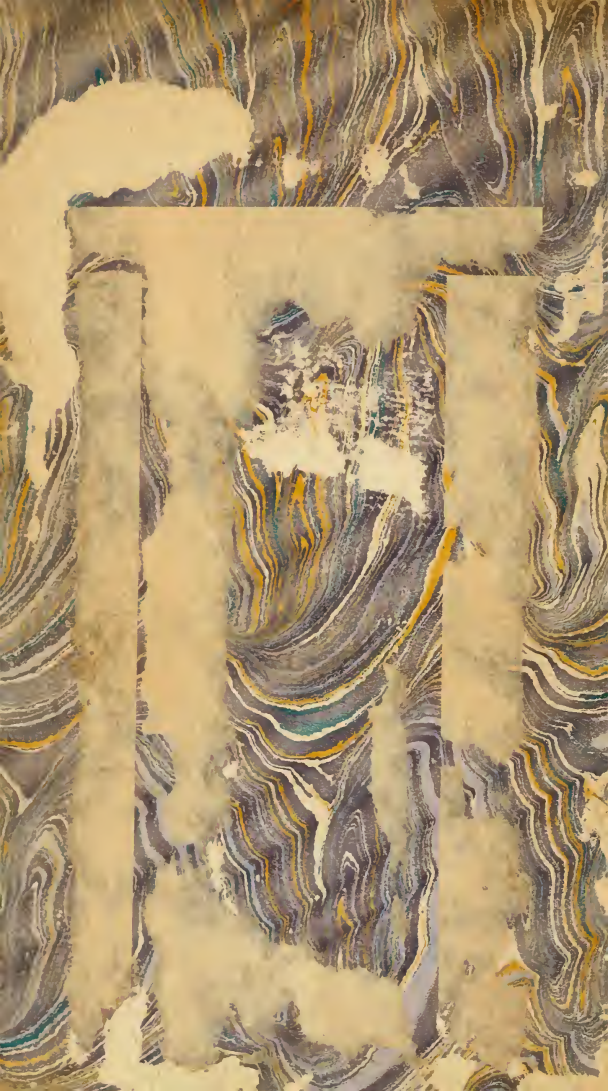


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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

P R E F A C E S,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SEVENTY-SECOND.

L O N D O N :

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THE

SEVENTY-SECOND VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

J O H N S O N,

AND

PART OF W. WHITEHEAD,

VOL. LXXII.

a

THE
P O E M S
OF
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

VOL. LXXII.

B

DR. JOHNSON'S

P O E M S.

L O N D O N : A P O E M .

IN IMITATION OF THE

THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL. 1738.

“ — Quis ineptæ

“ Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se ?”

Juv.

^a **T**H^O' grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
 When injur'd **T**H^ALES bids the town farewell,
 Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
 I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
 Resolv'd at length, from vice and **L**ONDON far,
 To breathe in distant fields a purer air,

J U V. SAT. III.

^a Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici ;
 Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
 Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.

^b For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all whom hunger spares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

^c While THALES waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood;
Struck with the feat that gave Eliza * birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,

^b ——— Ego vel Prochyta præpono Suburræ,
Nam quæ tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
'Tectorum auiduos, et mille pericula sævæ
Urbis, & Augusto recitantes mense poetas?

^c Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
Substitit ad veteres arcus. ———

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.

^d Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise ;
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain ;
Since hope but sooths to double my distress,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little less ;
While yet my steady steps no ^e staff sustains,
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins ;
Grant me, kind heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace ;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's paintings gay ;
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defy'd his foes ;
Some secret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give,
^f Let — live here, for — has learn'd to live.

^d Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor est, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas;
Dum nova canities ———

^e ——— et pedibus me

Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

^f Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius istic

Et Catulus: maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt,

Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
 And plead for * pirates in the face of day ;
 With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
 And lend a lie the confidence of truth.

‡ Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
 Collect a tax, or farm a lottery ;
 With warbling eunuchs fill our † silenc'd stage,
 And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

Heroes, proceed ! what bounds your pride shall hold ?
 What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold ?
 Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
 Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.

To such, the plunder of a land is giv'n,
 When publick crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n :
^h But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
 Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?
 Who scarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN'S court he sing,
 To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing ;

‡ *Quis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
 Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver.—
 Munera nunc edunt.*

^h *Quid Romæ faciam ? mentiri nescio : librum,
 Si malus est, nequeo laudare & poscere,—*

* The invasions of the Spaniards were defended in the house of parliament.

† The licensing act was then lately made,

A statef-

A statesman's logick unconvinc'd can hear,
 And dare to slumber o'er the * Gazetteer ;
 Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
 And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.

ⁱ Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
 Can sap the principles, or taint the heart ;
 With more address a lover's note convey,
 Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
 Well may they rise, while I, whose rustick tongue
 Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
 Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
 Live unregarded, unlamented die.

^k For what but social guilt the friend endears ?
 Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.

^l But thou, should tempting villany present
 All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
 Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
 Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
 The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
 Unfullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

ⁱ — Ferre ad nuptas quæ mittit adulter,
 Quæ mandat norint alii ; me nemo ministro
 Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

^k Quis nunc diligitur nisi conscius ? —
 Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
 Accusare potest. —

^l — Tanti tibi non sit opaci
 Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
 Ut somno careas. —

* The paper which at that time contained apologies for the court.

^m The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see!
 Mark whom the great carefs, who frown on me!
 LONDON! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
 The common-sewer of Paris, and of Rome;
 With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
 Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
 Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
ⁿ I cannot bear a French metropolis.

^o Illustrious EDWARD! from the realms of day,
 The land of heroes and of saints survey;
 Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
 The rustick grandeur, or the surly grace,
 But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,
 Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
 Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
 Of France the mimick, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,
 Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
 Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
 Their air, their dress, their politicks import;
^p Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,
 On Britain's fond credulity they prey.

^m Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,
 Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

ⁿ ——— Non possum ferre, Quirites,
 Græcam urbem. ———

^o Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
 Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

^p Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
 Promptus, ———

No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
 ¶ They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap :
 All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
 And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

‡ Ah ! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,
 I drew the breath of life in English air ;
 Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
 And lisp the tale of HENRY's victories ;
 If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
 And flattery prevails when arms are vain ?

§ Studious to please, and ready to submit,
 The supple Gaul was born a parasite :
 Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes,
 Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows ;
 In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
 From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.

¶ These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
 Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,
 And get a kick for aukward flattery.

Besides, with justice, this discerning age
 Admires their won'drous talents for the stage :

¶ Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus : omnia novit,
 Græculus esuriens, in cœlum, jufferis, ibit.

‡ Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cœlum
 Hausit Aventini ? —————

§ Quid ? quod adulandi gens prudentissima, laudat
 Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici ?

¶ Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare : sed illis
 Creditur. —————

u Well may they venture on the mimick's art,
 Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
 v Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
 Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
 With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
 And view each object with another's eye;
 To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
 To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
 And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
 To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.

w How, when competitors like these contend,
 Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?
 Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
 And lie without a blush, without a smile;
 Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
 Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;
 Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
 He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, carefs'd,
 They first invade your table, then your breast;
 x Explore your secrets with insidious art,
 Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;

u Natio comæda est. Rides? majore cachinno
 Concutitur, &c.

w Non sumus ergo pares: melior, qui semper & omni
 Nocte dieque potest alienum fumere vultum,
 A facie jactare manus: laudare paratus,
 Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus. ———

x Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.

Then

Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.

This, only this, the rigid law pursues,

This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.

The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,

Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke ;

With brisker air the filken courtiers gaze,

And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.

Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd ;

Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest ;

Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,

Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Has heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,

No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore ?

No secret island in the boundless main ?

No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd * by SPAIN ?

Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,

And bear oppression's insolence no more.

—— Materiam præbet causasque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem? si fœda & scissa lacerna, &c.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

—— Agmine facto,
Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.

* The Spaniards at this time were said to make claim to some of our American provinces.

This mournful truth is ev'ry where confes'd,

^b SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D :

But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,

Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold ;

Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,

The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark ! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries

Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies :

Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,

Some pompous palace, or some blisful bow'r,

Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight

Sustain the approaching fire's tremendous light ;

Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,

And leave your little ALL to flames a prey ;

^c Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,

For where can starving merit find a home ?

In vain your mournful narrative disclose,

While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

^d Should heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,

And spread his flaming palace on the ground,

^b Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat

Res angusta domi, sed Romæ durior illis

Conatus. —————

————— Omnia Romæ

Cum pretio. —————

Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia fervis.

^c ————— Ultimus autem

Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & frustra rogantem

Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit.

^d Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,

Pullati proceres. —————

Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
 And publick mournings pacify the skies;
 The laureat tribe in venal verse relate,
 How virtue wars with persecuting fate;
 e With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
 Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
 See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
 And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
 The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
 And raise his treasures higher than before:
 Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
 The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,
 f Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
 And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.

g Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
 For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
 There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
 Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
 And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
 For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;

e — Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
 Conferat impensas: hic, &c.
 Hic modium argenti. —

f — Meliora, ac plura reponit
 Persicus orborum lautissimus. —

g Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,
 Aut Fabretariæ domus, aut Fufinone paratur,
 Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
 Hortulus hic. —

Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,
 Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoreis.

There

There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,
 Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs ;
 And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
 Despise the dainties of a venal lord :

There ev'ry bush with nature's musick rings,
 There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings ;
 On all thy hours security shall smile,
 And blefs thine evening walk and morning toil.

^h Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
 And sign your will before you sup from home.

ⁱ Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
 Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;
 Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feast,
 Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

^k Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,
 Lords of the street, and terrors of the way ;
 Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
 Their prudent insults to the poor confine ;
 Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
 And shun the shining train, and golden coach.

^h ——— Possis ignavus haberi,
 Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si
 Intestatus eas.———

ⁱ Ebrius et petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
 Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
 Peleidaæ.———

^k ——— Sed, quamvis improbus annis,
 Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna
 Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo,
 Multum præterea flammæ, atque ænea lampas.

^l In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,
 And hope the balmy blessings of repose :
 Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
 The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar ;
 Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
 And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

^m Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
 With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
 Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
 Whose * ways and means support the sinking land ;
 Left ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
 To rig another convoy for the king †.

ⁿ A single gaol, in ALFRED'S golden reign,
 Could half the nation's criminals contain ;
 Fair Justice then, without constraint ador'd,
 Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword ;
 No spies were paid, no special juries known,
 Blest age ! but ah ! how diff'rent from our own !

^l Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas : nam qui spoliat te
 Non deerit : clausis domibus, &c.

^m Maximus in vinclis ferri modus ; ut timeas, ne
 Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et farcula defint.

ⁿ Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
 Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
 Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

* A cant term in the house of commons for methods of raising money.

† The nation was discontented at the visits made by the king to Hanover.

Much

° Much could I add,—but see the boat at hand,
 The tide retiring, calls me from the land :
 P Farewell !—When youth, and health, and fortune
 spent,
 Thou fly'ft for refuge to the wilds of Kent ;
 And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
 In angry numbers warn'ft succeeding times ;
 Then fhall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
 Still foe to vice, forfake his Cambrian fhade ;
 In virtue's caufe once more exert his rage,
 Thy fatire point, and animate thy page.

° His alias poteram, & pluries subnectere caufas :
 Sed jumenta vocant. ———

P ——— Ergo vale noſtri memor : & quoties te
 Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
 Me quoque ad Eleufinam Cererem, veſtramque Dianam
 Convelle à Cumis : fatirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
 Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

T H E
VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,

IN IMITATION OF THE

TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET * observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chafes airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice,
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,

* Ver. 1—11.

Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

* But scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold ;
Wide-wasting pest ! that rages unconfir'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind ;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
'The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madd'd land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord ;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Tho' confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee ? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches and his peace destroy,
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet † still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;

* Ver. 12—22.

† Ver. 23—27.

Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once * more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophick eye.
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at every glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

† Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;

* Ver. 28—55.

† Ver. 56—107.

Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
 On ev'ry stage the fogs of peace attend,
 Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
 Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
 Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
 For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
 To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
 From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
 That hung the bright palladium of the place,
 And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
 To better features yields the frame of gold;
 For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
 Heroick worth, benevolence divine:
 The form distorted justifies the fall,
 And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
 Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal?
 Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
 Degrading nobles and controuling kings;
 Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
 And ask no questions but the price of votes;
 With weekly libels and septennial ale,
 Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolfey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
 To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
 Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine,
 Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
 His smile alone security bestows:

Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r ;
 Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r ;
 Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
 At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
 Where-e'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly ;
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the refuge of monastick rest.
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
 Shall Wolfey's wealth, with Wolfey's end be thine ?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?
 For why did Wolfey near the steeps of fate,
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight ?
 Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin to the gulphs below ?

What * gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
 And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life ?
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
 By kings protected, and to kings ally'd ?

* Ver. 108—113.

What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When * first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And † Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause a while from learning, to be wise;

* Ver. 114—132.

* There is a tradition, that the study of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.

There

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.

If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life *, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes ;
 See when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner minds, tho' smaller fines content
 The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent ;
 Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the flock,
 Aud fatal Learning leads him to the block :
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

* A very learned divine and mathematician, fellow of New College Oxford, and rector of Okerton near Banbury. He wrote, among many others, a Latin Treatise De Natura Cæli, &c. in which he attacked the sentiments of Scaliger and Aristotle; not bearing to hear it urged that some things are true in philosophy and false in divinity. He made above six hundred sermons on the harmony of the Evangelists. Being unsuccessful in publishing his works, he lay in the prison of Bocardo at Oxford, and the king's-bench; till bishop Usher, Dr. Laud, Sir William Boswell, and Dr. Pink, released him by paying his debts. He petitioned King Charles I, to be sent into Ethiopia, &c. to procure MSS. Having spoke in favour of monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the parliament forces, and twice carried away prisoner from his rectory; and afterwards had not a shirt to shift him in three months, without he borrowed it, and died very poor in 1646.

The * festal blazes, the triumphal show,
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
 For such the steady Romans shook the world ;
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine ;
 'This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.
 Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,
 And mortgag'd states their grandfires wreaths regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt ;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On † what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide ;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;
 No joys to him pacifick scepters yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign ;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain ;
 " Think nothing gain'd," he cries, till nought remain,

* Ver. 133—146.

† Ver. 147—167.

“ On Moscow’s walls till Gothick standards fly,
 “ And all be mine beneath the polar sky.”

The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
 And Winter barricades the realms of Frost ;
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay ;—
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa’s day :
 The vanquish’d hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shews his miseries in distant lands ;
 Condemn’d a needy supplicant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
 His fall was destin’d to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All * times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
 From Persia’s tyrant, to Bavaria’s lord.
 In gay hostility, and barb’rous pride,
 With half mankind embattled at his side,
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
 And starves exhausted regions in his way ;
 Attendant Flatt’ry counts his myriads o’er,
 Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more ;

* Ver. 168—187.

Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind ;
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god ;
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
 And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe ;
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains ;
 Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
 Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
 Tries the dread summits of Cæfarean pow'r,
 With unexpected legions bursts away,
 And sees defenceless realms receive his sway ;
 Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
 The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms ;
 From hill to hill the beacons rousing blaze
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise ;
 The fierce Croation, and the wild Hussar,
 With all the sons of ravage crowd the war ;
 The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
 Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
 His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
 And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge * my life with multitude of days,
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays ;
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
 That life protracted, is protracted woe.

* Ver. 188—288.

Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy :
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more ;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :
No sounds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near ;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter musick of a virtuous friend,
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;

Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;
 An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
 And glides in modest innocence away ;
 Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
 Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers ;
 The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend :
 Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
 To press the weary minutes flagging wings ;
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
 Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
 Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
 Year chafes year, decay pursues decay,
 Still drops some joy from with'ring life away ;
 New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
 Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
 Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
 Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
 By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise ?
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
 And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The * teeming mother, anxious for her race,
 Begg for each birth the fortune of a face :
 Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring ;
 And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
 Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
 Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
 Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
 By day the frolick, and the dance by night,
 Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
 What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save,
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave ?
 Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
 The rival batters, and the lover mines.
 With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls ;
 Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
 And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
 The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
 The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd ;
 To Int'rest, Prudence ; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
 Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
 And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where † then shall Hope and Fear their objects find ?
 Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?

* Ver. 289—345.

† Ver. 346—366.

Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
Enquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
Which heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;
For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat :
These goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain ;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN by Mr. GARRICK,

At the Opening of the Theatre Royal, DRURY-LANE,
1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous
focs

First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose ;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new :
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule ;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach essay'd the heart :
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays ;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakespeare's flame.
'Themselves they studied ; as they felt, they writ :
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.

Vice

Vice always found a sympathetic friend ;
 They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
 Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
 And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
 Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong ;
 Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long :
 Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
 And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
 For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd ;
 From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
 Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept ;
 Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
 Philosophy remain'd tho' nature fled.
 But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
 She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit ;
 Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
 And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
 And mark the future periods of the stage ?
 Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
 New Behns, new Durseys, yet remain in store ;
 Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
 On flying cars new forcerers may ride ;
 Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance)
 Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet * may dance.

* Hunt, a famous boxer on the stage ; Mahomet, a rope-dancer, who had exhibited at Covent-Garden theatre the winter before, said to be a Turk.

Hard is his lot that here by fortune plac'd,
 Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
 With every meteor of caprice must play,
 And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
 Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
 The stage but echoes back the publick voice;
 The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
 For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
 As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
 'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
 Of rescu'd nature, and reviving sense;
 To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
 For useful mirth and salutary woe;
 Bid scenick virtue form the rising age,
 And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN by Mr. GARRICK, April 5, 1750,

Before the MASQUE of COMUS,

Acted at DRURY-LANE THEATRE, for the Benefit of
 MILTON'S Grand-daughter.

YE patriot crowds who burn for England's fame,
 Ye nymphs whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,
 Whose generous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
 Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;

Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise ;
Let wit condemn'd the feeble war to wage,
With close malevolence, or publick rage ;
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall tell
That never Britain can in vain excel ;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.

At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise ;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come ;
With ardent haste each candidate of fame,
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name ;
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow
Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown—unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
What tho' she shine with no Miltonian fire,
No favouring muse her morning dreams inspire ?
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age ;
Hers the mild merits of domestick life,
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her grandfire leaves her in Britannia's arms ;

Secure with peace, with competence to dwell,
 While tutelary nations guard her cell.
 Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
 'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE COMEDY OF

THE GOOD-NATUR'D MAN. 1769.

PREST by the load of life, the weary mind
 Surveys the general toil of human kind,
 With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
 And social sorrow loses half its pain ;
 Our anxious bard without complaint may share
 This bustling season's epidemick care ;
 Like Cæsar's pilot dignify'd by fate,
 Tost in one common storm with all the great ;
 Distrest alike the statesman and the wit,
 When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
 The busy candidates for power and fame
 Have hopes, and fears, and wishes just the same ;
 Disabled both to combat, or to fly,
 Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
 Uncheck'd on both, loud rabbles vent their rage,
 As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
 Th' offended burgeses hoards his angry tale,
 For that blest year when all that vote may rail ;

Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.

“ This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,”
Says swelling Crispin, “ begg'd a cobbler's vote ;”
“ This night our wit,” the pert apprentice cries,
“ Lies at my feet ; I hiss him, and he dies.”
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe,
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of ill-persuading gold ;
But confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE COMEDY OF

A WORD TO THE WISE *,

SPOKEN by Mr. HULL.

THIS night presents a play which publick rage,
Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the stage †.
From zeal, or malice, now no more we dread,
For English vengeance wars not with the dead.

* Performed at Covent-Garden theatre in 1777, for the benefit of Mrs. Kelly, widow of Hugh Kelly, Esq. (the author of the play) and her children.

† Upon the first representation of this play, 1770, a party assembled to damn it, and succeeded.

A gene-

A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid, where all must lie.

To wit reviving from its author's dust,
Be kind ye judges, or at least be just.
For no renew'd hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
Let one great payment every claim appease,
And him who cannot hurt, allow to please ;
To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
Where aught of bright, or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praise.
If want of skill, or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot hear.
By all like him must praise and blame be found,
At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.
Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,
When liberal pity dignified delight ;
When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

S P R I N G,

A N O D E.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
 Forbears the long continued strife ;
 And Nature, on her naked breast,
 Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
 Soft pleasure with her laughing train,
 Love warbles in the vocal groves,
 And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy ! whom to beds of pain,
 Arthritick * tyranny consigns ;
 Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
 Tho' rapture sings and beauty shines.

Yet tho' my limbs disease invades,
 Her wings imagination tries,
 And bears me to the peaceful shades
 Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
 Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
 Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
 Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.

* The author being ill of the gout.

Here let me thro' the vales pursue
 A guide—a father—and a friend,
 Once more great nature's works renew,
 Once more on wisdom's voice attend.
 From false careffes, causeless strife,
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd ;
 Here let me learn the use of life,
 When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.
 Teach me, thou venerable bower,
 Cool meditation's quiet seat,
 The generous scorn of venal power,
 The silent grandeur of retreat.
 When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
 Or raging factions rush to war,
 Here let me learn to shun the crimes
 I can't prevent, and will not share.
 But lest I fall by subtler foes,
 Bright wisdom teach me Curio's art,
 The swelling passions to compose,
 And quell the rebels of the heart.

M I D S U M M E R,

A N O D E.

O PHOEBUS! down the western sky,
 Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
 Thy light to distant worlds supply,
 And wake them to the cares of day.

D 4

Come

Come gentle eve, the friend of care,
 Come Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
 Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
 And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
 Her living carpet nature spreads;
 Where the green bower with roses crown'd,
 In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
 Let musick die along the grove;
 Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
 And every strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
 Come, born to fill its vast desires!
 Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
 Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

While all my wish and thine complete,
 By turns we languish and we burn,
 Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
 Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return,

Let me when nature calls to rest,
 And blushing skies the morn foretell,
 Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
 And bid the waking world farewell,

A U T U M N,

A N O D E.

ALAS! with swift and silent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.
'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flowers of Spring are swept away,
And Summer fruits desert the bough.
The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.
The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As ruffet heaths are wild and bare;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor health, nor pleasure wanders there.
No more while thro' the midnight shade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.
From this capricious clime she soars,
O! would some god but wings supply!
To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish ! me fate compels to bear
 The downward seasons iron reign,
 Compels to breathe polluted air,
 And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
 If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail ;
 And Ceres flies the naked field,
 And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail ?

Oh ! what remains, what lingers yet,
 To cheer me in the darkening hour ?
 The grape remains ! the friend of wit,
 In love, and mirth, of mighty power.

Haste—press the clusters, fill the bowl ;
 Apollo ! shoot thy parting ray :
 This gives the sunshine of the soul,
 This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still—still the jocund strain shall flow,
 The pulse with vigorous rapture beat ;
 My Stella with new charms shall glow,
 And every bliss in wine shall meet.

W I N T E R,

A N O D E.

NO more the morn, with tepid rays,
 Unfolds the flower of various hue ;
 Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
 Nor gentle eve distills the dew,

The

The lingering hours prolong the night,
 Ufurping darkness shares the day ;
 Her mists restrain the force of light,
 And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
 With sighs we view the hoary hill,
 The leafless wood, the naked field,
 The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No musick warbles thro' the grove,
 No vivid colours paint the plain ;
 No more with devious steps I rove
 Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
 Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend ;
 Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
 Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
 With light and heat my little sphere ;
 Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
 Light up a constellation here.

Let musick sound the voice of joy !
 Or mirth repeat the jocund tale ;
 Let love his wanton wiles employ,
 And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
 When mirth's gay tale shall please no more ;
 Nor musick charm—tho' Stella sings ;
 Nor love, nor wine, the Spring restore.

Catch then, O ! catch the transient hour,
 Improve each moment as it flies ;
 Life's a short Summer—man a flower,
 He dies—alas ! how soon he dies !

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
 What dreary prospects round us rise ;
 The naked hill, the leafless grove,
 The hoary ground, the frowning skies !

Not only thought the wasted plain,
 Stern Winter in thy force confess'd ;
 Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
 I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
 Resign the heart to spleen and care ;
 Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
 And rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
 Unhappy man ! behold thy doom ;
 Still changing with the changeful year,
 The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
 With mental and corporeal strife,
 Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
 And screen me from the ills of life.

To Miss *****

On her giving the Author a Gold and Silk Net-work
Purse of her own weaving *.

THOUGH gold and silk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would shine,
If wrought by any hand but thine ;
Thy hand that knows the subtler art,
To weave those nets that catch the heart.

Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine ;
Nor can I hope thy filken chain
The glittering vagrants shall restrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed
The heart once caught should ne'er be freed ?

To Miss *****

On her playing upon the Harpsichord in a Room hung
with Flower-pieces of her own Painting *.

WHEN Stella strikes the tuneful string
In scenes of imitated Spring,
Where beauty lavishes her powers
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And pleasure propagates around
Each charm of modulated sound ;

* Printed among Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies.

Ah ! think not in the dangerous hour,
The nymph fictitious as the flower,
But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the snares of wily love.

When charms thus press on every sense,
What thought of flight, or of defence ?
Deceitful hope, and vain desire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye,
And forming with unerring art
New chains to hold the captive heart.

But on those regions of delight
Might truth intrude with daring flight,
Could Stella, sprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral song,
Instruction with her flowers might spring,
And wisdom warble from her string.

Mark when from thousand mingled dyes
Thou seest one pleasing form arise,
How active light, and thoughtful shade,
In greater scenes each other aid.
Mark when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How passions well accorded strife,
Gives all the harmony of life ;
Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
Consistent still, though not the same ;
Thy musick teach the nobler art,
To tune the regulated heart.

E V E N I N G:

A N O D E,

T O S T E L L A.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings ;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed ;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam ;
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy secrets, love.
Stella, thither let us stray !
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far ;
In his stead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light ;
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow ;
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ,
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades,
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

T O T H E S A M E.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found,
 Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
 If her face with pleasure glow,
 If she sigh at others woe,
 If her easy air express
 Conscious worth, or soft distress,
 Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
 Charm with undiminish'd grace.

If on her we see display'd
 Pendant gems, and rich brocade,
 If her chintz with less expence
 Flows in easy negligence ;
 Still she lights the conscious flame,
 Still her charms appear the same ;
 If she strikes the vocal strings,
 If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
 If she sit, or if she move,
 Still we love, and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,
 Which alone can please by chance,
 Beauty, which depends on art,
 Changing with the changing art,
 Which demands the toilet's aid,
 Pendant gems and rich brocade.

I those

In those charms alone can prize,
 Which from constant nature rise,
 Which nor circumstance, nor dress,
 E'er can make, or more, or less.

T O A F R I E N D.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
 With Avarice painful vigils keep;
 Still unenjoy'd the present store,
 Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
 O! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
 Which not all India's treasure buys!
 To purchase heaven has gold the power?
 Can gold remove the mortal hour?
 In life can love be bought with gold?
 Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
 No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
 Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
 Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
 Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With science tread the wond'rous way,
 Or learn the Muses' moral lay;
 In social hours indulge thy soul,
 Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
 To virtuous love resign thy breast,
 And be, by blessing beauty—blest.

Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
 Ere youth and all its joys are fled ;
 Come taste with me the balm of life,
 Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
 I boast whate'er for man was meant,
 In health, and Stella, and content ;
 And scorn ! Oh ! let that scorn be thine !
 Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

STELLA IN MOURNING.

WHEN lately Stella's form display'd
 The beauties of the gay brocade,
 The nymphs who found their power decline,
 Proclaim'd her not so fair as fine.

“ Fate ! snatch away the bright disguise,

“ And let the goddess trust her eyes.”

Thus blindly pray'd the fretful fair,

And fate malicious heard the pray'r ;

But brighten'd by the fable dress,

As virtue rises in distress,

Since Stella still extends her reign,

Ah ! how shall envy sooth her pain ?

Th' adoring youth and envious fair,

Henceforth shall form one common prayer ;

And love and hate alike implore

The skies—“ That Stella mourn no more.”

T O S T E L L A.

NOT the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, tho' all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store,
Not all the power, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
Nor knowledge which the learn'd approve,
To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
Nor seek I nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine,
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

V E R S E S,

Written at the Request of a Gentleman to whom a Lady
had given a Sprig of Myrtle*.

WHAT hopes—what terrors does this gift create?
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate.

The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd to Venus by Meliffa's hand)
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's prayer.
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain.
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
The unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads.
Oh! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart.
Soon must this sprig, as you shall fix its doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

* These verses were first printed in a Magazine for 1768, but were written between forty and fifty years ago. Elegant as they are, they were composed in the short space of five minutes.

TO LADY FIREBRACE*,
AT BURY ASSIZES.

AT length must Suffolk beauties shine in vain,
So long renown'd in B — n's deathless strain?
Thy charms at least, fair Firebrace, might inspire
Some zealous bard to wake the sleeping lyre;
For such thy beauteous mind and lovely face,
Thou seem'st at once, bright nymph, a *Muse* and *Grace*.

TO LYCE, an elderly LADY.

YE nymphs whom starry rays invest,
By flattering poets given,
Who shine by lavish lovers drest,
In all the pomp of heaven;
Engross not all the beams on high,
Which gild a lover's lays,
But as your sister of the sky,
Let Lyce share the praise.

* This lady was Bridget, third daughter of Philip Bacon, Esq. of Ipswich, and relict of Philip Evers, Esq. of that town; she became the second wife of Sir Cordell Firebrace, the last Baronet of that name (to whom she brought a fortune of 25,000l.), July 26, 1737. Being again left a widow in 1759, she was a third time married, April 7, 1762, to William Campbell, Esq. uncle to the present Duke of Argyle, and died July 3, 1782.

Her silver locks display the moon,
 Her brows a cloudy show,
 Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
 And showers from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
 She's starr'd with pimples o'er ;
 Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
 And can with thunder roar.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,
 Denies my Lyce shines ;
 And all the pens of Cupid's wing
 Attack my gentle lines.

Yet spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
 And all her bards express,
 My Lyce makes as good a sky,
 And I but flatter less.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. ROBERT LEVET,

A Practiser in Physic.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
 As on we toil from day to day,
 By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
 Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
 See Levett to the grave descend,
 Officious, innocent, sincere,
 Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
 Obscurely wise and coarsely kind ;
 Nor letter'd arrogance deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
 And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
 His vigorous remedy display'd
 The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
 His useful care was ever nigh,
 Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
 And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
 No petty gain disdain'd by pride ;
 The modest wants of every day
 The toil of every day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
 And sure th' Eternal Master found
 The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;
 His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
 Tho' now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain,
 And freed his soul the nearest way.

E P I T A P H

O N

C L A U D E P H I L L I P S,

An Itinerant Musician*.

PHILLIPS! whose touch harmonious could re-
 move

The pangs of guilty pow'r, and hapless love,
 Rest here, distressed by poverty no more,
 Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
 Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
 Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

* These lines are among Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies; they are nevertheless recognized as Johnson's, in a memorandum of his handwriting, and were probably written at her request. Phillips was a travelling Fidler up and down Wales, and was greatly celebrated for his performance.

E P I T A P H I U M

I N

T H O M A M H A N M E R, B A R O N E T T U M.

Honorabilis admodum T H O M A S H A N M E R,
Baronettus,

Wilhelmi Hanmer armigeri è Peregrina Henrici
North

De Mildenhall in Com: Suffolciæ Baronetti sorore
et hærede.

Filius

Johannis Hanmer de Hanmer Baronetti

Hæres patruelis

Antiquo gentis suæ et titulo, et patrimonio successit

Duas uxores fortitus est ;

Alteram Isabellam, honore à patre derivato de
Arlington comitissam

Deindè celcissimi principis ducis de Grafton viduam
dotariam

Alteram Elizabetham Thomæ Folks de Barton in
Com. Suff. armigeri.

Filiam et hæredem

Inter humanitates studia feliciter enutritus

Omnes liberalium artium disciplinas avidè arripuit,

Quas morum suavitate haud leviter ornavit.

Post-

Postquam excessit et ephebis

Continuo inter populares suos fama eminens
Et comitatus sui legatus ad Parliamentum missus
Ad ardua regni negotia per annos prope triginta

Si accinxit

Cumq; apud illos amplissimorum virorum ordines
Solent nihil temerè effutire

Sed *probe* perpensa differtè expromere

Orator gravis et pressus

Non minus integritatis quam eloquentiæ laude
commendatus

Æquè omnium utcunq; inter se alioqui dissidentium

Aures atque animos attraxit

Annoque demum M.DCC.XIII. regnante Annâ

Felicissima, florentissimæque memoriæ regina

Ad prolocutoris cathedram

Communi senatûs universi voce designatus est :

Quod munus

Cum nullo tempore non difficile

Tum illo certè negotiis

Et varus et lubricis et implicatis difficillimum

Cum dignitate sustinuit.

Honores alios, et omnia, quæ sibi in lucrum cederent,
munera

Sedulò detrectavit

Ut rei totus inserviret publicæ,

Justi rectique tenax

Et fide in patriam incorrupta notus.

Ubi omnibus, quæ virum civimque bonum decent
officiis satis fecisset,

Paulatim se à publicis consiliis in otium recipiens
 Inter literarum amœnitates,
 Inter ante-actæ vitæ haud insuaves recordationes,
 Inter amicorum convictus et amplexus
 Honorificè consenuit,
 Et bonis omnibus, quibus charissimus vixit,
 Desideratissimus obiit.

PARAPHRASE of the above EPITAPH.

By Dr. JOHNSON*,

THOU who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
 Pause at this tomb where HANMER's ashes lie ;
 His various worth through varied life attend,
 And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
 With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth ;
 His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
 Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.

Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
 His country call'd him from the studious shade ;
 In life's first bloom his publick toils began,
 At once commenc'd the senator and man.

In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,
 Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state ;

* This Paraphrase is inserted in Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies. The Latin is there said to be written by Dr. Friend. Of the person whose memory it celebrates, a copious account may be seen in the Appendix to the Supplement to the Biographia Britannica.

In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
 In every act refulgent virtue glow'd :
 Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
 To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
 Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
 Illustrious age ! how bright thy glories shone,
 When HANMER fill'd the chair—and ANNE the throne !

Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
 When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
 The moderator firmly mild appear'd—
 Beheld with love—with veneration heard.

This task perform'd—he sought no gainful post,
 Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost ;
 Strict on the right he fix'd his stedfast eye,
 With temperate zeal and wise anxiety ;
 Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
 To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure, or of pride.
 Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled,
 And fame pursued him where Conviction led.

Age call'd, at length, his active mind to rest,
 With honour sated, and with cares oppress'd ;
 To letter'd ease retir'd and honest mirth,
 To rural grandeur and domestick worth :
 Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
 The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.

Calm Conscience then, his former life survey'd,
 And recollected toils endear'd the shade,
 Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
 And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

TO MISS HICKMAN*,

Playing on the Spinnet.

BRIGHT Stella, form'd for universal reign,
 Too well you know to keep the slaves you gain;
 When in your eyes resistless lightnings play,
 Aw'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,
 And yield reluctant to despotick sway :
 But when your musick sooths the raging pain,
 We bid propitious heav'n prolong your reign,
 We bless the tyrant, and we hug the chain.

When old Timotheus struck the vocal string,
 Ambition's fury fir'd the Grecian king :
 Unbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,
 He pants for room in one poor world confin'd.
 Thus wak'd to rage, by musick's dreadful pow'r
 He bids the sword destroy, the flame devour.
 Had Stella's gentle touches mov'd the lyre,
 Soon had the monarch felt a nobler fire :
 No more delighted with destructive war,
 Ambitious only now to please the fair ;
 Resign'd his thirst of empire to her charms,
 And found a thousand worlds in Stella's arms,

* These Lines, which have been communicated by Dr. Turton, son to Mrs. Turton, the Lady to whom they are addressed by her maiden name of Hickman, must have been written at least as early as the year 1754, as that was the year of her marriage: at how much earlier a period of Dr. Johnson's life they may have been written, is not known.

P A R A-

P A R A P H R A S E of PROVERBS, Chap, VI.
Verses 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

“ *Go to the Ant thou Sluggard*.*”

TURN on the prudent ant thy heedless eyes,
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise:
No stern command, no monitory voice
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away,
To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day;
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.

How long shall sloth usurp thy useles hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy pow'rs?
While artful shades thy downy couch inclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose.
Amidst the drowsy charms of duil delight,
Year chafes year with unremitted flight,
Till want now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe.

H O R A C E, Lib. IV. Ode VII. TRANSLATED.

THE snow dissolv'd, no more is seen,
The fields and woods, behold! are green.
The changing year renews the plain,
The rivers know their banks again,

* In Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies, but now printed from the original in Dr. Johnson's own hand-writing,

The

The sprightly nymph and naked grace
The mazy dance together trace.
The changing year's successive plan
Proclaims mortality to man.
Rough winter's blasts to spring give way,
Spring yields to summer's sovereign ray ;
Then summer sinks in autumn's reign,
And winter chills the world again :
Her losses soon the moon supplies,
But wretched man, when once he lies
Where Priam and his sons are laid,
Is nought but ashes and a shade.
Who knows if Jove, who counts our score,
Will toss us in a morning more ?
What with your friend you nobly share
At least you rescue from your heir.
Not you Torquatus, boast of Rome,
When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
Or eloquence, or splendid birth,
Or virtue, shall restore to earth.
Hippolytus, unjustly slain,
Diana calls to life in vain ;
Nor can the might of Theseus rend
The chains of hell that hold his friend.

Nov. 1784.

On seeing a BUST of Mrs. MONTAGUE.

HAD this fair figure which this frame displays,
 Adorn'd in Roman time the brightest days,
 In every dome, in every sacred place,
 Her statue would have breath'd an added grace,
 And on its basis would have been enroll'd,
 "This is Minerva, cast in Virtue's mould."

☞ *The following TRANSLATIONS, PARODIES, and BURLESQUE VERSES, most of them extempore, are taken from ANECDOTES of Dr. JOHNSON, lately published by Mrs. PIOZZI.*

ANACREON, ODE IX.

LOVELY courier of the sky,
 Whence and whither dost thou fly?
 Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,
 Liquid fragrance all the way:
 Is it business? is it love?
 Tell, me, tell me, gentle dove.

Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
 Vows to Myrtale the fair;

Grac'd

Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
Blushing nature, smiling art.
Venus, courted by an ode,
On the bard her dove bestow'd :
Vested with a master's right,
Now Anacreon rules my flight ;
His the letters that you see,
Weighty charge, consign'd to me :
Think not yet my service hard,
Joyless task without reward ;
Smiling at my master's gates,
Freedom my return awaits ;
But the liberal grant in vain
Tempts me to be wild again.
Can a prudent dove decline
Blissful bondage such as mine ?
Over hills and fields to roam,
Fortune's guest without a home ;
Under leaves to hide one's head,
Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed :
Now my better lot bestows
Sweet repast, and soft repose ;
Now the generous bowl I sip
As it leaves Anacreon's lip :
Void of care, and free from dread,
From his fingers snatch his bread ;
Then with luscious plenty gay,
Round his chamber dance and play ;
Or from wine as courage springs,
O'er his face extend my wings ;

And when feast and frolick tire,
 Drop asleep upon his lyre.
 This is all, be quick and go,
 More than all thou canst not know ;
 Let me now my pinions ply,
 I have chatter'd like a pye.

L I N E S written in ridicule of certain P O E M S
 published in 1777.

WHERESOE'ER I turn my view,
 All is strange, yet nothing new ;
 Endless labour all along,
 Endless labour to be wrong ;
 Phrase that time has flung away,
 Uncouth words in disarray,
 Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
 Ode, and elegy, and sonnet.

P A R O D Y of a T R A N S L A T I O N from the
 M E D E A of E U R I P I D E S.

ER R shall they not, who resolute explore
 Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes ;
 And scanning right the practices of yore,
 Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwise.

They

They to the dome where smoke with curling play
Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,
Summon'd the fiddler blythe, and harper gay,
And aided wine with dulcet-streaming sound.

The better use of notes, or sweet or shrill,
By quiv'ring string or modulated wind ;
Trumpet or lyre—to their harsh bosoms chill,
Admission ne'er had sought, or could not find.

Oh ! send them to the sullen mansions dun,
Her baleful eyes where sorrow rolls around ;
Where gloom-enamour'd mischief loves to dwell,
And murder, all blood-bolter'd, schemes the wound.

When cates luxuriant pile the spacious dish,
And purple nectar glads the festive hour ;
The guest, without a want, without a wish,
Can yield no room to musick's soothing pow'r.

BURLESQUE of the modern Verifications of
ancient LEGENDARY TALES.

AN IMPROMPTU.

THE tender infant meek and mild,
Fell down upon the stone ;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squeal'd on.

TRANSLATION of the Two First Stanzas
of the Song "*Rio verde, Rio verde,*" printed in
Bishop PERCY'S Reliques of ancient English Poetry.

A N I M P R O M P T U.

GLASSY water, glassy water,
Down whose current clear and strong,
Chiefs confus'd in mutual slaughter,
Moor and Christian roll along.

IMITATION of the Style of * * * *

HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell
Wearing out life's evening grey;
Strike thy bosom sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way.
This I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the starting tear,
When the hoary sage reply'd,
Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

BURLESQUE of the following Lines of
LOPEZ DE VEGA.

AN IMPROMPTU.

SE acquien los leones vence
Vence una muger hermosa
O el de flaco averguençe
O ella di fer mas furiosa.

IF the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

TRANSLATION of the following Lines at
the End of BARETTI'S EASY PHRASEOLOGY.

AN IMPROMPTU.

VIVA viva la padrona,
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
La padrona è un angiolella
Tutta buona e tutta bella ;
Tutta bella e tutta buona ;
Viva ! viva la padrona !

LONG may live my lovely Hetty !
Always young and always pretty ;
Always pretty, always young,
Live my lovely Hetty long !
Always young and always pretty,
Long may live my lovely Hetty !

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION of the following
 Distich on the Duke of MODENA's running away
 from the Comet in 1742 or 1743.

SE al venir vostro i principi se n' vanno
 Deh venga ogni dì—durate un anno.

IF at your coming princes disappear,
 Comets ! come every day—and stay a year.

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION of the following
 Lines of Mons. BENSÉRADE à son lit.

THEATRE des ris, et des pleurs,
 Lit ! ou je nais, et ou je meurs,
 Tu nous fais voir comment voisins,
 Sont nos plaisirs, et nos chagrins.

