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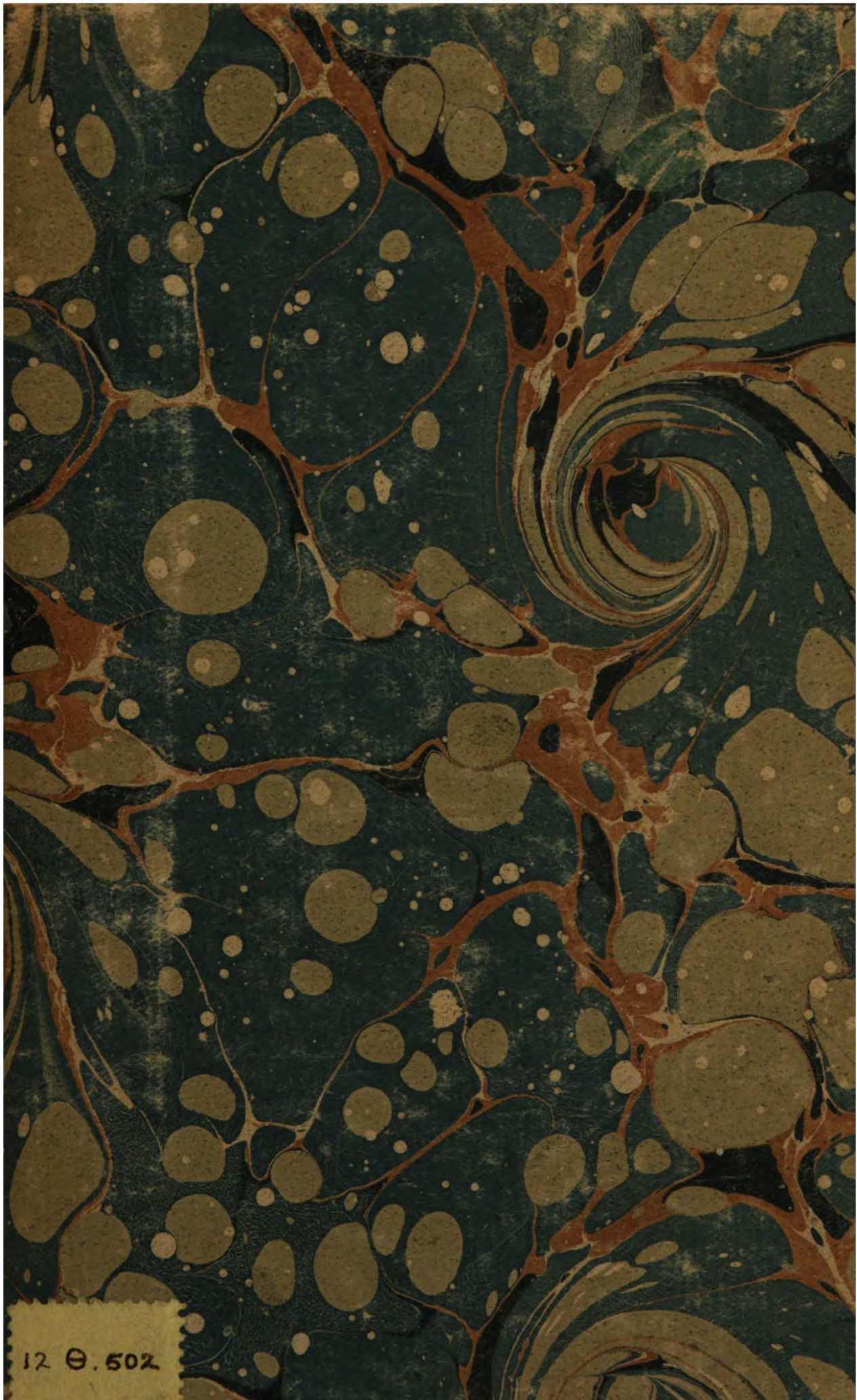
