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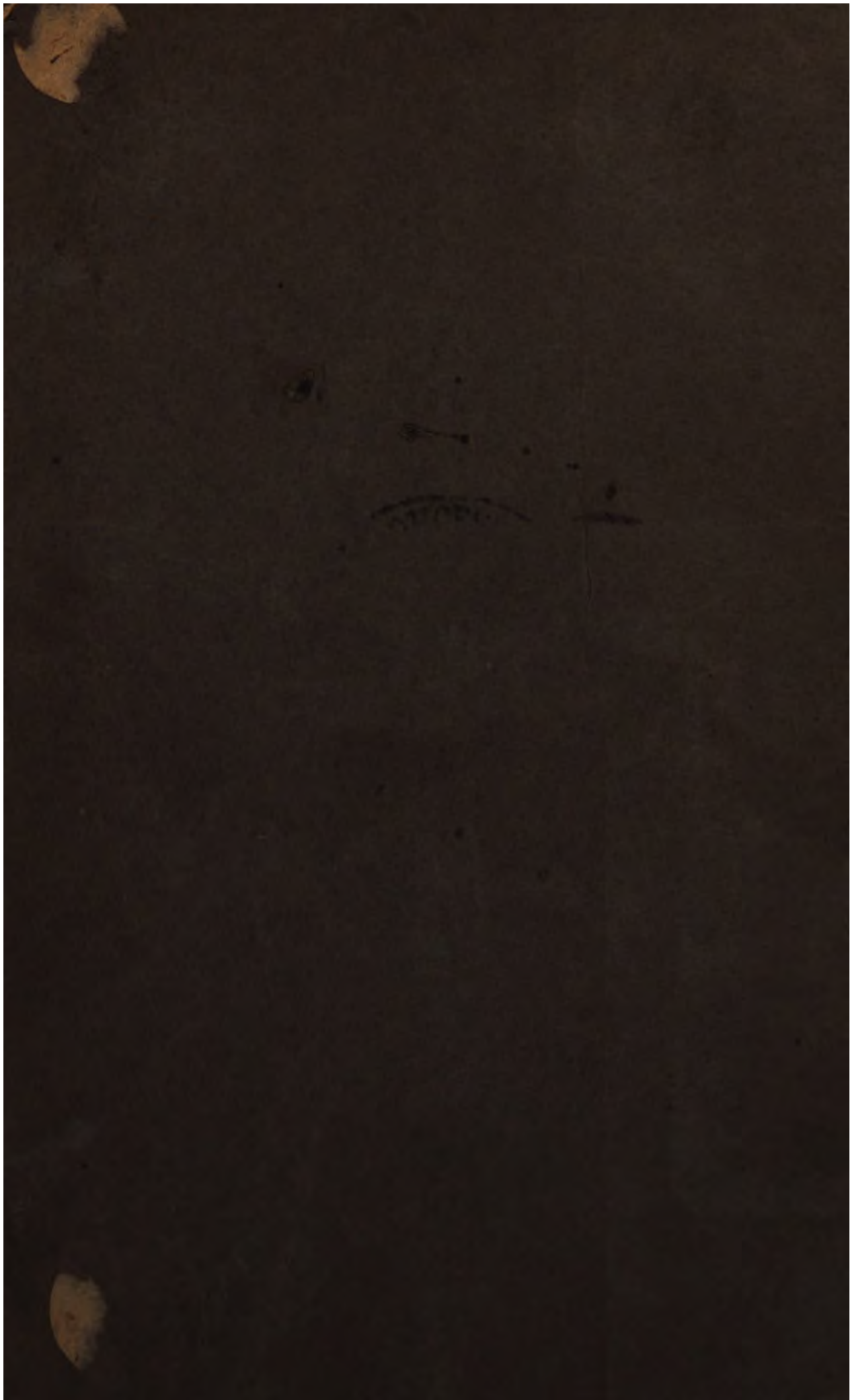
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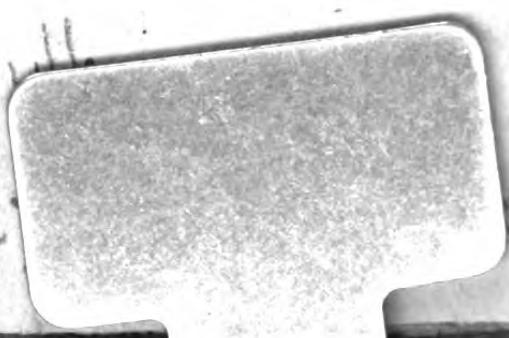
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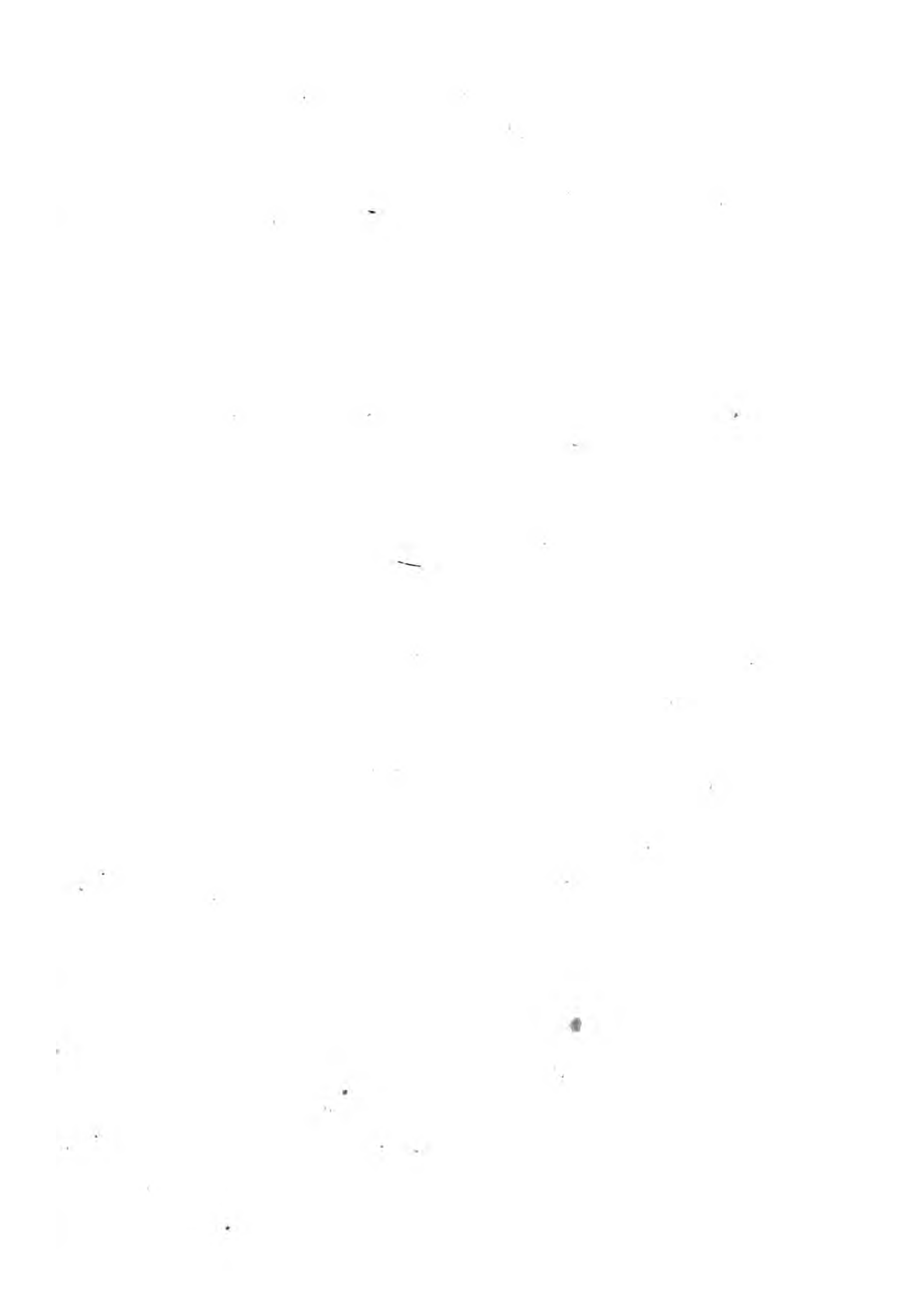
83 BEWICK.—Goldsmith's (Oliver) Poetical Works, with
 Life, illustrated with woodcuts by BEWICK, 12mo. bds.
 very scarce, Gloucester, 1809

Bewick

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.B.
WITH THE
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

EMBELLISHED WITH WOOD CUTS, BY T. BEWICK.



“ And all the village train, from labour free,
“ Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree.”

