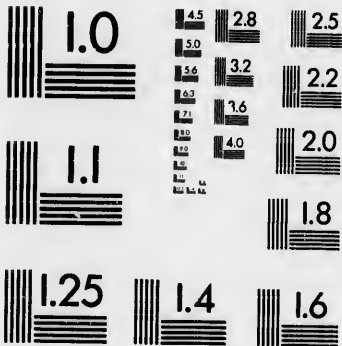


# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

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"A few that will last to all eternity."

Fletcher's eyes had followed his friend's, and were resting on the pictured face of Truth, their old subject for discussion and disagreement.

"Did you convince yourself of the folly of finding such a face as that in flesh and blood?" he asked whimsically, simply for the sake of recalling old times.

"Especially the eyes," he continued, as his friend was evidently not ready to answer. "They seem to look through one. I am glad there are none such in real life; they would make one see his own shortcomings, as a fine mirror does."

Stuart King wheeled around in his chair to look full upon his friend.

"Fletcher," he said earnestly, "there are such eyes; they belong to people who do remind one of his mistakes and failures, but who at the same time lift him up to a higher plane. I'll tell you something, in confidence; the woman who becomes my wife, if there is to be a wife for me in this world, will have eyes much like those."

THE END.

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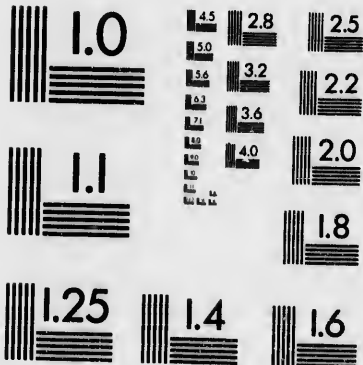






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High on a rock of ice the structure lay,  
 Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way;  
 The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,  
 And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.  
 Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,  
 The greater part by hostile Time subdued;  
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,  
 And poets once had promised they should last.  
 Some fresh engraved appear'd of wits renown'd;  
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.  
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,  
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place:  
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,  
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.  
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,  
 But felt the approaches of too warm a sun;  
 For fame, impatient of extremes, decays  
 Not more by envy than excess of praise.  
 Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,  
 Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:  
 The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,  
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.  
 Their names inscribed unnumber'd ages past  
 From Time's first birth with Time itself shall last;  
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,  
 Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.  
 So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)  
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;  
 Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,  
 And on the impassive ice the lightnings play;  
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,  
 Till the bright mountains prop the incumbent  
 sky;

As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,  
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years.  
 On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;  
 Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.  
 Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,  
 Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.

Four faces had the dome, and every face  
 Of various structure, but of equal grace:  
 Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,  
 Salute the different quarters of the sky.  
 Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,  
 Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,  
 Who cities raised, or tamed a monstrous race,  
 The walls in venerable order grace.  
 Heroes in animated marble frown,  
 And legislators seem to think it stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,  
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,  
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,  
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.  
 In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,  
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:  
 There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,  
 Rests on his club, and holds the Hesperian spoil.  
 Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound  
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around:  
 Amphion there the loud-creating lyre  
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!  
 Cithæron's echoes answer to his call,  
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall:  
 There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,  
 The domes swell up, and widening arches bend,  
 The growing towers, like exhalations rise,  
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.  
 The eastern front was glorious to behold,  
 With diamond flaming, and barbaric gold.  
 There Ninus shone, who spread the Assyrian fame,  
 And the great founder of the Persian name:  
 There in long robes the royal Magi stand,  
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand,  
 The sage Chaldeans robed in white appear'd,  
 And Brachmans, deep in desert woods revered.  
 These stopp'd the moon, and call'd the unbodied  
 shades

To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades  
 Made visionary fabrics round them rise,  
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes;  
 Of talismans and sigils knew the power,  
 And careful watch'd the planetary hour.  
 Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,  
 Who taught that useful science—to be good.

But on the south, a long majestic race  
 Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,  
 Who measured earth, described the starry spheres,  
 And traced the long records of lunar years.  
 High on his car Sesostris struck my view,  
 Whom sceptred slaves in golden harness drew.  
 His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;  
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold  
 Between the statues obelisks were placed,  
 And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics graced.

Of Gothic structure was the northern side,  
 O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride:  
 There huge Colossus rose, with trophies crown'd,  
 And Runie characters were graved around.



There sat Zamolxis\* with erected eyes,  
 And Odin here in mimic trances dices.  
 There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,  
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,  
 Druids and bards, (their once loud harps unstrung,)  
 And youths that died to be by poets sung.  
 These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,  
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name,  
 In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;  
 The wall in lustre and effect like glass,  
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,  
 Enlarges some, and other multiplies:  
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,  
 For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,  
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:  
 Raised on a thousand pillars, wreathed around  
 With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd:  
 Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,  
 The friezes gold, and gold the capitals:  
 As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,  
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.  
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate,  
 The sage historians in white garments wait;  
 Graved o'er their seats the form of Time was found,  
 His scythe reversed, and both his pinions bound.  
 Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms  
 In bloody fields pursued renown in arms,  
 High on a throne with trophies charged, I view'd  
 The youth that all things but himself subdued;†  
 His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,  
 And his horn'd head belied the Libyan god.  
 There Cæsar, graced with both Minervas, shone,—  
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;  
 Unmoved, superior still in every state  
 And scarce detested in his country's fate.  
 But chief were those, who not for empire fought,  
 But with their toils their people's safety sought:  
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;  
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;‡  
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state;  
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;

\* The disciple of Pythagoras.

† Alexander the Great. The tiara was the crown peculiar to the Asian princes. His desire to be thought the son of Jupiter Ammon caused him to wear the horns of that god, and to represent the same upon his coins; which was continued by several of his successors.

‡ Timoleon had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny.



And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind  
 With boundless power unbounded virtue join'd,  
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much-suffering heroes next their honours claim,  
 Those of less noisy and less guilty fame,—  
 Fair Virtue's silent train : supreme of these  
 Here ever shines the godlike Socrates :  
 He whom ungrateful Athens \* could expel,  
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell :  
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,  
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names :  
 Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,  
 And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,  
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ;  
 Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,  
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.  
 High on the first the mighty Homer shone ;  
 Eternal adamant composed his throne ;  
 Father of verse, in holy fillets drest,  
 His silver beard waved gently o'er his breast ;  
 Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears :  
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.  
 The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :  
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen ;  
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,  
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall :  
 Motion and life did every part inspire,  
 Bold was the work, and proved the master's fire ;  
 A strong expression most he seem'd to affect,  
 And here and there disclosed a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,  
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;  
 Finish'd the whole, and labour'd every part,  
 With patient touches of unwearied art :  
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,  
 Composed his posture, and his looks sedate ;  
 On Homer still he fix'd a reverend eye,  
 Great without pride, in modest majesty,  
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread  
 The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead ;  
 Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre,  
 Æneas bending with his aged sire :

Troy flamed in burning gold, and o'er the throne  
 ARMS AND THE MAN in golden ciphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,  
 With heads advanced, and pinions stretch'd for flight :  
 Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,

\* Aristides.

And seem'd to labour with the inspiring god.  
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,  
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.  
 The figured games of Greece the column grace,  
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.  
 The youths hang o'er the chariots as they run;  
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;  
 The champions in distorted postures threat;  
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tuned the Ausonian lyre  
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:  
 Pleased with Alcæus' manly rage to infuse  
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.  
 The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace;  
 A work outlasting monumental brass.  
 Here smiling loves and bacchanals appear,  
 The Julian star, and great Augustus here.  
 The doves that round the infant poet spread  
 Myrtles and bays, hung hovering o'er his head.

Here in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,  
 Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite;  
 His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,  
 And various animals his side surround;  
 His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view  
 Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,  
 The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:  
 Gathering his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand  
 In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.  
 Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,  
 And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,  
 O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:  
 Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,  
 So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.  
 Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat  
 With jewels blazed, magnificently great;  
 The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,  
 The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,  
 Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,  
 And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.  
 With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,  
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne,  
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,  
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.  
 When on the goddess first I cast my sight,  
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;  
 But swell'd to larger size, the more I gazed,  
 Till to the roof her towering front she rais'd.

With her, the temple every moment grew,  
 And ampler vistas open'd to my view:  
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,  
 And arches widen, and long aisles extend.  
 Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,  
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;  
 A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,  
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand listenings.  
 Beneath, in order ranged, the tuneful Nine  
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine;  
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;  
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;  
 With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,  
 And last, eternal, through the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,  
 The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,  
 And all the nations, summon'd at the call,  
 From different quarters fill the crowded hall:  
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard,  
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;  
 Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew  
 Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,  
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,  
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,  
 Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,  
 And a low murmur runs along the field.  
 Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,  
 And all degrees before the goddess bend;  
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,  
 And boasting youth, and narrative old age.  
 Their pleas were different, their request the same:  
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.  
 Some she disgraced, and some with honours crown'd;  
 Unlike successes equal merits found.

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,  
 And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.  
 First at the shrine the learned world appear,  
 And to the goddess thus prefer their prayer.  
 Long have we sought to instruct and please mankind,  
 With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;  
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,  
 We here appeal to thy superior throne:  
 On wit and learning the just prize bestow,  
 For fame is all we must expect below.

The goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise  
 The golden trumpet of eternal praise:  
 From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,  
 That fills the circuit of the world around:  
 Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;

The notes at first were rather sweet than loud :  
 By just degrees they every moment rise,  
 Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.  
 At every breath were balmy odours shed,  
 Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread ;  
 Less fragrant scents the unfolding rose exhales,  
 Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,  
 Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.  
 Since living virtue is with envy cursed,  
 And the best men are treated like the worst,  
 Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,  
 And give each deed the exact intrinsic worth.  
 Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,  
 (Said Fame,) but high above desert renown'd :  
 Let fuller notes the applauding world amaze,  
 And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd  
 Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd ;  
 The constant tenor of whose well-spent days  
 No less deserved a just return of praise.  
 But straight the direful trump of slander sounds ;  
 Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;  
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,  
 The dire report through every region flies.  
 In every ear incessant rumours rung,  
 And gathering scandals grew on every tongue :  
 From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke  
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :  
 The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies,  
 And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,  
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore :  
 For thee, (they cried,) amidst alarms and strife,  
 We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life ;  
 For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,  
 And swam to empire through the purple flood.  
 Those ills we dared, thy inspiration own,  
 What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.  
 Ambitious fools ! (the queen replied, and frown'd,)  
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ;  
 There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,  
 Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !  
 A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,  
 And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;  
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.  
 Great idol of mankind ! we neither claim  
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame !

But safe in deserts from the applause of men,  
 Would die unheard of, as we lived unseen.  
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight  
 Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.  
 Oh let us still the secret joy partake,  
 To follow virtue e'en for virtue's sake.

And live there men, who slight immortal Fame?  
 Who then with incense shall adore our name?  
 But mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride  
 To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide.  
 Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath,  
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.  
 She said: in air the trembling music floats,  
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes:  
 So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,  
 E'en listening angels lean'd from heaven to hear:  
 To furthest shores the ambrosial spirit flies,  
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,  
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dress'd;  
 Hither (they cried) direct your eyes, and see  
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;  
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,  
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;  
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care  
 To pay due visits, and address the fair:  
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,  
 But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid!  
 Of unknown duchesses STRANGE tales we tell,  
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.  
 The joy let others have, and we the name,  
 And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.  
 The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,  
 And at each blast a lady's honour dies.

Pleased with the strange success, vast numbers press'd  
 Around the shrine, and made the same request:  
 What! you (she cried) unlearn'd in arts to please  
 Slaves to yourselves, and even fatigued with ease,  
 Who lose a length of undeserving days,  
 Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?  
 To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,  
 The people's fable, and the scorn of all.  
 Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,  
 Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,  
 Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,  
 And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.  
 Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,  
 Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;  
 Or who their glory's dire foundation laid

On sovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;  
 Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,  
 Of crooked counsels and dark politics;  
 Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,  
 And beg to make the immortal treasons known.  
 The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,  
 With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire.  
 At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,  
 And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some power unknown  
 Straight changed the scene, and snatch'd me from the  
 throne.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,  
 Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;  
 With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;  
 With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;  
 Not less in number were the spacious doors,  
 Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;  
 Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,  
 Pervious to winds, and open every way.  
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,  
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,  
 As to the sea returning rivers roll,  
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;  
 Hither, as to their proper place, arise  
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,  
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;  
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace, is here.  
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes  
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes;  
 The trembling surface by the motion stirr'd,  
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third;  
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,  
 Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance:  
 Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,  
 On neighbouring air a soft impression make;  
 Another ambient circle then they move;  
 That, in its turn, impels the next above;  
 Through undulating air the sounds are sent,  
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,  
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,  
 Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,  
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,  
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,  
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,  
 Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,  
 The fall of favourites, projects of the great,  
 Of old mismanagements, taxations new:

All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,  
Confused, unnumber'd multitudes are found,  
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;  
Hosts raised by fear, and phantoms of a day:  
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,  
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;  
And priests, and party-zealots, numerous bands  
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;  
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,  
And wild impatience stared in every face.  
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,  
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;  
And all who told it added something new,  
And all who heard it made enlargements too;  
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.  
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,  
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.  
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,  
With gathering force the quickening flames advance;  
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,  
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe, lies are to perfection sprung,  
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,  
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,  
And rush in millions on the world below.  
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,  
Their date determines, and prescribes their force:  
Some to remain, and some to perish soon;  
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.  
Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,  
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey,  
A lie and truth contending for the way;  
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,  
Which first should issue through the narrow vent:  
At last agreed, together out they fly,  
Inseparable now, the truth and lie;  
The strict companions are for ever join'd,  
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,  
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:  
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?  
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,  
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?  
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,  
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.  
How vain that second life in others' breath,

The estate which wits inherit after death !  
 Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,  
 (Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)  
 The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,  
 Be envied, wretched ; and be flatter'd, poor ;  
 All luckless wits their enemies profess'd,  
 And all successful, jealous friends at best.  
 Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;  
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.  
 But if the purchase costs so dear a price,  
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice :  
 Oh ! if the muse must flatter lawless away,  
 And follow still where fortune leads the way ;  
 Or if no basis bear my rising name,  
 But the fallen ruins of another's fame ;  
 Then teach me, Heaven ! to scorn the guilty bays,  
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise ;  
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown ;  
 Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none !

JANUARY AND MAY ; OR, THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

THERE lived in Lombardy, as authors write,  
 In days of old, a wise and worthy knight ;  
 Of gentle manners, as of generous race,  
 Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace.  
 Yet led astray by Venus' soft delights,  
 He scarce could rule some idle appetites :  
 For long ago, let priests say what they could,  
 Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.  
 But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,  
 He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more ;  
 Whether pure holiness inspired his mind,  
 Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find ;  
 But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,  
 And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.  
 This was his nightly dream, his daily care,  
 And to the heavenly powers his constant prayer,  
 Once, ere he died, to taste the blissful life  
 Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortified with reasons still,  
 (For none want reasons to confirm their will.)  
 Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,  
 That honest wedlock is a glorious thing :  
 But depth of judgment most in him appears,  
 Who wisely weds in his maturer years ;  
 Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,  
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir ;



To soothe his cares, and free from noise and strife,  
 Conduct him gently to the verge of life.  
 Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,  
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more;  
 Unawed by precepts human or divine,  
 Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join :  
 Nor know to make the present blessing last,  
 To hope the future, or esteem the past :  
 But vainly boast the joys they never tried,  
 And find divulged the secrets they would hide.  
 The married man may bear his yoke with ease,  
 Secure at once himself and Heaven to please ;  
 And pass his inoffensive hours away,  
 In bliss all night, and innocence all day :  
 Though fortune change, his constant spouse remains,  
 Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.  
 But what so pure, which envious tongues will  
 spare?

Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.  
 With matchless impudence they style a wife  
 The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;  
 A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,  
 A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.  
 Let not the wise these slanderous words regard,  
 But curse the bones of every lying bard ;  
 All other goods by fortune's hand are given,  
 A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven.  
 Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,  
 Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away ;  
 One solid comfort, our eternal wife,  
 Abundantly supplies us all our life :  
 This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)  
 As long as heart can wish—and longer too.  
 Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,  
 Alone, and even in Paradise unblest'd,  
 With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,  
 And wander'd in the solitary shade :  
 The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd  
 Woman, the last, the best reserved of God.  
 A wife ! ah, gentle deities, can he  
 That has a wife e'er feel adversity ?  
 Would men but follow what the sex advise,  
 All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.  
 'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won  
 His father's blessing from an elder son :  
 Abusive Nabal owed his forfeit life  
 To the wise conduct of a prudent wife :  
 Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews shew,  
 Preserved the Jews, and slew the Assyrian foe :

At Hester's suit the persecuting sword  
Was sheathed, and Israel lived to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January the sage  
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;  
And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,  
Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife.  
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,  
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;  
But fix'd before, and well resolved was he;  
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

My friends, he cried, (and cast a mournful look  
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke,)  
Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,  
And, worn with cares, am hastening to my end;  
How have I lived, a' ' you know too well,  
In worldly follies, w. . . I blush to tell;  
But gracious Heaven has ope'd my eyes at last,  
With due regret I view my vices past,  
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,  
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.  
But since by counsel all things should be done,  
And many heads are wiser still than one:  
Choose you for me, who best shall be content  
When my desire's approved by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,  
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old:  
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,  
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.  
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace  
Of a stale virgin with a winter face:  
In that cold season, Love but treats his guest  
With bean-straw and tough forage at the best.  
No crafty widows shall approach my bed;  
Those are too wise for bachelors to wed.  
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,  
Twice-married dames are mistresses o' th' trade:  
But young and tender virgins, ruled with ease,  
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

Conceive me, sirs, nor take my sense amiss;  
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;  
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,  
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?  
Then should I live in lewd adultery,  
And sink downright to Satan when I die.  
Or were I cursed with an unfruitful bed,  
The righteous end were lost for which I wed;  
To raise up seed to bless the powers above,  
And not for pleasure only, or for love.  
Think not I dote; 'tis time to take a wife,

When vigorous blood forbids a chaster life;  
Those that are blest with store of grace divine,  
May live like saints by Heaven's consent, and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,  
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may,)  
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,  
And a new vigour springs in every part.  
Think not my virtue lost, though time has shed  
These reverend honours on my hoary head:  
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,  
The vital sap then rising from below,  
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear  
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.

Now, sirs, you know to what I stand inclined,  
Let every friend with freedom speak his mind.

He said; the rest in different parts divide;  
The knotty point was urged on either side:  
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd;  
Some praised with wit, and some with reason blamed.  
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,  
Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,  
There fell between his brothers a debate,  
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the Knight Placebo thus begun,  
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone :)  
Such prudence, sir, in all your words appears,  
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years !  
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,  
To work by counsel when affairs are nice :  
But, with the wise man's leave, I must protest,  
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,  
As still I hold your own advice the best.

Sir, I have lived a courtier all my days,  
And studied men, their manners, and their ways ;  
And have observed this useful maxim still,  
To let my betters always have their will.  
Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white,  
My word was this, " Your honour's in the right."  
The assuming wit, who deems himself so wise  
As his mistaken patron to advise,  
Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought,  
A noble fool was never in a fault.

This, sir, affects not you, whose every word  
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord.  
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)  
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man;  
At least your courage all the world must praise,  
Who dare to wed in your declining days.  
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,

And let gray fools be indolently good,  
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,  
With reverend dulness and grave impotence.

Justin, who silent sate, and heard the man,  
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began :

A heathen author, of the first degree,  
(Who, though not faith, had sense as well as we.)  
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust  
To those of generous principles, and just.  
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,  
To give your person, than your goods away :  
And therefore, sir, as you regard your rest,  
First learn your lady's qualities at least ;  
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil ;  
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil ;  
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,  
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.  
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find  
In all this world, much less in womankind ;  
But if her virtues prove the larger share,  
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.  
Ah, gentle sir, take warning of a friend,  
Who knows too well the state you thus commend ;  
And spite of all his praises must declare,  
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.  
Heaven knows, I shed full many a private tear  
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear  
While all my friends applaud my blissful life,  
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife  
Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,  
The meekest creature that beholds the sun !  
But, by the immortal powers, I feel the pain,  
And he that smarts has reason to complain.  
Do what you list, for me ; you must be sage,  
And cautious sure ; for wisdom is in age :  
But at these years to venture on the fair !  
By Him who made the ocean, earth, and air,  
To please a wife, when her occasions call,  
Would busy the most vigorous of us all.  
And trust me, sir, the chastest you can choose  
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.  
If what I speak my noble lord offend,  
My tedious sermon here is at an end.

'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,  
Most worthy kinsmen, faith you're mighty wise !  
We, sirs, are fools ; and must resign the cause  
To heathenish authors, proverbs, and old saws.  
He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way :—  
What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say ?

I say, quoth he, by Heaven the man's to blame,  
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.  
At this the council rose, without delay;  
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;  
With full consent, that, all disputes appeased;  
The Knight should marry, when and where he pleased.

Who now but January exults with joy?  
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:  
Each nymph by turns his wavering mind possess'd,  
And reign'd the short-lived tyrant of his breast;  
Whilst fancy pictured every lively part,  
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.  
Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high,  
A mirror shews the figures moving by;  
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass  
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.  
This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,  
But vile suspicions had aspersed her fame;  
That was with sense, but not with virtue blest:  
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.  
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,  
He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.  
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,  
But every charm revolved within his mind:  
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,  
Her easy motion, her attractive air,  
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,  
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.  
Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,  
And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:  
Once more in haste he summon'd every friend,  
And told them all, their pains were at an end.  
Heaven, that (said he) inspired me first to wed,  
Provides a consort worthy of my bed:  
Let none oppose the election, since on this  
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.  
A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,  
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;  
Chaste, though not rich; and though not nobly born,  
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.  
Her will I wed, if gracious Heaven so please;  
To pass my age in sanctity and ease;  
And thank the powers, I may possess alone  
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!  
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,  
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.  
One only doubt remains: full oft, I've heard,  
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd;

That 'tis too much for human race to know  
The bliss of heaven above, and earth below.  
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,  
To match the blessings of the future state,  
Those endless joys were ill-exchanged for these;  
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,  
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.  
Sir Knight, he cried, if this be all you dread,  
Heaven put it past a doubt, whene'er you wed;  
And to my fervent prayers so far consent,  
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!  
Good heaven, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,  
Since it chastises still what best it loves.

Then be not, sir, abandon'd to despair;  
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,  
One, that may do your business to a hair;  
Not e'en in wish, your happiness delay,  
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:  
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,  
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!  
Provided still, you moderate your joy,  
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,  
Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,  
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.  
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,  
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;  
Consult with those, and be of better cheer;  
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;  
The match was offer'd, the proposals made.  
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;  
The old have interest ever in their eye.

Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;  
When fortune favours, still the fair are kind.  
I pass each previous settlement and deed,  
Too long for me to write, or you to read;  
Nor will with quaint impertinence display  
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.  
The time approach'd; to church the parties went,  
At once with carnal and devout intent:  
Forth came the priest, and bade the obedient wife  
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:  
Then pray'd the powers the fruitful bed to bless,  
And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,  
The guests appear in order, side by side,  
And placed in state, the bridegroom and the bride.  
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,



The guests appear in order side by side,  
And placed in state the bridegroom and the bride.  
— Page 248.

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And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;  
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,  
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling  
string.

Not thus Amphion tuned the warbling lyre,  
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,  
Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain  
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,  
(So poets sing,) was present on the place:  
And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,  
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,  
And danced around, and smiled on every knight:  
Pleased her best servant would his courage try,  
No less in wedlock, than in liberty.

Full many an age old Hymen had not spied  
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.  
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng  
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song;  
Think not your softest numbers can display  
The matchless glories of this blissful day;

The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,  
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.

The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,  
And darted amorous glances at her lord.  
Not Esther's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,  
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian king:  
Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day,  
And fresh and blooming as the month of May!  
The joyful knight survey'd her by his side,  
Nor envied Paris with the Spartan bride;  
Still as his mind revoiced with vast delight  
The entrancing raptures of the approaching night,  
Restless he sate, invoking every power  
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.  
Meantime the vigorous dancers beat the ground,  
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.  
With odorous spices they perfumed the place,  
And mirth and pleasure shone in every face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,  
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;  
Damian alone, the knight's obsequious squire,  
Consumed at heart, and fed a secret fire.  
His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd;  
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest.  
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,  
Fell on his bed, and loathed the light of day.  
There let him lie; till his relenting dame  
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned poets write,  
 Forsook the horizon, and roll'd down the light;  
 While glittering stars his absent beams supply,  
 And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.  
 Then rose the guests: and, as the time required,  
 Each paid his thanks, and decently retired.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepared to undress,  
 So keen he was, and eager to possess:  
 But first thought fit the assistance to receive,  
 Which grave physicians scruple not to give;  
 Satyrion near, with hot eringos stood,  
 Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,  
 Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,  
 And critics learn'd explain to modern times.

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,  
 The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.  
 What next ensued beseems not me to say;  
 'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,  
 Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,  
 As all were nothing he had done by night;  
 And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.  
 He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,  
 And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:  
 Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast;  
 For every labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive squire oppress'd,  
 Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;  
 The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,  
 He wanted art to hide, and means to tell.  
 Yet hoping time the occasion might betray,  
 Composed a sonnet to the lovely May;  
 Which, writ and folded with the nicest art,  
 He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run,  
 ('Twas June—and Cancer had received the sun,)  
 Forth from her chamber came the beautiful bride,  
 The good old knight moved slowly by her side.  
 High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;  
 The servants round stood ready at their call.

The squire alone was absent from the board,  
 And much his sickness grieved his worthy lord,  
 Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,  
 To visit Damian, and divert his pain.  
 The obliging dames obey'd with one consent;  
 They left the hall, and to his lodging went.  
 The female tribe surround him as he lay,  
 And close beside him sat the gentle May:  
 Where, as she tried his pulse, he softly drew  
 A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view!

Then gave his bill, and bribed the powers divine,  
With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May?  
On her soft couch uneasily she lay:  
The lumpish husband snored away the night,  
Till coughs awaked him near the morning light.  
What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,  
Nor if she thought herself in heaven or hell:  
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,  
Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,  
Or did from chance, or nature's power proceed;  
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,  
Shed its selectest influence from above;  
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame  
Felt the first motions of an infant flame;  
Received the impressions of the love-sick squire,  
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.

Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move  
Your gentle minds to pity those who love!  
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,  
The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd:  
But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,  
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale: Some sages have defined  
Pleasure the sovereign bliss of human-kind:  
Our Knight (who studied much, we may suppose)  
Derived his high philosophy from those;  
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expense  
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence:  
His house was stately, his retinue gay,  
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.  
His spacious garden, made to yield to none,  
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;  
Priapus could not half describe the grace  
(Though god of gardens) of this charming place:  
A place to tire the rambling wits of France  
In long descriptions, and exceed romance:  
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings  
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.

Full in the centre of the flowery ground,  
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,  
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:  
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)  
The dapper elves their moonlight sports pursue.  
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,  
In circling dances gamboll'd on the green,  
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,  
And airy music warbled through the shade.

Hither the noble Knight would oft repair,  
 (His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care;)   
 For this he held it dear, and always bore  
 The silver key that lock'd the garden door.  
 To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat,  
 He used from noise and business to retreat:  
 And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,  
*Solus cum sola*, with his sprightly May.  
 For whate'er work was undischarged a-bed,  
 The duteous Knight in this fair garden sped.  
 But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure!  
 How short a space our worldly joys endure!  
 O Fortune, fair, like all thy treacherous kind,  
 But faithless still, and wavering as the wind!  
 O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,  
 With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!  
 This rich, this amorous, venerable knight,  
 Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,  
 Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,  
 And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.  
 The rage of jealousy then seized his mind,  
 For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.  
 His wife not suffer'd from his side to stay,  
 Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,  
 Abridged her pleasures, and confined her sway.  
 Full oft in tears did hapless May complain,  
 And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain;  
 She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;  
 For oh, 'twas fix'd; she must possess or die!  
 Nor less impatience vex'd her amorous squire,  
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire.  
 Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain  
 By secret writing to disclose his pain;  
 The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,  
 Till both were conscious what each other meant.  
 Ah, gentle Knight, what would thy eyes avail,  
 Though they could see as far as ships can sail?  
 'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceived to be,  
 Than be deluded when a man can see!  
 Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,  
 Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:  
 So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,  
 Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.  
 The dame at last, by diligence and care,  
 Procured the key her Knight was wont to bear;  
 She took the wards in wax before the fire,  
 And gave the impression to the trusty squire.  
 By means of this, some wonder shall appear,  
 Which, in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,  
What slight is that, which love will not explore?  
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show  
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do :  
Though watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,  
They found the art of kissing through a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray;  
It happ'd that once upon a summer's day,  
Our reverend Knight was urged to amorous play :  
He raised his spouse ere matin-bell was rung,  
And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes,  
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise !  
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,  
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain :  
The winter's past ; the clouds and tempests fly ;  
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.  
Fair without spot, whose every charming part  
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart ;  
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,  
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,  
To haste before ; the gentle squire obey'd :  
Secret and undescried he took his way,  
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,  
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame ;  
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,  
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observed by none,  
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown :  
So may my soul have joy, as thou my wife  
Art far the dearest solace of my life ;  
And rather would I choose, by Heaven above,  
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.  
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,  
When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own,  
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.  
Old as I am, and now deprived of sight,  
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,  
Nor age, nor blindness, robs me of delight.  
Each other loss with patience I can bear,  
The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady and my wife,  
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.  
As first, the love of Christ himself you gain ;  
Next, your own honour undefiled maintain ;  
And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,  
My whole estate shall gratify your love :

Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun  
 Displays his light, by Heaven it shall be done.  
 I seal the contract with a holy kiss,  
 And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—  
 Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy lord unkind  
 'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.  
 For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,  
 And join'd to them my own unequal age,  
 From thy dear side I have no power to part,  
 Such secret transports warm my melting heart.  
 For who that once possess'd those heavenly charms,  
 Could live one moment absent from thy arms?

