning:
 Her tongue and tail are taught deceit
 From her not knowing where to eat.
 The courtier too hath some excuse
 To think word-breaking small abuse:
 And 'midst the hurry, noise, and bustle,
 Of crowds, that at his levée jostle,
 No man can be in such a taking
 To see a little promise-breaking.

But what indulgence, what excuse
 Can plead for thee, or for thy Muse?
 For thee, on whom the sisters wait
 Pleas'd with the talk impos'd by S—; ;

Whom

Whom at his christ'ning they did dip
 O'er head and ears in Aganip ;
 For thee, at mention of whose strain
 Their winged courser courts the rein,
 Bounds e'en through Suffex-roads along,
 Proud of the burthen of thy song ?



Answer to the foregoing, 1731. By J. S.

— MY dearest boy,
 Apollo's and the prelate's joy ;
 You sharp rebuke came safe to hand,
 And speedy answer does demand.
 Your charge me home—our conscious Muse
 Wou'd fain say something in excuse.
 The promise made must be confess'd,
 But here, Sir — *distinguendum est.*
 A promise *broke* and one *delay'd*
 Differ as much as light and shade.
 By this distinction all your whores
 And courtiers I turn out of doors,
 And, by induction logical
 Prove, they affect not me at all.
 But if my logic be not good,
 I'll prove it from the word of God,
 Which serves to clear all sorts of cases,
 And wears a masquerade of faces.

When bloody-minded Jephtha swore,
 If he return'd a conqueror,
 He'd offer up in sacrifice
 What from his house first met his eyes ;
 And when his girl and only child
 Hasten'd to welcome from the field
 With pious joy her prosp'rous fire,
 Gaily dancing to the lyre ;
 The holy butcher understood
 His promise's performance good,
 Tho' for a year the virgin stray'd,
 And wept her unlost maidenhead.

Thus, Sir, you see we men of letters
 Can, like Jack Shepherd, cut our fetters ;
 When pinch'd, we file scholastic saw,
 And iron is no more than straw :
 The man is thought to have no brains,
 Who can't break loose, or bind in chains.
 Your *Sykes's* and your *Waterlands*
 Have nothing else upon their hands :
 They stand prepar'd with double tackle
 To fix, or to remove the shackle.

But, my dear boy, we'll only tye
 The filken bands of amity ;
 Or such as hock-tide boys and misses
 With laughter bind, and harmless kisses ;
 Indulge the free poetic measure,
 And mimic discord for more pleasure.

But

But after all these long preambles,
 In which our nag, at best, but ambles ;
 After our plea of mere delay,
 'Tis fit we think our debt to pay.
 Soon then as business will permit,
 We'll send you up another sheet,
 Full fraught with our most learn'd advice,
 In which we must be somewhat nice ;
 We'll rouse our thoughts, and take due time,
 And trifle not in dogrel rhyme ;
 But boldly whip the winged steed,
 And raise him to a nobler speed.

Quod dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu ?



By the Same.

ADAM alone cou'd not be easy,
 So he must have a wife, an't please ye :
 But how did he procure this wife,
 To cheer his solitary life ?
 Why, from a rib cut off his side
 Was form'd this necessary bride.
 But how did he the pain beguile ?
 Pho ! he slept sweetly all the while.

But

But when this rib was re-applied,
 In woman's form to Adam's side,
 How then, I pray you, did it answer?
 He never slept so sweet again, Sir.



C U P I D and C H L O E.

By the Same.

TO deck her bosom Chloë chose,
 Before all flow'rs, the blushing rose:
 It made her breasts more lovely shew,
 And added whiteness to their snow.
 The tender nymph, herself a bud,
 So much already understood.

But once, blest'd hour! she went to see
 The produce of the favourite tree.
 A large and tempting rose she found,
 Which spread its perfumes all around.
 It seem'd to court the virgin's hand,
 The virgin did not long withstand.
 She pluck'd—but O! a sudden pain
 Made her release the stalk again.
 The wound appear'd, her finger bled,
 And stain'd the rose with guilty red.
 The nymph, with pain and anger mov'd,
 Began to hate what once she lov'd;

She

She sigh'd, she wept, and stamp'd, and swore
She'd touch the odious tree no more.

When forth a little Cupid came,
T' appease the crying angry dame.
The angry nymph the God perceives
Struggling through th' intangling leaves :
When from his fragrant ambuscade
He thus accosts the weeping maid.

Cease, Chloe, cease ; and do not cry,
Nor blame the harmless tree—'twas I.
'Twas I, that caus'd the little pain,
And I—will make it well again.
My mother bad me do't ; and said,
This herb would ease the suff'ring maid.
Let it but to the place be bound,
'Twill stop the blood, and heal the wound.
But, Chloe, if so small a dart,
And in the finger, gives such smart,
What, madam——if I'd pierc'd your heart ?
Cease then to scorn my pow'r ; and know,
By what I've done, what I can do.

Here he assum'd an awful look ;
He nodded thrice, his locks he shook,
And mimick'd Jove in all he spoke.
With strenuous arm he twang'd his bow,
He shew'd her all his quiver too ;
This, says the God,—and this, the dart,
That wounded such and such a heart.

The

The virgin saw, admir'd, believ'd,
 And bow'd—the God with smiles receiv'd
 The adoration which she pay'd,
 And wav'd his purple wings, and left the wond'ring maid.

My Chloe still can shew the scar,
 And boasts the God's peculiar care.
 She loves and is belov'd again,
 Secure of pleasure, free from pain.
 I've seen the rose adorn'd with blood,
 Which from my Chloe's finger flow'd ;
 I've seen the sprig where Cupid stood.
 I saw his little fragrant nest—
 And Chloe told me all the rest.

}



The POET to his false Mistress.

By the Same.

WONDER not, faithless woman, if you see,
 Yourself so chang'd, so great a change in me.
 With shame I own it, I was once your slave,
 Ador'd myself the beauties which I gave ;
 Nor know, deceiv'd deceitful, that 'twas I
 Gave thy form grace, and lustre to thine eye :
 Thy tongue, thy fingers I their magic taught,
 And spread the net in which myself was caught.

T.

So pagan priests first form and dress the wood,
 Then prostrate fall before the senseless God.
 But now, curst woman, thy last sentence hear :
 I call'd thy beauty forth, I bid it disappear.
 I'll strip thee of thy borrow'd plumes ; undress,
 And shew thee in thy native ugliness.
 Those eyes have shone by me, by me that chin
 The seat of wanton Cupids long has been :
 Ye fires, go out—ye wanton Cupids, fly—
 Of ev'ry beam disarm her haggard eye :
 'Tis I recal ye ; my known voice obey—
 And naught of beauty but the fallhood stay.



On Mr. * * * *, Schoolmaster at * * * .

By the Same.

BE HOLD the lordly pedant in his school,
 How stern his brow, how absolute his rule !
 The trembling boys start at his awful nod ;
 Jove's sceptre is less dreaded than his rod.
 See him at home before the sovereign dame,
 How fawning, how obsequious, and how tame !
 Prosper, bright amazon, to thee 'tis given,
 Like Juno, to rule him who rules the heaven.

KAMBROMYOMAXIA:
OR THE
MOUSE-TRAP;

Being a Translation of

Mr. HOLDSWORTH'S * MUSCIPULA, 1737.

By * * * * .

THE *Mountain-Briton*, first of men who fram'd
Bonds for the Mouse, first who the tiny thief
In prison clos'd vexatious——fatal wiles,
And death inextricate——sing, heav'nly Muse.
Thou PHŒBUS, (for to Mice thyself wast erst
A foe, in antique lore thence SMINTHEUS † call'd,)
Inspire the Song; and 'mongst the Cambrian Hills

* *Of this translation Mr. Holdsworth declar'd his entire approbation in a letter, by giving it this short character, that it was exceedingly well done. See preface to a dissertation upon eight verses in the second book of Virgil's Georgics. 1749.*

† *A title of APOLLO, given him for freeing Smintha, a colony of the Cretans near the Hellespont, from Mice, which much infested them, OVID. MET. xii. 585. Α σμίνθηα, quæ Cretensium linguâ murem domesticum sign. AINSWORTH.*

Thy

'Thy Pindus choos'ing, smile upon the Muse,
Whom lowly themes and humble verse delight.

The Mouse, an hostile Animal, enur'd
To live by rapine, now long time had rov'd
Where'er his lust innate of spoil led on ;
And unaveng'd his wicked craft pursu'd ;
Long fearless, unaveng'd—All things on earth
Felt his fell tooth, while safe in nimble's need
Evasive, he in ev'ry dainty dish
His revels held secure. Nought was untouch'd,
But ev'ry feast wail'd the domestic foe,
A constant guest unbidden. Nor strong walls
His thefts obstruct, nor massy bars avail,
Nor doors robust, to save the luscious cates :
Through walls, and bars, and doors he eats his way
Contemptuous, and regales with unbought fare.

Thus wail'd the helpless world the general foe,
But Cambria most ; for Cambria's od'rous stores
Most stimulate the curious taste of Mouse :
Not with a taste content, or lambent kiss,
(The fate of common cheese,) he undermines
And hollows with reiterated tooth
Eatable Palaces.

The Nation saw,
And rag'd—Revenge and grief distract their minds—
What shou'd they do ? They foam, they gnash their teeth,
And o'er their pendent rocks in fury rove,
Restless with rage—for Nature prone to rage

The Cambrians form'd, and bade their fiery breasts
 Burst into sudden flame—that men would deem
 Their souls were with their fingers sulphur-ting'd.

It is decreed—Rage prompts them to revenge
 Unfated but with blood—Yet by what means,
 What art the cautious felon to ensnare,
 They doubt: for, Cambria, thy Grimalkin race
 Nor to the house defence, nor in distress
 So imminent, cou'd aught of succour bring.
 Oft had the Cat plac'd at the cavern's mouth
 The various ambuscade; as oft with paw
 Soft-silent creeping, near the hollow cell
 Kept wary watch—In vain—The little Mouse
 In little bulk secure, (advantage great
 Over a Giant Foe!) if chance he spy
 Her watching at his door intent on prey,
 Inward he flies, his serpentine recess
 Pursues, and caves impervious to Cat:
 Nor dares again thrust out his head in air,
 Nor form new fallies, till the siege be rais'd,
 And danger with the watchful foe withdrawn.

The Cambrians thus, (if Cambrians with the Mouse
 We may compare,) when Roman JULIUS fought
 To join the Britons to the world subdu'd,
 Eluded his vain toil.—To their retreat
 At once a nation vanish'd; in their rocks,
 Rampires impregnable, lay safe obscur'd
 'Mid circling ruin; and of conquest though

Despairing,

Despairing, to be conquerable scorn'd.
 Their long, unbroken lineage hence they boast,
 Their country unsubdued, and ancient tongue.

Thus did the Mouse, by custom tutor'd, oft
 Evade the hostile paw ; nor Cambria's sons
 Had hope from their confederate of the war :
 When strait, on th' utmost frontiers of their Land,
 Where now Menevia the shrunk honours mourns
 Of her divided mitre, of whose walls
 Half-buried but an empty name remains,
 Behold a Council summons'd. From each side
 See Nobles, Fathers, and the vulgar throng
 Of stench sulphureous, mix.

An ancient Sage,

Whose length of beard oft from his native hills
 The goat with envy ey'd ; his hands, his face
 With scurf of ancient growth encrusted o'er ;
 Broken with years, against a post reclin'd,
 (By Cambrian backs still shaken) in the midst
 Stood visible to all, and with deep tone
 These words precipitating, gutt'ral spake.

“ Of open war we treat not, but fly theft —

“ No foreign foe, but a too inmate guest

“ (That heavier evil) summons us to meet.

“ Still shall the bold insulter lord it thus,

“ The tyrant Mouse ? Rouse, awful Fathers, rouse ;

“ Ye, to whose breasts your country's good is dear,

“ By counsel end these horrors ; and if aught

“ Of hope remain, now lend propitious aid :
 “ So shall your glory grow, your names be known
 “ Immortal as CADWALADER's in fame.

