

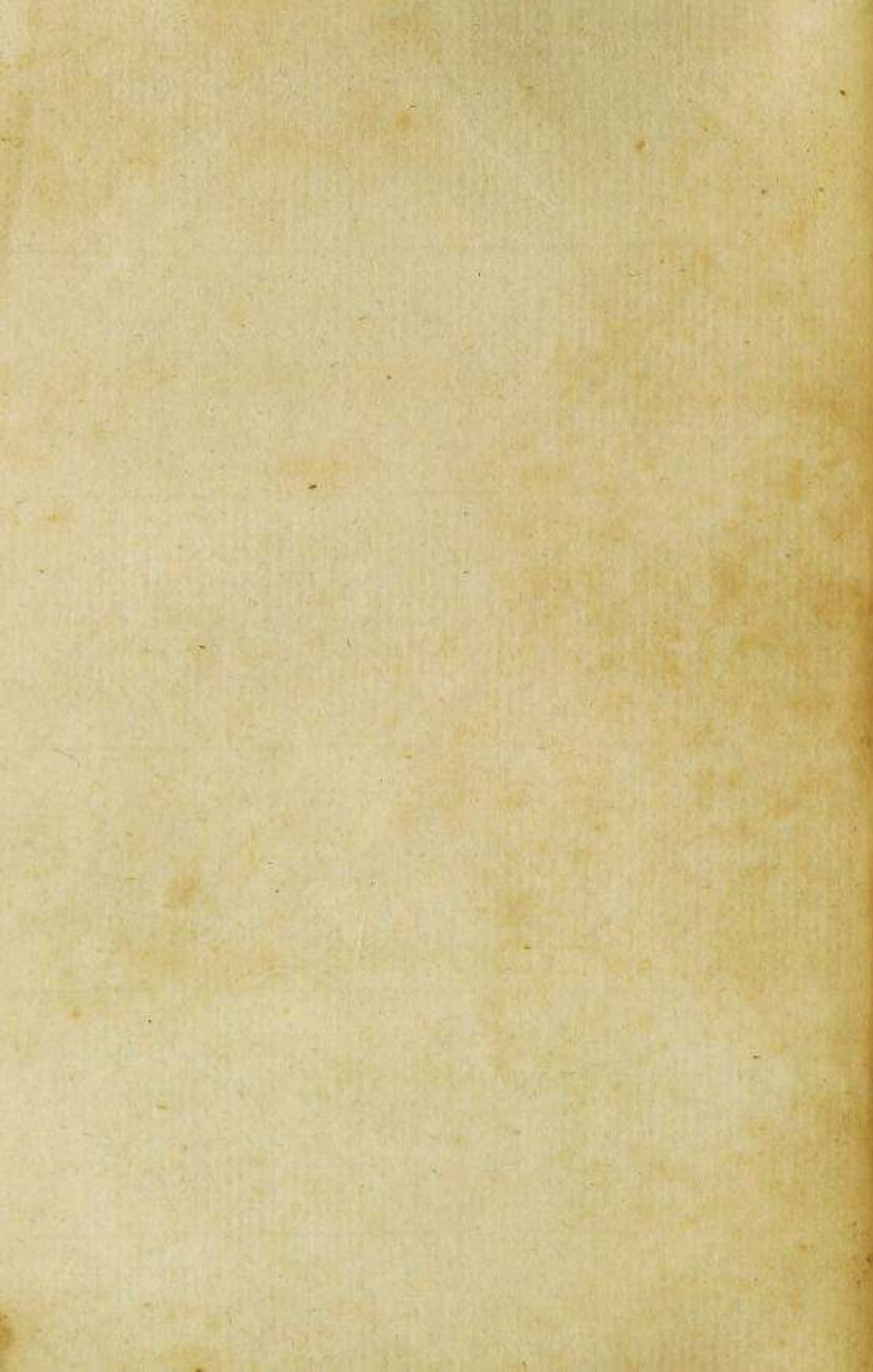




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A
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V O L. VI.



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A
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OF
POEMS

IN SIX VOLUMES.

BY
SEVERAL HANDS.



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H Y M N

TO THE

N A I A D S.

By Dr. A K E N S I D E.

M D C C X L V I.



A R G U M E N T.

The Nymphs who preside over springs and rivulets are addressed at day-break in honour of their several functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the first allegorical deities, or powers of nature; according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, concerning the generation of the Gods and the rise of things. They are then successively considered, as giving motion to the air and exciting summer-breezes; as nourishing and beautifying the vegetable world; as contributing to the fulness of navigable rivers, and consequently to the maintenance of commerce; and by that means, to the maritime part of military power. Next is represented their favourable influence upon health, when assisted by rural exercise: which introduces their connection with the art of physic, and the happy effects of mineral, medicinal springs. Lastly, they are celebrated for the friendship which the Muses bear them, and for the true inspiration which temperance only can receive: in opposition to the enthusiasm of the more licentious poets.



H Y M N

T O T H E

N A I A D S.

O'ER yonder eastern hill the twilight throws
Her dusky mantle; and the God of day,
With bright Astræa seated by his side,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs,
Ye Nymphs, ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames,
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
'Trace with your fleeting steps; who all night long
Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
Your lonely murmurs, tarry: and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due,
I leave the gates of sleep; nor shall my lyre

Too far into the splendid hours of morn
 Engage your audience: my observant hand
 Shall close the strain ere any fultry beam
 Approach you. To your subterranean haunts
 Ye then may timely steal; to pace with care
 The humid sands; to loosen from the soil
 The bubbling sources; to direct the rills
 To meet in wider channels; or beneath
 Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon
 To slumber, shelter'd from the burning heaven.

Where shall my song begin, ye Nymphs? or end?
 Wide is your praise and copious — First of things,
 First of the lonely powers, ere Time arose,
 Were Love and Chaos. Love, the sire of Fate;
 Elder than Chaos. Born of Fate was Time,
 Who many sons and many comely births
 Devour'd, relentless father: 'till the child
 Of Rhea drove him from the upper sky,
 And quell'd his deadly might. Then social reign'd
 The kindred powers, Tethys, and reverend Ops,
 And spotless Vesta; while supreme of sway
 Remain'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch
 Of Tethys sprang the sedgy-crowned race,
 Who from a thousand urns, o'er every clime,
 Send tribute to their parent; and from them
 Are ye, O Naiads: Arethusa fair,
 And tuneful Aganippe; that sweet name,
 Bandusia; that soft family which dwelt

With Syrian Daphne; and the honour'd tribes
 Belov'd of Pæon. Listen to my strain,
 Daughters of Tethys: listen to your praise.

You, Nymphs, the winged offspring, which of old
 Aurora to divine Astræus bore,
 Owns; and your aid beseecheth. When the might
 Of Hyperion, from his noontide throne,
 Inbends their languid pinions, aid from you
 They ask: Favonius and the mild South-west
 From you relief implore. Your falling streams
 Fresh vigour to their weary limbs impart.
 Again they fly, disporting; from the mead
 Half-ripen'd and the tender blades of corn,
 To sweep the noxious mildew; or dispel
 Contagious steams, which oft the parched earth
 Breathes on her fainting sons. From noon to eve,
 Along the river and the paved brook,
 Ascend the cheerful breezes: hail'd of bards
 Who, fast by learned Cam, the Mantuan lyre
 Sollicit; nor unwelcome to the youth
 Who on the heights of Tybur, all inclin'd
 O'er rushing Anio, with a pious hand
 The reverend scene delineates, broken fanes,
 Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
 Of ancient Time; and haply, while he scans
 The ruins, with a silent tear revolves
 The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.

You too O Nymphs, and your unenvious aid

The rural powers confess ; and still prepare
 For you their grateful treasures. Pan commands,
 Oft as the Delian king with Sirius holds
 The central heavens, the father of the grove
 Commands his Dryads over your abodes
 To spread their deepest umbrage. Well the God
 Remembereth how indulgent ye supplied
 Your genial dews to nurse them in their prime.

Pales, the pasture's queen, where'er ye stray,
 Pursues your steps, delighted ; and the path
 With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
 The laughing Chloris, with profusest hand,
 Throws wide her blooms, her odours. Still with you
 Pomona seeks to dwell : and o'er the lawns,
 And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames
 Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours
 Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,
 Her dower ; unmindful of the fragrant isles
 Nysean or Atlantic. Nor can'st thou,
 (Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou dost mock
 The beverage of the sober Naiad's urn,
 O Bromius, O Lenæan) nor can'st thou
 Disown the powers whose bounty, ill repaid,
 With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
 Yet, blameless Nymphs, from my delighted lyre,
 Accept the rites your bounty well may claim ;
 Nor heed the scoffings of the Edonian band.

For better praise awaits you. Thames, your fire,

As down the verdant slope your duteous rills
 Descend, the tribute stately Thames receives,
 Delighted; and your piety applauds;
 And bids his copious tide roll on secure,
 For faithful are his daughters; and with words
 Auspicious gratulates the bark which, now
 His banks forsaking, her adventurous wings
 Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
 Extremest isles to bless. And oft at morn,
 When Hermes, from Olympus bent o'er earth
 To bear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
 Stoops lightly-failing; oft intent your springs
 He views: and waving o'er some new-born stream
 His blest pacific wand, "And yet," he cries,
 "Yet," cries the son of Maia, "though recluse
 "And silent be your stores, from you, fair Nymphs,
 "Flows wealth and kind society to men.
 "By you my function and my honour'd name
 "Do I possess; while o'er the Bœtic vale,
 "Or through the towers of Memphis, or the palms
 "By sacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
 "The English merchant: with the buxom fleece
 "Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe
 "Sarmatian kings; or to the household Gods
 "Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian shore,
 "Dispense the mineral treasure which of old
 "Sidonian pilots sought, when this fair land
 "Was yet unconscious of those generous arts

“ Which wife Phœnicia from their native clime
 “ Transplanted to a more indulgent heaven.”

Such are the words of Hermes: such the praise,
 O Naiads, which from tongues cœlestial waits
 Your bounteous deeds. From bounty issueth power;
 And those who, sedulous in prudent works,
 Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays
 With generous wealth and his own seat on earth,
 Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
 Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
 Not vainly to the hospitable arts
 Of Hermes yield their store. For, O ye Nymphs,
 Hath he not won the unconquerable queen
 Of arms to court your friendship? You she owns
 The fair associates who extend her sway
 Wide o'er the mighty deep; and grateful things
 Of you she uttereth, oft as from the shore
 Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
 Of Vecta, she her thundering navy leads
 To Calpe's foaming channel, or the rough
 Cantabrian coast; her auspices divine
 Imparting to the senate and the prince
 Of Albion, to dismay barbaric kings,
 The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings
 Was ever scorn'd by Pallas: and of old
 Rejoic'd the virgin, from the brazen prow
 Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy surge,
 To drive her clouds and storms; o'erwhelming all

The Persian's promis'd glory, when the realms
 Of Indus and the soft Ionian clime,
 When Lybia's torrid champain and the rocks
 Of cold Imaüs join'd their fervile bands,
 To sweep the sons of liberty from earth,
 In vain : Minerva on the brazen prow
 Of Athens stood, and with the thunder's voice
 Denounc'd her terrours on their impious heads,
 And shook her burning Ægis. Xerxes saw :
 From Heracleum, on the mountain's height
 Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the sign
 Cœlestial ; felt unrighteous hope forsake
 His faltering heart, and turn'd his face with shame.

Hail, ye who share the stern Minerva's power ;
 Who arm the hand of liberty for war :
 And give, in secret, the Britannic name
 To awe contending monarchs : yet benign,
 Yet mild of nature : to the works of peace
 More prone, and lenient of the many ills
 Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
 Hygeia well can witness ; she who saves,
 From poisonous cates and cups of pleasing bane,
 The wretch devoted to the entangling snares
 Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him she leads
 To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To spread the toils,
 To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
 At dawn of day to summon the loud hounds,
 She calls the lingering sluggard from his dreams :

And

And where his breast may drink the mountain breeze,
 And where the fervour of the sunny vale
 May beat upon his brow, through devious paths
 Beckons his rapid courser. Nor when ease,
 Cool ease and welcome slumbers have becalm'd
 His eager bosom, does the queen of health
 Her pleasing care withhold. His decent board
 She guards, presiding; and the frugal powers
 With joy sedate leads in: and while the brown
 Ennæan dame with Pan presents her stores;
 While changing still, and comely in the change,
 Vertumnus and the Hours before him spread
 The garden's banquet; you to crown his feast,
 To crown his feast, O Naiads, you the fair
 Hygeia calls: and from your shelving seats,
 And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,
 To flake his veins: 'till soon a purer tide
 Flows down those loaded channels; washeth off
 The dregs of luxury, the lurking feeds
 Of crude disease; and through the abodes of life
 Sends vigour, sends repose. Hail, Naiads: hail,
 Who give, to labour, health; to stooping age,
 The joys which youth had squander'd. Oft your urns
 Will I invoke; and, frequent in your praise,
 Abash the frantic Thyrsus with my song.

For not estrang'd from your benignant arts
 Is he, the God, to whose mysterious shrine
 My youth was sacred, and my votive cares

Are due ; the learned Pæon. Oft when all
 His cordial treasures he hath search'd in vain ;
 When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
 Rich with the genial influence of the sun,
 (To rouse dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,
 To brace the nerveless arm, with food to win
 Sick appetite, or hush the unquiet breast
 Which pines with silent passion) he in vain
 Hath prov'd ; to your deep mansions he descends.
 Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
 He entereth ; where impurpled veins of ore
 Gleam on the roof ; where through the rigid mine
 Your trickling rills insinuate. There the God
 From your indulgent hands the streaming bowl
 Wafts to his pale-ey'd suppliants ; wafts the seeds
 Metallic and the elemental salts
 Wash'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink : and soon
 Flies pain ; flies inauspicious care : and soon
 The social haunt or unfrequented shade
 Hears Io, Io Pæan ; as of old,
 When Python fell. And, O propitious Nymphs,
 Oft as for hapless mortals I implore
 Your salutary springs, through every urn
 O shed selected atoms, and with all
 Your healing powers inform the recent wave.

My lyre shall pay your bounty. Nor disdain
 That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand
 Excite the strings to utterance, yet for themes

Not unregarded of cœlestial powers,
 I frame their language; and the Muses deign
 To guide the pious tenour of my lay.
 The Muses (sacred by their gifts divine)
 In early days did to my wondering sense
 Their secrets oft reveal: oft my rais'd ear
 In slumber felt their music: oft at noon
 Or hour of sunset, by some lonely stream,
 In field or shady grove, they taught me words
 Of power from death and envy to preserve
 The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful mind,
 And offerings unprofan'd by ruder eye,
 My vows I send, my homage, to the seats
 Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell:
 Where you their chaste companions they admit
 Through all the hallow'd scene: where oft intent,
 And leaning o'er Castalia's mossy verge,
 They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,
 How tunefull, yielding gratefullest repose
 To their consoled measure: 'till again,
 With emulation all the sounding choir,
 And bright Apollo, leader of the song,
 Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
 And sweep their lofty strings: those awful strings,
 That charm the minds of Gods: that fill the courts
 Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet
 Of evils, with immortal rest from cares;
 Assuage the terrours of the throne of Jove;

And quench the formidable thunderbolt
 Of unrelenting fire. With slacken'd wings,
 While now the solemn concert breathes around,
 Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord
 Sleeps the stern eagle ; by the number'd notes,
 Possess'd ; and satiate with the melting tone :
 Sovereign of birds. The furious God of war,
 His darts forgetting and the rapid wheels
 That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,
 Relents, and sooths his own fierce heart to ease,
 Unwonted ease. The fire of Gods and men,
 In that great moment of divine delight,
 Looks down on all that live ; and whatsoe'er
 He loves not, o'er the peopled earth and o'er
 The interminated ocean, he beholds
 Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom severe,
 And troubled at the sound. Ye, Naiads, ye
 With ravish'd ears the melody attend
 Worthy of sacred silence. But the slaves
 Of Bacchus with tempestuous clamours strive
 To drown the heavenly strains ; of highest Jove,
 Irreverent ; and by mad presumption fir'd
 Their own discordant raptures to advance
 With hostile emulation. Down they rush
 From Nyfa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dames
 Of Thrace, the Satyrs, and the unruly Fauns,
 With old Silenus, through the midnight gloom
 Tossing the torch impure, and high in air

The brandish'd Thyrsus, to the Phrygian pipe's
 Shrill voice, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd
 With shrieks and frantic uproar. May the Gods
 From every unpolluted ear avert
 Their orgies! If within the seats of men,
 Within the seats of men, the walls, the gates
 Which Pallas rules, if haply there be found
 Who loves to mingle with the revel-band
 And hearken to their accents; who aspires
 From such instructors to inform his breast
 With verse; let him, fit votarist, implore
 Their inspiration. He perchance the gifts
 Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
 May sing in aptest numbers: he the fate
 Of sober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
 And naked Mars with Cytheræa chain'd,
 And strong Alcides in the spinster's robe,
 May celebrate, applauded. But with you,
 O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,
 Must dwell the man whoe'er to praised themes
 Invokes the immortal Muse. The immortal Muse
 To your calm habitations, to the cave
 Corycian or the Delphic mount, will guide
 His footsteps; and with your un sullied streams
 His lips will bathe: whether the eternal lore
 Of Themis, or the majesty of Jove,
 To mortals he reveal; or teach his lyre
 The unenvied guerdon of the patriot's toils,

In those unfading islands of the blest,
Where sacred bards abide. Hail, honour'd Nymphs ;
Thrice hail. For you the Cyrenaic shell,
Behold, I touch, revering. To my songs
Be present ye with favourable feet,
And all profaner audience far remove.



O D E

To the Right Honourable

FRANCIS Earl of HUNTINGDON.

M D C C X L V I I .

By the Same.

I. 1.

THE wise and great of every clime,
Through all the spacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muse her power display'd,
With joy have listen'd and obey'd.
For taught of heaven, the sacred Nine
Persuasive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal sense impart :
They best the soul with glory fire ;
They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire ;
And high o'er Fortune's rage inthroned the fixed heart.

I. 2. Nor

I. 2.

Nor less prevailing is their charm
 The vengeful bosom to disarm ;
 To melt the proud with human woe,
 And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
 Can wealth a power like this afford ?
 Can Cromwell's art, or Marlborough's sword,
 An equal empire claim ?

No, HASTINGS. Thou my words wilt own :
 Thy breast the gifts of every Muse hath known ;
 Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muse's awful art,
 And the fair function of the poet's tongue,
 Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour ; to assert
 From all that scorned vice or slavish fear hath fung.
 Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings
 Warbling at will in pleasure's myrtle bower ;
 Nor shall the baser notes to Celtic kings
 By lying minstrels paid in evil hour,
 Move Thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's reign.

A different strain,
 And other Themes

From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams
 (Thou well can'st witness) meet the purged ear :
 Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell
 Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear ;
 To hear the sweet instructress tell

(While men and heroes throng'd around)
 How life its noblest use may find,
 How best for freedom be resign'd;
 And how, by glory, virtue shall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the * Chian father's strain
 To many a kind domestic train,
 Whose pious hearth and genial bowl
 Had cheer'd the reverend pilgrim's soul:
 When, every hospitable rite
 With equal bounty to requite,
 He struck his magic strings;
 And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,
 And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
 And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic things.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,
 Where yet he tunes his charming shell,
 Oft near him, with applauding hands,
 The genius of his country stands.
 To listening gods he makes him known,
 That man divine, by whom were sown
 The seeds of Græcian fame:
 Who first the race with freedom fir'd;
 From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd;
 From whom Plataean palms and Cyprian trophies came.

* Homer.

II. 3.

O noblest, happiest age !
 When Aristides rul'd, and Cimon fought ;
 When all the generous fruits of Homer's page
 Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought.
 O Pindar, oft shalt thou be hail'd of me :
 Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine ;
 Not that thy lips drank sweetnesss from the bee ;
 Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,
 Pan danc'd their measure with the sylvan throngs
 But that thy song
 Was proud to unfold
 What thy base rulers trembled to behold ;
 Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
 The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame :
 Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.
 But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
 The Muse's law didst rightly know ;
 That who would animate his lays,
 And other minds to virtue raise,
 Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later times,
 Whose verse adorn'd a * tyrant's crimes ?
 Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,
 And lent the imperial ruffian aid ?

* Octavius Cæsar.

Alas! not one polluted bard,
 No, not the strains that Mincius heard,
 Or Tibur's hills reply'd,
 Dare to the Muse's ear aspire;
 Save that, instructed by the Græcian lyre,
 With freedom's ancient notes their shameful task they hide.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
 Amid the domes of modern hands;
 Amid the toys of idle state,
 How simply, how severely great!
 Then turn, and, while each western clime
 Presents her tuneful sons to Time,
 So mark thou Milton's name;
 And add, " Thus differs from the throng
 " The spirit which inform'd thy awful song,
 " Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's fame."

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
 His memory with unholy rage pursues;
 While from these arduous cares of public weal
 She bids each bard begone, and rest him with his Muse.
 O fool! to think the man, whose ample mind
 Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey;
 Must join the noblest forms of every kind,
 The world's most perfect image to display,
 Can e'er his country's majesty behold,
 Unmov'd or cold!

O fool ! to deem
That He, whose thought must visit every theme,
Whose heart must every strong emotion know
By nature planted, or by fortune taught ;
That He, if haply some presumptuous foe,
With false ignoble science fraught,
Shall spurn at freedom's faithful band ;
That He, their dear defence will shun,
Or hide their glories from the sun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand !

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muse's quire
Content with polish'd ease retire.
Where priests the studious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honours to an hateful lord,
Reserv'd for angry heaven and scorn'd of honest fame ?

IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant sons is known ;
Where all are conscious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, shares ;
Here let the bard, whose dastard tongue
Leaves public arguments un Sung,

Bid public praise farewell :

Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell.

IV. 3.

O HASTINGS, not to all

Can ruling heav'n the same endowments lend :
Yet still doth nature to her offspring call,
That to one general weal their different powers they bend,
Unenvious. Thus alone, though strains divine
Inform the bosom of the Muse's son ;
Though with new honours the patrician's line
Advance from age to age ; yet thus alone
They win the suffrage of impartial fame.

The poet's name

He best shall prove,

Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move.
But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
Thee to severer toils thy fate requires :
The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,
The grateful country of thy fires,
Thee to sublimer paths demand ;
Sublimer than thy fires could trace,
Or thy own EDWARD teach his race,
Though Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and subject farms,
They led the rustic youth to arms ;

And kings their stern achievements fear'd ;

While private strife their banners rear'd.

But loftier scenes to thee are shown,

Where empire's wide-establish'd throne

No private master fills :

Where, long foretold, The People reigns :

Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains ;

And judgeth what he sees ; and, as he judgeth, wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide

The swelling democratic tide ;

To watch the state's uncertain frame,

And baffle faction's partial aim :

But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,

To quell that servile band, who kneel

To freedom's banish'd foes ;

That monster, which is daily found

Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound ;

Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel knows.

V. 3.

'Tis highest heaven's command,

That guilty aims should fordid paths pursue ;

That what ensnares the heart should curb the hand,

And virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.

But look on freedom. see, through every age,

What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd !

What arms, what regal pride, what priestly rage,

Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd !

For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains
 Of happy swains,
 Which now resound

Where Scarfsdale's cliffs the swelling pastures bound,
 Bear witness. there, oft let the farmer hail
 The sacred orchard which imbowers his gate,
 And shew to strangers passing down the vale,
 Where Candish, Booth, and Osborne fate;
 When bursting from their country's chain,
 Even in the midst of deadly harms,
 Of papal snares and lawless arms,
 They plann'd for freedom this her awful reign,

VI. 1.

This reign, these laws, this public care,
 Which Nassau gave us all to share,
 Had ne'er adorn'd the English name,
 Could fear have silenc'd freedom's claim.
 But fear in vain attempts to bind
 Those lofty efforts of the mind
 Which social good inspires;
 Where men, for this, assault a throne,
 Each adds the common welfare to his own;
 And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
 Our fields in civil blood imbrued?
 When fortune crown'd the barbarous host,
 And half the astonish'd isle was lost?

Did one of all that vaunting train,
 Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
 Durst one in arms appear?
 Durst one in counsels pledge his life?
 Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife?
 Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to cheer?

VI. 3.

Yet, HASTINGS, these are they,
 Who challenge to themselves thy country's love:
 The true; the constant: who alone can weigh,
 What glory should demand, or liberty approve!
 But let their works declare them. Thy free powers,
 The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
 Not for the tasks of their confederate hours,
 Lewd brawls and lurking slander, were design'd.
 Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise
 Oft nobly fways
 Ingenuous youth:
 But, fought from cowards and the lying mouth,
 Praise is reproach. Eternal GOD alone
 For mortals fixeth that sublime award.
 He, from the faithful records of his throne,
 Bids the historian and the bard
 Dispose of honour and of scorn;
 Discern the patriot from the slave;
 And write the good, the wise, the brave,
 For lessons to the multitude unborn.



O D E

To the Right Reverend

B E N J A M I N

Lord Bishop of WINCHESTER.

By the Same.

I. 1.

FOR toils which patriots have endur'd,
For treason quell'd and laws secur'd,
In every nation Time displays
The palm of honourable praise.
Envy may rail; and faction fierce
May strive: but what, alas, can Those
(Though bold, yet blind and fordid foes)
To gratitude and love oppose,
To faithful story and persuasive verse?

I. 2. O

I. 2.

O nurse of freedom, Albion, say,
 Thou tamer of despotic sway,
 What man, among thy sons around,
 Thus heir to glory hast thou found?
 What page, in all thy annals bright,
 Hast thou with purer joy survey'd
 Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,
 Shines through the deep unhallow'd shade
 Of kingly fraud and sacerdotal night?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher blest'd
 Who sent religion, from the palmy field
 By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the west,
 And lifted up the veil which heaven from earth conceal'd,
 To Hoadly thus He utter'd his behest :
 " Go thou, and rescue my dishonour'd law
 " From hands rapacious and from tongues impure :
 " Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
 " The snares of savage tyranny to aid :
 " Let not my words be impious chains to draw
 " The free-born soul, in more than brutal awe,
 " To faith without assent, allegiance unrepaid."

II. 1.

No cold nor unperforming hand
 Was arm'd by heaven with this command.
 The world soon felt it: and, on high,
 To William's ear with welcome joy

Did Locke among the blest unfold
 The rising hope of Hoadly's name :
 Godolphin then confirm'd the fame ;
 And Somers, when from earth he came,
 And valiant Stanhope the fair sequel told *.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
 (Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
 And listening ask'd, and wondering knew,
 What private force could thus subdue
 The vulgar and the great combin'd ;
 Could war with sacred folly wage ;
 Could a whole nation disengage
 From the dread bonds of many an age,
 And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's sword,
 Nor the strong powers to civil founders known,
 Were his : but truth by faithful search explor'd,
 And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty sown.

* Mr. Locke died in 1704, when Mr. Hoadly was beginning to distinguish himself in the cause of civil and religious liberty : Lord Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favour'd by those in power : Lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the non-juring clergy against the protestant establishment ; and lord Stanhope in 1721, during the controversy with the lower house of convocation.

Wherever it took root, the soul (restor'd
 To freedom) freedom too for others fought.
 Not monkish craft the tyrant's claim divine,
 Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel shrine
 Could longer guard from reason's warfare sage:
 Not the wild rabble to sedition wrought,
 Nor synods by the papal Genius taught,
 Nor St. John's spirit loose, nor Atterbury's rage.

III. 1.

But where shall recompence be found?
 Or how such arduous merit crown'd?
 For look on life's laborious scene:
 What rugged spaces lie between
 Adventurous virtue's early toils
 And her triumphal throne! The shade
 Of death, mean time, does oft invade
 Her progress; nor, to us display'd,
 Wears the bright heroine her expected spoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her power:
 — O Hoadly, if that favourite hour
 On earth arrive, with thankful awe
 We own just heaven's indulgent law,
 And proudly thy success behold;
 We 'attend thy reverend length of days
 With benediction and with praise,
 And hail Thee in our public ways
 Like some great spirit fam'd in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
 Thy steps on earth, and when by us resign'd
 Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng
 Who rescu'd or preserv'd the rights of human kind,
 O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
 Thee still, her friend and benefactor, name :
 O! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
 May impious gold, or pleasure's gaudy prize,
 Make public virtue, public freedom vile ;
 Nor our own manners tempt us to disclaim
 That heritage, our noblest wealth and fame,
 Which Thou hast kept intire from force and factious guile.



I N S C R I P T I O N S.

By the Same.

I.

For a G R O T T O.

TO me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
 Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
 This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
 Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,

Were plac'd by Glycon. He with cowslips pale,
 Primrose, and purple Lychnis, deck'd the green
 Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
 With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
 Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
 I slumber: here my clustering fruits I tend;
 Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
 Fresh garlands weave, and chace from all my bounds
 Each thing impure or noxious. Enter-in,
 O stranger, undismay'd. nor bat nor toad
 Here lurks: and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
 Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
 My quiet mansion: chiefly, if thy name
 Wife Pallas and the immortal Muses own.

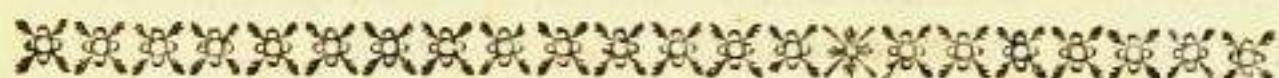


II.

For a Statue of CHAUCER at WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. such the placid mien
 Of him who first with harmony inform'd
 The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
 For many a cheerful day. these ancient walls
 Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
 He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
 Of homely life: through each estate and age,
 The fashions and the follies of the world

With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
 From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
 Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
 Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
 To him, this other hero; who, in times
 Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
 To tame the rudeness of his native land.



III.

WHOE'ER thou art whose path in summer lies
 Through yonder village, turn thee where the grove
 Of branching oaks a rural palace old
 Imbosoms. there dwells Albert, generous lord
 Of all the harvest round. and onward thence
 A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
 Fast by a silent riv'let. Humbly walk,
 O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;
 And on that verdant hillock, which thou see'st
 Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand
 Sprinkle fresh water from the brook and strew
 Sweet-smelling flow'rs. for there doth Edmund rest,
 The learned shepherd; for each rural art
 Fam'd, and for songs harmonious, and the woes
 Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride
 Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave

In manhood's prime. But soon did righteous heaven
 With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care,
 Avenge her falshood. nor could all the gold
 And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith
 From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,
 Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside
 The strokes of death. Go, traveller; relate
 The mournful story. haply some fair maid
 May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
 That riches cannot pay for truth or love.



IV.

O YOUTHS and virgins : O declining eld :
 O pale misfortune's slaves : O ye who dwell
 Unknown with humble quiet ; ye who wait
 In courts, or fill the golden feat of kings :
 O sons of sport and pleasure : O thou wretch
 That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
 Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand
 Which left thee void of hope : O ye who roam
 In exile ; ye who through the embattled field
 Seek bright renown ; or who for nobler palms
 Contend, the leaders of a public cause ;
 Approach : behold this marble. Know ye not
 The features ? Hath not oft his faithful tongue

Told you the fashion of your own estate,
 The secrets of your bosom? Here then, round
 His monument with reverence while ye stand,
 Say to each other: "This was Shakespear's form;
 "Who walk'd in every path of human life,
 "Felt every passion; and to all mankind
 "Doth now, will ever that experience yield
 "Which his own genius only could acquire."



V.

GULIELMUS III. FORTIS, PIUS, LIBERATOR,
 CUM INEUNTE AETATE PATRIAE LABENTI
 ADFUISSET SALUS IPSE UNICA; CUM MOX
 ITIDEM REIPUBLICAE BRITANNICAE VINDE
 X RENUNCIATUS ESSET ATQUE STATOR; TUM
 DENIQUE AD ID SE NATUM RECOGNOVIT ET
 REGEM FACTUM, UT CURARET NE DOMINO
 IMPOTENTI CEDERENT PAX, FIDES, FORTUNA,
 GENFRIS HUMANI.

AUCTORI PUBLICAE FELICITATIS P. G. A. M. A.



VI.

For a Column at RUNNYMEDE.

THOU, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
 While Thames among his willows from thy view
 Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
 Around contemplate well. This is the place
 Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
 And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
 (Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
 The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
 'Till thou have blest'd their memory, and paid
 Those thanks which God appointed the reward
 Of public virtue. and if chance thy home
 Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
 Go, call thy sons: instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down intire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.



O D E.

By the Same.

I.

IF rightly tuneful bards decide,
If it be fix'd in love's decrees,
That beauty ought not to be tried
But by its native power to please,
Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,
What fair can Amoret excell?

II.

Behold that bright un sullied smile,
And wisdom speaking in her mien:
Yet (she so artless all the while,
So little studious to be seen)
We nought but instant gladness know,
Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

III.

But neither music, nor the powers
Of youth and mirth and frolic cheer,
Add half that sunshine to the hours,
Or make life's prospect half so clear,
As memory brings it to the eye
From scenes where Amoret was by.

IV.

Yet not a satirist could there
Or fault or indiscretion find ;
Nor any prouder sage declare
One virtue, pictur'd in his mind,
Whose form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's demeanor shows.

V.

This sure is beauty's happiest part :
This gives the most unbounded sway :
This shall inchant the subject heart
When rose and lily fade away ;
And She be still, in spite of time,
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.





O D E

T O T H E

T I B E R.

WRITTEN ABROAD

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq;

On entering the CAMPANIA of ROME, at OTRICOLI,
MDCCLV.

I.

HAIL sacred Stream, whose waters roll
Immortal through the classic page!

To Thee the Muse-devoted soul,

Though destin'd to a later age

And less indulgent clime, to Thee,

Nor thou disdain, in runic lays

Weak mimic of true harmony,

His grateful homage pays.

Far other strains thine elder ear

With pleas'd attention wont to hear,

When he, who strung the Latian lyre,

And he, who led th' Aonian quire

From Mantua's reedy lakes with osiers crown'd,
 Taught Echo from thy banks with transport to resound.
 Thy banks?—alas! is this the boasted scene,
 This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,
 Where sick'ning Nature wears a fainter green,
 And Desolation spreads her torpid reign?
 Is this the scene where Freedom breath'd,
 Her copious horn where Plenty wreath'd,
 And Health at opening day
 Bade all her roseate breezes fly,
 To wake the sons of Industry,
 And make their fields more gay?

II.

Where is the villa's rural pride,
 The swelling dome's imperial gleam,
 Which lov'd to grace thy verdant side,
 And tremble in thy golden stream?
 Where are the bold, the busy throngs,
 That rush'd impatient to the war,
 Or tun'd to peace triumphal songs,
 And hail'd the passing car?
 Along the solitary * road,
 The eternal flint by Consuls trod,
 We muse, and mark the sad decays
 Of mighty works, and mighty days!
 For these vile wastes, we cry, had Fate decreed
 That Veii's sons should strive, for these Camillus bleed?

* The Flaminian way.

Did here, in after-times of Roman pride,
 The musing shepherd from Soracte's height
 See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,
 And temples rise, and peopled farms unite
 They did. For this deserted plain
 The Hero strove, nor strove in vain;
 And here the shepherd saw
 Unnumber'd towns and temples spread,
 While Rome majestic rear'd her head,
 And gave the nations law.

III.

Yes, Thou and Latium once were great,
 And still, ye first of human things,
 Beyond the grasp of time or fate
 Her fame and thine triumphant springs.
 What though the mould'ring columns fall,
 And strow the desert earth beneath,
 Though ivy round each nodding wall
 Entwine its fatal wreath,
 Yet say, can Rhine or Danube boast
 The numerous glories thou hast lost?
 Can ev'n Euphrates' palmy shore,
 Or Nile, with all his mystic lore,
 Produce from old records of genuine fame
 Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy name?
 Ev'n now the Muse, the conscious Muse is here;
 From every ruin's formidable shade
 Eternal Music breathes on Fancy's ear,

And wakes to more than form th' illustrious dead.

Thy Cæfars, Scipios, Catos rise,

The great, the virtuous, and the wife,

In solemn state advance!

They fix the philosophic eye,

Or trail the robe, or lift on high

The light'ning of the lance.

IV.

But chief that humbler happier train

Who knew those virtues to reward

Beyond the reach of chance or pain

Secure, th' historian and the bard.

By them the hero's generous rage

Still warm in youth immortal lives;

And in their adamant page

Thy glory still survives.

Through deep Savannahs wild and vast,

Unheard, unknown through ages past,

Beneath the sun's directer beams

What copious torrents pour their streams!

No fame have they, no fond pretence to mourn,

No annals swell their pride, or grace their storied urn.

Whilst Thou, with Rome's exalted genius join'd,

Her spear yet lifted, and her corset brac'd,

Can't tell the waves, can't tell the passing wind

Thy wond'rous tale, and cheer the list'ning waste.

Though from his caves th' unfeeling North

Pour'd all his legion'd tempests forth,

Yet still thy laurels bloom :
One deathless glory still remains,
Thy stream *bas* roll'd through LATIAN plains,
Has wash'd the walls of ROME.



E L E G I E S.

By the Same.

E L E G Y I.

Written at the CONVENT of HAUT VILLERS in
CHAMPAGNE, 1754.

SILENT and clear, through yonder peaceful vale,
While Marne's flow waters weave their mazy way,
See, to th' exulting fun, and fost'ring gale,
What boundless treasures his rich banks display !

Fast by the stream, and at the mountain's base,
The lowing herds through living pastures rove :
Wide-waving harvests crown the rising space :
And still superior nods the viny grove.

High

High on the top, as guardian of the scene,
 Imperial Sylvan spreads his umbrage wide ;
 Nor wants there many a cot, and spire between,
 Or in the vale, or on the mountain's side,

To mark that Man, as tenant of the whole,
 Claims the just tribute of his culturing care,
 Yet pays to Heaven, in gratitude of soul,
 The boon which Heaven accepts of, praise and prayer.

O dire effects of war ! the time has been
 When Desolation vaunted here her reign ;
 One ravag'd desert was yon beauteous scene,
 And Marne ran purple to the frightened Seine.

Oft at his work the toilsome day to cheat
 The swain still talks of those disastrous times,
 When Guise's pride, and Condé's ill-starr'd heat
 Taught christian zeal to authorize their crimes :

Oft to his children sportive on the grass
 Does dreadful tales of worn Tradition tell,
 Oft points to Epernay's ill-fated pass
 Where force thrice triumph'd, and where Biron fell.

O dire effects of war ! — may ever more
 Through this sweet vale the voice of discord cease !
 A British bard to Gallia's fertile shore
 Can wish the blessings of eternal peace.

Yet say, ye monks, (beneath whose mofs-grown feat,
 Within whose cloister'd cells th' indebted Muse
 Awhile sojourns, for meditation meet,
 And these loose thoughts in pensive strain pursues,)

Avails it aught, that War's rude tumults spare
 Yon cluster'd vineyard, or yon golden field,
 If niggards to yourselves, and fond of care,
 You slight the joys their copious treasures yield?

Avails it aught, that Nature's liberal hand
 With every blessing grateful man can know
 Cloaths the rich bosom of yon smiling land,
 The mountain's sloping side, or pendant brow,

If meagre Famine paint your pallid cheek,
 If breaks the midnight bell your hours of rest,
 If, 'midst heart-chilling damps, and winter bleak,
 You shun the cheerful bowl, and moderate feast?

Look forth, and be convinc'd! 'tis Nature pleads,
 Her ample volume opens on your view,
 The simple-minded swain, who running reads,
 Feels the glad truth, and is it hid from you?

Look forth, and be convinc'd. Yon prospects wide
 To Reason's ear how forcibly they speak,
 Compar'd with those how dull is letter'd Pride,
 And Austin's babbling Eloquence how weak!

Temp'rance,

What though no cypress shades, in funeral rows,
 No sculptur'd urns, the last records of Fate,
 O'er the shrunk terrace wave their baleful boughs,
 Or breathe in storied emblems of the great;

Yet not with heedless eye will we survey
 The scene though chang'd, nor negligently tread;
 These variegated walks, however gay,
 Were once the silent mansions of the dead.

In every shrub, in every flow'ret's bloom
 That paints with different hues yon smiling plain,
 Some Hero's ashes issue from the tomb,
 And live a vegetative life again.

For matter dies not, as the Sages say,
 But shifts to other forms the pliant mass,
 When the free spirit quits its cumb'rous clay,
 And sees, beneath, the rolling Planets pass.

Perhaps, my Villiers, for I sing to Thee,
 Perhaps, unknowing of the bloom it gives,
 In yon fair scion of Apollo's tree
 The sacred dust of young Marcellus lives.

Pluck not the leaf — 'twere sacrilege to wound
 Th' ideal memory of so sweet a shade;
 In these sad feats an early grave he found,
 And ^b the first rites to gloomy Dis convey'd.

^b He is said to be the first person buried in this monument.

Witness ^c thou Field of Mars, that oft hadst known
 His youthful triumphs in the mimic war,
 Thou heardst the heart-felt universal groan
 When o'er thy bosom roll'd the funeral car.

Witness ^d thou Tuscan stream, where oft he glow'd
 In sportive strugglings with th' opposing wave,
 Fast by the recent tomb thy waters flow'd
 While wept the wise, the virtuous, and the brave.

O lost too soon! — yet why lament a fate
 By thousands envied, and by Heaven approv'd,
 Rare is the boon to those of longer date
 To live, to die, admir'd, esteem'd, below'd.

Weak are our judgments, and our passions warm,
 And slowly dawns the radiant morn of truth,
 Our expectations hastily we form,
 And much we pardon to ingenuous youth.

Too oft we satiate on th' applause we pay
 To rising Merit, and resume the Crown;
 Full many a blooming genius, snatch'd away,
 Has fallen lamented who had liv'd unknown.

