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*Roach's*  
*Beauties of the Poets*  
*OF*  
**GREAT BRITAIN.**

*Carefully Selected & Arranged*  
From the Works of  
*The most Admired Authors,*  
**Particularly.**

<i>Milton,</i>	<i>Blair,</i>	<i>Beattie,</i>
<i>Pope,</i>	<i>Gray,</i>	<i>Moore,</i>
<i>Dryden,</i>	<i>Prior,</i>	<i>Chatterton,</i>
<i>Thomson,</i>	<i>Shenstone,</i>	<i>Buckingham,</i>
<i>Addison,</i>	<i>Mallet,</i>	<i>Duncombe,</i>
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<i>Young,</i>	<i>Parnell,</i>	<i>Cotton,</i>
	<i>&amp;c. &amp;c.</i>	

**IN SIX VOLUMES :**

**VOL. VI.**



**LONDON.**

Printed by J. Roach, at the *Britannia Printing Office,*  
*Woburn Street, New Drury: Theatre Royal, 1794.*



WY WY  
WY WY  
WY WY

HOW MANY  
MUSIC  
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*G. Murray Sculp.*

# The Cotters Saturday Night.

*See Page 53.*

*Published by J. Roach, Wellington Street New Drury Theatre Royal 1795.*

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*THE*  
**COTTERS SATURDAY NIGHT,**  
*by Robert Burns.*

**THE BOWER OF BLISS,**  
*by Spencer.*

**PROLOGUE & EPILOGUE**  
to the Satires,  
*by Alex<sup>r</sup>. Pope.*

*An Essay on Translated Verse,*  
*by Roscommon.*

*&c. &c.*



*Stop, Stop, John Gilpin! here's the House  
They all at once did cry;  
The Dinner waits, and we are tired;  
Said Gilpin — so am I.*

*See 2<sup>o</sup> 80.*

LONDON Printed by & for J. Roach, at the Britannia Printing Office,  
Woburn Street New-Drury Theatre Royal April 1. 1795.



W. W. R. 1884  
1884  
1884

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AN ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE,

---

---

By the EARL of ROSCOMMON.

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---

HAPPY that author whose correct essay\*  
Repairs so well our old Horatian way :  
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)  
On great Apollo's sacred standard wait.  
And with strict discipline instructed right,  
Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight.  
But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,  
Conspire to censure and expose our age ;  
Provok'd too far, we resolutely must,  
To the few virtues that we have, be just.  
For who have long'd or who have labour'd more  
To search the treasures of the Roman store,  
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore ?  
The noblest fruits, transplanted in our isle,  
With early hope and fragrant blossoms smile.  
Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires,  
And nature seconds all his soft desires :  
Theocritus does now to us belong ;  
And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.

Vol. VI. 21.

A

Who

---

\* *John Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.*

Who has not heard how Italy was blest  
 Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?  
 Or Gallus' song, so tender and so true,  
 As even Lycoris might with pity view!  
 When mourning nymphs attend their Daphnis' hearth,  
 Who does not weep that reads the moving verse?  
 But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains.  
 Secilian Muses through these happy plains  
 Proclaim Saturnian times—our own Apollo reigns!

When France had breath'd after intestine broils,  
 And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,  
 There (cultivated by a royal hand)  
 Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest'd the land;  
 The choicest books that Rome or Greece have known,  
 Her excellent translators made her own;  
 And Europe still considerably gains  
 Both by their good example and their pains.  
 From hence our generous emulation came;  
 We undertook, and we perform'd the same.  
 But now we shew the world a nobler way,  
 And in translated verse do more than they;  
 Serene and clear harmonious Horace flows  
 With sweetness not to be express'd in prose:  
 Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,  
 And shews the stuff, but not the workman's skill:  
 I who have serv'd him more than twenty years)  
 Scarce know my master as he there appears.  
 Vain are our neighbours hopes, and vain their cares;  
 Their fault is more their language's than theirs:

'Tis

'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words  
 Of softer found than ours perhaps affords ;  
 But who did ever in French authors see  
 The comprehensive English energy ?  
 The weighty bullion of one sterling line,  
 Drawn to French wire, would thro' whole pages shine.  
 I speak my private but impartial sense,  
 With freedom, and I hope without offence ;  
 For I'll recant when France can shew me wit  
 As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.  
 'Tis true, composing is a nobler part ;  
 But good translation is no easy art.  
 For though materials have long since been found,  
 Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound ;  
 And by improving what was writ before,  
 Invention labours less, but judgment more.

The soil intended for Pierian seeds  
 Must be well purg'd from rank pidantic weeds  
 Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,  
 At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes.  
 For none have been with admiration read,  
 But who (besides their learning) were well bred.

The first great work (a task perform'd by few)  
 Is, that yourself may to yourself be true :  
 No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve ;  
 Dissects your mind, examine ev'ry nerve.  
 Whoever vainly on his strength depends,  
 Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.



That wretch in spite of his forgotten rhymes)  
 Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,  
 With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound,  
 Sung lofty Ilium tumbling to the ground.  
 And (if my Muse can through past ages see)  
 That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he ;  
 Exploded, when, with universal scorn,  
 The mountains labour'd and a mouse was born.

Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,  
 Audacious mortals, and be timely wise !  
 'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,  
 Wedg'd in that timber which he strove to rend.  
 Each poet with a diff'rent talent writes ;  
 One praises, one instructs, another bites.  
 Horace did ne'er aspire to Epic bays,  
 Nor lofty Maro stoop to Lyric lays.  
 Examine how your humour is inclin'd,  
 And which the ruling passion of your mind ;  
 Then, seek a poet who your way does bend,  
 And choose an author as you choose a friend ;  
 United by this sympathetic bond,  
 You grow familiar, intimate, and fond ;  
 Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls agree,  
 No longer his interpreter, but he.

With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd !  
 How nice the reputation of the maid !  
 Your early kind, paternal care appears,  
 By chaste instruction of her tender years.

The first impression in her infant breast  
 Will be the deepest, and should be the best.  
 Let not austerity breed servile fear,  
 No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.  
 Secure from foolish pride's affected state,  
 And specious flattery's more pernicious bait,  
 Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts ;  
 But your neglect must answer for her faults.

Immodest words admit of no defence ;  
 For want of decency is want of sense.  
 What mod'rate top would rake the Park or stews,  
 Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose ?  
 Variety of such is to be found ;  
 Take then a subject proper to expound :  
 But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,  
 For men of sense despise a trivial choice :  
 And such applause it must expect to meet,  
 As would some painter busy in a street,  
 To copy bulls and bears, and ev'ry sign  
 That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.

Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good,  
 It must delight us when 'tis understood.  
 He that brings fulsome objects to my view  
 (As many old have done, and many new)  
 With nauseous images my fancy fills,  
 And all goes down like oxymel of squills.  
 Instruct the listening world how Maro sings  
 Of useful objects and of lofty things.

These will such true, such bright ideas raise,  
As merit gratitude as well as praise :

But foul descriptions are offensive still,  
Either for being like, or being ill.

For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd  
On holy garbag, though by Homer cook'd !

Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded Gods,  
Make some suspect he snores as well as nods.

But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,

And Horace looks with indignation down ;

My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,

And whom they like implicitly admires

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,

And with attractive majesty surprise,

Not by affected meretricious arts,

But strict harmonious symmetry of parts ;

Which through the whole insensibly must pass,

With vital heat to animate the mass :

A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,

And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing came ;

But few, oh few souls, pre-ordain'd by fate,

The race of Gods, have reach'd that envied height.

No rebel Tritan's sacrilegious crime,

By heaping hills on hills, can hither climb :

The grizly ferryman of hell denied

Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide :

How justly then will impious mortals fall,

Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call !

Pride

Pride (of all others the most dang'rous fault)  
 Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.  
 The men who labour and digest things most,  
 Will be much apter to despond than boast :  
 For if your author be profoundly good,  
 'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.  
 How many ages since has Virgil writ !  
 How few are they who understand him yet !  
 Approach his altars with religious fear,  
 No vulgar deity inhabits there :  
 Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,  
 Than poets should before their Mantuan god.  
 Hail, mighty Maro ! may that sacred name  
 Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame ;  
 Sublime ideas and apt words infuse :  
 The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the Muse !

What I have instanc'd only in the best,  
 Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.  
 Take pains the genuine meaning to explore,  
 There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar ;  
 Search ev'ry comment that your care can find,  
 Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind ;  
 Yet be not blindly guided by the throng ;  
 The multitude is always in the wrong.  
 When things appear unnatural or hard,  
 Consult your author, with himself compar'd ;  
 Who knows what blessing Phæbus may bestow,  
 And future ages to your labour owe ?

Such

Such secrets are not easily found out ;  
 But, once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.  
 Troth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast,  
 And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.

Truth still is one ; truth is divinely bright ;  
 No cloudy doubts obscure her native light ;  
 While in your thoughts you find the least debat  
 You may confound, but never can translate.  
 Your style will this through all disguises shew,  
 For none explain more clearly than they know.  
 He only proves he understands a text,  
 Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd.  
 They who too faithfully on names insist,  
 Rather create than dissipate the mist ;  
 And grow unjust by being over-nice,  
 (For superstitious virtue turns to vice).  
 Let Crassus' \* ghost and Labienus tell  
 How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell  
 Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,  
 That few know Pacorus' or Monæses' name.

Words in one language elegantly us'd,  
 Will hardly in another be excus'd.  
 And some that Rome admir'd in Cæsar's time.  
 May neither suit our genius nor our clime.  
 The genuine sense, intelligibly told,  
 Shews a translator both discreet and bold.

Excur:

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\* *Hor. iii. Od. 6.*

Excursions are inexplicably bad ;  
 And 'tis much safer to leave out than add. }  
 Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express }  
 With painful care, but seeming easiness. }  
 For truth shines brightest thro' the plainest dress.  
 Th' Ænean Muse, when she appears in state,  
 Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait  
 Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things  
 As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings.  
 Your author always will the best advise,  
 Fall when he falls, and when he rises rise.  
 Affected noise is the most wretched thing  
 That to contempt can empty scribblers bring.  
 Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,  
 On even syllables (and still the last)  
 Though gross innumerable faults abound,  
 In spite of nonsense, never fail of sound.  
 But this is meant of even verse alone,  
 As being most harmonious and most known :  
 For if you will unequal numbers try,  
 There accents on odd syllables must lie.  
 Whatever sister of the learned Nine  
 Does to your suit a willing ear incline,  
 Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,  
 She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame.  
 But if a wild uncertainty prevail,  
 And turn your veering heart with ev'ry gale,  
 You lose the fruit of all your former care  
 For the sad prospect of a just despair.

A quack

A quack (too scandalously mean to name)  
 Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame :  
 As if Lucina had forgot her trade,  
 The labouring wife invokes his surer aid.  
 Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,  
 Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise ;  
 And largely what she wants in words supplies,  
 With maudlin-eloquence of trickling eyes.  
 But what a thoughtless animal is man !  
 How very active in his own trepan !  
 For, greedy of physicians frequent foes,  
 From female mellow praise he takes degrees ;  
 Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then,  
 From saving women, falls to killing men.  
 Another such had left the nation thin,  
 In spite of all the children he brought in.  
 His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew :  
 And where they fell, as certainly they flew ;  
 His name struck every where as great a damp  
 As Archimedes through the Roman camp.  
 With this, the doctor's pride began to cool ;  
 For smarting soundly may convince a fool.  
 But now repentance came too late for grace ;  
 And meager famine star'd him in the face :  
 Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,  
 But found no husband left to own a child.  
 The friends that got the brats were poison'd too ;  
 In this sad case, what could our vermin do ?

Worried

Worried with debts, and past all hope of bail,  
 Th' unpitied wretch lies rotting in a jail :  
 And there, with basket-alms scarce kept alive,  
 Shews how mistaken talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men.

Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen ;  
 Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,  
 And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead !  
 But you, Pompilian, wealthy pampet'd heirs,  
 Who to your country owe your swords and cares,  
 Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,  
 For rich ill poets are without excuse,  
 'Tis very dangerous, tampering with a muse ;  
 The profit's small, and you have much to lose :  
 For though true wit adorns your birth and place,  
 Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.  
 No poet any passion can excite  
 But what they feel transport them when they write,  
 Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,  
 And heard the impatient maid divinely rave ?  
 I hear her now ! I see her rolling eyes :  
 And panting, Lo ! the god, the god, she cries ;  
 With words not hers, and more than human sound,  
 She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling thro' the  
 ground.

But, tho' we must obey when Heaven commands,  
 And man in vain the sacred call withstands,

Beware



Beware what spirit rages in your breast ;  
 For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess'd.  
 Thus make the proper use of each extreme,  
 And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.  
 As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,  
 And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,  
 Your pulse advises, and begins to beat  
 Through ev'ry swelling vein a loud retreat :  
 So when a muse propitiously invites,  
 Improve her favours, and indulge her flights ;  
 But when you find that vigorous heat abate,  
 Leave off, and for another summons wait.  
 Before the radiant sun a glimmering lamp,  
 Adulterate metals to the sterling stamp,  
 Appear not meaner than mere human lines,  
 Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines :  
 These nervous, bold ; those languid and remiss ;  
 There, cold salutes ; but here a lover's kiss.  
 Thus have I seen a rapid headlong tide  
 With foaming waves the passive Soane divide ;  
 Whose lazy waters without motion lay,  
 While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous way.

The privilege that ancient poets claim,  
 Now turn'd to licence by too just a name,  
 Belongs to none but an establish'd fame,  
 Which scorns to take it——

Absurd expressions, crude, abortive thoughts,  
 All the lewd legion of exploded faults,

Bafe.

Base fugitives, to that asylum fly,  
 And sacred laws with insolence defy.  
 Nor thus our heroes of the former days  
 Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;  
 For I mistake, or far the greatest part  
 Of what some call neglect, was study's art.  
 When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,  
 'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the sign  
 To wake your fancy, and prepare your fight,  
 To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.  
 I lose my patience when, with saucy pride,  
 By untun'd ears I hear his number tried.  
 Reverse of nature: shall such copies then  
 Arraign th' original of Maro's pen:  
 And the rude notions of pedantic schools  
 Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules?

The delicacy of the nicest ear  
 Finds nothing harsh or out of order there:  
 Sublime or low, unheeded or intense;  
 The sound is still a comment to the sense:

A skillful ear in numbers should preside;  
 And all disputes without appeal decide.  
 This ancient Rome, and elder Athens found;  
 Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound.

When, by impulse from Heaven, Tyrtæus sung,  
 In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung;  
 Reviving Sparta now the flight maintain'd,  
 And what two gen'ral's lost, a poet gain'd.

By secret influence of indulgent skies,  
 Empire and poesy together rise.  
 True poets are the guardians of the state,  
 And, when they fail, portend approaching fate.  
 For that which Rome to conquest did inspire,  
 Was not the vestal, but the muse's fire;  
 Heaven joins the blessings: no declining age  
 Ere felt the raptures of poetic rage.

Of many faults rhyme is perhaps the cause;  
 Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws:  
 For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,  
 Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:  
 Subdued, undone, they did at last obey,  
 And change their own for their invader's way.

I grant that, from some mossy idol oak,  
 In double rhymes our Thor and Woden spoke;  
 And by succession of unlearned times,  
 As bards began, so monks rung on the chimes.

But now that Phœbus and the sacred Nine  
 With all their beams on our blest island shine,  
 Why should not we their ancient rites restore,  
 And be what Rome or Athens were before?

‘ \* Have forgot how Raphael's numerous prose  
 ‘ Led our exalted souls thro' heavenly camps,  
 ‘ And mark'd the ground where proud apostate thro'  
 ‘ Defied Jehovah! here, 'twixt host and host,  
 ‘ (A narrow, but a dreadful interval)

‘ Por-

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• *An Essay on Blank Verse, out of Paradise Lost, B*

- Portentous fight ! before the cloudy van
- Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
- Came tow'ring arm'd in adamant and gold.
- There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
- Dispers'd æthereal forms, and down they fell
- By thousands, angels on archangels roll'd ;
- Recover'd to the hills they ran, they flew,
- Which (with their ponderous load, rocks, waters,
- woods),
- From their firm seats torn by the shaggy tops,
- They bore like shields before them through the air,
- Till more incens'd they hurl'd them at their foes,
- All was confusion, heaven's foundation shook,
- Threat'ning no less than universal wreck ;
- For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
- And over-press'd whole legions weak with sin :
- Yet they blasphem'd and struggled as they lay,
- Till the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
- And (arm'd with vengeance) God's victorious Son
- (Effulgence of paternal deity !)
- Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand,
- Drove th' original rebels headlong down,
- And sent them flaming to the vast abyss.'

O may I live to hail the glorious day,  
 And sing loud pæans through the crowded way,  
 When in triumphant state the British Muse,  
 True to herself, shall barbarous aid refuse,  
 And in the Roman Majesty appear,  
 Which none know better, and none come so near.

**T**HENCE passing forth, they shortly do arrive  
Whereas the Bower of Blifs was situate ;  
A place pick'd out by choice of best alive,  
That nature's work by art can imitate ;  
In which whatever in this wordly state  
Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,  
Or that may daintiest fantasie aggrate,  
Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,  
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,  
As well their enter'd guests to keep within,  
As those unruly beasts to hold without ;  
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin :  
Nought fear'd their force that forsilage to win,  
~~But wisdom's powre and temperance's might,~~  
By which the mightiest things effored bin :  
And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,  
Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.

It framed was of pretious yvory,  
That seem'd a work of admirable wit ;  
And therein all the famous historie  
Of Jason and Medæa was ywrit ;

Her

Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,  
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,  
 His falsed faith, and love to lightly flit,  
 The wondred Argo, which invent'rous peece  
 First thro' the Euxian seas bore all the flow'r of Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billowes fry  
 Under the ship, as thorough them she went,  
 That seemed waves were into yvory,  
 Or yvory into the waves were sent,  
 And other where the snowy substance sprent,  
 With vermell-like the boyes bloud therein shed:  
 A piteous spectacle did represent;  
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled,  
 It seem'd th' enchanted flame which did Creusa wed.

All this and more might in this goodly gate  
 Be read; that ever open stood to all  
 Which thither came; but in the porch there sat  
 A comely personage of stature tall,  
 And semblance pleasing more than natural,  
 That travellers to him seem'd to entice;  
 His looser garments to the ground did fall,  
 And flew about his heels in wanton wise,  
 Not fit for speedy pace or manly exercise.

The foe of life, that good envies to all,  
 That secretly doth us procure to fall,  
 Through guileful semblaunce which he makes us see,  
 He of this garden had the governall.

And Pleasure's porter was devis'd to be,  
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalities.

Thus being entred, they behold around  
A large and spacious plaine on ev'ry side  
Strow'd with pleasaunce, whose faire grassie ground  
Mantled with green, and goodly beatifide  
With all the ornaments of Florae pride,  
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn  
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride,  
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorne,  
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early  
morne.

Thereto the heavens alway joviall,  
Lookt on them lovely, still in stedfast state,  
Ne suffer'd storms nor frost on them to fall,  
Their tender buds or leaves to violate,  
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,  
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;  
But the milde air with season moderate  
Gently attemptred and dispos'd so well,  
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and wholesome  
smell,

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill  
Of Rhodope, on which the nymph that bore  
A giant-babe, her selfe for grieffe did kill;  
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore

Faire

Faire Daphne Phæbus' heart with love did gose,  
 Or Ida, where the Gods lov'd to reaire,  
 When-ever they their heavenly bowres forlore ;  
 Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of muses faire ;  
 Or Eden, if that aught with Eden mote compare.

Till that he came unto another gate,  
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight  
 With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate  
 Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.  
 So fashioned a porch with rare devise,  
 Archt over head with an embracing vine,  
 Whose bunches hanging-downe, seem'd to entice  
 All passers by to taste their lushious wine,  
 And did themselves into their hands incline,  
 As freely offering to be gathered :  
 Some deep empurpled as the hyacint,  
 Some as the rubine, laughing sweetly red,  
 Some like faire emerauldes not yet ripened,  
 And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,  
 So made by art, to beautifie the rest,  
 Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold,  
 As lurking from the view of covetous guelt,  
 That the weak boughes, with so rich load opprest,  
 Did bow adown as over-burthened.

There the most dainty paradise on ground,  
 It self doth offer to his sober eye,  
 In which all pleasures plentioufly abound,  
 And none does other happinels envie :



The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hie.

The dales for shade, the hills for breathing place,  
The trembling groves, the cry stall running by ;  
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,  
The art which wrought it all appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude  
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine).

That Nature had for wantonness enfeud  
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;  
So striveing each the other to undermine,  
Each did the other's worke more beautify :  
So differing both in willes, agreed in fine :  
So all agreed through sweet diversitie,  
This garden to adorne with all varietie.

And in the midst of all, a fountaine flood,  
Of richest substance that on earth might be,  
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood  
Through every channel running, one might see ;  
Most goodly it with pure imagerie

Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,  
Of which some seem'd with lively jollitee  
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,  
Whiles others did themselves embay in liquid joyes.

And over all, of purest gold, was spred  
A trayle of ivie in its native hew :

For the rich metall was so coloured,  
That wight that did not well advised view,

Would surely deem it to be ivie true :

Lowe his lascivious armes adowne did creep,  
 That themselves dipping in the silver dew,  
 Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did sleepe,  
 Which drops of cryfall seem'd for wantonnefs to  
 weépe.

Infinite streames continually did well  
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and fair to see,

The which into an ample laver fell,  
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,  
 That like a little lake it seem'd to bee :

Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,  
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,  
 All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright  
 That seem'd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright

And all the margent round about was set  
 With shady lawrell-trees, thence to defend

The sunny beames, which on the billows bet,  
 And those which therein bathed, mote offend.

---

*Epistle*

---

*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, being the Prologue to  
the Satires. POPE.*

**P.** SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said,  
Tye up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.  
The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,  
All Bedlam, or Parnassus is let out:  
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,  
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?  
They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide;  
By land, by water, they renew the charge;  
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.  
No place is sacred, not the Church is free,  
'E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:  
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,  
Happy! to catch me just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson, much bemus'd in beer,  
A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,  
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,  
Who pens a Stanza when he should *engross*?  
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls  
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?  
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain  
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.  
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,  
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:

Poor

Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope ;  
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my Life ! (which did not you prolong,  
The world had wanted many an idle song)  
What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove ?  
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love ;  
A dire dilemma ! either way I'm sped ;  
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.  
Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I !  
Who can't be silent, and who will not lye :  
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace ;  
And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face :  
I sit with sad civility, I read  
With honest anguish, and an aching head ;  
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,  
This saving counsel, ' Keep your piece nine years.'

Nine years ! cried he, who high in Drury-lane,  
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,  
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,  
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends :  
' The piece, you think, is incorrect ? why take it ;  
' I'm all submission ; what you'd have it, make it.'  
Three things another's modest wishes bound,  
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me : ' You know his Grace :  
' I want a Patron ; ask him for a Place.'  
Pitholeon libell'd me—' but here's a letter  
' Infosms you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

' Dare

• Dare you refuse him ? Curl invites to dine ;  
 • He'll write a *Journal*, or he'il turn Divine.  
 Bless me ! a packet :—'Tis a stranger sues,  
 • A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse.  
 If I dislike it, ' Furies, death and rage !'  
 If I approve, ' Commend it to the Stage.'  
 There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,  
 The players and I are luckily, no friends.  
 Fir'd that the house reject him, ' 'Sdeath I'll print it,  
 • And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot.  
 Lintot, dull rogue ! will think your price too much :  
 • Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch,'  
 All my demurs but double his attacks ;  
 At last he whispers, ' Do ; and we go snacks.'  
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door .  
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more .

'Tis sung, when Midas' Ears began to spring  
 (Midas, a sacred person and a King),  
 His very Minister who spied them first  
 (Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.  
 And is not mine, my friend, a forer case,  
 When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face ?  
*A.* Good friend, forbear ! you deal in dang'rous things.  
 I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings ;  
 Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick,  
 'Tis nothing—*P.* Nothing, if they bite and kick ?  
 Out with it, Dunciad ! let the secret pass,  
 That secret to each fool, that he's an ass :

The

The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?  
The Queen of Midas slept, and, so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,  
No creature smarts so little as a fool.  
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,  
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:  
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,  
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a burling world.  
Who shames a Scribbler? break one cobweb thro',  
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:  
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,  
The creature's at his dirty work again,  
Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,  
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!  
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,  
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?  
And has not Colley still his lord, and whore?  
His butchers Henly, his free-masons Moor?  
Does not one table Bavius still admit?  
Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit?  
Still Sappho—*A.* Hold, for God's sake—you'll offend,  
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:  
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;  
But foes like these—*P.* One Flatt'rer's worse than all.  
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,  
It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.  
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:  
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent.*

One dedicates in high heroic prose,  
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes :  
 One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,  
 And more abusive, calls himself my friend.  
 This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,  
 And others roar aloud, ' Subscribe, subscribe !'