He spake, and strait the fragments, mouldy scraps,
 Reliques of rapine, monuments of theft,
 High in their sight uprearing, rous'd their rage :
 Now thirst of dire revenge, now lust of fame
 Burns emulous, and fires each Patriot breast ;
 Each meditates to Mouse unheard-of fate,
 And ev'ry brain is hamm'ring on a TRAP.

But one 'bove all by th' honour-added name
 Of TAFFY fam'd, far more for wit renown'd :
 Cambria ne'er bred his peer, whether at forge,
 Or council ; Senator and Blacksmith He.
 Thus 'gan the Sage—“ Should Cheese, our Nation's boast,
 “ In Cambria be extinct, I fear our hinds
 “ Wou'd mourn their whole meals sunk, and Nobles grieve
 “ The honours lost, that crown'd the second course.
 “ Since then nor Cambria's courage, nor her cats
 “ Against the monsters can prevail, we'll try
 “ If this mechanic hand, if craft, deceit,
 “ Can aught advantage : *in a foe none asks*
 “ *If force prevail, or fraud,*”

Strait at this boast,

All fix on TAFFY their expecting eyes,
 All in glad murmurs speak their promis'd joy,
 Wait whence the bliss ; question, and burn to know.
 Scratching his head, (as British heads demand,)
 He ghastly smil'd, and strait with freer air

Proceeded

Proceeded thus—" When wearied, at the close
 " Of yester sun I gave my limbs to rest,
 " And slumber deep my eyes had quench'd ; a mouse
 " Bold, and pursuing, as I guess, the trail,
 " Which unconcocted Cheese recent exhal'd
 " From out my viscous jaws, stole down my mouth
 " Then discontinuous ; and reaching now
 " My very entrails, strait their crude contents
 " 'Gan gnaw, and through my throat ill-fortified
 " My yester's meal, alas ! triumphant drags.
 " When sudden rous'd from sleep, in his retreat
 " I 'twixt my teeth the felon snap'd, and bound
 " Vainly rebellious in the biting chain.
 " Instructed thus that Mouse might be enthrall'd,
 " New visionary prison-houses rise
 " In my revolving mind, and such restraints,
 " As the late captive of my jaws suggests.
 " By what mysterious laws the hand of Jove
 " Moves sublunary things ! By what hid rules
 " The chain of causes acts ! the Mouse himself
 " To us involuntary succour brings,
 " And for the wounds he gave himself prescribes.
 " Blush not by such a master to improve ;
 " *From foes to learn, honour nor right forbids.*"

These said, homeward he hies. Th' applauding throng
 Accompany his route, and to his toil
 Propitious omens beg. Each to his house
 Bends his swift course ; each to his *Lares* flies,

Glad harbinger of this expected birth
 From TAFFY's brain : and whilst they tell the tale,
 Whilst to the Gods for glad event they bend
 Of the great enterprize, the Mousing Kind
 (Prophetic instinct !) shew unwonted joy
 Gamesome ; and (if we credit Fame) beneath
 The matron's hand dances the embryo cheese.

TAFFY mean while with head, and hand, and heart,
 Plies his great work, with PALLAS' *aid divine*
The MOUSE-TRAP builds. A wonderful machine
 Now stood confes'd ; and form 'till then unknown
 The Tragi-comic edifice indu'd.

Now smile, sweet Muse, and to our sight disclose
 The infant fabric ; each particular
 Dilate, and join them in the finish'd pile.

Of oblong form twin planks of wood compose
 The base and roof ; a wiry palisade
 Fences each side, on whose small columns rais'd
 The fabric stands : th' insidious gate invites
 With friendly-seeming welcome ; but on high,
 Depending from a slender thread, the vast
 Portcullis threatens, to thoughtless Mice sure death.
 (Such is the thread of life, spun by the FATES
 To Mouse and Man—All on a thread depends.)
 Amidst the level roof shoots up a mast
 Erect, in whose cleft head a slender beam
 Transverse inserted plays, and on each side
 Extends its poised arms ; whose one extreme

Depress'd,

Depress'd, one equally the pendent door
 Exalts. Within, let through a slender bore,
 A wire depends that fluctuates with a touch ;
 The lower part is cramp'd into a hook,
 Tenacious of the bait ; while th' upper gripes
 Th' extremest handle of the treach'rous beam.
 But soon as e'er it feels the foe to 've touch'd
 The fatal food, the loosen'd portal frait
 Lets fall, and speaks the first attack reveng'd.

Things thus dispos'd, instant the pendent hook
 TAFFY with treason cloaths, and turns to death
 The very food of Mouse : but, that his cheese
 More fragrant may from far the Foe invite,
 Toasts the fell bait, and strengthens the perfume.

And now appear'd the memorable night,
 When on his bed TAFFY his limbs fatigu'd
 Reposing, near his pillow's downy side
 His Minion MOUSE-TRAP set, and all-secure
 In th' faithful centry, slumber sweet indulg'd.
 The frolic Mice, (a tribe audacious they)
 Safe in the covert of the silent night,
 Now sport abroad : when one, a leader Mouse,
 Of nose sagacious, born the Gods his foes,
 The hostile ambush seeks, led by the scent
 Of toasted cheese delicious. The Grate resists
 His swift career, and entrance first denies——
 But he, to suffer such severe repulse
 Indignant, round the wiry fortrefs scours,
 And crisps his nose, and with sagacious beard

A pass explores ; and enter'd now the lines,
 Impassable again, of all his wish
 At length possess'd, the deadly bait secures,
 Feasts on his ruin, and enjoys his fate.

TAFFY, whom strait the pendulous door, scarced rop'd,
 With sudden clap had wak'd, you might behold
 Now on his elbow prop'd, now from his bed
 Skipping triumphant, fir'd with thirst to know
 What new-come guest. *The Mouse ridiculous*
 Rages within, batters with front and foot,
 Proves with his head each wiry interval,
 And wears with raging tooth his iron hold.
 Driv'n to the toils so raves the Marfian boar
 Horrid, and shakes his waving bonds, the sport
 Of circling dogs ; he flings about his foam,
 And on his front erect the bristles stare.

The morrow came, and from her rocky heights,
 Precipitant, whole Cambria pours ; for strait
 In ev'ry ear the novel tale was rife——
 Nor wonder, for the Afs, his solemn wont
 Relax'd, nor mindful of his late slow pace,
 The mountain climbs more wanton than the kid :
 Thence with sonorous din from rusty throat,
 (The Cambrian Herald simulating,) thrice
 Thee, TAFFY, bray'd ; thrice told the public joy.
 Nor less the Owl ; (from that great Æra term'd
Cambria's Ambassador :) for through her towns,
 And utmost limits wand'ring wild that night,
 She scratch'd the windows with her ominous beak,

Grating harsh dissonance, and sung in shrieks
 The instant fate of Mouse. The lab'ring rocks
 Bring forth, and Pembroke's, and Mervinia's sons
 In swarms condens'd rush down; and whom the walls
 Of Bonium hold, and Maridunum fam'd
 For their prophetic bard, MERLIN; and whom
 Fruitful Glamorgan feeds, and he that drinks
 Of Vaga's stream, with the rough hardy clown
 Montgomery manures.—Then TAFFY, 'midst
 The crowded ring, his raging prey insults.

“ Vain are thy efforts——fix'd thy doom of death,
 “ On this my altar the first victim thou,
 “ To die with memorable blood the frame.
 “ No hope remains : thy flight these wiry posts
 “ Inexorable bar——Dread, wicked wight,
 “ The fate thy merits ask ; for these thy bonds
 “ Thou quit'st not but with life.”

The fatal words

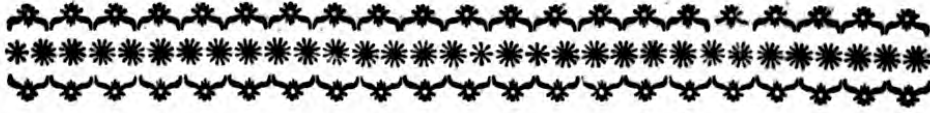
Scarce had he spoke, when from the sunny thatch,
 (Her wonted haunt, when with extended limbs
 She basks luxurious, winking in soft ease,
 Down leap'd the playful Cat.—Her swift approach
 The captive eyes, and pricks his ears, and stiff
 Brittles his gibbous back, nor dares attempt
 The portal now up-drawn; but his sole hope
 Of freedom only in his prison fix'd,
 With hooked talons grasps his bonds, and hangs
 Tenacious by his feet—At length he drops
 Out-shaken : instant to her prey the Cat

Flies

Flies rapid, and with rude embrace enfolds,
 And savage kisses on her struggling foe
 (Vain efforts !) cruelly imprints. No pause
 Her rage admits ; her sinuous-twirling tail
 Denotes the Victor's joy ; her body moves
 Agil in wanton frolicks, watching now
 Prone on the earth intent the destin'd Mouse ;
 His neck now lightly pats with hurtless paw,
 Dissembling love ; but ruminates the while
 To tear him limb from limb. The Moufer thus,
 Witty in tyranny, with various art
 Wanton barbarity enjoys : but now,
 Tir'd with the sportive mockery, no more
 Conceals her rage, but o'er her trembling prey
 Like the starv'd lion hangs, and growling tears
 His gory entrails, and convulsive limbs.

The circling crowd, soon as his hated blood
 Sprinkled they spy, fill with glad shouts the air ;
 And ECHO, tenant of the Cambrian hills,
 Their clam'rous joy repeats ; Plinlimmon's height,
 And Brechin with the loftier Snowdon join :
 To neighb'ring Stars the loud acclaim ascends,
 And OFFA'S Ditch rebellows to the din.

TAFFY, for ever live—Ev'n to this day
 Thy gift the Cambrian celebrates ; and Thee
 Commemorates each circling year. The land
 Grateful, its native honours to maintain,
 Each joyful head crowns redolent with Leek.



VERSES under the Prints of Mr. HOGARTH'S
Rake's Progress, 1735.

By the Same.

PLATE I. SCENE, *The room of the miserly father.*

O Vanity of AGE! untoward,
Ever spleeny, ever froward!
Why those bolts, and maffy chains,
Squint fufpicions, jealous pains?
Why, thy toilsome journey o'er,
Lay'ft thou in an ufelefs ftore?
Hope along with *Time* is flown,
Nor can'ft thou reap the field thou'ft fown.

Haft thou a fon? — In time be wife.

He views thy toil with other eyes. —
Needs muft thy kind, paternal care,
Lock'd in thy chests, be buried there;
Whence then fhall flow that friendly eafe,
That focial converfe, homefelt peace,
Familiar duty without dread,
Inftruction from example bred,

Which

Which youthful minds with freedom mend,
And with *the Father* mix *the Friend*?

Uncircumscrib'd by prudent rules,
Or precepts of expensive schools ;
Abus'd at home, abroad despis'd,
Unbred, unletter'd, unadvis'd ;
The headstrong course of youth begun,
What comfort from this darling son ?

P L A T E II. *The rake's levee.*

PROSPERITY (with harlot's smiles,
Most pleasing when she most beguiles,)
How soon, sweet foe, can all thy train
Of false, gay, frantic, loud, and vain,
Enter the unprovided mind,
And memory in fetters bind ;
Load *Faith* and *Love* with golden chain,
And sprinkle *Lethe* o'er the brain !

PLEASURE, in her silver throne,
Smiling comes, nor comes alone ;
Venus comes with her along,
And smooth *Lyæus* ever young ;
And in their train, to fill the press,
Come apish *Dance*, and swell'd *Excess*,
Mechanic Honour, vicious *Taste*,
And *Fashion* in her changing vest.

P L A T E III. *A brothel.*

O vanity of youthful blood,
 So by misuse to poison *Good!*
Woman, fram'd for social love,
 Fairest gift of pow'rs above ;
 Source of ev'ry household blessing,
 All charms in innocence possessing——
 But turn'd to Vice all plagues above,
 Foe to thy being, foe to Love!
 Guest divine to outward viewing,
 Abler minister of ruin !

And thou no less of gift divine,
Sweet Poison of misused WINE! *
 With freedom led to ev'ry part,
 And secret chamber of the heart;
 Dost thou thy friendly host betray,
 And shew thy riotous gang the way
 To enter in with covert treason,
 O'erthrow the drowsy guard of reason,
 To ransack the abandon'd place,
 And revel there with wild excess ?