IN bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
 And born in bed, in bed we die ;
 The near approach a bed may shew
 Of human bliss to human woe.

EPI TAPH for Mr. HOGARTH.

THE hand of him here torpid lies,
 That drew th' essential form of grace ;
 Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes,
 That saw the manners in the face.

TRAN-

TRANSLATION of the following Lines written
under a Print representing Persons skating.

SUR un mince chrystal l'hyver conduit leurs pas,
Le precipice est sous la glace ;
Telle est de nos plaisirs la legere surface,
Glissez mortels ; n' appuyez pas.

O'ER ice the rapid skaiter flies,
With sport above and death below ;
Where mischief lurks in gay disguise,
Thus lightly touch and quickly go.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION of the same.

O'ER crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the skaiters play ;
O'er treacherous pleasure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

To MRS. T H R A L E,

On her completing her THIRTY-FIFTH Year.

A N I M P R O M P T U.

OFT in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five ;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.

Could philosophers contrive
 Life to stop at thirty-five,
 Time his hours should never drive
 O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
 High to soar, and deep to dive,
 Nature gives at thirty-five.
 Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
 Trifle not at thirty-five ;
 For, howe'er we boast and strive,
 Life declines from thirty-five :
 He that ever hopes to thrive
 Must begin by thirty-five ;
 And all who wisely wish to wive
 Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

IMPROMPTU on hearing Miss THRALE
 consulting with a Friend about a Gown and Hat she
 was inclined to wear.

WEAR the gown, and wear the hat,
 Snatch thy pleasures while they last ;
 Hadst thou nine lives, like a cat,
 Soon those nine lives would be past.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION of an AIR in
the CLEMENZA DE TITO of METASTASIO, begin-
ning, “ *Deb se piacermi vuoi.*”

WOULD you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teizing doubts depart ;
He who blindly trusts, will find
Faith from every generous mind :
He who still expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.

TRANSLATION of a SPEECH of AQUILEIO, in
the ADRIANO of METASTASIO, beginning, “ *Tu
che in Corte invecchiasti.*”

GROWN old in courts, thou art not surely one
Who keeps the rigid rules of ancient honour ;
Well skill'd to soothe a foe with looks of kindness,
To sink the fatal precipice before him,
And then lament his fall with seeming friendship :
Open to all, true only to thyself,
Thou know'st those arts which blast with envious praise,
Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuses,
And drive discountenanc'd virtue from the throne :
That leave the blame of rigour to the prince,
And of his ev'ry gift usurp the merit ;
That hide in seeming zeal a wicked purpose,
And only build upon another's ruin.



P O E M A T A.

[Jan. 20, 21, 1773.]

VITÆ qui varias vices
 Rerum perpetuus temperat Arbiter,
 Læto cedere lumini
 Noctis tristitiam qui gelidæ jubet,
 Acri sanguine turgidos,
 Obductosque oculos nubibus humidis
 Sanari voluit meos.
 Et me, cuncta beans cui nocuit dies,
 Luci reddidit et mihi.
 Qua te laude, Deus qua prece prosequar ?
 Sacri discipulus libri
 Te semper studiis utilibus colam :
 Grates, summe Pater, tuis
 Recte qui fruitur muneribus, dedit.

[Dec. 25, 1779.]

NUNC dies Christo memoranda nato
 Fulsit, in pectus mihi fonte purum
 Gaudium sacro fluat, et benigni
 Gratia Cœli !

Christe

Christe da tutam trepido quietem,
 Christe, spem præsta stabilem timenti;
 Da fidem certam, precibusque fidis
 Annue, Christe.

[In Lecto, die Passionis. Apr. 13, 1781.]

SUMME Deus, qui semper amas quodcumque creâsti;
 Judice quo, scelerum est pœnituisse salus:
 Da veteres noxas animo sic fieri novato,
 Per Christum ut veniam sit reperire mihi.

[In Lecto. Dec. 25, 1782.]

SPE non inani confugis,
 Peccator, ad latus meum;
 Quod poscis, haud unquam tibi
 Negabitur solatium.

[Nocte,

[Nocte, inter 16 et 17 Junii, 1783 *.]

SUMME Pater, quodcunque tuum † de corpore
‡ Numen

Hoc || statuat, § precibus Christus adeste velit:
Ingenio parcas, nec sit mihi culpa ¶ rogâsse,
Qua solum potero parte, ** placere tibi.

[Cal. Jan. in lecto, ante lucem. 1784.]

SUMME dator vitæ, naturæ æternæ magister,
Causarum series quo moderante fluit,
Respice quem subigit senium, morbique seniles,
Quem terret vitæ meta propinqua suæ,
Respice inutiliter lapsi quem pœnitet ævi;
Recte ut pœniteat, respice, magne parens.

* The night above referred to by Dr. Johnson was that in which a paralytick stroke had deprived him of his voice, and, in the anxiety he felt lest it should likewise have impaired his understanding, he composed the above Lines. and said concerning them, that he knew at the time that they were not good, but then he deemed his discerning this, to be sufficient for the quieting the anxiety before mentioned, as it shewed him that his power of judging was not diminished.

† Al. tuæ.

‡ Al. leges.

|| Al. statuant.

§ Al. votis.

¶ Al. precari.

** Al. litare.

PATER benigne, summa semper lenitas,
 Crimine gravatam plurimo mentem leva :
 Concede veram pœnitentiam, precor,
 Concede agendam legibus vitam tuis.
 Sacri vagantes luminis gressus face
 Rege, et tuere, quæ nocent pellens procul ;
 Veniam petenti, summe da veniam, pater ;
 Veniæque sancta pacis adde gaudia :
 Sceleris ut expers omni, et vacuus metu,
 Te, mente purâ, mente tranquillâ colam :
 Mihi dona morte hæc impetret Christus suâ.

[Jan. 18, 1784.]

SUMME Pater, puro collustra lumine pectus,
 Anxietas noceat ne tenebrosa mihi.
 In me sparsa manu virtutum semina larga
 Sic ale, proveniat messis ut ampla boni.
 Noctes atque dies animo spes læta recurset,
 Certa mihi sancto flagret amore fides.
 Certa vetet dubitare fides, spes læta timere,
 Velle vetet cuiquam non bene sanctus amor.
 Da, ne sint permessa, pater, mihi præmia frustra,
 Et colere, et leges semper amare tuas.
 Hæc mihi, quo gentes, quo secula, Christe, piâsti,
 Sanguine, precanti promerere tuo !

[Feb.]

[Feb. 27, 1784.]

MENS mea quid quereris? veniet tibi mollior
hora,

In summo ut videas numine læta patrem;
Divinam in fontes iram placavit Jesus;
Nunc est pro pœna pœnituisse reis.

CHRISTIANUS PERFECTUS.

QUI cupit in sanctos Christo cogente referri,
Abstergat mundi labem, nec gaudia carnis
Captans, nec fastu tumidus, semperque futuro
Instet, et evellens terroris spicula corde,
Suspiciat tandem clementem in numine patrem.

Huic quoque, nec genti nec sectæ noxius ulli,
Sit sacer orbis amor, miseris qui semper adesse
Gestiat, et, nullo pietatis limite clausus,
Cunctorum ignoscat vitiis, pietate fruatur.
Ardeat huic toto sacer ignis pectore, possit
Ut vitam, poscat si res, impendere vero.

Cura placere Deo sit prima, sit ultima, sanctæ
Irruptum vitæ cupiat servare tenorem;
Et sibi, delirans quanquam et peccator in horas
Displiceat, fervet tutum sub pectore rectum:
Nec natet, et nunc has partes, nunc eligat illas,

Nec

Nec dubitet quem dicat herum, sed, totus in uno,
Se fidum addicat Christo, mortalia temnens.

Sed timeat semper, caveatque ante omnia, turbæ
Ne stolidæ similis, leges, sibi segreget audax
Quas servare velit, leges quas lentus omittat,
Plenum opus effugiens, aptans juga mollia collo
Sponte sua demens; nihilum decedere summæ
Vult Deus, at, qui cuncta dedit tibi, cuncta reposcit.

Denique perpetuo contendit in ardua nifu,
Auxilioque Dei fretus, jam mente serena
Pergit, et imperiis sentit se dulcibus actum.
Paulatim mores, animum, vitamque refingit,
Effigiemque Dei, quantum servare licebit,
Induit, et, terris major, cœlestia spirat.

ÆTERNE rerum conditor,
Salutis æternæ dator;
Felicitationis sedibus
Qui nec scelestos exigis,
Quoscumque scelerum pœnitet;
Da, Christe, pœnitentiam,
Veniamque, Christe, da mihi;
Ægrum trahenti spiritum
Succurre præsens corpori,
Multo gravatam crimine
Mentem benignus alleva.

LUCE collustret mihi pectus alma,
 Pellat et tristes animi tenebras,
 Nec sinat semper tremere ac dolore,
 Gratia Christi:

Me pater tandem reducem benigno
 Summus amplexu foveat, beato
 Me gregi sanctus socium beatum
 Spiritus addat.

J E J U N I U M E T C I B U S .

SERVIAT ut menti corpus jejunia ferva,
 Ut mens utatur corpore, fume cibos.

URBANE, nullis fesse laboribus,
 Urbane, nullis victæ calumniis,
 Cui fronte fertum in erudita
 Perpetuo viret, et virebit ;
 Quid moliatur gens imitantium,
 Quid et minetur, sollicitus parum,
 Vacare solis perge Musis,
 Juxta animo studiisque fælix.

linguæ procacis plumbea spicula,
 Videns, superbo frange silentio ;
 Victrix per obstantes catervas
 Sedulitas animosa tendet.

Intende nervos fortis, inanibus
 Rifurus olim nisibus emuli ;
 Intende jam nervos, habebis
 Participes opera camœnas.

Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
 Quam quæ feveris ludicra jungere
 Novit, fatigatamque nugis
 Utilibus recreare mentem.

Texente nymphis ferta Lycoride,
 Rosæ ruborem sic viola adjuvat
 Immista, sic Iris refulget
 Æthereis variata fucis.

IN RIVUM A MOLA STOANA LICHFELDIÆ
 DIFFLUENTEM.

ERRAT adhuc vitreus per prata virentia rivus,
 Quo toties lavi membra tenella puer ;
 Hic delusa rudi frustrabar brachia motu,
 Dum docuit blanda voce natare pater.
 Fecerunt rami latebras, tenebrisque diurnis
 Pendula secretas abdidit arbor aquas.
 Nunc veteres duris periêre securibus umbræ,
 Longinquisque oculis nuda lavacra patent.
 Lympha tamen cursus agit indefessa perennis,
 Tectaque qua fluxit, nunc et aperta fluit.
 Quid ferat externi velox, quid deterat ætas,
 Tu quoque securus res age, Nise, tuas.

Γ Ν Ω Θ Ι Σ Ε Α Υ Τ Ο Ν .

[Post Lexicon Anglicanum auctum et emendatum.]

LEXICON ad finem longo luctamine tandem
 Scaliger ut duxit; tenuis pertæsus opellæ,
 Vile indignatus studium, nugæque molestas,
 Ingemit exofus, scribendaque lexica mandat
 Damnatis, pœnam pro pœnis omnibus unam.

Ille quidem recte, sublimis, doctus et acer,
 Quem decuit majora sequi, majoribus aptum,
 Qui veterum modo facta ducum, modo carmina vatum,
 Gesserat et quicquid virtus, sapientia quicquid,
 Dixerat, imperiique vices, cœlique meatus,
 Ingentemque animo seclorum volveret orbem.

Fallimur exemplis; temere sibi turba scholarum
 Ima tuas credit permitti Scaliger iras.

Quisque suum nôrit modulum; tibi, prime virorum
 Ut studiis sperem, aut ausim par esse querelis,
 Non mihi sorte datum; lenti seu sanguinis obsint
 Frigora, seu nimium longo jacuisse veterno,
 Sive mihi mentem dederit natura minorem.

Te sterili functum cura, vocumque salebris
 Tuto eluctatum spatiis sapientia dia
 Excipit æthereis, ars omnis plaudit amico,
 Linguarumque omni terra discordia concors
 Multiplici reducem circum sonatore magistrum.

Me, pensi immunis cum jam mihi reddor, inertis
 Desidiæ fors dura manet, graviorque labore

Tristis et atra quies, et tardæ tædia vitæ.
 Nascuntur curis curæ, vexatque dolorum
 Importuna cohors, vacuæ mala somnia mentis.
 Nunc clamosa juvant nocturnæ gaudia mensæ,
 Nunc loca sola placent; frustra te, Somne, recumbens
 Alme voco, impatiens noctis metuensque diei.
 Omnia percurro trepidus, circum omnia lustro,
 Si qua usquam pateat melioris semita vitæ,
 Nec quid agam invenio, meditatus grandia, cogor
 Notior ipse mihi fieri, incultumque fateri
 Pectus, et ingenium vano se robore jactans.
 Ingenium nisi materiem doctrina ministrat,
 Cessat inops rerum, ut torpet, si marmoris absit
 Copia, Phidiaci fæcunda potentia cœli.
 Quicquid agam, quocunque ferar, conatibus obstat
 Res angusta domi, et macræ penuria mentis.

Non rationis opes animus, nunc parta recensens
 Conspicit aggestas, et se miratur in illis,
 Nec sibi de gaza præfens quod postulat usus
 Summus adesse jubet celsa dominator ab arce;
 Non, operum ferie seriem dum computat ævi,
 Præteritis fruitur, lætos aut fumit honores
 Ipse sui judex, actæ bene munera vitæ;
 Sed sua regna videns, loca nocte silentia late
 Horret, ubi vanæ species, umbræque fugaces,
 Et rerum volitant raræ per inane figuræ.

Quid faciam? tenebrisne pigram damnare senectam
 Restat? an accingar studiis gravioribus audax?
 Aut, hoc si nimium est, tandem nova lexica poscam?

A D T H O M A M L A U R E N C E ,

M E D I C U M D O C T I S S I M U M

Cum filium peregre agentem desiderio nimis tristi pro-
sequeretur.

FA T E R I S ergo, quod populus solet
Crepare vœcors, nil sapientiam
Prodesse vitæ, literasque ;
In dubiis dare terga rebus

Tu, queis laborat fors hominum, malâ,
Nec vincis acer, nec pateris pius,
Te mille succorum potentem
Destituit medicina mentis.

Per cæca noctis tædia turbidæ,
Pigræ per horas lucis inutiles,
Torpesque, languescisque, curis
Solicitus nimis heu ! paternis.

Tandem dolori plus fatis est datum ;
Exurge fortis, nunc animis opus,
Te, docta, Laurenti ; vetustas,
Te medici revocant labores.

Permitte summo quicquid habes patri,
Permitte fidens, et muliebribus,
Amice, majorem querelis
Redde tuis, tibi redde, mentem.

IN THEATRO, March 8, 1773.

TERTII verso quater orbe luftri,
 Quid theatrales tibi, Crifpe, pompæ?
 Quam decet canos male literatos
 Sera voluptas!

Tene mulceri fidibus canoris?
 Tene cantorum modulis ftupere?
 Tene per pictas oculo elegante
 Currere formas?

Inter æquales, fine felle liber,
 Codices, veri ftudiofus, inter
 Rectius vives. Sua quisque carpat
 Gaudia gratus.

Lufibus gaudet puer otiofus,
 Luxus oblectat juvenem theatri,
 At feni fluxo fapienter uti
 Tempore refat.

INSULA KENNETHI, INTER HEBRIDAS.

PARVA quidem regio, fed relligione priorum.
 Clara Caledonias panditur inter aquas.
 Voce ubi Cennethus populos domuiffe feroces
 Dicitur, et vanos dedocuiſſe deos.

Huc

Huc ego delatus placido per cœrula curfu,
 Scire locus volui quid darêt iste novi.
 Illic Leniades humili regnabat in aûla,
 Leniades, magnis nobilitatus avis.
 Una duas cepit casa cum genitore puellas,
 Quas Amor undarum crederet esse deas.
 Nec tamen inculti gelidis latuere sub antris,
 Accola Danubiî qualia sævus habet.
 Mollia non defunt vacuæ solatia vitæ
 Sive libros poscant otia, sive lyram.
 Fulserat illa dies, legis qua docta supernæ
 Spes hominum et curas gens procul esse jubet.
 Ut precibus justas avertat numinis iras
 Et fummi accendat pectus amore boni.
 Ponti inter strepitus non sacri munera cultus
 Cessarunt, pietas hic quoque cura fuit.
 Nil opus est æris sacra de turre sonantis
 Admonitu, ipsa suas nunciat hora vices.
 Quid, quod sacrifici versavit foemina libros?
 Sint pro legitimis pura labella sacris.
 Quo vagor ulterius? quod ubique requiritur hic est,
 Hic secura quies, hic et honestus amor.

S K I A.

PONTI profundis clausa recessibus,
 Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita,
 Quam grata defesso virentem,
 Skia, finum nebulosa pandis!

His, cura, credo, sedibus exulat ;
 His blanda certe pax habitat locis ;
 Non ira, non mœror quietis
 Infidias meditatur horis.

At non cavatâ rupe latefcere,
 Menti nec ægræ montibus aviis
 Prodest vagari, nec frementes
 In specula numerare fluctus.

Humana virtus non sibi fufficit ;
 Datur nec æquum cuique animum sibi
 Parare posse, utcunque jactet
 Grandiloquus nimis alta Zeno.

Exæstuantis pectoris impetum
 Rex summe, solus tu regis, arbiter ;
 Mentisque, te tollente, fluctus ;
 Te, resident, moderante fluctus.

ODE, DE SKIA INSULA.

PERMEO terras ubi nuda rupes
 Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,
 Torva ubi rident steriles coloni
 Rura labores.

Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum,
 Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu
 Squallet informis, tigurique fumis
 Fæda latefcit.

Inter erroris falebrofa longi,
 Inter ignotæ ftrepitus loquelæ,
 Quot modis, mecum, quid agat, requiro,
 Thralia dulcis ?

Seu viri curas, pia nupta mulcet,
 Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,
 Sive cum libris novitate pascit
 Sedula mentem.

Sit memor noſtri, fideique ſolvat
 Fida mercedem, meritoque blandum
 Thraliæ diſcant reſonare nomen
 Littora Skiæ.

S P E S.

Apr. 16, 1783.

HORA ſic peragit citata curſum ;
 Sic diem ſequitur dies fugacem !

Spes novas nova lux parit, ſecunda
 Spondens omnia credulis homullis ;
 Spes ludit ſtolidas, metuque cæco
 Lux angit, miſeros ludens homullos,

VERSUS, COLLARI CAPRÆ DOMINI BANKS.
INSCRIBENDI.

PERPETUI, ambitâ bis terrâ premia lactis
Hæc habet, altrici capra secunda Jovis.

Ad Fœminam quandam Generosam quæ Libertatis
Causæ in Sermone patrocinata fuerat.

LIBER ut esse velim, suafisti, pulchra Maria :
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

JACTURA TEMPORIS.

HORA perit furtim lætis, mens temporis ægra
Pigritiam incusat, nec minus hora perit.

QUAS navis recipit, quantum fit pondus aquarum,
Dimidium tanti ponderis intret onus.

QUOT vox missa pedes abit horæ parte secunda ?
Undecies centum denos quater adde duosque.

ΕΙΣ ΒΙΡΧΙΟΝ*.

Εἶδεν Ἀληθείη πρῶτην χαίρουσα γράφοντα
 Ἡρώων τε βίους Βίρχιον, ἠδὲ σοφῶν,
 Καὶ βίον, εἶπεν, ὅταν ρίψης θανάτοιο βέλεσσε,
 Σὲ ποτε γραφόμενον Βίρχιον ἄλλον ἔχοις.

Εἰς τὸ τῆς ἙΛΙΣΣΗΣ † περὶ τῶν Ὀνείρων Ἀινιῖμα.

Τῇ κάλλεσ δυνάμει τί τέλος ; Ζεὺς πάντα δέδωκεν
 Κύπριδι, μὴδ' αὐτῆ σκῆπτρα μέμηλε Θεῶν
 Ἐκ' Διὸς ἐστὶν Ὀναρ, θεῖός ποτ' ἔγραψεν Ὀμηρος,
 Ἀλλὰ τόδ' εἰς θνητὸς Κύπρις ἔπεμψεῖν Ὀναρ
 Ζεὺς μοῦνος φλοῖοντι πόλεις ἔκπερσε κεραυνῶ,
 Ὀμμασι λαμπρὰ Διὸς Κύπρις οἷσ' ἀφέρει.

IN ELIZÆ ENIGMA.

QUIS formæ modus imperio? Venus arrogat audax
 Omnia, nec curæ sunt sua sceptrâ Jovi.
 Ab Jove Mæonides descendere somnia narrat ;
 Hæc veniunt Cypriæ somnia missa Deæ.
 Jupiter unus erat, qui stravit fulmine gentes ;
 Nunc armant Veneris lumina tela Jovis.

* The Rev. Dr. Thomas Birch, author of the History of the Royal Society, and other works of note.

† The Lady on whom these verses, and the Latin ones which immediately follow, were written, is the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who translated the works of Eriçtetus from the Greek.

M E S S I A.

Ex alieno ingenio poeta, ex suo tantum versificator.

SCALIG. Poet.

TOLLITE concentum, Solymææ tollite nymphæ!
 Nil mortale loquor; cœlum mihi carminis alta
 Materies; poscunt gravius cœlestia plectrum.
 Muscosi fontes, sylvestria tecta valete,
 Aonidesque Deæ, et mendacis somnia Pindi:
 Tu, mihi, qui flammâ movisti pectora sancti
 Sidereâ Isaïæ, dignos accende furores!

Immatura calens rapitur per secula vates
 Sic orfus—Qualis rerum mihi nascitur ordo!
 Virgo! virgo parit! felix radicibus arbor
 Jessæis surgit, mulcentesque æthera flores
 Cœlestes lambunt animæ, ramisque columba,
 Nuncia sacra Dei, plaudentibus insidet alis.
 Nectareos rores, alimenta que mitia cœlum
 Præbeat, et tacite fœcundos irriget imbres.
 Huc, fœdat quos lepra, urit quos febris, adeste,
 Dia salutare spirant medicamina rami;
 Hic requies fessis; non sacra sævit in umbra
 Vis Boreæ gelida, aut rapidi violentia solis.
 Irrita vanescent prisca vestigia fraudis
 Justitiæque manus pretio intemerata bilancem
 Attollet reducis; bellis prætendet olivas

Com-

Compositis pax alma suas, terrasque revisens
 Sedatas niveo virtus lucebit amictu :
 Volvantur celeres anni ! lux purpuret ortum
 Expectata diu ! naturæ claustra refringens,
 Nascere, magne puer ! tibi primas, ecce, corollas
 Deproperat tellus, fundit tibi munera, quicquid
 Carpit Arabs, hortis quicquid frondescit Eois.
 Altius, en ! Lebanon gaudentia culmina tollit,
 En ! summo exultant nutantes vertice sylvæ.
 Mittit aromaticas vallis Saronica nubes,
 En ! juga Carmeli recreant fragrantia cœlum.
 Deserti lætâ mollescunt aspera voce
 Auditur Deus ! ecce Deus ! reboantia circum
 Saxa fonant, Deus ; ecce Deus ! desleclitur æther,
 Demissumque Deum tellus capit ; ardua cedrus,
 G'oria sylvarum, dominum inclinata salutet.
 Surgite convalles, tumidi subsidite montes !
 Sernite saxa viam, rapidi discedite fluctus :
 En ! quem turba diu eccinerunt enthea, vates
 En ! salvator adest ; vultus agnoscite cæci
 Divinos, furdos sacra vox permulceat aures.
 Ille cutim spissam visus hebetare vetabit,
 Reclusisque oculis infundet amabile lumen ;
 Obstrictasque diu linguas in carmina solvet
 Ille vias vocis pandet, flexusque liquentis
 Harmoniæ purgata novos mirabitur aures.
 Accrescunt teneris tactu nova robora nervis :
 Consuetus fulcro innixus reptare bacilli
 Nunc saltu capreas, nunc cursu provocat euros.
 Non planctus, non mœsta sonant suspiria ; pectus

Singultans mulcet, lachrymantes tergit ocellos.
 Vincla coercebunt luctantem adamantina mortem,
 Æternoque Orci dominator vulnere languens
 Invalidi raptos sceptri plorabit honores.
 Ut qua dulce strepent scatebræ, qua lata virescunt
 Pascua, qua blandum spirat purissimus aer,
 Pastor agit pecudes, teneros modo suscipit agnos
 Et gremio fotis selectas porrigit herbas,
 Amissas modo quærit oves, revocatque vagantes;
 Fidus adest custos, seu nox furat horrida nimbis,
 Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva.
 Postera sic pastor divinus secla beabit,
 Et curas felix patrias testabitur orbis.
 Non ultra infestis concurrent agmina signis,
 Hostiles oculis flammæ jaculantia torvis;
 Non litui accendent bellum, non campus ahenis.
 Triste coruscabit radiis; dabit hasta recusa
 Vomerem, et in falcem rigidus curvabitur ensis.
 Atria, pacis opus, surgent, finemque caduci
 Natus ad optatum perducet cæpta parentis.
 Qui duxit fulcos, illi teret arva messem,
 St feræ textent vites umbracula proli.
 Attoniti dumeta vident inculta coloni
 Suave rubere rosis, sitientesque inter arenas
 Garrula mirantur salientis murmura rivi.
 Per saxa, ignivomi nuper spelæa draconis,
 Canna viret, juncique tremit variabilis umbra.
 Horruit implexo qua vallis fente, figuræ
 Surgit amans abies teretis, buxique sequaces
 Artificis frondent dextræ; palmisque rubeta

Aspera,

Aspera, odoratæ cedunt mala gramina myrto,
Per valles fociata lupo lasciviet agna,
Cumpue leone petet tutus præsepe juvencus.
Florea mansuetæ petulantes vincula tigri
Per ludum pueri injicient, et fessa colubri
Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ.
Serpentes teneris nil jam lethale micantes
Traçtabit palmis infans, motusque trifulcæ
Ridebit linguæ innocuos, squamasque virentes
Aureaque admirans rutilantis fulgura cristæ.
Indue reginam, turrîtæ frontis honores
Tolle Salema sacros, quam circum gloria pennas
Explicat, incinctam radiatæ luce tiaræ !
En ! formosa tibi spatiosa per atria, proles
Ordinibus surgit densis, vitamque requirit
Impatiens, lenteque fluentes increpat annos.
Ecce peregrinis fervent tua limina turbis ;
Barbarus en ! clarum divino lumine templum
Ingreditur, cultuque tuo mansuescere gaudet.
Cinnameos cumulos, Nabathæi munera veris,
Ecce cremant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ !
Solis Ophyræis crudum tibi montibus aurum
Maturant radii ; tibi balsama sudat Idume.
Ætheris en portas sacro fulgore micantes
Cœlicolæ pandunt, torrentis aurea lucis
Flumina prorumpunt ; non posthac sole rubescet
India nascenti, placidæve argentea noctis
Luna vices revehet ; radios pater ipse diei
Proferet archetypos ; cœlestis gaudia lucis
Ipso fonte bibes, quæ circumfusa beatam

Regiam inundabit, nullis cessura tenebris.
 Littora deficiens arenia deseret æquor ;
 Sidera fumabunt, diro labefacta tremore
 Saxa cadent, solidique liquefcent robora montis :
 Tu secura tamen confusa elementa videbis,
 Lætaque Messia semper dominabere rege,
 Pollicitis firmata Dei, stabilita ruinis.

* **O** QUI benignus crimina ignoscis, pater
 Facilisque semper confitenti ades reo,
 Aurem faventem precibus O præbe meis ;
 Scelerum catenâ me laborantem gravè
 Æterna tandem liberet clementia,
 Ut summa laus sit, summa Christo gloria.

PER vitæ tenebras rerumque incerta vagantem
 Numine præsentis me tueare pater !
 Me ducat lux sancta, Deus, lux sancta sequatur ;
 Usque regat gressus, gratia fida meos.
 Sic peragam tua jussa libens, accinctus ad omne
 Mandatum, vivam sic moriarque tibi.

* This and the three following articles are metrical versions of collects in the Liturgy: the 1st, of that, beginning, "O God whose nature and property;" the 2d and 3d, of the collects for the 17th and 21st Sundays after Trinity; and the 4th, of the 1st collect in the communion service.

ME, pater omnipotens, de puro respice cœlo,
 Quem mœstum et timidum crimina gravant ;
 Da veniam pacemque mihi, da, mente ferena,
 Ut tibi quæ placeant, omnia promptus agam.
 Solvi, quo Christus cunctis delicta redemit,
 Et pro me pretium, tu patiare, pater.

[Dec. 5, 1784* .]

SUMME Deus, cui cæca patent penetralia cordis ;
 Quem nulla anxietas, nulla cupido fugit ;
 Quem nil vafrities peccantium subdola celat ;
 Omnia qui spectans, omnia ubique regis ;
 Mentibus afflatu terrenas ejice fordes
 Divino, sanctus regnet ut intus amor :
 Eloquiumque potens linguis torpentibus affer,
 Ut tibi laus omni semper ab ore sonet :
 Sanguine quo gentes, quo secula cuncta piavit,
 Hæc nobis Christus promeruisse velit !

* The day on which he received the sacrament for the last time ;
 and eight days before his decease.

P S A L M U S CXVII.

A NNI qua volucris ducitur orbita,
 Patrem cœlicolûm perpetuo colunt
 Quovis fanguine cretæ
 Gentes undique carmine.
 Patrem, cujus amor blandior in dies
 Mortales miseros servat, alit, fovet,
 Omnes undique gentes,
 Sancto dicite carmine.

* **S** E U te sæva fitis, levitas sive improba fecit,
 Musca, meæ comitem, participemque dapis,
 Pone metum, rostrum fidens immitte culallo,
 Nam licet, et toto prolue læta mero.
 Tu, quamcunque tibi velox indulserit annus,
 Carpe diem, fugit, heu, non revocanda dies!
 Quæ nos blanda comes, quæ nos perducatur eodem,
 Volvitur hora mihi, volvitur hora tibi!
 Una quidem, sic fata volunt, tibi vivitur æstas,
 Eheu, quid decies plus mihi sexta dedit!
 Olim, præteritæ numeranti tempora vitæ,
 Sexaginta annis non minor unus erit.

* The above is a version of the song, "Busy, curious, thirsty fly."

H A B E O,

* **H** A B E O, dedi quod alteri ;
 Habuique, quod dedi mihi ;
 Sed quod reliqui, perdidit.

† E W A L T O N I P I S C A T O R E P E R F E C T O
 E X C E R P T U M.

N U N C, per gramina fusi,
 Densâ fronde salicti,
 Dum defenditur imber,
 Molles ducimus horas.

Hic,

* These Lines are a version of three sentences that are said in the manuscript to be "On the monument of John of Doncaster;" and which are as follow :

What I gave that I have ;
 What I spent that I had ;
 What I left that I lost.

† These Lines are a Translation of part of a Song in the Complete Angler of Isaac Walton, written by John Chalkhill, a friend of Spenser, and a good poet in his time. They are but part of the last stanza, which, that the Reader may have it entire, is here given at length.

If the sun's excessive heat
 Make our bodies swelter,
 To an osier hedge we get
 For a friendly shelter ;

Hic, dum debita morti
 Paulum vita moratur,
 Nunc rescire priora,
 Nunc instare futuris,
 Nunc summi prece sanctâ
 Patris numen adire est.
 Quicquid quæritur ultra,
 Cæco ducit amore,
 Vel spe ludit inani,
 Luctus mox parituum.

Where in a dike,
 Pearch or pike,
 Roach or dace,
 We do chase,
 Bleak or gudgeon,
 Without grudging,
 We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
 Under a green willow,
 That defends us from a shower,
 Making earth our pillow ;
 Where we may
 Think and pray,
 Before death
 Stops our breath :
 Other joys
 Are but toys,
 And to be lamented.

* **Q**UISQUIS iter tendis, vitreas qua lucidus
undas

Speluncæ latè Thamefis præ tendit opacæ ;
Marmoreâ trepidant quæ lentæ in fornice guttæ,
CrySTALLISQUE latex fractus scintillat acutis ;
Gemmaque, luxuriæ nondum famulata nitenti
Splendet, et incoquitur tectum sine fraude metallum ;
Ingredere O ! rerum purâ cole mente parentem ;
Auriferasque auri metuens scrutare cavernas.
Ingredere ! Egeriæ sacrum en tibi panditur antrum !
Hic, in se totum, longe per opaca futuri
Temporis, Henricum rapuit vis vivida mentis :
Hic pia Vindamius traxit suspiria, in ipsâ
Morte memor patriæ ; hic, Marmontî pectore prima
Cœlestis fido caluerunt femina flammæ.
Temnere opes, pretium sceleris, patriamque tueri
Fortis, ades ; tibi sponte patet venerabile limen.

* The above Lines are a version of Pope's verses on his own grotto, which begin, "Thou who shalt stop where Thames translucent wave."

GRÆCORUM EPIGRAMMATUM VERSIONES
METRICÆ.

Pag. 2. Brodæi edit. Bas. Ann. 1549.

NON Argos pugilem, non me Messana creavit;
Patria Sparta mihi est, patria clara virum.
Arte valent isti, mihi robo revivere solo est,
Convenit ut natis, inclyta Sparta, tuis.

Br. 2.

QUANDOQUIDEM passim nulla ratione feruntur,
Cuncta cinis, cuncta et ludicra, cuncta nihil.

Br. 5.

PECTORE qui duro, crudos de vite racemos
Venturi exsecuit, vascula prima meri,
Labraque constrictus, femesos, jamque terendos
Sub pedibus, populo prætereunte, jacit.
Supplicium huic, quoniam crescentia gaudia læsit,
Det Bacchus, dederat quale, Lycurge, tibi.
Hæ poterant uvæ læto convivia cantu,
Mulcere, aut pectus triste levare malis.

Br. 8.

FERT humeris claudum validis per compita cæcus,
 Hic oculos focio commodat, ille pedes.

Br. 10.

QUI, mutare vias ausus terræque marisque,
 Trajecit montes nauta, fretumque pedes,
 Xerxi, tercentum Spartæ Mars obstitit acris
 Militibus; terris fit pelagoque pudor!

Br. 11.

SIT tibi, Calliope, Parnassum, cura, tenenti,
 Alter ut adfit Homerus, adest etenim alter Achilles.

Br. 18.

AD Mufas Venus hæc; Veneri parete puellæ,
 In vos ne missus spicula tendat amor.
 Hæc Musæ ad Venerem; sic Marti, diva, mineris,
 Huc nunquam volitat debilis iste puer.

Br. 19.

PROSPERA fors nec te strepitoso turbine tollat,
 Nec menti injiciat fordida cura jugum ;
 Nam vita incertis incerta impellitur auris,
 Omnesque in partes tracta, retracta fluit ;
 Firma manet virtus ; virtuti innitere, tutus
 Per fluctus vitæ sic tibi cursus erit.

Br. 24.

HORA bonis quasi nunc instet suprema fruaris,
 Plura ut victurus sæcula, parce bonis :
 Divitiis, utrinque cavens, qui tempore parcit,
 Tempore divitiis utitur, ille sapit.

Br. 24.

NUNQUAM jugera messibus onusta, aut
 Quos Gyges cumulos habebat auri ;
 Quod vitæ fatis est, peto, Macrine,
 Mi, nequid nimis, est nimis probatum.

Br. 24.

NON opto aut precibus posco ditescere, paucis
 Sit contenta mihi vita dolore carens.

Br. 24.

RECTA ad pauperiem tendit, cui corpora cordi est
 Multa alere, et multas ædificare domos.

Br. 24.

TU neque dulce putes alienæ accumbere mensæ,
 Nec probrosa avidæ grata sit offa gulæ ;
 Nec ficto fletu, fictis solvare cachinnis,
 Arridens domino, collacrymanfque tuo.
 Lætior haud tecum, tecum neque tristior unquam,
 Sed Milix ridens, atque dolens Milix.

Br. 26.

NIL non mortale est mortalibus; omne quod est hi
 Prætereunt, aut hos præterit omne bonum.

Br. 26.

DEMOCRITE, invisas homines majore cachinno,
 Plus tibi ridendum secula nostra dabunt.
 Heraclite, fluat lacrymarum crebrior imber ;
 Vita hominum nunc plus quod misereris habet.
 Interea dubito ; tecum me causa nec ulla
 Ridere, aut tecum me lacrimare jubet.

Br. 26.

ELIGE iter vitæ ut possis ; rixisque dolisque
 Perstrepit omne forum ; cura molesta domi est.
 Rura labor lassat ; mare mille pericula terrent ;
 Verte solum, sient causa timoris opes ;

Pau-

Paupertas misera est ; multæ cum conjuge lites
 Tecta ineunt ; cælebs omnia solus ages.
 Proles aucta gravat, rapta orbat, cæca juventæ est
 Virtus, canities cauta vigore caret.
 Ergo optent homines, aut nunquam in luminis oras
 Venisse, aut visâ luce repente mori.

ELIGE iter vitæ ut mavis, prudentia lausque
 Permeat omne forum ; vita quieta domi est.
 Rus ornat natura ; levat maris aspera Lucrum,
 Verte solum, donet plena crumena decus ;
 Pauperies latitat, cum conjuge gaudia multa
 Tecta ineunt, cælebs impediere minus ;
 Mulcet amor prolis, sopor est sine prole profundus ;
 Præcellit juvenis vi, pietate senex.
 Nemo optet nunquam venisse in luminis oras,
 Aut periisse ; scatet vita benigna bonis.

Br. 27.

VITA omnis scena est ludusque, aut ludere disce
 Seria seponens, aut mala dura pati.

Br. 27.

QUÆ sine morte fuga est vitæ, quam turba malorum
 Non vitanda gravem, non toleranda facit ?

Dulcia

Dulcia dat natura quidem, mare, sidera, terras,
 Lunaque quas et sol itque reditque vias.
 Terror inest aliis, mœrorque, et siquid habebis
 Forte boni, ultrices experiere vices.

Br. 27.

TERRAM adii nudus, de terra nudus abibo
 Quid labor efficiet ? non nisi nudus ero.

Br. 27.

NATUS eram lacrymans, lacrymans e luce recedo ;
 Sunt quibus a lacrymis vix vacat ulla dies.
 Tale hominum genus est, infirmum, triste, misellum,
 Quod mors in cineres solvit, et abdit humo.

Br. 29.

QUISQUIS adit lectos elatâ uxore secundos,
 Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.

Br. 30.

FÆLIX ante alios nullius debitor æris ;
 Hunc sequitur cælebs ; tertius, orbe, venis.

Neq

Nec male res cessit, subito si funere sponsam
 Ditatus magna dote, recondis humo.
 His sapiens lectis, Epicurum quærere frustra
 Quales sint monades, quâ fit inane, finas.

Br. 31.

OPTARIT quicumque fenex sibi longius ævum,
 Dignus qui multa in lustra fenescat, erit.
 Cum procul est, optat, cum venit; quisque senectam,
 Incusat, semper spe meliora videt.

Br. 46.

OMNIS vita nimis brevis est felicibus, una
 Nox miseris longi temporis instar habet.

Br. 55.

GRATIA ter grata est velox, sin forte morctur,
 Gratia vix restat nomine digna suo.

Br. 56.

SEU prece poscatur, seu non, da Jupiter omne,
 Magne, bonum, omne malum, et poscentibus abnuc
 nobis.

Br. 60.

ME, cane vitato, canis excipit alter ; eodem
 In me animo tellus gignit et unda feras,
 Nec mirum ; restat lepori conscendere cœlum,
 Sidereus tamen hic territat, ecce, canis !

Br. 70.

TELLURI, arboribus ver frondens, sidera cœlo
 Græciæ et urbs, urbi est ista propago, decus.

Br. 75.

IMPIA facta patrans, homines fortasse latebis,
 Non poteris, meditans prava, latere Deos.

Br. 75.

ANTIOPE fatyrum, Danaë aurum, Europa juven-
 cum,
 Et cycnum fecit, Leda petita Jovem.

Br. 92.

ÆVI fat novi quam sim brevis ; astra tuenti,
 Per certas stabili lege voluta vices,

Tan-

Tangitur haud pedibus tellus : conviva Deorum
 Expleor ambrosiis exhilarorque cibus.

Br. 96.

QUOD nimium est fit ineptum, hinc, ut dixere pri-
 ores,
 Et melli nimio fellis amaror inest.

Br. 103.

PUPPE gubernatrix sedisti, audacia, prima
 Divitiis acuens aspera corda virum ;
 Sola rates struis infidas, et dulcis amorem
 Lucri ulciscendum mox nece sola doces.
 Aurea secla hominum, quorum spectandus ocellis
 E longinquo itidem pontus et orcus erat.

Br. 126.

DITESCIS, credo, quid restat ? quicquid habebis
 In tumulum tecum, morte jubente, trahes ?
 Divitias cumulas, pereuntes negligis horas,
 Incrementa ævi non cumulare potes.

Br. 126.

MATER adulantum, prolesque pecunia curæ,
Teque frui timor est, teque carere dolor.

Br. 126.

ME miserum fors omnis habet ; florentibus annis
Pauper eram, nummis diffluit arca senis ;
Queis uti poteram quondam Fortuna negavit,
Queis uti nequeo, nunc mihi præbet opes.

Br. 127.

MNEMOSYNE, ut Sappho mellita voce canentem,
Audiit, irata est ne nova Musa foret.

Br. 152.

CUM tacet indoctus, sapientior esse videtur,
Et morbus tegitur, dum premit ora pudor.

Br. 155.

NUNC huic, nunc aliis cedens, cui farra Menippus
Credit, Achæmenidæ nuper agellus eram.
Quod nulli proprium versat Fortuna, putabat
Ille suum stolidus, nunc putat ille suum.

Br. 156.

NON Fortuna sibi te gratum tollit in altum ;
At docet, exemplo, vis sibi quanta, tuo.

