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COTTON.

Monarchs we envy not your state
We look with pity on the great.

The Friend.

B862.5P

THE

BRITISH POETS:

WITH THE MOST
APPROVED TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

GREEK AND ROMAN POETS,

WITH

DISSERTATIONS, NOTES, &c.

The Text collated with the best Editions,

BY THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS, BY THE
MOST EMINENT ARTISTS.

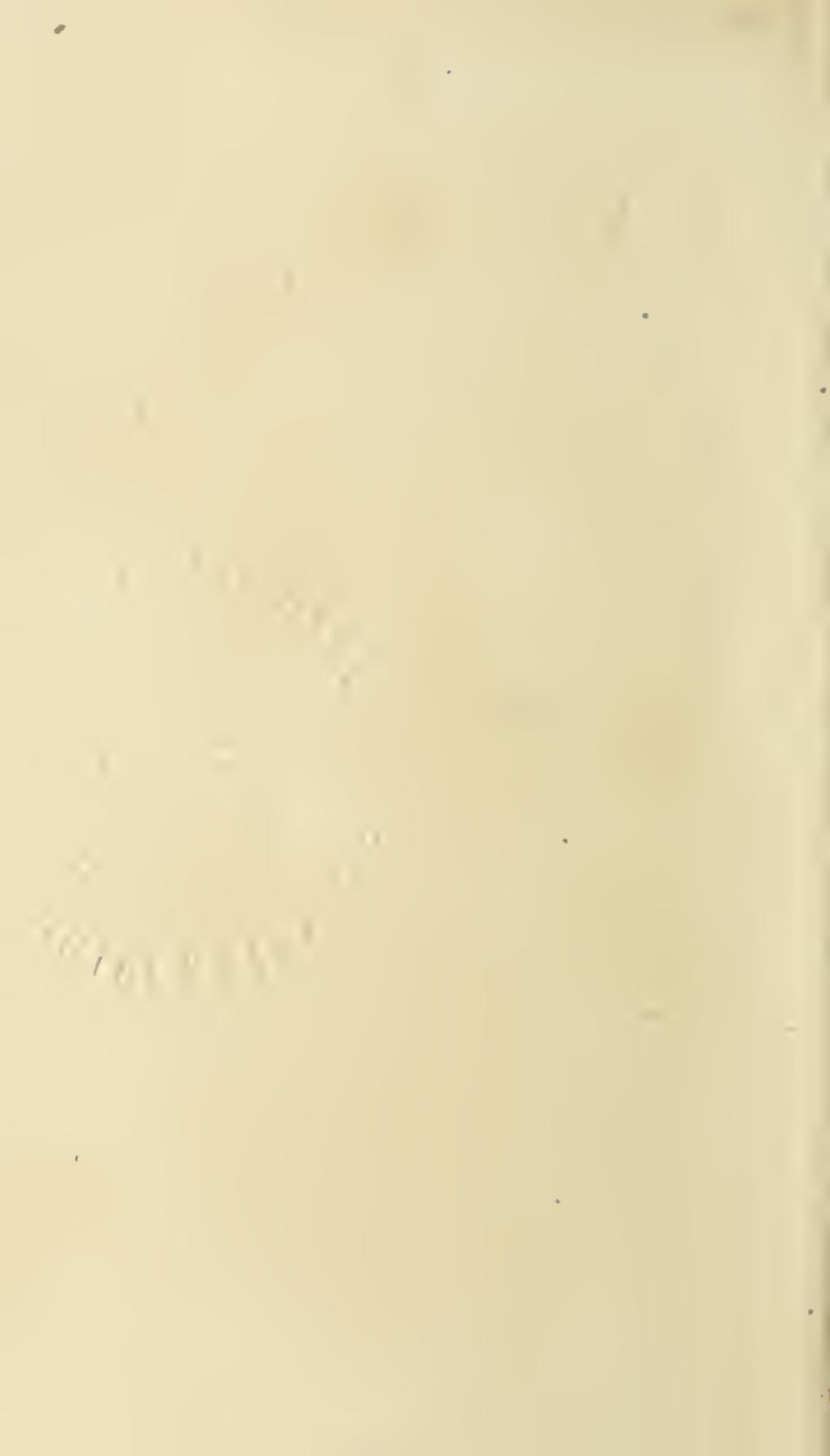
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COTTON.
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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

NATHANIEL COTTON.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS :

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

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VISIONS IN VERSE.

AN

EPISTLE TO THE READER.

AUTHORS, you know, of greatest fame,
Through modesty suppress their name ;
And would you wish me to reveal
What these superior wits conceal ?
Forego the search, my curious friend,
And husband time to better end.
All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown ;
Like streams supplied from springs below,
Which scatter blessings as they flow.

Were you diseas'd, or press'd with pain,
Straight you'd apply to Warwick-Lane¹ ;
The thoughtful doctor feels your pulse,
(No matter whether Mead or Hulse)
Writes—Arabic to you and me,—
Then signs his hand, and takes his fee.
Now, should the sage omit his name,
Would not the cure remain the same?
Not but physicians sign their bill,
Or when they cure, or when they kill.

¹ College of Physicians.

EPISTLE TO THE READER.

'Tis often known the mental race
 Their fond ambitions sires disgrace.
 Dar'd I avow a parent's claim,
 Critics might sneer, and friends might blame.
 This dangerous secret let me hide,
 I'll tell you every thing beside.
 Not that it boots the world a tittle,
 Whether the Author's big or little;
 Or whether fair, or black, or brown:
 No writer's hue concerns the town.

I pass the silent rural hour,
 No slave to wealth, no tool to pow'r.
 My mansion's warn', and very neat;
 You'd say, a pretty snug retreat.
 My rooms no costly paintings grace,
 The humbler print supplies their place.
 Behind the house my garden lies,
 And opens to the southern skies:
 The distant hills gay prospects yield,
 And plenty smiles in every field.

The faithful mastiff is my guard,
 The feather'd tribes adorn my yard;
 Alive my joy, my treat when dead,
 And their soft plumes improve my bed.

My cow rewards me all she can;
 (Brutes leave ingratitude to man!)
 She, daily thankful to her lord,
 Crowns with nectareous sweets my board.
 Am I diseas'd?—the cure is known;
 Her sweeter jnices mend my own.

I love my house, and seldom roam;
 Few visits please me more than home.
 I pity that unhappy elf
 Who loves all company but self,

By idle passions borne away
To opera, masquerade, or play ;
Fond of those hives where Folly reigns,
And Britain's peers receive her chains ;
Where the pert virgin slighta name,
And scorns to redder into shame.
But know, my fair, (to whom belong
The poet and his artless song)
When female cheeks refuse to glow,
Farewell to virtue here below.
Our sex is lost to every rule,
Our sole distinction, knave or fool.
'Tis to your innocence we run ;
Save us, ye fair, or we're undone :
Maintain your modesty and station,
So women shall preserve the nation.

Mothers, 'tis said, in days of old
Esteem'd their girls more choice than gold :
Too well a daughter's worth they knew,
To make her cheap by public view :
(Few, who their diamonds' value weigh,
Expose those diamonds every day)
Then, if Sir Plunze drew near, and smil'd,
The parent trembled for her child :
The first advance alarm'd her breast ;
And Fancy pictur'd all the rest.
But now no mother fears a foe,
No daughter shudders at a beau.

Pleasure is all the reigning theme,
Our noon-day thought, our midnight-dream.
In Folly's chase our youths engage,
And shameless crowds of tottering age.
The die, the dance, the intemperate bowl,
With various charms engross the soul.

Are gold, fame, health, the terms of vice?
The frantic tribes shall pay the price.
But though to ruin post they run,
They'll think it hard to be undone.

Do not arraign my want of taste,
Or sight to ken where joys are place'd:
They widely err, who think me blind,
And I disclaim a stoic's mind.

Like yours are my sensations quite;
I only strive to feel aright.
My joys, like streams, glide gently by,
Though small their channel, never dry;
Keep a still, even, fruitful wave,
And bless the neighbouring meads they lave.

My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is small;
Yet every friend partakes my store,
And Want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of worth or industry distress'd?
This sum I cheerfully impart;
'Tis fourscore pleasures to my heart:
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten, whene'er you please.
'Tis true, my little purse grows light;
But then I sleep so sweet at night!
This grand specific will prevail,
When all the doctor's opiates fail.

You ask, what party I pursue?
Perhaps you mean, ' Whose fool are you?'
The names of party I detest,
Badges of slavery at best!
I've too much grace to play the knave,
And too much pride to turn a slave.

I love my country from my soul,
And grieve when knaves or fools control.
I'm pleas'd, when vice and folly smart,
Or at the gibbet or the cart :
Yet always pity, where I can,
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.

Now the religion of your poet—
Does not this little preface show it?
My Visions if you scan with care,
'Tis ten to one you'll find it there.
And if my actions suit my song,
You can't in conscience think me wrong.

I.

SLANDER.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ***.

My lovely girl, I write for you ;
And pray believe my Visions true :
They'll form your mind to every grace ;
They'll add new beauties to your face :
And when old age impairs your prime,
You'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.

Childhood and youth engage my pen,
'Tis labour lost to talk to men.
Youth may, perhaps, reform, when wrong ;
Age will not listen to my song.
He who at fifty is a fool,
Is far too stubborn grown for school.

What is that vice which still prevails,
When almost every passion fails ;
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends, but with our setting sun ;

Which, like a noxious weed, can spoil
The fairest flowers, and choke the soil?
'Tis Slander,—and, with shame I own,
The vice of human kind alone.

Be Slander then my leading dream,
Though you're a stranger to the theme:
Thy softer breast, and honest heart,
Scorn the defamatory art;
Thy soul asserts her native skies,
Nor asks Detraction's wings to rise;
In foreign spoils let others shine,
Intrinsic excellence is thine.

The bird, in peacock's plumes who shone,
Could plead no merit of her own:
The silly theft betray'd her pride,
And spoke her poverty beside.

The' insidious slandering thief is worse
Than the poor rogue who steals your purse.
Say, he purloins your glittering store;
Who takes your gold, takes 'trash'—no more:
Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
Ah! guiltless wretch, who steals for bread!
But the dark villain, who shall aim
To blast, my fair! thy spotless name,
He'd steal a precious gem away,
Steal what both Indies can't repay!
Here the strong pleas of want are vain,
Or the more impious pleas of gain:
No sinking family to save!
No gold to glut the' insatiate knave!

Improve the hint of Shakspeare's tongue,
'Twas thus immortal Shakspeare¹ sung:

And trust the bard's unerring rule,
For Nature was that poet's school.

As I was nodding in my chair,
I saw a rueful wild appear:
No verdure met my aching sight,
But hemlock, and cold aconite;
Two very poisonous plants, 'tis true,
But not so bad as vice to you.

The dreary prospect spread around!
Deep snow had whiten'd all the ground!
A black and barren mountain nigh,
Expos'd to every friendless sky!
Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd,
Her snaky tresses hiss'd behind:
' A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head,
The plumes of ravens were her bed² :'
She fed upon the viper's brood,
And slak'd her impious thirst with blood.

The rising sun and western ray
Were witness to her distant sway.
The tyrant claim'd a mightier host
Than the proud Persian e'er could boast.
No conquest grac'd Darius' son³;
By his own numbers half undone!
Success attended Slander's pow'r,
She reap'd fresh laurels every hour.
Her troops a deeper scarlet wore
Than ever armies knew before.

² Garth's Dispensary.

³ Xerxes, King of Persia, and son of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army consisting of more than a million of men (some say more than two millions), who, together with their cattle, perished in great measure through the inability of the countries to supp'y such a vast host with provision.

No plea diverts the fury's rage,
The fury spares nor sex nor age.
E'en merit, with destructive charms,
Provokes the vengeance of her arms.

Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,
Her canker'd trump is heard afar.
Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,
Commands in chief, and guides the field.
He stalks with vast gigantie stride,
And scatters fear and ruin wide.
So the impetuous torrents sweep
At once whole nations to the deep.

Revenge, that base Hesperian⁴, known
A chief support of Slander's throne,
Amidst the bloody crowd is seen,
And treachery brooding in his mien ;
The monster often chang'd his gait,
But march'd resolv'd and fix'd as fate.
Thus the fell kite, whom hunger stings,
Now slowly moves his outstretch'd wings ;
Now swift as lightning bears away,
And darts upon his trembling prey.

Envy commands a seeret band,
With sword and poison in her hand :
Around her haggard eye-balls roll ;
A thousand fiends possess her soul.
The artful, unsuspected sprite
With fatal aim attacks by night.
Her troops advance with silent tread,
And stab the hero in his bed ;

⁴ Hesperia includes Italy as well as Spain, and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful disposition.

Or shoot the wing'd malignant lie,
And female honours pine and die.
So prowling wolves, when darkness reigns,
Intent on murder scour the plains ;
Approach the folds, where lambs repose,
Whose guileless breasts suspect no foes ;
The savage gluts his fierce desires,
And bleating innocence expires.

Slander smil'd horribly, to view
How wide her daily conquests grew :
Aronnd the crowded levees wait,
Like oriental slaves of state :
Of either sex whole armies press'd,
But chiefly of the fair and best.

Is it a breach of friendship's law
To say what female friends I saw ?
Slander assumes the idol's part,
And claims the tribute of the heart.
The best, in some unguarded hour,
Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her pow'r.
Then let the poet not reveal
What candour wishes to conceal.

If I beheld some faulty fair,
Much worse delinquents crowded there :
Prelates in sacred lawn I saw,
Grave physic, and loquacious law ;
Courtiers, like summer-flies, abound ;
And hungry poets swarm around.
But now my partial story ends,
And makes my females full amends.

If Albion's isle such dreams fulfils,
'Tis Albion's isle which cures these ills ;
Fertile of every worth and grace,
Which warm the heart, and flush the face.

Fancy diselos'd a smiling train
Of British nymphs, that tripp'd the plain :
Good-nature first, a silvan queen,
Attir'd in robes of chearsfu! green :
A fair and smiling virgin she !
With every charm that shines in thee.
Prudence assum'd the chief command,
And bore a mirror in her hand ;
Grey was the matron's head by age,
Her mind by long experience sage ;
Of every distant ill afraid,
And anxious for the simpering maid.
The Graces dame'd before the fair ;
And white-rob'd Innocence was there.
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,
And rising flowers adorn'd the ground ;
The sun display'd each brighter ray,
And shone in all the pride of day.
When Slander sicken'd at the sight,
And skulk'd away to shun the light.

II.

PLEASURE.

HEAR, ye fair mothers of our isle !
Nor scorn your poet's homely style.
What though my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant that my doctrine's true :
Or if my sentiments be old,
Remember, truth is sterling gold.
You judge it of important weight,
To keep your rising offspring straight :

For this such anxious moments feel,
 And ask the friendly aids of steel:
 For this import the distant cane,
 Or slay the monarch of the main.
 And shall the soul be warp'd aside
 By passion, prejudice, and pride?
 Deformity of heart I call
 The worst deformity of all.
 Your cares to body are confin'd,
 Few fear obliquity of mind.
 Why not adorn the better part?
 This is a nobler theme for art.
 For what is form, or what is face,
 But the soul's index, or its ease?

Now take a simile at hand,
 Compare the mental soil to land.
 Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
 And minds lie fallow every year?
 O! since the crop depends on you,
 Give them the culture which is due:
 Hoe every weed, and dress the soil,
 So harvest shall repay your toil.

If human minds resemble trees,
 (As every moralist agrees)
 Prune all the stragglers of your vine,
 Then shall the purple clusters shine.
 The gard'ner knows, that fruitful life
 Demands his salutary knife:
 For every wild luxuriant shoot,
 Or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.

A satirist¹ in Roman times,-
 When Rome, like Britain, groan'd with crimes,

¹ Persius.

Asserts it for a sacred truth,
That pleasures are the bane of youth :
That sorrows such pursuits attend,
Or such pursuits in sorrows end :
That all the wild adventurer gains
Are perils, penitence, and pains.

Approve, ye fair, the Roman page,
And bid your sons revere the sage ;
In study spend their midnight oil,
And string their nerves by manly toil.
Thus shall they grow like Temple wise,
Thus future Lockes and Newtons rise ;
Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance,
And save us from the chains of France.
Yes, bid your sons betimes forego
Those treacherous paths where Pleasures grow ;
Where the young mind is Folly's slave,
Where every virtue finds a grave.

Let each bright character be nam'd,
For wisdom or for valour fam'd :
Are the dear youths to science prone ?
Tell, how the' immortal Bacon shone !
Who, leaving meaner joys to kings,
Soar'd high on contemplation's wings ;
Rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er,
Where never mortal trod before :
Bacon ! whose vast spacious plan
Bespoke him angel more than man !

Does love of martial fame inspire ?
Cherish, ye fair, the generous fire ;
Teach them to spurn inglorious rest,
And rouse the hero in their breast :
Paint Cressy's vanquish'd field anew,
Their souls shall kindle at the view ;

Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When Liberty and Britain call.
Thus shall they rule the crimson plain,
Or hurl their thunders through the main ;
Gain with their blood, nor grudge the cost,
What their degenerate sires have lost :
The laurel thus shall grace their brow,
As Churchill's once, or Warren's now.

One summer-evening as I stray'd
Along the silent moonlight glade,
With these reflections in my breast ;
Beneath an oak I sunk to rest ;
A gentle slumber intervens,
And fancy dress'd instructive scenes.

Methought a spacious road I spied,
And stately trees adorn'd its side ;
Frequented by a giddy crowd
Of thoughtless mortals, vain and lond ;
Who tripp'd with jocund heel along,
And bade me join their smiling throng.

I straight obey'd—Persuasion hung
Like honey on the speaker's tongue.
A cloudless sun improv'd the day,
And pinks and roses strew'd our way.

Now as our journey we pursue,
A beauteous fabric rose to view,
A stately dome, and sweetly grac'd
With every ornament of taste.
This structure was a female's claim,
And Pleasure was the monarch's name.

The hall we enter'd uncontrol'd,
And saw the queen enthron'd on gold ;
Arabian sweets perfum'd the ground,
And laughing Cupids flutter'd round ;

A flowing vest adorn'd the fair,
And flowery chaplets wreath'd her hair :
Fraud taught the queen a thousand wiles,
A thousand soft insidious smiles ;
Love taught her lisping tongue to speak,
And form'd the dimple in her cheek ;
The lily and the damask rose,
The tincture of her face compose ;
Nor did the god of Wit disdain
To mingle with the shining train.

Her votaries flock from various parts,
And chiefly youth resign'd their hearts ;
The old in sparing numbers press'd,
But awkward devotees at best.

“ Now let us range at large, (we cried)
Through all the garden's boasted pride.”
Here jasmines spread the silver flow'r,
To deck the wall, or weave the bow'r ;
The woodbines mix in amorous play,
And breathe their fragrant lives away.
Here rising myrtles form a shade,
There roses blush, and scent the glade.
The orange, with a vernal face,
Wears every rich autumnal grace :
While the young blossoms here unfold,
There shines the fruit, like pendent gold.
Citrons their balmy sweets exhale,
And triumph in the distant gale.
Now fountains, murmuring to the song,
Roll their transluent streams along.
Through all the aromatic groves,
The faithful turtles coo their loves.
The lark ascending pours his notes,
And linnets swell their rapturous throats.

Pleasure, imperial fair! how gay
Thy empire, and how wide thy sway!
Enchanting queen! how soft thy reign!
How man, fond man! implores thy chain!
Yet thine each meretricious art,
That weakens, and corrupts the heart.
The childish toys and wanton page
Which sink and prostitute the stage!
The masquerade, that just offence
To virtue, and reproach to sense!
The midnight dance, the mantling bowl,
And all that dissipate the soul;
All that to ruin man combine,
Yes, specious harlot, all are thine!

Whence sprung the accursed lust of play,
Which beggars thousands in a day?
Speak, sorceress, speak! (for thou canst tell)
Who call'd the treacherous card from hell?
Now man profanes his reasoning pow'rs,
Profanes sweet friendship's sacred hours;
Abandon'd to inglorious ends,
And faithless to himself and friends;
A dupe to every artful knave,
To every abject wish a slave:
But who against himself combines,
Abets his enemy's designs.
When Rapine meditates a blow,
He shares the guilt who aids the foe.
Is man a thief who steals my pelf?
How great his theft, who robs himself!
Is man, who gulls his friend, a cheat?
How heinous then is self-deceit!
Is murder justly deem'd a crime?
How black his guilt, who murders time!

Should custom plead, as custom will,
Grand precedents to palliate ill ;
Shall modes and forms avail with me,
When Reason disavows the plea ?
Who games, is felon of his wealth,
His time, his liberty, his health.
Virtue forsakes his sordid mind,
And Honour scorns to stay behind.
From man when these bright cherubs part,
Ah ! what's the poor deserted heart ?
A savage wild that shocks the sight,
Or chaos, and impervious night !
Each generous principle destroy'd,
And demons crowd the frightful void !

Shall Siam's elephant supply
The baneful desolating die ?
Against the honest silvan's will,
You taught his ivory tusk to kill.
Heaven, fond its favours to dispense,
Gave him that weapon for defence.
That weapon, for his guard design'd,
You render'd fatal to mankind.
He plan'd no death for thoughtless youth ;
You gave the venom to his tooth.
Blush, tyrant, blush ; for oh ! 'tis true
That no fell serpent bites like you.

The guests were order'd to depart,
Reluctance sat on every heart :
A porter show'd a different door,
Not the fair portal known before !
The gates, methought, were open'd wide,
The crowds descended in a tide.
But oh ! ye heavens, what vast surprise
Struck the adventurers' frighted eyes !

A barren heath before us lay,
And gathering clouds obscur'd the day ;
The darkness rose in smoky spires ;
The lightnings flash'd their livid fires :
Loud peals of thunder rent the air,
While Vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.

Five ruthless tyrants sway'd the plain,
And triumph'd o'er the mangled slain.
Here sat Distaste, with sickly mien,
And more than half-devour'd with spleen :
There stood Remorse, with thought oppress'd,
And vipers feeding on his breast :
Then Want, dejected, pale, and thin,
With bones just starting through his skin ;
A ghastly fiend !—and close behind
Disease, his aching head reclin'd !
His everlasting thirst confess'd
The fires which rag'd within his breast :
Death clos'd the train ! the hideous form
Smil'd unrelenting in the storm :
When straight a doleful shriek was heard ;—
I woke—The vision disappear'd.

Let not the unexperience'd boy
Deny that Pleasures will destroy ;
Or say that dreams are vain and wild,
Like fairy-tales, to please a child.
Important hints the wise may reap
From sallies of the soul in sleep.
And, since there's meaning in my dream,
The moral merits your esteem.

III.

HEALTH.

ATEND my Visions, thoughtless youths!
 Ere long you'll think them weighty truths :
 Prudent it were to think so now ;
 Ere age has silver'd o'er your brow :
 For he, who at his early years
 Has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.
 If folly has possess'd his prime,
 Disease shall gather strength in time ;
 Poison shall rage in every vein,—
 Nor penitence dilute the stain :
 And when each hour shall urge his fate,
 Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.

The subject of my song is Health,
 A good superior far to wealth.
 Can the young mind distrust its worth ?
 Consult the monarchs of the earth :
 Imperial czars and sultans own
 No gem so bright, that decks their throne :
 Each for this pearl his crown would quit,
 And turn a rustic, or a cit.

Mark, though the blessing's lost with ease,
 'Tis not recover'd when you please.
 Say not that gruels shall avail,
 For salutary gruels fail.
 Say not, Apollo's sons succeed,
 Apollo's son is Egypt's¹ reed.
 How fruitless the physician's skill,
 How vain the penitential pill,

¹ In allusion to 2 Kings xviii. 21.

The marble monuments proclaim,
The humbler turf confirms the same !
Prevention is the better cure,
So says the proverb, and 'tis sure.

Would you extend your narrow span,
And make the most of life you can ;
Would you, when med'cines cannot save,
Descend with ease into the grave ;
Calmly retire, like evening light,
And cheerful bid the world good-night ?
Let temperance constantly preside,
Our best physician, friend, and guide !
Would you to wisdom make pretence,
Proud to be thought a man of sense ?
Let Temperance (always friend to fame)
With steady hand direct your aim ;
Or, like an archer in the dark,
Your random shaft will miss the mark :
For they who slight her golden rules,
In wisdom's volume stand for fools.

But morals, unadorn'd by art,
Are seldom known to reach the heart.
I'll therefore strive to raise my theme
With all the scenery of dream.

Soft were my slumbers, sweet my rest,
Such as the infant's on the breast ;
When Fancy, ever on the wing,
And fruitful as the genial spring,
Presented, in a blaze of light,
A new creation to my sight.

A rural landscape I descried,
Dress'd in the robes of summer pride ;
The herds adorn'd the sloping hills,
That glitter'd with their tinkling rills ;

Below the fleecy mothers stray'd,
And round their sportive lambkins play'd.

Nigh to a murmuring brook I saw
An humble cottage thatch'd with straw ;
Behind, a garden that supplied
All things for use, and none for pride :
Beauty prevail'd through every part,
But more of nature than of art.

Hail, thou sweet, calm, unenvied seat !
I said, and bless'd the fair retreat :
Here would I pass my remnant days,
Unknown to censure, or to praise ;
Forget the world, and be forgot,
As Pope describes his vestal's lot.

While thus I mus'd, a beauteous maid
Stept from a thicket's neighbouring shade ;
Not Hampton's gallery can boast,
Nor Hudson paint so fair a toast :
She claim'd the cottage for her own ;
To Health a cottage is a throne.

The annals say (to prove her worth)
The Graces solemniz'd her birth.
Garlands of various flowers they wrought,
The orchard's blushing pride they brought :
Hence in her face the lily speaks,
And hence the rose which paints her cheeks ;
The cherry gave her lips to glow,
Her eyes were debtors to the sloe ;
And, to complete the lovely fair,
'Tis said, the chesnut stain'd her hair.

The virgin was averse to courts,
But often seen in rural sports :
When in her rosy vest the morn
Walks o'er the dew-bespangled lawn,

The nymph is first to form the race,
Or wind the horn, and lead the chase.

Sudden I heard a shouting train;
Glad acclamations fill'd the plain :
Unbonnded joy improv'd the scene,
For Health was loud proclaim'd a queen.

Two smiling cherubs grac'd her throne,
(To modern courts, I fear, unknown;)
One was the nymph, that loves the light,
Fair Innocence, array'd in white ;
With sister Peace in close embrace,
And Heav'n all opening in her face.

The reign was long, the empire great,
And Virtue, minister of state.
In other kingdoms, every hour,
You hear of vice prefer'd to pow'r :
Vice was a perfect stranger here ;
No knaves engross'd the royal ear ;
No fools obtain'd this monarch's grace ;
Virtue dispos'd of every place.

What sickly appetites are ours,
Still varying with the varying hours !
And though from good to bad we range,
“ No matter, (says the fool) 'tis change.”

Her subjects now express'd apace
Dissatisfaction in their face :
Some view the state with envy's eye,
Some were displeas'd, they knew not why :
When Faction, ever bold and vain,
With rigour tax'd their monarch's reign.
Thus, should an angel from above,
Fraught with benevolence and love, -
Descend to earth, and here impart
Important truths to mend the heart ;

Would not the instructive guest dispense
With passion, appetite, and sense ;
We should his heavenly lore despise,
And send him to his former skies.

A dangerous hostile power arose
To Health, whose household were her foes :
A harlot's loose attire she wore,
And Luxury the name she bore.
This princess of unbounded sway,
(Whom Asia's softer sons obey)
Made war against the queen of Health,
Assisted by the troops of Wealth.

The queen was first to take the field,
Arm'd with her helmet and her shield ;
Temper'd with such superior art,
That both were proof to every dart.
Two warlike chiefs approach'd the green,
Both, wondrous favourites with the queen ;
Both were of Amazonian race ;
Both, high in merit, and in place.
Here Resolution march'd, whose soul
No fear could shake, no power control :
The heroine wore a Roman vest,
A lion's heart inform'd her breast.
There Prudence shone, whose bosom wrought
With all the various plans of thought ;
'Twas her's to bid the troops engage,
And teach the battle where to rage.

And now the siren's armies press,
Their van was headed by Excess :
The mighty wings, that form'd the side,
Commanded by that giant Pride :
While Sickness, and her sisters Pain
And Poverty, the centre gain :

Repentance, with a brow severe,
And Death, were station'd in the rear.

Health rang'd her troops with matchless art,
And acted the defensive part:
Her army posted on a hill,
Plainly bespoke superior skill.
Hence were discover'd through the plain
The motions of the hostile train:
While Prudence, to prevent surprise,
Oft sallied with her trusty spies;
Explor'd each ambuscade below,
And reconnoitred well the foe.

Afar when Luxury deser'd
Inferior force by art supplied,
The siren spake—‘ Let fraud prevail,
Since all my numerous hosts must fail;
Henceforth hostilities shall cease,
I'll send to Health and offer peace.’
Straight she dispatch'd, with powers complete,
Pleasure, her minister, to treat.
This wicked strumpet top'd her part,
And sow'd sedition in the heart!
Through every troop the poison ran,
All were infected—to a man.
The wary generals were won
By Pleasure's wiles, and both undone.

Jove held the troops in high disgrace,
And bade diseases blast their race;
Look'd on the queen with melting eyes,
And snatch'd his darling to the skies:
Who still regards those wiser few,
That dare her dictates to pursue.

For where her stricter law prevails,
Though Passion prompts, or Vice assails ;
Long shall the cloudless skies behold,
And their calm sun-set beam with gold.

IV.

CONTENT.

MAN is deceiv'd by outward show—
'Tis a plain homespun truth, I know,
The fraud prevails at every age,
So says the school-boy and the sage :
Yet still we hug the dear deceit,
And still exclaim against the cheat.
But whence this inconsistent part ?
Say, moralists, who know the heart ?
If you'll this labyrinth pursue,
I'll go before, and find the clue.

I dreamt ('twas on a birth-day night)
A sumptuous palace rose to sight ;
The builder had, through every part,
Observe'd the chapest rules of art ;
Raphael and Titian had display'd
All the full force of light and shade :
Around the liveried servants wait ;
An aged porter kept the gate.

'As I was traversing the hall,
Where Brussels' looms adorn'd the wall,
(Whose tap'stry shows, without my aid,
A nun is no such useless maid)

A graceful person came in view
(His form, it seems, is known to few ;
His dress was unadorn'd with lace,
But charms ! a thousand in his face.

“ This, sir, your property ? ” I cried)—
Master and mansion coincide :
Where all, indeed, is truly great,
And proves, that bliss may dwell with state,
Pray, sir, indulge a stranger's claim,
And grant the favour of your name.”

“ Content ! (the lovely form replied)
But think not here that I reside :
Here lives a courtier, base and sly ;
An open, honest rustie, I.
Our taste and manners disagree,
His levee boasts no charms for me :
For titles, and the smiles of kings,
To me are cheap unheeded things.
('Tis virtue can alone impart
The patent of a ducal heart :
Unless this herald speaks him great,
What shall avail the glare of state ?)
Those seeret charms are my delight,
Which shine remote from publick sight :
Passions subdued, desires at rest—
And hence his chaplain shares my breast.

“ There was a time (his grace can tell)
I knew the duke exceeding well ;
Knew every seeret of his heart ;
In truth we never were apart :
But when the court became his end,
He turn'd his baek upon his friend.
One day I call'd upon his grace,
Just as the duke had got a place :

I thought (but thought amiss, 'tis clear)
I shold be welcome to the peer,
Yes, welcome to a man in pow'r;
And so I was—for half an hour.
But he grew weary of his guest,
And soon discarded me his breast;
Upbraided me with want of merit,
But most for poverty of spirit.

“ You relish not the great man's lot?
Come, hasten to my humbler cot.
Think me not partial to the great,
I'm a sworn foe to pride and state;
No monarchs share my kind embrace,
There's scarce a monarch knows my face:
Content shuns courts, and oft'ner dwells
With modest worth in rural cells;
There's no complaint, though brown the bread,
Or the rude turf sustain the head;
Though hard the couch, and coarse the meat,
Still the brown loaf and sleep are sweet.

“ Far from the city I reside,
And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.
True to my heart, I seldom roam,
Because I find my joys at home:
For foreign visits then begin,
When the man feels a void within.
But though from towns and crowds I fly,
No humorist, nor cynic, I.
Amidst sequester'd shades I prize
The friendships of the good and wise.
Bid Virtue and her sons attend,
Virtue will tell thee I'm her friend:
Tell thee, I'm faithful, constant, kind,
And meek and lowly, and resign'd;

Will say, there's no distinction known
Betwixt her household and my own."