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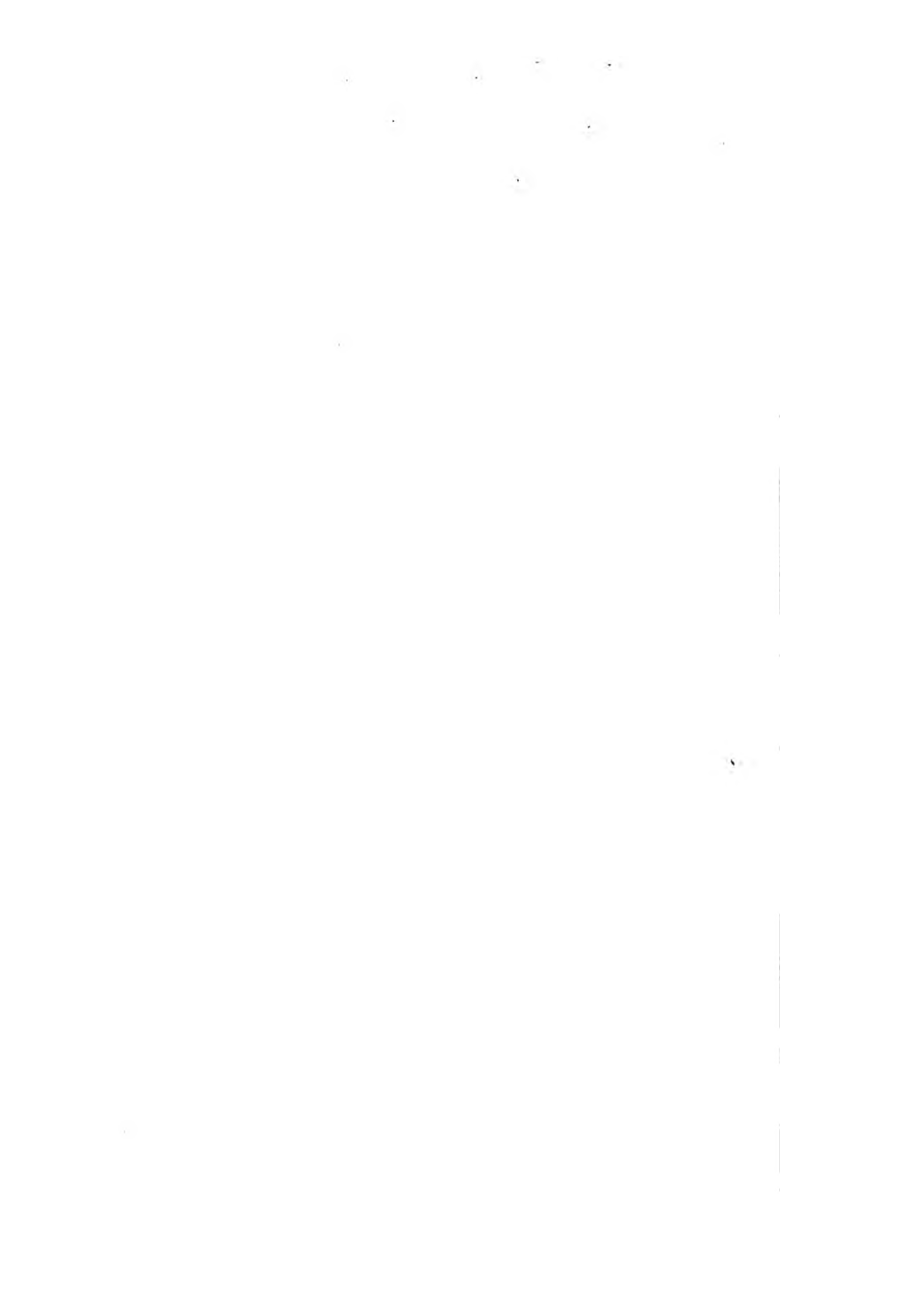