Br. 162.

HIC, aurum ut reperit, laqueum abjicit, alter ut
aurum
Non reperit, nescit quem reperit, laqueum.

Br. 167.

VIVE tuo ex animo, vario rumore loquetur
De te plebs audax, bene, et ille male.

Br. 168.

VITÆ rosa brevis est, properans si carpere nolis.
Quærenti obveniet mox sine flore rubus.

Br. 170.

PULICIBUS morsus, restinctâ lampade, stultus
Exclamat ; nunc me cernere desinitis.

Br. 202.

MENODOTUM pinxit Diodorus, et exit imago,
Præter Menodotum, nullius absimilis.

Br. 205.

HAUD lavit Phido, haud tetigit, mihi fæbre ca-
lenti

In mentem ut venit nominis, interii.

Br. 210.

NYCTICORAX. cantat lethale, sed ipsa canenti
Demophilo auscultans Nycticorax moritur.

Br. 212.

HERMEM Deorum nuncium, pennis levem,

Quo rege gaudent Arcades, furem boum,

Hujus palestræ qui vigil custos stetit,

Clam nocte tollit Aulus, et ridens ait ;

Præstat magistro sæpe discipulus suo.

Br. 223.

QUI jacet hic, servus vixit, nunc, lumine cassus:

Dario magno non minus ille potest.

VOL. LXXII.

I

Br. 227.

FUNUS Alexandri mentitur fama ; fidesque
 Si Phœbo, victor nescit obire diem.

Br. 241.

NAUTA, quis hoc jaceat ne percontere sepulchro,
 Eveniat tantum mitior unda tibi !

Br. 256.

CUR opulentus egēs ? tua cuncta in fœnore ponis.
 Sic aliis dives, tu tibi pauper agis.

Br. 262.

QUI pascit barbam si crescit mente, Platoni,
 Hirce, parem nitido te tua barba facit.

Br. 266.

CLARUS Joannes, reginæ affinis, ab alto
 Sanguine Anastafii ; cuncta sepulta jacent :
 Et pius, et recti cultor : non illa jacere
 Dicam ; stat virtus non subigenda neci,

Br. 267.

CUNCTIPARENS tellus salve, levis esto pufillo
 Lyfigeni, fuerat non gravis ille tibi.

Br. 285.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo ; contra, jacet ecce co-
 lonus !

Idem orcus terræ, sic, pelagoque subest.

Br. 301.

QUID falvere jubes me, pessime ? Corripe gressus ;
 Est mihi quod non te rideo, plena falus.

ET ferus est Timon sub terris ; janitor orci,
 Cerbere, te morfu ne, petat ille, cave.

Br. 307.

VITAM a terdecimo sextus mihi finiet annus,
 Astra mathematicos si modo vera docent.
 Sufficit hoc votis ; flos hic pulcherimus ævi est,
 Et senium triplex Nestoris urna capit.

Br. 322.

ZOSIMA, qua solo fuit olim corpore serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

Br. 326.

EXIGUUM en! Priami monumentum; haud ille
meretur
Quale, sed hostiles, quale dedere manus.

Br. 326.

HECTOR dat gladium Ajaci, dat Balteum et Ajax,
Hectori, et exitio munus utrique fuit.

Br. 344.

UT vis, ponte minax; modo tres discefferis ulnas,
Ingemina fluctus, ingeminaque sonum.

Br. 344.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; fidens tamen utere velis,
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.

Br. 398.

HERACLITUS ego ; indoctæ ne lædite linguæ
 Subtile ingenium quæro, capaxque mei,
 Unus homo mihi pro sexcentis, turba popelli
 Pro nullo, clamo nunc tumultatus idem.

Br. 399.

AMBRACIOTA, vale lux alma, Cleombrotus inist,
 Et saltu e muro ditis opaca petit :
 Triste nihil passus, animi at de sorte Platonis
 Scripta legens, solâ vivere mente cupit.

Br. 399.

SERVUS. Epictetus, mutilato corpore, vixi,
 Pauperieque Irus, curaque summa Deum.

Br. 445.

UNDE hic Praxiteles ? nudam vidistis, Adoni,
 Et Pari, et Anchisâ, non alius, Vencrem.

Br. 451.

SUFFLATO accendis quisquis carbone lucernam,
Corde meo accendas; ardeo totus ego.

Br. 486.

JUPITER hoc templum, ut, siquando relinquit
Olympum,
Atthide non alius desit Olympus, habet.

Br. 487.

CIVIS et externus grati; domus hospita nescit
Quærere, quis, cujus, quis pater, unde venis.

P O M P E I I.

Br. 487.

CUM fugere haud possit, fractis Victoria pennis,
Te manet imperii, Roma, perenne decus.

Br. 488.

LATRONES alibi locupletum quærite tecta,
Assidet huic custos strenua pauperies.

FORTUNÆ malim adverſæ tolerare procellas,
 Quam domini ingentis ferre ſupercilium.

EN, Sexto, Sexti meditatatur imago, ſilente,
 Orator ſtatua eſt, ſtatuzque orator imago.

PULCHRA eſt virginitas intacta, at vita periret,
 Omnes ſi vellent virginitate frui;
 Nequitiam fugiens, ſervatâ contrahe lege
 Conjugium, ut pro te des hominem patriæ.

FERT humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereis heros
 Per Trojæ flammas, denſaque tela, patrem.
 Clamat et Argivis, vetuli, ne tangite, vita
 Exiguum eſt Marti, ſed mihi grande lucrum.

FORMA animos hominum capit, at, ſi gratia deſit,
 Non tenet; eſca natat pulchra, ſed hamus abeſt.

COGITAT aut loquitur nil vir, nil cogitat uxor,
 Felici thalamo non, puto, rixa ſtrepit.

BUCCINA disjecit Thebarum mœnia, strinxit
Quæ lyra, quam sibi non concinit harmonia!

MENTE senes olim juvenis, Faustine, premebas,
Nunc juvenum terres robore corda senex.
Lævum at utrumque decus, juveni quod præbuit olim
Turba senum, juvenes nunc tribuere seni.

EXCEPTÆ hospitio musæ, tribuere libellos
Herodoto hospitii præmia, quæque saum.

STELLA mea, observans stellas, Dii me aethera
faxint
Multis ut te oculis sim potis aspicere.

CLARA Cheronæ soboles, Plutarche, dicavit
Hanc statuam ingenio, Roma benigna, tuo.
Das bene collatos, quos Roma et Græcia jactat,
Ad Divos paribus passibus ire duces;
Sed similem, Plutarche, tuæ describere vitam
Non poteras, regio non tulit ulla parem.

DAT tibi Pythagoram pictor ; quod ni ipse tacere
Pythagoras mallet, vocem habuisset opus.

PROLEM Hippi et sua quâ meliorem secula nullum
Videre, Archidicen hæc tumulavit humus ;
Quam, regum sobolem, nuptam, matrem, atque so-
rorem
Fecerunt nulli fors titulique gravem.

CECROPIDIS gravis hic ponor, Martique dicatus,
Quo tua signantur gesta, Philippe, lapis,
Spreta jacet Marathon, jacet et Salamina laurus,
Omnia dum Macedûm gloria et arma premunt.
Sint Demosthenicâ ut jurata cadavera voce,
Stabo illis qui sunt, quique fuere, gravis.

FLORIBUS in pratis, legi quos ipse, coronam
Contextam variis, do, Rhodoclea, tibi :
Hic anemone humet, confert narcissus odores
Cum violis ; spirant lilia mîta rosis.
His redimita comas, mores deponere superbos,
Hæc peritura nitent ; tu peritura nites !

MUREM Asclepiades sub tecto ut vidit avarus,
 Quid tibi, mus, mecum, dixit, anice, tibi.
 Mus blandum ridens, respondit, pelle timorem;
 Hic, bone vir, sedem, non alimenta, peto.

SÆPE tuum in tumulum lacrymarum decidit imber
 Quem fundit blando junctus amore dolor;
 Charus enim cunctis, tanquam, dum vita manebat,
 Cuique esses natus, cuique sodalis, eras.
 Heu quam dura preces sprevit, quam furda querelas
 Parca, juventatem non miserata tuam!

ARTI ignis lucem tribui, tamen artis et ignis
 Nunc ope, supplicii vivit imago mei.
 Gratia nulla hominum mentes tenet, ista Promethei
 Mœra muneribus, si retulere fabri.

ILLA triumphatrix Graiùm consueta procorum
 Ante suas agmen Laïs habere fores,
 Hoc Veneri speculum; nolo me cernere qualis
 Sum nunc, nec possum cernere qualis eram.

CRETHIDA fabellas dulces garrere peritam
 Prosequitur lacrymis filia mœsta Sami ;
 Blandam lanifici feciam sine fine loquacem,
 Quam tenet hic, cunctas quæ manet, alta quies.

DICITE, Caufidici, gelido nunc marmore magni
 Mugitum tumulus comprimit Amphiloci.

SI forsan tumulum quo conditur Eumarus aufers
 Nil lucri facies ; ossa habet et cinerem.

E P I C T E T I.

ME, rex deorum, tuque, duc, necessitas,
 Quo, lege vestrâ, vita me feret mea.
 Sequar libenter, sin reluctari velim,
 Fiam scelestus, nec tamen minus sequar.

E T H E O C R I T O.

POETA, lector, hic quiescit Hipponax,
 Si sis scelestus, præteri, præcul, marmor :
 At te bonum si nôris, et bonis natum,
 Tutum hic sedile, et si placet, sopor tutus.

EUR. MED. 193-203.

NON immerito culpanda venit
 Proavum vancors insipientia,
 Qui convivia lautasque dapes
 Hilarare suis jussere modis
 Cantum, vitæ dulce levamen.
 At nemo feras iras hominum,
 Domibus claris exitiales,
 Voce aut fidibus pellere docuit
 Quæis tamen aptam ferre medelam
 Utile cunctis hoc opus esset;
 Namque, ubi mensas onerant epulæ,
 Quorsum dulcis luxuria soni?
 Sat lætitiâ, sine subsidiis,
 Pectora molli mulcet dubiæ
 Copia cœnæ.

* Τοῦτος Ἄρης βροτολοῦτος ἐν πολέμοισι μέμνε
 Καὶ τοῦτος, Παφίην πληξεν ἔρωτι Θεάν.

* The above is a Version of a Latin Epigram on the famous John Duke of Marlborough by the Abbé Salvini, which is as follows:

Haud alio vultu, fremuit Mars acer in armis:
 Haud alio, Cypriam perculit ore Deam.

The Duke was, it seems, remarkably handsome in his person, to which the second line has reference.

S E P T E M Æ T A T E S.

P R I M A parit terras ætas, ficitque secunda,
 Evocat Abramum dein tertia; quarta relinquit
 Ægyptum; templo Solomonis quinta superfit;
 Cyrum sexta timet; lætatur septima Christo.

* **H** I S Tempelmanni numeris descripseris orbem.
^a Cum sex centuriis Judæo millia septem.
 Myrias ^b Ægypto cessit bis septima pingui.

* To the above Lines (which are unfinished, and can therefore be only offered as a fragment), in the Doctor's manuscript, are prefixed the words, "Geographia Metrica." As we are referred, in the first of the verses, to Templeman, for having furnished the numerical computations that are the subject of them, his work has been accordingly consulted, the title of which is, "A new Survey of the Globe," and which professes to give an accurate mensuration of all the empires, kingdoms, and other divisions thereof, in the square miles that they respectively contain. On comparison of the several numbers in these verses with those set down by Templeman, it appears that nearly half of them are precisely the same; the rest are not quite so exactly done.——For the convenience of the Reader it has been thought right to subjoin each number, as it stands in Templeman's work, to that in Dr. Johnson's verses which refers to it.

^a In this first article that is versified, there is an accurate conformity in Dr. Johnson's number to Templeman's; who sets down the square miles of Palestine at 7,600.

^b The square miles of Ægypt are, in Templeman, 140,700.

Myrias

Myrias adfciscit fibi nonagesima feptem
Imperium qua Turca ^c ferox exercet iniquum.

Undecies binas decadas et millia feptem
Sortitur ^d Pelopis tellus quæ nomine gaudet.

My.iadas decies feptem numerare jubebit
Paftor ^d Arabs: decies octo fibi Perfa ^d requirit.

Myriades fibi pulcra duas, duo millia pofcit
Parthenope ^d. ^e Novies vult tellus mille Sicana.

^f Papa fuo regit imperio ter millia quinque.

Cum fex centuriis numerat fex millia Tufcus ^g.

Centuriâ Ligures ^h augment duo millia quartâ.

Centuriæ octavam decadem addit Lucca ⁱ fecundæ.

Ut dicas, fpatiis quam latis imperet orbi

^c The whole Turkish empire, in Templeman, is computed at 960,057 fquare miles.

^d In the four following articles, the numbers, in Templeman and in Johnson's verfes, are alike.—We find, accordingly, the Morea, in Templeman, to be fet down at 7,220 fquare miles.—Arabia, at 700,000.—Perfia, at 800,000.—and Naples, at 22,000.

^e Sicily, in Templeman, is put down at 9,400.

^f The pope's dominions, at 14,868.

^g Tuscany, at 6,640.

^h Genoa in Templeman, as in Johnson likewise, is fet down at 2,400.

ⁱ Lucca, at 286.

Ruffia,

^k Russia, myriadas ter denas adde trecentis :

^l Sardiniam cum sexcentis sex millia complent.

Cum sexagenis, dum plura recluserit ætas,
Myriadas ter mille homini dat terra ^m colendas.

Vult sibi vicens millefima myrias addi,
Vicens quinas, Asiam ⁿ metata celebrem.

Se quinquagenis octingentesima jungit
Myrias, ut menti pateat tota Africa ^o doctæ.

Myriadas septem decies Europa ^p ducentis
Et quadragenis quoque ter tria millia jungit.

Myriadas denas dat, quinque et millia, sexque
Centurias, et tres decadas Europa Britannis ^q.

Ter tria myriadi conjungit millia quartæ,
Centuriæ quartæ decades quinque ^r Anglia necit

Millia myriadi septem fœcunda secundæ
Et quadragenis decades quinque addit Ierne ^s,

^k The Russian empire, in the 29th plate of Templeman, is set down at 3,503,485 square miles.

^l Sardinia, in Templeman, as likewise in Johnson, 6,600.

^m The habitable world, in Templeman, is computed, in square miles, at 30,666,806.

ⁿ Asia, at 10,257,487.

^o Africa, at 8,506,208.

^p Europe, at 2,749 349.

^q The British dominions, at 105,634.

^r England, as likewise in Johnson's expression of the number, at 49,450.

^s Ireland, at 27,457.

Quingentis quadragenis socialis adauget
Millia Belga^t novem.

Ter sex centurias Hollandia^t jactat opima
Undecimum Camber^t vult septem millibus addi.

* * * * *

^t In the three remaining instances, which make the whole that Dr. Johnson appears to have rendered into Latin verse, we find the numbers exactly agreeing with those of Templeman; who makes the square miles of the United Provinces, 9540—of the province of Holland, 1800—and of Wales, 7011.

E P I T A P H S.

I. AT LICHFIELD.

H. S. E.

MICHAEL JOHNSON,

VIR impavidus, constans, animosus, periculorum immemor, laborum patientissimus; fiduciâ christianâ fortis, fervidusque, pater-familias apprimè strenuus; bibliopola admodum peritus; mente et libris et negotiis exulta; animo ita firmo, ut, rebus adversis diu conflictatus, nec sibi nec suis defuerit: lingua sic temperata, ut ei nihil quod aures, vel pias, vel castas læsisset, aut dolor, vel voluptas unquam expresserit.

Natus Cubleiæ, in agro Derbieniensi, anno MDCLVI. obiit MDCCXXXI.

Apposita est SARA, conjux,

Antiqua FORDORUM gente oriunda; quam domi fedulam, foris paucis notam; nulli molestam, mentis acumine et judicii subtilitate præcellentem; aliis multum,

fibi parum indulgentem : Æternitati semper attentam,
omne fere virtutis nomen commendavit.

Nata Nortoniæ Regis, in agro Varvicensi, anno
MDCLXIX ; obiit MDCCLIX.

Cum NATHANAELE illorum filio, qui natus
MDCCXII, cum vires, et animi, et corporis multa
pollicerentur, anno MDCCXXXVII, vitam brevem
piâ morte finivit.

2. AT BROMLEY, IN KENT.

Hic conduntur reliquæ

ELIZABETHÆ

Antiqua Jarvisiorum gente,

Peatlingæ, apud Leicestrienses, ortæ ;

Formosæ, cultæ, ingeniosæ, piæ ;

Uxor, primis nuptiis, HENRICI PORTER,

Secundis, SAMUELIS JOHNSON ;

Qui multum amatam, diuque defletam

Hoc lapide contexit.

Obiit Londini, mense Mart.

A. D. MDCCLIII.

3. IN WATFORD CHURCH.

IN the vault below are deposited the remains of
 JANE BELL, wife of JOHN BELL, Esq.
 who, in the fifty-third year of her age,
 surrounded with many worldly blessings,
 heard, with fortitude and composure truly great,
 the horrible malady, which had for some time begun to
 afflict her,
 pronounced incurable ;
 and for more than three years,
 endured with patience and concealed with decency,
 the daily tortures of gradual death ;
 continued to divide the hours not allotted to devotion,
 between the cares of her family, and the converse of
 her friends ;
 rewarded the attendance of duty,
 and acknowledged the offices of affection ;
 and while she endeavoured to alleviate by cheerfulness,
 her husband's sufferings and sorrows,
 increased them by her gratitude for his care,
 and her solicitude for his quiet.

To the memory of these virtues,
 more highly honoured as more familiarly known,
 this monument is erected by
 JOHN BELL *.

* She died in the month of October, 1771.

4. IN STREATHAM CHURCH.

Juxta sepulta est

HESTER MARIA SALISBURY,

THOMÆ COTTON de Combei mere,

Baronetti, Cestriensis, Filia;

JOHANNIS SALISBURY Armigeri,

Flintiensis, uxor;

Forma felix, felix ingenio,

Omnibus jucunda, suorum amantissima.

Linguis, Artibusque ita exulta

Ut loquenti nunquam deessent

Sermonis nitor, sententiarum flosculi,

Sapientiæ gravitas, leporum gratia.

Modum servandi adeo perita

Ut domestica inter negotia literis

Obletaretur,

Et literarum inter delicias rem

Familiarem sedulo curaret,

Multis illi multos annos precantibus

Diri carcinomatis * veneno contabuit,

Viribusque vitæ paulatim resolutis

E terris meliora sperans emigravit.

Nata 1707, Nupta 1739, Obiit 1773.

* Cancer.

5. IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

OLIVARI GOLDSMITH

Poetæ. Phyci. Historici.

Qui nullum ferè scribendi genus
Non tetigit.

Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit
Sive Rifus effent movendi
Sive Lacrymæ.

Affectuum potens at lenis Dominator
Ingenio sublimis—Vividus Versatilis
Oratione grandis nitidus Venuſtus
Hoc Monumentum Memoriam coluit

Sodalium Amor

Amicorum Fides

Lectorum Veneratio

Natus Hibernia Fornix Lonfordienſis

In Loco cui Nomen Pallas

Nov. xxix. MDCCXXXI.

Eblanæ Literis inſtitutus

Obiit Londini

April iv. MDCCCLXXIV.

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T H E

P O E M S

○ F

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq.

W H I T E H E A D ' s

P O E M S.

T H E

D A N G E R O F W R I T I N G V E R S E.

AN E P I S T L E. 1741.

“ Quæ poterant unquam satis expurgare Cicutæ,
 “ Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus ?”

HOR.

YOU ask me, sir, why thus by phantoms aw'd,
 No kind occasion tempts the Muse abroad ?

Why, when retirement sooths this idle art,
 To fame regardless sleeps the youthful heart ?

'Twould wrong your judgment, should I fairly say
 Distrust or weakness caus'd the cold delay :

Hint the small diff'rence, 'till we touch the lyre,

'Twixt real genius and too strong desire ;

The human slips, or seeming slips pretend,

Which rouse the critick, but escape the friend ;

Nay which, though dreadful when the foe pursues,

You pass, and smile, and still provoke the Muse.

Yet,

Yet, spite of all you think, or kindly feign,
 My hand will tremble while it grasps the pen.
 For not in this, like other arts, we try
 Our light excursions in a summer sky,
 No casual flights the dangerous trade admits;
 But wits once authors, are for ever wits.
 The fool in prose, like earth's unwieldy son,
 May oft rise vig'rous, though he's oft o'erthrown:
 One dangerous crisis marks our rise or fall;
 By all we're courted, or we're shun'd by all.

Will it avail, that, unmatu'r'd by years,
 My easy numbers pleas'd your partial ears,
 If now condem'd, ev'n where he's valu'd most,
 The man must suffer if the poet's lost;
 For wanting wit, be totally undone,
 And barr'd all arts for having fail'd in one.
 When fears like these his serious thoughts engage,
 No bugbear phantom curbs the poet's rage.
 'Tis powerful reason holds the streighten'd rein,
 While flutt'ring fancy to the distant plain
 Sends a long look, and spreads her wings in vain.

But grant for once, th' officious Muse has shed
 Her gentlest influence on his infant head,
 Let fears lie vanquish'd, and resounding Fame
 Give to the bellowing blast the poet's name.
 And see! distinguish'd from the crowd he moves,
 Each finger marks him, and each eye approves!
 Secure, as halcyons brooding o'er the deep,
 The waves roll gently, and the thunders sleep,

Obsequious Nature binds the tempest's wings,
And pleas'd Attention listens while he sings !

O blissful state, O more than human joy !

What shafts can reach him, or what cares annoy ?
What cares, my friend ? why all that man can know,
Oppress'd with real or with fancy'd woe.

Rude to the world, like earth's first lord expell'd,
To climes unknown, from Eden's safer field ;

No more eternal springs around him breathe,
Black air scowls o'er him, deadly damps beneath ;
Now must he learn, misguided youth, to bear
Each varying season of the poet's year :

Flatt'ry's full beam, Detraction's wintry store,
The frowns of Fortune, or the pride of Pow'r.

His acts, his words, his thoughts no more his own,
Each folly blazon'd, and each frailty known.

Is he reserv'd ?—his sense is so refin'd,

It ne'er descends to trifle with mankind.

Open and free ?—they find the secret cause

Is vanity ; He courts the world's applause.

Nay, though he speak not, something still is seen,

Each change of face betrays a fault within.

If grave, 'tis spleen ; he smiles but to deride ;

And downright awkwardness in him is pride.

Thus must he steer through fame's uncertain seas,

Now sunk by censure, and now puff'd by praise ;

Contempt with envy strangely mix'd endure,

Fear'd where carefs'd, and jealous though secure.

One fatal rock on which good authors split

Is thinking all mankind must like their wit ;

And the grand business of the world stand still
To listen to the dictates of their quill.

Hurt if they fail, and yet how few succeed !

What's born in leisure men of leisure read ;

And half of those have some peculiar whim

Their test of sense, and read but to condemn.

Besides, on parties now our fame depends,

And frowns or smiles, as these are foes or friends.

Wit, judgment, nature join ; you strive in vain ;

'Tis keen invective stamps the current strain.

* Fix'd to one side like Homer's gods, we fight,

These always wrong, and those for ever right.

And would you chuse to see your friend, resign'd

Each conscious tie which guides the virtuous mind,

Embroid' d in factions, hurl with dreaded skill

The random vengeance of his desp'rate quill ?

'Gainst pride in man with equal pride declaim,

And hide ill-nature under virtue's name ?

Or, deeply vers'd in flattery's wily ways,

Flow in full reams of undistinguish'd praise ?

To Vice's grave, or Folly's bust bequeath

The blushing trophy, and indignant wreath ?

* Like Ægypt's priests, bid endless temples rise,

And people with earth's pests th' offended skies ?

The Muse of old her native freedom knew,

And wild in air the sportive wand'rer flew ;

* ————— Qui nescit qualia demens

Ægyptus portenta colat ? crocodilon adorat—

Juv. Sat. xv.

On worth alone her bays eternal strow'd,
 And found the hero, ere she hymn'd the god.
 Nor less the chief his kind support return'd,
 No drooping Muse her slighted labours mourn'd;
 But stretch'd at ease she prun'd her growing wings,
 By sages honour'd, and rever'd by kings.
 Ev'n knowing Greece confess'd her early claim,
 And warlike Latium caught the gen'rous flame.
 Not so our age regards the tuneful tongue,
 'Tis senseless rapture all, and empty song:
 No Pollio sheds his genial influence round,
 No Varus listens while the groves resound.
 Ev'n those, the knowing and the virtuous few,
 Who noblest ends by noblest means pursue,
 Forget the poet's use; the powerful spell
 Of magic verse, which * Sidney paints so well.
 Forget that Homer wak'd the Grecian flame,
 That Pindar rous'd inglorious Thebes to fame,
 That every age has great examples given
 Of virtue taught in verse, and verse inspir'd by heaven.

But I forbear—these dreams no longer last,
 The times of fable and of flights are past.
 To glory now no laurel'd suppliants bend,
 No coins are struck, no sacred domes ascend.
 Yet ye, who still the Muse's charms admire,
 And best deserve the verse your deeds inspire,
 Ev'n in these gainful unambitious days,
 Feel for yourselves at least, ye fond of praise,

* Defence of Poësie. By Sir Philip Sidney.

And learn one lesson taught in mystic rhyme,
 " 'Tis verse alone arrests the wings of Time."

* Fast to the thread of life, annex'd by Fame,
 A sculptur'd medal bears each human name,
 O'er Lethe's streams the fatal threads depend,
 The glitt'ring medal trembles as they bend;
 Close but the shears, when chance or nature calls,
 The birds of rumour catch it as it falls;
 Awhile from bill to bill the trifle's tost,
 The waves receive it, and 'tis ever lost!

But should the meanest swan that cuts the stream
 Consign'd to Phoebus, catch the favour'd name,
 Safe in her mouth she bears the sacred prize
 To where bright Fame's eternal altars rise.

'Tis there the Muse's friends true laurels wear,
 There great Augustus reigns, and triumphs there.

Patrons of arts must live 'till arts decay.

Sacred to verse in every poet's lay.

Thus grateful France does Richlieu's worth proclaim,

Thus grateful Britain doats on Sommer's name.

And, spite of party rage and human flaws,

And British liberty and British laws,

Times yet to come shall sing of Anna's reign,

And bards, who blame the measures, love the men.

But why round patrons climb th' ambitious bays?

Is interest then the sordid spur to praise?

† Shall the same cause, which prompts the chatt'ring jay

To aim at words, inspire the poet's lay?

* Bacon de Augment. Scientiarum.

† Persius.

And is there nothing in the boasted claim
Of living labours and a deathless name ?
The pictur'd front, with sacred fillets bound ?
The sculptur'd bust with laurels wreath'd around ?
The annual roses scatter'd o'er his urn,
And tears to flow from poets yet unborn ?

Illustrious all ! but sure to merit these,
Demands at least the poet's learned ease.
Say, can the bard attempt what's truly great,
Who pants in secret for his future fate ?
Him serious toils, and humbler arts engage,
To make youth easy, and provide for age ;
While lost in silence hangs his useless lyre,
And, though from heav'n it came, fast dies the sacred fire.
Or grant true genius with superior force
Bursts every bond, resistless in its course ;
Yet lives the man, how wild foe'er his aim,
Would madly barter fortune's smiles for fame !
Or distant hopes of future ease forego,
For all the wreaths that all the Nine bestow ?
Well pleas'd to shine, through each recording page,
The hapless Dryden of a shameless age ?

Ill-fated bard ! where-e'er thy name appears,
The weeping verse a sad memento bears.
Ah ! what avail'd th' enormous blaze between
Thy dawn of glory, and thy closing scene !
When sinking nature asks our kind repairs,
Unstrung the nerves, and silver'd o'er the hairs ;
When stay'd reflection comes uncall'd at last,
And grey experience counts each folly past,

Untun'd and harsh the sweetest strains appear,
And loudest Pæans but fatigue the ear.

'Tis true the man of verse, though born to ills,
Too oft deserves the very fate he feels.

When, vainly frequent at the great man's board,
He shares in every vice with every lord :
Makes to their taste his sober sense submit,
And 'gainst his reason madly arms his wit ;
Heav'n but in justice turns their serious heart
To scorn the wretch, whose life belies his art.

He, only he, should haunt the Muse's grove,
Whom youth might rev'rence and grey hairs approve ;
Whose heav'n-taught numbers, now, in thunder roll'd,
Might rouse the virtuous and appal the bold.
Now, to truth's dictates lend the grace of ease,
And teach instruction happier arts to please.
For him would Plato change their gen'ral fate,
And own one poet might improve his state.

Curs'd be their verse, and blasted all their bays,
Whose sensual lure th' unconscious ear betrays ;
Wounds the young breast, ere virtue spreads her shield
And takes, not wins, the scarce disputed field.
Though specious rhet'ric each loose thought refine,
Though music charm in every labour'd line,
The dangerous verse, to full perfection grown,
Bavius might blush, and Quarles disdain to own.

Should some Machaon, whose sagacious soul
Trac'd blushing nature to her inmost goal,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides,

Nor cooling herb, nor healing balm supply,
 Ease the swoln breast, or close the languid eye ;
 But, exquisitely ill, awake disease,
 And arm with poisons every baleful breeze :
 What racks, what tortures must his crimes demand,
 The more than Borgia of a bleeding land !
 And is less guilty he, whose shameless page
 Not to the present bounds its subtle rage,
 But spreads contagion wide, and stains a future age ?

Forgive me, Sir, that thus the moral strain,
 With indignation warm'd, rejects the rein ;
 Nor think I rove regardless of my theme,
 'Tis hence new dangers clog the paths to fame.
 Not to themselves alone such bards confine
 Fame's just reproach for virtue's injur'd shrine ;
 Profan'd by them, the Muse's laurels fade,
 Her voice neglected, and her flame decay'd.
 And the son's son must feel the father's crime,
 A curse entail'd on all the race that rhyme.

New cares appear, new terrors swell the train,
 And must we paint them ere we close the scene ?
 Say, must the Muse th' unwilling task pursue,
 And, to complete her dangers, mention you ?
 Yes you, my friend, ev'n you whose kind regard
 With partial fondness views this humble bard :
 Ev'n you he dreads.—Ah ! kindly cease to raise
 Unwilling censure, by exacting praise.
 Just to itself the jealous world will claim
 A right to judge ; to give, or cancel fame.
 And, if th' officious zeal unbounded flows,
 The friend too partial is the worst of foes.

* Behold th' Athenian sage, whose piercing mind
 Had trac'd the wily lab'rincths of mankind,
 When now condemn'd, he leaves his infant care
 To all those evils man is born to bear.

Not to his friends alone the charge he yields,
 But nobler hopes on juster motives builds ;
 Bids ev'n his foes their future steps attend,
 And dare to censure, if they dar'd offend.
 Would thus the poet trust his offspring forth,
 Or bloom'd our Britain with Athenian worth :
 Would the brave foe the imperfect work engage
 With honest freedom, not with partial rage,
 What just productions might the world surprize !
 What other Popes, what other Maros rise !

But since by foes or friends alike deceiv'd,
 Too little those, and these too much believ'd ;
 Since the same fate pursues by diff'rent ways,
 Undone by censure, or undone by praise ;
 Since bards themselves submit to vice's rule,
 And party-feuds grow high, and patrons cool :
 Since, still unnam'd, unnumber'd ills behind
 Rise black in air, and only wait the wind :
 Let me, O let me, ere the tempest roar,
 Catch the first gale, and make the nearest shore ;
 In sacred silence join th' inglorious train,
 Where humble peace and sweet contentment reign ;
 If not thy precepts, thy example own,
 And steal through life not useless, though unknown.

* Platonis Apologia.

ATYS

A T Y S A N D A D R A S T U S .

A T A L E . 1743.

“ Infelix ! Nati funus crudele videbis.

“ Hi nostri reditus, expectatique triumphii !

“ Hæc mea magna fides !—

VIRG.

* * * This story is related in the first book of Herodotus's History. For the additions made to it, and the manner of telling it, the Author of the following Poem is to answer.

IN ancient times, o'er Lydia's fertile land
The warrior Croesus held supreme command.
Vast was his wealth, for conquest swell'd his store ;
Nor what enrich'd the prince, had left the people poor.

Two sons he had, alike in outward mien,
The tender pledges of a dying queen.
But speechless one ne'er taught his fire to melt
With lisp'ing eloquence by parents felt ;
And mimic art in vain expedients fought
To form the tongue, and free th' imprison'd thought.
Yet blooming Atys well that loss supply'd,
Atys the people's hope, and monarch's pride.

His beauteous soul thro' every feature glow'd ;
 And from his lips such soft persuasion flow'd,
 As nature had withheld the brother's share,
 Only to pour a double portion there.

But vain those graces, since conceal'd from view
 They droop in shades, and wither where they grew.
 For one dread night, when o'er the weary king
 The drowsy god had stretch'd his leaden wing,
 He seem'd, he knew not where, in wars engag'd,
 And, while around the doubtful battle rag'd,
 Saw from some hostile hand unerring part
 A fatal spear, which pierc'd his Atys' heart.
 He starts, he wakes — 'tis night and silence all !
 Yet, scarce confirm'd, he still beholds him fall ;
 Still bleeds in fancy's eye the gaping wound,
 On fancy's ear the dying groans resound.
 Again he sleeps ; the same sad scenes return —
 Restless he rolls, and waits the ling'ring morn.

What can he do, or how prevent a doom,
 Which heav'n foretels, and fate has said shall come ?
 " And yet perhaps the gods these dreams inspire,
 " To save the guiltless son, and warn the fire.
 " Too fond of arms I wander'd far astray,
 " While youth and blind ambition led the way.
 " And ravag'd countries may at length demand
 " This bleeding sacrifice at Croesus hand.
 " Then hear me, gods, propitious, while I swear,
 " Peace, only peace, shall be my future care.

" O would

“ O would your powers but save my darling boy,
 “ No more this breast shall glow, this arm destroy !
 “ Nor ere shall Atys the dire sport pursue,
 “ Still in my court, and seldom from my view,
 “ In ease inglorious shall he pass his days,
 “ Untaught to feel th’ insatiate lust of praise.”

He spake, and cautious far away remov’d
 From Atys, what next Atys most he lov’d,
 The pomp of war : no falchions guard the gate,
 And chiefs unarm’d around his palace wait.
 Nay farther still extends a parent’s fear,
 Ev’n arms themselves he dreads, and most the spear ;
 Nor leaves of ancient war the weak remains,
 But strips the trophies from the mould’ring fanes,
 Left, fixt too loosely, from the faithless stone
 The casual steel should drop, and pierce his son.
 Thus some sweet warbler of the feather’d throng
 Deep in the thorny brake secures her young ;
 Yet, vainly anxious, feels a fancied woe,
 And starts at every breeze that stirs the bough ;
 With silent horror hears the whisp’ring groves,
 And distant murmurs of the spring she loves.

Unhappy fire ! but vainly we oppose
 Weak human caution, when the gods are foes ;
 The story’s sequel must too surely prove,
 That dreams, prophetic dreams, descend from Jove.

Nor yet shall Atys thwart thy fond designs ;
 He moves implicit as his fire inclines.

On every look his eager duty hung,
And read his wishes, ere they reach'd his tongue.
With smiles he strips his helmet's plummy pride,
With smiles he lays his useless spear aside ;
Nor lets one sigh confess a latent care,
Reserving all his griefs for his Adrastus' ear.

Adrastus early did his soul approve,
Brave, virtuous, learn'd, and form'd for Atys' love,
A Phrygian youth, whom Fate condemn'd to roam,
An exil'd wand'rer from a cruel home.
For, yet a boy, his inadvertent lance
An infant brother slew, the crime of chance.
In vain he wept ; the rigid fire demands
His instant absence from his native lands,
Or threatens instant death ; from death he flew,
And loaded with a father's curse withdrew.
Yet not in vain the gods such ills dispense,
If soft-ey'd Pity takes her rise from hence,
If hence we learn to feel another's pain,
And from our own misfortunes grow humane.
This young Adrastus found ; and hence confess'd
That mild benevolence, which warm'd his breast.
Hence too his fortune stretch'd a bolder wing,
And plac'd her wand'rer near the Lydian king.
There long the favour'd youth exalted shone,
Dear to the sire, but dearer to the son :
For pow'rful sympathy their hearts had join'd
In stronger ties than gratitude can bind.

With

With him did Atys every sport pursue,
Which health demands, and earlier ages knew.
At morn, at eve, at sultry noon, with him
He rov'd the sunny lawn, he swam the stream;
Beside the brook, which dimpling glides away,
Caught the cool breeze, or lur'd the finny prey;
Urg'd the light car along th' indented mead,
Or hung impetuous o'er th' exulting steed,
Beneath whose hoof unhurt the flow'rets rise,
And the light grass scarce trembles as he flies.
But chief he lov'd to range the woods among,
And hear the music of Adrastus' tongue
With graceful ease unlock the letter'd store,
And that he learn'd from him endear'd the knowledge
more.

Of Thales' wisdom oft the converse ran,
How varying Nature's beauteous frame began,
And erst to different forms the waters flow'd,
As o'er the Chaos mov'd the breathing God.

Of Solon too he spake, and laws design'd
To guard fair freedom, not enslave mankind—
And hinted oft what mutual duties spring
'Twixt willing subjects and their father king:
How close connected greatness was with pain,
What earthly bliss, and who the happy man.

Nor less the while his youthful breast he warms
With pictur'd fights, the theory of arms;

Lest

Left inbred sloth should taint his future reign,
 And virtue wake, and glory tempt in vain.
 Thee, Homer, thee with rapture they peruse,
 Expand the soul, and take in all the Muse ;
 Mix with thy gods, with war's whole ardour burn,
 Or melt in silent tears o'er Hector's urn.
 How oft transported would young Atys cry,
 " Thus might I fight, 'twere glorious thus to die !
 " But why to me are useless precepts giv'n,
 " Tied down and pinion'd by the will of heav'n ?
 " No early wreaths my coward youth must claim,
 " No just ambition warm me into fame ;
 " Hid from the world to rust in sloth, and buy
 " A poor precarious life with infamy.
 " Happy, thrice happy, on each hostile strand
 " The youths who perish'd by my father's hand !
 " Their honour still survives, and o'er their tomb
 " Their country's tears descend, and laurels bloom.
 " To life alone the conquering sword's confin'd—
 " Would you indeed distress, employ a love too kind."

As oft Adrastus, studious to controul
 With reason's voice the tumult of the soul,
 Wou'd hint, to what excess soever wrought,
 Paternal fondness was a venial fault.
 Perhaps, as lenient time stole gently on,
 The storm which threaten'd might be quite o'erblown,
 And sun-bright honour only be delay'd
 Awhile, to burst more glorious from the shade.

“ Yet

“ Yet think,” he cried, “ whatever they appear,
“ Few are the causes can excuse a war.
“ To raise th’ oppressed, to curb th’ insulting proud,
“ Or should your injur’d country call aloud,
“ Rush, rush to arms, ’tis glorious then to dare,
“ Delay is cowardice, and doubt despair.
“ But let not idler views your breast enflame
“ Of boundless kingdoms, and a dreaded name.
“ ’Tis yours at home to stem oppression’s waves,
“ To guard your subjects, not encrease your slaves ;
“ On this just basis Fame’s firm column raise,
“ And be desert in arms your second praise.”

’Twas thus in converse, day succeeding day,
They wore unfelt the tedious hours away,
And years on years in downy circles ran
Till the boy rose insensibly to man.
What now shall Croesus find, what Syren voice,
To make retirement the result of choice ?
No father’s stern command these years allow,
A chain more pleasing must detain him now.
In rosy fetters shall the youth be tied,
And Myfia’s captive fair the chosen bride.

Haste, gentle god, whose chains unite the globe,
Known by the blazing torch, and saffron robe, ;
To Lydia haste, for Atys blames your stay,
Nor fair Idalia’s blushes brook delay ;
O’er glory’s blaze your soft enchantments breathe,
And hide the laurel with the myrtle wreath.

And

And now the king with secret transport found
 His hopes succeed, nor fears a martial wound,
 While lost in love the happier Atys lies,
 The willing victim of Idalia's eyes.

O thoughtless man! from hence thy sorrows flow,
 The scheme projected to avert the blow

But makes it sure—for see, from Myfia's land
 Round list'ning Atys crouds a suppliant band.

Their tears, their cries, his easy breast assail,
 Fond to redress them ere he hears their tale.

“ A mighty boar, the curse of angry heav'n,

“ Had from their homes the wretched suff'ers driv'n.

“ Waste were their viny groves, their rising grain,

“ Their herds, their flocks, th' attendant shepherds slain,

“ And scarce themselves survive.

“ O would but Atys lead the hunter train,

“ Again their viny groves, their waving grain

“ Might rise secure, their herds, their flocks encrease,

“ And fair Idalia's country rest in peace.”

The youth assents, th' exulting crouds retire ;
 When thus impatient speaks the trembling fire :

“ What means my son ? preserv'd, alas, in vain,

“ From hostile squadrons, and the tented plain ;

“ You rush on death—recal your rash design,

“ Mine be the blame, and be the danger mine ;

“ Myself will lead the band.” The youth return'd,

While his flush'd cheek with mild resentment burn'd :

“ Will Croesus lead the band, a hunter now,

“ Skill'd in the fight, and laurels on his brow ?