Author. If these the friendships you pursue,
Your friends, I fear, are very few.
So little company, you say,
Yet fond of home from day to day?
How do you shun detraction's rod?
I doubt your neighbours think you odd!

Content. I commune with myself at night,
And ask my heart if all be right:
If, 'right,' replies my faithful breast;
I smile, and close my eyes to rest.

Author. You seem regardless of the town:
Pray, sir, how stand you with the gown?

Content. The clergy say they love me well,
Whether they do, they best can tell:
They paint me modest, friendly, wise,
And always praise me to the skies;
But if conviction's at the heart,
Why not a correspondent part?
For shall the learned tongue prevail,
If actions preach a different tale?
Who'll seek my door or grace my walls,
When neither dean nor prelate calls?

With those my friendships most obtain,
Who prize their duty more than gain;
Soft flow the hours whene'er we meet,
And conscious virtue is our treat;
Our harmless breasts no envy know,
And hence we fear no secret foe;
Our walks Ambition ne'er attends,
And hence we ask no powerful friends;
We wish the best to church and state,
But leave the steerage to the great;

Careless, who rises, or who falls,
And never dream of vacant stalls ;
Much less by pride or interest drawn,
Sigh for the mitre and the lawn.

Observe the secrets of my art,
I'll fundamental truths impart :
If you'll my kind adviee pursue,
I'll quit my hut, and dwell with you.

The passions are a numerous crowd,
Imperious, positive, and loud :
Curb these licentious sons of strife ;
Hence chiefly rise the storms of life :
If they grow mutinous and rave,
They are thy masters, thou their slave.

Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raise your expectation high :
See that the balane'd scales be such,
You neither fear nor hope too much.
For disappointment's not the thing,
'Tis pride and passion point the sting.
Life is a sea where storms must rise,
'Tis Folly talks of cloudless skies :
He who contracts his swelling sail,
Eludes the fury of the gale..

Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ,
Distrust embitters present joy :
On God for all events depend ;
You cannot want when God's your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your best ;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Gnides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother slight her boy ;
Can she forget her prattling joy ?

Say then, shall sovereign Love desert
 The humble and the honest heart ?
 Heaven may not grant thee all thy mind ;
 Yet say not thou that Heaven's unkind.
 God is alike both good and wise,
 In what he grants, and what denies :
 Perhaps, what goodness gives to-day,
 To-morrow goodness takes away.

You say, that troubles intervene,
 That sorrows darken half the scene.
 True—and this consequence you see,
 The world was ne'er design'd for thee :
 You're like a passenger below,
 That stays perhaps a night or so ;
 But still his native country lies
 Beyond the boundaries of the skies.

Of Heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health,
 But never let thy prayer be—wealth !
 If food be thine, (though little gold)
 And raiment to repel the cold ;
 Such as may nature's wants suffice,
 Not what from pride and folly rise ;
 If soft the motions of thy soul,
 And a calm conscience crowns the whole ;
 Add but a friend to all this store,
 You can't in reason wish for more :
 And if kind Heaven this comfort brings,
 'Tis more than Heaven bestows on kings !”

He spake—the airy spectre flies,
 And straight the sweet illusion dies.
 The vision, at the early dawn,
 Consign'd me to the thoughtful morn ;
 To all the cares of waking clay,
 And inconsistent dreams of day.

V.

HAPPINESS.

YE ductile youths, whose rising sun
Hath many circles still to run ;
Who wisely wish the pilot's chart,
To steer through life the' unsteady heart ;
And all the thoughtful voyage past,
To gain a happy port at last :
Attend a seer's instructive song,
For moral truths to dreams belong.

I saw this wondrous vision soon,
Long ere my sun had reach'd its noon ;
Just when the rising beard began
To grace my chin, and call me man.

One night when balmy slumbers shed
Their peaceful poppies o'er my head,
My fancy led me to explore
A thousand scenes unknown before.
I saw a plain extended wide,
And crowds pour'd in from every side :
All seem'd to start a different game,
Yet all declar'd their views the same :
The chase was happiness I found,
But all, alas ! enchanted ground.

Indeed I judg'd it wondrous strange,
To see the giddy numbers range
Through roads, which promis'd nought, at best,
But sorrow to the human breast.

Methought, if bliss was all their view,
 Why did they different paths pursue?
 The waking world has long agreed,
 That Bagshot's not the road to Tweed :
 And he who Berwick seeks through Staines,
 Shall have his labour for his pains.

As Parnell¹ says, my bosom wrought
 With travail of uncertain thought :
 And, as an angel help'd the dean,
 My angel chose to intervene ;
 The dress of each was much the same,
 And Virtue was my seraph's name,
 When thus the angel silence broke,
 (Her voice was music as she spoke :)

“ Attend, O man ! nor leave my side,
 And safety shall thy footsteps guide ;
 Such truths I'll teach, such secrets show,
 As none but favour'd mortals know.”

She said—and straight we march'd along
 To join Ambition's active throng :
 Crowds urg'd on crowds with eager pace,
 And happy he who led the race.
 Axes and daggers lay unseen
 In ambuscade along the green ;
 While vapours shed delusive light,
 And bubbles mock'd the distant sight.

We saw a shining mountain rise,
 Whose towering summit reach'd the skies :
 The slopes were steep, and form'd of glass,
 Painful and hazardous to pass :
 Courtiers and statesmen led the way,
 The faithless paths their steps betray ;

¹ The Hermit.

This moment seen aleft to soar,
The next to fall and rise no more.

"Twas here Ambition kept her court,
A phantom of gigantic port ;
The favourite that sustain'd her throne
Was Falsehood, by her vizor known ;
Next stood Mistrust, with frequent sigh,
Disorder'd look, and squinting eye ;
While meagre Envy claim'd a place,
And Jealousy with jaundic'd face.

"But where is Happiness?" I cried.—
My guardian turn'd, and thus replied :

"Mortal, by folly still beguil'd,
Thou hast not yet outstrip'd the child ;
Thou, who hast twenty winters seen,
(I hardly think thee past fifteen)
To ask if Happiness can dwell
With every dirty imp of hell !
Go to the school-boy, he shall preach
What twenty winters cannot teach ;
He'll tell thee, from his weekly theme,
That thy pursuit is all a dream ;
That Bliss ambitious views disowns,
And, self-dependent, laughs at thrones ;
Prefers the shades, and lowly seats,
Whither fair Innocence retreats :
So the coy lily of the vale
Shuns eminence, and loves the dale."

I blush'd ; and now we cross'd the plain,
To find the money-getting train ;
Those silent, snug, commercial bands,
With busy looks and dirty hands.
Amidst these thoughtless crowds, the old
Plac'd all their happiness in gold.

And surely, if there's bliss below,
These hoary heads the secret know.

We journey'd with the plodding crew,
When soon a temple rose to view :
A gothic pile, with moss o'ergrown;
Strong were the walls, and built with stone.
Without a thousand mastiffs' wait :
A thousand bolts secure the gate.
We sought admission long in vain ;
For here all favours sell for gain :
The greedy porter yields to gold,
His fee receiv'd, the gates unfold.
Assembled nations here we found,
And view'd the cringing herds around,
Who daily sacrific'd to Wealth
Their honour, conscience, peace, and health.
I saw no charms that could engage ;
The god appear'd like sordid age,
With hooked nose, and famish'd jaws,
But serpents' eyes, and harpies' claws :
Behind stood Fear, that restless sprite
Which haunts the watches of the night ;
And viper-Care, that stings so deep,
Whose deadly venom murders sleep.

We hasten now to Pleasure's bow'rs ;
Where the gay tribes sat crown'd with flow'rs :
Here Beauty every charm display'd,
And Love inflam'd the yielding maid :
Delicious Wine our taste employs,
His crimson bowl exalts our joys :
I felt its generous pow'r, and thought
The pearl was found that long I sought.
Determin'd here to fix my home,
I bless'd the change, nor wish'd to roam :

The Seraph disapprov'd my stay,
Spread her fair plumes, and wing'd away.

Alas ! whene'er we talk of bliss,
How prone is man to judge amiss !
See, a long train of ills conspires
To scourge our uncontrol'd desires.
Like summer swarms Diseases crowd,
Each bears a crutch, or each a shroud :
Fever ! that thirsty fury, came,
With inextinguishable flame ;
Consumption, sworn ally of Death !
Crept slowly on with panting breath ;
Gout roar'd, and show'd his throbbing feet ;
And Dropsy took the drunkard's seat ;
Stone brought his torturing racks ; and near
Sat Palsy shaking in her chair !

A mangled youth, beneath a shade,
A melancholy scene display'd :
His noseless face, and loathsome stains,
Proclaim'd the poison in his veins ;
He rais'd his eyes, he smote his breast,
He wept alond, and thus address'd :

‘ Forbear the harlot's false embrace,
Though Lewdness wear an angel's face.
Be wise, by my experience taught ;
I die, alas ! for want of thought.’

As he, who travels Libya's plains,
Where the fierce lion lawless reigns,
Is seiz'd with fear and wild dismay,
When the grim foe obstructs his way :
My soul was pierc'd with equal frignt,
My tottering limbs oppos'd my flight ;
I call'd on Virtue, but in vain,
Her absence quicken'd every pain :

At length the slighted angel heard,
The dear resplendent form appear'd.

‘ Presumptuous youth !’ she said, and frown’d ;
(My heartstrings flutter’d at the sound)

‘ Who turns to me reluctant ears,
Shall shed repeated floods of tears.
These rivers shall for ever last,
There’s no retracting what is past :
Nor think avenging ills to shun ;
Play a false card, and you’re undone.

‘ Of Pleasure’s gilded baits beware,
Nor tempt the siren’s fatal snare :
Forego this curs’d, detested place,
Abhor the strumpet, and her race :
Had you those softer paths pursued,
Perdition, stripling, had ensued :
Yes, fly——you stand upon its brink ;
To-morrow is too late to think.

‘ Indeed unwelcome truths I tell,
But mark my sacred lesson well :
With me whoever lives at strife,
Loses his better friend for life :
With me who lives in friendship’s ties,
Finds all that’s sought for by the wise.
Folly exclaims, and well she may,
Because I take her mask away ;
If once I bring her to the sun,
The painted harlot is undone.
But prize, my child, oh ! prize my rules,
And leave deception to her fools.

‘ Ambition deals in tinsel toys,
Her traffic gewgaws, fleeting joys !
An arrant juggler in disguise,
Who holds false optics to your eyes.

But ah! how quick the shadows pass;
Though the bright visions through her glass
Charm at a distance; yet, when near,
The baseless fabries disappear.

‘ Nor Riches boast intrinsic worth,
Their charms, at best, superior earth :
These oft the heav'n-born mind enslave,
And make an honest man a knave.

‘ Wealth cures my wants,’ the Miser cries ;
Be not deceiv'd—the Miser lies :
One want he has, with all his store,
That worst of wants ! the want of more.

‘ Take Pleasure, Wealth, and Pomp away,
And where is Happiness? you say.

‘ Tis here—and may be yours—for, know
I'm all that's Happiness below.

‘ To Vice I leave tumultuous joys,
Mine is the still and softer voice,
That whispers peace, when storms invade,
And music through the midnight shade.

‘ Come, then, be mine in every part,
Nor give me less than all your heart ;
When troubles discompose your breast,
I'll enter there a cheerful guest :
My converse shall your cares beguile,
The little world within shall smile ;
And then it scarce imports a jot,
Whether the great world frowns or not.

‘ And when the closing scenes prevail,
When wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail ;
All that a foolish world admires,
Or passion craves, or pride inspires ;
At that important hour of need,
Virtue shall prove a friend indeed !

My hands shall smooth thy dying bed,
 My arms sustain thy drooping head :
 And when the painful struggle's o'er,
 And that vain thing, the World, no more ;
 I'll bear my favourite son away
 To rapture and eternal day !

VI.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP ! thou soft, propitious pow'r !
 Sweet regent of the social hour !
 Sublime thy joys, nor understood
 But by the virtuous and the good !
 Cabal and Riot take thy name,
 But 'tis a false affected claim.
 In heaven if Love and Friendship dwell,
 Can they associate e'er with hell ?

Thou art the same through change of times,
 Through frozen zones, and burning climes :
 From the equator to the pole,
 The same kind angel through the whole.
 And, since thy choicee is always free,
 I bless thee for thy smiles on me.

When sorrows swell the tempest high,
 Thou, a kind port, art always nigh ;
 For aching hearts a sovereign cure,
 Not soft nepenthe ¹ half so sure !

¹ Nepenthe is an herb, which, being infused in wine, dispels grief. It is unknown to the moderns: but some believe it a kind of opium, and others take it for a species of bugloss. Plin. 21. 21f & 25. 2.

And when returning comforts rise,
Thou the bright sun that gilds our skies.

While these ideas warm'd my breast,
My weary eyelids stole to rest :
When Fancy re-assum'd the theme,
And furnish'd this instructive dream.

I sail'd upon a stormy sea,
(Thousands embark'd alike with me)
My skiff was small, and weak beside,
Not built, methought, to stem the tide.
The winds along the surges sweep,
The wrecks lie scatter'd through the deep ;
Aloud the foaming billows roar,
Unfriendly rocks forbid the shore.

While all our various course pursue,
A spacious isle salutes our view.
Two queens, with tempers differing wide,
This new-discover'd world divide :
A river parts their proper claim,
And Truth its celebrated name.

One side a beauteous tract of ground
Presents, with living verdure crown'd.
The seasons temperate, soft, and mild,
And a kind sun that always smil'd.

Few storms molest the natives here ;
Gold is the only ill they fear.
This happy clime, and grateful soil,
With plenty crowns the labourer's toil.

Here Friendship's happy kingdom grew,
Her realms were small, her subjects few.
A thousand charms the palace grace,
A rock of adamant its base.
Though thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
This structure braves the' inclement sky.

Ev'n Time, which other piles devours,
And mocks the pride of human pow'rs,
Partial to Friendship's pile alone,
Cements the joints, and binds the stone ;
Ripens the beauties of the place ;
And calls to life each latent grace.

Around the throne, in order stand
Four Amazons, a trusty band ;
Friends ever faithful to advise,
Or to defend when dangers rise.
Here Fortitude in coat of mail !
There Justice lifts her golden scale !
Two hardy chiefs ! who persevere,
With form erect and brow severe ;
Who smile at perils, pains, and death,
And triumph with their latest breath.

Temperance, that comely matron's near,
Guardian of all the Virtues here ;
Adorn'd with every blooming grace,
Without one wrinkle in her face.

But Prudence most attracts the sight,
And shines pre-eminently bright.
To view her various thoughts that rise,
She holds a mirror to her eyes ;
The mirror, faithful to its charge,
Reflects the virgin's soul in large.

A Virtue with a softer air,
Was handmaid to the regal fair.
This nymph, indulgent, constant, kind,
Derives from heaven her spotless mind ;
When actions wear a dubious face,
Puts the best meaning on the case ;
She spreads her arms and bares her breast,
Takes in the naked and distress'd ;

Prefers the hungry orphan's cries,
And from her queen obtains supplies.
The maid, who acts this lovely part,
Grasp'd in her hand a bleeding heart.
Fair Charity! be thou my guest,
And be thy constant couch my breast.

But virtues of inferior name
 Crowd round the throne with equal claim ;
 In loyalty by none surpass'd,
 They hold allegiance to the last.
 Not ancient records e'er can show
 That one deserted to the foe.

The river's other side display'd
 Alternate plots of flowers and shade,
 Where poppies shone with various hue,
 Where yielding willows plenteous grew;
 And humble ² plants, by travellers thought
 With slow but certain poison fraught.
 Beyond these scenes the eye descried
 A powerful realm extended wide,
 Whose boundaries from north-east begun,
 And stretch'd to meet the south-west sun.
 Here Flattery boasts despotic sway,
 And basks in all the warmth of day.

Long practis'd in Deception's school,
 The tyrant knew the arts to rule ;
 Elated with the imperial robe,
 She plans the conquest of the globe :
 And aided by her servile trains,
 Leads kings, and sons of kings, in chains.

² The Humble plant bends down before the touch (as the Sensitive plant shrinks from the touch) and is said by some to be the slow poison of the Indians.

Her darling minister is Pride,
(Who ne'er was known to change his side)
A friend to all her interests just,
And active to discharge his trust ;
Caress'd alike by high and low,
The idol of the belle and bean :
In every shape he shows his skill,
And forms her subjects to his will ;
Enters their houses and their hearts,
And gains his point before he parts.
Sure never minister was known
So zealous for his sovereign's throne !

Three sisters, similar in mien,
Were maids of honour to the queen :
Who further favours shar'd beside,
As daughters of her statesman—Pride.
The first, Conceit, with towering crest,
Who look'd with scorn upon the rest ;
Fond of herself, nor less, I deem,
Than duchess in her own esteem.

Next Affectation, fair and young,
With half-form'd accents on her tongue,
Whose antic shapes, and various face,
Distorted every native grace.

Then Vanity, a wanton maid,
Flaunting in Brussels and brocade ;
Fantastic, frolicsome, and wild,
With all the trinkets of a child.

The people, loyal to the queen,
Wore their attachment in their mien :
With cheerful heart they homage paid,
And happiest he who most obey'd.
While they, who sought their own applause,
Promoted most their sovereign's cause.

The minds of all were fraught with guile,
Their manners dissolute and vile ;
And every tribe, like pagans, run
To kneel before the rising sun.

But now some clamorous sounds arise,
And all the pleasing vision flies.

Once more I clos'd my eyes to sleep,
And gain'd the' imaginary deep ;
Faney presided at the helm,
And steer'd me back to Friendship's realm.
But oh ! with horror I relate
The revolutions of her state.
The Trojan chief could hardly more
His Asiatic towers deplore.

For Flattery view'd those fairer plains
With longing eyes, where Friendship reigus ;
With envy heard her neighbour's fame,
And often sigh'd to gain the same.
At length, by pride and interest fir'd,
To Friendship's kingdom she aspir'd.

And now commencing open foe,
She plans in thought some mighty blow ;
Draws out her forces on the green,
And marches to invade the queen.

The river Truth the hosts withheld,
And roll'd her formidable flood :
Her current strong, and deep, and clear,
No fords were found, no ferries near :
But as the troops approach'd the waves,
Their fears suggest a thousand graves ;
They all retir'd with haste extreme,
And shudder'd at the dangerous stream.

Hypocrisy the gulf explores ;
She forms a bridge, and joins the shores.

Thus often art or fraud prevails,
When military prowess fails.
The troops an easy passage find,
And Victory follows close behind.

Friendship with ardour charg'd her foes,
And now the fight promis'rous grows ;
But Flattery threw a poison'd dart,
And pierc'd the Empress to the heart.
The Virtues all around were seen
To fall in heaps about the queen.
The tyrant strip'd the mangled fair,
She wore her spoils, assum'd her air ;
And, mounting next the sufferer's throne,
Claim'd the queen's titles as her own.

' Ah ! injur'd maid,' aloud I cried,
' Ah ! injur'd maid,' the rocks replied :
But judge my griefs, and share them too,
For the sad tale pertains to you ;
Judge, reader, how severe the wound,
When Friendship's foes were mine, I found ;
When the sad scene of pride and guile
Was Britain's poor degenerate isle.

The Amazons, who prop'd the state,
Haply surviv'd the general fate.
Justice to Powis-House is fled,
And Yorke sustains her radiant head.
The virtue Fortitude appears
In open day at Ligonier's ;
Illustrious heroine of the sky,
Who leads to vanquish or to die !
'Twas she our veterans' breasts inspir'd,
When Belgia's faithless sons retir'd :
For Tournay's treacherous towers can tell
Britannia's children greatly fell.

No partial virtue of the plain!
 She rous'd the lions of the main :
 Hence Vernon's ³ little fleet succeeds,
 And hence the generous Cornwall ⁴ bleeds,
 Henee Granville ⁵ glorions !—for she smil'd
 On the young hero from a child.

Though in high life such virtues dwell,
 They'll suit plebeian breasts as well.
 Say, that the mighty and the great
 Blaze like meridian suns of state ;
 Effulgent excellence display,
 Like Halifax, in floods of day ;
 Our lesser orbs may pour their light,
 Like the mild crescent of the night :
 Though pale our beams, and small our sphere,
 Still we may shine serene and clear.

Give to the judge the scarlet gown,
 To martial souls the civie crown :
 What then? is merit theirs alone?
 Have we no worth to call our own?
 Shall we not vindicate our part,
 In the firm breast, and upright heart ?
 Reader, these virtues may be thine,
 Though in superior light they shine.
 I can't discharge great Hardwicke's trust—
 True—but my soul may still be just.
 And though I can't the state defend,
 I'll draw the sword to serve my friend.

Two golden Virtues are behind,
 Of equal import to the mind ;

³ At Porto Bello.

⁴ Against the combined fleets of France and Spain.

⁵ Died in a later engagement with the French fleet.

Prudence, to point out Wisdom's way,
 Or to reclaim us when we stray ;
 Temperance, to guard the youthful heart,
 When Vice and Folly throw the dart ;
 Each Virtue, let the world agree,
 Daily resides with you and me.
 And when our souls in friendship join,
 We'll deem the social bond divine ;
 Through every scene maintain our trust,
 Nor e'er be timid or unjust.
 That breast where Honour builds his throne,
 That breast which Virtue calls her own,
 Nor interest warps, nor fear appalls,
 When danger frowns, or lucre calls.
 No ! the true friend collected stands,
 Fearless his heart, and pure his hands ;
 Let interest plead, let storms arise,
 He dares be honest, though he dies.

VII.

MARRIAGE.

INSCRIBED TO MISS * * * *.

FAIREST, this vision is thy due,
 I form'd the instructive plan for you.
 Slight not the rules of thoughtful age,
 Your welfare actuates every page ;
 But ponder well my sacred theme,
 And tremble while you read my dream.

Those awful words, 'Till death do part,'
 May well alarm the youthful heart :

No after-thought when once a wife ;
The die is cast, and cast for life ;
Yet thousands venture every day,
As some base passion leads the way.
Pert Silvia talks of wedlock scenes,
Though hardly enter'd on her teens ;
Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
The sugar'd speeēh with raptur'd ears ;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves her sire, and weds a fool.
Want enters at the guardless door ;
And Love is fled, to come no more.

Some few there are of sordid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold ;
Careless with what, or whom they mate,
Their ruling passion's all for state.
But Hymen, generous, just and kind,
Abhors the mercenary mind :
Such rebels groan beneath his rod,
For Hymen's a vindictive god ;
'Be joyless every night,' he said,
'And barren be their nuptial bed.'

Attend, my fair, to Wisdom's voice,
A better fate shall crown thy choice.
A married life, to speak the best,
Is all a lottery confess'd :
Yet if my fair-one will be wise,
I will insure my girl a prize :
Though not a prize to match thy worth,
Perhaps thy equal's not on earth.

'Tis an important point to know,
There's no perfection here below.
Man's an odd compound, after all,
And ever has been—since the fall.

Say, that he loves you from his soul,
Still man is proud, nor brooks control ;
And though a slave in Love's soft school,
In wedlock claims his right to rule.
The best, in short, has faults about him,
If few those faults, you must not flout him.
With some, indeed, you can't dispense,
As want of temper and of sense :
For when the sun deserts the skies,
And the dull winter-evenings rise,
Then for a husband's social pow'r,
To form the calm, conver-sive hour ;
The treasures of thy breast explore,
From that rich mine to draw the ore ;
Fondly each generous thought refine,
And give thy native gold to shine ;
Show thee, as really thou art,
Though fair, yet fairer still at heart.

Say, when life's purple blossoms fade,
As soon they must, thou charming maid !
When in thy cheeks the roses die,
And sickness clouds that brilliant eye ;
Say, when or age or pains invade,
And those dear limbs shall call for aid ;
If thou art fetter'd to a fool,
Shall not his transient passion cool ?
And when thy health and beauty end,
Shall thy weak mate persist a friend ?
But to a man of sense, my dear,
E'en then thou lovely shalt appear ;
He'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,
And weeping claim the larger part ;
Though age impairs that beanteous face,
He'll prize the pearl beyond its case.

In wedlock when the sexes meet,
Friendship is only then complete.
' Bless'd state ! where souls each other draw,
Where love is liberty and law !
The choicest blessing found below,
That man can wish, or heaven bestow !
Trust me, these raptures are divine,
For lovely Chloe once was mine !
Nor fear the varnish of my style,
Though poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.
Ah me ! my faithful lips impart
The genuine language of my heart !

When bards extol their patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lie ;
Perhaps the poor reward of bread——
But who burns incense to the dead ?
He, whom a fond affection draws,
Careless of censure, or applause ;
Whose soul is upright and sincere,
With nought to wish, and nought to fear.

Now to my visionary scheme
Attend, and profit by my dream.

Anidst the slumbers of the night,
A stately temple 'rose to sight ;
And ancient as the human race,
If Nature's purposes you trace.
This fane, by all the wise rever'd,
To wedlock's powerful god was rear'd.
Hard by I saw a graceful sage,
His locks were frosted o'er by age :
His garb was plain, his mind serene,
And wisdom dignified his mien.
With curions search his name I songht,
And found 'twas Hymen's favourite—Thought.

Apace the giddy crowds advance,
 And a lewd satyr led the danee :
 I griev'd to see whole thousands run,
 For oh ! what thousands were undone !
 The sage, when these mad troops he spied,
 In pity flew to join their side :
 The disconceerted pairs began
 To rail against him, to a man ;
 Vow'd they were strangers to his name,
 Nor knew from whence the dotard came.

But mark the sequel—for this truth
 Highly concerns impetuons youth :
 Long ere the honeymoon could wane,
 Perdition seiz'd on every twain ;
 At every house, and all day long,
 Repentance plied her scorpion thong :
 Disgust was there with frowning mien,
 And every wayward child of Spleen.

Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
 Attended by a numerous train :
 Love, with each soft and nameless grace,
 Was first in favour and in place ;
 Then came the god with solemn gait,
 Whose every word was big with fate ;
 His hand a flaming taper bore,
 That sacred symbol, fam'd of yore :
 Virtue, adorn'd with every charm,
 Sustain'd the god's ineumphant arm ;
 Beauty improv'd the glowing scene
 With all the roses of eighteen :
 Youth led the gaily-smiling fair,
 His purple pinions wav'd in air :
 Wealth, a close hunk, walk'd hobbling nigh,
 With vulture-claw and eagle-eye ;

Who threescore years had seen, or more ;
('Tis said his coat had seen a score ;)
Proud was the wretch, though clad in rags,
Presuming much upon his bags.

A female next her arts display'd,
Poets alone can paint the maid ;
Trust me, Hogarth, (though great thy fame)
'Twould pose thy skill to draw the same ;
And yet thy mimic power is more
Than ever painter's was before :
Now she was fair as eygnet's down,
Now as Mat Prior's Emma brown ;
And, changing as the changing flow'r,
Her dress she varied every hour :
'Twas Fancy, child !—You know the fair,
Who pins your gown, and sets your hair.

Lo ! the god mounts his throne of state,
And sits the arbiter of fate :
His head with radiant glories dress'd,
Gently reelin'd on Virtue's breast :
Love took his station on the right,
His quiver beam'd with golden light.
Beauty usurp'd the second place,
Ambitions of distinguish'd grace ;
She claim'd this ceremonial joy,
Because related to the boy ;
(Said it was her's to point his dart,
And speed its passage to the heart ;)
While on the god's inferior hand
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.

And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
And now a thousand heartstrings bleed.
I saw a blooming trembling bride,
A toothless lover join'd her side ;

Averse she turn'd her weeping face,
And shudder'd at the cold embrace.

But various baits their force impart ;
Thus titles lie at Celia's heart :
A passion much too foul to name,
Costs supercilious prudes their fame :
Prudes wed to publicans and sinners ;
The hungry poet weds for dinners.

The god with frown indignant view'd
The rabble covetous or lewd ;
By every vice his altars stain'd,
By every foot his rites profan'd :
When Love complain'd of Wealth alone,
Affirming Wealth debauch'd the crowd ;
Drew up in form his heavy charge,
Desiring to be heard at large.

The god consents, the throng divide,
The young espous'd the plaintiff's side :
The old declar'd for the defendant,
For Age is Money's sworn attendant.

Love said that wedlock was design'd
By gracious heaven to match the mind ;
To pair the tender and the just,
And his the delegated trust :
That Wealth had play'd a knavish part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart ;
But what avails the faithless voice ?
The injur'd heart despairs the choice.—

Wealth straight replied, that Love was blind,
And talk'd at random of the mind :
That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,
And all the artillery of darts,
Were long ago exploded fancies,
And laugh'd at—even in romances.

Poets indeed style Love a treat,
Perhaps for want of better meat :
And Love might be delicious fare,
Could we, like poets, live on air.
But grant that angels feast on Love,
(Those purer essences above)
Yet Albion's sons, he understood,
Prefer'd a more substantial food.
Thus while with gibes he dress'd his cause,
His grey admirers hem'd applause.

With seeming conquest pert and proud,
Wealth shook his sides, and chukled loud ;
When Fortune, to restrain his pride,
And fond to favour Love beside,
Opening the miser's tape-tied vest,
Disclos'd the cares which stung his breast :
Wealth stood abash'd at his disgrace,
And a deep crimson flush'd his faee.

Love sweetly sinper'd at the sight ;
His gay adherents laugh'd outright.
The god, though grave his temper, smil'd,
For Hymen dearly priz'd the child :
But he who triumphis o'er his brother,
In turn is laugh'd at by another.
Such cruel scores we often find
Repaid the criminal in kind :—
For Poverty, that famish'd fiend ;
Ambitious of a wealthy friend,
Advanc'd into the Miser's place,
And star'd the stripling in the faee ;
Whose lips grew pale, and cold as clay ;
I thought the chit would swoon away.

The god was studious to employ
His cares to aid the vanquish'd boy ;

And therefore issued his decree,
That the two parties straight agree.
When both obey'd the god's commands,
And Love and Riches join'd their hands.

What wondrous change in each was wrought,
Believe me, fair ! surpasses thought.
If Love had many charms before,
He now had charms, ten thousand more.
If Wealth had serpents in his breast,
They now are dead, or lull'd to rest.

Beauty, that vain affected thing,
Who join'd the hymeneal ring,
Approach'd with round unthinking face,
And thus the trifler states her case.

She said, that Love's complaints, 'twas known,
Exactly tallied with her own ;
That Wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,
And robb'd her of a thousand hearts ;
Desiring judgment against Wealth,
For falsehood, perjury, and stealth :
All which she could on oath depose,
And hop'd the court would slit his nose.

But Hymen, when he heard her name,
Call'd her an interloping dame ;
Look'd through the crowd with angry state,
And blam'd the porter at the gate
For giving entrance to the fair,
When she was no essential there.

To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,
He order'd Fancy to preside.

Hence, when debates on beauty rise,
And each bright fair disputes the prize.

To Fancy's court we straight apply,
And wait the sentence of her eye ;
In Beauty's realms she holds the seals,
And her awards preclude appeals.

VIII.

LIFE.

LET not the young my precepts shun ;
Who slight good counsels are undone.
Your poet sung of Love's delights,
Of halcyon days and joyous nights ;
To the gay fancy lovely themes ;
And fain I'd hope they're more than dreams.
But, if you please, before we part,
I'd speak a language to your heart.
We'll talk of Life, though much, I fear,
The' ungrateful tale will wound your ear.
You raise your sanguine thoughts too high,
And hardly know the reason why :
But say Life's tree bears golden fruit,
Some canker shall corrode the root ;
Some unexpected storm shall rise ;
Or scorching suns, or chilling skies ;
And (if experienc'd truths avail)
All your autumnal hopes shall fail.
‘ But, poet, whence such wide extremes ?
Well may you style your labours dreams.
A son of sorrow thou, I ween,
Whose visions are the brats of Spleen.

Is bliss a vague unmeaning name—
Speak then the passions' use or aim ;
Why rage desires without control,
And rouse such whirlwinds in the soul ;
Why Hope erects her towering crest,
And laughs, and riots in the breast ?
Think not, my weaker brain turns round,
Think not, I tread on fairy ground :
Think not, your pulse alone beats true—
Mine makes as healthful music too.
Our joys, when life's soft spring we trace,
Put forth their early buds apace.
See the bloom loads the tender shoot,
The bloom conceals the future fruit.
Yes, manhood's warm meridian sun
Shall ripen what in spring begun.
Thus infant roses, ere they blow,
In germinating clusters grow ;
And only wait the summer's ray,
To burst and blossom to the day.'