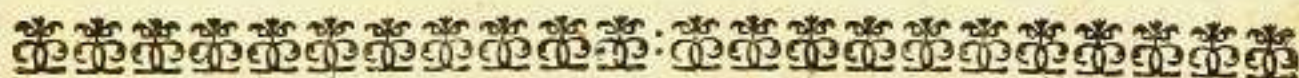
For hard the task, O Villiers, to sustain
 Th' important burthen of an early fame;
 Each added day some added worth to gain,
 Prevent each wish, and answer every claim.

^c *Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem
 Campus aget gemitus!*

^d ————— *Vel quæ, Tyberine, videbis
 Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem!*

Be thou Marcellus, with a length of days!
But O remember, whatsoe'er thou art,
The most exalted breath of human praise
To please indeed must echo from the heart.

Though thou be brave, be virtuous, and be wise,
By all, like him, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd,
'Tis from within alone true Fame can rise,
The only happy is the Self-approv'd.



E L E G Y III.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE SIMON HARCOURT, Visc. NEWNHAM.

Written at R O M E, 1756.

YES, noble Youth, 'tis true; the softer arts,
The sweetly-sounding string, and pencil's pow'r,
Have warm'd to rapture even heroic hearts,
And taught the rude to wonder, and adore.

For Beauty charms us, whether she appears
In blended colours; or to soothing sound
Attunes her voice; or fair proportion wears
In yonder swelling dome's harmonious round.

All, all the charms ; but not alike to all
 'Tis given to revel in her blifsful bower ;
 Coercive ties, and Reason's powerful call
 Bid some but taste the sweets, which some devour.

When Nature govern'd, and when Man was young,
 Perhaps at will th' untutor'd Savage rov'd,
 Where waters murmur'd, and where clusters hung
 He fed, and slept beneath the shade he lov'd.

But since the Sage's more sagacious mind,
 By Heaven's permission, or by Heaven's command,
 To polish'd states has social laws assign'd,
 And general good on partial duties plann'd,

Not for ourselves our vagrant steps we bend
 As heedless Chance, or wanton Choice ordain ;
 On various stations various tasks attend,
 And men are *born* to trifle or to reign.

As chaunts the woodman whilst the Dryads weep,
 And falling forests fear th' uplifted blow,
 As chaunts the shepherd, while he tends his sheep,
 Or weaves to pliant forms the osier bough,

To me 'tis given, whom Fortune loves to lead
 Through humbler toils to life's sequester'd bowers,
 To me 'tis given to wake th' amusive reed,
 And sooth with song the solitary hours.

But Thee superior soberer toils demand,
 Severer paths are thine of patriot fame;
 Thy birth, thy friends, thy king, thy native land,
 Have given thee honors, and have each their claim.

Then nerve with fortitude thy feeling breast
 Each wish to combat, and each pain to bear;
 Spurn with disdain th' inglorious love of rest,
 Nor let the syren Ease approach thine ear.

Beneath yon cypress shade's eternal green
 See prostrate Rome her wond'rous story tell,
 Mark how she rose the world's imperial queen,
 And tremble at the prospect how she fell!

Not that my rigid precepts would require
 A painful struggling with each adverse gale,
 Forbid thee listen to th' enchanting Lyre,
 Or turn thy steps from Fancy's flowery vale.

Whate'er of Greece in sculptur'd brass survives,
 Whate'er of Rome in mould'ring arcs remains,
 Whate'er of Genius on the canvass lives,
 Or flows in polish'd verse, or airy strains,

Be these thy leisure; to the chosen few,
 Who dare excel, thy fost'ring aid afford;
 Their arts, their magic powers with honors due
 Exalt; but *be* thyself what they record.



E L E G Y IV.

To an OFFICER.

Written at ROME, 1756.

FROM Latian fields, the mansions of Renown,
Where fix'd the Warrior God his fated seat;
Where infant Heroes learnt the martial frown,
And little hearts for genuine glory beat;

What for my friend, my soldier, shall I frame?
What nobly-glowing verse that breathes of arms;
To point his radiant path to deathless fame,
By great examples; and terrific charms?

Quirinus first, with bold, collected bands,
The sinewy sons of strength, for empire strove;
Beneath his thunder bow'd th' astonish'd lands,
And temples rose to Mars, and to Feretrian Jove.

War taught contempt of death, contempt of pain,
 And hence the Fabii, hence the Decii come :
 War urg'd the slaughter, though she wept the slain,
 Stern War, the rugged nurse of virtuous Rome.

But not from antique fables will I draw,
 To fire thy feeling soul, a dubious aid,
 Though now, ev'n now, they strike with rev'rent awe,
 By Poets or Historians sacred made.

Nor yet to thee the babbling Muse shall tell
 What mighty kings with all their legions wrought,
 What cities sunk, and storied nations fell
 When Cæsar, Titus, or when Trajan fought.

From private worth, and Fortune's private ways
 Whilst o'er yon hill th' exalted * Trophy shows
 To what vast heights of incorrupted praise
 The great, the self-ennobled Marius rose.

From steep Arpinum's rock-invested shade,
 From hardy Virtue's emulative school
 His daring flight th' expanding Genius made,
 And by obeying nobly learnt to rule.

Abash'd, confounded, stern Iberia groan'd,
 And Afric trembled to her utmost coasts ;
 When the proud land its destin'd Conqueror own'd
 In the new Consul, and his veteran hosts.

* The trophies of Marius, now erected before the Capitol.

Yet Chiefs are madmen, and Ambition weak,
 And mean the joys the laurel'd harvests yield,
 If Virtue fail. Let Fame, let Envy speak
 Of Capsa's walls, and Sextia's watry field.

But sink for ever, in oblivion cast,
 Dishonest triumphs, and ignoble spoils.
 Minturnæ's Marsh severely paid at last
 The guilty glories gain'd in civil broils.

Nor yet his vain contempt the Muse shall praise
 For scenes of polish'd life, and letter'd worth ;
 The steel-rib'd Warrior wants not Envy's ways
 To darken theirs, or call his merits forth,

Witness yon Cimbrian Trophies! — Marius, there
 Thy ample pinion found a space to fly ;
 As the plum'd eagle soaring fails in air,
 In upper air, and scorns a middle sky.

Thence too thy country claim'd thee for her own,
 And bade the Sculptor's toil thy acts adorn,
 To teach in characters of living stone
 Eternal lessons to the youth unborn.

For wisely Rome her warlike Sons rewards
 With the sweet labours of her Artists' hands ;
 He wakes her Graces, who her empire guards,
 And both Minervas join in willing bands.

O why, Britannia, why untrophied pass
 The patriot deeds thy godlike Sons display,
 Why breathes on high no monumental bras,
 Why swells no Arc to grace Culloden's Day?

Wait we 'till faithless France submissive bow
 Beneath that Hero's delegated spear,
 Whose light'ning smote Rebellion's haughty brow,
 And scatter'd her vile rout with horror in the rear?

O Land of Freedom, Land of Arts, assume
 That graceful dignity thy merits claim;
 Exalt thy Heroes like imperial Rome,
 And build their virtues on their love of fame.

So shall the modest worth, which checks my friend,
 Forget its blush when rous'd by Glory's charms;
 From breast to breast the generous warmth descend,
 And still new trophies rise, at once, to Arts, and Arms.





E L E G Y V.

To a FRIEND Sick.

Written at ROME, 1756.

'T WAS in this ^fisle, O Wright indulge my lay,
 Whose naval form divides the Tuscan flood,
 In the bright dawn of her illustrious day
 Rome fix'd her Temple to the healing God.

Here stood his altars, here his arm he bared,
 And round his mystic staff the serpent twin'd,
 Through crowded portals hymns of praise were heard,
 And victims bled, and sacred seers divin'd.

On every breathing wall, on every round
 Of column, swelling with proportion'd grace,
 Its stated seat some votive tablet found,
 And storied wonders dignified the place.

^f The Insula Tiberina, where there are still some small remains of the famous temple of *Æsculapius*.

Oft from the balmy blessings of repose,
 And the cool stillness of the night's deep shade,
 To light and health th' exulting Votarist rose,
 Whilst fancy work'd with med'cine's powerful aid.

Oft in his dreams (no longer clogg'd with fears
 Of some broad torrent, or some headlong steep,
 With each dire form Imagination wears
 When harrass'd Nature sinks in turbid sleep)

Oft in his dreams he saw diffusive day
 Through bursting glooms its cheerful beams extend;
 On billowy clouds saw sportive Genii play,
 And bright Hygeia from her heaven descend.

What marvel then, that man's o'erflowing mind
 Should wreath-bound columns raise, and altars fair,
 And grateful offerings pay, to Powers so kind,
 Though fancy-form'd, and creatures of the Air.

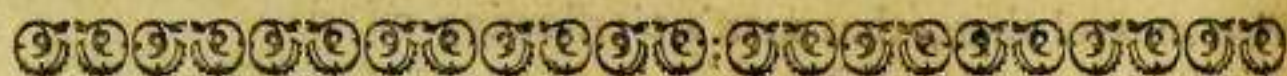
Who that has writh'd beneath the scourge of pain,
 Or felt the burthen'd languor of disease,
 But would with joy the slightest respite gain,
 And idolize the hand which lent him ease?

To thee, my friend, unwillingly to thee
 For truths like these the anxious Muse appeals.
 Can Memory answer from affliction free,
 Or speaks the sufferer what, I fear, he feels?

No, let me hope ere this in Romely grove
 Hygeia revels with the blooming Spring,
 Ere this the vocal seats the Muses love
 With hymns of praise, like Pæon's temple, ring,

It was not written in the book of Fate
 That, wand'ring far from Albion's sea-girt plain,
 Thy distant Friend should mourn thy shorter date,
 And tell to alien woods and streams his pain.

It was not written. Many a year shall roll,
 If aught th' inspiring Muse aright presage,
 Of blameless intercourse from Soul to Soul,
 And friendship well matur'd from Youth to Age.



E L E G Y VI.

To another F R I E N D.

Written at ROME, 1756.

BEHOLD, my friend, to this small \S orb confin'd
 The genuine features of Aurelius' face;
 The father, friend, and lover of his kind,
 Shrunk to a narrow coin's contracted space,

\S The medal of Marcus Aurelius.

Not so his fame ; for erst did heaven ordain
 Whilst seas should waft us, and whilst suns should warm,
 On tongues of men, the friend of man should reign,
 And in the arts he lov'd the patron charm.

Oft as amidst the mould'ring spoils of Age,
 His moss-grown monuments my steps pursue ;
 Oft as my eye revolves the historic page,
 Where pass his generous acts in fair review,

Imagination grasps at many things,
 Which men, which angels might with rapture see ;
 Then turns to humbler scenes its safer wings,
 And, blush not whilst I speak it, thinks on thee.

With all that firm benevolence of mind,
 Which pities, whilst it blames, th' unfeeling vain,
 With all that active zeal to serve mankind,
 That tender suffering for another's pain,

Why wert not thou to thrones imperial rais'd ?
 Did heedless Fortune slumber at thy birth,
 Or on thy virtues with indulgence gaz'd,
 And gave her grandeurs to her sons of earth ?

Happy for thee, whose less distinguish'd sphere
 Now cheers in private the delighted eye,
 For calm Content, and smiling Ease are there,
 And, Heav'n's divinest gift, sweet Liberty.

Happy for me, on life's serener flood
Who fail, by talents as by choice restrain'd,
Else had I only shar'd the general good,
And lost the friend the Universe had gain'd.



The LYRIC MUSE to Mr. MASON.

On the Recovery of the Right Honourable the Earl
of HOLDERNESSE from a dangerous Illness.

By the Same.

MASON, snatch the votive Lyre,
D'Arcy lives, and I inspire.
'Tis the Muse that deigns to ask,
Can thy hand forget its task?
Or can the Lyre its strains refuse
To the Patron of the Muse?

Hark, what notes of artless love
The feather'd poets of the grove,
Grateful for the bowers they fill,
Warble wild on Sion hill;
In tuneful tribute duely paid
To the Master of the shade!

And shall the Bard sit fancy-proof
Beneath the hospitable roof,

Where

Where every menial face affords
 Raptur'd thoughts that want but words ?
 And the Patron's dearer part,
 The gentle sharer of his heart,
 Wears her wonted charms again.
 Time, that felt Affliction's chain,
 Learns on lighter wings to move ;
 And the tender pledge of love,
 Sweet Amelia, now is prest
 With double transport to her breast.
 Sweet Amelia, thoughtless why,
 Imitates the general joy ;
 Innocent of care or guile
 See the lovely Mimic smile,
 And, as the heart-felt raptures rise,
 Catch them from her Mother's eyes.

Does the noisy town deny
 Soothing airs, and extacy ?
 Sion's shades afford retreat,
 Thither bend thy pilgrim feet.
 There bid th' imaginary train,
 Coinage of the Poet's brain,
 Not only in effects appear,
 But forms, and limbs, and features wear.
 Let festive Mirth, with flow'rets crown'd,
 Lightly tread the measur'd round ;

And

And Peace, that seldom knows to share
The Statesman's friendly bowl, be there;
While rosy Health, superior guest,
Loose to the Zephyrs bares her breast;
And, to add a sweeter grace,
Give her soft Amelia's face.

Mason, why this dull delay?
Haste, to Sion haste away.
There the Muse again shall ask,
Nor thy hand forget its task;
Nor the Lyre its strains refuse
To the Patron of the Muse.



On the IMMORTALITY of the SOUL.

TRANSLATED

From the LATIN of ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, Esq;

By SOAME JENNYNS, Esq;

BOOK I.

TO all inferior animals 'tis given
T' enjoy the state allotted them by Heaven;
No vain researches e'er disturb their rest,
No fears of dark futurity molest.

Man, only Man solicitous to know
 The springs whence Nature's operations flow,
 Plods through a dreary waste with toil and pain,
 And reasons, hopes, and thinks, and lives in vain;
 For fable Death still hov'ring o'er his head,
 Cuts short his progress, with his vital thread.
 Wherefore, since Nature errs not, do we find
 These seeds of Science in the human mind,
 If no congenial fruits are predestin'd?
 For what avails to man this pow'r to roam
 Through ages past, and ages yet to come,
 T' explore new worlds o'er all th' ætherial way,
 Chain'd to a spot, and living but a day?
 Since all must perish in one common grave,
 Nor can these long laborious searches save.
 Were it not wiser far, supinely laid,
 To sport with Phyllis in the noontide shade?
 Or at thy jovial festivals appear,
 Great Bacchus, who alone the soul can clear
 From all that it has felt, and all that it can fear?
 Come on then, let us feast: let Chloe sing,
 And soft Nexera touch the trembling string;
 Enjoy the present hour, nor seek to know
 What good or ill to-morrow may bestow.
 But these delights soon pall upon the taste;
 Let's try then if more serious cannot last:
 Wealth let us heap on wealth, or fame pursue,
 Let pow'r and glory be our points in view;

In courts, in camps, in senates let us live,
 Our levees crowded like the buzzing hive :
 Each weak attempt the same sad lesson brings,
 Alas, what vanity in human things !

What means then shall we try ? where hope to find
 A friendly harbour for the restless mind ?
 Who still, you see, impatient to obtain
 Knowledge immense, (so Nature's laws ordain)
 Ev'n now, though fetter'd in corporeal clay,
 Climbs step by step the prospect to survey,
 And seeks, unweari'd, Truth's eternal ray.
 No fleeting joys she asks, which must depend
 On the frail senses, and with them must end ;
 But such as suit her own immortal fame,
 Free from all change, eternally the same.

Take courage then, these joys we shall attain ;
 Almighty Wisdom never acts in vain ;
 Nor shall the soul, on which it has bestow'd
 Such pow'rs, e'er perish, like an earthly clod ;
 But purg'd at length from foul corruption's stain,
 Freed from her prison, and unbound her chain,
 She shall her native strength, and native skies regain :
 To heav'n an old inhabitant return,
 And draw nectareous streams from truth's perpetual urn.

Whilst life remains, (if life it can be call'd
 T' exist in fleshly bondage thus enthrall'd)
 Tir'd with the dull pursuit of worldly things,
 The soul scarce wakes, or opes her glad some wings,

Yet still the godlike exile in disgrace
 Retains some marks of her celestial race;
 Else whence from Mem'ry's store can she produce
 Such various thoughts, or range them so for use?
 Can matter these contain, dispose, apply?
 Can in her cells such mighty treasures lye?
 Or can her native force produce them to the eye?

}

Whence is this pow'r, this foundress of all arts,
 Serving, adorning life, through all its parts,
 Which names impos'd, by letters mark'd those names,
 Adjusted properly by legal claims,
 From woods, and wilds collected rude mankind,
 And cities, laws, and governments design'd?
 What can this be, but some bright ray from heaven,
 Some emanation from Omniscience given?

When now the rapid stream of Eloquence
 Bears all before it, passion, reason, sense,
 Can its dread thunder, or its light'ning's force,
 Derive their essence from a mortal source?
 What think you of the bard's enchanting art,
 Which, whether he attempts to warm the heart
 With fabled scenes, or charm the ear with rhyme,
 Breathes all pathetic, lovely, and sublime?
 Whilst things on earth roll round from age to age,
 The same dull farce repeated; on the stage
 The poet gives us a creation new,
 More pleasing, and more perfect than the true;

The

The mind, who always to perfection hastes,
 Perfection, such as here she never tastes,
 With gratitude accepts the kind deceit,
 And thence foresees a system more compleat.
 Of those what think you, who the circling race
 Of suns, and their revolving planets trace,
 And comets journeying through unbounded space?
 Say, can you doubt, but that th' all-searching soul,
 That now can traverse heaven from pole to pole,
 From thence descending visits but this earth,
 And shall once more regain the regions of her birth?

Could she thus act, unless some Power unknown,
 From matter quite distinct, and all her own,
 Supported, and impell'd her? She approves
 Self-conscious, and condemns; she hates, and loves,
 Mourns, and rejoices, hopes, and is afraid,
 Without the body's unrequested aid:
 Her own internal strength her reason guides,
 By this she now compares things, now divides;
 Truth's scatter'd fragments piece by piece collects,
 Rejoins, and thence her edifice erects;
 Piles arts on arts, effects to causes ties,
 And rears th' aspiring fabric to the skies:
 From whence, as on a distant plain below,
 She sees from causes consequences flow,
 And the whole chain distinctly comprehends,
 Which from th' Almighty's throne to earth descends:

And lastly, turning inwardly her eyes,
 Perceives how all her own ideas rise,
 Contemplates what she is, and whence she came,
 And almost comprehends her own amazing frame.
 Can mere machines be with such pow'rs endued,
 Or conscious of those pow'rs, suppose they could?
 For body is but a machine alone
 Mov'd by external force, and impulse not its own.

Rate not the extension of the human mind
 By the plebeian standard of mankind,
 But by the size of those gigantic few,
 Whom *Greece* and *Rome* still offer to our view;
 Or *Britain* well-deserving equal praise,
 Parent of heroes too in better days.
 Why should I try her num'rous sons to name
 By verse, law, eloquence consign'd to fame?
 Or who have forc'd fair Science into fight
 Long lost in darkness, and afraid of light?
 O'er all superior, like the solar ray,
 First *Bacon* usher'd in the dawning day,
 And drove the mists of sophistry away;
 Pervaded nature with amazing force,
 Following experience still throughout his course,
 And finishing at length his destin'd way,
 To *Newton* he bequeath'd the radiant lamp of day.

Illustrious souls! if any tender cares
 Affect angelic breasts for man's affairs,

If in your present happy heav'nly state,
 You're not regardless quite of *Britain's* fate,
 Let this degen'rate land again be blest
 With that true vigour, which she once possess;
 Compel us to unfold our slumb'ring eyes,
 And to our ancient dignity to rise.
 Such wond'rous pow'rs as these must sure be given
 For most important purposes by heaven;
 Who bids these stars as bright examples shine
 Besprinkled thinly by the hand divine,
 To form to virtue each degenerate time,
 And point out to the soul its origin sublime.
 That there's a self which after death shall live,
 All are concern'd about, and all believe;
 That something's ours, when we from life depart,
 This all conceive, all feel it at the heart;
 The wise of learn'd antiquity proclaim
 This truth, the public voice declares the same;
 No land so rude but looks beyond the tomb
 For future prospects in a world to come.
 Hence, without hopes to be in life repaid,
 We plant slow oaks posterity to shade;
 And hence vast pyramids aspiring high
 Lift their proud heads aloft, and time defy.
 Hence is our love of fame, a love so strong,
 We think no dangers great, or labors long,
 By which we hope our beings to extend,
 And to remotest times in glory to descend.

For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lyes,
 Difowning every crime for which he dies ;
 Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,
 Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.
 Nature has wove into the human mind
 This anxious care for names we leave behind,
 T' extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,
 And give an earnest of a life to come :
 For, if when dead, we are but dust or clay,
 Why think of what posterity shall say ?
 Her praise, or censure cannot us concern,
 Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.

What mean the nodding plumes, the fun'ral train,
 And marble monument that speaks in vain,
 With all those cares, which every nation pays
 To their unfeeling dead in diff'rent ways !
 Some in the flow'r-strewn grave the corpse have lay'd,
 And annual obsequies around it pay'd,
 As if to please the poor departed shade ;
 Others on blazing piles the body burn,
 And store their ashes in the faithful urn ;
 But all in one great principle agree
 To give a fancy'd immortality.

Why should I mention those, whose ouzy soil
 Is render'd fertile by th' o'erflowing *Nile* ?
 Their dead they bury not, nor burn with fires,
 No graves they dig, erect no fun'ral pires,

But, washing first th' embowel'd body clean,
 Gums, spice, and melted pitch they pour within ;
 Then with strong fillets bind it round and round,
 To make each flaccid part compact, and sound ;
 And lastly paint the varnish'd surface o'er
 With the same features which in life it wore :
 So strong their presage of a future state,
 And that our nobler part survives the body's fate.

Nations behold remote from reason's beams,
 Where *Indian Ganges* rolls his sandy streams,
 Of life impatient, rush into the fire,
 And willing victims to their Gods expire !
 Persuaded the loose soul to regions flies
 Blest with eternal spring, and cloudless skies.

Nor is less fam'd the oriental wife
 For stedfast virtue, and contempt of life :
 These heroines mourn not with loud female cries
 Their husbands lost, or with o'erflowing eyes,
 But, strange to tell ! their funeral piles ascend,
 And in the same sad flames their sorrows end ;
 In hopes with them beneath the shades to rove,
 And there renew their interrupted love.

In climes where *Boreas* breathes eternal cold,
 See numerous nations, warlike, fierce, and bold,
 To battle all unanimously run,
 Nor fire, nor sword, nor instant death they shun :

Whence this disdain of life in every breast,
 But from a notion on their minds impress,
 That all, who for their country die, are blest?
 Add too, to these the once prevailing dreams,
 Of sweet Elyfian groves, and *Stygian* streams:
 All shew with what consent mankind agree
 In the firm hope of Immortality.

}

Grant these th' inventions of the crafty priest,
 Yet such inventions never could subsist,
 Unless some glimmerings of a future state
 Were with the mind coæval, and innate:
 For every fiction, which can long persuade,
 In truth must have its first foundations laid.

Because we are unable to conceive,
 How unembodied souls can act, and live,
 The vulgar give them forms, and limbs, and faces,
 And habitations in peculiar places;
 Hence reasoners more refin'd, but not more wise,
 Struck with the glare of such absurdities,
 Their whole existence fabulous suspect,
 And truth and falsehood in a lump reject;
 Too indolent to learn what may be known,
 Or else too proud that ignorance to own.
 For hard's the task the daubing to pervade
 Folly and fraud on Truth's fair form have laid;
 Yet let that task be ours; for great the prize;
 Nor let us Truth's celestial charms despise,
 Because that priests, or poets may disguise.

}

That there's a God from Nature's voice is clear,
 And yet what errors to this truth adhere?
 How have the fears and follies of mankind
 Now multiply'd their Gods, and now subjoin'd
 To each the frailties of the human mind!
 Nay superstition spread at length so wide,
 Beasts, birds, and onions too were deify'd.

Th' *Athenian* sage revolving in his mind
 This weakness, blindness, madness of mankind,
 Foretold, that in maturer days, though late,
 When Time should ripen the decrees of Fate,
 Some God would light us, like the rising day,
 Through error's maze, and chase these clouds away.
 Long since has Time fulfill'd this great decree,
 And brought us aid from this Divinity.

Well worth our search discoveries may be made
 By Nature, void of the celestial aid:
 Let's try what her conjectures then can reach,
 Nor scorn plain Reason, when she deigns to teach,

That mind and body often sympathize
 Is plain; such is this union Nature ties:
 But then as often too they disagree,
 Which proves the soul's superior progeny.
 Sometimes the body in full strength we find,
 Whilst various ails debilitate the mind;
 At others, whilst the mind its force retains,
 The body sinks with sickness and with pains:

Now did one common fate their beings end,
 Alike they'd sicken, and alike they'd mend.
 But sure experience, on the slightest view,
 Shews us, that the reverse of this is true ;
 For when the body oft expiring lies,
 Its limbs quite senseless, and half clos'd its eyes,
 The mind new force, and eloquence acquires,
 And with prophetic voice the dying lips inspires.

Of like materials were they both compos'd,
 How comes it, that the mind, when sleep has clos'd
 Each avenue of sense, expatiates wide
 Her liberty restor'd, her bonds unty'd ?
 And like some bird who from its prison flies,
 Claps her exulting wings, and mounts the skies.

Grant that corporeal is the human mind,
 It must have parts *in infinitum* join'd ;
 And each of these must will, perceive, design,
 And draw confus'dly in a different line ;
 Which then can claim dominion o'er the rest,
 Or stamp the ruling passion in the breast ?

Perhaps the mind is form'd by various arts
 Of modelling, and figuring these parts ;
 Just as if circles wiser were than squares ;
 But surely common sense aloud declares
 That site, and figure are as foreign quite
 From mental pow'rs, as colours black or white.

Allow that motion is the cause of thought,
 With what strange pow'rs must motion then be fraught ?

Reason, sense, science, must derive their source
 From the wheel's rapid whirl, or pulley's force ;
 Tops whip'd by school-boys sages must commence,
 Their hoops, like them, be cudgel'd into sense,
 And boiling pots o'erflow with eloquence.

Whence can this very motion take its birth ?
 Not sure from matter, from dull clods of earth ;
 But from a living spirit lodg'd within,
 Which governs all the bodily machine :
 Just as th' Almighty Universal Soul
 Informs, directs, and animates the whole.

Cease then to wonder how th' immortal mind
 Can live, when from the body quite disjoin'd ;
 But rather wonder, if she e'er could die,
 So fram'd, so fashion'd for eternity ;
 Self-mov'd, not form'd of parts together ty'd,
 Which time can dissipate, and force divide ;
 For beings of this make can never die,
 Whose pow'rs within themselves, and their own essence lie.

If to conceive how any thing can be
 From shape abstracted and locality
 Is hard ; what think you of the Deity ?
 His Being not the least relation bears,
 As far as to the human mind appears,
 To shape, or size, similitude or place,
 Cloath'd in no form, and bounded by no space.
 Such then is God, a Spirit pure refin'd
 From all material dross, and such the human mind.

For in what part of essence can we see
 More certain marks of Immortality?
 Ev'n from this dark confinement with delight
 She looks abroad, and prunes herself for flight;
 Like an unwilling inmate longs to roam
 From this dull earth, and seek her native home.

Go then forgetful of its toil and strife,
 Pursue the joys of this fallacious life;
 Like some poor fly, who lives but for a day,
 Sip the fresh dews, and in the sunshine play,
 And into nothing then dissolve away. }
 Are these our great pursuits, is this to live?
 These all the hopes this much-lov'd world can give!
 How much more worthy envy is their fate,
 Who search for truth in a superior state!
 Not groping step by step, as we pursue, }
 And following reason's much entangled clue,
 But with one great, and instantaneous view.

But how can sense remain, perhaps you'll say, }
 Corporeal organs if we take away,
 Since it from them proceeds, and with them must decay?
 Why not? or why may not the soul receive }
 New organs, since ev'n art can these retrieve?
 The silver trumpet aids th' obstructed ear,
 And optic glasses the dim eye can clear;
 These in mankind new faculties create,
 And lift him far above his native state;

Call down revolving planets from the sky,
 Earth's secret treasures open to his eye,
 The whole minute creation make his own,
 With all the wonders of a world unknown.

How could the mind, did she alone depend
 On sense, the errors of those senses mend?
 Yet oft, we see those senses she corrects,
 And oft their information quite rejects.
 In distances of things, their shapes and size,
 Our reason judges better than our eyes.
 Declares not this the soul's preeminence
 Superior to, and quite distinct from sense?
 For sure 'tis likely, that, since now so high
 Clogg'd and unfledg'd she dares her wings to try,
 Loos'd, and mature, she shall her strength display,
 And soar at length to Truth's refulgent ray.

Inquire you how these pow'rs we shall attain?
 'Tis not for us to know; our search is vain:
 Can any now remember or relate
 How he existed in the embryo state?
 Or one from birth insensible of day
 Conceive ideas of the solar ray?
 That light's deny'd to him, which others see,
 He knows, perhaps you'll say—and so do we.

The mind contemplative finds nothing here
 On earth, that's worthy of a wish or fear:
 He, whose sublime pursuit is God and truth,
 Burns, like some absent and impatient youth,

To join the object of his warm desires,
 Thence to sequester'd shades, and streams retires,
 And there delights his passion to rehearse
 In wisdom's sacred voice, or in harmonious verse.

To me most happy therefore he appears,
 Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,
 Survey'd this fun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,
 Well satisfy'd returns from whence he came.

Is life a hundred years, or e'er so few,

'Tis repetition all, and nothing new :

A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay,

An inn, where travellers bait, then post away ;

A sea, where man perpetually is tost,

Now plung'd in bus'ness, now in trifles lost ;

Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain ;

Hold then ! no farther launch into the main :

Contract your sails ; life nothing can bestow

By long continuance, but continu'd woe :

The wretched privilege daily to deplore

The funerals of our friends, who go before :

Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,

And age surrounded with a thousand snares.

But whither hurry'd by a generous scorn

Of this vain world, ah ! whither am I borne ?

Let's not unbid th' Almighty's standard quit,

Howe'er severe our post, we must submit.

Could I a firm persuasion once attain

That after death no being would remain ;

To those dark shades I'd willingly descend,
 Where all must sleep, this drama at an end :
 Nor life accept, although renew'd by Fate
 Ev'n from its earliest, and its happiest state.

Might I from Fortune's bounteous hand receive
 Each boon, each blessing in her pow'r to give,
 Genius, and science, morals, and good sense,
 Unenvy'd honors, wit, and eloquence,
 A numerous offspring to the world well known,
 Both for paternal virtues and their own ;
 Ev'n at this mighty price I'd not be bound
 To tread the same dull circle round, and round ;
 The soul requires enjoyments more sublime,
 By space unbounded, undestroy'd by time.

B O O K II.

GOD then through all creation gives, we find,
 Sufficient marks of an indulgent mind,
 Excepting in ourselves ; ourselves of all
 His works the chief on this terrestrial ball,
 His own bright image, who alone unblest
 Feel ills perpetual, happy all the rest.
 But hold, presumptuous ! charge not heav'n's decree
 With such injustice, such partiality.

Yet true it is, survey we life around,
 Whole hosts of ills on every side are found ;
 Who wound not here and there by chance a foe,
 But at the species meditate the blow.

What millions perish by each others hands
 In war's fierce rage ? or by the dread commands
 Of tyrants languish out their lives in chains,
 Or lose them in variety of pains ?
 What numbers pinch'd by want and hunger die,
 In spite of Nature's liberality ?
 (Those, still more numerous, I to name disdain,
 By lewdness, and intemperance justly slain :)
 What numbers, guiltless of their own disease,
 Are snatch'd by sudden death, or waste by slow degrees ?

Where then is Virtue's well-deserv'd reward !—

Let's pay to Virtue every due regard :
 That she enables man, let us confess,
 To bear those evils, which she can't redress ;
 Gives hope, and conscious peace, and can assuage
 Th' impetuous tempests both of lust, and rage ;
 Yet she's a guard so far from being sure,
 That oft her friends peculiar ills endure :
 Where Vice prevails severest is their fate,
 Tyrants pursue them with a three-fold hate.
 How many struggling in their country's cause,
 And from their country meriting applause,
 Have fall'n by wretches fond to be enslav'd,
 And perish'd by the hands themselves had sav'd !

Soon as superior worth appears in view,
 See knaves, and fools united to pursue !
 The man so form'd they all conspire to blame,
 And Envy's pois'nous tooth attacks his fame ;

Should

Should he at length, so truly good and great,
 Pravail, and rule with honest views the state,
 Then must he toil for an ungrateful race,
 Submit to clamor, libels, and disgrace;
 Threaten'd, oppos'd, defeated in his ends,
 By foes seditious, and aspiring friends.
 Hear this and tremble! all who would be great,
 Yet know not what attends that dang'rous wretched state.

Is private life from all these evils free?

Vice of all kinds, rage, envy, there we see,
 Deceit, that Friendship's mask insidious wears,
 Quarrels and feuds, and law's intangling snares.

But there are pleasures still in human life,
 Domestic ease, a tender loving wife,
 Children, whose dawning smiles your heart engage,
 The grace and comfort of soft-stealing age.

If happiness exists, 'tis surely here——

But are these joys exempt from care and fear?
 Need I the miseries of that state declare,
 When different passions draw the wedded pair?
 Or say how hard those passions to discern,
 Ere the die's cast, and 'tis too late to learn?
 Who can insure, that what is right, and good,
 These children shall pursue? or if they shou'd,
 Death comes, when least you fear so black a day,
 And all your blooming hopes are snatch'd away.

We say not, that these ills from virtue flow:
 Did her wise precepts rule the world, we know

The golden ages would again begin,
But 'tis our lot in this to suffer, and to sin.

Observing this, some sages have decreed
That all things from two causes must proceed ;
Two principles with equal pow'r endu'd,
This wholly evil, that supremely good.
From this arise the miseries we endure,
Whilst that administers a friendly cure ;
Hence life is chequer'd still with blifs and woe,
Hence tares with golden crops promiscuous grow,
And poisonous serpents make their dread repose
Beneath the covert of the fragrant rose.

Can such a system satisfy the mind,
Are both these Gods in equal pow'r conjoin'd,
Or one superior? Equal if you say,
Chaos returns, since neither will obey.
Is one superior? good, or ill must reign,
Eternal joy, or everlasting pain.
Whiche'er is conquer'd must entirely yield,
And the victorious God enjoy the field.
Hence with these fictions of the *Magi's* brain!
Hence ouzy *Nile*, with all her monstrous train!

Or comes the Stoic nearer to the right?
He holds, that whatsoever yields delight,
Wealth, fame, externals all, are useless things ;
Himself half-starving happier far than kings.
'Tis fine indeed to be so wond'rous wise!
By the same reas'ning too he pain denies ;

Roast him, or flay him, break him on the wheel,
 Retract he will not, though he can't but feel:
 Pain's not an ill, he utters with a groan;
 What then? an inconvenience 'tis, he'll own.
 What, vigour, health, and beauty? are these good?
 No: they may be accepted, not pursued:
 Absurd to squabble thus about a name,
 Quibbling with diff'rent words that mean the same.
 Stoic, were you not fram'd of flesh and blood,
 You might be blest without external good;
 But know, be self-sufficient as you can,
 You are not spirit quite, but frail, and mortal man.

But since these sages, so absurdly wise,
 Vainly pretend enjoyments to despise,
 Because externals, and in Fortune's pow'r,
 Now mine, now thine, the blessings of an hour;
 Why value then, that strength of mind, they boast,
 As often varying, and as quickly lost?
 A head-ach hurts it, or a rainy day,
 And a slow fever wipes it quite away.

See ^a one whose councils, one ^b whose conqu'ring hand
 Once sav'd Britannia's almost sinking land:
 Examples of the mind's extensive pow'r,
 Examples too how quickly fades that flow'r.
^c Him let me add, whom late we saw excel
 In each politer kind of writing well;

^a Lord Somers.^b Duke of Marlborough.^c Dean Swift.

Whether he strove our follies to expose
 In easy verse, or droll and hum'rous prose ;
 Few years, alas ! compel his throne to quit
 This mighty monarch o'er the realms of wit,
 See self-surviving he's an idiot grown !
 A melancholy proof our parts are not our own.

Thy tenets, Stoic, yet we may forgive,
 If in a future state we cease to live.
 For here the virtuous suffer much, 'tis plain ;
 If pain is evil, this must God arraign ;
 And on this principle confess we must,
 Pain can no evil be, or God must be unjust.

Blind man ! whose reason such strait bounds confine,
 That ere it touches truth's extremest line,
 It stops amaz'd, and quits the great design. }
 Own you not, Stoic, God is just and true ?
 Dare to proceed ; secure this path pursue :
 'Twill soon conduct you far beyond the tomb,
 To future justice, and a life to come.
 This path you say is hid in endless night,
 'Tis self-conceit alone obstructs your sight ;
 You stop, ere half your destin'd course is run,
 And triumph, when the conquest is not won ;
 By this the Sophists were of old misled :
 See what a monstrous race from one mistake is bred !

Hear then my argument :—confess we must,
 A God there is, supremely wise and just :

If so, however things affect our sight,
 As sings our bard, *whatever is, is right.*
 But is it right, what here so oft appears,
 That vice should triumph, virtue sink in tears?
 The inference then, that closes this debate,
 Is, that there must exist a future state.
 The wise extending their enquiries wide
 See how both states are by connection ty'd;
 Fools view but part, and not the whole survey,
 So crowd existence all into a day.
 Hence are they led to hope, but hope in vain,
 That Justice never will resume her reign;
 On this vain hope adulterers, thieves rely,
 And to this altar vile assassins fly.
 " But rules not God by general laws divine?
 " Man's vice, or virtues change not the design."
 What laws are these? instruct us if you can:—
 There's one design'd for brutes, and one for man:
 Another guides inactive matter's course,
 Attracting, and attracted by its force:
 Hence mutual gravity subsists between
 Far distant worlds, and ties the vast machine.
 The laws of life why need I call to mind,
 Obey'd by birds, and beasts of every kind;
 By all the sandy desert's savage brood,
 And all the num'rous offspring of the flood;
 Of these none uncontroul'd, and lawless rove,
 But to some destin'd end spontaneous move.

Led by that instinct, heav'n itself inspires,
 Or so much reason, as their state requires ;
 See all with skill acquire their daily food,
 All use those arms, which Nature has bestow'd ;
 Produce their tender progeny, and feed
 With care parental, whilst that care they need ;
 In these lov'd offices compleatly blest,
 No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears molest.

Man o'er a wider field extends his views ;
 God through the wonders of his works pursues,
 Exploring thence his attributes and laws,
 Adores, loves, imitates th' Eternal Cause ;
 For sure in nothing we approach so nigh
 The great example of divinity,
 As in benevolence: the patriot's soul
 Knows not self-center'd for itself to roll,
 But warms, enlightens, animates the whole :
 Its mighty orb embraces first his friends,
 His country next, then man ; nor here it ends,
 But to the meanest animal descends.

Wise Nature has this social law confirm'd,
 By forming man so helpless, and unarm'd ;
 His want of others' aid, and pow'r of speech
 T'implore that aid, this lesson daily teach.
 Mankind with other animals compare,
 Single how weak, and impotent they are !
 But view them in their complicated state,
 Their pow'rs how wond'rous, and their strength how great,

When social virtue individuals joins,
 And in one solid mass, like gravity combines !
 This then's the first great law by Nature giv'n,
 Stamp'd on our souls, and ratify'd by Heav'n ;
 All from utility this law approve,
 As every private bliss must spring from social love.

Why deviate then so many from this law ?
 See passions, custom, vice, and folly draw !
 Survey the rolling globe from East to West,
 How few, alas ! how very few are blest ?
 Beneath the frozen poles, and burning line,
 What poverty, and indolence combine,
 To cloud with Error's mists the human mind ?
 No trace of man, but in the form we find.

And are we free from error, and distress ?
 Whom Heav'n with clearer light has pleas'd to bless ?
 Whom true religion leads ? (for she but leads
 By soft persuasion, not by force proceeds ;)
 Behold how we avoid this radiant sun !
 This proffer'd guide how obstinately shun,
 And after Sophistry's vain systems run !
 For these as for essentials we engage
 In wars, and massacres, with holy rage ;
 Brothers by brothers' impious hands are slain.
 Mistaken zeal, how savage is thy reign !

Unpunish'd vices here so much abound,
 All right, and wrong, all order they confound ;

These are the giants, who the gods defy,
 And mountains heap on mountains to the sky.
 Sees this th' Almighty Judge, or seeing spares,
 And deems the crimes of man beneath his cares ?
 He sees ; and will at last rewards bestow,
 And punishments, not less assur'd for being slow.

Nor doubt I, though this state confus'd appears,
 That ev'n in this God sometimes interferes :
 Sometimes, lest man should quite his pow'r disown,
 He makes that pow'r to trembling nations known :
 But rarely this ; not for each vulgar end,
 As Superstition's idle tales pretend,
 Who thinks all foes to God, who are her own,
 Directs his thunder, and usurps his throne.

Nor know I not, how much a conscious mind
 Avails to punish, or reward mankind ;
 Ev'n in this life thou, impious wretch, must feel
 The Fury's scourges, and th' infernal wheel ;
 From man's tribunal, though thou hop'st to run,
 Thyself thou can'st not, nor thy conscience shun :
 What must thou suffer, when each dire disease,
 The progeny of vice, thy fabric seize ?
 Consumption, fever, and the racking pain
 Of spasms, and gout, and stone, a frightful train !
 When life new tortures can alone supply,
 Life thy sole hope thou'lt hate, yet dread to die.