There are, who to my person pay their court :  
 I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short :  
*Ammon's* great son one shoulder had too high ;  
 Such *Ovid's* nose ; and, ' Sir ! you have an Eye'—  
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see  
 All that disgrac'd my Betters met in me.  
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,  
 ' Just so immortal *Maro* held his head ;'  
 And when I die, be sure you let them know  
 Great *Homer* died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write ? what sin to me unknown  
 Dipt me in ink, my parent's, or my own ?  
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.  
 I left no calling for this idle trade,  
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd ;  
 The Muse but serv'd to ease some Friend, not Wife,  
 To help me thro' this long disease, my Life ;  
 To second, Arbuthnot ! thy Art and Care,  
 And teach the Being you preserv'd to bear.

But why then publish ? *Granville* the polite,  
 And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write ;

Well-

Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,  
 And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;  
 The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read;  
 Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head;  
 And *St. John's* self, (great *Dryden's* friends before)  
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.

Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!  
 Happier their Author, when by these belov'd!  
 From these the world will judge of men and books,  
 Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence  
 While pure Description held the place of Sense?  
 Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,  
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream.  
 Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;  
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still.  
 Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;  
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt,  
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print,  
 I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did some more sober Critic come abroad;  
 If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.  
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence;  
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.  
 Commas and points they set exactly right;  
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.  
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,  
 From flashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds*:  
 C.2. Each.



Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,  
 Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables,  
 Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,  
 Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespear's* name.  
 Pretty ! in Amber to observe the forms  
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !  
 The things we know are neither rich nor rare,  
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry : I excus'd them too ;  
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.  
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ;  
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,  
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,  
 This who can gratify ? for who can guess ?  
 The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,  
 Who turns a Persian Tale for half a crown,  
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,  
 And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year ;  
 He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,  
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :  
 And He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,  
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning ;  
 And He, whose sustian's so sublimely bad,  
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad :  
 All these, my modest Satire bade *translate*,  
 And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*,  
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar and chafe !  
 And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires,  
 True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires ;  
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,  
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease :  
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne ;  
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ;  
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;  
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend ;  
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend ;  
 Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,  
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;  
 Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause ;  
 While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—  
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?  
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ?

What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls,  
 Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals,  
 Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers load,  
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?  
 I sought no homage from the race that write :  
 I kept, like *Asian* monarchs, from their sight :

Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)  
 No more than thou, great George! a birthday song.  
 I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,  
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise;  
 Nor, like a puppy, dangled thro' the town,  
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;  
 Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,  
 With handkerchief and orange at my side:  
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,  
 To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state.

Proud, as *Apollo* on his forked hill,  
 Sat full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;  
 Fed with soft dedication all day long,  
*Horace* and he went hand and hand in song.  
 His library (where busts of poets dead  
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)  
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,  
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:  
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his feat,  
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat:  
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,  
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;  
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd;  
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.  
*Dryden* alone (what wonder?) came not nigh;  
*Dryden* alone escap'd this judging eye:  
 But still the *great* have kindness in reserve;  
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill !

May ev'ry *Bavius* haze his *Bufo* still !

So when a statesman wants a day's defence,  
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,

Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,  
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands !

Blest be the *great* for those they take away, x

And those they left me, for they left me gay ;

Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,

Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :

Of all thy blameless life the sole return,

My Verse, and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn,

Oh let me live my own, and die so too !

(To live and die is all I have to do) :

Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,

And see what friends, and read what books I please :

Above a patron, tho' I condescend.

Sometimes to call a minister my friend :

I was not born for courts or great affairs :

I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs ;

Can sleep without a poem in my head,

Nor know if *Dennis* be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light ?

Heavens ! was I born for nothing but to write ?

Has life no joys for me ? or (to be grave)

Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save ?

“ I found him close with *Swift* ” — ‘ Indeed ? no doubt.

(Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out.

'Tis.

'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will ;  
 ' No, such a Genius never can lie still ;'  
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes  
 The first lampoon Sir *Will* or *Bubo* makes.  
 Poor guiltless I ! and can I choose but smile,  
 When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my *style* ?  
 Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,  
 Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
 Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear !  
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,  
 Inflicts fallen worth, or beauty in distress ;  
 Who loves a lye, lame slander helps about,  
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out ;  
 That sop whose pride affects a patron's name,  
 Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame ;  
 Who can your merit *selfishly* approve,  
 And shew the *sense* of it without the *love* ;  
 Who has the vanity to call you Friend,  
 Yet wants the honour injur'd to defend ;  
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say  
 And, if he lye not, must at least betray :  
 Who to the *dean* and *silver bell* can swear,  
 And sees at *Cannons* what was never there ;  
 Who reads but with a lust to misapply,  
 Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lye—  
 Alas! like mine no honest man shall dread,  
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let.

Let *Sporus* tremble—*A.* What ? that thing of silk ?  
*Sporus*, that mere white curd of ass's milk ?  
 Satire or sense, alas ! can *Sporus* feel ?  
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?  
*P.* Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings.  
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings ;  
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,  
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :  
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight  
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.  
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,  
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.  
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,  
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks  
 Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar toad,  
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,  
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lyes,  
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes or blasphemies.  
 His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this* ;  
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,  
 And he himself one vile antithesis,  
 Amphibious thing ! that acting either part,  
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart ;  
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,  
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.  
*Eve's* tempter thus the rabbins have express'd ;  
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.  
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,  
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,  
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,  
 Nor proud, nor fervid; be one Poet's praise,  
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by many ways :  
 That flatt'ry even to Kings he held a shame,  
 And thought a Lye in verse or prose the same :  
 That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,  
 But sloop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song :  
 That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,  
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,  
 The damning critic, half approving wit,  
 The coxcomb bit, or fearing to be bit ;  
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,  
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;  
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,  
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;  
 The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown,  
 Th' imputed trash and dulness not his own ;  
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,  
 The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape ;  
 Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread ;  
 A friend in exile, or a father dead.  
 The whisper that, to greatness still too near,  
 Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sov'reign's ear—  
 Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the past ;  
 For thee, fair *Virtue!* welcome even the *last*.

*A.* But why insult the poor, affront the great ?

*P.* A knave's a knave to me, in ev'ry state :

Alike

Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,  
*Sporus* at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,  
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,  
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire ;  
 If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,  
 He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,  
*Sappho* can tell you how this man was bit :  
 This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess -  
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress :  
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,  
 Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.  
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply ?  
 Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted's* lye :  
 To please a Mistress, one asper'd his life ;  
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife :  
 Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quilt,  
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will :  
 Let the two *Curls* of town and Court abuse  
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.  
 Yet why ? that Father held it for a rule,  
 It was a sin to call our neighbour Fool ?  
 That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore :  
 Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moor*.  
 Unspotted names, and memorable long !  
 If there be force in Virtue or in Song.

Of gentle blood ( part shed in Honour's cause,  
 While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)

Each



Each parent sprung.—A. What fortune pray?  
own:

And better got than *Bestia's* from the throne.  
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,  
Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife :  
Stranger to civil and religious rage,  
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age.  
No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,  
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye,  
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,  
No language but the language of the heart.  
By Nature honest, by Experience wise,  
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise :  
His life, tho' long, to sickness pass'd unknown.  
His death was instant, and without a groan.  
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die ;  
Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than  
O Friend ! may each domestic bliss be thine !  
Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine :  
Me let the tender office long engage,  
To rock the cradle of reposing Age ;  
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,  
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death  
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And keep awhile one parent from the sky !  
On cares like these, if length of days attend,  
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my  
Pre

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,  
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.  
*A.* Whether that blessing be denied or given,  
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

*Epilogue to the Satires. In Two Dialogues. POPE*

DIALOGUE I.

*Fr.* NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in print ;  
 And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't,  
 You grow correct, that once with rapture writ ;  
 And are, besides, too *moral* for a Wit.  
 Decay of parts, alas ! we all must feel—  
 Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal ?  
 'Tis all from Horace ; Horace, long before ye,  
 Said, " Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory :"  
 And taught his Romans, in much better metre,  
 " To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter."

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice ;  
 Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *Vice* ;  
 Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the Crown,  
 Blunt could *do business*, H-ggins knew the town ;  
 In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex*,  
 In rev'rend Bishops note some *small neglects* ;  
 And own the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*,  
 Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the King.

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D

His

His sly, polite, insinuating style,  
 Could please at Court, and make Augustus smile:  
 An artful manager, that crept between  
 His friend and shame, and was a kind of *screen*.  
 But 'faith, your very friends will soon be fore;  
*Patriots* there are who wish you'd jest no more—  
 And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought  
 The great man never offer'd you a groat,  
 Go see Sir Robert—

P. See Sir Robert!—hum—

And never laugh for all my life to come?  
 Seen him I have, but in his happier hour  
 Of Social Pleasure, ill exchang'd for Pow'r;  
 Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,  
 Smile without art, and win without a bribe.  
 Would he oblige me? let me only find  
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.  
 Come, come—at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;  
 The only diff'rence is—I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes, with *Scripture* still you may be free;  
 A horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty*;  
 A Joke on JEKYL, or some odd *Old Whig*,  
 Who never chang'd his principle, or wig;  
 A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,  
 Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:  
 These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,  
 And wear their strange old virtue, as they will,

If

If any ask you, "Who's the man, so near  
 "His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?"

Why answer, Lyttleton; and I'll engage  
 The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:  
 But were his verses vile, his whisper base,  
 You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case,  
 Sejanus, Wolfey, hurt not honest Fleury;  
 But well may put some statesman in a fury.

Laugh then at any but at fools or foes;  
 These you but anger, and you mend not those.  
 Laugh at your friends; and, if your friends are sore,  
 So much the better, you may laugh the more.  
 To vice and folly to confine the jest,  
 Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest  
 Did not the sneer of more impartial men  
 At sense and virtue balance all again.  
 Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,  
 And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:  
 Adieu, distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!  
 Come, harmless characters that no one hit;  
 Come, Henley's oratory, Osborne's wit!  
 The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,  
 The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Y—ng!  
 The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,  
 And all the well-whipp'd cream of courtly sense,  
 The first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then  
 The S—te's, and then H—vy's once again.

D a

Q come.

O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,  
 So Latin, yet so English all the while.  
 As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland,  
 All boys may read, and girls may understand!  
 Then might I sing, without the least offence,  
 And all I sung should be the Nation's Sense;  
 Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,  
 Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,  
 And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest.  
 All parts perform'd, and all her children blest!  
 So Satire is no more—I feel it die—  
 No Gazeteer more innocent than I—  
 And let, a God's name, ev'ry fool and knave,  
 Be grac'd thro' life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so? if Satire knows its time and place,  
 You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:  
 For merit will by turns forsake them all;  
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall,  
 But let all satire in all changes spare  
 Immortal S—k, and grave D—re,  
 Silent and soft as Saints remov'd to Heaven,  
 All ties dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiven,  
 These may some gentle ministerial wing  
 Receive, and place for ever near a King!  
 There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,  
 Lull'd with the sweet Nephenthe of a Court.  
 There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace  
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their place:

But,

But, pass the sense of human miseries;  
 All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;  
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,  
 Save when they lose a question, or a job.

P. Good Heaven forbid that I should blast their glory.  
 Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,  
 And when three Sov'reigns died, could scarce be vex'd,  
 Consid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.  
 Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things.  
 As pride in Slaves, or avarice in Kings;  
 And at a Peer or Peerefs shall I fret,  
 Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?  
*Virtue*, I grant you, is an empty boast;  
 But shall the dignity of *Vice* be lost?  
 Ye Gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,  
 Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?  
 A fav'rite's porter with his master vie,  
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lye?  
 Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?  
 Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will?  
 Is it for Bond or Peter (pahtry things!)  
 To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?  
 If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the many,  
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passerant!  
 But shall a Printer, weary of his life,  
 Learn from their books to hang himself and wife?  
 This, this, my friend; I cannot, must not bear;  
 Vice thus abus'd demands a nation's care;

This calls the church to deprecate our sin,  
 And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.  
 Let modest Foster, if he will, excel  
 Ten Metropolitans in preaching well ;  
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,  
 Outdo Landaff in doctrine—yea in life ;  
 Let humble Allen, with an aukward shame,  
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.  
*Virtue* may choose the high or low degree,  
 'Tis just alike to virtue, and to me ;  
 Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,  
 She's still the same belov'd, contented thing.  
*Vice* is undone if she forgets her birth,  
 And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth ;  
 But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a whore ;  
 Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more ;  
 Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,  
 Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless ;  
 In golden chains the willing world she draws,  
 And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws.  
 Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,  
 And sees pale virtue carted in her stead.  
 Lo ! at the wheels of her triumphal car,  
 Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,  
 Dragg'd in the dust ! his arms hang idly round,  
 His flag inverted trails along the ground !  
 Our youth, all liveried o'er with foreign gold,  
 Before her dance ; behind her, crawl the Old ;

See

See thronging millions to the Pagod run,  
 And offer country, parent, wife, or son ;  
 Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,  
 That *not to be corrupted is the shame.*  
 In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,  
 'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more !  
 See all our nobles begging to be slaves !  
 See all our fools aspiring to be knaves !  
 The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,  
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore :  
 All, all look up, with reverential awe,  
 At times that 'scape or triumph o'er the law ;  
 While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry :  
 " Nothing is sacred now but villany."

Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)  
 Shew there was one who held it in disdain.

## DIALOGUE II.

F. 'TIS all a libel—Paxton (Sir) will say,

P. Not yet, my friend ! to-morrow 'faith it may ; }  
 And for that very cause I print to-day.  
 How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,  
 In rev'rence to the sins of *Thirty-nine* !  
 Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,  
 Invention strives to be before in vain ;  
 Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,  
 Some rising genius sins up to my song.

E. Yet



*F.* Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;  
 Even Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.  
 Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

*P.* How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice  
 Come on then, satire! general, unconfin'd,  
 Spread thy broad wing, and fouse on all the kind.  
 Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!  
 Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!  
 Ye rev'rend Atheists. *F.* Scandal! name them; who

*P.* Why that's the thing you bid me not to do,  
 Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt,  
 I never nam'd; the town's enquiring yet.

*F.* The pois'ning dame you mean,—*P.* I don't.

*F.* You do.

*P.* See, now I keep the secret, and not you!  
 The bribing statesman.—*F.* Hold, too high you go.

*P.* The brib'd elector.—*F.* There you stoop too low.

*P.* I fain would please you, if I knew with what;  
 Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not:  
 Must great offenders, once escap'd the Crown,  
 Like royal harts, be never more run down?  
 Admit your law to spare the knight requires,  
 As beasts of nature may we hunt the 'squires?  
 Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—  
 To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?

*F.* A Dean, Sir? no; his fortune is not made;  
 You hurt a man, that's rising in the trade.

*P.* If

*P.* If not the tradesman who set up to-day,  
 Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may,  
 Down, down, proud satire ! tho' a realm be spoil'd,  
 Arraign no mightier thief than wretched *Wild* ;  
 Or, if a court or country's made a job,  
 Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice !)  
 The matter's weighty, pray consider twice ;  
 Have you less pity for the needy cheat,  
 The poor and friendless villain, then the great ?  
 Alas ! the small discredit of a bribe  
 Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.  
 Then better sure it Charity becomes  
 To tax Directors, who, thank God, have plums ;  
 Still better ministers ; or, if the thing  
 May pinch even there—why lay it on a king,

*F.* Stop ! stop !

*P.* Must satire, then, nor rise nor fall ?  
 Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

*F.* Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.

*P.* Strike ? why the man was hang'd ten years ago ;  
 Who now that obsolete example fears ?  
 Even Peter trembles only for his ears.

*F.* What always Peter ? Peter thinks you mad ;  
 You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad :  
 Else might he take to virtue some years hence—

*P.* As S—k, if he lives, will love the Prince.

*F.* Strange spleen to S—k !

*P.* Do

P. Do I wrong the man ?

God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.  
 When I confess, there is who feels for fame,  
 And melts to goodness, need I Scarb'row name ?  
 Pleas'd let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful grove  
 (Where *Kent* and nature vie for *Pelham's* love),  
 The scene, the master, op'ning to my view,  
 I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew !

Even in a Bishop, I can spy desert ;  
*Secker* is decent, *Rundel* has a heart :  
 Manners with candour are to *Benson* given ;  
 To *Berkley*, ev'ry virtue under Heaven.

But does the Court a worthy man remove ?  
 That instant, I declare, he has my love ;  
 I shun his zenith, court his mild decline ;  
 Thus *Somers* once, and *Halifax* were mine.  
 Oft, in the clear still mirror of retreat,  
 I studied *Shrewsbury*, the wise and great ;  
*Carleton's* calm sense, and *Stanhope's* noble flame  
 Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the same :  
 How pleasing *Atterbury's* softer hour !  
 How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r :  
 How can I *Pult'ney*. *Chesterfield* forget,  
 While Roman spirit charms, and attic wit ?  
*Argyle*, the State's whole thunder born to wield,  
 And shake alike the senate and the field :  
 Or *Wyndham*, just to freedom and the throne,  
 The master of our passions, and his own :

Names

Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,  
 Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their train;  
 And if yet higher the proud list should end,  
 Still let me say, No follower, but a friend.

Yet think not, friendship only prompts my lays;  
 I follow *Virtue*; where she shines, I praise;  
 Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,  
 Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.  
 I never (to my sorrow I declare)  
 Din'd with the Man of Rofs, or my Lord Mayor  
 Some in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)  
 Have still a secret bias to a knave:  
 To find an honest man I beat about,  
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out;  
 F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not so fierce;

Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.  
 But random praise—the task can ne'er be done;  
 Each mother asks it for her booby son.  
 Each widow asks it for *the best of men*;  
 For him she weeps, for him she weds again.  
 Praise cannot sloop, like satire, to the ground:  
 The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd  
 Enough for half the greatest of these days;  
 To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise,  
 Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?  
 Dare they to hope a poet for their friend—

What

What Richieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain ;  
 And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain ?  
 No pow'r the Muse's friendship can command ;  
 No pow'r, when virtue claims it, can withstand :  
 To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honest line ;

O let my country's friends illumine mine !  
 —What are you thinking? *F.* Faith, the thought's no sin;  
 I think you're friends are out, and would be in:

*P.* If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,  
 The way they take is strangely roundabout.

*F.* They too may be corrupted, you'll allow,

*P.* I only call those knaves who are so now,  
 Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—  
 Spirit of *Arnall*! aid me while I lye.

*Cobham's* a coward, *Polwart* is a slave,  
 And *Lyttleton* a dark, designing knave;  
*St. John* has ever been a wealthy fool—  
 But let me add, *Sir Robert's* mighty dull;  
 Has never made a Friend in private life,  
 And was, besides a tyrant to his wife.

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?  
 Call *Verres*, *Wolfey*, any odious name?  
 Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,  
 O all-accomplish'd *St. John*! deck thy shrine?

What shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,  
 When *Paxton* gives him double pots and pay:  
 Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend  
 To break my windows if I treat a friend;

Then

Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt ;  
 But it was my guest at home they threw the dirt ?  
 Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules  
 Of honour bind me not to maul his tools ;  
 Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said  
 His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,  
 To see a footman kick'd that took his pay :  
 But when he heard the affront the fellow gave,  
 Knew one a man of honour, one a knave ;  
 The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,  
 And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest :  
 Which not at present having time to do—  
 F. hold, sir, for God's sake, where's the affront to you ?  
 Again your worship when had S—k writ ?  
 Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit ?  
 Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend  
 (*In pow'r a servant, one of pow'r a friend*)  
 To W—le guilty of some venial sin ;  
 What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in ?

The Priest whose flattery bedropt the Crown,  
 How hurt he you ? he only stain'd the gown,  
 And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,  
 Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend ?

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came ;  
 Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,  
 Since the whole House did afterwards the same. }  
 Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,  
 As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly ;

If one thro' nature's bounty, or his Lord's,  
 Has what the frugal, dirty soil afford,  
 From him the next receives it, thick or thin,  
 As pure a mess almost as it came in ;  
 The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,  
 Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind :  
 From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse ;  
 The last full fairly gives it to the *House*.

*F.* This filthy simile, this beastly line  
 Quite turns my stomach—

*P.* So does flatt'ry mine :  
 And all our courtly Civet-cats can vent,  
 Perfume to you, to me is excrement.  
 But hear me farther—Japhet, 'tis agreed,  
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,  
 In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite ;  
 But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write ;  
 And must no egg in Japhet's-face be thrown,  
 Because the deed he forg'd was not my own ?  
 Must never Patriot then declaim at gin,  
 Unless, good man ! he has been fairly in ?  
 No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,  
 Without a staring reason on his brows ?  
 And each blasphemmer quite escape the rod,  
 Because the insult's not on man, but God ?  
 Ask you what provocation I have had ?  
 The strong antipathy of good to bad.

When truth or virtue an affront endures,  
 Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.  
 Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence.  
 Who think a Coxtomb's honour like his sense ;  
 Mine, as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind ;  
 And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.

*F.* You're strangely proud.

*P.* So proud, I am no slave ;

So impudent, I own myself no knave ;  
 So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.

Yes, I am proud, I must be proud to see  
 Men not afraid of God afraid of me :  
 Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,  
 Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence ;  
 Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence !  
 To all but Heaven-directed hands denied,  
 The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide :  
 Rev'rent I touch thee, but with honest zeal ;  
 To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,  
 To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,  
 And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his stall.  
 Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,  
 That counts your beauties only by your stains,  
 Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day !  
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away :  
 All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,  
 All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings,

*E.* 2

All,



All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,  
Like the last Gazette, or the last address.

When black ambition stains a public cause,  
A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,  
Not Wallers wreath can hide the nation's scar,  
Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,  
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from *Virtue's* shrin  
Her priestless Muse forbids the good to die,  
And opes the temple of *Eternity*.

There, other trophies deck the truly brave,  
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave ;  
Far other stars than \* and \*\* wear,  
And may descend to Mornington from Stair  
(Such as on Hough's unfulled mitre shine,  
Or beam good Digby, from a heart like thine) ;  
Let *Envy* howl, while heaven's whole chorus sings,  
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings ;  
Let *Flatt'ry* sick'ning see the incense rise,  
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies :  
Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,  
And makes immortal, 'verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,  
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law ;  
Here last of Britons ! let your name be read ;  
Are none, none living ? let me praise the dead,  
And, for that cause which made your fathers shine,  
Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.

F. Ala

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,  
And write next winter more *Essays on Man*.

*The Cotter's Saturday Night.* BURNS.

Inscribed to R. A\*\*\*\*. Esq.

*Let not Ambition mark their useful toil,  
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;  
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
The short but simple annals of the poor.* GRAY.

**M**Y loved, my honor'd, much respected friend!  
No mercenary bard his homage pays ;  
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,  
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :  
To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays  
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;  
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,  
What A\*\*\*\* in a cottage would have been ;  
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween !

November chill blaws loud wi' angry fugh ;  
The short'ning winter day is near a close ;  
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough ;  
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :  
The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labor goes,  
*This night* his weekly moil is at an end,  
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,  
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;  
 Th' expectant *wee things*, toddling, flacher through  
 To meet their dad, wi' flichtrim noise and glee,  
 His wee-bit ingle blinkin bonilie,  
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty *wife's* smile,  
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,  
 And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,  
 At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;  
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin  
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :  
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,  
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,  
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,  
 Or deposit her fair-won penny fee,  
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardships be.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,  
 And each for other's welfare kindly spiers ;  
 The social hours, swift-wing'd unnoticed fleet ;  
 Each tells the unco's that he sees or hears,  
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;  
 Anticipation forward points the view ;  
 The *mother* wi' her needle and her sheers,  
 Gars auld claes look almaist as weel's the new ;  
 The *father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Thei

Their masters and their mistresses command,  
 The youngkers a' are warned to obey;  
 And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand.  
 And ne'er, tho' out of sight, to jank or play:  
 And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!  
 And mind your *duty*, daily morn and night!  
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
 Implore his council and assisting might:  
 They never fought in vain that fought the LORD aright.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;  
*Jenny* wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,  
 To do some errands and convoy her hame,  
 The wily mother sees the conscions flame,  
 Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek,  
 With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name,  
 While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak:  
 Weel pleased, the mother hears, it's nae wild worthless rake.