What said the gay unthinking boy ?—
Methought Hilario talk'd of joy !
Tell, if thou cañst, whence joys arise,
Or what those mighty joys you prize.
You'll find (and trust superior years)
The vale of life a vale of tears.
Could Wisdom teach, where joys abound,
Or riches purchase them, when found,
Would scepter'd Solomon complain,
That all was fleeting, false, and vain ?
Yet scepter'd Solomon could say,
Returning clouds obscur'd his day.
Those maxims, which the preacher drew,
The royal sage experienc'd true.

He knew the various ills that wait
Our infant and meridian state ;
That toys our earliest thoughts engage,
And different toys maturer age ;
That grief at every stage appears,
But different griefs at different years ;
That vanity is seen, in part,
Inscrib'd on every human heart :
In the child's breast the spark began,
Grows with his growth, and glares in man.
But when in life we journey late,
If follies die, do griefs abate ?
Ah ! what is life at fourscore years ?— [tears !
One dark, rough road of sighs, groans, pains, and
Perhaps you'll think I act the same,
As a sly sharper plays his game :
You triumph every deal that's past,
He's sure to triumph at the last ;
Who often wins some thousands more
Than twice the sum you won before.
But I'm a loser with the rest,
For Life is all a deal at best ;
Where not the prize of wealth or fame,
Repays the trouble of the game ;
(A truth no winner e'er denied,
An hour before that winner died.)
Not that with me these prizes shine,
For neither fame nor wealth are mine.
My cards !— a weak plebeian band,
With scarce an honour in my hand.
And, since my trumps are very few,
What have I more to boast than you !
Nor am I gainer by your fall !
That harlot Fortune bubbles all.

'Tis truth (receive it ill or well)
'Tis melancholy truth I tell.
Why should the preacher take your pence,
And smother truth to flatter sense?
I'm sure physicians have no merit,
Who kill through lenity of spirit.

That Life's a game, divines confess,
This says at cards, and that at chess:
But if our views be center'd here,
'Tis all a losing game, I fear.

Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,
And hostile vessels crowd the main,
If they discover from afar
A bark, as distant as a star,
Hold the perspective to their eyes,
To learn its colours, strength, and size;
And when this secret once they know,
Make ready to receive the foe.
Let you and I from sailors learn
Important truths of like concern.

I clos'd the day, as custom led,
With reading, till the time of bed;
Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,
Again display'd her magic pow'r,
(For know, that Fancy, like a sprite,
Prefers the silent scenes of night.)
She lodg'd me in a neighbouring wood,
No matter where the thicket stood;
The Genius of the place was nigh,
And held two pictures to my eye.
The curious painter had portray'd
Life in each just and genuine shade.
They, who have only known its dawn,
May think these lines too deeply drawn,

But riper years, I fear, will shew,
The wiser artist paints too true.

One piece presents a rueful wild,
Where not a summer's sun had smil'd :
The road with thorns is cover'd wide,
And Grief sits weeping by the side ;
Her tears with constant tenor flow,
And form a mournful lake below ;
Whose silent waters, dark and deep,
Through all the gloomy valley creep.

Passions that flatter, or that slay,
Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.
Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape ;
There Folly personates the ape ;
Here Avarice gripes with harpies' claws ;
There Malice grins with tigers' jaws ;
While sons of mischief, Art and Guile,
Are alligators of the Nile.

Ev'n Pleasure acts a treacherous part,
She charms the sense, but stings the heart ;
And when she gulls us of our wealth,
Or that superior pearl, our health,
Restores us nought but pains and woe,
And drowns us in the lake below.

There a commission'd angel stands,
With desolation in his hands !
He sends the all-devouring flame,
And cities hardly boast a name :
Or wings the pestilential blast,
And lo ! ten thousands breathe their last :
He speaks—obedient tempests roar,
And guilty nations are no more :
He speaks—the fury Discord raves,
And sweeps whole armies to their graves :

Or Famine lifts her mildew'd hand,
And Hunger howls through all the land.

Oh! what a wretch is man, I cried,
Expos'd to death on every side!
And sure as born, to be undone
By evils which he cannot shun!
Besides a thousand baits to sin,
A thousand traitors lodg'd within!
For soon as Vice assaults the heart,
The rebels take the demon's part.

I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds ;
When straight the milder plan succeeds.
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,
The same as in the piece before.
But gleams of light are here display'd,
To cheer the eye, and gild the shade.
Affliction speaks a softer style,
And Disappointment wears a smile.
A group of Virtues blossom near,
Their roots improve by every tear.

Here Patience, gentle maid! is nigh,
To calm the storm, and wipe the eye ;
Hope acts the kind physician's part,
And warms the solitary heart ;
Religion nobler comfort brings,
Disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings ;
Points out the balance on the whole,
And Heaven rewards the struggling soul.

But while these raptures I pursue,
The Genius suddenly withdrew.

IX.

DEATH.

VISION THE LAST.

"Tis thought my Visions are too grave¹,
A proof I'm no designing knave.
Perhaps if Interest held the scales,
I had devis'd quite different tales ;
Had join'd the laughing low buffoon,
And scribbled satire and lampoon ;
Or stir'd each source of soft desire,
And fan'd the coals of wanton fire ;
Then had my paltry Visions sold,
Yes, all my dreams had turn'd to gold ;
Had prov'd the darlings of the town,
And I—a poet of renown !

Let not my awful theme surprise ;
Let no unmanly fears arise.
I wear no melancholy hue,
No wreaths of cypress or of yew.
The shroud, the coffin, pall, or herse,
Shall ne'er deform my softer verse :
Let me consign the funeral plume,
The herald's paint, the sculptur'd tomb,
And all the solemn farce of graves,
To undertakers and their slaves.

You know, that moral writers say
The world's a stage, and life a play ;
That in this drama to succeed,
Requires much thought, and toil indeed !

¹ See the Monthly Review of New Books, for Feb. 1751.

There still remains one labour more,
Perhaps a greater than before.
Indulge the search, and you shall find
The harder task is still behind ;
That harder task, to quit the stage
In early youth, or riper age ;
To leave the company and place,
With firmness, dignity, and grace.

Come, then, the closing scenes survey ;
Tis the last act which crowns the play.
Do well this grand decisive part,
And gain the plaudit of your heart.
Few greatly live in Wisdom's eye—
But oh ! how few who greatly die !
Who, when their days approach an end,
Can meet the foe, as friend meets friend.

Instructive heroes ! tell us whencee
Your noble scorn of flesh and sense !
You part from all we prize so dear,
Nor drop one soft reluctant tear :
Part from those tender joys of life,
The friend, the parent, child, and wife.
Death's black and stormy gulf you brave,
And ride exulting on the wave ;
Deem thrones but trifles all !—no more—
Nor send one wishful look to shore.

For foreign ports and lands unknown,
Thus the firm sailor leaves his own ;
Obedient to the rising gale,
Unmoors his bark, and spreads his sail ;
Defies the ocean, and the wind,
Nor mourns the joys he leaves behind.

Is Death a powerful monarch ? True—
Perhaps you dread the tyrant too ?

Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,
Or swells the object to the sight.
Attend my visionary page,
And I'll disarm the tyrant's rage.
Come, let this ghastly form appear ;
He's not so terrible when near.
Distance deludes the unwary eye,
So clouds seem monsters in the sky :
Hold frequent converse with him now,
He'll daily wear a milder brow.
Why is my theme with terror fraught ?
Because you shun the frequent thought.
Say, when the captive pard is nigh,
Whence thy pale cheek and frightened eye ?
Say, why dismay'd thy manly breast,
When the grim lion shakes his crest ?
Because these savage sights are new—
No keeper shudders at the view.
Keepers, accustom'd to the scene,
Approach the dens with look serene,
Fearless their grisly charge explore,
And smile to hear the tyrants roar.

‘ Ay—but to die ! to bid adieu !
An everlasting farewell too !
Farewell to every joy around !
Oh ! the heart sickens at the sound !

Stay, stripling—thou art poorly taught—
Joy didst thou say?—discard the thought.
Joys are a rich celestial fruit,
And scorn a sublunary root.
What wears the face of joy below,
Is often found but splendid woe.
Joys here, like unsubstantial fame,
Are nothings with a pompous name ;

Or else, like comets in the sphere,
Shine with destruction in their rear.

Passions, like clouds, obscure the sight,
Hence mortals seldom judge aright.
The world's a harsh unfruitful soil,
Yet still we hope, and still we toil ;
Deceive ourselves with wondrous art,
And disappointment wrings the heart.

Thus when a mist collects around,
And hovers o'er a barren ground,
The poor deluded traveller spies
Imagin'd trees and structures rise ;
But when the shrouded sun is clear,
The desert and the rocks appear.

' Ah—but when youthful blood runs high,
Sure 'tis a dreadful thing to die !
To die ! and what exalts the gloom,
I'm told that man survives the tomb !
O ! can the learned prelate find
What future scenes await the mind ?
Where wings the soul, dislodg'd from clay ?
Some courteous angel point the way !
That unknown somewhere in the skies !
Say, where that unknown somewhere lies ;
And kindly prove, when life is o'er,
That pains and sorrows are no more.
For doubtless dying is a curse,
If present ills be chang'd for worse.'

Hush, my young friend, forego the theme ;
And listen to your poet's dream.

Erewhile I took an evening walk,
Honorio join'd in social talk.
Along the lawns the zephyrs sweep,
Each ruder wind was lull'd asleep.

The sky, all beanteous to behold,
Was streak'd with azure, green, and gold ;
But, though serenely soft and fair,
Fever hung brooding in the air ;
Then settled on Honorio's breast,
Which shudder'd at the fatal guest.
No drugs the kindly wish fulfil,
Disease eludes the doctor's skill.

The poison spreads through all the frame,
Ferments, and kindles into flame.
From side to side Honorio turns,
And now with thirst insatiate burns.
His eyes resign their wonted grace,
Those friendly lamps expire apace !
The brain's an useless organ grown,
And Reason tumbled from his throne.—

But while the purple surges glow,
The currents thicken as they flow ;
The blood in every distant part
Stagnates and disappoints the heart ;
Defrauded of its crimson store,
The vital engine plays no more.

Honorio dead, the funeral bell
Call'd every friend to bid farewell :
I join'd the melancholy bier,
And drop'd the unavailing tear.

The clock struck twelve—when nature sought
Repose from all the pangs of thought ;
And while my limbs were sunk to rest,
A vision sooth'd my troubled breast.

I dream'd the spectre Death appear'd,
I dream'd his hollow voice I heard !
Methought the imperial tyrant wore
A state no prince assum'd before.

All nature feteh'd a general groan,
And lay expiring round his throne.

I gaz'd—when straight arose to sight
The most detested fiend of night.
He shuffled with unequal pace,
And conscious shame deform'd his face.
With jealous leer he sqinted round,
Or fix'd his eyes upon the ground.
From hell this frightful monster came,
Sin was his sire, and Guilt his name.

This fury, with officious care,
Waited around the Sovereign's chair ;
In robes of terrors dress'd the king,
And arm'd him with a baneful sting ;
Gave fierceness to the tyrant's eye,
And hung the sword upon his thigh.
Diseases next, a hideous crowd !
Proclaim'd their master's empire loud ;
And, all obedient to his will,
Flew in commission'd troops to kill.

A rising whirlwind shakes the poles,
And lightning glares, and thunder rolls.
The Monarch and his train prepare
To range the foul tempestuous air.
Straight to his shoulders he applies
Two pinions of enormous size !
Methought I saw the ghastly form
Stretch his black wings, and mount the storm.
When Fancy's airy horse I strode,
And join'd the army on the road.
As the grim conqueror urg'd his way,
He scatter'd terror and dismay.
Thousands a pensive aspect wore,
Thousands who sneer'd at Death before.

Life's records rise on every side,
And Conscience spreads those volumes wide ;
Which faithful registers were brought
By pale-ey'd Fear and busy Thought.
Those faults which artful men conceal,
Stand here engrav'd with pen of steel,
By Conscience, that impartial scribe !
Whose honest palm disdains a bribe.
Their actions all like critics view,
And all like faithful crities too.
As guilt had stain'd life's various stage,
What tears of blood bedew'd the page !
All shudder'd at the black account,
And scarce believ'd the vast amount !
All vow'd a sudden change of heart,
Would Death relent, and sheathe his dart.
But, when the awful foe withdrew,
All to their follies fled anew.

So when a wolf, who scours at large,
Springs on the shepherd's fleecy charge,
The flock in wild disorder fly,
And cast behind a frequent eye ;
But, when the victim's bore away,
They rush to pasture and to play.

Indulge my dream ; and let my pen
Paint those unmeaning creatures, Men.

Carus, with pains and sickness worn,
Chides the slow night, and sighs for morn ;
Soon as he views the eastern ray,
He mourns the quick return of day ;
Hourly laments protracted breath,
And courts the healing hand of Death.

Verres, oppress'd with guilt and shame,
Shipwreck'd in fortune, health, and fame,

Pines for his dark sepulchral bed,
To mingle with the unheeded dead.

With fourscore years grey Natho bends,
A burden to himself and friends ;
And with impatience seems to wait
The friendly hand of lingering fate :
So hirelings wish their labour done,
And often eye the western sun.

The monarch hears their various grief,
Descends, and brings the wish'd relief.
On Death with wild surprise they star'd ;
All seem'd averse ! All unprepar'd !

As torrents sweep with rapid force,
The grave's pale chief pursued his course.
No human pow'r ean or withstand
Or shun the conquests of his hand.
Oh ! could the prince of upright mind,
And, as a guardian-angel kind,
With every heartfelt worth beside,
Turn the keen shaft of Death aside ;
When would the brave Augustus join
The ashes of his sacred line ?
But Death maintains no partial war,
He mocks a sultan or a czar :
He lays his iron hand on all —
Yes ; kings, and sons of kings, must fall !
A truth Britannia lately felt,
And trembled to her centre ! — ¹

Could ablest statesmen ward the blow,
Would Granville own this common foe ?
For greater talents ne'er were known
To grace the favourite of a throne.

¹ Referring to the death of Frederic Prince of Wales, March 20, 1751.

Could genius save—wit, learning, fire—
 Tell me, would Chesterfield expire?
 Say, would his glorious sun decline,
 And set like your pale star or mine?

Could every virtue of the sky—
 Would Herring², Butler³, Secker⁴ die?

Why this address to peerage all—
 Untitled Allen's virtues call!
 If Allen's worth demands a place,
 Lords, with your leave, 'tis no disgrace,
 Though high your ranks in heralds' rolls,
 Know Virtue too ennobles souls:

By her that private man's renown'd,
 Who pours a thousand blessings round,
 While Allen takes Affliction's part,
 And draws out all his generous heart;
 Anxious to seize the fleeting day,
 Lest unimprov'd it steal away:
 While thus he walks with jealous strife
 Through goodness, as he walks through life,
 Shall not I mark his radiant path?—
 Rise, muse, and sing the Man of Bath!
 Publish'd abroad, could goodness save,
 Allen would disappoint the grave;
 Translated to the heavenly shore,
 Like Enoch, when his walk was o'er.

Not Beauty's powerful pleas restrain—
 Her pleas are trifling, weak, and vain;
 For women pierce with shrieks the air,
 Smite their bare breasts, and rend their hair.
 All have a doleful tale to tell,
 How friends, sons, daughters, husbands fell!

² Archbishop of Canterbury. ³ Late Bishop of Durham.

⁴ Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards Abp. of Canterbury.

Alas! is life our favourite theme!
 'Tis all a vain, or painful dream.
 A dream which fools or cowards prize,
 But slighted by the brave or wise.
 Who lives, for others' ills must groan,
 Or bleed for sorrows of his own;
 Must journey on with weeping eye,
 Then pant, sink, agonize, and die.

' And shall a man arraign the skies,
 Because man lives, and mourns, and dies?
 Impatient reptile ! (Reason cried)
 Arraign thy passion and thy pride :
 Retire, and commune with thy heart ;
 Ask, whence thou cam'st, and what thou art ?
 Explore thy body and thy mind,
 Thy station too, why here assign'd ?—
 The search shall teach thee life to prize,
 And make thee grateful, good, and wise.
 Why do you roam to foreign climes,
 To study nations, modes, and times ;
 A science often dearly bought,
 And often what avails you nought ?
 Go, man, and act a wiser part ;
 Study the science of your heart.
 This home-philosophy, you know,
 Was priz'd some thousand years ago⁵.
 Then why abroad a frequent guest ?
 Why such a stranger to your breast ?
 Why turn so many volumes o'er,
 Till Dodsley can supply no more ?
 Not all the volumes on thy shelf,
 Are worth that single volume, Self.

⁵ ' *Know Thyselv*'—a celebrated saying of Chilo, one of the seven wise men of Greece.

For who this sacred book declines,
Howe'er in other arts he shines ;
Though smit with Pindar's noble rage,
Or vers'd in Tully's manly page ;
Though deeply read in Plato's school ;
With all his knowledge, is a fool.

‘ Proclaim the truth—say, what is man ?
His body from the dust began :
And when a few short years are o'er,
The crumbling fabric is no more.

‘ But whence the soul ? From Heaven it came !
Oh ! prize this intellectual flame.
This nobler Self with rapture scan,
'Tis mind alone which makes the man.
Trust me, there's not a joy on earth,
But from the soul derives its birth.
Ask the young rake (he'll answer right)
Who treats by day, and drinks by night,
What makes his entertainments shine,
What gives the relish to his wine ;
He'll tell thee, (if he scorns the beast)
That social pleasures form the feast.
The charms of beauty too shall cloy,
Unless the soul exalts the joy:
The mind must animate the face,
Or cold and tasteless every grace.

‘ What ! must the soul her powers dispense
To raise and swell the joys of sense ?—
Know too, the joys of sense control,
And clog the motions of the soul ;
Forbid her pinions to aspire,
Damp and impair her native fire :
And sure as Sense (that tyrant !) reigns,
She holds the empress, Soul, in chains.

Inglorious bondage to the mind,
Heaven-born, sublime, and unconfin'd!
She's independent, fair, and great,
And justly claims a large estate :
She asks no borrow'd aids to shine,
She boasts within a golden mine ;
But, like the treasures of Peru,
Her wealth lies deep, and far from view.
Say, shall the man who knows her worth,
Debase her dignity and birth ;
Or e'er rec pine at Heaven's decree,
Who kindly gave her leave to be ;
Call'd her from nothing into day,
And built her tenement of clay?
Hear and accept me for your guide,
(Reason shall ne'er desert your side.)
Who listens to my wiser voice,
Can't but applaud his Maker's choice ;
Pleas'd with that First and Sovereign Cause,
Pleas'd with unerring Wisdom's laws ;
Secure, since Sovereign Goodness reigns,
Secure, since Sovereign Power obtains.

‘ With curious eyes review thy frame,
This science shall direct thy claim.
Dost thou indulge a double view,
A long, long life, and happy too ?
Perhaps a further boon you crave—
To lie down easy in the grave ?
Know then my dictates must prevail,
Or surely each fond wish shall fail.—

‘ Come then, is Happiness thy aim ?
Let mental joys be all thy game.
Repeat the search, and mend your pace,
The capture shall reward the châse.

Let every minute, as it springs,
Convey fresh knowledge on its wings ;
Let every minute, as it flies,
Record thee good as well as wise.
While such pursuits your thoughts engage,
In a few years you'll live an age.
Who measures life by rolling years ?
Fools measure by revolving spheres.
Go thou, and fetch the' unerring rule
From Virtue's, and from Wisdom's school.
Who well improves life's shortest day,
Will scarce regret its setting ray ;
Contented with his share of light,
Nor fear nor wish the' approach of night.
And when Disease assaults the heart,
When Sickness triumphs over Art,
Reflections on a life well past
Shall prove a cordial to the last ;
This med'cine shall the soul sustain,
And soften or suspend her pain ;
Shall break Death's fell tyrannic pow'r,
And calm the troubled dying hour.'

Bless'd rules of cool prudential age !
I listen'd, and rever'd the sage.
When lo ! a form divinely bright
Descends and bursts upon my sight,
A seraph of illustrious birth !
(Religion was her name on earth)
Supremely sweet her radiant face,
And blooming with celestial grace !
Three shining cherubs form'd her train,
Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain ;
Faith, with sublime and piercing eye,
And pinions fluttering for the sky ;

Here Hope, that smiling angel, stands,
And golden anchors grace her hands;
There Charity, in robes of white,
Fairest and favourite maid of light!

The seraph spake—‘ ‘Tis Reason’s part,
To govern, and to guard the heart;
To lull the wayward soul to rest,
When hopes and fears distract the breast.
Reason may calm this doubtful strife,
And steer thy bark through various life:
But when the storms of death are nigh,
And midnight darkness veils the sky,
Shall Reason then direct thy sail,
Disperse the clouds, or sink the gale?
Stranger, this skill alone is mine,
Skill! that transcends his scanty line.

‘ That hoary sage has counseled right—
Be wise; nor scorn his friendly light.
Revere thyself—thou’rt near allied
To angels on thy better side.
How various e’er their ranks or kinds,
Angels are but unbodied minds;
When the partition-walls decay,
Men emerge angels from their clay.

‘ Yes, when the frailer body dies,
The soul asserts her kindred skies.
But minds, though sprung from heavenly race,
Must first be tutor’d for the place.
(The joys above are understood,
And relish’d only by the good)
Who shall assume this guardian care?
Who shall secure their birthright there?
Souls are my charge—to me ’tis giv’n
To train them for their native Heav’n.

‘ Know then—Who bow the early knee,
 And give the willing heart to me ;
 Who wisely, when Temptation waits,
 Elide her frauds and spurn her baits ;
 Who dare to own my injur’d cause,
 (Though fools deride my sacred laws)
 Or scorn to deviate to the wrong,
 Though Persecution lifts her thong.
 Though all the sons of hell conspire
 To raise the stake, and light the fire ;
 Know, that for such superior souls,
 There lies a bliss beyond the poles ;
 Where spirits shine with purer ray,
 And brighten to meridian day ;
 Where Love, where boundless Friendship rules,
 (No friends that change, no love that cools !)
 Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
 And pour and pour upon the soul !

‘ But where’s the passage to the skies ?—
 The road through Death’s black valley lies.
 Nay, do not shudder at my tale—
 Though dark the shades, yet safe the vale.
 This path the best of men have trod ;
 And who’d decline the road to God ?
 Oh ! ’tis a glorious boon to die !
 This favour can’t be priz’d too high.’

While thus she spake, my looks express’d
 The raptures kindling in my breast :
 My soul a fix’d attention gave ;
 When the stern Monarch of the Grave
 With haughty strides approach’d—Amaz’d
 I stood, and trembled as I gaz’d.
 The Seraph calm’d each auxions fear,
 And kindly wip’d the falling tear ;

Then hasten'd, with expanded wing,
To meet the pale terrific King.

But now, what milder seenes arise!
The tyrant drops his hostile guise.
He seems a youth divinely fair;
In graceful ringlets waves his hair:
His wings their whitening plumes display,
His burnish'd plumes reflect the day.
Light flows his shining azure vest,
And all the angel stands confess'd.

I view'd the change with sweet surprise,
And oh! I panted for the skies;
Thank'd Heaven, that e'er I drew my breath,
And triumph'd in the thoughts of Death!

FABLES.

I.

The Advantages of Application and Diligence in our earlier Years, and the destructive Consequences of Pride and Cruelty.

THE

BEE, THE ANT, AND THE SPARROW.

My dears, 'tis said in days of old,
That beasts could talk, and birds could scold :
But now it seemis the human race
Alone engross the speaker's place.
Yet lately, if report be true,
(And much the tale relates to you)
There met a Sparrow, Ant, and Bee,
Which reason'd and convers'd as we.
Who reads my page will doubtless grant,
That Phie's the wise industrious Ant.
And all with half an eye may see,
That Kitty is the busy Bee.
Here then are two— But where's the third?
Go search your school, you'll find the Bird.
Your school! I ask your pardon, fair;
I'm sure you'll find no Sparrow there.
Now to my tale.— One summer's morn
A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;

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

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

The active Bee with pleasure saw
 The Ant fulfil her parent's law,
 ' Ah ! sister-labourer,' says she,
 ' How very fortunate are we !
 Who taught in infancy to know
 The comforts which from labour flow,
 Are independent of the great,
 Nor know the wants of pride and state.

Why is our food so very sweet?—
Because we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants so very few?—
Because we Nature's calls pursue.
Whence our complacency of mind?—
Because we act our parts assign'd.
Have we incessant tasks to do?
Is not all Nature busy too?
Doth not the sun with constant pace
Persist to run his annual race?
Do not the stars which shine so bright
Renew their courses every night?
Doth not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the generous steed
Withhold his labour or his speed?
If you all Nature's system scan,
'The only idle thing is Man.'

A wanton sparrow long'd to hear
This sage discourse, and straight drew near.
The bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert, and very proud ;
As worthless and as vain a thing,
Perhaps, as ever wore a wing.
She found, as on a spray she sat,
The little friends were deep in chat ;
That virtue was their favourite theme,
And toil and probity their scheme :
Such talk was hateful to her breast,
She thought them arrant prudes at best.
When to display her naughty mind,
Hunger with cruelty combin'd ;
She view'd the Ant with savage eyes,
And hop'd, and hop'd, to snatch her prize.

The Bee, who watch'd her opening bill,
 And guess'd her fell design to kill ;
 Ask'd her ' from what her anger rose,
 And why she treated Ants as foes ?'

The Sparrow her reply began ;
 And thus the conversation ran.

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

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

' Virtue !' rejoin'd the sneering bird,
 ' Where did you learn that gothic word ?

Since I was hatch'd I never heard
That virtue was at all rever'd.
But say it was the ancients' claim,
Yet moderns disavow the name.
Unless, my dear, you read romances,
I cannot reconcile your fancies.
Virtue in fairy-tales is seen
To play the goddess, or the queen ;
But what's a queen without the pow'r,
Or beauty, child, without a dow'r ?
Yet this is all that virtue brags ;
At best 'tis only worth in rags.
Such whims my very heart derides ;
Indeed you make me burst my sides.
Trust me, Miss Bee—to speak the truth,
I've copied man from earliest youth ;
The same our taste, the same our school,
Passion and appetite our rule ;
And call me bird, or call me sinner,
I'll ne'er forego my sport or dinner.'

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

Thus in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked, wanton Sparrow died.

II.

That true Virtue consists in Action, and not in Specu-

THE SCHOLAR AND THE CAT.

LABOUR entitles man to eat ;
 The idle have no claim to meat.
 This rule must every station fit,
 Because 'tis drawn from sacred writ.
 And yet, to feed on such condition,
 Almost amounts to prohibition.
 Rome's priesthood would be doom'd, I fear,
 To eat soup maigre all the year.
 And would not Oxford's cloister'd son
 By this hard statute be undone ?
 In truth, your poet, were he fed
 No oft'ner than he earns his bread,
 The vengeance of this law would feel,
 And often go without a meal.

It seem'd a Scholar and his Cat
 Together join'd in social chat.
 When thus the letter'd youth began—
 ‘ Of what vast consequence is man !
 Lords of this nether globe we shine,
 Our tenure's held by right divine.
 Here independence waves its plea,
 All creatures bow the vassal knee.
 Nor earth alone can bound our reign,
 Ours is the empire of the main.

‘ True—man's a sovereign prince—but say,
 What art sustains the monarch's sway.

Say from what source we fetch supplies ;
'Tis here the grand inquiry lies.
Strength is not man's—for strength must suit
Best with the structure of a brute.
Nor craft nor cunning can suffice ;
A fox might then dispute the prize.
To godlike Reason 'tis we owe
Our ball and sceptre here below.

‘ Now your associate next explains
To whom precedence appertains.
And sure 'tis easy to divine
The leaders of this royal line.
Note, that all tradesmen I attest
But petty princes at the best.
Superior excellence you'll find
In those, who cultivate the mind.
Hence heads of colleges, you'll own,
Transcend the' assessors of a throne.
Say, Evans, have you any doubt?
You can't offend by speaking out.

With visage placid and sedate,
Puss thus address'd her learned mate :—

‘ We're told that none in Nature's plan
Disputes pre-eminence with man.
But this is still a dubious case
To me, and all our purring race.
We grant indeed to partial eyes
Men may appear supremely wise.
But our sagacious rabbies hold,
That “ all which glitters is not gold.”
Pray, if your haughty claims be true,
Why are our manners ap'd by you?
Whene'er you think, all Cats agree,
You shut your opties, just as we.

Pray, why like Cats so wrapt in thought,
 If you by Cats were never taught?
 But know, our tabby-schools maintain
 Worth is not center'd in the brain.
 Not that our sages thought despise—
 No—but in action virtue lies.
 We find it by experience fact,
 That thought must ripen into act;
 Or Cat no real fame acquires,
 But virtue in the bud expires.
 This point your orchard can decide—
 Observe its gay autumnal pride:
 For trees are held in high repute,
 Not for their blossoms, but their fruit.
 If so, then Miller's¹ page decrees
 Mere Scholars to be barren trees.
 But if these various reasons fail,
 Let my example once prevail.

‘ When to your chamber you repair,
 Your property employs my care:
 And while you sink in sweet repose,
 My faithful eyelids never close.
 When hunger prompts the mouse to steal
 Then I display my honest zeal;
 True to my charge, these talons seize
 The wretch, who dares purloin your cheese:
 Or should the thief assault your bread,
 I strike the audacious felon dead.

‘ Nor say I spring at smaller game,
 My prowess slaughter'd rats proclaim.
 I'm told, your generals often fly,
 When danger and when death are nigh:
 Nay, when nor death nor danger's near,
 As your court-martials make appear.

¹ Author of the Gardener's Dictionary, &c.

When in your service we engage,
We brave the pilfering villain's rage ;
Ne'er take advantage of the night,
To meditate inglorious flight :
But stand resolv'd, when foes defy,
To conquer, or to bravely die.

' Hence, Bookworm, learn—our duty here
Is active life in every sphere.
Know too, there's scarce a brute but can
Instruct vain superecilious man.'

III.

That our Fortitude and Perseverance should be proportionate
to the Degree and Duration of our Sufferings.

NEPTUNE AND THE MARINERS.

WHEN sore calamities we feel,
And sorrow treads on sorrow's heel ;
Our courage and our strength, we say,
Are insufficient for the day.
Thus man's a poor dejected elf,
Who fain would run away from self.
Yet turn to Germany, you'll find
An Atlas of a human mind !
But here I deviate from my plan,
For Prussia's king is more than man.
Inferior beings suit my rhyme,
My scheme, my genius, and my time ;
Men, birds, and beasts, with now and then
A pagan god, to grace my pen.
A vessel bound for India's coast,
The merchant's confidence and boast,

Puts forth to sea—the gentle deep
Bespeaks its boist'rous god asleep.
Three cheerful shouts the sailors gave,
And zephyrs curl the shining wave.
A halcyon sky prevails awhile,
The tritons and the nereids smile.
These omens fairest hopes impress,
And half insure the George success.

What casual ills these hopes destroy !
To change how subject every joy !
When dangers most remote appear,
Experience proves those dangers near.
Thus, boast of health whene'er you please,
Health is next neighbour to disease.
'Tis prudence to suspect a foe,
And fortitude to meet the blow.
In wisdom's rank he stands the first,
Who stands prepar'd to meet the worst.

For lo ! unnumber'd clouds arise,
The sable legions spread the skies.
The storm around the vessel raves,
The deep displays a thousand graves.
With active hands and fearless hearts
The sailors play their varions parts ;
They ply the pumps, they furl the sails,
Yet nought their diligence avails.
The tempest thickens every hour,
And mocks the feats of human pow'r.

The sailors now their fate deplore,
Estrang'd to every fear before.
With wild surprise their eye-balls glare,
Their honest breasts admit despair.
All further efforts they decline,
At once all future hopes resign ;

And thus abandoning their skill,
They give the ship to drive at will.

Straight enter'd with majestic grace,
A form of more than human race,
The god an azure mantle wore,
His hand a forked sceptre bore;
When thus the monarch of the main—

‘ How dare you deem your labours vain ?
Shall man exert himself the less,
Because superior dangers press ?
How can I think your hearts sincere,
Unless you bravely persevere ?
Know, mortals, that when perils rise,
Perils enhance the glorious prize.
But, who deserts himself, shall be
Deserted by the gods and me.
Hence to your charge, and do your best,
My trident shall do all the rest.’

The mariners their task renew,
All to their destin'd province flew.
The winds are hush'd—the sea subsides,
The gallant George in safety rides.

IV.

The Folly of passing a hasty and derogatory Judgment upon
the noxious Animals of the Creation.

THE BEAU AND THE VIPER.

ALL wise philosophers maintain
Nature created nought in vain.
Yet some with supereilious brow
Deny the truth asserted now.