Should such a wretch to num'rous years arrive,
 It can be little worth his while to live ;

No honors, no regards his age attend,
 Companions fly : he ne'er could have a friend :
 His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright
 He looks within, and shudders at the sight :
 When threat'ning Death uplifts his pointed dart,
 With what impatience he applies to art,
 Life to prolong amidst disease and pains !
 Why this, if after it no sense remains ?
 Why should he choose these miseries to endure,
 If Death could grant an everlasting cure ?
 'Tis plain there's something whispers in his ear,
 (Though fain he'd hide it) he has much to fear.

See the reverse ! how happy those we find,
 Who know by merit to engage mankind !
 Prais'd by each tongue, by every heart lov'd,
 For Virtues practis'd, and for Arts improv'd :
 Their easy aspects shine with smiles serene,
 And all is peace, and happiness within :
 Their sleep is ne'er disturb'd by fears, or strife,
 Nor lust, nor wine, impair the springs of life.

Him Fortune cannot sink, nor much elate,
 Whose views extend beyond this mortal state ;
 By age when summon'd to resign his breath,
 Calm, and serene, he sees approaching death,
 As the safe port, the peaceful silent shore,
 Where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er :
 He, and he only, is of death afraid,
 Whom his own conscience has a coward made ;

Whilst he, who Virtue's radiant course has run,
 Descends like a serenely-setting sun :
 His thoughts triumphant Heav'n alone employs,
 And hope anticipates his future joys.

So good, so blest, th' illustrious ^d *Hough* we find,
 Whose image dwells with pleasure on my mind ;
 The Mitre's glory, Freedom's constant friend,
 In times which ask'd a champion to defend ;
 Who after near a hundred virtuous years,
 His senses perfect, free from pains and fears,
 Replete with life, with honours, and with age,
 Like an applauded actor left the stage ;
 Or like some victor in th' Olympic games,
 Who, having run his course, the crown of Glory claims.

From this just contrast plainly it appears,
 How Conscience can inspire both hopes and fears ;
 But whence proceed these hopes, or whence this dread,
 If nothing really can affect the dead ?

See all things join to promise, and presage
 The sure arrival of a future age !

Whate'er their lot is here, the good and wise,
 Nor doat on life, nor peevishly despise.

An honest man, when Fortune's storms begin,
 Has Consolation always sure within ;

And, if she sends a more propitious gale,
 He's pleas'd, but not forgetful it may fail.

Nor fear that he, who sits so loose to life,
 Should too much shun its labors, and its strife ;

^d Bishop of Worcester.

And scorning wealth, contented to be mean,
 Shrink from the duties of this bustling scene ;
 Or, when his country's safety claims his aid,
 Avoid the fight inglorious, and afraid :
 Who scorns life most must surely be most brave,
 And he, who pow'r contemns, be least a slave :
 Virtue will lead him to Ambition's ends,
 And prompt him to defend his country, and his friends.

But still his merit you can not regard,
 Who thus pursues a posthumous reward ;
 His soul, you cry, is uncorrupt and great,
 Who quite unfluenc'd by a future state,
 Embraces Virtue from a nobler sense
 Of her abstracted, native excellence,
 From the self-conscious joy her essence brings,
 The beauty, fitness, harmony of things.
 It may be so : yet he deserves applause,
 Who follows where instructive Nature draws ;
 Aims at rewards by her indulgence giv'n,
 And soars triumphant on her wings to heav'n.

Say what this venal virtuous man pursues,
 No mean rewards, no mercenary views ;
 Not wealth usurious, or a num'rous train,
 Not fame by fraud acquir'd, or title vain !
 He follows but where Nature points the road,
 Rising in Virtue's school, till he ascends to God.

But we th' inglorious common herd of man,
 Sail without compass, toil without a plan ;

In Fortune's varying storms for ever tost,
 Shadows pursue, that in pursuit are lost ;
 Mere infants all, 'till life's extremest day,
 Scrambling for toys, then tossing them away,
 Who rests of Immortality assur'd
 Is safe, whatever ills are here endur'd :
 He hopes not vainly in a world like this,
 To meet with pure uninterrupted bliss ;
 For good and ill, in this imperfect state,
 Are ever mix'd by the decrees of Fate.
 With wisdom's richest harvest Folly grows,
 And baleful hemlock mingles with the rose ;
 All things are blended, changeable, and vain,
 No hope, no wish we perfectly obtain ;
 God may perhaps (might human Reason's line
 Pretend to fathom infinite design)
 Have thus ordain'd things, that the restless mind
 No happiness compleat on earth may find ;
 And, by this friendly chastisement made wise,
 To heav'n her safest, best retreat may rise.

Come then, since now in safety we have past
 Through Error's rocks, and see the port at last,
 Let us review, and recollect the whole.—
 Thus stands my argument.—The thinking soul
 Cannot terrestrial, or material be,
 But claims by Nature Immortality :
 God, who created it, can make it end,
 We question not, but cannot apprehend

He will ; because it is by him endued
 With strong ideas of all-perfect Good :
 With wond'rous pow'rs to know, and calculate
 Things too remote from this our earthly state ;
 With sure prefages of a life to come,
 All false and uselefs ; if beyond the tomb
 Our beings cease : we therefore can't believe
 God either acts in vain, or can deceive.

If every rule of equity demands,
 That Vice and Virtue from th' Almighty's hands,
 Should due rewards, and punishments receive,
 And this by no means happens whilst we live,
 It follows, that a time must surely come,
 When each shall meet their well-adjusted doom :
 Then shall this scene, which now to human sight
 Seems so unworthy Wisdom infinite,
 A system of consummate skill appear,
 And every cloud dispers'd, be beautiful and clear.

Doubt we of this ! what solid proof remains,
 That o'er the world a wise Disposer reigns ?
 Whilst all Creation speaks a pow'r divine,
 Is it deficient in the main design ?
 Not so : the day shall come, (pretend not now
 Presumptuous to enquire or when, or how)
 But after death shall come th' important day,
 When God to all his justice shall display ;
 Each action with impartial eyes regard,
 And in a just proportion punish and reward.

The ARBOUR: AN ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

By Mr. THOMAS COLE.

TO these lone shades, where Peace delights to dwell,
 May Fortune oft permit me to retreat;
 Here bid the world, with all its cares, farewell,
 And leave its pleasures to the rich and great.

Oft as the summer's sun shall cheer this scene,
 With that mild gleam which points his parting ray,
 Here let my soul enjoy each eve serene,
 Here share its calm, 'till life's declining day.

No gladsome image then should 'scape my sight,
 From these gay flow'rs, which border near my eye,
 To yon bright cloud, that decks, with richest light,
 The gilded mantle of the western sky.

With ample gaze, I'd trace that ridge remote,
 Where op'ning cliffs disclose the boundless main;
 With earnest ken, from each low hamlet note
 The steeple's summit peeping o'er the plain.

What various works that rural landscape fill,
 Where mingling hedge-rows beauteous fields inclose;
 And prudent Culture, with industrious skill,
 Her chequer'd scene of crops and fallows shows!

How

How should I love to mark that riv'let's maze,
 Through which it works its untaught course along ;
 Whilst near its grassy banks the herd shall graze,
 And blithsome milkmaid chaunt her thoughtless song !

Still would I note the shades of length'ning sheep,
 As scatter'd o'er the hill's slant brow they rove ;
 Still note the day's last glimm'ring lustre creep
 From off the verge of yonder upland grove.

Nor should my leisure seldom wait to view
 The slow-wing'd rooks in homeward train succeed ;
 Nor yet forbear the swallow to pursue,
 With quicker glance, close skimming o'er the mead.

But mostly here should I delight t' explore
 The bounteous laws of Nature's mystic pow'r ;
 Then muse on Him who blesteth all her store,
 And give to solemn thoughts the sober hour.

Let mirth unenvy'd laugh with proud disdain,
 And deem it spleen one moment thus to waste ;
 If so she keep far hence her noisy train,
 Nor interrupt those joys she cannot taste.

Far sweeter streams shall flow from Wisdom's spring,
 Than she receives from Folly's costliest bowl ;
 And what delights can her chief dainties bring,
 Like those which feast the heavenly-pensive soul ?

Sail Silence then! be thou my frequent guest;
 For thou art wont my gratitude to raise,
 As high as wonder can the theme suggest,
 Whene'er I meditate my Maker's praise.

What joy for tutor'd Piety to learn,
 All that my christian solitude can teach,
 Where weak-ey'd Reason's self may well discern
 Each clearer truth the gospel deigns to preach?

No object here but may convince the mind,
 Of more than thoughtful honesty shall need;
 Nor can Suspense long question here to find
 Sufficient evidence to fix its creed.

'Tis God that gives this bow'r its awful gloom;
 His arched verdure does its roof invest;
 He breathes the life of fragrance on its bloom;
 And with his kindness makes its owner blest.

Oh! may the guidance of thy grace attend
 The use of all thy bounty shall bestow;
 Lest folly should mistake its sacred end,
 Or vice convert it into means of woe.

Incline and aid me still my life to steer,
 As conscience dictates what to shun or chuse;
 Nor let my heart feel anxious hope or fear,
 For aught this world can give me or refuse.

Who that ill-featur'd spectre of a man,
 Shriv'ring in nakedness, so spare and wan?
 And she, whose eye aghast with horror stares,
 Whose meagre form a sister's likeness bears?
 Loud Lamentation, wild Despair. All these, 195
 Fell vultures, the devoted caitiff seize.
 Ah dreadful durance! with these fiends to dwell!
 What tongue the terrors of his soul can tell?
 Worry'd by these foul fiends, the wretch begins
 Sharp penance, wages of remember'd sins: 200
 Then deeper sinks, plung'd in the pit of *Woe*,
 Worse suff'rings in worse hell to undergo:
 Unless, rare guest, *Repentance* o'er the gloom
 Diffuse her radiance, and repeal his doom.
 She comes! meek-ey'd, array'd in grave attire, 205
 See *Right Opinion*, join'd with *Good Desire*,
 Handmaids of *Truth*: with those, an adverse pair
 (*False Wisdom's* minions, that deceiving fair)
 Attend her solemn step: the furies flee.
 Come forth, she calls, come forth to liberty, 210
 Guilt-harrass'd thrall: thy future lot decide,
 And, pond'ring well, elect thy future guide.
 Momentous option! choosing right, he'll find
 A sov'reign med'cine for his ulcer'd mind;
 Led to *True Wisdom*, whose cathartic bowl 215
 Recovers and beatifies the soul.
 Misguided else, a counterfeit he'll gain,
 Whose art is only to amuse the brain:

From vice to studious folly now he flies,
From blifs still erring, still betray'd by lies. 220

*O heavens! where end the risks we mortals run?
How dreadful this, and yet how hard to shun!
Say, father, what distinctive marks declare
That counterfeit of Wisdom?*

† View her there.

At yonder gate, with decent port, she stands, 225
Her spotless form that second court commands:

Styl'd *Wisdom* by the crowd, the thinking few
Know her disguise, the phantom of the true:
Skill'd in all learning, skill'd in every art

To grace the head, not meliorate the heart. 230

The fav'd, who meditate their noble flight
From a bad world, to *Wisdom's* lofty height,
Just touching at this inn, for short repast,
Then speed their journey forward to its last.

This the sole path?

Another path there lies, 235

The plain man's path, without proud Science wife.

Who they, which traverse this deluder's bound?

A busy scene, all thought or action round.

Her lovers, whom her specious beauty warms,
Who grasp, in vision, *Truth's* immortal charms, 240
Vain of the glory of a false embrace:

Fierce syllogistic tribes, a wrangling race,

† The second court, or the studious life.

Bards

Bards rapt beyond the moon on Fancy's wings,
And mighty masters of the vocal strings :

Those who on labour'd speeches waste their oil,

245

Those who in crabbed calculations toil,

Who measure earth, who climb the starry road,

And human fates by heav'nly signs forebode,

Pleasure's philosophers, *Lyceum's* pride,

Disdainful soaring up to heights untry'd.

250

All who in learned trifles spin their wit,

Or comment on the works by triflers writ.

Who are yon active females, like in face

To the lewd harlots, in the nether space,

Vile agents of voluptuous Sin?

The same.

255

Admitted here?

Ev'n here, eternal shame!

They boast some rarer less ignoble spoils,

Art, wit, and reason, tangled in their toils.

And *Fancy*, with th' *Opinions* in her rear,

Enjoys these studious walks, no stranger here :

260

Where wild hypothesis, and learn'd romance

Too oft lead up the philosophic dance.

Still these ingenious heads, alas! retain

Delusion's dose, still the vile dregs remain

Of ignorance with madding folly join'd,

265

And a foul heart pollutes th' embellish'd mind.

Nor will presumption from their souls recede,

Nor will they from one vicious plague be freed,

Till, weary of these vanities, they've found
 Th' exalted way to *Truth's* enlighten'd ground, 270
 Quaff'd her cathartic, and all cleans'd within,
 By that strong energy, from pride and sin,
 Are heal'd and fav'd. But loit'ring here they spend
 Life's precious hours in thinking to no end :

From science up to science let them rise, 275
 And arrogate the swelling style of wise,
 Their wisdom's folly, impotent and blind,
 Which cures not one distemper of the mind.

*Enough. Discover now the faithful road,
 Which mounts us to the joys of Truth's abode.* 280

Survey this solitary waste, which rears
 Nor bush nor herb, nor cottage there appears.
 At distance see yon strait and lonely gate
 (No crowds at the forbidding entrance wait)
 Its avenue a rugged rocky foil, 285
 Travell'd with painful step and tedious toil.
 Beyond the wicket, tow'ring in the skies
 See Difficulty's cragged mountain rise,
 Narrow and sharp th' ascent; each edge a brink,
 Whence to vast depth dire precipices sink. 290

Is that the way to Wisdom? Dreadful way!

The landskip frowns with danger and dismay.

Yet higher still, around the mountain's brow
 Winds yon huge rock, whose steep smooth sides allow
 No track. Its top two sister figures grace, 295
 Health's rosy habit glowing in their face.

With

With arms protended o'er the verge they lean,
The promptitude of friendship in their mien.

The pow'rs of *Continence* and *Patience*, there
Station'd by *Wisdom*, her commission bear

300

To rouse the spirit of her fainting son

Thus far advanc'd, and urge and urge him on.

Courage! they call, the coward's sloth disdain,

Yet, yet awhile, the noble toil sustain:

A lovely path soon opens to your fight.

305

But ah! how climb'd that rock's bare slipp'ry height?

These generous guides, who *Virtue's* course befriend,
In succour of her pilgrim, swift descend,

Draw up their trembling charge; then, smiling, greet

With kind command to rest his weary feet.

310

With their own force his panting breast they arm,

And with their own intrepid spirit warm:

Next, plight their guidance in his future way

To *Wisdom*, and in rapt'rous view display

The blissful road (there it invites your eyes)

315

How smooth and easy to the foot it lies,

Through beauteous land, from all annoyance clear,

Of thorny evil and perplexing fear.

‡ Yon lofty grove's delicious bow'rs to gain,

You cross th' expanse of this enamell'd plain;

320

A meadow with eternal beauty bright,

Beneath a purer heav'n, o'erflow'd with light.

‡ The third court, or the virtuous life.

Full in the center of the plain, behold
 A court far-flaming with its wall of gold
 And gate of diamond, where the righteous rest;
 This clime their home, the country of the blest;
 Here all the *Virtues* dwell, communion sweet!
 With *Happiness*, who rules the peaceful seat,
 In station at th' effulgent portal, see
 A beauteous form of mildest majesty.
 Her eyes how piercing! how sedate her mien!
 Mature in life, her countenance serene:
 Spirit and solid thought each feature shows,
 And her plain robe with state unstudy'd flows.
 She stands upon a cube of marble, fix'd
 As the firm rock, two lovely nymphs betwixt,
 Her daughters, copies of her looks and air,
 Here candid *Truth*, and sweet *Persuasion* there:
 She, she is *Wisdom*. In her steadfast eye
 Behold th' expressive type of certainty:
 Certain her way, and permanent the deed
 Of gift substantial to her friends decreed.
 She gives the confidence erect and clear,
 She gives magnanimous contempt of fear,
 And bids th' invulnerable mind to know
 Her safety from the future shafts of woe.

O treasure, richer than the sea or land!

But why without the walls her destin'd stand?

There standing, she presents her potent bowl,
 Divine cathartic, which restores the soul,

This asks a comment.

In some dire disease,

Machaon's skill first purges off the lees :

Then clear and strong the purple current flows,

And life renew'd in every member glows :

But if the patient all controul despise,

Just victim of his stubborn will he dies.

So *Wisdom*, by her rules, with healing art

Expels *Delusion's* mischiefs from the heart ;

Blindness, and error, and high-boasting pride,

Intemp'rance, lust, fierce wrath's impetuous tide,

Hydropic avarice, all the plagues behind

Which in the first mad court oppress'd the mind.

Thus purg'd, her pupil through the gate she brings,

The *Virtues* hail their guest, the guest enraptur'd sings.

Behold the spotless band, celestial charms !

Scene that with awe chastises whom it warms :

No harlotry, no paint, no gay excess,

But beauty unaffected as their dress.

See *Knowledge* grasping a refulgent star,

See *Fortitude* in panoply of war :

Justice her equal scale aloft displays,

And rights both human and divine she weighs.

There *Moderation*, all the pleasures bound

In brazen chains her dreaded feet surround.

There bounteous *Liberality* expands

To want, to worth, her ever-loaded hands.

375

The

The florid hue of *Temperance*, her side
 Adorn'd by *Health*, a nymph in blooming pride.
 Lo, soft-ey'd *Meekness* holds a curbing rein,
 Anger's high-mettled spirit to restrain : 380
 While *Moral Order* tunes her golden lyre,
 And white-rob'd *Probity* compleats the choir.

O fairest of all fair ! O blissful state !
 What hopes sublime our ravish'd soul dilate !
 Substantial hopes, if by the doctrine taught, 385
 The fashion'd manners are to habit wrought.

Yes ; 'tis resolv'd. We'll every nerve employ.
 Live, then, restor'd ; and reap the promis'd joy.

But whither do the Virtues lead their trust ?
 To *Happiness*, rewarder of the just. 390

Look upward to the hill beyond the grove,
 A sovereign pile extends its front above :
 Stately and strong, the lofty castle stands,
 Its boundless prospect all the courts commands.

Within the porch, high on a jasper throne, 395

Th' Imperial Mother by her form is known ;
 Bright as the morn, when smiling on the hills,

Earth, air, and sea with vernal joy she fills.

Rich without lavish cost her vest behold

In colours of the sky, and fring'd with gold : 400

A tiar, wreath'd with every flow'r that blows

Of liveliest tints, around her temples glows :

Eternal bloom her snowy temples binds,

Fearless of burning suns and blasting winds.

Now, with a crown of wond'rous pow'r, her hand 405
 (Assistant, round her, all the Virtues stand)
 Adorns her hero, honourable meed
 Of conquests won by many a valiant deed.

What conquests?

Formidable beasts subdu'd;
 Lab'ring he fought, he routed, he pursu'd. 410
 Once, a weak prey, beneath their force he cowl'd,
 O'erthrown, and worry'd, and well-nigh devour'd;
 Till rous'd from his inglorious sloth, possess
 With generous ardour kindling in his breast,
 Lord of himself, the victor now constrains 415
 Those hostile monsters in his pow'rful chains.

Explain those savage beasts at war with man.

Error and Ignorance, which head the van,
 Heart-gnawing Grief, and loud-lamenting Woe,
 Incontinence, a wild-destroying foe, 420
 Rapacious Avarice; cruel numbers more:
 O'er all he triumphs now, their slave before.

O great achievements! more illustrious far

These triumphs, than the bloody wreaths of war.

But, say; what salutary pow'r is shed

By the fair crown, which decks the hero's head? 425

Most beatific. For possessing this

He lives, rich owner of man's proper bliss:

Bliss independent or on wealth or pow'r,

Fame, birth, or beauty, or voluptuous hour. 430

His hope's divorc'd from all exterior things,
 Within himself the fount of pleasure springs;
 Springs ever in the self-approving breast,
 And his own honest heart's a constant feast.

Where, next, his steps?

He measures back his way, 435

Conducted by the *Virtues*, to survey
 His first abode. The giddy crowd, below,
 Wasting their wretched span in crime, they show;
 How in the whirl of passions they are tost,
 And, shipwreck'd on the lurking shelves, are lost: 440

Here fierce *Ambition* haling in her chain
 The mighty, there a despicable train
 Impure in *Lust's* inglorious fether bound,
 And slaves of *Avarice* rooting up the ground:

Thralls of *Vain-glory*, thralls of swelling *Pride*, 445
 Unnumber'd fools, unnumber'd plagues beside.

All-pow'rless they to burst the galling band,
 To spring aloft, and reach yon happy land,
 Entangled, impotent the way to find,

The clear instruction blotted from their mind 450
 Which the *Good Genius* gave; Guilt's gloomy fears
 Becloud their suns and sadden all their years.

I stand convinc'd, but yet perplex'd in thought

Why to review a well-known scene he's brought.

Scene rudely known. Uncertain and confus'd, 455

His judgment by illusions was abus'd.

His evil was not evil, nor his good
 Aught else but vanity misunderstood.
 Confounding good and evil, like the throng,
 His life, like theirs, was action always wrong. 460
 Enlighten'd now in the true blifs of man,
 He shapes his alter'd course by *Wisdom's* plan :
 And, blest himself, beholds with weeping eyes
 The madding world an hospital of sighs.
This retrospection ended, where succeeds
His course ? 465

Where'er his wise volition leads,
 Where'er it leads, safety attends him still :
 Not safer, should he on *Apollo's* hill,
 Among the Nymphs, among the vocal Pow'rs,
 Dwell in the Sanctum of the *Corycian* bow'rs : 470
 Honour'd by all, the friend of human kind,
 Belov'd physician of the sin-sick mind ;
 Not *Esculapius* more, whose pow'r to save
 Redeems his patient from the yawning grave.
But never more shall his old restless foes
Awake his fears, nor trouble his repose ? 475
 Never. In righteous habitude inur'd,
 From Passion's baneful anarchy secur'd,
 In each enticing scene, each instant hard,
 That sovereign antidote his mind will guard : 480
 Like him, who, of some virtuous drug possess'd,
 Grasps the fell viper coil'd within her nest,

Hears her dire hissings, sees her terrors rise,
 And, unappall'd, destruction's tooth defies.

You troops in motion from the mount explain, 485
Various to view; for there a goodly train,
With garlands crown'd, advance with comely pace,
Noble their port, and in each tranquil face
Joy sparkles: others, a bare-headed throng,
Batter'd and gash'd, drag their slow steps along, 490
Captives of some strange female crew.

The crown'd,
 Long seeking, safe arriv'd at *Wisdom's* bound,
 Exult in her imparted grace. ^h The rest,
 Those on whom *Wisdom*, unprevailing, prest
 Her healing aid; rejected from her care, 495
 In evil plight their wicked days they wear:
 Those too, who *Difficulty's* hill had gain'd,
 There basely stopp'd, by dastard sloth detain'd:
 Apostate now, in thorny wilds they rove,
 Pursuing furies scourge the caitiff drove; 500
 Sorrows which gnaw, remorseful Thoughts which tear,
 Blindness of mind, and heart-oppressing Fear,
 With all the contumelious rout of Shame,
 And every ill, and every hateful name.
 Relaps'd to *Lewdness*, and her sensual Queen, 505
 Unblushing at themselves, but drunk with spleen,
Wisdom's high worth their canker'd tongues dispraise,
 Revile her children, and blaspheme her ways.

^h Apostates.

Deluded wretches, (thus their madness cries)
Dull mopes, weak dupes of philosophic lies,
Uncomforted, unjoyous, and unblest,
Loſt from the pleasures here at large poſſeſt.
What pleasures boaſt they?

Pleasures of the ſtews,
Pleasures which Riot's frantic bowls infuſe.
Theſe high fruition their groſs ſouls repute,
And man's chief good to ſink into a brute.

*But who that lovely bewy, blithe and gay,
So ſmoothly gliding down the billy way?*
i Thoſe are th' Opinions, who have guided right
The unexperienc'd to the plain of light:
Returning, new adventurers to bring,
The bleſſings of the laſt-arriv'd they ſing.

*Why ingreſs yielded to their favour'd ward
Among the Virtues, to themſelves debarr'd?*
Opinion's foot is never never found
Where Knowledge dwells, 'tis interdicted ground,
At Wiſdom's gate th' Opinions muſt reſign
Their charge, thoſe limits their employ confine.

Thus trading barks, ſkill'd in the wat'ry road,
To diſtant climes convey their precious load,
Then turn their prow, light bounding o'er the main,
And with new traffic ſtore their keels again.

Thus far is clear. But yet untold remains

What the Good Genius to the crowd ordains,

i The diſtinction between Opinion and Knowledge.

Just on the verge of life.

* He bids them hold 535
 A spirit with erected courage bold.
 Never (he calls) on *Fortune's* faith rely,
 Nor grasp her dubious gifts as property.
 Let not her smile transport, her frown dismay,
 Nor praise, nor blame, nor wonder at her sway 540
 Which reason never guides: 'tis fortune still,
 Capricious chance and arbitrary will,
 Bad bankers, vain of treasure not their own,
 With foolish rapture hug the trusted loan:
 Impatient, when the pow'ful bond demands 545
 Its unremember'd cov'nant from their hands.
 Unlike to such, without a sigh restore
 What *Fortune* lends: anon she'll lavish more:
 Repenting of her bounty snatch away,
 Yea seize your patrimonial fund for prey. 550
 Embrace her proffer'd boon, but instant rise,
 Spring upward, and secure a lasting prize,
 The gift which *Wisdom* to her sons divides;
 Knowledge, whose beam the doubting judgment guides,
 Scatters the sensual fog, and clear to view 555
 Distinguishes false int'rest from the true.
 Flee, flee to this, with unabating pace,
 Nor parly for a moment at the place
 Where *Pleasure* and her *Harlots* tempt, nor rest,
 But at *False Wisdom's* inn, a transient guest: 560

* The instructions of the Genius.

For

For short refection, at her table sit,
 And taste what science may your palate hit :
 Then wing your journey forward till you reach
 True *Wisdom*, and imbibe the truths she'll teach,

Such is th' advice the friendly *Genius* gives,
 He perishes who scorns, who follows lives.
 And thus this moral piece instructs ; if aught
 Is mystic still, reveal your doubting thought.

Thanks, generous Sire ; tell, then, the transient bait,
The Genius grants us at False Wisdom's gate. 570

! Whate'er in arts or sciences is found
 Of solid use, in their capacious round,
 These, *Plato* reasons, like a curbing rein,
 Unruly youth from devious starts restrain.

Must we, solicitous our souls to save,
Assistance from these previous studies crave ? 575

Necessity there's none. We'll not deny
 Their merit in some less utility ;
 But they contribute, we aver, no part
 To heal the manners and amend the heart.

An author's meaning, in a tongue unknown,
 May glimmer through translation in our own :
 Yet masters of his language, we might gain
 Some trivial purposes by tedious pain.

So in the sciences, though rudely taught,
 We may attain the little that we ought ; 585

! Natural knowledge, how far useful, and when unprofitable and
 hurtful.

Yet, accurately known, they might convey
 More light, not wholly useleſs in its way.
 But virtue may be reach'd, through all her rules,
 Without the curious ſubtleties of ſchools. 590

How! not the learn'd excel the common ſchool,

In pow'rful aids to meliorate the ſoul?

Blind as the crowd, alas! to good and ill,
 Intangled by the like corrupted will,

What boaſts the man of letters o'er the reſt? 595

Skill'd in all tongues, of all the arts poſſeſt,

What hinders but he ſink into a ſot,

A libertine, or villain in a plot,

Miſer, or knave, or whatſoe'er you'll name

Of moral lunacy and reaſon's ſhame? 600

Scandals too riſe!

How, then, for living right

Avail thoſe ſtudies, and their vaunted light

Beyond the vulgar?

Nothing. But diſcloſe

The cauſe from whence this ſtrange appearance grows.

Held by a potent charm in this retreat 605

They dwell, content with nearneſs to the ſeat

Of *Virtuous Wiſdom*.

Near, methinks, in vain:

Since numbers, oft, from out the nether plain,

'Scap'd from the ſnares of Lewdneſs and Exceſs,

Undevious to her lofty ſtation preſs,

Yet paſs theſe letter'd clans. 610

What,

What, then, are these
 In moral things, advantag'd o'er the leas
 Of human race? in moral things, we find
 These duller, or less tractable of mind.

Decypher that.

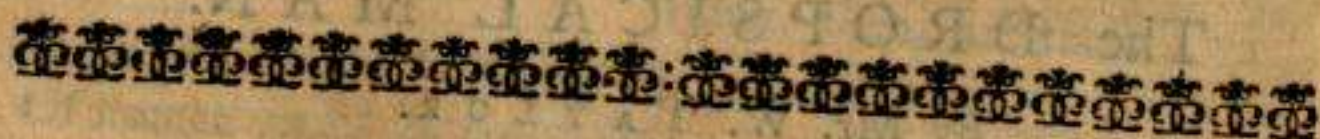
Pride, pride averts their eyes 615
 From offer'd light: in self-sufficiency wise,
 Although unknowing, they presume to know:
 Clogg'd with that vain conceit they creep below,
 Nor can mount up to yon exalted bound,
 True *Wisdom's* mansion, by the humble found. 620
 Not found by these, till the vain visions spread,
 By *False Opinion*, in the learned head,
 Repentance scatter; and deceiv'd no more,
 They own th' illusion which deceiv'd before,
 That for *True Wisdom* they embrac'd her shade, 625
 And hence the healing of their souls delay'd.
 Strangers, these lessons, oft revolving, hold
 Fast to your hearts, and into habit mould:
 To this high scope life's whole attention bend,
 Despise aught else as erring from your end. 630
 Do thus, or unavailing is my care,
 And all th' instruction dies away in air.

The DROPSICAL MAN.

By Mr. W. TAYLOR.

A JOLLY, brave toper, who could not forbear,
 Though his life was in danger, old port and stale beer,
 Gave the doctors the hearing—but still would drink on,
 'Till the dropfy had swell'd him as big as a ton.
 The more he took phyfic the worfe still he grew,
 And tapping was now the last thing he could do.
 Affairs at this crisis, and doctors come down,
 He began to consider—so sent for his son,
 Tom, see by what courses I've shorten'd my life,
 I'm leaving the world e'er I'm forty and five;
 More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four hours,
 This manor, this house, and estate will be yours;
 My early excesses may teach you this truth,
 That 'tis working for death to drink hard in one's youth.
 Says Tom, (who's a lad of a generous spirit,
 And not like young rakes, who're in haste to inherit,)
 Sir, don't be dishearten'd; although it be true,
 Th' operation is painful, and hazardous too,
 'Tis no more than what many a man has gone thro'.
 And then, as for years, you may yet be call'd young,
 Your life after this may be happy and long.
 Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply,
 With a jest in his mouth, and a tear in his eye:
 Too well by experience, my vessels, thou know'st,
 No sooner are tap'd, but they give up the ghost.

PARADISE



PARADISE REGAIN'D.

By H. T.

I.

SEEK not for Paradise with curious eye
In Asiatic climes, where Tigris' wave,
Mix'd with Euphrates in tumultuous joy,
Doth the broad plains of Babylonia lave.

II.

'Tis gone with all its charms; and like a dream,
Like Babylon itself, is swept away;
Bestow one tear upon the mournful theme,
But let it not thy gentle heart dismay.

III.

For know where-ever love and virtue guide,
They lead us to a state of heav'nly blifs,
Where joys unknown to guilt and shame preside,
And pleasures unalloy'd each hour increase.

IV.

Behold that grove, whose waving boughs admit,
Through the live colonade, the fruitful hill,
A moving prospect with fat herds replete,
Whose lowing voices all the valleys fill.

V. There,

V,

There, through the spiry grass where glides the brook,
(By yon tall poplar which erects its head
Above the verdure of the neighb'ring oak,)
And gently murmurs o'er th' adjoining mead;

VI.

Philander and Cleora, happy pair,
Taste the cool breezes of the gentle wind;
Their breasts from guilt, their looks are free from care,
Sure index of a calm contented mind.

VII.

'Tis here in virtuous lore the studious fair
Informs her babes, nor scorns herself t' improve,
While in his smile she lives, whose pleasing care
Dispenses knowledge from the lips of love.

VIII.

No wild desires can spread their poison here,
No discontent their peaceful hours attend;
False joys, nor flatt'ring hopes, nor servile fear,
Their gentle minds with jarring passions rend.

IX.

Here oft in pleasing solitude they rove,
Recounting o'er the deeds of former days;
With inward joy their well-spent time approve,
And feel a recompence beyond all praise.

X.

Or in sweet converse through the grove, or near
The fountain's brink, or where the arbour's shade
Beats back the heat, fair Virtue's voice they hear,
More musical by sweet digression made.

XI.

With calm dependence every good they taste,
Yet feel their neighbours' wants with kind regret,
Nor cheer themselves alone, (a mean repast) !
But deal forth blessings round their happy feat.

XII.

'Tis to such virtue, that the pow'r supreme
The choicest of his blessings hath design'd,
And shed them plenteous over every clime,
The calm delights of an untainted mind.

XIII.

Ere yet the sad effects of foolish pride,
And mean ambition still employ'd in strife,
And luxury did o'er the world preside,
Deprav'd the taste, and pall'd the joys of life.

XIV.

For such the Spring, in richest mantle clad,
Pours forth her beauties through the gay parterre ;
And Autumn's various bosom is o'erspread
With all the blushing fruits that crown the year.

XV.

Such Summer tempts, in golden beams array'd,
Which o'er the fields in borrow'd lustre glow,
To meditate beneath the cooling shade
Their happy state, and whence their blessings flow.

XVI.

E'en rugged Winter varies but their joy,
Painting the cheek with fresh vermilion-hue ;
And those rough frosts which softer frames annoy
With vig'rous health their slack'ning nerves renew.

XVII.

From the dark bosom of the dappled Morn
 To Phœbus shining with meridian light,
 Or when mild Ev'ning does the sky adorn,
 Or the pale moon rides through the spangled night.

XVIII.

The varying scenes in every virtuous soul
 Each pleasing change with various pleasures bless,
 Raise cheerful hopes, and anxious fears controul,
 And form a Paradise of inward peace.



To the Right Hon. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,

— *Quod censet amicus, ut si
 Cæcus iter monstrare velit.* — HOR.

By the Honourable Mr. D_____

TH O' strength of genius, by experience taught,
 Gives thee to sound the depth of human thought,
 To trace the various workings of the mind,
 And rule the secret springs that rule mankind;
 Rare gift! yet, Walpole, wilt thou condescend
 To listen, if thy unexperienc'd friend
 Can aught of use impart, though void of skill,
 And raise attention by sincere good will:

For friendship sometimes want of parts supplies,
 The heart may furnish what the head denies.
 As, when the rapid Rhine o'er swelling tides,
 To grace old Ocean's coast, in triumph rides,
 Though rich in source, he drains a thousand springs,
 Nor scorns the tribute each small riv'let brings :
 So thou shalt hence absorb each feeble ray,
 Each dawn of meaning in thy brighter day ;
 Shalt like, or where thou canst not like, excuse,
 Since no mean interest shall prophane the Muse ;
 No malice wrapt in truth's disguise offend,
 No flattery taint the freedom of a friend.

When first a generous mind surveys the great,
 And views the crowds that on their fortune wait,
 Pleas'd with the shew, (though little understood,)
 He only seeks the pow'r, to do the good :
 Thinks, till he tries, 'tis godlike to dispose,
 And gratitude still springs, when bounty flows ;
 That every grant sincere affection wins,
 And where our wants have end, our love begins.
 But they who long the paths of state have trod,
 Learn from the clamours of the murm'ring crowd,
 Which cramm'd, yet craving, still their gates besiege,
 'Tis easier far to give, than to oblige.
 This of thy conduct seems the nicest part,
 The chief perfection of the statesman's art,
 To give to fair assent a fairer face,
 Or soften a refusal into grace.

But few there are, that can be freely kind,
 Or know to fix the favours on the mind;
 Hence some whene'er they would oblige, offend,
 And while they make the fortune, lose the friend:
 Still give unthank'd; still squander, not bestow;
 For great men want not what to give, but how.
 The race of men that follow courts, 'tis true,
 Think all they get, and more than all, their due;
 Still ask, but ne'er consult their own deserts,
 And measure by their interest, not their parts.
 From this mistake so many men we see
 But ill become the thing they wish to be:
 Hence discontent and fresh demands arise,
 More power, more favour in the great man's eyes:
 All feel a want, though none the cause suspects,
 But hate their patron for their own defects.
 Such none can please, but who reforms their hearts,
 And when he gives them places, gives them parts.
 As these o'erprize their worth, so sure the great
 May sell their favours at too dear a rate.
 When merit pines while clamour is prefer'd,
 And long attachment waits among the herd;
 When no distinction, where distinction's due,
 Marks from the many the superior few;
 When strong cabal constrains them to be just,
 And makes them give at last, because they must;
 What hopes that men of real worth should prize
 What neither friendship gives, nor merit buys.

The man who justly o'er the whole presides,
 His well-weigh'd choice with wise affection guides :
 Knows when to stop with grace, and when advance,
 Nor gives from importunity, or chance ;
 But thinks how little gratitude is ow'd,
 When favours are extorted, not bestow'd.
 When safe on shore ourselves, we see the crowd
 Surround the great, importunate and loud,
 Through such a tumult 'tis no easy task,
 To drive the man of real worth to ask ;
 Surrounded thus, and giddy with the shew,
 'Tis hard for great men rightly to bestow ;
 From hence so few are skill'd in either case,
 To ask with dignity, or give with grace.
 Sometimes the great, seduc'd by love of parts,
 Consult our genius, but neglect our hearts ;
 Pleas'd with the glittering sparks that genius flings,
 They lift us tow'ring on the eagle's wings :
 Mark out the flights by which themselves begun,
 And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the sun,
 'Till we forget the hand that made us great,
 And grow to envy, not to emulate.
 To emulate a generous warmth implies,
 To reach the virtues that make great men rise ;
 But envy wears a mean malignant face,
 And aims not at their virtues, but their place.
 Such to oblige, how vain is the pretence !
 When every favour is a fresh offence,

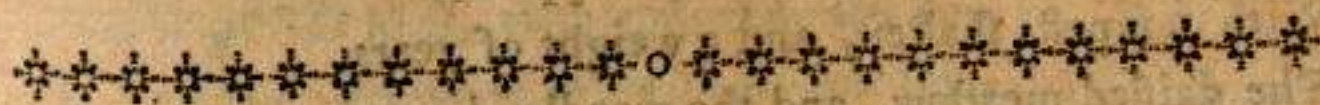
By which superior power is still imply'd,
 And while it helps the fortune, hurts the pride.
 Slight is the hate neglect or hardships breed,
 But those who hate from envy, hate indeed.
 Since so perplex'd the choice, whom shall we trust?
 Methinks, I hear thee cry, the brave, the just;
 The man by no mean fears or hopes controul'd,
 Who serves thee from affection, not for gold!
 We love the honest, and esteem the brave,
 Despise the coxcomb, but detest the knave.
 No shew of parts the truly wise seduce,
 To think that knaves can be of real use.
 The man who contradicts the public voice,
 And strives to dignify a worthless choice,
 Attempts a task that on the choice reflects,
 And lends us light to point out new defects.
 One worthless man that gains what he pretends,
 Disgusts a thousand unpretending friends;
 And since no art can make a counter pass,
 Or add the weight of gold to mimic brass,
 When princes to bad ore their image join,
 They more debase the stamp than raise the coin;
 Be thine that care, true merit to reward,
 And gain that good; nor will the task be hard.
 Souls found alike so quick by nature blend,
 An honest man is more than half thy friend.
 Him no mere views, no haste to rise, shall sway,
 Thy choice to sully, or thy trust betray.

Ambition here shall at due distance stand,
 Nor is wit dangerous in an honest hand :
 Besides, if failings at the bottom lie,
 He views those failings with a lover's eye.
 Though small his genius, let him do his best,
 Our wishes and belief supply the rest :
 Let others barter servile faith for gold,
 His friendship is not to be bought or sold.
 Fierce opposition he unmov'd shall face,
 Modest in favour, daring in disgrace ;
 To share thy adverse fate alone pretend,
 In power a servant, out of power a friend.
 Here pour thy favours in an ample flood,
 Indulge thy boundless thirst of doing good,
 Nor think that good alone to him confin'd ;
 Such to oblige is to oblige mankind.
 If thus thy mighty master's steps thou trace,
 The brave to cherish, and the good to grace,
 Long shalt thou stand from rage and faction free,
 And teach us long to love the king and thee ;
 Or fall a victim, dangerous to the foe,
 And make him tremble when he strikes the blow ;
 While honour, gratitude, affection join,
 To deck thy close, and brighten thy decline.
 Illustrious doom ! the great when thus displac'd,
 With friendship guarded, and with virtue grac'd,
 In awful ruin, like Rome's senate, fall
 The prey and worship of the wond'ring Gaul.

No doubt to genius some reward is due,
 (Excluding that were fatirizing you :)
 But yet believe thy undefigning friend,
 When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
 Though both have weight, when in the balance cast,
 Let probity be first, and parts the last.

On these foundations if thou dar'st be great,
 And check the growth of folly and deceit,
 When party rage shall drop through length of days,
 And calumny be ripen'd into praise,
 Then future times shall to thy worth allow
 That fame, which envy would call flattery now.