“ Alas,

" Alas, such mockeries of war become
 " The loit'rer Atys fearful of his doom.
 " To him at least these triumphs be resign'd,
 " That not entirely uselefs to mankind
 " His days may pass; these triumphs all his aim,
 " These humble triumphs scarce allied to fame.
 " And yet, dread Sir, if you command his stay,
 " (O force of duty!) Atys must obey.
 " Alas, on you whatever blame shall fall,
 " A father's fondness can excuse it all,
 " But me, of me, if still your power withstands,
 " What must the Lydian, what the Mysian bands,
 " What must Idalia think?" Adrastus here
 Soft interpos'd. " Great King, dismiss your fear,
 " Nor longer Atys' first request oppose;
 " War was your dream, no war this region knows:
 " For humbler prey the hunters range the wood,
 " Their spears fly innocent of human blood.
 " Had in the sportive chase some phantom boar
 " Dug deep the wound, and drank the vital gore,
 " That dreadful vision had excus'd your care,
 " Nor Atys offer'd an unheeded prayer.
 " I love the prince, and, but I think his life
 " Safe as my own, would urge him from the strife.
 " Permit him, Sire—this arm shall guard him there;
 " And safely may you trust Adrastus' care,
 " For, should he fall, this arm would surely prove
 " My bosom feels a more than father's love."

As, when impetuous thro' th' autumnal sky
 Urg'd by the winds the clouds disparting fly,

O'er

O'er the broad wave, or wide extended mead,
 Shifts the quick beam, alternate light and shade ;
 So glanc'd the monarch's mind from thought to thought,
 So in his varying face the passions wrought.
 Oft on his son he turn'd a doubtful eye,
 Afraid to grant, nor willing to deny.
 Oft rais'd it, tearful, to the blest abodes,
 And fought in vain the unregarding gods.
 Then look'd consent. But added, with a groan,
 " From thee, Adrastus, I expect my son."

Why should I tell, impatient for the fight,
 How Atys chid the ling'ring hours of night ?
 Or how the roseate morn with early ray
 Streak'd the glad east, and gradual spread the day,
 When forth he issued like the Lycian god ?
 Loose to the breeze his hov'ring mantle flow'd,
 Wav'd the light plume above, behind him hung
 His rat'ling quiver, and his bow unstrung.
 He mounts his steed, the steed obey'd the rein,
 Arch'd his high neck, and graceful paw'd the plain.
 Ev'n Croesus' self forgot a while his fear
 Of future ills, and gaz'd with transport there.

Or why relate, when now the train withdrew,
 How fair Idalia sigh'd a soft adieu ;
 How Croesus follow'd with his voice and eyes,
 Fond to behold, but fonder to advise,
 And oft repeated, as they journey'd on,
 " From thee, Adrastus, I expect my son."

Suffice

Suffice it us, they leave the waves which flow
 O'er beds of gold, and Tmolus' fragrant brow,
 They pass Magnesia's plains, Caicus' stream
 The Myfian bound, which chang'd its ancient name,
 And reach Olympus' verge :
 There desolation spread her ghastly reign
 O'er trampled vines, and dissipated grain.
 And saw with joy revolving seasons smile
 To swell her pomp, and mock the lab'ers toil.
 Led by her baleful steps, the youth explore
 The dark retreats, and rouse the foaming boar.
 Hard is the strife : his horny sides repel
 Unting'd the plummy shaft, and blunted steel.
 The dogs lie mangled o'er the bleeding plain,
 And many a steed, and many a youth was slain.
 When now his well-aim'd bow Adrastus drew,
 'Twang'd the stretch'd string, the feather'd vengeance
 flew,
 And ras'd the monster's neck : he roars, he flies,
 The croud pursues, the hills resound their cries.
 Full in the centre of a vale, embrown'd
 With arching shades, they close the savage round.
 He wheels, he glares, he meditates his prey,
 Resolv'd to strike, resolv'd to force his way ;
 But Atys timely stop'd his fierce career,
 And thro' his eye-ball sent the whizzing spear,
 And joyful saw him reel ; with eager speed
 He bares the shining blade, he quits his steed ;
 " — Ah stop, rash youth, not conquest you pursue,
 " Death lies in ambush there, the victim you ;

"You rush on fate"—in vain—he reach'd the beast,
 He rais'd his arm, and now had pierc'd his breast,
 When in that moment from the adverse side
 His too adventurous prince Adrastus spied,
 And launch'd with nervous haste his eager spear,
 Alarm'd, and trembling for a life so dear.
 Glanc'd o'er the falling beast the fated wood,
 And fix'd in Atys' breast drank deep the vital flood,
 The struggling prince impatient of the wound
 Writh'd on the spear, the crouds enclose him round,
 Then sunk in death unknowing whence it came,
 Yet, ev'n in death, he call'd Adrastus' name,
 "Where flies Adrastus from his dying friend?
 "O bear me near." Poor prince! thy life must end
 Not in thy murderer's arms, he hears thee not;
 Like some sad wretch fix'd to the fatal spot
 Where fell the bolt of Jove, nor ear, nor eye,
 Nor arm to help, nor language to reply,
 Nor thought itself is his. Oblig'd to move
 As they direct his steed, he leaves the grove,
 As they direct to Sardis' towers again
 In silence follows the returning train,

There too we turn, for there the pensive fire
 Now hopes, now fears, and pines with vain desire.
 In every dust before the wind that flies,
 In every distant cloud which stains the skies
 He sees his son return: till oft deceiv'd
 No more his eye, the flattering scene believ'd,

Yet still he wander'd, and with looks intent,
 The fatal road his darling Atys went.
 There to averted heav'n he tells his pain,
 And slaughter'd hecatombs decrees in vain.
 There to Idalia, frequent by his side,
 Relates his fears, or sooths the weeping bride
 With tales of Atys' worth, and points the place
 Where late he parted from their last embrace.
 And now, perchance, in tears they linger'd there,
 When slowly-moving real crouds appear.
 "What means," he cried, and shot a trembling eye—
 A youth deputed by the rest drew nigh,
 And in sad accents told the dreadful tale.
 Rage seiz'd the king : expiring, breathless, pale
 Idalia sinks ; th' attendant fair convey
 With tears, and shrieks, the lifeless frame away.
 "Where is the wretch ?—hear, hospitable Jove !—
 "Is this, is this thy more than father's love ?
 "Give me my son—why stare thy haggard eyes
 "As fix'd in grief ? HERE only sorrow lies"—
 And smote his breast—"Thy life in blood began
 "A fated wretch, a murd'rer ere a man.
 "O foolish king ! by my indulgence stole
 "This serpent near me, that has stung my soul.
 "This thy return for all a king could shower
 "Of bounty o'er thee, life, and wealth, and power—
 "But what are those ? How great foe'er they be,
 "I gave thee more, I gave myself to thee :
 "I gave thee Atys, link'd in friendship's chain—
 "O fatal gift, if thus return'd again !

" Reach me a sword—and yet, dear bleeding clay,
 " Can his, can thousand lives thy loss repay?"
 Then burst in tears, " Heav'n's instrument I blame,
 " Tho' by his hand, from heav'n the vengeance came,
 " This stroke, O Solon, has convinc'd my pride;
 " O had I never liv'd, or earlier died!

" Alas, poor wretch, why dost thou bare thy breast,
 " And court my sword! tho' lost himself to rest,
 " This curse of heav'n, this Croesus can forgive
 " Th' unhappy cause, and bids the murd'rer live."

" Ah stop;" he cried, and write the milder fate
 " Here with thy sword, I only liv'd for that.
 " Undone, I thought, beyond misfortune's power,
 " O do not by forgiveness curse me more."

While yet he pleaded, to the mourning croud
 Forth rush'd Idalia by her maids pursu'd;
 Eager she seem'd, with light suspicions fill'd,
 And on her face heart-piercing madness smil'd.

" Where is my wand'ring love, ye Lydians say,
 " Does he indeed along Meander stray,
 " And rove the Asian plain?—I'll seek him there.—
 " Ye Lydian damsels, of your hearts beware:
 " Fair is my love as to the sunny beam
 " The light-spread plumage on Cayster's stream,
 " His locks are Hermus' gold, his cheeks outline
 " The ivory tinctur'd by your art divine.—

" I see

“ I see him now, in ‘Tmolus’ shade he lies
 “ On saffron beds, soft sleep has seal’d his eyes.
 “ His breath adds sweetness to the gale that blows,
 “ Tread light, ye nymphs, I’ll steal on his repose.
 “ Alas, he bleeds, O murder ! Atys bleeds,
 “ And o’er his face a dying paleness spreads !
 “ Help, help, Adrastus—can you leave him now,
 “ In death neglect him ? once it was not so.
 “ What, and not weep ! a tear at least is due,
 “ Unkind Adrastus, he’d have wept for you.
 “ Come then, my maids, our tears shall wash the gore ;
 “ We too will die, since Atys is no more.
 “ But first we’ll strow with flowers the hallow’d ground
 “ Where lies my love, and plant the cypress round ;
 “ Nor let Adrastus know, for should he come,
 “ New streams of blood would issue from the tomb ;
 “ The flowers would wither at his baleful tread,
 “ And at his touch the sick’ning cypress fade.
 “ Come, come—nay do not tear me from his side,
 “ Cruel Adrastus, am I not his bride ?
 “ I must,—I will—me would you murder too ?”

At this, unable to sustain his woe,

“ My soul can bear no more,” Adrastus cries,
 (His eyes on heav’n) “ ye powers who rule the skies !
 “ If your august, unerring, wills decreed,
 “ That states, and kings, and families must bleed,
 “ Why was I singled to perform the part,
 “ Unsteel’d my soul, unpetrified my heart ?

" What had I done, a child, an embryo man,
 " Ere passions could unfold, or thought began ?
 " Yet then condemn'd an infant wretch I fled,
 " Blood on my hands, and curses on my head.
 " O had I perish'd so ! but fortune smil'd,
 " To make her frowns more dire.—This vagrant child
 " Became the friend of kings, to curse them all,
 " And with new horrors dignify his fall."

Then eager snatch'd his sword, " For murders past
 " What have I not endur'd ?—be this my last,"
 And pierc'd his breast. " This fated arm shall pour
 " Your streams of wrath, and hurl your bolts no more.
 " For pangs sustain'd, oblivion's all I crave ;
 " O let my soul forget them in the grave !

" Alas, forgive the wretch your judgments doom :
 " Dark are your ways, I wander in the gloom,
 " Nor should perhaps complain.—Be grief *my* share ;
 " But, if your heav'n has mercy, pour it there,
 " On yon heart-broken king, on yon distracted fair." }
 He spake, and drew the steel ; the weeping train
 Support him to the bier, he grasps the slain,
 There feels the last sad joy his soul desires,
 And on his Atys' much-lov'd breast expires.

* O happy both, if I, if I could shed
 " Those tears eternal which embalm the dead ;"

* Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt, &c. VIRG.

ATYS AND ADRASTUS.

While round Britannia's coast old Ocean raves,
And to her standard roll th' embattled waves,
Fair empress of the deep; so long your names
Should live lamented by her brightest dames;
Who oft, at evening, should with tears relate
The murder'd friend, and poor Idalia's fate;
And oft, enquiring from their lovers, hear
How Croesus mourn'd a twice revolving year,
Then rous'd at Cyrus' name, and glory's charms,
Shook off enervate grief, and shone again in arms.

ANN BOLEYN TO HENRY THE EIGHTH.

AN HEROIC EPISTLE. 1743.

“ Ne quid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquat.”

VIRG.

* * * The principal hints of the following Epistle are taken from the celebrated last Letter of Ann Boleyn to Henry the Eighth, published in the Spectator, No. 397. The Author hopes the additions he has made to it may appear natural in her unfortunate situation.

IF sighs could soften, or distress cou'd move
 Obdurate hearts, and bosoms dead to love,
 Already sure these tears had ceas'd to flow,
 And Henry's smiles reliev'd his Anna's woe.
 Yet still I write, still breathe a fruitless prayer,
 The last fond effort of extreme despair.
 As some poor ship-wreck'd wretch, for ever lost,
 In strong delusion grasps the leas'ning coast,
 Thinks it still near, howe'er the billows drive,
 And but with life resigns the hopes to live.

You bid me live ; but oh how dire the means !
 Virtue starts back, and conscious pride disdains.
 Confess my crime ?—what crime shall I confess ?
 In what strange terms the hideous falshood dress ?

A vile

A vile adulteress ! Heav'n defend my fame !
 Condemn'd for acting what I fear'd to name.
 Blast the foul wretch, whose impious tongue could dare
 With sounds like those to wound the royal ear.
 To wound ?—alas ! they only pleas'd too well,
 And cruel Henry smil'd when Anna fell.

Why was I rais'd, why bade to shine on high
 A pageant queen, an earthly deity ?
 This flower of beauty, small, and void of art,
 Too weak to fix a mighty sovereign's heart,
 In life's low vale its humbler charms had spread,
 While storms roll'd harmless o'er its shelter'd head :
 Had found, perhaps, a kinder gath'rer's hand,
 Grown to his breast, and, by his care sustain'd,
 Had bloom'd a while, then, gradual in decay,
 Grac'd with a tear had calmly pass'd away.

Yet, when thus rais'd, I taught my chaste desires
 To know their lord, and burn with equal fires.
 Why then these bonds ? is this that regal state
 The fair expects whom Henry bids be great ?
 Are these lone walls and never-varied scenes
 The envied mansion of Britannia's queens ?
 Where distant sounds in hollow murmurs die,
 Where moss-grown tow'rs obstruct the trav'ling eye,
 Where o'er dim suns eternal damps prevail,
 And health ne'er enters wafted by the gale.
 How curs'd the wretch, to such sad scenes confin'd,
 If guilt's dread scorpions lash his tortur'd mind,
 When injur'd innocence is taught to fear,
 And coward virtue weeps and trembles here !

Nay ev'n when sleep should ev'ry care allay,
 And softly steal th' imprison'd soul away,
 Quick to my thoughts excursive fancy brings
 Long visionary trains of martyr'd kings.
 There pious * Henry recent from the blow,
 There ill-starr'd * Edward lifts his infant brow.
 Unhappy prince! thy weak defenseless age
 Might soften rocks, or sooth the tiger's rage;
 But not on these thy harder fates depend,
 Man, man pursues, and murder is his end.

Such may my † child, such dire protectors find,
 Thro' av'rice cruel, thro' ambition blind.
 No kind condolance in her utmost need,
 Her friends all banish'd, and her parent dead!
 O hear me, Henry, husband, father, hear,
 If e'er those names were gracious in thy ear,
 Since I must die (and so thy ease requires,
 For love admits not of divided fires)
 O to thy babe thy tend'rest cares extend,
 As parent cherish, and as king defend!
 Transfer'd to her, with transport I resign
 Thy faithless heart—if e'er that heart was mine.
 Nor may remove thy guilty cheek inflame,
 When the fond prattler lisps her mother's name;
 No tear start conscious when she meets your eye,
 No heart-felt pang extort th' unwilling sigh,
 Lest she should find, and strong is Nature's call,
 I fell untimely, and lament my fall;

* Henry VI. and Edward V. both murdered in the Tower.

† Afterward Queen Elizabeth.

Forget that duty which high Heav'n commands,
 And meet strict justice from a father's hands.
 No, rather say what malice can invent,
 My crimes enormous, small my punishment.
 Pleas'd will I view from yon securer shore
 Life, virtue, love too lost, and weep no more,
 If in your breasts the bonds of union grow,
 And undisturb'd the streams of duty flow.
 —Yet can I tamely court the lifted steel,
 Nor honour's wounds with strong resentment feel?
 Ye Powers! that thought improves ev'n Terror's king,
 Adds horrors to his brow, and torments to his sting.
 No, try me, Prince; each word, each action weigh,
 My rage could dictate, or my fears betray;
 Each sigh, each smile, each distant hint that hung
 On broken sounds of an unmeaning tongue.
 Recount each glance of these unguarded eyes,
 The seats where passion void of reason lies;
 In those clear mirrors every thought appears;
 Tell all their frailties—oh explain their tears.

Yes, try me, Prince; but ah! let truth prevail,
 And justice only hold the equal scale.

Ah! let not those the fatal sentence give,
 Whom brothels blush to own, yet courts receive;
 Base, vulgar souls—and shall such wretches raise
 A Queen's concern? to fear them, were to praise.

Yet oh (dread thought!) oh must I, must I say,
 Henry commands, and *these* constrain'd obey?
 Too well I know his faithless bosom pants
 For charms, alas! which hapless Anna wants.

Yet once those charms this faded face could boast,
 Too cheaply yielded, and too quickly lost.
 Will * she, O think, whom now your snares pursue,
 Will she for ever please, be ever new?
 Or must she, meteor like, a while be great,
 Then weeping fall, and share thy Anna's fate?

Misguided maid! who now perhaps has form'd,
 In transport melting, with ambition warm'd,
 Long future greatness in extatic schemes,
 Loose plans of wild delight, and golden dreams!
 Alas! she knows not with how swift decay
 Those visionary glories fleet away.

Alas! she knows not the sad time will come,
 When Henry's eyes to other nymphs shall roam:
 When she shall vainly sigh, plead, tremble, rave,
 And drop, perhaps, a tear on Anna's grave.
 Else would she sooner trust the wintry sea,
 Rocks, desarts, monsters—any thing than thee:
 Thee, whom deceit inspires, whose every breath
 Soothes to despair, and every smile is death.

Fool that I was! I saw my rising fame
 Gild the sad ruins of a † nobler name.
 For me the force of sacred ties disown'd,
 A realm insulted, and a Queen dethron'd.
 Yet, fondly wild, by love, by fortune led,
 Excus'd the crime, and shar'd the guilty bed.
 With specious reason lull'd each rising care,
 And hugg'd destruction in a form so fair.

* Lady Jane Seymour.

† Catharine of Arragon.

'Tis just, ye Powers ; no longer I complain,
 Vain be my tears, my boasted virtues vain ;
 Let rage, let flames, this deslin'd wretch pursue,
 Who begs to die—but begs that death from you.
 Ah ! why must Henry the dread mandate seal ?
 Why must his hand uninjur'd point the steel ?
 Say, for you search the images that roll
 In deep recesses of the inmost soul,
 Say, did ye e'er amid those numbers find
 One wish disloyal, or one thought unkind ?
 Then snatch me, blast me, let the light'ning's wing
 Avert this stroke, and save the guilty king.
 Let not my blood, by lawless passion shed,
 Draw down heav'n's vengeance on his sacred head,
 But nature's power prevent the dire decree,
 And my hard Lord without a crime be free.

Still, still I live, heav'n hears not what I say,
 Or turns, like Henry, from my pray'rs away.
 Rejected, lost, O whither shall I fly,
 I fear not death, yet dread the means to die.
 To thee, O God, to thee again I come,
 The sinner's refuge, and the wretch's home.
 Since such thy will, farewell my blasted fame,
 Let foul detraction seize my injur'd name :
 No pang, no fear, no fond concern I'll know,
 Nay smile in death, tho' Henry gives the blow.

And now, resign'd, my bosom lighter grows,
 And Hope, soft-beaming, brightens all my woes.
 Release me, earth ; ye mortal bonds, untie :
 Why loiters Henry, when I pant to die ?

For angels call, heav'n opens at the sound,
And glories blaze, and mercy streams around.

* Adieu, ye fanes, whose purer flames anew
Rose with my rise, and as I flourish'd grew.
We'll may ye now my weak protection spare,
The power that fix'd you shall preserve you there.
Small was my part, yet all I could employ,
And heav'n repays it with eternal joy.

Thus rapt, O king, thus lab'ring to be free,
My gentlest passport still depends on thee.
My hov'ring soul, tho' rais'd to Heaven by prayer,
Still bends to earth, and finds one sorrow there;
Breathes for another's life its latest groan—
Resign'd and happy, might I part alone!

Why frowns my Lord?—ere yet the stroke's decreed,
O hear a sister for a † brother plead.
By heav'n he's wrong'd.—Alas! why that to you?
You know he's wrong'd—you know, and yet pursue.
Unhappy youth! what anguish he endures!—
Was it for this he press'd me to be yours,
When ling'ring, wav'ring, on the brink I stood,
And ey'd obliquely the too tempting flood?
Was it for this his lavish tongue display'd
A monarch's graces to a love-sick maid?
With studied art consenting nature fir'd,
And forc'd my will to what it most desir'd?

* Her marriage with King Henry was a means of introducing the Protestant religion, of which she was a great patroness.

† George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford.

Did he, enchanted by the flatt'ring scene,
 Delude the sister, and exalt the queen,
 To fall attendant on that sister's shade,
 And die a victim with the queen he made?

And, witness Heav'n, I'd bear to see him die,
 Did not that thought bring back the dreadful *why*:
 The blasting foulness, that must still defame
 Our lifeless ashes, and united name.

—Ah stop, my soul, nor let one thought pursue
 That fatal track, to wake thy pangs anew.—
 Perhaps some pitying bard shall save from death
 Our mangled fame, and teach our woes to breathe;
 Some kind historian's pious leaves display
 Our hapless loves, and wash the stains away.
 Fair Truth shall bless them, Virtue guard their cause,
 And every chaste-ey'd matron weep applause.

Yet, tho' no bard should sing, or sage record,
 I still shall vanquish my too faithless lord;
 Shall see at last my injur'd cause prevail,
 When pitying Angels hear the mournful tale.
 —And must thy wife, by Heav'n's severe command,
 Before his throne thy sad accuser stand?
 O Henry, chain my tongue, thy guilt atone,
 Prevent my suff'rings—ah! prevent thy own!
 Or hear me, Heav'n, since Henry's still unkind,
 With strang repentance touch his guilty mind,
 And oh! when anguish tears his lab'ring soul,
 Thro' his rack'd breast when keenest horrors roll,
 When, weeping, grov'ling in the dust he lies,
 An humbled wretch, a bleeding sacrifice,

Then

Then let me bear ('tis all my griefs shall claim,
For life's lost honours, and polluted fame)
Then let me bear thy mandate from on high,
With kind forgiveness let his Anna fly,
From every pang the much-lov'd sufferer free,
And breathe that mercy he denies to me.

O N R I D I C U L E. 1743.

Ασβέστος δ' ἀρ' ἐν ἄλλο γέλωτος.

HOMER.

TWAS said of old, deny it now who can,
The only laughing animal is man.

The bear may leap, its lumpish cubs in view,
Or sportive cat her circling tail pursue ;
The grin deep-lengthen Pug's half-human face,
Or prick'd-up ear confess the simp'ring ass :
In aukward gestures aukward mirth be shown,
Yet, spite of gesture, man still laughs alone.

Th' all-powerful hand, which, taught yon sun to shine,
First dress'd in smiles the human face divine ;
And early innocence, unspoil'd by art,
Thro' the glad eye betray'd th' o'erflowing heart.
No weak disgusts disturb'd the social plan,
A brother's frailties but proclaim'd him man.
Nought perfect here they found, nor ought requir'd,
Excus'd the weakness, and the worth admir'd.

Succeeding ages more sagacious grew ;
They mark'd our foibles, and would mend them too,
Each, strangely wise, saw what was just and best,
And by his model would reform the rest :

'The rest, impatient, or reject with scorn
 The specious insult, or with pride return ;
 Till all meet all with controversial eyes,
 If wrong refute them, and if right despise.
 Not with their lives, but pointed wits, contend,
 Too weak to vanquish, and too vain to mend.

Our mirthful age, to all extremes a prey,
 Ev'n courts the lash, and laughs her pains away.
 Declining worth imperial wit supplies,
 And Momus triumphs, while Astræa flies.
 No truth so sacred, banter cannot hit,
 No fool so stupid, but he aims at wit.
 Ev'n those, whose breasts ne'er plann'd one virtuous
 deed,

Nor rais'd a thought beyond the earth they tread :
 Ev'n those can censure, those can dare deride
 A Bacon's av'rice, or a Tully's pride ;
 And sneer at human checks by nature given,
 To curb perfection ere it rival heaven :
 Nay, chiefly such in these low arts prevail,
 Whose want of talents leaves them time to rail.
 Born for no end, they worse than useless grow
 (As waters poison if they cease to flow) ;
 And pests become, whom kinder fate design'd
 But harmless expletives of human kind.
 See with what zeal th' insidious talk they ply !
 Where shall the prudent, where the virtuous fly ?
 Lurk as ye can, if they direct the ray,
 The veriest atoms in the sun-beams play.

No venial slip their quick attention 'scapes ;
 They trace each Proteus thro' his hundred shapes ;
 To Mirth's tribunal drag the caitif train,
 Where mercy sleeps, and nature pleads in vain.

And whence this lust to laugh ? what fond pretence ?
 Why Shaftsb'ry tells us, Mirth's the test of Sense ;
 Th' enchanted touch, which fraud and falshood fear,
 Like Una's mirror, or Ithuriel's spear.
 Not so fair Truth—aloft her temple stands
 The work and glory of immortal hands.
 Huge rocks of adamant its base enfold,
 Steel bends the arch, the columns swell in gold.
 No storms, no tumults, reach the sacred fane ;
 Waves idly beat, and winds grow loud in vain.
 The shaft sinks pointless, ere it verges there,
 And the dull hiss but dies away in air.

Yet let me say, howe'er secure it rise,
 Sly fraud may reach it, and close craft surprife.
 'Truth, drawn like truth, must blaze divinely bright ;
 But, drawn like error, truth may cheat the fight.
 Some aukward epithet, with skill apply'd,
 Some specious hints, which half their meanings hide,
 Can right and wrong most courteously confound,
 Banditti like, to stun us ere they wound.

Is there an art, thro' science' various store,
 But, madly strain'd, becomes an art no more ?

Is there a virtue, falshood can't disguise ?
 Betwixt two vices every virtue lies :
 To this, to that, the doubtful beam incline,
 Or mirth's false balance take, the triumph's thine.

Let mighty Newton with an Augur's hand,
 Thro' heaven's high concave stretch th' imperial wand.
 The vagrant comet's dubious path assign,
 And lead from star to star th' unerring line :
 Who but with transport lifts his piercing eye,
 Fond to be lost in vast immensity !
 But should your * taylor, with as much of thought,
 Erect his quadrant, ere he cuts your coat ;
 'The parchment slips with algebra o'erspread,
 And calculations scrawl on every shred ;
 Art misapply'd must stare you in the face,
 Nor could you, grave, the long deductions trace.

Fond of one art, most men the rest forego ;
 And all's ridiculous, but what they know.
 Freely they censure lands they ne'er explore,
 With tales they learn'd from coasters on the shore.
 As Afric's petty kings, perhaps, who hear
 Of distant states from some weak traveller,
 Imperfect hints with eager ears devour,
 And sneer at Europe's fate, and Britain's power.

All arts are useful, as all nature good,
 Correctly known, and temp'rately pursued.

* "Your taylor," &c. see Gulliver's travels, voyage to Laputa.

The active soul, that heav'n-born lamp, requires
 Still new supports to feed, and raise its fires ;
 And science' ample stores expanded stand,
 As diff'rent aids the varying flames demand.
 And, as the sylvan chace bids bodies glow,
 And purple health thro' vig'rous channels flow :
 So fares the infant mind, by nature drawn,
 By genius rous'd at reason's early dawn ;
 Which dares fair learning's arduous feats invade,
 Climb the tall cliff, or pierce th' entangled shade ;
 New health, new strength, new force its powers receive,
 And 'tis from toil th' immortal learns to live.
 Or, if too harsh each boist'rous labour proves,
 The Muse conducts us to more happy groves ;
 Where sport her sister arts, with myrtles crown'd,
 Expressive picture, and persuasive sound ;
 Where truth's rough rules the gentlest lays impart,
 And virtue steals harmonious on the heart.

We oft, 'tis true, mistake the sat'rist's aim,
 Not arts themselves, but their abuse they blame.
 Yet, if, Crusaders like, their zeal be rage,
 They hurt the cause in which their arms engage :
 On heav'nly anvils forge the temper'd steel,
 Which fools can brandish, and the wise may feel.
 Readers are few, who nice distinctions form,
 Supinely cool, or credulously warm.
 'Tis jest, 'tis earnest, as the words convey
 Some glimm'ring sense to lead weak heads astray.

And when, too anxious for some art assail'd,
 You point the latent flaw by which it fail'd ;
 Each to his bias leans, a steady fool,
 And, for the part defective, damns the whole.

In elder James's ever-peaceful reign,
 Who sway'd alike the sceptre and the pen,
 Had some rough poet, with satyric rage,
 Alarm'd the court, and lash'd the pedant age ;
 What freights of genius on that rock had split ?
 Where now were learning, and where now were wit ?
 Matur'd and full the rising forest grows,
 Ere its wise owner lops th' advancing boughs :
 For oaks, like arts, a length of years demand,
 And shade the shepherd, ere they grace the land.

Where then may censure fall ? 'tis hard to say ;
 On all that's wrong it may not, and it may.
 In life, as arts, it asks our nicest care,
 But hurts us more, as more immediate there.

Resign we freely to th' unthinking crowd
 Their standing jest, which swells the laugh so loud,
 The mountain back, or head advanc'd too high,
 A leg mis-shapen, or distorted eye :
 We pity faults by nature's hand imprest ;
 Therfites' mind, but not his form's the jest.

Here then we fix, and lash without controul
 These mental pests, and hydras of the soul ;

Acquir'd

Acquir'd ill-nature, ever prompt debate,
 A zeal for slander, and delib'rate hate :
 These court contempt, proclaim the public foe,
 And each * Ulyffes like, should aim the blow.

Yet sure, ev'n here, our motives should be known :
 Rail we to check his spleen, or ease our own ?
 Does injur'd virtue ev'ry shaft supply,
 Arm the keen tongue, and flush th' erected eye ?
 Or do we from ourselves ourselves disguise ;
 And act, perhaps, the villain we chastise ?
 Hope we to mend him ? hopes, alas, how vain !
 He feels the lash, not listens to the rein.

'Tis dangerous too, in these licentious times,
 Howe'er severe the smile, to sport with crimes.
 Vices when ridicul'd, experience says,
 First lose that horror which they ought to raise,
 Grow by degrees approv'd, and almost aim at praise. }
 When Tully's tongue the Roman Clodius draws,
 How laughing satire weakens Milo's cause !
 Each pictur'd vice so impudently bad,
 The crimes turn frolics, and the villain mad ;
 Rapes, murders, incest, treasons, mirth create,
 And Rome scarce hates the author of her fate.

'Tis true, the comic Muse, confin'd to rules,
 Supply'd the laws, and sham'd the tardy schools ;

* Iliad ii.

With living precepts urg'd the moral truth,
 And by example form'd the yielding youth.
 The titled knave with honest freedom shown,
 His person mimick'd, nor his name unknown,
 Taught the young breast its opening thoughts to raise
 From dread of infamy to love of praise,
 From thence to virtue; there perfection ends,
 As gradual from the root the flower ascends;
 Strain'd thro' the varying stems the juices flow,
 Bloom o'er the top, and leave their dregs below.

'Twas thus a while th' instructive stage survey'd,
 From breast to breast its glowing influence spread.
 Till, from his nobler task by passions won,
 The man unravel'd what the bard had done;
 And he, whose warmth had fir'd a nation's heart,
 Debas'd to private piques the gen'rous art.
 Here sunk the Muse, and, uselefs by degrees,
 She ceas'd to profit, as she ceas'd to please.
 No longer wit a judging audience charm'd,
 Who, rous'd not fir'd, not raptur'd but alarm'd,
 To well-tun'd scandal lent a jealous ear,
 And thro' the faint applause betray'd the fear.

We, like Menander, more discreetly dare,
 And well-bred Satire wears a milder air.
 Still vice we brand, or titled fools disgrace,
 But dress in fable's guise the borrow'd face.
 Or as the bee, thro' nature's wild retreats,
 Drinks the moist fragrance from th' unconscious sweets,

To

To injure none, we lightly range the ball,
 And glean from diff'rent knaves the copious gill;
 Extract, compound, with all a chemist's skill,
 And claim the motley characters who will.

Happy the Muse, could thus her tuneful aid
 To sense, to virtue, wake the more than dead!
 But few to fiction lend attentive ears,
 They view the face, but soon forget 'tis theirs.
 " 'Twas not from them the bard their likeness stole,
 " The random pencil haply hit the mole;
 " Ev'n from their prying foes such specks retreat;"
 —They hide them from themselves, and crown the cheat.

Or should, perhaps, some softer clay admit
 The sly impressions of instructive wit;
 To virtue's side in conscious silence steal,
 And glow with goodness, ere we find they feel;
 Yet more, 'tis fear'd, will closer methods take,
 And keep with caution what they can't forsake;
 For fear of man, in his most mirthful mood,
 May make us hypocrites, but seldom good.
 And what avails that seas confess their bounds,
 If subtler insects sap the Belgian mounds?
 Tho' no wing'd mischief cleave the mid-day skies,
 Still thro' the dark the baleful venom flies,
 Still virtue feels a sure tho' ling'ring fate,
 And, stabb'd in secret, bleeds th' unguarded state.

Besides, in men have varying passions made
 Such nice confusions, blending light with shade,

That

That eager zeal to laugh the vice away
 May hurt some virtue's intermingling ray.
 Men's faults, like Martin's * broider'd coat, demand
 The nicest touches of the steadiest hand.
 Some yield with ease, while some their posts maintain;
 And parts defective will at last remain.
 There, where they best succeed, your labours bend;
 Nor render useless, what you strive to mend.

The youthful Curio blush'd whene'er he spoke,
 His ill-tim'd modesty the general joke;
 Sneer'd by his friends, nor could that sneer endure—
 Benold, sad instance of their skill to cure!
 The conscious blood, which fir'd his cheek before,
 Now leaves his bosom cool, and warns no more.

But affectation—there, we all confess,
 Strong are the motives, and the danger less.
 Sure we may smile where fools themselves have made,
 As balk'd spectators of a farce ill play'd,
 And laugh, if satire's breath should rudely raise
 The painted plumes which vanity displays.

O fruitful source of everlasting mirth!
 For fools, like apes, are mimics from their birth.
 By fashion govern'd, nature each neglects,
 And barter's graces for admir'd defects.
 The artful hypocrites, who virtue wear,
 Confess, at least, the sacred form is fair;

* Tale of a Tub.

And apes of science equally allow
 The scholar's title to the laurel'd brow ;
 But what have those 'gainst Satire's lash to plead,
 Who court with zeal what others fly with dread ?
 Affect ev'n vice ! poor folly's last excess,
 As Piets mistook deformity for dress,
 And smear'd with so much art their hideous charms,
 That the grim beauty scar'd you from her arms.

Too oft these follies * bask in virtue's shine,
 The wild luxuriance of a soil too fine.
 Yet oh, repress them, wheresoe'er they rise—
 But how perform it ?—there the danger lies.
 Short are the lessons taught in Nature's school,
 Here each peculiar asks a sep'rate rule.
 Nice is the task, be gen'ral if you can,
 Or strike with caution if you point the man :
 And think, O think, the cause by all assign'd
 To raise our laughter, makes it most unkind :
 For tho' from nature these no strength receive,
 We give them nature when we bid them live.
 Like Jove's Minerva springs the gentle train,
 The genuine offspring of each teeming brain ;
 On which, like tend'rest fires, we fondly doat,
 Plan future fame in luxury of thought,
 And scarce at last, o'erpower'd by foes or friends,
 Torn from our breasts the dear delusion ends.

* Affectations.

Then let good-nature every charm exert,
And, while it mends it, win th' unfolding heart.
Let moral mirth a face of triumph wear,
Yet smile unconscious of th' extorted tear.
See, with what grace instructive satire flows,
Politely keen, in Clio's number'd prose !
That great example should our zeal excite,
And censors learn from Addison to write.
So, in our age, too prone to sport with pain,
Might soft humanity resume her reign ;
Pride without rancour feel th' objected fault,
And folly blush, as willing to be taught ;
Critics grow mild, life's witty warfare cease,
And true good-nature breathe the balm of peace.

O N N O B I L I T Y :

A N E P I S T L E.

T O T H E E A R L O F —

POETS, my Lord, by some unlucky fate
 Condemn'd to flatter the too easy great,
 Have oft, regardless of their Heav'n-born flame,
 Enshrin'd a title, and ador'd a name ;
 For idol deities forsook the true,
 And paid to greatness what was virtue's due.

Yet hear, at least, one recreant bard maintain
 Their incense fruitless, and your honours vain :
 Teach you to scorn th' auxiliar props, that raise
 The painted produce of these sun-shine days ;
 Proud from yourself, like India's worm, to weave
 Th' ennobling thread, which fortune cannot give.
 In two short precepts your whole lesson lies ;
 Wou'd you be great ? — be virtuous, and be wise.

In elder time, e'er heralds yet were known
 To gild the vain with glories not their own ;
 Or infant language saw such terms prevail,
 As Fefs and Chev'ron, Pale and Contrepale ;
 'Twas he alone the shaggy spoils might wear,
 Whose strength subdu'd the lion, or the bear ;

For

For him the rosy spring with smiles beheld
 Her honours stript from every grove and field;
 For him the rustic quires with songs advance;
 For him the virgins form the annual dance.
 Born to protect, like Gods they hail the brave;
 And sure 'twas godlike, to be born to save!

In Turkey still these simple manners reign,
 Tho' Pharamond has liv'd, and Charlemagne:
 The cottage hind may there admitted rise
 A chief, or statesman, as his talent lies;
 And all, but Othman's race, the only proud,
 Fall with their fires, and mingle with the crowd.

Politer courts, ingenious to extend
 The father's virtues, bid his pomps descend;
 Chiefs premature with suasive wreaths adorn,
 And force to glory heroes yet unborn,
 * Plac'd like Hamilcar's son, their path's confin'd,
 Forward they must, for monsters press behind;
 Monsters more dire than Spain's, or Barca's snakes,
 If fame they grasp not, infamy o'ertakes.
 'Tis the same virtue's vigorous, just effort
 Must grace alike St. James's or the Porte;

* *Plac'd like Hamilcar's son, &c.*] Ibi fama est, in quiete visum ab eo Juvenem divinâ specie, qui se ab Jove diceret ducem in Italiam Annibali missum. Proinde sequeretur, neque usquam à se deflecteret oculos. Pavidum primo, nusquam respicientem, &c.—Tandem,— temperare oculis nequiviſſe: tum vidisse post se serpentem mirâ magnitudine cum ingenti arborum ac virgultorum strage ferri, &c. Liv. lib. xxi. c. 22.

Alike,

Alike, my Lord, must Turk, or British peer,
 Be to his King, and to his country dear ;
 Alike must either honour's cause maintain,
 You to preserve a fame, and they to gain.

For birth — precarious were that boasted gem,
 Tho' worth flow'd copious in the vital stream :
 (Of which a sad reverse historians preach,
 And sage Experience proves the truths they teach.)
 For say, ye great, who boast another's scars,
 And, like Buziris, end among the stars,
 What is this boon of Heav'n? dependent still
 On woman's weakness, and on woman's will.
 Might not, in Pagan days, and open air,
 Some wand'ring Jove surprise th' unguarded fair?
 And did your gentle grandames always prove
 Stern rebels to the charms of lawless love?
 And never pity'd, at some tender time,
 * A dying Damian, with'ring in his prime?
 Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
 Lov'd, and elop'd, as modern ladies do?

But grant them virtuous, were they all of birth?
 Did never nobles mix with vulgar earth,
 And city maids to envy'd heights translate,
 Subdu'd by passion, and decay'd estate?
 Or, sigh, still humbler, to the passing gales
 By turf-built cots in daisy-painted vales?
 Who does not, Pamela, thy suff'rings feel?
 Who has not wept at beauteous Grisel's wheel?

* *A dying Damian, &c.*] See January and May in Chaucer and Mr. Pope.

* And each fair Marchioness, that Gallia pours
(Exotic sorrows) to Britannia's shores?

Then blame us not, if backward to comply
With your demands : we fear a forgery.
In spite of patents, and of kings decrees,
And blooming coronets on parchment-trees,
Your proofs are gone, your very claims are lost,
But by the manners of that race you boast.
O if true virtue fires their gen'rous blood,
The feel for fame, the pant for public good,
The kind concern for innocence distressed,
The Titus' wish to make a people blest,
At every deed we see their father's tomb
Shoot forth new laurels in eternal bloom ;
We hear the rattling car, the neighing steeds,
A Poitiers thunders, and a Cressy bleeds !
Titles and birth, like di'monds from the mine,
Must by your worth be polish'd e'er they shine ;
Thence drink new lustre, there unite their rays,
And stream thro' ages one unfully'd blaze.

But what avails the crest with flow'rets crown'd,
The mother virtuous, or the fires renown'd,
If, from the breathing walls, those fires behold
The midnight gamester trembling for his gold :
And see those hours, when sleep their toils repair'd,
(Or, if they wak'd, they wak'd for Britain's guard,)
Now on lewd loves bestow'd, or drench'd in wine,
Drown and embrute the particle divine ?

† *And each fair Marchioness, &c.*] Marianne, the Fortunate
Country Maid, &c.

How

How must they wish, with many a sigh, unheard
 The warmest pray'r they once to heav'n prefer'd!
 When not content with fame for kingdoms won,
 They fought an added boon, and ask'd a son;
 That cloud eternal in their sky serene,
 That dull dead weight that drags them down to men,
 And speaks as plainly as the Muse's tongue,
 "Frail were the fires from whom we mortals sprung."

Incense to such may breathe, but breathes in vain,
 The dusky vapour but obscures the fane:

* Loretto's lady like, such patrons bear
 The flatt'ring stains of many a live-long year;
 While but to shame them beams fictitious day,
 And their own filth th' eternal lamps betray.
 Tell us, ye names, preserv'd from Charles's times
 In dedication prose, heroic rhymes;
 Would ye not now, with equal joy resign
 (Tho' taught to flow in Dryden's strain divine)
 The awkward virtues never meant to fit,
 The alien morals, and imputed wit,
 Whose very praise but lends a fatal breath
 To save expiring infamy from death?
 And yet, in conqu'ring vice small virtue lies;
 The weak can shun it, and the vain despise.
 'Tis yours my Lord, to form a nobler aim,
 And build on active merit endless fame;
 Unlike the loit'ring, still forgotten croud,
 Who, ev'n at best but negatively good,

* *Loretto's lady, &c.*] See Dr. Middleton's Letter from Rome, (4th edit. octavo) page 155.

'Thro' Sloth's dull round drag out a length of days,
 While Life's dim taper gradually decays ;
 And numbers fall, and numbers rise the same,
 Their country's burden, and their nature's shame.