He ceased, and May with modest grace replied;  
 (Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cried;  
 Heaven knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)  
 I have a soul to save as well as you;  
 And, what no less you to my charge commend,  
 My dearest honour, will to death defend.  
 To you in holy Church I gave my hand,  
 And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:  
 Yet, after this, if you distrust my care,  
 Then hear, my lord, and witness what I swear:

First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,  
 And let me hence to hell alive descend;  
 Or die the death I dread no less than hell,  
 Sewed in a sack, and plunged into a well:  
 Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,  
 Or once renounce the honour of my race.  
 For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,  
 I loathe a whore, and startle at the name.  
 But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,  
 And learn from thence their ladies to suspect:  
 Else why these needless cautions, sir, to me?  
 These doubts and fears of female constancy!  
 This chime still rings in every lady's ear,  
 The only strain a wife must hope to hear  
 Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,  
 Where Damian kneeling, worshipp'd as she past:  
 She saw him watch the motions of her eye,  
 And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:  
 'Twas charged with fruit which made a goodly show,  
 And hung with dangling pears was every bough.  
 Thither the obsequious squire address'd his pace,  
 And climbing, in the summit took his place;  
 The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,  
 Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.  
 'Twas now the season when the glorious sun  
 His heavenly progress through the Twins had run;  
 And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,

To glad the globe, and paint the flowery fields:  
Clear was the day, and Phoebus rising bright,  
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light;  
He pierced the glittering clouds with golden streams,  
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befell, in that fair morning tide,  
The Fairies sported on the garden side,  
And in the midst their monarch and his bride.  
So feath'ly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,  
The knights so nimbly o'er the green-sward bound,  
That scarce they bent the flowers or touch'd the ground.  
The dances ended, all the fairy train  
For pinks and daisies search'd the flowery plain;  
While on the bank reclin'd of rising green,  
Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,  
The treachery you women use to man:  
A thousand authors have this truth made out,  
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.  
Heaven rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,  
A wiser monarch never saw the sun:  
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree  
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee:  
For sagely hast thou said: Of all mankind,  
One only just and righteous, hope to find:  
But should'st thou search the spacious world around,  
Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus says the king who knew your wickedness;  
The son of Sirach testifies no less.  
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,  
Or some devouring flame consume you all;  
As well you view the lecher in the tree,  
And well this honourable Knight you see:  
But since he's blind and old, (a helpless case,)  
His squire shall cuckold him before your face.

Now by my own dread majesty I swear,  
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,  
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,  
That in my presence offers such a wrong.  
I will this instant undeceive the Knight,  
And, in the very act, restore his sight:  
And set the strumpet here in open view  
A warning to the ladies, and to you,  
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.

And will you so, replied the Queen, indeed!  
Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,  
She shall not want an answer at her need.  
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,  
And all the sex in each succeeding age;

Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,  
 And fortify their crimes with confidence.  
 Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,  
 Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;  
 All they shall need is to protest and swear,  
 Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;  
 Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,  
 Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What though this sland'rous Jew, this Solomon,  
 Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;  
 The wiser wits of later times declare,  
 How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are:  
 Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,  
 Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;  
 And witness next what Roman authors tell,  
 How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,  
 And men interpret texts, why should not we?  
 By this no more was meant, than to have shown,  
 That sovereign goodness dwells in Him alone  
 Who only is, and is but only one.  
 But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd  
 By every word that Solomon has said?  
 What though this king (as ancient story boasts)  
 Built a fair temple to the Lord of hosts;  
 He ceased at last his Maker to adore,  
 And did as much for idol gods, or more.  
 Beware what lavish praises you confer  
 On a rank lecher and idolater;  
 Whose reign indulgent God, says Holy Writ,  
 Did but for David's righteous sake permit;  
 David, the monarch after Heaven's own mind,  
 Who loved our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak;  
 Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.  
 Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,  
 Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.  
 By Heaven, those authors are our sex's foes,  
 Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.

Nay, (quoth the King,) dear madam, be not wroth:  
 I yield it up; but since I gave my oath,  
 That this much injured Knight again should see,  
 It must be done—I am a king, said he,  
 And one whose faith has ever sacred been——

And so has mine (she said)—I am a queen:  
 Her answer she shall have, I undertake;  
 And thus an end of all dispute I make.  
 Try when you list; and you shall find, my lord,  
 It is not in our sex to break our word.



We leave them here in this heroic strain,  
 And to the Knight our story turns again;  
 Who in the garden, with his lovely May,  
 Sung merrier than the cuckoo or the jay:  
 This was his song; "Oh, kind and constant be,  
 Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew  
 By easy steps, to where the pear-tree grew:  
 The longing dame look'd up, and spied her love,  
 Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.  
 She stopp'd, and sighing—Oh! good gods, she cried,  
 What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side!  
 Oh for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;  
 Help, for the love of heaven's immortal queen;  
 Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life  
 Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!

Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,  
 But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:  
 Old as he was, and void of eyesight too,  
 What could, alas! a helpless husband do?

And must I languish then, she said, and die,  
 Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?  
 At least, kind sir, for charity's sweet sake,  
 Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take:  
 Then from your back I might ascend the tree;  
 Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.

With all my soul, he thus replied again,  
 I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.  
 With that, his back against the trunk he bent,  
 She seized a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!  
 Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:

'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refined:  
 Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.

What feats the lady in the tree might do,  
 I pass, as gambols never known to you;

But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,  
 Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wondering Knight  
 Look'd out, and stood restored to sudden sight.  
 Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,  
 As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;

But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,  
 His rage was such as cannot be express'd:

Not frantic mothers when their infants die,  
 With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:

He cried, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;  
 Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?

What ails my lord? the trembling dame replied;

I thought your patience had been better tried;  
 Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,  
 This my reward for having cured the blind?  
 Why was I taught to make my husband see,  
 By struggling with a man upon a tree?  
 Did I for this the power of magic prove?  
 Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!

If this be struggling, by this holy light,  
 'Tis struggling with a vengeance! (quoth the Knight.)  
 So Heaven preserve the sight it has restored,  
 As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whored;  
 Whored by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell  
 As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.

Guard me, good angels! cried the gentle May,  
 Pray Heaven this magic work the proper way!  
 Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,  
 You ne'er had used these killing words to me;  
 So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,  
 But some faint glimmering of a doubtful light.

What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,  
 For, by the immortal powers, it *seem'd* too plain——

By all those powers, some frenzy seized your mind,  
 (Replied the dame.) Are these the thanks I find?  
 Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!  
 She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,  
 The ready tears apace began to flow,  
 And as they fell she wiped from either eye  
 The drops, (for women, when they list, can cry.)

The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd  
 Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd:—  
 Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er!  
 Come down, and vex your tender heart no more;  
 Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,  
 For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:  
 Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,  
 By Heaven, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.

Ah, my loved lord! 'twas much unkind (she cried)  
 On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.  
 But till your sight's establish'd for a while,  
 Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.  
 Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,  
 The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,  
 And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day:  
 So just recovering from the shades of night,  
 Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,  
 Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before your  
 sight.

Then, sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;  
 Heaven knows how seldom things are what they seem!

Consult your reason, and you soon shall find  
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind :  
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,  
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.

With that she leap'd into her lord's embrace,  
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.  
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,  
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more :  
Both, pleased and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows,  
A fruitful wife and a believing spouse.

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make :  
Let all wise husbands hence example take ;  
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,  
To be so well deluded by their wives.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

HER PROLOGUE.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,  
And hear with reverence an experienced wife !  
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,  
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.  
In all these trials I have borne a part,  
I was myself the scourge that caused the smart ;  
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led  
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,  
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days ;  
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,  
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,  
The words address'd to the Samaritan :  
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd ;  
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defined.

" Increase and multiply," was Heaven's command,  
And that's a text I clearly understand.  
This too, " Let men their sires and mothers leave,  
And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."  
More wives than one by Solomon were tried,  
Or else the wisest of mankind's belied.

I've had myself full many a merry fit ;  
And trust in Heaven I may have many yet.  
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,  
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,  
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,  
Declared 'twas better far to wed than burn.

There's danger in assembling fire and tow;  
 I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.  
 The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,  
 No precept for virginity he found:  
 'Tis but a counsel—and we women still  
 Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.

I envy not their bliss, if he or she  
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity;  
 Pure let them be, and free from taint or vice:  
 I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.  
 Heaven calls us different ways, on these bestows  
 One proper gift, another grants to those:  
 Not every man's obliged to sell his store,  
 And give up all his substance to the poor;  
 Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny;  
 But, by your leaves, divines, so am not I.

Full many a saint, since first the world began,  
 Lived an unspotted maid, in spite of man:  
 Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,  
 And let us honest wives eat barley-bread.  
 For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by Heaven,  
 And use the copious talent it has given:  
 Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,  
 And keep an equal reckoning every night:  
 His proper body is not his, but mine;  
 For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,  
 Three were just tolerable, two were bad.  
 The three were old, but rich and fond beside,  
 And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:  
 But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,  
 The rest, without much loss, I could resign.  
 Sure to be loved, I took no pains to please,  
 Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.

Presents flow'd in apace: with showers of gold,  
 They made their court, like Jupiter of old.

If I but smiled, a sudden youth they found,  
 And a new palsy seized them when I frown'd.

Ye sovereign wives! give ear, and understand,  
 Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.  
 For never was it given to mortal man  
 To lie so boldly as we women can:

Forswear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,  
 And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I used to say.)

Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?  
 Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleased to roam—  
 I sit in tatters, and immured at home.

Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?

Art thou so amorous? and is she so fair?  
If I but see a cousin or a friend,  
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!  
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,  
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;  
Cry, wives are false, and every woman evil;  
And give up all that's female to the devil.

If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;  
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;  
If highly born, intolerably vain,  
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,  
Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic,  
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.  
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,  
By pressing youth attack'd on every side:  
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,  
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,  
Or else she dances with becoming grace,  
Or shape excuses the defects of face.

There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late,  
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou sayest) and asses men may try.  
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:  
But wives, a random choice, untried they take,  
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake;  
Then, not till then, the veil's removed away,  
And all the woman glares in open day.

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,  
Your eyes must always languish on my face,  
Your tongue with constant flatteries feed my ear,  
And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!  
If by strange chance, a modest blush be raised,  
Be sure my fine complexion must be praised.  
My garments always must be new and gay,  
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.  
Then must my nurse be pleased, and favourite maid;  
And endless treats, and endless visits paid,  
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;  
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On Jenkin, too, thou cast a squinting eye.  
What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?  
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,  
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.  
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,  
I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.  
Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?  
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?  
Sir, I'm no fool; nor shall you, by St John,  
Have goods and body to yourself alone.

One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—  
 I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.  
 If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will,  
 Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:  
 Take all the freedoms of a married life;  
 I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."

Lord! when you have enough, what need you care  
 How merrily soever others fare?  
 Though all the day I give and take delight,  
 Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.  
 'Tis but a just and rational desire,  
 To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array,  
 And none can long be modest that are gay:  
 The cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,  
 The chimney keeps, and sits content within;  
 But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,  
 Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun;  
 She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,  
 To shew her fur, and to be caterwaul'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires  
 These three right ancient venerable sires.  
 I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do,  
 And told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.  
 I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,  
 And first complain'd, whenever the guilt was mine.  
 I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,  
 When their weak legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;  
 And swore the rambles that I took by night,  
 Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.  
 That colour brought me many hours of mirth;  
 For all this wit is given us from our birth.  
 Heaven gave to woman the peculiar grace  
 To spin, to weep, and cully human race.  
 By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,  
 By murmuring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,  
 I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,  
 Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.  
 If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,  
 What! so familiar with your spouse? I cried:  
 I levied first a tax upon his need;  
 Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!  
 Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,  
 Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.  
 With empty hands no tarsels you can lure,  
 But fulsome love for gain we can endure;  
 For gold we love the impotent and old,  
 And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.  
 Yet with embraces, curses oft I mix'd,

Then kiss'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.  
 Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,  
 For not one word in man's arrears am I.  
 To drop a dear dispute I was unable,  
 Even though the pope himself had sat at table.  
 But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke:—  
 "Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look!  
 Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek;  
 Thou shouldst be always thus, resign'd and meek!  
 Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,  
 Well should you practise, who so well can teach.  
 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,  
 But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.  
 Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,  
 Who puts a period to domestic strife.  
 One of us two must rule, and one obey;  
 And since in man right reason bears the sway,  
 Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.  
 The wives of all my family have ruled  
 Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.  
 Fie, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;  
 What! would you have me to yourself alone?  
 Why take me, love! take all and every part!  
 Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.  
 Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,  
 You little think what custom I could have.  
 But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame!  
 What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."  
 Thus with my first three lords I pass'd my life;  
 A very woman, and a very wife.  
 What sums from these old spouses I could raise,  
 Procured young husbands in my riper days.  
 Though past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,  
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.  
 In country dances still I bore the bell,  
 And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.  
 To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,  
 Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;  
 Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,  
 And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:  
 For 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,  
 A liquorish mouth must have a lecherous tail;  
 Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,  
 As all true gamblers by experience know.  
 But oh, good gods! when'er a thought I cast  
 On all the joys of youth and beauty past,  
 To find in pleasures I have had my part,  
 Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.  
 This wicked world was once my dear delight;

Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night :  
 The flour consumed, the best that now I can,  
 Is even to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true ;  
 He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two :  
 But all that score I paid—as how! you'll say.  
 Not with my body, in a filthy way :  
 But I so dress'd, and danced, and drank, and dined ;  
 And view'd a friend, with eyes so very kind,  
 As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry,  
 With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.  
 His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,  
 For here on earth I was his purgatory.  
 Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,  
 He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.  
 How sore I gall'd him, only Heaven could know,  
 And he that felt, and I that caused the woe :  
 He died, when last from pilgrimage I came,  
 With other gossips from Jerusalem ;  
 And now lies buried underneath a rood,  
 Fair to be seen, and record of honest wood.  
 A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures graced  
 Than that Mausolus' pious widow placed,  
 Or where enshrined the great Darius lay ;  
 But cost on graves is merely thrown away.  
 The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er ;  
 So bless the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth loved lord, the last and best ;  
 (Kind Heaven, afford him everlasting rest !)  
 Full hearty was his love, and I can shew  
 The tokens on my ribs in black and blue ;  
 Yet, with a knock, my heart he could have won,  
 While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.  
 How quaint an appetite in woman reigns !  
 Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains :  
 Let men avoid us, and on them we leap ;  
 A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good will I took this jovial spark,  
 Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.  
 He boarded with a widow in the town,  
 A trusty gossip, one dame Alison :  
 Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,  
 Better than e'er our parish priest could do.  
 To her I told whatever could befall :  
 Had but my husband piss'd against a wall,  
 Or done a thing that might have cost his life,  
 She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,  
 Had known it all : what most he would conceal,  
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.



Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,  
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame.  
 It so befell, in holy time of Lent,  
 That oft a day I to this gossip went;  
 (My husband, thank my stars, was out of town;)   
 From house to house we rambled up and down,  
 This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,  
 To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.  
 Visits to every church we daily paid,  
 And march'd in every holy masquerade,  
 The stations duly and the vigils kept;  
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.  
 At sermons too I shone in scarlet gay,  
 The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;  
 The cause was this, I wore it every day.  
 'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,  
 This clerk and I were walking in the fields.  
 We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,  
 I pawn'd my honour, and engaged my vow,  
 If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,  
 That he, and only he, should serve my turn.  
 We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;  
 I still have shifts against a time of need:  
 The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,  
 Can never be a mouse of any soul.  
 I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,  
 And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him,  
 If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,  
 And dreams foretell, as learn'd men have shewn;  
 All this I said; but dreams, sirs, I had none:  
 I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,  
 Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.  
 Thus day by day and month by month we pass'd:  
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.  
 I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust.  
 And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.  
 Before my face my handkerchief I spread,  
 To hide the flood of tears 'twixt—did—not shed.  
 The good man's coffin to the church was borne;  
 Around, the neighbours, and my clerk, to mourn.  
 But as he march'd, good gods! he shew'd a pair  
 Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!  
 Of twenty winters' age he seem'd to be;  
 I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;  
 But vigorous still, a lively buxom dame;  
 And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.  
 A conjuror once, that deeply could divine,  
 Assured me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.  
 As the stars order'd, such my life has been:

Alas, alas, that ever love was sin !  
 Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace,  
 And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.  
 By virtue of this powerful constellation,  
 I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale : A month scarce pass'd away,  
 With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.  
 All I possess'd I gave to his command,  
 My goods and chattels, money, house, and land :  
 But oft repented, and repent it still ;  
 He proved a rebel to my sovereign will :  
 Nay, once by Heaven he struck me on the face ;  
 Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any lioness was I ;  
 And knew full well to raise my voice on high ;  
 As true a rambler as I was before,  
 And would be so, in spite of all he swore.  
 He, against this right sagely would advise,  
 And old examples set before my eyes ;  
 Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,  
 Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife ;  
 And close the sermon, as becom'd his wit,  
 With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.  
 Oft would he say, Who builds his house on sands,  
 Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands ;  
 Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,  
 Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home.  
 All this avail'd not ; for who'er he be  
 That tells my faults, I hate him mortally :  
 And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,  
 Men, women, clergy, regular and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)  
 A certain treatise oft at evening read,  
 Where divers authors (whom the devil confound  
 For all their lies !) were in one volume bound.  
 Valerius, whole ; and of St Jerome, part ;  
 Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,  
 Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's loves ;  
 And many more than sure the Church approves.  
 More legends were there here, of wicked wives,  
 Than good, in all the Bible and saints' lives.  
 Who drew the lion vanquish'd ? 'Twas a man !  
 But could we women write as scholars can,  
 Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness  
 Than all the sons of Adam could redress.  
 Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,  
 And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.  
 Those play the scholars who can't play the men,  
 And use that weapon which they have, their pen ;

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It chanced my husband, on a winter's night,  
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,  
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)  
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe.  
—Page 267.

When old, and past the relish of delight,  
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,  
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.  
(This by the way, but to my purpose now.)

It chanced my husband, on a winter's night,  
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,  
How the first female (as the Scriptures shew)  
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe.  
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire  
Wrapp'd in the envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.  
How cursed Eryphile her lord betray'd,  
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.  
But what most pleased him was the Cretan dame,  
And husband-bull—oh, monstrous! fie for shame!

He had by heart, the whole detail of woe  
Xantippe made her good man undergo;  
How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,  
How many jordens on the sage she threw;  
Who took it patiently, and wiped his head;  
"Rain follows thunder:" that was all he said.

He read how Arius to his friend complain'd,  
A fatal tree was growing in his land,  
On which three wives successively had twined  
A sliding noose, and wavered in the wind.  
Where grows this plant, (replied the friend,) oh, where?  
For better fruit did never orchard bear.  
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,  
And in my garden planted shall it be.

Then how two wives their lords' destruction prove,  
Through hatred one, and one through too much love;  
That for her husband mix'd a poisonous draught,  
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought:  
The nimble juice soon seized his giddy head,  
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,  
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,  
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;  
All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and  
frown'd;

But when no end of these vile tales I found,  
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,  
And half the night was thus consumed in vain;  
Provoked to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,  
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.  
With that my husband in a fury rose,  
And down he settled me with hearty blows.  
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;  
Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth, (I cried;)

Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—  
 He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face;  
 I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,  
 Then sigh'd and cried, Adieu, my dear, adieu!

But after many a hearty struggle past,  
 I condescended to be pleased at last.  
 Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,  
 Do what you list, the term of all your life:  
 I took to heart the merits of the cause,  
 And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;  
 Received the reins of absolute command,  
 With all the government of house and land,  
 And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.  
 As for the volume that reviled the dames,  
 'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now Heaven, on all my husbands gone, bestow  
 Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:  
 That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,  
 And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!

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## ELOISA TO ABELARD.

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[Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age, in learning and beauty. Abelard, though a canon in the Cathedral of Paris, married Eloisa privately. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a separate convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters out of which the following is partly extracted. Abelard died in 1142, and Eloisa in 1163; they were buried side by side in the Monastery of the Paraclete; the tomb was afterwards removed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, in Paris, where it now stands.]

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,  
Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,  
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns;  
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?  
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?  
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?  
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,  
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,  
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd:  
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,  
Where, mix'd with God's, his loved idea lies:  
Oh write it not, my hand—the name appears  
Already written—wash it out, my tears!  
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,  
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls ! whose darksome round contains  
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains :  
 Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn :  
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn !  
 Shrines ! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,  
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep !  
 Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,  
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,  
 Still rebel nature holds out half my heart ;  
 Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,  
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloze,  
 That well-known name awakens all my woes.

O name, for ever sad ! for ever dear !

Still breathed in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.

I tremble, too, whene'er my own I find ;

Some dire misfortune follows close behind.

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,

Led through a sad variety of woe :

Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,

Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !

There stern Religion quench'd the unwilling flame,

There died the best of passions, Love and Fame.

Yet write, oh ! write me all, that I may join

Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.

Nor foes nor fortune take this power away ;

And is my Abelard less kind than they ?

Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,

Love but demands what else were shed in prayer ;

No happier task these faded eyes pursue ;

To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief ;

Ah, more than share it ! give me all thy grief.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,

Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid ;

They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,

The virgin's wish without her fears impart,

Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,

And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,

When Love approach'd me under friendship's name ;

My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,

Some emanation of the all-beauteous Mind.

Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,

Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.

Guiltless I gazed, Heaven listen'd while you sung,



And truths divine came mended from that tongue.  
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?  
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:  
 Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,  
 Nor wish'd an angel whom I loved a man.  
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;  
 Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.  
 Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,  
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?  
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,  
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?  
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,  
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:  
 Heaven scarce believed the conquest it survey'd,  
 And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.  
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,  
 Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:  
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,  
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.  
 Come! with thy looks, thy words relieve my woe,  
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow.  
 Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,  
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes,  
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,  
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God.  
 Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,  
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer;  
 From the false world in early youth they fled,  
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.  
 You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smiled,  
 And Paradise was open'd in the Wild.  
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores  
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;  
 No silver saints, by dying misers given,  
 Here bribed the rage of ill-requited Heaven:  
 But such plain roofs as piety could raise,  
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise.  
 In these lone walls, (their days' eternal bound,)  
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,  
 Where awful arches make a noonday night,  
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light;  
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,  
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.  
 But now no face divine contentment wears,  
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.  
 See how the force of others' prayers I try,  
 (O pious fraud of amorous charity!)  
 But why should I on others' prayers depend?  
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!

Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,  
 And all those tender names in one, thy love!  
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined  
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,  
 The wandering streams, that shine between the hills,  
 The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,  
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,  
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;  
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,  
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid.  
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,  
 Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,  
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws  
 A deathlike silence, and a dread repose:  
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,  
 Shades every flower, and darkens every green,  
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,  
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;  
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!  
 Death, only Death, can break the lasting chain;  
 And here, even then, shall my cold dust remain;  
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,  
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.  
 Ah wretch! believed the spouse of God in vain,  
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man.  
 Assist me, Heaven! but whence arose that prayer?  
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair?  
 Even here, where frozen chastity retires,  
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.  
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;  
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;  
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view,  
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;  
 Now turn'd to Heaven, I weep my past offence,  
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.  
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,  
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!  
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense?  
 And love the offender, yet detest the offence?  
 How the dear object from the crime remove,  
 Or how distinguish penitence from love?  
 Unequal task! a passion to resign,  
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.  
 Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,  
 How often must it love, how often hate!  
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,  
 Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget!  
 But let Heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fired;

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Yet here for ever, ever must I stay,  
Sad proof how well a lover can obey;  
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain,  
And here, even then, shall my cold dust remain.  
—*Eloisa to Abelard, page 273.*

Not touch'd; but rapt; not waken'd, but inspired !  
 Oh come ! oh teach me nature to subdue,  
 Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.  
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he  
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot !  
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot:  
 Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind !  
 Each prayer accepted and each wish resign'd;  
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;  
 "Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;"  
 Desires composed, affections ever even;  
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven.  
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams,  
 And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.  
 For her the unfading rose of Eden blooms,  
 And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;  
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal-ring,  
 For her white virgins hymeneals sing,  
 To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,  
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,  
 Far other raptures, of unholy joy:  
 When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,  
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,  
 Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,  
 All my loosed soul unbounded springs to thee.  
 I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,  
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.  
 I call aloud; it hears not what I say:  
 I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.  
 To dream once more, I close my willing eyes;  
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise;  
 Alas, no more ! methinks we wandering go  
 Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,  
 Where, round some mouldering tower, pale ivy creeps,  
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps;  
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;  
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.  
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,  
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain  
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;  
 Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose:  
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows  
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,  
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;  
 Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,  
 And mild as opening gleams of promised heaven.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?  
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.  
 Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;  
 Even thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves.  
 Ah hopeless, lasting flames; like those that burn  
 To light the dead, and warm the unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view?

The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,  
 I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,  
 Thy image steals between my God and me,  
 Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,  
 With every bead I drop too soft a tear.  
 When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,  
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,  
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,  
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:  
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,  
 While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,  
 Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,  
 While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,  
 And dawning grace is opening on my soul:  
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!  
 Oppose thyself to Heaven; dispute my heart;  
 Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes  
 Blot out each bright idea of the skies;  
 Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;  
 Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;  
 Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;  
 Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!  
 No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;  
 Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!  
 Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,  
 Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.  
 Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;  
 Forget, renounce me, hate what'er was mine.  
 Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view!)  
 Long-loved, adored ideas, all adieu!  
 O grace serene! O virtue heavenly fair!  
 Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care!  
 Fresh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!  
 And Faith, our early immortality!  
 Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;  
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,  
 Propp'd on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.  
 In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,  
 And more than echoes talk along the walls.  
 Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,

From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.  
 "Come, sister, come!" it said, or seem'd to say;  
 "Thy place is here, sad sister, come away;  
 Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,  
 Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:  
 But all is calm in this eternal sleep;  
 Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep,  
 E'en Superstition loses every fear:  
 For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,  
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.  
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,  
 Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow:  
 Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,  
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day:  
 See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,  
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!  
 Ah no!—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,  
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,  
 Present the cross before my lifted eye,  
 Teach me at once, and learn of me, to die.  
 Ah then, thy once-loved Eloisa see!  
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me.  
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly!  
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!  
 Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;  
 And even my Abelard be loved no more.  
 O Death, all-eloquent! you only prove  
 What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then, too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,  
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,)  
 In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,  
 Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,  
 From opening skies may streaming glories shine,  
 And saints RECEIVE thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,  
 And graft my love immortal on thy fane!  
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,  
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;  
 If ever chance two wandering lovers brings  
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,  
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads;  
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds;  
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved,  
 "Oh may we never love as these have loved!"  
 From the full choir when loud Hosannahs rise,  
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,  
 Amid that scene if some relenting eye  
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,

Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,  
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.  
And sure if fate some future bard shall join  
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,  
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,  
And image charms he must behold no more;  
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;  
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;  
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;  
He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

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## EPISTLES.

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### EPISTLE TO ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD AND EARL OF MORTIMER.

Sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr Parnell's Poems, published by our author, after the said earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

SUCH were the notes thy once-loved poet sung,  
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.  
Oh just beheld, and lost! admired and mourn'd!  
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!  
Blest in each science, blest in every strain!  
Dear to the Muse!—to HARLEY dear—in vain!

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,  
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;  
For SWIFT and him, despised the farce of state,  
The sober follies of the wise and great;  
Dext'rous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,  
And pleased to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,  
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear,)  
Recall those nights that closed thy toilsome days,  
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,  
Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,  
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;  
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,  
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine  
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:  
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,  
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,  
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,  
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;  
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:  
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,  
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.

When Interest calls off all her sneaking train,  
 And all the obliged desert, and all the vain;  
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,  
 When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.  
 Even now she shades thy evening-walk with bays,  
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise,)  
 Even now, observant of the parting ray,  
 Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day,  
 Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,  
 Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

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## EPISTLE TO JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.,

SECRETARY OF STATE.

A SOUL as full of worth, as void of pride,  
 Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,  
 Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,  
 And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.  
 A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,  
 That darts severe upon a rising lie,  
 And strikes a blush through frontless flattery.  
 All this thou wert; and being this before,  
 Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more.  
 Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,  
 Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;  
 But candid, free, sincere, as you began,  
 Proceed—a minister, but still a man.  
 Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)  
 Ashamed of any friend, not even of me:  
 The patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;  
 If not, 'tis I must be ashamed of you.

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## EPISTLE TO MR JERVAS,

WITH MR DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S ART OF  
PAINTING.

THIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse  
 This, from no venal or ungrateful muse.  
 Whether thy hand strike out some free design,  
 Where life awakes, and dawns at every line;  
 Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,  
 And from the canvas call the mimic face:

Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire  
 Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire:  
 And reading, wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,  
 So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name;  
 Like them to shine through long succeeding age,  
 So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,  
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;  
 Like friendly colours found them both unite,  
 And each from each contract new strength and light.  
 How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,  
 While summer suns roll unperceived away!  
 How oft our slowly-growing works impart,  
 While images reflect from art to art!  
 How oft review; each finding like a friend  
 Something to blame, and something to commend.

What flattering scenes our wandering fancy wrought,  
 Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!  
 Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,  
 Fired with ideas of fair Italy.  
 With thee, on Raphael's monument I mourn,  
 Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:  
 With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,  
 Or seek some ruin's formidable shade:  
 While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,  
 And builds imaginary Rome anew,  
 Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye;  
 A fading fresco here demands a sigh;  
 Each heavenly peace unwearied we compare,  
 Match Raphael's grace with thy loved Guido's air,  
 Caracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,  
 Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears  
 This small, well-polish'd gem, the work of years!  
 Yet still how faint by precept is express'd  
 The living image in the painter's breast!  
 Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,  
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;  
 Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies  
 An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed  
 Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead:  
 Call round her tomb each object of desire,  
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:  
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,  
 The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:  
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;  
 Then view this marble, and be vain no more!  
 Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;

Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.  
 Beauty, frail flower! that every season fears,  
 Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.  
 Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,  
 And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes;  
 Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,  
 And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those colours may they shine,  
 Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;  
 New graces yearly like thy works display,  
 Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;  
 Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;  
 And finish'd more through happiness than pains.  
 The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,  
 One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.  
 Yet should the graces all thy figures place,  
 And breathe an air divine on every face;  
 Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll  
 Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;  
 With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,  
 And these be sung till Granville's Myra die:  
 Alas! how little from the grave we claim!  
 Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

### EPISTLE TO MRS BLOUNT,

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

In these gay thoughts the loves and graces shine,  
 And all the writer lives in every line;  
 His easy art may happy nature seem,  
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.  
 Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,  
 Who without flattery pleased the fair and great;  
 Still with esteem no less conversed than read;  
 With wit well-natured, and with books well-bred:  
 His heart, his money, and his friend did share,  
 His time, the muse, the witty, and the fair.  
 Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,  
 Cheerful he play'd the trifle, life, away;  
 Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,  
 As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.  
 Even rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,  
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before:  
 The truest hearts for Voiture heaved with sighs,

Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes :  
 The smiles and loves had died in Voiture's death,  
 But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the strict life of graver mortals be  
 A long, exact, and serious comedy ;  
 In every scene some moral let it teach,  
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach.  
 Let mine an innocent gay farce appear,  
 And more diverting still than regular,  
 Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,  
 Though not too strictly bound to time and place :  
 Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please,  
 Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much your sex is by their forms confined,  
 Severe to all, but most to womankind ;  
 Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide ;  
 Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride ;  
 By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame ;  
 Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.  
 Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,  
 But sets up one, a greater in their place :  
 Well might you wish for change by those accurst,  
 But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.  
 Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,  
 Or bound in formal, or in real chains ;  
 Whole years neglected, for some months adored,  
 The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.  
 Ah quit not the free innocence of life,  
 For the dull glory of a virtuous wife ;  
 Nor let false shows nor empty titles please :  
 Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,  
 Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,  
 The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,  
 And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.  
 She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,  
 A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing !  
 Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part,  
 She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.