What if I show that only man
Appears defective in the plan?
Say, will the sceptic lay aside
His sneers, his arrogance, and pride?

A Beau, imported fresh from France,
Whose study was to dress and dance ;
Who had betimes, in Gallia's school,
Grafted the coxcomb on the foot ;
Approach'd a wood one summer's day,
To screen him from the scorching ray.
And as he travers'd through the grove,
Scheming of gallantry and love,
A Viper's spiry folds were seen,
Sparkling with azure, gold, and green ;
The Beau, indignant, weak, and prond,
With transport thus exclaim'd aloud :—

‘ Avaunt, detested fiend of night !
Thou torture to the human sight !
To every reptile a disgrace,
And fatal to our godlike race.
Why were such creatures form'd as you,
Unless to prove my doctrine true ;
That when we view this nether sphere,
Nor wisdom nor design appear ?’

The Serpent rais'd his angry crest ;
An honest zeal inflam'd his breast :
His hissings struck the fopling's ear,
And shook his very soul with fear.
‘ Inglorions wretch !’ the Viper cries,
‘ How dare yon broach infernal lies ?
Is there, in all creation's chain,
A link so worthless and so vain ?
Grant that your dress were truly thine,
How can your gold compare with mine ?’

Your vestments are of garter hue,
Mine boasts a far superior blue.

‘ You style me Reptile, in contempt;
You are that very reptile meant;
A two-legg’d thing which crawls on earth,
Void of utility and worth.

‘ You call me fatal to your race—
Was ever charge so false and base?
You can’t in all your annals find,
That unprovok’d we hurt mankind.
Uninjur’d, men in mischief deal,
We only bite the hostile heel.

‘ Do not we yield our lives to feed,
And save your vile distemper’d breed?
When leprosy pollutes your veins,
Do not we purge the loathsome stains?
When riot and excess prevail,
And health, and strength, and spirits fail;
Doctors from us their aid derive,
Hence penitential rakes revive.
We bleed to make the eaitiffs dine¹,
Or drown to medicate their wine.

‘ You ask, my poison to what end?
Minute philosopher, attend.

‘ Nature, munificent and wise,
To all our wants adapts supplies.
Our frames are fitted to our need,
Hence greyhounds are endued with speed:
Lions by force their prey subdue,
By force maintain their empire too:
But power, although the lion’s fame,
Was never known the Viper’s claim.

¹ Upon some occasions vipers are dressed, and served to table as eels.

Observe, when I unrol my length—
Say, is my structure form'd for strength?
Doth not celerity imply
Or legs to run, or wings to fly?
My jaws are constituted weak,
Hence poison lurks behind my cheek.
As lightning quick my fangs convey
This liquid to my wounded prey.
The venom thus insures my bite,
For wounds preclude the victim's flight.

‘ But why this deadly juice, you cry,
To make the wretched captive die?
Why not possess'd of stronger jaws,
Or arm'd like savage brutes with claws?

‘ Can such weak arguments persuade?
Ask rather, why were Vipers made?
To me my poison's more than wealth,
And to ungrateful mortals health.
In this benevolent design
My various organs all combine.
Strike out the poison from my frame,
My system were no more the same.
I then should want my comforts due,
Nay, lose my very being too.
And you'd, as doctors all agree,
A sovereign medicine lose in me.

‘ Now learn, 'tis arrogance in man
To censure what he cannot scan.
Nor dare to charge God's works with ill,
Since Vipers kind designs fulfil :
But give injurious scruples o'er,
Be still, be humble, and adore !’

V.

That Happiness is much more equally distributed, than the Generality of Mankind are apprized of.

THE SNAIL AND THE GARDENER.

WHEN sons of fortune ride on high,
How do we point the admiring eye !
With foolish face of wonder gaze,
And often covet what we praise.
How do we partial Nature chide,
As deaf to every son beside !
Or censure the mistaken dame,
As if her optics were to blame !
Thus we deem Nature most unkind,
Or what's as bad, we deem her blind.

But when inferior ranks we see,
Who move in humbler spheres than we ;
Men by comparisons are taught,
Nature is not so much in fault.
Yet mark my tale—the poet's pen
Shall vindicate her ways to men.

Within a garden, far from town,
There dwelt a Snail of high renown ;
Who, by tradition as appears,
Had been a tenant several years.
She spent her youth in wisdom's page—
Hence honour'd and rever'd in age.
Do Snails at any time contend,
Insult a neighbour, or a friend ;

Dispute their property and share,
Or in a cherry, or a pear?
No lord-chief-justice, all agree,
So able, and so just as she!
Whichever way their causes went,
All parties came away content.
At length she found herself decay,
Death sent mementos every day.
Her drooping strength sustains no more
The shell, which on her back she bore.
The eye had lost its visual art,
The heavy ear refus'd its part;
The teeth perform'd their office ill;
And every member fail'd her will.
But no defects in mind appear,
Her intellects are strong and clear.
Thus when his glorious course is run,
How brightly shines the setting sun!

The news through all the garden spread,
The neighbours throng'd about her bed;
Cheerful she rais'd her voice aloud,
And thus address'd the weeping crowd:—

‘ My friends, I'm hastening to the grave,
And know, nor plum nor peach can save.
Yes to those mansions go I must,
Where our good fathers sleep in dust.
Nor am I backward to explore
That gloomy vale they trod before.
‘ Gaints fate's deeree what can I say?
Like other Snails I've had my day.
Full many summer-suns I've seen,
And now die grateful and serene.

‘ If men the Higher Powers arraign,
Shall we adopt the plaintive strain?

Nature, profuse to us and ours,
 Hath kindly built these stately tow'rs ;
 Where, when the skies in night are dress'd,
 Secure from every ill we rest.

Survey our curious structnre well—
 How firm and yet how light our shell !
 Our refnge when cold storms invade,
 And in the dog-day's heat our shade.
 ‘ ‘ Thus when we see a fleeter race,
 We'll not lament our languid pace.
 Do dangers rise, or foes withstand ?
 Are not our castles close at hand ?
 For let a Snail at distance roam,
 The happy Snail is still at home.

‘ Survey our garden's bless'd retreats—
 Oh ! what a paradise of sweets !
 With what variety it's stor'd !
 Unnumber'd dainties spread our board.
 The plums assume their glossy blue,
 And cheeks of nectarines glow for you ;
 Peaches their lovely blush betray,
 And apricots their gold display ;
 While for your beverage, when you dine,
 There streams the nectar of the vine.

Be not my dying words forgot ;
 Depart, contented with your lot :
 Repress complaints when they begin :
 Ingratitude's a crying sin.
 And hold it for a truth, that we
 Are quite as bless'd as Snails should be.’

The Gardener hears with great surprise
 This sage discourse, and thus he cries—
 ‘ Oh ! what a thankless wretch am I,
 Who pass ten thousand favours by !

I blame, whene'er the linnet sings,
My want of song, or want of wings.
The piercing hawk, with towering flight,
Reminds me of deficient sight.
And when the generous steed I view,
Is not his strength my envy too?
I thus at birds and beasts repine,
And wish their various talents mine.
Fool as I am, who cannot see
Reason is more than all to me.

‘ My landlord boasts a large estate,
Rides in his coach, and eats in plate.
What! shall these lures bewitch my eye?
Shall they extort the murmuring sigh?
Say, he enjoys superior wealth—
Is not my better portion, health?
Before the sun has gilt the skies,
Returning labour bids me rise;
Obedient to the hunter’s horn,
He quits his couch at early morn.
By want compell’d, I dig the soil;
His is a voluntary toil.
For truth it is, since Adam’s fall,
His sons must labour one and all.
No man’s exempted by his purse;
Kings are included in the curse.
Would monarchs relish what they eat?
‘ Tis toil that makes the manchet sweet;
Nature enacts, before they’re fed,
That prince and peasant earn their bread.

‘ Hence wisdom and experience show,
That bliss in equal currents flow;
That happiness is still the same,
Howe’er ingredients change their name.

Nor doth this theme our search defy ;
 'Tis level to the human eye.
 Distinctions, introduce'd by men,
 Bewilder, and obscure our ken.
 I'll store these lessons in my heart,
 And cheerful act my proper part.
 If sorrows rise, as sorrows will,
 I'll stand resign'd to every ill ;
 Convinc'd, that wisely every pack
 Is suited to the bearer's back.'

VI.

That the Complaints of Mankind, against their several Stations
 and Provinces in Life, are often frivolous, and always un-
 warrantable.

THE FARMER AND THE HORSE.

'Tis a vain world, and all things show it ;
 I thought so once, but now I know it'.
 Ah ! GAY ! is thy poetic page
 The child of disappointed age ?
 Talk not of threescore years and ten,
 For what avails our knowledge then ?

But grant, that this experienc'd truth
 Were ascertain'd in early youth ;
 Reader what benefit would flow ?
 I vow, I'm at a loss to know !
 The world alarms the human breast,
 Because in savage colours dress'd.
 'Tis treated with invective style,
 And stands impeach'd of fraud and guile.

¹ Gay's Epitaph.

All in this heavy charge agree :—
But who's in fault—the world, or we?
The question's serious, short, and clear,
The answer claims our patient ear.
Yet if this office you decline—
With all my heart—the task be mine.
I'm certain, if I do my best,
Your candour will excuse the rest.

A Farmer, with a pensive brow,
One morn accompanied his plough.
The larks their cheerful matins sung,
The woods with answering music rung ;
The sun di-play'd his golden ray,
And Nature hail'd the rising day.
But still the peasant all the while
Refus'd to join the general smile.
He, like his fathers long before,
Resembled much the Jews of yore ;
Whose murmurings impious, weak, and vain,
Nor quails nor manna could restrain.

Did accidental death prevail ?
How prone to tell his piteous tale !
Pregnant with joys did plenty rise ?
How prone to blame indulgent skies !
Thus ever ready to complain ;
For plenty sinks the price of grain.

At length he spake :—‘ Ye powers divine,
Was ever lot so hard as mine ?
From infant life an arrant slave,
Close to the confines of the grave.
Have not I follow'd my employ
Near threescore winters, man and boy ?
But since I call this farm my own,
What scenes of sorrow have I known !

Alas ! if all the truth were told,
Hath not the rot impair'd my fold ?
Hath not the measles seiz'd my swine ?
Hath not the murrain slain my kine ?
Or say that horses be my theme,
Hath not the staggers thinn'd my team ?
Have not a thousand ills beside
Depriv'd my stable of its pride ?

‘ When I survey my lands around,
What thorns and thistles spread my ground ?
Doth not the grain my hopes beguile,
And mildews mock the thrasher's toil ?
However poor the harvests past,
What so deficient as the last ?
But though nor blasts, nor mildews rise,
My turnips are destroy'd by flies ;
My sheep are pin'd to such degree,
That not a butcher comes to me.

‘ Seasons are chang'd from what they were ;
And hence too foul, or hence too fair.
Now scorching heat and drought annoy,
And now returning showers destroy.
Thus have I pass'd my better years
Midst disappointments, cares, and tears.
And now, when I compute my gains,
What have I reap'd for all my pains ?

‘ Oh ! had I known in manhood's prime
These slow convictions wrought by time ;
Would I have brav'd the various woes
Of summer suns and winter snows ?
Would I have tempted every sky,
So wet, so windy, or so dry ?
With all the elements at strife ?
Ah ! no—I then had plann'd a life,

Where wealth attends the middle stage,
And rest and comfort wait on age :
Where rot and murrain ne'er commence,
Nor pastures burn at my expence ;
Nor injur'd cows their wants bewail,
Nor dairies mourn the milkless pail ;
Nor barns lament the blasted grain,
Nor cattle curse the barren plain.'

Dun hobbled by his master's side ;
And thus the sober brute replied :—

' Look through your team, and where's the steed
Who dares dispute with me his breed ?
Few horses trace their lineage higher,
Godolphin's Arab was my sire ;
My dam was sprung from Panton's stud,
My grandam boasted Childers' blood.
But ah ! it now avails me not
By what illustrious chief begot I
Spavins pay no regard to birth,
And failing vision sinks my worth.
The Squire, when he disgusted grew,
Transfer'd his property to you.
And since poor Dun " became your own,
What scenes of sorrow have I known !"
Hath it not been my constant toil,
To drag the plough, and turn the soil ?
Are not my bleeding shoulders wrung
By large and weighty loads of dung ?
When the shorn meadows claim your care,
And fragrant cocks perfume the air ;
When Ceres' ripen'd fruits abound,
And Plenty waves her sheaves around ;
True to my collar, home I bear
The treasures of the fruitful year.

And though this drudgery be mine,
You never heard me once repine.

‘ Yet what rewards have crown’d my days?
I’m grudg’d the poor reward of praise.
For oats small gratitude I owe ;
Beans were untasted joys, you know.
And now I’m hastening to my end,
Past services can find no friend.
Infirmities, disease, and age,
Provoke my surly driver’s rage.
Look to my wounded flanks, you’ll see
No horse was ever us’d like me.

‘ But now I eat my meals with pain,
Averse to masticate the grain.
Hence you direct, at night and morn,
That chaff accompany my corn ;
For husks, although my teeth be few,
Force my reluctant jaws to chew.
What then? Of life shall I complain,
And call it fleeting, false, and vain?
Against the world shall I inveigh,
Because my grinders now decay?

‘ You think it were the wiser plan,
Had I consorted ne’er with man ;
Had I my liberty maintain’d,
Or liberty by flight regain’d,
And rang’d o’er distant hills and dales
With the wild foresters of Wales.

‘ Grant I succeeded to my mind—
Is happiness to hills confin’d?
Don’t famine oft erect her throne
Upon the rugged mountain’s stone?
And don’t the lower pastures fail,
When snows descending choke the vale?

Or who so hardy to declare
Disease and death ne'er enter there?

‘ Do pains or sickness here invade?
Man tenders me his cheerful aid.
For who beholds his hungry beast,
But grants him some supply at least?
Interest shall prompt him to pursue
What inclination would not do.

‘ Say, had I been the desert's foal,
Through life estrang'd to man's control;
What service had I done on earth,
Or who could profit by my birth?
My back had ne'er sustain'd thy weight,
My chest ne'er known thy waggon's freight;
But now my several powers combine
To answer Nature's ends and thine.
I'm useful thus in every view—
Oh! could I say the same of you!

‘ Superior evils had ensued,
With prescience had I been endned.
Ills, though at distance seen, destroy,
Or sicken every present joy.
We relish every new delight,
When future griefs elude our sight.
To blindness then what thanks are due!
It makes each single comfort two.
The colt, unknown to pain and toil,
Anticipates to-morrow's smile.
Yon lamb enjoys the present hour,
As stranger to the butcher's power.

‘ Your's is a wild Utopian scheme;
A boy yould blush to own your dream.
Be your profession what it will,
No province is exempt from ill:

Quite from the cottage to the throne,
 Stations have sorrows of their own.
 Why should a peasant then explore
 What longer heads ne'er found before?
 Go, preach my doctrine to your son;
 By your's the lad would be undone.
 But whether he regards or not,
 Your lecture would be soon forgot.
 The hopes which gull'd the parent's breast,
 Ere long will make his son their jest.
 Though now these cobweb cheats you spurn,
 Yet every man's a dupe in turn.
 And wisely so ordain'd, indeed,
 (Whate'er philosophers may plead)
 Else life would stagnate at its source,
 And Man and Horse decline the course.
 ‘ Then bid young Ralpho never mind it,
 But take the world as he shall find it.’

VII.

THE LAMB AND THE PIG.

CONSULT the moralist, you'll find
 That education forms the mind:
 But education ne'er supplied
 What ruling nature hath denied.
 If you'll the following page pursue,
 My tale shall prove this doctrine true.
 Since to the muse all brutes belong,
 The Lamb shall usher in my song;
 Whose snowy fleece adorn'd her skin,
 Emblem of native white within.
 Meekness and love possess'd her soul,
 And innocence had crown'd the whole.

It chanc'd in some unguarded hour ;
(Ah ! purity, precarious flower !
Let maidens of the present age
Tremble, when they peruse my page,)
It chanc'd upon a luckless day,
The little wanton, full of play,
Rejoic'd a thynny hank to gain ;
But short the trimmhs of her reign !
The treacherous slopes her fate foretell,
And soon the pretty trifler fell.
Beneath, a dirty ditch impress'd
Its mire upon her spotless vest.
What greater ill could lamb betide,
The butcher's barbarous knife beside ?

The shepherd, wounded with her cries,
Straight to the bleating sufferer flies.
The lambkin in his arms he took,
And bore her to a neighbouring brook.
The silver streams her wool refin'd,
Her fleece in virgin whiteness shin'd.

Cleans'd from pollution's every stain,
She join'd her fellows on the plain ;
And saw afar the stinking shore,
But ne'er approach'd those dangers more.
The shepherd bless'd the kind event,
And view'd his flock with sweet content.

To market next he shap'd his way,
And bought provisions for the day :
But made, for winter's rich supply,
A purchase from a farmer's sty.
The children round their parent crowd,
And testify their mirth aloud.
They saw the stranger with surprise,
And all admir'd his little eyes.

Familiar grown, he shar'd their joys,
Shar'd too the porridge with the boys.
The females o'er his dress preside,
They wash his face and scour his hide :
But daily more a Swine he grew,
For all these housewives e'er could do.

Hence let my youthful reader know,
That once a hog, and always so.

VIII.

DEATH AND THE RAKE.

WHEN pleasures court the human heart,
Oh! 'tis reluctant work to part.
Are we with griefs and pains oppress'd?
Woe says, that Death's a welcome guest :
Though sure to cure our evils all,
He's the last doctor we would call.
We think, if he arrives at morn,
'Tis hard to die, as soon as born :
Or if the conqueror invade,
When life projects the evening shade ;
Do we not meditate delay,
And still request a longer stay !
We shift our homes, we change the air,
And double, like the hunted hare :
Thus be it morn, or night, or noon,
Come when he will, he comes too soon !

You wish my subject I would wave,
The preface is so very grave.
Come then, my friend, I'll change my style,
And couch instruction with a smile :
But promise, ere I tell my tale,
The serious moral shall prevail.

Vanbrmin died—his son, we're told,
Succeeded to his father's gold.
Flush'd with his wealth, the thoughtless blade
Despis'd frugality and trade ;
Left Amsterdam with eager haste,
Dress and the Hague engross'd his taste.

Ere long his passion chang'd its shape,
He grew enamour'd with the grape :
Frequented much a house of cheer,
Just like our fools of fortune here ;
With sots and harlots fond to join,
And revel o'er his midnight wine.

Once on a time the bowls had flow'd,
Quite till the morning cock had crow'd,
When Death, at every hour awake,
Enter'd the room, and claim'd the rake.
The youth's complexion spoke his fears ;
Soft stole adown his cheek the tears.
At length the anguish of his breast
With faltering tongue he thus express'd :—

‘ Thon king of terrors, hear my prayer,
And condescend for once to spare.
Let me thy clemency engage,
New to the world, and green in age.
When life no pleasures can dispense,
Or pleasures pall upon the sense ;
When the eye feels departing sight,
And rolls its orb in vain for light ;
When music's joys no longer cheer
The sickening heart, or heavy ear ;
Or when my aching limbs forbear,
In sprightly balls to join the fair ;
I'll not repeat my suit to Death,
But cheerfully resign my breath.’ .

‘ Done ;’ says the monarch, ‘ be it so ;
Observe—you promise then to go !’

What favour such protracted date
From the stern minister of fate !
Your wonder will be greater soon,
To hear the wretch perverts the boon :
Who, during years beyond a score,
Ne’er thought upon his promise more !

But were these terms by Death forgot ?
Ah ! no—again he seeks the sot.
The wretch was in the tavern found,
With a few gouty friends around.
Dropsy had seiz’d his legs and thighs,
Palsy his hands, and rheum his eyes :
When thus the king—‘ Intemperate elf,
Thus, by debauch, to dupe yourself.
What ! are my terrors spurn’d by thee ?
Thou fool ! to trifle thus with me !
You ask’d before for length of days,
Only to riot various ways.
What were thy pleas but then a sneer ?
I’ll now retort with jest severe.

‘ Read this small print ;’ the monarch cries—
‘ You mock me, sir ;’ the man replies ;
‘ I scarce could read when in my prime,
And now my sight’s impair’d by time.
Sure you consider not my age—
I can’t discern a single page.
And when my friends the bottle pass,
I scarce can see to fill my glass.’

‘ Here, take this nut, observe it well—
’Tis my command you crack the shell.’

‘ How can such orders be obey’d ?
My grinders, sir, are quite decay’d.

My teeth can scarce divide my bread,
And not a sound one in my head.'

But Death, who more sarcastic grew,
Disclos'd a violin to view ;
Then loud he call'd, ' Old Boy, advance,
Stretch out your legs, and lead the dance.'

The man rejoin'd—' When age surrounds,
How can the ear distinguish sounds ?
Are not my limbs unwieldy grown ?
Are not my feet as cold as stone ?
Dear sir, take pity on my state—
My legs can scarce support my weight !'

Death drops the quaint, insulting joke,
And meditates the fatal stroke :
Assuming all his terrors now,
He speaks with anger on his brow.

' Is thus my lenity abus'd ;
And dare you hope to stand excus'd ?
You've spent your time, that pearl of price !
To the detested ends of vice :
Purchas'd your short-liv'd pleasures dear,
And seal'd your own destruction here :
Inflam'd your reckoning too above,
By midnight bowls, and lawless love.
Warning, you know, I gave betimes—
Now go, and answer for your crimes.'

' Oh ! my good lord, repress the blow—
I am not yet prepar'd to go :
And let it, sir, be further told,
That not a neighbour thinks me old.
My hairs are now but turning grey,
I am not sixty, sir, till May.
Grant me the common date of men,
I ask but threescore years and ten.'

'Dar'st thou, prevaricating knave,
Insult the monarch of the grave?
I claim thy solemn contract pass'd—
Wherefore, this moment is thy last.'

Thus having said, he speeds his dart,
And cleaves the hoary dotard's heart.

IX.

THE OWL.

IT seems, an Owl, in days of yore,
Had turn'd a thousand volumes o'er :
His fame for literature extends,
And strikes the ears of partial friends.
They weigh'd the learning of the fowl,
And thought him a prodigions Owl !
From such applanse what could betide ?
It only cocker'd him in pride.

Extoll'd for sciences and arts,
His bosom burn'd to show his parts ;
(No wonder that an Owl of spirit
Mistook his vanity for merit.)
He shows insatiate thirst of praise,
Ambitions of the poet's bays :
Perch'd on Parnassus all night long,
He hoots a sonnet or a song ;
And while the village hear his note,
They curse the screaming whoreson's throat.

Amidst the darkness of the night,
Our feather'd poet wings his flight ;
And, as capricious fate ordains,
A chimney's treacherous summit gains ;
Which much impair'd by wind and weather,
Down fall the bricks and bird together.

The Owl expands his azure eyes,
And sees a Non-con's study rise :
The walls were deck'd with hallow'd bands
Of worthies, by the engraver's hands ;
All champions for the good old cause !
Whose conscience interfer'd with laws ;
But yet no foes to king or people,
Though mortal foes to church and steeple.
Baxter, with apostolic grace,
Display'd his mezzotinto face ;
While here and there some luckier saint
Attain'd to dignity of paint.

Rang'd in proportion to their size,
The books by due gradations rise.
Here the good Fathers lodg'd their trust ;
There zealous Calvin slept in dust :
Here Poole his learned treasures keeps ;
There Fox o'er dying martyrs weeps ;
While reams on reams insatiate drink
Whole deluges of Henry's ink.

Columns of sermons pil'd on high
Attract the bird's admiring eye.
Those works a good old age acquir'd,
Which had in manuscript expr'd ;
For manuscripts, of fleeting date,
Seldom survive their infant state.
The healthiest live not half their days,
But die a thousand various ways ;
Sometimes ingloriously applied
To purposes the Muse shall hide.
Or, should they meet no fate below,
How oft tobacco proves their foe !
Or else some cook purloins a leaf
To singe her fowl, or save her beef ;

But sermons 'scape both fate and fire,
By congregational desire.

Display'd at large upon the table
Was Bunyan's much-admired fable ;
And as his Pilgrim sprawling lay,
It chanc'd the Owl advanc'd that way.

The bird explores the pious dream,
And plays a visionary scheme ;
Determin'd, as he read the sage,
To copy from the tinker's page.

The thief now quits his learn'd abode,
And scales aloft the sooty road ;
Flies to Parnassus' top once more,
Resolv'd to dream as well as snore ;
And what he dreamt by day, the wight
In writing o'er, consumes the night.

Plum'd with conceit he calls aloud,
And thus bespeaks the purblind crowd :
Say not, that man alone's a poet,
Poets are Owls—my verse shall show it.
And while he read his labour'd lays,
His blue-eyed brothers hooted praise.
But now his female mate by turns
With pity and with choler burns ;
When thus her consort she address'd,
And all her varions thoughts express'd :—

‘ Why, prithee, husband, rant no more,
’Tis time to give these follies o'er,
Be wise, and follow my advice—
Go—catch your family some mice.
’Twere better to resume your trade,
And spend your nights in ambuscade.
What! if you fatten by your schemes,
And fare luxuriously in dreams !

While you ideal mice are earving,
 I and my family are starving.
 Reflect upon our nuptial honrs,
 Where will you find a brood like our's?
 Our offspring might become a queen,
 For finer Owlets ne'er were seen !

‘ Ods—blue ! (the surly hob replied)
 I'll amply for my heirs provide.
 Why, Madge ! when Colley Cibber dies,
 Thou'l see thy mate a laureat rise ;
 For never poets held this place,
 Except descendants of our race.’

‘ But soft ; (the female sage rejoin'd)
 Say you abjur'd the purring kind ;
 And nobly left inglorious rats
 To vulgar owls, or sordid cats.
 Say, you the healing art essay'd,
 And piddled in the doctor's trade ;
 At least you'd earn us good provisions,
 And better this than scribbling visions.
 A due regard to me, or self,
 Would always make you dream of pelf ;
 And when you dreamt your nights away,
 You'd realize your dreams by day.
 Hence, far superior gains would rise,
 And I be fat, and you be wise.’

‘ But, Madge, though I applaud your scheme,
 You'd wish my patients still to dream !
 Waking they'd laugh at my vocation,
 Or disapprove my education ;
 And they detest your solemn hob,
 Or take me for professor L——.’

Equip'd with powder and with pill,
 He takes his licence out—to kill.

Practis'd in all a doctor's airs,
To Batson's senate he repairs,
Dress'd in his flowing wig of knowledge,
To greet his brethren of the college ;
Takes up the papers of the day,
Perhaps for want of what to say ;
Through every column he pursues,
Alike advertisements and news ;
O'er lists of cures with rapture runs,
Wrangt by Apollo's natural sons ;
Admires the rich Hibernian stock
Of doctors Henry, Ward, and Rock.
He dwells on each illustrious name,
And sighs at once for fees and fame.
Now, like the doctors of to-day,
Retains his puffers too in pay.
Around his reputation flew,
His practice with his credit grew.
At length the court receives the sage,
And lordlings in his cause engage.
He dupes, beside plebeian fowls,
The whole nobility of owls.
Thus every where he gains renown,
And fills his purse, and thins the town.

ODES.

ON THE MESSIAH.

When man had disobey'd his Lord,
Vindictive Justice drew the sword ;
'The rebel and his race shall die,'
He spake, and thunders burst the sky.

Lo ! Jesus pard'ning grace displays,
Nor thunders roll, nor lightnings blaze,
Jesus, the Saviour, stands confess'd,
In rays of mildest glories dress'd.

As round Him press the' angelic crowd,
Mercy and truth He calls aloud ;
The smiling cherubs wing'd to view,
Their pinions sounded as they flew :

'Ye favourites of the throne, arise,
Bear the strange tidings through the skies ;
Say, Man, the apostate rebel, lives ;
Say, Jesus bleeds, and Heaven forgives.'

In pity to the fallen race,
I'll take their nature and their place ;
I'll bleed, their pardon to procure,
I'll die, to make that pardon sure.

Now Jesus leaves his bless'd abode,
 A Virgin's womb receives the God.
 When the tenth moon had wan'd on earth,
 A Virgin's womb disclos'd the birth.

New praise employs the' ethereal throng,
 Their golden harps repeat the song ;
 And angels waft the' immortal strains
 To humble Bethl'em's happy plains.

While there the guardians of the sheep
 By night their faithful vigils keep,
 Celestial notes their ears delight,
 And floods of glory drown their sight.

When Gabriel thus :—‘ Exult, ye swains,
 Jesus, your own Messiah, reigns !
 Arise, the Royal Babe behold,
 Jesus, by ancient bards foretold.

‘ To David's town direct your way,
 And shout, Salvation's born to-day !
 There, in a manger's mean disguise,
 You'll find the sovereign of the skies.’

What joy Salvation's sound imparts,
 You best can tell, ye guileless hearts,
 Whom no vain science led astray,
 Nor taught to scorn Salvation's way.

Though regal purple spurns these truths,
 Maintain your ground, ye chosen youths ;
 Brave the stern tyrant's lifted rod,
 Nor blush to own a dying God.

What ! though the sages of the earth
Proudly dispute this wondrous birth ;
Though learning mocks Salvation's voice,
Know, Heaven applauds your wiser choice.

Oh ! be this wiser choice my own !
Bear me, some seraph, to His throne
Where the rapt soul dissolves away
In visions of eternal day !

ON THE NEW YEAR.

LORD of my life ! inspire my song,
To Thee my noblest powers belong ;
Grant me thy favourite seraph's flame,
To sing the glories of thy name.

My birth, my fortune, friends, and health,
My knowledge too, superior wealth ;
Lord of my life ! to Thee I owe ;
Teach me to practise what I know.

Ten thousand favours claim my song,
And each demands an angel's tongue ;
Mercy sits smiling on the wings
Of every moment as it springs.

But oh ! with infinite surprise
I see returning years arise ;
When unimprov'd the former score,
Lord, wilt thou trust me still with more ?

Thousands this period hop'd to see ;
Denied to thousands, granted me ;
Thousands ! that weep, and wish, and pray,
For those rich hours I throw away.

The tribute of my heart receive,
'Tis the poor *all* I have to give ;
Should it prove faithless, Lord, I'd wrest
The bleeding traitor from my breast.

MISCELLANIES.

' Time and Chance happeneth to them all.'

Ecclesiastes, ch. ix. ver. 11.

READER, if fond of wonder and surprise,
Behold in me ten thousand wonders rise.
Should I appear quite partial to my cause,
Shout my own praise, and vindicate applause ;
Do not arraign my modesty or sense,
Nor deem my character a vain pretence.

Know then I boast an origin and date
Coëval with the sun—without a mate
An offspring I beget in number more
Than all the crowded sands which form the shore.
That instant they are born, my precious breed,
Ah me ! expire—yet my departed seed
Enter like spectres, with commission'd power,
The secret chamber at the midnight hour ;
Pervade alike the palace, and the shed,
The statesman's closet, and the rustir's bed ;
Serene and sweet, like envoys from the skies,
To all the good, the virtuous, and the wise ;
But to the vicious breast remorse they bring,
And bite like serpents, or like scorpions sting.
Being and birth to sciences I give,
By me they rise through infancy and live ;

By me meridian excellence display,
And, like autumnal fruits, by me decay.
When poets, and when painters are no more,
And all the fends of rival wits are o'er;
'Tis mine to fix their merit and their claim,
I judge their works to darkness or to fame.

I am a monarch, whose victorious hands
No craft eludes, no regal power withstands:
My annals prove such mighty conquests won,
As shame the puny feats of Philip's son.
But though a king, I seldom sway alone,
The goddess Fortune often shares my throne.
The human eye detects our blended rule,
Here we exalt a knave, and there a fool.
Ask you what powers our sovereign laws obey?
Creation is our empire—we convey
Sceptres and crowns at will—as we ordain,
Kings abdicate their thrones, and peasants reign.

Lovers to us address the fervent prayer;
'Tis ours to soften or subdue the fair:
We now like angels smile, and now destroy,
Now bring, or blast, the long-expected joy.
At our fair shrine ambitious churchmen bow,
And crave the mitre to adorn the brow.
Go to the inns of court—the learned drudge
Implores our friendship, to commence a judge.
Go, and consult the sons of Warwick Lane;
They own our favours, and adore our reign.
Theirs is the gold, 'tis true—but all men see
Our claim is better founded to the fee.
Reader, thus sublunary worlds we guide,
Thus o'er your natal planets we preside.
Kingdoms and kings are ours—to us they fall;
We carve their fortunes, and dispose of all.

Nor think that kings alone engross our choice ;
The cobler sits attentive to our voice.