With kindly welcome, *Jenny* brings him ben;  
 A strappan youth he takes the mother's eye:  
 Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill taen,  
 The father cracks of horses pleughs and kye.  
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
 But blate and baithfu', scarce can weel behave;  
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy,  
 What makes the youth sae baithfu', and sae grave:  
 Well pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy:

O happy love ! where love like this is found !  
 O heart-felt raptures blifs beyond compare !  
 I've paced much this weary mortal round,  
 And sage experience bids me this declare—  
 If Heaven a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening

Is there in human form that bears a heart,  
 A wretch, a villain ! lost to love and truth,  
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth ?  
 Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !  
 Are Honour, Virtue, Conscience, all exiled ?  
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?  
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction w

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
 The healsome *parritch*, chief of *Scotia's* food ;  
 The soupe their only *hawkie* does afford,  
 That yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :  
 The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,  
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell,  
 And aft he's press'd and aft he ca's it guid ;  
 The frugal wifie, garrulous will tell,  
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell..

The

The chearfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
 They round the ingle form a circle wide ;  
 The Sire turns o'er the, with patriarchal grace,  
 The big *ha' Bible*, ance his father's pride :  
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;  
 Those strains that once did sweet in *Zion* glide,  
 He wales a portion with judicious care :  
 ' *And let us worship GOD,*' he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;  
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :  
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,  
 Or plaintive *martyrs*, worthy of the name ;  
 Or noble *Elgin* beats the heav'nward flame  
 The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :  
 Compared with these, *Italian* trills are tame ;  
 The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;  
 Nae unison hae they, with our *Creator's* praise

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
 How *Abram* was the friend of *GOD* on high ;  
 Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage  
 With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny ;  
 Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lie,  
 Beneath the stroke of Heav'n's avenging ire ;  
 Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;  
 Or rapt *Isaiah's* wild seraphic fire,  
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre

Perhaps

Perhaps, the *Christian Volume* is the theme,  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;  
 How he who bore in heav'n the second name,  
 Had not on earth, whereon to lay his head.  
 How his first followers and servants sped ;  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;  
 How he who lone in *Patmos* banished,  
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand :  
 And heard *Great Babylon's* doom pronounced by Heaven's  
 command.

Then kneeling down to HEAV'N'S ETERNAL KING,  
 The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband* prays :  
 Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,  
 That thus they all shall meet in future days ;  
 There, ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear ;  
 Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear :  
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this how poor religion's pride,  
 In all the pomp of method, and of art  
 When men display to congregations wide,  
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart* !  
 The *Power* incensed the pageant will desert,  
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole,  
 But haply in some *cottage* far apart,  
 May hear well pleased the language of the soul ;  
 And in his *Book of Life* the inmates poor enroll.

Then

Then homeward all take off their their several way ;  
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest,  
 The parent pair their *secret homage* pays,  
 And proffer up to Heav'n the-warm request,  
 That *He* who fills the raven's clam'rous nest,  
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,  
 Would in the way his wisdom sees the best,  
 For them, and for their little ones, provide,  
 But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine reside.

From scenes like these old, *Scotia's* grandeur springs,  
 That makes her loved at home, rever'd abroad ;  
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
 " An honest man's the noblest work of God !"  
 And *certainly* in fair Virtue's heav'nly road  
 The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind ;  
 What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumb'rous load,  
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined.

O *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil !  
 For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n is sent !  
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,  
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content  
 And, O ! may Heav'n their simple lives prevent,  
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !  
 Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
 A virtuous populace may rise the while  
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O thou !



O thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,  
 That streamed thro' *Wallace's* undaunted heart:  
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
 (The patriot's GOD, peculiarly thou art,  
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)  
 O never, never, *Scotia's* realm desert,  
 But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot Bard*,  
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

---

*The Modern Courtier.*

**P**RAY say what's that which smirking trips this way.  
 That powder'd thing, so neat, so trim, so gay?  
 Adorn'd with tambour'd vest, and spangled sword,  
 That supple servile thing?—O! that's a Lord!  
 You jest—that thing a Peer? an English Peer?  
 Who ought (with head, estate, and conscience clear)  
 Either in grave debate, or hardy fight,  
 Firmly maintain a free-born people's right:  
 Surely those lords were of another breed  
 Who met their monarch John at Runnemedes;  
 And, clad in steel, there in a glorious hour  
 Made the curst tyrant feel the people's pow'r;  
 Made him confess, beneath that awful rod,  
 Their voice united is the voice of God.

---





*The Pathetic farewell of Leonidas, to  
his Wife and Family.*

*Vide Glovers Leonidas.*

*Published by J. Roach, Welbarn Street New Drury Theatre Royal May 1. 1795*

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WINDSOR FOREST.

*by Alex. Pope Esq.*

Select Extracts from Leonidas.

*by Glover.*

ECSTACY.

*by Thomas Parnell.*

On Liberty and in Praise of M<sup>r</sup>. Howard.

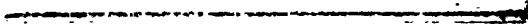
*by Comper.*

*&c. &c.*



LONDON.

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WILSON

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# WINDSOR FOREST.

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By *ALEXANDER POPE.*

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To the Rt. Hon. George Lord Lansdowns.

**T**HY forests, Windsor ! and thy green retreats,  
At once the Monarch's and the Muses seats,  
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids !  
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.  
Granville commands ; your aid, O Muses, bring !  
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing ?

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,  
Live in description, and look green in song ;  
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,  
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.  
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,  
Here earth and water seem to strive again !  
Not chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,  
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd :  
Where order in variety we see,  
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.  
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,  
And part admit, and part exclude the day ;

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A

As

As some coy nymph her lover's warm address  
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.  
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,  
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades :  
 Here in full light the russet plains extend ;  
 There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.  
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,  
 And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,  
 That crown'd with tufted trees and fringing corn,  
 Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.  
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we  
 The weeping amber or the balmy tree,  
 While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,  
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn,  
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,  
 Tho' gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,  
 Than what more humble mountains offer here,  
 Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.  
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd ;  
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground ;  
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,  
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand ;  
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,  
 And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.  
 Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,  
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste ;  
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey ;  
 And kings more furious and severe than they ;

Who

Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,  
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:  
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,  
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves):  
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,  
 And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?  
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,  
 Soft show'rs distill'd; and suns grew warm in vain;  
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,  
 And furnish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.  
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain  
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?  
 Both down'd alike for sportive tyrants bled;  
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed,  
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began;  
 A mighty hunter; and his prey was man;  
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,  
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.  
 The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,  
 From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:  
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;  
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;  
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;  
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;  
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires;  
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires,  
 Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,  
 Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst;



Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,  
 And serv'd alike his vassals and his God,  
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,  
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.  
 But see, the man who spacious regions gave  
 A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave!  
 Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,  
 At once the chacer, and at once the prey:  
 Lo! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,  
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.  
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries,  
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.  
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed;  
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread;  
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,  
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.  
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears  
 Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,  
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,  
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,  
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net,  
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds.  
 And in the new-thorn field the partridge feeds,  
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,  
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds:  
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,  
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:

Secure

Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,  
 Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.  
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)  
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war,  
 Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,  
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest ;  
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,  
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See ! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,  
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings :  
 Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,  
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.  
 Ah ! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,  
 His purple crest and Ycarlet-crested eyes,  
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,  
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold !

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,  
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny,  
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,  
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare  
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,  
 And learn of man each other to undo) :  
 With slaught'ring guns th' unwearied fowler roves ;  
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves ;  
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,  
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.  
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye ;  
 Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky :

Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,  
 The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death;  
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,  
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,  
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead;  
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,  
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:  
 With looks unmov'd he hopes the scaly broed,  
 And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.  
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply:  
 The bright-eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;  
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;  
 The yellow carp, in scales bedropt with gold;  
 Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains;  
 And pykes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car;  
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,  
 Swarm o'er the lawns; the forest walks surround,  
 Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.  
 Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,  
 And pawing seems to beat the distant plain:  
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,  
 And ere he starts a thousand steps are lost.  
 See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,  
 Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep;  
 Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed,  
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.

Let old Arcadja boast her ample plain, X  
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train ;  
 Nor envy, Windsor ! since thy shades have seen  
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen :  
 Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign ;  
 The earth's fairlight, and Empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,  
 And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor-shade ; X  
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,  
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove ;  
 Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,  
 Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,  
 Thy offspring, Thames ! the fair Lodona nam'd  
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,  
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last)  
 Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,  
 But by the crescent, and the golden zone,  
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care ;  
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair ;  
 A pointed quiver on her shoulder sounds,  
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds,  
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chase, the maid  
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,  
 Pan saw and lov'd ; and burning with desire,  
 Pursued her flight ; her flight increas'd his fire.  
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,  
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky.

Not

Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,  
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;  
 As from the God she flew with furious pace,  
 Or as the God more furious urg'd the chase.  
 Now fainting, sinking, pale the nymph appears;  
 Now close behind his sounding steps she hears;  
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,  
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;  
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,  
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.  
 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,  
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.  
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain—  
 “ Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,  
 “ Let me, O let me, to the shades repair.  
 “ My native shades—there weep, and murmur there.”  
 She said; and melting as in tears she lay,  
 In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away,  
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,  
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;  
 Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,  
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before,  
 In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,  
 And with celestial tears augments the waves,  
 Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies  
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,  
 The wat'ry landskip of the pendant woods,  
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods;

In.

In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,  
 And floating forests paint the waves with green ;  
 Thro' the fair scene roll flow the ling'ring streams.  
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods !  
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ;  
 Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,  
 And future navies on thy shores appear :  
 Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives  
 A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.  
 No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,  
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear ;  
 Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,  
 While led along the skies his current strays,  
 As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,  
 To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods ;  
 Nor all his stars above a lustre shew  
 Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ;  
 Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,  
 Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,  
 His sov'reign favours, and his country loves :  
 Happy, next him, who to these shades retires,  
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires ;  
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,  
 Successive study, exercise, and ease.  
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,  
 And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields ;

With

With chemic arts exalts the min'ral pow'rs,  
 And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs :  
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ;  
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye ;  
 Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,  
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er ;  
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,  
 Attends the duties of the wise and good,  
 T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,  
 To follow nature, and regard his end :  
 Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eye,  
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,  
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,  
 Survey the region, and confess her home  
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd ;  
 Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus, retir'd :

Ye sacred Nine ! that all my soul possess,  
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,  
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,  
 The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens ;  
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,  
 Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill  
 (On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,  
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow).  
 I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,  
 I hear soft music die along the grove :  
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,  
*By godlike poets venerable made :*

Here

Here his first lays majestic Denham sung ;  
 There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.  
 O early lost ! what tears the river shed,  
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led !  
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,  
 And on his willows hung each Muse's tyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,  
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice ;  
 Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung  
 His living harp, and lofty Denham sung !  
 But hark ! the groves rejoice, the forest rings !  
 Are these reviv'd ? or is it Granville sings ?  
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,  
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats ;  
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,  
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,  
 Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,  
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ;  
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,  
 And add new lustre to her silver star.  
 Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,  
 Surrey, the Granville of a former age :  
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,  
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :  
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,  
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire ;  
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,  
 Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.



Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore;  
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore ;  
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains  
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains :  
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,  
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age.  
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,  
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield :  
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,  
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,  
 Still in thy song-should vanquish'd France appear,  
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,  
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn.  
 Here o'er the Martyr King the marble weeps,  
 And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps :  
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,  
 From old Belerium to the northern main,  
 The grave unites ; where e'en the great find rest.  
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress !

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,  
 (Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone).  
 Oh fast accurs'd ! what tears has Albion shed !  
 Heavens ! what new wounds ! and how her old have bled !  
 She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,  
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,  
 A dreadful series of intestine wars,  
 Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.

At

At length great Anna said—' Let discord cease !'  
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace !

In that blest moment from his oozy bed  
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head ;  
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream  
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam :  
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides  
His swelling waters and alternate tides ;  
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,  
And on their banks Augusta rose in gold ;  
Around his throne the sea-born brothers flood,  
Who swell with tributary urns his flood !  
First, the fam'd authors of his ancient name,  
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame ;  
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;  
The Loddon flow, with verdant alders crown'd ;  
Cole, whose clear streams his flow'ry islands lave ;  
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave :  
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears ;  
The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears ;  
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;  
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,  
His sea-green mantle waving with the wind,  
The God appear'd : he turn'd his azure eyes  
Where Windsor's domes and pompous turrets rise !  
Then bow'd and spoke ; the winds forget to roar,  
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace ! hail, long-expected days,  
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise !  
 Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,  
 Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,  
 From Heaven itself tho' seven-fold Nilus flows,  
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows ;  
 These now no more shall be the Muses themes,  
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.  
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,  
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine ;  
 Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train ;  
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign !  
 No more my sons shall dye with British blood  
 Red Iber's sands, or Ilster's foaming flood :  
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain  
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain ;  
 The shady empire shall retain no trace  
 Of war or blood but in the sylvan chace ;  
 The trumpet sleep while cheerful horns are blown,  
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.  
 Behold ! th' ascending villas on my side  
 Project long-shadows o'er the crystal tide.  
 Behold ! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,  
 And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.  
 I see, I see, where two fair cities bend  
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend !  
 There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,  
 The worlds great oracle in-times to come ;

There

There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen  
Once more to bend before a British queen.

Thy trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their woods  
And half thy forests rush into my floods,  
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,  
To the bright regions of the rising day :  
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,  
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole ;  
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,  
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales :  
For me the balsm shall bleed, the amber flow,  
The coral redden, and the ruby glow ;  
The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold,  
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold,  
The time shall come when, free as seas or wind,  
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind ;  
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,  
And seas but join the regions they divide ;  
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,  
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.  
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,  
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side ;  
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire  
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire !  
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace ! from shore to shore,  
Till Conquest cease, and Slavery be no more ;  
Till the freed Indians in their naked groves  
Reap their own fruits, and woo their fable loves ;

B 2

Peru

Peru once more a race of kings behold,  
 And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.  
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,  
 In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell ;  
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Carc,  
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there ;  
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,  
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires ;  
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,  
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel :  
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,  
 And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays  
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days :  
 The thoughts of Gods let Granville's verse recite,  
 And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light :  
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,  
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plain,  
 Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,  
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing,  
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,  
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise ;  
 Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains  
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

ECST

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E C S T A C Y.

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By THOMAS PARNELL.

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**T**HE fleeting joys, which all affords below,  
Work the fond heart with unperforming show ;  
The wish that makes our happier life compleat,  
Nor grasps the wealth nor honours of the great ;  
Nor loosely sails on Pleasure's easy stream,  
Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of fame ;  
Weak man, whose charms to these alone confine,  
Attend my prayer, and learn to make it thine.

From thy rich throne, where circling trains of light  
Make day that's endless, infinitely bright ;  
Thence, heavenly Father ! thence with mercy dart  
One beam of brightness to my longing heart.  
Dawn through the mind, drive Error's clouds away,  
And still the rage in Passion's troubled sea ;  
That the poor banish'd soul, serene and free,  
May rise from earth, to visit heaven and thee :  
Come, Peace divine ! shed gently from above,  
Inspire my willing bosom, wond'rous Love ;  
Thy purpled pinions to my shoulders tye,  
And point the passage where I want to fly.

B 3.

But

But whither, whither now ! what powerful fire  
 With this blest influence equals my desire ?  
 I rise (or Love, the kind deluder, reigns,  
 And acts in fancy such enchanted scenes) ;  
 Earth lessening flies, the parting skies retreat,  
 The fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat :  
 And now the sun and now the stars are gone,  
 Yet still methinks the spirit bears me on.  
 Where tracts of æther purer blue display,  
 And edge the golden realm of native day,  
 Oh, strange enjoyment of a bliss unseen !  
 Oh, ravishment ! Oh, sacred rage within !  
 Tumultuous pleasure, rais'd on peace of mind,  
 Sincere, excessive, from the world refin'd ;  
 I see the light that veils the throne on high,  
 A light unpierc'd by man's impurer eye ;  
 I hear the words, that issuing thence proclaim,  
 " Let God's attendants praise his awful name !"  
 Then heads unnumber'd bend before the shrine,  
 Mysterious seat of Majesty divine !  
 And hands unnumber'd strike the silver string,  
 And tongues unnumber'd Hallelujah sing,  
 See, where the shining Seraphims appear,  
 And sink their decent eyes with holy fear.  
 See flights of angels all their feathers raise,  
 And range the orbs, and, as they range, they praise !  
 Behold the great Apostles, sweetly met,  
 And high on pearls of azure æther set.

Behold the Prophets, full of heavenly fire,  
 With wandering finger wake the trembling lyre;  
 And hear the Martyrs tune, and all around  
 The church triumphant makes the region sound.  
 With harps of gold, with bows of ever-green,  
 With robes of white, the pious throngs are seen;  
 Exalted anthems all their hours employ;  
 And all is music and excess of joy.

Charm'd with the sight, I long to bear a part;  
 The pleasure flutters at my ravish'd heart.  
 Sweet saints and angels of the heavenly choir,  
 If love has warm'd you with celestial fire,  
 Assist my words, and, as they move along,  
 With Hallelujahs crown the burthen'd song.

Father of all above, and all below!  
 O great, and far beyond expression so!  
 No bounds thy knowledge, none thy power confine,  
 For power and knowledge in their source are thine;  
 Around thee glory spreads her golden wing;  
 Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujahs sing.

Son of the Father, first-begotten Son!  
 Ere the short measuring line of time begun,  
 The world has seen thy works, and joy'd to see  
 The bright effulgence manifest in thee.  
 The world must own thy Love's unfathom'd spring;  
 Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah sing.  
 Proceeding Spirit, equally divine,  
 In whom the Godhead's full perfections shine!

With



With various graces, comforts unexpress'd,  
 With holy transports you refine the breast;  
 And earth is heavenly where your gifts you bring,  
 Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah sing.

But where's my rapture, where my wond'rous heat  
 What interruption makes my bliss retreat?  
 This world's got in, the thoughts of t'other's cross,  
 And the gay picture's in my fancy lost.  
 With what an eager zeal the conscious soul  
 Would claim its seat, and, soaring, pass the pole!  
 But our attempts these chains of earth restrain.  
 Deride our toil, and drag us down again.  
 So from the ground aspiring meteors go,  
 And, rank'd with planets, light the world below,  
 But their own bodies sink them in the sky,  
 When the warmth's gone that taught them how to fly.

---

### THE FRIENDLY CONTEST.

**W**HILE Cam and Isis their sad tribute bring  
 Of rival grief, to weep their pious king,  
 The bards of Isis half had been forgot,  
 Had not the sons of Cam in pity wrote;  
 From their learn'd brothers they took off the curse,  
 And prov'd their verse not bad—by writing worse,  
GLO-

---

---

## GLOVER'S LEONIDAS.

*Leonidas's Address to his Countrymen,*

---

He alone  
Remains unshaken. Rising he displays  
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace  
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, join'd  
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines  
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,  
Where justice gives the laurel; in her eye  
The inextinguishable spark, which fires  
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports  
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.  
Serene he rose, and thus address'd the throng :

Why this astonishment on ev'ry face,  
Ye men of Sparta! Does the name of death  
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends;  
Why do we labour thro' the arduous paths  
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil,  
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd  
The distant summit, if the fear of death  
Could intercept our passage. But in vain  
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes,  
To shake the firmness of the mind, which knows  
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;  
That wanting liberty, ev'n virtue mourns,

And

And looks around for happiness in vain.  
 Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life ;  
 My heart exulting, answers to thy call,  
 And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame  
 The gods allow to many ; but to die  
 With equal lustre, is a blessing Heaven  
 Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,  
 And with a sparing hand on few bestows.

---

*Leonidas Answer to the Persian Ambassador.*

**R**ETURN to Xerxes ; tell him on this rock  
 The Grecians, faithful to their post, await  
 His chosen myriads ; tell him, thou hast seen  
 How far the lust of empire is below.  
 A free-born mind : and tell him, to behold  
 A tyrant humbled, and by virtuous death  
 To seal my country's freedom, is a good  
 Surpassing all his boasted pow'r can give.

---

*Pathetic Farewell of Leonidas to his Wife and Family.*

**I** See, I feel thy anguish, nor my soul  
 Has ever known the prevalence of love,  
 E'er prov'd a father's fondness, as this hour :  
 Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,  
 Was once my heart insensible to thee.

How

How had it stain'd the honours of my name  
 To hesitate a moment, and suspend  
 My country's fate, to shameful life preferr'd  
 By my inglorious colleague left no choice,  
 But what in me were infamy to shun,  
 Not virtue to accept ! Then deem no more  
 That, of my love regardless, or thy tears,  
 I haste uncall'd to death. The voice of fate,  
 The gods, my fame, my country, bid me bleed.  
 O thou dear mourner ! wherefore streams afresh  
 That flood of woe ? Why heaves with sighs renew'd  
 That tender breast ? Leonidas must fall.  
 Alas ! far heavier misery impends  
 O'er thee and these, if soften'd by thy tears  
 I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,  
 Which justice, glory, liberty, and Heaven  
 Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.  
 Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect  
 On my paternal fondness. Has my heart  
 E'er known a pause of love, or pious care ?  
 Now shall that care, that tenderness, be prov'd  
 Most warm and faithful. When thy husband dies  
 For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,  
 Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.  
 Should I, thus singled from the rest of men,  
 Alone entrusted by th' immortal gods  
 With pow'r to save a people, should my soul  
 Desert that sacred cause, thee too I yield

T.

To sorrow and to shame ; for thou must weep  
 With Lacedæmon, must with her sustain  
 Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.  
 Thy sons behold now worthy of their names,  
 And Spartan birth, Their growing bloom must pine  
 In shame and bondage, and their youthful hearts  
 Beat at the sound of liberty no more,  
 On their own virtue, and their father's fame,  
 When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,  
 Before the world illustrious shall they rise,  
 Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy,  
 Here paus'd the patriot. With religious awe  
 Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint  
 The solemn silence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow :  
 Ceas'd for a moment ; soon again to stream.  
 For now, in arms before the palace rang'd,  
 His brave companions of the war demand  
 Their leader's presence ; then her griefs renew'd,  
 Too great for utterance, intercept her sighs,  
 And freeze each accent on her fault'ring tongue.  
 In speechless anguish on the hero's breast  
 The sighs sink. On ev'ry side his children press,  
 Hang on his knees, and kiss his honour'd hand.  
 His soul no longer struggles to confine  
 Its strong compunction. Down the hero's cheek,  
 Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe,  
 Amid his children, who inclose him round,  
 He stands indulging tenderness and love.

In

In graceful tears, when thus, with lifted eyes,  
 Address'd to Heaven : Thou ever-living Pow'r,  
 Look down propitious, fire of gods and men !  
 And to this faithful woman, whose desert  
 May claim thy favour, grant the hours of peace.  
 And thou, my great forefather, son of Jove,  
 O Hercules, neglect not these thy race !  
 But since that spirit I from thee derive,  
 Now bears me from them to resistless fate,  
 Do thou support their virtue ! Be they taught,  
 Like thee, with glorious labour life to grace,  
 And from their father let them learn to die.

---

*Characters of Teribazus and Ariana.*

**A** MID the van of Persia was a youth  
 Nam'd Teribazus, not for golden stores,  
 Not for wide pastures travers'd o'er with herds,  
 With bleating thousands, or with bounding flocks,  
 Nor yet for pow'r, nor splendid honours fam'd.  
 Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine,  
 And thro' the paths of science had he walk'd  
 The votary of wisdom. In the years  
 When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,  
 He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page  
 Of Zoroaster ; then his tow'ring soul  
 High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd,  
 And from the lofty Babylonian fane

With learn'd Chaldæans trac'd the mystic sphere ;  
 There number'd o'er the vivid fires that gleam  
 Upon the dusky bosom of the night.

Nor on the sands of Ganges were unheard  
 The Indian sages from sequester'd pow'rs,  
 While, as attention wonder'd, they disclos'd  
 The pow'rs of nature ; whether in the woods,  
 The fruitful glebe or flow'r, or healing plant.  
 The limpid waters, or the ambient air,  
 Or in the purer element of fire.