Thus far my zeal, though for the task unfit,
 Has pointed out the rocks where others split:
 By that inspir'd, though stranger to the Nine,
 And negligent of any fame but thine,
 I take that friendly, but superfluous part,
 That acts from nature what I teach from art.



To a LADY ON a LANDSCAPE of her Drawing.

By MR. PARRAT.

BEHOLD the magic of Theresa's hand!
 A new creation blooms at her command.
 Touch'd into life the vivid colours glow,
 Catch the warm stream, and quicken as they flow.

The ravish'd sight the pleasing landscape fills,
 Here sink the vallies, and there rise the hills.
 Not with more horror nods bleak Calpe's height,
 Than here the pictur'd rock astounds the sight.
 Not Thames more devious-winding leaves his source,
 Than here the wand'ring rivers shape their course,
 Obliquely lab'ring runs the gurgling rill;
 Still murm'ring runs, or seems to murmur still,
 An aged oak, with hoary moss o'erspread,
 Here lifts aloft its venerable head;
 There overshadowing hangs a sacred wood,
 And nods inverted in the neighb'ring flood.
 Each tree as in its native forest shoots,
 And blushing bends with Autumn's golden fruits,
 Thy pencil lends the rose a lovelier hue,
 And gives the lily fairer to our view.
 Here fruits and flow'rs adorn the varied year,
 And paradise with all its sweets is here.
 There slooping to its fall a tow'r appears,
 With tempests shaken, and a weight of years,
 The daised meadow, and the woodland green,
 In order rise, and fill the various scene,
 Some parts, in light magnificently dress'd,
 Obtrusive enter, and stand all confes'd;
 Whilst others decently in shades are thrown,
 And by concealing make their beauties known,
 Alternate thus, and mutual is their aid,
 The lights owe half their lustre to the shade.

So the bright fires that light the milky way,
 Lost and extinguish'd in the solar ray ;
 In the sun's absence pour a flood of light,
 And borrow all their brightness from the night.

To cheat our eyes, how well dost thou contrive!
 Each object here seems real and alive.

Not more resembling life the figures stand,
 Form'd by Lysippus, or by Phidias' hand.
 Unnumber'd beauties in the piece unite ;
 Rush on the eye, and crowd upon the sight.

At once our wonder and delight you raise,
 We view with pleasure, and with rapture praise.



ODE to CUPID ON VALENTINE'S Day.

By the Same.

COME, thou rosy-dimpled boy,
 Source of every heart-felt joy,
 Leave the blissful bow'rs awhile,
 Paphos and the Cyprian isle :
 Visit Britain's rocky shore,
 Britons too thy pow'r adore.
 Britons hardy, bold, and free,
 Own thy laws, and yield to thee.
 Source of every heart-felt joy,
 Come, thou rosy-dimpled boy.

Haste

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,
This is thine, and Hymen's day;
Bid her thy soft bondage wear,
Bid her for Love's rites prepare.
Let the nymphs with many a flow'r
Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r.
Thither lead the lovely fair,
And let Hymen too be there.
This is thine, and Hymen's day,
Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love, we live,
Love alone can pleasure give;
Pomp and pow'r, and tinsel state,
Those false pageants of the great,
Crowns and scepters, envied things,
And the pride of Eastern kings,
Are but childish empty toys,
When compar'd to Love's sweet joys.
Love alone can pleasure give,
Only while we love, we live.



To the Worthy, Humane, Generous, Rev. and
Noble, Mr. F. C. now Lord Bishop of Litchfield.

By Dr. D. Written in the Year 1743.

IN frolic's hour, ere serious thought had birth,
There was a time, my dear C——s, when
Fancy would take me on her airy wing

And waft to views romantic; there display
 Some motley vision, shade and sun: the cliff
 O'erhanging, sparkling brooks, and ruins grey;
 Bade me meanders trace, and catch the form
 Of varying clouds, and rainbows learn to paint.

Sometimes ambition, brushing by, would twitch
 My spirits, and with winning look sublime
 Allure to follow. — What though steep the track,
 Her mountain's top would overpay, when climb'd,
 The scaler's toil; her temple there was fine,
 And lovely thence the prospects. She could tell
 Where laurels grew, whence many a wreath antique;
 But more advis'd to shun the barren twig,
 (What is immortal verdure without fruit?)
 And woo some thriving art: her num'rous mines
 Were open to the searcher's skill and pains.

Caught by th' harangue, heart beat, and flutt'ring pulse
 Sounded irregular marches, to be gone —
 What, pause a moment when Ambition calls?
 No, the blood gallops to the distant goal,
 And throbs to reach it. Let the lame sit still.
 When Fortune gentle, at the hill's verge extreme,
 Array'd in decent robe, and plain attire,
 Smiling approach'd; and, what occasion, ask'd,
 Of climbing? She already provident
 Had cater'd well, if stomach could digest
 Her viands, and a palate not too nice.

Unfit she said, for perilous attempt,
That manly limb requir'd, and sinews tough.

She took, and lay'd me in a vale remote,
Amid the gloomy scene of fir and yew,
On apple ground; where Morpheus strew'd the bed:
Obscurity her curtain round me drew,
And syren Sloth a dull quietus sung.

Sithence no fairy fights, no quick'ning ray,
Nor stir of pulse, nor objects to entice
Abroad the spirits; but the cloyster'd heart
Sits squat at home, like pagod in a niche
Demure; or grandees with nod-watching eye,
And folded arms, in presence of the throne,
Turk, or Indostan.—Cities, forums, courts,
And prating sanhedrims, and drumming wars,
Affect no more than stories told to bed
Lethargic, which at intervals the sick
Hears and forgets, and wakes to doze again.
Instead of converse and variety,

The same trite round, the same stale silent scene:
Such are thy comforts, blessed Solitude!
But Innocence is there, but Peace all kind,
And simple Quiet with her downy couch,
Meads lowing, tune of birds, and lapse of streams;
And Saunter with a book; and warbling Muse,
In praise of hawthorns.—Life's whole business this!
Is it to bask i' th' sun? if so, a snail
Were happy crawling on a southern wall.

Why fits Content upon a cottage-fill
 At even-tide; and blesteth the coarse meal
 In footy corner? why sweet slumbers wait
 Th' hard pallet? not because from haunt remote,
 Sequester'd in a dingle's bushy lap:
 'Tis labour makes the peasant's sav'ry fare,
 And works out his repose: for ease must ask
 The leave of diligence to be enjoy'd.

Oh! listen not to that enchantress Ease
 With seeming smile; her palatable cup
 By standing grows insipid; and beware
 Perdition, for there's poison in the lees.
 What health impair'd, and crowds inactive maim'd!
 What daily martyrs to her sluggish cause!
 Less strict devoir the Rufs and Persian claim
 Despotic; and as subjects long inur'd
 To servile burden, grow supine and tame:—
 So fares it with our sov'reign, and her train,

What tho' with lure fallacious she pretend
 From worldly bondage to set free; what gain
 Her votaries? What avails from iron chains
 Exempt, if rosy fetters bind as fast.

Bestir, and answer your creation's end.
 Think we that man with vig'rous pow'r endow'd,
 And room to stretch, was destin'd to sit still?
 Sluggards are Nature's rebels, slight her laws,
 Nor live up to the terms on which they hold
 Their vital lease. Laborious terms and hard!

But

But such the tenure of our earthly state !
 Riches and fame are Industry's reward ;
 The nimble runner courses Fortune down,
 And then he banquets, for she feeds the bold.

Think what you owe your country, what yourself,
 If splendor charm not, yet avoid the scorn
 That treads on lowly stations. Think of some
 Assiduous booby mounting o'er your head,
 And thence with faucy grandeur looking down :
 Think of (Reflection's stab) the pitying friend
 With shoulder shrug'd, and sorry, Think that Time
 Has golden minutes, if discreetly seiz'd :
 And if some sad example, indolent,
 To warn and scare be wanting—think of me.



To his Friend and Neighbour, Dr. T. 1744.

By the Same.

—**F**rench pow'r, and weak allies, and war, and want—
 No more of that, my friend ; you touch a string
 That hurts my ear. All politics apart,
 Except a gen'rous wish, a glowing pray'r
 For British welfare, commerce, glory, peace.
 Give party to the winds : it is a word,
 A phantom sound, by which the cunning great

Whistle

Whistle to their dependents : a decoy,
 To gull th' unwary ; where the master stands
 Encouraging his minions, his train'd birds,
 Fed and carefs'd, their species to betray.
 See, with what hollow blandishment and art,
 They lead the winged captives to the snare ;
 Fools ! that in open æther might have soar'd,
 Free as the air they cut ; sipp purest rills ;
 Din'd with the Thames, or bath'd in crystal lakes.

Heav'n knows, it is not Insolence that speaks!

The tribute of respect, to greatness due,
 Not the brib'd sycophant more willing pays.

Still, still as much of party be retain'd,
 As principle requires, and sense directs ;
 Else our vain bark, without a rudder, floats,
 The scorn and pastime of each veering gale.

This gentle evening let the sun descend
 Untroubled ; while it paints your ambient hills
 With faded lustre, and a sweet farewell :
 Here is our seat. That * castle opposite,
 Proud of its woody crest, adorns the scene.

Dictate, O vers'd in books, and just of taste,
 Dictate the pleasing theme of our discourse.
 Shall we trace science from her Eastern home
 Chaldaean ? or the banks of Nile ? where Thebes,
 Nursing her daughter arts, majestic stood,
 And pour'd forth knowledge from an hundred gates.

* A Castle belonging to the Earl of Oxford.

There first the marble learn'd to mimic form ;
 The pillar'd temple rose ; and pyramids,
 Whose undecaying grandeur laughs at Time.
 Birth-place of letters ! where the sun was shewn
 His radiant way, and heav'ns were taught to roll.

There too the Muses tun'd their earliest lyre,
 Warbling soft numbers to Serapis' ear ;
 'Till, chas'd by tyrants, or a milder clime
 Inviting, they remov'd with pilgrim harp,
 And all their band of melody to Greece.

As when a flock of linnets, if perchance
 Deliver'd from the falcon's talon, fly
 With trembling wing to covert, and their notes
 Renew ; tell every bush of their escape,
 And trill their merry thanks to Liberty.

The tuneful tribe, pleas'd with their new abode,
 Polish'd the rude inhabitants ; whence tales
 Of list'ning woods, and rocks that danc'd to sound.
 Hear the full chorus lifting hymns to Jove !
 Linus and Orpheus catch the strain ; and all
 The raptur'd audience utter loud applause !

A song, believe me, was no trifle *Then* :
 Weighty the Muse's task, and wide her sway :
Her's was Religion ; the resounding Fanes
 Echo'd *her* language ; Polity was *her's* ;
 And the world bow'd to legislative verse.

As states increas'd, and governments were form'd,
 Her aid less useful, she retir'd to grots

And shady bow'rs, content to teach and please,
 Under her laurel frequent bards repos'd;
 Voluble Pindar troll'd his rapid song,
 And Sappho breath'd her spirited complaint.
 Hence sprung the tragic rage, the lyric charm,
 And Homer's genuine thunder. — Happy Greece!
 Bless'd in her offspring! Seat of eloquence,
 Of arms and reason; patriot-virtue's feat!
 Did the sun thither dart uncommon rays!
 Did some presiding genius hover o'er
 That animated soil with brooding wings!
 The sad reverse might start a gentle tear.
 Go, search for Athens; her deserted ports
 Enter, a noiseless solitary shore,
 Where commerce croud'd the Piræan strand.
 Trace her dark streets, her wall-embarras'd shrines*;
 And pensive wonder, where her glories beam'd.
 Where are her orators, her sages, now? —
 Shatter'd her mould'ring arcs, her tow'rs in dust, —
 But far less ruin'd, than her soul decay'd.
 The stone, inscrib'd to Socrates, debas'd
 To prop a reeling cot. — Minerva's dome
 Possess'd by those, who never kiss'd her shield.
 — Upon the mount where old Musæus sung,
 Sits the gruff turban'd captain, and exacts
 Harsh tribute! — In the grove, where Plato taught
 His polish'd strain sublime, a stupid Turk
 Is preaching ignorance and Mahomet.
 (Where *He*, whom only dauntless Philip fear'd,

* Wheeler's Travels, page 346, 347, 380, 300.

Shook the astonish'd throng; — where holy Paul
Harangu'd the Pagan multitude, and brought
To staring human wisdom news from heav'n.)

Turn next to Rome: — Is that the clime, the place,
Where, on his laurel'd throne, with tuneful choirs
Of arts furrounded, great Augustus reign'd?
And (greater far) the venerable band
Of elder heroes (fame's eternal theme!)
In splendid huts, and noble poverty,
Brave for their country liv'd, and fought, and died.

Heav'n! what firm Souls! who knew not gold had price,
Nor perfidy, nor baseness knew. — They, they,
The demi-gods of Rome! whose master voice,
Whose awe-commanding eye, more terror struck,
Than rods, and lictors, and Prætorian bands.
Could the pure crimson tide, the noblest blood,
In all the world, to such pollution turn:
Like Jordan's river, pouring his clear flood
Into the black Asphaltus' slimy lake?

Patrons of wit, and victors of mankind,
Bards, warriors, worthies, (revolution strange!)
Are pimps, and fiddlers, mountebanks, and monks,
In Tully's hive, rich magazine of sweets!
The lazy drones are buzzing, or asleep.

But we forgive the living for the dead;
Indebted more to Rome, than we can pay:
Of a long dearth prophetic, she laid in
A feast for ages. — O thou banquet nice!
Where the soul riots with secure excess.

What heart-felt bliss! what pleasure-winged hours

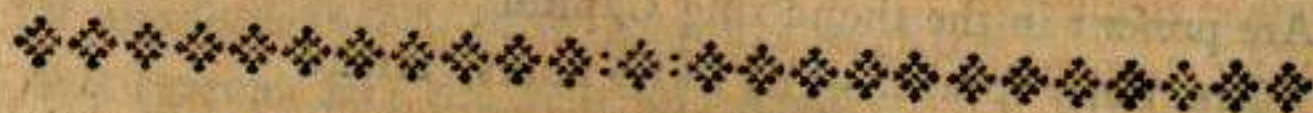
Transported owe we to her letter'd sons! —
 We, by their favour, Tyber's banks enjoy,
 Their temples trace, and share their noble games;
 Enter the crowded theatre at will;
 March to the forum; hear the consul plead;
 Are present in the thund'ring Capitol
 When Tully speaks. — At softer hours, attend
 Harmonious Virgil to his Mantuan farm,
 Or Baia's shore: — how often drink his strains,
 Rural, or epic, sweet! — how often rove
 With Horace, bard and moralist benign!
 With happy Horace rove, in fragrant paths
 Of myrtle bow'rs, by Tivoli's cascade.

Hail, precious pages! that amuse and teach,
 Exalt the genius, and improve the breast.
 Ye sage historians, all your stores unfold,
 Reach your clear steady mirror; — in that glass
 The forms of good and ill are well pourtray'd.

But chiefly thou, supreme Philosophy!
 Shed thy blest influence; with thy train appear
 Of graces mild: far be the Stoic boast,
 The Cynics snarl, and churlish pedantry.
 Bright visitant, if not too high my wish,
 Come in the lovely dress you wore, a guest
 At Plato's table; or in studious walks,
 In green Frescati's academic groves,
 The Roman feasting his selected friends.

Tamer of pride! at thy serene rebuke
 See crouching insolence, spleen, and revenge
 Before thy shining taper disappear.

Tutor of human life! auspicious guide!
 Whose faithful clue unravels every maze:
 Whose skill can disengage the tangled thorn,
 And smooth the rock to down; whose magic pow'rs
 Controul each storm, and bid the roar be still.



V A C A T I O N.

By ——— Esq;

HENCE sage, mysterious Law,
 That sitt'ft with rugged brow, and crabbed look
 O'er thy black-letter'd book,
 And the night-watching student strik'ft with awe;
 Away with thy dull train,
 Slow-pac'd Advice, Surmise, and squint-ey'd Doubt;
 Dwell with the noisy rout
 Of busy men, 'mid cities and throng'd halls,
 Where Clamour ceaseless bawls,
 And Enmity and Strife thy state sustain.
 But on me thy blessings pour,
 Sweet Vacation. Thee, of yore,
 In all her youth and beauty's prime,
 Summer bore to aged Time,
 As he one funny morn beheld her
 Tending a field of corn: the elder
 There 'mid poppies red and blue,
 Unsuspected nearer drew,
 And, with softly-sliding pace
 Hast'ning to a stol'n embrace,

Fill'd her with thee; and joy and mirth
 Hung on thy auspicious birth.
 Come, sweet goddess; full of play,
 Ever unconfin'd and gay,
 Bring the leisure hours with thee
 Leading on the Graces three
 Dancing; nor let aught detain
 The Holidays, a smiling train:
 Whose fair brows let Peace serene
 Crown with olive-branches green.
 Bring too Health with ruddy cheek,
 Lively air, and count'nance sleek,
 Attended, as she's wont to be,
 With all her jolly company
 Of exercises, chace, and fight,
 Active strength, and cunning sleight,
 Nimble feats, and playful bouts,
 Leaps of joy, and cheerful shouts,
 Tricks and pranks and sports and games
 Such as youthful Fancy frames.
 And, O kind goddess, add to these
 Cheerful Content, and placid Ease;
 Not her who fondly sitteth near,
 Dull Indolence in elbow'd chair;
 But Ease who aids th' harmonious Nine,
 Tuning their instruments divine,
 And without whom, in lofty strain,
 Phœbus' elient tries in vain

To raise his feeble voice above
 The crowd, and catch the ear of Jove.
 And do thou, Vacation, deign
 To let me pass among thy train;
 So may I, thy vot'ry true,
 All thy flow'ry paths pursue,
 Pleased still with thee to meet
 In some friendly rural seat;
 Where I gladfome oft' survey
 Nature in her best array,
 Woods and lawns and lakes between,
 Fields of corn and hedges green,
 Fallow grounds of tawny hue,
 Distant hills, and mountains blue;
 On whose ridge far off appears
 A wood (the growth of many years)
 Of awful oak, or gloomy pine,
 Above th' horizon's level line
 Rising black: such those of old
 Where British druids went to hold
 Solemn assemblies, and to keep
 Their rites, unfolding myst'ries deep,
 Such that fam'd Dodona's grove,
 Sacred to prophetic Jove.
 Oft' I admire the verdant steep,
 Spotted white with many a sheep,
 While, in pastures rich below
 Among the grazing cattle, flow

Moves the bull with heavy tread
 Hanging down his lumpish head,
 And the proud steed neigheth oft
 Shaking his wanton mane aloft.
 Or, traversing the wood about,
 The jingling packhorse-bells remote
 I hear, amid the noontide stillness,
 Sing through the air with brassy shrillness;
 What time the waggon's cumbrous load
 Grates along the grav'ly road:
 There onward, dress'd in homely guise,
 Some unregarded maiden hies.
 Unless by chance a trav'ling 'squire,
 Of base intent and foul desire,
 Stops to insnare, with speech beguiling,
 Sweet innocence and beauty smiling.
 Nor fail I joyful to partake
 The lively sports of country wake,
 Where many a lad and many a lass
 Foot it on the close-trod grass.
 There nimble Marian of the green
 Matchless in the jig is seen,
 Allow'd beyond compare by all,
 The beauty of the rustic ball:
 While, the tripping damsels near,
 Stands a lout with waggish leer;
 He, if Marian chance to shew
 Her taper leg and stocking blue,

Winks and nods and laughs aloud,
 Among the merry-making crowd,
 Utt'ring forth, in aukward jeer,
 Words unmeet for virgin's ear.
 Soon as ev'ning clouds have shed
 Their wat'ry store on earth's soft bed,
 And through their flowing mantles thin,
 Clear azure spots of sky are seen,
 I quit some oak's close-cover'd bow'r
 To taste the boon of new-fall'n show'r,
 To pace the corn-field's grassy edge
 Close by a fresh-blown sweet-bri'r hedge;
 While at every green leaf's end
 Pearly drops of rain depend,
 And an earthy fragrance 'round
 Rises from the moisten'd ground.
 Sudden a sun-beam darting out,
 Brightens the landskip all about,
 With yellow light the grove o'erspreads,
 And tips with gold the haycocks' heads:
 Then, as mine eye is eastward led,
 Some fair castle rears its head,
 Whose height the country round commands,
 Well known mark to distant lands,
 There the windows glowing bright
 Blaze from afar with ruddy light
 Borrow'd from clouds of scarlet dye,
 Just as the sun hath left the sky.

But if chill Eurus cut the air
 With keener wing, I then repair
 To park or woodland, shelter meet,
 Near some noble's ancient seat,
 Where long winding walks are seen
 Stately oaks and elms between,
 Whose arms promiscuous form above
 High over-arch'd a green alcove ;
 While the hoarse-voic'd hungry rook
 Near her stick-built nest doth croak,
 Waving on the topmost bough ;
 And the master stag below
 Bellows loud with savage roar,
 Stalking all his hinds before.
 Thus musing, night with even pace
 Steals on, o'erhad'wing nature's face ;
 While the bat with dusky wings
 Flutters round in giddy rings,
 And the buzzing chaffers come
 Close by mine ear with solemn hum.
 Homeward now my steps I guide
 Some rising grassy bank beside,
 Studded thick with sparks of light
 Issuing from many a glow-worm bright ;
 While village-cur with minute bark
 Alarms the pilf'rer in the dark,
 Save what light the stars convey,
 Cluster'd in the milky way,

Or scatter'd numberless on high
 Twinkling all o'er the boundless sky,
 Then within doors let me meet
 The viol touch'd by finger neat,
 Or, soft symphonies among
 Wrap me in the sacred song,
 Attun'd by Handel's matchless skill,
 While Attention mute and still
 Fixes all my soul to hear
 The voice harmonious, sweet and clear.
 Nor let smooth-tongu'd Converse fail,
 With many a well-devised tale,
 And stories link'd, to twist a chain
 That may awhile old Time detain,
 And make him rest upon his scythe
 Pleas'd to see the hours so blithe :
 While, with sweet attractive grace,
 The beauteous house-wife of the place
 Wins the heart of every guest
 By courteous deeds, and all contest
 Which shall readiest homage shew
 To such sov'reign sweetness due.
 These delights, Vacation, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.



To a LADY very handsome, but too fond
of DRESS.

By the Same.

PRYTHEE why so fantastic and vain!
What charms can the toilet supply?

Why so studious, admirers to gain?

Need beauty lay traps for the eye?

Because that thy breast is so fair,

Must thy tucker be still setting right?

And canst thou not laughing forbear,

Because that thy teeth are so white?

Shall sovereign beauty descend

To act so ignoble a part?

Whole hours at the looking-glass spend,

A slave to the dictates of art?

And cannot thy heart be at rest

Unless thou excellest each fair

In trinkets and trumpery dress'd?

Is not that a superfluous care?

Vain,

Vain, idle attempt! to pretend
 The lilly with whiteness to deck!
 Does the rich solitaire recommend
 The delicate turn of thy neck?
 The glossy bright hue of thy hair
 Can powder or jewels adorn?
 Can perfumes or vermillions compare
 With the breath or the blush of the morn?
 When, embarrass'd with baubles and toys,
 Thou'rt set out so enormously fine,
 Over-doing thy purpose destroys,
 And to please thou hast too much design:
 Little know'st thou, how beauty beguiles,
 How alluring the innocent eye;
 What sweetness in natural smiles,
 And what charms in simplicity lye.
 Thee Nature with beauty has clad,
 With genuine ornaments dress'd;
 Nor can Art an embellishment add
 To set off what already is best:
 Be it thine, self-accomplish'd to reign;
 Bid the toilet be far set apart,
 And dismiss with an honest disdain
 That impertinent Abigail, Art.

A N A C R E O N. O D E III.

Translated by the Same.

I N the dead of the night, when with labour oppress'd
All mortals enjoy the calm blessing of rest,
Cupid knock'd at my door, I awoke with the noise,
And " who is it (I call'd) that my sleep thus destroys ? "

" You need not be frighten'd, he answered mild,
" Let me in ; I'm a little unfortunate child ;
" 'Tis a dark rainy night ; and I'm wet to the skin ;
" And my way I have lost ; and do, pray, let me in. "

I was mov'd with compassion ; and striking a light,
I open'd the door ; when a boy stood in sight,
Who had wings on his shoulders ; the rain from him dripp'd,
With a bow and with arrows too he was equipp'd.

I stirr'd up my fire, and close by its side
I set him down by me : with napkins I dried,
I chaf'd him all over, kept out the cold air,
And I wrung with my hands the wet out of his hair.

He from wet and from cold was no sooner at ease,
But taking his bow up, he said, " If you please
" We will try it ; I would by experiment know
" If the wet hath not damag'd the string of my bow. "

Forthwith

Forthwith from his quiver an arrow he drew,
 To the string he apply'd it, and twang went the yew;
 The arrow was gone; in my bosom it center'd:
 No sting of a hornet more sharp ever enter'd.

Away skipp'd the urchin, as brisk as a bee,
 And laughing, "I wish you much joy friend, quoth he:
 "My bow is undamag'd, for true went the dart;
 "But you will have trouble enough with your heart."



An Imitation of HORACE, Book III. Ode 2.

Angustam amice, &c.

By Mr. TITLEY, to Dr. BENTLEY.

HE that would great in science grow,
 By whom bright Virtue is ador'd,
 At first must be content to know
 An humble roof, an homely board.

With want, and rigid college laws
 Let him inur'd betimes, comply;
 Firm to religion's sacred cause,
 The learned combat let him try;

Let

Let him her envied praises tell,
And all his eloquence disclose
The fierce endeavours to repel,
And still the tumult of her foes.

Him early form'd, and season'd young,
Subtle opposers soon will fear,
And tremble at his artful tongue,
Like Parthians at the Roman spear.

Grim death, th' inevitable lot
Which fools and cowards strive to fly,
Is with a noble pleasure sought
By him who dares for truth to die.

With purest lustre of her own
Exalted Virtue ever shines,
Nor as the vulgar smile or frown
Advances now, and now declines.

A glorious and immortal prize,
She on her hardy son bestows,
She shews him heaven, and bids him rise,
Though pain, and toil, and death oppose:
With lab'ring flight he wings th' obstructed way,
Leaving both common souls and common clay.

A Reply to a Copy of Verses made in Imitation
of Book III. Ode 2. of HORACE.

Angustam amice pauperiem pati, &c.

And sent by Mr. TITLEY to Dr. BENTLEY.

By Dr. BENTLEY.

WH O strives to mount Parnassus' hill,
And thence poetic laurels bring,
Must first acquire due force, and skill,
Must fly with swans, or eagle's wing.

Who nature's treasures would explore,
Her mysteries and arcana know,
Must high, as lofty Newton soar,
Must stoop, as delving Woodward low.

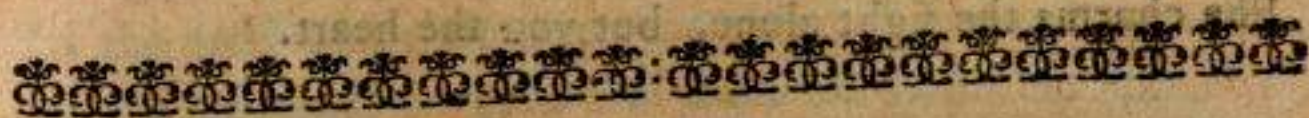
Who studies ancient laws and rites,
Tongues, arts, and arms, and history,
Must drudge like Selden days and nights,
And in the endless labour die.

Who travels in religious jars,
(Truth mixt with error, shade with rays,)
Like Whiston wanting pyx or stars,
In ocean wide or sinks or strays.

But grant our heroe's hope long toil
 And comprehensive genius crown,
 All sciences, all arts his spoil,
 Yet what reward, or what renown?

Envy, innate in vulgar souls,
 Envy steps in and stops his rise;
 Envy, with poison'd tarnish fouls
 His lustre, and his worth decries.

He lives inglorious, or in want,
 To college and old books confin'd;
 Instead of learn'd he's call'd pedant,
 Dunces advanc'd he's left behind:
 Yet left content, a genuine stoic he,
 Great without patron, rich without South-sea.



INSCRIPTION ON A GROTTTO OF SHELLS AT CRUX-
 EASTON, THE WORK OF NINE YOUNG LADIES.

By Mr. P O P E.

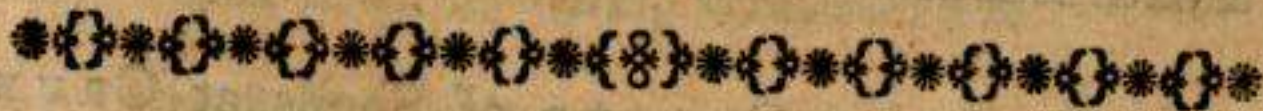
HERE shunning idleness at once and praise,
 This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
 The glitt'ring emblem of each spotless dame,
 Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;

Beauty which Nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces Art;
But Fate dispos'd them in this humble fort,
And hid in desarts what would charm a court.



VERSES occasioned by seeing a GROTTTO
built by Nine Sisters.

SO much this building entertains my sight,
Nought but the builders can give more delight:
In them the master-piece of Nature's shown,
In this I see Art's master-piece in stone.
O! Nature, Nature, thou hast conquer'd Art;
She charms the sight alone, but you the heart.



AN EXCUSE FOR INCONSTANCY, 1737.

By the Rev. Dr. LISLE.

WHEN Phœbus's beams are withdrawn from our sight,
We admire his fair sister, the regent of night;
Though languid her beauty, though feeble her ray,
Yet still she's akin to the God of the day.

When Susan, like Cynthia, has finish'd her reign,
 Then Charlotte, like Phœbus, shall shine out again.
 As Catholic bigots fall humble before
 The pictures of those whom in heart they adore,
 Which though known to be nothing but canvass and paint,
 Yet are said to enliven their zeal to the faint;
 So to Susan I bow, charming Charlotte, for she
 Has just beauty enough to remind me of thee.
 Inconstant and faithless in love's the pretence
 On which you arraign me: pray hear my defence.
 Such censures as these to my credit redound;
 I acknowledge, and thank a good appetite for't,
 When ven'son and claret are not to be found,
 I can make a good meal upon mutton and port.
 Tho' ^a Highclear's so fine that a prince would not scorn it,
 Though nature and taste have combin'd to adorn it,
 Yet the artist that owns it would think it severe,
 Were a law made to keep him there all round the year,
 How enrag'd would the rector of ^b Boscoville look,
 If the king should enjoin him to read but one book!
 And how would his audience their fortune bemoan,
 If he gave them no sermons but what were his own!
 'Tis variety only makes appetite last,
 And by changing our dishes we quicken our taste.

^a The seat of the honourable R. H——t.

^b Wotton, the author's parish in the isle of Wight.



To VENUS. A RANT, 1732.

Set to Music by Dr. HAYES.

By the Same.

RECITATIVE.

O Goddess most rever'd above,
Bright parent of almighty Love,
Whose pow'r th' immortal Gods confess,
Hear and approve my fond address:
In melting softness I thy doves outvie,
Then teach me like thy swans to sing and fly;
So I thy vot'ry will for ever be;
My song, my life I'll consecrate to thee.

AIR.

Give me numbers strong and sweet,
Glowing language, pointed wit;
Words that might a Vestal move,
And melt a frozen heart to love.
Bid, bid thy blind boy
All his vigour employ;

On his wings would I soar up to fame :

'Tis but just, if he scorch

My breast with his torch,

In my wit too he kindle a flame.

RECITATIVE.

Trophies to Chastity let others raise,

In notes as cold as the dull thing they praise,

To rage like mine more sprightly themes belong ;

Gay youth inspires, and beauty claims my song ;

Me all the little Loves and Graces own ;

For I was born to worship them alone.

AIR.

Tell not me the joys that wait

On him that's rich, on him that's great :

Wealth and wisdom I despise :

Cares surround the rich and wise.

No, no, — let love, let life be mine ;

Bring me women, bring me wine :

Speed the dancing hours away,

And mind not what the grave ones say ;

Speed, and gild 'em as they fly

With love and freedom, wit and joy ;

Bus'ness, title, pomp, and state,

Give 'em to the fools I hate.

The POWER of MUSIC. A SONG.

Imitated from the SPANISH.

By the Same.

Set to Music by Dr. HAYES.

I.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,
Which Men are forbidden to see,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
To set his Eurydice free.

II.

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far, — but how vast their surprise!
When they heard that he came for his wife.

III.

To find out a punishment due to his fault,
Old Pluto had puzzled his brain,
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,
— So he gave him his wife back again.

IV.

But pity succeeding found place in his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art;
Such merit had music in hell!

LETTER from SMYRNA to his Sisters
at CRUX-EASTON, 1733.

By the Same.

THE hero who to Smyrna bay
From Easton, Hants, pursued his way,
Who travers'd seas, and hills and vales,
To fright his sisters with his tales,
Sing heavenly muse; for what befel
Thou saw'st, and only thou can'st tell,
Say first (but one thing I premise,
I'll not be chid for telling lies;
Besides, my grannam us'd to say
I always had a knack that way;
So, if the love of truth be in ye,
Read Strabo, Diodorus, Pliny—
But like some authors I could name,
Wrapt in myself I lose my theme.)
Say first, those very rocks we spy'd,
But left 'em on the starboard side,
Where Juno urg'd the Trojan's fate:
Shield us, ye Gods! from female hate!

Then how precarious was the doom
 Of Cæsar's line, and mighty Rome,
 Snatch'd from the very jaws of ruin,
 And sav'd, poor c Die, for thy undoing,
 What saw we on Sicilian ground?
 (A foil in ancient verse renown'd)
 The self-same spot, or Virgil ly'd,
 On which the good Anchises dy'd;
 The fields where Ceres' daughter sported,
 And where the pretty Cyclops courted.
 The nymph hard-hearted as the rocks,
 Refus'd the monster, scorn'd his flocks,
 And took a shepherd in his stead,
 With nought but love and worth to plead:
 An instance of a generous mind
 That does much honour to your kind,
 But in an age of fables grew,
 So possibly it may'nt be true.
 While on the summit Ætna glows,
 His shivering sides are chill'd with snows.
 Beneath, the painted landskip charms;
 Here infant Spring in Winter's arms
 Wantons secure; in youthful pride
 Stands Summer laughing by her side;
 Ev'n Autumn's yellow robes appear,
 And one gay scene discloses all the year.

c Dido.

Hence

Hence to rude Cerigo we came,
 Known once by Cytherea's name;
 When Ocean first the goddess bore,
 She rose on this distinguish'd shore.
 Here first the happy Paris stopp'd,
 When Helen from her lord elop'd.
 With pleas'd reflection I survey'd
 Each secret grott, each conscious shade;
 Envy'd his choice, approv'd his flame,
 And fondly wish'd my lot the same.
 O were the cause reviv'd again!
 For charming Queensbury liv'd not then,
 The radiant fruit, had she been there,
 Would scarce have fallen to Venus' share;
 Saturnia's self had wav'd her claim,
 And modest Pallas blush'd for shame;
 All had been right: the Phrygian swain
 Had sigh'd for her, but sigh'd in vain;
 The fair CEnone joy'd to find,
 The pains she felt repaid in kind;
 No rape reveng'd, no room for strife,
 Atrides might have kept his wife,
 Old Troy in peace and plenty smil'd—
 But the ^d best poem had been spoil'd.

How did my heart with joy run o'er,
 When to the fam'd Cecropian shore,
 Wafted by gentle breezes, we
 Came gliding through the smooth still sea!

While backward rov'd my busy thought
 On deeds in distant ages wrought ;
 On tyrants gloriously withstood ;
 On seas distain'd with Persian blood ;
 On trophies rais'd o'er hills of slain
 In Marathon's unrival'd plain.
 Then, as around I cast my eye,
 And view'd the pleasing prospect nigh,
 The land for arms and arts renown'd,
 Where wit was honour'd, poets crown'd ;
 Whose manners and whose rules refin'd
 Our souls, and civiliz'd mankind ;
 Or (yet a loftier pitch to raise
 Our wonder, and compleat its praise)
 The land that ^c Plato's master bore —
 How did my heart with joy run o'er !
 Now coasting on the eastern side,
 We peep'd where Peneus rolls his tide :
 Where Arethusa came t' appease
 The shepherd that had lost his bees,
 And led him to Cyrene's grott ;
 'Tis a long tale, and matters not.
 Dryden will tell you all that past ;
 See Virgil's Georgics, book the last,
 I speak on't, but to let you know
 This grott still stands in statu quo ;
 Of which if any doubts remain,
 I've proof, as follows, clear and plain.

Here, sisters, we such honours met!
 Such honours I shall ne'er forget.
 The Goddess (no uncommon case)
 Proud, I suppose, to shew her place,
 Or piqu'd perhaps at your renown,
 Sent Boreas to invite us down;
 And he so press'd it, that we us'd
 Some pains to get ourselves excus'd.
 My brother shipmates, all in haste
 Declar'd, that shells were not their taste;
 And I had † somewhere seen, you know,
 A finer grott than she could shew.

Hence let the Muse to Delos roam,
 Or Nio, fam'd for Homer's tomb;
 To Naxos, known in ancient time
 For Bacchus' love, for Theseus' crime,
 Can she the Lesbian vine forget
 Whence Horace reinforc'd his wit?
 Where the fam'd harp Arion strung,
 Nor play'd more sweet than Sappho sung?
 Could the old bards revive again,
 How would they mourn th' inverted scene!
 Scarce with the barren waste acquainted,
 They once so beautifully painted.

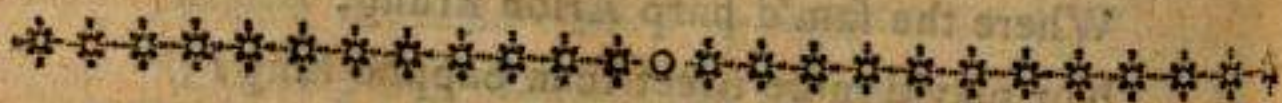
And here, 'twixt friends, I needs must say,
 But let it go no farther, pray,
 These sung-up, cry'd-up countries are
 Displeasing, rugged, black, and bare;

† At Crux-Easton,

And all I've yet beheld or known
 Serve only to endear my own.

The matters I shall next disclose,
 'Tis likely may be wrapp'd in prose;
 But verse methought would suit these better,
 Besides, it lengthens out my letter.
 Read then, dear girls, with kind regard,
 What comes so far, what comes so hard;
 And to our mother too make known,
 How travelling has improv'd her son.

Let not malicious critics join
 Pope's homespun rhymes in rank with mine,
 Form'd on that very spot of earth,
 Where Homer's self receiv'd his birth;
 Add, as I said, 't enhance their worth,
 The pains they cost in bringing forth;
 While his, as all mankind agrees,
 Though wrote with care, are wrote with ease.



Part of a LETTER to my Sisters at CRUX-EASTON,
 wrote from CAIRO in EGYPT, August 1734.

By the Same.

WHILE you, my dear girls, in your paradise stray,
 Diverting with innocent freedom the day,
 I wander alone in a barbarous land,
 Half bak'd by the sun, half blind by the sand.

Then

Then your wood too and grotto so swim in my sight;
 They give me no respite by day nor by night;
 No sooner asleep but I'm dreaming of you;
 I am just wak'd from one, — would to God it were true.

Methought I was now a fine gentleman grown,
 And had got, Lord knows how, an estate of my own.
 Good-bye to plain Tom, I was rais'd a peg higher;
 Some call'd me his worship, and others the squire.

'Twas a place, I remember, exactly like Easton,
 A scene for an emperor's fancy to feast on.

There I built a fine house with great cost and great care,
 (Your la'ships have form'd many such in the air)

Not of stucco, nor brick, but as good Portland stone
 As Kent would desire to be working upon.

The apartments not small, nor monstrously great,
 But chiefly for use, and a little for state;

So begilt, and becarv'd, and with ornaments grac'd,
 That every one said, I'd an excellent taste.

Here I liv'd like a king, never hoarded my pelf,
 Kept a coach for my sisters, a nag for myself,

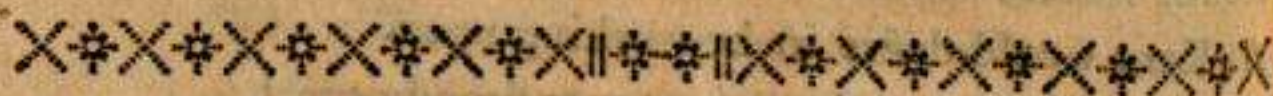
With something that's good when our Highclear friends come,
 And, spite of 'squire Herbert, a fire in each room.

A canal made for profit as well as for pleasure,
 That's about, let me see, two acres in measure;

Both the eye to delight, and the table to crown,
 With a jack, or a perch, when my uncles come down.

An exceeding great wood, that's been set a great while,
 In length near a league, and in breadth near a mile.

There every dear girl her bright genius displays,
 In a thousand fine whimsies a thousand fine ways:
 O how charming the walks to my fancy appear!
 What a number of temples and grottos are here!
 My soul was transported to such an extreme,
 That I leap'd up in raptures, — when lo! 'twas a dream;
 Then vexing I chid the impertinent day
 For driving so sweet a delusion away.
 Thus spectres arise, as by nurse-maids we're told,
 And hie to the place where they buried their gold:
 There hov'ring around until morning remain;
 Then sadly return to their torments again.



LETTER from MARSEILLES to my Sisters at
 CRUX-EASTON, May 1735.

By the Same.

SCENE, *the Study at Crux-Easton.* Molly and Fanny are
sitting at work; enter to them Harriot in a passion.

HARRIOT.

LORD! sister, here's the butcher come,
 And not one word from brother Tom;
 The punctual spark, that made his boast
 He'd write by every other post!