But, madam, if the fates withstand, and you  
 Are destined Hymen's willing victim too ;  
 Trust not too much your now resistless charms,  
 Those, age or sickness, soon or late, disarms :  
 Good-humour only teaches charms to last.  
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past ;  
 Love, raised on beauty, will like that decay,  
 Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day ;  
 As flowery bands in wantonness are worn,  
 A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn ;

This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,  
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's early care\* still shone the same,  
And Montausier was only changed in name:  
By this, even now they live, even now they charm,  
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle, on the Elysian coast,  
Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost:  
Pleased, while with smiles his happy lines you view,  
And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.  
The brightest eyes of France inspired his muse;  
The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;  
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride  
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

### EPISTLE TO THE SAME,

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION.†

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care  
Drags from the town to wholesome country air,  
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,  
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;  
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,  
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:  
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,  
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;  
Not that their pleasures caused her discontent,  
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.  
She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,  
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:  
She went from opera, park, assembly, play,  
To morning-walks, and prayers three hours a day;  
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,  
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,  
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,  
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon:  
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,  
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;  
Up to her godly garret after seven,  
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heaven.

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;  
Whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in sack;  
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,  
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—No words!  
Or with his hound comes hallooing from the stable;

\* Mademoiselle Paulet.

† Of King George I., 1715.

Makes love with nods and GLANCES, WHEN HE'S ABLE;  
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,  
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,  
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;  
In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,  
See coronations rise on every green;  
Before you pass the imaginary sights  
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,  
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes;  
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.  
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,  
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls;  
So when your slave, at some dear idle time,  
(Not plagued with headaches, or the want of rhyme,)  
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,  
And while he seems to study, thinks of you;  
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,  
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,  
GAY pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,  
Streets, chairs, and cockcombs, rush upon my sight;  
Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,  
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

### TO MRS MARTHA BLOUNT,

#### ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Oh be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,  
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend:  
Not with those toys the female world admire,  
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.  
With added years, if life bring nothing new,  
But like a sieve let every blessing through,  
Some joys still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,  
And all we gain, some sad reflection more;  
Is that a birthday? 'tis, alas! too clear,  
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,  
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,  
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,  
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.  
Let day improve on day, and year on year,  
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;  
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,  
In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,  
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,  
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

## TO MR THOMAS SOUTHERN,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepared to die,  
 With not one sin, but poetry,  
 This day Tom's fair account has run  
 (Without a blot) to eighty-one.  
 Kind Boyle, before his poet lays  
 A table, with a cloth of bays;  
 And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,  
 Presents her harp still to his fingers.  
 The feast, his towering genius marks  
 In yonder wild-goose and the larks!  
 The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden!  
 And for his judgment, lo a pudden!  
 Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,  
 And grace, although a bard, devout.  
 May Tom, whom Heaven sent down to raise  
 The price of prologues and of plays,  
 Be every birthday more a winner,  
 Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;  
 Walk to his grave without reproach,  
 And scorn a rascal in a coach.

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## MORAL ESSAYS.

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se  
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:  
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, saepe jocoso,  
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetae  
Interdum urbani, parentis viribus, atque  
Extenuantis eas consulto. Hon.

### EPISTLE I.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

#### ARGUMENT.

##### OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

I. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the *abstract*: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own *experience* singly. General maxims, unless they be formed upon *both*, will be but notional. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c. The shortness of life, to observe in, and the uncertainty of the *principles of action* in men, to observe by. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest. Nothing constant and certain but *God* and *Nature*. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions. II. Yet to form characters, we can only take the *strongest actions* of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from *nature* itself and from *policy*. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world. And some reason for it. Education alters the *nature*, or at least the character, of many. *Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles*, all subject to change. No judging by *nature*. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his *RULING PASSION*: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions. Instantiated in the extraordinary character of *Clodio*. A caution against mistaking *second qualities* for *first*, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind. Examples of the strength of the *ruling passion*, and its continuation to the last breath.

I. YES, you despise the man to books confined,  
Who from his study rails at humankind;  
Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance  
Some general maxims, or be right by chance.

The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,  
That from his cage cries, LIAR, THIEF, and knave,  
Though many a passenger he rightly call,  
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,  
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.  
To observations which ourselves we make,  
We grow more partial for the observer's sake;  
To written wisdom, as another's, less.  
Maxims are drawn from notions, those from guess.  
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,  
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:  
Shall only man be taken in the gross?  
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;  
Next that he varies from himself no less:  
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,  
And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,  
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?  
On human actions reason though you can,  
It may be reason, but it is not man:  
His principle of action once explore,  
That instant 'tis his principle no more.  
Like following life through creatures you dissect,  
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the difference is as great between  
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.  
All manners take a tincture from our own;  
Or come discolour'd through our passions shewn.  
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,  
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,  
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:  
In vain sedate reflections we would make,  
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.  
Oft, in the passions' wide rotation toss'd,  
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost;  
Tired, not determin'd, to the last we yield,  
And what comes then is master of the field.  
As the last image of the troubled heap,  
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,  
(Though past the recollection of the thought,)  
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:  
Something as dim to our internal view,  
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known;  
Others so very close, they're hid from none;  
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light;)

\* Lord God.  
† Louis XI.  
‡ Philip, Du  
tious in judic  
§ Philip V.  
|| Victor Au

Thus gracious CHANDOS is beloved at sight;  
 And every child hates Shylock, though his soul  
 Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.  
 At half mankind when generous MANLY raves,  
 All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves:  
 When universal homage Umbra pays,  
 All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.  
 When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,  
 While one there is who charms us with his spleen.  
 But these plain characters we rarely find;  
 Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:  
 Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;  
 Or affectations quite reverse the soul.  
 The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy;  
 And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie:  
 Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;  
 The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.  
 See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;  
 Alone, in company; in place, or out;  
 Early at business, and at hazard late;  
 Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;  
 Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;  
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall!  
 Cautious is ever moral, ever grave,  
 Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,  
 Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,  
 A rogue with venison to a saint without.  
 Who would not praise Patritio's\* high desert,  
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,  
 His comprehensive head! all interests weigh'd,  
 All Europe saved, yet Britain not betray'd?  
 He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,  
 Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.  
 What made (say Montaigne, or more sage Charron!)  
 Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?  
 A perjured prince a leaden saint revere,†  
 A godless regent tremble at a star?‡  
 The throne a bigot keep, § a genius quit, ||  
 Faithless through piety, and duped through wit?  
 Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,  
 And just her wisest monarch made a fool?  
 Know, God and NATURE only are the same:  
 In man, the judgment shoots at flying game;

\* Lord Godolphin.

† Louis XI. of France, when he swore by it, he feared to break his oath.

‡ Philip, Duke of Orleans, regent in the minority of Louis XV., superstitious in judicial astrology, though an unbeliever in all religion.

§ Philip V. of Spain.

|| Victor Amadeus II., King of Sardinia.

A bird of passage! gone as soon as found;  
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground.

II. In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,  
Would from the apparent *what* conclude the *why*,  
Infer the motive from the deed, and shew,  
That what we chanced was what we meant to do.  
Behold! if fortune or a mistress frowns,  
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns:  
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,  
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:  
The same adust complexion has impell'd  
Charles\* to the convent, Philip† to the field.

Not always actions shew the man: we find  
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind;  
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast;  
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:  
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,  
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.  
Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave,  
He dreads a deathbed like the meanest slave;  
Who reasons wisely, is not therefore wise,  
His pride in reasoning, not in acting lies.

But grant that actions best discover man;  
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.  
The few that glare each character must mark,  
You balance not the many in the dark.

What will you do with such as disagree?  
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?  
Must then at once (the character to save)  
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?  
Alas! in truth the man but changed his mind,  
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.

Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?  
Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat.  
Why risk the world's great empire for a WOMAN!‡  
Cæsar perhaps might say he was BUT HUMAN.  
But sage historians! 'tis your task to prove  
One action, conduct, one heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;  
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;  
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still;  
A gownman learn'd; a bishop, what you will;  
Wise, if a minister; but, if a king,  
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more everything.  
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,  
Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate:  
In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,

\* Charles V.

† Philip II.

‡ Cleopatra.

They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.  
 Though the same sun with all-diffusive rays  
 Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,  
 We prize the stronger effort of his power,  
 And justly set the gem above the flower.

'Tis education forms the common mind,  
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.  
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire;  
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;  
 Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;  
 Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave:  
 Is he a churchman?—then he's fond of power:  
 A quaker?—sly: a presbyterian?—sour:  
 A smart freethinker?—all things in an hour.  
 Ask men's opinions: Scots now shall tell  
 How trade increases, and the world goes well;  
 Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,  
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay freethinker, a fine talker once,  
 What turns him now a stupid silent dunce!  
 Some god, or spirit, he has lately found,  
 Or chanced to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by nature?—habit can efface,  
 Interest o'ercome, or policy take place:  
 By actions?—those uncertainty divides:  
 By passions?—those dissimulation hides:  
 Opinions?—they still take a wider range:  
 Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.  
 Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,  
 Tenets with books, and principles with times.

III. Search then the RULING PASSION: there, alone,  
 The wild are constant, and the cunning known;  
 The fool consistent, and the false sincere;  
 Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.  
 This clue, once found, unravels all the rest,  
 The prospect clears, and WHARTON stands confess'd.  
 Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,  
 Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:  
 Born with what'er could win it from the wise,  
 Women and fools must like him, or he dies;  
 Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,  
 The club must hail him master of the joke.  
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?  
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot\* too.  
 Then turns repentant, and his God implores  
 With the same spirit that he drink ADVERS.  
 Enough, if all around him but admire,

\* Earl of Rochester.

And now the wit applaud, and now the friar.  
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,  
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;  
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;  
 And most contemptible to shun contempt;  
 His passion still, to covet general praise,  
 His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;  
 A constant bounty which no friend has made;  
 An angel tongue, which no man can persuade!  
 A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,  
 Too rash for thought, for action too refined:  
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;  
 A rebel to the very king he loves;  
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,  
 And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great!  
 Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?  
 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,  
 Comets are regular, and WHARTON plain.  
 Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,  
 If second qualities for first they take.  
 When Catiline by rapine swell'd his stores;  
 When Cæsar's DEEDS the noble dame DEPLORES;  
 In this the lust, in that the avarice  
 Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.  
 That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,  
 Had aim'd, like him, by chastity at praise.  
 Lucullus, when frugality could charm,  
 Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.  
 In vain the observer eyes the builder's toil,  
 But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.  
 In this one passion man can strength enjoy,  
 As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.  
 Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,  
 Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.  
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,  
 Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,  
 And totter on in business to the last;  
 As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,  
 As sober Lanesb'rough dancing in the gout.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;  
 The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:  
 "Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul;  
 Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,  
 Still cries to save the hallow'd taper's end,  
 Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,  
 For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,"  
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke;)  
 "No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace  
 Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:  
 One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—  
 And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shined  
 An humble servant to all humankind,  
 Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,  
 "If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir?"

"I give and I devise" (old Euclio said,  
 And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."  
 Your money, Sir?—"My money, Sir! what, all?  
 Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."  
 The manor, Sir?—"The manor! hold," he cried,  
 "Not that,—I cannot part with that,"—and died.

And you, brave COBHAM! to the latest breath,  
 Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:  
 Such in those moments as in all the past;  
 "Oh, save my country, Heaven!" shall be your last.

## EPISTLE II.

### TO A LADY.

#### OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMAN.

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,  
 "Most women have no characters at all."  
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,  
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.  
 How many pictures of one nymph we view,  
 All how unlike each other, all how true!  
 Arcadia's countess, here, in ermined pride,  
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.  
 Here Fannia leering on her own goodman,  
 And there, a naked Leda with a swan.  
 Let then the fair one beautifully cry,  
 In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,  
 Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,  
 With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine;  
 Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,  
 If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.  
 Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!  
 Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;  
 Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it  
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye quick glancing o'er the park,  
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,  
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,  
 As Sappho's \* diamonds with her dirty smock;  
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,  
 With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask:  
 So morning insects that in muck begun,  
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;  
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.  
 To her, Calista proved her conduct nice;  
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice.  
 Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,  
 But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.  
 All eyes may see from what the change arose,  
 All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papilin, wedded to her amorous spark,  
 Sighs for the shades!—"How charming is a park!"  
 A park is purchased; but the fair he sees  
 All bathed in tears—"O odious, odious trees!"

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show;  
 'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;  
 Fine by defect, and delicately weak,  
 Their happy spots the nice admirer take.  
 'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,  
 Awed without virtue, without beauty charm'd;  
 Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;  
 Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise.  
 Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,  
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;  
 Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,  
 As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's† nature, tolerably mild,  
 To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;  
 Has even been proved to grant a lover's prayer,  
 And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;  
 Gave alms at Easter in a Christian trim,  
 And made a widow happy, for a whim.  
 Why, then, declare good-nature is her scorn,  
 When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?  
 Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?  
 A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:  
 Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,  
 Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:  
 Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns:  
 And atheism and religion take their turns;  
 A very heathen in the carnal part,  
 Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

\* Lady M. W. Montague.

† Duchess of Hamilton.