DES. VII. P. 44.

= Gloucester =

PRINTED AND SOLD BY D. WALKER,
AT THE OFFICE OF THE GLOUCESTER JOURNAL, WESTGATE-STREET;
Sold also by C. MUTLOW, No. 56, Holborn, London; and may be had of
all other Booksellers.

1809.



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THE LIFE
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.B.

OUR Author was the third son of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, and was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, in Ireland, in the year 1729. After being well instructed in the classics, he was admitted a sizer in Trinity College, Dublin, on the 11th of June 1744. While he resided there, he exhibited no specimens of that genius, which, in his maturer years, raised his character so high. On the 27th of February 1749, O. S. (two years after the regular time) he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Soon after, he turned his thoughts to the profession of physic; and, after attending some courses of anatomy in Dublin, proceeded to Edinburgh, in the year 1751, where he studied the several branches of medicine under the different professors in that University. His beneficent disposition soon involved him in unexpected difficulties; and he was obliged precipitately to leave Scotland, in consequence of having engaged himself to pay a considerable sum of money for a fellow-student.

A few days after, about the beginning of the year 1754, he arrived at Sunderland, near Newcastle, where he was arrested at the suit of one Barclay, a tailor in

Edinburgh, to whom he had given security for his friend. By the friendship of Mr. Laughlin Maclane and Dr. Sleigh, who were then in the College, he was soon delivered out of the hands of the bailiff, and took his passage on board a Dutch ship to Rotterdam, whence, after a short stay, he proceeded to Brussels. He then visited great part of Flanders ; and, after passing some time at Strasbourg and Louvain, where he obtained a degree of Bachelor in Physic, he accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva.

It is undoubtedly a fact, that this ingenious, unfortunate man, made most part of his tour on foot. He had left England with very little money ; and, being of a philosophical turn, and at that time possessing a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified by danger, he became an enthusiast to the design he had formed of seeing the manners of different countries. He had some knowledge of the French language, and of music : he played tolerably well on the German flute ; which, from an amusement, became at some times the means of subsistence. His learning produced him an hospitable reception at most of the religious houses that he visited ; and his music made him welcome to the peasants of Flanders and Germany. “ Whenever I approached a peasant’s house towards night-fall,” he used to say, “ I played one of my most merry tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day : but, IN TRUTH,” (his constant expression,) “ I must own, whenever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavours to please them.”

On his arrival at Geneva, he was recommended as a proper person for a travelling tutor to a young man, who had been unexpectedly left a considerable sum of money by his uncle, Mr. S-----, a pawnbroker, near Holborn. This youth, who was articled to an attorney, on receipt of his fortune determined to see the world; and, on his engaging with his preceptor, made a proviso, that he should be permitted to govern himself—and our traveller soon found his pupil understood the art of directing in money concerns extremely well, as avarice was his prevailing passion.

During Goldsmith's continuance in Switzerland, he assiduously cultivated his poetical talent—of which he had given some striking proofs at the College of Edinburgh; and it was from hence he sent the first sketch of his delightful epistle, called *The Traveller*, to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland.

From Geneva, Mr. Goldsmith and his pupil proceeded to the south of France, where the young man, upon some disagreement with his preceptor, paid him the small part of his salary which was due, and embarked at Marseilles for England. Our wanderer was left once more upon the world at large, and passed through a number of difficulties in traversing the greatest part of France. At length, his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course towards England, and arrived at Dover, the beginning of the winter, in the year 1758.

His finances were so low on his return to England, that he with difficulty got to the metropolis, his whole stock of cash amounting to no more than a few half-pence. An entire stranger in London, his mind was filled with the most gloomy reflections in consequence of his embarrassed situation. He applied to several

apothecaries, in hopes of being received in the capacity of a journeyman; but his broad Irish accent, and the uncouthness of his appearance, occasioned him to meet with insult from most of the medicinal tribe. The next day, however, a chymist near Fish-street-hill, struck with his forlorn condition, and the simplicity of his manner, took him into his laboratory, where he continued till he discovered that his old friend Dr. Sleigh was in London. That gentleman received him with the warmest affection, and liberally invited him to share his purse till some establishment could be procured for him. Goldsmith, unwilling to be a burden to his friend, a short time after eagerly embraced an offer which was made him to assist the late Rev. Dr. Milner, in instructing the young gentlemen at the academy at Peckham; and acquitted himself greatly to the Doctor's satisfaction for a short time; but, having obtained some reputation by the criticisms he had written in the *Monthly Review*, Mr. Griffith, the principal proprietor, engaged him in the compilation of it; and, resolving to pursue the profession of writing, he returned to London, as the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward. Here he determined to adopt a plan of the strictest œconomy, and, at the close of the year 1759, took lodgings in Green-Arbour-court, in the Old Bailey, where he wrote several ingenious pieces. The late Mr. Newbery, who, at that time gave great encouragement to men of literary abilities, became a kind of patron to our young author, and introduced him, at a salary of 100*l.* a year, as one of the writers in the *Public Ledger*, in which his *Citizen of the World* originally appeared, under the title of "Chinese Letters."

Fortune now seemed to take some notice of a man she had long neglected.

The simplicity of his character, the integrity of his heart, and the merit of his productions, made his company very acceptable to a number of respectable persons; and, about the middle of the year 1762, he emerged from his mean apartments near the Old Bailey, to a decent lodging in Wine-office Court, Fleet-street, dropped the plain *Mister*, dubbed himself *Doctor*, and was afterwards commonly known and addressed as Dr. Goldsmith. In 1764, he removed his abode to the Inner Temple, where he took handsome chambers, and lived in a genteel style. Among many other persons of distinction who were desirous to know him, was the Duke of Northumberland; and the circumstance that attended his introduction to that nobleman, is worthy of being related, in order to shew a striking trait in his character. "I was invited," said the Doctor, "by my friend Percy, to wait upon the Duke, in consequence of the satisfaction he had received from the perusal of one of my productions. I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and, after studying some compliments I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded on to Northumberland-house, and acquainted the servants that I had particular business with his Grace. They shewed me into an antichamber, where, after waiting some time, a gentleman very elegantly dressed made his appearance; taking him for the Duke, I delivered all the fine things I had composed, in order to compliment him on the honour he had done me; when, to my great astonishment, he told me I had mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant the Duke came into the apartment, and I was so confounded on the occasion, that I

wanted words barely sufficient to express the sense I entertained of the Duke's politeness, and went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed."

The Doctor, at the time of this visit, was much embarrassed in his circumstances—but, vain of the honour done him, was continually mentioning it. One of the ingenious executors of the law, a bailiff, who had a writ against him, determined to turn this circumstance to his own advantage: he wrote him a letter, that he was steward to a nobleman who was charmed with reading his last production, and had ordered him to desire the Doctor to appoint a place where he might have the honour of meeting him, to conduct him to his Lordship. The vanity of poor Goldsmith immediately swallowed the bait: he appointed the British Coffee-house, to which he was accompanied by his friend Mr. Hamilton, the printer of the Critical Review, who in vain remonstrated on the singularity of the application. On entering the coffee-room, the bailiff paid his respects to the Doctor, and desired that he might have the honour of immediately attending him. They had scarce entered Pall-mall, in their way to his Lordship, when the bailiff produced his writ. Mr. Hamilton generously paid the money, and redeemed the Doctor from captivity.

The publication of his *Traveller*, his *Vicar of Wakefield*, and his *History of England*, was followed by the performance of his comedy of *The Good-Natured Man*, at Covent-Garden Theatre, and placed him in the first rank of the poets of the present age.

The Doctor had a constant levee of his distressed countrymen, whose wants, as far as he was able, he always relieved; and he has often been known to leave

himself even without a guinea, in order to supply the necessities of others.

Another feature in his character we cannot help laying before the reader. Previous to the publication of his *Deserted Village*, the bookseller had given him a note for one hundred guineas for the copy, which the Doctor mentioned, a few hours after, to one of his friends, who observed it was a very great sum for so short a performance. "In truth," replied Goldsmith, "I think so too; it is much more than the honest man can afford, or the piece is worth; I have not been easy since I received it; I will therefore go back and return him his note;" which he actually did, and left it entirely to the bookseller to pay him according to the profits produced by the sale of the poem, which turned out to be very considerable.

The Doctor did not, however, reap a profit from his poetical labours equal to those of his prose. The Earl of Lisburne, whose classical taste is well known, one day at a dinner of the Royal Academicians, lamented to the Doctor his neglecting the muses, and enquired of him why he forsook poetry, in which he was sure of charming his readers, to compile histories, and write novels? The Doctor replied, "My Lord, by courting the muses, I shall starve; but by my other labours, I eat, drink, have good clothes, and enjoy the luxuries of life."