The fertile plains where great Sesostris reign'd,  
 Mysterious Egypt, next the youth survey'd,  
 From Elephantis, where impetuous Nile  
 Precipitates his waters to the sea,  
 Which far below, receives the sevenfold stream.  
 Thence o'er th' Ionic coast he stray'd ; nor pass'd  
 Miletus by, which once enraptur'd heard,  
 The tongue of Thales ; nor Priene's walls,  
 Where wisdom dwelt with Bias ; nor the seat  
 Of Pittacus, along the Lesbian shore.

Here too melodious numbers charm'd his ears.  
 Which flow'd from Orpheus, and Musæus old,  
 And thee, O father of immortal verse !  
 Mæonides, whose strains thro' ev'ry age  
 Time with his own eternal lip shall sing.  
 Back to his native Susa then he turn'd  
 His wand'ring steps. His merit soon was dear  
 To Hyperanthes, generous and good ;

**And**

And Ariana, from Darius sprung  
 With Hyperanthes, of th' imperial race  
 Which rul'd th' extent of Asia, in disdain  
 Of all her greatness oft, an humble ear  
 To him would bend, and listen to his voice.  
 Her charms, her mind, her virtue he explor'd  
 Admiring. Soon was admiration chang'd  
 To love, nor lov'd he sooner than despair'd,  
 But unreveal'd and silent was his pain ;  
 Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,  
 Nor shunn'd resort : but o'er his sorrows cast  
 A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles  
 Conceal'd his anguish ; while the secret flame  
 Rag'd in his bosom, and its peace consum'd.

---

*Ariana and Polydorus come by Night into the Persian  
 Camp.*

**I**N sable pomp, with all her starry train,  
 The night assum'd her throne. Recall'd from war,  
 Her long-protracted labours Greece forgets.  
 Dissolv'd in silent slumber ; all but those,  
 Who watch'd th' uncertain perils of the dark,  
 An hundred warriors : Agis was their chief.  
 High on the wall intent the hero sat,  
 As o'er the surface of the tranquil main



Along its undulating breast the wind  
 The various din of Asia's host convey'd,  
 In one deep murmur swelling in his ear :  
 When, by the sound of footsteps down the pass  
 Alarm'd, he calls aloud : What feet are those,  
 Which beat the echoing pavement of the rock ?  
 With speed reply, nor tempt your instant fate.

He said, and thus return'd a voice unknown ;  
 Not with the feet of enemies we come,  
 But crave admittance with a friendly tongue.

The Spartan answers : Thro' the midnight shade  
 What purpose draws your wand'ring steps abroad ?

To whom the stranger : We are friends to Greece,  
 And to the presence of the Spartan king  
 Admission we implore. The cautious chief  
 Of Lacedæmon hesitates again ;

When thus, with accents musically sweet,  
 A tender voice his wond'ring ears allur'd :

O gen'rous Grecian, listen to the pray'r  
 Of one distress'd ! whom grief alone hath led  
 In this dark hour to these victorious tents,  
 A wretched woman, innocent of fraud.

The Greek descending thro' th' unfolded gates  
 Upheld a flaming brand. One first appear'd  
 In servile garb attir'd ; but near his side  
 A woman graceful and majestic stood :  
 Not with an aspect rivalling the pow'r  
 Of fatal Helen, or the wanton charms

Of

Of love's soft queen ; but such as far excell'd  
 Whate'er the lily blending with the rose  
 Paints on the cheek of beauty, soon to fade ;  
 Such as express'd a mind which wisdom,  
 And sweetness temper'd, virtue's purest light  
 Illumining the countenance divine :  
 Yet could not soothe remorseless fate, nor teach  
 Malignant fortune to revere the good ;  
 Which oft with anguish rends the spotless heart,  
 And oft associates wisdom with despair.  
 In courteous phrase began the chief humane :

Exalted fair, who thus adorn'st the night,  
 Forbear to blame the vigilance of war,  
 And to the laws of rigid Mars impute,  
 That I thus long unwilling have delay'd  
 Before the great Leonidas to place  
 This your apparent dignity and worth.

He spake, and gently to the lofty tent  
 Of Sparta's king the lovely stranger guides.  
 At Agis' summons, with a mantle broad  
 His mighty limbs Leonidas infolds,  
 And quits his couch. In wonder he surveys  
 Th' illustrious virgin, whom his presence aw'd :  
 Her eye submissive to the ground inclin'd,  
 With veneration of the god-like man,  
 But soon his voice her anxious dread dispell'd.  
 Benevolent and hospitable thus :

C 3.

Thy

Thy form alone, thus amiable and great,  
 Thy mind delineates, and from all commands  
 Supreme regard: Relate, thou noble dame,  
 By what relentless destiny compell'd,  
 Thy tender feet the paths of darkness tread ;  
 Rehearfe th' afflictions whence thy virtue mourns.

On her wan cheek a sudden blush arose,  
 Like day's first dawn upon the twilight pale,  
 And, wrapt in grief, these words a passage broke :

If to be most unhappy, and to know  
 That hope is irrecoverably fled ;  
 If to be great and wretched, may deserve  
 Commisseration from the good, behold,  
 Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,  
 Behold, descended from Darius' loins,  
 Th' afflicted Ariana, and my pray'r  
 Accept with pity, nor my tears disdain !  
 First, that I lov'd the best of human race,  
 By nature's hand with ev'ry virtue form'd,  
 Heroic, wife, adorn'd with ev'ry art,  
 Of shame unconscious does my heart reveal,  
 This day in Grecian arms conspicuous clad  
 He fought, he fell. A passion long conceal'd  
 For me, alas ! within my brother's arms  
 His dying breath resigning, he disclos'd.  
 — Oh I will stay my sorrows ! will forbid  
 My eyes to stream before thee, and my heart,  
 Thus full of anguish, will from sighs restrain !

For

For why should thy humanity be griev'd  
 With my distress, and learn from me to mourn  
 The lot of nature, doom'd to care and pain!  
 Hear then, O king, and grant my sole request,  
 To seek his body in the heaps of slain.

Thus to the Spartan sued the regal maid,  
 Resembling Ceres in majestic woe,  
 When supplicant at Jove's resplendent throne,  
 From dreary Pluto, and th' infernal gloom,  
 Her lov'd and lost Proserpina she fought.  
 Fix'd on the weeping queen with stedfast eyes.  
 Laconia's chief these tender thoughts recall'd :

Such are thy sorrows, O for ever dear!  
 Who now at Lacedæmon dost deplore  
 My everlasting absence ! then inclin'd  
 His head, and sigh'd ; nor yet forgot to charge  
 His friend, the gentle Agis, thro' the straits  
 The Persian princess to attend and aid.  
 With careful steps they seek her lover's corse.  
 The Greeks remember'd, where by fate repress'd  
 His arm first ceas'd to mow their legions down ;  
 And from beneath a mass of Persian slain  
 Soon drew the hero, by his armour known,  
 To Agis' high pavilion they resort.  
 Now, Ariana, what transcending pangs  
 Thy soul involv'd ! what horror clasp'd thy heart !  
 But love grew mightiest ; and her beauteous limbs

On.



Bends down the head with imitated woe :  
 So paus'd the princess o'er the breathless clay,  
 Inranc'd in sorrow. On the dreary wound,  
 Where 'Dithyrambus' sword was deepest plung'd,  
 Mute for a space and motionless she gaz'd ;  
 Then with a look unchang'd, nor trembling hand,  
 Drew forth a poniard, which her garment veil'd,  
 And sheathing in her heart th' abhorred steel,  
 On her slain lover silent sinks in death.

---

*On Liberty, and in Praise of Mr. Howard*

COWPER.

**O**H could I worship aught beneath the skies,  
 That earth hath seen or fancy could devise,  
 Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,  
 Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,  
 With fragrant turf, and flow'rs as wild and fair,  
 As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.  
 Duly as ever on the mountain's height  
 The peep of morning shed a dawning light :  
 Again, when evening in her sober vest  
 Drew the grey curtain of the fading West ;  
 My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise  
 For the chief blessings of my fairest days ;  
 But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,  
 But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine :

Else

Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly  
 A captive bird into the boundless sky,  
 This triple realm adores thee—thou art come  
 From Sparta hither, and art here at home ;  
 We feel thy force still active, at this hour  
 Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r ;  
 While conscience, happier than in ancient years,  
 Owns no superior but the God she fears,  
 Propitious Spirit ! yet expunge a wrong  
 Thy rites have suffer'd, and our land, too long ;  
 Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts that share  
 The fears and hopes of a commercial care :  
 Prisons expect the wicked, and were built  
 To bind the lawless and to punish guilt,  
 But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,  
 Are mighty mischiefs not to be withstood ;  
 And honest merit stands on slipp'ry ground,  
 Where cover guile and artifice abound :  
 Let just restraint, for public peace design'd,  
 Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind ;  
 The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,  
 But let insolvent innocence go free,

Patron of else the most despis'd of men,  
 Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen ;  
 Verse, like the laurel its immortal meed,  
 Should be the guerdon of a noble deed :  
 I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame  
 (Charity chosen as my theme and aim)  
 I must incur, forgetting Howard's name.

} -  
Blest

Blest with all wealth can give thee—to resign  
 Joys doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine ;  
 To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow,  
 To seek a nobler amidst scenes of woe ;  
 To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring home,  
 Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,  
 But knowledge such, as only dungeons teach,  
 And only sympathy like thine could reach ;  
 That grief, sequester'd from the public stage,  
 Might smooth her feathers, and enjoy her cage—  
 Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal  
 The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.  
 Oh that the voice of clamour and debate,  
 That pleads for peace till it disturbs the state,  
 Were hush'd in favour of thy gen'rous plea,  
 The poor thy clients, and Heaven's smile thy fee !

---

*Epistolary Verses to George Colman, Esq. written in  
 the Year, 1756.*

By Mr. ROBERT LLÓYD.

**Y**OU know, dear George, I'm none of those  
 That condescend to write in prose :  
 Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,  
 I always soar—in doggrel rhyme :  
 And scarce can ask you how you do,  
 Without a jingling line or two.

Besides,



Besides, I always took delight in  
 What bears the name of easy writing;  
 Perhaps the reason makes it please  
 Is, that I find 'tis writ with ease.

I vent a notion here in private,  
 Which public'taste can ne'er connive at,  
 Which thinks no wit or judgment greater  
 Than Addison and his Spectator;  
 Who says (it is no matter where,  
 But that he says it I can swear)  
 With easy verse most bards are smitten,  
 Because they think it's easy written;  
 Whereas the easier it appears,  
 The greater marks of care it wears;  
 Of which to give an explanation,  
 Take this by way of illustration,  
 The fam'd Mat. Prior, it is said,  
 Oft bit his nails, and scratch'd his head,  
 And chang'd a thought a hundred times,  
 Because he did not like the rhymes:  
 To make my meaning clear, and please ye,  
 In short, he labour'd to write easy.  
 And yet no Critic e'er defines  
 His poems into labour'd lines.  
 I have a simile will hit him;  
 His verse, like clothes, was made to fit him;  
 Which (as no taylor e'er denied)  
 The better fit the more they're tried.

Though

Though I have mention'd Prior's name,  
 Think not I aim at Prior's fame.  
 'Tis the result of admiration  
 To spend itself in imitation  
 If imitation may be said,  
 Which is in me by nature bred,  
 And you have better proofs than these,  
 That I'm idolater of Ease.

Who but a madman would engage  
 A Poet in the present age?  
 Write what we will, our works bespeak us  
*Imitatores, servum Pecus.*  
 Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,  
 We travel in the beaten road.  
 The proverb still sticks closely by us,  
*Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.*  
 The only comfort that I know  
 Is, that 'twas said an age ago,  
 Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,  
 Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,  
 Ere Colman wrote in style so pure,  
 Or the great Two the Connoisseur;  
 Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,  
 Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit;  
 And, happy in the close connection,  
 T' acquire some name from their reflection;  
 So (the similitude is trite)  
 The moon still shines with borrow'd light;  
 Vol. VI, 22.                    D                    And,

And, like the race of modern beaux,  
Ticks with the sun for her lac'd clothes.

Methinks there is no better time  
To shew the use I make of rhyme,  
Than now, -when I, who from beginning  
Was always fond of couplet-finning.  
Presuming on good-nature's score,  
Thus lay my bantling at your door.

The first advantage which I see,  
Is, that I ramble loose and free :  
The bard indeed full oft complains  
That rhymes are fetters, links, and chains ;  
And, when he wants to leap the fence,  
Still keeps him pris'ner to the sense.  
How'er in common-place he rage,  
Rhyme's like your fetters on the stage,  
Which when the player once hath wore,  
It makes him only strut the more,  
While, raving in pathetic strains,  
He shakes his legs to clank his chains.

From rhyme, as from a handsome face,  
Nonsense acquires a kind of grace ;  
I therefore give it all its scope,  
That sense may unperceiv'd elope.  
So M————rs of basest tricks  
(I love a sting at politics)  
Amuse the nation, court, and king,  
With breaking F—kes, and hanging Byng ;

An

And make each puny rogue a prey,  
 While they, the greater, sink away.  
 This simile perhaps would strike,  
 If match'd with something more alike;  
 Then take it dress'd a second time  
 In Prior's Fable, and *my* Sublime.  
 Say, did you never chance to meet  
 A mob of people in the street.  
 Ready to give the robb'd relief.  
 And all in haste to catch a thief;  
 While the sly rogue, who filch'd the prey,  
 Too close beset to run away,  
 Stop thief! stop thief! exclaims aloud,  
 And so escapes among the crowd?  
 So Ministers, &c.

O England, how I mourn thy fate!  
 For sure thy losses now are great;  
 Two such what Briton can endure,  
 Minorca, or the Connoisseur!

To-day\*, or e'er the sun goes down,  
 Will die the *Censor*, Mr. Town!

D2

He

\* September 30th, 1756, when Mr. Town, author of the *Connoisseur*, a periodical Essay (since published in four volumes, printed for R. Baldwin, London), took leave of his readers, with an humorous account of himself.

He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him  
 With blushing honours thick upon him ;  
 O may his name these verses save,  
 Be these inscrib'd upon his grave !

“ Know, Reader, that on Thursday  
 “ The Connoisseur, a Suicide !  
 “ Yet think not that his soul is fled,  
 “ Nor rank him 'mongst the vulgar dead  
 “ Howe'er defunct you set him down,  
 “ He's only going out of *Town*.”

---

### ON CONTENT.

**I**T is not youth can give content,  
 Nor is it wealth's decree ;  
 It is a gift from Heaven sent,  
 Tho' not to thee or me.

It is not in the Monarch's crown,  
 Tho' he'd give millions for't :  
 It dwells not in his Lordship's frown  
 Or waits on him to court.

It is not in a coach and six,  
 It is not in a garter ;  
 'Tis not in love or politics,  
 But 'tis in Hodge the carter.

*Veni Creator Spiritus, paraphrafed.*

DRYDEN.

**C**REATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come vifit ev'ry pious mind ;  
Come pour thy joys on human kind ;  
From fin and forrow fet us free,  
And make thy temples worthy thee,  
O fource of uncreated light,  
The father's promis'd Paraclete !  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love infpire ;  
Come, and thy facred unktion bring  
To fanchify us, while we fing.  
Plenteous of grace, defcend from high,  
Rich in thy fevenfold energy !  
Thou ftrength of his Almighty hand,  
Whofe pow'r does heaven and earth command.  
Proceeding Spirit, our defence  
Who doft the gift of tongues difpenfe,  
And crown'ft thy gift with eloquence !  
Refine and purge your earthly parts ;  
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !

Our fraikties help, our vice controul,  
 Submit the senses to the soul ;  
 And when rebellious they are grown,  
 Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,  
 And peace the fruit of love, bestow ;  
 And lest our feet should step astray,  
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,  
 And practise all that we believe :  
 Give us thyself, that we may see  
 The Father and the Son, by thee,

Immortal honour, endless fame,

Attend the Almighty Father's name :  
 The Saviour Son, be glorified,  
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;  
 And equal adoration be,  
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee !

*Discord's House.*

**H**ARD by the gates of hell her dwelling is,  
 There whereas all plagues and harmes abound,  
 Which punish wicked men, that walk amiss :  
 It is a darksome delve farre under ground,  
 With thornes and barren brakes environed round,  
 That none the same way may out-win ;  
 Yet many ways to enter may be found,

But

But none to issue forth when one is in ;  
 For discord harder is to end than to begin.

And all within the riven walles were hung  
 With rugged monuments of times fore-past,  
 Of which, the sad effect of discord sung :  
 There were rent robes, and broken scepters plac't ;  
 Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't  
 Dishevered spears, and shields ytorne in twaine,  
 Great cittys ranfackt, and strong castles ras't,  
 Nations captived, and huge armies slaine :  
 Of all which, ruines there some reliques did remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,  
 Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,  
 Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,  
 For memory of which, on high there hong  
 The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)  
 For which the three faire goddesses did strive :  
 There also was the name of Nimrod strong,  
 Of Alexander, and the princes five,  
 Which shar'd to them the spoiles which he had got alive.

And there the reliques of the drunken fray,  
 The which amongst the Lapithees befell,  
 And of the bloody feast, which sent away  
 So many centaurs drunken souls to hell,  
 That under great Alcides' furie fell :  
 And of the dreadful discord, which did drive  
 The noble Argonauts to out-rage fell,

That



That each of life sought other to deprive,  
 All mindless of the golden-sleece which made them strive

And eke of private persons many moc,  
 That were too long a worke to count them all ;

Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe ;  
 Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnatural ;  
 Some of deare lovers, foes perpetual ; .

Witness their broken bands there to be seen,  
 Their girlonds rent, their bowres dispoiled all ;  
 The monuments whereof there byding been,  
 As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and green.

Such was the house within ; but all without  
 The barren ground was full of wicked weeds,

Which she herself had sowed all about,  
 Now grown great, at first of little seedes,  
 The seeds of evil words, and factious deedes ;

Which when to ripeness due they grown are,  
 Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds  
 Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,  
 The which most often end in blood-shed and in warre.

And those same cursed seeds, do also serve  
 To her for bread, and yield a living food :

For life it is to her, when others serve  
 Through mischievous debate, and deadly food,  
 That she may suck their life, and drink their blood,  
 With which she from her childhood had been fed,

For she at first was born of hellish brood,  
 And by infernal furies nourished,  
 That by her monstrous shape might easily be read.

Her

Her face most foule and filthy was to see,  
 With squinted eyes contrary ways extended,  
 And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be ;  
 That nought but gall and venim comprehended,  
 And wicked words that God and man offended :

Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,  
 And both the parts did speak, and both contended ;  
 And as her tongue, so was her heart decided,  
 That never thought one thing, but doubly still was  
 guided.

Als as she double speake, so heard she double,  
 With matchless eares deformed and distort,  
 Fil'd with false rumours, and seditious trouble,  
 Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,  
 That still are led with every light report.

And as her eares, so eke her feete were odde,  
 And much unlike ; th' one long, the other short,  
 And both misplac't ; that when th' one forward gode,  
 The other back retired, and contrary trode,

Likewise unequal were her handes twaine :  
 That one did reach, the other pusht away :

The one did make, the other mar'd againe,  
 And sought to bring all things unto decay ;  
 Whereby great riches, gathered many a day,  
 She in soft space did often bring to nought,  
 And their possessours often did dismay.

For all her study was, and all her thought,  
 How she could overthrowe the thing that concord  
 wrought.

So

So much her malice did her might surpass,  
 That even th' Almighty self she did maligne,  
 Because to man so merciful he was,  
 And unto all his creatures so benigne,  
 Sith she her self was of his grace indigne :  
 For all this world's faire workmanship she tride,  
 Unto his last confusion to bring  
 And that great golden chain quite to divide,  
 With which it blessed concord bath together tide.

---

*Report of an adjudged Case, not to be found in any of  
 the Books. COWPER.*

**B**ETWEEN Nose and eyes a strange contest arose,  
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;  
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows ;  
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause  
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning ;  
 While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,  
 So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,  
 And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,  
 That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,  
 Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—

Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,  
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is ; in short,  
Design'd to fit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again would your lordship a moment suppose

('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)  
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,  
Pray who would or who could wear spectacles then ?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shews,

With a reasoning the court will never condemn,  
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,  
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how.

He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ;  
But what were his arguments few people know,  
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,

Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—  
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,  
By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut.

The

**W**HEN Cortez' furious legions flew  
 O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,  
 Struck with his bleeding people's woes,  
 Old India's awful genius rose :  
 He sat on Andes' topmost stone,  
 And heard a thousand nations groan ;  
 For grief his feathery crown he tore.  
 To see huge Plata foam with gore ;  
 He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,  
 To view his cities smoaking round.

What woes, he cried, hath lust of gold  
 O'er my poor country widely roll'd !  
 Plund'ers proceed ! my bowels tear,  
 But ye shall meet destruction there.  
 From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise  
 Th' insatiate fiend, pale Avarice ;  
 Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,  
 Peace, Order, Law, and Amity !  
 I see all Europe's children curst  
 With lucre's universal thirst :  
 The rage that sweeps my sons away  
 My baneful gold shall well repay.

---

## THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

*From the Greek of Prodicus.*

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By BISHOP LOWTH.

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---

**N**OW had the son of Jove, mature, attain'd  
The joyful prime ; when youth, elate and gay,  
Steps into life, and follows unrestrain'd

Where passion leads, or prudence points the way.

In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,

Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous root ;

Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears

By just degrees, fair bloom of fairest fruit !

For, if on youth's untainted thought impress,

The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly breast.

As on a day, reflecting on his age

For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought

Retirement, nurse of contemplation sage,

Step following step, and thought succeeding thought ;

Musing, with steady pace the youth pursued

His walk, and lost in meditation stray'd

Far in a lonely vale, with solitude

Conversing ; while intent his mind survey'd

The dubious path of life : before him lay,

Here virtue's rough ascent, there pleasure's flow'ry way.

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E

Much

Much did the view divide his wav'ring mind :

Now glow'd his breast with gen'rous thirst of fame  
Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd

His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame :

When, lo ! far off two female forms he 'spies ;

Direct to him their steps they seem to bear ;

Both large and tall, exceeding human size ;

Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.

Graceful, yet each with diff'rent grace they move ;

This striking sacred awe ; that, softer winning love.

The first in native dignity surpass'd ;

Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more ;

Health o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast ;

A vest more white than new-fallen snow she wore

August she trod, yet modest was her air ;

Serene her eye, yet darting heavenly fire.

Still she drew near ; and nearer still more fair,

More mild, appear'd : yet such as might inspire

Pleasure corrected with an awful fear ;

Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

The other dame seem'd even of fairer hue ;

But bold her mien, unguarded rov'd her eye,

And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view

The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.

All

All soft and delicate, with airy swim

Lightly she danc'd along : her robe betray'd  
Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,  
Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade :  
And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,  
Her stature shew'd more tall, more snowy white her skin ,

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance ;

Even on her shade a conscious look she threw :  
Then all around her cast a careless glance,  
To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.  
As they came near, before that other maid  
Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd  
With hasty step ; nor of repulse afraid,  
With freedom bland the wond'ring youth address'd ;  
With winning fondness on his neck she hung ;  
Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting tongue :

“ Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay ?

Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy mind ?  
Securely follow where I lead the way,  
And range thro' wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.  
With me retire from noise, and pain, and care,  
Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease ;  
Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war :  
Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.  
With me retire, from toils and perils free,  
Leave honour to the wretch ! pleasures were made for thee.



Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire ;  
 All that may charm thine ear, and please thy sight ;  
 All that the thought can frame, or wish require,  
 To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight :  
 The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's sound,  
 Fittest to tune the melting soul to love,  
 Rich odours, breathing choicest sweets around ;  
 The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove ;  
 Fresh flow'rs to strew thy couch, and crown thy head :  
 Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth thy bed.

These will I freely, constantly supply,  
 Pleasures not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with woe ;  
 Far from thy rest repining want shall fly,  
 Nor labour bathe in sweat thy careful brow.  
 Mature the copious harvest shall be thine,  
 Let the laborious hind subdue the soil ;  
 Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win,  
 Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil :  
 These softer cares my best allies employ,  
 New pleasures to invent, to wish, and to enjoy."

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught ;  
 He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid ;  
 Still gaz'd and listen'd ; then her name besought :  
 " My name, fair youth, is Happiness," she said :  
 " Well can my friends this envied truth maintain ;

They

They share my blifs, they best can speak my praise :  
 Tho' Slander call me Sloth (detraction vain !)