R. E. Gallorne-Handy
1924

1st edition of the book "The History of the County of York" by R. E. Gallorne-Handy

120 502







T W O

EPISTLES

By Mr. GAY.



REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS

By Mr. G. M. D.

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

T W O
E P I S T L E S;

One, to the

— Right Honourable

R I C H A R D

Earl of *BURLINGTON*;

The Other, to a

L A D Y.

By Mr. *GAY*.

L O N D O N,

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, between the
Temple-Gates. Price 6*d*.

EPICUREAN

Eighty

BY M. G. ...

... ..



... ..

BY M. G. ...

LONDON

Printed for
... ..



A N
EPISTLE
T O T H E
Right Honourable
T H E
Earl of *BURLINGTON*.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

M A

EPISTLE

TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

Earl of BURLINGTON.



A N
EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable the
Earl of BURLINGTON.

A Journey to Exeter.

WHILE you, my Lord, (Piles ascend,
bid stately

(Friend;
Or in your *Chiswick* Bow'rs enjoy your

Where *Pope* unloads the Boughs within his reach,

The purple Vine, blue Plumb, and blushing Peach;

I journey

8 *An Epistle to the Rt. Hon.*

I journey far. --- You knew fat Bards might tire,
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty Squire,

'Twas on the Day that City Dames repair,
To take their weekly dose of *Hide-Park* Air;
When forth we trot: no Carts the Road infest,
For still on *Sundays* Country Horses rest.
Thy Gardens, *Kensington*, we leave unseen;
Through *Hammer-smith* jog on to *Turnham-green*:
That *Turnham-green*, which dainty Pidgeons fed,
But feeds no more: for * *Solomon* is dead.
Three dufty Miles reach *Brandford's* tedious Town,
For dirty Streets, and white leg'd Chickens known:
Thence

* A Man, lately famous for feeding Pidgeons at *Turnham-green*.

the Earl of Burlington. 09

(Lanes;
Thence o'er wide shrubby Heaths, and furrow'd

(Stanes;
We come, where *Thames* divides the Meads of

We ferry'd o'er; for late the Winter's Flood

Shook her frail Bridge, and tore her Piles of Wood.

Prepar'd for War, now *Bagshot-Heath* we cross,

Where broken Gamesters oft' repair their loss.

At *Hartley-Row* the foaming Bit we prest,

While the fat Landlord welcom'd ev'ry Guest.

Supper was ended, Healths the Glasses crown'd,

Our Host extoll'd his Wine at ev'ry round,

Relates the Justices late meeting there,

How many Bottles drank, and what their Cheer;



What

10 *An Epistle to the Rt. Hon.*

What Lords had been his Guests in days of yore;

And prais'd their Wisdom much, their Drinking

(more.

And prais'd their Wisdom much, their Drinking

to show their Wisdom much, their Drinking

Let Travellers the Morning Vigils keep:

The Morning rose; but we lay fast asleep,

Twelve tedious Miles we bore the sultry Sun;

And Popham-Lane was scarce in sight by One:

The stragling Village harbour'd Thieves of old,

(Gold;

'Twas here the Stage-coach'd Lads resign'd her

That Gold which had in London purchas'd Gowns,

And sent her home a Belle to Country Towns.

(Wood:

But Robbers haunt no more the neighbouring

Here unown'd Infants find their daily Food;

For

the Earl of Burlington. II

For should the maiden Mother nurse her Son,

'Twould spoil her Match when her good Name is

Our jolly Hostess nineteen Children bore,

Nor fail'd her Breast to suckle nineteen more!

Be just, ye Prudes, wipe off the long Arrear;

Be Virgins still in Town, but Mothers here!

Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious Down,

And with the setting Sun reach *Stockbridge* Town.

O'er our parch'd Tongue the rich *Metheglin* glides,

And the red dainty Trout our Knife divides.

Sad Melancholy ev'ry Visage wears;

What, no Election come in seven long Years!

Of

12 *An Epistle to the Rt. Hon.*

Of all our Race of Mayors, shall *Snow* alone,

By Sir *Richard's* Dedication known?

Our Streets no more with tides of Ale shall float,

Nor Coblers feast three Years upon one Vote.

Next morn, twelve Miles led o'er th' unbound-
(ed Plain,

Where the cloak'd Shepherd guides his fleecy train,

No leafy Bow's a Noonday shelter lend,

Nor from the chilly Dews at Night defend;

With wond'rous art, he counts the stragling Flock,

And by the Sun informs you what's a Clock.

How are our Shepherds fal'n from ancient days!

No *Amaryllis* chaunts alternate lays!

the Earl of Burlington. 13

From her no list'ning Ecchos learn to sing,
Nor with his Reed the jocund Valleys ring:

(bend,
Here Sheep the Pasture hide, there Harvests

See *Sarum's* Steeple o'er yon Hill ascend;

Our Horses faintly trot beneath the heat,

And our keen Stomachs know the Hour to eat.

Who can forsake thy Walls, and not admire

The proud Cathedral, and the lofty Spire.

What Sempstres has not prov'd thy Sciffars' good?

From hence first came th' intriguing Ridinghood.

(Miffes,
'Amid * three Boarding-Schools well stock'd with

Shall three Knights Errants starve for want of kisses?

O'er

* There are three Boarding-Schools in this Town.

14 *An Epistle to the Rt. Hon.*

O'er the green Turf the Miles slide swift away,
And *Blandford* ends the labours of the day.
The Morning rose; the Supper Reck'ning paid,
And our due Fees discharg'd to Man and Maid,
The ready Ostler near the Stirrup stands,
And as we mount, our Half-pence load his Hands.