P L A T E IV. *St. James's street where the rake is arrested.*

O vanity of youthful blood,
 So by misuse to poison *Good!*
Reason awakes, and views unbar'd
 The sacred gates he watch'd to guard ;

* *Milton.*

Approaching fees the harpy, *Law*,
 And *Poverty*, with icy paw
 Ready to seize the poor remains
 That Vice hath left of all his gains.
 Cold *Penitence*, lame *After-thought*,
 With fears, despair, and horrors fraught,
 Call back his guilty pleasures dead,
Whom he hath wrong'd and whom betray'd.

P L A T E V. *Marybone church, where he marries
 a rich old woman.*

New to the school of hard *Mishap*,
 Driv'n from the ease of Fortune's lap,
 What shames will Nature not embrace
 T' avoid less shame of drear distress !
 GOLD can the charms of youth bestow,
 And mask deformity with shew :
 GOLD can avert the sting of *Shame*,
 In Winter's arms create a flame ;
 Can couple youth with hoary age,
 And make antipathies engage.

P L A T E VI. *A gaming house.*

GOLD, thou bright son of Phœbus, source
 Of universal intercourse ;
 Of weeping Virtue soft redress,
 And blessing those who live to bless !
 Yet oft behold this sacred *trust*,
 The tool of avaritious lust :

No longer bond of humankind,
But bane of ev'ry virtuous mind.

What Chaos such misfise attends !
Friendship stoops to prey on friends ;
Health, that gives relish to delight,
Is wasted with the wasting night ;
Doubt and mistrust is thrown on HEAVEN,
And all its power to *Chance* is given.
Sad purchase of repentant tears,
Of needless quarrels, endless fears,
Of hopes of moments, pangs of years !
Sad purchase of a *tortur'd mind*
To an *imprison'd body* join'd !

P L A T E VII. *A prison.*

Happy the man, whose constant thought
(Though in the school of *hardship* taught,)
Can send *Remembrance* back, to fetch
Treasures from life's earliest stretch ;
Who, self-approving, can review
Scenes of past virtues, which shine through
The gloom of age, and cast a ray
To gild the evening of his day !

Not so the *guilty wretch* confin'd :
No pleasures meet his conscious mind ;
No blessings brought from early youth,
But broken faith, and wrested truth,

Talents idle and unus'd,
 And ev'ry trust of heav'n abus'd.
 In seas of sad reflection lost,
 From horrors still to horrors tofs'd,
Reason the vessel leaves to steer,
 And gives the helm to mad DESPAIR.

P L A T E VIII. *Bethle'm.*

MADNESS ! thou Chaos of the brain ;
 What art, that pleasure giv'st and pain ?
 Tyranny of Fancy's reign !
 Mechanic *Fancy* ! that can build
 Vast labyrinths and mazes wild,
 With rule disjointed, shapeless measure,
 Fill'd with *Horror*, fill'd with *Pleasure* !
 Shapes of *Horror*, that wou'd even
 Cast doubt of mercy upon heaven !
 Shapes of *Pleasure*, that but seen
 Wou'd split the shaking sides of *Spleen* !
 O vanity of AGE ! here see
 The stamp of heav'n effac'd by thee !
 The headstrong course of youth thus run,
 What comfort from this darling son ?
 His rattling chains with terror hear ;
 Behold death grappling with despair ;
 See him by thee to ruin fold,
 And curse *thyself*, and curse thy GOLD.



On the Friendship of two young Ladies, 1730.

By the Same.

HAIL, beauteous pair, whom Friendship binds
In softest, yet in strongest ties,
Soft as the temper of your minds,
Strong as the lustre of your eyes.

So Venus' doves in couples fly,
And friendly steer their equal course ;
Whose feathers Cupid's shafts supply,
And wing them with resistless force.

Thus as you move Love's tender flame,
Like that of Friendship, paler burns ;
Both our divided passion claim,
And friends and rivals prove by turns.

Then ease yourselves and bless mankind,
Friendship so curst no more pursue :
In wedlock's rosy bow'r you'll find
The joys of Love and Friendship oo.



CHLOE's unknown Likeness, 1738.

By the same.

I.

IN shape, in air, in face and voice
 The very ape of Chloe!
 Since I have fix'd for life my choice,
 'Tis well I do not know you.

II.

Yet witness, Love, I own the power
 Of this *ideal* maid:
 So much my Chloe I adore,
 I bow me to her *shade*.

III.

If idol-worship be a fault,
 Have mercy, Love, on me——
 Chloe's the goddess of my thought,
 Tho' Celia bows my knee.

IV.

Tho' the mock-sun amuse the sight,
 And more demand the view;
 We *wonder* at the *mimic* light,
 But only *feel* the *true*.

V. Forgive

[277]

V.

Forgive me, fair reflected shade,
That I suppress this flame :
Who can pursue th' ideal maid,
Bless'd in the real dame ?

VI.

Consult your mind, consult your glass,
Each charm of sense and youth ;
Then own, who changes is an ass,
Nor wonder at my truth,



The B I R D of P A S S A G E, 1749.

By the Same,

I.

GR O W N sick of crowds and noise,
To peaceful rural joys
Good Belmont from the town retires,
Miss Harriet seeks the shade,
And looks *the country maid*,
And artfully his taste admires.

S 3

II. Their

II.

Their sympathizing themes
 Of lawns, and shades, and streams,
 Were all they sung, and all they said,
 The music sweet he finds
 Of well-according minds,
 And loves the perfect *rural maid*.

III.

His honest pure desires
 Not fed by vicious fires,
 Suggest to speak his flame betimes ;
 But, scarce his passion known,
 This *Passage-Bird* is flown
 To warmer air, and brighter climes.

IV.

From shades to crowded rooms,
 From flow'rs to dead perfumes—
 The *season* calls—she must away.
 'Tis then alone she lives,
 When she in riot gives
 To *routs* the night, to sleep the day.

V.

He follows her enrag'd,
 And finds her deep engag'd
 At crafty *Crib* and brazen *Brag* :
 He hears her betting high,
 He sees her slur the die—
 He takes his boots, and mounts his nag.



VERSES said to be fixed on the Gate of the
LOUVRE at PARIS. 1751.

DEUX Henris immolés par nos braves ayeux,
L'un a la liberté, et Bourbon à nos Dieu,
Nous animent, Louis, aux mêmes enterprises.

Ils revivent en totoi ces anciens tyrans—
Crains nôtre defespoir—la noblesse à ses *Guises*,
Paris des Ravillacs, le clergé des Clements.

ENGLISH. By the Same.

OUR father's victims the two Henries see,
This to *religion*, that to *liberty*.
Louis, in thee, again the tyrants live,
Dread, lest our deep despair those scenes revive.
Paris nor yet a *Ravilliac* denies,
The *church* a *Clement*, nor the *court* a *Guise*.

LATIN. By the Same.

CIVILI Henricûm cecidit par nobile ferro,
Hic libertati victima, et ille Deo :
Dum priscos renovas iterum, Ludovice, tyrannos,
Nos renovare iterum facta priora doces.
Nos timeas læsos—*Guifos* dabit *aula* recentes,
*Claustra*que *Clementes*, urbsque *Rabilliacos*.

CHLOE resolved. A BALLAD,

By the Same.

Set to Music by Dr. GREEN. 1743.

I.

AS Chloe on flowers reclin'd o'er the stream,
She sigh'd to the breeze, and made Colin her theme;
Tho' pleasant the stream, and tho' cooling the breeze,
And the flowers, tho' fragrant, she panted for ease.

II,

The stream it was fickle, and hasted away,
It kiss'd the sweet banks, but no longer cou'd stay;
Tho' beauteous inconstant, and faithless tho' fair,
Ah! Colin, look in, and behold thyself there,

III.

The breeze that so sweet on its bosom did play,
Now rose to a tempest, and darken'd the day.
As sweet as the breeze, and as loud as the wind,
Such Colin when angry, and Colin when kind.

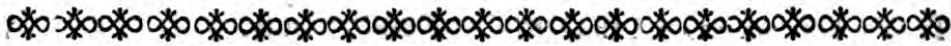
IV.

The flowers when gather'd, so beauteous and sweet,
Now fade on her bosom, and die at her feet;
So fair in their bloom, and so foul in decay,
Such Colin when present, and Colin away.

V.

In rage and despair from the ground she arose,
And from her the flowers so faded she throws;
She weeps in the stream, and she sighs to the wind,
And resolves to drive Colin quite out of her mind.

But what her resolves when her Colin appear'd?
 The stream it stood still, and no tempest was hear'd;
 The flowers recover'd their beautiful hue:
 She found he was kind, and believ'd he was true.



EPILOGUE to SHAKESPEAR's first Part
 of King HENRY IV,

A C T E D B Y

Young GENTLEMEN at Mr. NEWCOME's
 School at HACKNEY, 1748;

Spoken by Mr. J. Y. in the Character of FALSTAFF,

Push'd in upon the Stage by Prince HENRY.

By the Same.

A *Plague upon all cowards* still I say—
 Old Jack must bear the heat of all the day,
 And be the master-fool beyond the play—
 Amidst hot-blooded Hotspur's rebel strife,
 By miracle of wit I sav'd my life,
 And now stand foolishly expos'd again
 To th' hissing bullets of the critic's brain.

}

Go to, old lad, 'tis time that thou wer't wiser—
 Thou art not fram'd or an *epiloguizer*.

Here's

There's *Hal* now, or his nimble shadow *Poins*,
 Strait in the back, and lissome in the loins,
 Who wears his boot smooth as his mistress' skin,
 And shining as the glass she dresses in ;
 Can bow and cringe, fawn, flatter, cog and lye —
 Which honest *Jack* cou'd never do—not I.
Hal's heir-apparent face might stand it buff,
 And make (ha ! ha ! ha !) a saucy epilogue enough ;
 But I am old, and stiff—nay, bashful grown,
 For Shakespear's humour is not now my own.
 I feel myself a counterfeiting ass ;
 And if for *sterling* wit I give you *brass*,
 It is his *royal image* makes it pass. }
 Fancy now works ; and here I stand and stew }
 In mine own greasy fears, which set to view }
 Eleven buckram critics in each man of you.
 Wights, who with no out-faceings will be sham'd,
 Nor into risibility be *bamm'd* ;
 Will, tho' she shake their sides, think *nature* treason,
 And see one damn'd, ere — laugh without a reason.
 Then how shall one *not of the virtuous* speed,
 Who merely has a wicked *wit* to plead —
 Wit without measure, humour without rule,
 Unfetter'd laugh, and lawless ridicule ?
 'Faith ! try him by his peers, a jury chosen —
 The kingdom will, I think, scarce raise the dozen.
 So—be but kind, and countenance the cheat,
 I'll in, and swear to *Hal*—I've done the feat.



PROLOGUE to COMUS.

By the Same.

Performed for the Benefit of the General Hospital
at BATH, 1756 ;

And spoken by Miss MORRISON, in the Character of a
Lady of Fashion.

She enters with a Number of Tickets in her Hand.

WELL, I've been beating up for volunteers,
But find that——charity has got no ears.
I first attack'd a colonel of the guards——
Sir, charity——consider its rewards.
With healing hand the saddest sores it skins,
And covers—oh!—a multitude of sins.
He swore, the world was welcome to his thoughts :
'Twas damn'd *hypocrisy* to hide one's faults ;
And with that sin his conscience ne'er was *twitted*——
The only *one* he never had committed.

Next to my knight I plead. He—shook his head ;
Complain'd the stocks were low——and trade was dead.
In these Bath-charities a tax he'd found
More heavy than—four shillings in the pound.

What

What with the play-house, hospital, and abbey,
 A man was *strip'd*—unless he'd look quite shabby.
 Then such a train, and such expense to fit!
 My lady, all the brats, and cousin Kit—
 He'd steal, himself—perhaps—into the pit.

Old lady Slipflop, at her morning cards,
 Vows that all works of *genus* she regards;
 Raffles for Chinese Gods, card-houses, shells,
 Nor grudges to the music, or the bells,
 But has a strange *antiquity* to nasty *ospitels*.

I hope your lordship—then my lord replies—
 No doubt, the governors are—very wise;
 But, for the play, he—wonder'd at their choice.