What tho' in youth, while flatt'ring hopes presume
 On health's vain flourish for long years to come,
 Thoughtless and gay, a mad good-nature draws
 From followers flatt'ry, and from crouds applause ;
 Nay from the wise, by some capricious whim,
 Should, mix'd with pity, force a faint esteem :
 Yet will in age that syren charm prevail,
 When cares grow peevish, and when spirits fail ;
 Or must, despis'd, each fool of fortune sigh
 O'er years mispent with retrospective eye,
 Till pomp's last honours load the pageant bier,
 And much solemnity without a tear ?

'Tis yours with judgment nobly to bestow,
 And treasure joys the bounteous only know.
 See, sav'd from sloth by you, with venial pride,
 Laborious Health the stubborn glebe divide ;
 Instructed Want her folded arms unbend,
 And smiling Industry the loom attend.
 Yours too the task to spread indulgent ease,
 Steal cares from wrinkled age, disarm disease ;
 Insulted worth from proud oppression screen,
 And give neglected Science where to lean.
 Titles, like standard-flags, exalted rise,
 To tell the wretched where Protection lies ;
 And he who hears unmov'd Affliction's claim,
 Deserts his duty, and denies his name.

Nor is't enough, tho' to no bounds confin'd,
 Your cares instruct, or bounties blefs mankind.
 'Tis yours, my Lord, with various skill to trace,
 By History's clue, the statesman's subtle maze;
 Observe the springs that mov'd each nice machine,
 Not laid too open, and not drawn too thin;
 From Grecian mines bring sterling treasures home,
 And grace your Britain with the spoils of Rome.
 But chief that Britain's gradual rise behold,
 The changing world's reverse, from lead to gold:
 Happy at last, thro' storms in freedom's cause,
 Thro' fierce prerogative, and trampled laws,
 To blend such seeming inconsistent things,
 As strength with ease, and liberty with kings.
 Know too, where Europe's wav'ring fates depend,
 What states can injure, and what states defend,
 Their strength, their arts, their policies your own—
 And then, like Pelham, make that wisdom known.
 Wake ev'ry latent faculty of soul,
 Teach from your lips the glowing sense to roll,
 Till list'ning senates blefs the kind alarm,
 Convinc'd, not dazzled, and with judgment warm.

Superior talents, on the great bestow'd,
 Are heav'n's peculiar instruments of good:
 Not for the few, who have them, are design'd:
 What flows from heav'n must flow for all mankind.
 Blush then, ye peers, who, niggards of your store,
 Brood o'er the shining heap, not make it more;
 Or Wilmot like, at some poor fool's expence,
 Squander in wit the sacred funds of sense.

Wisdom alone is true Ambition's aim,
 Wisdom the source of virtue, and of fame,
 Obtain'd with labour, for mankind employ'd,
 And then, when most you share it, best enjoy'd.

See! on yon sea-girt isle the goddess stands,
 And calls her vot'rys with app'auding hands!
 They pant, they strain, they glow thro' climes unknown,
 With added strength, and spirits not their own.
 Hark! what loud shouts each glad arrival hail!
 How full fame's fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale!
 How tempting nod the groves for ever green!
 —“ But tempests' roar, and oceans roll between.”—
 Yet see, my Lord, your friends around you brave
 That roaring tempest, and contending wave.
 See——lab'ring thro' the billowy tide!
 See——impatient for the adverse side!
 O much-lov'd youths! to Britain justly dear,
 Her spring, and promise of a fairer year.
 Success be theirs, whate'er their hopes engage,
 Worth grace their youth, and honours crown their age,
 And ev'ry warmest wish sincere, and free,
 My soul e'er breathes, O——, for thee!

Hard is your stated task by all allow'd,
 And modern greatness rarely bursts the cloud.
 Lull'd high in Fortune's silken lap, you feel
 No shocks, nor turns of her uncertain wheel:
 Amusements dazzle, weak admirers gaze,
 And flatt'ry sooths, and indolence betrays.
 Yet still, my Lord, on happy peers attends
 That noblest privilege, to chuse their friends;

The wife, the good are theirs, their call obey ;
If pride refuse not, fortune points the way.
Nor great your toils, on wisdom's seas, compar'd
With theirs who shift the sail, or watch the card.
For you, the sages every depth explore,
For you, the slaves of Science ply the oar ;
And Nature's Genii fly with sails unfurl'd,
The Drake's and Raleigh's of the mental world.

But stay—too long meer English lays detain
Your light-wing'd thoughts, that rove beyond the main :
No fancy'd voyage there expects the gale,
No allegoric zephyr swells the sail.

—Yet, e'er you go, e'er Gallia's pomp invades
The milder truths of Granta's peaceful shades,
This verse at least be yours, and boldly tell,
That if you fall, not unadvis'd you fell ;
But, blest with virtue and with sense adorn'd,
A willing victim of the fools you scorn'd.

A N H Y M N

T O T H E

NYMPH OF BRISTOL SPRING. 1751.

" Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes, geminique minantur
 " In cœlum scopuli; tum sylvis scena coruscis
 " Desuper, horrentique atrum Nemus imminet umbra.
 " Intus *Aquæ dulces*, vivoque fedilia saxo
 " NYMPHARUM domus!" — VIRG.

NYMPH of the fount! from whose auspicious urn
 Flows Health, flows Strength, and Beauty's ro-
 seate bloom,

Which warms the virgin's cheek, thy gifts I sing!
 Whether inclining from thy rocky couch
 Thou hear'st attentive, or with sister-nymphs
 Fast by Sabrina's hoarse-resounding stream,
 Thou cull'st fresh flowers, regardless of my song.

Avonia, hear'st thou, from the neighb'ring stream
 So call'd; or Bristoduna; or the fount
 Well known, * *Vincentia*? Sithence from thy rock

* *Vincentia*.] The spring at Bristol is usually called St. Vincent's Well, and the rocks near it St. Vincent's Rocks, on a fabulous tradition that that saint resided there.

The hermit pour'd his orisons of old,
And, dying, to thy fount bequeath'd his name.

Whate'er thy title, thee the azure god
Of ocean erst beheld, and to the shore
Fast flew his pearly car; th' obsequious winds
Drop'd their light pinions, and no sounds were heard
In earth, air, sea, but murmuring sighs of love.
He left thee then; yet not, penurious, left
Without a boon the violated maid;
But, grateful to thy worth, with bounteous hand
Gave thee to pour the salutary rill,
And pay this precious tribute to the main.
* And still he visits, faithful to his flame,
Thy moist abode, and each returning tide
Mingles his wave with thine; hence brackish oft
And foul, we fly th' adulterated draught
And scorn the proffer'd bev'rage; thoughtless we,
That then thy Naiads hymenæals chaunt,
And rocks re-echo to the Triton's shell.

Love warm'd thy breast; to love thy waters pay
A kind regard: and thence the pallid maid
Who pines in fancy for some fav'rite youth
Drinks in new lustre, and with surer aim
Darts more enliven'd glances. Thence the boy,
Who mourns in secret the polluted charms

* *And still he visits, &c.*] The high tides in the Avon generally foul the spring in such a manner as to make the waters improper to be drank till some hours afterward.

Of Lais or Corinna, grateful feels
 Health's warm return, and pants for purer joys.
 Nor youth alone thy power indulgent owns ;
 Age shares thy blessings, and the tott'ring frame
 By thee supported : not, Tithonus-like,
 To linger in decay, and daily feel
 A death in every pain ; such cruel aids,
 Unknown to Nature, Art alone can lend :
 But, taught by thee, life's latter fruits enjoy
 A warmer winter, and at last fall off,
 Shook by no boist'rous, or untimely blasts.

But why on single objects dwells my song ?
 Wide as the neighb'ring sons of Commerce waft
 Their unexhausted stores, to every clime
 On every wind up-born thy triumphs spread !
 Thee the glad merchant hails, whom choice or fate
 Leads to some distant home, where Sirius reigns,
 And the blood boils with many a fell disease
 Which Albion knows not. Thee the fable wretch,
 To eat whose burning entrails swells in vain
 The citron's dewy moisture, thee he hails ;
 And oft from some steep cliff at early dawn
 In seas, in winds, or the vast void of heaven
 Thy power unknown adores ; or ranks, perhaps,
 Amid his fabled gods Avonia's name.

Scar'd at thy presence start the train of Death,
 And hide their whips and scorpions. Thee confus'd
 Slow Febris creeps from ; thee the meagre fiend

Consumption flies, and checks his rattling coughs.
 But chief the dread disease, whose wat'ry power,
 Curb'd by thy wave refringent, knows its bounds,
 And feels a firmer barrier. Ocean thus
 Once flow'd, they say, impetuous; 'till, restrain'd
 By force almighty, streams were taught to flow
 In narrower channels, and once more relieve
 The thirsty hind, and wash the fruitful vale.

What shrieks, what groans, torment the lab'ring air,
 And pierce th' astonish'd hearer? ah, behold
 Yon agonizing wretch, that pants and writhes,
 Rack'd with the stone, and calls on thee for ease!
 Nor calls he long in vain; the balmy draught
 Has done its office, and resign'd and calm
 The poor pale sufferer sinks to sweet repose.
 O could thy lenient wave thus charm to peace
 That fiercer fiend Ill-nature; Argus-like,
 Whose eyes still open watch th' unwary steps
 Which tread thy margin, and whose subtle brain
 To real mischief turns ideal ills!
 But not thy stream nectareous, nor the smiles
 Of rosy-dimpled Innocence, can charm
 That monster's rage: dark, dark as midnight damps,
 And ten times deadlier, steals along unseen
 Her blasting venom, and devours at once
 Fair Virtue's growth, and Beauty's blooming spring.

But turn we from the sight, and dive beneath
 Thy darksome caverns; or unwearied climb

Thy

Thy tow'ring mountains, studious to explore
The latent seeds and magazines of health.

“Ye rocks that round me rise, ye pendant woods
High waving to the breeze, ye gliding streams
That steal in silence thro' the mossy clefts
Unnumber'd, tell me in what secret vale
Hygeia shuns the day?—O, often seen
In dreams poetic, pour thy radiant form
Full on my sight, and bless my waking sense!—
But not to me such visions, not to me;
No son of Pæon I, like that sweet bard
* Who sung her charms profest; † or him, whose Muse
Now builds the lofty rhyme, and nobly wild
Crops each unfading flower from Pindar's brow,
To form fresh garlands for the Naiad train.

Yet will I view her still, however coy,
In dreams poetic; see her to the sound
Of dulcet symphonies harmonious lead
Her sportive sister-Graces, Mirth serene,
And Peace, sweet inmate of the sylvan shade.

These are thy handmaids, goddess of the fount,
And these thy offspring. Oft have I beheld
Their airy revels on the verdant steep

* *Who sung her charms profest.*] Dr. Armstrong, author of that elegant didactic poem, called “The Art of preserving Health.”

† *Or him whose Muse.*] Alluding to a manuscript poem of Dr. Akenfide's (since published) written in the spirit and manner of the ancients, called, “An Hymn to the Water Nymphs.”

Of Avon, clear as Fancy's eye could paint.
 What time the dewy star of eve invites
 To lonely musing, by the wave-worn beach,
 Along the extended mead. Nor less intent
 Their fairy forms I view, when from the height
 Of Clifton, tow'ring mount, th' enraptur'd eye
 Beholds the cultivated prospect rise
 Hill above hill, with many a verdant bound
 Of hedge-row chequer'd. Now on painted clouds
 Sportive they roll, or down yon winding stream
 Give their light mantles to the wafting wind,
 And join the sea-green sisters of the flood.

Happy the man whom these amusive walks,
 These waking dreams delight ! no cares molest
 His vacant bosom : Solitude itself
 But opens to his keener view new worlds,
 Worlds of his own : from every genuine scene
 Of Nature's varying hand his active mind
 Takes fire at once, and his full soul o'erflows
 With heaven's own bounteous joy ; he too creates,
 And with new beings peoples earth and air,
 And ocean's deep domain. The bards of old,
 The godlike Grecian bards, from such fair founts
 Drank inspiration. Hence on airy clifts
 Light satyrs danc'd, along the woodland shade
 Pan's mystic pipe resounded, and each rill
 Confess'd its tutelary power, like thine.

But not like thine, bright deity, their urns
 Pour'd Health's rare treasures ; on their grassy sides

The panting swain reclin'd with his tir'd flock
 At sultry noon-tide, or at evening led
 His unyok'd heifers to the common stream.

Yet some there have been, and there are, like thee
 Profuse of liquid balm ; from the fair train
 * Of eldest Tadmor, where the sapient king
 For the faint traveller, and diseas'd, confin'd
 To salutary baths the fugitive stream.
 And still, tho' now perhaps their power unknown,
 Unfought, the solitary waters creep
 Amid * Palmyra's ruins, and bewail
 To rocks, and desert caves, the mighty loss
 Of two imperial cities ! so may sink
 Yon cloud-envelop'd towers ; and times to come
 Enquire where Avon flow'd, and the proud mart
 Of Bristol rose. Nay, Severn's self may fail,
 With all that waste of waters : and the swain
 From the tall summit (whence we now survey
 The anchoring bark, and see with every tide
 Pass and re-pass the wealth of either world)
 May hail the softer scene where groves aspire,
 And bosom'd villages, and golden fields
 Unite the Cambrian to the English shore.

* *Eldest Tadmor.*] Tadmor in the wilderness, built by king Solomon, celebrated for its baths.

† *Palmyra's ruins.*] Palmyra is generally allowed to have stood on the same spot of ground as Tadmor. See the Universal History, vol. ii. oct. edit. where is a print representing the ruins of that city.

Why

Why should I mention many a fabled fount
 By bards recorded, or historians old ;
 Whether they water'd Asia's fertile plains
 With soft * Callirrhoë ; or to letter'd Greece
 Or warlike Latium lent their kindly aid ?
 Nor ye of modern fame, whose rills descend
 From Alps and Appennines, or grateful lave
 Germania's haras'd realms, expect my verse
 Should chaunt your praise, and dwell on foreign themes ;
 When chief o'er Albion have the healing powers
 Shed wide their influence : from a thousand rocks
 Health gushes, thro' a thousand vales it flows
 Spontaneous. Scarce can luxury produce
 More pale diseases than her streams relieve.

Witness, Avonia, the unnumber'd tongues
 Which hail thy † sister's name ! on the same banks
 Your fountains rise, to the same stream they flow.
 See in what myriads to her watry shrine
 The various votaries press ! they drink, they live !
 Not more exulting crowds in the full height
 Of Roman luxury proud Baiæ knew ;
 Ere ‡ Musa's fatal skill, fatal to Rome,

* *With soft Callirrhoë.*] A fountain in Judea beyond Jordan, which empties itself into the lake Asphaltites. Its waters were not only medicinal, but remarkably soft and agreeable to the taste. Herod the Great made use of them in his last dreadful distemper. Josephus, l. xvii. c. 8.

† Bath.

‡ *Musa's fatal skill.*] Antonius Musa, physician to Augustus Cæsar, was the first who brought cold bathing into great repute at

Defam'd

Defam'd the tepid wave. Nor * round thy shades,
Clitumnus, more recording trophies hang.

O for a Shakespear's pencil, while I trace
In Nature's breathing paint, the dreary waste
Of Buxton, dropping with incessant rains
Cold and ungenial ; or its sweet reverse
Enchanting Matlock, from whose rocks like thine
Romantic foliage hangs, and rills descend,
And echoes murmur. Derwent, as he pours
His oft obstructed stream down rough cascades
And broken precipices, views with awe,
With rapture, the fair scene his waters form,

Nor yet has Nature to one spot confin'd
Her frugal blessings. Many a different site

Rome. But the same prescription which had saved Augustus, unhappily killed Marcellus. Horace describes the inhabitants of Baiæ as very uneasy at this new method of proceeding in physic :

—“ Mihi Baias

“ Musa supervacuas Antonius, et tamen illis

“ *Me facit invisum gelidâ dum perluor undâ*

“ *Per inedum frigus. Sanè myrteta relinqui*

“ *Dictaque cessantem nervis elidere morbum*

“ *Sulfura contemni Vicus gemit ; invidus ægris*

“ *Qui caput aut stomachum supponere fontibus audent,*” &c.

* — *Round thy shades,*

Clitumnus, —]

See a beautiful description of the source of this river in Pliny's Epistles, Ep. 8. Book viii. where he mentions it as a custom for persons to leave inscriptions, &c. as testimonies of their being cured there ; something in the manner of the crutches at bath.

And

And different air, to suit man's varying frame
 The same relief extends. Thus Cheltenham sinks
 Rural and calm amid the flowery vale,
 Pleas'd with its pastoral scenes; while Scarbro' lifts
 Its towering summits to th' aspiring clouds,
 And sees th' unbounded ocean roll beneath.

Avonia frowns! and justly may'st thou frown
 O Goddess, on the bard, th' injurious bard,
 Who leaves thy pictur'd scenes, and idly roves
 For foreign beauty to adorn his song.
 Thine is all beauty; every site is thine.
 Thine the sweet vale, and verdure-crowned mead
 Slow rising from the plain, which Cheltenham boasts.
 Thine Scarbro's cliffs; and thine the ruffet heaths
 Of sandy Tunbridge; o'er thy spacious downs
 Stray wide the nibbling flocks; the hunter train
 May range thy forests; and the muse-led youth,
 Who loves the devious walk, and simple scene,
 May in thy Kingswood view the scatter'd cots
 And the green wilds of Dulwich. Does the sun,
 Does the free air delight? lo! Clifton stands
 Courted by every breeze; and every sun
 There sheds a kinder ray; whether he rides
 In southern skies sublime, or mildly pours
 O'er Bristol's red'ning towers his orient beam,
 Or gilds at eve the shrub-clad rocks of Ley.
 Beneath thy mountains open to the south
 The Sick'ness fits, and drinks th' enlivening day;
 Nor fears th' innumerable pangs which pierce

In keener anguish from the north, or load
 The dusky pinions of the peevish east.
 Secure she sits, and from thy sacred urn
 Implores, and finds relief. The slacken'd nerves
 Resume their wonted tone, of every wind
 And every season patient. Jocund Health
 Blooms on the cheek; and careless Youth returns
 (As fortune wills) to pleasure or to toil.

Yet think not, Goddess, that the Muse ascribes
 To thee unfailing strength, of force to wrest
 Th' uplifted bolts of fate; to Jove alone
 Belongs that high pre-eminence. Full oft,
 This feeling heart can witness, have I heard
 Along thy shore the piercing cries resound
 Of widows and of orphans. Oft beheld
 The solemn funeral pomp, and decent rites,
 Which human vanity receives and pays
 When dust returns to dust. Where Nature fails,
 There too thy power must fail; or only lend
 A momentary aid to soften pain,
 And from the King of terrors steal his frown.

Nor yet for waters only art thou fam'd,
 Avonia; deep within thy cavern'd rocks
 Do diamonds lurk, which mimick those of Ind.
 Some to the curious searcher's eye betray
 Their varying hues amid the mossy clefts
 Faint glimmering; others in the solid stone
 Lie quite obscur'd, and wait the patient hand

Of art, or quick explosion's fiercer breath,
 To wake their latent glories into day.
 With these the British fair, ere traffic's power
 Had made the wealth of other worlds our own,
 Would deck their auburn tresses, or confine
 The snowy roundness of their polish'd arm.
 With these the little tyrants of the isle,
 Monarchs of counties, or of clay-built towns
 Sole potentates, would bind their haughty brows,
 And awe the gazing croud. Say, Goddess, say,
 Shall, studious of thy praise, the Muse declare
 When first their lustre rose, and what kind power
 Unveil'd their hidden charms? The Muse alone
 Can call back time, and from oblivion save
 The once-known tale, of which tradition's self
 Has lost the faintest memory. 'Twas ere
 The titles proud of Knight or Baron bold
 Were known in Albion; long ere Cæsar's arms
 Had tried its prowess, and been taught to yield.
 Westward a mile from yon aspiring shrubs
 Which front thy hallow'd fount, and shagg with thorns
 The adverse side of Avon, dwelt a swain.
 One only daughter blest'd his nuptial bed.
 Fair was the maid; but wherefore said I fair?
 For many a maid is fair, but Leya's form
 Was Beauty's self, where each united charm
 Ennobled each, and added grace to all.
 Yet cold as mountain snows her tim'rous heart
 Rejects the voice of love. In vain the fire
 With prayers, with mingled tears, demanded oft

The name of grandfire, and a prattling race
 To cheer his drooping age. In vain the youths
 To Leya's fav'rite name in every dale
 Attun'd their rustic pipes, to Leya's ear
 Music was discord when it talk'd of love.
 And shall such beauty, and such power to bless,
 Sink usefess to the grave! forbid it, Love!
 Forbid it, Vanity! ye mighty two
 Who share the female breast! the last prevails.
 "Whatever youth shall bring the noblest prize
 "May claim her conquer'd heart." The day was fix'd
 And forth from villages, and turf-built cots,
 In crouds the suitors came: from Ashton's vale,
 From Pil, from Porshut, and the town whose tower
 Now stands a sea-mark to the pilots ken.
 Nor were there wanting Clifton's love-sick sons
 To swell th' enamor'd train. But most in thought
 Yielded to Cadwal's heir, proud lord of Stoke;
 Whose wide dominions spread o'er velvet lawns
 And gently-swelling hills, and tufted groves,
 Full many a mile. For there, ev'n then, the scene
 We now behold to such perfection wrought,
 Charm'd with untutor'd wildness, and but ask'd
 A master's hand to tame it into grace.

Against such rivals, prodigal of wealth,
 To venal beauty off'ring all their stores,
 What arts shall Thenot use, who long has lov'd,
 And long, too long despair'd? Amid thy rocks
 Nightly he wanders, to the silent moon

And starry host of heaven he tells his pain.
 But chief to thee, to thee his fond complaints
 At morn, at eve, and in the midnight hour
 Frequent he pours. No wealth paternal blest'd
 His humbler birth; no fields of waving gold
 Or flowering orchards, no wide-wandering herds
 Or bleating firflings of the flock were his,
 To tempt the wary maid. Yet could his pipe
 Make echoes listen, and his flowing tongue
 Could chaunt soft ditties in so sweet a strain,
 They charm'd with native music all but her.

Oft had'st thou hear'd him, goddess; oft resolv'd
 To succour his distress. When now the day
 The fatal day drew near, and love's last hope
 Hung on a few short moments. Ocean's god
 Was with thee, and observ'd thy anxious thought.
 "And what, he cry'd, can make Avonia's face
 Wear aught but smiles? what jealous doubts perplex
 My fair, my best lov'd?" "No jealous doubts,
 Thou answer'd'st mild, and on his breast reclin'd
 Thy blushing cheek, perplex Avonia's breast:
 A cruel fair one flies the voice of love,
 And gifts alone can win her. Mighty Power,
 Bid thy Tritons ransack Ocean's wealth,
 The coral's living branch, the lucid pearl,
 And every shell where mingling lights and shades
 Lay happiest. O, if ever to thy breast
 My artful coyness gave a moment's pain,
 Learn from that pain to pity those that love."

The God return'd : " Can his Avonia ask
 What Neptune would refuse ? beauty like thine
 Might task his utmost labours. But behold
 How needless now his treasures ! what thou seek'st
 Is near thee ; in the bosom of thy rocks
 Myriads of glittering gems, of power to charm
 More wary eyes than Leya's, lurk unseen.
 From these select thy store." He spake, and rais'd
 The massy trident ; at whose stroke the womb
 Of Earth gave up its treasures. Ready nymphs
 Receiv'd the bursting gems, and Tritons lent
 A happier polish to th' encrusted stone.

Scarce had they finish'd, when the plaintive strains
 Of Thenot reach'd thy ears. " Approach, approach,"
 The trident-bearer cried ; and at his voice
 The rocks divided, and the awe-struck youth
 (Like Aristæus thro' the parting wave)
 Descended trembling. But what words can paint
 His joy, his rapture, when, surpris'd at length
 Yielding to love, he grasp'd the fated gems,
 And knew their wond'rous import. " O ! he cried,
 Dismiss me, gracious Powers ; ere this, perhaps,
 Young Cadwal clasps her charms, ere this the wealth
 Of Madoc has prevail'd !" — " Go, youth, and know
 Success attends thy enterprize ; and time
 Shall make thee wealthier than the proudest swain
 Whose rivalship thou fear'st ; go, and be blest.
 Yet let not gratitude be lost in joy ;
 But when thy wide possessions shall extend

Farm beyond farm, remember whence they rose,
And grace thy village with Avonia's name."

How shall the blushing Muse pursue the tale
Impartial, and record th' ungrateful crime
Of Thenot love-deluded? When success
Had crown'd his fierce desires, awhile he paid
Due honours at thy shrine, and strew'd with flowers
Jasmin and rose, and iris many-hued,
The rocky margin. 'Till at length, intent
On Leya's charms alone, of aught beside
Careless he grew; and scarcely now his hymns
Of praise were heard; if heard, they fondly mix'd
His Leya's praise with thine; or only seem'd
The dying echoes of his former strains.
Nor did he (how wilt thou excuse, O Love,
Thy traitor?) when his wide possessions spread,
Farm beyond farm, remember whence they rose,
Or grace his village with Avonia's name.
But on a festal day, amid the shouts
Of echoing shepherds, to the rising town
'Be Leya nam'd," he cried: and still unchang'd
Indelible disgrace!) * the name remains.

'Twas then, Avonia, negligent of all
His former injuries, thy heav'nly breast
Felt real rage; and thrice thy arm was rais'd
For speedy vengeance; thrice the azure god

* *The name remains.*] Ley, or Leigh, a small village on the opposite side of the Avon, mentioned before, p. 207.

Restrain'd its force, or ere th' uplifted rocks
 Descending had o'erwhelm'd the fated town.
 And thus he sooth'd thee, " Let not rage transport
 My injur'd fair-one ; love was all his crime,
 Resistless love. Yet sure revenge awaits
 Thy utmost wishes ; never shall his town,
 Which, had thy title grac'd it, had aspir'd
 To the first naval honours, and look'd down
 On Carthage and the ports which grace my own
 Phœnicia, never shall it rise beyond
 That humble village thou behold'st it now.
 And soon transported to the British coast
 From farthest India vessels shall arrive
 Full fraught with gems, myself will speed the sails,
 And all th' imaginary wealth he boasts
 Shall sink neglected : rustics shall deride
 His diamond's mimic blaze. Nor thou regret
 Their perish'd splendor ; on a firmer base
 Thy glory rests ; reject a spurious praise,
 And to thy waters only trust for fame."

And what of fame, O Goddess, canst thou ask
 Beyond thy waters, ever-streaming source
 Of health to thousands ? Myriads yet unborn
 Shall hail thy fost'ring wave : perchance to thee
 Shall owe their first existence. For, if fame
 Relate not fabling, the warm genial breath
 Of nature, which calls forth the bursting forms
 Through wide creation, and with various life
 Fills every teeming element, amid

Thy stream delighted revels, with increase
 Blessing the nuptial bed. Suppliant to thee
 The pensive matron bends; without thy aid
 Expiring families had ask'd in vain
 The long-expected heir; and states perhaps,
 Which now stand foremost in the lists of fame,
 Had sunk unnerv'd, inglorious, the vile slaves
 Of sloth, and crouch'd beneath a master's frown,
 Had not thy breath awak'd some chosen soul,
 Some finer æther, scarce ally'd to clay,
 Hero to act, or poet to record.

O if to Albion, to my native land,
 Of all that glorious, that immortal train
 Which swells her annals, thy prolific stream
 Has given one bard, one hero; may nor storms
 Nor earthquakes shake thy mansion; may the sweep,
 The silent sweep, of slow-devouring time
 Steal o'er thy rocks unfelt, and only bear
 To future worlds thy virtues, and thy praise.

Still, still, Avonia, o'er thy Albion shed
 Benignest influence; nor to her alone
 Confine thy partial boon. The lamp of day,
 God of the lower world, was meant to all
 A common parent. Still to every realm
 Send forth thy blessings; for to every realm,
 Such its peculiar excellence, thy wave
 May pass untainted; seasons, climates, spare

Its virtues, and the power which conquers all,
Innate corruption, never mixes there.

And might I ask a boon, in whispers ask
One partial favour; Goddess, from the power
Of verse, and arts Pæonian, gracious thou
Intreat this one. Let other poets share
His noisy honours, rapid let them roll
As neighb'ring Severn, while the voice of fame
Re-echoes to their numbers: but let mine
My humbler weaker verse, from scantier rills
Diffusing wholesome draughts, unheard, unseen,
Glide gently on, and imitate thy spring.

O N F R I E N D S H I P.

“ L’Amitié, qui dans le monde est à peine un sentiment, est une passion dans les cloîtres.”

Contes Moraux, de MARMONTEL.

MUCH have we heard the peevish world complain
 Of friends neglected, and of friends forgot :
 Another’s frailties blindly we arraign,
 And blame, as partial ills, the common lot :
 For what is Friendship ? — ’Tis the sacred tie
 Of souls unbodied, and of love refin’d ;
 Beyond, Benevolence, thy social sigh,
 Beyond the duties graven on our kind.
 And ah how seldom, in this vale of tears,
 This frail existence, by ourselves debas’d,
 In hopes bewilder’d, or subdued by fears,
 The joys unmix’d of mutual good we taste !
 Proclaim, ye reverend Sires, whom Fate has spar’d
 As life’s example, and as virtue’s test,
 How few, how very few, your hearts have shar’d,
 How much those hearts have pardon’d in the best.
 Vain is their claim whom heedless pleasure joins
 In bands of riot, or in leagues of vice ;
 They meet, they revel, as the day declines,
 But, spectre like, they shudder at its rise.

For

For 'tis not Friendship, tho' the raptures run,
 Led by the mad'ning God, thro' every vein;
 Like the warm flower, which drinks the noon-tide sun,
 Their bosoms open but to close again.

Yet there are hours of mirth, which Friendship loves,
 When Prudence sleeps, and Wisdom grows more kind,
 Sallies of sense, which Reason scarce approves,
 When all unguarded glows the naked mind.

But far from those be each profaner eye
 With glance malignant withering fancy's bloom;
 Far the vile ear, where whispers never die;
 Far the rank heart, which teems with ills to come.
 Full oft, by fortune near each other plac'd,
 Ill-suited souls, nor studious much to please,
 Whole fruitless years in awkward union waste,
 'Till chance divides, whom chance had join'd, with
 ease.

And yet, should either oddly soar on high,
 And shine distinguish'd in some sphere remov'd,
 The friend observes him with a jealous eye,
 And calls ungrateful whom he never lov'd.
 But leave we such for those of happier clay
 On whose emerging stars the Graces smile,
 And search for truth, where Virtue's sacred ray
 Wakes the glad seed in Friendship's genuine soil.
 In youth's soft season, when the vacant mind
 To each kind impulse of affection yields,
 When Nature charms, and love of humankind
 With its own brightness every object gilds,

Should

Should two congenial bosoms haply meet,
 Or on the banks of Camus, hoary stream,
 Or where smooth Isis glides on silver feet,
 Nurse of the Muses each, and each their theme,
 How blith the mutual morning task they ply!

How sweet the faunt'ring walk at close of day!
 How steal, secluded from the world's broad eye,
 The midnight hours insensibly away!

While glows the social bosom to impart
 Each young idea dawning science lends,
 Or big with sorrow beats th' unpractis'd heart
 For suff'ring virtue, and disastrous friends.

Deep in the volumes of the mighty dead
 They feast on joys to vulgar minds unknown;
 The hero's, sage's, patriot's path they tread,
 Adore *each* worth, and make it half their own.

Sublime and pure as Thebes or Sparta taught
 Eternal union from their souls they swear,
 Each added converse swells the generous thought,
 And each short absence makes it more sincere —
 —“ And can — (I hear some eager voice exclaim,
 Whose blifs now blossoms, and whose hopes beat
 high)

Can Virtue's basis fail th' incumbent frame?

And *may* such friendships *ever ever* die?”

Ah, gentle youth, they may. Nor thou complain
 If chance the sad experience should be thine.

What can not change where all is light and vain?

— Ask of the Fates who twist life's varying line.

Ambi-

Ambition, vanity, suspense, surmise,

On the wide world's tempestuous ocean roll ;

New loves, new friendships, new desires arise,

New joys elate, new griefs depress the soul.

Some, in the bustling mart of business, lose

The still small voice retirement loves to hear ;

Some at the noisy bar enlarge their views,

And some in senates court a people's ear.

While others, led by glory's meteors, run

To distant wars for laurels stain'd with blood.

Meanwhile the stream of time glides calmly on,

And ends its silent course in Lethe's flood.

Unhappy only he of Friendship's train

Who never knew what change or fortune meant,

With whom th' ideas of his youth remain

Too firmly fix'd, and rob him of content.

Condemn'd perhaps to some obscure retreat,

Where pale reflection wears a sickly bloom,

Still to the past he turns with pilgrim feet,

And ghosts of pleasure haunt him to his tomb.

O—but I will not name you—ye kind few,

With whom the morning of my life I pass'd,

May every bliss, your generous bosoms knew

In earlier days, attend you to the last.

I too, alas, am chang'd.—And yet there are

Who still with partial love my friendship own,

Forgive the frailties which they could not share,

Or find my heart unchang'd to them alone.

To them this votive tablet of the Muse

Pleas'd I suspend.—Nor let th' unfeeling mind

From

From these loose hints its own vile ways excuse,
Or start a thought to injure human-kind.
Who knows not Friendship, knows not blifs sincere.
Court it, ye young ; ye aged, bind it fast ;
Earn it, ye proud ; nor think the purchase dear,
Whate'er the labour, if 'tis gain'd at last.
Compar'd with all th' admiring world calls great,
Fame's loudest blast, ambition's noblest ends,
Ev'n the last pang of social life is sweet :
The pang which parts us from our weeping friends.

THE

T H E D O G :

A T A L E.

A SQUIRE of parts, and some conceit,
 Tho' not a glaring first-rate wit,
 Had lately taken to his arms
 A damsel of uncommon charms.
 A mutual bliss their bosoms knew,
 The hours on downy pinions flew,
 And scatter'd roses as they pass'd
 Emblem of joys too sweet to last!
 For lo! th' unequal fates divide
 Th' enamour'd swain, and beauteous bride.
 The honey moon had scarcely wan'd,
 And love its empire still maintain'd,
 When forth he must, for business calls.
 —Adieu, ye fields, ye groves, ye walls,
 That in your hallow'd bounds contain
 My source of joy—my source of pain!
 It must be so; adieu, my dear.
 They kiss, he sighs, she drops a tear,
 For lovers of a certain cast
 Think every parting is the last,
 And still whine out, whene'er they sever,
 In tragic strain, “Farewell for ever!”

Awhile,

Awhile, in melancholy mood,
He slowly pac'd the tiresome road ;
For " every road must tiresome prove
That bears us far from her we love."
But fun, and exercise, and air,
At length dispel the glooms of care ;
They vanish like a morning dream,
And happiness is now the theme.
How blest his lot, to gain at last,
So many vain researches past,
A wife so suited to his taste,
So fair, so gentle, and so chaste,
A tender partner for his bed,
A pillow for his aching head,
The bosom good for which he panted,
In short the very thing he wanted.
And then, to make my bliss compleat,
And lay fresh laurels at my feet,
How many matches did she slight ;
An Irish lord, a city knight,
And squires by dozens, yet agree
To pass her life with humble me.
And did not she the other day
When Captain Wilkins pass'd our way—
The Captain !—well, she lik'd not him,
Tho' dress'd in all his Hyde-park trim.
—She lik'd his sword-knot tho' 'twas yellow ;
The Captain is a sprightly fellow,
I should not often chuse to see
Such dangerous visitors as he.

I won-

I wonder how he came to call—
Or why he pass'd that way at all.
His road lay farther to the right,
And me he hardly knew by sight.
Stay,—let me think—I freeze, I burn—
Where'er he went, he must return,
And, in my absence, may again
Make bold to call.—Come hither, Ben;
Did you observe, I'll lay my life
You did, when first he met my wife,
What speech it was the Captain made?
“What, Captain Wilkins, Sir?” The same.
Come, you can tell. “I can't indeed,
“For they were kissing when I came.”
Kiss, did they kiss?—“Most surely, Sir;
A bride, and he a bachelor.”
Peace, rascal, 'tis beyond endurance,
I wonder at some folks assurance.
They think, like Ranger in the play,
That all they meet is lawful prey.
These huff bluff Captains are of late
Grown quite a nuisance in the state.—
Ben, turn your horse—nay, never stare,
And tell my wife I cannot bear
These frequent visits: Hence, you dunce!
“The Captain, Sir, was there but once.”
Once is too often; tell her, Ben,
That, if he dares to call again,
She should avoid him like a toad,
A snake, a viper.—There's your road.

—And

—And hark'ee, tell her, under favour,
 We stretch too far polite behaviour.
 Tell her, I do not understand
 This kissing; tell her I command—
 “Heav'n bless us, Sir, such whims as these”—
 Tell her I beg it on my knees,
 By all the love she ever show'd,
 By all she at the altar vow'd,
 Howe'er absurd a husband's fears,
 Howe'er injurious it appears,
 She would not see him if he comes;
 Nay, if she chance to hear his drums,
 Bid her start back, and skulk for fear,
 As if the thunder rent her ear.

O wond'rous power of love and beauty!
 Obedience is a servant's duty,
 And Ben obeys. But, as he goes,
 He reasons much on human woes.
 How frail is man, how prone to stray
 And all the long *et cætera*
 Of sayings, which, in former ages,
 Immortaliz'd the Grecian sages,
 But now the very vulgar speak,
 And only critics quote in Greek.

With these, like Sancho, was he stor'd,
 And Sancho-like drew forth his hoard.
 Proper or not, he all applied,
 And view'd the case on every side,
 Till, on the whole, he thought it best
 To turn the matter to a jest,

And, with a kind of clumsy wit,
At last on an expedient hit.

Suppose we then the journey o'er,
And Madam meets him at the door.
So soon return'd? and where's your master?
I hope you've met with no disaster.
Is my dear well? "Extremely so;
And only sent me here to know
How fares his softer, better part.
Ah, Madam, could you see his heart!
It was not even in his power
To brook the absence of an hour."—
And, was this all? was this the whole
He sent you for? The kind, good, soul!
Tell him, that he's my source of bliss;
Tell him my health depends on his;
Tell him, this breast no joy can find,
If cares disturb his dearer mind;
This faithful breast, if he be well,
No pang, but that of absence, feel.

Ben blush'd, and smil'd, and scratch'd his head,
Then, falt'ring in his accents, said,
"One message more, he bade me bear,
But that's a secret for your ear—
My master begs, on no account
Your Ladyship would dare to mount
The mastiff dog." What means the lad?
Are you, or is your master mad?
I ride a dog? a pretty story.
"Ah, dearest Madam, do not glory

In your own strength; temptation's strong,
And frail our nature." Hold your tongue.
Your Master, Sir, shall know of this.

"Dear Madam, do not take amiss
Your servant's zeal; by all you vow'd,
By all the love you ever show'd,
By all your hopes of bliss to come,
Beware the mastiff dog!" Be dumb,
Insulting wretch, the Lady cries.

The servant takes his cue, and flies.
While consternation marks her face,
He mounts his steed, and quits the place.
In vain she calls, as swift as wind
He scowrs the lawn, yet cast behind
One parting look, which seem'd to say
"Beware the Dog;" then rode away.

Why should I paint the hurrying scene
Of clashing thoughts which pass'd within,
Where doubt on doubt incessant roll'd.
Enough for me the secret's told,
And Madam in a strange quandary.
What's to be done? John, Betty, Harry,
Go, call him back. He's out of sight,
No speed can overtake his flight.
Patience per force alone remains,
Precarious cure for real pains!

"I ride a dog? a strange conceit,
And never sure attempted yet.
What can it mean? Whate'er it was,
There is some mystery in the case.—

And really, now I've thought a minute,
 There may be no great matter in it.
 Ladies of old, to try a change,
 Have rode on animals as strange.
 Helle a ram, a bull Europa ;
 Nay English widows, for a *faux pas*,
 Were doom'd to expiate their shame,
 As Authors say, upon a ram.
 And shan't my virtue take a pride in
 Outdoing such vile trulls in riding ?
 And sure a ram's as weak a creature—
 Here, Betty, reach me the Spectator.—
 “ Lord blefs me, Ma'am, as one may say,
 Your Ladyship's quite mop'd to day.
 Reading will only, I'm afraid,
 Put more strange megrims in your head.
 'Twere better sure to take the air ;
 I'll order, Ma'am, the coach and pair,
 And then too I may go beside.
 Or, if you rather chuse to ride.”—
 Ride, Betty ? that's my wish, my aim.
 Pray, Betty, is our Cæsar tame ?
 “ Tame, Madam ? Yes. I never heard—
 You mean the mastiff in the yard ?
 He makes a noise, and barks at folks—
 But surely, Ma'am, your La'ship jokes.”
 Jokes, Betty, no. By earth and heaven
 This insult shall not be forgiven.
 Whate'er they mean, I'll ride the dog.
 Go, prithee, free him from his clog,

And bring him hither; they shall find
There's courage in a female mind.

So said, so done. The dog appears
With Betty chirping on the stairs.
The floating sack is thrown aside,
The vestments, proper for a ride,
Such as we oft in Hyde-park view
Of fustian white lapell'd with blue,
By Betty's care were on the spot,
Nor is the feather'd hat forgot.
Pleas'd with herself th' accoutred lass
Took half a turn before her glass,
And simp'ring said, I swear and vow,
I look like Captain Wilkins now.
But serious cares our thoughts demand,
Poor Cæsar, stroke him with your hand;
How mild he seems, and wags his tail!

'Tis now the moment to prevail.
She spake, and strait with eye sedate
Began th' important work of fate.
A cushion on his back she plac'd,
And bound with ribands round his waist:
The knot, which whilom grac'd her head,
And down her winding lappets spread,
From all it's soft meanders freed,
Became a bridle for her steed.