Heed not what Slander, vain detracter, says ;  
 Slander, still prompt true merit to defame,  
 To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest name."

By this arriv'd the fair majestic maid ;

She all the while, with the same modest pace,  
 Compos'd advanc'd : " Know, Hercules," she said,

With manly tone, " thy birth of heavenly race :  
 Thy tender age, that lov'd instruction's voice,  
 Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave, and wise ;  
 When manhood should confirm thy glorious choice,  
 Now expectation waits to see thee rise.

Rise, youth ! exalt thyself and me ; approve  
 Thy high descent from heaven, and dare be worthy Jove,

But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not disguise :

The steep ascent must be with toil subdued ;  
 Watching and cares must win the lofty prize  
 Propos'd by Heaven—true blifs and real good.

Honour rewards the brave and bold alone ;  
 She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base :

Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,  
 And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place :

Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,  
 And pay the price of fame—labour, and care, and pain.

Wouldst thou engage the gods peculiar care ?

O Hercules, th' immortal pow'rs adore !

With a pure heart, with sacrifice, and pray'r

Attend their altars, and their aid implore.

Or, would'st thou gain thy country's loud applause,

Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd ?

Be thou the bold afferter of her cause ;

Her voice in council, in the fight her sword :

In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good ;

For her bare thy bold breast, and pour thy generous blood.

Wouldst thou, to quell the proud and lift th' oppress,

In arts of war and matchless strength excel ?

First conquer thou thyself : to ease, to rest,

To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewell.

The night alternate, due to sweet repose,

In watches waste : in painful march, the day :

Congcal'd amidst the rigorous winter's snows,

Scorch'd by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray.

Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might :

Vigour shall brace thine arm, resistless in the fight."

" Hear'st thou what monsters then thou must engage ?

What dangers, gentle youth, she bids thee prove ?"

(Abrupt says Sloth)—" Ill fit thy tender age

Tumult and wars, fit age for joy and love.

Turn,

Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love, and joy !

To these I lead : no monsters here shall stay

Thine easy course ; no cares thy peace annoy ;

I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way :

Short is my way, fair, easy, smooth, and plain :

Turn, gentle youth—with me eternal pleasures reign.”

“ What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are thine ?”

(Virtue with scorn replied) “ who sleep’st in ease

Insensate ; whose soft limbs the toil decline

That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment please :

Draining the copious bowl ere thirst require :

Feasting ere hunger to the feast invite ;

Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire,

Whom luxury supplies with appetite ;

Yet nature loaths, and you employ in vain

Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

The sparkling nectar, cool’d with summer snows.

The dainty board with choicest viands spread.

To thee are tasteless all ! sincere repose

Flies from thy flow’ry couch and downy bed.

For thou art only tir’d with indolence :

Nor is thy sleep with toil and labour bought,

Th’ imperfect sleep, that lulls thy languid sense

In dull oblivious interval of thought ;

That kindly steals th’ inactive hours away

From the long ling’ring space, that lengthens out the day.

From.

From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores.

Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights :

Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours ;

Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.

Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove

Hurl'd thee from heaven, th' immortals blissful place.

For ever banish'd from the realms above,

To dwell on earth with man's degenrate race :

Fitter abode ! on earth alike disgrac'd ;

Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

Fond wretch, that vainly weeneſt all delight

To gratify the ſenſe, reſerv'd for thee !

Yet the moſt pleaſing object to the ſight,

Thine own fair action, never didſt thou ſee.

Tho' lull'd with ſofter ſounds thou lieſt along,

Soft muſic, warbling voices, melting lays ;

Ne'er didſt thou hear, more ſweet than ſweeteſt ſong

Charming the ſoul, thou ne'er didſt hear thy praiſe !

No—to thy revels let the fool repair ;

To ſuch go ſmooth thy ſpeech, and ſpread thy tempting

ſnare.

Vaſt happineſs enjoy thy gay allies !

A youth of follies, an old age of cares ;

Young yet enervate, old yet never wiſe,

Vice waſtes their vigour, and their mind impairs.

Vain,

Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease.

Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend ;  
 All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,  
 With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.  
 Griev'd with the present, of the past ashamed,  
 They live and are despis'd ; they die, nor more are nam'd.

But with the gods, and godlike men, I dwell ;

Me, his supreme delight, th' Almighty Sire  
 Regards well-pleas'd : whatever works excel,  
 All, or divine or human, I inspire,  
 Counsel with strength, and industry with art,  
 In union meet conjoin'd, with me reside :  
 My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart,  
 The surest policy, the wisest guide.

With me true friendship dwells : she deigns to bind  
 Those generous souls alone, whom I before have join'd.

Nor need my friends the various costly feast ;

Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies ;  
 Labour prepares their weary limbs to rest ;  
 Sweet is their sleep ; light, cheerful, strong they rise.  
 Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure, and renown

They tread my paths ; and by a soft descent

At length to age all gently sinking down,

Look back with transport on a life well spent ;

In which no hour flew unimprov'd away ;

In which some gen'rous deed distinguish ev'ry day.

And

And when, the destin'd term at lengths complete,  
 Their ashes rest in peace, eternal fame  
 Sounds wide their praise : triumphant over fate,  
 In sacred song for ever lives their name.

This, Hercules, is happiness ! obey  
 My voice, and live : let thy celestial birth  
 Lift and enlarge thy thoughts : behold the way  
 That leads to fame, and raises thee from earth  
 Immortal ! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise,  
 Pursue the glorious path, and claim thy native skies.

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart :

New vigour to his soul, that sudden caught  
 The generous flame : with great intent his heart  
 Swells full, and labours with exalted thought.

The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,

Thro' all her fraudful arts, in clearest light,  
 Sloth in her native form he now beheld ;

Unveil'd she stood confess'd before his sight :  
 False Siren !— All her vaunted charms, that shone  
 So fresh erewhile and fair, now wither'd, pale, and gone

No more the rosy bloom in sweet disguise

Masks her dissembled looks ; each borrow'd grace  
 Leaves her wan cheek ; pale sickness clouds her eyes  
 Livid and sunk, and pallions dim her face.

As

As when fair Iris has awhile display'd

Her wat'ry arch, with gaudy painture gay,

While yet we gaze the glorious colours fade,

And from our wonder gently steal away :

Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so bright,

Now low'rs the low-hung cloud, all gloomy to the sight.

But Virtue, more engaging, all the while

Disclos'd new charms, more lovely, more serene.

Beaming sweet influence: a milder smile

Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.

“ Lead, goddess; I am thine!” transported cried

Alcides; “ O propitious pow'r, thy way

Teach me! possess my soul! be thou my guide:

From thee oh never, never let me stray!”

While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd,

With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his breast.

The heavenly maid with strength divine endued

His daring soul; where all her pow'rs combin'd:

Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude.

Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.

Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,

By many a hardy deed and bold emprise,

From fiercest monsters, thro' her pow'rful aid,

He freed the earth! thro' her he gain'd the skies.

'Twas virtue plac'd him in the blest abode;

Crown'd with eternal youth, among the gods a god.

On



---

*On a Goldfinch starved to Death in his Cage.*

COWPER.

**T**IME was when I was free as air,  
The thistle's downy seed my fare,  
My drink the morning dew ;  
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,  
My form genteel, my plumage gay,  
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,  
And form genteel, were all in vain,  
And of a transient date :  
For caught and cag'd, and starv'd to death,  
In dying sighs my little breath  
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,  
And thanks for this effectual close  
And cure of ev'ry ill !  
More cruelty could none express ;  
And I, if you had shewn me less,  
Had been your pris'ner still.

---





G. Kneller del.

J. Murray sculp.

Published by J. Bosc, Woburn Street New Drury Theatre Royal 1795.

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THE  
CASTLE of INDOLENCE,  
*by James Thomson.*  
THE  
MAN of SORROW,  
*by M<sup>rs</sup>. Greville.*



LONDON  
Printed by & for J. Roach at the Britannia Printing Office,  
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T H E  
C A S T L E O F I N D O L E N C E .

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By JAMES THOMSON.

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CANTO I.

*The Castle high of Indolence,  
And its false luxury,  
Where for a little time, alas !  
We liv'd right jollily.*

I.

**O** MORTAL Man ! who livest here by toil,  
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;  
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,  
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date :  
And, certes, there is for it reason great ;  
For tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,  
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,  
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,  
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,  
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,  
A most enchanting wizzard did abide,  
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.  
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;

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A

And

And there a season atween June and May,  
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,  
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
 No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

## III.

Was nought around but images of rest,  
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,  
 And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest  
 From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant green,  
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
 Mean time unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,  
 And hurled every where their waters sheen,  
 That, as they bicker'd thro' the sunny glade,  
 Tho' restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

## IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,  
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
 And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,  
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale ;  
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,  
 Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,  
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;  
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;  
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full

## V.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,  
 A fable, silent, solemn, forest flood,  
 Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,  
 As Idle's fancy'd in her dreaming mood ;  
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
 Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,  
 Sent forth a sleepy horror thro' the blood ;  
 And where this valley winded out, below,  
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard to flow

## VI.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,  
 Of Dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,  
 And of gay Castles in the cloud that pass,  
 For ever flushing round a summer sky ;  
 There eke the soft Delights, that witchingly  
 Infil a wanton sweetness thro' the breast,  
 And the calm Pleasures, always hover'd nigh ;  
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance or unrest  
 Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

## VII.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,  
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)  
 Close-hid his Castle mid embowering trees,  
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,  
 And made a kind of checker'd day and night ;



Mean while, unceasing at the massy gate,  
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight  
 Was plac'd, and to his lute, of cruel fate,  
 And labour hard, complain'd, lamenting mans' estate.

## VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,  
 From all the roads of earth that pass there by ;  
 For as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring hill,  
 The freshness of this valley smote their eye,  
 And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;  
 Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,  
 Ymolten with his syren melody,  
 While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,  
 And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung :

## IX,

“ Behold, ye Pilgrims of this earth ! behold,  
 “ See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay ;  
 “ See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,  
 “ Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May !  
 “ What youthful bride can equal her array ?  
 “ Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?  
 “ From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,  
 “ From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,  
 “ Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

“ Behold

## X.

" Behold the merry minstrels of the Morn,  
 " The swarming songsters of the careless grove,  
 " Ten thousand throats, that, from the flowering thorn,  
 " Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,  
 " Such grateful kindly raptures them emove :  
 " They neither plough nor sow ; ne, fit for flail,  
 " E'er to the barn the nodd'd sheaves they drove,  
 " Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,  
 " Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

## XI.

" Outcast of Nature, Man ! the wretched thrall  
 " Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,  
 " Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,  
 " And of the vices an inhuman train,  
 " That all proceed from savage thirst of gain ;  
 " For when hard-hearted Interest first began  
 " To poison earth, Astræa left the plain ;  
 " Guile, Violence, and Murder, seiz'd on man,  
 " And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

## XII.

" Come, ye ! who still the cumb'rous load of life  
 " Push hard up hill, but as the farthest steep  
 " You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,  
 " Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep.  
 " And hurls your labour to the valley deep,

- “ For ever vain ; come, and, withouten fee,  
 “ I in oblivion will your sorrows sleep,  
 “ Your cares, your toils ; will sleep you in a sea  
 “ Of full delight : O come, ye weary Wights ! to me.

## XIII.

- “ With me you need not rise at early dawn,  
 “ To pass the joyless day in various sounds ;  
 “ Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,  
 “ And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds :  
 “ Or thro’ the city take your dirty rounds,  
 “ To cheat, and dun, and lye, and visit pay,  
 “ Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds ;  
 “ Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,  
 “ In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

## XIV.

- “ No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,  
 “ From village on to village sounding clear ;  
 “ To tardy swain no shrill-voic’d matrons squall ;  
 “ No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear ;  
 “ No hammers thump ; no horrid blacksmith fear,  
 “ Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start  
 “ With sounds that are a misery to hear ;  
 “ But all is calm, as would delight the heart  
 “ Of Sybarite of old, all Nature, and all Art.

“ Here-

## XV.

" Here nought but Candour reigns, indulgent Ease,  
 " Good-natur'd Lounging, fauntering up and down ;  
 " They who are pleas'd themselves must always please ;  
 " On others' ways they never squint a frown,  
 " Not heed what haps in hamlet or in town :  
 " Thus, from the source of tender Indolence,  
 " With milky blood the heart is overflown,  
 " Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sence ;  
 " Fair interest, envy, pride, and strife, are banish'd hence

## XVI.

" What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,  
 " A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm,  
 " Above the reach of wild Ambition's wind,  
 " Above those passions that this world deform.  
 " And torture man, a proud malignant worm,  
 " But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,  
 " And gently stir the heart, thereby to form  
 " A quicker sence of joy : as breezes stray  
 " Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still more  
 [gay.

## XVII.

" The best of men have lov'd repose :  
 " They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,  
 " Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,  
 " Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.  
 " Ev'n those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray-

“ The most renown’d of worthy wights of yore,  
 “ From a base world at last have stol’n away :  
 “ So Scipio, to the soft Cumæen shore  
 “ Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before..

## XVIII.

“ But if a little exercise you chuse.  
 “ Some zest for ease, ’tis not forbidden here :  
 “ Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,  
 “ Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year :  
 “ Or, softly stealing, with your watry gear,  
 “ Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry  
 “ You may delude ; the whilst, amus’d, you hear  
 “ Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr’s sigh,  
 “ Attuned to the birds and woodland melody.

## XIX.

“ O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,  
 “ Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;  
 “ When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,  
 “ And gives th’ untasted portion you have won,  
 “ With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,  
 “ To those who mock you gone to Pluto’s reign,  
 “ There with sad ghosts to pine and shadows dim :  
 “ But sure it is of vanities most vain,  
 “ To tell for what you here untoiling may obtain.”

He.

## XX.

He ceas'd : but still their trembling ears retain'd  
 The deep vibrations of his witching song,  
 That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd  
 To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.  
 Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along  
 In silent ease ; as when beneath the beam  
 Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,  
 Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,  
 The soft-embodied fays thro' airy portal stream.

## XXI.

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,  
 And here his baneful bounty first began ;  
 Tho' some there were who would not farther pass,  
 And his alluring baits suspected han.  
 The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.  
 Yet thro' the gate they cast a wishful eye :  
 Not to move on, perdie, is all they can ;  
 For do their very best they cannot fly,  
 But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

## XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,  
 With sudden spring he leap'd upon them strait,  
 And soon as touch'd by his unhallowed paw,  
 They found themselves within the cursed gate,  
 Full hard to be repass'd, like that of Fate.

Not

Not stronger were of old the giant crew,  
 Who fought to pull high Jove from regal state ;  
 Tho' feeble wretch he seem'd, of fallow hue,  
 Certes, who bides his grasp will that encounter rue.

## XXIII.

For whomfo'er the villain takes in hand,  
 Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace,  
 As lithe they grow as any willow wand,  
 And of their vanish'd force remains no trace :  
 So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,  
 In all her buxom blooming May of charms,  
 Is seized in some lofel's hot embrace.  
 She waxeth very weakly as she warms,  
 Then, fighting, yields her up to love's delicious harms.

## XXIV.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his hench arose  
 A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep,  
 His calm, broad, thoughtless, aspect breath'd repose,  
 And in sweet torpor he was plunged-deep,  
 Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep ;  
 While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,  
 Thro' which his half-wak'd soul would faintly peep,  
 Then taking his black staff he call'd his man,  
 And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

The

## XXV.

ad leap'd lightly at his master's call :  
 as, to weat, a little roguish page,  
 leep and play who minded nought at all,  
 nost the untaught striplings of his age.  
 oy he kept each band to disengage,  
 rs and buckles, task for him unfit,  
 l-becoming his grave personage,  
 hich his portly paunch would not permit,  
 s same limber page to all performed it.

## XXVI.

time the master-porter wide display'd  
 store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns,  
 ewith he those who enter'd in array'd,  
 as the breeze that plays along the downs,  
 aves the summer-woods when evening frowns.  
 undress ! best dress ! it checks no vein,  
 ery flowing limb in pleasure drowns,  
 ightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,  
 rter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

## XXVII.

asy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,  
 a the middle of the court up-threw  
 am, high spouting from its liquid bed,  
 illing back again in drizzly dew ;  
 each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew.



It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare,  
 Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasure grew  
 And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care :  
 Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams me

## XXVIII,

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,  
 Withouten tromp, was proclamation made ;  
 " Ye sons of Indolence ! do what you will,  
 " And wander where you list, thro' hall or glade ;  
 " Be no man's pleasure for another staid ;  
 " Let each likes him best his hours employ,  
 " And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade  
 " Here dwells kind ease and unreprieving joy :  
 " He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

## XXIX.

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming round,  
 As thick as idle notes in sunny ray,  
 Not one estfoons in view was to be found,  
 But every man stroll'd off his own glad way ;  
 Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,  
 With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,  
 No living creature could be seen to stray,  
 While solitude and perfect silence reign'd,  
 So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

As

## XXX.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-isles,  
 Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,  
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,  
 Or that aerial beings sometimes deign  
 To stand embodied to our senses plain)  
 Sees on the naked hill or valley low,  
 The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,  
 A vast assembly moving to and fro,  
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

## XXXI.

Ye Gods of Quiet, and of Sleep profound!  
 Whose soft dominion o'er this Castle sways,  
 And all the widely-silent places round,  
 Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays  
 What never yet was sung in mortal lays.  
 But how shall I attempt such arduous string,  
 I who have spent my nights and nightly days  
 In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering?  
 Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

## XXXII.

Come on, my Muse! nor stoop to low despair,  
 Thou imp of Jove! touch'd by celestial fire,  
 Thou yet shalt sing of war and actions fair,  
 Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;  
 Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre,

Thou yet shalt tread in Tragic pall the stage,  
 Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,  
 The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,  
 Dashing corruption down thro' every worthless age.

## XXXIII.

The doots, that knew no shrill alarming bell,  
 Ne cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,  
 Self-open'd into halls, where who can tell  
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand,  
 The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?  
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,  
 And couches stretch'd around in seemly band,  
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;  
 So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

## XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,  
 With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd ;  
 Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food  
 On the green bosom of this earth are found,  
 And all old Ocean genders in his round ;  
 Some hand unseen these silently display'd,  
 E'en undemanded by a sign or sound ;  
 You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,  
 Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses' play'd.  
 Here

## XXXV.

Here Freedom reign'd without the least alloy ;  
 Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,  
 Nor faintly Spleen, durst murmur at our joy,  
 And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.  
 For why ? there was but one great rule for all ;  
 To wit, that each should work his own desire,  
 And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall.  
 Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,  
 And, carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

## XXXVI.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,  
 Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,  
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,  
 Or of Arcadian or sicilian vale ;  
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,  
 Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart,  
 Or, fighting tender passion, swell'd the gale,  
 And taught charm'd Echo to resound their smart,  
 While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace

[impart.

## XXXVII.

Those pleas'd the most where, by a cunning hand,  
 Depainted was the Patriarchal age,  
 What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,  
 And pallur'd on from verdant stage to stage,  
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage,

Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,  
 But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,  
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed :  
 Blest sons of Nature they ! true Golden Age indeed !

## XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,  
 Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,  
 Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls :  
 Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd eyes ;  
 Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;  
 The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,  
 And now rude mountains frown amid the skies :  
 Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,  
 Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Pouffin drew.

## XXXIX.

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclin'd,  
 Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease :  
 Aerial music in the warbling wind,  
 At distance rising oft', by small degrees,  
 Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees  
 It hung, and breath'd such foul-dissolving airs  
 As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :  
 Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,  
 The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain

## XL.

A certain music, never known before,  
 Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind ;  
 Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,  
 But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,  
 To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd,  
 From which, with airy-flying fingers light,  
 Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,  
 The god of Winds drew sounds of deep delight,  
 Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

## XLI.

Ah me ! what hand can touch the string so fine ?  
 Who up the lofty diapason roll  
 Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,  
 Then let them down again into the soul ?  
 Now rising love they fann'd ; now pleasing dole  
 They breath'd, in tender musings, thro' the heart ;  
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,  
 As when seraphic hands an hymn impart ;  
 Wild-warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art !

## XLII.

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,  
 Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,  
 In mighty Bagdat, populous and great :  
 Held their bright court, where was of ladies store.  
 And verse, love, music, still the garland wore :

When Sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,  
 Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore,  
 Composing music bade his dreams be fair,  
 And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

## XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran  
 Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,  
 And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft' began  
 (So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,  
 As heaven and earth they would together melt;  
 At doors and windows, threat'ning seem'd to call  
 The demons of the tempest, growling fell,  
 Yet the least entrance found they none at all,  
 Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in mazy hall.

## XLIV.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,  
 Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace,  
 O'er which was shadowy cast Elysian gleams,  
 That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,  
 And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face,  
 Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,  
 So fleecy with clouds the pure ethereal space;  
 Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,  
 As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

## XLV.

No, fair Illusions! artful Phantoms, no!  
 My Muse will not attempt your Fairy-land:  
 She has no colours that like you can glow;  
 To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.  
 But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band  
 Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,  
 Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,  
 Pour'd all th' Arabian heaven upon our nights,  
 And bless'd them oft' besides with more refin'd delights.

## XLVI.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,  
 E'en feigning virtue; skilful to unite  
 With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain;  
 But for those fiends whom blood and broils delight,  
 Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,  
 Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,  
 Or hold him clambering all the fearful night  
 On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep,  
 They, till duetime should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

## XLVII.

Ye guardian Spirits! to whom man is dear:  
 From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:  
 Angels of Fancy and of Love! be near,  
 And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:  
 Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,

And



And let them virtue with a look impart ;  
 But chief a while, O ! lend us from the tomb,  
 Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,  
 And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

## XLVIII.

Or are you sportive ?—bid the morn of youth  
 Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days  
 Of innocence, simplicity, and truth,  
 To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways,  
 What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,  
 Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd,  
 The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze  
 Of the wild brooks !—But, fondly wandering wide,  
 My Muse ! resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

## XLIX.

One great amusement of our household was,  
 In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,  
 Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass  
 Upon this ant-hill earth ; ' where constantly  
 Of idly-busy men the restless fry  
 Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,  
 In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,  
 Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste :  
 When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste :

Of

## L.

Of Vanity the Mirrour this was call'd,  
 Here you a muckworm of the town might see,  
 At his dull desk, amid his legers stall'd,  
 Ate up with carking care and penurie.  
 Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.  
 "A penny saved is a penny got;"  
 Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,  
 Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,  
 Till it has quench'd his fire and banished his pot.

## LI.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold!  
 Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,  
 All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,  
 The silly tenant of the summer-air,  
 In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;  
 Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,  
 And thieving tradesmen, him among them share:  
 His father's ghost from Limbo-lake, the while,  
 Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

## LII.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men  
 Still at their books, and turning o'er the page  
 Backwards and forwards: off' they snatch'd the pen,  
 As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage,  
 Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage,

Why, Authors ! all this scrawl and scribbling lore ?  
 To lose the present, gain the future age,  
 Praised to be when you can hear no more.  
 And much enrich'd with fame when usefess worldly store?

## LIII.

Then would a splendid city rise to view.  
 With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all :  
 Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew,  
 See how they dash along from wall to wall !  
 At every door, hark how they thundering call !  
 Good Lord ! what can this giddy rout excite ?  
 Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall,  
 A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,  
 And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

## LIV.

The puzzling sons of Party next appear'd.  
 In dark cabals and nightly juntos met,  
 And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd  
 Th' important shoulder : then, as if to get  
 New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.  
 No sooner Lucifer recalls affairs,  
 Than forth they various rush in mighty fret ;  
 When, lo ! push'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,  
 In comes another sett, and kicketh them down stairs.

But

## LV.

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,  
 Was to behold the nations all on fire,  
 In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife,  
 Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,  
 With honourable ruffians in their hire,  
 Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour :  
 Of this sad work when each begins to tire,  
 They sit them down just where they were before.  
 Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

## LVI.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,  
 An useless were, and eke an endless talk ;  
 From kings, and those who at the helm appear,  
 To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.  
 Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmask,  
 Whose desk and table make a solemn show,  
 With tape-ty'd trash, and suits of fools that ask  
 For place or pension laid in decent row :  
 But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

## LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,  
 There was a man of special grave remark :  
 A certain tender gloom o'er-spread his face,  
 Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd, not dark ;  
 As soot this man could sing as morning lark,

And

And teach the noblest morals of the heart ;  
 But these his talents were yburied stark ;  
 Of the fine flores he nothing would impart,  
 Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painted Art.