But since my colleague is a fickle she ;
Abjure my colleague, and depend on me.
Either she sees not, or with partial eyes,
Either she grants amiss, or she denies.
But I, who pity those that wear her chain,
Scorn the capricious measures of her reign ;
In every gift, and every grace excel,
And seldom fail their hopes, who use me well.
Yet though in me unnumber'd treasures shine,
Superior to the rich Peruvian mine !
Though men to my indulgence hourly owe
The choicest of their comforts here below :
(For men's best tenure, as the world agree,
Is all a perquisite deriv'd from me)
Still man's my foe ! ungrateful man, I say,
Who meditates my murder every day.
What various scenes of death do men prepare !
And what assassinations plot the fair !
But know assuredly, who treat me ill,
Who mean to rob me, or who mean to kill ;
Who view me with a cold regardless eye,
And let my favours pass unheeded by ;
They shall lament their folly when too late ;
So mourns the prodigal his lost estate !

While they who with superior forethought bless'd,
Store all my lessons in their faithful breast ;
(For where's the prelate, who can preach like me,
With equal reasoning, and persuasive plea ?)
Who know that I am always on my wings,
And never stay in compliment to kings ;
Who therefore watch me with an eagle's sight,
Arrest my pinions, or attend my flight ;

Or if perchance they loiter'd in the race,
Chide their slow footsteps, and improve their pace ;
Yes, these are wisdom's sons, and when they die,
Their virtues shall exalt them to the sky.

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance ;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs ;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam ;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark ;
Giving her vain excursions o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below!

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
If tutor'd right they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise :
We'll form their mind with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs ;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys ! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot :
Monarchs ! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For Nature's calls are few !
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do. -

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,

Nor aim beyond our power ;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,

And pleas'd with favours given ;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to Heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet ;

But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go ;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe

With cautious steps we'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,

And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

TO SOME

CHILDREN LISTENING TO A LARK.

SEE the lark prunes his active wings,
Rises to Heaven, and soars, and sings.
His morning hymns, his mid-day lays,
Are one continued song of praise.
He speaks his Maker all he can,
And shames the silent tongue of man.

When the declining orb of light
Reminds him of approaching night,
His warbling vespers swell his breast,
And as he sings he sinks to rest.

Shall birds instructive lessons teach,
And we be deaf to what they preach?

No; ye dear nestlings of my heart!
Go, act the wiser songster's part:
Spurn your warm couch at early dawn,
And with your God begin the morn.
To Him your grateful tribute pay
Through every period of the day:
To Him your evening songs direct;
His eye shall watch, his arm protect.
Though darkness reigns, He's with you still,
Then sleep, my babes, and fear no ill.

TO A CHILD OF FIVE YEARS OLD.

FAIREST flower, all flowers excelling,
 Which in Milton's page we see;
 Flowers of Eve's embowder'd dwelling¹
 Are, my fair one, types of thee.

Mark, my Polly, how the roses
 Emulate thy damask cheek;
 How the bnd its sweets discloses—
 Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

Lilies are by plain direction
 Emblems of a double kind;
 Emblems of thy fair complexion,
 Emblems of thy fairer mind.

But, dear girl, both flowers and beauty
 Blossom, fade, and die away;
 Then pursue good sense and duty,
 Evergreens! which ne'er decay.

ON LORD COBHAM'S GARDEN.

IT puzzles much the sages' brains,
 Where Eden stood of yore;
 Some place it in Arabia's plains,
 Some say it is no more.

But Cobham can these tales confute,
 As all the curious know;
 For he hath prov'd, beyond dispute,
 That Paradise is Stow.

¹ Alluding to Milton's description of Eve's bower.

TO-MORROW.

Perempt et impunitur.

To-morrow, didst thou say!—

Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.

Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!

A sharper 'tis, who stakes his penury

Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,

And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,

The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!

It is a period nowhere to be found

In all the hoary registers of time,

Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.

Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society

With those who own it. No, my Horatio,

'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;

Wrought of such stuff as dreams are; and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.

But soft, my friend,—arrest the present moments;
For be assur'd, they all are errant tell-tales;
And though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to Heav'n, and there record thy folly:
Because, though station'd on the' important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumber'd'st on the guard,

Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
 For every fugitive : and when thou thus
 Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
 Of hood-wink'd justice, who shall tell thy audit ?

'Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio ;
 Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
 'Tis of more worth than kingdoms ! far more pre-
 cious
 Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain !—
 Oh ! let it not elude thy grasp ; but, like
 The good old patriarch upon record,
 Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

SOME HASTY RHYMES ON SLEEP.

MYSERIOUS deity, impart
 From whence thou com'st, and what thou art.
 I feel thy power, thy reign I bless,
 But what I feel, I can't express.
 Thou bind'st my limbs, but canstn't restrain
 The busy workings of the brain.

All nations of the air and land
 Ask the soft blessing at thy hand.
 The reptiles of the frozen zone
 Are close attendants on thy throne ;
 Where painted basilisks infold
 Their azure scales in rolls of gold.

The slave, that's destin'd to the oar,
 In one kiad vision swims to shore ;
 The lover meets the willing fair,
 And fondly grasps impassive air.
 Last night the happy miser told
 Twice twenty thousand pounds in gold.

The purple tenant of the crown
 Implores thy aid on beds of down :
 While Lubin, and his healthy bride,
 Obtain what monarchs are denied.

The garter'd statesman thou wouldest own,
 But rebel conscience spurns thy throne ;
 Braves all the poppies of the fields,
 And the fam'd gum¹ that Turkey yields.

While the good man, oppress'd with pain,
 Shall court thy smiles, nor sue in vain :
 Propitions thou'lts his prayer attend,
 And prove his guardian and his friend.
 Thy faithful hands shall make his bed,
 And thy soft arm support his head.

SONG.

TELL me, my Cælia, why so coy ;
 Of men so much afraid ;
 Cælia, 'tis better far to die
 A mother than a maid.

The rose, when past its damask hue,
 Is always out of favour ;
 And when the plum hath lost its blue,
 It loses too its flavour.

To vernal flow'rs the rolling years
 Returning beauty bring ;
 But faded once, thou'l bloom no more,
 Nor know a second spring.

¹ Or, rather, inspissated juice, Opium.

*ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,
WHOSE FAVOURITE BIRD WAS ALMOST KILLED BY
A FALL FROM HER FINGER.*

As Tiney, in a wanton mood,
Upon his Lucy's finger stood,
 Ambitious to be free;
With breast elate he eager tries
By flight to reach the distant skies,
 And gain his liberty.

Ah! Inckless bird, what though caress'd,
And fondled in the fair one's breast,
 Taught e'en by her to sing;
Know that to check thy temper wild,
And make thy manners soft and mild,
 Thy mistress cut thy wing.

The feather'd tribe who cleave the air,
Their weights by equal plumage bear,
 And quick escape our pow'r;
Not so with Tiney, dear delight,
His shorten'd wing repress'd his flight,
 And threw him on the floor.

Stun'd with the fall, he seem'd to die,
For quickly clos'd his sparkling eye,
 Scarce heav'd his pretty breast;
Alarmed for her favourite care,
Lucy assumes a pensive air,
 And is at heart distress'd.

The stoic soul, in gravest strain,
 May call these feelings light and vain,
 Which thus from fondness flow ;
 Yet, if the bard arightly deems,
 'Tis nature's fount which feeds the streams
 That purest joys bestow.

So, should it be fair Lucy's fate,
 Whene'er she wills a change of state,
 To boast a mother's name ;
 These feelings then, thou charming maid,
 In brightest lines shall be display'd,
 And praise uncensur'd claim.

TO THE REV. JAMES HERVEY,
ON HIS MEDITATIONS.

To form the taste, and raise the nobler part,
 To mend the morals, and to warm the heart ;
 To trace the genial source we Nature call,
 And prove the God of Nature friend of all ;
 Hervey for this his mental landscape drew,
 And sketch'd the whole creation out to view.

The' enamell'd bloom, and variegated flow'r,
 Whose crimson changes with the changing hour ;
 The humble shrub, whose fragrance scents the morn,
 With buds disclosing to the early dawn ;
 The oaks that grace Britannia's mountains' side,
 And spicy Lebanon's superior pride¹ ;

¹ The Cedar.

All loudly sovereign excellence proclaim,
And animated worlds confess the same.

The azure fields that form the' extended sky,
The planetary globes that roll on high,
And solar orbs, of proudest blaze, combine
To act subservient to the great design :
Men, angels, seraphs, join the general voice,
And in the Lord of Nature all rejoice.

His the grey winter's venerable guise,
Its shronded glories, and instructive skies² ; [blade :
His the snow's plumes, that brood the sickening
His the bright pendant that impearls the glade ;
The waving forest, or the whispering brake ;
The surging billow, or the sleeping lake.
The same who pours the beauties of the spring,
Or mounts the whirlwind's desolating wing.
The same who smiles in Nature's peaceful form,
Frowns in the tempest, and directs the storm.

'Tis thine, bright teacher, to improve the age ;
'Tis thine, whose life's a comment on thy page ;
Thy happy page ! whose periods sweetly flow,
Whose figures charm us, and whose colours glow :
Where artless piety pervades the whole,
Refines the genius, and exalts the soul.
For let the witling argue all he can,
It is Religion still that makes the man :
'Tis this, my friend, that streaks our morning bright ;
'Tis this that gilds the horrors of the night.
When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few ;
When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue ;
'Tis this that wards the blow, or stills the smart,
Disarms affliction, or repels its dart ;

² Referring to the Winter-Piece.

Within the breast bids purest rapture rise ;
Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies.

When the storm thickens, and the thunder rolls,
When the earth trembles to the affrighted poles,
The virtuous mind nor doubts nor fears assail ;
For storms are zephyrs, or a gentler gale.

And when disease obstructs the labouring breath ;
When the heart sickens, and each pulse is death ;
Even then Religion shall sustain the just,
Grace their last moments, nor desert their dust.

August 5, 1748.

LINES UNDER A SUN-DIAL IN THE CHURCH-YARD AT THORNEY.

MARK well my shade, and seriously attend
The silent lesson of a common friend—
Since time and life speed hastily away,
And neither can recal the former day ;
Improve each fleeting hour before 'tis past,
And know, each fleeting hour may be thy last.

THE NIGHT-PIECE.

HARK ! the prophetic raven brings
My summons on his boding wings ;
The birds of night my fate foretel,
The prescient death-watch sounds my knell.

A solemn darkness spreads the tomb,
But terrors haunt the midnight gloom ;
Methinks a browner horror falls,
And silent spectres sweep the walls.

Tell me, my soul! oh, tell me why
The faltering tongue, the broken sigh?
Thy manly cheeks bedew'd with tears,
Tell me, my soul! from whence these fears?
When conscious guilt arrests the mind,
Avenging furies stalk behind;
And sickly fancy intervenes,
To dress the visionary scenes.

Jesus! to thee I'll fly for aid,
Propitious Sun, dispel the shade;
All the pale family of fear
Would vanish, were my Saviour here.

No more imagin'd speetres walk,
No more the doubtful echoes talk;
Soft-zephyrs fan the neighbouring trees,
And meditation mounts the breeze.

How sweet these sacred hours of rest,
Fair portraits of the virtuous breast,
Where lawless lust, and passions rude,
And folly never dare intrude!

Be others' choice the sparkling bowl,
And mirth, the poison of the soul;
Or midnight dance, and public shows,
Parents of sickness, pains, and woes.

A nobler joy my thoughts design;
Instructive solitude, be mine;
Be mine that silent calm repast,
A cheerful conscience to the last.

That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend which never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.

Come then, my soul! be this thy guest;
And leave to knaves and fools the rest.
With this thou ever shalt be gay,
And night shall brighten into day.

With this companion in the shade,
Surely thou couldst not be dismay'd;
But if thy Saviour here were found,
All Paradise would bloom around.

Had I a firm and lasting faith,
To credit what the' Almighty saith;
I could defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

Though tempests drive me from the shore,
And floods descend, and billows roar;
Though death appears in every form,
My little bark should brave the storm.

Then if my God requir'd the life
Of brother, parent, child, or wife;
Lord ! I should bless the stern decree,
And give my dearest friend to thee.

Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sovereign love directs the rod?

Peace, rebel-thoughts—I'll not complain;
My father's smiles suspend my pain;
Smiles—that a thousand joys impart,
And pour the balm that heals the smart.

Though Heaven afflicts, I'll not repine,
Each heartfelt comfort still is mine;
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me throughr the vale.

Dear Jesus ! smooth that rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,
To milder skies, and brighter plains,
Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

SUNDAY HYMN,

IN IMITATION OF DR. WATTS.

THIS is the day the Lord of life
Ascended to the skies ;
My thoughts, pursue the lofty theme,
And to the heavens arise.

Let no vain cares divert my mind
From this celestial road ;
Nor all the honours of the earth
Detain my soul from God.

Think of the splendours of that place,
The joys that are on high ;
Nor meanly rest contented here,
With worlds beneath the sky.

Heav'n is the birth-place of the saints,
To Heav'n their souls ascend ;
The Almighty owns his favourite race,
As father and as friend.

Oh ! may these lovely titles prove
My comfort and defence,
When the sick couch shall be my lot,
And death shall call me hence.

PSALM XIII.

OFFENDED Majesty ! how long
Wilt thou conceal thy face ?
How long refuse my fainting soul
The succours of thy grace ?

While sorrow wrings my bleeding heart,
And black despondence reigns ;
Satan exults at my complaints,
And triumphs o'er my pains.

Let thy returning spirit, Lord !
Dispel the shades of night ;
Smile on my poor deserted soul,
My God ! thy smiles are light.

While scoffers at thy sacred word
Deride the pangs I feel,
Deem my religion insincere,
Or call it useless zeal.

Yet will I ne'er repent my choice,
I'll ne'er withdraw my trust ;
I know thee, Lord, a powerful friend,
And kind, and wise, and just.

To doubt Thy goodness would be base
Ingratitude in me ;
Past favours shall renew my hopes,
And fix my faith in Thee.

Indulgent God ! my willing tongue
Thy praises shall prolong ;
For oh ! Thy bounty fires my breast,
And rapture swells my song.

PSALM XLII.

WITH fierce desire the hunted hart
Explores the cooling stream :
Mine is a passion stronger far,
And mine a nobler theme.

Yes, with superior fervours, Lord ;
I thirst to see thy face ;
My languid soul would fain approach
The fountains of thy grace.

Oh ! the great plenty of thy house,
The rich refreshments there !
To live an exile from thy courts
O'erwhelms me with despair.

In worship when I join'd thy saints,
How sweetly pass'd my days !
Prayer my divine employment then,
And all my pleasure praise.

But now I'm lost to every joy,
Because detain'd from Thee ;
Those golden periods ne'er return,
Or ne'er return to me.

Yet, O my soul ! why thus depress'd,
And whence this anxious fear ?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And press'd on every side ;
Did not the Lord sustain thy steps,
And was not God thy guide ?

Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave ;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

Perhaps, before the morning dawns,
He'll reinstate my peace ;
For He, who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er ;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

Then, O my soul ! why thus depress'd,
And whence this anxious fear ?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod ;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God !

AN ENIGMA.

INSCRIBED TO MISS P.

CHLOE, I boast celestial date,
Ere time began to roll ;
So wide my power, my sceptre spurns
The limits of the pole.

When from the mystic womb of night
The' Almighty call'd the earth ;
I smil'd upon the infant world,
And grac'd the wondrous birth.

Through the vast realms of boundless space,
I traverse uncontroll'd ;
And starry orbs of proudest blaze
Inscribe my name in gold.

There's not a monarch in the north
But bends the suppliant knee ;
The haughty sultan waves his pow'r,
And owns superior me.

Both by the savage and the saint
My empire stands confess'd ;
I thaw the ice on Greenland's coast,
And fire the Scythian's breast.

To me the gay aerial tribes
Their glittering plumage owe ;
With all the variegated pride
That decks the feather'd beau.

The meanest reptiles of the land
My bounty too partake ;
I paint the insect's trembling wing,
And gild the crested snake.

Survey the nations of the deep,
You'll there my power behold ;
My pencil drew the pearly scale,
And fin bedrop'd with gold.

I give the virgin's lip to glow,
I claim the crimson dye ;
Mine is the rose which spreads the cheek,
And mine the brilliant eye.

Then speak, my fair ; for surely thou
 My name canst best deservy ;
 Who gave to thee with lavish hands
 What thousands I deny.

REBUSES.

THAT awful name which oft inspires
 Impatient hopes, and fond desires,
 Can to another pain impart,
 And thrill with fear the shuddering heart.
 This mystic word is often read
 O'er the still chambers of the dead.
 Say, what contains the breathless clay,
 When the fleet soul is wing'd away?—
 Those marble monuments proclaim
 My little wily wanton's name.

[TOMBS.]

THE golden stem, with generous aid,
 Supports and feeds the fruitful blade.
 The queen, who rul'd a tuankless isle,
 And gladden'd thousands with her smile ;
 (When the well-manag'd pound of gold
 Did more, than now the sum thrice told ;)
 This stem of Ceres, and the fair
 Of Stuart's house, a name declare,
 Where goodness is with beauty join'd,
 Where queen and goddess both combin'd
 To form an emblem of the mind. }

THE light-footed female that bounds o'er the hills,
That feeds among lilies, and drinks of the rills,
And is fam'd for being tender and true ;
Which Solomon deemed a simile rare,
To liken the two pretty breasts of his fair,
Is the name of the nymph I pursue.

[ROE.]

' TELL me the fair, if such a fair there be,'
Said Venus to her son, ' that rivals me.'
' Mark the tall tree,' cried Cupid to the Dame,
' That from its silver bark derives its name :
The studious insect, that with wondrous pow'r
Extracts mysterious sweets from fragrant flow'rs ;
Proclaim the nymph to whom all hearts submit,
Whose sweetness softens majesty and wit.'

[ASHBY.]

THE name of the monarch that abandon'd his
throne,
Is the name of the fair, I prefer to his crown.

[JAMES.]

RIDDLES.

From the dark caverns of the earth
Our family derive their birth ;
By nature, we appear to view
A rugged and a stubborn crew :
But Vulcan's brawny sons, by art,
Softens the hardness of our heart ;
Give to a slender shape its grace,
And a bright polish to our face.
Thus education makes us mild,
Pliant and ductile as a child.

Survey the' attire of man, you'll trace
Our friendship for the human race.
We love mankind, indeed we do ;
Our actions prove our speeches true.
But what is wondrous strange to name,
The aged female is our flame.
When strength decays, and optics fail,
And cold and penury prevail,
Our labours spare the matron's sight,
We ask but faint supplies of light ;
Kindly our ancient girls regale,
With food, with fuel, and with ale.
We, as associates to mankind,
All act our various parts assign'd.
No useless hands obstruct our schemes,
We suit our numbers to our themes ;
Hence only two of us apply,
To form a bandage for the thigh ;
But when the grey industrious Peg
Demands a vestment for the leg,

'Tis then in little crowds we join
To aid the matron's wise design.
Thus four or five of us you'll see,
And each as busy as a bee ;
Besides a kind assistant near,
Which Peg had stuck athwart her ear.

Now, lasses, if our name you'll tell,
And vow you'll always use us well,
We'll grant your wish to change your life,
And make each fair a happy wife.

[KNITTING NEEDLE.]

To you, fair maidens, I address,
Sent to adorn your life ;
And she who first my name can guess,
Shall first be made a wife.

From the dark womb of mother-earth,
To mortal's aid I come ;
But ere I can receive my birth,
I many shapes assume.

Passive by nature, yet I'm made
As active as the roe ;
And oftentimes, with equal speed,
Through flowery lawns I go.

When wicked men their wealth consume,
And leave their children poor ;
To me their daughters often come,
And I encr ease their store.

The women of the wiser kind,
Did never once refuse me ;
But yet I never once could find
That maids of honour use me.

The lily hand and brilliant eye,
May charm without my aid ;
Beauty may strike the lover's eye,
And love inspire the maid.

But let the enchanting nymphs be told,
Unless I grace her life,
She must have wondrous store of gold,
Or make a wretched wife.

Although I never hope to rest,
With Christians I go forth ;
And while they worship to the east,
I prostrate to the north.

If you suspect hypocrisy,
Or think me insincere ;
Produce the zealot, who, like me,
Can tremble and adhere.

[NEEDLE.]

I AM by nature soft as silk,
By nature too as white as milk ;
I am a constant friend to man,
And serve him every way I can.
When dip'd in wax, or plung'd in oil,
I make his winter-evening smile ;

By India taught I spread his bed,
Or deck his favourite Celia's head;
Her gayest garbs I oft compose,
And ah! sometimes, I wipe her nose.

[COTTON.]

I AM a small volume, and frequently bound
In silk, satin, silver or gold;
My worth and my praises the females resound,
By females my science is told.

My leaves are all scarlet, my letters are steel,
Each letter contains a great treasure;
To the poor they spell lodging, and fuel, and meal;
To the rich, entertainment and pleasure.

The sempstress explores me by day and by night,
Not a page but she turns o'er and o'er;
Though sometimes I injure the milliner's sight,
Still I add to her credit and store.

'Tis true I am seldom regarded by men,
Yet what would the males do without me?
Let them boast of their head, or boast of their pen,
Still vain is their boast if they flout me.

[NEEDLE-BOOK.]

TRANSLATIONS.

HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE 2.

Inscribed to T. V. Esq.

DEAR youth, to hoarded wealth a foe,
Riches with faded lustre glow ;
Yes, dim the treasures of the mine,
Unless with temperate use they shine :
This stamps a value on the gold ;—
So Proeuleius thought of old.

Soon as this generous Roman saw
His father's sons proserib'd by law,
The knight discharg'd a parent's part,
They shar'd his fortune and his heart.
Hence stands consing'd a brother's name
To immortality and fame.

Would you true empire ascertain ?
Curb all immoderate lust of gain :
This is the best ambition known,
A greater conquest than a throne.
For know, should Avarice control,
Farewell the triumphs of the soul.

This is a dropsy of the mind,
Resembling the corporeal kind ;

For who with this disease are eurs'd,
The more they drink, the more they thirst :
Indulgence feeds their bloated veins,
And pale-ey'd, sighing languor reigns.

Virtue, who differs from the crowd,
Rejects the covetous and prond ;
Disdains the wild ambitious breast,
And scorns to call a monarch bless'd ;
Labours to rescue truth and sense
From specious sounds, and vain pretence.

Virtue to that distinguish'd few,
Gives royalty and conquest too ;
That wise minority, who own,
And pay their tribute to her throne ;
Who view with undesiring eyes,
And spurn that wealth which misers prize.

HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE 10.

WOULD you, my friend, true bliss obtain ?
Nor press the coast, nor tempt the main ;
In open seas loud tempests roar,
And treacherous rocks begirt the shore.

Hatred to all extremes is seen
In those who love the golden mean :
They nor in palaces rejoice,
Nor is the sordid cot their choice.

The middle state of life is best,
Exalted stations find no rest;
Storms shake the aspiring pine, and tower,
And mountains feel the thunder's power.

The mind prepar'd for each event,
In every state maintains content:
She hopes the best, when storms prevail,
Nor trusts too far the prosperous gale.

Should time returning winters bring,
Returning winter yields to spring:
Should darkness shroud the present skies,
Hereafter brighter suns shall rise.

When Pæan shoots his fiery darts,
Disease and death transfix our hearts;
But oft the god withholds his bow,
In pity to the race below.

When clouds the angry heavens deform,
Be strong, and brave the swelling storm;
Amidst prosperity's full gales
Be humble, and contract your sails.

HORACE.**BOOK II. ODE 16.**

Inscribed to H. W. Esq.

*Otium diros rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
Condidit Lunum, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis, &c.*

SAY, heavenly Quiet, propitious nymph of light,
Why art thou thus conceal'd from human sight?
Tir'd of life's follies, fain I'd gain thy arms,
Oh! take me panting to thy peaceful charms;
Soothe my wild soul, in thy soft fetters caught,
And calm the surges of tumultuous thought.

Thee, goddess, thee, all states of life implore;
The merchant seeks thee on the foreign shore:
Through frozen zones and burning isles he flies,
And tempts the various horrors of the skies.
Nor frozen zones, nor burning isles control
That thirst of gain, that fever of the soul.
But mark the change—impending storms affright,
Array'd in all the majesty of night—
The raging winds, discharg'd their mystic caves,
Roar the dire signal to the insulting waves.
The foaming legions charge the ribs of oak,
And the pale fiend presents at every stroke.
To Thee the unhappy wretch in pale despair
Bends the weak knee, and lifts the hand in pray'r;

Views the sad cheat, and swears he'll ne'er again
Range the hot clime, or trust the faithless main,
Or own so mean a thought, that thou art brib'd
by gain.

To thee the harness'd chief devotes his breath,
And braves the thousand avenues of death ;
Now red with fury sees the embattled plain,
Wades floods of gore, and scales the hills of slain;
Now on the fort with winged vengeance falls,
And tempts the sevenfold thunders of the walls.
Mistaken man ! the nymph of peace disdains
The roar of cannons, and the smoke of plains ;
With milder incense let thy altars blaze,
And in a softer note attempt her praise.
What various herds attend the virgin's gate,
Abject in wealth, and impotent in state !
A crowd of offerings on the altar lie,
And idly strive to tempt her from the sky :
But here the rich magnificence of kings
Are specious trifles all, and all unheeded things.
No outward show celestial bosoms warms,
The gaudy purple boasts inglorious charms ;
The gold here, conscious of its abject birth,
Only presumes to be superior earth.
In vain the gem its sparkling tribute pays,
And meanly tremulates in borrow'd rays,
On these the nymph with scornful smiles looks down,
Nor e'er elects the favorite of a crown.
Supremely great, she views us from afar,
Nor deigns to own a sultan or a czar.
Did real happiness attend on state,
How would I pant and labour to be great !
To court I'd hasten with impetuous speed ;
But to be great's to be a wretch indeed.

I speak of sacred truths ; believe me, Hugh,
The real wants of nature are but few.
Poor are the charms of gold—a generous heart
Would blush to own a bliss that these impart.
'Tis he alone the muse dares happy call,
Who with superior thought enjoys his little all.
Within his breast no frantic passions roll,
Soft are the motions of the virtuous soul :
The night in silken slumbers glides away,
And a sweet calm leads on the smiling day.

What antic notions form the human mind !
Perversely mad, and obstinately blind.
Life in its large extent is scarce a span,
Yet, wondrous frenzy ! great designs we plan,
And shoot our thoughts beyond the date of man. }

Man, that vain creature's but a wretched elf,
And lives at constant enmity with self ;
Swears to a southern climate he'll repair ;
But who can change the mind by changing air ?
Italia's plains may purify the blood,
And with a nobler purple paint the flood ;
But can soft zephyrs aid the ill-shapen thigh,
Or form to beauty the distorted eye ?
Can they with life inform the thoughtless clay ?—
Then a kind gale might waft my cares away.
Where roves the muse ?—'tis all a dream, my friend ;
All a wild thought—for Care, that ghastly fiend,
That mighty prince of the infernal powers,
Haunts the still watches of the midnight hours.
In vain the man the night's protection sought,
Care stings like poisonous asps to fury wrought, }

And wakes the mind to all the pains of thought. }

Not the wing'd ship, that sweeps the level main,
Not the young roe that bounds along the plain,

Are swift as Care—that monster leaves behind
 The aerial courser and the fleeter wind ;
 Through every clime performs a constant part,
 And sheathes its painful daggers in the heart.

Ah ! why should man an idle game pursue,
 To future may-be's stretch the distant view ?
 May more exalted thoughts our hours employ,
 And wisely strive to taste the present joy.
 Life's an inconstant sea—the prudent ply
 With every oar to improve the auspicious sky :
 But if black clouds the angry heavens deform,
 A cheerful mind will sweeten every storm.
 Though fools expect their joys to flow sincere,
 Yet none can boast eternal sunshine here.

The youthful chief, that like a summer flower
 Shines a whole life in one precarious hour,
 Impatient of restraint demands the fight,
 While painted triumphs swim before his sight.
 Forbear, brave youth ! thy bold designs give o'er,
 Ere the next morn shall dawn, thou'l be no more ;
 Invidious death shall blast thy opening bloom,
 Scarce blown, thou fad'st ; scarce born, thou meet'st
 a tomb.

[away,

What though, my friend, the young are swept
 Untimely crop'd in the proud blaze of day ;
 Yet when life's spring on purple wings is flown,
 And the brisk flood a noisome puddle grown ;
 When the dark eye shall roll its orb for light,
 And the roll'd orb confess impervious night ;
 When once untun'd the ear's contorted cell,
 The silver cords unbrace the sounding shell ;
 Thy sickening soul no more a joy shall find,
 Music no more shall stay thy labouring mind.

The breathing canvass glows in vain for thee,
In vain it blooms a gay eternity.

With thee the statue's boast of life are o'er,
And Cæsar animates the brass no more.

The flaming ruby, and the rich brocade,
The sprightly ball, the mimic masquerade,
Now charm in vain—in vain the jovial god
With blushing goblets plies the dormant clod.

Then why thus fond to draw superfluous breath,
When every gasp protracts a painful death?
Age is a ghastly scene; cares, doubts, and fears,
One dull rough road of sighs, groans, pains, and
fears.

Let not ambitious views usurp thy soul;
Ambition, friend! ambition grasps the pole.
The lustful eye on wealth's bright strand you fix,
And sigh for grandeur and a coach and six;
With golden stars you long to blend your fate,
And with the garter'd lordling slide in state.
An humbler theme my pensive hours employs,
(Hear ye sweet heavens, and speed the distant joys!
Of these possess'd I'd scorn to court renown,
Or bless the happy coxcombs of the town,)
To me, ye gods, these only gifts impart,
An easy fortune, and a cheerful heart;
A little muse, and innocently gay,
In sportive song to trifle cares away.
Two wishes gain'd, love forms the last and best,
And Heaven's bright masterpiece shall crown the
rest.

EPITAPHS.

ON HIMSELF.

READER, approach my urn— thou need'st not fear
The extorted promise of one plaintive tear,
To mourn thy unknown friend.— From me thou'll
learn

More than a Plato taught—the grand concern
Of mortals!— Wrapt in pensive thought, survey
This little freehold of unthinking clay ;
And know thy end! [explore ;
Though young, though gay, this scene of death
Alas ! the young, the gay is now no more !

ON ROBERT CLAVERING, M.B.

OH ! come, who know the childless parent's sigh,
The bleeding bosom, and the streaming eye ;
Who feel the wounds a dying friend imparts,
When the last pang divides two social hearts.
This weeping marble claims the generous tear,
Here lies the friend, the son, and all that's dear.

He fell full-blossom'd in the pride of youth,
The nobler pride of science, worth, and truth.
Calm and serene he view'd his mouldering clay,
Nor fear'd to go, nor fondly wish'd to stay :
And when the king of terrors he desir'd,
Kiss'd the stern mandate, bow'd his head, and died.

ON COLONEL GARDINER :

**WHO WAS SLAIN IN THE BATTLE AT PRESTON
PANS ; 1745.**

WHILE fainter merit asks the powers of verse,
Our faithful line shall **GARDINER**'s worth rehearse
The bleeding hero, and the martyr'd saint,
Transcends the poet's pen, the herald's paint.
His the best path to fame that e'er was trod,
And surely his—a glorious road to God.

ON MR. SIBLEY,

OF STUDHAM.

HERE lies an honest man ! without pretence
To more than prudence, and to common sense ;
Who knew no vanity, disguise, nor art ;
Who scorn'd all language foreign to the heart.
Diffusive as the light his bounty spread,
Cloth'd were the naked, and the hungry fed.

‘ These be his honours !’ honours that disclaim
The blazon'd scutcheon, and the herald's fame !
Honours ! which boast defiance to the grave,
Where, (spite of Anstis) rots the garter'd knave.

*ON A LADY,
WHO HAD LABOURED UNDER A CANCER.*

STRANGER, these dear remains contain'd a mind
As infants guileless, and as angels kind.
Ripening for Heav'n, by pains and sufferings tried ;
To pain superior, and unknown to pride.
Calm and serene beneath affliction's rod,
Because she gave her willing heart to God !
Because she trusted in her Saviour's pow'r,
Hence firm and fearless in the dying hour !

No venal muse this faithful picture draws ;
Bless'd saint ! desert like yours extorts applause.
Oh ! let a weeping friend discharge his due ;
His debt to worth, to excellence, and you !

ON MR. THOMAS STRONG ;

WHO DIED ON THE 26TH OF DECEMBER, 1736.