During the last rehearsal of his comedy, intituled, *She Stoops to Conquer*, which Mr. Colman thought would not succeed, on the Doctor's objecting to the repetition of one of Tony Lumpkin's speeches, being apprehensive it might injure the play, the manager, with great keenness replied, "Psha, my dear Doctor,

do not be fearful of *squibs*, when we have been sitting almost these two hours upon a *barrel of gunpowder*." The piece, nevertheless, contrary to Mr. Colman's expectation, was received with uncommon applause by the audience; and Goldsmith's pride was so hurt by the severity of the above observation, that it entirely put an end to his friendship for the gentleman who made it.

The last work of this ingenious Author, was *An History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, in 8 vols. 8vo — for which production his bookseller paid him 850*l.* The Doctor, who seems to have considered attentively the works of the several authors who have wrote on this subject, professes to have had a taste rather classical than scientific, and it was in the study of the classics that he first caught the desire of attaining a knowledge of nature. Pliny first inspired him, and he resolved to translate that agreeable writer, and, by the help of a commentary, to make his translation acceptable to the public. The appearance of Mr. Buffon's work, however, induced the Doctor to change his plan; and instead of translating an ancient writer, he resolved to imitate the last and best of the modern, who had written on natural history.

Notwithstanding the great success of his pieces—by some of which, it is asserted, upon good authority, that he cleared 1800*l.* in one year—his circumstances were by no means in a prosperous situation! partly owing to the liberality of his disposition, and partly to an unfortunate habit he had contracted of gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted, and consequently became the prey of those who were unprincipled enough to take advantage of his ignorance.

Just before his death, he had formed a design for executing an Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, the *Prospectus* of which he actually printed and distributed among his acquaintance. In this work, several of his literary friends (particularly Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Garrick) had promised to assist, and to furnish him with articles upon different subjects. He had entertained the most sanguine expectations from the success of it. The undertaking, however, did not meet with that encouragement from the booksellers which he had imagined it would undoubtedly receive; and he used to lament this circumstance almost to the last hour of his existence.

He had been for some years afflicted, at different times, with a violent stranguary, which contributed not a little to embitter the latter part of his life; and which, united with the vexations he suffered on other occasions, brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this unhappy condition he was attacked by a nervous fever, which terminated in his dissolution, on the 4th day of April 1774, in the 45th year of his age.

His friends, who were very numerous and respectable, had determined to bury him in Westminster-Abbey: His pall was to have been supported by Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Hon. Mr. Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but this design was dropped, on account of the very embarrassed state of his affairs, (it being found that he owed not less than 2000*l.*) and his remains were privately deposited in the Temple burial-ground, on Saturday the 9th of April; when Mr. Hugh Kelley, Messrs. John and Robert Day, the Rev. Joseph Pal-

mer, Mr. Etherington, and Mr. (now Dr.) Hawes—gentlemen who had been his friends in life—attended his corpse as mourners, and paid the last tribute to his memory.

A subscription, however, has since been raised by his friends, to defray the expence of a marble monument, which is now executed by Mr. Nollkens, an eminent statuary in London, and placed in Westminster-Abbey, between Gay's monument and the Duke of Argyle's, in Poet's Corner. It consists of a large medallion, exhibiting a very good likeness of the Doctor, embellished with literary ornaments, underneath which is a tablet of white marble, with the following Latin inscription, written by his excellent friend Dr. Samuel Johnson :

OLIVARI GOLDSMITH,
POETÆ. PHYSICI. HISTORICI.
QUI NULLUM FERE SCRIBENDI GENUS
NON TETIGIT,
NULLUM QUOD TETIGIT NON ORNAVIT,
SIVE RISUS ESSENT MOVENDI,
SIVE LACRYMÆ.
AFFECTUUM POTENS AT LENIS DOMINATOR,
INGENIO SUBLIMIS—VIVIDUS, VERSATILIS,
ORATIONE GRANDIS, NITIDUS VENUSTUS.
HOC MONUMENTUM MEMORIAM COLUIT,
SODALIUM AMOR,
AMICORUM FIDES,
LECTORUM VENERATIO.
NATUS HIBERNIA FORNIÆ LONFORDIENSIS,
IN LOCO CUI NOMEN PALLAS,
NOV. XXIX. MDCCXXXI.
EBLANÆ LITERIS INSTITUTUS,
OBIIT LONDINI,
APRIL IV. MDCCLXXIV.

TRANSLATION.

This Monument is raised
To the Memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
Poet, Natural Philosopher, and Historian,
Who left no species of Writing untouched, or unadorned,
By his Pen,
Whether to move Laughter, or draw Tears:
He was a powerful Master over the Affections,
Though, at the same time, a gentle Tyrant;
Of a Genius at once sublime, lively, and equal to every subject:
In expression at once noble, pure, and delicate.
His Memory
Will last as long as Society retains affection,
Friendship is not void of honour,
And Reading wants not her admirers.
He was born in the Kingdom of Ireland, at Fernes,
In the Province of Leinster,
Where Pallas had set her Name,
Nov. 29, 1731.
He was educated at Dublin,
And died in London,
April 4, 1774.

As to Doctor Goldsmith's character, it is strongly illustrated by Mr. Pope's line,

"In wit a man, simplicity a child."

The learned leisure he loved to enjoy, was too often interrupted by distresses which arose from the openness of his temper, and which sometimes threw him into loud fits of passion; but this impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection; and his servants have been known upon these occasions purposely to throw themselves in his way, that they might profit by it immediately after, for he who had the good fortune to be reprov'd, was certain of being rewarded for it. His disappointments, at other times, made him peevish and sullen; and he has often left a party of convivial friends abruptly in the evening, in order to go home and brood over his misfortunes.

The universal esteem in which his poems are held, and the repeated pleasure they give in the perusal, are striking proofs of their merit. He was a studious and correct observer of nature, happy in the selection of his images, in the choice of his subjects, and in the harmony of his versification; and, though his embarrassed situation prevented him from putting the last hand to some of his productions, his *Hermit*, his *Traveller*, and his *Deserted Village*, bid fair to claim a place among the most finished pieces in the English language.

EPITAPH ON DR. GOLDSMITH,

BY W. WOTY.

ADIEU, sweet bard! to each fine feeling true,
 Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
 Those form'd to charm even vicious minds---and these,
 With harmless mirth, the social soul to please.
 Another's woe, thy heart could always melt---
 None gave more free, for none more deeply felt.
 Sweet bard, adieu!--thy own harmonious lays
 Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise:
 Yes---these survive to time's remotest day,
 While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay.
 Reader, if number'd in the Muse's train,
 Go, tune the lyre, and imitate his strain---
 But if no poet thou, reverse the plan,
 Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

THE
TRAVELLER;
OR,
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

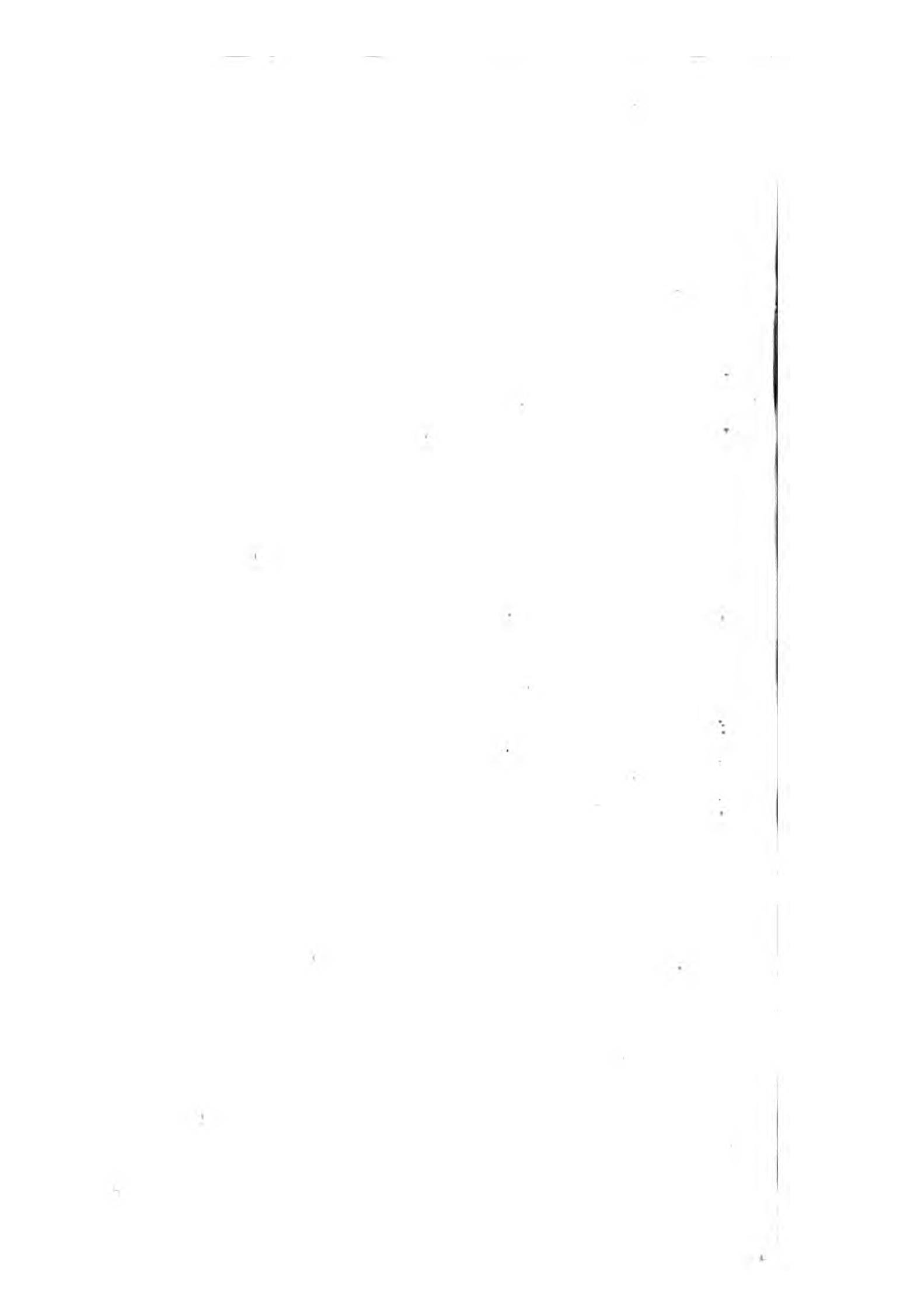
A POEM.