In Milton's days such stuff might be the taste,
 But faith! he thought it was damn'd dull, and chaste,
 Then swears, he to the charity is hearty,
 But can't, in honour, break his evening party.

When to the gouty alderman I sued,
 The nasty fellow, ('gad!) was downright rude.
 Is begging grown the fashion, with a pox!
 The mayor shou'd set such housewives in the stocks.
 Give you a guinea! z—ds! replied the beast,
 'Twou'd buy a ticket for a turtle-feast.
 Think what a guinea-a-head might set before ye—
 Sir, mullet—turbot—and a grand John Dorey.
 I'll never give a groat, as I'm a finner,
 Unless they gather 't in a dish, at dinner.

I trust,

I trust, by art and more polite address,
 You fairer advocates met more success;
 And not a man compassion's cause withstood,
 When *beauty* pleaded for such *general good*.



EPIGRAMS from MARTIAL.

By the Same.

To JAMES HARRIS, Esq;

MARTIAL, BOOK IV. Ep. 87.

WOULDST thou, by Attic taste approv'd,
 By all be read, by all be lov'd,
 To learned Harris' curious eye,
 By me advis'd, dear Muse, apply :
 In him the perfect judge you'll find,
 In him the candid friend, and kind.
 If he repeats, if he approves,
 If he the laughing muscles moves,
 Thou nor the critic's sneer shal'st mind,
 Nor be to pies or trunks consign'd.
 If he condemns, away you fly,
 And mount in paper kites the sky,
 Or dead 'mongst Grub-street's records lye.

}

BOOK I. Ep. 11.

Curmudgeon the rich widow courts,
Nor lovely she, nor made for sports ;
'Tis to Curmudgeon charm enough,
That she has got a church-yard cough.

BOOK I. Ep. 14.

When Arria from her wounded side
To Pætus gave the reeking steel,
I feel not what I've done, she cried ;
What Pætus is to do — I feel.

BOOK III. Ep. 43.

Before a swan, behind a crow,
Such powdering did I never know.
Ah ! cease your arts — death knows you're grey,
And spite of all, will keep his day.

BOOK IV. Ep. 78.

With lace bedizen'd comes the man,
And I must dine with lady Anne.
A silver service loads the board,
Of eatables a slender hoard.
“ Your pride, and not your victuals spare ;
“ I came to dine, and not to stare.

BOOK VII. Ep. 75.

When dukes in town ask thee to dine,
To rule their roast, and smack their wine ;

Or take thee to their country-seat,
 To make their dogs, and blefs their meat ;
 —, dream not on preferment soon,
 Thou'rt not their friend, but their buffoon.

BOOK VIII. Ep. 35.

Alike in temper and in life,
 A drunken husband, fottish wife,
 She a scold, a bully he, —
 The devil's in't, they don't agree.

BOOK XII. Ep. 23.

Your teeth from Hemmet, and your hair from Bolney,
 Was not an eye too to be had for money ?

BOOK XII. Ep. 30.

Ned is a sober fellow, they pretend —
 Such wou'd I have my coachman, not my friend.

BOOK XII. Ep. 103.

You fell your wife's rich jewels, lace, and cloaths ;
 The price once pay'd, away the purchase goes :
 But she a better bargain proves, I'm told ;
 Still sold returns, and still is to be fold.

BOOK I. Ep. 40.

Is there, t' enroll amongst the friendly few,
 Whose names pure faith and ancient fame renew ?

Is there, enrich'd with Virtue's honest store,
 Deep vers'd in Latian and Athenian lore ?
 Is there, who right maintains and truth pursues,
 Nor knows a wish that heaven can refuse ?
 Is there, who can on his great self depend ?
 Now let me die, but HARRIS is this friend.



A very gallant Copy of VERSES, (but somewhat silly) upon the Ladies, and their fine Cloaths at a Ball.

By Mr. W. TAYLOR.

HAPPY the worms, that spun their lives away,
 T' enrich the splendor of this glorious day !
 Well pleas'd these gen'rous foreigners expire,
 A sacrifice to Beauty's general fire.

Oh ! had they seen, with what superior grace
 Beauty here triumphs in each lovely face,
 Their am'rous flames had their own work betray'd,
 And burn'd the web their curious art had made !

Another



Another on the same Subject, written with
more Judgment, but fewer good Manners.

By the Same.

HOW strangely doth the pow'r of custom rule,
And prejudice our wisest thoughts controul !
How does one country with contempt deride
What other nations count their chiefest pride.

Our European ladies think they're fine,
When in the entrails of a worm they shine ;
Yet laugh to see conceited Hottentots
Grow vain, tho' shining in far nobler guts.
In turgid pomp their strutting limbs are deck'd,
And unctuous splendour from their robes reflect :
The balmy gloss, which on the surface shines,
Regales the smell, and smooths the ladies' skins.
Richly, yet wisely dress'd ! for of the cost
They suffer not a remnant to be lost ;
But eat each tatter, as it wears away,
And sup upon the fragments of the day :
Frugal of time, at once they' undress and feed,
Gnaw off their cloaths, and put themselves to bed.
Their wedding garments prove their wedding feasts,
And the bride's fin'ry entertains the guests :

The eager bridegroom surfeits on her charms,
 And fills his belly, as he fills his arms.
 Justly may they condemn our foolish pride,
 Who only for the naked back provide ;
 And useless garments to the dunghill cast,
 Before they've through the hungry stomach pass'd ;
 Who well might purchase, had we their good sense,
 Both food and raiment at the same expence.

When will our wives and daughters be so good,
 Thus to convert their old cloaths into food ?

The BREWER'S Coachman.

By the Same.

HONEST William, an easy and good-natur'd fellow,
 Wou'd a little too oft get a little too mellow.
 Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer——
 No better e'er fat in a box, to be sure.
 His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses
 Took that care of their babes that he took of his horses.
 He had these——ay and fifty good qualities more,
 But the business of *tipling* cou'd ne'er be got o'er :
 So his master effectually mended the matter,
 By hiring a man, who drank nothing but water.
 Now, William, says he, you see the plain case ;
 Had you drunk as he does, you'd kept a good place.

Drink water ! quoth William——had all men done so,
 You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow.
 They're soakers, like me whom you load with reproaches,
 That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.



FEMALE CAUTION.

By the Same.

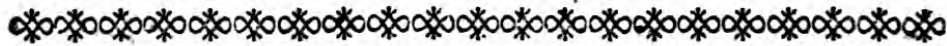
MOTHER Breedwell presented her husband each year
 With a chopping brave boy, & sometimes with a pair ;
 'Till the primitive blessing of multiplication
 Had fill'd the whole house with a young generation.
 But as they increas'd, so sorrow and care,
 Those primitive curses, put in for a share ;
 And the toilsome employment of mother and wife,
 Had hag'd the poor woman half out of her life.

To the doctor she goes with a pitiful face,
 And begs he wou'd give his advice in her case.
 She tells him her husband was wretchedly poor,
 And prays he'd consider her chargeable store,
 And prevent for the future her having of more.

As for that, quoth the sage, I've a cure never failing,
 Which neither Hippocrates thought of, nor Galen.

Look here—I present you this wonderful hose,
 Into which, ev'ry night when you bed with your spouse,
 Thrust both legs ; nor pull off the magical fetters,
 Till you rise in the morn about family matters.
 Observe but this rule, which I give you in charge,
 And your stock may diminish, but never enlarge.

Many thanks for your kindness, dear Sir, quoth the *dame*,
 (Here she drop'd him a curt'sie)—if it were not for shame,
 And for fear you shou'd think me too bold, I'd fain beg
 T' other stocking — and so have a hose to each leg :
 For if such rare virtue contain'd is in one,
 How safe shou'd I be, had I both of them on ?



ORTHODOX ADVICE.

By the Same.

QUOTH John to his teacher, good Sir, if you please,
 I wou'd beg your advice in a difficult case ;
 'Tis a weighty concern, that may hold one for life —
 'Tis, in short, the old story of taking a wife.
 There's a pair of young damsels I'm proffer'd to marry,
 And whether to choose puts me in a quandary :
 They're alike in age, family, fortune, and feature,
 Only one has more *grace*, and the other *good-nature*.

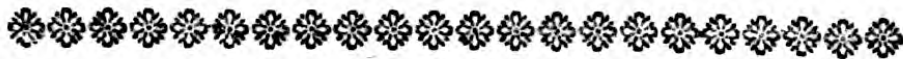
As for that, says the teacher, good-nature and love,
 And sweetness of temper are gifts from above,

And

And as coming from thence we shou'd give 'em their due ;
Grace is a superior blessing, 'tis true.

Ay, Sir, I remember an excellent farment,
 Wherein all along you gave *grace* the preferment.
 I shall never forget it, as how you were telling,
 That heaven resided where *grace* had its dwelling.

Why John, quoth the teacher, that's true : but, alas,
 What heaven can do is quite out of the case ;
 For by day and by night, with the woman you wed
 'Tis you that must board, and 'tis you that must bed ;
 And a *good-natur'd* girl may quickly grow *gracious*,
 But a four-headed faint will be ever vexatious.



H U L L A L E.

By the Same,

LONG time did a filly old proverb prevail, [ale ;
 That meat, drink, and cloth were all found in good
 'Till a lover of truth went on purpose to Hull,
 And to try an experiment drank his skin full.
 He began to see visions, his head it turn'd round,
 'Till off from his keffal he fell on the ground :
 There in trances profound our philosopher mellow
 Lay all night in the snow consulting his pillow.

Oracular vapours give prophecy birth,
 As Plutarch reports, springing out of the earth.
 Whether this was the cause, or however inspir'd,
 Our sage gave a sentence will be ever admir'd.
 'Twas this—I pronounce that good ale is good *meat*,
 For I find, I have no inclination to eat:
 That good ale is good *cloth*, you may honestly boast,
 For i' faith! I'm as blithe and as warm as a toast:
 But to call it good *drink*—is a lye, I'll be sworn,
 For I ne'er was so *dry* since the hour I was born.
 The *cloth*, cries a punster who chanc'd to come by,
 Must be a good *drap*, if it kept you so *dry*.

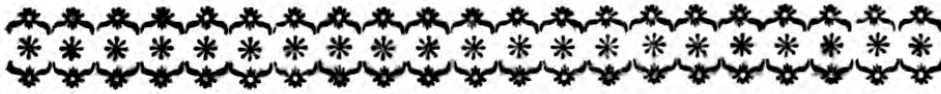


E P I G R A M.

By the Same.

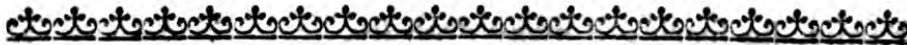
IT blew an hard storm, and in utmost confusion
 The failors all hurried to get absolution;
 Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd confes'd,
 Were transfer'd, as they thought, from themselves to the
 To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion, [priest;
 They tofs'd the poor parson soufe into the ocean.

ANOTHER,



A N O T H E R.

A Drunken old Scot by the rigorous sentence
 Of the kirk was condemn'd to the stool of repentance.
 Mefs John to his conscience his vices put home,
 And his danger in this, and the world that's to come :
 Thou reprobate mortal ; why, dost not thou know
 Whither, after your death, all you drunkards must go !
 Must go when we're dead ? why, Sir, you may swear,
 We shall go, one and all, where we find the best beer.



The M I S T A K E.

By the Same.

A Cannon ball, one bloody day,
 Took a poor failor's leg away ;
 And, as on 'his comrade's back he made off,
 A second fairly took his head off.
 The fellow, on this odd emergence,
 Carries him pick-pack to the surgeons.
 Z——ds ! cries the doctor, are you drunk,
 To bring me here an headless trunk ?
 A lying dog ! cries Jack,——he said
 His leg was off, and not his head.

A Fragment of CHAUCER,

By J. H. Esq;

RIGHT wele of lerned clerkis is it sed,
 That womenhud for mannis' use is made ;
 But naughty man liketh not one, or so,
 He lusteth aye unthirftily for mo ;
 And whom he whilome cherished, when tied
 By holy church he cannot her abide.
 Like unto dog which lighteth of a bone,
 His tail he waggeth, glad therefore y-grown,
 But thilke same bone if to his tail thou tye,
 Pardie, he fearing it away doth fly,



Upon an **ALCOVE**, now at **PARSON'S Green**,

O Favorite Muse of **SHENSTONE** hear !
 And leave awhile his blifsful groves ;
 Aid me this sweet alcove to sing,
 The Author's feat whom **SHENSTONE** loves.