## LVIII.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,  
 Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound,  
 Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,  
 Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,  
 Where the wild thyme and camomil are found ;  
 There would he linger, till the latest ray  
 Of light fate trembling on the welkin's bound,  
 Then homeward thro' the twilight shadows stray.  
 Sauntering and slow : so had he passed many a day.

## LIX.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they pass'd ;  
 For oft' the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd  
 Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,  
 And all its native light anew reveal'd :  
 Oft' as he travers'd the cerulean field,  
 And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,  
 Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,  
 Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind ;  
 But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind,

## LX.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,  
 (Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)

**O**ne slyer still, who quite detested talk ;  
**O**ft' stung by spleen, at once away he broke,  
**T**o groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak ;  
**T**here inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,  
**A**nd on himself his pensive fury wroke,  
**N**e ever utter'd word, save when first thone  
**T**he glittering star of eve—" Thank Heaven! the day is

## LXI,

[ done." ]

**H**ere lurk'd a wretch who had not crept abroad  
**F**or forty years, no face of mortal seen ;  
**I**n chamber brooding like a loathly toad,  
**A**nd sure his linen was not very clean.  
**T**hrough secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been  
**N**ear to his bed, his dinner vile he took ;  
**U**nkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,  
**O**ur Castle's shame ! whence from his filthy nook,  
**W**e drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

## LXII.

**O**ne day there chaunc'd into these halls to rove  
**A** joyous youth, who took you at first fight ;  
**H**im the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,  
**B**efore the sprightly tempest tossing light :  
**C**ertes, he was a most engaging wight,  
**O**f social glee, and wit humane tho' keen,  
**T**urning the night to day and day to night ;  
**F**or him the merry bells had rung, I ween,  
**I**f in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

## LXIII.

But not ev'n pleasure to excess is good :  
 What most elates then sinks the soul as low :  
 When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,  
 The higher still th' exulting billows flow,  
 The farther back again they flagging go,  
 And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore.  
 Taught by this son of Joy we found it so,  
 Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar  
 Our madden'd Castle all, the abode of Sleep no more.

## LXIV.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,  
 Sprung from the meads; o'er which he sweeps along,  
 Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,  
 Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,  
 Soothing at first the gay reposing throng ;  
 And oft' he sips their bowl ; or, nearly drown'd,  
 He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,  
 And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound,  
 Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

## LXV.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,  
 Who felt each worth, for every worth he had :  
 Serene, yet warm ; humane, yet firm his mind ;  
 As little touch'd as any man's with bad :  
 Him thro' their inmost walks the Muses lad,  
 To him the sacred love of nature lent,  
 And sometimes would he make our valley glad ;

When

When as we found he would not here be pent,  
To him the better sort this friendly message sent :

## LXVI.

“ Come, dwell with us, true son of Virtue ! come :  
“ But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade  
“ To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,  
“ Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade,  
“ Yet when at last thy toils, but ill apaid,  
“ Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,  
“ Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,  
“ There to indulge the Muse, and Nature mark ;  
“ We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park.”

## LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus of the age,  
But call'd by Fame, in soul ypricked deep,  
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,  
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.  
E'en from his slumbers we advantage reap :  
With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,  
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep  
Each due decorum. Now the heart he shakes,  
And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd judgment

## LXVIII.

[ takes

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,  
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,  
On virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,  
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain :  
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,

C. 2.

Here



Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat ;  
 Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train,  
 Oft' moralizing sage ; his ditty sweet  
 He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

## LXIX.

Full oft' by holy feet our ground was trod,  
 Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy ;  
 A little, round, fat, oily man of God,  
 Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry :  
 He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,  
 And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,  
 If a tight domsel chaunc'd to trippe by ;  
 Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,  
 And straight would recollect his piety anew.

## LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe who minded nought  
 (Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs ;  
 They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought,  
 And on their brow sat every nation's cares.  
 The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,  
 When in the Hall of smoak they congress hold,  
 And the Sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears  
 Has clear'd their inward eye.: then, smoke-enroll'd,  
 Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

## LXXI.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale fac'd court :  
 Bévies of ancient dames, of high degree,  
 From every quarter hither made resort,  
*Where, from gross mortal care and business free,*  
**They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury :**

Or should they a vain shew of work assume,  
 Alas ! and well-a-day ! what can it be ?  
 To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom,  
 But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

## LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time ;  
 And labour dire it is, and weary woe :  
 They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,  
 Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,  
 Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow :  
 This soon too rude an exercise they find ;  
 Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,  
 Where hours on hours they fighting lie reclin'd,  
 And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

## LXXIII.

Now must I mark the villainy we found ;  
 But, ah ! too late, as shall estfoons be shewn.  
 A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,  
 Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,  
 Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily where thrown.  
 Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,  
 Unpity'd uttering many a bitter grown ;  
 For of these wretches taken was no care ;  
 Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurses were.

## LXXIV.

Alas ! the change ! from scenes of joy and rest,  
 To this dark den, where Sicknesf tofs'd away.  
 Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress'd,  
 Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay  
 Heaving his sides, and snored night and day ;

To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,  
 And his half-open'd eye he shut straitway ;  
 He led, I wot, the softest way to death,  
 And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the brea

## LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,  
 Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the *Hydropsy* :  
 Unwieldy man ! with belly monstrous round,  
 For ever fed with watery supply :  
 For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.  
 And moping here old *Hypochondria* fit,  
 Mother of *Spleen*, in robes of various dye,  
 Who vexed was full oft' with ugly fit,  
 And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a

## LXXVI.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,  
 Yet oft' her fear her pride made crouchen low ;  
 She felt, or fancy'd, in her fluttering mood,  
 All the diseases which the spittles know,  
 And sought all physick which the shops bestow,  
 And still new leaches and new drugs would try,  
 Her humour ever wavering to and fro ;  
 For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,  
 Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why

## LXXVII.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,  
 With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings ;  
 Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,  
 Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.  
 And here the *Tertian* shakes his chilling wings :

The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks ;  
 A wolf now gnaws him; now a serpent stings ;  
 While Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks :  
 Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox,

## THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

### CANTO II.

*The Knight of Arts and Industry,  
 And his achievements fair,  
 That by his Castle's overthrow  
 Secur'd and crowned were.*

#### I.

**E**SCAP'D the Castle of the fire of Sin,  
 Ah ! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find ?  
 For all around, without, and all within,  
 Nothing save what delightful was and kind,  
 Of goodness favouring and a tender mind,  
 E'er rose to view : but now another strain,  
 Of doleful note, alas ! remains behind :  
 I must now sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,  
 And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

#### II.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,  
 And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil ?  
 To every labour its reward accrues,  
 And they are sure of bread who swink and toil ;  
 But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive despoil,

As

As ruthless wasps oft' rob the painful bee :  
 Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil.  
 Ne for the Muses other meed decree,  
 They praised are alone, and starve right merrily,

## III.

I care not, Fortune! what you me deny ;  
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;  
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
 Thro' which Aurora shews her brightening face :  
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve :  
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
 And I their toys to the great children leave :  
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

## IV.

Come then, my Muse ! and raise a bolder song ;  
 Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,  
 Dragging the lazy languid line along,  
 Fond to begin, but still to finish loath,  
 Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth :  
 Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,  
 Who with the sons of Softness nobly wroth,  
 To sweep away this human lumber came,  
 Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

## V.

In Fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old.  
 Of feature stern, Salvaggio well yclep'd,  
 A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,  
 But wond'rous poor : he neither sow'd nor reap'd,  
 Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd ;

In hunting all his days away he wore ;  
 Now scorch'd by June, now in November sleep'd,  
 Now pinch'd by biting January fore,  
 He still in woods pursu'd the libbard and the boar :

## VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,  
 Prick'd thro' the forest to dislodge his prey,  
 Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,  
 With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,  
 That from the beating rain and wintry fray  
 Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy ;  
 There, up to earn the needments of the day,  
 He found Dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy ;  
 Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy :

## VII.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,  
 And grew at last a knight of muckel fame,  
 Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,  
 The Knight of Arts and Industry by name,  
 Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame ;  
 He knew no beverage but the flowing stream ;  
 His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,  
 Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem :  
 The same to him glad summer or the winter breme.

## VIII.

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,  
 Wild as the colts that through the commons run ;  
 For him no tender parents troubled were,  
 He of the forest seem'd to be the son,  
 And certes had been utterly undone,

But that Minerva pity of him took,  
 With all the gods that love the rural wonne,  
 That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook ;  
 Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

## IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,  
 In every science and in every art.  
 By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,  
 That can or use, or joy, or grace, impart,  
 Disclosing all the powers of head and heart :  
 Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd,  
 That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,  
 And mix elastic force with firmness hard :  
 Was never knight on ground mote be with him compar'd.

## X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay  
 The hunter-sleed, exulting o'er the dale,  
 And drew the roseate breath of orient day ;  
 Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,  
 Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,  
 He strain'd the bow, or tofs'd the founding spear ;  
 Or darting on the goal, outstripp'd the gale ;  
 Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career ;  
 Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

## XI.

At other times he pry'd thro' Nature's store,  
 Whate'er she in th' ethereal round contains,  
 Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,  
 The vegetable and the mineral reigns ;  
 Or else he scann'd the globe, those small domains,

Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,  
 Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains ;  
 But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from sleep  
 Those mortal seeds whence we heroic actions reap,

## XII.

Nor would he scorn to sloop from high pursuits  
 Of heavenly Truth, and practise what she taught.  
 Vain is the tree of Knowledge without fruits.  
 Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,  
 Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught ;  
 Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,  
 Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught ;  
 And oft' he put himself to Neptune's school.  
 Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

## XIII.

To solace then these tougher toils, he try'd  
 To touch the kindling canvass into life ;  
 With nature his creating pencil vy'd,  
 With Nature, joyous at the mimic strife ;  
 Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife  
 He hew'd the marble ; or, with varied fire,  
 He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife ;  
 Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire ;  
 Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

## XIV.

Accomplish'd thus, he from the woods issu'd,  
 Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise ;  
 The work which long he in his breast had brew'd  
 Now to perform he ardent did devise.  
 To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.

Earth



Earth was fill then a boundless forest wild,  
 Nought to be seen but savage wood and skies ;  
 No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,  
 No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild,

## XV.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man ;  
 On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd ;  
 The strongest still the weakest over-ran ;  
 In every country mighty robbers sway'd,  
 And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.  
 Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe.  
 Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made  
 To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,  
 For, by the powers Divine, it should no more be so!

## XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my song,  
 To say how this best sun, from orient climes  
 Came beaming life and beauty all along,  
 Before him chasing Indolence and crimes,  
 Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimes,  
 And calls forth Arts and Virtues with his ray :  
 Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden time ;  
 Successive had ; but now in ruins gray  
 They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

## XVII.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread  
 The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast,  
 A sylvan life till then the natives led,  
 In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost  
 All careless rambling where it lik'd them most :  
 Their

Their wealth the wild deer bouncing thro' the glade ;  
 They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at Nature's cost ;  
 Save spear and bow, withouten other aid,  
 Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

## XVIII.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,  
 He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.  
 Be this my great, my chosen Isle, (he cries)  
 This, whilst my labours Liberty sustains,  
 This Queen of Ocean all assault disdain.  
 Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,  
 To freedom apt and persevering pains,  
 Mild to obey, and generous to command,  
 Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest, firmest hand.

## XIX.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,  
 Whatever Arts and Industry can frame ;  
 Whatever finish'd Agriculture knows,  
 Fair Queen of Arts! from Heaven itself who came  
 When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame :  
 And still with her sweet Innocence we find,  
 And tender Peace, and joys without a name,  
 That, while they ravish, tranquilize the mind :  
 Nature and Art at once, delight and use combin'd,

## XX.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,  
 And bade the fervent city glow with toil ;  
 Bade social Commerce raise renowned marts,  
 Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,  
 Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil

Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores ;  
 Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,  
 Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,  
 While o'er the encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

## XXI.

The drooping Muses then he westward call'd,  
 From the fam'd City by Propontic sea,  
 What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd,  
 Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,  
 And brought them to another Castalie,  
 Where Isis many a famous nourling breeds ;  
 Or where old Cam soft paces o'er the lea  
 In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,  
 The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

## XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least,  
 For why ? they are the quintessence of all,  
 The growth of labouring time, and slow increase ;  
 Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,  
 That mighty patrons the coy Sisters call  
 Up to the sun-shine of uncumber'd ease,  
 Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,  
 And where they nothing have to do but please :  
 Ah ! gracious God ! thou know'st they ask no other fees.

## XXIII.

But now, alas ! we live too late in time :  
 Our patrons now e'en grudge that little claim,  
 Except to such as seek the soothing rhyme ;  
 And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcena's name,  
 Poor sons of puffed-up Vanity, not Fame.

Unbroken

Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains  
 Th' eternal Patron, Liberty! whose flame,  
 While she protects, inspires the noblest strains,  
 The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

## XXIV.

When as the knight had fram'd, in Britain land,  
 A matchless form of glorious government,  
 In which the sovereign laws alone command,  
 Laws stablish'd by the public free consent,  
 Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;  
 When this great plan, with each dependent art,  
 Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,  
 Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,  
 And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet thro' the heart.

## XXV.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,  
 Where his long allies peep'd upon the main;  
 In this calm feat he drew the healthful gale;  
 Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain,  
 The happy monarch of his sylvan train;  
 Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,  
 He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain:  
 His days, the days of unflain'd Nature, roll'd,  
 Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

## XXVI.

Witness, ye lowing Herds! who gave him milk;  
 Witness, ye Flocks! whose woolly vestments far  
 Exceeds soft India's cotton or her filk;  
 Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,  
 That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star.

Or of September moons the radiance mild :  
 O hide thy head, abominable War!  
 Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child :  
 From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories wild.

## XXVII.

Nor from this deep retirement banish'd was  
 Th' amusing care of rural Industry :  
 Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,  
 New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,  
 And all th' enliven'd country beautify :  
 Gay plains extend where marshes slept before ;  
 O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly ;  
 Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,  
 And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

## XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,  
 He polish'd Nature with a finer hand,  
 Yet on her beauties durst not Art encroach ;  
 'Tis Art's alone these beauties to expand.  
 In graceful dance immingled o'er the land,  
 Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd :  
 Here, too, brisk gales the rude wild common fann'd,  
 An happy place ; where free and unafraid,  
 Amid the flowering brakes each cower creature stray'd.

## XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can last for aye ?  
 That soul-ensfeebling wizard Indolence,  
 I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay,  
 Spread far and wide was his curs'd influence ;  
 Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,

E'en much of private ; ate our spirit out ;  
 And fed our rank luxurious vices ; whence  
 The land was overlaid with many a lout ;  
 Not, as old Fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and stout.

## XXX.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast ;  
 Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran ;  
 To his licentious wish each must be blest.  
 With joy be fever'd, snatch it as he can.  
 Thus vice the standard rear'd : her arrier-ban  
 Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,  
 " Mind, mind yourselves ! why should the vulgar man,  
 " The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord ?  
 " Enjoy this span of life ! 'tis all the gods afford."

## XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,  
 The good old Knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose,  
 " Come, come, Sir Knight ! thy children on thee call ;  
 " Come save us yet, ere ruin round us close !  
 " The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows."  
 On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,  
 Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows  
 Of venerable eld ; his eye full speaks  
 His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

## XXXII.

I will (he cry'd) so help me, God ! destroy  
 That villain Archimage,—His page then strait  
 He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,  
 Benempt Dispatch. " My speed be at the gate ;  
 " My bard attend ; quick, bring the net of Fate.

This net was twisted by the Sisters three,  
Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too late  
Repentance comes; replevy cannot be  
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful Destiny.

## XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little Druid-wight,  
Of withered aspect; but his eye was keen,  
With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,  
As is his sisters of the copses green,  
He crept along, unpromising of mien.  
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,  
Bright as the children of yon' azure sheen.  
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,  
Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

## XXXIV.

Come (quoth the Knight) a voice has reach'd mine ear,  
The demon Indolence threatens overthrow  
To all that to mankind is good and dear:  
Come, Philomelus! let us instant go,  
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his Castle low,  
Those men, those wretched men! who will be slaves,  
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe;  
But some there be thy song, as from their graves,  
Shall raise, Thrice happy he! who without rigour saves.

## XXXV.

Issuing forth, the Knight bestrode his steed,  
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star  
Shone blazing bright; sprung from the generous breed,  
That whirl of active day the rapid car,  
He pranc'd along, disdain'g gate or bar.

Meantime the bard on milk-white palfrey rode ;  
 An honest sober heart, that did not mar  
 His meditations, but full softly trode ;  
 And much they moraliz'd, as thus yfere they yode.

## XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human blifs ;  
 What else so fit for man to settle well ?  
 And still their long researches met in this,  
 This truth of truths, which nothing can refel ;  
 " From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,  
 " Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscions soul ;  
 " While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell,  
 " The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole  
 " Will, thro' the tortur'd breast, their fiery torrent roll."

## XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,  
 O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summets rear :  
 On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,  
 And, spite e'en of themselves, their senses cheer ;  
 Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they steer :  
 Like a green isle it broad beneath them spread,  
 With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,  
 And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,  
 Sweet airs and song ; and without hurry all seem'd glad.

## XXXVIII.

" As God, shall judge me, Knight ! we must forgive,  
 " (The half enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd)  
 " The frail good man, deluded, here to live,  
 " And in these groves his musing fancy hide,  
 " Ah ! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd



“ That virtue still some tincture has of vice,  
 “ And vice of virtue. What should then betide,  
 “ But that our charity be not too nice ?  
 “ Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice.

## XXXIX.

“ Ay, sicker, (quoth the Knight) all flesh is frail  
 “ To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent ;  
 “ But let not brutish vice of this avail,  
 “ And think to 'scape deserved punishment.  
 “ Justice were cruel, weakly to relent :  
 “ From Mercy's self she got her sacred glaive ;  
 “ Grace be to those who can and will repent,  
 “ But penance, long and dreary, to the slave,  
 “ Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit l

## XL.

Thus holding high discourse, they came to where  
 The cursed carle was at his wonted trade,  
 Still tempting heedless men into his snare,  
 In witching wise, as I before have said :  
 But when he saw in goodly geer array'd,  
 The grave majestic Knight approaching nigh,  
 And by his side the bard so sage and flaid,  
 His countenance fell ; yet oft' his anxious eye  
 Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth

## XLI.

Nathless, with feign'd respect he bade give back  
 The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind ;  
 Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack.  
*His orders to obey, and fall behind,*  
*Then he resum'd his song, and, unconfin'd,*

Pour'd all his music, ran thro' all his strings ;  
 With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,  
 And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.  
 What pity bafe his song who fo divinely fings!

## XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,  
 They liften'd fo intent with fix'd delight ;  
 But they inftead, as if transmew'd to ftone,  
 Marvell'd he could with fuch fweet art unite  
 The lights and fhades of manners, wrong and right,  
 Meantime the filly crowd the charm devour,  
 Wide preffing to the gate. Swift, on the Knight  
 He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,  
 Who back'ning fhunn'd his touch, for well he knew its

## XLIII.

[power.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,  
 The wary Retiarius trapp'd his foe,  
 E'en fo the Knight, returning on him bold,  
 At once involv'd him in the Net of Woe,  
 Whereof I mention made not long ago.  
 Enrag'd at firft, he fcorn'd fo weak a jail,  
 And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro ;  
 But when he found that nothing could avail ;  
 He fat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

## XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place  
 Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around ;  
 Black ftormy clouds deftroy'd the welkin's face,  
 And from beneath was heard a wailing found,  
 As of infernal fprights in cavern bound ;

A solemn

A solemn sadness every creature shook,  
 And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the ground:  
 Huge crowds on crowds outpour'd with blemish'd look,  
 As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

## XLV.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was ysperrt,  
 Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,  
 And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,  
 Sir Industry the first calm moment stole,  
 " There must (he cry'd) amid so vast a shoal,  
 " Be some who are not tainted at the heart,  
 " Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl;  
 " Come then, my Bard! thy heavenly fire impart;  
 " Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start."

## XLVI.

The bard obey'd, and taking from his side,  
 Where it in seemly sort depending hung,  
 His British harp, its speaking strings he try'd,  
 The which with skillful touch he deffly strung,  
 Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung:  
 Then as he felt the Muses come along,  
 Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,  
 And play'd a prelude to his rising song;  
 The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round him

## XLVII.

[ throng.

Thus ardent, burst his strain—" Ye hapless Race!  
 " Dire-labouring here to smother Reason's ray,  
 " That lights our Maker's image in our face,  
 " And gives his wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway,  
 " What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection say?"

" What but eternal never-resting soul,  
 " Almighty power, and all-directing day,  
 " By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll ;  
 " Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

## XLVIII.

" Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold !  
 " Draw from its fountain life ! 'Tis thence, alone,  
 " We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,  
 " To seraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne,  
 " Life rising still on life, in higher tone,  
 " Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.  
 " In universal Nature this clear shewn,  
 " Nor needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,  
 " To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

## XLIX,

" Is not the field, with lively culture green,  
 " A sight more joyous than the dead morass ?  
 " Do not the skies, with active ether clean,  
 " And fann'd by sprightly Zephyrs, far surpass  
 " The foul November-fogs, and slumb'rous mafs,  
 " With which sad Nature veils her drooping face ?  
 " Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,  
 " Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace ?  
 " The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

## L.

" It was not by vile loitering in ease,  
 " That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,  
 " That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,  
 " To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,  
 " *In all supreme ! complete in every part !*

- " It was not thence majestic Rome arose,  
 " And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart ;  
 " For Sluggard's brow the laurel never grows ;  
 " Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

## L I,

- " Had unambitious mortals minded nought  
 " But in loose joy their time to wear away.  
 " Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,  
 " Pleas'd on her-pillow their dull heads to lay,  
 " Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day ;  
 " No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,  
 " No arts had made us opulent and gay ;  
 " With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd ;  
 " None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been,  
 " [none prais'd.

## L II.

- " Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast  
 " To thirst of glory and heroic deeds ;  
 " Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,  
 " Had silent slept amid the Mincien reeds :  
 " The wits of modern time had told their beads,  
 " And Monkish legends been their only strains ;  
 " Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,  
 " Our Shakespear stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick  
 " swains :  
 " Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's plains.

## L III.

- " Dumb, too, had been the sage historic Muse,  
 " And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame ;  
 " Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse  
 " Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,  
 " Had

- " Had all been lost with such as have no name,  
 " Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good ?  
 " Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame ?  
 " Who in the public breach devoted flood,  
 " And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood ?

## LIV.

- " But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,  
 " If right I read, you pleasure all require ;  
 " Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,  
 " How best enjoy'd this Nature's wide desire.  
 " Toil, and be glad ! let Industry inspire  
 " Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath !  
 " Who does not act is dead : absorpt entire  
 " In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath :  
 " O leaden-hearted Men, to be in love with death !

## LV.

- " Ah ! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,  
 " When drooping health and spirits go amiss ?  
 " How tasteless then whatever can be given ?  
 " Health is the vital principle of bliss,  
 " And exercise of health. In proof of this,  
 " Behold the wretch who flugs his life away  
 " Soon swallow'd in Disease's sad abyss,  
 " While he whom Toil has brac'd, or manly play,  
 " As light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

## LVI.

- " O who can speak the vigorous joys of health !  
 " Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind :  
 " The morning rises gay, with pleasing sleep,  
 " The temperate evening falls serene and kind.

" In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.  
 " See ! how the younglings frisk along the meads,  
 " As May comes on and wakes the balmy wind ;  
 " Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds ;  
 " Yet what but high-strung health this dancing plea-  
 LVII. [ saunce breeds?

" But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,  
 " Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know,  
 " Come then, my kindred Spirits ! do not spill  
 " Your talents here. This place is but a show,  
 " Whose charms delude you to the den of Woe :  
 " Come, follow me, I will direct you right,  
 " Where Pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,  
 " Sincere as sweet ; come, follow this good Knight,  
 " And you will bless the day that brought him to your

## LVIII. [ fights

" Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps,  
 " To senate some, and public sage debates,  
 " Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,  
 " The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty states ;  
 " To high discovery some, that new-creates  
 " The face of earth ; some to the thriving mart :  
 " Some to the rural reign and softer fates ;  
 " To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart :  
 " All glory shall be yours, all Nature, and all Art.

## LIX.

" There are, I see, who listen to my lay.  
 " Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair,  
 " All may be done, (methinks I hear them say,)  
 " Even death despis'd, by generous actions fair.

" All, but for those who to these bowers repair,  
 " Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,  
 " To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,  
 " And from the powerful arms of Sloth get free,  
 " 'Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—it cannot be !