Now the steep Hill fair *Dorchester* o'erlooks,
Border'd by Meads, and wash'd by silver Brooks.
Here sleep my two Companions Eyes supprest,
And propt in Elbow Chairs they snoaring rest;
I wakeful sit, and with my Pencil trace
Their painful Postures, and their Eyeless Face;

Then

the Earl of Burlington. 15

Then dedicate each Glass to some fair Name;

'And on the Sash, the Diamond scrawls my Flame.

Now o'er true *Roman* way our Horses found,

Grævius would kneel, and kiss the sacred
(Ground:

On either side low fertile Valleys lye,

The distant prospects tire the trav'ling Eye.

Through *Bridport's* stony Lanes our rout we take,

And the proud steep descend to *Morcombe's* Lake.

As Horses pass'd, our Landlord robb'd the Pall,

And with the mournful Scutcheon hung his Hall,

On unadulterate Wine we here regale,

'And strip the Lobster of his scarlet Mail.

We

16 *An Epistle to the Rt. Hon.*

We climb'd the Hills, when starry Night arose,
And *Axminster* affords a kind repose.

The Maid, subdu'd by Fees, her Trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly Aid of Dowlas Smocks.

Mean time our Shirts her busy Fingers rub,

While the Soap lathers o'er the foaming Tub.

If Women's Geer such pleasing Dreams incite,

Lend us your Smocks, ye Damsels, ev'ry Night!

We rise; our Beards demand the Barber's art;

A Female enters, and performs the part.

The weighty golden Chain adorns her Neck;

And three gold Rings her skilful Hand bedeck:

Smooth

the Earl of Burlington. — 17

Smooth o'er our Chin her easy Fingers move,

Soft as when *Venus* stroak'd the Beard of *Jove*.

(Groves;
Now from the steep, midst scatter'd Cotts and

Our Eye through *Honiton's* fair Valley roves.

Behind us soon the busy Town we leave,

Where finest Lace industrious Lasses weave;

Now swelling Clouds roll'd on; the rainy load

(Road;
Stream'd down our Hats, and smoak'd along the

When (O blest sight!) a friendly Sign we spy'd,

Our Spurs are slacken'd from the Horses side;

For sure a civil Host the House commands,

Upon whose Sign this courteous Motto stands:



C

This

18 *An Epistle to the Rt. Hon.*

This is the ancient Hand, and eke the Pen ;

Here is for Horses Hay, and Meat for Men.

How Rhyme would flourish, did each Son of Fame

Know his own Genius, and direct his Flame !

Then he, that could not Epic Flights rehearse,

Might sweetly mourn in Elegiac Verse.

But were his Muse for Elegy unfit,

Perhaps a Distich might not strain his Wit ;

If Epigram offend, his harmless Lines

Might in gold Letters swing on Ale-house signs.

Then *Hobbinol* might propagate his Bays,

And *Tuttle-fields* record his simple Lays ;

Where

the Earl of Burlington. 19

Where Rhymes like these might lure the Nurses ^{(Eyes;}
While gaping Infants squawl for farthing Pies.
Treat here, ye Shepherds blithe, your Damsels sweet;
For Pies and Cheesecakes are for Damsels meet.
Then *Maurus* in his proper Sphere might shine;
And these proud numbers grace great *William's* sign;
* *This is the Man, this the Nassovian, whom*
I nam'd the brave Deliverer to come.
But now the driving Gales suspend the Rain;
We mount our Steeds, and *Devon's* City gain;
Hail, happy native Land! --- But I forbear,
What other Counties must with envy hear.

* Prince Arthur, Book 5.

The History of Burlington. 19

Where Rhymes like those might lure the Nudes
(Eyes)

While gaping Infants pawl for furching Pies.

Treat here, ye Shepherds bitter, your Danfels fozot;

For Pies and Cheesecakes are for Danfels meet.

Then Mamma in his proper Sphere might shine

And these proud numbers give to great William's Line

* This is the Man, this the Nation's Patron

I want'd the brave Deliver to come.

But now the driving Gales subvert the Rain

We mount our Steeds, and Down's City

Hail, happy native Land! — But I forbear

What other O'erflowing Truth will any hear.

* From Anon. Vol. 1.

AN
EPISTLE
TO A
LADY,
Occasion'd by the
ARRIVAL
OF
Her ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCESS of *WALES*.

The FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON,
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A

EPISTLE

TO

LADY

OF

ARRIVA

OR

THE

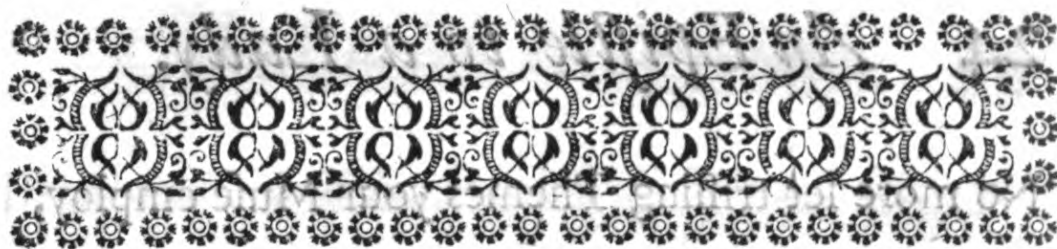
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A N
EPISTLE
T O A
L A D Y.

Occasion'd by the Arrival of Her
ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM, to all your Censures I submit,
(have writ:
And frankly own I should long since

You told me, Silence would be thought a Crime,
And kindly strove to teaze me into Rhyme:

24 *An Epistle to a Lady.*

No more let trifling Themes your Muse employ,

Nor lavish Verse to paint a female Toy;

No more on Plains with rural Damsels sport,

But sing the Glories of the *British* Court.

By your Commands and Inclination sway'd,

I call'd th' unwilling Muses to my Aid;

Resolv'd to write, the noble Theme I chose,

And to the Princess thus the Poem rose.

Aid me, bright Phœbus; aid, ye Sacred Nine;

Exalt my Genius, and my Verse refine.

My Strains with Carolina's Name I grace;

The Lovely Parent of our Royal Race.

Breathe

An Epistle to a Lady. 25

Breathe soft, ye *Winds*, ye *Waves* in silence sleep;
Let prosp'rous Breezes wanton o'er the Deep,
Swell the white Sails, and with the Streamers play,
To waft her gently o'er the watry Way.

Here I to *Neptune* form'd a pompous Pray'r,
To rein the Winds, and guard the Royal Fair;
Bid the blue *Tritons* found their twisted Shells,
And call'd the *Nereids* from their pearly Cells.

Thus my warm Zeal had drawn the Muse along,
Yet knew no Method to conduct her Song:
I then resolv'd some Model to pursue,
Perus'd *French Criticks*, and began anew.

Long

26 *An Epistle to a Lady.*

Long open Panegyrick drags at best,

And Praise is only Praise when well address'd.

Strait, *Horace* for some lucky Ode I fought:

'And all along I trac'd him Thought by Thought:

This new Performance to a Friend I show'd,

For shame, says he, what, imitate an Ode!

I'd rather Ballads write, and *Grubstreet* Lays,

Than pillage *Cæsar* for my Patron's Praise:

One common Fate all Imitators share,

To save Mince-Pyes, and cap the Grocer's Ware.

Vex'd at the Charge, I to the flames commit

(Wit;
Rhymes, Similies, Lord's Names, and Ends of

In

An Epistle to a Lady. 27

In blotted Stanza's Scraps of Odes expire,
And Fustian mounts in Pyramids of Fire.

Ladies, to you I next inscrib'd my Lay,
And writ a Letter in familiar Way:
For still impatient till the Princess came,
You from Description wish'd to know the Dame.
Each Day my pleasing Labour larger grew,
For still new Graces open'd to my View.
Twelve Lines ran on to introduce the Theme,
And then I thus purfu'd the growing Scheme.

*Beauty and Wit were sure by Nature join'd,
And Charms are Emanations of the Mind;*

The

28 *An Epistle to a Lady.*

The Soul transpiercing through the shining Frame,

Forms all the Graces of the Princely Dame

Benevolence her Conversation guides,

Smiles on her Cheek, and in her Eye resides,

Such Harmony upon her Tongue is found,

As softens English to Italian Sound:

Yet in those Sounds such Sentiments appear,

As charm the Judgment, while they sooth the Ear,

For still new Graces open'd to my View.

Religion's cheerful Flame her Bosom warms

Calms all her Hours, and brightens all her Charms

Henceforth, ye Fair, at Chappel mind your Pray'rs,

Nor catch your Lovers Eyes with artful Airs

And Charm the Emulation of the Mind;
Re-

An Epistle to a Lady. 29

Restrain your Looks, kneel more, and whisper less,

Nor most devoutly criticize on Dress.