That

That ever I was so absurd
 To take a man upon his word !
 Quoth Frances, Child, I wonder much
 You could expect him to keep touch :
 'Tis so, my dear, with all mankind ;
 When out of fight you're out of mind.
 Think you he'd to his sisters write ?
 Was ever girl so unpolite !
 Some fair Italian stands possess'd,
 And reigns sole mistress in his breast ;
 To her he dedicates his time,
 And fawns in prose, or sighs in rhyme.
 She'll give him tokens of her love,
 Perhaps not easy to remove ;
 Such as will make him large amends
 For loss of sisters, and of friends.

Cries Harriot, when he comes to France,
 I hope in God he'll learn to dance,
 And leave his aukward habits there,
 I'm sure he has enough to spare.

O could he leave his faults, saith Fanny,
 And bring the good alone, if any,
 Poor brother Tom, he'd grow so light,
 The wind might rob us of him quite !
 Of habits he may well get clear ;
 Ill humours are the faults I fear,
 For in my life I ne'er saw yet
 A creature half so passionate,

Good heav'ns ! how did he rave and tear,
 On my not going you know where ;
 I scarcely yet have got my dread off :
 I thought he'd bite my sister's head off.
 'Tween him and Jenny what a clatter
 About a fig, a mighty matter !
 I could recount a thousand more,
 But scandal's what I most abhor.

Molly, who long had patient fate,
 And heard in silence all their chat,
 Observing how they spoke with rancour,
 Took up my cause, for which I thank her.
 What eloquence was then display'd,
 The charming things that Molly said,
 Perhaps it suits not me to tell ;
 But faith ! she spoke extremely well.
 She first, with much ado, put on
 A prudish face, then thus begun.

Heyday ! quoth she, you let your tongue
 Run on most strangely, right or wrong.
 'Tis what I never can connive at ;
 Besides, consider whom you drive at ;
 A person of establish'd credit,
 Nobody better, though I said it.
 In all that's good, so tried and known,
 Why, girls, he's quite a proverb grown,
 His worth no mortal dares dispute :
 Then he's your brother too to boot.

At this she made a moment's pause,
 Then with a sigh resum'd the cause.
 Alas! my dears, you little know
 A sailor's toil, a trav'ler's woe;
 Perhaps this very hour he strays
 A lonely wretch through desert ways;
 Or shipwreck'd on a foreign strand,
 He falls beneath some ruffian's hand:
 Or on the naked rock he lies,
 And pinch'd by famine wastes and dies.
 Can you this hated brother see
 Floating, the sport of wind and sea?
 Can you his feeble accents hear,
 Though but in thought, nor drop a tear?
 He faintly strives, his hopes are fled,
 The billows booming o'er his head;
 He mounts upon the waves again,
 He calls on us, but calls in vain;
 To death preserves his friendship true,
 And mutters out a kind adieu.
 See now he rises to our fight,
 Now sinks in everlasting night.

Here Fanny's colour rose and fell,
 And Harriot's throat began to swell:
 One sidled to the window quite,
 Pretending some unusual sight,
 The other left the room outright;
 While Molly laugh'd, her ends obtain'd,
 To think how artfully she feign'd.



The HISTORY of PORSENNA, King of RUSSIA.

IN TWO BOOKS.

By the Same.

Arva, beata

Petamus arva, divites et insulas.

HOR. Epod. 16.

BOOK I.

IN Russia's frozen clime some ages since
There dwelt, historians say, a worthy prince,
Who to his people's good confin'd his care,
And fix'd the basis of his empire there;
Inlarg'd their trade, the lib'ral arts improv'd,
Made nations happy, and himself belov'd;
To all the neighb'ring states a terror grown,
The dear delight, and glory of his own.
Not like those kings, who vainly seek renown
From countries ruin'd, and from battles won;
Those mighty Nimrods, who mean laws despise,
Call murder but a princely exercise,
And if one bloodless sun should steal away,
Cry out with Titus, they have lost a day;

Who, to be more than men, themselves debase
 Beneath the brute, their Maker's form deface,
 Raising their titles by their God's disgrace.
 Like fame to bold Erostratus we give,
 Who scorn'd by less than sacrilege to live;
 On holy ruins rais'd a lasting name,
 And in the temple's fire diffus'd his shame.
 Far different praises, and a brighter fame,
 The virtues of the young Porfenna claim;
 For by that name the Russian king was known,
 And sure a nobler ne'er adorn'd the throne.
 In war he knew the deathful sword to wield,
 And fought the thickest dangers of the field,
 A bold commander; but, the storm o'erblown,
 He seem'd as he were made for peace alone;
 Then was the golden age again restor'd,
 Nor less his justice honour'd than his sword.
 All needless pomp, and outward grandeur spar'd,
 The deeds that grac'd him were his only guard;
 No private views beneath a borrow'd name;
 His and the public interest were the same.
 In wealth and pleasure let the subject live,
 But virtue is the king's prerogative;
 Porfenna there without a rival stood,
 And would maintain his right of doing good.
 Nor did his person less attraction wear,
 Such majesty and sweetness mingled there;

Heav'n with uncommon art the clay refin'd,
 A proper mansion for so fair a mind ;
 Each look, each action bore peculiar grace,
 And love itself was painted on his face.
 In peaceful time he suffer'd not his mind
 To rust in sloth, though much to peace inclin'd ;
 Nor wanton in the lap of pleasure lay,
 And lost to glory loiter'd life away ;
 But active rising ere the prime of day,
 Through woods and lonely desarts lov'd to stray ;
 With hounds and horns to wake the furious bear,
 Or rouse the tawny lion from his laire ;
 To rid the forest of the savage brood,
 And whet his courage for his country's good.

One day, as he pursued the dang'rous sport,
 Attended by the nobles of his court,
 It chanc'd a beast of more than common speed
 Sprang from the brake, and through the desart fled.
 The ardent prince impetuous as the wind
 Rush'd on, and left his lagging train behind.
 Fir'd with the chace, and full of youthful blood,
 O'er plains, and vales, and woodland wilds he rode,
 Urging his courser's speed, nor thought the day
 How wasted, nor how intricate the way ;
 Nor, 'till the night in dusky clouds came on,
 Restrain'd his pace, or found himself alone.
 Missing his train, he strove to measure back
 The road he came, but could not find the track ;

Still turning to the place he left before,
 And only lab'ring to be lost the more.
 The bugle horn, which o'er his shoulders hung,
 So loud he winded, that the forest rung;
 In vain, no voice but Echo from the ground,
 And vocal woods made mock'ry of the sound.

And now the gath'ring clouds began to spread
 O'er the dun face of night a deeper shade;
 And the hoarse thunder growling from afar,
 With herald voice proclaim'd th' approaching war;
 Silence awhile ensued, — then by degrees
 A hollow wind came mutt'ring through the trees.
 Sudden the full-fraught sky discharg'd its store,
 Of rain and rattling hail a mingled show'r;
 The active light'ning ran along the ground;
 The fiery bolts by fits were hurl'd around,
 And the wide forests trembled at the sound. }
 Amazement seiz'd the prince; — where could he fly?
 No guide to lead, no friendly cottage nigh.
 Pensive and unresolv'd awhile he stood,
 Beneath the scanty covert of the wood;
 But drove from thence soon sallied forth again,
 As chance directed, on the dreary plain;
 Constrain'd his melancholy way to take }
 Through many a loathsome bog, and thorny brake,
 Caught in the thicket, flound'ring in the lake.
 Wet with the storm, and wearied with the way,
 By hunger pinch'd, himself to beasts a prey;

Nor wine to cheer his heart, nor fire to burn,
 Nor place to rest, nor prospect to return.
 Drooping and spiritless, at life's despair,
 He bade it pass, not worth his farther care ;
 When suddenly he spied a distant light,
 That faintly twinkled through the gloom of night,
 And his heart leap'd for joy, and bless'd the welcome sight. }
 Oft-times he doubted, it appear'd so far,
 And hung so high, 'twas nothing but a star,
 Or kindled vapour wand'ring through the sky,
 But still press'd on his steed, still kept it in his eye ;
 'Till, much fatigue, and many dangers past,
 At a huge mountain he arriv'd at last.
 There, lighting from his horse, on hands and knees
 Grop'd out the darksome road, by slow degrees,
 Crawling or clamb'ring o'er the rugged way ;
 The thunder rolls above, the flames around him play.
 Joyful at length he gain'd the steepy height,
 And found the rift whence sprang the friendly light.
 And here he stopp'd to rest his wearied feet,
 And weigh the perils he had still to meet ;
 Unsheath'd his trusty sword, and dealt his eyes
 With caution round him to prevent surprize ;
 Then summon'd all the forces of his mind,
 And ent'ring boldly cast his fears behind :
 Resolv'd to push his way, whate'er withstood,
 Or perish bravely as a monarch should.

While he the wonders of the place survey'd,
 And through the various cells at random stray'd,
 In a dark corner of the cave he view'd
 Somewhat, that in the shape of woman stood;
 But more deform'd than dreams can represent
 The midnight hag, or poet's fancy paint
 The Lapland witch, when she her broom bestrides,
 And scatters storms and tempests as she rides.
 She look'd as nature made her to disgrace
 Her kind, and cast a blot on all the race;
 Her shrivel'd skin with yellow spots besmear'd
 Like mouldy records seem'd; her eyes were blear'd;
 Her feeble limbs with age and palsy shook;
 Bent was her body, haggard was her look.
 From the dark nook outcrept the filthy crone,
 And propp'd upon her crutch came tott'ring on.

The prince in civil guise approach'd the dame,
 Told her his piteous case, and whence he came,
 And 'till Aurora should the shades expel,
 Implor'd a lodging in her friendly cell.
 Mortal, whoe'er thou art, the fiend began,
 And as she spake, a deadly horror ran
 Through all his frame; his cheeks the blood forsook,
 Chatter'd his teeth, his knees together struck.
 Whoe'er thou art, that with presumption rude
 Dar'st on our sacred privacy intrude,
 And without licence in our court appear,
 Know, thou'rt the first that ever enter'd here.

But since thou plead'st excuse, thou'rt hither brought
 More by thy fortune than thy own default,
 Thy crime, though great, an easy pardon finds,
 For mercy ever dwells in royal minds;
 And would you learn from whose indulgent hand
 You live, and in whose awful presence stand,
 Know farther, through yon wide extended plains
 Great Eolus the king of tempests reigns,
 And in this lofty palace makes abode,
 Well suited to his state, and worthy of the God.
 The various elements his empire own,
 And pay their humble homage at his throne;
 And hither all the storms and clouds resort,
 Proud to increase the splendor of his court.
 His queen am I, from whom the beauteous race
 Of winds arose, sweet fruit of our embrace!
 She scarce had ended, when, with wild uproar,
 And horrid din, her sons impetuous pour
 Around the cave; came rushing in amain
 Lybs, Eurus, Boreas, all the boist'rous train;
 And close behind them on a whirlwind rode
 In clouded majesty the blust'ring God.
 Their locks a thousand ways were blown about;
 Their cheeks like full-blown bladders strutted out;
 Their boasting talk was of the feats th' had done,
 Of trees uprooted, and of towns o'erthrown;
 And when they kindly turn'd them to accost
 The prince, they almost pierc'd him with their frost.

The gaping hag in fix'd attention stood,
 And at the close of every tale cried—good,
 Blessing with outstretch'd arms each darling son,
 In due proportion to the mischief done.

And where, said she, does little Zephyr stray?
 Know ye, my sons, your brother's rout to-day?
 In what bold deeds does he his hours employ?
 Grant heav'n no evil has befall'n my boy!
 Ne'er was he known to linger thus before.

Scarce had she spoke, when at the cavern door
 Came lightly tripping in a form more fair
 Than the young poet's fond ideas are,

When fir'd with love he tries his utmost art
 To paint the beauteous tyrant of his heart.

A satin vest his slender shape confin'd,
 Embroider'd o'er with flow'rs of every kind,
 Flora's own work, when first the goddess strove
 To win the little wanderer to her love.

Of burnish'd silver were his sandals made,

Silver his buskins, and with gems o'erlaid;

A saffron-colour'd robe behind him flow'd,

And added grace and grandeur as he trod.

His wings than lillies whiter to behold,

Sprinkled with azure spots, and streak'd with gold;

So thin their form, and of so light a kind,

That they for ever danc'd, and flutter'd in the wind.

Around his temples with becoming air,

In wanton ringlets curl'd his auburn hair,

And

And o'er his shoulders negligently spread ;
A wreath of fragrant roses crown'd his head.

Such his attire, but O! no pen can trace,
No words can shew the beauties of his face ;
So kind ! so winning ! so divinely fair !
Eternal youth and pleasure flourish there ;
There all the little loves and graces meet,
And every thing that's soft, and every thing that's sweet.

Thou vagrant, cried the dame in angry tone,
Where could'st thou loiter thus so long alone ?
Little thou car'st what anxious thoughts molest,
What pangs are lab'ring in a mother's breast.
Well do you shew your duty by your haste,
For thou of all my sons art always last ;
A child less fondled would have fled more fast.
Sure 'tis a curse on mothers, doom'd to mourn,
Where best they love, the least and worst return.

My dear mamma, the gentle youth replied,
And made a low obeisance, cease to chide,
Nor wound me with your words, for well you know,
Your Zephyr bears a part in all your woe ;
How great must be his sorrow then to learn
That he himself's the cause of your concern !
Nor had I loiter'd thus had I been free,
But the fair princess of Felicity
Intreated me to make some short delay,
And ask'd by her who could refuse to stay ?

Surrounded by the damsels of her court
 She sought the shady grove, her lov'd resort;
 Fresh rose the grass, the flow'rs were mix'd between,
 Like rich embroid'ry on a ground of green,
 And in the midst, protected by the shade,
 A crystal stream in wild meanders play'd;
 While in its banks, the trembling leaves among,
 A thousand little birds in concert sung.
 Close by a mount with fragrant shrubs o'ergrown,
 On a cool mossy couch she laid her down;
 Her air, her posture, all conspir'd to please;
 Her head, upon her snowy arm at ease
 Reclin'd, a studied carelessness express'd;
 Loose lay her robe, and naked heav'd her breast.
 Eager I flew to that delightful place,
 And pour'd a show'r of kisses on her face;
 Now hover'd o'er her neck, her breast, her arms,
 Like bees o'er flow'rs, and tasted all her charms;
 And then her lips, and then her cheeks I tried,
 And fann'd, and wanton'd round on every side.
 O Zephyr, cried the fair, thou charming boy,
 Thy presence only can create me joy;
 To me thou art beyond expression dear,
 Nor can I quit the place while thou art here.
 Excuse my weakness, madam, when I swear
 Such gentle words join'd with so soft an air,
 Pronounc'd so sweetly from a mouth so fair,

}
Quite

Quite ravish'd all my sense, nor did I know,
How long I staid; or when, or where to go.

Mean while the damsels debonnair and gay,
Prattled around, and laugh'd the time away:
These in soft notes address'd the ravish'd ear,
And warbled out so sweet, 'twas heav'n to hear;
And those in rings, beneath the greenwood shade,
Danc'd to the melody their fellows made.

Some studious of themselves, employ'd their care
In weaving flow'ry wreaths to deck their hair;
While others to some fav'rite plant convey'd
Refreshing show'rs, and cheer'd its drooping head.

A joy so general spread through all the place,
Such satisfaction dwelt on every face,
The nymphs so kind, so lovely look'd the queen,
That never eye beheld a sweeter scene.

Porfenna, like a statue fix'd appear'd,
And, wrapp'd in silent wonder, gaz'd and heard;
Much he admir'd the speech, the speaker more,
And dwelt on every word, and griev'd to find it o'er.

O gentle youth, he cried, proceed to tell,
In what fair country does this princess dwell;
What regions unexplor'd, what hidden coast
Can so much goodness, so much beauty boast?

To whom the winged god with gracious look,
Numberless sweets diffusing while he spoke,
Thus answer'd kind — These happy gardens lie
Far hence remov'd, beneath a milder sky;
Their name — The kingdom of Felicity.

Sweet scenes of endless bliss, enchanted ground,
 A foil for ever sought, but seldom found ;
 Though in the search all human kind in vain
 Weary their wits, and waste their lives in pain.
 In diff'rent parties, diff'rent paths they tread,
 As reason guides them, or as follies lead ;
 These wrangling for the place they ne'er shall see,
 Debating those, if such a place there be ;
 But not the wisest, nor the best can say
 Where lies the point, or mark the certain way.
 Some few, by Fortune favour'd for her sport,
 Have sail'd in sight of this delightful port ;
 In thought already seiz'd the bless'd abodes,
 And in their fond delirium rank'd with gods.
 Fruitless attempt ! all avenues are kept
 By dreadful foes, sentry that never slept.
 Here fell Detraction darts her pois'nous breath
 Fraught with a thousand stings, and scatters death ;
 Sharp-sighted Envy there maintains her post,
 And shakes her flaming brand, and stalks around the coast.
 These on the helpless bark their fury pour,
 Plunge in the waves, or dash against the shore ;
 Teach wretched mortals they were doom'd to mourn,
 And ne'er must rest but in the silent urn.

But say, young monarch, for what name you bear
 Your mien, your dress, your person, all declare ;
 And though I seldom saw the frozen north,
 Yet I have heard of brave Porfenna's worth.

My brother Boreas through the world has flown,
 Swelling his breath to spread forth your renown ;
 Say, would you choose to visit this retreat,
 And view the world where all these wonders meet ?
 With you some friend o'er that tempestuous sea
 To bear you safe ! behold that friend in me.
 My active wings shall all their force employ,
 And nimbly waft you to the realms of joy ;
 As once, to gratify the god of Love,
 I bore fair Psyche to the Cyprian grove ;
 Or as Jove's bird, descending from on high,
 Snatch'd the young Trojan trembling to the sky.
 There perfect blifs thou may'ft for ever share,
 'Scap'd from the busy world, and all its care ;
 There in the lovely princess thou shalt find
 A mistress ever blooming, ever kind.
 All ecstacy on air Porfenna trod,
 And to his bosom strain'd the little god ;
 With grateful sentiments his heart o'erflow'd,
 And in the warmest words millions of thanks bestow'd.

When Eolus in surly humour broke
 Their strict embrace, and thus abruptly spoke.
 Enough of compliment ; I hate the sport
 Of meanless words ; this is no human court ;
 Where plain and honest are discarded quite,
 For the more modish title of polite ;
 Where in soft speeches hypocrites impart
 The venom'd ills that lurk beneath the heart ;

In friendship's holy guise their guilt improve,
 And kindly kill with specious shew of love.
 For us, — my subjects are not us'd to wait,
 And waste their hours to hear a mortal prate ;
 They must abroad before the rising sun,
 And hie 'em to the seas : there's mischief to be done,
 Excuse my plainness, Sir, but business stands,
 And we have storms and shipwrecks on our hands.

He ended frowning, and the noisy rout,
 Each to his several cell went puffing out.
 But Zephyr, far more courteous than the rest,
 To his own bow'r convey'd the royal guest ;
 There on a bed of roses neatly laid,
 Beneath the fragrance of a myrtle shade,
 His limbs to needful rest the prince applied,
 His sweet companion slumb'ring by his side.

B O O K II.

NO sooner in her silver chariot rose
 The ruddy morn, than sated with repose
 The prince address'd his host ; the God awoke,
 And leaping from his couch, thus kindly spoke.
 This early call, my lord, that chides my stay,
 Requires my thanks, and I with joy obey.
 Like you I long to reach the blissful coast,
 Hate the slow night, and mourn the moments lost.

The

The bright Rosinda, loveliest of the fair
 That crowd the princess' court, demands my care;
 Ev'n now with fears and jealousies o'erborn
 Upbraids, and calls me cruel and forsworn.
 What sweet rewards on all my toils attend,
 Serving at once my mistress and my friend!
 Just to my love and to my duty too,
 Well paid in her, well pleas'd in pleasing you.
 This said, he led him to the cavern gate,
 And clasp'd him in his arms, and pois'd his weight;
 Then ballancing his body here and there,
 Stretch'd forth his agile wings, and launch'd in air;
 Swift as the fiery meteor from on high
 Shoots to its goal, and gleams athwart the sky.
 Here with quick fan his lab'ring pinions play;
 There glide at ease along the liquid way;
 Now lightly skim the plain with even flight;
 Now proudly soar above the mountain's height.

Spiteful Detraction, whose envenom'd hate
 Sports with the suff'rings of the good and great,
 Spares not our prince, but with opprobrious sneer
 Arraigns him of the heinous sin of fear;
 That he, so tried in arms, whose very name
 Infus'd a secret panic where it came,
 Ev'n he, as high above the clouds he flew,
 And spied the mountains less'ning to the view,
 Nought round him but the wide expanded air,
 Helpless, abandon'd to a stripling's care,

Struck with the rapid whirl, and dreadful height,
Confess'd some faint alarm, some little fright.

The friendly God, who instantly divin'd
The terrors that possess'd his fellow's mind,
To calm his troubled thoughts, and cheat the way,
Describ'd the nations that beneath them lay,
The name, the climate, and the soil's increase,
Their arms in war, their government in peace;
Shew'd their domestic arts, their foreign trade,
What int'rest they pursued, what leagues they made,
The sweet discourse so charm'd Porfenna's ear,
That lost in joy he had no time for fear.

From Scandinavia's cold inclement waste
O'er wide Germania's various realms they past,
And now on Albion's fields suspend their toil,
And hover for a while, and bless the soil.
O'er the gay scene the prince delighted hung,
And gaz'd in rapture, and forgot his tongue;
'Till bursting forth at length. Behold, cried he,
The promis'd isle, the land I long'd to see;
Those plains, those vales, and fruitful hills declare
My queen, my charmer must inhabit there.
Thus rav'd the monarch, and the gentle guide,
Pleas'd with his error, thus in smiles replied.

I must applaud, my lord, the lucky thought;
Ev'n I, who know th' original, am caught,
And doubt my senses, when I view the draught.

The slow-ascending hill, the lofty wood
 That mantles o'er its brow, the silver flood
 Wand'ring in mazes through the flow'ry mead,
 The herd that in the plenteous pastures feed,
 And every object, every scene excites
 Fresh wonder in my soul, and fills with new delights :
 Dwells cheerful Plenty there, and learned Ease,
 And Art with Nature seems at strife to please.
 There Liberty, delightful goddess, reigns,
 Gladdens each heart, and gilds the fertile plains ;
 There firmly seated may she ever smile,
 And show'r her blessings o'er her fav'rite isle !
 But see, the rising sun reproves our stay.
 He said, and to the ocean wing'd his way,
 Stretching his course to climates then unknown,
 Nations that swelter in the burning zone.
 There in Peruvian vales a moment staid,
 And smooth'd his wings beneath the citron shade ;
 Then swift his oary pinions plied again,
 Cross'd the new world, and fought the Southern main ;
 Where many a wet and weary league o'erpass'd,
 The wish'd-for paradise appear'd at last.

With force abated now they gently sweep
 O'er the smooth surface of the shining deep ;
 The Dryads hail'd them from the distant shore,
 The Nereids play'd around, the Tritons swam before,
 While soft Favonius their arrival greets,
 And breathes his welcome in a thousand sweets.

Nor pale disease, nor health-consuming care,
 Nor wrath, nor foul revenge can enter there ;
 No vapour's foggy gloom imbrowns the sky ;
 No tempests rage, no angry lightnings fly ;
 But dews, and soft-refreshing airs are found,
 And pure ætherial azure shines around.
 Whate'er the sweet Sabæan soil can boast,
 Or Mecca's plains, or India's spicy coast ;
 What Hybla's hills, or rich Cæbalia's fields,
 Or flow'ry vale of fam'd Hymettus yields ;
 Or what of old th' Hesperian orchard grac'd ;
 All that was e'er delicious to the taste,
 Sweet to the smell, or lovely to the view,
 Collected there with added beauty grew.
 High-tow'ring to the heav'ns the trees are seen,
 Their bulk immense, their leaf for ever green ;
 So closely interwove, the tell-tale sun
 Can ne'er descry the deeds beneath them done,
 But where by fits the sportive gales divide
 Their tender tops, and fan the leaves aside.
 Like a smooth carpet at their feet lies spread
 The matted grass, by bubbling fountains fed ;
 And on each bough the feather'd choir employ
 Their melting notes, and nought is heard but joy.
 The painted flow'rs exhale a rich perfume,
 The fruits are mingled with eternal bloom,
 And Spring and Autumn hand in hand appear,
 Lead on the merry months, and join to cloath the year.

Here, o'er the mountain's shaggy summit pour'd,
 From rock to rock the tumbling torrent roar'd,
 While beauteous Iris in the vale below
 Paints on the rising fumes her radiant bow.
 Now through the meads the mazy current stray'd,
 Now hid its wand'rings in the myrtle shade ;
 Or in a thousand veins divides its store,
 Visits each plant, refreshes every flow'r ;
 O'er gems and golden sands in murmurs flows,
 And sweetly sooths the soul, and lulls to soft repose.

If hunger call, no sooner can the mind
 Express her will to needful food inclin'd,
 But in some cool recess, or op'ning glade,
 The seats are plac'd, the tables neatly laid,
 And instantly convey'd by magic hand
 In comely rows the costly dishes stand ;
 Meats of all kinds that nature can impart,
 Prepar'd in all the nicest forms of art.
 A troop of sprightly nymphs array'd in green,
 With flow'ry chaplets crown'd, come scudding in ;
 With fragrant blossoms these adorn the feast,
 Those with officious zeal attend the guest ;
 Beneath his feet the silken carpet spread,
 Or sprinkle liquid odours o'er his head.
 Others in ruby cups with roses bound
 Delightful ! deal the sparkling nectar round ;
 Or weave the dance, or tune the vocal lay ;
 The lyres resound, the merry minstrels play,

Gay health, and youthful joys o'erspread the place,
 And swell each heart, and triumph in each face.
 So when embolden'd by the vernal air,
 The busy bees to blooming fields repair;
 For various use employ their chymic pow'r;
 One culls the snowy pounce, one sucks the flow'r;
 Again to diff'rent works returning home,
 Some * steeve the honey, some erect the comb;
 All for the general good in concert strive,
 And every soul's in motion, every limb's alive.

And now descending from his flight, the God
 On the green turf releas'd his precious load;
 There, after mutual salutations past,
 And endless friendship vow'd, they part in haste;
 Zephyr impatient to behold his love,
 The prince in raptures wand'ring through the grove;
 Now skipping on, and singing as he went,
 Now stopping short to give his transports vent;
 With sudden gusts of happiness oppress'd,
 Or stands entranc'd, or raves like one possess'd;
 His mind afloat, his wand'ring senses quite
 O'ercome with charms, and frantic with delight;
 From scene to scene by random steps convey'd,
 Admires the distant views, explores the secret shade,
 Dwells on each spot, with eager eye devours
 The woods, the lawns, the buildings, and the bow'rs;
 New sweets, new joys at every glance arise,
 And every turn creates a fresh surprize.

* Or live, slipant.

Close by the borders of a rising wood,
 In a green vale a crystal grotto stood ;
 And o'er its side, beneath a beechen shade,
 In broken falls a silver fountain play'd.
 Hither, attracted by the murm'ring stream,
 And cool recess, the pleas'd Porfenna came,
 And on the tender grass reclining chose
 To wave his joys awhile, and take a short repose.
 The scene invites him, and the wanton breeze
 That whispers through the vale, the dancing trees,
 The warbling birds, and rills that gently creep,
 All join their music to prolong his sleep.

The princess for her morning walk prepar'd ;
 The female troops attend, a beauteous guard.
 Array'd in all her charms appear'd the fair ;
 Tall was her stature, unconfin'd her air ;
 Proportion deck'd her limbs, and in her face
 Lay love inshrin'd, lay sweet attractive grace
 Temp'ring the awful beams her eyes convey'd,
 And like a lambent flame around her play'd.
 No foreign aids, by mortal ladies worn,
 From shells and rocks her artless charms adorn ;
 For grant that beauty were by gems increas'd,
 'Tis render'd more suspected at the least ;
 And foul defects, that would escape the sight,
 Start from the piece, and take a stronger light.
 Her chesnut hair in careless rings around
 Her temples wav'd, with pinks and jes'mine crown'd,

And,

And, gather'd in a filken cord behind,
 Curl'd to the waist, and floated in the wind;
 O'er these a veil of yellow gauze she wore,
 With amaranths and gold embroider'd o'er.
 Her snowy neck half naked to the view
 Gracefully fell; a robe of purple hue
 Hung loosely o'er her slender shape, and tried
 To shade those beauties, that it could not hide.

The damsels of her train with mirth and song
 Frolic behind, and laugh and sport along.
 The birds proclaim their queen from every tree;
 The beasts run frisking through the groves to see;
 The Loves, the Pleasures, and the Graces meet
 In antic rounds, and dance before her feet.
 By whate'er fancy led, it chanc'd that day
 They through the secret valley took their way,
 And to the crystal grot advancing spied
 The prince extended by the fountain's side.

He look'd as, by some skilful hand express'd,
 Apollo's youthful form retir'd to rest;
 When with the chace fatigued he quits the wood
 For Pindus' vale, and Aganippe's flood;
 There sleeps secure, his careless limbs display'd
 At ease, encircled by the laurel shade;
 Beneath his head his sheaf of arrows lie,
 His bow unbent hangs negligently by.
 The slumb'ring prince might boast an equal grace,
 So turn'd his limbs, so beautiful his face.

Waking he started from the ground in haste,
 And saw the beauteous choir around him plac'd;
 Then, summoning his senses, ran to meet
 The queen, and laid him humbly at her feet,
 Deign, lovely princess, to behold, said he,
 One, who has travers'd all the world, to see
 Those charms, and worship thy divinity:
 Accept thy slave, and with a gracious smile
 Excuse his rashness, and reward his toil.
 Stood motionless the fair with mute surprize,
 And read him over with admiring eyes;
 And while she stedfast gaz'd, a pleasing smart
 Ran thrilling through her veins, and reach'd her heart.
 Each limb she scann'd, consider'd every grace,
 And sagely judg'd him of the phoenix race.
 An animal like this she ne'er had known,
 And thence concluded there could be but one;
 The creature too had all the phoenix' air;
 None but the phoenix could appear so fair.
 The more she look'd, the more she thought it true,
 And call'd him by that name, to shew she knew.

O handsome phoenix, for that such you are
 We know; your beauty does your breed declare;
 And I with sorrow own through all my coast
 No other bird can such perfection boast;
 For Nature form'd you single and alone:
 Alas! what pity 'tis there is but one!

Were there a queen so fortunate to shew
 An aviary of charming birds like you,
 What envy would her happiness create
 In all, who saw the glories of her state!

The prince laugh'd inwardly, surpriz'd to find
 So strange a speech, so innocent a mind.
 The compliment indeed did some offence
 To reason, and a little wrong'd her sense;
 He could not let it pass, but told his name,
 And what he was, and whence, and why he came;
 And hinted other things of high concern
 For him to mention, and for her to learn;
 And she 'ad a piercing wit, of wond'rous reach
 To comprehend whatever he could teach.
 Thus hand in hand they to the palace walk,
 Pleas'd and instructed with each other's talk.

Here, should I tell the furniture's expence,
 And all the structure's vast magnificence,
 Describe the walls of shining saphire made,
 With emerald and pearl the floors inlaid,
 And how the vaulted canopies unfold
 A mimic heav'n, and flame with gems and gold;
 Or how Felicity regales her guest,
 The wit, the mirth, the music, and the feast;
 And on each part bestow the praises due,
 'Twould tire the writer, and the reader too.
 My amorous tale a softer path pursues:
 Love and the happy pair demand my Muse,

O could her art in equal terms express
 The lives they lead, the pleasures they possess!
 Fortune had ne'er so plenteously before
 Bestow'd her gifts, nor can she lavish more.
 'Tis heav'n itself, 'tis ecstasy of bliss,
 Uninterrupted joy, untir'd excess;
 Mirth following mirth the moments dance away;
 Love claims the night, and friendship rules the day.

Their tender care no cold indiff'rence knows;
 No jealousies disturb their sweet repose;
 No sickness, no decay; but youthful grace,
 And constant beauty shines in either face.
 Benumbing age may mortal charms invade,
 Flow'rs of a day that do but bloom and fade;
 Far diff'rent here, on them it only blows
 The lilly's white, and spreads the blushing rose;
 No conquest o'er those radiant eyes can boast;
 They like the stars shine brighter in its frost;
 Nor fear its rigour, nor its rule obey;
 All seasons are the same, and every month is May.

Alas! how vain is happiness below!
 Man soon or late must have his share of woe;
 Slight are his joys, and fleeting as the wind;
 His griefs wound home, and leave a sting behind.
 His lot distinguish'd from the brute appears
 Less certain by his laughter than his tears;
 For ignorance too oft our pleasure breeds,
 But sorrow from the reas'ning soul proceeds.

If man on earth in endless bliss could be,
 The boon, young prince, had been bestow'd on thee.
 Bright shone thy stars, thy Fortune flourish'd fair,
 And seem'd secure beyond the reach of care,
 And so might still have been, but anxious thought
 Has dash'd thy cup, and thou must taste the draught.

It so befel, as on a certain day
 This happy couple toy'd their time away,
 He ask'd how many charming hours were flown,
 Since on her slave her heav'n of beauty shone.
 Should I consult my heart, cried he, the rate
 Were small, a week would be the utmost date :
 But when my mind reflects on actions past,
 And counts its joys, time must have fled more fast.
 Perhaps I might have said, three months are gone.
 Three months! replied the fair, three months alone!
 Know that three hundred years have roll'd away,
 Since at my feet the lovely phoenix lay.
 Three hundred years! re-echo'd back the prince,
 A whole three hundred years compleated since
 I landed here! O! whither then are flown
 My dearest friends, my subjects, and my throne?
 How strange, alas! how alter'd shall I find
 Each earthly thing, each scene I left behind!
 Who knows me now? on whom shall I depend
 To gain my rights? where shall I find a friend!
 My crown perhaps may grace a foreign line,
 A race of kings, that know not me nor mine;

Who

Who reigns may wish my death, his subjects treat
 My claim with scorn, and call their prince a cheat,
 Oh had my life been ended as begun!
 My destin'd stage, my race of glory run,
 I should have died well pleas'd; my honour'd name
 Had liv'd, had flourish'd in the list of fame;
 Reflecting now my mind with horror sees
 The sad survey, a scene of shameful ease,
 The odious blot, the scandal of my race,
 Scarce known, and only mention'd with disgrace.

The fair beheld him with impatient eye,
 And red with anger made this warm reply.
 Ungrateful man! is this the kind return
 My love deserves? and can you thus with scorn
 Reject what once you priz'd, what once you swore
 Surpass'd all charms, and made ev'n glory poor?
 What gifts have I bestow'd, what favours shewn!
 Made you partaker of my bed and throne;
 Three centuries preserv'd in youthful prime,
 Safe from the rage of death, and injuries of time.
 Weak arguments! for glory reigns above
 The feeble ties of gratitude and love.
 I urge them not, nor would request your stay;
 The phantom glory calls, and I obey;
 All other virtues are regardless quite,
 Sunk and absorb'd in that superior light.
 Go then, barbarian, to thy realms return,
 And shew thyself unworthy my concern;

Go, tell the world, your tender heart could give
 Death to the princess, by whose care you live.

At this a deadly pale her cheeks o'erspread,
 Cold trembling seiz'd her limbs, her spirits fled;
 She sunk into his arms: the prince was mov'd,
 Felt all her griefs, for still he greatly lov'd.
 He sigh'd, he wish'd he could forget his throne,
 Confine his thoughts, and live for her alone;
 But glory shot him deep, the venom'd dart
 Was fix'd within, and rankled at his heart;
 He could not hide its wounds, but pin'd away
 Like a sick flow'r, and languish'd in decay.
 An age no longer like a month appears,
 But every month becomes a hundred years.

Felicity was griev'd, and could not bear
 A scene so chang'd, a sight of so much care.
 She told him with a look of cold disdain,
 And seeming ease, as women well can feign,
 He might depart at will; a milder air
 Would mend his health; he was no pris'ner there;
 She kept him not, and wish'd he ne'er might find
 Cause to regret the place he left behind;
 Which once he lov'd, and where he still must own,
 He had at least some little pleasure known.

If these prophetic words awhile destroy
 His peace, the former ballance it in joy.
 He thank'd her for her kind concern, but chose
 To quit the place, the rest let heav'n dispose.

For Fate, on mischiefs bent, perverts the will,
And first infatuates whom it means to kill.

Aurora now, not, as she wont to rise,
In gay attire ting'd with a thousand dyes,
But sober-sad in solemn state appears,
Clad in a dusky veil bedew'd with tears.
Thick mantling clouds beneath her chariot spread,
A faded wreath hangs drooping from her head.
The sick'ning sun emits a feeble ray,
Half drown'd in fogs, and struggling into day.
Some black event the threat'ning skies foretel.
Porfenna rose to take his last farewell.
A curious vest the mournful princess brought,
And armour by the Lemnian artist wrought;
A shining lance with secret virtue stor'd,
And of resistless force a magic sword;
Caparisons and gems of wond'rous price,
And loaded him with gifts and good advice;
But chief she gave, and what he most would need,
The fleetest of her stud, a flying steed.
The swift Grifppo, said th' afflicted fair,
(Such was the courser's name) with speed shall bear,
And place you safely in your native air;
Assist against the foe, with matchless might
Ravage the field, and turn the doubtful fight;
With care protect you till the danger cease,
Your trust in war, your ornament in peace.

But this, I warn, beware; whate'er shall lay
 To intercept your course, or tempt your stay,
 Quit not your saddle, nor your speed abate,
 'Till safely landed at your palace gate.
 On this alone depends your weal or woe;
 Such is the will of Fate, and so the Gods foresaw.
 He in the softest terms repaid her love,
 And vow'd, nor age, nor absence should remove
 His constant faith, and sure she could not blame
 A short divorce due to his injur'd fame.
 The debt discharg'd, then should her foldier come
 Gay from the field, and flush'd with conquest, home;
 With equal ardour her affection meet,
 And lay his laurels at his mistress' feet.
 He ceas'd, and sighing took a kind adieu;
 Then urg'd his steed; the fierce Grifppo flew;
 With rapid force outstripp'd the lagging wind,
 And left the blissful shores, and weeping fair behind;
 Now o'er the seas pursued his airy flight,
 Now scower'd the plains, and climb'd the mountain's height.

Thus driving on at speed the prince had run
 Near half his course, when, with the setting sun,
 As through a lonely lane he chanc'd to ride,
 With rocks and bushes fenc'd on either side,
 He spied a waggon full of wings, that lay
 Broke and o'erturn'd across the narrow way.
 The helpless driver on the dirty road
 Lay struggling, crush'd beneath th' incumbent load.

Never

Never in human shape was seen before
 A wight so pale, so feeble, and so poor.
 Comparisons of age would do him wrong,
 For Nestor's self, if plac'd by him, were young.
 His limbs were naked all, and worn so thin,
 The bones seem'd starting through the parchment skin,
 His eyes half drown'd in rheum, his accents weak,
 Bald was his head, and furrow'd was his cheek.

The conscious steed stopp'd short in deadly fright,
 And back recoiling stretch'd his wings for flight.
 When thus the wretch with supplicating tone,
 And rueful face, began his piteous moan,
 And, as he spake, the tears ran trickling down. }
 O gentle youth, if pity e'er inclin'd
 Thy soul to gen'rous deeds, if e'er thy mind
 Was touch'd with soft distress, extend thy care
 To save an old man's life, and ease the load I bear.
 So may propitious heav'n your journey speed,
 Prolong your days, and all your vows succeed.

Mov'd with the pray'r the kind Porfenna staid,
 Too nobly-minded to refuse his aid,
 And, prudence yielding to superior grief,
 Leap'd from his steed, and ran to his relief;
 Remov'd the weight, and gave the pris'ner breath,
 Just choak'd, and gasping on the verge of death.
 Then reach'd his hand, when lightly with a bound
 The grizly spectre vaulting from the ground,

Seiz'd him with sudden gripe, th' astonish'd prince
 Stood horror-struck, and thoughtless of defence.

O king of Russia, with a thund'ring sound
 Bellow'd the ghastly fiend, at length thou'rt found:
 Receive the ruler of mankind, and know,
 My name is Time, thy ever-dreaded foe.
 These feet are founder'd, and the wings you see
 Worn to the pinions in pursuit of thee;
 Through all the world in vain for ages sought,
 But Fate has doom'd thee now, and thou art caught.
 Then round his neck his arms he nimbly cast,
 And seiz'd him by the throat, and grasp'd him fast;
 'Till forc'd at length the soul forsook its seat,
 And the pale breathless corse fell bleeding at his feet.

Scarce had the cursed spoiler left his prey,
 When, so it chanc'd, young Zephyr pass'd that way;
 Too late his presence to assist his friend,
 A sad, but helpless witness of his end.
 He chafes, and fans, and strives in vain to cure
 His streaming wounds; the work was done too sure.
 Now lightly with a soft embrace uprears
 The lifeless load, and bathes it in his tears;
 Then to the blissful seats with speed conveys,
 And graceful on the mossy carpet lays
 With decent care, close by the fountain's side,
 Where first the princess had her phoenix spied.
 There with sweet flow'rs his lovely limbs he strew'd,
 And gave a parting kiss, and sighs and tears bestow'd.