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCCLXV.



“ Here, for a while, my proper cares resign’d,
“ Here let me fit in sorrow for mankind—
“ Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
“ That shades the steep, and fights at every blast.”

Traveller, p. 24.



TO THE
REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and, perhaps, it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own: But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the Reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a-year.

I now perceive, my dear Brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, as things are now circumstanced, perhaps that which pursues Poetical fame is the wildest. What from the increased refinement of the times, from the diversity of judgments, produced by opposing systems of criticism, and from the more prevalent divisions of opinion influenced by party, the strongest and happiest efforts can expect to please but in a very narrow circle.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share: And as these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her—they engross all that favour once shewn to her, and, though but younger sflers, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this Art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes—chorusses, anapests, and iambics—alliterative care and

happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it, and, as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say—for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this Art still more dangerous—I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the Reader who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such Readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one: Him they dignify with the name of Poet—his tawdry lampoons are called satires, his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a Poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own—that every state has a particular principle of happiness—and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this Poem.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



THE
TRAVELLER;
OR,
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste, expanding to the skies—
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my Brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian-faunts attend;
Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire—
Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair—
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around

Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wandering spent, and care
 Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down, a pensive hour to spend;
 And, plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
 Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd;
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale—
 For me your tributary stores combine—
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure—counts, recounts it o'er—
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies;
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the sum of human bliss so small—
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
 Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease;
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave;
 Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
 His first, best country, ever is at home;
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind—
 As different good, by Art or Nature given
 To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
 Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call:

With food as well the peasant is supply'd
 On Idra's cliffs, as Arno's shelvy side;
 And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
 These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
 From Art, more various are the blessings sent—
 Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content:
 Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
 That either seems destructive of the rest—
 Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
 And honour sinks where commerce long prevails:
 Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
 Conforms, and models life to that alone;
 Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends,
 Till, carried to excess in each domain,
 This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
 Here, for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind—
 Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
 Its uplands, sloping, deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
 While oft some temple's mould'ring top between,
 With venerable grandeur marks the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest:
 Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;

Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die—
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty, groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here:
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign—
Though poor, luxurious—though submissive, vain—
Though grave, yet trifling—zealous, yet untrue—
And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence, departed, leaves behind;
For wealth was their's—nor far remov'd the date
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column fought the skies;
The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en nature warm;
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form—
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her fail;
While naught remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;

From these, the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.

Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love—

A mistress or a faint in every grove.

By sports like these, are all their cares beguil'd—

The sports of children satisfy the child:

Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,

Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;

While low delights, succeeding fast behind,

In happier meanness occupy the mind—

As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,

Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,

There, in the ruin, heedless of the dead,

The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,

And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,

Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them; turn we to survey

Where rougher climes a nobler race display,

Where the bleak Swifs their stormy mansions tread,

And force a churlish foil for scanty bread:

No product here the barren hills afford

But man and steel—the soldier and his sword;

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,

But winter, lingering, chills the lap of May;

No zephyr fondly fues the mountain's breast,

But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, ev'n here, content can spread a charm,

Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all;

Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal:
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the foil.
Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den, where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day:
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed,
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze—
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply, too, some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And ev'n those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And, as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd—
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.

Yet let them only share the praises due—
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
 For every want that stimulates the breast,
 Becomes a source of pleasure, when redrest.
 Whence, from such lands each pleasing science flies
 That first excites desire, and then supplies;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
 Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame:
 Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire,
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer,
 On some high festival of once a-year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow—
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
 For, as refinement stops, from fire to son,
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run,
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart:
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play
 Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
 These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn—and France displays her bright domain:
 Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour:
Alike all ages—Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of fourscore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display—
Thus idly busy rolls their world away;
Their's are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here—
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or ev'n imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current—paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd—they give, to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise,
For praise too dearly lov'd or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans, for all pleasure, on another's breast;
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;

Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a-year—
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosom'd in the deep, where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride:
 Onward, methinks, and diligently flow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
 While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile—
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain—
 A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence, all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd. Their much lov'd wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 Ev'n liberty itself is barter'd here!

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies—
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic fires of old!
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow—
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the fount, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on every spray;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
 Extremes are only in the master's mind:
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
 With daring aims irregularly great;
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by,
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand;
 Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above controul—
 While ev'n the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear:
 Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
 But, foster'd ev'n by freedom, ills annoy—

That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life, unknown:
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
 Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore—
 Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst: As Nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway,
 Fictitious bonds—the bonds of wealth and law—
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence, all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
 Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die!

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
 Ye pow'rs of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
 The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel;
 Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone
 By proud contempt, or favour's fostering fun,
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
 I only would repress them—to secure;

For just experience tells in every foil,
That those who think must govern those that toil,
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each;
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home—
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And, thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore!
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,

And, over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose!
 Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall!
 Beheld the duteous son, the fire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forc'd from their homes—a melancholy train—
 To traverse climes beyond the western main,
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara fums with thund'ring sound!

Ev'n now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dang'rous ways,
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 Casts a fond look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathize with mine!