Here the soul-harr'wing genius form'd
 His **PAMELA**'s enchanting story !
 And here divine **CLARISSA** died
 A martyr to our sex's glory !

'Twas

'Twas here the noble-minded Howe
 With ev'ry gen'rous passion glow'd ;
 And here the gentle Belford's eyes
 With manly sorrows overflow'd.

Here Clementina, hapless maid !
 With wild distress each bosom tears ;
 And here the lovely Harriet own'd
 A virgin's hopes, a virgin's fears.

Here Emily, sweet artless girl,
 Fills ev'ry breast with strange delight !
 And when we fear her early fall,
 Secures her conquest by her flight.

Here sprightly Charlotte's hum'rous wit
 Dispenses mirth to all around :
 But, ah ! we tremble, whilst we smile,
 Lest its fine edge herself should wound.

Here GRANDISON, to crown the whole,
 A bright exemplar stands confess'd !
 Who stole those virtues we admire
 From the great Author's glowing breast.

O sacred seat ! be thou rever'd
 By such as own thy master's pow'r ;
 And, like his works, for ages last,
 Till fame and language are no more.

The COUNTRY PARSON.

I.

BETWEEN the smooth descent of yonder hills,
 Deep in the vale with tufted trees beset,
 Whose antique roots are wash'd with brawling rills,
 Whose leafy arms the summer's rage defeat,
 There stands a country parson's calm retreat ;
 View well the silent shade with sober eye,
 And wonder at the courtier's swollen luxury,

II.

See to his garden's pale where close ally'd
 A decent church the neighbouring glebe commands ;
 Whose steeple's stock'd with bells, (the country's pride)
 Whose beams are wreath'd about with virgin bands,
 Wove on the bridal day by virgin hands.
 The surplice clean, and chancel newly whited,
 That with the good man's neatness all must be delighted.

III.

His house stands near, (this church's younger brother)
 Whose furniture shews housewisely, and neat ;
 A little garden runs from one to t'other,
 Stately in use, excluding useless state,
 In which a yew tree stands of ancient date :
 And near it rosemary climbs up the wall ;
 Or else imperfect were the rites of funeral.

IV. Him

IV.

Him liveth near in gentle neighbourhood

An heartsome friend, replete with bounteous love,
 Whose generous wine long time hath corked stood,
 (Not to avoid the taste but to improve ;)
 With him the good man's moments softly move,
 Nor yet compleat, if I shou'd leave untold
 The dame who of his joys sweet partnership doth hold.

V.

Well knows she when to govern, when obey,
 Vers'd in the rights and laws of womanhood ;
 Nor hath she too much wisdom to be gay,
 Nor hath she so much wit to be o'er-loud,
 Nor hath she so much beauty to be proud ;
 But chearful sense and decent mirth impart
 The sweet domestic joys of a well-natur'd heart.

VI.

Eight years hath heav'n possess'd them of a boy,
 Who loves a sister younger by a year ;
 And as they prank about, with silent joy
 They sit and smile upon the prattling pair,
 (Who two sweet roses on one stalk appear)
 And think upon themselves once fair and young,
 Before soft Cupid's golden bow became unstrung.

VII. Each

VII.

Each fun arifes fresh with sweet content,
 And leads them on a course of new delight ;
 With the fame joy the summer's day is spent,
 And o'er a chearful fire their winter night ;
 Such are their joys who spend their lives aright.
 Tho' seasons change no sense of change they know,
 Bat with an equal eye view all things here below.

VIII.

When th' amorous earth is woo'd with smiling weather,
 To wear the verdant mantle of the spring ;
 Forth walk the little family together
 To see the wood, and hear its natives sing ;
 The flow'rs sweet odours to their senses bring ;
 The world appears in blossom, far and near
 Joyful they view the purple promise of the year.

IX.

Summer beholds the good man near his bride,
 In sweet contentment smoking in his chair ;
 He views the flocks nibbling the mountain's side,
 And ev'ry tenth he reckons to his share ;
 Now to the hay field walk the happy pair,
 And with such kindness greet the country folk,
 The parson's bush is plac'd upon the biggest cock,



X. The

X.

The promis'd fruit now fills the teeming soil,
 And certain plenty all his doubts relieves ;
 The peach he plantèd pays his honest toil,
 The farmer brings him home his yellow sheaves,
 And his stuff'd barn the willing tax receives,
 His servants to his loaded orchards hye,
 To lay in liquid stores for future jollity.

XI.

When icy bands the stiffen'd wave enfold,
 Still is the parson with contentment crown'd ;
 The chearful blaze chaces the chilly cold,
 In circling cups all winter thoughts are drown'd.
 And no ill nature fends the laugh around ;
 Or in his study pent, thinks what to say,
 May touch, yet not offend the squire next sabbath day.

XII.

Thus, still in age the same, he journeys on,
 Till envious Fate o'ertakes him on the road ;
 For the calm pleasures of the holy man
 Claim not the madness of a youthful blood.
 For many winters thus serenely stood,
 Strong in its smooth decline, the sturdy oak,
 Till came from heav'n th' unfear'd and unresist'd stroke.



P L A I N T R U T H.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

AS Bathian Venus t'other day
 Invited all the Gods to tea,
 Her maids of honour, the mis Grace,
 Attending duely in their places,
 Their godships gave a loose to mirth,
 As we at Butt'ring's here on earth.

Minerva in her usual way
 Raillied the daughter of the sea.
 Madam, said she, your lov'd resort,
 The city where you hold your court,
 Is lately fallen from its duty,
 And triumphs more in wit than beauty ;
 For here, she cried ; see here a poem —
 'Tis Dalston's ; you, Apollo, know him.
 Little persuasion sure invites
 Pallas to read what Dalston writes :
 Nay, I have heard that in Parnassus
 For truth a current whisper passes,
 That Dalston sometimes has been known
 To publish her words as his own.

Minerva

Minerva read, and every God
 Approv'd — Jove gave the critic nod :
 Apollo and the sacred Nine
 Were charm'd, and smil'd at ev'ry line ;
 And Mars, who little understood,
 Swore, d — n him, if it was not good.
 Venus alone sat all the while
 Silent, nor deign'd a single smile.
 All were surpriz'd : some thought her stupid :
 Not so her confident 'squire Cupid ;
 For well the little rogue discern'd
 At what his mother was concern'd,
 Yet not a word the urchin said,
 But hid in Hebe's lap his head.
 At length the rising choler broke
 From Venus' lips, — and thus she spoke.

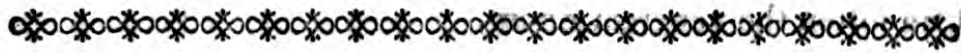
That poetry so cram'd with wit,
 Minerva, shou'd your palate hit,
 I wonder not, nor that some prudes
 (For such there are above the clouds)
 Shou'd wish the prize of beauty torn,
 From her they view with envious scorn.
 Me poets never please, but when
 Justice and truth direct their pen.
 This Dalston — formerly I've known him ;
 Henceforth for ever I disown him ;
 For Homer's wit shall I despise
 In him who writes with Homer's eyes.

A poem on the fairest fair
 At Bath, and Betty's name not there !
 Hath not this poet seen those glances
 In which my wicked urchin dances ?
 Nor that dear dimple, where he treats
 Himself with all Arabia's sweets ;
 In whose soft down while he reposes
 In vain the lillies bloom, or roses,
 To tempt him from a sweeter bed
 Of fairer white or livelier red ?
 Hath he not seen, when some kind gale
 Has blown aside the cambric veil,
 That feat of paradise, where Jove
 Might pamper his almighty love ?
 Our milky way less fair does shew :
 There summer's seen 'twixt hills of snow.
 From her lov'd voice whene'er she speaks,
 What softness in each accent breaks !
 And when her dimpled smiles arise,
 What sweetness sparkles in her eyes !
 Can I then bear, enrag'd she said,
 Sights offer'd to my fav'rite maid,
 The nymph, whom I decreed to be
 The representative of me ?

The Goddesses ceas'd—the Gods all bow'd,
 Nor one the wicked bard avow'd,
 Who, while in beauty's praise he writ,
 Dar'd Beauty's Goddesses to omit :

For

For now their godships recollected,
 'Twas Venus' self he had neglected,
 Who in her visits to this place
 Had still worn Betty Dalton's face.



Ode to Venus, from her Votaries of the Street.

By * * * * *

AR E these thy palms? oh queen of love!
 Pity thy wretched votaries! From above
 Behold them stroll, their bosoms bare,
 Chill'd with the blasts of rude St. Clement's air;
 And twitch the sleeve with fly advance:
 Roll the bright eye, or shoot the side-long glance;
 Whilst the chaste moon, with envious light
 Peeps thro' the curtain of the freezing night.
 Not thus when Horace hymn'd thy praise,
 You heard the Glyceras of happier days.
 Oh Goddess of love's pleasing pain!
 From thy own isle avert the frost, and rain;
 Nor let the little mouth inhale,
 (Bane to the teeth) a rough, unfriendly gale
 Or slender ancle white, and neat,
 Betray a splash from the polluted street.
 Look down with pity on the woes,
 That trace our footsteps, and our haunts enclose.
 For thee, we forfeit fair renown,
 Brave want and danger, orphans of the town;

For thee, sustain the cruel shock
 Of caustic Franks, and cicatrizing Rock :
 Happy ! if Hermes' timely care,
 The searching deity of here and there,
 Can soften the venereal doom,
 And keep awhile pale beauty from the tomb.
 But languid ! lifeless ! cold, and bare,
 Gone ev'ry tooth, and fallen ev'ry hair,
 A prey to grief, remorse, disease, —
 Ah ! Paphian Venus, faithless as the seas !
 Fir'd by thy spells, and magic charms,
 We guiltless virgins glow'd at soft alarms
 Embark'd with youth, and airy smiles,
 The graces, playful loves, and wanton wiles ;
 On pleasure's wave we loos'd the sails,
 Alas ! too credulous of flatt'ring gales ;
 For lo ! the heav'ns with clouds are spread,
 The graces, loves, with youth are fled,
 And leave the ship, an easy prize,
 Unrigg'd and leaky to th' inclement skies.



An EPIGRAM.

By the same.

I Dropt a thing in verse, without a name ;
 I felt no censure, and I gain'd no fame :
 The public saw the bastard in the cradle,
 But ne'er enquir'd ; so left it to the beadle.

A certain nobleman takes up the child,
 The real father lay perdue, and smil'd.
 The public now enlarges every grace,
 What shining eyes it has ! how fair a face !
 Of parts what symmetry ! what strength divine !
 The noble brat is sure of Pelops' line.



The POET'S IMPORTANCE.

By Dr. H * * *

THE glow-worm scribblers of a feeble age,
 Pale twinklers of an hour provoke my rage :
 In each dark hedge we start an insect fire,
 Which lives by night, and must at dawn expire ;
 Yet such their number that their specks combine,
 And the unthinking vulgar swear they shine.

Poets are prodigies so greatly rare,
 They seem the tasks of heav'n, and built with care :
 Like suns, unquench'd, unrival'd and sublime,
 They roll, immortal, o'er the wastes of time :
 Ages in vain close round and snatch in fame ;
 High over all still shines the Poet's name !
 Lords of a life that scorns the bounds of breath,
 They stretch existence and defy stern death.
 Glory and shame are theirs—they plant renown,
 Or shade the Monarch's by the Muse's crown :
 To say Augustus reign'd when Virgil shin'd,
 Does honour to the lord of half mankind,

So when three thousand years have wan'd away,
 And POPE is said t' have liv'd when GEORGE bore sway,
 Millions shall lend the King the Poet's fame,
 And blefs implicit the *supported* name.



TO POLLY LAURENCE, quitting the Pump.

BATH, January 1756.

S P I T E of beauty, air, and grace,
 With honour hast thou run thy race!
 In *sunshine* well thy part thou'ft play'd—
 Now, sweet Polly, seek the *shade*.