'To that sad solitude the weeping dame,
 Wild with her loss, and swoln with sorrow, came.
 There was she wont to vent her griefs, and mourn
 Those dear delights that must no more return.
 Thither that morn with more than usual care
 She sped, but oh what joy to find him there!
 As just arriv'd, and weary with the way,
 Retir'd to soft repose her hero lay.
 Now near approaching she began to creep
 With careful steps, loth to disturb his sleep;
 'Till quite o'ercome with tenderness she flew,
 And round his neck her arms in transport threw.
 But, when she found him dead, no tongue can tell
 The pangs she felt; she shriek'd, and swooning fell.
 Waking, with loud laments she pierc'd the skies,
 And fill'd th' affrighted forest with her cries.
 That fatal hour the palace gates she barr'd,
 And fix'd around the coast a stronger guard;
 Now rare appearing, and at distance seen,
 With crowds of black misfortunes plac'd between;
 Mischiefs of every kind, corroding care,
 And fears, and jealousies, and dark despair.
 And since that day (the wretched world must own
 These mournful truths by sad experience known)
 No mortal e'er enjoy'd that happy clime,
 And every thing on earth submits to Time.



The EVER-GREEN.

WHEN tepid breezes fann'd the air,
 And violets perfum'd the glade,
 Pensive and grave my charming fair
 Beneath yon shady lime was laid.

Flourish, said I, those favour'd boughs,
 And ever sooth the purest flames!
 Witnesses to none but faithful vows!
 Wounded by none but faithful names!
 Yield every tree that crowns the grove
 To this which pleas'd my wandering dear!
 Range where you will, ye bands of love,
 Ye still shall *seem* to revel here.

Lavinia smil'd—and whilst her arm
 Her fair reclining head sustain'd,
 Betray'd she felt some fresh alarm;
 And thus the meaning smile explain'd.

When summer suns shine forth no more,
 Will then this lime its shelter yield?
 Protect us when the tempests roar,
 And winter drives us from the field?

Yet faithful then the fir shall last —
 I smile, she cry'd, but ah! I tremble,
 To think when my fair season's past,
 Which Damon then will most resemble.

A N S W E R.

TOO tim'rous maid, can time or chance
 A pure ingenuous flame controul?
 O lay aside that tender glance,
 That melts my frame, that kills my soul.
 Were but thy outward charms admir'd,
 Frail origin of female sway!
 My flame, like other flames inspir'd,
 Might then like other flames decay:
 But whilst thy mind shall seem thus fair,
 Thy soul's unfading charms be seen,
 Thou may'st resign that shape and air,
 Yet find thy swain — an ever-green.



C A N D O U R.

THE warmest friend, I ever prov'd,
 My bitterest foe I see:
 The kindest maid I ever lov'd,
 Is false to love and me.

But shall I make the angry vow,
 Which tempts my wavering mind?
 Shall dark suspicion cloud my brow,
 And bid me shun mankind?

Avaunt, thou hell-born fiend! no more
 Pretend my steps to guide;
 Let me be cheated o'er and o'er,
 But let me still confide.

If this be folly, all my claim
 To wisdom I resign;
 But let no sage presume to name
 His *happiness* with mine,



LYSANDER to CLOE.

'TIS true, my wish will never find
 Another nymph so fair, so true
 Since all that's bright, and all that's kind,
 In those expressive eyes I view.

And I with grateful zeal could haste
 To China for the merest toy;
 Could scorch on Lybia's barren waste,
 To give my dear a moment's joy.

But fickle as the wave or wind,
I once may slight those lovely arms;
Pardon a free ingenuous mind,
I do not half deserve thy charms.

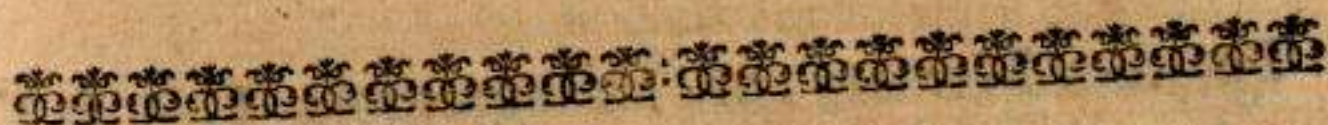
If I in any praise excel,
'Tis in soft themes to paint my flame;
But Cloe's sweetness bids me tell,
I shall not long remain the same.

I know its season will expire,
Replac'd by cool esteem alone;
Nor more thy matchless breast admire
Than I detest and scorn my own.

This interval my fate allows,
And friendship dictates all I say;
O shun to hear my future vows,
When giddy love resumes the lay.

So some poor maniac can foresee
The random hours of madness nigh;
He mourns the fates' severe decree,
And cautions whom he loves to fly.





CLOE to LYSANDER.

OF vagrant loves, and fickle flames
Lyfander's Muse may tell,
And sure such artless freedom claims
His Cloe's best farewell.

Whene'er his heart becomes the theme
We see his fancy shine;
But let not vain Lyfander dream
That e'er that heart was mine.

Can he that fondly hopes to move,
With caution chill his lay?
Can he who feels the power of love,
Foretell that love's decay?

Why teize believing nymphs in vain?
Go seek some pathless vale,
And listen to thy vocal strain
Soft echoing down the dale.

While artless Cloe hence retir'd,
Shall this sad maxim prove;
No bosom, once with love inspir'd,
Could ever cease to love,

To the Memory of an agreeable L A D Y
bury'd in Marriage to a Person undeserving
her.

'T WAS always held, and ever will,
By sage mankind, discreeter
T' anticipate a lesser ill
Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diseases, pain,
And languishing conditions;
Who don't the lesser ills sustain
Of physic and physicians?

Rather than lose his whole estate,
He that but little wise is,
Full gladly pays four parts in eight
To taxes and excises.

With numerous ills in single life
The batchelor's attended;
Such to avoid, he takes a wife —
And much the case is mended.

Poor Gratia, in her twentieth year,
Foreseeing future woe,
Chose to attend a *monkey* here,
Before an *ape* below.

An ELEGY, written on VALENTINE Morning.

By * * * *

HARK, through the sacred silence of the night,
Loud Chanticleer doth sound his clarion shrill,
Hailing with song the first pale gleam of light,
That floats the dark brow of yon eastern hill.

Bright star of morn, oh! leave not yet the wave,
To deck the dewy frontlet of the day,
Nor thou, Aurora, quit Tithonus' cave,
Nor drive retiring darkness yet away.

Ere these my rustic hands a garland twine,
Ere yet my tongue indite a simple song,
For her I mean to hail my Valentine,
Sweet maiden, fairest of the virgin throng.

Sweet is the morn, and sweet the gentle breeze
That fans the fragrant bosom of the spring,
Sweet chirps the lark, and sweeter far than these
The gentle love-song gurgling turtles sing.

Oh let the flowers be fragrant as the morn,
And as the turtle's song my ditty sweet:
Those flowers my woven chaplet must adorn,
That ditty must my waking charmer greet.

And

And thou, blest saint, whom choral creatures join
 In one enlivening symphony to hail,
 Oh be propitious, gentle Valentine,
 And let each holy tender sigh prevail.

Oh give me to approach my sleeping love,
 And strew her pillow with the freshest flowers,
 No sigh unhallow'd shall my bosom move,
 Nor step prophane pollute my true-love's bowers.

At sacred distance only will I gaze,
 Nor bid my unreprieved eye refrain,
 Mean while my tongue shall chaunt her beauty's praise,
 And hail her sleeping with the gentlest strain.

“Awake my fair, awake, for it is time;
 Hark, thousand songsters rise from yonder grove,
 And rising carol this sweet hour of prime,
 Each to his mate, a roundelay of love.

All nature sings the hymeneal song,
 All nature follows, where the spring invites;
 Come forth my love, to us these joys belong,
 Ours is the spring, and all her young delights.

For us she throws profusely forth her flowers,
 Which in fresh chaplets joyful I will twine;
 Come forth my fair, oh do not lose these hours,
 But wake, and be my faithful Valentine.

Full many an hour, all lonely have I sigh'd,
 Nor dared the secret of my love reveal,
 Full many a fond expedient have I tried
 My warmest wish in silence to conceal.

And oft to far retired solitude
 All mournfully my slow step have I bent,
 Luxurious there indulg'd my musing mood,
 And there alone have given my sorrows vent.

This day resolv'd I dare to plight my vow,
 This day, long since the feast of love decreed,
 Embolden'd will I speak my flame, nor thou
 Refuse to hear how sore my heart does bleed."

Yet if I should behold my love awake,
 Ah frail resolves, ah whither will ye fly?
 Full well I know I shall not silence break,
 But struck with awe almost for fear shall die.

Oh no, I will not trust a fault'ring speech
 In broken phrase an aukward tale to tell,
 A tale, whose tenderness no tongue can reach,
 Nor softest melody can utter well.

But my meek eye, best herald to my heart,
 I will compose to soft and downcast look,
 And at one humble glance it shall impart
 My love, nor fear the language be mistook.

For she shall read (apt scholar at this lore)
 With what fond passion my true bosom glows,
 How hopeless of return I still adore,
 Nor dare the boldness of my wish disclose.

Should she then smile, — yet ah! she smiles on all,
 Her gentle temper pities all distress;
 On every hill, each vale, the sun-beams fall,
 Each herb, and flow'r, each tree, and shrub they bless.

Alike all nature grateful owns the boon,
 The universal ray to all is free;
 Like fond Endymion should I hope the moon,
 Because among the rest she shines on me?

Hope, vain presumer, keep, oh keep away:
 Ev'n if my woe her gentle bosom move,
 Pity some look of kindness may display;
 But each soft glance is not a look of love.

Yet heav'nly visitant, thou dost not quit
 Those bow'rs where angels sweet division sing,
 Nor deignest thou on mortal shrine to sit
 Alone, for round thee ever on the wing,

Glad choirs of loves attend, and hov'ring wait
 Thy mild command; of these thy blooming train
 Oh bid some sylph in morning dreams relate,
 Ere yet my love awake, my secret pain.

The D O W A G E R.

By the Same.

WHERE aged elms in many a goodly row,
 Give yearly shelter to the constant crow,
 A mansion stands : — long since the pile was rais'd,
 Whose Gothic grandeur the rude hind amaz'd.
 For the rich ornament on every part,
 Confess'd the founder's wealth, and workman's art :
 Though as the range of the wide court we tread,
 The broken arch now totters o'er the head ;
 And where of old rose high the social smoke,
 Now swallows build, and lonely ravens croak.
 Though Time, whose touch each beauty can deface,
 Has torn from every tow'r the sculptur'd grace ;
 Though round each stone the fluggard ivy crawls,
 Yet ancient state sits hov'ring on the walls.

Where wont the festal chorus to resound,
 And jocund dancing frequent beat the ground,
 Now Silence spreads around her gloomy reign,
 Save when the mastiff clanks his iron chain,

Save when his hoarse bark echoes dire alarm,
 Fierce to protect the place from midnight harm;
 Its only guard; no revel founding late
 Drives the night villain from the lonely gate.
 An hallow'd matron and her simple train
 These solemn battlements alone contain;
 An hoary dowager, whose placid face
 Old age has deck'd with lovely awful grace;
 With almost vernal bloom her cheek still strow'd,
 As beauty ling'ring left her lov'd abode;
 That lov'd abode, where join'd with truth and sense
 She form'd the features to mute eloquence,
 And bade them charm the still attentive throng,
 Who watch'd the sacred lessons of her tongue.
 For not through life the dame had liv'd retir'd,
 But once had shone, e'en midst a court admir'd:
 What time the lov'd possessor of her charms
 Returning from the war in victor arms,
 Call'd from his monarch's tongue the plausive praise,
 While honour wreath'd him with unfading bays.
 She, happy partner of each joyful hour,
 Then walk'd serene amid the pomp of pow'r:
 While all confess'd no warrior's wish could move
 For fairer prize, than such accomplish'd love:
 Nor to that love could aught more transport yield,
 Than graceful valour from the victor field.
 Thus flourish'd once the beauteous and the brave;
 But mortal bliss meets still th' untimely grave:

Aurelius died — his relict's pious tear
 O'er his lov'd ashes frequent flow'd sincere,
 Each decent rite with due observance paid,
 Each solemn requiem offer'd to his shade,
 Plac'd 'mid the brave his urn in holy ground,
 And bade his hallow'd banners wave around.
 Then left the gaudy scenes of pomp and power,
 While prudence beckon'd to that ancient bower,
 And those paternal fields, the sole remains
 Of ample woods and far-extended plains,
 Which tyrant custom rudely tore away
 To distant heirship an expected prey.
 Serene she sought the far-retired grove,
 Once the bless'd mansion of her happy love,
 Pleas'd with the thought, that memory oft would raise
 A solemn prospect of those blooming days
 Aurelius gave: her pious purpose now
 To keep still constant to her sacred vow;
 In lonely luxury her sorrows feed,
 And pass her life in widow's decent weed.
 One pledge of love her comfort still remain'd,
 Whom in this solitude she careful train'd
 To virtuous lore; and while as year by year
 New graces made Aurelia still more dear;
 Full many an hour unheeded she would trace
 The father's semblance in the daughter's face;
 While tender sighs oft heav'd her faithful breast,
 And sudden tears her lasting love exprest.

Thus

Thus long she dwelt in innate virtues great,
 Amid the villagers in sacred state :
 For every grace to which submission bows,
 The pow'r which conscious dignity bestows,
 She felt superior ; for from ancient race
 She gloried her long ancestry to trace ;
 And ever bade Aurelia's thought aspire
 To every grace, each ray of sacred fire,
 That full of heav'n-born dignity informs
 The mortal breast which ardent virtue warms ;
 Then led her to the venerable hall
 Where her successive fires adorn'd the wall,
 And arched windows with their blazon bright
 Shed through the herald glow a solemn light :
 There clad in rough habiliments of war
 Full many a hero bore a glorious scar ;
 There in the civic fur the sons of peace,
 Whose counsels bade their country's tumults cease ;
 While by their side, gracing the ancient scene,
 Hung gentle ladies of most comely mien.
 Then eager through the well-known tale she run,
 In what fair cause each honour had been won,
 What female grace each virgin had possess'd
 To charm to gentle love the manly breast ;
 Pleas'd to observe how long her gen'rous blood
 Through fair and brave had pass'd a spotless flood.
 Mean while the young Aurelia's bosom fir'd
 With emulation by each tale inspir'd,

In eager transport frequent breath'd her prayer
 The graces of her ancestry to share :
 Nor breath'd in vain, her fond maternal guide
 Cherish'd with care each spark of virtuous pride ;
 And ever as she gave a lesson new,
 Would point some old example to her view :
 Inflam'd by this, her mind was quickly fraught
 With each sage precept, that her mother taught.
 The goodly dame thus blest'd in her employ,
 Felt each soft transport of parental joy,
 And liv'd content, her utmost wish fulfill'd
 In the fair prospect of a virtuous child :
 Resign'd she waited now the awful hour
 When death should raise her to that heav'nly bow'r,
 Where with her lov'd Aurelius she might share
 The pleasing task, to watch with guardian care
 Their offspring's steps, and hov'ring o'er her head,
 The gracious dew of heavenly peace to shed ;
 Nor fear'd her decency of life would prove
 An added bliss to all the joys above.





ODE to the Honourable * * * *

By the late Mr. F. COVENTRY.

NOW Britain's senate, far renown'd,
Assembles full an awful band!
Now Majesty with golden circle crown'd,
Mounts her bright throne, and waves her gracious hand,
"Ye chiefs of Albion with attention hear,
"Guard well your liberties, review your laws,
"Begin, begin th' important year,
"And boldly speak in Freedom's cause."
Then starting from her summer's rest
Glad Eloquence unbinds her tongue.
She feels rekindling raptures wake her breast,
And pours the sacred energy along.
'Twas here great Hampden's patriot voice was heard,
Here Pym, Kimbolton fir'd the British soul,
When Pow'r her arm despotic rear'd
But felt a senate's great controul.
'Twas here the pond'ring worthies sat,
Who fix'd the crown on William's head,
When awe-struck tyranny renounc'd the state,
And bigot JAMES his injur'd kingdoms fled.

Thee, generous youth, whom nature, birth adorn,
 The Muse selects from yon assembled throng :
 O thou to serve thy country born,
 Tell me, young hero of my song,
 Thy genius now in fairest bloom,
 And warm with fancy's brightest rays,
 Why sleeps thy soul unconscious of its doom ?
 Why idly fleet thy unapplauded days ?
 Thy country beckons thee with lifted hand,
 Arise, she calls, awake thy latent flame,
 Arise, 'tis England's high command,
 And snatch the ready wreaths of fame.
 Be this thy passion ; greatly dare
 A people's jarring wills to sway,
 With curst Corruption wage eternal war,
 That where thou go'ft, applauding crouds may say,
 " Lo, that is he, whose spirit-ruling voice
 " From her wild heights can call Ambition down,
 " Can still Seditious's brutal noise,
 " Or shake a tyrant's purple throne :"
 Then chiefs, and sages yet unborn
 Shall boast thy thoughts in distant days,
 With thee fair History her leaves adorn,
 And laurell'd bards proclaim thy lasting praise.

To Miss ****. By Miss ELISA CARTER.

I.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
O'er nature's soft repose,
No lowring cloud obscures the skies,
Nor ruffling tempest blows.

II.

Now every passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still,
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the labouring will.

III.

In silence hush'd, to reason's voice
Attends each mental power;
Come, dear Amanda, and enjoy
Reflection's favourite hour.

IV.

Come, while this peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round;
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of Happiness be found?

V.

Does it amidst the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell?
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom
That shades the hermit's cell?

VI.

How oft the laughing brow of joy
A sick'ning heart conceals,
And through the cloister's deep recess
Invading sorrow steals,

VII.

In vain through beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace!
It dwells not in the faithless smile
That brightens Clodio's face.

VIII.

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
All yet agree, in one,
To place its being in some state,
At distance from *our own*.

IX.

O blind to each indulgent gift
Of power, supremely wise,
Who fancy happiness in aught
That Providence denies.

X.

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious reason tunes
The passions into peace.

XI.

To temp'rate bounds, to few desires,
Is happiness confin'd,
And deaf to folly's noise attends
The music of the mind.

Lady MARY W***, to Sir W*** Y***,

I.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes,
Since how can I speak without pain?
My eyes have oft told you their wishes,
Ah! can't you their meaning explain?
My passion would lose by expression,
And you too might cruelly blame:
Then don't you expect a confession
Of what is too tender to name.

II.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
Why should you expect it of me?
Our wishes should be in our keeping,
'Till you tell us what they should be.
Then quickly why don't you discover?
Did your breast feel tortures like mine,
Eyes need not tell over and over
What I in my bosom confine.

Sir W***** Y*****'s Answer.

I.

GOOD madam, when ladies are willing,
A man must needs look like a fool;
For me I would not give a shilling
For one that is kind out of rule.

At least you might stay for my offer,
Not snatch like old maids in despair,
If you've liv'd to these years without proffer,
Your sighs are now lost in the air.

II.

You might leave me to guess by your blushing,
And not speak the matter so plain ;
'Tis ours to pursue and be pushing,
'Tis yours to affect a disdain.
That you're in a pitiful taking,
By all your sweet ogles I see ;
But the fruit that will fall without shaking
Indeed is too mellow for me.



MISS SOPER'S Answer to a Lady, who invited her
to retire into a monastic Life at St. CROSS, near
WINCHESTER.

I.

IN vain, mistaken maid, you'd fly
To desert and to shade ;
But since you call, for once I'll try
How well your vows are made.

II.

To noise and cares let's bid adieu,
And solitude commend.
But how the world will envy you,
And pity me your friend !

III.
You, like rich metal hid in earth,
Each swain will dig to find;
But I expect no second birth,
For dross is left behind.



REPENTANCE. By the Same.

I.

ALL attendants apart
I examin'd my heart,
Last night when I lay'd me to rest;
And methinks I'm inclin'd
To a change of my mind,
For, you know, second thoughts are the best.

II.

To retire from the crowd,
And make ourselves good,
By avoiding of every temptation,
Is in truth to reveal
What we'd better conceal,
That our passions want some regulation.

III.

It will much more redound
To our praise to be found,
In a world so abounding with evil,
Unspotted and pure;
Though not so demure,
As to wage open war with the devil.

Then

IV.

Then bidding farewell
 To the thoughts of a cell,
 I'll prepare for a militant life;
 And if brought to distress,
 Why then—I'll confess,
 And do penance in shape of a *wife*.

A S O N G. By T. P^o**cy.

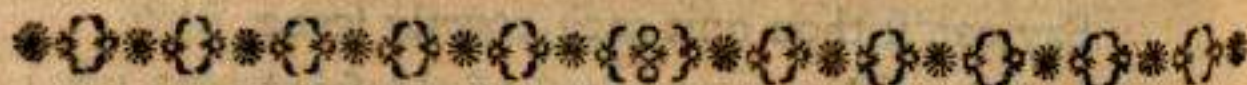
O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town:
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown?
 No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
 Say can'st thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
 O can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy!

O Nancy! can'st thou love so true,
 Through perils keen with me to go,
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe?
 Say should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear,
 Nor *then* regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?



CYNTHIA, an Elegiac POEM.

By the Same.

—*Libeat tibi Cynthia mecum*

Roscida muscosis antra tenere jugis.

PROPERT.

BENEATH an aged oak's embow'ring shade,
 Whose spreading arms with gray moss fringed were,
 Around whose trunk the clasping ivy stray'd;
 A love-lorn youth oft pensive would repair.

Fast by, a Naïd taught her stream to glide,
 Which through the dale a winding channel wore;
 The silver willow deck'd its verdant side,
 The whisp'ring sedges wav'd along the shore.

Here oft, when Morn peep'd o'er the dusky hill;
 Here oft when Eve bedew'd the misty vale;
 Careless he laid him all beside the rill,
 And pour'd in strains like these his artless tale.

Ah! would he say—and then a sigh would heave;
 Ah Cynthia! sweeter than the breath of morn,
 Soft as the gentle breath that fans at eve,
 Of thee bereft how shall I live forlorn?

Ah! what avails this sweetly solemn bow'r
 That silent stream where dimpling eddies play;
 Yon thymy bank bedeck'd with many a flow'r,
 Where maple-tufts exclude the beam of day?

Robb'd of my love, for how can these delight,
 Though lavish Spring her smiles around has cast!
 Despair, alas! that whelms the soul in night,
 Dims the sad eye and deadens every taste.

As droops the lilly at the blighting gale;
 Or * crimson-spotted cowslip of the mead,
 Whose tender stalk (alas! their stalk so frail)
 Some hasty foot hath bruise'd with heedless tread:

As droops the woodbine, when some village hind
 Hath fell'd the sapling elm it fondly bound;
 No more it gadding dances in the wind,
 But trails its fading beauties on the ground:

So droops my soul, dear maid, downcast and sad,
 For ever! ah! for ever torn from thee;
 Bereft of each sweet hope, which once it had,
 When love, when treacherous love first smil'd on me.

Return blest days, return ye laughing hours,
 Which led me up the roseat steep of youth;
 Which strew'd my simple path with vernal flow'rs,
 And bade me court chaste Science and fair Truth.

Ye know, the curling breeze, or gilded fly
 That idly wantons in the noon-tide air,
 Was not so free, was not so gay as I,
 For ah! I knew not then of love, or care,

* — On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted: like the crimson drops
 In th' bottom of a cowslip.

Shakespear's Cymbeline, Act 3.

Witness

Witness, ye winged daughters of the year,
 If e'er a sigh had learnt to heave my breast!
 If e'er my cheek was conscious of a tear,
 'Till Cynthia came and rob'd my soul of rest!

O have you seen, bath'd in the morning dew,
 The budding rose its infant bloom display;
 When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
 It shrinks and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.

So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
 Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek:
 I gaz'd, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
 Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion, weak.

Yet not unpitied was my pain the while;
 For oft beside yon sweet-briar in the dale,
 With many a blush, with many a melting smile,
 She sat and listen'd to the plaintive tale.

Ah me! I fondly dreamt of pleasures rare,
 Nor deem'd so sweet a face with scorn could glow;
 How could you cruel then pronounce despair,
 Chill the warm hope, and plant the thorn of woe?

What though no treasures canker in my chest,
 Nor crowds of suppliant vassals hail me lord!
 What though my roof can boast no princely guest,
 Nor surfeits lurk beneath my frugal board!

Yet

Yet should Content, that shuns the gilded bed,
 With smiling Peace, and Virtue there forgot,
 And rose-lip'd Health, which haunts the straw-built shed,
 With cherub Joy, frequent my little cot :

Led by chaste Love, the decent band should come,
 O charmer would'st thou deign my roof to share ?
 Nor should the Muses scorn our simple dome,
 Or knit in mystic dance, the Graces fair.

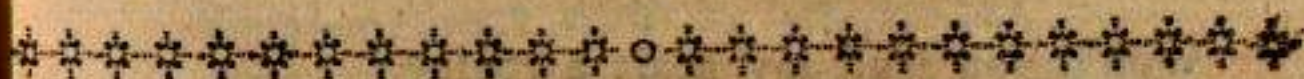
The wood-land nymphs, and gentle fays, at eve
 Forth from the dripping cave and mossy dell,
 Should round our hearth fantastic measures weave,
 And shield from mischief by their guardian spell.

Come then bright maid, and quit the city throng ;
 Have rural joys no charm to win the soul ?
 —She proud, alas ! derides my lowly song,
 Scorns the fond vow, and spurns the russet stole.

Then Love begone, thy thriftless empire yield,
 In youthful toils I'll lose the unmanly pain :
 With echoing horns I'll rouse the jocund field,
 Urge the keen chace, and sweep along the plain.

Or all in some lone moss-grown tow'r sublime
 With midnight lamp I'll watch pale Cynthia round,
 Explore the choicest rolls of ancient Time,
 And heal with Wisdom's balm my hapless wound.

Or else I'll roam — Ah no! that sigh profound
Tells me that stubborn love disdains to yield;
Nor flight, nor Wisdom's balm can heal the wound,
Nor pain forsake me in the jocund field.



DIALOGUE to CHLORINDA.

By Mr. ALSOP.

S. **C**EASE, Chlorinda, cease to chide me,
When my passion I relate;
Why should kindness be denied me?
Why should love be paid with hate?

If the fruit of all my wishes
Must be, to be treated so;
What could you do more than this is
To your most outrageous foe?

C. Simple Strephon, cease complaining,
Talk no more of foolish love;
Think not e'er my heart to reign in,
Think not all you say can move.

Did I take delight to fetter
Thrice ten thousand slaves a day,
Thrice ten thousand times your betters
Gladly would my rule obey.

S. Strive

S. Strive not, fairest, to unbind me ;
Let me keep my pleasing chain :
Charms that first to love inclin'd me,
Will for ever love maintain.

Would you send my heart a roving ?
First to love I must forbear.

Would you have me cease from loving ?
You must cease from being fair.

C. Strephon, leave to talk thus idly ;
Let me hear of love no more :
You mistake Chlorinda widely,
Thus to teize her o'er and o'er.

Seek not her who still forbids you ;
To some other tell your moan :
Choose where'er your fancy leads you,
Let Chlorinda but alone.

S. If Chlorinda still denies me
That which none but she can give,
Let the whole wide world despise me,
'Tis for her alone I live.

Grant me yet this one poor favour,
With this one request comply ;
Let us each go on for ever,
I to ask, and you deny.

C. Since, my Strephon, you so kind are,
 All pretensions to resign;
 Trust Chlorinda. — You may find her
 Less severe than you divine.

Strephon struck with joy beholds her,
 Would have spoke but knew not how;
 But he look'd such things as told her
 More than all his speech could do.

TO CHLORINDA. By the Same.

SEE, Strephon, what unhappy fate
 Does on thy fruitless passion wait,
 Adding to flame fresh fuel:
 Rather than thou should'st favour find,
 The kindest soul on earth's unkind,
 And the best nature cruel.

The goodness, which Chlorinda shews,
 From mildness and good breeding flows;
 But must not love be stil'd:

Or else 'tis such as mothers try,
 When wearied with incessant cry,
 They still a froward child,

She with a graceful mien and air,
 Gently civil, yet severe,

Bids thee all hopes give o'er.

Friendship she offers, pure and free;

And who, with such a friend as she,

Could want, or wish for more?

The cur that swam along the flood,
 His mouth well fill'd with morsel good,
 (Too good for common cur!)
 By visionary hopes betray'd,
 Gaping to catch a fleeting shade,
 Lost what he held before.

Mark, Strephon, and apply this tale,
 Lest love and friendship both should fail;
 Where then would be thy hope?
 Of hope, quoth Strephon, talk not, friend;
 And for applying—know, the end
 Of every cur's a rope.



The Fable of IXION. TO CHLORINDA.

By the Same.

IXION, as the poets tell us,
 Was one of those pragmatic fellows,
 Who claim a right to kiss the hand
 Of the best lady in the land;
 Demonstrating by dint of reason,
 That impudence in love's no treason.
 He let his fancy soar much higher;
 And ventur'd boldly to aspire
 To Juno's high and mighty grace,
 And woo'd the goddess face to face.

What mortal e'er had whims so odd,
 To think of cuckolding a God?
 For she was both Jove's wife and sister,
 And yet the rascal would have kiss'd her.

How he got up to heav'n's high palace,
 Not one of all the poets tell us;
 It must be therefore understood,
 That he got up which way he could.
 Nor is it, that I know, recorded,
 How bows were made, and speeches worded;
 So, leaving this to each one's guess,
 I'll only tell you the success.

But first I stop awhile to shew
 What happen'd lately here below.

Chlorinda, who beyond compare
 Of all the fair ones is most fair;
 Chlorinda, by the Gods design'd
 To be the pattern of her kind,
 With every charm of face and mind;
 Glanc'd light'ning from her eyes so blue,
 And shot poor Strephon through and through.
 He, over head and ears her lover,
 Try'd all the ways he could to move her;
 He sigh'd, and vow'd, and pray'd, and cry'd,
 And did a thousand things beside:
 She let him sigh, and pray, and cry on—
 But now hear more about Ixion.

The Goddess, proud, (as folks report her)
 Disdain'd that mortal wight should court her,
 And yet she chose the fool to flatter,
 To make him fancy some great matter,
 And hope in time he might get at her ;
 Grac'd him with now and then a smile,
 But inly scorn'd him all the while ;
 Resolv'd at last a trick to shew him,
 Seeming to yield and so undo him.

Now which way, do you think, she took ?
 (For do't she would by hook or crook)
 Why, thus I find it in my book.

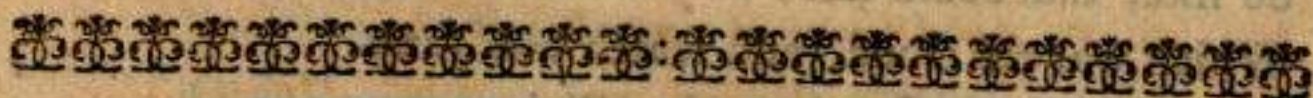
She call'd a pretty painted cloud,
 The brightest of the wand'ring crowd,
 For she you know is queen o'th' the air,
 And all the clouds and vapours there
 Governs at will, by nod or summons,
 As Walpole does the house of commons.
 This cloud which came to her stark naked,
 She dress'd as fine as hands could make it.
 From her own wardrobe out she brought
 Whate'er was dainty, wove or wrought.
 A smock which Pallas spun and gave her
 Once on a time to gain her favour ;
 A gown that ha'n't on earth its fellow,
 Of finest blue and lin'd with yellow,
 Fit for a Goddess to appear in,
 And not a pin the worse for wearing.

A quilted petticoat beside,
 With whalebone hoop six fathom wide.
 With these she deck'd the cloud, d'ye see?
 As like herself, as like could be:
 So like, that could not I or you know
 Which was the cloud, and which was Juno.
 Thus dress'd she sent it to the villain,
 To let him act his wicked will on:
 Then laugh'd at the poor fool aloud,
 Who for a goddess grasp'd a cloud.

This you will say was well done on her
 T' expose the tempter of her honour—
 But more of him you need not hear;
 Only to Strephon lend an ear.

He never entertain'd one thought
 With which a goddess could find fault;
 His spotless love might be forgiven
 By every saint in earth and heaven.
 Juno herself, though nice and haughty,
 Would not have judg'd his passion naughty.
 All this Chlorinda's self confess'd,
 And own'd his flame was pure and chaste,
 Read what his teeming Muse brought forth,
 And prais'd it far beyond its worth:
 Mildly receiv'd his fond address,
 And only blam'd his love's excess:
 Yet she, so good, so sweet, so smiling,
 So full of truth, so unbeguiling,

One way or other still devis'd
To let him see he was despis'd :
And when he plum'd, and grew most proud,
All was a vapour, all a cloud.



A TALE. To CHLORINDA,

By the Same.

DA M E Venus, a daughter of Jove's,
And amongst all his daughters most fair,
Loft, it seems, t' other day the two doves,
That wafted her car through the air.

The dame made a heavy sad rout.
Ran about heav'n and earth to condole 'em ;
And fought high and low to find out,
Where the biddyes were stray'd, or who stole 'em,

To the God, who the stragglers should meet,
She promis'd most tempting fine pay,
Six kisses than honey more sweet,
And a seventh far sweeter than they,

The proposal no sooner was made,
But it put all the Gods in a flame ;
For who would not give all he had
To be kiss'd by so dainty a dame ?

To Cyprus, to Paphos they run,
 Where the Goddess oft us'd to retire ;
 Some rode round the world with the sun,
 And search'd every country and shire.

But with all their hard running and riding,
 Not a God of 'em claim'd the reward ;
 For no one could tell tale or tiding,
 If the doves were alive or were starv'd.

At last the sly shooter of men
 Young Cupid, (I beg the God's pardon)
 Mamma, your blue birds I have seen
 In a certain terrestrial garden.

Where, where, my dear child, quickly shew,
 Quoth the dame, almost out of her wits :
 Do but go to Chlorinda's, says Cu,
 And you'll find 'em in shape of pewits.

Is it she that hath done me this wrong ?
 Full well I know her, and her arts ;
 She has follow'd the thieving trade long,
 But I thought she dealt only in hearts.

I shall soon make her know, so I shall—
 And with that to Jove's palace she run,
 And began like a bedlam to bawl,
 I am cheated, I am robb'd, I'm undone.

Chlorinda, whom none can approach
 Without losing his heart or his senses,
 Has stol'n the two doves from my coach,
 And now flaunts it at Venus' expences.

She has chang'd the poor things to pewits,
 And keeps 'em like ord'nary fowls :
 So when she robs men of their wits,
 She turns 'em to asses or owls.

I could tell you of many a hundred
 Of figure, high station, and means,
 Whom she without mercy has plunder'd,
 Ever since she came into her teens.

But her thefts upon earth I'd have borne,
 Or have let 'em all pass for mere fable ;
 But nothing will now serve her turn,
 But the doves out of Venus's stable.

Is it fit, let your mightyship say,
 That I, like some pitiful flirt,
 Should tarry within doors all day,
 Or else trudge it afoot in the dirt ?

Is it fit that a mortal should trample
 On me, who am styl'd queen of beauty ?
 O make her, great Jove, an example,
 And teach Nimble-fingers her duty.

Sir Joye when he heard her thus rage,
 For all his great gravity, smil'd ;
 And then, like a judge wise and sage,
 He began in terms sober and mild,

Learn, daughter, to bridle your tongue,
 Forbear to traduce with your prattle
 The fair, who has done you no wrong,
 And scorns to purloin goods and chattel,

She needs neither gewgaw, nor trinket,
 To carry the world all before her ;
 Her deserts, I would have you to think it,
 Are enough to make all men adore her.

Your doves are elop'd, I confess,
 And chuse with Chlorinda to dwell ;
 But blame not the lady for this ;
 For sure 'tis no crime to excel.

As for them, I applaud their high aims ;
 Having serv'd from the time of their birth
 The fairest of heavenly dames,
 They would now serve the fairest on earth.

ODE ON LYRIC POETRY. By Mr. MARRIOT.

I. 1.

INMATE of smoaking cots, whose rustic shed,
Within this humble bed,

Her twittering progeny contains,

The swallow sweeps the plains,

Or lightly skims from level lakes the dew.

The ringdove ever true

In plaintive accents tells of unrelenting fate,

Far from the raven's croak, and bird of night,

That shrieking wings her flight

When, at his mutter'd rite,

Hid in the dusky desert vale,

With starting eye, and visage pale,

The grimly wizard sees the spectres rise unholy ;

But haunts the woods that held her beauteous mate,

And woos the Echo soft with murmurs melancholy.

I. 2.

Sublime alone the feather'd monarch flies,

His nest dark mists upon the mountains shroud ;

In vain the howling storms arise,

When borne on outstretch'd plume aloft he springs,

Dashing with many a stroke the parting cloud,

Or to the buoyant air commits his wings

Floating with even sail adown the liquid skies ;

Then darting upward, swift his wings aspire,

Where thunders keep their gloomy seat,

And lightnings arm'd with heaven's avenging ire.

None can the dread artillery meet,
 Or through the airy region rove,
 But he who guards the throne of Jove,
 And grasps the flaming bolt of sacred fire.

I. 3.

Know, with young Ambition hold,
 In vain, my Muse, thy dazzled eyes explore
 Distant aims, where wont to soar,
 Their burning way the kindling spirits hold,
 Heights too arduous wisely shun ;
 Humbler flights thy wings attend ;
 For heaven-taught Genius can alone ascend
 Back to her native sky,
 And with directed eagle eye
 Pervade the lofty spheres, and view the blazing sun,

II. 1.

But hark ! o'er all the flower-enamell'd ground
 What music breathes around !
 I see, I see the virgin train
 Unlock their streams again,
 Rolling to many a vale their liquid lapse along,
 While at the warbled song
 Which holds entranc'd Attention's wakeful ear,
 Broke are the magic bands of iron sleep.
 Love, wayward child, oft wont to weep,
 In tears his robe to steep
 Forgets ; and Care that counts his store,
 Now thinks each mighty business o'er ;

While

While sits on ruin'd cities, war's wide-wasting glory,
Ambition, ceasing the proud pile to rear,
And sighs; unfinish'd leaving half her ample story.

II. 2.

'Then once more, sweet enthusiast, happy lyre,
'Thy soothing solace deign awhile to bring.
I strive to catch the sacred fire,
And wake thee emulous on Granta's plain,
Where all the Muses haunt his hallow'd spring,
And where the Graces shun the fordid train
Scornful of heaven-born arts which thee and peace inspire:
On life's sequester'd scenes they silent wait,
Nor heed the baseless pomp of power,
Nor shining dreams that crowd at Fortune's gate;
But smooth th' inevitable hour
Of pain, which man is doom'd to know,
And teach the mortal mind to glow
With pleasures plac'd beyond the shaft of Fate,

II. 3.

But, alas! th' amusive reed
Ill suits the lyre that asks a master's hand,
And fond fancies vainly feed
A breast that life's more active scenes demand.
Sloth ignoble to disclaim
'Tis enough: the lyre unstring.
At other feet the victor palm I fling
In Granta's glorious shrine;
Where crown'd with radiance divine
Her smiles shall nurse the Muse; the Muse shall lift her fame.

ARION, an ODE. By the Same.

I.

QUEEN of each sacred sound, sweet child of air,
 Who sitting thron'd upon the vaulted sky,
 Dost catch the notes which undulating fly,
 Oft wafted up to thy exalted sphere,
 On the soft bosom of each rolling cloud,
 Charming thy list'ning ear
 With strains that bid the panting lover die :
 Or laughing mirth, or tender grief inspire,
 Or with full chorus loud
 Which lift our holy hope, or fan the hero's fire :
 Enchanting Harmony, 'tis thine to cheer
 The soul by woe which sinks oppress'd,
 From sorrow's eye to wipe the tear,
 And on the bleeding wound to pour the balmy rest.

II.

'Twas when the winds were roaring loud,
 And Ocean swell'd his billows high,
 By savage hands condemn'd to die,
 Rais'd on the stem the trembling Lesbian stood ;
 All pale he heard the tempest blow,
 As on the watry grave below
 He fix'd his weeping eye.
 Ah ! hateful lust of impious gold,
 What can thy mighty rage withhold,
 Deaf to the melting powers of Harmony !

But

But ere the bard unpitied dies,
 Again his soothing art he tries,
 Again he sweeps the strings,
 Slowly sad the notes arise,
 While thus in plaintive sounds the sweet musician sings.

III.

From beneath the coral cave
 Circled with the silver wave,
 Where with wreaths of emerald crown'd
 Ye lead the festive dance around,
 Daughters of Venus, hear, and save.
 Ye Tritons, hear, whose blast can swell
 With mighty sounds the twisted shell ;
 And you, ye sister Syrens, hear,
 Ever beauteous, ever sweet,
 Who lull the list'ning pilot's ear
 With magic song, and softly breath'd deceit.
 By all the Gods who subject roll
 From gushing urns their tribute to the main,
 By him who bids the winds to roar,
 By him whose trident shakes the shore,
 If e'er for you I raise the sacred strain
 When pious mariners your power adore,
 Daughters of Nereus, hear and save.

IV.

He sung, and from the coral cave,
 Circled with the silver wave,
 With pitying ear
 The Nereids hear.

Gently the waters flowing,
 The winds now ceas'd their blowing,
 In silence listening to his tuneful lay.
 Around the bark's sea-beaten side,
 The sacred dolphin play'd,
 And sportive dash'd the briny tide :
 The joyous omen soon the bard survey'd,
 Nor fear'd with bolder leap to try the watry way.
 On his scaly back now riding,
 O'er the curling billow gliding,
 Again with bold triumphant hand
 He bade the notes aspire,
 Again to joy attun'd the lyre,
 Forgot each danger past, and reach'd secure the land.



H O R A C E, Book II. Ode II.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber, &c.

Imitated by Lord B—H.—PAUL to FAZ.

I.

NEVER, dear Faz, torment thy brain
 With idle fears of France or Spain,
 Or any thing that's foreign :
 What can Bavaria do to us,
 What Prussia's monarch, or the Rufs,
 Or e'en prince Charles of Lorrain ?