## LX.

" Would you then learn to dissipate the band  
 " Of these huge threat'ning difficulties dire,  
 " That in the weak man's way like lions stand,  
 " His soul appall, and damp his rising fire ?  
 " Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.  
 " Exert that noblest privilege, alone,  
 " Here to mankind indulg'd ; controul desire ;  
 " Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,  
 " Speak the commanding word--I will!--and it is done.

## LXI.

" Heavens ! can you then thus waste, in shameful wise,  
 " Your few important days of trial here ?  
 " Heirs of eternity ! yborn to rise  
 " Through endless states of being, still more near  
 " To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,  
 " Can you renounce a fortune so sublime ?  
 " Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,  
 " And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime ?  
 " No ! no !—your heaven-touch'd hearts disdain the

## LXII.

[fordid crime !"]

" Enough ! enough !" they cry'd.—Strait, from the  
 The better sort on wings of transport fly ; [crowd,  
 As when amid the lifeless summits proud  
 Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky.



Snows pil'd on snøws in wintry torpor lie,  
 The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;  
 Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,  
 Rous'd into action, lively leap away,  
 Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new being gay.

## LXIII.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,  
 That lighted up these new created men,  
 Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,  
 When, just deliver'd from this fleshly den,  
 It soaring seeks its nativè skies agen;  
 How light its essence! how unclogg'd its powers,  
 Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!  
 Even so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,  
 Even such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

## LXIV.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,  
 Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove.  
 "Ye sons of Hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)  
 "What brought you to this feat of peace and love?  
 "While with kind Nature, here amid the grove,  
 "We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,  
 "What to disturb it could, fell men, emove  
 "Your barbarous hearts? is happiness a crime?  
 "Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon' heaven sublime.

## LXV.

"Ye impious Wretches!" (quoth the Knight in wrath),  
 "Your happiness behold!"—Then strait a wand  
 He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,  
 Truth from illusive falsehood to command,

Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand :  
 The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found ;  
 On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand,  
 And o'er the weedy, foul, abhorred ground,  
 Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls.

LXVI. [around.]

And here and there, on trees by lightning seath'd,  
 Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung,  
 Or in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,  
 They wett'ring lay : or else, infuriate flung  
 Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung  
 The funeral dirge, they down the torrent rowl'd :  
 These by distemper'd blood to madness flung,  
 Had doom'd themselves ; whence oft', when night con-  
 trou'd

The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

LXVII.

Mean time a moving scene was open laid ;  
 That lazaz-house I whilom in my lay  
 Depainted have, its horrors deep-display'd,  
 And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,  
 Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.  
 Soon as of sacred light th' unwonted smile  
 Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,  
 Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,  
 The sick uprais'd their heads, and dropp'd their woe

LXVIII. [awhile.]

“ O Heaven ! (they cry'd,) and do we once more see  
 “ Yon' blessed sun, and this green earth so fair ?

Ed

“ Are

- " Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free ?  
 " And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air ?  
 " O thou ! or Knight or God ! who holdest there  
 " That fiend, oh ! keep him in eternal chains !  
 " But what for us, the children of Despair,  
 " Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains ?  
 " Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains.

## LXIX.

The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,  
 Let fall adown his silver beard some tears,  
 " Certes (quoth he) is it not e'en in Grace  
 " T' undo the past, and eke your broken years,  
 " Nathless, to nobler worlds Repentance peers,  
 " With humble hope, her eye ; to her is giv'n  
 " A power the truly contrite heart that cheers ;  
 " She quells the brand by which the rocks are riv'n  
 " She more than merely softens, she rejoices Heaven.

## LXX.

- " Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,  
 " And by these sufferings purify the mind ;  
 " Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd,  
 " Or pious die, with penitence resign'd ;  
 " And to a life more happy and refin'd,  
 " Doubt not, you shall, now creatures, yet arise,  
 " Till then, you may expect in me to find  
 " One who will wipe your sorrows from your eyes,  
 " One who will sooth your pangs, and wing you to the

## LXXI. [ Dies.

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears

" For you" (resum'd the Knight with flatterings)

" Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon fears,  
 " That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan ;  
 " In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan  
 " His fatal charms, and weep your stains away ;  
 " Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown.  
 " You feel a perfect change ; then who can say  
 " What grace may yet shine forth in Heaven's eternal  
 LXXII. [day?"

This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew :  
 Instant, a glorious angel train descends,  
 The Charities; to-wit; of rosy hue,  
 Sweet Love their looks a gentle radiance lends,  
 And with seraphic flame compassion blends.  
 At once, delighted; to their charge they fly ;  
 When, lo ! a goodly hospital ascends,  
 In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,  
 That could the sick bed smoothe of that sad company.

## LXXIII,

It was a worthy edifying sight,  
 And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,  
 To see kind hands attending day and night,  
 With tender ministry, from place to place :  
 Some prop the head ; some from the pallid face  
 Wipe off the faint cold dews weak Nature sheds ;  
 Some reach the healing draught ; the whilst, to chase  
 The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds  
 Some holy, man by prayer all opening heaven disperses.

## LXXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train  
 Of those he rescu'd, had from gaping hell,

Then turn'd the Knight, and to his hall again;  
 Soft-pacing, sought of Peace the wolly sell;  
 Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,  
 To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,  
 There left through delves and deserts dire to yell;  
 Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,  
 And spreading wide their hands, they seek repentance.

## LXXV.

[ feign'd

But, ah! their scorn'd day of grace was past;  
 For (horrible to tell) a desert wild  
 Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast,  
 With gibbets, bones, and carcases, defil'd,  
 There nor trim field nor lively culture smil'd;  
 Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;  
 But sands abrupt on sands lay looseley pil'd,  
 Through which they floundering toil'd with painful care,  
 Whilst Phoebus smote them fore, and fir'd the cloudless

## LXXVI,

[ air.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,  
 The fadden'd country a gray waste appear'd,  
 Where naught but putrid steams and noisome fogs  
 Fog ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard;  
 Or else the ground by piercing Caurus fear'd,  
 Was jagg'd with fross, or heap'd with glazed snow;  
 Through these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,  
 By cruel fiends still hurry'd to and fro,  
 Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds mee.

## LXXVII.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,  
 Tainting the gale in which they flutter'd light;

Of morbid hue his features, sunk, and sad ;  
 His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light ;  
 And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,  
 His black rough beard was matted rank and wild ;  
 Direful to see ! an heart-appaling sight !  
 Mean time foul scurf and blotches him defile,  
 And dogs, where'er he went, still barked at the while.

## LXXVIII.

The other was a fell despicable fiend,  
 Hell holds none worse in baleful bowen below ;  
 By pride, and wit, and rage, and sanctum-ken'd,  
 Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe  
 With nose up-turn'd, he always made a show  
 As if he smelt some nauseous scent ; his eye  
 Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow,  
 And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.  
 Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

## LXXIX.

Even so through Brentford town, a town of mud,  
 An herd of bristly swine is prick'd along.  
 The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,  
 Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,  
 And oft' they plunge themselves the mire among ;  
 But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,  
 And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng  
 Makes them renew their unmelodious moan ;  
 Ne ever find they rest from their unresling fong.

THE

THE  
 THE  
 THE

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## THE MAN OF SORROW,

---

[ GREVILLE, ]

---

**A**H † what avails the lengt hening mead,  
By Nature's kindest bounty spread

Along the vale of flow'rs †

Ah ! what avails the darkening grove,

Or Philomel's melodious love,

That glads the midnight hours!

For me, alas ! the god of day

Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,

Nor night her comfort brings:

I have no pleasure in the rose ;

For me no vernal beauty blows.

Nor Philomela sings.

See how the sturdy peasants stride

Adown yon hillock's verdant side.

In cheerful ignorance blest ;

Alike to them the rose or thorn,

Alike arises every morn,

By gay Contentment dress,

Content

~~Content~~, fair daughter of the skies,  
 Or gives spontaneous, or denies,  
 Her choice divinely free :  
 She visits oft the hamlet cöt,  
 When Want and Sorrow are the lot  
 Of Avarice and me.

But see—or is it Fancy's dream ?  
 Methought a bright celestial gleam  
 Shot sudden thro' the groves ;  
 Behold, behold, in loose array,  
 Euphrosyne, more bright than day,  
 More mild than Paphian doves !

Welcome, oh welcome, Pleasure's queen !  
 And see, along the velvet green  
 The jocund train advance :  
 With scatter'd flow'rs they fill the air ;  
 The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair  
 Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah ! baneful grant of angry Heaven,  
 When to the feeling wretch is given  
 A soul alive to joy !  
 Joys fly with every hour away,  
 And leave th' unguarded heart a prey  
 To cares that peace destroy.

And



And see, with visionary haste  
 (Too soon the gay delusion past)

Reality remains !

Despair has seiz'd my captive soul ;  
 And horror drives without controul,  
 And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng ;  
 What beauties, say, ye nymphs, belong  
 To the distemper'd soul ?

I see the lawn of hideous dye ;  
 The towering elm nods misery ;  
 With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,  
 Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,  
 Ye were for misery made.—

'Twas thus the Man of Sorrow spoke ;  
 His wayward step then pensive took  
 Along th' unhallow'd shade,

---





W. Kenton del.

G. Kneller sc.

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**THE CHOICE.**

*by D<sup>r</sup> Church.*

*BEE the ANT and the SPARROW.*

*by D<sup>r</sup> Cotton.*

An Efsay upon Satire.

*Dryden & Buckingham.*

**ODE TO MELANCHOLY.**

*by M<sup>r</sup> Ogelvie.*

**THE OFFICIOUS MESSENGER.**

*by M<sup>r</sup> Sommerville.*

*&c. &c.*



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T H E  
C H O I C E,

*After the Manner of Mr. Pomfret,*

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By Dr. CHURCH.

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---

**I**f youthful fancy might its choice pursue,  
And act as natural reason prompts it to ;  
If inclination could dispose our state,  
And human will might govern future fate ;  
Remote from grandeur, I'd be humbly wise,  
And all the glitter of a court despise :  
Unskill'd the proud, or vicious to commend,  
To cringe to insolence, or fools attend ;  
Within myself contented and secure,  
Above what mean ambition can endure :  
Nor yet so anxious to obtain a name,  
To bleed for honour in the fields of fame ;  
Empty parade, is all that heroes know,  
Unless fair Virtue hovers in the show.

But in these walls, where Heav'n has fix'd my stay,  
One half of life, I'd wish to breath away :  
The fall and winter of each future year.  
I'd humbly hope to spend contented here ;

Vol. VI, 24.

A

'Mid

'Mid the fierce ravage of a wintry storm,  
 Kind friends to cheer me, moderate wine to warm  
 Securely happy we'd delude the day,  
 And smile the seasons chearfully away.

No needless show my modest dome should claim,  
 Neat and genteel without, within the same ;  
 Decently furnish'd to content and please,  
 Sufficient for necessity, and ease ;  
 Vain is the pomp of prodigal expence,  
 Frugality denotes the man of sense ;  
 My doors the needy stranger should befriend,  
 And hospitality my board attend ;  
 With frugal plenty be my table spread,  
 Those, and those only whom I love be fed :  
 The meek and indigent my banquet share,  
 Who love the master, and approve the fare ;  
 Thy mellow vintage *Lisbon* ! should abound,  
 Pouring a mirthful inspiration round ;  
 While laughing *Bacchus* bathes within the bowl,  
 Love, mirth, and friendship swallow up the soul.

I'd have few friends, and those by nature true,  
 Sacred to friendship, and to virtue too ;  
 Tho' but to few an intimate profess,  
 I'd be no foe, nor useless to the rest :  
 Each friend belov'd requires a friendly care,  
 His griefs, dejections, and his fate to share ;  
 For this my choice should be to bounds confin'd,  
 Nor with a burst of passion flood mankind.

Above

**Above the rest, one dear selected friend,**  
**Kind to advise, and cautious to offend ;**  
**To malice, envy, and to pride unknown ;**  
**Nor apt to censure foibles, but his own ;**  
**Firm in religion, in his morals just,**  
**Wise in discerning, and advising best ;**  
**Learn'd without pedantry, in temper kind,**  
**Soft in his manners, happy in his mind ;**  
**Is there in whom, these social virtues blend,**  
**The Muse lisps *Pollio*, and she calls him friend :**  
**To him, when flush'd with transport I'd repair,**  
**His faithful bosom should my solace share ;**  
**To him I'd fly when sorrows prove too great,**  
**To him discover all the stings of fate :**  
**His social soul, should all my pangs allay,**  
**Tune every nerve, and charm my griefs away.**

**O, now I wish to join the friendly throng,**  
**Elude the hours, and harmonize the song ;**  
**Each generous soul still sedulous to please,**  
**With calm good temper, and with mutual ease ;**  
**Glad to receive and give, the keen reply,**  
**Nor approbation to the jest deny,**

**But at a decent hour with social heart,**  
**In love, and humour should my friends depart :**  
**Then to my study, eager I'd repair,**  
**And feast my mind with new refreshment there ;**  
**There plung'd in thought, my active mind should tread.**  
**Through all the labours of the learned dead ;**



*Homer*, great parent of heroic strains,  
*Virgil*, whose genius was improv'd with pains ;  
*Horace*, in whom the wit and courtesie join'd,  
*Ovid*, the tender, amorous, and refin'd ;  
Keen *Juvenal*, whose all-correcting page,  
Lash'd daring vice, and sham'd an impious age ;  
Expressive *Lucan* who politely sung  
With hum'rous *Martial* tickling as he stung ;  
Elaborate *Terence*, studious where he smil'd,  
Familiar *Plautus*, regularly wild ;  
With frequent visit these I would survey,  
And read, and meditate the hours away.

Nor these alone, should on my shelves recline,  
But awful *Pope* ! majestically shine,  
Unequal'd Bard ! Who durst thy praise engage ?  
Not yet grown reverend with the rust of age ;  
Sure Heav'n alone thy art unrival'd taught,  
To think so well, so well express the thought ;  
What villain hears thee, but regrets the smart ?  
And tears the lurking demon from his heart ?  
Virtue attends thee, with the best applause  
Conscious desert ! great victor in her cause,  
She faithful to thy worth, thy name shall grace,  
Beyond all period, and beyond all space :  
Go, shine a seraph and thy notes prolong  
For angels only merit such a song !

Hail Britain's genius, *Milton* ! deathless name !  
Bless with a full satiety of fame !

Who durst attempt impertinence of praise ?  
 Or sap infiduous thy eternal bays ?  
 For greater song, or more exalted fame,  
 Exceeds humanity to make, or claim.  
 These to peruse, I'd oft forget to dine,  
 And suck reflection from each mighty line,  
 Next *Addison's* great labours should be join'd  
 Prais'd by all tongues and known to all mankind ;  
 With *Lyttleton* the tender, and correct,  
 And copious *Dryden*, glorious in defect ;  
 Nor would I leave, the great and pious *Young*,  
 Divinely fired, and sublime in song.  
 Next would I add the unaffected *Gay*,  
 And gentle *Waller*, with his flowing lay ;  
 East nature-linning *Thomson* should appear,  
 Who link'd eternity within his year.  
 These for diversion, with the comic throng,  
 Should raise my fancy, and improve my song ;  
 Extend my view, 'till opening visions roll,  
 And all *Pæria* bursts upon my soul.

But to inform the mind, and mend the heart,  
 Great *Tillotson*, and *Butler*, light impart ;  
 Sagacious *Newton*, with all science blest,  
 And *Locke*, who always thought and reason'd best.

But lo ! for real worth, and true desert,  
 Exhaustless science, and extensive art,  
*Boerhaave* superior stands ; in whom we find  
 The other saviour of diseas'd mankind ;

A. 3,

Whose

Whose skilful hand could almost life create,  
 And make us leap the very bounds of fate ;  
 Death, tyrant Death, beholding his decline,  
 That *Boerhaave* would his kingdom undermine,  
 Arm'd with his surest shafts attack'd his foe,  
 Who long eluded the repeated throw,  
 At length fatigu'd with life, he bravely fell,  
 And health with *Boerhaave* bade the world farewell.

Thus 'till the year recedes, I'd be employ'd,  
 Ease, health and friendship happily enjoy'd ;  
 But when the vernal sun revolves its ray,  
 Melting hoar winter with her rage away.  
 When vocal groves a gay perspective yield,  
 And a new verdure springs from field to field ;  
 With the first larks I'd to the plains retire,  
 For rural pleasures are my chief desire.

Ah doubly blest ! on native verdure laid.  
 Whose fields support him, and whose arbours shade ;  
 In his own hermitage in peace resides.  
 Fann'd by his breeze, and slumb'ring by his tides ;  
 Who drinks a fragrance from paternal groves,  
 Nor lives ungrateful for the life he loves.

I'd have a handsome seat not far from town.  
 The prospect beautiful, and the taste my own ;  
 The fabric modern, faultless the design,  
 Not large, nor yet immoderately fine ;  
 But neat œconomy my mansion boast,  
 Nor should convenience be in beauty lost :

Each

Each part should speak superior skill and care,  
And all the artist be distinguish'd there.

On some small elevation should it stand,  
And a free prospect to the south command ;  
Where safe from damps I'd snuff the wholesome gale,  
And life and vigour thro' the lungs inhale ;  
Eastward my moderate fields should wave with grain,  
Southward the verdure of a broad champaign ;  
Where gamesome flocks, and rampant herds might play  
To the warm sunshine of the vernal day ;  
Northward, a garden on a slope should lye,  
Finely adjusted to the nicest eye ;  
In midst of this should stand a cherry grove,  
A breezy, blooming canopy of love !  
Whose blossom'd boughs the tuneful choir should cheer,  
And pour regalement on the eye and ear :  
A gay parterre the vivid box should bound,  
To waft a fragrance thro' the fields around ;  
Where blushing fruits might tempt another Eve,  
Without another serpent to deceive.  
Westward, I'd have a thick-set forest grow,  
Thro' which the bounded sight should scarcely go ;  
Confus'dly rude, the scenery should impart,  
A view of nature unimprov'd by art.—

Rapt in the soft retreat my anxious breast,  
Pants eager still for something unpossess'd ;  
Whence springs this sudden hope, this warm desire ?  
To what enjoyment would my soul aspire ?

'Tis love ! extends my wishes, and my care,  
*Eden* was tasteless 'till an *Eve* was there :  
 Almighty Love ! I own thy powerful sway,  
 Resign my soul, and willingly obey.

Grant me kind Heav'n ! the nymph still form'd to  
 Impassionate as infants when at ease ; [ please  
 Fair as the op'ning rose ; her person small,  
 Artless as parent *Eve* before her fall ;  
 Courteous as angels, unreserv'dly kind,  
 Of modest carriage, and the chastest mind ;  
 Her temper sweet, her conversation keen,  
 Nor wildly gay, but soberly serene ;  
 Not talkative, nor apt to take offence,  
 With female softness join'd to manly sense ;  
 Her dress and language elegantly plain,  
 Not fluttish, forward, prodigal or vain ;  
 Not proud of beauty, nor elate with praise,  
 Not fond to govern, but by choice obeys ;  
 True to my arms in body and in soul,  
 As the touch'd needle to th' attractive Pole.  
 Caution, oppos'd to charms like these were vain,  
 And man would glory in the silken chain ;  
 Unlike the sensual wish that burns and stains,  
 But where the purest admiration reigns ;  
 Give me, O give me ! such superior love,  
 Before the nectar of the gods above ;  
 Then time on downy wings would steal away,  
 And love still be the business of the day.

*While*

While sporting flocks in fond rotations court,  
 And to the thicket pair by pair resort ;  
 While tuneful birds in tender murmurings plead,  
 Chanting their amorous carols thro' the mead ;  
 Link'd arm in arm we'd search the twilight grove  
 Where all inspires with harmony and love :  
 Ye boughs, your friendly umbrage wide extend !  
 Guard from rude eyes, and from the sun defend ;  
 Ye wanton gales ! pant gently on my fair,  
 Thou love-inspiring goddess meet us there !  
 While soft-invited, and with joy obey'd,  
 We press the herbage, and improve the shade :  
 But is th' Almighty ever bound to please ?  
 Rul'd by my wish, or studious of my ease ?  
 Shall I determine where his frowns shall fall ?  
 And fence my grotto from the lot of all !  
 Prostrate, his sovereign wisdom I adore,  
 Intreat his mercy, but I dare no more :  
 No constant joys mortality attend,  
 But sorrows violate, and cares offend ;  
 Heav'n wisely mixt our pleasures with alloy,  
 And gilds our sorrows ; with a ray of joy ;  
 Life without storms a stagnant pool appears,  
 And grows offensive with unruffled years ;  
 An active state, is virtue's proper sphere,  
 To do, and suffer is our duty here ;  
 Foes to encounter, vices to disdain,  
 Pleasures to shun, and passions to restrain ;

To fly temptation's open, flow'ry road,  
And labour to be obstinately good.

Then, blest is he who takes a calm survey,  
Of all th' events that paint the checquer'd day ;  
Content, that blessing makes the balance even,  
And poizes fortune, by the scale of Heav'n.

'I'll let no future ill my peace destroy,  
Or cloud the aspect of a present joy ;  
He who directed and dispenc'd the past.  
O'er-rules the present, and shall guide the last ;  
If Providence a present good has giv'n,  
I clasp the boon in gratitude to Heav'n :  
May resignation fortify my mind.  
He cannot be unhappy that's resign'd.

Guard my repose thou lord of all within !  
An equal temper, and a soul serene ;  
O ! teach me patience when oppos'd to wrong,  
Restrain the madd'ning heart, and curb the tongue ;  
May prudence govern, piety controul,  
All slander, rage and bitterness of soul ;  
Peace, plenty, Health and innocence be made,  
The blissful tenants of my tranquil shade.

O let me not maliciously comply,  
To that curst action that shall raise a sigh ;  
Or cause the wretched orphan to complain ;  
Or see the widows tears, and see in vain :  
From a remorseless soul O set me free,  
And prompt a pang for every wretch I see.

Whatever station be for me design'd,  
 May virtue be the mistress of my mind ;  
 May I despise th' abandon'd and the base,  
 Tho' opulent, or dignified with place ;  
 And spurn the wretch who meanly lost to shame,  
 Thinks wealth or place, a substitute for fame :  
 If wisdom, wealth or honour, Heav'n lend,  
 Teach me those talents happily to spend ;  
 Nor make so blest, as I would wish to live,  
 Beyond those moments Heav'n is pleas'd to give ;  
 Then when life trembles on the verge of rest,  
 And brings expended minutes to the test ;  
 Absolve me conscience, thou imperial Power !  
 O bless me with a self-approving hour.

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### ON GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE.

**W**HEN Egypt's host God's chosen tribe pursued,  
 In crystal walls th' admiring waters stood ;  
 When thro' the dreary wastes they took their way,  
 The rocks relentèd, and pour'd forth a sea !  
 What limits can th' Almighty goodness know,  
 Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow !

THE



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# THE BEE, THE ANT, AND THE SPARROW

*Addressed to Phæbe and Kitty C. at Boarding-School*

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By Dr. COTTON.

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

Who reads my page will doubtless grant  
That Phe's the wise industrious Ant;  
And all with half an eye may see  
That Kitty is the busy Bee.

Here then are two—but where's the third?  
Go search the school, you'll find the bird,  
Your school! I ask your pardon, Fair;  
I'm sure you'll find no sparrow there.

Now to my tale—One summer's morn'  
A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;  
Studious to husband ev'ry-hour,  
And make the most of ev'ry flow'r,

Nimble

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

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

The active Bee with pleasure saw  
 The Ant fulfil her parent's law.  
 Ah! sister labourer says she,  
 How very fortunate are we !

Who, taught in infancy to know  
 The comforts which from labour flow,  
 Are independant of the great,  
 Nor know the wants of pride and state,  
 Why is our food so very sweet?  
 Because we earn before we eat,  
 Why are our wants so very few?  
 Because we nature's calls pursue,  
 Whence our complacency of mind?  
 Because we act our parts assign'd,  
 Have we incessant tasks to do?  
 Is not all nature busy too?  
 Doth not the sun, with constant pace,  
 Persist to run his annual race?  
 Do not the stars, which shine so bright,  
 Renew their courses ev'ry night?  
 Doth not the ox obedient bow  
 His patient neck, and draw the plough?  
 Or when did e'er the gen'rous steed  
 Withhold his labour or his speed?  
 If you all nature's system scan,  
 The only idle thing is man.