See sin in state, majestically drunk;  
 Proud as a peeress REARS HER STAFFELY TRUNK;  
 What then? let blood and body bear the fault;  
 Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought:  
 Such this day's doctrine—in another fit  
 She sins with poets through pure love of wit.  
 What has not fired her bosom or her brain?  
 Cæsar and Talbot, Charles and Charlemagne.  
 As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,  
 The nose of hautgout, and the tip of taste,  
 Critiqued your wine, and analysed your meat,  
 Yet on plain pudding deigned at home to eat:  
 So Philomede, lecturing all mankind  
 On the soft passion, and the taste refined,  
 The address, the delicacy—stoop'd at once,  
 And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.  
 Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;  
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;  
 Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give  
 The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."  
 Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!  
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.  
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?  
 A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.  
 Wise wretch! with pleasures too refined to please;  
 With too much spirit to be e'er at ease:  
 With too much quickness ever to be taught;  
 With too much thinking to have common thought:  
 You purchase pain with all that joy can give,  
 And die of nothing but a rage to live.  
 Turn then from wits! and look on Simo's mate,  
 No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.  
 Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,  
 Because she's honest, and the best of friends.  
 Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,  
 For ever in a passion, or a prayer.  
 Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her grace)  
 Cries, "Ah! how charming if there's no such place!"  
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears,  
 Of mirth and opium, ratifé and tears,  
 The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,  
 To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.  
 Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;  
 For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.  
 But what are these to great Atossa's \* mind?  
 Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!  
 Who, with herself, or others, from her birth  
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:

\* Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

Shines in exposing knaves, and painting fools,  
 Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.  
 No thought advances, but her eddy brain  
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.  
 Full sixty years the world has been her trade,  
 The wisest fool much time has ever made.  
 From loveless youth to unrespected age,  
 No passion gratified, except her rage.  
 So much the fury still contran the wit,  
 The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.  
 Who breaks with her, provokes revenge, so FELL,  
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well.  
 Her every turn with violence pursued,  
 No more a storm her hate than gratitude:  
 To that each passion turns, or soon or late;  
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:  
 Superiors! death! and equals?—what a curse!  
 But an inferior not dependent!—worse.  
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;  
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:  
 But die, and she'll adore you—Then the bust  
 And temple rise—then fall again to dust.  
 Last night her lord was all that's good and great;  
 A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.  
 Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,  
 By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,  
 By wealth of followers! without one distress,  
 Sick of herself through very selfishness!  
 Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,  
 Childless with all her children, wants an heir.  
 To heirs unknown, descends the unguarded store,  
 Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.

Pictures like these, dear madam, to design,  
 Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;  
 Some wandering touches, some reflected light,  
 Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:  
 For how could equal colours do the knack?  
 Cameleons who can paint in white and black?

"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."—  
 Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.

"With every pleasing, every prudent part,  
 Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.  
 She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;  
 But never, never reach'd one generous thought.  
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,  
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever.  
 So very reasonable, so unmoved,  
 As never yet to love, or to be loved.  
 She, while her lover pants upon her breast,

Can mark the figures on an Indian chest :  
 And when she sees her friend in deep despair,  
 Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.  
 Forbid it, Heaven, a favour or a debt  
 She e'er should cancel!—but she may forget.  
 Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;  
 But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.  
 Of all her dears she never slander'd one,  
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.  
 Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?  
 She bids her footman put it in her head.  
 Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?  
 Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.  
 One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,  
 Which Heaven has varnish'd out and made a queen.  
 THE SAME FOR EVER! and described by all  
 With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.  
 Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,  
 And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.  
 'Tis well—but, artists! who can paint or write,  
 To draw the naked is your true delight.  
 That robe of quality so struts and swells,  
 None see what parts of nature it conceals;  
 The exactest traits of body or of mind,  
 We owe to models of an humble kind.  
 If QUEENSBERRY to strip there's no compelling,  
 'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.  
 From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing  
 To draw the man who loves his God or king:  
 Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)  
 From honest Mahomet,\* or plain Parson Hale.  
 But grant, in public, men sometimes are shewn,  
 A woman's seen in private life alone:  
 Our bolder talents in full light display'd;  
 Your virtues open fairest in the shade,  
 Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;  
 There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,  
 Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,  
 That each may seem a virtue or a vice.  
 In men, we various ruling passions find;  
 In women two almost divide the kind;  
 Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,  
 The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.  
 That, nature gives; and where the lesson taught  
 Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?  
 Experience, this; by man's oppression curst,  
 They seek the second not to lose the first.  
 Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;  
 \* A servant, said to be the son of a Turkish pasha.

But every woman is at heart a rake:  
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;  
But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens:  
Power all their end, but beauty all the means:  
In youth they conquer, with so wild a rage,  
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:  
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;  
No thought of peace or happiness at home.  
But wisdom's triumph is well-timed retreat,  
As hard a science to the fair as great!  
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,  
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,  
Worn out in public, weary every eye,  
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,  
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;  
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,  
To covet flying, and regret when lost:  
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,  
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;  
Ashamed to own they gave delight before,  
Reduced to feign it, when they give no more:  
As hags hold Sabbaths less for joy than spite,  
So these their merry, miserable night:  
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,  
And haunt the places where ALL honour died.

See how the world its veterans rewards!  
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;  
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,  
Young without lovers, old without a friend;  
A sop for their passion, but their prize a sot,  
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!

Ah, friend! to dazzle let the vain design;  
To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine!  
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring  
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:  
So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,  
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,  
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,  
And unobserved the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;  
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear  
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;  
She, who no'er answers till a husband cools,  
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;  
Charms by accepting, by submitting ways,  
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;

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Let fops or fortune fly which way they will ;  
 Disdains all loss of tickets or codille ;  
 Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,  
 And mistress of herself, though china fall.  
 And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,  
 Woman's at best a contradiction still.  
 Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can  
 Its last best work, but forms a softer man ;  
 Picks from each sex, to make the favourite bless'd,  
 Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest :  
 Blends, in exception to all general rules,  
 Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools :  
 Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,  
 Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;  
 Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new ;  
 Shakes all together, and produces—you.  
 Be this a woman's fame : with this unbless'd,  
 Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.  
 This Phœbus promised (I forget the year)  
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;  
 Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,  
 Averted half your parents' simple prayer ;  
 And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf  
 That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.  
 The generous god, who wit and gold refines,  
 And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,  
 Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,  
 To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

## EPISTLE III.

TO ALLEN LORD BATHURST.

This epistle was written after a violent outcry against our author, on suspicion that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington ; at the end of which are these words : " I have learnt that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous ; and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high places, and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their

miseries; and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones."

## ARGUMENT.

## OF THE USE OF RICHES.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, *avarice* or *profusion*. The point discussed whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind. That riches, either to the *avaricious* or the *prodigal*, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities. That *avarice* is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose. Conjectures about the motives of *avaricious* men. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the order of PROVIDENCE, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions. How a *miser* acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable. How a *prodigal* does the same. The due medium and true use of riches. The Man of Ross. The fate of the *profuse* and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death. The story of Sir Balaam.

P. Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,  
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?  
You hold the word from Jove to Momus given;  
That man was made the standing jest of Heaven;  
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,  
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,  
(And surely, Heaven and I are of a mind,)  
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,  
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground.  
But when by man's audacious labour won,  
Flamed forth this rival to its sire, the sun,  
Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men,  
To squander these, and those to hide again.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,  
We find our tenets just the same at last.  
Both fairly owning, riches, in effect,  
No grace of Heaven, or token of the elect;  
Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,  
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres,\* and the Devil.

B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows,  
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,  
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:  
What nature wants, (a phrase I much distrust,)  
Extends to luxury, extends to lust:

\* John Ward, Esq. of Hackney, Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood on the pillory, on the 17th of March 1727.

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Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,  
But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, society extend.

P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid.

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.

In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave;

If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.

Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,\*

From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,

And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,

"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."

Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!

That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!

Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,

Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;

A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,†

Or ship off senates to a distant shore:

A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro

Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow:

Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,

And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,

Still, as of old, encumber'd villany!

Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,

With all their brandies or with all their wines?

What could they more than knights or squires con-  
found,

Or water all the quorum ten miles round?

A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!

"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;

Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;

A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor avarice one torment more would find;

Nor could profusion squander all in kind.

Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;

And Worldly crying coals from street to street;‡

Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so mazed,

Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman crazed,

\* This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted by the king, where he had received a large bag of guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.

† Alludes to several ministers, councillors, and patriots, banished in our times to Siberia, and to that more glorious fate of the PARLIAMENT OF PARIS, banished to Pontoise in the year 1790.

‡ Some misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve; till one of them, taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these misers was worth ten thousand, another seven thousand a year.

Had Colepepper's\* whole wealth been hops and hogs,  
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?  
 His grace will game: to White's a bull he led,  
 With spurning heels and with a butting head.  
 To White's be carried, as to ancient games,  
 Fair coursers, vases, and alluring flames.  
 SHALL soft Adonis, so perfum'd and nice,  
 Drive to St James's a whole herd of swine?  
 Oh, filthy check on all industrious skill,  
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, quadrille!  
 Since then, my lord, or such a world we fall,  
 What say you? B. Say! Why, take it, gold and all.  
 P. What riches give us let us then inquire:  
 Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more? P. Meat, clothes,  
 and fire.

Is this too little? would you more than live?  
 Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.  
 Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)  
 Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!  
 What can they give? to dying Hopkins,† heirs?  
 To Chartres, vigour; Japhet,‡ nose and ears!  
 Can they in gems bid pallid Hippias glow,  
 In Fulvia's bosom ease the throbs below:  
 Or heal, old Narsæ, thy SEVERER ail,  
 With all the embroidery plaster'd at thy tail?  
 They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)  
 Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;  
 Or find some doctor that would save the life  
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife:  
 But thousands die without or this or that,  
 Die, and endow a college, or a cat.§  
 To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,  
 To enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.  
 Perhaps you think the poor might have their part?  
 Bond scorns the poor, and hates them from his heart:  
 The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule  
 That every man in want is knave or fool:  
 "God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)  
 The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:

\* Sir William Colepepper, Bart., a person of an ancient family and ample fortune, without one other quality of a gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the gaming-table, passed the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a post in the army, which was offered him.

† A citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins*.

‡ Japhet Crook, alias *Sir Peter Stranger*, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forgot the conveyance of an estate to himself.

§ A duchess in her last will left considerable legacies and annuities to her cat's

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But the good bishop, with a meeker air,  
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,  
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself :  
Condemn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides  
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.

B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,  
Must act on motives powerful, though unknown.

P. Some war, some plague, or famine, they foresee,  
Some revelation hid from you and me.

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found,  
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made directors cheat in South-Sea year ?  
To live on venison when it sold so dear.\*

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys ?  
Phryne foresees a general excise. †

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum ?  
Alas ! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,  
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold :  
Glorious ambition ! Peter swell thy store,  
And be what Rome's great Didius ‡ was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,  
To just three millions stinted modest Gage ;  
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,  
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold :  
Congenial souls, whose life one avarice joins,  
And one fate buries in the Asturian mines.

Much injured Blunt ! § why bears he Britain's hate ?  
A wizard told him in these words our fate :

" At length corruption, like a general flood,  
(So long by watchful ministers withstood,)  
Shall deluge all ; and avarice creeping on,  
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun ;  
Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,  
Peeress and butler share alike the box,  
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,  
And mighty dukes pack cards for half-a-crown.  
See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,  
And France revenged on ANNE's and EDWARD's arms !"  
'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener ! fired thy brain,  
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain :  
No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see

\* A haunch of venison cost from three to five pounds.

† Many people, about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation.

‡ A Roman lawyer, so rich as to purchase the empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.

§ Sir John Blunt was one of the first projectors of the famous South Sea Company.

Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,  
 And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,  
 To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.  
 "All this is madness," cries a sober sage:  
 But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?  
 "The ruling passion, be it what it will,  
 The ruling passion conquers reason still."  
 Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,  
 Than even that passion, if it has no aim;  
 For though such motives folly you may call,  
 The folly's greater to have none at all.  
 Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heaven each passion ends,  
 And different men directs to different ends.  
 Extremes in nature equal good produce,  
 Extremes in man concur to general use."  
 Ask me what makes one keep, and one bestow?  
 That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,  
 Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,  
 Through reconciled extremes of drought and rain,  
 Builds life on death, on change duration founds,  
 And gives the eternal wheels to know their round.  
 Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,  
 Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.  
 Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,  
 Sees but a backward steward for the poor;  
 This year a reservoir, to keep and spare:  
 The next, a fountain, spouting through his hair,  
 In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,  
 And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.  
 Old Cotta shamed his fortune and his birth,  
 Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:  
 What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)  
 His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?  
 His court with nettles, moats with cresses stored,  
 With soups unbought and salads bless'd his board?  
 If Cotta lived on pulse, it was no more  
 Than Brahmins, saints, and sages, did before;  
 To cram the rich with prodigal expense,  
 And who would take the poor from Providence?  
 Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,  
 Silence without, and fasts within the wall;  
 No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,  
 No noontide bell invites the country round:  
 "Onants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,  
 And turn the unwilling steeds another way:  
 Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,  
 Curse the saved candle, and unopening door;  
 While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,  
 Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son; he mark'd this oversight,  
 And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.  
 (For what to shun will no great knowledge need,  
 But what to follow, is a task indeed.)  
 Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,  
 More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.  
 What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,  
 Fill the capacious squire, and deep divine!  
 Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,  
 His oxen perish in his country's cause;  
 'Tis GEORGE and L BERTY that crowns the cup,  
 And zeal for that great house which eats him up.  
 The woods recede around the naked seat,  
 The silvans groan—no matter—for the fleet:  
 Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands;  
 Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.  
 To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,  
 And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope.  
 And shall not Britain now regard his toils,  
 Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?  
 In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,  
 His thankless country leaves him to her laws.  
 The sense to value riches, with the art

To enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,  
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,  
 Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude;  
 To balance fortune by a just expense,  
 Join with economy, magnificence;  
 With splendour, charity; with plenty, health;  
 Oh, teach us, BATHURST! yet unspoild by wealth!  
 That secret rare, between the extremes to move  
 Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well weigh'd be bounty given,  
 And ease, or emulate, the care of Heaven;  
 (Whose measure full o'erflows on human race;)  
 Mend fortune's fault, and justify her grace.  
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffused;  
 As poison heals, in just proportion used:  
 In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,  
 But well dispersed, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?  
 The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.  
 Is there a lord, that knows a cheerful noon  
 Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon?  
 Whose table, wit, or modest merit share,  
 Unelbow'd by a gamester, or a player!  
 Who copies yours, or OXFORD's better part,  
 To ease the oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?  
 Where'er he shines, O Fortune! gild the scene,

And angels guard him in the golden mean!  
There, English bounty yet awhile may stand,  
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross?  
Rise, honest muse! and sing the MAN of ROSS;\*  
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,  
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.  
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?  
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow!  
Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd,  
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,  
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain  
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.  
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?  
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?  
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?  
"The MAN of ROSS!" each lisping babe replies.  
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!  
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread;  
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,  
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:  
Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans bless'd,  
The young who labour, and the old who rest.  
Is any sick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,  
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.  
Is there a variance? enter but his door,  
Balk'd are the courts, and content is no more.  
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,  
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue  
What all so wish, but want the power to do!  
Oh say, what sums that generous hand supplies?  
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts, and taxes, wife and children clear,  
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.  
Blush, grandeur, blush; proud courts, withdraw your blaze!  
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?  
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name:  
Go, search it there,† where to be born and die,  
Of rich and poor, makes all the history;

\* The person here celebrated, who with a small estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost, (partly by the title of *The Man of Ross*, given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription,) was called Mr John Kyrie. He died in the year 1724, aged ninety, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire.

† The Register.

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Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,  
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and cures.  
*Moral Essays, page 301.*

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Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between ;  
 Proved, by the ends of being, to have been.  
 When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend  
 The wretch, who living saved a candle's end :  
 Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,  
 Belies his features, nay, extends his hands ;  
 That livelong wig which Gorgon's self might own,  
 Eternal buckle takes in parian stone.  
 Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend !  
 And see, what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,  
 The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,  
 On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,  
 With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,  
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed  
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,  
 Great Villiers lies \*—alas ! how changed from him,  
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !  
 Gallant and gay, in Cliefden's proud alcove,  
 The bower of wanton Shrewsbury † and love ;  
 Or just as gay, at council, in a ring  
 Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.  
 No wit to flatter, left of all his store !  
 No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.  
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,  
 And fame ; this lord of useless thousands ends.