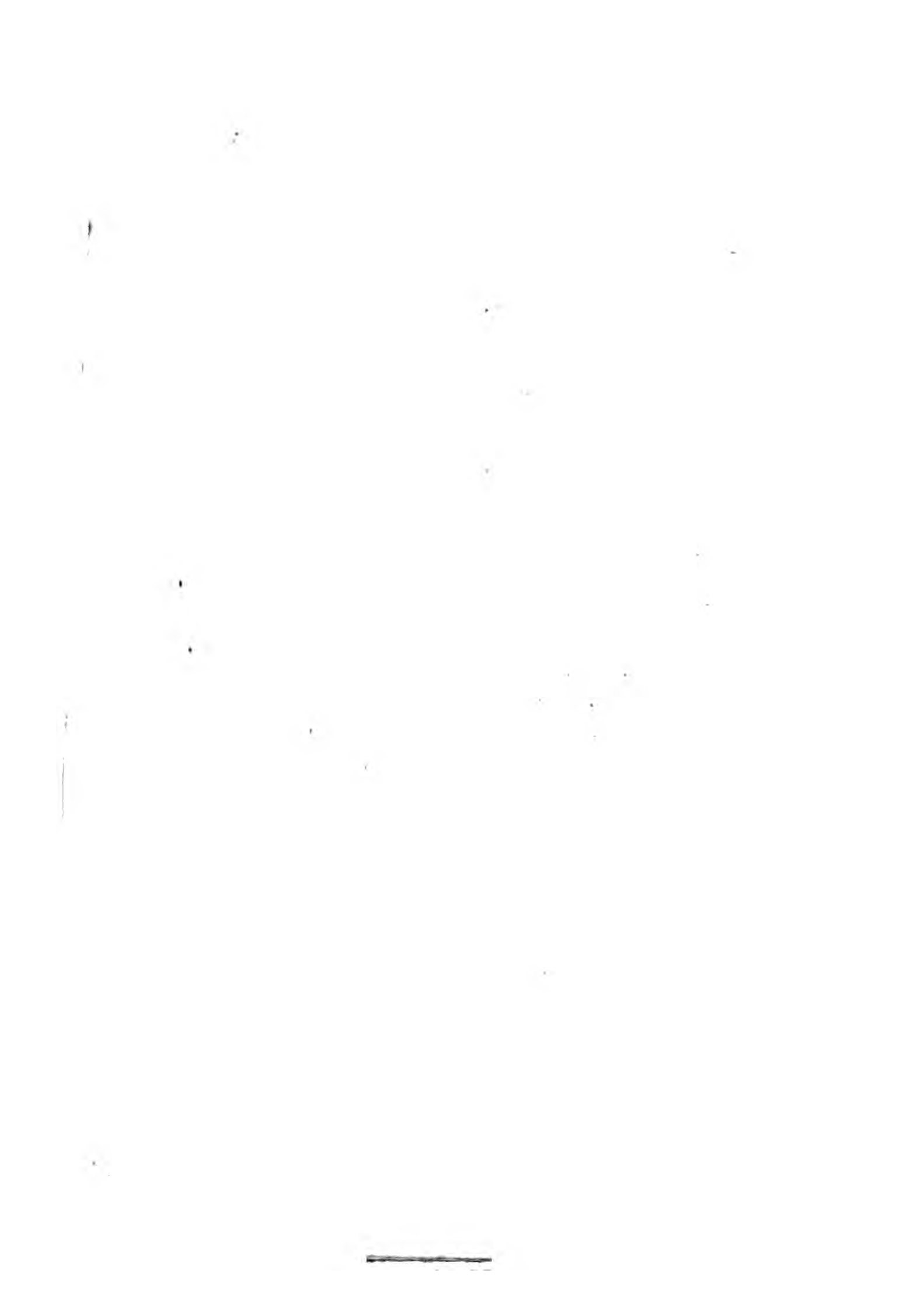
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centers in the mind:
 Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
 To seek a good each government bestows?
 In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
 Still to ourselves, in every place confin'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find;
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy:

The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.



“ As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
“ Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
“ There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
“ The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
“ And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
“ Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.”

Traveller, p. 26.



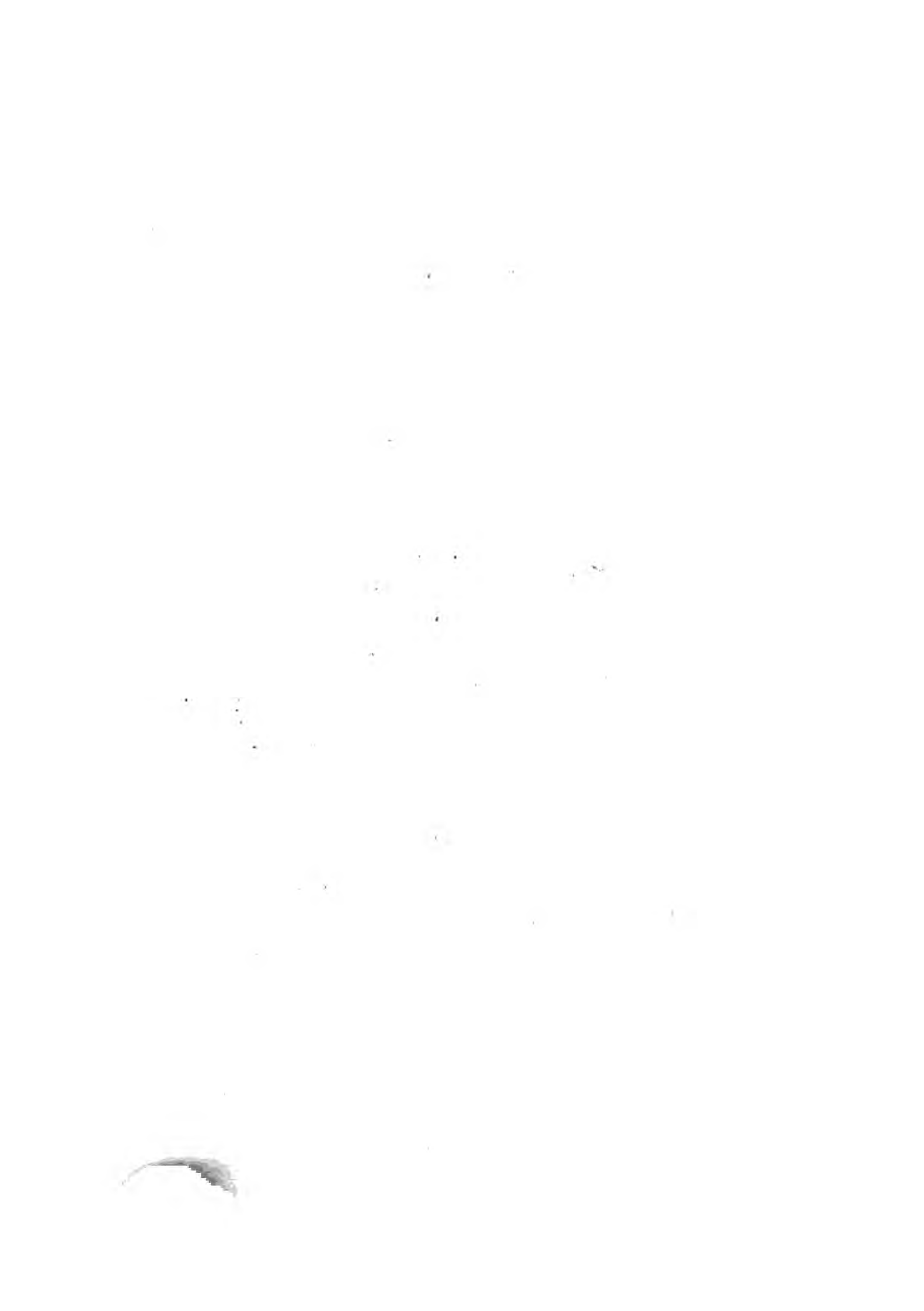
THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

A POEM.

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCCLXIX.



“ How often have I paus'd on every charm---
“ The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
“ The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
“ The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill.”
Deserted Village, p. 41.



TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that Art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in Poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only Dedication I ever made, was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead—Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to enquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deploras is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the Poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I alledge, and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry whether the country be depopulating or not: the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long Poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the great national advantages; and

all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend, and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

[The Author writes this Poem in the character of a native of a country village, to which he gives the name of AUBURN---He proceeds to contrast the innocence and happiness of a simple and natural state, with the miseries and vices that have been introduced by polished life---The beautiful description of the Parish Priest, was probably intended for a picture of his brother Henry, to whom he dedicates The TRAVELLER. ---The rest of the Poem consists of the character of the Village Schoolmaster; a description of the Village Alehouse; a descant on the mischiefs of Luxury and Wealth; the variety of Artificial Pleasures; and the miseries of those who, for want of employment at home, are driven to settle new colonies abroad.]

SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene:
How often have I paus'd on every charm—
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,

The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made—
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village; sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And defolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way;

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land!

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more—
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd—trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose—
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more!

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blifsful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confefs the tyrant's pow'r:
 Here, as I take my folitary rounds,
 Amidft thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds;
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage flood, the hawthorn grew,
 Remembrance wakes with all her bufy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the paff to pain!

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my fhare—
 I ftill had hopes my lateft hours to crown,
 Amidft thefe humble bowers to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the clofe,
 And keep the flame from wafting by refofe:
 I ftill had hopes, for pride attends us ftill,
 Amidft the fwains to fhew my book-learn'd skill,
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I faw;
 And, as an hare whom hounds and horns purfue,
 Pants to the place from whence at firft he flew,
 I ftill had hopes, my long vexations paff,
 Here to return—and die at home at laft.

O bleft retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never muft be mine,
 How bleft is he who crowns, in fhades like thefe,
 A youth of labour with an age of eafe;
 Who quits a world where ftiong temptations try,
 And, fince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
 No furly porter ftands in guilty ftate,
 To fpurn imploring famine from the gate;

But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail—
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale—
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled;
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild—

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose :
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a-year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place :
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise—
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain ;
 The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away—
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrows done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learnt to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all—
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Befide the bed where parting life was laid,
And forrow, guilt, and pain, by turns difmay'd,
The rev'rend champion flood: At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling foul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raife,
And his laft fault'ring accents whisper'd praife.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double fway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray:
The fervice paft, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honeft ruffic ran;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to fhare the good man's fmile;
His ready fmile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares diftrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his ferious thoughts had reft in heaven—
As fome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ftorm,
Tho' round its breaft the rolling clouds are fpread,
Eternal funfhine fettles on its head.