A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear  
 Their sage discourse, and straight drew near,  
 The bird was talkative and loud,  
 And very pert and very proud;  
 As worthless and as vain a thing,  
*Perhaps, as ever wore a wing.*

She found, as on a spray she sat,  
 The little friends were deep in chat ;  
 That virtue was their fav'rite theme,  
 And toil and probity their scheme :  
 Such talk was hateful to her breast ;  
 She thought them arrant prudes at best.

When to display her naughty mind,  
 Hunger with cruelty combin'd,  
 She view'd the Ant with savage eyes,  
 And hopt and hopt to snatch her prize.  
 'The Bee, who watch'd her op'ning bill,  
 And guess'd her fell design to kill,  
 Ask'd her from what her anger rose,  
 And why she treated Ants as foes ?

The sparrow her reply began,  
 And thus the conversation ran :  
 Whenever I'm dispos'd to dine,  
 I think the whole creation mine  
 That I'm a bird of high degree,  
 And ev'ry insect made for me.  
 Hence oft I search the emmet-brood  
 (For emmets are delicious food)  
 And oft, in wantonness and play,  
 I slay ten thousand in a day.  
 For truth it is, without disguise,  
 That I love mischief as my eyes.

B 2

Oh !

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

Virtue! rejoined the sneering bird,  
 Where did you learn that Gothic word?  
 Since I was hatch'd, I never heard  
 That virtue was at all rever'd.  
 But say it was the ancients claim,  
 Yet moderns disavow the name;  
 Unless, my dear, you read romances,  
 I cannot reconcile your fancies.  
 Virtue in fairy tales is seen  
 To play the goddess or the queen;

But

But what's a queen without the pow'r ?

Or beauty, child, without a dow'r ?

Yet this is all that virtue brags,

And best 'tis only worth in rags.

Such whims my very heart derides :

Indeed you make me burst my sides.

Trust me, Miss Bee—to speak the truth,

I've copied men from earliest youth ;

The same our taste, the same our school,

Passion and appetite our rule ;

And call me bird, or call me sinner,

I'll ne'er forego my sport or dinner !

A prowling cat the miscreant spies,

And wide expands her amber eyes :

Near and more near Grimalkin draws :

She wags her tail, portends her paws ;

Then, springing on her thoughtless prey,

She bore the vicious bird away.

Thus, in her cruelty and pride,

The wicked wanton Sparrow died.

## ESSAY UPON SATIRE

*DRYDEN and BUCKINGHAM.*

**H**OW dull and how insensible a beast  
 Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest !  
 Philosophers and poets vainly strove  
 In ev'ry age the lumpish mass to move :  
 But those were pedants, when compar'd with these,  
 Who know not only to instruct but please.  
 Poets alone found the delightful way.  
 Mysterious morals gently to convey  
 In charming numbers ; so that as men grew  
 Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.  
 Satire has always shone among the rest,  
 And is the boldest way, if not the best,  
 To tell men freely of their foulest faults ;  
 To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.  
 In satire too the wise took diff'rent ways,  
 To each deserving its peculiar praise.  
 Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,  
 Whilst others laugh'd, and scorn'd them into shame.  
 But, of these two, the last succeeded best,  
 As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.

Yet,

Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,  
 And censure those who censure all besides,  
 In other things they justly are preferr'd ;  
 In this alone methinks the ancients err'd :  
 Against the grossest follies they declaim ;  
 Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.  
 Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,  
 And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit :  
 Besides, 'tis labour lost ; for who would preach  
 Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach ?  
 'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,  
 Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.  
 But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,  
 Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind ;  
 That little speck which all the sect does spoil,  
 To wash off that, would be a noble toil ;  
 Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,  
 Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage ;  
 Above all censure too, each little wit  
 Will be so glad to see the greater hit ;  
 Who judging better, though concern'd the most,  
 Of such correction will have cause to boast,  
 In such a satire all would seek a share,  
 And ev'ry fool will fancy he is there.  
 Old story-tellers too must pine and die,  
 To see their antiquated wit laid by ;

Libe



Like her, who mis'd her name in a lampoon,  
 And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.  
 No common coxcomb must be mention'd here:  
 Not the dull train of dancing sparks appear  
 Nor flutt'ring officers who never fight:  
 Of such a wretched rabble who would write?  
 Much less half wits; that's more against our rules:  
 For they are fops, the other are but fools,  
 Who would not be as silly as Dunbar?  
 As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?  
 The cunning courtier should be slighted too,  
 Who with dull knav'ry makes so much ado;  
 Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too, too fast,  
 Like Æsop's fox, becomes a prey at last,  
 Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,  
 Too ugly, or too easy to be blam'd;  
 With whom each rhyming fool keeps such a pother,  
 They are as common that way as the other:  
 Yet faunt'ring Charles, between his beastly brace,  
 Meets with dissembling still in either place,  
 Affected humour, or a painted face.  
 In loyal libels we have often told him,  
 How one has jilted him, the other sold him:  
 How that affects to laugh, how this to weep:  
 But who can rail so long as he can sleep?  
 Was ever prince by two at once mis'd,  
 False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?

Earnely

Earnely and Aylesbury, with all that rae  
 Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place ;  
 At council set as foils on Dorset's score,  
 To make that great false jewel shine the more ;  
 Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,  
 Only for taking pains and telling lies,  
 But there's no meddling with such nauseous men ;  
 Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen :  
 'Tis time to quit their company, and choose  
 Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.

First, let's behold the merriest man alive  
 Against his careless genius vainly strive ;  
 Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,  
 'Gainst a set time ; and then forget the day :  
 Yet he will laugh at his best friends ; and be,  
 Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.  
 But when he aims at reason or at rule,  
 He turns himself at best to ridicule,  
 Let him at bus'ness ne'er so earnest sit,  
 Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit,  
 That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,  
 Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd,  
 So cat transform'd sat gravely and demure,  
 Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure.  
 But soon the lady had him in her eye,  
 And from her friend did just as oddly fly.

Reaching

Reaching above our nature does no good ;  
 We must fall back to our old flesh and blood ;  
 As by our little Machiavel, we find  
 That nimblest creature of the busy kind,  
 His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes ;  
 Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,  
 No pity of its poor companion takes.  
 What gravity can hold from laughing out,  
 To see him drag his feeble legs about,  
 Like hounds ill-coupled ? Jowler lugs him still  
 Thro' hedges, ditches, and thro' all that's ill.  
 'Twere crime in any man but him alone,  
 To use a body so, tho' 'tis one's own :  
 Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,  
 That whilst he creeps his vig'rous thoughts can soar ?  
 Alas ! that soaring, to those few that know,  
 Is but a busy grov'ling here below.  
 So men in rapture think they mount the sky,  
 Whilst on the ground th' entranced wretches lie :  
 So modern fops have fancied they could fly.  
 As the new earl with parts deserving praise,  
 And wit enough to laugh at his own ways ;  
 Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,  
 Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune flights ;  
 Striving against his quiet all he can,  
 For the fine notion of a busy man.

And

And what is that, at best, but one whose mind  
 Is made to tire himself and all mankind ?  
 For Ireland he would go ; faith, let him reign ;  
 For if some odd fantastic lord would fain  
 Carry in trunks, and all my drudg'ey do,  
 I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.  
 But is there any other beast that lives,  
 Who his own harm so wittingly contrives ?  
 Will any dog, that has his teeth and stones,  
 Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones  
 To turn a wheel ? and bark to be employ'd,  
 While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd ?  
 Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,  
 Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Though satire nicely writ, no humour flings  
 But those who merit praise in other things ;  
 Yet we must needs this one exception make,  
 And break our rules for folly Tropes sake,  
 Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,  
 And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd ;  
 Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,  
 For railing smoothly, and for reas'ning wrong.  
 As boys on holidays let loose to play  
 Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way,  
 Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress  
 Some silly cit in her flower'd foolish dress ;

So have I mighty satisfaction found,  
 To see his tinsel reason on the ground :  
 To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it,  
 By some who scarce have words enough to shew it,  
 For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker  
 The finer, nay sometimes the wittiest speakers :  
 But 'tis prodigious 'to much eloquence  
 Should be acquired by such little sense ;  
 For words and wit did anciently agree ;  
 And Tully was no fool, though this man be :  
 At bar abusive, on the bench unable,  
 Knave on the woolfack, fop at council-table.  
 These are the grievances of such fools as would  
 Be rather wise than honest, great than good.

Some other kinds of wits must be made known,  
 Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone ;  
 Excess of luxury they think can please,  
 And laziness call loving of their ease ;  
 To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign,  
 Though their whole life's but intermitting pain ;  
 So much of surfeits, head-achs, claps are seen,  
 We scarce perceive the little time between :  
 Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,  
 And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake ;  
 Each pleasure has its price ; and when we pay  
 Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus

Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,  
 Married ; but wiser puss ne'er thought of that ;  
 And first he worried her with railing rhyme,  
 Like Pembroke's mastiffs at his kindest times ;  
 Then for one night sold all his slavish life,  
 A teeming widow, but a barren wife ;  
 Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,  
 He lugg'd about the matrimonial load ;  
 Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,  
 Has ill restor'd him to his liberty ;  
 Which he would use in his old sneaking way,  
 Drinking all night, and dozing all the day ;  
 Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times,  
 Had fam'd for dullness in malicious rhymes.

Mulgrave had much ado to scape the snare,  
 Tho' learn'd in all those arts that cheat the fair ;  
 For, after all his vulgar-marriage-mocks,  
 With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the rocks ;  
 Deluded parents dried their weeping eyes,  
 To see him catch a tartar for his prize ;  
 Th' impatient town waited the wish'd-for change,  
 And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge ;  
 Till Petworth plot made us with sorrow see,  
 As his estate, his person too was free :  
 Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move ;  
 To gold he fled from beauty and from love ;

Yet failing there he keeps his freedom still,  
 Forc'd to live happily against his will;  
 'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and pow'r  
 Break not his boasted quiet ev'ry hour.

And little Sid, for simile renown'd,  
 Pleasure has always sought, but never found;  
 Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,  
 His are so bad, he sure ne'er thinks at all  
 The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong;  
 His meat and mistresses are kept too long;  
 But sure we all mistake this pious man,  
 Who mortifies his person all he can;  
 What we uncharitably take for sin,  
 Are only rules of this odd capuchin;  
 For never hermit, under grave pretence,  
 Has liv'd more contrary to common sense;  
 And 'tis a miracle, we may suppose,  
 No nastiness offends his skillful nose;  
 Which from all stink can with peculiar art  
 Extract perfume, and essence from a fart;  
 Expecting supper is his great delight;  
 He toils all day but to be drunk at night;  
 Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping fits,  
 Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.

Rochester I despise for want of wit,  
 Though thought to have a tail and cloven foot;  
 For, while he mischief means to all mankind,  
 Himself alone the ill effects does find :

And

And so like witches justly suffers shame,  
 Whose harmless malice is so much the same.  
 False are his words, affected is his wit ;  
 So often he does aim, so seldom hit ;  
 To ev'ry face he cringes while he speaks,  
 But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks ;  
 Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,  
 Manners themselves are mischievous in him ;  
 A proof that chance alone makes ev'ry creature  
 A very Killigrew, without good-nature.  
 For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,  
 And his own kickings notably contriv'd !  
 For there's the folly that's still mix'd with fear,  
 Cowards more blows than any hero bear ;  
 Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say,  
 But 'tis a bolder thing to run away :  
 The world may yet forgive him all his ill,  
 For ev'ry fault does prove his penance still :  
 Falsely he falls into some dang'rous noose,  
 And then as meanly labours to get loose :  
 And life so infamous is better quitting,  
 Spent in base injury and low submitting.  
 I'd like to have left out his poetry ;  
 Forgot by all almost as well as me.  
 Sometimes he has some humour, never wit :  
 And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,



'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,  
 To find it out's the cinderwoman's trade ;  
 Who, for the wretched remnants of a fire,  
 Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.  
 So lewdly dull his idle works appear,  
 The wretched texts deserve no comments here ;  
 Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone,  
 For a whole page of dulness must atone.

Now vain a thing is man, and how unwise ;  
 Ev'n he, who would himself the most despise !  
 I, who so wise and humble seem to be,  
 Now my own vanity and pride can't see,  
 While the world's nonsense is so sharply shewn,  
 We pull down others but to raise our own :  
 That we may angels seem, we paint them elves,  
 And are but satires to set up ourselves.

I (who have all this while been finding fault,  
 Ev'n with my master, who first satire taught ;  
 And did by that describe the task so hard,  
 It seems stupendous and above reward)  
 Now labour with unequal force to climb  
 That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time ;  
 'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall ;  
 Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

HYMN

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# H Y M N O N S O L I T U D E .

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By JAMES THOMSON.

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**H**AIL, mildly-pleasing Solitude,  
Companion of the wise and good :  
But from whose holy piercing eye,  
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,  
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,  
Which innocence and truth imparts,  
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,  
And still in ev'ry shape you please.

Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,  
A lone philosopher you seem ;  
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,  
And now you sweep the vaulted sky,

A shepherd next you haunt the plain,  
And warble forth your oaten strain :

A lover now, with all the grace

Of that sweet passion in your face :

Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume

The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,

As, with her Musidora, she  
 (Her Musidora fond of thee)  
 Amid the long withdrawing vale,  
 Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,  
 Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;  
 And while meridian fervor beats,  
 Thine is the woodland dumb retreat,  
 But chief, when evening scenes decay,  
 And the faint landscape swims away,  
 Thine is the doubtful soft decline,  
 And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,  
 The virtues of the sage and swain ;  
 Plain innocence, in white array'd,  
 Before thee lifts her fearless head ;  
 Religion's beams around thee shine,  
 And cheer thy glooms with light divine ;  
 About thee sports sweet Liberty ;  
 And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell,  
 And in thy deep recesses dwell.  
 Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,  
 When meditation has her fill,  
 I just may cast my careless eyes  
 Where London's spiny turrets rise ;  
 Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,  
 Then shield me in the woods again.

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T H B  
S U I C I D E.

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By THOMAS WARTON.

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**B**ENEATH the beech, whose branches bare  
Smit with the lightning's vivid glare,  
O'erhang the craggy road,  
And whistle hollow as they wave ;  
Within a solitary grave,  
A wretched Suicide holds his accurs'd abode,

Low'd the grim morn, in murky dyes,  
Damp mists invol'd the frowning skies,  
And dimm'd the struggling day ;  
As by the brook that ling'ring laves  
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,  
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way

I mark'd his desultory pace,  
His gestures strange, and varying face,  
With many a mutter'd sound ;  
And ah ! too late aghast I view'd  
The reeking blade, the hand embr'd,  
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground,  
Full

Full many a melancholy night,  
 He watch'd the slow return of light;  
 And fought the pow'rs of sleep,  
 To spread a momentary calm  
 O'er his sad couch, and in the balm  
 Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to sleep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,  
 He wore his endless noons alone,  
 Amid th' autumnal wood:  
 Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,  
 Abrupt the social board to quit,  
 And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beck'ning the wretch to torments new,  
 Despair, for ever in his view,  
 A spectre pale, appear'd;  
 While, as the shades of eve arose  
 And brought the day's unwelcome close,  
 More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

“ Is this, “ mistaken Scorn will cry,

“ Is this the youth, whose genius high

“ Could build the genuine rhyme?

“ Whose bosom mild the fav'ring Muse

“ Had stor'd with all her ample views,

“ Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime?”

Ab!

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild  
By treach'rous magic was beguil'd,

To strike the deathful blow :

She fill'd his soft ingenious mind

With many a feeling too refin'd,

And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe;

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,

And the sharp stings of hopeless love ;

To griefs congenial prone,

More wounds than nature gave he knew,

While Misery's form his fancy drew

In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then with not o'er his earthly tomb

The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom

To drop its deadly dew :

Nor, oh ! forbid the twisted thorn,

That rudely binds his turf forlorn,

With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate anew

What though no marble-piled bust

Adorn his desolated dust,

With speaking sculpture wrought ?

Pity shall woo the weeping Nine

To build a visionary shrine,

Hung with unfading flow'rs, from fairy regions brought

What

What though refus'd each chanted note  
 Here viewless mourners shall delight

To touch the shadowy shell :

And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom

Of Laura, lost in early bloom,

In melancholy tones shall ring his pensive knell.

To soothe a lone, unhallow'd shade,

This votive dirge sad duty paid,

Within an ivy'd nook :

Sudden the half-sunk orb of day

More radiant shot its parting ray,

And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took :

“ Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise ;

“ Nor thus for guilt in specious lays

“ The wreath of glory twine :

“ In vain with hues of gorgeous glow

“ Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow ;

“ Unless truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine

“ Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,

“ Permits through life at large to rove

“ The tribes of hell-born woe ;

“ Yet the same Pow'r that wisely sends

“ Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends

“ Religion's golden shield to break th' embattled foe.

“ Her

- " Hec sic divine had hold to rest,  
 " Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,  
 " And stay'd the rising storm :  
 " Had bade the sun of hope appear  
 " To gild the darken'd hemisphere,  
 " And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted form.  
  
 " Vain man ! 'tis heaven's prerogative  
 " To take, what first it deign'd to give,  
 " Thy tributary breath :  
 " In awful expectation plac'd,  
 " Await thy doom, nor impious haste  
 " To pluck from God's right hand his Instruments of  
 " death."
- 

### THE INCURIOUS.

**T**HREE years in London Bobadil had been,  
 Yet not the lions nor the tombs had seen ;  
 I cannot tell the cause without a smile—  
 The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

GDE



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## ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

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*By Mr. OGILVIE*

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**H**AIL, queen of thought sublime ! peopitious pow'r,  
Who o'er th' unbounded waste art joy'd to roam,  
Led by the moon, when at the midnight hour  
Her pale rays tremble thro' the dusky gloom.

O'pear me, goddess, to thy peaceful seat !  
Whether to Hecla's cloud-wrapt brow convey'd,  
Or lodg'd where mountains screen thy deep retreat,  
Or wand'ring wild thro' Chili's boundless shade.

Say, rove thy steps o'er Lybia's naked waste ?  
Or seek some distant solitary shore ?  
Or, on the Andes' topmost mountain plac'd,  
Dost sit, and hear the solemn thunder roar ?

Fix'd on some hanging rock's projected brow,  
Hear'st thou low murmurs from the distant dome ?  
Or stray thy feet where pale dejected Woe  
Pours her long wail from some lamented tomb ?

**Hark !**

~~Hark! yon deep echo strikes the trembling ear;~~

See night's dus curtain wraps the darksome pole;  
O'er heaven's blue arch yon rolling worlds appear,  
And rouse to solemn thought th' aspiring soul.

O lead my steps beneath the moon's dim ray,  
Where Tadmor stands all desert and alone!

While from her time-shook tow'rs the bird of prey  
Sounds thro' the night her long-resounding moans

Or bear me far to yon dark dismal plain,  
Where fell-eyed tygers all athirst for blood,  
Howl to the desert; while the horrid train  
Roams o'er the wild where once great Babel stood;

That queen of nations! whose superior call  
Rous'd the broad East, and bid her arms destroy!  
When warm'd to mirth, let judgment mark her fall,  
And deep reflection dash the lip of joy.

Short is Ambition's gay deceitful dream;  
Though wreaths of blooming laurel bind her brow;  
Calm thought dispels the visionary scheme,  
And Time's cold breath dissolves the withering bough.

Slow as some miner saps th' aspiring tow'r,  
When working secret with destructive aim,  
Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing hour,  
But works the fall of empire, pomp, and name.

Then let thy pencil mark the traits of man ;

Full in the draught be keen-eyed Hope portray'd ;  
Let flutt'ring Cupids crowd the growing plan :

Then give one touch, and dash it deep with shade.

Beneath the plume that flames with glancing rays

Be Care's deep engines on the soul impress'd ;

Beneath the helmet's keen refulgent blaze

Let Grief sit pining in the canker'd breast.

Let Love's gay sons, a smiling train, appear,

With Beauty pierc'd—yet heedless of the dart ;

While, closely couch'd, pale sick'ning Envy near

Whets her fell sting, and points it at the heart.

Perch'd like a raven on some blasted yew,

Let Guilt revolve the thought-distracting sn ;

Scar'd—while her eyes survey th' ethereal blue,

Lest heaven's strong lightning burst the dark within.

Then paint impending o'er the maddening deep

That rock where heart-struck Sappho, vainly brave,

Stood firm of soul—then from the dizzy steep

Impetuous sprung, and dash'd the boiling wave,

Here wrapt in studious thought let Fancy rove,

Still prompt to mark Suspicion's secret Inare ;

To see where Anguish nips the bloom of Love,

Or trace proud Grandeur to the domes of Care.

Should

Should e'er Ambition's tow'ring hopes inflame,  
 Let judging Reason draw the veil aside ;  
 Or, fir'd with envy at some mighty name,  
 Read o'er the monument that tells—He died.

What are the ensigns of imperial sway  
 What all that Fortune's lib'ral hand has brought ?  
 Teach they the voice to pour a sweeter lay ?  
 Or rouse the soul to more exalted thought ?

When bleeds the heart as Genius blooms unknown,  
 When melts the eye o'er Virtue's mournful bier ;  
 Not wealth, but pity, swells the bursting groan :  
 Not pow'r, but whisp'ring Nature, prompts the tear.

Say, gentle mourner, in yon mouldy vault,  
 Where the worm fattens on some scepter'd brow,  
 Beneath that roof with sculptur'd marble fraught,  
 Why sleeps unmov'd the breathless dust below ?

Sleeps it more sweetly than the simple swain,  
 Beneath some mossy turf that rests his head ;  
 Where the lone widow tells the night her pain,  
 And eve with dewy tears embalms the dead ?

The lily, screen'd from ev'ry ruder gale,  
 Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses spring :  
 But blows neglected in the peaceful vale.  
 And scents the zephyr's balmy breathing wing.

The busts of grandeur and the pomp of pow'r,  
 Can these bid Sorrow's gushing tears subside?  
 Can these avail in that tremendous hour,  
 When Death's cold hand congeals the purple tide?

Ah no! the mighty names are heard no more:  
 Pride's thought sublime, and Beauty's kindling bloom,  
 Serve but to sport one flying moment o'er,  
 And swell with pompous verse th' escutcheon'd tomb.

For me—may Passion ne'er my soul invade,  
 Nor be the whims of tow'ring Phrenzy giv'n;  
 Let Wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful shade,  
 Where Contemplation wings the soul to Heaven!

Oh guard me safe from Joy's enticing snare!  
 With each extreme that Pleasure tries to hide,  
 The poison'd breath of slow-consuming Care,  
 The noise of Folly, and the dreams of Pride.

But oft, when midnight's sadly solemn knell  
 Sounds long and distant from the sky-topt tow'r,  
 Calm let me sit in Prosper's lonely cell\*,  
 Or walk with Milton thro' the dark obscure.

Thus, when the transient dream of life is fled,  
 May some sad friend recal the former years;  
 Then, stretch'd in silence o'er my dusty bed,  
 Pour the warm gush of sympathetic tears!

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\* See *Shakespeare's Tempest*.

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T H E  
PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

By PETER PINDAR.

A BRACE of finners, for no good,  
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,  
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,  
And in a fair white wig look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel  
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel;  
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,  
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes !  
A *nostrum* famous in old Popish times  
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes ;  
A sort of apostolic salt,  
That Popish parsons for its pow'rs exalt  
For keeping souls of finners sweet,  
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,  
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray ;  
But very different was their speed, I wot :  
One of the finners gallop'd on  
Light as a bullet from a gun ;  
The other limp'd as if he had been shot.

ONE saw the VIRGIN soon—*peccavi* cried—

Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever ;

Then home, again he nimbly hied,

Made fit with faints above to live *for ever*.

In coming back, however, let me say,

He met his brother rogue about half way,

Hobbling with outstretch'd bum and bending knees,

Damning the souls and bodies of the peas ;

His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,

Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

“ How now, the light-toed, whitewash'd pilgrim broke

“ You lazy lubber ? ”—

“ Odds curse it ! ” cried the other, “ 'tis no joke :

“ My feet, once hard as any rock,

“ Are now as soft as *blubber*,

“ Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—

“ As for Loretto, I shall not get there :

“ No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,

“ For damme if I ha'nt lost ev'ry toe.

“ But, brother sinner, do explain

“ How 'tis that you are not in pain ;

“ What Pow'r hath work'd a wonder for *your* toes ;

“ Whilst I just like a snail am crawling,

“ Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,

“ Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes ?

“ How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,

“ Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn ye ? ”—

“ Why, ” cried the other, grinning, “ you must know,

“ That just before I ventur'd on my journey,

“ To walk a little more at ease.

“ I took the liberty to boil my peas.”

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