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,  
 And well (he thought) advised him, "Live like me."  
 As well his Grace replied, "Like you, Sir John !  
 That I can do, when all I have is gone."  
 Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,  
 Want with a full, or with an empty purse ?  
 Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,  
 Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd !  
 Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,  
 For very want ; he could not build a wall.  
 His only daughter in a stranger's power,  
 For very want ; he could not pay a dower.  
 A few gray hairs his reverend temples crown'd,  
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.  
 What, e'en denied a cordial at his end,  
 Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend ?  
 What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,

\* This duke, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been possessed of about 200,000 a year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687.

† The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The earl, her husband, was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel ; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the duke's horse in the habit of a page.

Yet numbers feel the want of what he had !  
Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,  
" Virtue ! and wealth ! what are ye but a name ! "

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepared ?  
Or are they both, in this, their own reward ?  
A knotty point ! to which we now proceed.  
But you are tired—I'll tell a tale.—B. Agreed.

P. Where London's column,\* pointing at the skies  
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies ;  
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,  
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name ;  
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth ;  
His word would pass for more than he was worth.  
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,  
An added pudding solemnised the Lord's :  
Constant at church, and 'Change ; his gains were sure,  
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,  
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old :  
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,  
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Roused by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep  
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep ;  
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,  
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,  
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes :  
" Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word ;  
And lo ! two puddings smoked upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,  
An honest factor stole a gem away :  
He pledged it to the knight ; the knight had wit,  
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.  
Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought,  
" I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat ;  
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—  
And am so clear too of all other vice."

The tempter saw his time ; the work he plied ;  
Stock and subscriptions pour on every side,  
Till all the demon makes his full descent  
In one abundant shower of cent. per cent.,  
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,  
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,  
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit ;  
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,

\* The Monument, built in memory of the Great Fire of London, with an inscription importing that city to have been burned by the Papists. The inscription has since been erased.

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And God's good providence a lucky hit.  
 Things change their titles as our manners turn :  
 His counting-house employ'd the Sunday morn ;  
 Seldom at church, ('twas such a busy life,)  
 But duly sent his family and wife.  
 There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide  
 My good old lady catch'd a cold, and died.  
 A nymph of quality admires our knight ;  
 He marries, bows at court, and grows polite :  
 Leaves the dull city, and joins (to please the fair)  
 The well-bred GENTLES in St James's air :  
 First, for his son a gay commission buys,  
 Who SWEARS, drinks, fights, and in a duel dies :  
 His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife ;  
 She bears a coronet and FOOL FOR life.  
 In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,  
 And one more pensioner St Stephen gains.  
 My lady falls to play ; so bad her chance,  
 He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France ;  
 The House impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;  
 The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs :  
 Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own,  
 His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown :  
 The devil and the king divide the prize.  
 And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

## EPISTLE IV.

TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

## ARGUMENT.

## OF THE USE OF RICHES.

The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word *taste*. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in everything else, is *good-sense*. The chief proof of it is to follow nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the *genius* and *use* of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please *long, if at all* ; and the best examples and ruins will be but perverted into something burdensome and ridiculous. A description of the *false taste* of magnificence ; the first grand error of which is to imagine that greatness consists in the *size* and *dimension*, instead of the *proportion* and *harmony* of the whole ; and the second, either in joining together parts *incoherent*, or too minutely *resembling*, or in the *repetition* of the same too frequently. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments. Yet PROVIDENCE is justified in giving wealth

to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, (recurring to what is laid down in the first book, Ep. ii. and in the epistle preceding this.) What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men, and finally, the great and public works which become a prince.

'Tis strange, the miser should his cares employ  
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:  
Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste  
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?  
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;  
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats:  
He buys for Topham,\* drawings and designs,  
For Pembroke, statues, dirty gods, and coins;  
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,  
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.  
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?  
Only to shew how many tastes he wanted.  
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?  
Some demon whisper'd, "Visto! have a taste."  
Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,  
And needs no rod but Ripley† with a rule.  
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,  
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:  
A standing sermon, at each year's expense,  
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You shew us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,  
And pompous buildings once were things of use.  
Yet shall (my lord) your just, your noble rules,  
Fill half the land with imitating fools;  
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,  
And of one beauty many blunders make;  
Load some vain church with old theatric state,  
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate;  
Reverse your ornaments; and hang them all  
On some patch'd dog-hole eked with ends of wall;  
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,  
That, laced with bits of rustic, makes a front:  
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,  
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;  
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,  
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Of have you hinted to your brother peer,  
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:  
Something there is more needful than expense,  
And something previous e'en to taste—'tis sense:

\* A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings.

† This man was a carpenter, employed by a first minister, who raised him to an architect, without any genius in the art; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him comptroller of the Board of Works.

Good-sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,  
And though no science, fairly worth the seven :  
A light, which in yourself you must perceive;  
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,  
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,  
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot;  
In all, let nature never be forgot.  
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,  
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;  
Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,  
Where half the skill is decently to hide.  
He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,  
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all;  
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;  
Or helps the ambitious hill the heavens to scale,  
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale:  
Calls in the country, catches open glades,  
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;  
Now breaks, or now directs, the intending lines;  
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow sense, of every art the soul,  
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,  
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,  
Start even from difficulty, strike from chance :  
Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow  
A work to wonder at—perhaps a *Stowen*.

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls,  
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:  
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,  
Lo! *COBHAM* comes, and floats them with a lake:  
Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,  
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.  
Even in an ornament its place remark,  
Nor in an hermitage set *Dr Clarke*.\*

Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete;  
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet;  
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,  
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;  
A waving glow the bloomy beds display,  
Blushing in bright diversities of day,  
With silver-quivering rills meander'd o'er—  
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;  
Tired of the scene parterres and fountains yield,  
He finds, at last, he better likes a field.

Through his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,

\* *Dr S. Clarke's busto*, placed by the Queen in the hermitage, while the doctor duly frequented the court.

Or sat delighted in the thickening shade,  
 With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,  
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet !  
 His son's fine taste an opening vista loves,  
 Foe to the dryads of his father's groves ;  
 One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,  
 With all the mournful family of yews :  
 The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,  
 Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,  
 Where all cry out, " What sums are thrown away !"  
 So proud, so grand ; of that stupendous air,  
 Soft and agreeable come never there.  
 Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught  
 As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.  
 To compass this, his building is a town,  
 His pond an ocean, his parterre a down ;  
 Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,  
 A puny insect, shivering at a breeze !  
 Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around !  
 The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground.  
 Two cupids squirt before : a lake behind  
 Improves the keenness of the northern wind.  
 His gardens next your admiration call,  
 On every side you look, behold the wall !  
 No pleasing intricacies intervene,  
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;  
 Grove nods at grove, each valley has a brother,  
 And half the platform just reflects the other.  
 The suffering eye inverted nature sees,  
 Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees ;  
 With here a fountain, never to be play'd ;  
 And there a summer-house, that knows no shade ;  
 Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers ;  
 There gladiators fight, or die in flowers ;  
 Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,  
 And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,  
 Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen :  
 But soft—by regular approach—not yet—  
 First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat ;  
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,  
 Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His study ! with what authors is it stored ?  
 In books, not authors, curious is my lord ;  
 To all their dated backs he turns you round ;  
 These Aldus printed, those Du Suëil has bound !  
 Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good  
 For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.

\* Verrio  
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For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,  
These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,  
That summons you to all the pride of prayer:  
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,  
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.  
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,  
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,\*  
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,  
And bring all paradise before your eye.  
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,  
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.†

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;  
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:  
The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,  
And gaping tritons spout to wash your face.  
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?  
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.  
A solemn sacrifice, perform'd in state,  
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.  
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear  
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.  
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,  
From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the king.  
In plenty starving, tantalised in state,  
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,  
Treated, caress'd, and tired, I take my leave,  
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;  
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,  
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.

Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed:‡  
Health to himself, and to his infants bread  
The labourer bears: what his hard heart denies,  
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear  
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,  
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,  
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?  
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.  
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,  
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

\* Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, &c., at Windsor, Hampton Court, &c., and Laguerre at Blenheim Castle, and other places.

† This is a fact. A reverend dean, preaching at court, threatened the sinner with punishment in "a place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an assembly."

‡ This is the moral of the whole; where Providence is justified in giving riches to those who squander them in this manner. A bad taste employs more hands, and diffuses wealth more usefully than a good one.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,  
 Or makes his neighbours glad if he increase:  
 Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,  
 Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;  
 Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed  
 The milky heifer, and deserving steed;  
 Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,  
 But future buildings, future navies grow:  
 Let his plantations stretch from down to down,  
 First shade a country, and then raise a town.

You too proceed! make falling arts your care,  
 Erect new wonders, and the old repair;  
 Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,  
 And be what'er Vitruvius was before:  
 Till kings call forth the ideas of your mind,  
 (Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd,)  
 Bid harbours open, public ways extend,  
 Bid temples worthier of the god ascend,  
 Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,  
 The mole projected break the roaring main;  
 Back to his bounds their subject sea command,  
 And roll obedient rivers through the land:  
 These honours, peace to happy BRITAIN brings,  
 These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

### EPISTLE V.

TO MR ADDISON,

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr Addison intended to publish his book of medals; it was some time before he was Secretary of State; but not published till Mr Tickell's edition of his works: at which time the verses on Mr Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added—viz, in 1720.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!  
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears!  
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread!  
 The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!  
 Imperial wonders raised on nations spoil'd,  
 Where, mix'd with slaves, the groaning martyr toil'd:  
 Hugo theatres, that now unpeopled woods,

Now drain'd a distant country of her floods :  
 Fane, which admiring gods with pride survey,  
 Statues of men, scarce less alive than they !  
 Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,  
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage.  
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,  
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.  
 Perhaps, by its own ruins saved from flame,  
 Some hurried marble half preserves a name ;  
 That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,  
 And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd : she found it vain to trust  
 The faithless column, and the crumbling bust :  
 Huge moles, whose shadows stretch'd from shore to shore,  
 Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more !  
 Convinced, she now contracts her vast design,  
 And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.  
 A narrow ORB each crowded conquest keeps,  
 Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.  
 Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,  
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine ;  
 A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,  
 And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,  
 Through cliimes and ages bears each form and name :  
 In one short view, subjected to our eye,  
 Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.  
 With sharpen'd sight, pale antiquaries pore,  
 The inscription value, but the rust adore.  
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,  
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !  
 To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,  
 One grasps a Cæcrops in ecstatic dreams.  
 Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,  
 Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd :  
 And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,  
 Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine :  
 Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine ;  
 Her gods, and godlike heroes rise to view,  
 And all her faded garlands bloom anew.  
 Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage ;  
 These pleased the fathers of poetic rage ;  
 The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,  
 And art reflected images to art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,  
 Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame ?  
 In living medals see her wars enroll'd,  
 And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold !

Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;  
 There warriors frowning in historic brass:  
 Then future ages with delight shall see  
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;  
 Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shewn,  
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison.  
 Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)  
 On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;  
 With aspect open, shall erect his head,  
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read,  
 "Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,  
 In action faithful, and in honour clear;  
 Who broke no promise, served no private end,  
 Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;  
 Ennobled by himself, by all approved,  
 And praised, unenvied, by the muse he loved."

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# SATIRES.

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EPISTLE TO DR ARBURTHNOT,

BEING

THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

---

## ADVERTISEMENT.

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune (the authors of "Verses to the Imitator of Horace," and of an "Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court") to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings, (of which, being public, the public is judge,) but my *person, morals, and family*, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself*, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this epistle. If it have anything pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *truth*, and the *sentiment*; and if anything offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the *vicious* or the *ungenerous*.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have for the most

part spared their *names*, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeness*.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! \* fatigued I said,  
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.  
The Dog-star rages; nay, 'tis past a doubt,  
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:  
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,  
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.  
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?  
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,  
By land, by water, they renew the charge,  
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.  
No place is sacred, not the church is free,  
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:  
Then from the Mint† walks forth the man of rhyme;  
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson much be-mused in beer,  
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,  
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,  
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?  
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls  
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?  
All fly to TWICK'NAM, and in humble strain  
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.  
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,  
Imputes to me and to my works the cause:  
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,  
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,  
The world had wanted many an idle song)  
What *drop* or *nostrum* can this plague remove?  
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?  
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,  
If foes, they write,—if friends, they read me dead.

\* John Serle, his servant.

† A place to which insolvent debtors retired to enjoy an illegal protection from the persecution of their creditors.

Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I !  
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie :  
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,  
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.  
I sit with sad civility, I read  
With honest anguish, and an aching head ;  
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,  
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years ! cries he, who high in Drury Lane,  
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,  
Rheumatically wakes, and prints before Term ends,  
Obligingly hunger, and request of friends :  
"The piece, you think, is incorrect ! why, take it,  
I'm in submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,  
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me : "You know his Grace,  
I want a patron ; ask him for a place."

Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter  
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

Dare you refuse him ! Curl invites to dine,  
He'll write a *journal*, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me ! a packet—" 'Tis a stranger sues,  
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage !"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There, (thank my stars,) my whole commission ends,  
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.

Fired that the house reject him, "Sdeath, I'll print it,  
And shame the fools—Your interest, sir, with Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue ! will think your price too much :

"Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks ;

At last he whispers, "Do ; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

" 'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,

(Midas, a sacred person and a king,)

His very minister who spied them first

(Some say his queen) was forced to speak or burst.

And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,

When every coxcomb perks them in my face !

A. Good friend, forbear ! you deal in dang'rous  
things.

I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings ;

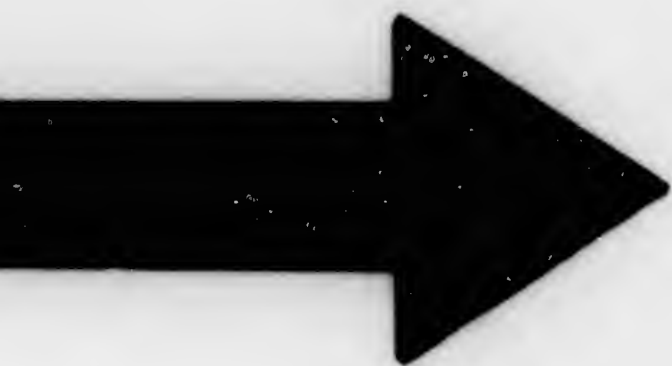
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick.

'Tis nothing—P. Nothing ! if they bite and kick !