Befides yon ftragling fence that skirts the way,
With bloffom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noify manfion, skill'd to rule,
The village mafter taught his little fchool:
A man fevere he was, and stern to view—
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's difafters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes—for many a joke had he;

Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew—
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides preface,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: The very spot

Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot!

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd;
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly floops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The Twelve Good Rules, the Royal Game of Goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspin boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay;

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling blifs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup, to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
These simple blessings of the lowly train—
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrustful, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth—ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay—

'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and an happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish, abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains—this wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful product still the same:
 Not so the loss—the man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in filken cloth
 Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
 His feat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green:
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies;
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrow'd charm that drefs supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of drefs.
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;

While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe;
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way:
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies!
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:

Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn—thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah! no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between—
Thro' torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where, at each step, the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake!
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies:
Far different these from every former scene—
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd, in vain,
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
The good old fire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave:
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms:
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by heaven's decree,
How ill exchange'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till, sapp'd their strength, and every part unbound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done;
 Even now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land;
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale—
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand;
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tendernefs, are there;
 And piety, with wishes plac'd above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
 Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
 Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well!—
 Farewell! and, oh, where'er thy voice be try'd,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side;
 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow—
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
 Aid flighted truth; with thy persuasive strain,
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
 Teach him that states, of native strength possess'd,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest;

That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.



“ But now the founts of population fail---
 “ No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale---
 “ No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
 “ But all the bloomy flush of life is fled;
 “ All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 “ That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
 “ She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
 “ To strip the brook with mantling cressies spread,
 “ To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 “ To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
 “ She only left of all the harmless train,
 “ The sad historian of the pensive plain.”

Def. Vil. p. 45.



THE HERMIT;
OR,
EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A BALLAD.

- “TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
“ And guide my lonely way,
“ To where yon taper cheers the vale
“ With hospitable ray;
“ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
“ With fainting steps and slow,
“ Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
“ Seem length’ning as I go.”
“ Forbear, my son,” the Hermit cries,
“ To tempt the dang’rous gloom;
“ For yonder phantom only flies
“ To lure thee to thy doom.
“ Here, to the houseless child of want,
“ My door is open still;
“ And though my portion is but scant,
“ I give it with good will.
“ Then turn to-night, and freely share
“ Whate’er my cell bestows—
“ My rushy couch and frugal fare,
“ My blessing and repose.

“ No flocks that range the valley free
 “ To slaughter I condemn—
 “ Taught by that Power that pities me,
 “ I learn to pity them :

 “ But from the mountain’s graffy side
 “ A guileless feast I bring—
 “ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
 “ And water from the spring.

 “ Then, Pilgrim, turn—thy cares forego—
 “ All earth-born cares are wrong—
 “ Man wants but little here below,
 “ Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
 His gentle accents fell :
 The grateful stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far shelter’d in a glade obscure
 The modest mansion lay—
 A refuge to the neighb’ring poor
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir’d a master’s care—
 The wicket opening with a latch,
 Receiv’d the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
 To take their ev’ning rest,
 The Hermit trimm’d his little fire,
 And cheer’d his penfive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest and smil'd!
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answering care opprest:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The sorrows of thy breast?"
"From better habitation spurn'd,
"Reluctant dost thou rove?"
"Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?"
"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
"Are trifling, and decay!"
"And those who prize the paltry things,
"More trifling still than they."
"And what is friendship but a name—
"A charm that lulls to sleep—
"A shade that follows wealth or fame,
"And leaves the wretch to weep?"

“ And love is still an emptier found—

“ The modern fair-one’s jest;

“ On earth unseen, or only found

“ To warm the turtle’s nest.

“ For shame, fond youth—thy sorrows hush,

“ And spurn the sex,” he said;

But while he spoke, a rising blush

His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpris’d he sees new beauties rise,

Swift mantling to the view—

Like colours o’er the morning skies,

As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,

Alternate spread alarms—

The lovely stranger stands confess’d

A maid in all her charms !

“ And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,

“ A wretch forlorn,” she cried ;

“ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude

“ Where heaven and you reside :

“ But let a maid thy pity share,

“ Whom love has taught to stray ;

“ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair

“ Companion of her way.

“ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,

“ A wealthy Lord was he ;

“ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine—

“ He had but only me.

- “ To win me from his tender arms,
“ Unnumber'd suitors came,
“ Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
“ And felt, or feign'd a flame.
- “ Each hour a mercenary crowd
“ With richest proffers strove :
“ Among the rest, young Edwin bow'd,
“ But never talk'd of love.
- “ In humble, simplest habit clad,
“ No wealth or power had he ;
“ Wisdom and worth were all he had—
“ But these were all to me.
- “ The blossoms opening to the day,
“ The dews of heaven refin'd,
“ Could nought of purity display,
“ To emulate his mind.
- “ The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
“ With charms inconstant shine ;
“ Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
“ Their constancy was mine !
- “ For still I try'd each fickle art,
“ Importunate and vain ;
“ And while his passion touch'd my heart,
“ I triumph'd in his pain—
- “ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
“ He left me to my pride,
“ And sought a solitude forlorn,
“ In secret, where he died !

“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
“ And well my life shall pay;
“ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
“ And stretch me where he lay;

“ And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
“ I’ll lay me down and die—
“ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
“ And so for him will I.”

“ Forbid it, heaven!” the Hermit cried,
And clasp’d her to his breast:

The wondering fair-one turn’d to chide—
’Twas Edwin’s self that prest!

“ Turn, Angelina, ever dear—
“ My charmer, turn to see
“ Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
“ Restor’d to love and thee!

“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
“ And every care resign:
“ And shall we never, never part?
“ My life—my all that’s mine!

“ No, never, from this hour to part,
“ We’ll live and love so true,
“ The sigh that rends thy constant heart
“ Shall break thy Edwin’s too.”

RETALIATION.

A POEM.

[Dr. Goldsmith, and the Gentlemen characterised in this Poem, occasionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-house---One day it was proposed to write Epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for RETALIATION, and at their next meeting produced this Poem. It was first printed in the year 1774, after the Author's death.]

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our landlord* supplies us with beef, and with fish;
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:
Our dean† shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke‡ shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains;
Our Will§ shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And Dick|| with his pepper shall heighten the favour;
Our Cumberland's¶ sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas* is pudding, substantial and plain;
Our Garrick's** a fallad—for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:

* The master of the St. James's Coffee-house.

† Dr. Bernard, dean of Derry, in Ireland.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke.

§ Mr. William Burke, secretary to General Conway.

|| Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

¶ Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the West Indian, and other dramatic pieces.

* Dr. Douglas, canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

** David Garrick, esq.

To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
 That Ridge* is anchovy, and Reynolds† is lamb;
 That Hickey's‡ a capon; and, by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
 At a dinner so various—at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
 Here, waiter, more wine—let me fit while I'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table;
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean§, reunited to earth,
 Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt—
 At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be deny'd em,
 That fly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund||, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
 Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
 Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
 To persuade Tommy Townshend¶ to lend him a vote;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit—
 Too nice for a statesman—too proud for a wit—
 For a patriot, too cool—for a drudge, disobedient—
 And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.

* Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

† Sir Joshua Reynolds.

‡ An eminent attorney.

§ Vide page 63.

|| Vide page 63.

¶ Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, fir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William,* whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along—
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsey, the chariot drove home:
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at—
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb! †
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a-day at Old Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland ‡ lies, having acted his parts—
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be—not as they are:
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine—
Like a tragedy-queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout:

* Vide page 63.

† Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

‡ Vide page 63.

His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
 And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
 Say, was it that, vainly directing his view
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas* retires from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
 Come, all ye quack-bards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines:
 When satire and censure encircled his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety—I fear'd for my own;
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
 Our Dodds† shall be pious, our Kenricks‡ shall lecture;
 Macpherfon§ write bombast, and call it a style;
 Our Townshend|| make speeches, and I shall compile;
 New Lauders and Bowers¶ the Tweed shall cross over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover;
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;

* Vide page 63.

† The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

‡ Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of
 "The School of Shakespeare."

§ James Macpherfon, esq. who from the mere force of his style, wrote down
 the first poet of all antiquity.

|| Vide page 64.

¶ Vide page 63.

As an actor, confests'd without rival to shine—
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red:
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting—
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day—
 Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
 Of praise, a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
 Till his relish, grown callous almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind—
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind:
 Ye Kenricks*, ye Kellys†, and Woodfalls‡ so grave,
 What commerce was yours, while you got and you gave?
 How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
 While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were beprais'd?
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
 Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will—
 Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Behns be his Kellys above.

* Vide page 66.

† Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of *Falfe Delicacy*, &c. &c.

‡ Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.

Here Hickey* reclines, a most blunt pleafant creature,
 And flander itself muft allow him good nature;
 He cherish'd his friend, and he relifh'd a bumper;
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
 Perhaps you may ask if the man was a mifer?
 I answer, no, no,—for he always was wifer:
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
 His very worft foe can't accufe him of that:
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And fo was too foolifhly honeft? Ah no!
 Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye—
 He was—could he help it—a fpecial attorney.

Here Reynolds† is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wifer or better behind:
 His pencil was ftriking, refiftlefs, and grand;
 His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
 Still born to improve us in every part—
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
 To coxcombs averfe, yet moft civilly fteering,
 When they judg'd without fkill, he was fill hard of hearing;
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and fuff,
 He fhifted his trumpet‡, and only took fuff.

POSTSCRIPT.

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
 Tho' he merrily liv'd§, he is now a grave man:

* Vide page 64.

† Vide page 64.

‡ Sir Joshua Reynolds was fo remarkably deaf as to be under the neceffity of ufing an ear-trumpet in company.

§ Mr. W. was fo notorious a punfter, that Dr. Goldfmith ufed to fay it was impoffible to keep him company without being infected with an itch for punning.

Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
 Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
 Whose temper was generous, open, sincere—
 A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear;
 Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
 Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill:
 A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free—
 A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind
 Should so long be to Newspaper Effays confin'd!
 Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
 Yet content "if the table he set in a roar;"
 Whose talents to fill any station was fit,
 Yet happy if Woodfall* confests'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!
 Who copied his squibs, and re-echo'd his jokes—
 Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
 Still follow your master, and visit his tomb;
 To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
 And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
 Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross-readings, Ship-news, and Mistakes of the Press.†

Merry Whitefoord, farewell!—for thy sake I admit
 That a Scot may have humor—I had almost said wit:
 This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
 "Thou best humor'd man with the worst humor'd muse."

* Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

† Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A POETICAL EPISTLE—TO LORD CLARE.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison—for finer or fatter
 Never rang'd in a forest, or smoak'd in a platter:
 The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
 The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
 Tho' my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
 To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
 I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
 To be shewn to my friends as a piece of *virtu*—
 As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
 One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
 But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
 They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.
 But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce
 This tale of the bacon's damnable bounce;
 Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
 By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
 But, my lord, it's no bounce—I protest, in my turn,
 It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn*.
 To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch
 I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch—
 So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
 To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
 Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose—
 'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:

* Lord Clare's nephew.

But in parting with these, I was puzzled again,
 With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
 There's H--d, and C--y, and H--rth, and H--ff,
 I think they love venison—I know they love beef:
 There's my countryman Higgins—Oh, let him alone
 For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
 But hang it—to poets, who seldom can eat,
 Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
 Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt—
 It's like fending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
 While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
 An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd;
 An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
 And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me.
 “What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
 “Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?”
 “Why, whose should it be?”—cry'd I, with a founce;
 “I get these things often”—but that was a bounce:
 “Some lords, my acquaintance, that fettle the nation,
 “Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation.”
 “If that be the case then,” cry'd he, very gay,
 “I'm glad I have taken this house in my way:
 “To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
 “No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
 “We'll have Johnson, and Burke, all the wits will be there;
 “My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
 “And, now that I think on't, as I am a finner,
 “We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.
 “What say you—a pasty—it shall, and it must;
 “And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
 “Here, porter, this venison with me to Mile-end;
 “No stirring, I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!”

Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself;"*
Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
Tho' clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife:
So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine)
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
"For I knew it," he cry'd, "both eternally fail,
"The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale;
"But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party
"With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty:
"The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew—
"They both of them merry, and authors like you;
"The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
"Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge."
While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fry'd liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen;
At the sides there was spinnage and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;

* See the letters that passed between his Royal Highness Henry Duke of Cumberland and Lady Grosvenor—1769.

So there I fat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
 While the bacon and liver went merrily round :
 But what vex'd me most, was that d—'d Scottish rogue,
 With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his brogue,
 And, "madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,
 " A prettier dinner I never set eyes on ;
 " Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst,
 " But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to burst."
 " The tripe !" quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
 " I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week :
 " I like these here dinners, so pretty and small ;
 " But your friend there the doctor eats nothing at all."
 " O—ho !" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice,
 " He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :
 " There's a pasty"—"A pasty !" repeated the Jew ;
 " I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
 " What the de'il, mon, a pasty !" re-echo'd the Scot ;
 " Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."
 " We'll all keep a corner," the lady cry'd out ;
 " We'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.
 While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
 With looks that quite petrify'd, enter'd the maid !
 A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
 Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night !
 But we quickly found out—for who could mistake her—
 That she came with some terrible news from the baker ;
 And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
 Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven !
 Sad Philomel thus—but let families drop—
 And, now that I think on't, the story may stop.
 To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplac'd,
 To send such good verses to one of your taste ;

You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
 A relish—a taste—ficken'd over by learning;
 At least it's your temper, as very well known,
 That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
 So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
 You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

A DESCRIPTION

OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red-Lion staring o'er the way,
 Invites each passing stranger that can pay—
 Where Calvert's butt, and Parsons' black champaign,
 Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
 There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
 The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug!
 A window patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
 That dimly shew'd the state in which he lay;
 The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
 The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
 The Royal Game of Goose was there in view,
 And the Twelve Rules the royal martyr drew;
 The Seasons, fram'd with lifting, found a place,
 And brave Prince William shew'd his lamp-black face:
 The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
 The rusty grate unconscious of a fire;
 With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
 And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board;
 A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
 A cap by night—a stocking all the day!

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life ;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive—
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And Freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair ?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arriv'd at thirty-fix ?
Oh ! had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town !
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop !
Oh ! had her eyes forgot to blaze,
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze !
Oh !—But let exclamation cease—
Her presence banish'd all his peace :
So, with decorum all things carry'd, !
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—marry'd.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night ?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains, clos'd around ?
Let it suffice, that each had charms—
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms,

And, though she felt his visage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew—
The second brought its transports too—
A third, a fourth, were not amiss—
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss;
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay—
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind—
That very face had robb'd her mind!

Skill'd in no other arts was she
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a flatterer or a belle:
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace—
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrapt her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting—
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.

Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations:
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;

While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.
Thus, as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown;
He fancies every vice she shews
Or thins her lip, or points her nose—
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face was grown a knowing phiz;
And tho' her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a diff'rent way pursues,
While fullen or loquacious strife
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless pow'r
Withers the beauty's transient flow'r:
Lo! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair—
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face!

The glass grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright;
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes:
In vain she tries her paste and creams,
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens;
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And even the captain quit the field.

Poor madam, now condemn'd to hack
 The rest of life with anxious Jack,
 Perceiving others fairly floun,
 Attempted pleasing him alone.
 Jack soon was dazzled to behold
 Her present face surpass the old;
 With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
 Humility displaces pride;
 For tawdry finery is seen
 A person ever neatly clean:
 No more presuming on her sway,
 She learns good nature every day—
 Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
 Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

EPITAPH ON DR. PARNEL.

THIS tomb, inscrib'd to gentle Parnel's name,
 May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
 What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
 That leads to truth thro' pleasure's flowery way?
 Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid—
 And heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
 Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
 The transitory breath of fame below—
 More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
 While converts thank their poet in the skies.

A NEW SIMILE.

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had I sought in vain to find
 A likeness for the scribbling kind—
 The modern scribbling kind, who write
 In wit, and sense, and nature's spite:
 'Till, reading, I forget what day on,
 A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
 I think I met with something there
 To suit my purpose to a hair;
 But let us not proceed too furious—
 First please to turn to God Mercurius:
 You'll find him pictur'd at full length
 In book the second, page the tenth:
 The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
 And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis—pray observe his hat,
 Wings upon either side—mark that.
 Well! what is it from thence we gather?
 Why these denote a brain of feather.
 A brain of feather, very right;
 With wit that's flighty, learning light;
 Such as to modern bards decreed:
 A just comparison—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse—
 Wings grow again from both his shoes;
 Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
 And waft his godship through the air;

And here my simile unites—
 For in a modern poet's flights,
 I'm sure it may be justly said,
 His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t'observe his hand,
 Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand;
 By classic authors term'd caduceus,
 And highly fam'd for several uses:
 To wit—most wond'rously endu'd,
 No poppy water half so good;
 For let folks only get a touch,
 Its soporific virtue's such,
 Tho' ne'er so much awake before,
 That quickly they begin to snore;
 Add too, what certain writers tell,
 With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply begin we then:
 His wand's a modern author's pen;
 The serpents round about, it twin'd
 Denote him of the reptile kind;
 Denote the rage with which he writes,
 His frothy flaver, venom'd bites;
 An equal semblance still to keep,
 Alike too both conduce to sleep.
 This diff'rence only, as the god
 Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod;
 With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
 Instead of others, damns himself.
 And here my simile almost tript,
 Yet grant a word by way of postscript—
 Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing:
 Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;

In which all modern bards agree,
 Being each as great a thief as he:
 But even this deity's existence
 Shall lend my simile assistance.
 Our modern bards! why, what a pox
 Are they but senseless stones and blocks!