II.

Let us be cheerful whilst we can,
And lengthen out the short-liv'd span,
Enjoying every hour.
The moon itself we see decay,
Beauty's the worfe for every day,
And so's the sweetest flower.

III.

How oft, dear Faz, have we been told,
That Paul and Faz are both grown old,
By young and wanton lasses?
Then, since our time is now so short,
Let us enjoy the only sport
Of tossing off our glasses.

IV.

From White's we'll move th' expensive scene,
And steal away to Richmond Green;
There free from noise and riot,
Polly each morn shall fill our tea,
Spread bread and butter—and then we
Each night get drunk in quiet.

V.

Unless perchance earl L—— comes,
As noisy as a dozen drums,
And makes an horrid pother;
Else might we quiet sit and quaff,
And gently chat, and gayly laugh
At this and that and t'other.

VI.

Br—— shall settle what's to pay,
 Adjust accompts by algebra ;
 I'll always order dinner ——
 Br—— though solemn, yet is sly,
 And leers at Poll with roguish eye
 To make the girl a sinner.

VII.

Powell, d'ye hear, let's have the ham,
 Some chickens and a chine of lamb —
 And what else? — let's see — look ye —
 Br—— must have his damn'd boullie,
 B—— fattens on his fricassée,
 I'll have my water-suchy.

VIII.

'When dinner comes we'll drink about,
 No matter who is in, or out,
 'Till wine, or sleep, o'ertake us ;
 Each man may nod, or nap, or wink,
 And when it is our turn to drink,
 Our neighbour then shall wake us.

IX.

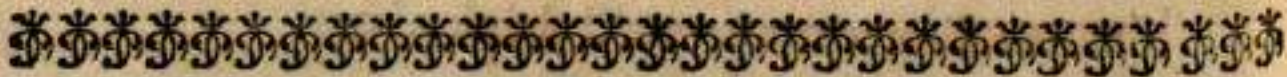
Thus let us live in soft retreat,
 Nor envy, nor despise the great,
 Submit to pay our taxes ;
 With peace or war be well content,
 'Till eas'd by a good parliament,
 'Till Scroop his hand relaxes.

X.

Never enquire about the Rhine ;
 But fill your glass, and drink your wine ;
 Hope things may mend in Flanders ;
 The Dutch we know are good allies,
 So are they all with subsidies,
 And we have choice commanders.

XI.

Then here's the King, God blefs his grace,
 Though neither you nor I have place,
 He hath many a sage adviser ;
 And yet no treason sure's in this,
 Let who will take the pray'r amiss,
 God fend 'em all much wiser.



A P A N E G Y R I C on A L E.

—*Mea nec Falernæ*

Temperant vites, neque Formiani

Pocula colles.

HOR.

By T. W*****.

BALM of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
 Hail, juice benignant ! o'er the costly cups
 Of riot-stirring wine, unwholsome draught,
 Let pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night :
 My sober evening let the tankard blefs,
 With toast imbrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught,

While

While the rich draught with oft repeated whiffs
 Tobacco mild improves : divine repast !
 Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys
 Of lawless Bacchus reign : but o'er my soul
 A calm Lethean creeps : in drowsy trance
 Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
 My peaceful brain, as if the magic rod
 Of leaden Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
 Its opiate influence. What though sore ills
 Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals,
 Or cheerful candle, save the makeweight's gleam
 Hap'ly remaining ; heart-rejoicing ale
 Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.

Meantime not mindless of the daily task
 Of tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
 Of deep Smiglecius much I meditate ;
 While ale inspires, and lends her kindred aid
 The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
 Sweet Helicon of logic !—But if friends
 Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
 To pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,
 Where, Ale, thy votaries in full resort
 Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
 Of monumental oak, and antique mould,
 That long has stood the rage of conquering Time
 Inviolate, (not in more ample seat
 Smokes rosy justice, when th' important cause,
 Whether of henroost or of mirthful rape,

In all the majesty of paunch, he tries,) While the rich drug
 Studios of ease, and provident I place Tobacco's rich juice
 My gladsome limbs, while in repeated round Which as the gods
 Returns replenish'd the successive cup, Of lavish nature
 And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy. A kind of steam
 Nor seldom to relieve the ling'ring hours Such as the poets
 In innocent delight, amusive putt My mental state
 On smooth joint-stool in emblematic play Of leisure days
 The vain vicissitudes of fortune shews. In quiet hours
 Nor reck'ning, name tremendous, me disturbs, Of quiet hours
 Nor, call'd-for, chills my breast with sudden fear, Of quiet hours
 While on the wonted door (expressive mark!) By my own hand
 The frequent penny stands describ'd to view Check the time
 In snowy characters, a graceful row. Which are not in
 Hail Ticking! surest guardian of distress, Of my own hand
 Beneath thy shelter pennyless I quaff Of my own hand
 The cheering cup: though much the poet's friend, While the rich drug
 Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain, The poet's friend
 Accept this humble tribute of my praise. Green Tobacco
 Nor proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms Congressional
 Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof To rest their
 Of pot-house snug to visit: wiser he Which is the
 The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-house Hall
 Of James or Juggins, where the grateful breath Of my own hand
 Of mild Tobacco ne'er diffus'd its balm; The poet's friend
 But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite, Tobacco's rich
 While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl, Which as the gods
 Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler Ale: My mental state

In vain—the proctor's voice alarms their joy ;
Just fate of wanton pride, and vain excess !

Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
Heart-easing Ale, whose sorrow-soothing sweets
Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,

When tatter'd stockings ask my mending hand
Not unexperienc'd, while the tedious toil
Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain

Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
Companion meet of languor-loving nymph :

Be mine each morn with eager appetite
And hunger undissembled, to repair

To friendly butt'ry, there on smoaking crust
And foaming Ale to banquet unrestrain'd,

Material breakfast ! Thus in ancient times
Our ancestors robust with liberal cups

Usher'd the morn, unlike the languid sons
Of modern days ; nor ever had the might

Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With English Ale improving English worth.

With Ale irriguous, undismay'd I hear
The frequent dun ascend my lofty dome

Importunate : whether the plaintive voice
Of laundress shrill awake my startled ear,

Or taylor with obsequious bow advance ;
Or groom invade me with defying look

And fierce demeanor, whose emaciate steeds
Had panted oft beneath my goring steel :

In vain they plead or threat ; all-powerful Ale

Excuses new supplies, and each descends
 With joyless pace and debt-despairing looks:
 E'en Sp—y with indignant bow retires,
 Sternest of duns! and conquer'd quits the field,

Why did the gods such various blessings pour
 On helpless mortals, from their grateful hands
 So soon the short-liv'd bounty to recal?
 Thus while, improvident of future ill,
 I quaff the luscious tankard unrestrain'd,
 And thoughtless riot in ambrosial blifs,
 Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent!)
 Th' un pitying burfar's cross affixing hand
 Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.
 Nor now the friendly pot-house longer yields
 A sure retreat when ev'ning shades the skies,
 Nor * Sheppard, ruthless widow, now vouchsafes
 The wonted trust, and * Winter ticks no more.
 Thus Adam exil'd from the blissful scenes
 Of Eden griev'd, no more in hallow'd bow'r
 On next'rine fruits to feast, fresh shade or vale
 No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot;
 But all forlorn the naked wilderness,
 And unrejoicing solitudes to trace.
 Thus too the matchless bard, whose lay resounds
 The Splendid Shilling's praise, in nightly gloom
 Of lonesome garret pin'd for cheerful Ale:
 Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,
 Mean follower! like him with honest love
 Of Ale divine inspir'd, and love of song.

But

* Noted alehouses in Oxford.

But long may bounteous Heav'n with watchful care,
 Avert his hapless fate ! enough for me,
 That burning with congenial flame I dar'd
 His guiding steps at distance to pursue,
 And sing his fav'rite theme in kindred strains.



ODE to the Genius of ITALY, occasioned by
 the Earl of CORKE'S going Abroad.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

O THOU that, on a pointless spear reclin'd,
 In dusk of eve oft tak'st thy lonely way
 Where Tyber's flow, neglected waters stray,
 And pour'st thy fruitless sorrows to the wind,
 Grieving to see his shore no more the seat
 Of arts and arms, and liberty's retreat.

Italia's Genius, rear thy drooping head,
 Shake off thy trance, and weave an olive crown,
 For see ! a noble guest appears, well known
 To all thy worthies, though in Britain bred ;
 Guard well thy charge, for know, our polish'd isle
 Reluctant spares thee such a son as BOYLE.

There, while their sweets thy myrtle groves dispense,
 Lead to the Sabine or the Tuscan plain,
 Where playful Horace tun'd his amorous strain,
 And Tully pour'd the stream of eloquence ;
 Nor fail to crown him with that ivy bloom,
 Which graceful mantles o'er thy Maro's tomb.

At that blest spot, from vulgar cares refin'd,
 In some soft vision or indulgent dream
 Inspire his fancy with a glorious theme,
 And point new subjects to his generous mind,
 At once to charm his country, and improve
 The last, the youngest object of his love.

But O ! mark well his transports in that shade,
 Where circled by the bay's unfading green,
 Amidst a rural and sequester'd scene
 His much-lov'd Pliny rests his honour'd head :
 There, rapt in silence, will he gaze around,
 And strew with sweetest flow'rs the hallow'd ground.

But see ! the sage, to mortal view confest,
 Thrice waves the hand, and says, or seems to say,
 " The debt I owe thee how shall I repay ?
 " Welcome to Latium's shore, illustrious guest !
 " Long may'st thou live to grace thy native isle,
 " Humane in thought, and elegant in style !
 " While on thy consort I with rapture gaze,
 " My own Calphurnia rises to my view :
 " That bliss unknown but to the virtuous few,
 " Briton ! is thine ; charm'd with domestic praise
 " Thine are those heart-felt joys that sweeten life,
 " The son, the friend, the daughter, and the wife."

Content with such approof, when genial Spring
 Bids the shrill blackbird whistle in the vale,
 Home may he hasten with a prosperous gale,
 And Health protect him with her fost'ring wing ;
 So shall Britannia to the wind and sea
 Entrust no more her fav'rite ORRERY.

To C***P***, E sq; now Lord CAMDEN.

Written in 1743. By Dr. D.

FROM friendship's cradle up the verdant paths
 Of youth, life's jolly spring; and now sublim'd
 To its full manhood and meridian strength,
 Her latest stage, (for friendship ever hale
 Knows not old age, diseases, and decay,
 But burning keeps her sacred fire, 'till death's
 Cold hand extinguish)—At this spot, this point,
 Here P***, we social meet, and gaze about,
 And look back to the scenes our pastime trod
 In nature's morning, when the gamesome hours
 Had sliding feet, and laugh'd themselves away.
 Luxurious season! vital prime! where Thames
 Flows by Etona's walls, and cheerful sees
 Her sons wide swarming; and where sedgy Cam
 Bathes with slow pace his academic grove,
 Pierian walks!—O never hope again,
 (Impossible! untenable!) to grasp
 Those joys again; to feel alike the pulse
 Dancing, and fiery spirits boiling high:
 Or see the pleasure that with careless wing
 Swept on, and flow'ry garlands tofs'd around
 Disporting! Try to call her back—as wise
 Bid yesterday return, arrest the flight
 Of Time; or musing by a river's brink,
 Say to the wave that huddles swiftly by
 For ever, “from thy fountain roll anew.”

The merriment, the tale, and heartfelt laugh

That echo'd round the table, idle guests,
 Must rise, and serious inmates take their place ;
 Reflection's daughters sad, and world-born thoughts
 Dislodging Fancy's empire—Yet who knows
 Exact the balance of our loss and gain ?
 Who knows how far a rattle may outweigh
 The mace or scepter ? But as boys resign
 The play-thing, bauble of their infancy,
 So fares it with maturer years : they, sage,
 Imagination's airy regions quit,
 And under Reason's banner take the field ;
 With resolution face the cloud or storm,
 While all their former rainbows die away.

Some to the palace with regardful step,
 And courtly blandishment resort, and there
 Advance obsequious ; in the sunshine bask
 Of princely grace, catch the creating eye,
 Parent of honours :—in the senate some
 Harangue the full-bench'd auditory, and wield
 Their list'ning passions (such the pow'r, the sway
 Of Reason's eloquence !)—or at the bar,
 Where Cowper, Talbot, Somers, Yorke before
 Pleaded their way to glory's chair supreme,
 And worthy fill'd it. Let not these great names
 Damp, but incite : nor Murray's praise obscure
 Thy younger merit. Know, these lights, ere yet
 To noon-day lustre kindled, had their dawn.
 Proceed familiar to the gate of Fame,
 Nor think the task severe, the prize too high
 Of toil and honour, for thy Father's son,

Epistle from the late Lord Viscount B—GB—KE
to Miss Lucy A—K—NS.

DEAR thoughtless CLARA, to my verse attend,
Believe for once thy lover and thy friend;
Heaven to each sex has various gifts assign'd,
And shewn an equal care of human-kind;
Strength does to man's imperial race belong,
To yours that beauty which subdues the strong;
But as our strength, when misapply'd, is lost,
And what should save, urges our ruin most;
Just so, when beauty prostituted lies,
Of bawds the prey, of rakes th' abandon'd prize,
Women no more their empire can maintain,
Nor hope, vile slaves of lust, by love to reign.
Superior charms but make their case the worse,
And what should be their blessing, proves their curse.
O nymph! that might, reclin'd on Cupid's breast,
Like Psyche, sooth the God of love to rest;
Or, if ambition mov'd thee, Jove enthral,
Brandish his thunder, and direct its fall;
Survey thyself, contemplate every grace
Of that sweet form, of that angelic face,
Then CLARA say, were those delicious charms
Meant for lewd brothels, and rude ruffians arms?
No CLARA, no! that person, and that mind,
Were form'd by nature, and by heaven design'd

For nobler ends ; to these return, though late,
 Return to these, and so avert thy fate.
 Think CLARA, think, (nor will that thought be vain)
 Thy slave, Thy HARRY, doom'd to drag his chain
 Of love, ill-treated and abus'd, that he
 From more inglorious chains might rescue thee.
 Thy drooping health restor'd ; by his fond care,
 Once more thy beauty its full lustre wear ;
 Mov'd by his love, by his example taught,
 Soon shall thy soul, once more with virtue fraught,
 With kind and gen'rous truth thy bosom warm,
 And thy fair mind, like thy fair person, charm.
 To virtue thus, and to thyself restor'd,
 By all admir'd, by one alone ador'd,
 Be to thy HARRY ever kind and true,
 And live for him, who more than dies for you.



The CHEAT's APOLOGY.

By Mr. ELLIS.

'Tis my vocation, Hal!

SHAKESPEAR.

LOOK round the wide world, each profession, you'll find,
 Hath something dishonest, which myst'ry they call ;
 Each knave points another, at home is stark blind,
 Except but his own, there's a cheat in them all :
 When tax'd with imposture, the charge he'll evade,
 And like Falstaff pretend he but lives by his trade.

The hero ambitious (like Philip's great son,
Who wept when he found no more mischief to do)
Ne'er scruples a neighbouring realm to o'er-run,
While slaughters and carnage his sabre imbrue.
Of rapine and murder the charge he'll evade,
For conquest is glorious, and fighting his trade.

The statesman, who steers by wise Machiavel's rules,
Is ne'er to be known by his tongue or his face;
They're traps by him us'd to catch credulous fools,
And breach of his promise he counts no disgrace;
But policy calls it, reproach to evade,
For flatt'ry's his province, cajoling his trade.

The priest will instruct you this world to despise,
With all its vain pomp, for a kingdom on high;
While earthly preferments are chiefly his prize,
And all his pursuits give his doctrine the lye;
He'll plead you the gospel, your charge to evade:
The lab'rer's entitled to live by his trade.

The lawyer, as oft on the wrong side as right,
Who tortures for fee the true sense of the laws,
While black he by sophistry proves to be white,
And falshood and perjury lists in his cause;
With steady assurance all crime will evade:
His client's his care, and he follows his trade.

The sons of Machaon, who thirsty for gold
 The patient past cure visit thrice in a day,
 Write largely the Pharmacop league to uphold,
 While poverty's left to diseases a prey;
 Are held in repute for their glitt'ring parade:
 Their practice is great, and they shine in their trade.

Since then in all stations imposture is found,
 No one of another can justly complain;
 The coin he receives will pass current around,
 And where he is confen'd he confens again:
 But I, who for cheats this apology made,
 Cheat myself by my rhyming, and starve by my trade.



S O N G. By the Same.

AS Chloe ply'd her needle's art,
 A purple drop the spear
 Made from her heedless finger start,
 And from her eyes a tear.

Ah! might but Chloe by her smart
 Be taught for mine to feel;
 Mine caus'd by Cupid's piercing dart,
 More sharp than pointed steel!

Then

Then I her needle would adore,
Love's arrow it should be,
Indu'd with such a subtle pow'r
To reach her heart for me.



Another. By the Same.

SUE venal Belinda to grant you the blessing
As Jove courted Danae, or vain's your addressing;
For love, she asserts, all that's gen'rous inspires,
And therefore rich tokens of love she requires.

Such suitors as nothing but ardours are boasting,
Will ne'er reach Elysium, but ever be coasting.
Like penniless ghosts deny'd passage by Charon,
They'll find, without fee, unrelenting the fair one.

But give me the nymph not ungrateful to wooing,
Who love pays with love, and caresses with cooing,
By whom a true heart is accepted as sterling,
And Cupid alone makes her lover her darling.



To Mr. GRENVILLE on his intended Resignation.

By RICHARD BERENGER, Esq;

A Wretch tir'd out with Fortune's blows,
Resolv'd at once to end his woes;

And

And like a thoughtless silly elf,
 In the next pond to drown himself.
 'Tis fit, quoth he, my life should end,
 The cruel world is not my friend ;
 I have nor meat, nor drink, nor cloaths,
 But want each joy that wealth bestows ;
 Besides, I hold my life my own,
 And when I please may lay it down ;
 A wretched hopeless thing am I,
 Forgetting, as forgot, I'll die.

Not so, said one who stood behind,
 And heard him thus disclose his mind ;
 Consider well pray what you do,
 And think what numbers live in you :
 If you go down, your woes to ease,
 Pray who will keep your lice and fleas ?
 On yours alone their lives depend,
 With you they live, with you must end.

On great folks thus the little live,
 And in their sunshine bask and thrive :
 But when those suns no longer shine,
 The hapless insects droop and pine.

Oh GRENVILLE then this tale apply,
 Nor drown yourself lest I should die :
 Compassionate your louse's case,
 And keep your own to save his place.

To Mr. GARRICK, on his erecting a Temple
and Statue to SHAKESPEAR.

By the Same.

— *Viridi in campo signum de marmore ponam
Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Thamesis, et multâ prætexit arundine ripas ;
In medio mihi SHAKESPEAR erit, templumque tenebit.*

VIRGIL.

WHERE yonder trees rise high in cheerful air,
Where yonder banks eternal verdure wear,
And opening flow'rs diffusing sweets around
Paint with their vivid hues the happy ground ;
While Thames majestic rolls the meads between,
And with his silver current crowns the scene ;
There GARRICK, satiate of well-earn'd applause,
From crowds, and shouting theatres withdraws :
There courts the Muse, turns o'er th' instructive page,
And meditates new triumphs for the stage.
Thine, SHAKESPEAR, chief—for thou must ever shine
His pride, his boast, unequall'd and divine.
There too thy vot'ry to thy merit just,
Hath rais'd the dome, and plac'd thy honour'd bust,
Bidding the pile to future times proclaim
His veneration for thy mighty name.
A place more fit his zeal could never find
Than this fair spot, an emblem of thy mind—
As hill and dale there charm the wond'ring eye,
Such sweet variety thy scenes supply —

Like the tall trees sublime thy genius tow'rs,
 Sprightly thy fancy, as the opening flow'rs;
 While copious as the tide Thames pours along,
 Flow the sweet numbers of thy heav'nly song,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong —
 Look down, great shade, with pride this tribute see,
 The hand that pays it makes it worthy thee —
 As fam'd Apelles was allow'd alone
 To paint the form august of Philip's son,
 None but a GARRICK can, O bard divine!
 Lay a *fit* offering on thy hallow'd shrine.
 To speak thy worth is his peculiar boast,
 He best can tell it, for he feels it most.
 Blest bard! thy fame through every age shall grow,
 Till *Nature* cease to charm, or Thames to flow.
 Thou too, with him, whose fame thy talents raise,
 Shalt share our wonder, and divide our praise;
 Blended with his thy merits rise to view,
 And half thy SHAKESPEAR's fame to thee is due:
 Unless the actor with the bard conspire,
 How impotent his strength, how faint his fire!
 One boasts the *mine*, one brings the gold to *light*,
 And the Muse triumphs in the Actor's *might*;
 Too weak to give her own conceptions birth,
 Till all-expressive *Action* call them forth.
 Thus the sweet pipe, mute in itself, no sound
 Sends forth, nor breathes its pleasing notes around;
 But if some swain with happy skill endu'd,
 Inspire with animating breath the wood,

Wak'd into voice, it pours its tuneful strains,
And harmony divine enchants the plains.

Quod spiro, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est — HOR.

On the Birth-Day of SHAKESPEAR. A CENTO.

Taken from his Works.

By the Same.

*Naturâ ipsâ valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi quodam
divino spiritu afflari.* CICERO.

— P E A C E to this meeting,
Joy and fair time, health and good wishes!
Now, worthy friends, the cause why we are met
Is in celebration of the day that gave
Immortal *Shakespear* to this favour'd isle,
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
Which from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.
O thou divinest Nature! how thyself thou blazon'ft
In this thy son! form'd in thy prodigality,
To hold thy mirror up, and give the time
Its very form and pressure! When he speaks
Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So voluble is his discourse — Gentle
As Zephyr blowing underneath the violet,
Not wagging its sweet head — yet as rough,
(His noble blood enchaff'd) as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,

There *Virtue's* silent train are seen,
 Fast fix'd their looks, erect their mien.
 Lo! while with more than stoic soul,
 The ^a *Attic sage* exhausts the bowl,
 A pale suffusion shades his eyes,
 'Till by degrees the marble dies!
 See there the injur'd ^b *poet* bleed!
 Ah! see he droops his languid head!
 What starting nerves, what dying pain,
 What horror freezes every vein!
 These are thy works, O *Sculpture!* thine to shew
 In rugged rock a feeling sense of woe.
 Yet not alone such themes demand
 The *Phydian* stroke, the *Dædal* hand;
 I view with melting eyes
 A softer scene of grief display'd,
 While from her breast the duteous maid
 Her *infant* *fire* with food supplies.
 In pitying stone she weeps, to see
 His squalid hair, and galling chains:
 And trembling, on her bended knee,
 His hoary head her hand sustains;
 While every look and sorrowing feature prove
 How soft her breast, how great her filial love.
 Lo! there the wild ^c *Affyrian queen*,
 With threat'ning brow, and frantic mien!

^a Socrates, who was condemned to die by poison.

^b Seneca, born at Corduba, who, according to Pliny, was orator, poet, and philosopher. He bled to death in the bath.

^c Semiramis, cum ei circa cultum capitis sui occupatæ nunciatum esset Babylonem defecisse; alterâ parte crinium adhuc solutâ protinus ad eam

Revenge ! revenge ! the marble cries,
 While fury sparkles in her eyes.
 Thus was her awful form beheld,
 When *Babylon's* proud sons rebell'd ;
 She left the woman's vainer care,
 And flew with loose dishevell'd hair ;
 She stretch'd her hand, imbru'd in blood,
 While pale Sedition trembling stood ;
 In sudden silence, the mad croud obey'd
 Her awful voice, and Stygian Discord fled !
 With hope, or fear, or love, by turns,
 The marble leaps, or shrinks, or burns,
 As *Sculpture* waves her hand ;
 The varying passions of the mind
 Her faithful handmaids are assign'd,
 And rise and fall by her command.
 When now life's wasted lamps expire,
 When sinks to dust this mortal frame,
 She, like Prometheus, grasps the fire ;
 Her touch revives the lambent flame ;
 While, phoenix-like, the statesman, bard, or sage,
 Spring fresh to life, and breathe through every age.
 Hence, where the organ full and clear,
 With loud hosannas charms the ear,
 Behold (a prism within his hands)
 Absorb'd in thought, great ^d *Newton* stands ;

expugnandam cucurrit : nec prius decorem capillorum in ordinem quam tantam urbem in potestatem suam redegit : quocircà statua ejus Babylone posita est, &c. Val. Max de Ira.

^d A noble statue of Sir Isaac Newton, erected in Trinity-College chapel, by Dr. Smith.

Such was his solemn wonted state,
 His serious brow, and musing gait,
 When, taught on eagle-wings to fly,
 He trac'd the wonders of the sky;
 The chambers of the sun explor'd,
 Where tints of thousand hues are stor'd;
 Whence every flower in painted robes is dress'd,
 And varying *Iris* steals her gaudy vest.
 Here, as *Devotion*, heavenly queen,
 Conducts her best, her fav'rite train,
 At *Newton's* shrine they bow!
 And while with raptur'd eyes they gaze,
 With *Virtue's* purest vestal rays,
 Behold their ardent bosoms glow!
 Hail, mighty Mind! hail, awful name!
 I feel inspir'd my lab'ring breast;
 And lo! I pant, I burn for fame!
 Come, Science, bright ethereal guest,
 Oh come, and lead thy meanest, humblest son,
 Through *Wisdom's* arduous paths to fair renown.
 Could I to one faint ray aspire,
 One spark of that celestial fire,
 The leading cynosure, that glow'd
 While *Smith* explor'd the dark abode,
 Where *Wisdom* fate on *Nature's* shrine,
 How great my boast! what praise were mine!
 Illustrious sage! who first could't tell
 Wherein the powers of *Music* dwell;
 And every magic chain untie,
 That binds the soul of *Harmony*!

To *thee*, when mould'ring in the dust,
 To *thee* shall swell the breathing bust :
 Shall here (for this reward thy merits claim)
 " Stand next in place to *Newton*, as in fame."



True RESIGNATION,

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis
 Servare mentem.*

HORAT.

By Mr. H****.

WHEN Colin's good dame, who long held him a tug,
 And defeated his hopes by the help of the jug,
 Had taken too *freely* the cheeruping cup,
 And *repeated* the dose 'till it laid her quite up ;
 Colin sent for the doctor : with sorrowful face
 He gave him his fee, and he told him her case.
 Quoth Galen, I'll do what I can for your wife ;
 But indeed she's so bad, that I fear for her life.
 In counsel there's safety — e'en send for another ;
 For if she should die, folks will make a strange pother,
 And say that I lost her for want of good skill —
 Or of better advice — or, in short, what they will.
 Says Colin, your judgment there's none can dispute ;
 And if *physic* can cure her — I know *yours* will do't.
 But if, after all, she *should* happen to die,
 And they say that *you* kill'd her — I'll swear 'tis a lye ;
 'Tis the *husband's* chief business, whatever ensue ;
 And *whoever* finds fault — I'll be shot — if *I* do.

* * * * *

AN EPISTLE from the King of PRUSSIA, to
Monsieur VOLTAIRE. 1757.

CROYEZ que si j'etois, Voltaire,
Particulier aujourd'hui,
Me contentant du necessaire,
Je verrois envoler la Fortune legere,
Et m'en mocquerois comme lui.
Je connois l'ennui des grandeurs,
Le fardeau des devoirs, le jargon des flatteurs,
Et tout l'amas des petiteffes,
Et leurs genres et leurs especes,
Dont il faut s'occuper dans le sein des honneurs.
Je meprise la vaine gloire,
Quoique Poëte et Souverain,
Quand du ciseau fatal retranchant mon destin
Atropos m'aura vu plonge dans la nuit noire,
Que m'importe l'honneur incertain
De vivre apres ma mort au temple de Memoire :
Un instant de bonheur vaut mille ans dans l'histoire.
Nos destins font ils donc si beaux ?
Le doux Plaisir et la Mollesse,
La vive et naïve Allegresse
Ont toujours fui des grands, la pompe, et les faisceaux,
Nes pour la liberté leurs troupes enchantresses
Preferent l'aimable paresse
Aux austeres devoirs guides de nos travaux.

Aussi

Aussi la Fortune volage
 N' a jamais causé mes ennuis,
 Soit qu' elle m' agace, ou qu' elle m' outrage,
 Je dormirai toutes les nuits
 En lui refusant mon hommage.
 Mais notre etat nous fait loi,
 Il nous oblige, il nous engage
 A mesurer notre courage,
 Sur ce qu' exige notre emploi.
 Voltaire dans son hermitage,
 Dans un país dont l' heritage
 Est son antique bonne foi,
 Peut s' addonner en paix a la vertu du sage
 Dont Platon nous marque la loi.
 Pour moi menacé du naufrage,
 Je dois, en affrontant l' orage,
 Penser, vivre, et mourir en Roi.

Translated into English

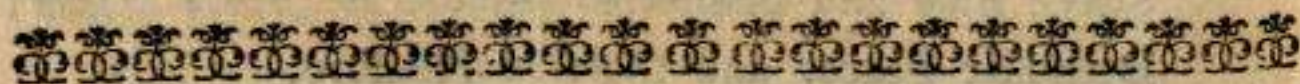
By JOHN GILBERT COOPER, Esq;

VOLTAIRE, believe me, were I now
 In private life's calm station plac'd,
 Let Heav'n for nature's wants allow,
 With cold indiff'rence would I view
 Changing Fortune's winged haste,
 And laugh at her caprice like you.
 Th' insipid farce of tedious state,
 Imperial duty's real weight,

The faithless courtier's supple bow,
 The fickle multitude's cares,
 And the great Vulgar's Littleness,
 By long experience well I know;
 And, though a Prince and Poet born,
 Vain blandishments of glory scorn.
 For when the ruthless shears of Fate
 Have cut my life's precarious thread,
 And rank'd me with th' unconscious dead,
 What will't avail that I *was* great
 Or that th' uncertain tongue of Fame
 In Mem'ry's temple chaunts my name?
 One blissful moment whilst we live
 Weighs more than ages of renown;
 What then do Potentates receive
 Of good, peculiarly their own?
 Sweet Ease and unaffected Joy,
 Domestic Peace, and sportive Pleasure,
 The regal throne and palace fly,
 And, born for liberty, prefer
 Soft silent scenes of lovely leisure,
 To, what we Monarchs buy so dear,
 The thorny pomp of scepter'd care.
 My pain or bliss shall ne'er depend
 On fickle Fortune's casual flight,
 For, whether she's my foe or friend,
 In calm repose I'll pass the night;
 And ne'er by watchful homage own
 I court her smile, or fear her frown.

But

But from our stations we derive
 Unerring precepts how to live,
 And certain deeds each rank calls forth,
 By which is measur'd human worth.
 Voltaire, within his private cell
 In realms where ancient honesty
 Is patrimonial property,
 And sacred Freedom loves to dwell,
 May give up all *his* peaceful mind,
 Guided by Plato's deathless page,
 In silent solitude resign'd
 To the mild virtues of a Sage;
 But I, 'gainst whom wild whirlwinds wage
 Fierce war with wreck-denouncing wing,
 Must be, to face the tempest's rage,
 In thought, in life, in death a king.



On seeing ^a Archbishop WILLIAMS'S Monument
 in CARNARVONSHIRE.

By Dr. D.

IN that remote and solitary place,
 Which the seas wash, and circling hills embrace,
 Where those lone walls amid the groves arise,
 All that remains of thee, fam'd *Williams*, lies.
 Thither, sequester'd shade, creation's nook,
 The wand'ring Muse her pensive journey took,

^a John Williams was consecrated bishop of Lincoln, Nov. 11. 1621. was translated to York, Dec. 4. 1641. and died March 25. 1649. and was buried at Landegay near Bangor.

Curious to trace the statesman to his home,
 And moralize at leisure o'er his tomb:
 She came not, with the pilgrim, tears to shed,
 Mutter a vow, or trifle with a bead,
 But such a sadness did her thoughts employ,
 As lives within the neighbourhood of joy.
 Reflecting much upon the mighty shade,
 His glories, and his miseries, she said:

“ How poor the lot of the once-honour'd dead!
 Perhaps the dust is *Williams*, that we tread.
 The learn'd, ambitious, politic, and great,
 Statesman, and prelate, this alas! thy fate.
 Could not thy *Lincoln* yield her pastor room,
 Could not thy *York* supply thee with a tomb?
 Was it for this thy lofty genius soar'd,
 Caref's'd by monarchs and by crowds ador'd?
 For this, thy hand o'er rivals could prevail,
 Grasping by turns the crozier and the ^b seal?
 Who dar'd on *Laud*'s meridian pow'r to frown,
 And on aspiring *Buckingham* look down.
 This thy gay morn, — but ere the day decline
 Clouds gather, and adversity is thine.
 Doom'd to behold thy country's fierce alarms,
 What had thy trembling age to do with arms?
 Thy lands dragoon'd, thy palaces in dust,
 Why was thy life protracted to be curst?
 Thy king in chains, — thyself by lawless might
 Stript of all pow'r, and exil'd from thy right.

^b He was made lord keeper of the great seal July 20. 1621.

Awhile the venerable hero stood,
 And stemm'd with quiv'ring limbs the boist'rous flood;
 At length, o'ermatch'd by injuries and time,
 Stole from the world, and fought his native clime.

Cambria for him with moans her region fills:
 She wept his downfall from a thousand hills:
 Tender embrac'd her prelate though undone,
 Stretch'd out her mother-rocks to hide her son:
 Search'd, while alive, each vale for his repast,
 And, when he died, receiv'd him in her breast.
 Envied Ambition! what are all thy schemes,
 But waking misery, or pleasing dreams,
 Sliding and tottering on the heights of state!
 The subject of this verse declares thy fate.
 Great as he was, you see how small the gain,
 A burial so obscure, a Muse so mean.



Extempore Verses upon a Trial of Skill between
 the two great Masters of Defence, Messieurs
 FIGG and SUTTON.

By Dr. BYROM.

I.

LONG was the great Figg, by the prize-fighting swains,
 Sole monarch acknowledg'd of Mary-bone plains:
 To the towns, far and near, did his valour extend,
 And swam down the river from Thame to Gravesend;

Where

Where liv'd Mr. Sutton, pipemaker by trade,
 Who hearing that Figg was thought such a stout blade,
 Resolv'd to put in for a share of his fame,
 And so sent to challenge the champion of Thame.

II.

With alternate advantage two trials had past,
 When they fought out the rubbers on Wednesday last.
 To see such a contest the house was so full,
 There hardly was room left to thrust in your skull.
 With a prelude of cudgels we first were saluted,
 And two or three shoulders most handsomely fluted;
 'Till weary at last with inferior disasters,
 All the company cry'd, Come, the masters, the masters.

III.

Whereupon the bold Sutton first mounted the stage,
 Made his honours as usual, and yearn'd to engage;
 Then Figg, with a visage so fierce, yet sedate,
 Came and enter'd the lists, with his fresh-shaven pate;
 Their arms were encircled with armigers too,
 With a red ribbon Sutton's, and Figg's with a blue.
 Thus adorn'd the two heroes, 'twixt shoulder, and elbow.
 Shook hands, and went to't, and the word it was Bilboe.

IV.

Sure such a concern in the eyes of spectators,
 Was never yet seen in our amphitheatres,
 Our commons and peers from their several places,
 To half an inch distance all pointed their faces;
 While the rays of old Phœbus that shot thro' the sky-light,
 Seem'd to make on the stage a new kind of twilight;

And

And the Gods, without doubt, if one could but have seen 'em,
Were peeping there through to do justice between 'em.

V.

Figg struck the first stroke, and with such a vast fury,
That he broke his huge weapon in twain, I assure you ;
And if his brave rival this blow had not warded,
His head from his shoulders had quite been discarded.
Figg arm'd him again, and they took t' other tilt,
And then Sutton's blade ran away from its hilt ;
The weapons were frighted, but as for the men,
In truth they ne'er minded, but at it again.

VI.

Such a force in their blows, you'd have thought it a wonder
Every stroke they receiv'd did not cleave 'em afunder.
Yet so great was their courage, so equal their skill,
That they both seem'd as safe as a thief in a mill ;
While in doubtful attention dame Victory stood,
And which side to take cou'd not tell for her blood,
But remain'd like the afs, 'twixt the bundles of hay,
Without ever stirring an inch either way.

VII.

'Till Jove to the Gods signified his intention
In a speech that he made 'em too tedious to mention ;
But the upshot on't was, that at that very bout,
From a wound in Figg's side the hot blood spouted out ;
Her ladyship then seem'd to think the case plain,
But Figg stepping forth with a sullen disdain,
Shew'd the gash, and appeal'd to the company round,
If his own broken sword had not given him the wound.

VIII. That

VIII.

That bruises, and wounds a man's spirit should touch,
 With danger so little, with honour so much !
 Well, they both took a dram, and return'd to the battle,
 And with a fresh fury they made the swords rattle ;
 While Sutton's right arm was observed to bleed,
 By a touch from his rival, so Jove had decreed ;
 Just enough for to shew that his blood was not icor,
 But made up, like Figg's, of the common red-liquor.

IX.

Again they both rush'd with as equal a fire on,
 'Till the company cry'd, Hold, enough of cold iron,
 'To the quarter-staff now, lads. So first having dram'd it,
 They took to their wood, and i'faith never sham'd it.
 The first bout they had was so fair, and so handsome,
 That to make a fair bargain, was worth a king's ransom ;
 And Sutton such bangs on his neighbour imparted,
 Would have made any fibres but Figg's to have smarted.

X.

Then after that bout they went on to another —
 But the matter must end on some fashion, or other ;
 So Jove told the Gods he had made a decree,
 That Figg should hit Sutton a stroke on the knee.
 Though Sutton disabled as soon as he hit him
 Would still have fought on, but Jove would not permit him ;
 'Twas his fate, not his fault, that constrain'd him to yield,
 And thus the great Figg became lord of the field.

A Letter from Cambridge to a young Gentleman
at Eton School.

By Dr. LITTLETON.

THOUGH plagu'd with algebraic lectures,
And astronomical conjectures,
Wean'd from the sweets of poetry
To scraps of dry philosophy,
You see, dear sir, I've found a time
T' express my thoughts to you in rhyme,
For why, my friend, should distant parts,
Or times, disjoin united hearts,
Since, though by intervening space
Depriv'd of speaking face to face,
By faithful emissary letter
We may converse as well, or better?
And not to stretch a narrow fancy,
To shew what pretty things I can say,
(As some will strain at simile,
First work it fine, and then apply;
Tag Butler's rhimes to Prior's thoughts,
And choose to mimic all their faults,
By head and shoulders bring in a stick,
To shew their knack at hudibrastic.)
I'll tell you as a friend, and crony,
How here I spend my time, and money;

For time, and money, go together
 As sure as weathercock, and weather;
 And thrifty guardians all allow
 This grave reflection to be true,
 That whilst we pay so dear for learning
 Those weighty truths we've no concern in,
 The spark who squanders time away
 In vain pursuits, and fruitless play,
 Not only proves an arrant blockhead,
 But, what's much worse, is out of pocket.
 Whether my conduct bad, or good is,
 Judge from the nature of my studies.

No more majestic Virgil's heights,
 Nor tow'ring Milton's loftier flights,
 Nor courtly Flaccus's rebukes,
 Who banter's vice with friendly jokes,
 Nor Congreve's life, nor Cowley's fire,
 Nor all the beauties that conspire
 To place the greenest bays upon
 Th' immortal brows of Addison;
 Prior's inimitable ease,
 Nor Pope's harmonious numbers please;
 Homer indeed (for critics shew it)
 Was both philosopher, and poet,
 But tedious philosophic chapters
 Quite stifle my poetic raptures,
 And I to Phœbus bade adieu
 When first I took my leave of you.

Now algebra, geometry,
 Arithmetic, astronomy,
 Optics, chronology, and statics,
 All tiresome parts of mathematics;
 With twenty harder names than these
 Disturb my brain, and break my peace.
 All seeming inconsistencies
 Are nicely solv'd by a's, and b's;
 Our eye-sight is disprov'd by prisms,
 Our arguments by syllogisms.
 If I should confidently write
 This ink is black, this paper white,
 Or, to express myself yet fuller,
 Should say that black, or white's a colour;
 They'd contradict it, and perplex one
 With motion, rays, and their reflexion,
 And solve th' apparent falsehood by
 The curious texture of the eye.
 Should I the poker want, and take it,
 When't looks as hot, as fire can make it,
 And burn my finger, and my coat,
 They'd flatly tell me, 'tis not hot;
 The fire, say they, has in't, 'tis true,
 The pow'r of causing heat in you;
 But no more heat's in fire that heats you,
 Than there is pain in stick that beats you.
 Thus too philosophers expound
 The names of odour, taste, and sound;

The salts, and juices in all meat
 Affect the tongues of them that eat,
 And by some secret poignant power
 Give them the taste of sweet, and sour.
 Carnations, violets, and roses
 Cause a sensation in our noses;
 But then there's none of us can tell
 The things themselves have taste, or smell.
 So when melodious Mason sings,
 Or Gethring tunes the trembling strings,
 Or when the trumpet's brisk alarms
 Call forth the cheerful youth to arms,
 Convey'd through undulating air
 The music's only in the ear.

We're told how planets roll on high,
 How large their orbits, and how nigh;
 I hope in little time to know
 Whether the moon's a cheese, or no;
 Whether the man in't, as some tell ye,
 With beef and carrots fills his belly;
 Why like a lunatic confin'd
 He lives at distance from mankind;
 When he at one good hearty shake,
 Might whirl his prison off his back;
 Or like a maggot in a nut
 Full bravely eat his passage out.
 Who knows what vast discoveries
 From such inquiries might arise?