And now she mounts. "Dear Dian, hear!
Bright Goddess of the lunar sphere!
Thou that hast oft preserv'd from fate
The nymph who leaps a five-barr'd gate,

O take me, Goddess, to thy care,
 O hear a tender Lady's prayer !
 Thy vot'refs once, as pure a maid
 As ever rov'd the Delian shade,
 Tho' now, by man's seduction won,
 She wears, alas, a looser zone."

In vain she pray'd. She mounts, she falls !
 And Cæsar barks, and Betty squawls.
 The marble hearth receives below
 The headlong dame, a direful blow !
 And starting veins with blood disgrace
 The softer marble of her face.

Here might I sing of fading charms
 Reclin'd on Betty's faithful neck,
 Like Venus in Dione's arms,

And much from Homer might I speak,
 But we refer to Pope's translation,
 And hasten to our plain narration.

While broths and plaisters are prepar'd,
 And Doctors feed, and Madam scar'd,
 At length returns th' impatient Squire
 Eager and panting with desire.
 But finds his home a desert place,
 No spouse to welcome his embrace,
 No tender sharer of his bliss
 To chide his absence with a kiss.
 Sullen in bed the Lady lay,
 And muffled from the eye of day,
 Nor deign'd a look, averse and sad
 As Dido in th' Elysian shade.

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, alarm'd, the bed he press'd,
 And clasp'd her struggling to his breast,
 My life, my soul, I cannot brook
 This cruel, this averted look.
 And is it thus at last we meet?
 Then rais'd her gently from the sheet.
 What mean, he cries, these bleeding stains,
 This muffled head, and bursting veins?
 What sacrilegious hand could dare
 To fix its impious vengeance there?
 The Dog, the Dog! was all she said
 And sobbing sunk again in bed.
 The Dog, the Dog! express'd her grief,
 Like poor Othello's handkerchief.

Meanwhile had Ben with prudent care
 From Betty learnt the whole affair,
 And drew th' impatient Squire aside,
 To own the cheat he could not hide.
 See, rascal, see, enrag'd he cries,
 What tumors on her forehead rise!
 How swells with grief that face divine!
 "I own it all, the fault was mine,
 Replies the Lad, dear angry Lord;
 But hush! come hither, not a word!
 Small are the ills we now endure,
 Those tumours, Sir, admit a cure.
 But, had I done as you directed,
 Whose forehead then had been affected?
 Had Captain Wilkins been forbidden,
 Ah master, who had then been ridden?"

AN EPISTLE

From a GROVE in DERBYSHIRE to a GROVE
in SURRY.

SINCE every naturalist agrees
That groves are nothing else but trees,
And root-bound trees, like distant creatures,
Can only correspond by letters,
Borne on the winds which thro' us whistle,
Accept, dear sister, this epistle.

And first, as to their town relations
The ladies send to know the fashions,
Would I, in something better spelling,
Inquire how things go on at Haling ;
For here, for all my master's storming,
I'm sure we strangely want reforming.
Long have my lab'ring trees confin'd
Such griefs as almost burst their rind ;
But you'll permit me to disclose 'em,
And lodge them in your leafy bosom.

When gods came down the woods among,
As sweetly chaunts poetic song,
And Fauns and Sylvans sporting there
Attun'd the reed, or chas'd the fair,

My quiv'ring branches lightly fann'd
The movements of the master's hand ;
Or half conceal'd, and half betray'd,
The blushing, flying, yielding maid ;
Did even the blifs of heav'n improve,
And solac'd gods with earthly love !

But now the world is grown so chaste,
Or else my master has no taste,
That, I'll be sworn, the live-long year
We scarcely see a woman here.
And what, alas, are woodland quires
To those who want your fierce desires ?
Can philosophic bosoms know
Why myrtles spring, or roses blow,
Why cowslips lift the velvet head,
Or woodbines form the fragrant shade ?
Even violet couches only swell
To gratify his sight and smell ;
And Milton's universal Pan
Scarce makes him feel himself a man.

And then he talks your dull morality
Like some old heathen man of quality,
(Plato, or what's his name who fled
So nobly at his army's head,)
For Christian lords have better breeding
Than by their talk to shew their reading ;
And what their sentiment in fact is,
That you may gather from their practice.

Tho'

Tho' really, if it were no worse,
 We might excuse his vain discourse;
 Toss high our heads above his voice,
 Or stop the babbling echo's noise;
 But he, I tell you, has such freaks,
 He thinks and acts whate'er he speaks.

Or, if he needs must preach and reason,
 Why let him chuse a proper season;
 Such musty morals we might hear
 When whistling winds have stript us bare,
 As, after sixty, pious folks
 Will on wet Sundays read good books.

And I must own, dear sister Haling,
 'Tis mine, like many a lady's failing.
 (Whom worried spouse to town conveys

From ease, and exercise, and air,
 To sleepless nights, and raking days,
 And joys—too exquisite to bear)

To feel December's piercing harms,
 And every winter lose my charms.

* While you still flourish fresh and fair
 Like your young ladies all the year.

O happy groves, who never feel
 The stroke of winter, or of steel;
 Nor find, but in the † poet's lay,
 The race of leaves like men decay.

* A great many of the trees at Haling are exotics and evergreens.

† Homer.

Nor hear th' imperious woodman's call,
Nor see your sylvan daughters fall,
With head declin'd attend their moan,
And echo to the dying groan.

While I, attack'd by foes to rest,
New vistas opening thro' my breast,
Am daily torn with wounds and flashes,
And see my oaks, my elms, my ashes,
With rhiming labels round them set,
As every tree were to be let.
And, when one pants for consolation,
Am put in mind of contemplation.

O friend, instruct me to endure
These mighty ills, or hint a cure.
Say, might not marriage, well apply'd,
Improve his taste, correct his pride,
Inform him books but make folks muddy,
Confine his morals to his study,
Teach him, like other mortals, here
To toy and prattle with his dear ;
Avert that fate my fear foresees,
And, for his children, save his trees ?

Right trusty wood, if you approve
The remedy express'd above,
Write by the next fair wind that blows,
And kindly recommend a spouse.

T H E A N S W E R.

DEAR grove, I ask ten thousand pardons,
 Sure I'm the most absurd of gardens!
 Such correspondence to neglect—
 Lord, how must all grove-kind reflect!

Your human loiterers, they say,
 Can put ye off from day to day
 With post gone out—the careless maid
 Forgot—the letter was mislaid—
 And twenty phrases wrought with art
 To hide the coldness of the heart.
 But vegetables from their youth
 Were always taught to speak the truth,
 In Dodonn's vales, on Mona's mountains,
 In Jotham's fables, or in Fontaine's,
 They talk like any judge or bishop,
 Quite from the cedar down to hyssop.
 I therefore for my past offence
 May own, with sylvan innocence,
 I've nought but negligence to plead;
 Which you'll excuse, and I'll proceed.

You groves who stand remote from towns
 (Tho' we are apt to call ye clowns)

Have

Have really something in your natures
 Which makes ye most diverting creatures.
 And then, I vow, I like to see
 That primitive simplicity ;
 To think of marriage as a means
 T' improve his taste, and save your greens—
 It looks so like that good old grove
 Where Adam once to Eve made love,
 That any soul alive would swear
 Your trees were educated there.

Why, child, the only hope thou hast
 Lies in thy master's want of taste ;
 For shou'd his ling'ring stay in London
 Improve his taste, you must be undone ;
 Your trees would presently lie flat,
 And the high mode of one green plat
 Run thro' his worship's whole estate,

}

Besides, you rustics fill your fancies
 With Ovid, and his strange romances.
 Why now you think, in days like ours,
 That love must still inhabit bowers,
 And goddesses, as just rewards
 For hymns of praise, grow fond of bards,
 And fly to over-arching woods
 And flowery banks, and crystal floods,
 Because such things, forsooth, were wanted
 When your great grandmothers were planted.

The

The case, my dear, is alter'd quite,
 Not that we're chaste, but more polite;
 Your shepherdesses sought such places,
 Like simple girls, to hide their faces;
 But our bright maids disdain the thought,
 They know hypocrisy's a fault,
 And never bear by their consent
 The shame of seeming innocent.

But I forget, you've just got down
 A mistress, as you wish'd, from town.
 I don't know what you'll say at Romely,
 We really think the woman comely;
 Has some good qualities beside,
 They say, but she's as yet a bride;
 One can't trust every report—
 Not we I mean who live near court;
 A lie perhaps in Derbyshire
 May be as strange as truth is here.
 Our ladies, and all their relations,
 Are vastly full of commendations;
 As for miss ——'s part, she swears,
 —I ask her pardon—she avers
 That never in her life-time yet
 She saw a woman more compleat;
 And wishes trees could tramp the plain,
 Like Birnham wood to Dunsinane,
 So might or you or I remove,
 And Romely join to Haling grove.

O could

O could her wish but alter fate
 And kindly place us *tête à tête*,
 How sweetly might from every walk
 My echoes to your echoes talk !
 But since, as justly you observe,
 By Nature's laws, which never swerve,
 We're bound from gadding, tree by tree,
 Both us and our posterity,
 Let each, content with her own county,
 E'en make the best of Nature's bounty.
 Calmly enjoy the present bliss,
 Nor in what *might be* lose what *is*.

Believe me, dear, beyond expressing
 We're happy, if we knew the blessing.
 Our masters, all the world allow,
 Are honest men as times go now ;
 They neither wench, nor drink, nor game,
 Nor burn with zeal or party flame,
 From whence, excepting adverse fates,
 We may conclude that there estates
 Will probably increase, and we
 Shall stand another century.

Then never mind a tree or two
 Cut down perhaps to ope a view,
 Nor be of nail'd up verse ashamed,
 You'll live to see the poet damn'd.
 I envy not, I swear and vow,
 The temples, or the shades of Stow ;

Nor

Nor Java's groves, whose arms display
 Their blossoms to the rising day ;
 Nor Chili's woods, whose fruitage gleams
 Ruddy beneath his setting beams ;
 Nor Teneriffa's forests shaggy ;
 Nor China's varying Sharawaggi ;
 Nor all that has been sung or said
 Of Pindus, or of Windsor shade.

Contentment is the chemic power
 Which makes trees bloom in half an hour,
 And faster plants substantial joy,
 Than ax or hatchet can destroy.
 O, gain but that, and you'll perceive
 Your fears all fade, your hopes revive.
 In winter calm Contentment's voice
 Shall make, like mine, your trees rejoice ;
 Across dead boughs a verdure fling,
 And bless you with eternal spring.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

ONCE, I remember well the day,
 'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May
 Had lost their freshest hues,
 When every flower on every hill,
 In every vale, had drank its fill
 Of sun-shine, and of dews.

'Twas

'Twas that sweet season's loveliest prime
 When Spring gives up the reins of time
 To Summer's glowing hand,
 And doubting mortals hardly know
 By whose command the breezes blow
 Which fan the smiling land.

'Twas then beside a green-wood shade
 Which cloath'd a lawn's aspiring head
 I wove my devious way,
 With loitering steps, regardless where,
 So soft, so genial was the air,
 So wond'rous bright the day.

And now my eyes with transport rove
 O'er all the blue expanse above,
 Unbroken by a cloud!
 And now beneath delighted pass,
 Where winding through the deep-green grass
 A full-brim'd river flow'd.

I stop, I gaze; in accents rude
 To thee, sereneſt Solitude,
 Burſts forth th' unbidden lay;
 Begone, vile world: the learn'd, the wiſe,
 The great, the buſy, I deſpiſe;
 And pity ev'n the gay.

Theſe, theſe, are joys alone, I cry;
 'Tis here, divine Philoſophy,
 Thou deign'ſt to fix thy throne!

Here Contemplation points the road
 Thro' Nature's charms to Nature's God!
 These, these, are joys alone!

Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
 Ye human hopes, and human fears,
 Ye pleasures, and ye pains!—
 While thus I spake, o'er all my soul
 A philosophic calmness stole,
 A Stoic stillness reigns.

The tyrant passions all subside,
 Fear, anger, pity, shame, and pride,
 No more my bosom move;
 Yet still I felt, or seem'd to feel
 A kind of visionary zeal
 Of universal love.

When lo! a voice! a voice I hear!
 'Twas Reason whisper'd in my ear
 These monitory strains:
 What mean'st thou, man? would'st thou unbind
 The ties which constitute thy kind,
 The pleasures and the pains?

The same Almighty Power unseen,
 Who spreads the gay or solemn scene
 To Contemplation's eye,
 Fix'd every movement of the soul,
 Taught every wish its destin'd goal,
 And quicken'd every joy.

He bids the tyrant passions rage,
He bids them war eternal wage,
And combat each his foe :
Till from dissentions concords rise,
And beauties from deformities,
And happiness from woe.

Art thou not man ? and dar'st thou find
A bliss which leans not to mankind ?
Presumptuous thought, and vain !
Each bliss unshar'd is unenjoy'd,
Each power is weak, unless employ'd
Some social good to gain.

Shall light, and shade, and warmth, and air,
With those exalted joys compare
Which active virtue feels,
When on she drags, as lawful prize,
Contempt, and Indolence, and Vice,
At her triumphant wheels.

As rest to labour still succeeds,
To man, while Virtue's glorious deeds
Employ his toilsome day,
This fair variety of things
Are merely life's refreshing springs
To sooth him on his way.

Enthusiast, go, unstring thy lyre ;
In vain thou sing'st, if none admire,
How sweet soe'er the strain.

And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
 Unless thou mixest with thy kind,
 Benevolent in vain?

Enthusiast, go; try every sense:
 If not thy bliss, thy excellence
 Thou yet hast learn'd to scan.
 At least thy wants, thy weakness know;
 And see them all uniting show
 That man was made for man.

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER

A F A B L E.

A GRECIAN Youth, of talents rare,
 Whom Plato's philosophic care
 Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
 By precept and example too,
 Would often boast his matchless skill,
 To curb the steed, and guide the wheel,
 And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
 With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
 The idiot wonder they express'd
 Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs would shew
 His master what his art could do;

And bade his slaves the chariot lead
 To Academus' sacred shade.
 The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
 The wood-nymphs startled at the sight,
 The Muses drop the learned lyre,
 And to their inmost shades retire !

Howe'er, the youth with forward air
 Bows to the sage, and mounts the car.
 The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
 The chariot marks the rolling ring,
 And gath'ring crouds, with eager eyes,
 And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,
 With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd ;
 And now along th' indented plain,
 The self-same track he marks again ;
 Pursues with care the nice design,
 Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling croud ;
 The youths with emulation glow'd,
 Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
 And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy.
 For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
 With pain the triumphs of the field ;
 And when the charioteer drew nigh,
 And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye :

Alas ! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
 Expect no praise from me (and sigh'd) ;
 With indignation 'I survey
 Such skill and judgment thrown away.
 The time profusely squander'd there
 On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
 If well employ'd, at less expence,
 Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
 And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
 To govern men, and guide the state.

T O A G E N T L E M A N,

On his pitching a T E N T in his G A R D E N.

A H ! friend, forbear, nor fright the fields
 With hostile scenes of imag'd war ;
 Content still roves the blooming wilds,
 And fearless ease attends her there :
 Ah ! drive not the sweet wand'rer from her seat,
 Nor with rude arts profane her latest best retreat.

Are there not bowers, and sylvan scenes,
 By Nature's kind luxuriance wove ?
 Has Romely lost the living greens
 Which erst adorn'd her artless grove ?
 Where thro' each hallow'd haunt the poet stray'd,
 And met the willing Muse, and peopled every shade.

But

But now no bards thy woods among
 Shall wait th' inspiring Muse's call ;
 For tho' to mirth and festal song
 Thy choice devotes the woven wall,
 Yet what avails that all be peace within,
 If horrors guard the gate, and scare us from the scene ?

'Tis true, of old the patriarch spread
 His happier tents which knew not war,
 And chang'd at will the trampled mead
 For fresher greens and purer air :
 But long has man forgot such simple ways ;
 Truth unsuspecting harm !—the dream of ancient days.

Ev'n he, cut off from human kind,
 (Thy neighb'ring wretch) the child of care,
 Who, to his native mines confin'd,
 Nor sees the sun, nor breathes the air,
 But 'midst the damps and darkness of Earth's womb
 Drags out laborious life, and scarcely dreads the tomb ;

Ev'n he, should some indulgent chance
 Transport him to thy sylvan reign,
 Would eye the floating veil askance,
 And hide him in his caves again,
 While dire presage in every breeze that blows
 Hears shrieks, and clashing arms, and all Germania's
 woes.

And, doubt not, thy polluted taste
 A sudden vengeance shall pursue ;

Each fairy form we whilom trac'd
 Along the morn or evening dew,
 Nymph, Satyr, Faun, shall vindicate their grove,
 Robb'd of its genuine charms, and hospitable Jove.

I see, all-arm'd with dews unblest,
 Keen frosts, and noisome vapours drear,
 Already, from the bleak north-east,
 The Genius of the wood appear !
 —Far other office once his prime delight,
 To nurse thy saplings tall, and heal the harms of night ;

With ringlets quaint to curl thy shade,
 To bid the insect tribes retire,
 To guard thy walks, and not invade —
 O wherefore then provoke his ire ?
 Alas ! with prayers, with tears, his rage repel,
 While yet the red'ning shoots with embryo-blossoms swell.

'Too late thou'lt weep, when blights deform
 The fairest produce of the year ;
 Too late thou'lt weep, when every storm
 Shall loudly thunder in thy ear,
 " Thus, thus the green-hair'd deities maintain
 " Their own eternal rights, and Nature's injur'd reign."

T H E L A R K.

A S I M I L E.

To the Reverend Mr. —

SEE how the lark, the bird of day,
 Springs from the earth, and wings her way!
 To heav'n's high vault her course she bends,
 And sweetly sings as she ascends.
 But when, contented with her height,
 She shuts her wings, and checks her flight,
 No more she chaunts the melting strain,
 But sinks in silence to the plain.

This you observ'd, and ask'd from me,
 My gentle friend, a simile.
 So take in homely verse, but true,
 Instead of one the following two.

That larks are poet's birds, is known,
 So make the case the poet's own.
 And see him first from fields arise
 And pastoral scenes, to Cælia's eyes.
 From thence the bold adventurer springs
 To vaulted roofs, and courts, and kings.
 'Till having crown'd his soaring lays
 With something more than empty praise;

And,

And, like his readers, learnt aright
 'To mingle profit with delight ;
 He reads the news, he takes the air,
 Or slumbers in his elbow chair.

Or lay aside for once grimace,
 And make it, yours, the parson's case ;
 Who, leaving curate's humble roof,
 Looks down on crape, and sits aloof.
 Tho' no vain wish his breast enthrall
 To swell in pomp pontifical,
 But pure Contentment seated there,
 Nor finds a want, nor feels a care,
 Yet are there not to stain the cloth
 (O may'st thou live secure from both !)
 A city pride, or country sloth ?
 And may not man, if touch'd with these,
 Resign his duty for his ease ?

}

But I forbear ; for well I ween
 Such likenings suit with other men.
 For never can my humble verse
 The cautious ear of patron pierce ;
 Nor ever can thy breast admit
 Degrading sloth, or self-conceit.

Then let the birds or sing or fly,
 As Hector says, and what care I ?
 They hurt not me, nor eke my friend ;
 Since, whatsoe'er the fates intend,
 Nor he can sink, nor I ascend.

}

TO

TO THE HONOURABLE

CHARLES TOWNSEND.

O CHARLES, in absence hear a friend complain,
 Who knows thou lov'st him wherefoe'er he goes,
 Yet feels uneasy starts of idle pain,
 And often would be told the thing he knows.
 Why then, thou loiterer, fleets the silent year,
 How dar'st thou give a friend unnecessary fear?

We are not now beside that osier'd stream,
 Where erst we wander'd, thoughtless of the way;
 We do not now of distant ages dream,
 And cheat in converse half the ling'ring day;
 No fancied heroes rise at our command,
 And no Timoleon weeps, and bleeds no Theban band.

Yet why complain? thou feel'st no want like these,
 From me, 'tis true, but me alone debar'd,
 Thou still in Granta's shades enjoy'st at ease
 The books we reverenc'd, and the friends we shar'd;
 Nor see'st without such aids the day decline,
 Nor think how much their loss has added weight to thine.

Truth's genuine voice, the freely-opening mind,
 Are thine, are friendship's and retirement's lot;
 To conversation is the world confin'd,
 Friends of an hour, who please and are forgot;

And

And interest stains, and vanity controuls,
The pure unfullied thoughts, and fallies of our souls.

O I remember, and with pride repeat,
The rapid progress which our friendship knew!
Even at the first with willing minds we met;
And ere the root was fix'd, the branches grew.
In vain had Fortune plac'd her weak barrier:
Clear was thy breast from pride, and mine from servile
fear.

I saw thee gen'rous, and with joy can say
My education rose above my birth,
Thanks to those parent shades, on whose cold clay
Fall fast my tears, and lightly lie the earth!
To them I owe whate'er I dare pretend
Thou saw'st with partial eyes, and bade me call thee friend.

Let others meanly heap the treasur'd store,
And awkward fondness cares on cares employ
To leave a race more exquisitely poor,
Possess'd of riches which they ne'er enjoy;
He's only kind who takes the nobler way
T' unbind the springs of thought, and give them power
to play.

His heirs shall bless him, and look down with scorn
On all that titles, birth, or wealth afford;
Lords of themselves, thank heaven that they were born
Above the sordid miser's glitt'ring hoard,
Above the servile grandeur of a throne,
For they are Nature's heirs, and all her works their own.

T O T H E S A M E.

On the DEATH of a RELATION.

O CHARLES, 'tis now the tender, trying time,
 The hour of friendship, the sad moment, when
 You must a while indulge a virtuous crime,
 And hide your own to ease another's pain,
 The mournful tribute Nature claims forego,
 To calm a softer breast, and win it from its woe.

Yet think not Consolation, vainly dress
 In Tully's language, and the learned pride
 Of wordy eloquence, can sooth the breast
 Of real grief, or bid the tear subside,
 The heartfelt tear, which streams from Virtue's eye;
 For Virtue's noblest proof is soft humanity.

Let dull unfeeling pedants talk by rote
 Of Cato's soul, which could itself subdue;
 Or idle scraps of Stoic fustian quote,
 And bravely bear the pangs they never knew:
 Refin'd from men, to desarts let them fly,
 And, 'mid their kindred rocks, unpitied live, and die.

But He, whose mercy melts in vernal skies,
 Whose attribute is universal love,
 Knit man to man by Nature's tend'rest ties,
 And bade us social joys and sorrows prove;

Bade

Bade us bedew with tears the kindred urn,
And for a brother lost like sad Maria mourn.

He bids thee too, in whispers felt within,
For sure he finely tun'd thy social soul,
Haste to the lovely mourner, and restrain
Grief's swelling tides which in her bosom roll,
Not by obstructing the tumultuous course,
But stealing by degrees, and yielding to its force.

As the kind parent treats the wounded child
With open smiles, and only weeps by stealth ;
Its wayward pain with condescension mild
She charms to rest, and cheats it into health :
So must we lightly urge th' afflicted fair,
Probe the self tortur'd breast, and teach it how to bear.

Improve each moment when th' elastic mind,
Tir'd with its plaints, resumes the bent of mirth ;
Lead it to joys, not boistrous, but refin'd,
Far from those scenes which gave its sorrows birth,
Thro' the smooth paths of Fancy's flowery vale,
And the long devious tracks of some well-woven tale.

Tho' oft I've known a sorrow like to theirs,
In well-devised story painted strong,
Cheat the fond mourners of their real cares,
And draw perforce the list'ning ear along ;
Till powerful fiction taught the tears to flow,
And more than half their grief bewail'd another's woe.

But

But she, alas, unfortunately wife,
 Will see thro' every scheme thy art can frame,
 Reject with honest scorn each mean disguise,
 And her full share of genuine anguish claim;
 Wild as the winds which Ocean's face deform,
 Or silent as the deep ere rolls th' impetuous storm.

Why had she talents given beyond her sex,
 Or why those talents did her care improve?
 Free from the follies which weak minds perplex,
 But most expos'd to all which most can move.
 Great souls alone are curs'd with grief's excess,
 That quicker finer sense of exquisite distress.

Yet shall that power beyond her sex, at last,
 Not giv'n in vain, o'er grief itself prevail,
 Stop those heart-bursting groans which heave so fast,
 And reason triumph where thy counsels fail;
 Save when some well-known object ever dear
 Recalls th' untutor'd sigh, or sudden-starting tear.

Such tender tribute to departed friends
 Thro' life alas must sad remembrance pay;
 And such, O Charles, when kinder fate extends
 Thy stronger thread beyond my fatal day,
 Such shall I hope from thee, till thou resign
 That last sure pledge of love to some poor friend of thine.

TO MR. GARRICK.

ON old Parnassus, t'other day,
 The Muses met to sing and play;
 Apart from all the rest were seen
 The tragic and the comic queen,
 Engag'd, perhaps, in deep debate
 On Rich's, or on Fleetwood's fate.
 When, on a sudden, news was brought
 That Garrick had the patent got,
 And both their Ladyships again
 Might now return to Drury-lane.
 'They bow'd, they simper'd, and agreed,'
 They wish'd the project might succeed,
 'Twas very possible; the case
 Was likely too, and had a face—
 A face! Thalia titt'ring cry'd,
 And could her joy no longer hide;
 Why, sister, all the world must see
 How much this makes for you and me:
 No longer now shall we expose
 Our unbought goods to empty rows,
 Or meanly be oblig'd to court
 From foreign aid a weak support;
 No more the poor polluted scene
 Shall teem with births of Harlequin?
 Or vindicated stage shall feel
 The insults of the dancer's heel.
 Such idle trash we'll kindly spare
 To operas now — they'll want them there;

For Sadler's-Wells, they say, this year
Has quite outdone their engineer.

Pugh, you're a wag, the buskin'd prude
Reply'd, and smil'd; beside 'tis rude
To laugh at foreigners, you know,
And triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe:
For my part, I shall be content
If things succeed as they are meant;
And should not be displeas'd to find
Some changes of the tragic kind.
And say, Thalia, mayn't we hope
The stage will take a larger scope?
Shall he, whose all-expressive powers
Can reach the heights which Shakespear soars,
Descend to touch an humbler key,
And tickle ears with poetry;
Where every tear is taught to flow
Thro' many a line's melodious woe,
And heart-felt pangs of deep distress
Are fritter'd into similies?
—O thou, whom Nature taught the art
To pierce, to cleave, to tear the heart,
Whatever name delight thy ear,
Othello, Richard, Hamlet, Lear,
O undertake my just defence,
And banish all but Nature hence!
See, to thy aid with streaming eyes
The fair afflicted * Constance flies;

* Mrs. Cibber in the character of Lady Constance in Shakespear's King John.

Now wild as winds in madness tears
 Her heaving breasts, and scatter'd hairs;
 Or low on earth disdains relief,
 With all the conscious pride of grief.
 My Pritchard too in Hamlet's queen —
 The goddess of the sportive vein
 Here stop'd her short, and with a sneer,
 My Pritchard, if you please, my dear!
 Her tragic merit I confess,
 But surely mine's her proper dress;
 Behold her there with native ease
 And native spirit, born to please;
 With all Maria's charms engage,
 Or Milwood's arts, or Touchwood's rage,
 'Thro' every foible trace the fair,
 Or leave the town, and toilet's care,
 'To chaunt in forests unconfin'd
 'The wilder notes of Rosalind.

O thou, where-e'er thou fix thy praise,
 Brute, Druggier, Fribble, Ranger, Bays!
 O join with her in my behalf,
 And teach an audience when to laugh.
 So shall buffoons with shame repair
 'To draw in fools at Smithfield fair,
 And real humour charm the age,
 'Tho' † Falstaff should forsake the stage.

She spoke. Melpomene reply'd,
 And much was said on either side;

† Mr. Quin, inimitable in that character, who was then leaving
 the stage.

And many a chief, and many a fair,
Were mention'd to their credit there.
But I'll not venture to display
What goddesses think fit to say.
However, Garrick, this at least
Appears by both a truth confess'd,
That their whole fate for many a year
But hangs on your paternal care.
A nation's taste depends on you:
—Perhaps a nation's virtue too.
O think how glorious 'twere to raise
A theatre to Virtue's praise.
Where no indignant blush might rise,
Nor wit be taught to plead for vice;
But every young attentive ear
Imbibe the precepts, living there.
And every unexperienc'd breast
There feel its own rude hints express'd,
And, waken'd by the glowing scene,
Unfold the worth that lurks within.

If possible, be perfect quite;
A few short rules will guide you right.
Consult your own good sense in all,
Be deaf to fashion's fickle call,
Nor e'er descend from reason's laws
To court, what you command, applause.

NATURE TO DR. HOADLY,

On his Comedy of the SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

SLY hypocrite ! was this your aim ?
 To borrow Pæon's sacred name,
 And lurk beneath his graver mien,
 To trace the secrets of my reign ?
 Did I for this applaud your zeal,
 And point out each minuter wheel,
 Which finely taught the next to roll,
 And made my works one perfect whole ?
 For who, but I, till you appear'd,
 To model the dramatic herd,
 E'er bade to won'dring ears and eyes,
 Such pleasing intricacies rise ?
 Where every part is nicely true,
 Yet touches still the master clue ;
 Each riddle opening by degrees,
 Till all unravels with such ease,
 That only those who will be blind
 Can feel one doubt perplex their mind.

Nor was't enough, you thought, to write ;
 But you must impiously unite
 With Garrick too, who long before
 Had stol'n my whole expressive pow'r.

That

That changeful Proteus of the stage,
 Usurps my mirth, my grief, my rage;
 And as his different parts incline,
 Gives joys or pains, sincere as mine.

Yet you shall find (howe'er elate
 You triumph in your former cheat)
 'Tis not so easy to escape
 In Nature's, as in Pæon's shape.
 For every critic, great or small,
 Hates every thing that's natural.
 The beaux, and ladies too, can say,
 What does he mean? is this a play?
 We see such people every day.
 Nay more, to chafe, and teize your spleen,
 And teach you how to steal again,
 My very fools shall prove you're bit,
 And damn you for your want of wit.

TO RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Esq.

DE AR Cambridge, teach your friend the art
 You use to gain the Muse's heart,
 And make her so entirely yours,
 That at all seasons, and all hours,
 The anxious goddess ready stands
 To wait the motion of your hands.

It was of old a truth confess'd
 That poets must have needful rest,
 And every imp of Phœbus' quire
 To philosophic shades retire,
 Amid those flowery scenes of ease
 To pick up sense and similies.
 Had Virgil been from coast to coast,
 Like his Æneas, tempest-tost,
 Or pass'd life's fluctuating dream
 On Tyber's or on Mincio's stream,
 He might have been expert in sailing;
 But Mævius ne'er had fear'd his railing,
 Nor great Augustus fav'd from fire
 The relicks of a trav'ling squire.

Had Horace too, from day to day,
 Run post upon the Appian way,
 In restless journies to and from
 Brundisium, Capua, and Rome;
 The bard had scarcely found a time
 To put that very road in rhyme;
 And sav'd great cities much expence
 In lab'ring to mistake his sense.

Nay he, whose Greek is out of date
 Since Pope descended to translate,
 Tho' wand'ring still from place to place,
 At least lay by in stormy weather
 (Whate'er Perrault or Wotton says)
 To tack his rhapsodies together.

But you, reversing every rule
 Of ancient or of modern school,
 Nor hurt by noise, nor cramp'd by rhymes,
 Can all things do, and at all times.
 Your own Scriblerus never knew
 A more unsettled life than you,
 Yet Pope in Twit'nam's peaceful grot
 Scarce ever more correctly thought.
 In whirligigs it is confess'd
 The middle line's a line of rest ;
 And, let the sides fly how they will,
 The central point must needs stand still.
 Perhaps your mind, like one of these,
 Beholds the tumult round at ease,
 And stands, as firm as rock in ocean,
 The center of perpetual motion.

That Cæsar did three things at once,
 Is known at school to every dunce ;
 But your more comprehensive mind
 Leaves piddling Cæsar far behind.
 You spread the lawn, direct the flood,
 Cut vistas thro', or plant a wood,
 Build China's barks for Severn's stream,
 Or form new plans for Epic fame,
 And then, in spite of wind or weather,
 You read, row, ride, and write together.

But 'tis not your undoubted claim
 To naval or equestrian fame,

Your nicer taste, or quicker parts,
 In rural or mechanic arts,
 (Tho' each alone in humbler station
 Might raise both wealth and reputation)
 It is not these that I would have,
 Bear them, o' God's name, to your grave.
 But 'tis that unexhausted vein,
 That quick conception without pain.
 That something, for no words can show it,
 Which without leisure makes a poet.

Sure Nature cast, indulgent dame,
 Some strange peculiar in your frame,
 From whose well-lodg'd prolific seeds
 This inexpressive power proceeds.

Or does Thalia court your arms
 Because you seem to slight her charms,
 And, like her sister females, fly
 From our dull assiduity.
 If that's the case, I'll soon be free,
 I'll put on airs as well as she ;
 And ev'n in * this poetic shade,
 Where erst with Pope and Gay she play'd,
 Ev'n here I'll tell her to her face
 I've learn'd to scorn a forc'd embrace.
 In short, here ends her former reign ;
 And if we e'er begin again
 It must be on another score —
 I'll write like you, or write no more.

* Middleton park, Oxfordshire.

TO MR. MASON.

I.

BELIEVE me, Mason, 'tis in vain
 Thy fortitude the torrent braves ;
 Thou too must bear th' inglorious chain ;
 The world, the world will have its slaves.
 The chosen friend, for converse sweet,
 The small, yet elegant retreat,
 Are peaceful unambitious views
 Which early fancy loves to form.
 When aided by th' ingenuous Muse,
 She turns the philosophic page,
 And sees the wife of every age
 With Nature's dictates warm.

II.

But ah ! to few has fortune given
 The choice, to take or to refuse ;
 To fewer still indulgent heaven
 Allots the very will to chuse,
 And why are varying schemes prefer'd ?
 Man mixes with the common herd :
 By custom guided to pursue,
 Or wealth, or honours, fame, or ease,
 What others wish he wishes too ;
 Nor from his own peculiar choice,
 'Till strengthen'd by the public voice,
 His very pleasures please.

III.

How oft, beneath some hoary shade
 Where Cam glides indolently flow,
 Hast thou, as indolently laid,
 Prefer'd to heaven thy fav'rite vow :
 " Here, here forever let me stay,
 " Here calmly loiter life away,
 " Nor all those vain connections know
 " Which fetter down the free-born mind,
 " The slave of interest, or of show ;
 " While yon gay tenant of the grove,
 " The happier heir of Nature's love,
 " Can warble unconfin'd."

IV.

Yet sure, my friend, th' eternal plan
 By truth unerring was design'd ;
 Inferior parts were made for man,
 But man himself for all mankind.
 Then by th' apparent judge th' unseen ;
 Behold how rolls this vast machine
 To one great end, how'er withstood,
 Directing its impartial course.
 All labour for the general good.
 Some stem the wave, some till the soil,
 By choice the bold, th' ambitious toil,
 The indolent by force.

V. That

V.

That bird, thy fancy frees from care,
With many a fear unknown to thee,
Must rove to glean his scanty fare
From field to field, from tree to tree,
His lot, united with his kind,
Has all his little joys confin'd ;
The Lover's and the Parent's ties
Alarm by turns his anxious breast,
Yet, bound by fate, by instinct wise,
He hails with songs the rising morn,
And, pleas'd at evening's cool return,
He sings himself to rest.

VI.

And tell me, has not Nature made
Some stated void for thee to fill,
Some spring, some wheel, which asks thy aid
To move, regardless of thy will ?
Go then, go feel with glad surprise
New blifs from new attentions rise ;
Till, happier in thy wider sphere,
Thou quit thy darling schemes of ease ;
Nay, glowing in the full career,
Ev'n wish thy virtuous labours more ;
Nor 'till the toilsome day is o'er
Expect the night of peace.

TO THE REV. DR. LOWTH*.

On his Life of WILLIAM of WYKEHAM.

OLOWTH, while Wykeham's various worth you
trace,

And bid to distant times his annals shine,
Indulge another bard of Wykeham's race
In the fond wish to add his name to thine.

From the same fount, with reverence let me boast,
The classic streams with early thirst I caught ;
What time, they say, the Muses revel'd most,
When Bigg presided, and when Burton taught.

But the same fate, which led me to the spring,
Forbad me farther to pursue the stream :
Perhaps as kindly ; for, as sages sing,
Of chance and fate full idly do we deem.

And sure in Granta's philosophic shade
Truth's genuine image beam'd upon my sight ;
And slow-ey'd Reason lent his sober aid
To form, deduce, compare, and judge aright.

Yes, ye sweet fields, beside your osier'd stream
Full many an Attic hour my youth enjoy'd ;

* Afterward Bishop of London.

Full many a friendship form'd, life's happiest dream,
And treasur'd many a bliss which never cloy'd.

Yet may the Pilgrim, o'er his temperate fare
At eve, with pleasing recollection say
'Twas the fresh morn which strung his nerves to bear
The piercing beam, and useful toils of day.

So let me still with filial love pursue
The nurse and parent of my infant thought,
From whence the colour of my life I drew,
When Bigg presided, and when Burton taught.

O names by me rever'd!—'till memory die,
'Till my deaf ear forget th' enchanting flow
Of verse harmonious, shall my mental eye
Trace back old time, and teach my breast to glow.

Peace to that honour'd shade, whose mortal frame
Sleeps in the bosom of its parent earth,
While his freed soul, which boasts celestial flame,
Perhaps now triumphs in a nobler birth.

Perhaps with Wykeham, from some blissful bower,
Applauds thy labours, or prepares the wreath
For Burton's generous toil.—Th' insatiate power
Extends his deathful sway o'er all that breathe;

Nor aught avails it, that the virtuous sage
Forms future bards, or Wykehams yet to come;
Nor ought avails it, that his green old age,
From youth well spent, may seem t'elude the tomb:

For

For Burton too must fall. And o'er his urn,
 While science hangs her sculptur'd trophies round,
 The letter'd tribes of half an age shall mourn,
 Whose lyres he strung, and added sense to sound.
 Nor shall his candid ear, I trust, disdain
 This artless tribute of a feeling mind ;
 And thou, O Lowth, shalt own the grateful strain,
 Mean tho' it flow, was virtuously design'd ;
 For 'twas thy work inspir'd the melting mood
 To feel, and pay the sacred debt I ow'd :
 And the next virtue to bestowing good,
 Thou know'st, is gratitude for good bestow'd.

TO THE REV. MR. WRIGHT. 1751.

PRITHEE teize me no longer, dear troublesome
 friend,

On a subject which wants not advice :
 You may make me unhappy, but never can mend
 Those ills I have learnt to despise.

You say I'm dependent ; what then ?—if I make
 That dependence quite easy to me,
 Say why should you envy my lucky mistake,
 Or why should I wish to be free ?

Many men of less worth, you partially cry,
 To splendor and opulence soar :
 Suppose I allow it ; yet, pray sir, am I
 Less happy because they are more ?

But

But why said I happy? I aim not at that,
 Mere ease is my humble request;
 I would neither repine at a niggardly fate,
 Nor stretch my wings far from my nest.

Nor e'er may my pride or my folly reflect
 On the fav'rites whom Fortune has made,
 Regardless of thousands who pine with neglect
 In pensive obscurity's shade;

With whom when comparing the merit I boast,
 Tho' rais'd by indulgence to fame,
 I sink in confusion bewild'rd and lost,
 And wonder I am what I am!

And what are these wonders, these blessings refin'd
 Which splendor and opulence shower?
 The health of the body, and peace of the mind,
 Are things which are out of their power.

To Contentment's calm sunshine, the lot of the few,
 Can insolent greatness pretend?
 Or can it bestow, what I boast of in you,
 That blessing of blessings, a friend?

We may pay some regard to the rich and the great,
 But how seldom we love them you know;
 Or if we do love them, it is not their state,
 The tinsel and plume of the show.

But some secret virtues we find in the heart
 When the mask is laid kindly aside,

Which

Which birth can not give them, nor riches impart,
And which never once heard of their pride.

A flow of good spirits I've seen with a smile
To worth make a shallow pretence ;
And the chat of good breeding with ease, for a while,
May pass for good nature, and sense ;

But where is the bosom untainted by art,
The judgment so modest and stay'd,
That union so rare of the head and the heart,
Which fixes the friends it has made ?

For those whom the great and the wealthy employ
Their pleasure or vanity's slaves,
Whate'er they can give I without them enjoy,
And am rid of just so many knaves.

For the many whom titles alone can allure,
And the blazon of ermine and gules,
I wrap myself round in my lowness secure,
And am rid of just so many fools.

Then why should I covet what cannot increase
My delights, and may lessen their store ;
My present condition is quiet and ease,
And what can my future be more ?

Should Fortune capriciously cease to be coy,
And in torrents of plenty descend,
I doubtless, like others, should clasp her with joy,
And my wants and my wishes extend.

But since 'tis denied me, and heaven best knows
 Whether kinder to grant it or not,
 Say why should I vainly disturb my repose,
 And peevishly carp at my lot ?

No ; still let me follow sage Horace's rule,
 Who tried all things, and held fast the best ;
 Learn daily to put all my passions to school,
 And keep the due poise of my breast.

Thus, firm at the helm, I glide calmly away
 Like the merchant long us'd to the deep,
 Nor trust for my safety on Life's stormy sea
 To the gilding and paint of my ship.

Nor yet can the giants of honour and pelf
 My want of ambition deride,
 He who rules his own bosom is lord of himself,
 And lord of all nature beside.

O D E TO THE T I B E R.

On entering the CAMPANIA of ROME, at OTRICOLI,
 1755.

I.

HAIL sacred stream, whose waters roll
 Immortal thro' the classic page !