STANZAS

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND
 BY LIGHTENING.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
 Rather in pity, than in hate,
 That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
 To save him from Narcissus' fate.

ON WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom—is, to die.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd
 As rational the human mind:
 Reason, they say, belongs to man,
 But let them prove it if they can.
 Wise Aristotle and Smiglefius,
 By ratiocinations specious,
 Have strove to prove with great precision,
 With definition and division,
Homo est ratione peditum;
 But for my soul I cannot credit 'em,
 And must in spite of them maintain,
 That man and all his ways are vain;
 And that this boasted lord of nature
 Is both a weak and erring creature;
 That instinct is a surer guide
 Than reason, boasting mortal's pride;
 And that brute beasts are far before 'em—
Deus est anima brutorum.
 Whoever knew an honest brute
 At law his neighbour prosecute,
 Bring action for assault and battery,
 Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
 O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
 No politics disturb their mind;
 They eat their meals, and take their sport,
 Nor know who's in or out at court;
 They never to the levee go
 To treat as dearest friend a foe;

They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.
Fraught with invective, they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-noster-row:
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pick-pockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds;
No single brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion:
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the minister of state;
View him soon after, to inferiors,
Aping the conduct of superiors—
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators—
At court, the porters, laqueys, waiters,
Their masters' manners still contract,
And footmen lords and dukes can act:
Thus, at the court, both great and small
Behave alike—for all ape all.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all, of every fort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wonderous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad—
When he put on his cloaths.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be—
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends—
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around, from all the neighbouring streets,
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both fore and fad
 To every christian eye;
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That shew'd the rogues they ly'd—
 The man recover'd of the bite,
 The dog it was that dy'd.

AN ELEGY

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,
 MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
 Lament for madam Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word—
 From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
 And always found her kind;
 She freely lent to all the poor—
 Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
 With manners wond'rous winning,
 And never follow'd wicked ways—
 Unless when she was finning.

At church, in silks and fatins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size;
 She never slumber'd in her pew—
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was fought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more;
 The king himself has follow'd her—
 When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short all;
 The doctors found when she was dead—
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow fore,
 For Kent-street well may say,
 That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more—
 She had not died to-day.

STANZAS

ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
 Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
 Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
 And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

O, Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe,
 Sighing, we pay, and think even conquest dear—
 Quebec in vain shall teach the breast to glow,
 Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
 And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes;
 Yet they shall know thou conquere'st, though dead!
 Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

SONGS.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys, recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain ;
Thou, like the world, the oppressor oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe ;
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

AH, me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty; but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.
But I will rally, and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, not a smile shall my passion discover.
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

FROM THE ORATORIO OF CAPTIVITY.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that tends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way ;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

PROLOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF ZOBÉIDE.

IN these bold times, when Learning's sons explore
 The distant climates, and the savage shore;
 When wise *astronomers* to India steer,
 And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
 While *botanists*, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
 Forfake the fair, and patiently—go simpling;
 Our bard into the general spirit enters,
 And fits his little frigate for adventures:
 With *Scythian* stores, and trinkets deeply laden,
 He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading—
 Yet ere he lands, he 'as order'd me before,
 To make an observation on the shore.

Where are we driven?—Our reck'ning sure is lost!
 This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.

Lord! what a sultry climate am I under!

Yon ill-forboding cloud seems big with thunder!

(*Upper Gallery.*)

There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen 'em—

(*Pit.*)

Here trees of stately size, and billing turtles in 'em—

(*Balconies.*)

Here ill-condition'd oranges abound—

(*Stage.*)

And apples, bitter apples srew the ground:

(*Tasting them.*)

The inhabitants are canibals I fear:

I heard a hissing—there are serpents here!

O, there the people are—best keep my distance;

Our captain (gentle natives) craves assistance:

Our ship's well stor'd—in yonder creek we've laid her,

His honour is no mercenary trader:

This is his first adventure—lend him aid,
 And we may chance to drive a thriving trade :
 His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,
 Equally fit for gallantry and war.
 What! no reply to promises so ample!—
 I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

A PROLOGUE*,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE POET LABERIUS,
 A ROMAN KNIGHT,
 WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

WHAT! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
 And save from infamy my sinking age!
 Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,
 What in the name of dotage drives me here?
 A time there was, when glory was my guide,
 Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside—
 Unaw'd by power, and unappal'd by fear,
 With honest thrift I held my honour dear:
 But this vile hour disperses all my store,
 And all my hoard of honour is no more;
 For, ah! too partial to my life's decline,
 Cæsar persuades—submission must be mine;
 Him I obey, whom Heaven itself obeys,
 Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
 Here then at once I welcome every shame,
 And cancel at threescore a life of fame;
 No more my titles shall my children tell,
 The old buffoon will fit my name as well;
 This day beyond its term my fate extends,
 For life is ended when our honour ends.

* Preserved by Macrobius—translated and printed in 1759.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. LEE LEWES, AT HIS BENEFIT,
IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN.

HOLD! Prompter, hold! a word before your nonsense;
I'd speak a word or two, to ease my conscience.
My pride forbids it ever should be said,
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head—
That I found humour in a pye-ball vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

(Takes off his mask.)

Whence, and what art thou—visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth—
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps—
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursued;
Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses—
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
Whilst from below the trap-door dæmons rise,
And from above the dangling deities.
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?—
May rosin'd light'ning blast me, if I do!
No—I will act—I'll vindicate the stage—
Shakespeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off! vile trappings!—a new passion reigns—
The madd'ning monarch revels in my veins!
Oh, for a Richard's voice to catch the theme—
“ Give me another horse!—bind up my wounds!”—
soft—'twas but a dream.
Aye—'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating—
If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.

'Twas thus that Æsop's stag—a creature blameless,
 Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless—
 Once on the margin of a fountain flood,
 And cavil'd at his image in the flood:
 'The deuce confound,' he cries, 'these drumstick shanks,
 'They never have my gratitude nor thanks;
 'They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!—
 'But, for a head—yes, yes, I have a head.
 'How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!
 'My horns!—I'm told horns are the fashion now.'
 Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd! to his view,
 Near and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew;
 'Hoicks! hark forward!' came thund'ring from behind,
 He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind:
 He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
 He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
 At length his silly head, so priz'd before,
 Is taught his former folly to deplore;
 Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
 And at one bound he saves himself—like me.

(Taking a jump through the stage-door.)

EPILOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF THE SISTERS.

WHAT! five long acts—and all to make us wiser!
 Our authorefs sure has wanted an adviser.
 Had she consulted me, she should have made
 Her moral play a speaking masquerade;
 Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage
 Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.

My life on't, this had kept her play from finking—
 Have pleas'd our eyes, and fav'd the pain of thinking.
 Well, since she thus has shewn her want of skill,
 What if I give a masquerade?—I will.
 But how? ay, there's the rub! (*pausing*) I've got my cue.
 The world's a masquerrde! the masquers, you, you, you.
 (*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*)

Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses!
 False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses!
 Statesmen with bridles on; and, close beside 'em,
 Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride 'em.
 There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
 To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.
 These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
 Deserting fifty, 'fasten on fifteen.
 Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
 Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman:
 The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
 And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.
 Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
 Is to seem every thing—but what they are.
 Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
 Who seems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion;
 Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round parade,
 Looking, as who should say, dam'me! who's afraid?
 (*Mimicking.*)

Strip but this vizor off, and sure I am
 You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
 Yon politician, famous in debate,
 Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state;
 Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
 He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.

Yon patriot, too, who presses on your fight,
 And seems to every gazer, all in white—
 If with a bribe his candour you attack,
 He bows, turns round, and whip—the man in black!
 Yon critic, too—but whither do I run?
 If I proceed, our bard will be undone;
 Well then a truce, since she requests it too—
 Do you spare her; and I'll for once spare you.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was desir'd by two witty peers,
 To tell them the reason why asses had ears?
 ' An't please you,' quoth John, 'I'm not given to letters,
 ' Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
 ' Howe'er from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
 ' As I hope to be fav'd, without thinking on asses.'

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON.*

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
 Who long was a bookfeller's hack—
 He led such a damnable life in this world,
 I don't think he'll wish to come back.

* Who translated Voltaire's *Henriade*.