But feuds, and tumults in the nation
 Disturb such curious speculation.
 Cambridge from furious broils of state,
 Foresees her near-approaching fate;
 Her surest patrons are remov'd,
 And her triumphant foes approv'd.

No more! this due to friendship take,
 Not idly writ for writing's sake;
 No longer question my respect,
 Nor call this short delay neglect;
 At least excuse it, when you see
 This pledge of my sincerity;
 For one who rhymes to make you easy,
 And his invention strains to please you,
 To shew his friendship cracks his brains,
 Sure is a mad-man if he feigns.



The I N D O L E N T.

WHAT self-sufficiency and false content
 Benumb the senses of the indolent!
 Dead to all purposes of good, or ill,
 Alive alone in an *unactive will*.
 His only vice in *no good action* lies,
 And his sole virtue is his *want of vice*.
 Business he deems too hard, trifles too easy,
 And doing nothing finds himself too busy.

Silence he cannot bear, noise is distraction,
 Noise kills with bustle, silence with reflection;
 No want he feels, — what has he to pursue?
 To him 'tis less to *suffer*, than to *do*.

The *busy* world's a fool, the *learn'd* a sot,
 And his sole hope to be by all forgot:
 Wealth is procur'd with toil, and kept with fear,
 Knowledge by labour purchas'd costs too dear;
 Friendship's a clog, and family a jest,
 A wife but a bad bargain at the best;
 Honour a bubble, subject to a breath,
 And all engagements vain since null'd by death;
 Thus all the wise esteem, he can despise,
 And *caring not*, 'tis he alone is wise:
 Yet, all his wish possessing, finds no rest,
 And only lives to know, *he never can be blest*.



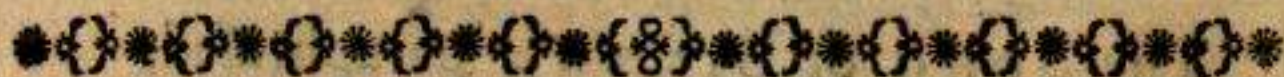
The SONG of SIMEON paraphrased.

By Mr. MERRICK.

'TIS enough — the hour is come.
 Now within the silent tomb

Let this mortal frame decay,
 Mingled with its kindred clay;
 Since thy mercies oft of old
 By thy chosen seers foretold,

Faithful now and stedfast prove,
 God of truth and God of love!
 Since at length my aged eye
 Sees the day-spring from on high.
 Son of righteousness, to thee
 Lo! the nations bow the knee,
 And the realms of distant kings
 Own the healing of thy wings.
 Those whom death had overspread
 With his dark and dreary shade,
 Lift their eyes, and from afar
 Hail the light of Jacob's star;
 Waiting till the promis'd ray
 Turn their darkness into day.
 See the beams intensely shed
 Shine o'er Sion's favour'd head.
 Never may they hence remove,
 God of truth and God of love!



On the Invention of LETTERS.

TELL me what Genius did the art invent,
 The lively image of the voice to paint;
 Who first the secret how to colour found,
 And to give shape to reason, wisely found;
 With bodies how to cloath ideas, taught;
 And how to draw the picture of a thought;

Who taught the hand to speak, the eye to hear
 A silent language roving far and near;
 Whose softest noise outstrips loud thunder's sound,
 And spreads her accents through the world's vast round;
 A voice heard by the deaf, spoke by the dumb,
 Whose echo reaches long, long time to come;
 Which dead men speak as well as those alive—
 Tell me what Genius did this art contrive.

The ANSWER.

THE noble art to Cadmus owes its rise,
 Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes;
 He first in wond'rous magic fetters bound
 The airy voice, and stop'd the flying sound:
 The various figures by his pencil wrought,
 Gave colour, form, and body to the thought.



On W I T.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone
 Dug from the Indian mine;
 Which boasts two various powers in one
 To cut as well as shine.

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
 With the same gifts abounds;
 Appears at once both keen and bright,
 And sparkles while it wounds.

On a S P I D E R.

ARTIST, who underneath my table
Thy curious texture hast display'd;
Who, if we may believe the fable,
Wert once a fair ingenious maid:

Infidious, restless, watchful spider,
Fear no officious damsel's broom,
Extend thy artful fabric wider,
And spread thy banners round my room.
Swept from the rich man's costly ceiling,
Thou'rt welcome to my homely roof;
Here may'st thou find a peaceful dwelling,
And undisturb'd attend thy woof.

Whilst I thy wond'rous fabric stare at,
And think on hapless poet's fate;
Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,
And rudely banish'd rooms of state,

And as from out thy tortur'd body
Thou draw'st thy slender string with pain,
So does he labour, like a noddy,
To spin materials from his brain.

He for some fluttering tawdry creature,
 That spreads her charms before his eye ;
 And that's a conquest little better
 Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus far 'tis plain we both agree,
 Perhaps our deaths may better shew it ;
 'Tis ten to one but penury
 Ends both the spider and the poet.

* * * * *

The PLAY-THING chang'd.

KITTY's charming voice and face,
 Syren-like, first caught my fancy ;
 Wit and humour next take place,
 And now I doat on sprightly Nancy.

Kitty tunes her pipe in vain,
 With airs most languishing and dying ;
 Calls me false ungrateful swain,
 And tries in vain to shoot me flying.

Nancy with resistless art,
 Always humorous, gay, and witty ;
 Has talk'd herself into my heart,
 And quite excluded tuneful Kitty.

Ah Kitty ! Love, a wanton boy,
 Now pleas'd with song, and now with prattle,
 Still longing for the newest toy,
 Has chang'd his whistle for a rattle,

The FABLE of JOTHAM: To the
BOROUGH-HUNTERS.

By RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Esq;

Jotham's fable of the trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time.

ADDISON.

JUDGES, Chap. ix. ver. 8.

OLD Plumb, who though blest in his *Kentish* retreat,
Still thrives by his oilshop in *Leadenball-street*,
With a *Portugal* merchant, a knight by creation,
From a borough in *Cornwall* receiv'd invitation.
Well-assur'd of each vote, well equip't from the alley,
In quest of election-adventures they sally.
Though much they discours'd, the long way to beguile,
Of the earthquakes, the Jews, and the change of the stile,
Of the Irish, the stocks, and the lott'ry committee,
They came silent and tir'd into *Exeter* city.

“ Some books, prithee landlord, to pass a dull hour;
“ No nonsense of parsons, or methodists four,
“ No poetical stuff, a damn'd jingle of rhymes,
“ But some pamphlet that's new, and a touch on the times.”
“ O Lord! says mine host, you may hunt the town round,
“ I question if any such thing can be found;
“ I never was ask'd for a book by a guest;
“ And I'm sure I have all the great folk in the *West*.
“ None of these to my knowledge e'er call'd for a book;
“ But see, Sir, the woman with fish, and the cook;
“ Here's the fattest of carp, shall we dress you a brace?
“ Would you have any soals, or a mullet, or plaice?”

“ A *place*, quoth the knight, we must have to be sure,
“ But first let us see that our borough’s secure,
“ We’ll talk of the *place* when we’ve settled the poll:
“ They may dress us for supper the mullet and foal.
“ But do you, my good landlord, look over your shelves,
“ For a book we must have, we’re so tired of ourselves.”

“ In troth, Sir, I ne’er had a book in my life,
“ But the prayer book and bible I bought for my wife.”
“ Well! the bible must do; but why don’t you take in
“ Some monthly collection, the new magazine?”

The bible was brought, and laid out on the table,
And open’d at *Jotham*’s most apposite fable.

Sir *Freeport* began with this verse, though no rhyme —

“ The trees of the forest went forth on a time,
(To what purpose our candidates scarce could expect,
For it was not, they found, to transplant — but ELECT)
“ To the olive and fig-tree their deputies came,
“ But by both were refus’d, and their answer the same:
“ Quoth the olive, shall I leave my fatness and oil
“ For an unthankful office, a dignify’d toil?
“ Shall I leave, quoth the fig-tree, my sweetness and fruit,
“ To be envy’d or slav’d in so vain a pursuit?
“ Thus rebuff’d and surpriz’d they apply’d to the vine,
“ He answer’ : Shall I leave my grapes and my wine,
“ (Wine the sovereign cordial of god and of man)
“ To be made or the tool or the head of a clan?
“ At last, as it always falls out in a scramble,
“ The mob gave the cry for a bramble! a bramble!

" A bramble for ever! O! chance unexpected!
 " But bramble prevail'd, and was duly elected."
 " O! ho! quoth the knight with a look most profound,
 " Now I see there's some good in *good books* to be found.
 " I wish I had read this same bible before:
 " Of long miles at the least 'twould have sav'd us fourscore.
 " You, *Plumb*, with your olives and oil might have staid,
 " And myself might have tarried my wines to unlade.
 " What have merchants to do from their business to ramble!
 " Your electioneer-errant should still be a bramble:"

Thus ended at once the wise comment on *Jotham*,
 And our citizens' jaunt to the borough of *Gotham*.



An Elegy written in an empty Assembly-Room.

By the Same.

————— *Semperque relinqui*
Sola sibi —————

VIRG.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

This poem being a parody on the most remarkable passages in the well-known epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, it was thought unnecessary to transcribe any lines from that poem, which is in the hands of all, and in the memory of most readers.

IN scenes where HALLET's genius has combin'd
 With BROMWICH to amuse and cheer the mind;
 Amid this pomp of cost, this pride of art,
 What mean these sorrows in a female heart?

Ye crowded walls, whose well-enlighten'd round
 With lovers sighs and protestations found,
 Ye pictures flatter'd by the learn'd and wise,
 Ye glasses ogled by the brightest eyes,
 Ye cards, which beauties by their touch have blest,
 Ye chairs, which peers and ministers have prest,
 How are ye chang'd ! like you my fate I moan,
 Like you, alas ! neglected and alone —
 For ah ! to me alone no card is come,
 I must not go abroad — and cannot *be at home*.

Blest be that social pow'r, the first who pair'd
 The erring footman with th' unerring card.
 'Twas VENUS sure ; for by their faithful aid
 The whisp'ring lover meets the blushing maid :
 From solitude they give the cheerful call
 To the choice supper, or the sprightly ball :
 Speed the soft summons of the gay and fair,
 From distant Bloomsbury to Grosvenor's square ;
 And bring the colonel to the tender hour,
 From the parade, the senate, or the Tower.

Ye records, patents of our worth and pride !
 Our daily lesson, and our nightly guide !
 Where'er ye stand, dispos'd in proud array,
 The vapours vanish, and the heart is gay ;
 But when no cards the chimney-glass adorn,
 The dismal void with heart-felt shame we mourn ;
 Conscious neglect inspires a fullen gloom,
 And brooding sadness fills the slighted room.

If but some happier female's card I've seen,
 I swell with rage, or sicken with the spleen;
 While artful pride conceals the bursting tear,
 With some forc'd banter or affected sneer:
 But now grown desp'rate, and beyond all hope,
 I curse the ball, the d——s, and the pope.
 And as the loads of borrow'd plate go by,
 Tax it! ye greedy ministers, I cry.

How shall I feel, when Sol resigns his light
 To this proud splendid goddess of the night!
 Then when her aukward guests in measure beat
 The crowded floors, which groan beneath their feet!
 What thoughts in solitude shall then possess
 My tortur'd mind, or soften my distress!
 Not all that envious malice can suggest
 Will sooth the tumults of my raging breast.
 (For Envy's lost amid the numerous train,
 And hisses with her hundred snakes in vain)
 Though with contempt each despicable soul
 Singly I view, — I must revere the whole.

The methodist in her peculiar lot,
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot,
 Though single happy, though alone is proud,
 She thinks of heav'n (she thinks not of a crowd)
 And if she ever feels a vap'rish qualm,
 Some * *drop of honey*, or some holy balm,

* The title of a book of modern devotion.

The pious prophet of her sect distils,
 And her pure soul seraphic rapture fills ;
 Grace shines around her with sereneest beams,
 And whisp'ring W*** prompts her golden dreams.

Far other dreams my sensual soul employ,
 While conscious nature tastes unholy joy :
 I view the traces of experienc'd charms,
 And clasp the regimentals in my arms.
 To dream last night I clos'd my blubber'd eyes ;
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits arise ;

Alas ! no more ; methinks I wand'ring go
 To distant quarters 'midst the Highland snow ;
 To the dark inn where never wax-light burns,
 Where in smoak'd tap'stry faded DIDO mourns ;
 To some assembly in a country town,
 And meet the colonel—in a parson's gown—
 I start—I shriek—

O ! could I on my waking brain impbse,
 Or but forget at least my present woes !
 Forget 'em !—how !—each rattling coach suggests
 The loath'd ideas of the crowding guests.
 To visit—were to publish my disgrace ;
 To meet the spleen in every other place ;
 To join old maids and dowagers forlorn ;
 And be at once their comfort and their scorn !
 For once, to read with this distemper'd brain,
 Ev'n modern novels lend their aid in vain.

My MANDOLINE — what place can music find
Amid the discord of my restless mind ?

How shall I waste this time which slowly flies !
How lull to slumber my reluctant eyes !
This night the happy and th' unhappy keep
Vigils alike, — N * * * *has murder'd sleep.*



The F A K E E R : A T A L E .

By the Same.

A F A K E E R (a religious well known in the East,
Not much like a parson, still less like a priest)
With no canting, no sly jesuitical arts,
Field-preaching, hypocrisy, learning, or parts ;
By a happy refinement in mortification,
Grew the oracle, saint, and the pope of his nation.
But what did he do this esteem to acquire ?
Did he torture his head or his bosom with fire ?
Was his neck in a portable pillory cas'd ?
Did he fasten a chain to his leg or his waist ?
No. His holiness rose to this sovereign pitch
By the merit of running long nails in his breech.

A wealthy young Indian, approaching the shrine,
Thus in banter accosts the prophetic divine.
This tribute accept for your int'rest with FO,
Whom with torture you serve, and whose will you must know :

To

To your suppliant disclose his immortal decree ;
Tell me which of the heav'ns is allotted for me.

FAKEER.

Let me first know your merits.

INDIAN.

I strive to be just :
To be true to my friend, to my wife, to my trust :
In religion I duly observe every form :
With an heart to my country devoted and warm :
I give to the poor, and I lend to the rich —

FAKEER.

But how many nails do you run in your breech ?

INDIAN.

With submission I speak to your rev'rence's tail ;
But mine has no taste for a ten-penny nail.

FAKEER.

Well ! I'll pray to our prophet and get you prefer'd ;
Though no farther expect than to heaven the third.
With me in the thirtieth your seat to obtain,
You must qualify duly with hunger and pain.

INDIAN.

With you in the thirtieth ! you impudent rogue !
Can such wretches as you give to madness a vogue !
Though the priesthood of FO on the vulgar impose,
By squinting whole years at the end of their nose,
Though with cruel devices of mortification
They adore a vain idol of modern creation,

Does the God of the heav'ns such a service direct ?
 Can his mercy approve a self-punishing sect ?
 Will his wisdom be worship'd with chains and with nails ?
 Or e'er look for his rites in your noses and tails ?
 Come along to my house, and these penances leave,
 Give your belly a feast, and your breech a reprieve.

This reas'ning unhing'd each fanatical notion ;
 And stagger'd our saint in his chair of promotion.
 At length with reluctance he rose from his seat ;
 And resigning his nails and his fame for retreat,
 Two weeks his new life he admir'd and enjoy'd :
 The third he with plenty and quiet was cloy'd.
 To live undistinguish'd to him was the pain,
 An existence unnotic'd he could not sustain.
 In retirement he sigh'd for the fame-giving chair :
 For the crowd to admire him, to rev'ence and stare :
 No endearments of pleasure and ease could prevail ;
 He the faintship resum'd, and new larded his tail.

Our FAKER represents all the vot'ries of fame ;
 Their ideas, their means, and their end is the same :
 The sportsman, the buck ; all the heroes of vice,
 With their gallantry, lewdness, the bottle and dice ;
 The poets, the critics, the metaphysicians,
 The courtier, the patriot, all politicians ;
 The statesman begirt with th' importunate ring,
 (I had almost compleated my list with the king)
 All labour alike to illustrate my tale ;
 All tortur'd by choice with th' invifible nail.

To Mr. WHITEHEAD

On his being made POET LAURE.

By the Same.

'TIS so—though we're surpris'd to hear
The laurel is bestow'd on merit.
How hush'd is every envious voice!
Confounded by so just a choice,
Though by prescriptive right prepar'd
To libel the selected bard.

But as you see the statesman's fate
In this our democratic state,
Whom virtue strives in vain to guard
From the rude pamphlet and the card;
You'll find the demagogues of Pindus
In envy not a jot behind us:
For each Aonian politician
(Whose element is opposition,)

Will shew how greatly they surpass us,
In gall and wormwood at Parnassus.

Thus as the same detracting spirit
Attends on all distinguish'd merit,
When 'tis your turn, observe, the quarrel
Is not with you, but with the laurel.

Suppose that laurel on your brow,
For cypress chang'd, funereal bough!

See all things take a diff'rent turn !
 The very critics sweetly mourn,
 And leave their satire's pois'nous sting
 In plaintive elegies to sing :
 With solemn threnody and dirge
 Conduct you to Elysium's verge.
 At Westminster the surplic'd dean
 The sad but honorable scene
 Prepares. The well-attended herse
 Bears you amid the kings of verse.
 Each rite observ'd, each duty paid,
 Your fame on marble is display'd,
 With symbols which your genius suit,
 The mask, the buskin, and the flute :
 The laurel crown aloft is hung ;
 And o'er the sculptur'd lyre unstrung
 Sad allegoric figures leaning —
 (How folks will gape to find their meaning !)
 And a long epitaph is spread,
 Which happy You will never read.
 But hold — The change is so inviting
 I own, I tremble while I'm writing.
 Yet, WHITEHEAD, 'tis too soon to lose you :
 Let critics flatter or abuse you,
 O ! teach us, ere you change the scene
 To Stygian banks from Hippocrene,
 How free-born bards should strike the strings,
 And how a Briton write to kings.

Verſes on the Proſpect of planting ARTS and
LEARNING in AMERICA.

By the late Dr. BERKELEY, Biſhop of CLOYNE.

THE Muſe, diſguſted at an age and clime,
Barren of every glorious theme,
In diſtant lands now waits a better time,
Producing ſubjects worthy fame:

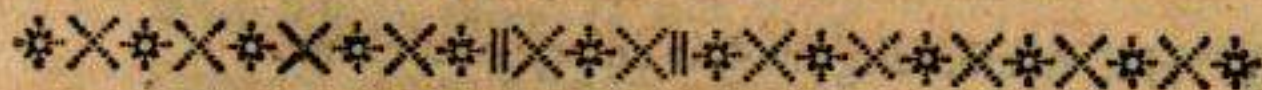
In happy climes, where from the genial ſun
And virgin earth ſuch ſcenes enſue,
The force of art by nature ſeems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the ſeat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men ſhall not impoſe for truth and ſenſe
The pedantry of courts and ſchools:

There ſhall be ſung another golden age,
The riſe of empire and of arts,
The good and great inſpiring epic rage,
The wiſeſt heads and nobleſt hearts.

Not ſuch as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as ſhe bred when fresh and young,
When heav'nly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets ſhall be ſung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way ;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.



To Mr. M A S O N.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq;

I.

BELIEVE me, MASON, 'tis in vain
Thy fortitude the torrent braves ;
Thou too must bear th' inglorious chain ;
The world, the world will have its slaves.
The chosen friend, for converse sweet,
The small, yet elegant retreat,
Are peaceful unambitious views
Which early fancy loves to form,
When aided by th' ingenuous Muse,
She turns the philosophic page,
And sees the wise of every age
With Nature's dictates warm.

II.

But ah ! to few has Fortune given
The choice, to take or to refuse ;
To fewer still indulgent Heaven
Allots the very will to chuse.
And why are varying schemes prefer'd ?
Man mixes with the common herd,

By

By custom guided to pursue
Or wealth, or honors, fame, or ease;
What others wish he wishes too,
Nor, from his own peculiar choice,
'Till strengthen'd by the public voice,
His very pleasures please.

III.

How oft, beneath some hoary shade
Where Cam glides indolently slow,
Hast thou, as indolently laid,
Prefer'd to Heav'n thy fav'rite vow:
" Here, here forever let me stay,
" Here calmly loiter life away,
" Nor all those vain connections know
" Which fetter down the free-born mind
" The slave of interest, or of shew;
" Whilst yon gay tenant of the grove,
" The happier heir of Nature's love,
" Can warble unconfin'd."

IV.

Yet sure, my friend, th' eternal plan
By truth unerring was design'd;
Inferior parts were made for man,
But man himself for all mankind,
Then by th' apparent judge th' unseen;
Behold how rolls this vast machine
To one great end, howe'er withstood,
Directing its impartial course,
All labour for the general good.

Some

Some stem the wave, some till the soil,
 By choice the bold, th' ambitious toil,
 The indolent by force.

V.

That bird, thy fancy frees from care,
 With many a fear, unknown to thee,
 Must rove to glean his scanty fare
 From field to field, from tree to tree:
 His lot, united with his kind,
 Has all his little joys confin'd;
 The Lover's and the Parent's ties
 Alarm by turns his anxious breast;
 Yet, bound by fate, by instinct wise,
 He hails with songs the rising morn,
 And pleas'd at evening's cool return
 He sings himself to rest.

VI.

And tell me, has not Nature made
 Some stated void for thee to fill,
 Some spring, some wheel, which asks thy aid
 To move, regardless of thy will?
 Go then, go feel with glad surprise
 New blifs from new connections rise;
 'Till, happier in thy wider sphere,
 Thou quit thy darling schemes of ease;
 Nay, glowing in the full career
 Ev'n with thy virtuous labours more;
 Nor 'till the toilsome day is o'er
 Expect the night of peace,

ODE, TO INDEPENDENCY,

By MR. MASON,

I.

HERE, on my native shore reclin'd,
While Silence rules the midnight hour,
Woo thee, GODDESS. On my musing mind
Descend, propitious Power!

And bid these ruffling gales of grief subside:
Bid my calm'd soul with all thy influence shine;
As yon chaste Orb along this ample tide
Draws the long lustre of her silver line,
While the hush'd breeze its last weak whisper blows,
And lulls old HUMBER to his deep repose.

II.

Come to thy Vot'ry's ardent pray'r,
In all thy graceful plainness dress;
No knot confines thy waving hair,
No zone thy floating vest.

Unfullied Honor decks thine open brow,
And Candor brightens in thy modest eye:
Thy blush is warm Content's ætherial glow,
Thy smile is Peace; thy step is Liberty:
Thou scatter'st blessings round with lavish hand,
As Spring with careless fragrance fills the land.

III. As

III.

As now o'er this lone beach I stray;
 Thy * fav'rite Swain oft stole along,
 And artless wove his Doric lay,
 Far from the busy throng.

Thou heard'st him, Goddess, strike the tender string,
 And badst his soul with bolder passions move:
 Strait these responsive shores forgot to ring,
 With Beauty's praise, or plaint of slighted Love:
 To loftier flights his daring Genius rose,
 And led the war, 'gainst thine, and Freedom's foes.

IV.

Pointed with Satire's keenest steel,
 The shafts of Wit he darts around:
 Ev'n † mitred Dulness learns to feel,
 And shrinks beneath the wound.

In awful poverty his honest Muse
 Walks forth vindictive through a venal land:
 In vain Corruption sheds her golden dew,
 In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand;
 He scorns them both, and, arm'd with truth alone,
 Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne.

V.

Behold, like him, immortal Maid,
 The Muses vestal fires I bring:
 Here at thy feet the sparks I spread;
 Propitious wave thy wing,

* Andrew Marvell, born at Kingston upon Hull in the year 1620.

† Parker, bishop of Oxford.

And fan them to that dazzling blaze of Song,
 That glares tremendous on the Sons of Pride.
 But, hark, methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue !
 In distant trills it echos o'er the tide ;
 Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,
 As swells the Lark's meridian ecstasy.

VI.

“ Fond Youth ! to MARVELL's patriot fame,
 “ Thy humble breast must ne'er aspire.
 “ Yet nourish still the lambent flame ;
 “ Still strike thy blameless Lyre ;
 “ Led by the moral Muse securely rove ;
 “ And all the vernal sweets thy vacant Youth
 “ Can cull from busy Fancy's fairy grove,
 “ O hang their foliage round the fane of Truth :
 “ To arts like these devote thy tuneful toil,
 “ And meet its fair reward in D'ARCY's smile.”

VII.

“ 'Tis he, my Son, alone shall cheer
 “ Thy sick'ning soul ; at that sad hour,
 “ When o'er a much-lov'd Parent's bier
 “ Thy duteous Sorrows shower :
 “ At that sad hour, when all thy hopes decline ;
 “ When pining Care leads on her pallid train,
 “ And sees thee, like the weak, and widow'd Vine,
 “ Winding thy blasted tendrils o'er the plain.
 “ At that sad hour shall D'ARCY lend his aid,
 “ And raise with Friendship's arm thy drooping head.

VIII. “ This

VIII.

“ This fragrant wreath, the Muses meed,
 “ That bloom’d those vocal shades among,
 “ Where never Flatt’ry dared to tread,
 “ Or Interest’s servile throng ;
 “ Receive, my favour’d Son, at my command,
 “ And keep, with sacred care, for D’ARCY’S brow :
 “ Tell him, ’twas wove by my immortal hand,
 “ I breath’d on every flower a purer glow ;
 “ Say, for thy sake, I send the gift divine
 “ To him, who calls thee HIS, yet makes thee MINE.”



O D E. On MELANCHOLY.

To a FRIEND.

By the Same.

I.

AH! cease this kind persuasive strain,
 Which, when it flows from friendship’s tongue,
 However weak, however vain,
 O’erpowers beyond the Siren’s song :
 Leave me, my friend, indulgent go,
 And let me muse upon my woe.
 Why lure me from these pale retreats ?
 Why rob me of these pensive sweets ?
 Can Music’s voice, can Beauty’s eye,
 Can Painting’s glowing hand, supply

A charm

A charm so suited to my mind,
 As blows this hollow gust of wind,
 As drops this little weeping rill
 Soft-tinkling down the moss-grown hill,
 Whilst through the west, where sinks the crimson Day,
 Meek Twilight slowly fails, and waves her banners grey?

II.

Say, from Affliction's various source
 Do none but turbid waters flow?
 And cannot Fancy clear their course?
 For Fancy is the friend of Woe.
 Say, 'mid that grove, in love-lorn state,
 When yon poor Ringdove mourns her mate,
 Is all, that meets the shepherd's ear,
 Inspir'd by anguish, and despair?
 Ah no, fair Fancy rules the Song:
 She swells her throat; she guides her tongue;
 She bids the waving Aspin-spray
 Quiver in Cadence to her lay;
 She bids the fringed Osiers bow,
 And rustle round the lake below,
 To suit the tenor of her gurgling sighs,
 And sooth her throbbing breast with solemn sympathies.

III.

To thee, whose young and polish'd brow
 The wrinkling hand of Sorrow spares;
 Whose cheeks, bestrew'd with roses, know
 No channel for the tide of tears;

To

To thee yon Abbey dank, and lone,
 Where Ivy chains each mould'ring stone
 That nods o'er many a Martyr's tomb,
 May cast a formidable gloom.

Yet some there are, who, free from fear,
 Could wander through the cloysters drear,
 Could rove each desolated Isle,
 Though midnight thunders shook the pile;
 And dauntless view, or seem to view,

(As faintly flash the lightnings blue)

Thin shiv'ring Ghosts from yawning charnels throng,
 And glance with silent sweep the shaggy vaults along.

IV.

But such terrific charms as these,

I ask not yet: My sober mind

The fainter forms of Sadness please;

My sorrows are of softer kind.

Through this still valley let me stray,

Wrapt in some strain of pensive GRAY:

Whose lofty Genius bears along

The conscious dignity of Song;

And, scorning from the sacred store

To waste a note on Pride, or Power,

Roves, when the glimmering twilight glooms,

And warbles 'mid the rustic tombs:

He too perchance (for well I know,

His heart would melt with friendly woe)

He too perchance, when these poor limbs are laid,

Will heave one tuneful sigh, and sooth my hov'ring Shade.



Ó D E.

By Mr. GRAY.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ —

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,

And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the scept'ed hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day,
 With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures ;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet :
 To brisk notes in cadence beating
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare :
 Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way :
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what Ills await,
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !

The fond complaint; my Song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muse?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky:
 'Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
 To cheer the shiv'ring Native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable Mind; and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th' Egæan deep,
 Fields, that cool Iliffus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering Lab'riths creep,
 How do your tuneful Echo's languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!

Where

Where each old poetic Mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around ;
 Every shade and hallow'd Fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :
 'Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They fought, oh Albion ! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To Him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face : The dauntless Child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy !
 This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
 The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time ;

The living Throne, the saphire-blaze,
 Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two courfers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn
 Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.
 But ah! 'tis heard no more —
 Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
 Wakes thee now? though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban Eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air:
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the Good how far, — but far above the Great.



O D E,

By the Same.

The following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that EDWARD the First, when he compleated the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

I. 1.

‘ R U I N feize thee, ruthless King!
 ‘ Confusion on thy banners wait,
 ‘ Though fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing
 ‘ They mock the air with idle state.
 ‘ Helm, nor Hauberk’s twisted mail,
 ‘ Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 ‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 ‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!’
 Such were the sounds, that o’er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance:
 To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch’d his quiv’ring lance.

I. 2. On

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the fable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
 And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep furrows of his lyre.

‘ Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
 ‘ Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 ‘ O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
 ‘ Revenge on thee in hoarser numbers breathe;
 ‘ Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 ‘ To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

‘ Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 ‘ That hush'd the stormy main:
 ‘ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
 ‘ Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 ‘ Modred, whose magic song
 ‘ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
 ‘ On dreary Arvon's coast they lie,
 ‘ Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
 ‘ Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
 ‘ The famish'd Eagle screams, and passes by.
 ‘ Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,

‘ Dear

- ‘ Dear, as the light, that visits these sad eyes,
- ‘ Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
- ‘ Ye died amidst your dying country’s cries —
- ‘ No more I weep. They do not sleep.
- ‘ On yonder cliffs, a grievous band,
- ‘ I see them sit, they linger yet,
- ‘ Avengers of their native land;
- ‘ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
- ‘ And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

- “ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
- “ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race,
- “ Give ample room, and verge enough,
- “ The characters of hell to trace.
- “ Mark the year, and mark the night,
- “ When Severn shall re-echo with affright
- “ The shrieks of death, through Berkley’s roofs that ring,
- “ Shrieks of an agonizing King!
- “ She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
- “ That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
- “ From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
- “ The scourge of Heav’n. What Terrors round him wait!
- “ Amazement in his van, with Flight combin’d,
- “ And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

- “ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
- “ Low on his funeral couch he lies!
- “ No pitying heart, no eye afford
- “ A tear to grace his obsequies.

" Is the fable Warriour fled?
 " Thy fon is gone. He rests among the Dead.
 " The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born,
 " Gone to salute the rising Morn.
 " Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 " While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 " In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
 " Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
 " Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's fway,
 " That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

II. 3.

" * Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 " The rich repast prepare,
 " Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
 " Close by the regal chair
 " Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
 " Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 " Long Years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
 " And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 " Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 " Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
 " And spare the meek Usurper's holy head.

* Richard the Second, (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop, Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older Writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

“ Above

" Above, below, the rose of snow,
 " Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
 " The bristled Boar in infant-gore
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 " Now Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)
 " † Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 " (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
 " Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 " Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn:
 " In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 " They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 " But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 " Descending flow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
 " Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 " Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
 " No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail,
 " All-hail †, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Issue, hail!

III. 2.

" Girt with many a Baron bold,
 " Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 " And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
 " In bearded majesty, appear.

† Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen in several parts of England. ‡ Accession of the line of Tudor.

- ‘ In the midst a form divine!
 ‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
 ‘ Her Lyon-port, her awe-commanding face,
 ‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.
 ‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 ‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play!
 ‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin*, hear;
 ‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 ‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
 ‘ Waves in the eye of Heav’n her many-colour’d wings.

III. 3.

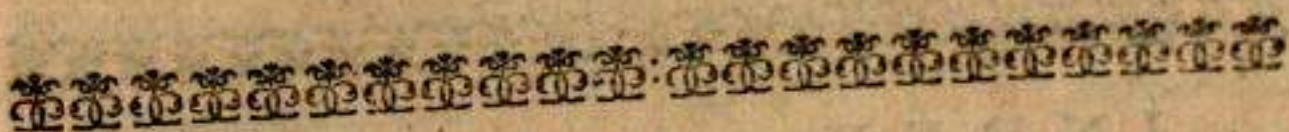
- ‘ The verse adorn again
 ‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 ‘ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress’d.
 ‘ In buskin’d measures move
 ‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 ‘ With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 ‘ A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
 ‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear;
 ‘ And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 ‘ That lost in long futurity expire.
 ‘ Fond impious Man, think’st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
 ‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the Orb of day?
 ‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 ‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

* Talieffin, Chief of the Bards, flourish’d in the VIth Century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his Countrymen.

‘ Enough

• Enough for me: With joy I see
• The different doom our Fates assign.
• Be thine Despair, and scepter'd Care,
• To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.





P O S T S C R I P T.

HA V I N G now, by the advice and assistance of my friends, brought this Collection of POEMS to a competent size, it has been thought proper that the farther progress of its growth should here be stop'd. From the loose and fugitive pieces, some printed, others in manuscript, which for forty or fifty years past have been thrown into the world, and carelessly left to perish; I have here, according to the most judicious opinions I could obtain in distinguishing their merits, endeavour'd to select and preserve the best. The favourable reception which the former volumes have met with, demands my warmest acknowledgments, and calls for all my care in compleating the Collection; and in this respect, if it appear that I have not been altogether negligent, I shall hope to be allow'd the merit; which is all I claim, of having furnish'd to the Public an elegant and polite Amusement. Little more need be added, than to return my thanks to several ingenious friends, who have obligingly contributed to this Entertainment. If the reader should happen to find, what I hope he seldom will, any pieces which he may think unworthy of having been inserted; as it would ill become me to attribute his dislike of them to his own want of Taste, so I am too conscious of my own deficiencies not to allow him to impute the insertion of them to mine.

R. DODSLEY.

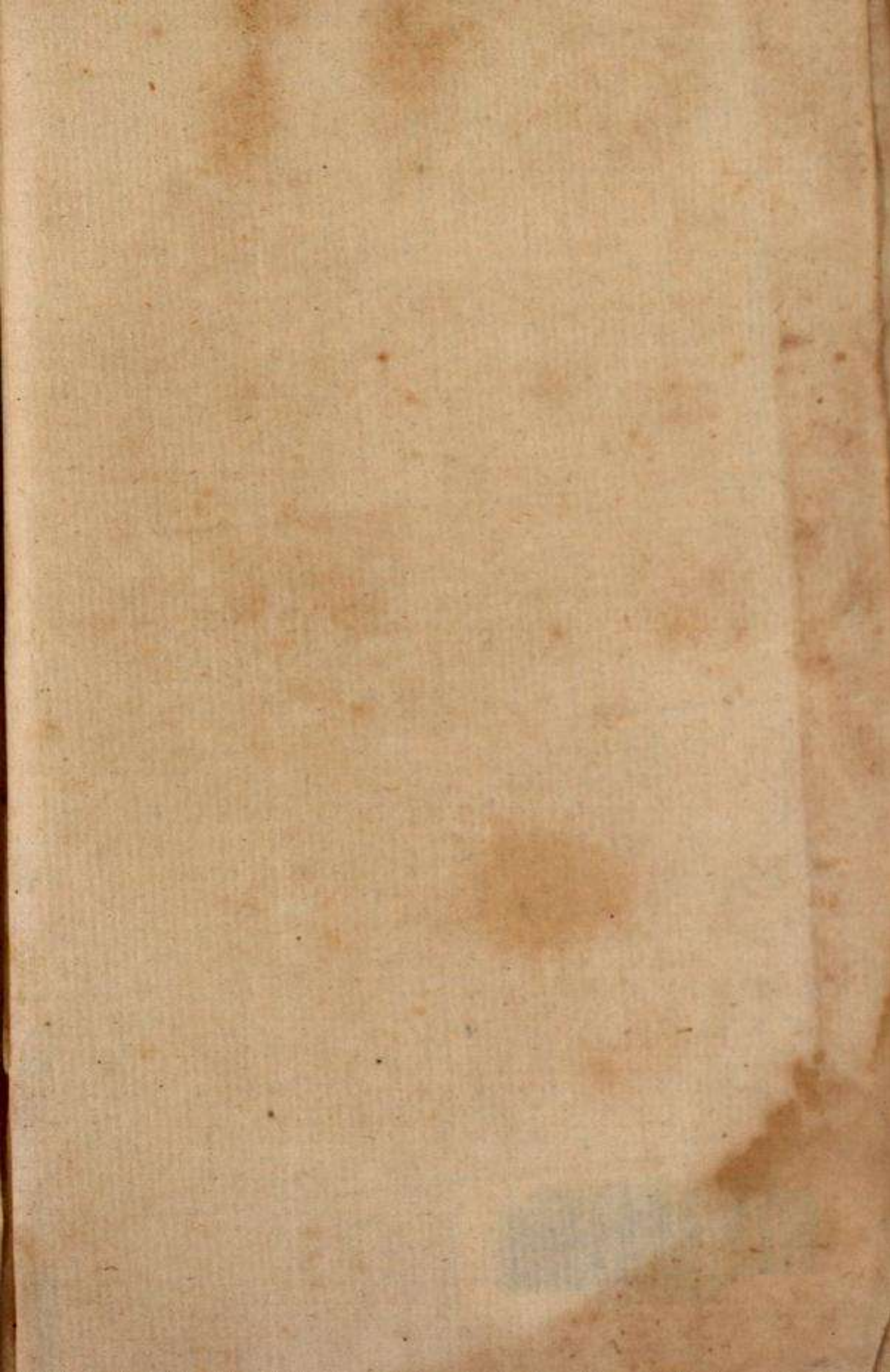
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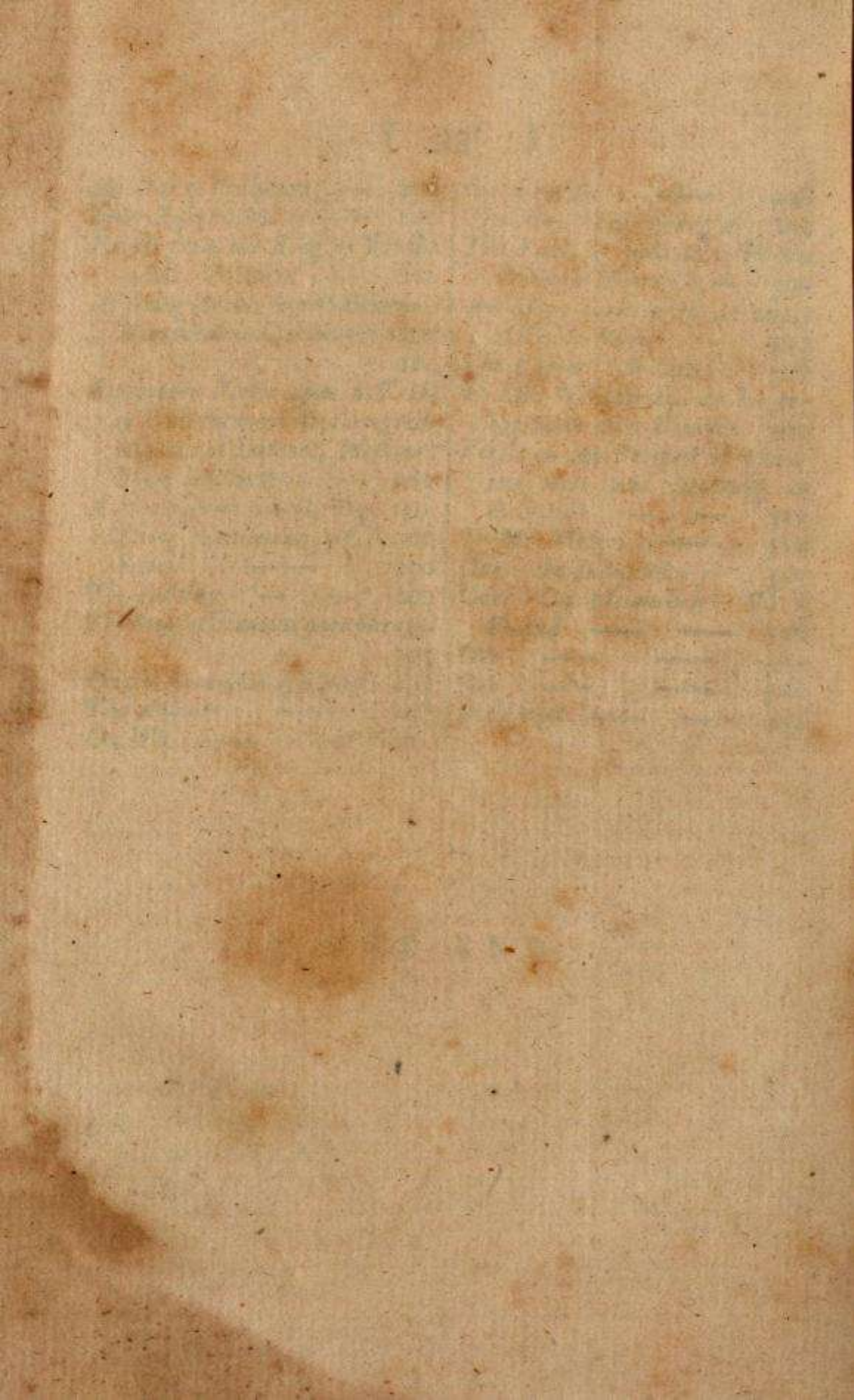
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