To Thee the Muse-devoted soul,
 Tho' destin'd to a later age

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T

And

And less indulgent clime, to thee,
 Nor thou disdain, in Runic lays
 Weak mimic of true harmony,
 His grateful homage pays.
 Far other strains thine elder ear
 With pleas'd attention wont to hear,
 When he, who strung the Latian lyre,
 And he, who led th' Aonian quire
 From Mantua's reedy lakes with osiers crown'd,
 Taught echo from thy banks with transport to resound.
 Thy banks?—alas, is this the boasted scene,
 This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,
 Where sick'ning Nature wears a fainter green,
 And desolation spreads her torpid reign?
 Is this the scene where Freedom breath'd,
 Her copious horn where Plenty wreath'd,
 And health at opening day
 Bade all her roseate breezes fly,
 To wake the sons of industry,
 And make their fields more gay?

II.

Where is the villa's rural pride,
 The swelling dome's imperial gleam,
 Which lov'd to grace thy verdant side,
 And tremble in thy golden stream?
 Where are the bold, the busy throngs,
 That rush'd impatient to the war,
 Or tun'd to peace triumphal songs,
 And hail'd the passing car?

Along

Along the solitary * road,
 Th' eternal flint by Consuls trod,
 We muse, and mark the sad decays
 Of mighty works, and mighty days !

For these vile wastes, we cry, had Fate decreed
 That Veii's sons should strive, for these Camillus bleed ?
 Did here, in after-times of Roman pride,

The musing shepherd from Soracte's height
 See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,
 And temples rise, and peopled farms unite ?

They did. For this deserted plain
 The hero strove, nor strove in vain ;

And here the shepherd saw
 Unnumber'd towns and temples spread,
 While Rome majestic rear'd her head,
 And gave the nations law.

III.

Yes, Thou and Latium once were great.

And still, ye first of human things,
 Beyond the grasp of time or fate

Her fame and thine triumphant springs.

What tho' the mould'ring columns fall,

And strow the desert earth beneath,

Tho' ivy round each nodding wall

Entwine it's fatal wreath,

Yet say, can Rhine or Danube boast

The numerous glories thou hast lost ?

* The Flaminian way.

Can ev'n Euphrates' palmy shore,
 Or Nile, with all his mystic lore,
 Produce from old records of genuine fame
 Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy name?
 Ev'n now the Muse, the conscious Muse is here;
 From every ruin's formidable shade
 Eternal music breathes on fancy's ear,
 And wakes to more than form th' illustrious dead.
 Thy Cæsars, Scipios, Catos rise,
 The great, the virtuous, and the wise,
 In solemn state advance!
 They fix the philosophic eye,
 Or trail the robe, or lift on high
 The light'ning of the lance.

IV.

But chief that humbler happier train;
 Who knew those virtues to reward
 Beyond the reach of chance or pain -
 Secure, th' historian and the bard.
 By them the hero's generous rage
 Still warm in youth immortal lives;
 And in their adamant page
 Thy glory still survives.
 Thro' deep savannahs wild and vast,
 Unheard, unknown thro' ages past,
 Beneath the sun's directer beams,
 What copious torrents pour their streams!
 No fame have they, no fond pretence to mourn,
 No annals swell their pride, or grace their storied urn

While thou, with Rome's exalted genius join'd,
Her spear yet lifted, and her corslet brac'd,
Canst tell the waves, canst tell the passing wind,
Thy wond'rous tale, and cheer the list'ning waste.
Tho' from his caves th' unfeeling North
Pour'd all his legion'd tempests forth,
Yet still thy laurels bloom :
One deathless glory still remains,
Thy stream *has* roll'd thro' Latian plains,
Has wash'd the walls of Rome.

E L E G I E S.

E L E G Y I.

Written at the Convent of HAUT VILLERS
in CHAMPAGNE, 1754.

SILENT and clear, thro' yonder peaceful vale,
While Marne's flow waters weave their mazy way,
See, to th' exulting fun, and soft'ring gale,

What boundless treasures his rich banks display!

Fast by the stream, and at the mountain's base,

The lowing herds thro' living pastures rove;

Wide waving harvests crown the rising space;

And still superior nods the viny grove.

High on the top, as guardian of the scene,

Imperial Sylvan spreads his umbrage wide;

Nor wants there many a cot, and spire between,

Or in the vale, or on the mountain's side,

To mark that man, as tenant of the whole,

Claims the just tribute of his culturing care,

Yet pays to Heaven, in gratitude of soul,

The boon which Heaven accepts, of praise and prayer.

O dire

O dire effects of war ! the time has been
 When desolation vaunted here her reign ;
 One ravag'd desert was yon beauteous scene,
 And Marne ran purple to the frighted Seine.

Oft at his work, the toilsome day to cheat,
 The swain still talks of those disastrous times
 When Guise's pride, and Conde's ill-star'd heat,
 Taught Christian zeal to authorize their crimes ;

Oft to his children sportive on the grass
 Does dreadful tales of worn Tradition tell,
 Oft points to Epernay's ill-fated pass
 Where force thrice triumph'd, and where Biron fell.

O dire effects of war !—may ever more
 Thro' this sweet vale the voice of discord cease !
 A British bard to Gallia's fertile shore
 Can wish the blessings of eternal peace.

Yet say, ye monks, (beneath whose moss-grown seat,
 Within whose cloister'd cells th' indebted Muse
 While sojourns, for meditation meet,
 And these loose thoughts in pensive strain pursues,)

Avails it aught, that war's rude tumults spare
 Yon cluster'd vineyard, or yon golden field,
 Niggards to yourselves, and fond of care,
 You slight the joys their copious treasures yield ?

Avails it aught, that Nature's liberal hand
 With every blessing grateful man can know,

Clothes the rich bosom of yon smiling land,
The mountain's sloping side, or pendant brow,
If meagre famine paint your pallid cheek,
If breaks the midnight bell your hours of rest,
If, 'midst heart-chilling damps, and winter bleak,
You shun the chearful bowl, and moderate feast!

Look forth, and be convinc'd! 'tis Nature pleads,
Her ample volume opens on your view:
The simple-minded swain, who running reads,
Feels the glad truth, and is it hid from you?

Look forth, and be convinc'd. Yon prospects wide
To reason's ear how forcibly they speak:
Compar'd with those how dull is letter'd pride,
And Austin's babbling eloquence how weak!

Temp'rance, not abstinence, in every bliss
Is man's true joy, and therefore Heaven's command.
The wretch who riots thanks his God amiss:
Who starves, rejects the bounties of his hand.

Mark, while the Marne in yon full channel glides,
How smooth his course, how Nature smiles around!
But should impetuous torrents swell his tides,
The fairy landship sinks in oceans drown'd.

Nor less disastrous, should his thrifty urn
Neglected leave the once well-water'd land,
To dreary wastes yon paradise would turn,
Polluted ooze, or heaps of barren sand.

E L E G Y II.

ON * THE MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE BUSSY VILLIERS, Viscount VILLIERS.

Written at ROME, 1756.

AMID these mould'ring walls, this marble round,
 Where slept the heroes of the Julian name,
 Say, shall we linger still in thought profound,
 And meditate the mournful paths to fame?
 What tho' no cypress shades, in funeral rows,
 No sculptur'd urns, the last records of fate,
 O'er the shrunk terrace wave their baleful boughs,
 Or breathe in storied emblems of the great;
 Yet not with heedless eye will we survey
 The scene tho' chang'd, nor negligently tread;
 These variegated walks, however gay,
 Were once the silent mansions of the dead.
 In every shrub, in every flow'ret's bloom
 That paints with different hues yon smiling plain,
 Some hero's ashes issue from the tomb,
 And live a vegetative life again.

* It is now a garden belonging to Marchese di Corre.

For matter dies not, as the Sages say,
 But shifts to other forms the pliant mass,
 When the free spirit quits its cumb'rous clay,
 And sees, beneath, the rolling planets pass.

Perhaps, my Villiers, for I sing to thee,
 Perhaps, unknowing of the bloom it gives,
 In yon fair scyon of Apollo's tree
 The sacred dust of young Marcellus lives,

Pluck not the leaf—'twere sacrilege to wound
 Th' ideal memory of so sweet a shade;
 In these sad seats an early grave he found,
 And * the first rites to gloomy Dis convey'd.

Witness † thou field of Mars, that oft hadst known
 His youthful triumphs in the mimic war,
 Thou heard'st the heart-felt universal groan,
 When o'er thy bosom roll'd the funeral car.

Witness ‡ thou Tuscan stream, where oft he glow'd
 In sportive strugglings with th' opposing wave,
 Fast by the recent tomb thy waters flow'd
 While wept the wise, the virtuous, and the brave.

* He is said to be the first person buried in this monument.

† *Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem
 Campus aget gemitus!*

‡ ————— *Vel quæ, Tyberine, videbis
 Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem.* VIRG.

O lost

O lost too soon!—yet why lament a fate
By thousands envied, and by Heav'n approv'd?
Rare is the boon to those of longer date
To live, to die, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd.

Weak are our judgments, and our passions warm,
And slowly dawns the radiant morn of truth,
Our expectations hastily we form,
And much we pardon to ingenuous youth.

Too oft we satiate on the applause we pay
To rising merit, and resume the crown;
Full many a blooming genius snatch'd away,
Has fall'n lamented who had liv'd unknown.

For hard the task, O Villiers, to sustain
Th' important burthen of an early fame;
Each added day some added worth to gain,
Prevent each wish, and answer every claim.

Be thou Marcellus, with a length of days!
But O remember, whatsoe'er thou art,
The most exalted breath of human praise
To please indeed must echo from the heart.

Tho' thou be brave, be virtuous, and be wise,
By all, like him, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd;
Tis from within alone true Fame can rise,
The only happy is the self-approv'd.

E L E G Y III.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE SIMON HARCOURT, Viscount NUNEHAM.

Written at ROME, 1756.

YES, noble youth, 'tis true; the softer arts,
 The sweetly-sounding string, and pencil's power,
 Have warm'd to rapture even heroic hearts,
 And taught the rude to wonder, and adore.

For beauty charms us, whether she appears
 In blended colours; or to soothing sound
 Attunes her voice; or fair proportion wears
 In yonder swelling dome's harmonious round.

All, all she charms; but not alike to all
 'Tis given to revel in her blissful bower;
 Coercive ties, and Reason's powerful call,
 Bid some but taste the sweets, which some devour.

When Nature govern'd, and when man was young,
 Perhaps at will th' untutor'd savage rov'd,
 Where waters murmur'd, and where clusters hung,
 He fed, and slept beneath the shade he lov'd.

But

But since the Sage's more sagacious mind,
 By Heaven's permission, or by Heaven's command,
 To polish'd states has social laws assign'd,
 And general good on partial duties plann'd,

Not for ourselves our vagrant steps we bend
 As heedless chance, or wanton choice ordain;
 On various stations various tasks attend,
 And men are *born* to trifle or to reign.

As chaunts the woodman, while the Dryads weep,
 And falling forests fear the uplifted blow;
 As chaunts the shepherd, while he tends his sheep,
 Or weaves to pizant forms the osier bough:

To me 'tis given, whom fortune loves to lead
 Thro' humbler toils to life's sequester'd bowers,
 To me 'tis given to wake th' amusive reed,
 And sooth with song the solitary hours.

But thee superior, soberer toils demand,
 Severer paths are thine of patriot fame;
 Thy birth, thy friends, thy king, thy native land,
 Have given thee honours, and have each their claim.

Then nerve with fortitude thy feeling breast
 Each wish to combat, and each pain to bear;
 Spurn with disdain th' inglorious love of rest,
 Nor let the Syren Ease approach thine ear.

Beneath

Beneath yon cypress shade's eternal green
 See prostrate Rome her wondrous story tell,
 Mark how she rose the world's imperial queen,
 And tremble at the prospect how she fell!

Not that my rigid precepts would require
 A painful struggling with each adverse gale,
 Forbid thee listen to th' enchanting lyre,
 Or turn thy steps from fancy's flowery vale.

Whate'er of Greece in sculptur'd brassy survives,
 Whate'er of Rome in mould'ring arcs remains,
 Whate'er of genius on the canvass lives,
 Or flows in polish'd verse, or airy strains,

Be these thy leisure; to the chosen few,
 Who dare excel, thy fostering aid afford;
 Their arts, their magic powers, with honours due
 Exalt; but *be* thyself what they record.

E L E G Y IV.

T O A N O F F I C E R .

Written at Rome, 1756.

FROM Latian fields, the mansions of renown,
 Where fix'd the Warrior God his fated seat;
 Where infant heroes learn'd the martial frown,
 And little hearts for genuine glory beat;

What

What for my friend, my soldier, shall I frame ?

What nobly-glowing verse that breathes of arms,
To point his radiant path to deathless fame,
By great examples, and terrific charms ?

Quirinus first, with bold, collected bands,
The finewy sons of strength, for empire strove ;
Beneath his prowess bow'd th' astonish'd lands,
And temples rose to Mars, and to Feretrian Jove.

War taught contempt of death, contempt of pain,
And hence the Fabii, hence the Decii come :
War urg'd the slaughter, tho' she wept the slain,
Stern War, the rugged nurse of virtuous Rome.

But not from antique fables will I draw,
To fire thy active soul, a dubious aid,
Tho' now, ev'n now, they strike with rev'rent awe,
By poets or historians sacred made.

Nor yet to thee the babbling Muse shall tell
What mighty kings with all their legions wrought,
What cities sunk, and storied nations fell,
When Cæsar, Titus, or when Trajan fought.

While o'er yon hill th' exalted * Trophy shows
To what vast heights of incorrupted praise
The great, the self-ennobled Marius rose
From private worth, and fortune's private ways.

From steep Arpinum's rock-invested shade,
From hardy Virtue's emulative school

His daring flight th' expanding genius made,
And by obeying nobly learn'd to rule.

Abash'd, confounded, stern Iberia groan'd,
And Afric trembled to her utmost coasts ;
When the proud land its destin'd Conqueror own'd
In the new consul, and his veteran hosts.

Yet Chiefs are madmen, and ambition weak,
And mean the joys the laurel'd harvests yield,
If Virtue fail. Let Fame, let Envy speak
Of Capſa's walls, and Sextia's watry field.

But sink for ever, in oblivion cast,
Dishonest triumphs, and ignoble spoils.
Minturnæ's Marsh severely paid at last
The guilty glories gain'd in civil broils.

Nor yet his vain contempt the Muse shall praise
For scenes of polish'd life, and letter'd worth ;
The steel-rib'd Warrior wants not Envy's ways
To darken theirs, or call his merits forth :

Witness yon Cimbrian Trophies!—Marius, there
Thy ample pinion found a space to fly,
As the plum'd Eagle soaring sails in air,
In upper air, and scorns a middle sky.

Thence too thy country claim'd thee for her own,
And bade the Sculptor's toil thy acts adorn,
To teach in characters of living stone
Eternal lessons to the youth unborn.

* The trophies of Marius, now erected before the Capitol.

For wisely Rome her warlike sons rewards
With the sweet labours of her Artists' hands ;
He wakes her Graces, who her empire guards,
And both Minervas join in willing bands.

O why, Britannia, why untrophied pass
The patriot deeds thy godlike Sons display,
Why breathes on high no monumental brass,
Why swells no arc to grace Culloden's day ?

Wait we 'till faithless France submissive bow
Beneath that hero's delegated spear,
Whose light'ning smote Rebellion's haughty brow,
And scatter'd her vile rout with horror in the rear ?

Land of Freedom, Land of Arts, assume
That graceful dignity thy merits claim ;
Exalt thy heroes like imperial Rome,
And build their virtues on their love of fame.

E L E G Y V.

TO A FRIEND SICK.

Written at ROME, 1756.

’T WAS in this *isle, O Wright indulge my lay,
 Whose naval form divides the Tuscan flood,
 In the bright dawn of her illustrious day
 Rome fix’d her Temple to the Healing God.

Here stood his altars, here his arm he bared,
 And round his mystic staff the serpent twin’d,
 Through crowded portals hymns of praise were heard,
 And victims bled, and sacred feers divin’d.

On every breathing wall, on every round
 Of column, swelling with proportion’d grace,
 Its stated seat some votive tablet found,
 And storied wonders dignified the place.

Oft from the balmy blessings of repose,
 And the cool stillness of the night’s deep shade,
 To light and health th’ exulting Votarist rose,
 While fancy work’d with med’cine’s powerful aid.

* The Insula Tiberina, where there are still some small remains of the famous temple of Æsculapius.

Oft in his dreams (no longer clogg'd with fears
 Of some broad torrent, or some headlong sleep,
 With each dire form Imagination wears
 When harass'd Nature sinks in turbid sleep)

Oft in his dreams he saw diffusive day
 Through bursting glooms its chearful beams extend,
 On billowy clouds saw sportive Genii play,
 And bright Hygeia from her heaven descend.

What marvel then, that man's o'erflowing mind
 Should wreath-bound columns raise, and altars fair,
 And grateful offerings pay, to Powers so kind,
 Tho' fancy-form'd, and creatures of the air?

Who that has writh'd beneath the scourge of pain,
 Or felt the burthen'd languor of disease,
 But would with joy the slightest respite gain,
 And idolize the hand which lent him ease?

To thee, my friend, unwillingly to thee,
 For truths like these the anxious Muse appeals.
 Can memory answer from affliction free,
 Or speaks the sufferer what, I fear, he feels?

No, let me hope ere this in Romely grove
 Hygeia revels with the blooming Spring,
 Ere this the vocal seats the Muses love
 With hymns of praise, like Pæon's temple, ring.

It was not written in the book of Fate
 That, wand'ring far from Albion's sea-girt plain,

Thy distant friend should mourn thy shorter date,
And tell to alien woods and streams his pain.

It was not written. Many a year shall roll,
If aught th' inspiring Muse aright presage,
Of blameless intercourse from soul to soul,
And friendship well matur'd from Youth to Age.

E L E G Y VI.

TO THE REV. MR. SANDERSON.

Written at ROME, 1756.

BEHOLD, my friend, to this small * orb confin'd,
The genuine features of Aurelius' face;
The father, friend, and lover of his kind,
Shrunk to a narrow coin's contracted space.

Not so his fame; for erst did heaven ordain
While seas should waft us, and while suns should warm,
On tongues of men, the friend of man should reign,
And in the arts he lov'd the patron charm.

Of as amidst the mould'ring spoils of age,
His moss-grown monuments my steps pursue;
Of as my eye revolves th' historic page,
Where pass his generous acts in fair review,

* The medal of Marcus Aurelius.

Imagination grasps at mighty things,
 Which men, which angels, might with rapture see ;
 Then turns to humbler scenes its safer wings,
 And, blush not while I speak it, thinks on thee.

With all that firm benevolence of mind
 Which pities while it blames th' unfeeling vain,
 With all that active zeal to serve mankind,
 That tender suffering for another's pain,

Why wert not thou to thrones imperial rais'd ?
 Did heedless Fortune slumber at thy birth,
 Or on thy virtues with indulgence gaz'd,
 And gave her grandeurs to her sons of earth ?

Happy for thee, whose less distinguish'd sphere
 Now cheers in private the delighted eye,
 For calm Content, and smiling Ease are there,
 And, Heaven's divinest gift, sweet Liberty.

Happy for me, on life's serener flood
 Who sail, by talents as by choice restrain'd,
 Else had I only shar'd the general good,
 And lost the friend the Universe had gain'd.

VERSES TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND,
1758.

————— Mures animos in martia bella
Versibus exacuit. ————— HOR.

BRITONS, rouse to deeds of death!—
Waste no zeal in idle breath,
Nor lose the harvest of your swords
In a civil war of words!

Wherefore teems the shameless press
With labour'd births of emptiness?
Reas'nings, which no facts produce,
Eloquence, that murders use;
Ill-tim'd Humour, that beguiles
Weeping idiots of their smiles;
Wit, that knows but to defame,
And Satire, that profanes the name.

Let th' undaunted Grecian teach
The use and dignity of speech,
At whose thunders nobly thrown
Shrunk the Man of Macedon.
If the storm of words must rise,
Let it blast our enemies.

Sure and nervous be it hurl'd
On the Philips of the world.

Learn not vainly to despise
(Proud of Edward's victories!)

Warriors wedg'd in firm array,
 And navies powerful to display
 Their woven wings to every wind,
 And leave the panting foe behind.
 Give to France the honours due,
 France has chiefs and statesmen too.
 Breasts which patriot-passions feel,
 Lovers of the common-weal.
 And when such the foes we brave,
 Whether on the land or wave,
 Greater is the pride of war,
 And the conquest nobler far.

Agincourt and Cressly long
 Have flourish'd in immortal song ;
 And lisping babes aspire to praise
 The wonders of Eliza's days.
 And what else of late renown
 Has added wreaths to Britain's crown ;
 Whether on th' impetuous Rhine
 She bade her harness'd warriors shine,
 Or snatch'd the dangerous palm of praise
 Where the Sambre meets the Maese ;
 Or Danube rolls his watry train ;
 Or the yellow-tressed Mayne
 Thro' Dettingen's immortal vale.—
 Ev'n Fontenoy could tell a tale,
 Might modest Worth ingenuous speak,
 To raise a blush on Victory's cheek ;
 And bid the vanquish'd wreaths display
 Great as on Culloden's day.

But glory which aspires to last
Leans not meanly on the past.
'Tis the present Now demands
British hearts, and British hands.
Curst be he, the willing slave,
Who doubts, who lingers to be brave,
Curst be the coward tongue that dare
Breathe one accent of despair,
Cold as Winter's icy hand
To chill the Genius of the land.

Chiefly you, who ride the deep
And bid our thunders wake or sleep
As Pity pleads, or Glory calls—
Monarchs of our wooden walls !
Midst your mingling seas and skies
Rise ye Blakes, ye Raleighs rise !
Let the fordid lust of gain
Be banish'd from the liberal main.
He who strikes the generous blow
Aims it at the public foe.
Let Glory be the guiding star,
Wealth and honours follow her.

See ! she spreads her lustre wide
O'er the vast Atlantic tide !
Constant as the solar ray
Points the path, and leads the way !
Other worlds demand your care,
Other worlds to Britain dear ;
Where the foe insidious roves
O'er headlong streams, and pathless groves ;

And

And Justice' simpler laws confounds
With imaginary bounds.

If protected Commerce keep
Her tenor o'er yon heaving deep,
What have we from War to fear?
Commerce steels the nerves of War;
Heals the havock rapine makes,
And new strength from conquest takes.

Nor less at home O deign to smile,
Goddeſs of Britannia's iſle!
Thou, that from her rocks ſurvey'ſt
Her boundleſs realms the watry waſte;
Thou, that rov'ſt the hill and mead
Where her flocks, and heifers feed;
Thou, that chear'ſt th' induſtrious ſwain,
While he ſtrows the pregnant grain;
Thou, that hear'ſt his caroll'd vows
When th' expanded barn o'erflows;
Thou, the bulwark of our cauſe,
Thou, the guardian of our laws,
Sweet Liberty!—O deign to ſmile,
Goddeſs of Britannia's iſle!

If to us indulgent Heaven
Nobler ſeeds of ſtrength has given,
Nobler ſhould the produce be;
Brave, yet gen'rous, are the free.
Come then, all thy powers diſfuſe,
Goddeſs of extended views!
Every breaſt which feels thy flame
Shall kindle into martial fame,

'Till

'Till shame shall make the coward bold,
 And Indolence her arms unfold :
 Ev'n Avarice shall protect his hoard,
 And the plough-share gleam a sword.

Goddeſs, all thy powers diſſuſe !—
 And thou, genuine Britiſh Muſe,
 Nurs'd amidſt the Druids old
 Where Deva's wizard waters roll'd,
 Thou, that bear'ſt the golden key
 'To unlock Eternity,
 Summon thy poetic guard——
 Britain ſtill has many a bard,
 Whom, when Time and Death ſhall join
 T' expand the ore, and ſtamp the coin,
 Late Poſterity ſhall own
 Lincal to the Muſe's throne—
 Bid them leave th' inglorious theme
 Of fabled ſhade, or haunted ſtream.
 In the daiſy painted mead
 'Tis to Peace we tune the reed ;
 But when War's tremendous roar
 Shakes the iſle from ſhore to ſhore,
 Every bard of purer fire
 Trytæus-like ſhould graſp the lyre ;
 Wake with verſe the hardy deed,
 Or in the generous ſtrife like * Sydney bleed.

* Sir Philip Sydney, mortally wounded in an action near Zutphen, in Gelderland.

A CHARGE TO THE POETS.

First printed, 1762.

“ Quasi ex Cathedrâ loquitur.”—

FULL twenty years have roll'd, ye rhiming band,
 Since first I dipp'd in ink my trembling hand,
 For much it trembled, tho' th' obliging few,
 Who judge with candour, prais'd the * sketch I drew;
 And Echo, answering from the public voice,
 Indulg'd as genius, what I fear'd was choice.

At length, arriv'd at those maturer years
 So rarely rais'd by hope, or sunk by fears,
 I rest in peace; or scribble if I please:
 In point of wealth not affluent, but at ease;
 (For ease is truly theirs who dare confine
 Their wishes to such moderate views as mine)
 In point of what the world and you call fame,
 (I judge but by conjecture) much the same.

But whether right or wrong I judge, to you
 It matters not: the following fact is true.
 From nobler names, and great in each degree,
 The pension'd laurel has devolv'd to me.

* “ The danger of writing Verse.” First printed in the year 1741; to which this Poem may be considered as a sequel.

To me, ye bards ; and, what you'll scarce conceive,
 Or, at the best, unwillingly believe,
 Howe'er unworthily I wear the crown,
 Unask'd it came, and from a hand unknown.

Then, since my King and Patron have thought fit
 To place me on the throne of modern wit,
 My grave advice, my brethren, hear at large ;
 As Bishops to their Clergy give their charge,
 Tho' many a Priest, who listens, might afford
 Perhaps more solid counsel to my Lord.

To you, ye guardians of the sacred fount,
 Deans and Archdeacons of the double mount,
 That thro' our realms intestine broils may cease,
 My first, and last advice is, " Keep the peace !"
 What is't to you, that half the town admire
 False sense, false strength, false softness, or false fire ?
 'Thro' heav'n's void concave let the meteors blaze,
 He hurts his own, who wounds another's bays.
 What is't to you that numbers place your name
 First, fifth, or twentieth, in the lists of fame ?
 Old time will settle all your claims at once,
 Record the genius, and forget the dunce.

It boots us much to know, observers say,
 Of what materials nature form'd our clay ;
 From what strange beast Prometheus' plastic art
 Purloin'd the particle which rules the heart.
 If milky softness, gliding thro' the veins,
 Incline the Muse to panegyric strains,
 Insipid lays our kindest friends may lull,
 Be very moral, yet be very dull.

If bile prevails, and temper dictates satire,
 Out wit is spleen, our virtue is ill-nature;
 With it's own malice arm'd we combat evil,
 As zeal for God's sake sometimes plays the devil.
 O mark it well! does Pride affect to reign
 The solitary tyrant of the brain?
 Or Vanity exert her quick'ning flame,
 Stuck round with ears that listen after fame?
 O to these points let strict regard be given,
 Nor * "Know thyself" in vain descend from heaven.

Do Critics teize you?—with a smile I speak,
 Nor would suppose my brethren were so weak.
 'Tis on ourselves, and not our foes, or friends,
 Our future fame, or infamy, depends.
 Let envy point, or malice wing the darts,
 They only wound us in our mortal parts.
 Besides, 'tis much too late to go to school,
 Crown'd men will judge by Nature's noblest rule,
 Admire true beauties, and slight faults excuse,
 Not learn to dance from † Journals and Reviews.
 If fools traduce you, and your works decry,
 As many fools will rate your worth too high;
 Then balance the account, and fairly take
 The cool report which men of judgement make.

* E cælo descendit, γινώθι σεαυτόν. Juv.

† This is not intended as a reflection on either the Journals or the Reviews. They are not the masters, but the scholars, the crown'd gentlemen, at whom the author smiles; and who, he thinks, had much better not pretend to judge at all, than borrow opinions which never sit easy upon them.

In

In writing, as in life, he foils the foe,
 Who, conscious of his strength, forgives the blow.
 They court the insult who but seem afraid :
 And then, by answering, you promote the trade,
 And give them, what their own weak claims deny,
 A chance for future laughter, or a sigh.

You, who as yet, unfulfilled by the press,
 Hang o'er your labours in their virgin dress ;
 And you, who late the public taste have hit,
 And still enjoy the honey-moon of wit,
 Attentive hear me : grace may still abound,
 Whoever preaches, if the doctrine's sound.

If Nature prompts you, or if friends persuade,
 Why write ; but ne'er pursue it as a trade.
 And seldom publish : manuscripts disarm
 The censor's frown, and boast an added charm,
 Enhance their worth by seeming to retire,
 For what but few can prate of, all admire.

Who trade in verse, alas, as rarely find,
 The Public grateful, as the Muses kind.
 From constant feasts like fated guests we steal,
 And tir'd of tickling lose all power to feel.
 'Tis novelty we want ; with that in view,
 We praise stale matter, so the Bard be new ;
 Or from known Bards with extacy receive
 Each pert new whim they almost blush to give.

A life of writing, unless wondrous short,
 No wit can brave, no genius can support.

Some soberer province for your business chuse,
 Be that your helmet, and your plume the Muse.
 Thro' Fame's long rubric, down from Chaucer's time,
 Few fortunes have been rais'd by lofty rhyme.
 And, when our toils success no longer crowns,
 What shelter find we from a world in frowns?
 O'er each distress, which vice or folly brings,
 Tho' Charity extend her healing wings,
 No maudlin hospitals are yet assign'd
 For slipshod Muses of the vagrant kind;
 Where anthems might succeed to satires keen,
 And hymns of penitence to songs obscene.

What refuge then remains?—with gracious grin
 Some practis'd Bookseller invites you in.
 Where luckless Bards, condemn'd to court the town,
 (Not for their parents' vices, but their own!)
 Write gay conundrums with an aching head,
 Or earn by defamation daily bread,
 Or, friendless, shirless, penniless, complain,
 Not of the world's, but "Cælia's cold disdain."

Lords of their workhouse see the tyrants sit,
 Brokers in books, and stock-jobbers in wit,
 Beneath whose lash, oblig'd to write or fast,
 Our confessors and martyrs breathe their last!

And can ye bear such insolence?—away,
 For shame; plough, dig, turn pedlars, drive the dray;
 With minds indignant each employment suits,
 Our fleets want sailors, and our troops recruits;
 And many a dirty street, on Thames's side,
 Is yet by stool and brush unoccupied.

Time

Time was when poets play'd the thorough game,
 Swore, drank, and bluster'd, and blasphem'd for fame.
 The first in brothels with their punk and Muse;
 Your toast, ye bards? "Parnassus and the stews!"
 Thank heaven the times are chang'd; no poet now
 Need roar for Bacchus, or to Venus bow.
 'Tis our own fault if Fielding's lash *we* feel,
 Or, like French wits, begin with the Bastile.

Ev'n in those days some few escap'd their fate,
 By better judgment, or a longer date,
 And rode, like buoys, triumphant o'er the tide.
 Poor Otway in an ale-house dos'd, and died!
 While happier Southern, tho' with spots of yore,
 Like Plato's hovering spirits, crufted o'er,
 Liv'd every mortal vapour to remove,
 And to our admiration join'd our love.

Light lie his funeral turf!—for you, who join
 His decent manners to his art divine,
 Would ye (while, round you, tofs the proud and vain
 Convuls'd with feeling, or with giving pain)
 Indulge the Muse in innocence and ease,
 And tread the flowery path of life in peace?
 Avoid all authors.—What! th' illustrious few,
 Who, shunning Fame, have taught her to pursue,
 Fair Virtue's heralds?—yes, I say again,
 Avoid all authors, 'till you've read the men.
 Full many a peevish, envious, flandering elf,
 Is, in his works, benevolence itself.
 For all mankind unknown, his bosom heaves,
 He only injures those with whom he lives.

Read then the man : does truth his actions guide,
 Exempt from petulance, exempt from pride ?
 To social duties does his heart attend,
 As son, as father, husband, brother, friend ?
 Do those who know him love him ? if they do,
 You've *my* permission, you may love him too.

But chief avoid the boist'rous roaring sparks,
 The sons of fire ! — you'll know them by their marks.
 Fond to be heard, they always court a croud,
 And, tho' 'tis borrow'd nonsense, talk it loud.
 One epithet supplies their constant chime,
Damn'd bad, damn'd good, damn'd low, and damn'd sub-
 lime !

But most in quick short repartee they shine
 Of local humour ; or from plays purloin
 Each quaint stale scrap which every subject hits,
 Till fools almost imagine, they are wits.

Hear them on Shakespear ! there they foam, they rage !
 Yet taste not half the beauties of his page,
 Nor see that art, as well as Nature, strove
 To place him foremost in th' Aonian grove.
 For there, there only, where the sisters join,
 His genius triumphs, and the work's divine.

Or would ye sit more near these sons of fire,
 'Tis Garrick, and not Shakespear, they admire.
 Without his breath, inspiring every thought,
 They ne'er perhaps had known what Shakespear wrote ;
 Without his eager, his becoming zeal,
 To teach them, tho' they scarce know why, to feel,

A crude unmeaning mass had Jonson been,
And a dead letter Shakespear's noblest scene.

O come the time, when diffidence again
Shall bind our youth in Nature's modest chain!
Born in a happier age, and happier clime,
Old Sophocles *had* merit, in his time;
And so, no doubt, howe'er *we* flout his plays,
Had poor Euripides, in former days.

Not like the moderns we confess; but yet
Some seeming faults we surely might forget,
Because 'twould puzzle even the wise to show
Whether those faults were real faults, or no.

To all true merit give its just applause,
The worst have beauties, and the best have flaws.
Greek, French, Italian, English, great or small,
I own *my* frailty, I admire them all.

There are, mistaking prejudice for taste,
Who on one species all their rapture waste.
Tho', various as the flowers which paint the year,
In rainbow charms the changeful Nine appear,
The different beauties coyly they admit,
And to one standard would confine our wit.
Some Manner'd Verse delights; while some can raise
To fairy Fiction their extatic gaze,
Admire Pure Poetry, and revel there
On sightless forms, and pictures of the air!
Some hate all Rhime; some *seriously* deplore
That Milton wants that one enchantment more.
Tir'd with th' ambiguous tale, or antique phrase,
O'er Spenser's happiest paintings, loveliest lays,

Some heedless pass : while some with transport view
 Each quaint old word, which scarce Eliza knew ;
 And, eager as the fancied knights, prepare
 The lance, and combat in ideal war
 Dragons of lust, and giants of despair.

Why be it so ; and what each thinks the best
 Let each enjoy : but not condemn the rest.

Readers there are of every class prepar'd :
 Each village teems ; each hamlet has its Bard,
 Who gives the tone ; and all th' inferior fry,
 Like the great vulgar here, will join the cry.
 But be it mine with every Bard to glow,
 And taste his raptures genuine as they flow,
 Through all the Muses wilds to rove along
 From plaintive Elegy to Epic song :

And, if the sense be just, the numbers clear,
 And the true colouring of the work be there,
 Again, subdued by Truth's ingenuous call,
 own *my* frailty, I admire them all.

Nor think I, with the mob, that Nature now
 No longer warms the soil where laurels grow.

'Tis true, Our Poets in repose delight,
 and, wiser than their fathers, seldom write.

Yet I, but I forbear for prudent ends,
 could name a list, and half of them *my* friends,
 or whom posterity its wreaths shall twine,
 and it's own Bards neglect, to honour mine.

Their Poets in their turn will grieve, and swear,
 perhaps with truth, no Patron lends an ear.

Complaints of times when merit wants reward
 Descend like similes from Bard to Bard ;
 We copy our distresses from Greece and Rome ;
 As in our Northern lays their flowrets bloom.
 We feel their breezes, with their heats we burn,
 And plead prescription to rejoice or mourn.

All present times are bad : then cast your eyes
 Where fairy scenes of bliss in prospect rise.
 As fond enthusiasts o'er the western main
 With eager ken prophetic in vain,
 See the mixt multitudes from every land
 Grow pure by blending, virtuous by command ;
 'Till phoenix-like, a new bright world of gold
 Springs from the dregs and refuse of the old.

I'm no enthusiast, yet with joy can trace
 Some gleams of sunshine for the tuneful race.
 If Monarchs listen when the Muses woo,
 Attention wakes, and nations listen too.
 The Bard grows rapturous, who was dumb before,
 And every fresh-plum'd eagle learns to soar !

Friend of the finer arts, when Ægypt saw
 Her second Ptolemy give Science law,
 Each Genius waken'd from his dead repose,
 'The column swell'd, the pile majestic rose,
 Exact proportion borrow'd strength from ease,
 And use was taught by elegance to please.
 Along the breathing walls, as fancy flow'd,
 The sculpture soften'd, and the picture glow'd,

Heroes reviv'd in animated stone,
 The groves grew vocal, and the * Pleiads shone!
 Old Nilus rais'd his head, and wond'ring cried,
 Long live the King! my Patron, and my Pride!
 Secure of endless praise, behold, I bear
 My grateful suffrage to my Sovereign's ear.
 Tho' war shall rage, tho' Time shall level all,
 Yon colours sicken, and yon columns fall,
 Tho' art's dear treasures feed the wasting flame,
 And the proud volume sinks, an empty name,
 Tho' Plenty may desert this copious vale,
 My streams be scatter'd, or my fountain fail,
 Yet Ptolemy has liv'd: the world has known
 A King of arts, a Patron on a throne.
 Ev'n utmost Britain shall his name adore,
 " And Nile be sung, when Nile shall flow no more †."

One rule remains. Nor shun nor court the great,
 Your truest center is that middle state
 From whence with ease th' observing eye may go
 To all which soars above, or sinks below.
 'Tis yours all manners to have tried, or known,
 T' adopt all virtues, yet retain your own:
 To stem the tide, where thoughtless crowds are hurl'd,
 The firm spectators of a bustling world!

Thus arm'd, proceed; the breezes court your wing.
 Go range all Helicon, taste every spring;

* The Seven Poets patronised by Ptolemy Philadelphus are usually called by the name of that constellation.

† " And Boyne be sung, when it has ceas'd to flow.".

ADDISON.

From varying nature cull th' innoxious spoil,
And, while amusement sooths the generous toil,
Let puzzled critics with judicious spite
Descant on what you can, or cannot write.
True to yourselves, not anxious for renown,
Nor court the world's applause, nor dread it's frown,
Guard your own breasts, and be the bulwark there
To know no envy, and no malice fear.
At least you'll find, thus stoic-like prepar'd,
That Verse and Virtue are their own reward.

VARIETY.

V A R I E T Y.

A T A L E F O R

M A R R I E D P E O P L E.

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te. MAR.

I can't live with you, or without you.

A GENTLE Maid, of rural breeding,
By Nature first, and then by reading,
Was fill'd with all those soft sensations
Which we restrain in near relations,
Lest future husbands should be jealous,
And think their wives too fond of fellows.

The morning sun beheld her rove
A Nymph, or Goddess of the grove !
At eve she pac'd the dewy lawn,
And call'd each clown she saw, a faun !
Then, scudding homeward, lock'd her door,
And turn'd some copious volume o'er.
For much she read ; and chiefly those
Great Authors, who in verse, or prose,
Or something betwixt both, unwind
The secret springs which move the mind.
These much she read ; and thought she knew
The human heart's minutest clue ;

Yet shrewd observers still declare,
 (To show how shrewd observers are)
 Tho' Plays, which breath'd heroic flame,
 And Novels, in profusion, came,
 Imported fresh and fresh from France,
 She only read the heart's Romance.

The World, no doubt, was well enough
 To smooth the manners of the rough ;
 Might please the giddy and the vain,
 Those tinsell'd slaves of Folly's train :
 But, for her part, the truest taste
 She found was in retirement plac'd,
 Where, as in verse it sweetly flows,
 " On every thorn instruction grows."

Not that she wish'd to " be alone,"
 As some affected Prudes have done ;
 She knew it was decreed on high
 We should " increase and multiply ;"
 And therefore, if kind Fate would grant
 Her fondest wish, her only want,
 A cottage with the man she lov'd
 Was what her gentle heart approv'd ;
 In some delightful solitude
 Where step profane might ne'er intrude ;
 But Hymen guard the sacred ground,
 And *virtuous* Cupids hover round.
 Not such as flutter on a fan
 Round Crete's vile bull, or Leda's swan,
 (Who scatter myrtles, scatter roses,
 And hold their fingers to their noses.)

But simp'ring, mild, and innocent
As Angels on a monument.

Fate heard her pray'r : a Lover came,
Who felt, like her, th' innoxious flame ;
One who had trod, as well as she,
The flow'ry paths of poesy ;
Had warm'd himself with Milton's heat,
Could ev'ry line of Pope repeat,
Or chaunt in Shenstone's tender strains,
" The lover's hopes," " the lover's pains."

Attentive to the charmer's tongue,
With him she thought no ev'ning long ;
With him she saunter'd half the day ;
And sometimes, in a laughing way,
Ran o'er the catalogue by rote
Of who might marry, and who not.
Consider, Sir, we're near relations—
" I hope so in our inclinations."—
In short, she look'd, she blush'd consent ;
He grasp'd her hand, to church they went ;
And ev'ry matron that was there,

With tongue so voluble and supple,
Said, for her part, she must declare,
She never saw a finer couple.

O Halcyon days ! 'Twas Nature's reign,
'Twas Tempe's vale, and Enna's plain,
The fields assum'd unusual bloom,
And ev'ry zephyr breath'd perfume.
The laughing sun with genial beams
Danc'd lightly on th' exulting streams ;

And

And the pale regent of the night,
 In dewy softness shed delight.
 'Twas transport not to be express;
 'Twas Paradise! — But mark the rest.