The prudent general, tho' beat,
 Reaps honour from a *good retreat*;
 But nobler thou, thy thousands kill'd,
 With *flying colours* leav'ft the field.

Let not retirement give thee spleen,
 Thy *sex's longing*——to be seen:
 But teach the vicious and the vain,
 Their pleasure's but refining pain.

Teach the gay by thy retreat,
 Eternal *giggle* is not *wit*;
 And the formal fool advise,
Prudery cannot make her *wife*.

Take with thee to thy private state
 Th' applauses of the *good* and *great*;
 The best reward below allow'd
 Of a conduct *great* and *good*.

ODE, to a LADY in LONDON.

By Miss C * * *

WHILE soft through water, earth, and air
 The vernal spirits rove,
 From noise, my dear, and giddy crowds
 To rural scenes remove.
 The mountain snows are all dissolv'd,
 And hush'd the blushing gale,
 While fragrant Zephyrs gently breathe
 Along the flowery vale.
 The circling planets' constant round,
 The wintry wastes repair,
 And still from temporary death
 Renew the verdant year.
 But ah! when once our transient bloom,
 The spring of life, is o'er,
 That rosy season takes its flight,
 And must return no more.
 Yet judge by Reason's sober rules,
 From false Opinion free,
 And mark how little pilfering years
 Can steal from you or me.
 Each moral pleasure of the heart,
 Each smiling charm of truth,
 Depends not on the giddy bud
 Of wild fantastic youth.

The vain coquet, whose empty pride
 A fading face supplies,
 May justly dread the wintry gloom
 Where all its glory dies.
 Leave such a ruin to deplore
 To fleeting forms confin'd ;
 Nor age, nor wrinkles, discompose
 One feature of the mind.
 Amidst the universal change,
 Unconscious of decay,
 It views unmov'd the scythe of Time
 Sweep all besides away.
 Fix'd on its own eternal frame
 Eternal are its joys,
 While borne on transitory wings
 Each mortal pleasure flies.
 While every short-liv'd flower of sense
 Destructive years consume,
 Through friendship's fair enchanting walks
 Unfading myrtles bloom.
 Nor with the narrow bounds of time
 Its beauteous prospect ends,
 But lengthen'd through the vale of death
 To paradise extends.

ODE to SPRING. By Miss F.

HAIL, genial goddess, blooming Spring!
 Thy blest return, O let me sing,
 And aid my languid lays:
 Let *me* not sink in sloth supine,
 While all creation at thy shrine
 Its annual tribute pays.

II.

Escap'd from Winter's freezing power
 Each blossom greets thee, and each flower;
 And, foremost of the train,
 By Nature, (artless handmaid!) drest,
 The snow-drop comes in lilly'd vest,
 Prophetic of thy reign.

III.

The lark now strains his warbling throat,
 While every loud and sprightly note
 Calls Echo from her cell.
 Be warn'd, ye fair, that listen round,
 A beauteous maid became a sound,
 A maid who lov'd too well.

IV.

The bright-hair'd sun with warmth benign
 Bids tree, and shrub, and swelling vine
 Their infant-buds display:
 Again the streams refresh the plains,
 Which Winter bound in icy chains,
 And sparkling blest his ray.

V.

Life-giving Zephyrs breathe around,
 And instant glows th' enamel'd ground,
 With Nature's vary'd hues :
 Not so returns our youth decay'd,
 Alas ! nor air, nor sun, nor shade
 The spring of life renews.

VI.

The sun's too quick-revolving beam
 Will soon dissolve the human dream,
 And bring th' appointed hour :
 Too late we catch his parting ray,
 And mourn the idly-wasted day
 No longer in our power.

VII.

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd fight
 Pursues, by virtue's constant light,
 A hope beyond the skies ;
 Where frowning Winter ne'er shall come,
 But rosy Spring for ever bloom,
 And suns eternal rise.



ODE to CYNTHIA. By the Same.

SISTER of Phœbus, gentle Queen,
 Of aspect mild and brow serene,
 Whose friendly beams by night appear,
 The lonely traveller to cheer ;

Attractive power ; whose mighty sway
 The ocean's swelling waves obey,
 And, mounting upward, seem to raise
 A liquid altar to thy praise :
 Thee wither'd hags, at midnight hour,
 Invoke to their infernal bower ;
 But I to no such horrid rite,
 Sweet Queen, implore thy sacred light,
 Nor seek, while all but lovers sleep,
 To rob the miser's treasur'd heap :
 Thy kindly beams alone impart
 To find the youth who stole my heart,
 And guide me, from thy silver throne,
 To steal *his* heart, or find *my own*.



O D E to a T H R U S H.

By Miss P * * *

SWEET warbler ! to whose artless song
 Soft Music's native powers belong,
 Here fix thy haunt ; and o'er these plains
 Still pour thy wild untutor'd strains,
 Still hail the morn with sprightly lay,
 And sweetly hymn the parting day :
 But sprightlier still, and sweeter pour
 Thy song o'er Flavia's favorite bower ;

There

There softly breathe the vary'd sound,
And chant thy loves, or woes around.

So may'st thou live securely blest,
And no rude storms disturb thy nest;
No bird-lime twig, or gin annoy,
Or cruel gun thy brood destroy;
No want of shelter may'st thou know,
Which Ripton's lofty shades bestow;
No dearth of winter berries fear,
But haws and hips blush half the year.



E. L E G Y.

I.

AH me! that restless bliss so soon should flie!
Still as I think my yielding maid to gain,
And flatt'ring hope says all my joys are nigh,
Officious jealousy renews my pain.

II.

When cold suspense and torturing despair,
When pausing doubt, and anxious fear's no more,
Some idle falsehood haunts my list'ning ear,
And wakes my heart to all it felt before.

III.

One treads the mazes of the puzzled dance,
With easy step, and unaffected air,
False rapture feigns, or rolls a meaning glance,
To catch the open, easy-hearted fair.

IV. Another

IV.

Another boasts a more substantial claim,
 For him fair Plenty fills her golden horn,
 A thousand flocks support his haughty flame,
 A thousand acres crown'd with waving corn.

V.

But I nor tread the mazes of the dance
 With easy step, and unaffected air,
 Nor rapture feign, nor roll a meaning glance,
 To catch the open, easy-hearted fair.

VI.

I boast not Fortune's more substantial claim,
 For me nor Plenty fills her golden horn,
 Nor wealthy flocks support my humble flame,
 Nor smiling acres crown'd with waving corn.

VII.

Say will thy gen'rous heart for these reject
 A tender passion, and a soul sincere?
 For tho' with me you have little to expect,
 Believe me, Sylvia, you have less to fear.

VIII.

Come, let us tread the flow'ry paths of peace,
 'Till Fate shall seal th' irrevocable doom;
 Then soar together to yon realms of bliss,
 And leave our mingled ashes in the tomb.

IX.

Perhaps some tender sympathetic breast,
 Who knows with Sorrow's elegance to moan,
 May search the charnel where our relics rest,
 And grave our mem'ry on the faithful stone.

X. " Tread

X.

“ Tread soft, ye lovers, o’er this hallow’d ground,
 “ Here lies fond Damon by his Sylvia’s side ;
 “ Their souls in life by mutual love were bound,
 “ Nor death the lasting union could divide.”

 A POEM to the Memory of THOMAS, late
 Marquis of WHARTON, Lord Privy Seal.

VAIN are these pomps, thy funeral rites to grace,
 And blazon forth thy long *Patrician* race ;
 These banners mark’d with boasted feats of old,
 And streamers waving with distinguish’d gold.
 Proud hieroglyphics ! where are darkly shown
 Thy brave forefathers merits, not thy own.
 Herald forbear ! these painted honours give,
 To names that only in thy paint can live.
 Thy colours fade near this illustrious clay,
 And all thy gaudy gildings die away.

See, * heaven displeas’d thy fond attempt upbraids,
 And claims the province thy bold hand invades ;
 Untimely darkness gathering round the skies,
 Blackens the morn to grace his obsequies.
 The sick’ning sun shines dim, and in the fight
 Of gazing crowds, resigns his waning light ;
 Mark how he labours with relapse of night !

* *The marquis was inter’d at Winchendon on the 22d of April 1715. The total eclipse of the sun happening whilst his remains were on the road, stobbed the procession.*

How his diminish'd face a crescent seems,
 Like Cynthia newly silver'd with his beams.
 But as in full eclipse his light expires,

Back to its source our gelid blood retires ;
 Chill'd with surprize, our trembling joints unbrace,
 And pale confusion fits on every face.

The bleating flocks, no more the shepherd's care,
 Stray from those folds to which they wou'd repair.

Home to his young the raven wings his way,
 And leaves untasted his yet bleeding prey.

While tow'ring larks their rival notes prolong,
 They drop benighted in their morning song.

Darkness and horror reign o'er earth and skies,
 And nature for awhile with WHARTON dies.

O! speak, refulgent parent of the day!

With beamy eye who dost the globe survey ;

Thou radiant source of wit's diviner fire !

Thou truest judge of what thou dost inspire !

Say, hast thou seen in any age, or clime,

Since thy bright race began to measure time,

So great a genius rise ? in ev'ry part

So form'd by nature, finish'd so by art ?

Such manly sense, with so much fire of mind ?

Judgement so strong, to wit so lively join'd ?

No prepossession sway'd his equal soul,

Steady to truth she pointed as her pole :

Convinc'd of varying in the least degrees,

Her pliant index she reclaim'd with ease.

Early

Early thro' custom's and prescription's yoke,
 Tyrants of weaker souls, his reason broke.
 Good sense revering from the meanest hand,
 He durst authority in robes withstand.

Determin'd always on maturer thought,
 Still by new reasons, to new measures brought;
 Firm, but not stubborn; thoughtful, not involv'd;
 Swift to perform what slowly he resolv'd.

No tempests rag'd within his peaceful breast,
 Where kindling passion, reason soon suppress'd.
 'Midst all events his firmness he maintain'd,
 Strugled with great, but flighter ills disdain'd.
 Thus what philosophers could only preach,
 His inborn virtue did in practice reach.

Nature design'd him master of address;
 None knew it more, nor seem'd to know it less.
 It work'd like magic on your yielding heart,
 Sure was the charm, but secret was the art.
 In human nature most exactly learn'd,
 The artful man he through his masque discern'd.
 With chosen baits that every temper take,
 He knew of knave or fool good use to make.

His easy breeding free from form and rules,
 That stiffen the civility of fools,
 Of various turn, for all occasions fit,
 Was squar'd with judgment, and well touch'd with wit.
 Free of access, from affectation clean,
 Great without pride, nor when familiar, mean.

Obliging

Obliging always with good-natur'd sense,
 Nor apt to give nor apt to take offence.
 Nor fond when kind, nor harsh when most severe,
 Betwixt extremes he justly knew to steer.
 In conversation wond'rous was his art
 To guard his own, and sift another's heart.
 To mirth and wit he led the chearful way,
 Reserv'dly open and discreetly gay ;
 Nor could the softest hour his secret soul betray.
 Bright as the youngest, as the oldest wife,
 In both extremes, alike he gave surprize.

In body active, yet his sprightly mind
 Within that body felt herself confin'd. —
 When thoughts important claim'd no longer place,
 Then building, planting, and the speedy race,
 Paintings, and books successive took their round,
 No blanks of time were in his journal found.
 Skill'd in the ends of his existence, he
 To be unuseful thought was not to be.

Polite his taste of arts, but vain was art
 Where nature had so greatly done her part,
 Through tiresome mediums we at truth arrive ;
 His easy knowledge seem'd intuitive.
 No copy'd beauties meanly form'd his mind,
 By heav'n a great original design'd.
 The seeds of science in his blood were sown,
 Born with philosophy, 'twas all his own. †

† *The poet design'd by this to cover the marquis's want of literature, for he studied men and the world more than books.*

Nor

Nor bribes nor threat'nings could his zeal abate
 To serve his country, and avert her fate.
 Firm to her laws and liberties he stood,
 Submitting private views to public good.
 Who could obsequious with the current swim,
 Whigs might be call'd, but tories were to him.
 Persons or parties he no longer knew,
 When swerving once from honest, just, and true.
 Oft has he stem'd the rage of impious times,
 When patriots virtues bore the brand of crimes.
 To check proud tyrants born, and factions awe,
 But most devoted to good kings and law.
 Twice his dear country was on ruin's brink,
 Resolv'd to save her, or with her to sink,
 His brave attempts successful twice he saw,
 Once in wise BRUNSWICK, once in great NASSAU.
 No bolder champion in religion's cause ;
 None fought more battles, nor with more applause.
 To arms he flew as danger press'd her home,
 And snatched the hopeless prey from France and Rome.
 But as from conscience pure, religion springs,
 He freedom press'd in unessential things.
 Coercive laws, he rightly understood,
 Might make men hypocrites, but never good.
 All genuine virtue is by nature free ;
 And will, when forc'd, no longer virtue be.
 Who justly would his eloquence declare,
 Himself must WHARTON'S fertile genius share.