From Her form all your Characters of Life,

The tender Mother, and the faithful Wife.

Of late I seen her little Infant Train,

The lovely Promise of a future Reign;

Observ'd with pleasure ev'ry dawning Grace,

And all the Mother op'ning in their Face:

The Son shall add new Honours to the Line;

And early with Paternal Virtues shine,

When he the Tale of Audenard repeats,

His little Heart with Emulation beats;

With

30 *An Epistle to a Lady.*

*With Conquests yet to come his Bosom glows,
He dreams of Triumphs and of vanquish'd Foes,
Each Year with Arts shall store his rip'ning Brain,
And from his Grandfire he shall learn to reign.*

*(Gales)
Thus far I'd gone: The Wind with prosperous
Now bids the Sailor hoist the swelling Sails.
Fair Carolina lands; the Cannon's Sound
White Albion's Cliffs from shore to shore rebound.
Behold the bright Original appear,
All Praise is faint when Carolina's near.
Thus to the Nation's Joy, but Poet's Cost,
The Princess came, and my new Plan was lost.*

Since

An Epistle to a Lady. 31

Since all my Schemes were baulk'd, my last Re-^{(fort,}
I left the Muses to frequent the Court;
Pensive each Night, from Room to Room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd;
Enquir'd what News, or such a Lady's Name,
And did the next day, and the next, the same.
Places, I found, were daily giv'n away,
And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd *Gay*.
I ask'd a Friend what Method to pursue;
He cry'd, I want a Place as well as you.
Another ask'd me, why I had not writ:
A Poet owes his Fortune to his Wit.

Strait

32 *An Epistle to a Lady.*

Strait I reply'd, With what a courtly Grace,
Flows easy Verse from him that has a Place!
Had *Virgil* ne'er at Court improv'd his Strains,
He still had sung of Flocks and homely Swains;
'And had not *Horace* sweet Preferment found,
The *Roman* Lyre had never learnt to sound.

Once Ladies fair in homely Guise I sung,

(rung,
And with their Names wild Woods and Mountains
Oh, teach me now to strike a softer Strain!

The Court refines the Language of the Plain.

You must, cries one, the Ministry rehearse,
'And with each Patriot's Name prolong your Verse.

But

An Epistle to a Lady. 33

But sure this Truth to Poets should be known,
That praising all alike, is praising none.

'Another told me, if I wish'd Success,
To some distinguish'd Lord I must address;
One whose high Virtues speak his noble Blood;
One always zealous for his Country's Good;
Where Valour and strong Eloquence unite,
In Council cautious, resolute in Fight;
Whose gen'rous Temper prompts him to defend,
'And patronize the Man that wants a Friend.
You have, 'tis true, the noble Patron shown;
But I, alas! am to *Argyle* unknown.

D



Still

34 *An Epistle to a Lady.*

Still ev'ry one I met in this agreed,
That Writing was my Method to succeed ;
But now Preferments so possess'd my Brain,
That scarce I could produce a single Strain :
Indeed I sometimes hammer'd out a Line,
Without Connection as without Design.
One Morn upon the Princess this I writ,
An Epigram that boasts more Truth than Wit.

*The Pomp of Titles easy Faith might shake,
She scorn'd an Empire for Religion's sake :
For this, on Earth, the British Crown is giv'n,
And an Immortal Crown decreed in Heav'n.*

Again.

An Epistle to a Lady. 35

Again, while GEORGE's Virtues rais'd my
(Thought,

The following Lines prophetick Fancy wrought,

*Methinks I see some Bard, whose heav'nly Rage
Shall rise in Song, and warm a future Age;
Look back through Time, and, rapt in wonder, trace
The glorious Series of the Brunswick Race.*

*From the first GEORGE these Godlike Kings
(descend,
A Line which only with the World shall end.
The next a gen'rous Prince renown'd in Arms,
And bless'd, long bless'd in Carolina's Charms;*

From

36 *An Epistle to a Lady.*

From These the rest. 'Tis thus secure in Peace,

We plow the Fields, and reap the Year's Increase;

Now Commerce, wealthy Goddess, rears her Head,

And bids Britannia's Fleets their Canvass spread;

Unnumber'd Ships the peopled Ocean hide,

And Wealth returns with each revolving Tide.

Here paus'd the sullen Muse, in haste I dress'd,

And through the Croud of needy Courtiers (press'd;

Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see,

Those Eyes that glad a Nation, shine on me.

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