In action prudent, and in word sincere,
In friendship faithful, and in honour clear ;
Through life's vain scenes the same in every part,
A steady judgment, and an honest heart.
Thou vaunt'st no honours—all thy boast, a mind
As infants guileless, and as angels kind.

When ask'd to whom these lovely truths belong,
Thy friends shall answer, weeping, ‘Here lies
STRONG.’

ON MISS GEE;
WHO DIED OCTOBER 25, 1736; ÆTAT. 28.

BEAUTEOUS, nor known to pride, to friends sincere,
Mild to thy neighbour, to thyself severe ;
Unstain'd thy honour—and thy wit was such,
Knew no extremes, nor little, nor too much.
Few were thy years, and painful through the whole,
Yet calm thy passage, and serene thy soul.

Reader, amidst these sacred crowds that sleep¹,
View this once lovely form, nor grudge to weep.—
O death, all terrible ! how sure thy hour !
How wide thy conquests ! and how fell thy power !
When youth, wit, virtue, plead for longer reign ;
When youth, when wit, when virtue plead in vain :
Stranger, then weep afresh—for know this clay
Was once the good, the wise, the beautiful, the gay.

ON JOHN DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER;
WHO DIED IN THE TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF HIS
AGE, 1747-8.

INTENT to hear, and bounteous to bestow,
A mind that melted at another's woe ;
Studious to act the self-approving part,
That midnight-music of the honest heart !

¹ The author is supposed to be inscribing the character of the 'deceased upon her' tomb, and therefore 'crowds that sleep,' mean the dead.

Those silent joys the' illustrious youth possess'd,
Those cloudless sunshines of the spotless breast!
From pride of peerage, and from folly free,
Life's early morn, fair Virtue! gave to thee;
Forbad the tear to steal from sorrow's eye,
Bade anxious Poverty forget to sigh;
Like Titus, knew the value of a day;
And Want went smiling from his gates away.

The rest were honours borrow'd from the throne;
These honours, EGERTON, were all thy own!

ON THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK;
WHO DIED DECEMBER THE 26TH, AGED 42.

WHAT! though such various worth is seldom known,
No adulation rears this sacred stone,
No partial love this genuine picture draws,
No venal pencil prostitutes applause:
Justice and truth, in artless colours, paint
The Man, the Friend, the Preacher, and the Saint.

FINIS.





HAMMOND.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!

Play VIII.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES HAMMOND.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY
THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

LONDON:
Printed at the Stanhope Press,
BY WHITTINGHAM AND ROWLAND,
Goswell Street;
PUBLISHED BY SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND HUTCHINGS,
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HAILES, PICCADILLY; AND TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET
STREET.

1811.

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ENCOMIUMS ON HAMMOND.

FROM THOMSON'S WINTER.

WHERE art thou, HAMMOND ! thou the darling
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng ? [pride,
Ah why, dear Youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue, lay ;
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon ?
What now avails that noble thirst of fame
Which stung thy fervent breast ? that treasur'd store
Of knowledge, early gain'd ? that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful patriots who sustain her name ?
What now, alas ! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit, that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile ?
Ah ! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain !

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE,

WITH

HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

BY LORD LYTTELTON.

ALL that of Love can be express'd
In these soft numbers see ;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
It must be read in me !

ON

READING HAMMOND'S LOVE ELEGIES,
THE YEAR BEFORE THEY WERE PUBLISHED.

BY MISS TALBOT.

HITHER your wreaths, ye drooping Muses! bring,
The short-liv'd rose, that blooms but to decay,
Love's fragrant myrtles that in Paphos spring,
And deathless Poetry's immortal bay.

And oh! thou gentlest shade ! accept the verse,
Mean though it be, yet artlessly sincere,
That pensive thus attends thy silent hearse,
And steals in secret glooms the pious tear.

What heart, by Heav'n with generous softness bless'd,
But in thy lines its native language reads?
Where hapless love, in classic plainness dress'd,
Gracefully mourns, and elegantly bleeds.

But vain, alas ! thy fancy, fondly gay,
Trae'd the fair scenes of dear domestic life ;
The sportive Loves forsook their wanton play,
To paint for thee the mistress, friend, and wife.

One caught from Delia's lips the winning smile,
One from her eyes his little soul inspir'd ;
Then seiz'd thy pen, and smooth'd thy flowing style,
Then wept and trembled, and with sobs admir'd.

O luckless lover ! form'd for better days,
For golden years and ages long ago :—
For thee, Persephone, impatient stays ;
For thee the willow and the cypress grow.

PREFACE.

BY THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

1743.

THE following Elegies were wrote by a young gentleman lately dead, and justly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whose hands they fell, determined to publish them, in the persuasion that they would neither be unweicome to the public, nor injurions to the memory of their Author. The reader must decide whether this determination was the result of just judgment or partial friendship; for the editor feels and avows so much of the latter, that he gives up all pretensions to the former.

The Author composed them ten years ago, before he was two-and-twenty years old; an age when fancy and imagination commonly riot at the expense of judgment and correctness; neither of which seem wanting here. But sincere in his love as in his friendship, he wrote to his mistresses as he spoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine sentiments of his heart: he sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write: it was nature and sentiment only that dictated to a real mistress, not youthful and poetic fancy to an imaginary one. Elegy, therefore, speaks here her own proper native language, the unaffected plain-

tive language of the tender passions : the true elegiac dignity and simplicity are preserved and united ; the one without pride, the other without meanness. Tibullus seems to have been the model our Author judiciously preferred to Ovid ; the former writing directly from the heart to the heart, the latter too often yielding and addressing himself to the imagination.

The undissipated youth of the Author allowed him time to apply himself to the best masters, the Ancients : and his parts enabled him to make the best use of them : for upon those great models of solid sense and virtue he formed not only his genius but his heart ; both well prepared by nature to adopt and adorn the resemblance. He admired that justness, that noble simplicity of thought and expression, which have distinguished and preserved their writings to this day ; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that sacredness of friendship, and all those heroic and social virtues, which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation, of succeeding ages ; and he looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight upon those glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome, when Wisdom, Virtue, and Liberty, formed the only triumvirates ; ere Luxury invited Corruption to taint, or Corruption introduced Slavery to destroy, all public and private virtues. In these sentiments he lived, and would have lived even in these times ; in these sentiments he died.—But in these times too—‘ Ut non crepta a diis immortalibus vita, sed donata mors esse videatur.’

LOVE ELEGIES.

“ Virginibus puerisque canto.”

ELEGY I.

ON HIS FALLING IN LOVE WITH NEÆRA.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers gave ;
In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain :
I saw Neæra, and, her instant slave,
Though born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart;
Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame :
No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh! that, to feel these killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone,
Was fix'd a rock amidst the watery roar,
And in the vast Atlantic stood alone.

Adieu, ye Muses ! or my passion aid ;
Why should I loiter by your idle spring ?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do not ask the lofty epic strain,
 Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere ;
 I only sing one cruel maid to gain ;—
 Adieu, ye Muses ! if she will not hear.

No more in useless innocence I'll pine ;
 Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,
 I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,
 But chiefly thine, O Venus ! will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a heanteons maid,
 Who bends on sordid gold her low desires ;
 Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
 But love must act what avarice requires.

Unwise who first, the charm of nature lost,
 With Tyrian purple soil'd the snowy sheep ;
 Unwiser still who seas and mountains cross'd,
 To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep.

These costly toys our silly fair surprise ;
 The shining follies cheat their feeble sight ;
 Their hearts, securé in trifles, love despise :
 'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind
 And earthly thoughts beneath a heavenly face ;
 Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
 Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace ?

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear ;
 Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long ;
 Hence tears and sighs ; and hence the peevish fair,
 The froward lover—Hence this angry song.

ELEGY II.

UNABLE TO SATISFY THE COVETOUS TEMPER OF
NEÆRA, HE INTENDS TO MAKE A CAMPAIGN,
AND TRY IF POSSIBLE TO FORGET HER.

ADIEU, ye walls that guard my cruel fair!
No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound;
My limbs have learn'd the weight of arms to bear;
My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's sound.

Few are the maids that now on me it smile;
On spoil and war is bent this iron age;
Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
Unsat'd vengeance, and remorseless rage.

To purchase spoil ev'n love itself is sold;
Her lover's heart is least Neæra's care;
And I through war must seek detested gold,
Not for myself, but for my venal fair:

That while she bends beneath the weight of dress
The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien;
And art mistaken make her beauty less,
While still it hides some graces better seen.

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,
Her's be the wealth of Tagus' golden sand;
Her's the bright gems that glow in India's soil;
Her's the black sons of Afric's sultry land.

To please her eye let every loom contend;
For her be rifled Ocean's pearly bed:
But where, alas! would idle Fancy tend,
And soothe with dreams a youthful poet's head?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
 In fore'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
 While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
 And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride I think I love no more,
 And hide in threats the weakness of my mind :
 In vain—though Reason fly the hated door,
 Yet Love, the coward Love ! still lags behind.

ELEGY III.

HE UPBRAIDS AND THREATENS THE AVARICE OF NEERA, AND RESOLVES TO QUIT HER.

SHOULD Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,
 And golden torrents stream from every part,
 That craving bosom still would heave for more :
 Not all the gods could satisfy thy heart.

But may thy folly, which can thus disdain
 My honest love, the mighty wrong repay !
 May midnight fire involve thy sordid gain,
 And on the shining heaps of rapine prey !

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
 Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom !
 And when thou dy'st, may not one heart be griev'd,
 May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb !

But the deserving, tender, generous, maid,
 Whose only care is her poor lover's mind,
 Though ruthless Age may bid her beauty fade,
 In every friend to love a friend shall find :

And when the lamp of life will burn no more,
 When dead she seems as in a gentle sleep ;
 The pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,
 And round the bier assembled lovers weep.

With flowery garlands each revolving Year
 Shall strew the grave where Truth and Softness rest,
 Then, home returning, drop the pions tear,
 And bid the turf lie easy on her breast.

ELEGY IV.

TO HIS FRIEND, WRITTEN UNDER THE CONFINE- MENT OF A LONG INDISPOSITION.

WHILE calm you sit beneath your secret shade,
 And lose in pleasing thought the summer-day,
 Or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,
 Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray.

The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled ;
 Lonely and sick, on death is all my thought :
 Oh ! spare, Persephone ! this guiltless head ;
 Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd ;
 My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace ;
 No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,
 Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face.

No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast ;
 This pions hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane ;
 I ne'er disturb'd the gods' eternal rest
 With curses loud—but oft have pray'd in vain !

No stealth of Time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
 Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand :
 Ah ! why so soon the tender blossom tear,
 Ere Autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand ?

Ye gods, whoe'er in gloomy shades below
 Now slowly tread your melancholy round,
 Now wandering view the baleful rivers flow,
 And, musing hearken to their solemn sound !

Oh ! let me still enjoy the cheerful day,
 Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd ;
 Pleas'd in my age I trifle life away,
 And tell how much we lov'd, ere I grew old.

But you who, now with festive garlands crown'd,
 In chase of pleasure the gay moments spend,
 By quick enjoyment heal Love's pleasing wound,
 And grieve for nothing but your absent friend.

ELEGY V.

THE LOVER IS AT FIRST INTRODUCED SPEAKING
 TO HIS SERVANT; HE AFTERWARDS ADDRESSES
 HIMSELF TO HIS MISTRESS; AND AT LAST THERE
 IS A SUPPOSED INTERVIEW BETWEEN THEM.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy master's care,
 Till creeping slumber soothe his troubled breast ;
 Let not a whisper stir the silent air,
 If hapless Love a-while consent to rest.

Untoward guards beset my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks the' imprison'd fair conceal :
May lightnings blast whom Love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel !

Ah, gentle door ! attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray ;
So all my curses far from thee shall fall :
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember now the flowery wreaths I gave
When first I told thee of my bold desires ;
Nor thou, O Cynthia ! fear the watchful slave ;
Venus will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youth who see not where they tread ;
She shows the virgin how to turn the door :
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
And not a step betray her on the floor.

The fearless lover wants no beam of light ;
The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way :
Sacred he wanders through the pathless night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling wind and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardships I for love sustain
With love's victorious joys at last be crown'd.

With sudden step let none our bliss surprise,
Or check the freedom of secure delight —
Rash man, beware ! and shut thy curious eyes,
Lest angry Venus snatch their guilty sight.

But should'st thou see, the' important secret hide,
Though question'd by the Powers of earth and
heaven;

The prating tongue shall Love's revenge abide,
Still sue for grace, and never be forgiven.

A wizard-dame, the lover's ancient friend,
With magic charm has deaf't thy husband's ear ;
At her command I saw the stars descend,
And winged lightnings stop in mid career.

I saw her stamp and cleave the solid ground,
While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam ;
I saw them hearken to her potent sound,
Till, scar'd at day, they sought their dreary home.

At her command the vigorous Summer pines,
And wintry clouds obscure the hopeful year ;
At her strong bidding gloomy Winter shines,
And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms which I on thee bestow ;
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind ;
For me they make a husband nothing know :
For me, and only me, they make him blind.

But what did most this faithful heart surprise,
She boasted that her skill could set it free ;
This faithful heart the boasted freedom flies ;
How could it venture to abandon thee ?

ELEGY VI.

HE ADJURES DELIA TO PITY HIM BY THEIR FRIENDSHIP WITH CÆLIA, WHO WAS LATELY DEAD.

THOUSANDS would seek the lasting peace of death,
And in that harbour shun the storm of care ;
Officious Hope stills holds the fleeting breath ;
She tells them still—To-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain ;
But can I listen to her syren song,
Who seven slow months have dragg'd my painful
chain,
So long thy lover, and despis'd so long ?

By all the joys thy dearest Cælia gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn ;
So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,
And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn.

To her I first avow'd my timorous flame ;
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue :
She still would pity what the wise might blame,
And feel for weakness which she never knew.

Ah ! do not grieve the dear lamented shade
That, hovering round us, all my sufferings hears !
She is my saint—to her my prayers are made,
With oft repeated gifts of flowers and tears.

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
And lonely sitting by the silent stone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire ;
The marble image seems to hear my moan.

Thy friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
And stand before thee all in virgin white ;
That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night :—

‘ Cease, cruel Man ! the mournful theme forbear ;
Though much thou suffer, to thyself complain :
Ah ! to recal the sad remembrance spare ;
One tear from her is more than all thy pain.’

ELEGY VII.

ON DELIA'S BEING IN THE COUNTRY, WHERE HE SUPPOSES SHE STAYS TO SEE THE HARVEST.

Now Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that still in Town remain ;
Venus herself attends on Delia there,
And Cupid sports amid the silvan train.

Oh ! with what joy my Delia to behold,
I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the slow ploughshare through the stubborn
mould,
And patient goad the loitering ox along !

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand :
The great Apollo wore the same disguise,
Like me subdued to Love's supreme command.

No healing herbs could soothe their master's pain ;
The art of physic lost and useless lay ;
To Peneus' stream, and Tempe's shady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noontide ray :

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His blushing Sister saw him pace along ;
Oft would his voice the silent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the crested Python slain!
Where are his Delphi, his delightful isle?
The god himself has grown a cottage-swain.

O, Ceres! in your golden fields no more
With harvest's cheerful pomp my fair detain—
Think what for lost Proserpina you bore,
And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.

Our wiser fathers left their fields unsown ;
Their food was acorns, love their sole employ :
They met, they lik'd ; they staid but till alone,
And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy.

No wakeful guard, no doors, to stop desire ;
Thrice happy times !—But oh ! I fondly rave :
Lead me to Delia : all her eyes inspire
I'll do.—I'll plough or dig as Delia's slave.

ELEGY VIII.

HE DESPAIRS THAT HE SHALL EVER POSSESS DELIA.

Ah ! what avails thy lover's pious care ?
His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain :
Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle pray'r ;
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain.

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
Then, old with love, insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom gently breathe my last.

I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life ;
I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
And when I long have serv'd her, call her wife.

I only ask, of her I love possess'd,
To sink, o'ercome with bliss, in safe repose ;
To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
And kiss her wearied eyelids till they close.

Attend, O Juno ! with thy sober ear ;
Attend, gay Venus ! parent of Desire :
This one fond wish if you refuse to hear,
Oh ! let me with this sigh of love expire.

ELEGY IX.

HE HAS LOST DELIA.

HE who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man; but harder, in my mind,
The lover still, who died not of despair.

With mean disguise, let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art !
I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
 And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize;
 While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
 And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.

Sad is my day, and sad my lingering night,
 When wrapt in silent grief I weep alone :
 Delia is lost, and all my past delight
 Is now the source of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
 Where is the face that fed my longing eyes ?
 Where is the shape that might have bless'd my arms?
 Where all those hopes relentless Fate denies?

When spent with endless grief I die at last,
 Delia may come, and see my poor remains—
 Oh, Delia! after such an absence past,
 Canst thou still love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend,
 With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,
 Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
 Then slowly sinking by degrees expire ?

To soothe the hovering soul be thine the care,
 With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
 In sable weeds the golden vase to bear,
 And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand !

Panchaia's odours be their costly feast,
 And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year :
 Give them the treasures of the furthest East,
 And, what is still more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee there is in death a pride :
 Let all the world thy hapless lover know ;
 No silent urn the noble passion hide,
 But, deeply graven, thus my sufferings show :

' Here lies a youth borne down with love and care,
 He could not long his Delia's loss abide ;
 Joy left his bosom with the parting fair,
 And when he durst no longer hope—he died.'

ELEGY X¹.

ON DELIA'S BIRTH-DAY.

This day, which saw my Delia's beauty rise,
 Shall more than all our sacred days be bless'd ;
 The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
 Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

By all our guarded sighs and hid desires,
 Oh may our guiltless love be still the same !
 I burn, and glory in the pleasing fires,
 If Delia's bosom share the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
 Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind !
 But let her court in vain thy angry pow'r,
 If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

¹ See the beautiful little Elegy addressed by Sulpicia to Cerinus, translated from Tibullus, in Lord Lyttelton's Poems.

And thou, O Venus ! hear my righteous pray'r,
 Or bind the shepherdess, or loose the swain :
 Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
 And let them die together in thy chain.

What I demand perhaps her heart desires,
 But virgin-fears her nicer tongue restrain :
 The secret thoughts which blushing Love inspires,
 The conscious eye can full as well explain.

ELEGY XI.

AGAINST LOVERS GOING TO WAR ; IN WHICH HE
 PHILOSOPHICALLY PREFERS LOVE AND DELIA
 TO THE MORE SERIOUS VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

THE man who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
 How fell and deadly was his iron heart !
 He gave the wound encountering nations feel,
 And death grew stronger by his fatal art.

Yet not from steel debate and battle rose ;
 'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life :
 Nature is free to all ; and none were foes
 Till partial Luxury began the strife.

Let spoil and victory adorn the bold,
 While I, inglorious, neither hope nor fear :
 Perish the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,
 Ere for my absence Delia lose a tear.

Why should the lover quit his pleasing home
 In search of danger on some foreign ground,
 Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
 And risk in every stroke a double wound?

Ah! better far, beneath the spreading shade
 With cheerful friends to drain the sprightly bowl,
 To sing the beauties of my darling maid,
 And on the sweet idea feast my soul:

Then, full of love, to all her charms retire,
 And fold her blushing to my eager breast,
 Till, quite o'ercome with softness, with desire
 Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to rest.

ELEGY XII.

TO DELIA.

No second love shall e'er my heart surprise;
 This solemn league did first our passion bind:
 Thou, only thou, canst please thy lover's eyes;
 Thy voice alone can soothe his troubled mind.

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me!
 Displease all others, and secure my rest.
 No need of envy:—Let me happy be,
 I little care that others know me bless'd.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
 Where never human footstep mark'd the ground.
 Thou, light of life! all darkness canst expel,
 And seem a world with solitude around.

I say too much—my heedless words restore ;
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour :
Thou know'st thy strength, and thence insulting
more
Will make me feel the weight of all thy pow'r.

Whate'er I feel, thy slave I will remain,
Nor fly the burden I am form'd to bear :
In chains I'll sit me down at Venus' fane ;
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my pray'r.

ELEGY XIII.

HE IMAGINES HIMSELF MARRIED TO DELIA, AND
THAT CONTENT WITH EACH OTHER, THEY ARE
RETIRED INTO THE COUNTRY.

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound :

While, calmly poor, I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply bless'd, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast !
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest !

Or if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur as they glide away !

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop, and gaze on Delia as I go !
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know.

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with Fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown ;
Content with what I am, not what I seem :
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man ! who thus of her possess'd
Could float and wander with Ambition's wind ?
And, if his outward trappings spoke him bless'd,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind.

With her I scorn the idle breath of Praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own :
The smile of Fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope², in wisdom as in wit divine,
 May rise and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
 With steady rein his eager wit confine,
 While manly sense the deep attention draws :

Let Stanhope speak his listening Country's wrongs,
 My humble voice shall please one partial maid ;
 For her alone I pen my tender songs,
 Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come and grace his rural friend :
 Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
 With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
 And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Her's be the care of all my little train
 While I with tender indolence am bless'd,
 The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
 By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
 In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock ;
 For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
 And sleep extended on the naked rock.

Ah ! what avails to press the stately bed,
 And far from her 'mid tasteless grandeur weep ;
 By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
 And while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep ?

Delia alone can please and never tire,
 Exceed the paint of thought in true delight :
 With her enjoyment wakens new desire,
 And equal rapture glows through every night.

Beauty and worth in her alike contend
 To charm the fancy and to fix the mind ;
 In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
 I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze when others' loves are o'er,
 And dying press her with my clay-cold hand—
 Then weep'st already as I were no more,
 Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh ! when I die, my latest moments spare,
 Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill :
 Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
 Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still.

Oh ! quit the room ; oh ! quit the deathful bed ;
 Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart :
 Oh ! leave me, Delia ! ere thou see me dead ;
 These weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
 Convey the corse in melancholy state,
 Through all the village spread the tender tear,
 While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

ELEGY XIV.

TO DELIA.

WHAT scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd
 In some lone spot with Peace and thee retir'd !
 Though reason then my sanguine fondness blam'd,
 I still believ'd what flattering Love inspir'd,

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind
 To dangerous bliss no longer to pretend ;
 In books a calm but fix'd content to find ;
 Safe joys ! that on ourselves alone depend.

With them the gentle moments I beguile
 In learned ease and elegant delight,
 Compare the beauties of each different style,
 Each various ray of Wit's diffusive light.

Now mark the strength of Milton's sacred lines,
 Sense rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
 Where all the glory of the Godhead shines,
 And earliest innocence enchant's the heart.

Now, fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age
 In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong ;
 And trace the author through his moral page,
 Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
 And reason fix its empire o'er my heart :
 My patriot breast a noble warmth shall feel,
 And glow with love, where weakness has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttelton ! shall be my guide ;
 Its fires shall warm me and its worth improve :
 Thy heart ! above all envy and all pride,
 Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

And you, O West ! with her your partner dear,
 Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,
 With Learning's feast my drooping mind shall cheer,
 Glad to escape from Love to such a friend.

But why so long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah! still I love in pride and reason's spite :
No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
And, while I threat, this Elegy I write.

ELEGY XV.

TO DELIA.

IN THE MANNER OF OVID.

O SAY, thou dear possessor of my breast!
Where's now my boasted liberty and rest?
Where the gay moments which I once have known?
O, where that heart I fondly thought my own?
From place to place I solitary roam,
Abroad uneasy, nor content at home.
I scorn the beauties common eyes adore ;
The more I view them, feel thy worth the more :
Unmov'd I hear them speak, or see them fair,
And only think on thee—who art not there.
In vain would books their formal succour lend ;
Nor Wit nor Wisdom can relieve their friend :
Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
And Wisdom shows the ill without the cure.
When from thy sight I waste the tedious day,
A thousand schemes I form and things to say ;
But when thy presence gives the time I seek,
My heart's so full, I wish but cannot speak.

And could I speak with eloquence and ease,
Till now not studious of the art to please,
Could I, at woman who so oft exclaim,
Expose (nor blush) thy triumph and my shame.

Abjure those maxims I so lately priz'd,
 And court that sex I foolishly despis'd,
 Own thou hast soften'd my obturate mind,
 And thus reveng'd the wrongs of womankind;
 Lost were my words, and fruitless all my pain;
 In vain to tell thee, all I write in vain:
 My humble sighs shall only reach thine ears,
 And all my eloquence shall be my tears.

And now (for more I never must pretend)
 Hear me not as thy lover but thy friend:
 Thousands will fain thy little heart ensnare,
 For, without danger, none like thee are fair;
 But wisely choose who best deserves thy flame,
 So shall the choice itself become thy fame;
 Nor yet despise, though void of winning art,
 The plain and honest courtship of the heart:
 The skilful tongue in Love's persuasive lore,
 Though less it feels, will please and flatter more,
 And, meanly learned in that guilty trade,
 Can long abuse a fond unthinking maid.
 And since their lips, so knowing to deceive,
 Thy unexperience'd youth might soon believe;
 And since their tears, in false submission dress'd,
 Might thaw the icy coldness of thy breast;
 O! shut thine eyes to such deceitful woe:
 Caught by the beauty of thy outward show,
 Like me they do not love, whate'er they seem;
 Like me—with passion founded on esteem.

*ANSWER TO ELEGY XV.**BY THE LATE LORD HERVEY.*

Too well these lines that fatal truth declare
Which long I've known, yet now I blush to hear.
But say, what hopes thy fond ill-fated love?
What can it hope though mutual it should prove?
This little form is fair in vain for you,
In vain for me thy honest heart is true;
For wouldest thou fix dishonour on my name,
And give me up to penitence and shame?
Or gild my ruin with the name of Wife,
And make me a poor virtuous wretch for life?
Couldst thou submit to wear the marriage-chain,
(Too sune a cure for all thy present pain)
No saffron robe for us the godhead wears,
His torch inverted and his face in tears.
Though every softer wish were amply crown'd,
Love soon would cease to smile where Fortune
frown'd :

Then would thy soul my fond consent deplore,
And blame what it solicited before;
Thy own exhausted would reproach my truth,
And say I had undone thy blinded youth;
That I had damp'd Ambition's nobler flame,
Eclips'd thy talents and obscure'd thy fame;
To madrigals and odes that wit confin'd
That would in senates or in courts have shin'd,
Gloriously active in thy country's cause,
Asserting freedom, and enacting laws.

Or say, at best, that negatively kind
You only mourn'd and silently repin'd;

The jealous demons in my own fond breast
 Would all these thoughts incessantly suggest,
 And all that sense must feel, though pity had sup- }
 press'd.

Yet added grief my apprehension fills
 (If there can be addition to those ills)
 When they shall cry, whose harsh reproof I dread,
 ' 'Twas thy own deed : thy folly on thy head !'
 Age knows not to allow for thoughtless youth,
 Nor pities tenderness, nor honours truth ;
 Holds it romantic to confess a heart,
 And says, those virgins act a wiser part
 Who hospitals and bedlamis would explore
 To find the rich, and only dread the poor ;
 Who, legal prostitutes, for interest-sake
 Clodios and Timons to their bosoms take,
 And, if avenging Heaven permit increase,
 People the world with folly and disease.
 Those titles, deeds, and rent-rolls, only wed,
 Whilst the best bidder mounts the venal bed ;
 And the grave aunt and formal sire approve
 This nuptial sale, this auction of their love.
 But if regard to worth or sense be shown,
 That poor degenerate child her friends disown,
 Who dares to deviate by a virtuous choice
 From her great name's hereditary voice.

These scenes my ; rudence ushers to my mind
 Of all the storms and quicksands I must find,
 If I embark upon this summer-sea
 Where Flattery smooths, and Pleasure gilds the way.
 Had our ill fate ne'er blown thy dangerous flame
 Beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,
 I might upon that score thy heart receive,
 And with that guiltless name my own deceive.

That commerce now in vain you recommend;
I dread the latent lover in the friend:
Of ignorance I want the poor excuse,
And know I both must take or both refuse.

Here then the safe, the firm resolve I make,
Ne'er to encourage one I must forsake.
Whilst other maids a shameless path pursue,
Neither to interest nor to honour true,
And, proud to swell the triumph of their eyes,
Exult in love from lovers they despise;
Their maxims all revers'd I mean to prove,
And though I like the lover, quit the love.

ELEGY XVI.

TO MR. GEORGE GRENVILLE.

OH! form'd alike to serve us and to please;
Polite with honesty and learn'd with ease;
With heart to act, with genius to retire;
Open, yet wise; though gentle, full of fire:
With thee I scorn the low constraint of art,
Nor fear to trust the follies of my heart:
Hear then from what my long despair arose,
The faithful story of a lover's woes.—
When in a sober melancholy hour,
Reduc'd by sickness under reason's power,
I view'd my state, too little weigh'd before,
And Love himself could flatter me no more,
My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive,
But whom my passion hurt through friendship leave.
I chose the coldest words my heart to hide,
And cure her sex's weakness through its pride.

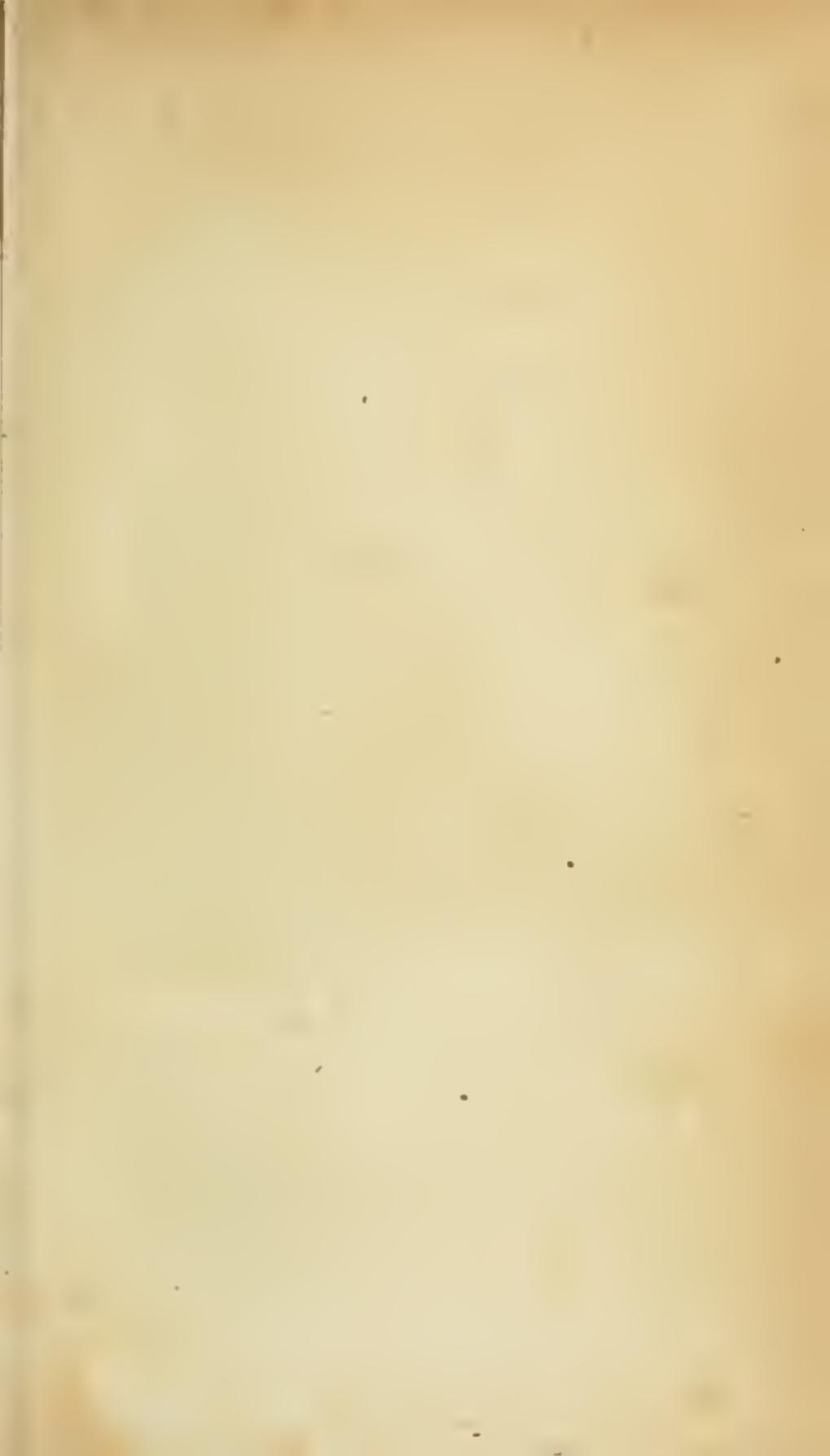
The prudence which I taught I ill pursued ;
 The charin my reason broke my heart renew'd.
 Again submissive to her feet I came,
 And prov'd too well my passion by my shame ;
 While she, secure in coldness or disdain,
 Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain ;
 Began with higher views her thoughts to raise,
 And scorn'd the humble poet of her praise :
 She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
 And strengthen'd by her faith each groundless tale ;
 Believ'd the grossest arts that Malice tried,
 Nor once in thought was on her lover's side.
 Oh ! where were then the scenes of fancied life ?
 Oh ! where the friend, the mistress, and the wife ?
 Her years of promis'd love were quickly pass'd ;
 Not two revolving moons could see them last !—
 To Stowe's delightful scenes I now repair,
 In Cobham's smile to lose the gloom of care ;
 Nor fear that he my weakness should despise,
 In nature learned, and humanelly wise.
 There Pitt¹, in manners soft, in friendship warm,
 With mild advice my listening grief shall charm :
 With sense to counsel and with wit to please ;
 A Roman's virtue with a courtier's ease.
 Nor you, my friend ! whose heart is still at rest,
 Contemn the human weakness of my breast :
 Reason may chide the fault she cannot enre,
 And pains which long we scorn'd, we oft endure.
 Though wiser cares employ your studious mind,
 Form'd with a soul so elegantly kind,
 Your breast may lose the calm it long has known,
 And learn my woes to pity, by its own.