Would

Would you conceive it? see how o'er the sands
Fair Thames advances where Augusta stands.

Gentle he flows, but with resistless force,
Not like the rapid Rhone's impetuous course;
Tho' deep, so clear are his transparent streams,
His bottom rising to his surface seems.

Full is his spreading current, but restrain'd,
And still within its flow'ry banks contain'd.

Alternate wealth his two extremes unfold,
Downwards he sends us bread, and upwards gold.

Flow, sweetest river! still thy course prolong!

Thus deep and clear, thus gentle full and strong,

That distant ages may the image see

Of WHARTON'S flowing eloquence in thee.

So shall no torrents soil thy crystal stream,

Thou patriot's emblem, and thou poet's theme!

Ye nobles who surround the British throne,

Reflect its lustre, and improve your own;

You who resemble, in rich robes of state,

That majesty august on which you wait,

Witness how often his decisive sense,

His wit, his art, and copious eloquence,

Have singly won the question to his side,

Made Oxford blush, and St. John drop his pride;

Whilst every ear was with his accents charm'd,

As every breast was with his ardour warm'd:

Faction was touch'd, and felt the secret force,

Dumb, and convicted, but without remorse,

Envy with rage contending in her face,
To see his triumph and her just disgrace.

Nor less in council did his weight appear,
The ablest statesman, as the brightest peer.
Thou mighty prince, who from perfidious power
Didst speed to save us in a timely hour ;
Whilst beauty join'd with valour form'd thy train,
To grace our court, and raise our martial vein ;
Whose rising beams made drooping Credit thrive,
Religion spring, fair Liberty revive ;
Say, if thy chosen ministers, who fate
With thee to guide the great machine of state,
A more consummate character could boast,
Than that which Britain in her WHARTON lost.

Oh ! had kind heaven (if prayers were not too late)
Another lustrum added to his date,
How would his head, his heart, his hand conspire,
To punish traitors as their crimes require ?
To crush rebellion, bridle factious rage,
And quell the monsters of an impious age ?
How would his bosom beat with joy to see,
Great GEORGE ! the British legend true in thee ?
To see thee o'er the vanquish'd dragon ride,
And free thy kingdoms from his rage and pride ?
Whilst peace and plenty spread their golden wings
Around the best of men, the best of kings,
And every tide shall waft into thy ports
Wealth from all lands, and homage from all courts.

But

But sov'reign heav'n, whose ways are ever wise,
 || Just drew the glorious dawn before his eyes;
 And for his happier son reserv'd the fight
 Of Brunswick's power in its meridian light.
 GEORGE shall in him prove honour, courage, truth,
 And find the father in the pregnant youth.

Thus the great leader of the Hebrew bands,
 Through opening billows and o'er burning sands,
 From Egypt's yoke, and haughty Pharaoh's chains,
 To Canaan's fruitful hills, and flow'ry plains,
 From Pisgah's height the promis'd land descry'd;
 More was forbid; he saw, rejoic'd, and dy'd.



PARAPHRASE UPON a FRENCH SONG.

By the late WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq;

*Venge moy d'une ingrate maitresse,
 Dieu du vin, j'implore bon yvresse.*

KIND relief in all my pain,
 Jolly Bacchus! hear my pray'r,
 Vengeance on th' ingrateful fair,
 In thy smiling cordial bowl,
 Drown the sorrows of my soul,
 All thy deity employ,
 Gild each gloomy thought with joy,

|| *He died a few months after the accession of GEORGE I.*

Jolly Bacchus! save, oh save
 From the deep devouring grave,
 A poor, despairing, dying swain.

Haste away,

Haste away,

Lash thy tigers, do not stay,
 I'm undone if thou delay.

If I view those eyes once more,
 Still shall love, and still adore,
 And be more wretched than before.
 See the glory round her face!

See her move!

With what a grace!

Ye Gods above!

Is she not one of your immortal race?

Fly, ye winged Cupids, fly,
 Dart like light'ning thro' the sky:
 Wou'd ye in marble temples dwell,
 The dear one to my arms compel,
 Bring her in bands of myrtle tied,
 Bid her forget, and bid her hide
 All her scorn and all her pride.
 Wou'd ye that your slave repay
 A smoking hecatomb each day,

O restore,

The beauteous Goddess I adore,

O restore, with all her charms,

The faithless vagrant to my arms.



THE
T O M B of SHAKESPEAR.

V I S I O N.

By JOHN GILBERT COOPER, Esq;

WH A T time the jocund rofie-bosom'd HOURS
Led forth the train of PHOEBUS and the SPRING,
And ZEPHYR mild profusely scatter'd flowers
On Earth's green mantle from his musky wing,

The MORN unbarr'd th' ambrosial gates of light,
Westward the raven-pinion'd Darknes flew,
The landscape smil'd in vernal beauty bright,
And to their graves the fullen Ghosts withdrew :

The nightingale no longer swell'd her throat
With love-lorn plainings tremulous and flow,
And on the wings of Silence ceas'd to float
The gurgling notes of her melodious woe :

The God of sleep mysterious visions led
 In gay procession 'fore the mental eye,
 And my free'd soul awhile her mansion fled,
 To try her plumes for immortality.

Thro' fields of air, methought, I took my flight,
 Thro' ev'ry clime o'er ev'ry region pass'd,
 No paradise or ruin 'scap'd my fight,
 HESPERIAN garden, or CIMMERIAN waste.

On AVON'S banks I lit, whose streams appear
 To wind with eddies fond round SHAKESPEAR'S tomb,
 The year's first feath'ry songsters warble near,
 And vi'lets breathe, and earliest roses bloom.

Here FANCY sat, (her dewy fingers cold
 Decking with flow'rets fresh th' unfullied sod,)
 And bath'd with tears the sad sepulchral mold,
 Her fav'rite offspring's long and last abode.

Ah! what avails, she cry'd, a Poet's name?
 Ah! what avails th' immortalizing breath
 To snatch from dumb Oblivion others' fame?
 My darling child here lies a prey to Death!

Let gentle OTWAY, white-rob'd PITY'S priest,
 From grief domestic teach the tears to flow,
 Or SOUTHERN captivate th' impassion'd breast
 With heart-felt sighs and sympathy of woe.

For

For not to these *his* genius was confin'd,
 Nature and I each tuneful pow'r had given,
 Poetic transports of the madding mind,
 And the wing'd words that waft the soul to heaven.

The fiery glance of th' intellectual eye,
 Piercing all objects of creation's store,
 Which on this world's extended surface lie ;
 And plastic thought that still created more.

O grant, with eager rapture I reply'd,
 Grant me, great goddess of the changeful eye,
 To view each Being in poetic pride,
 To whom thy son gave immortality.

Sweet FANCY smil'd, and wav'd her mystic rod,
 When strait these visions felt her pow'rful arm,
 And one by one succeeded at her nod,
 As vassal sprites obey the wizard's charm.

First a celestial form ^a (of azure hue
 Whose mantle, bound with brede ætherial, flow'd
 To each soft breeze it's balmy breath that drew)
 Swift down the sun-beams of the noon-tide rode.

Obedient to the necromantic sway
 Of an old sage to solitude resign'd,
 With fenny vapors he obscur'd the day,
 Launch'd the long lightning, and let loose the wind.

^a *Ariel in the Tempest.*

He whirl'd the tempest thro' the howling air,
 Rattled the dreadful thunderclap on high,
 And rais'd a roaring elemental war
 Betwixt the sea-green waves and azure sky.

Then, like heav'n's mild ambassador of love
 To man repentant, bade the tumult cease,
 Smooth'd the blue bosom of the realms above,
 And hush'd the rebel elements to peace.

Unlike to this in spirit or in mien
 Another form ^b succeeded to my view ;
 A two-legg'd brute which Nature made in spleen,
 Or from the loathing womb unfinish'd drew,

Scarce cou'd he syllable the curse he thought,
 Prone were his eyes to earth, his mind to evil,
 A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,
 The mongrel offspring of a Witch and Devil,

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient forest's bound,
 The flow'ry margin ^c of a silent stream,
 O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,
 And gilt by silver CYNTHIA's maiden beam,

On the green carpet of th' unbended grass,
 A dapper train of female fairies play'd,
 And ey'd their gambols in the watry glafs,
 That smoothly stole along the shad'wy glade.

^b Caliban in the Tempest.

^c Fairy-land from the Midsummer night's dream.

Thro' these the queen TITANIA pass'd ador'd,
 Mounted aloft in her imperial car,
 Journeying to see great OBERON her lord
 Wave the mock battles of a sportive war.

Arm'd cap-a-pee forth march'd the fairy king,
 A stouter warrior never took the field,
 His threat'ning lance a hornet's horrid sting,
 The sharded beetle's scale his fable shield.

Around their chief the elfin host appear'd,
 Each little helmet sparkled like a star,
 And their sharp spears in pierceless phalanx rear'd,
 A grove of thistles, glitter'd in the air.

The scene then chang'd, from this romantic land,
 'To a bleak waste by bound'ry unconfin'd,
 Where three swart sisters & of the *weird* band
 Were mutt'ring curses to the troublous wind.

Pale Want had wither'd every furrow'd face,
 Bow'd was each carcass with the weight of years,
 And each sunk eye-ball from its hollow case
 Distill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three staves they posted to the bourn
 Of a drear island, where the pendant brow
 Of a rough rock, shagg'd horribly with thorn,
 Frown'd on the boist'rous waves which rag'd below.

‡ *The witches in Macbeth.*

Deep

Deep in a gloomy grot remote from day,
 Where smiling Comfort never shew'd her face,
 Where light ne'er enter'd, save one rueful ray
 Discov'ring all the terrors of the place,

They held damn'd myst'ries with infernal state,
 Whilst ghastly spectres glided slowly by,
 The scritch-owl scream'd the dying call of fate,
 And ravens croak'd their baleful augury.

No human footstep chear'd the dread abode,
 Nor sign of living creature could be seen,
 Save where the reptile snake, or sullen toad,
 The murky floor had soil'd with venom green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow sound,
 Each *weird* sister vanish'd into smoke.
 Now a dire yell of spirits e' underground
 Thro' troubled Earth's wide yawning surface broke ;

When lo! each injur'd apparition rose ;
 Aghast the murd'rer started from his bed ;
 Guilt's trembling breath his heart's red current froze,
 And Horror's dew-drops bath'd his frantic head.

More had I seen——but now the God of day
 O'er earth's broad breast his flood of light had spread,
 When Morpheus call'd his fickle dreams away,
 And on *their* wings each bright illusion fled.

e Ghosts in Macbeth, Richard III. &c.

Yet

Yet still the dear ENCHANTRESS of the brain
 My waking eyes with wishful wand'rings sought,
 Whose magic will controuls th' ideal train,
 The ever-restless progeny of THOUGHT.

Sweet pow'r, I said, for others gild the ray
 Of Wealth, or Honor's folly-feather'd crown,
 Or lead the madding multitude astray
 To grasp at air-blown bubbles of renown.

Me (humbler lot!) let blameless blifs engage,
 Free from the noble mob's ambitious strife,
 Free from the muck-worm miser's lucrous rage,
 In calm Contentment's cottag'd vale of life.

If frailties there (for who from them is free?)
 Thro' Error's maze my devious footsteps lead,
 Let them be frailties of humanity,
 And my heart plead the pardon of my head.