Two smiling Springs had wak'd the flow'rs
 That paint the meads, or fringe the bowr's,
 (Ye lovers, lend your wond'ring ears,
 Who count by months, and not by years)
 Two smiling springs had chaplets wove
 To crown their solitude, and love:
 When lo, they find, they can't tell how,
 Their walks are not so pleasant now.
 The seasons sure were chang'd; the place
 Had, some how, got a diff'rent face.
 Some blast had struck the chearful scene;
 The lawns, the woods were not so green.
 The purling rill, which murmur'd by,
 And once was liquid harmony,
 Became a sluggish, reedy pool:
 The days grew hot, the ev'nings cool.
 The moon with all the starry reign
 Were melancholy's silent train.
 And then the tedious winter night —
 They could not read by candle-light.
 Full oft, unknowing why they did,
 They call'd in adventitious aid.
 A faithful fav'rite dog ('twas thus
 With Tobit, and Telemachus)

Amus'd

Amus'd their steps ; and for a while
 They view'd his gambols with a smile.
 The kitten too was comical,
 She play'd so oddly with her tail,
 Or in the glafs was pleas'd to find
 Another cat, and peep'd behind.

A courteous neighbour at the door
 Was deem'd intrusive noise no more.
 For rural visits, now and then,
 Are right, as men must live with men.
 Then cousin Jenny, fresh from town,

A new recruit, a dear delight !
 Made many a heavy hour go down,
 At morn, at noon, at eve, at night :
 Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,
 She was so sprightly, and so clever !

Yet neighbours were not quite the thing ;
 What joy, alas ! could converse bring
 With awkward creatures bred at home —
 The dog grew dull, or troublesome.
 The cat had spoil'd the kitten's merit,
 And, with her youth, had lost her spirit.
 And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
 Had quite exhausted Jenny's store.
 —“ And then, my dear, I can't abide
 “ This always saunt'ring side by side.” —
 Enough, he cries ! the reason's plain :
 For causes never rack your brain.
 Our neighbours are like other folks,
 Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes :

Are

Are still delightful, still would please
 Were we, my dear, ourselves at ease.
 Look round, with an impartial eye,
 On yonder fields, on yonder sky ;
 The azure cope, the flow'rs below,
 With all their wonted colours glow.
 The rill still murmurs; and the moon
 Shines, as she did, a softer sun.
 No change has made the seasons fail,
 No comet brush'd us with his tail.
 The scene's the same, the same the weather —
We live, my dear, too much together.

Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
 And added wealth the means supplies.
 With eager haste to town they flew,
 Where all must please, for all was new.

But here, by strict poetic laws
 Description claims it's proper pause.

The rosy morn had rais'd her head
 From old Tithonus' saffron bed ;
 And embryo sunbeams from the east,
 Half chok'd, were struggling thro' the mist,
 When forth advanc'd the gilded chaise,
 The village crowded round to gaze.
 The pert postillion, now promoted
 From driving plough, and neatly booted,
 His jacket, cap, and baldrick on,
 (As greater folks than he have done)

Look'd

Look'd round; and, with a coxcomb air,
Smack'd loud his lash. The happy pair
Bow'd graceful, from a sep'rate door,
And Jenny, from the stool before.

Roll swift, ye wheels! to willing eyes
New objects ev'ry moment rise.

Each carriage passing on the road,
From the broad waggon's pond'rous load
To the light car, where mounted high
The giddy driver seems to fly,
Were themes for harmless satire fit,
And gave fresh force to Jenny's wit.
Whate'er occur'd, 'twas all delightful,
No noise was harsh, no danger frightful.
The dash and splash thro' thick and thin,
The hair-breadth scapes, the bustling inn,
(Where well-bred landlords were so ready
To welcome in the squire and lady.)
Dirt, dust, and sun, they bore with ease,
Determin'd to be pleas'd, and please.

Now nearer town and all agog
They know dear London by its fog.
Bridges they cross, thro' lanes they wind,
Leave Hounslow's dang'rous heath behind,
Thro' Brentford win a passage free
By roaring, Wilkes and Liberty!
At Knightsbridge bless the short'ning way,
(Where Bays's troops in ambush lay)
O'er Piccadilly's pavement glide,
(With palaces to grace it's side)

'Till Bond-street with its lamps a-blaze
Concludes the journey of three days.

Why should we paint, in tedious song;
How ev'ry day, and all day long,
They drove at first with curious haste
Thro' Lud's vast town; or, as they pass'd
Midst risings, fallings, and repairs
Of streets on streets, and squares on squares,
Describe how strong their wonder grew
At buildings—and at builders too.

Scarce less astonishment arose
At architects more fair than those—
Who built as high, as widely spread
Th' enormous loads that cloath'd their head.
For British dames new follies love,
And, if they can't invent, improve.
Some with erect pagodas vie,
Some nod, like Pisa's tow'r, awry,
Medusa's snakes, with Pallas' crest,
Convolv'd, contorted, and compress'd;
With intermingling trees, and flow'rs,
And corn, and grass, and shepherds' bow'rs,
Stage above stage the turrets run,
Like pendant groves of Babylon,
'Till nodding from the topmost wall
Otranto's plumes envelope all!
While the black ewes, who own'd the hair,
Feed harmless on, in pastures fair,

Uncon-

Unconscious that *their* tails perfume,
In scented curls, the Drawing-room.

When night her murky pinions spread,
And sober folks retire to bed,
To ev'ry public place they flew,
Where Jenny told them who was who.
Money was always at command,
And tripp'd with pleasure hand in hand.
Money was equipage, was show,
Gallini's, Almack's, and Soho ;
The *passé par tout* thro' ev'ry vein
Of Dissipation's hydra reign.

O London, thou prolific source,
Parent of Vice, and Folly's nurse !
Fruitful as Nile thy copious springs
Spawn hourly births,—and all with flings :
But happiest far the He, or She,

I know not which, that livelier dunce
Who first contriv'd the Coterie,
To crush domestic bliss at once.
Then grinn'd, no doubt, amidst the dames,
As Nero fiddled to the flames.

Of thee, Pantheon, let me speak
With rev'rence, tho' in numbers weak ;
Thy beauties Satire's frown beguile,
We spare the follies for the pile.
Flounc'd, furbelow'd, and trick'd for show,
With lamps above, and lamps below,
Thy charms even modern taste defy'd,
They could not spoil thee, tho' they try'd.

Ah,

Ah, pity that Time's hasty wings
 Must sweep thee off with vulgar things!
 Let architects of humbler name
 On *frail* materials build their fame,
 Their noblest works the world might want,
 Wyatt should build in Adamant.

But what are these to scenes which lie
 Secreted from the vulgar eye,
 And baffle all the pow'rs of song?—
 A brazen throat, an iron tongue,
 (Which poets wish for, when at length
 Their subject soars above their strength)
 Would shun the task. Our humbler Muse,
 (Who only reads the public news,
 And idly utters what she gleans
 From chronicles and magazines)
 Recoiling feels her feeble fires,
 And blushing to her shades retires.
 Alas! she knows not how to treat
 The finer follies of the Great,
 Where ev'n, Democritus, thy sneer
 Were vain as Heraclitus' tear.

Suffice it that by just degrees
 They reach'd all heights, and rose with ease;
 (For beauty wins it's way, uncall'd,
 And ready dupes are ne'er black-ball'd.)
 Each gambling dame she knew, and he
 Knew ev'ry shark of quality;
 From the grave, cautious few, who live
 On thoughtless youth, and living thrive,

To the light train who mimic France,
 And the soft sons of Nonchalance.
 While Jenny, now no more of use,
 Excuse succeeding to excuse,
 Grew piqued, and prudently withdrew
 To shilling whist, and chicken-lu.

Advanc'd to Fashion's wav'ring head,
 They now, where once they follow'd, led;
 Devis'd new systems of delight,
 A-bed all day, and up all night,
 In diff'rent circles reign'd supreme.
 Wives copied her, and husbands him;
 Till so *divinely* life ran on,
 So separate, so quite *bon-ton*;
 That meeting in a public place,
 They scarcely knew each other's face.

At last they met, by *his* desire,
A-tête-à-tête across the fire;
 Look'd in each other's face a-while,
 With half a tear, and half a smile:
 The ruddy health, which wont to grace
 With manly glow his rural face,
 Now scarce retain'd its faintest streak;
 So fallow was his leathern cheek.
 She lank, and pale, and hollow-ey'd;
 With *rouge* had striven in vain to hide
 What once was beauty, and repair
 The rapine of the midnight air.

Silence is eloquence, 'tis said.
 Both wish'd to speak, both hung the head.

At length it burst.—“Tis time,” he cries;
 “When tir’d of folly, to be wise.
 “Are you too tir’d?”—then check’d a groan.
 She wept consent, and he went on.

“How delicate the married life!
 “You love your husband, I my wife.
 “Not ev’n satiety could tame,
 “Nor dissipation quench the flame.
 “True to the bias of our kind
 “’Tis happiness we wish to find.
 “In rural scenes retir’d we fought
 “In vain the dear, delicious draught.
 “Tho’ blest with love’s indulgent store,
 “We found we wanted something more.
 “’Twas company, ’twas friends to share
 “The bliss we languish’d to declare.
 “’Twas social converse, change of scene,
 “To soothe the fullen hour of spleen?
 “Short absences to wake desire,
 “And sweet regrets to fan the fire.

“We left the lonesome place; and found,
 “In Dissipation’s giddy round,
 “A thousand novelties to wake
 “The springs of life and not to break.
 “As, from the nest not wand’ring far,
 “In light excursions thro’ the air,
 “The feather’d tenants of the grove
 “Around in mazy circles move,
 “(Sip the cool springs that murm’ring flow,
 “Or taste the blossom on the bough.)

“We

“ We sported freely with the rest ;
 “ And, still returning to the nest,
 “ In easy mirth we chatted o’er
 “ The trifles of the day before.
 “ Behold us now, dissolving quite
 “ In the full ocean of delight ;
 “ In pleasures ev’ry hour employ,
 “ Immers’d in all the world calls joy.
 “ Our affluence easing the expence
 “ Of splendour, and magnificence.
 “ Our company, th’ exalted set
 “ Of all that’s gay, and all that’s great :
 “ Nor happy yet !—and where’s the wonder !—
 “ *We live, my dear, too much asunder.*”

The moral of my tale is this,
 Variety’s the soul of blifs.
 But such Variety alone
 As makes our home the more our own.
 As from the heart’s impelling pow’r
 The life-blood pours it’s genial store ;
 Tho’, taking each a various way,
 The active streams meandring play
 Thro’ ev’ry artery, ev’ry vein,
 All to the heart return again ;
 From thence resume their new career,
 But still return, and center there :
 So real happiness below
 Must from the heart sincerely flow ;

Nor, list'ning to the Syren's song,
Must stray too far, or rest too long.
All human pleasures thither tend ;
Must there begin, and there must end ;
Must there recruit their languid force,
And gain fresh vigour from their source.

THE GOAT'S BEARD.

A FABLE.

“ Propria quæ maribus—

“ Fœmineo generi tribuuntur. LILLY'S GRAM.

LIB. IV. FAB. 14.

CAPELLÆ ET HIRCI.

BARBAM Capellæ quum impetrâssent ab Jove,
Hirci mœrentes indignari cœperant,

Quod dignitatem fœminæ æquâssent suam ;

“ Sinite, inquit, illis gloriâ vanâ frui,

“ Et usurpare vestri ornatum muneris :

“ Pares dum non sint vestræ fortitudini.”

Hoc argumentum monet ut sustineas tibi
Habitum esse similes, qui sint virtute impares.

The purport of the above Fable is this. When the She-Goats had, by their intreaties, obtained of Jupiter the privilege of having Beards as well as the Males, the He-Goats grew angry ; and complained, that he had degraded their dignity by admitting the females to equal honours with themselves.

To which the God replied, That if they would take care to preserve the real and essential advantages which their sex gave them over the other, they would have no reason to be dissatisfied with letting them participate in what was merely ornamental.

THE GOAT'S BEARD.

IN eight terse lines has Phædrus told
 (So frugal were the bards of old)
 A tale of goats ; and clos'd with grace
 Plan, moral, all, in that short space.
 Alas, that ancient moralist
 Knew nothing of the slender twist
 Which Italy, and France, have taught
 To later times to spin the thought.
They are our masters now, and we
 Obsequious to their high decree,
 Whate'er the classic critics say,
 Will tell it in a modern way.
 'Twas somewhere on the hills, which lie
 'Twixt Rome and Naples' softer clime,
 (They can't escape the traveller's eye,
 Nor need their names be told in rhyme)
 A herd of goats, each shining morn,
 Midst scraggy myrtle, pointed thorn,
 Quick glancing to the sun display'd
 Their spotted sides, and pierc'd the shade.
 Their goat-herds still, like those of old,
 Pipe to the stragglers of the fold.
 'Twas there—and there (no matter when)
 With Virgil's leave, we place the scene.

For scarcely can we think his swains
 Dealt much in goats on Mantua's plains ;
 Much less could e'er his shepherds dream
 Of pendant rocks on Mincio's stream.
 From Naples his enliven'd thought
 Its fondest, best ideas caught.

Theocritus perhaps beside
 Some kind embellishments supply'd,
 And poets are not common men—
 Who talks of goats in Ely fen !

'Twas there, on one important day,
 It chanc'd the he-goats were away,
 The ladies of the colony
 Had form'd a female coterie ;
 And, as they browz'd the cliffs among,
 Exerted all their power of tongue.
 Of ease and freedom much they spoke,
 Enfranchis'd from the husband's yoke ;
 How bright the sun, how soft the air,
 The Trefoil flowers were sweeter far,
 While thus *alone* they might debate
 The hardships of the married state.

Encourag'd by the quick'ning flame
 Which spread, and caught from dame to dame,
 A matron, fager than the rest,
 The fair enthusiasts thus address'd :
 " Ladies, I joy to see, what I
 " Have felt, and smother'd with a sigh,
 " Should touch at length the general breast,
 " And honest nature stand confess'd.

" Queens as we are, we see our power
 " Usurp'd, and daily sinking lower.
 " Why do our lords and masters reign
 " Sole monarchs o'er their subject train?
 " What stamp has nature given their line,
 " What mark to prove their *right divine*
 " To lead at will the passive herd?
 " —It can be nothing but their beard.
 " Observe our shapes, our winning airs,
 " Our spots more elegant than theirs;
 " With equal ease, with equal speed
 " We swim the brook, or skim the mead;
 " Climb the tall cliff, where wild thyme grows,
 " On pinnacles undaunted browze,
 " Hang fearless o'er th' impetuous stream,
 " And skip from crag to crag like them.
 " Why are they then to *us* prefer'd?
 " —It can be nothing but their beard.
 " Then let us to great Jove prepare
 " A sacrifice and solemn prayer,
 " That he would graciously relieve
 " Our deep distress, and kindly give
 " The all we want to make us shine
 " Joint Empresies by *right divine*."

A general murmur of applause
 Attends the speech. The common cause
 Glows in each breast, and all defy
 The bonds of Salique tyranny.
 The mild, the timorous grow bold;
 And, as they faunter to the fold,

Ev'n kids, with voices scarcely heard,
Lisp out,—“ 'Tis nothing but the beard.”

Agreed. And now with secret care
The due lustrations they prepare :
And having mark'd a sacred field,
Of horns a spacious altar build ;
Then from the fragrant herbs that grow
On craggy cliff, or mountain's brow,
They cull the sweets : and stuff the pile
With * *Tragopogon's* downy spoil,
And gums of † *Tragacanth* to raise
The bickering flame, and speed the blaze.
But chief the flower beyond compare,
The flaunting ‡ *Woodbine* revell'd there,
Sacred to goats ; and bore their name
'Till botanists of modern fame
New-fangled titles chose to give
To almost all the plants that live.
Of these a hallow'd heap they place
With all the skill of female grace ;
Then spread the sprigs to catch the air,
And light them with the brushy hair
Pluck'd slyly from their husbands' chins,
In seeming sport, when love begins.

* *Tragopogon*] A plant called in English, the Goat's Beard.

† *Tragacanth*] The Goat's Thorn. The gums of this plant are used in medicine.

‡ *Woodbine*] The *Caprifolium*, or Goat's Leaf of the ancients and of Tournefort. Linnæus ranks it under the genus of *Lonicera*, as he does the *Tragacanth* under that of *Astragalus*.

“ Hear,

" Hear, father Jove ! if still thy mind
 " With partial fondness views our kind ;
 " If, nurs'd by goats, as story says,
 " Thou still retain'st their gamesome ways ;
 " If on * thy shield *her* skin appears
 " Who fed with milk thy infant years ;
 " If Capricorn advanc'd by thee
 " Shines in the sphere a Deity, &c. &c.
 " Hear, father Jove, our just request ;
 " O grant us beads, and make us blest ?"

Swift mounts the blaze, the scented sky
 Seems pleas'd, the zephyrs gently sigh,
 And Jove himself, in frolic mood,
 Reclining on an amber cloud,
 Snuff'd in the gale ; and, tho' he hides
 A laugh which almost bursts his sides,
 Smil'd gracious on the suppliant crew ;
 And from the left his thunder flew :
 Blest omen of success ! Ye fair,
 Who know what tyrant spouses are,
 If e'er you slip the tighten'd rein,
 Or gave a surly husband pain,
 Guess at *their* joy.—Devoutly low
 They bent, and with prophetic glow
 They wreath'd their necks, they cock'd their tails,
 With skittish coyness met the males,
 And scarce admitted the embrace
 But *merely* to preserve the race.

* *Thy Shield*] The Ægis, called so from the goat's skin which covers it.

But chief the river banks they throng ;
 Narcissus-like o'er fountains hung,
 And not a puddle could they pass
 Without a squint to view their face,
 Happy to see the sprouts arise
 Which promis'd future dignities.

When lo ! their utmost wish prevails.
 A beard, as graceful as the male's,
 Flows from their chins ; and forth they mov'd
 At once to be rever'd and lov'd ;
 Looking (to borrow a quaint phrase
 From Young, to deck our humbler lays)
 " Delightfully with all their might."
 The he-goats started at the sight.
 " Angels and ministers of grace !"
 Appear'd on theirs, like * Garrick's face.
 Glance after glance oblique they sent,
 Then fix'd in dumb astonishment.
 Scarce more amaz'd did † Atlas stand,
 Sole monarch of th' Hesperian strand,
 When Perseus on his shield display'd
 Terrific charms, the Gorgon's head.

At last recovering their surprise,
 For goats, like men, are sometimes wise,
 On this absurd, new-modell'd plan,
 Like human couples, they began,
 Unwilling, for decorum's sake,
 Quite to unite, or quite to break.

* *Garrick's face*] in the character of Hamlet.

† *Atlas*] Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Book 4th. Fab. 15th.

With short half words, and looks that leer'd,
 They frown'd, they pouted, and they sneer'd.
 In *general terms* exprefs'd their thoughts
 On *private* and *peculiar* faults ;
 Dropp'd hints they scarcely wish'd to smother,
 And talk'd not *to* but *at* each other.

'Till strife engend'ring more and more,
 They downright wrangled, if not swore ;
 And ev'n the fair could scarce refrain

From broad expressions, when they saw
 Th' accomplishments they wish'd to gain,

Created not respect but awe ;
 And softer kids usurp'd the flames
 Due only to experienc'd dames.

'Twas then the general discord rose ;
 And Jove (industrious to compose
 The casual feuds his hasty nod
 Had caus'd) ; well worthy such a God,
 Conven'd the states. And tho' he knew
 What mortals say is really true,
 " Advice is sometimes thrown away,"
 He bade them meet, and fix'd the day.

Each conscious of their claim divide
 In separate bands on either side.

Like clients in a party cause,
 Determin'd to succeed or die,
 (Whate'er their judge may talk of laws)

Staunch martyrs to integrity.
 The God appear'd, in proper state,
 Not as the arbiter of fate,

With all those ensigns of command
Which sway the air, the sea, the land;
But yet with dignity, to draw
Attention, and becoming awe.

“ Approach :” he cry’d, “ your idle strife
“ Has rais’d a thought : I’ll give it life.
“ For know, ye goats, my high behests
“ Shall not be thrown away on beasts.
“ When sexes plead, the cause is common ;
“ Be goats no more, but man and woman.”

The change ensues. He smil’d again,
And thus address’d the motley train.—
(Here might we tell, in Ovid’s lay,
How forms to other forms gave way,
How pert-cock’d tails, and shaggy hides,
And horns, and twenty things, besides,
Grew spruce bag-wigs, or well-queu’d hair,
The floating sack, the *Pet-en-l’air*,
Fur gown, gold chain, or regal robe,
Which rules, in ermin’d state, the globe.
We wave all this, and say again,
He thus address’d the motley train.)

“ When first I different sexes form’d,
Happy myself, with goodness warm’d,
I meant you help-mates for each other ;
‘The ties of father, son, and brother,
And all the charities below
I kindly meant should spring from you,
Were more exalted scenes your lot,
I kindly meant, as who would not,

The fair should footh the hero's care,
 The hero should protect the fair ;
 The statesman's toils a respite find
 In pleasures of domestic kind ;
 And kings themselves in social down
 Forget the thorns which line a crown.

In humbler life, that man should roam
 Busy abroad, while she at home
 Impatient for his dear return
 Should bid the crackling incense burn,
 And spread, as fortune might afford,
 The genial feast, or frugal board.
 The joys of honest competence,
 The solace even of indigence.

But things are chang'd, no matter how ;
 These blessings are not frequent now.
 Let time account, as he glides on,
 For all his wings and scythe have done :
 We take you in his present page,
 The refuse of an iron age.
 Then hear our sober thoughts.

Ye dames,

Affection and good-breeding claims
 That first, in preference to the males,
 We place *your* merits in the scales.
 For, whether 'twas design'd or not,
 You some ascendancy have got.
 Ladies, we own, have had their share
 In learning, politics, and war.

To pass at once the doubtful tale
 Of amazons in coats of mail,
 (Fables which ancient Greece has taught,
 And, if I knew them, I've forgot.)
 Authentic records still contain,
 To make the females justly vain,
 Examples of heroic worth—
 Semiramis of * East and † North.
 ‡ Marg'ret the Anjouvine ; of Spain
 || Fair Blanche ; and § Ellen of Guienne.

* *Semiramis of East*] The wife of Ninus.

† —*and North*] Margaret de Waldemar, commonly called the Semiramis of the North. She united in her own person the three kingdoms of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. The first by descent, the second by marriage, and the third by conquest. See the union of Calmar, 1393.

‡ *Marg'ret the Anjouvine*] Wife of Henry the Sixth of England, who (notwithstanding her supposed intrigue with the Duke of Suffolk) supported the interest of her husband and his family with the most heroic spirit.

|| *Fair Blanche*] Blanche of Castile, wife to Louis the Eighth of France. She governed that kingdom during the minority of her son, St. Louis, and during his absence at the holy wars, with great fortitude and success. The wicked chronicles of the times have been very free with her character.

§ *Ellen of Guienne*] An adventurer in the crusades. She was first married to Louis the Seventh of France, by whom she was divorced, under a pretence of consanguinity ; and was afterwards wife to Henry the Second of England. Her behaviour here is well known.

* Catha-

* Catherine of France immortal grew
 A rubric faint with Barthol'mew :
 In Russia Catherines more than one
 Have done *great things* : and many a Joan
 Has buſſed in the active ſcene ;
 † The Pope, the Warrior, and the Queen !
 But theſe are ſtars which blaze and fall ;

O'er Albion did Eliza riſe
 A conſtellation of them all,
 And ſhines the Virgo of the ſkies !
 ‡ Some dames of leſs athletic mould,
 By mere miſfortune render'd bold,
 Have drawn the dagger in defence
 Of their own ſpotleſs innocence.

O'er theſe the penſive Muſe ſhall mourn,
 And Pity's tear ſhall grace their urn.

‡ Others, a more heroic part,
 By juſt revenge to fury led,
 Have plung'd it in a huſband's heart,
 And triumph'd o'er the mighty dead.

* *Catherine of France*] The famous Catherine of Medicis, wife to Henry the Second of France, and mother to the three ſucceeding monarchs. The maſſacre of Paris on St. Bartholomew's day was conducted under her auſpices.

† *The Pope, &c.*] Pope Joan, Joan of Arc, and Joan of Naples.

‡ *Some*] ‡ *Others*] Of theſe two aſſertions the author does not chooſe to give examples, as *Some* might be thought fabulous, and *Others* invidious.

Tho'

Tho' laurels are *their* meed, 'tis true,
 Let milder females have their due,
 And be with humbler myrtles crown'd,
 Who * suck'd the poison from the wound.
 For folks there are who don't admire
 In angel forms that soul of fire,
 Nor are quite pleas'd with wounds and scars
 On limbs best fram'd for softer wars.
 Nay now, so squeamish men are grown,
 Their manners are so like your own,
 That, tho' no Spartan dames we view
 Thump'd, cuff'd, and wrestled black and blue,
 Ev'n flighter blemishes offend
 Sometimes the fair one's fondest friend.
 Glorious, no doubt, it is, to dare
 The dangers of the Sylvan war,
 When foremost in the chase you ride
 Some headlong steed, you cannot guide,
 And owe, by Providence, or chance,
 Your safety to your ignorance.
 But ah! the consequential ill
 Might *there* restrain ev'n woman's will.
 The furrow plough'd by † Tyburn hat
 On the fair forehead's Parian flat;

* *Suck'd the poison*] Whether the story of Eleanor of Castile, wife to Edward the First of England, is fictitious or not, the Eleanor crosses existing at present are a sufficient testimony of her husband's affections, and his gratitude to her memory.

† *Tyburn hat*] The small round hat, which acquired its name from its being the distinguishing mark of a pick-pocket: it is now adopted by gentlemen and ladies.

'The freckles, blotches, and parch'd skins,
 'The worms, which like black-headed pins
 Peep through the damask cheek, or rise
 On noses bloated out of size,
 Are things which females ought to dread.—
 But you know best, and I proceed.

Some fages, a peculiar thought,
 Think politics become you not.
 Nay one, well vers'd in Nature's rules,
 Calls * “cunning women knavish fools.”
 —Your pardon—I but barely hint
 What impious mortals dare to print.

In learning, doubtless, you have shin'd
 'The paragons of human kind.
 Each abstract science have explor'd ;
 Have pierc'd thro' Nature's coyest hoard ;
 And cropp'd the loveliest flowers that blow
 On steep Parnassus' double brow.

And yet what small remains we find !
 † Aspasia left no tracts behind ;
 Content her doctrines to impart,
 As oral truths, warm from the heart.
 And ill-bred time has swept away
 Full many a grave and sprightly lay,

* *Cunning woman*] “A cunning woman is a knavish fool.”
Lord Lyttelton's Advice to a Lady.

† *Aspasia*] The pupils of this learned lady (if we except Socrates)
 were most of them her lovers too, and consequently received instruction
 in the most agreeable manner it could be conveyed.

Full many a tome of just renown
 Fram'd by the numerous fair, who shone
 Poetic or historic Queens,
 From Sappho down to * Anne Comnenes.

In modern days, the female pen
 Is paramount, and copes with men.
 Ladies have led th' instructive crew,
 And kindly told us all they knew.
 In France, in Britain, many a score.—
 I mention none—to praise the more.
 And yet in that same little isle
 I view, with a peculiar smile,
 And wish to name a chosen few :
 A — —, or a — — —,
 Or—But I won't. It envy raises.
 Few men can bear each other's praises,
 And in the fair one would not see
 A *Genus irritabile*.

Swift says, a clever school-boy's fame
 Is all at which the sex should aim.
 It may be so, and *he* be wise—
 But *I* authorities despise.
 Men cannot judge in such affairs.
 I grant *your* talents great as theirs.
 Your wit of a more *piercing* kind,
 Your sense more *moral* and *refin'd* ;

* *Anne Comnenes*] A Princess of great learning, daughter of *Alexius Comnenus*, Emperor of Constantinople, during the time of the first crusades. She wrote the history of her father's long reign, and is ranked among the Byzantine historians.

And should ye from strict reasoning swerve,
 You still have conquest in reserve.
 If arguments are sometimes slight,
 * “ Your eyes are always in the right.”
 In love your empire is supreme,
 The hero's palm, the poet's theme.
 Nor will we dare to fix a date
 When that soft empire yields to fate.
 At seventy great Eliza lov'd,
 Tho' coy perhaps † her heroes prov'd,
 And ‡ Ninon had a longer reign,
 She lov'd, and was belov'd again,
 Let Gedoyne the just æra fix,
 At eighty, or at eighty-six.

One little hint, before we close
 This tedious soporific dose,

* *Your eyes, &c.*] A line of Prior.

† *Her heroes*] Essex and Courtney.

‡ *Ninon*] It is recorded of the celebrated Ninon l'Enclos, that a young French Abbè, of the name of Gedoyne, had long solicited her favours, and was rather astonished at her coyness. When she yielded at last, she begged his pardon for so dilatory a compliance, and pleaded as her excuse, that her female vanity was piqued upon having a lover after she was fourscore; that she had only completed her eightieth year the day before, and therefore hoped her *empressement* to oblige him would be a proper acknowledgement of her gratitude for his attentions.

How long the attachment lasted, the author of this poem has modestly left undetermined.

One little hint we choose to give,
 That nuptial harmony may live.
 As husbands, tho' on small pretence,
 Are wond'rous jealous of their sense,
 Perhaps 'twere prudent to conceal
 The great accomplishments you feel.
 Then screen what pains the naked eye
 With that thin gauze call'd modesty ;
 At least with diffidence maintain
 The triumphs you are sure to gain.
 Arm'd with this caution, justly claim
 Your genuine share of power and fame ;
 Be every thing your conscious merit
 Inspires, and with becoming spirit
 Expand each passion of the heart,
 Each talent nature gives exert ;
 Be wise, be learn'd, be brave, nay fear'd—
 But *keep your sex*, and * HIDE THE BEARD.

Ladies, your slave.—The dames withdrew.
 Now, gentlemen, I turn to you.
 You heard the lessons which I gave,
 At once both ludicrous and grave,

* *Hide the Beard*] A certain Grecian painter, who had usually exerted his talents on lascivious subjects, was commanded by the state under which he lived, to atone for his errors, by forming a piece which should damp the most licentious appetite. He accordingly drew a naked Venus with all the charms his imagination could suggest, and then, to make her totally disgusting, clapped her on a beard.

And sneer'd perhaps ; but have a care,
 I only banter'd with the fair.
 When your important cause comes on,
 We take it in a higher tone.

Is there a fault in womankind
 You did not make, or strive to find ?
 To rise on *your* defects you teach them,
 And lose *your* virtues ere they reach them.
 Would e'er ambition touch their brain,
 Did *you* your lawful rule maintain,
 With tendernefs exert your fway,
 And mildly win them to OBEY ?
 Had Cæfar, Antony, been men,
 We scarce had heard of * Egypt's Queen.
 Follies and vices of his own
 Sunk to a flave great Philip's fon ;
 Nor did † Alcides learn to fpin
 'Till he put off the lion's fkin.

Henry the fourth of France (a name
 We love, we pity, and we blame)
 Had frailties, which the meanest clown,
 Of native fense would blufh to own.
 D'Etrée, Vernueil, and twenty more,
 Will prove him vaffal to a ——. .
 Nothing could tame the headftrong lad,
 Whofe pure good-nature was run mad.

* *Egypt's Queen*] Cleopatra.

† *Alcides*] His condefcensions to Omphale are well known.

Ev'n toil, and penury, and pain,
 And * Sully, teaz'd and preach'd in vain.
 Nothing could stop th' insatiate rage,
 Not even the hasty † snow of age ;
 Not even his last provoking ‡ wife,
 That fire-brand of perpetual strife,
 Who set half Europe in a flame,
 And died, poor wretch, an empty name.

In what the world calls politics
 You teach the fair a thousand tricks.
 Full many a mistress of a King,
 At first a plain unheeded thing,
 But swells in fancied dignity,
 And glories in her infamy ;
 'Till, to distress a weaker brother,
 You play her off against each other ;
 Improve the sex's natives wiles,
 Th' artillery of tears and smiles ;
 Flatter her pride, or peevishness,
 'Till she, elated by success,
 Feels her own force, and bolder grown
 By your instructions, acts alone ;

* *Sully*] See his Memoirs.

† *Snow of age*] He was very early grey.

‡ *Provoking wife*] Mary of Medicis. This lady was of an ambitious intriguing spirit, with a very mean understanding. That she was a "provoking wife," Sully's memoirs sufficiently testify. The disturbances she raised at home, and the cabals she entered into abroad during her exile, are a proof of the second position. The last she must have severely felt, for she died at Cologne in 1642, in extreme misery.

Procures now this, now that man's fall,
And fairly triumphs o'er you all.

The second Charles on England's throne
(Sav'd from oblivion by his crown)
Call him whatever you think fit,
A knave, an idiot, or a wit,
Had from his travels learnt no more
'Than modern youths from Europe's tour.
To all that should improve his mind,
The voluntary dupe was blind,
Whate'er calamities fell on him,
Distress was thrown away upon him ;
The same unfeeling thoughtless thing,
Whether an exile, or a king.

Cleaveland and Portsmouth had fine features,
And yet they were but silly creatures,
Play'd off like shuttles in a loom
(To weave the web of England's doom !
By knaves abroad, and knaves at home. }
Of all who sooth'd his * idle hours
(To wave his *en passant* amours)
Of all who gloried in the flame,
And in broad day-light blaz'd their shame,

* *Idle hours*] There was as much of laziness as of love in all these hours which he passed among his mistresses ; who served only to fill up his seraglio, while a bewitching kind of pleasure, called sauntering, was the Sultana Queen he delighted in.

Duke of Buckinghamshire's Character of Charles the Second.

Spite

Spite of her † frolics and expence,
Nell Guyn alone had common sense.

Of gaming little shall be said,
You're surfeited upon that head.
What arguments can move the mind
Where folly is with madness join'd?
What sober reasoning can prevail,
Where even contempt and ruin fail?
Yet let me mention, betwixt friends,
“ Burn not the taper at both ends.”
Why must your wives be taught by you
'That needless art to squander too?
Whene'er they shew their bracelet strings,
Their dear white hands, and brilliant rings,
It should be in a quiet way;
Ladies should piddle, and not play.

You know too well *your* glorious power,
Greatly to lose in half an hour
What cost your ancestors with pain
At least full half an age to gain.
Then let your spouses (to be grave)
For coals and candles something save,
And keep their pin-money and jointures,
To free from jail the kind appointers.

† *Frolics and expence*] Bishop Burnet, in his *History of his Own Times*, says of Mrs. Guyn, that she was the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a court, yet continued to the end of the King's life in great favour, and was maintained at a vast expence.

He might have added, to her credit, that she never meddled at all with the wretched politics of those times.

Learn.

Learning—you scarce know what it is.
 Then put the question, and 'tis this :
 True learning is the mind's good breeding,
 'Tis Common Sense improv'd by reading.
 If Common Sense, that corner-stone,
 Is wanting, let the rest alone.
 Better be fools without pretence,
 Than coxcombs even of eminence.

* Eve from her husband's lips preferr'd
 What she from angels might have heard,
 And wisely chose to understand
 Exalted truths at second hand.
 Should your soft mates adopt her notions,
 And for instruction wait *your* motions,
 To what improvements would they reach ?
 —Lord bless you, what have *you* to teach ?

* *Eve*] In the eighth book of Paradise Lost, while Adam was
 conversing with Raphael,

—and by his countenance seem'd
 Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse—

Eve retired.

Yet went she not as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high—

But because,

Her husband the relater she preferr'd
 Before the Angel—

The Poet assigns a reason for it,

—From *his* lip
 Not *words* alone pleas'd *her*.

Yes,

Yes, one thing, I confess, you deal in,
 And read in fairly without spelling.
 In that, I own, your zeal is such,
 You even communicate too much.
 In matter, spirit, and in fate
 Your knowledge is extremely great,
 Nobly deserting common sense
 For metaphysic excellence.
 And yet whate'er you say, or sing,
 Religion is a serious thing.
 At least to *me*, you will allow,
 A Deity, it must be so.
 Then let me whisper—"Don't perplex
 " With specious doubts the weaker sex.
 " Let them enjoy their Tates and Bradys,
 " Free-thinking is not sport for ladies."
 Is't not enough *you* read Voltaire,
 While sneering valets frizz your hair,
 And half asleep, with half an eye
 Steal in dear infidelity?
 Is't not enough Helvetius' schemes
 Elucidate *your* waking dreams,
 (Tho' each who on the doctrine doats
 Skips o'er the text, to skim the notes)
 Why must the fair be made the wife
 Partakers of your mysteries?
 You'll say they listen to your chat.
 I grant them fools, but what of that?
 Your prudence sure might be so civil
 To let your females fear the *devil*.

Even for the comfort of your lives
 Some must be mothers, daughters, wives ;
 Howe'er it with *your* genius suits,
 They should not *all* be prostitutes.

Firm as the sage Lucretius draws
 Above Religion, Morals, Laws,
 Secure (tho' at a proper distance)
 Of that *great blessing* NON-EXISTENCE,
 You triumph ; each a Deity
 In all, *but* immortality.

Why therefore will ye condescend
 To teaze a weak believing friend,
 Whose honest ignorance might gain
 From error a relief in pain,
 And bear with fortitude and honour
 The miseries *you* brought upon her ?
 Momus perhaps would flily say,
 For Momus has a *merry* way,
 Why will your *wisdom* and your *wit*
 To such degrading tricks submit ?
 Why in soft bosoms raise a riot ?
 Can't ye be d—mn'd yourselves in quiet ?

But that's an after-thought ; at present
 We merely wish you to be decent.
 And just will add some trifling things,
 From whence, *We* think, confusion springs,

You'll easily conceive in Gods,
 Who fix in air their thin abodes,

And

And feast on incense, and ambrosia,
 Foul feeding must create a nausea,
 Yet we ourselves to flesh and blood
 Have granted more substantial food,
 Nor wonder that, in times like yours,
 All but the poor are Epicures,
 And reason from effects to causes,
 On Roti's, Entremets, and Sauces.
 But here be wise, the reason's clear,
 Be niggards of your knowledge here,
 And to yourselves alone confine
 That first of blessings, how to dine.
 For should the fair *your* taste pursue,
 And eating be *their* science too,
 Should they too catch this nasty trick,
 (The bare idea makes me sick)
 What would become of Nature's boast?
 Their beauty, and their sex were lost.
 — I turn disgusted from the scene, —
She-Gluttons are *She*-Aldermen.

Another precept lingers yet,
 To make the tiresome group compleat.
 In all your commerce with the sex,
 Whether you mean to please, or vex.
 If not well-bred, at least be civil;
 Ill manners are a catching evil.
 I speak to the superior few.
 — Ye British youths, I speak to you.

The ancient heroes of Romance,
 Idolaters in complaisance,

So hit the sex's dearest whim,
So rais'd them in their own esteem,
That ev'ry conscious worth increas'd,
And every foible sunk to rest.

Nay, e'en when chivalry was o'er,
And adoration reign'd no more,
Within due bounds the following sect
Refrain'd them by profound respect;
Politely grasp'd the filken reins,
And held them in ideal chains.

But now, when *you* appear before 'em,
You want all deference and decorum;
And, conscious of good Heav'n knows what,
Noddle your heads, and flouch your hat;
Or, careless of the circling throng,
Thro' full assemblies lounge along,
And on a couch politely throw
Your listless limbs without a bow,
While all the fair, like Sheba's Queen,
Croud eager to the inviting scene,
And o'er that couch in raptures hang
'To hear their Solomon's harangue.
No doubt 'tis edifying stuff,
(For gentle ears are cannon-proof)
And wise the doctrines which you teach.
But your examples more than preach:
For 'tis from hence your high-bred lasses
Lose, or despise, their native graces.
Hence comes it that at every rout
They hoyden in, and hoyden out.

The modest dignity of yore,
 The step chafis'd, is seen no more.
 They hop, they gallop, and they trot,
 A curt'fy is a thing forgot.
 Th' affected stare, the thrust-out chin,
 The leer, the titter, and the grin,
 Supply what "hung on Hebe's cheek,
 "And lov'd to live in dimple sleek."
 Nay, some who boast their sixteen quarters
 One might mistake for chandlers daughters.

Ah, could these triflers of a day
 Know what their masters think and say,
 When o'er their claret they debate
 Each pretty victim's future fate;
 With what contempt and malice fraught
 They sneer the follies they have taught;
 How deep a blush their cheek would fire!
 Their little breasts would burst with ire;
 And the most heedless mawkin there,
 The loveliest idiot, drop a tear.

Virtues have sexes, past a doubt,
 Mythologists have mark'd them out;
 Nor yet in excellence alone
 Have this peculiar difference shown:
 Your vices—that's too hard a name—
 Your follies—should not be the same.
 In every plant, in every grain

Of Nature's genuine works we find
 Some innate essences remain
 Which mark the species and the kind.

Tho'

Tho' forms may vary, round or square,
 Be smooth, be rough, be regular ;
 Tho' colours separate or unite,
 The sport of superficial light ?

Yet is there *Something*, that, or this,
 By Nature's kind indulgence sown,
 Which makes each thing be what it is,

A tree a tree, a stone a stone.
 So in each sex distinct and clear
 A genuine *Something* should appear,
 A *Je-ne sai quoi*, however slight,
 To vindicate the natural right.

Then, Sirs, for I perceive you yawn,
 Be this conclusion fairly drawn :
 Sexes are *proper*, and not *common* ;
 Man *must* be man, and woman woman.
 In short, be coxcombs if you please,
 Be arrant ladies in your dress ;
 Be every name the vulgar give
 To what their grossness can't conceive :

Yet one small favour let me ask,
 Not to impose too hard a task—
 Whether you fix your fancied reign
 In brothels, or in drawing-rooms,
 The little *Something* still retain.

Be gamesters, gluttons, jockies, grooms,
 Be all which Nature never meant,
 Free-thinkers in the full extent,
 But ah ! for *Something* be rever'd,
 And *keep your sex*, and SHOW THE BEARD.

END OF VOLUME SEVENTY-TWO.

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