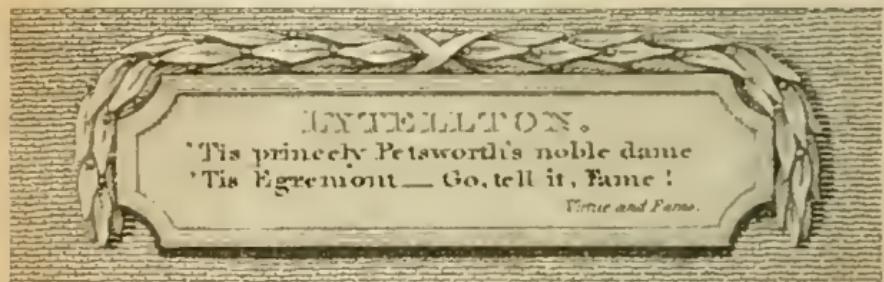
¹ William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham.

*PROLOGUE
TO LILLO'S ELMERIC.*

1740.

No labour'd scenes to-night adorn our stage ;
Lillo's plain sense would here the heart engage :
He knew no art, no rule ; but warmly thought
From passion's force, and as he felt he wrote.
His Barnwell once no critie's test could bear,
Yet from each eye still draws the natural tear.
With generous candour hear his latest strains,
And let kind Pity shelter his remains.
Depress'd by want, afflicted by disease,
Dying he wrote, and dying wish'd to please :—
Oh ! may that wish be now humanely paid,
And no harsh critie vex his gentle shade.
'Tis yours his unsupported fame to save,
And bid one laurel grace his humble grave.





Painted by Rob^t Smirke R.A.

Engraved by P W Tomkins

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEORGE, LORD LYTTELTON.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS :

BY
THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

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ENCOMIUMS ON LYTTELTON.

FROM THOMSON'S SPRING.

THESE are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
O LYTTELTON, the friend!—thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large, [stray'st,
Courting the Muse, through Hagley-Park thou
Thy British Tempé.—Thence abstracted oft,
You wander through the philosophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft conducted by historic Truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal: how from the venal gulf
To raise her virtue and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
You draw the' inspiring breath of ancient song;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.

FROM LOFFT'S PRAISES OF POETRY.

HIS faithful lyre no giddy passion mov'd,
Nor the light salies of inconstant youth;
But conjugal affection unreprov'd,
Tribute to dear regret and holy truth!

Whose true politeness temper'd manly sense :
Whom Slander's poisonous arrows fear'd to strike,
Scatter'd at random o'er the world alike :
Whose chaste thought shun'd all unjust offence ;
All wantonness of cruelty ;
All wrong to honour, virtue, decency :
His eloquence not idly blaz'd,
Nor falsely dazzled, daringly amaz'd,
Champion of fraud and of impiety ;
But lighten'd history ; and nobly rose
True to his GOD and SAVIOUR ; dar'd oppose
An age profane, and impious raillery :
Whose life condemn'd, whose tranquil death
Gave witness, to his latest breath,
How impotent to his, their vain philosophy.

Bounteons he was ; yet Avarice dar'd not blame :
Frugal; yet Folly could not call him mean :
Virtue he sought, and reap'd uncourted fame :
In ease not idle ; and in storms serene.
All-honour'd LYTTELTON ! thy worth,
While any live true merit to revere,
Like a pure stream of light,
Left here behind in thy soul's parting flight¹,
Shall animate us here,
And shine for ever friendly to mankind.
Should every other breast e'en thee forget,
Yet never should the Muse :
Never could she thy memory quit ;
Never to Virtue's call her aid refuse :
But still she should restore to fame
Thy much-lov'd image, and revive thy name.

¹ Written about Sep'. 1773, on Lord Lyttelton's death

BLENHEIM.

WRITTEN AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

1727.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first taught
The towering pile to rise, and form'd the plan
With fair proportion, architect divine,
Minerva; thee to my adventurous lyre
Assistant I invoke, that means to sing
Blenheim, proud monument of British fame,
Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty towers
Didst to his virtue ralse, whom oft thy shield
In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd
Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, silvan Muse, who lov'st to rove
Along the shady paths and verdant bowers
Of Woodstock's happy grove: there tuning sweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the dryad-train
Attentive listen; let thy warbling song
Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
And equal these to Pindus' honour'd shades.

When Europe freed, confess'd the saving power
Of Marlborough's hand; Britain, who sent him forth
Chief of confederate hosts, to fight the cause
Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd
This palace, sacred to her leader's fame:

A trophy of success ; with spoils adorn'd
 Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
 Of that auspicious field, where Churchill's sword
 Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastis'd
 Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength,
 Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve
 Reward so glorious ! grateful nation, hail,
 Who paid'st his service with so rich a meed !
 Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
 The hero or the people ? Honour doubts,
 And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
 Not thus Germania pays the' uncancel'd debt
 Of gratitude to us.—Blush, Cæsar, blush,
 When thou behold'st these towers ; ingrate, to thee
 A monument of shame ! Canst thou forget
 Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
 Did for thy throne that day ? But we disdain
 Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
 Steel thy obdurate heart against the sense
 Of obligation infinite ; and know,
 Britain, like Heaven, protects a thankless world
 For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the Muse
 Pursues untir'd, and through the palace roves
 With ever-new delight. The tapestry rich
 With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
 Of various-colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,
 Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls
 His purple wave : and there the Granic flood
 With passing squadrons foams : here hardy Gaul
 Flies from the sword of Britain ; there to Greece

Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
With glorious competition ; equal both
In valour and in fortune : but their praise
Be different, for with different views they fought ;
This to *subdue*, and that to *free* mankind.

Now, through the stately portals issuing forth,
The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
Of Tempé fam'd in song, or Ida's grove,
Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
Of this romantic wilderness once stood
The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
Sacred to grief and love ; the crystal fount
In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
Of Spenser, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
Beside its flowery brink, and views those charms
Which only Rosamond could once excel.
But see where, flowing with a nobler stream,
A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
Through which the Danube might collected pour
His spacious urn ! Silent awhile and smooth
The current glides, till with an headlong force
Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls
In loud cascades ; the silver-sparkling foam
Glitters reluctant in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome

Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd
The memory of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
With pleasing record of his glorious deeds :
So, by the rage of faction home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
Against the pride of Asia, and the power
Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement pass'd
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm shades of honourable ease,
Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt : indulgent
Gave a companion to his softer hours, [Heaven
With whom conversing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of state, and in her mind
Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd ;
Like two fair stars, with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together shone,
Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
Thee, Churchill, first the ruthless hand of death
Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence
To the sublimer seats of joy and love ;
Where fate again shall join her soul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praise, and soothes her woe
With pious honours to thy sacred name
Immortal. Lo ! where, towering in the height
Of yon aerial pillar, proudly stands
Thy image, like a guardian-god, sublime,
And awes the subject plain : beneath his feet,

The German eagles spread their wings ; his hand
Grasps victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field
Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hoelstet's plain,
The theatre' of thy glory, once was rais'd
A meaner trophy, by the' Imperial hand ;
Extorted gratitude ; which now the rage
Of malice impotent, beseeming ill
A regal breast, has levell'd to the ground :
Mean insult ! This, with better auspices,
Shall stand on British earth, to tell the world
How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how
His services. Nor shall the constant love [repaid
Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
In dark oblivion : that shall be the theme
Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
Inspir'd with Chaneer's fire, who in these groves
First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, house superb ; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching shall not pass
His roof unnoted, bat respectful hail
With reverenee due. Such honour does the Muse
Obtain her favourites!—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,
Marlborough ! who now above the starry sphere
Dwell'st in the palaces of Heaven, enthron'd
Among the demi-gods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while present here below,
And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke

Of factions Envy's more relentless rage.
 Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
 When Honour calls them to the field of war,
 Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd ;
 The proud reward of thy successful toils
 For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame ;
 That, fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
 To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
 Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
 With martial virtue ; and to high attempts
 Excite their arms, till other battles won,
 And nations sav'd, new monuments require,
 And other Blenheims shall adorn the land.

SOLILOQUY
 OF
 A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.
 (WRITTEN AT ETON SCHOOL.)

"TWAS night ; and Flavia to her room retir'd,
 With evening chat and sober reading tir'd ;
 There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
 She meditates on the forsaken town ;
 On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
 She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said :

‘ Ah ! what avails it to be young and fair,
 To move with negligence, to dress with care ?
 What worth have all the charms our pride can
 If all in envious solitude are lost ? [boast,
 Where none admire, ’tis useless to excel ;
 Where none are beaux, ’tis vain to be a belle ;

Beauty, like wit, to jndges should be shown ;
Both most are valued where they best are known.
With every grace of nature or of art,
We cannot break one stubborn country heart :
The brutes, insensible, our power defy :
To love, exceeds a 'squire's capacity.
The town, the court, is beauty's proper sphere ;
That is our heaven, and we are angels there :
In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove ;
The court of Britain is the court of Love :
How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
How have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd,
At each distinguish'd birth-night ball to see
The homage due to empire, paid to me!
When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown ;
When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
Less jealous in their power than in their love.
Chang'd is the scene, and all my glories die,
Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky ;
Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
In stupid indolence my life is spent,
Supinely calm, and dully innocent :
Unbless'd I wear my useless time away,
Sleep, wretched maid ! all night, and dream all day ;
Go at set hours to 'dinner and to prayer,
For dulness ever must be regular :
Now with mamma at tedious whist I play,
Now without scandal drink insipid tea,
Or in the garden breathe the country air,
Secure from meeting any tempter there ;
From books to work, from work to books I rove,
And am, alas ! at leisure to improve.—

Is this the life a beauty ought to lead?
 Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
 These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would glow,
 Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
 Sure erring Nature never could design
 To form a housewife in a mould like mine?
 O Venus! queen and guardian of the fair,
 Attend propititions to thy votary's prayer;
 Let me revisit the dear town again,
 Let me be seen!—Could I that wish obtain,
 All other wishes my own power would gain.' }

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

I.

UNCERTAINTY

TO MR. POPE.

POPE! to whose reed, beneath the beechen shade,
 The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid,
 While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
 Warbled in Windsor's grove her silvan lays,
 Though now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
 Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing;
 Wilt thou with me revisit once again
 The crystal fountain and the flowery plain?
 Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
 The various changes of a lover's state;
 And while each turn of passion I pursue,
 Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
 Whose pendent shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
 Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
 Full of the image of his beanteous maid;
 His flock far off, unfed, untended, lay,
 To every savage a defenceless prey ;
 No sense of interest could their master move,
 And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
 Awhile in pensive silence he remain'd, [plain'd ;
 But, though his voice was mute, his looks com-
 At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
 Fore'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

‘ Ye nymphs ! (he cried) ye dryads ! who so long
 Have favour'd Damon, and inspir'd his song ;
 For whom retir'd I shun the gay resorts
 Of sportful cities and of pompous courts,
 In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
 To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
 Though wild Ambition and destructive Rage
 No factions here can form, no wars can wage ;
 Though Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
 Nor Calumny your innocence invades,
 Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
 Too often violates your boasted rest ;
 With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
 And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

‘ Ah luckless day ! when first with fond surprise
 On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes !
 Then in wild tumults all my soul was toss'd,
 Then reason, liberty, at once were lost,
 And every wish, and thought, and care was gone,
 But what my heart employ'd on her alone.

Then too she smil'd ; can smiles our peace destroy,
Those lovely children of Content and Joy?
How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
From the same spring at the same moment flow?
Unhappy boy ! these vain inquiries cease,
Thought could not guard, nor will restore thy peace ;
Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
And soothe the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
Come, flattering Memory ! and tell my heart
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain ;
Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.
If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band,
To me alone she gave her willing hand ;
Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
Still in my song found something to admire ;
By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
By none but her my brows with ivy bound ;
The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
The world, alas ! like Damon was deceiv'd.
When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
In words as soft as passion could inspire,
Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu !
The frightened hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
Whose fairest hopes destroyed and blasted lie,
Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
Ah ! how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid !
To have my faithful service thus repaid ?
Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd
But dreams of joy that charm'd me and deceiv'd ?
Or did you only nurse my growing love
That with more pain I might your hatred prove ?

Sure guilty treachery no place could find
 In such a gentle, such a generous mind :
 A maid, brought up the woods and wilds among,
 Could ne'er have learnt the arts of courts so young :
 No ; let me rather think her anger feign'd ;
 Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd.
 'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
 And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain.'

Pleas'd with this flattering thought the lovesick
 Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy ; [boy
 Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd,
 When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd,
 Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
 And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

II.

HOPE.

TO MR. DODDINGTON, AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE REGIS.

HEAR, Doddington! the notes that shepherds sing,
 Like those that warbling hail the genial spring :
 Nor Pan nor Phœbns tunes our artless reeds,
 From Love alone their melody proceeds ;
 From Love, Theocritus on Enna's plains
 Learnt the wild sweetness of his doric strains ;
 Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
 Could charm each ear, and soften every heart :
 Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
 My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join '.

¹ Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love-verses which have never been published. *Lyttelton.*

Damon no longer songht the silent shade,
 No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd :
 But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
 And told his joy to all the rural throng.

' Bless'd be the hour, (he said) that happy hour,
 When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power !
 Then gloomy discontent and pining care
 Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there ;
 Soft wishes there they left and gay desires,
 Delightful languors and transporting fires.
 Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
 These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid ;
 There she appear'd on that auspicious day
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay :
 She led the dance—Heavens ! with what grace she
 mov'd !

Who could have seen her then, and not have lov'd?
 I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
 But gloried in a happy captive's name ;
 Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
 But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

' And art thou then, fond youth ! secure of joy ?
 Can no reverse thy flattering bliss destroy ?
 Has treacherous Love no torment yet in store ?
 Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power ? [cheek ?
 Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy
 Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break ?
 Why were the desert rocks invok'd to hear
 The plaintive accent of thy sad despair ?—
 From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
 Delia ! who now compassionates my woes ;
 Who bids me hope, and in that charming word
 Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

‘ Begin, my pipe ! begin the gladsome lay,
 A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay :
 A kiss obtain’d ‘twixt struggling and consent,
 Giv’n with forc’d anger and disguis’d content.
 No laureate wreaths I ask to bind my brows,
 Such as the muse on lofty bards bestows ;
 Let other swains to praise or fame aspire,
 I from her lips my recompense require.

‘ Why stays my Delia in her secret bower ?
 Light gales have chas’d the late impending shower ;
 The’ emerging sun more bright his beams extends ;
 Oppos’d, its beanteous arch the rainbow bends !
 Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay ;
 The birds renew their songs on every spray !
 Come forth, my love ! thy shepherd’s joys to crown :
 All nature smiles—will only Delia frown ?

‘ Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
 While every flower of every sweet they drain :
 See how beneath yon hillock’s shady steep
 The shelter’d herds on flowery couches sleep :
 Nor bees, nor herds, are half so bless’d as I,
 If with my fond desires my Love comply ;
 From Delia’s lips a sweeter honey flows,
 And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

‘ Ah how, my dear ! shall I deserve thy charms ?
 What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms ?
 A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
 Whose yellow plumage shines like polish’d gold ;
 From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
 And bears the fortunate Canaries name ;
 In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
 Not ev’n the nightingale’s melodious throat :

Accept of this ; and could I add beside
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide ;
If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.
But if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
Phœbus himself shall leave the' Aönian grove ;
The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain, [swain.
Shall come sweet suppliants for their favourite
For him each blue-eyed naiad of the flood,
For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
His music calls to dance the night away.
And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
I beg yon recommend my faithful flame,
And let her often hear her shepherd's name :
Shade all my faults from her inquiring sight,
And show my merits in the fairest light ;
My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
And every friend shall claim a different lay.

' But see ! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
Ah ! thither let me fly with eager feet :
Adieu, my pipe ! I go my love to meet—
O may I find her as we parted last,
And may each future hour be like the past !
So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
Propitious Venus ! on thy altars bleed.'

III.

JEALOUSY.

TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no bliss sincere;
 Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear:
 Of all the passions that employ the mind,
 In gentle love the sweetest joys we find;
 Yet e'en those joys dire Jealousy molests,
 And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
 O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
 Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
 For thy own quiet think thy mistress just,
 And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my Muse! and Damon's woes rehearse
 In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head
 (While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
 Anxions he lay, with jealous cares oppress'd,
 Distrust and anger labouring in his breast—
 The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
 Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
 Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
 Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;
 Here, half-conceal'd in trees, a cottage stands,
 A castle there the opening plain commands;
 Beyond, a town with glittering spires is crown'd,
 And distant hills the wide horizon bound:
 So charming was the scene, awhile the swain
 Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain;

But soon the stings infix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging smart :
His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
Then cried, ' May all thy charms, ungrateful maid !
Like these neglected roses droop and fade !
May angry Heaven deform each guilty grace
That triumphs now in that deluding face !
Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I !

' Say, thou inconstant ! what has Damon done,
To lose the heart his tedious pains had won ?
Tell me what charms you in my rival find
Against whose power no ties have strength to bind ?
Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
To conquer your disdain, and merit love ?
Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
And died with grief at each ungentle word ?
Ah, no ! the conquest was obtain'd with ease ;
He pleas'd you by not studying to please ;
His careless indolence your pride alarm'd ;
And, had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.

' O pain to think ! another shall possess
Those balmy lips which I was wont to press !
Another on her panting breast shall lie,
And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye !—
I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead ;
Would my clos'd eyes had sink in endless night,
Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight !
Where'er they pass'd be blasted every flower,
And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour !—

Ah, wretched swain ! could no examples move
 Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love ?
 Hast thou not heard how poor Menaleas ² died,
 A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride ?
 Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
 Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain :
 Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid,
 And all things mourn'd, but the relentless maid.
 Would I could die like him, and be at peace !
 These torments in the quiet grave would cease ;
 There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
 And rest as if my Delia still were kind.
 No ; let me live her falsehood to upbraid :
 Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
 Alas ! what aid, fond swain ! wouldest thou receive ?
 Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve ?
 Protect her, Heaven ! and let her never know
 The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe :
 I ask no vengeance from the powers above,
 All I implore is never more to love.—
 Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
 Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
 Come, cool Indifference ! and heal my breast,
 Wearied at length I seek thy downy rest :
 No turbulence of passion shall destroy
 My future ease with flattering hopes of joy.
 Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye Silvans, hear,
 What by your guardian deities I swear ;
 No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
 No more I'll court the Traitor to my arms ;
 Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
 And she shall find that reason conquers love !

* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn
 Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go; [below
 At once transported he forgot his vow,
 (Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
 Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;
 He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

IV.

POSSESSION.

TO LORD COBHAM.

COBHAM! to thee this rural lay I bring,
 Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing;
 Though far unequal to those polish'd strains
 With which thy Congreve charm'd the listening
 Yet shall its music please thy partial ear, [plains;
 And soothe thy breast with thoughts that once
 were dear;
 Real those years which time has thrown behind,
 When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind,
 When all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
 Delighted less than one successful night:
 The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
 Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er;
 And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
 This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
 To Venus rais'd, a rustie altar stood;
 To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd
 In friendly league to favour human kind.

With wanton Cupids in that happy shade
 The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd ;
 Nor there, in sprightly Pleasure's gay train,
 Lurk'd sick Disgust, or late-repenting Pain,
 Nor Force, nor Interest join'd unwilling hands,
 But Love consenting tied the blissful bands.
 Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
 To thank the powers who bless'd his faithful flame ;
 Two milk-white doves lie on their altar laid,
 And thus to both his grateful homage paid :
 ' Hail, bounteous God ! before whose hallow'd
 My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine, [shrine
 While glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
 Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove.
 And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires !
 Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,
 Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
 As fondly languish and as fiercely burn.

‘ O the dear gloom of last propitious night !
 O shade more charming than the fairest light !
 Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
 Then all my pains one moment overpaid ;
 Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
 Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
 Thou too, bright goddess ! once in Ida's grove
 Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love :
 With him, while frisking lambs around you play'd,
 Conceal'd, you sported in the secret shade :
 Searee could Aenehises' raptures equal mine,
 And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.

‘ What are you now, my once most valued joys ?
 Insipid trifles all, and childish toys —
 Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
 Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss,

‘ Ye Muses ! skill’d in every winning art,
Teach me more deeply to engage her heart ;
Ye nymphs ! to her your freshest roses bring,
And crown her with the pride of all the Spring ;
On all her days let health and peace attend !
May she ne’er want, nor ever lose, a friend !
May some new pleasure every hour employ,
But let her Damon be her highest joy !

‘ With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
All night caress thee, and admire all day ;
In the same field our mingled flocks we’ll feed,
To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead ;
Together will we share the harvest toils,
Together press the vine’s autumnal spoils.
Delightful state ! where peace and love combine
To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine !
Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads,
Here rising forests lift their verdant heads,
Here let me wear my careless life away,
And in thy arms insensibly decay.

‘ When late old age our heads shall silver o’er,
And our slow pulses dance with joy no more ;
When time no longer will thy beauties spare,
And only Damon’s eye shall think thee fair ;
Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death
At one soft stroke deprive us both of breath !
May we beneath one common stone be laid,
And the same cypress both our ashes shade !
Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse ;
And future ages, with just envy mov’d,
Be told how Damon and his Delia lov’d.’

ELEGY.

TELL me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless love,
 And doom'd its woes, without its joys, to prove ;
 Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase
 The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face ?
 Canst thou exclude that habitant divine,
 To place some meaner idol in her shrine ?
 O task, for feeble reason too severe !
 O lesson, nought could teach me but despair !
 Must I forbid my eyes that heavenly sight
 They've view'd so oft with languishing delight ?
 Must my ears shun that voice, whose charming sound
 Seem'd to relieve, while it increas'd, my wound ?

O Waller ! Petrarch ! you who tun'd the lyre
 To the soft notes of elegant desire ;
 Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
 Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
 Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine,
 'Tis easier far to lose, than to resign !

ADVICE TO A LADY.

1731.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
 Too roughly kind' to please a lady's ear,
 Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
 Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
 Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
 What female vanity might fear to know :
 Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere ;
 But greater your's, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends ;
Women, like prinees, find few real friends :
All who approach them their own ends pursue ;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays :
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition ?—To be fair !
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys :
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instrncted feature has its rule :
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven !
How few with all their pride of form can move !
How few are lovely, that are made for love !
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress ;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense ;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain :
Of those who claim it more than half have none ;
And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts :
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule :
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
 Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
 Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
 At ministers, because they wish their place :
 Virtue is amiable, mild, serene ;
 Without, all beauty ; and all peace within.
 The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
 'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form :
 Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
 As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great :
 A woman's noblest station is retreat ;
 Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
 Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign,
 'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
 To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
 Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
 One only care your gentle breasts should move,
 The important business of your life is love ;
 To this great point direct your constant aim,
 This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd ;
 With caution choose, but then be fondly kind.
 The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
 Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven ;
 Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless :
 The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame ;
 Not loving first, but loving wrong, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power :
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour ;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Bless'd is the maid, and worthy to be bless'd,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess'd,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power, but that of pleasing most :
Her's is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love ;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied ;
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown :
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd Imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial conch they stain ;
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief :
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain ;
Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.

The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,
Who not to love, but avarice, fall a prey :
Nor aught avails the specious name of wife ;
A maid so wedded is—a whore for life.

E'en in the happiest choice, where favouring
Has equal love and easy fortune given, [Heaven
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done ;
The prize of happiness must still be won :
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost ;
The Graces might alone his heart allure ;
They and the Virtues meeting must secure.

Let e'en your Prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for Him, and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The household sceptre if he bids you hear,
Make it your pride his servant to appear :
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife ;
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone :
E'en o'er your cold, your ever-saered urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known :
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy ;
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

WRITTEN AT

**MR. POPE'S HOUSE AT TWICKENHAM,
WHICH HE HAD LENT TO MRS. GREVILLE,
IN AUGUST, 1735.**

Go, Thames, and tell the busy town,
Not all its wealth or pride,
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flowery side.

Thy flowery side, where Pope has plac'd
The Muses' green retreat,
With every smile of Nature grae'd,
With every art complete.

But now, sweet bard, thy heavenly song
Enchants us here no more !
Their darling glory lost too long
Thy once-lov'd shades deplore.

Yet still, for beanteous Greville's sake,
The Muses here remain ;
Greville, whose eyes have power to make
A Pope of every swain.

VIRTUE AND FAME.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
Happen'd to cross each other's way ;
Said Virtue, ' Hark ye ! madam Fame,
Your ladyship is much to blame ;

Love bids you always wait on me,
 And yet your face I seldom see :
 The Paphian queen employs your trumpet ;
 And bids it praise some handsome strumpet ;
 Or, thundering through the ranks of war,
 Ambition ties you to her ear.'

Saith Fame, ' Dear madam, I protest,
 I never find myself so bless'd
 As when I humbly wait behind you !
 But 'tis so mighty hard to find you !
 In such obscure retreats you lurk !
 To seek you, is an endless work.'

' Well, (answer'd Virtue) I allow
 Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
 I know, (without offence to others)
 I know the best of wives and mothers ;
 Who never pass'd an useless day
 In scandal, gossiping, or play :
 Whose modest wit, chastis'd by sense,
 Is lively cheerful innocence ;
 Whose heart nor envy knows nor spite,
 Whose duty is her sole delight ;
 Nor rul'd by whim, nor slave to fashion,
 Her parents' joy, her husband's passion.'

Fame smil'd, and answer'd, ' On my life,
 This is some country-parson's wife,
 Who never saw the court nor town,
 Whose face is homely as her gown :
 Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—'

' No, madam, no—you're much mistaken—
 I beg you'll let me set you right—
 'Tis one with every beauty bright ;

Adorn'd with every polish'd art
 That rank or fortune can impart ;
 'Tis the most celebrated toast
 That Britain's spacious isle can boast ;
 'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame ;
 'Tis Egremont—Go, tell it, Fame !

ADDITION,

EXTEMPORE, BY THE EARL OF HARDWICKE.

FAME heard with pleasure—straight replied,
 ‘ First on my roll stands Wyndham’s bride ;
 My trumpet oft I’ve rais’d, to sound
 Her modest praise the world around ;
 But notes were wanting—Canst thou find
 A Muse to sing her face, her mind ?
 Believe me, I can name but one,
 A friend of yours—’tis Lyttelton.’

LETTER TO THE EARL OF HARDWICKE : *OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.*

MY LORD,

A THOUSAND thanks to your Lordship for your addition to my verses. If you can write such *extempore*, it is well for other poets that you chose to be Lord-Chancellor, rather than a Laureat. They explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,
 With countenance serene and sweet,

The Muse, who in my youthful days
Had oft inspir'd my careless lays.
She smil'd, and said, ' Once more I see
My fugitive returns to me ;
Long had I lost you from my bower,
You scorn'd to own my gentle power ;
With me no more your genius sported,
The grave Historic Muse yon courted ;
Or, rais'd from earth, with straining eyes,
Pursned Urania through the skies ;
But now, to my forsaken track,
Fair Egremont has brought you back :
Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,
That soft, that pleasing path, to tread ;
For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
E'en Wisdom's self shall deign to play.
Lo ! to my flowery groves and springs
Her favourite son the goddess brings,
The council's and the senate's guide,
Law's oracle, the nation's pride :
He comes, he joys with thee to join,
In singing Wyndham's charms divine :
To thine he adds his nobler lays ;
E'en thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.
Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
His fame with burgess or with cit ;
For sure one line from such a bard,
Virtue would think her best reward.'

ON READING
MISS CARTER'S POEMS
IN MANUSCRIPT.

Such were the notes that struck the wondering ear
 Of silent Night, when, on the verdant banks
 Of Siloë's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,
 According to seraphic voices, sung
GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH, AND ON THE EARTH
PEACE AND GOOD-WILL TO MEN!—Resume the
 Chantress divine, and every Briton call [lyre,
 Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
 More powerful than the song of Orpheus, tame
 The savage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
 At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
 Of bold Impiety.—Greece shall no more
 Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse,
 Like a false syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
 To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
 Of Britain's poetess, the Virtues twine
 A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
 Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
 Of — to fix it on her brows.

HYMEN TO ELIZA.

MADAM, before your feet I lay
 This ode upon your wedding-day,
 The first indeed I ever made,
 For writing odes is not my trade :
 My head is full of household cares,
 And necessary dull affairs ;

Besides that sometimes jealous frumps
Will put me into doleful dumps.
And then no clown beneath the sky
Was e'er more ungallant than I ;
For you alone I now think fit
To turn a poet and a wit—
For you whose charms, I know not how,
Have power to smooth the wrinkled brow,
And make me, though by nature stupid,
As brisk and as alert as Cupid.
These obligations to repay,
Whene'er your happy nuptial day
Shall with the circling years return,
For you my torch shall brighter burn
Than when you first my power ador'd,
Nor will I call myself your lord,
But am (as witness this my hand)
Your humble servant at command.

HYMEN.

Dear child, let Hymen not beguile
You, who are such a judge of style,
To think that he these verses made,
Without an able penman's aid :
Observe them well, you'll plainly see,
That every line was writ by me.

CUPID.

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE gods, on thrones celestial seated,
 By Jove with bowls of nectár heated,
 All on Mount Edgecumbe turn'd their eyes.
 ‘ That place is mine,’ great Neptune cries :
 ‘ Behold! how proud o'er all the main
 Those stately turrets seem to reign !
 No views so grand on earth you see !
 The master too belongs to me :
 I grant him my domain to share,
 I bid his hand my trident bear.’
 ‘ The sea is yours, but mine the land ;’
 Pallas replies, ‘ by me were plann'd
 Those towers, that hospital, those docks,
 That fort, which crowns those island-rocks :
 The lady too is of my choir,
 I taught her hand to touch the lyre ;
 With every charm her mind I grac'd,
 I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste.’
 ‘ Hold, madam,’ interrupted Venus,
 ‘ The lady must be shar'd between us :
 And surely mine is vonder grove,
 So fine, so dark, so fit for love ;
 Trees, such as in the Idalian glade,
 Or Cyprian lawn, my palace shade.’
 Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came ;
 Each Nymph alledg'd her lawful claim.
 But Jove, to finish the debate,
 Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate :—
 ‘ Nor god nor goddess, great or small,
 That dwelling his or her's may call ;
 I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all.’

**INVITATION
TO THE
DOWAGER DUTCHESS D'AIGUILLON.**

WHEN Peace shall, on her downy wing,
To France and England friendship bring,
Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
That homage we delight to give
To foreign talents, foreign charms,
To worth which Envy's self disarms
Of jealous hatred. Come, and love
That nation which you now approve.
So shall by France amends be made
(If such a debt can e'er be paid)
For having with sedueing art
From Britain stol'n her Hervey's heart.

ON GOOD-HUMOUR.

(WRITTEN AT ETON SCHOOL, 1729.)

TELL me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few, possess?
A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown
And prudes, who spy all faults except their own,
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
Though knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,
What is the thing in which you most excel?
Hard is the question, for in all you please;
Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;
Seur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him whom all must love.
This magic power can make e'en folly please,
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And sweetens every charm in Cælia's face.



INSCRIPTION

FOR

A BUST OF LADY SUFFOLK :

DESIGNED TO BE SET UP IN A WOOD AT STOWE, 1732.