Let not my reason impiously require
 What heav'n has plac'd beyond it's narrow span,
 But teach it to subdue each fierce desire,
 Which wars within it's own small empire, man.

Teach me, what all believe, but few possess,
 That life's best science is ourselves to know,
 The first of human blessings is to bless,
 And happiest he who feels another's woe.

Thus

Thus cheaply wife, and innocently great,
 While Time's smooth sand shall regularly pass,
 Each destin'd atom's quiet course I'll wait,
 Nor rashly break, nor wish to stop the glass.

And when in death my peaceful ashes lie,
 If e'er some tongue congenial speaks my name,
 Friendship shall never blush to breathe a sigh,
 And great ones envy such an honest fame.

E R R A T A.

Page 75. Line 11. *for forget read forgot.*
 76: 18. *for dark read dank.*



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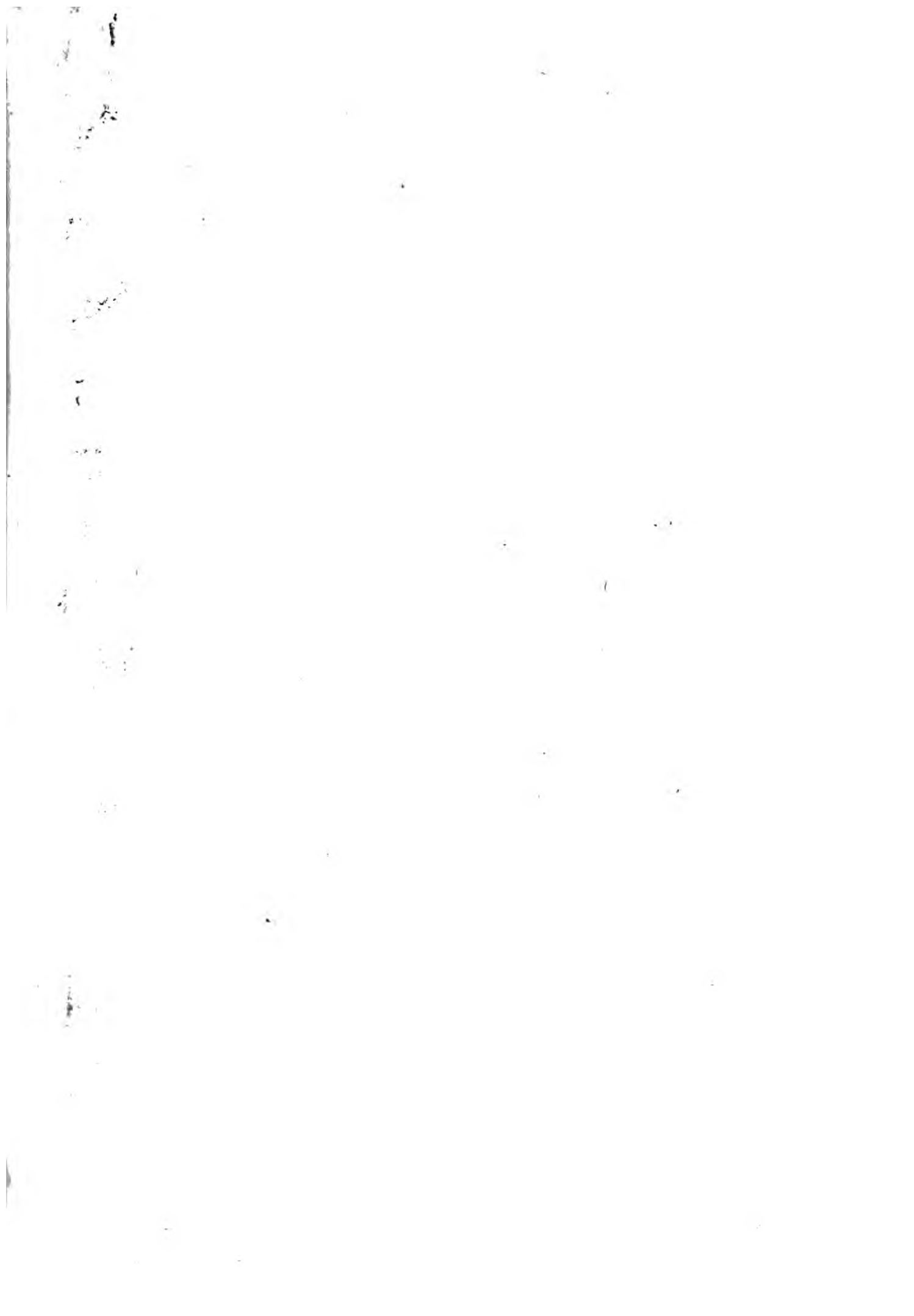
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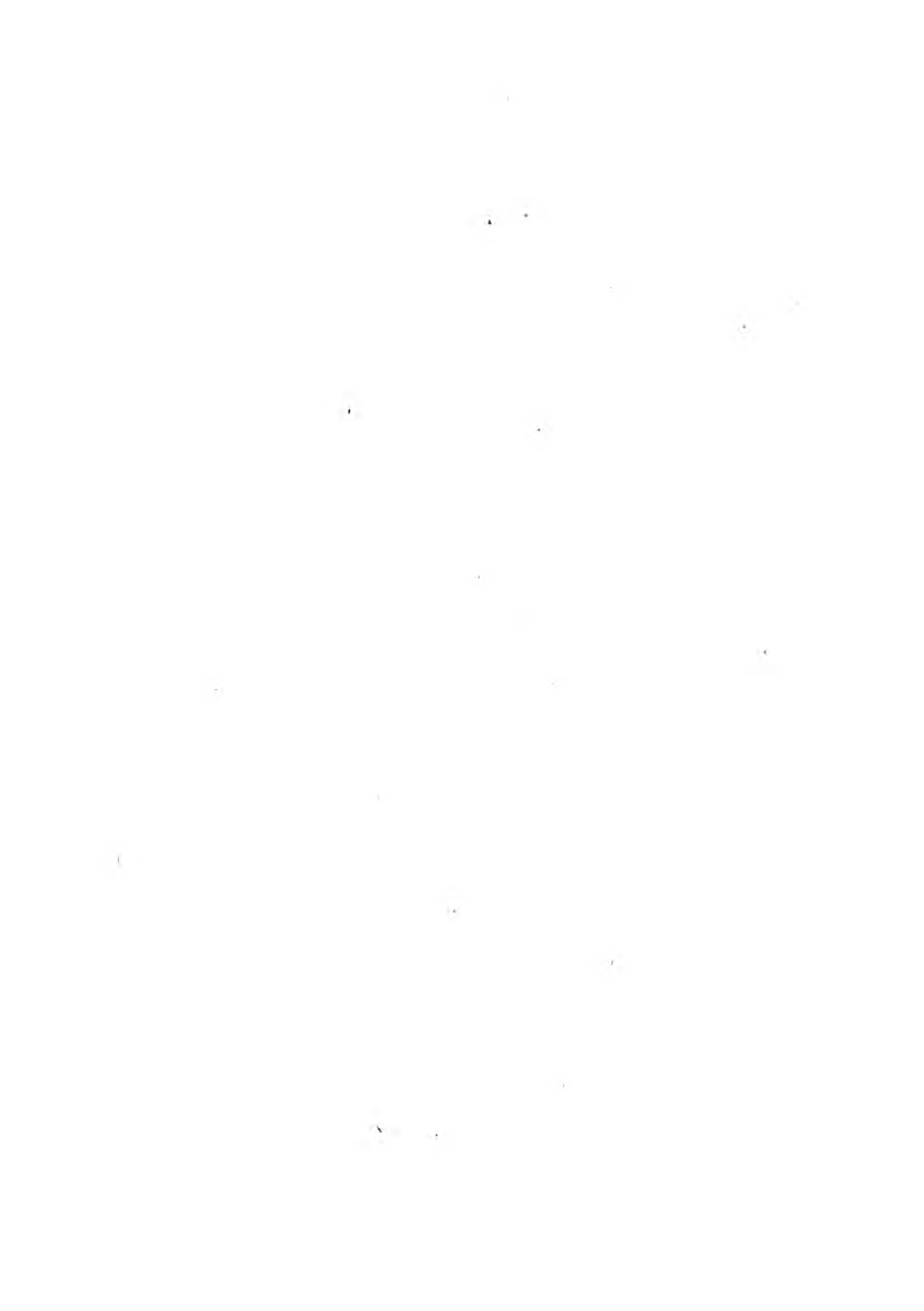
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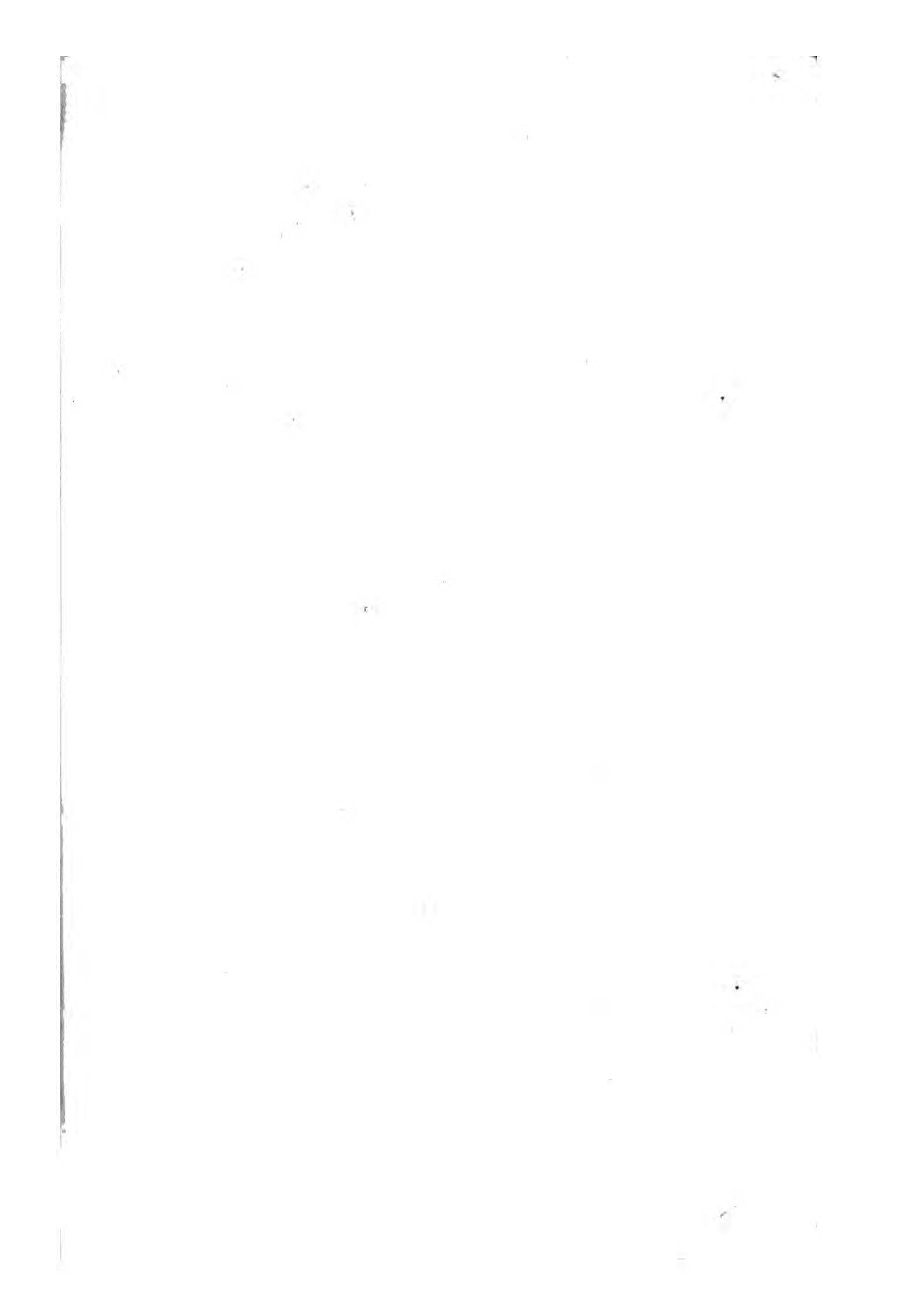
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