HER wit and beauty for a court were made :
 But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

EPIGRAM.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair :
 But Love can hope, where Reason would despair,

SONG.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move ;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but her's can hear,
 No other wit but her's approve :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

If she some other youth commend,
 Though I was once his fondest friend,
 His instant enemy I prove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring, or shadiest grove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spread for every swain ;
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

SONG.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
 A stranger to that mind,
 Which Pity and Esteem can move ;
 Which can be just and kind ?

Is it, because you fear to share
 The ills that Love molest ;
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the amorous breast ?

Alas ! by some degree of woe
 We every bliss must gain :
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.

SONG.

THE heavy hours are almost pass'd
 That part my love and me :
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long ?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue ?

Will you in every look declare
 Your heart is still the same ;
 And heal each idly-anxious care
 Our fears in absence frame ?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When shortly we shall meet ;
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loitering time to cheat.

But, if the dream that soothes my mind
 Shall false and groundless prove ;
 If I am doom'd at length to find
 You have forgot to love :

All I of Venus ask, is this ;
 No more to let us join :
 But grant me here the flattering bliss,
 To die, and think you mine.

PROLOGUE

TO

THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

(SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.)

I COME not here your candour to implore
 For scenes, whose author is, alas ! no more ;
 He wants no advocate his cause to plead ;
 You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
 No party his benevolence confin'd,
 No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
 He lov'd his friends (forgive this gushing tear :
 Alas ! I feel, I am no actor here)

He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it; but our tears may tell.—
O candid truth, O faith without a stain,
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
O sympathizing love of others' bliss,
Where will you find another breast like his?
Such was the man—the poet well you know:
Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:
Oft, in this crowded house, with just applause,
You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
For his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot.

Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add, to grace his tomb:
Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
— Yet, if to those whom most on earth he lov'd,
From whom his pious care is now remov'd,
With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shar'd all his little fortune could impart,
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from his receive;
That, that, ev'n now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

EPilogue
TO
LILLO'S ELMERIC.

You, who, supreme o'er every work of wit,
In judgment here, unaw'd, unbiass'd sit, }
The Palatines and guardians of the pit ; }
If to your minds this merely modern play,
No useful sense, no generous warmth convey ;
If fastian here, through each unnatural scene,
In strain'd conceits sound high, and nothing mean ;
If lofty dullness for your vengeance call ;
Like Elmeric judge, and let the guilty fall.
But if simplicity, with force and fire,
Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words inspire ;
If, like the action which these scenes relate,
The whole appear irregularly great ;
If master-strokes the nobler passions move :
Then, like the King, acquit us, and approve.

EPISTLES.

TO

THE REV. DR. AYSCOUGH¹,
AT OXFORD.

FROM PARIS—1728.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away ?
What pleasing study cheats the tedious day ?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
At once exalts and polishes the mind ?
How different from our modern guilty art,
Which pleases only to corrupt the heart ;
Whose curs'd refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to scorn !
Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
How Roman greatness rose with liberty ;
How the same hands, that tyrants durst control,
Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole ;
Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
The proud luxurious masters of mankind ?
Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue, freedom could inspire ;

¹ Dr. A. was his lordship's tutor at Oxford, and afterwards his brother-in law, by marrying his sister; and died Dean of Bristol, 1763.

Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,
 And all the crimes, that giddy faction knows ;
 Till, rent by parties, by corruption sold,
 Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
 She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
 The slave and tutress of protecting Rome ?

Does calm Philosophy her aid impart,
 To guide the passions, and to mend the heart ?
 Taught by her precepts, hast thou learn'd the end
 To which alone the wise their studies bend ;
 For which alone by nature were design'd
 The powers of thought—to benefit mankind ?
 Not, like a cloister'd drone, to read and doze
 In undeserving, undeserv'd, repose ;
 But Reason's influence to diffuse ; to clear
 The enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear ;
 Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
 Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ !
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy ;
 Nor vex'd with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care ;
 Safe in the port, yet labouring to sustain
 Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Loeke the days of studious quiet spent ;
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content ;
 So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
 The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good Wor'ster ² thus supports his drooping age,
 Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage ;

² Dr. Hough, Bishop of Worcester.

He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defied,
 Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
 Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest
 guide.

O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!
 To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
 Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
 Learn, not to flatter nor insult the crown;
 Nor, basely servile, court the guilty great,
 Nor raise the church a rival to the state:
 To error mild, to vice alone severe,
 Seek not to spread the law of love—by fear.
 The priest who plagues the world can never mend:
 No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
 Let reason and let virtue faith maintain;
 All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
 Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
 In various knowledge to improve my youth,
 And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
 By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
 Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
 The useful science of the world to know,
 Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
 Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
 Yet taught, by custom's force, and bigot fear,
 To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:
 Whose nobles, born to cringe and to command,
 In courts a mean, in camps a generous band;
 From each low tool of power, content receive
 Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.

Whose people (vain in want, in bondage bless'd;
Though plunder'd, gay; industrious, though op-
With happy follies rise above their fate, [press'd)
The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd awhile to sport
In the short sunshine of a favouring court :
Here Boileau, strong in sense, and sharp in wit,
Who, from the aneients, like the ancients writ :
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incense to his master's fame.
Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld ;
By keen yet decent satire skill'd to please,
With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.
Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
Heroic thoughts, with Shakspeare's force and fire!
Now sweet Racine, with milder influence, move
The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure, I survey
The pompous works of arbitrary sway ;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects' store,
Rais'd on the ruins of the' oppress'd and poor ;
Where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter state,
And painted triumphs style ambition great³.
With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
Where Condé from an envions court withdrew⁴ ;
Where, sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried !)
Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

³ The victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted in the galleries of Versailles.

⁴ Chantilly.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see,
Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury^s :
Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feverish debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land ;
Yet oft a tender wish recals my mind
From present joys to dearer left behind !
O native isle, fair Freedom's happiest seat !
At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat ;
At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my soul returns.
When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
No power can ravish from the industrious swain ?
When kiss, with pious love, the sacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Russel birth ?
When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood
Prop'd by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain ?

Yet, oh ! what doubt, what sad presaging voice,
Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice ;
Bids me contemplate every state around,
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound ;
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories, see ;
And tells me, these, like England, once were free !

TO MR. POYNTZ,
AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS,
IN 1728.

FROM PARIS.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts guide;
Thou, to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of being good ;
Say, Poyntz, amidst the toil of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own;
That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind ?
Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,
To favour'd man by smiling Heaven decreed,
Is to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise, who, from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,
On flowery couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay :
Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy.
But bless'd is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears ;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head ;

In his retreats their harps the Muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing !
Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state ;
And round the bower, where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand ;
When Peace restor'd shall, on her downy wing,
Secure repose and careless leisure bring ;
Then, to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness :
Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet, though thy hours unclog'd with sorrow roll,
Though Wisdom calm, and Science feed thy soul,
One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd,
That only can improve and crown the rest.—

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell ;
The point to which our sweetest passions move
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that smoothes the troubled breast,
Friend of our health, and author of our rest :
Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
Even while I write, the name of Love inspires
More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires ;
Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
And every tender verse more sweetly flows.

Dull is the privilege of living free ;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty :
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
Can best defend them from consuming care,
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And Nature in her rural works admire;
Though grateful these, yet these but faintly charm ;
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
With pleasing pangs of ever-gay desire ;
And teach thee that soft science, which alone
Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known !
Thy soul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
Hear what the inspiring Muses bid me tell,
For heaven shall ratify what they reveal :

“ A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
With all the' attractive charms of beauty grac'd ;
Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
Distinguish'd only by their softer dress :
Thy greatness she, or thy retreat, shall share ;
Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care ;
Her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
And add new pleasure to renown and praise ;
Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would
prove,
That happiness is near allied to love.”

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER
A PICTURE OF MR. POYNTZ.

Such is thy form, O Poyntz, but who shall find
A hand, or colours, to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere;
Wise without art; without ambition great;
Though firm, yet pliant; active, though sedate;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
Yet better still by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when Misfortune sued, ne'er songht to know
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal Virtue's temperate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
That, to its own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.

TO MR. POPE.

FROM ROME, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muse has wove
The fairest garlands of the Aönian grove;
Preserv'd our drooping genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;
After so many stars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's last remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit;

For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost ;
 From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty !
 Nor Baïæ now nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove ;
 To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer-rays,
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy Winter's unauspicious reign,
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy ! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of fate :
 Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke ,
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her cities desert, and her fields unsown ;
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled ;
 That there the source of science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supplied the world before.

Illustrious names ! that once in Latium shi'd,
 Born to instruct and to command mankind ;
 Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
 And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd ;
 Oft I the traees you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore ;
 Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mouldering stone
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown ;

Those horrid ruins better pleas'd to see,
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers I strow'd,
While with the inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise :

"Stranger," he said, "whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his master bear :

"Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner satire dim the rays
That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine.

"Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
A lasting column to thy country's praise;
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her palm beside the olive's shade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd;

Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

" If these commands submissive thou receive.
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live ;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire ;
Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's to the poet's praise."

TO LORD HERVEY.

FROM WORCESTERSHIRE, 1730.

*Strenua nos exeret inertia : navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere : quod petis, hic est :
Est Ulubris, animus si te nou deficit æquus.* HOR:

FAVOURITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to shine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
To thy long absent and forgotten friend ;
Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native shore ;
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
Beneath the shades of his paternal seat,
Has found that happiness he sought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine ?

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's style ;
At soft Italian sounds to melt away ;
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray ;
That hushes the tumults of the soul to rest,
Or makes the fond possessor truly bless'd.

In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies,
Still open, and still flowing to the wise ;
Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,
But, in its proper channels gliding fair,
A common benefit, which all may share.
Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
Nor relish happiness unbought by pain ;
False is their taste of bliss, and thence their }
search is vain.

So idle, yet so restless, are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds ;
Through various toils to seek Content we roam,
Which with but *thinking right* were ours at home.
For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
The wretch, by wild impatience driven to rove,
Vex'd with the pangs of ill-requited love,
From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears ;
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, which from our passions
flow,
Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow ;
Or how can aught but powerful reason cure
What from unthinking folly we endure ?
Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
His heart's uneasy discord to compose ;
In generous love of other's good, to find
The sweetest pleasures of the social mind ;

To bound his wishes in their proper sphere ;
 To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious
 This was the wisdom ancient sages taught, [fear :—
 This was the sovereign good they justly sought ;
 This to no place or climate is confin'd,
 But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my lord, that courts to you deny
 The useful practice of philosophy :
 Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
 Not always chose from greatness to retire ;
 But, in the palace of Augustus, knew
 The same unerring maxims to pursue,
 Which, in the Sabine or the Velian shade,
 His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
 View all the giddy scene with sober thought ;
 Undazzled, every glittering folly see,
 And in the midst of slavish forms be free ;
 In its own centre keep your steady mind,
 Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind ;
 In show, in manners, act the courtier's part ;
 But be a country gentleman at heart.

TO MR. GLOVER.

ON HIS POEM OF LEONIDAS. 1734.

Go on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
 And think thy genins is thy country's due ;
 To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
 But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song.
 Yet cease to hope, though grac'd with every charm,
 The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm ;

Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise,
By great examples, drawn from better days :
No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire ;
Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end :
No generous purpose can enlarge the mind,
No social care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean self-interest every action guides,
In camps commands, in cabinets presides ;
Where luxury consumes the guilty store,
And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise, .
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and senates that obey.

O people far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
That suffers public wrongs, and public shame,
In counsil insolent, in action tame !
Say, what is now the' ambition of the great?
Is it to raise their country's sinking state ;
Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
Her trade to guard, her harass'd poor to spare ?
Is it, like honest Somers, to inspire
The love of laws, and freedom's sacred fire ?
Is it, like wise Godolphin, to sustain
The balanc'd world, and boundless power restrain ?
Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil ?
On each relation, friend, dependant, pour
With partial wantonness, the golden shower ;

And, fene'd by strong corruption, to despise
 An injur'd nation's unavailing cries?
 Rouse, Britons, rouse! if sense of shame be weak,
 Let the lond voice of threatening danger speak.
 Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er every land
 Prepares to stretch her all oppressing hand:
 Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
 A calm spectatress of the general fate;
 Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
 Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
 O let us seize the moment in our power,
 Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
 No later term the angry gods ordain;
 This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

And thou, great poet, in whose nervous lines
 The native majesty of freedom shines,
 Accept this friendly praise, and let me prove
 My heart not wholiy void of publick love;
 Though not like thee I strike the sounding string
 To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
 But, idly sporting in the secret shade,
 With tender trifles soothe some artless maid.

TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

ON HIS LOSING HIS COMMISSION. 1756.

LONG had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
 Far, far superior to a Cornet's name;
 This generous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find
 So mean a post disgrace that noble mind:
 The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
 He took, and bade thee lead the patriot-band.

TO MR. WEST AT WICKHAM.

1740.

FAIR Nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind :
To both, from courts and all their state,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a Courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD, whose ancestors from Albion's shore
Their conquering standards to Hibernia bore,
Though now thy valour, to thy country lost,
Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame—
From British sires deriv'd thy genius came :
Its force, its energy, to these it ow'd,
But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd :
The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.
They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
To dress the gravest of the Aönian choir,
And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask :
Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
To clothe the spirit of the British lays,

Thus every flower which every Muse's hand
Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favourite land,
By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
Its sweetest native odours shall retain.

And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
In Concord's golden chain has firmly bound
The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
The grateful song to his immortal praise
Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing ;
And Franee, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string.
Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind ;
Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd ;
Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd ;
By pride unsullied, genuine dignity ;
A noble and sublime simplicity.
Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shown :
France shall with joy the fair resemblance own ;
And Albion sighing bid her sons aspire
To imitate the merit they admire.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF ' VENICE PRESERVED.'

IN tender Otway's moving scenes we find
What power the gods have to your sex assign'd ;
Venice was lost, if on the brink of fate
A woman had not prop'd her sinking state :
In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its power ;
But, sav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
Still o'er the subject-main her towers she rears,

And stands a great example to mankind,
With what a boundless sway you rule the mind,
Skilful the worst or noblest ends to serve,
And strong alike to ruin or preserve.

In wretched Jaffier, we with pity view
A mind, to Honour false, to Virtue true :
In the wild storm of struggling passions toss'd,
Yet saving innocence, though fame was lost ;
Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.

But she, who urg'd him to that pious deed,
Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead,
Whose conquering love her country's safety won,
Was, by that fatal love, herself undone.

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's power
Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour !
On each glad day may plenty shower delight,
And warmest rapture bless each welcome night !
May heaven, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
Destine some happier Jaffier to your arms,
Whose bliss misfortune never may allay,
Whose fondness never may through care decay ;
Whose wealth may place you in the fairest light,
And force each modest beauty into sight !
So shall no anxious want your peace destroy,
No tempest crush the tender buds of joy ;
But all your hours in one gay circle move,
Nor Reason ever disagree with Love !

IMITATIONS.

DAMON AND DELIA.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindest, fondest looks you fly?
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how!—
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has stol'n a part;
Reason these fears may disapprove:
But yet I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
And every trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flattery is not all for me?
Alas! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think yon true.

DAMON.

Unkind! my falsehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd;
You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name,
The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
 But let me wish it had been less ;
 Too well the lover's part you play'd,
 With too much art your court you made ;
 Had it been only art, your eyes
 Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah ! cease thus idly to molest
 With groundless fears thy virgin breast :
 While thus at fancied wrongs you grieve,
 To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Though well I might your truth distrust,
 My foolish heart believes you just :
 Reason this faith may disapprove ;
 But I believe, because I love.

HORACE,

BOOK IV. ODE IV.

(*Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.*)

1725¹.

As the wing'd minister of thundering Jove,
 'To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear ;
 Faithful² assistant of his master's love,
 King of the wandering nations of the air,

¹ First printed in Mr. West's translation of Pindar.

² In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the poetical history.

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
 On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
 In slight essays his growing force to try,
 While inborn courage fir'd his generous breast ;

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
 The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe ;
 Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
 The scaly snake and crested dragon know :

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
 Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
 The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
 Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood :

Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
 The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatch'd in fight :
 So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd ;
 So sunk their haughty spirit at the sight.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce barbarians find [flame,
 How guardian Prudence guides the youthful
 And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
 Each generous Nero forms to early fame ;

A valiant son springs from a valiant sire :
 Their race by mettle sprightly coursers prove ;
 Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
 Degenerate, to form the timorous dove.

But education can the genius raise,
 And wise instructions native virtue aid ;
 Nobility without them is disgrace,
 And honour is by vice to shame betray'd.

Letred Meteurus, stain'd with Punic blood,
 Let mighty Asdrubal subdue, confess
 How much of empire, and of fame, is ow'd
 By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

Of this be witness that auspicious day,
 Which, after a long black tempestuous night,
 First smil'd on Latium with a milder ray, [light.
 And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning
 Since the dire African with wasteful ire
 Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy;
 As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
 Or Eurus o'er the vex'd Sicilian sea.

From this bright era, from this prosperous field,
 The Roman glory dates her rising power; [wield,
 From hence 'twas given her conquering sword to
 Raise her fall'n gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke :
 ' Like stags to ravenous wolves an easy prey,
 Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
 Whom to elude and 'scape were victory :
 ' A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,
 Hostile Ansonia, to thy destin'd shore
 Her gods, her infant sons, and aged sires,
 Through angry seas and adverse tempests bore :
 ' As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
 Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,
 Improves by loss, and, thriving with the stroke,
 Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel.
 ' Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head
 So tir'd the baffled force of Heracles ;
 Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,
 Pregnant of ills, and fam'd for prodigies.

- ‘ Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,
 Brighter she rises from the depths below :
 To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
 Recruits her strength, and foils the wondering foe.
- ‘ No more of victory the joyful fame
 Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly ;
 Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name !
 With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die !
- ‘ What shall the Claudian valour not perform,
 Which Power Divine guards with propitious care,
 Which Wisdom steers through all the dangerous
 storm,
 Through all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war ?

PARTS OF

AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS,
TRANSLATED, 1729-30.*(Divitias alias fulvo sibi congerat auro.)*

LET others heap of wealth a shining store,
 And, much possessing, labour still for more ;
 Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
 Aspire to win a dangerous fame in arms :
 Me, tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
 Humbly secure, and indolently bless'd ;
 Warm'd by the blaze of my own cheerful heart,
 I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth ;
 In summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
 In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
 And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
 Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care.
 With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day,
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay ;

With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
 And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower,
 At night, how soothing would it be to hear,
 Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near ;
 Or while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,
 Slumber, assisted by the beating shower !
 Ah ! how much happier than the fool who braves,
 In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves !
 While I, contented with my little store,
 In tedious voyage seek no distant shore ;
 But, idly lolling on some shady seat,
 Near cooling fountains shun the dog-star's heat :
 For what reward so rich could Fortune give,
 That I by absence should my Delia grieve ?
 Let great Messala shine in martial toils,
 And grace his palace with triumphal spoils ;
 Me Beauty holds, in strong though gentle chains,
 Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.
 With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,
 How would I slight Ambition's painful praise ; -
 How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
 The ox, and feed my solitary flock !
 On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
 How downy should I think the woodland-bed !

The wretch, who sleeps not by his fair-one's side,
 Detests the gilded conch's useless pride,
 Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to close,
 Though murmuring rills invite him to repose.
 Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave
 For all the honours prosperous war can give ; [fame,
 Though through the vanquish'd East he spread his
 And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name ; [bleed,
 Though, bright in arms, while hosts around him
 With martial pride be press'd his foaming steed.

No pomps like these my humble vows require
 With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
 Thee may my closing eyes in death behold !
 Thee may my faltering hand yet strive to hold !
 Then, Delia, then, thy heart will melt in woe,
 Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow ;
 Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
 Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.
 But, ah ! fair mourner, I conjure thee, spare
 Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevel'd hair :
 Wound not thy form ; lest on the' Elysian coast
 Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.

But now, nor death nor parting should employ
 Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy :
 We'll live, my Delia ; and from life remove
 All care, all business, but delightful Love.
 Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve,
 Which youth alone can taste, alone can give ;
 Then let us snatch the moment to be bless'd,
 This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the rest.

SULPICTIA TO CERINTHUS.

IN HER SICKNESS. FROM TIBULLUS.

(*Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name.*)

SAY, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breast
 Feel the same feverish heats that mine molest ?
 Alas ! I only wish for health again,
 Because I think my lover shares my pain :
 For what would health avail to wretched me,
 If you could, unconcern'd, my illness see ?

SULPICTA TO CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit ;
 Myself I torture, while the world I cheat :
 Though Prudence bids me strive to 'guard my fame,
 Love sees the low hypocrisy with shame ;
 Love bids me all confess, and call thee mine,
 Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine :
 Weakness for thee I will no longer hide ;
 Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pride.

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS.

IN THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

(Quid queri, Labiene, jubes, &c.)

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond desire
 Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine inquire ?
 Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom,
 Or basely live, and be a king in Rome ?
 If life be nothing more than death's delay ;
 If impious force can honest minds dismay,
 Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain ;
 If well to mean is all that Virtue can ;
 And right, dependant on itself alone,
 Gains no addition from success ?—'Tis known :
 Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
 And Aimon cannot write them deeper there.

Our souls, allied to God, within them feel
 The secret dictates of the Almighty will ;
 This is his voice, be this our oracle.

{

When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
 All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
 Nor can we think the Omnipresent mind
 Has truth to Libya's desert sands confin'd ;
 There, known to few, obscur'd and lost, to lie—
 Is there a temple of the Deity,
 Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole ;
 And chief his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul ?
 Where'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
 This wide, this boundless universe is Jove.
 Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
 With pious awe to juggling priests repair ;
 I credit not what lying prophets tell—
 Death is the only certain oraele !
 Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
 This Jove has told : he needs not tell us more.

ODE,

IN IMITATION OF 'PASTOR FIDO.'

(O primavera gioventu del anno.)

WRITTEN ABROAD. 1729.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
 Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring !
 At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
 The amorous Nightingale and Poet sing :

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
 Return the smiling hours I once possess'd ;
 Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
 'The sad remembrance that I once was bless'd.

Thy faded charms, which Winter snatch'd away,
Renew'd in all their former lustre shine ;
But, ah ! no more shall hapless I be gay,
Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

Though linnets sing, though flowers adorn the green,
Though on their wings soft zephyrs fragrance
bear ;
Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene
The odour faint : for Delia is not there !

Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun,
From thee while absent I in exile rove ;
Thy lovely presence, fairest light, alone
Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

POEMS UPON HIS LADY.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

ONCE, by the Muse alone inspir'd,
I sung my amorous strains :
No serious love my bosom fir'd ;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly-mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to punish me
For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aönian choir
Can accents soft enough inspire,
Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME;

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of Love can be express'd
In these soft numbers see ;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
It must be read in me.

TO THE SAME.

To him who in an hour must die,
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
 Than slow the minutes seem to me,
 Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
 Another day or year to live ;
 Than I to shorten what remains
 Of that long hour which thee detain'st.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
 Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
 At once to justify and pay
 The pain I feel from this delay.

TO THE SAME.

To ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
 Last night the secret casket I explor'd,
 Where all the letters of my absent fair
 (His richest treasure) careful Love had stor'd :

In every word a magic spell I found
 Of power to charm each busy thought to rest;
 Though every word increas'd the tender wound
 Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
 And loses every sorrow at the sight ;
 Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
 Entire contentment, or secure delight.

Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
 Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
 Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid ;
 My hand each dear memorial shall resign :
 Not one kind word shall in my power remain,
 A painful witness of reproach to thee ;
 And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
 My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER TO VENUS.

IN HER TEMPLE AT STOWE.

TO THE SAME.

FAIR Venus, whose delightful shrine surveys
 Its front reflected in the silver lake,
 These humble offerings, which thy servant pays,
 Fresh flowers, and myrtle-wreaths, propitious
 [take.

If less my love exceeds all other love,
 Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel ;
 Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
 And there let sad Despair for ever dwell.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone ; .
 No other wish, nor other object knows ;
 Oh ! make her, goddess, make her all my own,
 And give my trembling heart secure repose !

No watchful spies I ask, to guard her charms,
 No walls of brass, no steel-defended door :
 Place her but once within my circling arms,
 Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more.

TO THE SAME ;

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
 For Lucy sigh'd, with matchless truth,
 E'en when he sigh'd in rhyme ;
 The lovely maid his flame return'd,
 And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
 But that she had not time.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
 In secret shades his fair to meet,
 Beneath the' accustom'd lime :
 She would have fondly met him there,
 And heal'd with love each tender care,
 But that she had not time.

' It was not thus, inconstant maid,
 You acted once,' the shepherd said,
 ' When love was in its prime :—
 She griev'd to hear him thus complain ;
 And would have writ, to ease his pain,
 But that she had not time.

' How can you act so cold a part ?
 No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
 If love be not a crime :—
 We soon must part for months, for years—
 She would have answer'd with her tears,
 But that she had not time.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the same,
 Still the bright object of my constant flame :
 But where is now the tender glance, that stole
 With gentle sweetness my enchanted soul ?
 Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
 Each melting charm that Love alone inspires ?
 These, these are lost ; and I behold no more
 The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
 Yet, still unelang'd, still doting to excess,
 I ought, but dare not, try to love you less ;
 Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain ;
 But not unpunish'd shall your change remain ;
 For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
 Were far more bless'd, when you like me could love.

TO THE SAME.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
 I blame all the fears I gave way to before :
 I say to my heart, ‘ Be at rest, and believe
 That whom once she has chosen, she never will
 leave.’

But, ah ! when I think on each ravishing grace
 That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face ;
 My heart beats again ; I again apprehend
 Some fortunate rival in every friend.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove, [love ;
 Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my
 But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame ;
 For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

TO THE SAME ;
WITH A NEW WATCH.

With me while present, may thy lovely eyes
 Be never turn'd upon this golden toy :
 Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies ;
 And measure time, by joy succeeding joy !
 But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
 To me not always will thy sight allow ;
 Then oft with kind impatiencee look on this,
 Then every minute count—as I do now.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM. 1746.

TO THE SAME.

Ye silvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
 Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,
 What is the charin that each successive year,
 Which sees me with my Lucy here,
 Can thus to my transported heart
 A sense of joy unfelt before impart?

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath, that blows
 From the fair jas'mine and the blushing rose ?
 Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store
 Of rural bliss, was here before :

Oft have I met her on the verdant side
 Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads
 Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
 Array'd in all her flowery pride.

No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint the' enamell'd field.

Is it to Love these new delights I owe?

Four times has the revolving sun
His annual circle through the zodiac run;
Since all that Love's indulgent power
On favour'd mortals can bestow,
Was giv'n to me in this auspicious bower.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, the' Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
Of innocent desires,

While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
Whence then this strange increase of joy?
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
(If such another happy man there be)

Has by his own experience tried
How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

MONODY

TO THE

MEMORY OF LADY LYTTELTON.

1747.

Ipse cava solans ægrum testudine amorem,
Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
Te veniente die, te decadente canebat.

AT length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry ;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,

And pour forth all my stores of grief ;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on the ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen ;

But never shall you now behold her more !

Nor will she now with fond delight,
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft wou'd the Dryads of these woods rejoice

To hear her heavenly voice ;

For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,

The sweetest songsters of the spring :

The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more ;

The nightingale was mute,

And every shepherd's flute

Was cast in silent scorn away,

While all attended to her sweeter lay.

Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song :

And thou, melodious Philomel,

Again thy plaintive story tell ;

For Death has stopp'd that tuneful tongue,

Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around

O'er all the well-known ground,

My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry !

Where oft we us'd to walk,

Where oft in tender talk

We saw the summer-sun go down the sky ;

Nor by yon fountain's side,

Nor where its waters glide

Along the valley, can she now be found :

In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound

No more my mournful eye

Can aught of her espy,

But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley ! where is now your boast ?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
 Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye :
 To your sequester'd dales
 And flower-embroider'd vales
 From an admiring world she chose to fly :
 With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd every passion from her breast,
 But those, the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
 By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide ?
 Ah ! where is now the hand whose tender care
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth ?
 O loss beyond repair !
 O wretched father ! left alone,
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own !
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with
 woe,
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe ?
 Now she, alas ! is gone,
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to save ?

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore ;
 From these fond arms, that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual love
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow ?

Could not your favouring power, Aönian maids,
 Could not, alas ! your power prolong her date,
 For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 Whate'er your aneient sages taught,
 Your aneient bards sublimely thought, [glow ?
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian valleys did you play ;
 Nor then on Mineio's¹ bank
 Beset with osiers dank,
 Nor where Clitumnus² rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where, through hanging woods,
 Steep Anio³ ponrs his floods ;
 Nor yet where Meles⁴ or Ilissus⁵ stray.
 Ill does it now beseem,
 That, of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

¹ The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

² The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

³ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

⁴ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melesigenes.

⁵ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and
 Rome ;
 And all that in her latter days,
 To emulate her ancient praise,
 Italia's happy genius could produce ;
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd ;
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise ?
 Ah ! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd ?

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.
 Come then, ye virgin-sisters, come, [tomb :
 And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd
 But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad,
 Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn ;
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace

How eloquent in every look
 Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly
 spoke!

Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted Innocence!

Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the softening influence
 Of more than female tenderness:

How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of others' good destroy,

Her kindly-melting heart,
 To every want and every woe,
 To Guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow!

E'en for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall,

Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all,

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind;

A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smile or frown;

That could without regret or pain

To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice

Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize;

That, injur'd or offended, never tried

Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,

But by magnanimous disdain:

A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light

All pleasing shone ; nor ever pass'd
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That scor'd unjust Suspicion's coward-fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
Amidst the' acclaim of universal praise,

In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the
tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head : -
From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,
On every boagh the golden fruits are seen ;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and the' Idalian queen.
But, in the mid'lst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with pérpetual snows : [dies.]
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and

Arise, O Petrarch, from the' Elysian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd ;

Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
 Tum'd by the skilful hand
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 With which o'er many a land
 Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love ;
 To me resign the vocal shell,
 And teach my sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy tale so well,
 As may e'en things inanimate,
 Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity
 move.

What were, alas ! thy woes compar'd to mine ?
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
 Of Hymen never gave her hand ;
 The joys of wedded love were never thine.
 In thy domestic care
 She never bore a share,
 Nor with endearing art
 Would heal thy wounded heart
 Of every secret grief that fester'd there :
 Nor did her fond affection on the bed
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
 And charm away the sense of pain :
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives ! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy virgin charms
 Were yielded to my arms,
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?
 How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd and alone,

Without my sweet companion can I live?

Without thy lovely smile,

The dear reward of every virtuous toil,

What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?

E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,

Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts
could raise.

For my distracted mind

What succour can I find?

On whom for consolation shall I call?

Support me, every friend;

Your kind assistance lend,

To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.

Alas! each friend of mine,

My dear departed love, so much was thine,

That none has any comfort to bestow.

My books, the best relief

In every other grief,

Are now with your idea sadden'd all:

Each favourite author we together read

My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy
dead.

We were the happiest pair of human-kind:

The rolling year its varying course perform'd,

And back return'd again;

Another and another smiling came,

And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:

Still in her golden chain

Harmonious Coneord did our wishes bind:

Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.

O fatal, fatal stroke,
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
On which e'en wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope, for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke!—
Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay ;
Nor dare the' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain,
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd!

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure exalted soul
Unjustly for thy partial good detain ?
No—rather strive thy grovelling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
 Is every mortal bliss ;
E'en Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
 Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss :
 There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his power, ne'er to divide you more !

EPITAPH ON THE SAME LADY.

To the Memory of Lucy Lyttelton,
Daughter of Hugh Fortescue, of Filleigh, in the
County of Devon, Esq. &c.

Who departed this life the 19th of January, 1746-7, aged 29;
Having employed the short time assigned to her here
In the uniform practice of Religion and Virtue.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes ;
Though meek, magnanimous ; though witty, wise ;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been ;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen ;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove ;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN CORNWALL,

SLAIN OFF TOULON, 1743.

THOUGH Britain's Genius hung her drooping head,
And mourn'd her ancient naval glory fled,
On that fam'd day when France combin'd with Spain
Strove for the wide dominion of the main,
Yet, Cornwall ! all with general voice agree,
To pay the tribute of applause to thee.

When his bold chief in thickest fight engag'd,
Unequal war with Spain's proud leader wag'd,
With indignation mov'd he timely came
To rescue from reproach his country's name ;
Success too dearly did his valour crown,
He sav'd his leader's life, but lost his own.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE;

KILLED IN LORD ANSON'S ENGAGEMENT IN 1747.

YE weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues, tell
If, since your all-accomplish'd Sidney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record !
Such spotless honour ; such ingenuous truth !
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth !
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd ;
He, too, like Sidney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her softer charms :
Like him, possess'd of every pleasant art,
The secret wish of every female's heart :
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepening, for his country died.

FINIS.

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Cotton, Nathaniel
Poetical works

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