Out with it, DUNCLAD ! let the secret pass,

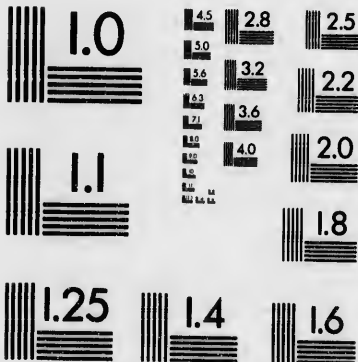
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass ;





# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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APPLIED IMAGE Inc

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

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,  
No creature smarts so little as a fool.  
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,  
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:  
Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurl'd,  
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.  
Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,  
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:  
Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,  
The creature's at his dirty work again,  
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,  
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!  
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,  
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?  
Does not one table Bavius still admit?  
Still to one bishop Phillips seem a wit?  
Still Sappho—A. Hold! for PEACE's sake—you'll offend.  
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:  
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;  
But foes like these—P. One flatterer's worse than all.  
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,  
it is the slaver kills, and not the bite.  
A fool quite angry is quite innocent,  
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,  
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:  
One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,  
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.  
This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,  
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."  
There are, who to my person pay their court:  
I cough like *Horace*, and, though lean, am short;  
*Ammon's* great son one shoulder had too high,  
Such *Ovid's* nose, and "Sir! you have an eye."  
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see,  
All that disgraced my betters, met in me.  
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,  
"Just so immortal *Maro* held his head!"  
And when I die, be sure you let me know  
Great *Homer* died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown  
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?  
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
I liep'd in numbers, for the numbers came.  
I left no calling for this idle trade,  
No duty broke, no father disobey'd.  
The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,

To help me through this long disease, my life,  
To second, ARBURTHNOT! thy art and care,  
And teach the being you preserved, to bear.

A. But why then publish!—P. *Granville* the polite,  
And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;  
Well-natured *Garth* inflamed with early praise,  
And *Congreve* loved, and *Swift* endured my lays;  
The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,  
Even mitred *Rochester* would nod the head,  
And *St John's* self (great *Dryden's* friends before)  
With open arms received one poet more.

Happy my studies, when by these approved!  
Happier their author, when by these beloved!  
From these the world will judge of men and books,  
Not from the *Burnet's*, *Oldmixon's*, and *Cooks*.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence  
While pure description held the place of sense?  
Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flowery theme,  
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.

Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;  
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still.  
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;  
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.  
If want provoked, or madness made them print,  
I waged no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;  
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kiss'd the rod.  
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,  
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.  
Commas and points they set exactly right,  
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.  
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,  
From slashing *Bentley* down to peddling *Tibbalds*:  
Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,  
Each word-catcher that lives on syllables,  
Even such small critics some regard may claim,  
Preserved in *Milton's* or in *Shakespeare's* name.  
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms,  
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!  
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how they POSSIBLY got there.

Were others angry, I excused them too;  
Well might they rage, I gave them but their duo.  
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;  
But each man's secret standard in his mind,  
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,  
This, who can gratify! for who can guess?  
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,  
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,



Just writes to make his barrenness appear,  
And strains, from hard-tound brains, eight lines a  
year;

He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft,  
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:  
And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,  
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:  
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,  
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:  
All these my modest satire bade translate,  
And own'd that nine such Poets made a Tate.  
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!  
And swear not AEDISON himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires  
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;  
Blest with each talent and each art to please,  
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:  
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,  
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;  
Kill with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;  
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;  
Alike reserve to blame, or to commend,  
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;  
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,  
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;  
Like *Cato*, give his little senate laws,  
And sit attentive to his own applause;  
While wits and templars every sentence raise,  
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—  
Who but must laugh, if such an one there be?  
Who would not weep, if *Arcades* were he?

What though my name stood rubric on the walls,  
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?  
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,  
On wings of winds came flying all abroad!  
I sought no homage from the race that write;  
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:  
Poems I heeded (now berhymed so long)  
No more than thou, great *Georgel* a birthday song.  
I ne'er with wits or wittlings pass'd my days,  
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;  
Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town,  
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;  
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,  
With handkerchief and orange at my side;

But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,  
To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state.

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

May some choice patron bless his gray goose-quill!  
May every *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still!  
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,  
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,  
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,  
May dunce by dunce be whistled of my hands!  
Bless'd be the great for those they take away,  
And those they left me—for they left me *GAY*;  
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,  
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:  
Of all thy blameless life, the sole return  
My verse, and *QUEENSBERRY* weeping o'er thy urn!  
Oh let me live my own, and die so too!  
(To live and die is all I have to do)  
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,  
And see what friends, and read what books I please:  
Above a patron, though I condescend  
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.  
I was not born for courts or great affairs;  
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;  
Can sleep without a poem in my head,  
Nor know if *Dennis* be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?  
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?  
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)  
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?  
"I found him close with *Swift*—Indeed! no doubt  
(Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out."

\* Lord Halifax.

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

*Sporus*, that mere white curd of ass's milk!  
 Satire of sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?  
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?  
 P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,  
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;  
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,  
 Yet wit no'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:  
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight  
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.  
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,  
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.  
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,  
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,  
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,  
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,  
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,  
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies,  
 His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*.

\* Lord Hervey.

\* As,  
 to Mr B  
 theless  
 † Nax  
 Bathurs  
 Mr Gay  
 papers,  
 obecure

Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,  
 And he himself one vile antithesis.  
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,  
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,  
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,  
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.  
 Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd,  
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,  
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,  
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,  
 Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,  
 Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,  
 That, if he pleased, he pleased by many ways:  
 That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,  
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same:  
 That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,  
 But stoop'd to truth, and moralised his song:  
 That not for fame, but virtue's better end,  
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,  
 CONDEMNING critic, half-approving wit,  
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;  
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,  
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;  
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,  
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;  
 The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,\*  
 The imputed trash, and dulness not his own;  
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,  
 The libell'd person, and the pictured shape;  
 Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread,†  
 A friend in exile, or a father dead;  
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,  
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOVEREIGN'S ear—  
 Welcome for thee, fair *virtue*! all the past:  
 For thee, fair *virtue*! welcome even the *last*!  
 A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?  
 P. A knave's a knave to me, in every state:  
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,  
*Sporus* at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,  
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,  
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;

\* As, that he received subscriptions for Shakspeare, that he set his name to Mr Broome's verses, &c., which, though publicly disapproved, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated.

† Namely, on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr Swift, Dr Arbuthnot, Mr Gay, his friends, his parents, and his very nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Duckett, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons.

If on a pillory, or near a throne,  
 He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.  
 Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,  
*Sappho* can tell you how this man was bit:  
 This dreaded satirist *Dennis* will confess  
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:  
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,  
 Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay, has rhymed for *Moore*.  
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?  
 Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted's* lie.  
 To please his SWEETHEART, one aspersed his life;  
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:  
 Let *Budgell* charge low *Grub Street* on his quill,  
 And write whate'er he pleased, except his will;\*  
 Let the two *Curlls* of town and court, abuse  
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.  
 Yet why? that father held it for a rule,  
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:  
 That harmless mother thought no wife WAS POOR,  
 Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore!*  
 Unspotted names, and memorable long!  
 If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,  
 While yet in *Britain* honour had applause)  
 Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—  
 P. Their own;

And better got, than *Bestia's* from the throne.  
 Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,  
 Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,  
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,  
 The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.  
 No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,  
 Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.  
 Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,  
 No language but the language of the heart.  
 By nature honest, by experience wise,  
 Healthy by temperance, and by exercise;  
 His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,  
 His death was instant, and without a groan.  
 Oh grant me thus to live, and thus to die!  
 Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!  
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:  
 Me, let the tender office long engage,  
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,  
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,

\* Alluding to *Tindal's* will; by which, and other indirect practices, *Budgell*, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,  
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
 And keep a while one parent from the sky!  
 On cares like these, if length of days attend,  
 May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,  
 Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,  
 And just as rich as when he served a QUEEN.

A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,  
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

ore.

es, Budzell,  
 at the whole

## SATIRES AND EPISTLES OF HORACE IMITATED.

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Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquabitur.—HOR.

---

### ADVERTISEMENT.

The occasion of publishing these "Imitations" was the clamour raised on some of my "Epistles." An answer from Horace was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the *princes* and *ministers* under whom they lived. The "Satires" of Dr Donne I versified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage,—the mistaking a *satirist* for a *libeller*; whereas to a *true satirist* nothing is so odious as a *libeller*, for the same reason as to a man *truly virtuous* nothing is so hateful as a *hypocrite*.

Uni sequus virtuti atque ejus amicus.

## SATIRE I.

TO MR FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are, (I scarce can think it, but am told,)  
 There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold:  
 Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,  
 And something said of Chartres much too rough,  
 The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,  
 Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.  
 Timorous by nature, of the rich in awe,  
 I come to counsel learned in the law:  
 You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,  
 Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.

F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,  
 And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.  
 I nod in company, I wake at night,  
 Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.  
 Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife:  
 Or rather truly, if your point be rest,  
 Lettuce and cowslip-wine; *probatum est*.  
 But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise  
 Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.  
 Or, if you needs must write, write CÆSAR'S praise,  
 You'll gain at least a *knighthood* or the *bays*.

P. What? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,  
 With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK, crowd the verse,  
 Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,  
 With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?  
 Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,  
 Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?

F. Then all your muse's softer art display,  
 Let CAROLINA smooth the tuneful lay,  
 Lull with AMELIA'S liquid name the Nine,  
 And sweetly flow through all the royal line.

P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;  
 They scarce can bear their *laureate* twice a year;  
 And justly CÆSAR scorns the poet's lays,  
 It is to *history* he trusts for praise.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,  
 Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,  
 Abuse the city's best good men in metre,  
 And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.  
 E'en those you touch not hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:



The fewer still you name, you wound the more;  
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny  
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie;  
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see  
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she;  
F—— loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,  
Like in all else, as one egg to another.  
I love to pour out all myself as plain  
As downright SMIPPEN, or as old Montaigne:  
In them as certain to be loved as scen,  
Tho' soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;  
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,  
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.  
In this impartial glass, my muse intends  
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;  
Publish the present age; but where my text  
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next;  
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,  
And every friend the less lament my fate.  
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,  
Verse-man or prose-man, term me which you will,  
Papist or Protestant, or both between,  
Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,  
In moderation placing all my glory,  
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet  
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;  
I only wear it in a land of Hectors,  
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.  
Save but our *army*! and let Jove incrust  
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!  
Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more:  
But touch me, and no minister so sore.  
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time  
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,  
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,  
And the sad burthen of some merry song.

Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage,  
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.  
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,  
O'ERPOWER'D by love, or libell'd by her hate.  
Its proper power to hurt, each creature feels:  
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;  
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;  
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.  
So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,  
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.  
Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short,)

Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court,  
 Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,  
 Attends to gild the evening of my day,  
 Or Death's black wing already be display'd,  
 To wrap me in the universal shade;  
 Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,  
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write;  
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,  
 Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.

F. Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long!  
 In flower of age you perish for a song!

Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,  
 Will club their testers, now, to take your life!

P. What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,  
 Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;  
 Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;  
 Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;  
 Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,  
 Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?  
 Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain  
 Flatterers and bigots e'en in Louis' reign?  
 Could laurate Dryden pimp and friar engage,  
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?

And I not strip the gilding off a knave,  
 Unplaced, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?  
 I will, or perish in the generous cause:  
 Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.

Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave  
 Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.  
 TO VIRTUE ONLY AND HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,  
 The world beside may murmur, or commend.  
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,  
 Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.  
 There, my retreat the best companions grace,  
 Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.  
 There St JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl  
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul:  
 And he, whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,\*  
 Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,  
 Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain  
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

*Envy* must own I live among the great,  
 No MAN of pleasure, and no spy of state,  
 With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,  
 Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;  
 To help who want, to forward who excel;

\* Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who, with only two hundred and eighty horse and nine hundred foot, accomplished the conquest of Valencia.

This all who know me, know; who love me, tell;  
And who unknown defame me, let them be  
Scribblers or peers, alike are *mob* to me.

This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—  
What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?

F. Your plea is good; but still I say beware!  
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.  
It stands on record, that in Richard's times  
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.  
Consult the statute: *quart.* I think, it is,  
*Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.*

See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.

P. *Libels and Satires!* lawless things indeed!  
But grave *epistle* ringing vice to light,  
Such as a king may read, a bishop write,  
Such as SIR ROBERT would approve—

F. Indeed!  
The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;  
In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd,  
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

## THE SECOND SATIRE

OF THE

## SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

### TO MR BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art  
To live on little with a cheerful heart;  
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)  
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.  
Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride  
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;  
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,  
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.  
Hear BETHEL's sermon, one not versed in schools,  
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.  
Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)  
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.  
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,  
Or fish denied, (the river yet unthaw'd,)

If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,  
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men  
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;  
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,  
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.  
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,  
(Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat)  
Yet for small turbot's such esteem profess?  
Because God made these large, the other less.  
Oldfield with more than harpy throat endued,  
Cries, "Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued!"  
Oh, blast it, south winds! till a stench exhale  
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.  
By what criterion do ye cat, d'ye think,  
If this is prized for sweetness, that for stink?  
When the tired glutton labours through a treat,  
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,  
He calls for something bitter, something sour,  
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:  
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see;  
Thus much is left of old simplicity;  
The robin-redbreast all of late had rest,  
And children sacred held a martin's nest,  
Till becafcicos sold so VERY dear,  
To one that was, or would have been, a peer.  
Let me extol a cat, on oysters fed;  
I'll have a party at the Bedford Head:\*  
Or e'en to crack live craw-fish recommend;  
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.  
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother  
About one vice, and fall into the other;  
Between excess and famine lies a mean;  
Plain, but not sordid, though not splendid, clean.  
Avidien or his wife, (no matter which,  
For him you'll call a dog, and her a witch,)  
Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,  
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:  
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,  
And is at once their vinegar and wine.  
But on some lucky day (as when they found  
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd)  
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,  
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:  
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,  
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,  
And neither leans on this side nor on that;

\* A famous eating-house in Maiden Lane.

Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,  
 Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;  
 Nor lets, like Nævius, every error pass,  
 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

Now hear what blessings temperance can bring :  
 (Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)  
 First health : the stomach (cramm'd from every dish  
 A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,  
 Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar  
 And all the man is one intestine war)  
 Remembers oft the schoolboy's simple fare,  
 The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale, each worshipful and reverend guest  
 Rise from a clergy or a city feast !  
 What life in all that ample body say ?  
 What heavenly particle inspires the clay ?  
 The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines  
 To seem but mortal, e'en in sound divines.

On morning wings how active springs the mind  
 That leaves the load of yesterday behind ?  
 How easy every labour it pursues ?  
 How coming to the poet every muse ?  
 Not but we may exceed, some holy time,  
 Or tired in search of truth, or search of rhyme ;  
 Ill health some just indulgence may engage,  
 And more the sickness of long life, old age :  
 For fainting age what cordial drop remains,  
 If our intemperate youth the vessel drains ?

Our fathers praised rank venison. You suppose,  
 Perhaps, young men, our fathers had no nose.  
 Not so : a buck was then a week's repast.  
 And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last,  
 More pleased to keep it till their friends could come,  
 Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.  
 Why had not I in those good times my birth,  
 Ere coxcomb-pies, or coxcombs were on earth ?

Unworthy he the voice of Fame to hear,  
 That sweetest music to an honest ear.  
 (For 'faith, Lord Fanny ! you are in the wrong,  
 The world's good word is better than a song)  
 Who has not learn'd, fresh sturgeon and ham-pie  
 Are no rewards for want, and infamy !  
 When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,  
 Cursed by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,  
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,  
 Think how posterity will treat thy name ;  
 And buy a rope, that future times may tell  
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

"Right," cries his lordship, "for a rogue in need

To have a taste, is insolence indeed :  
 In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,  
 My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."  
 Then, like the sun, let Bounty spread her ray,  
 And shine that superfluity away.  
 O impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,  
 How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor ?  
 Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall ?  
 Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall :  
 Or to thy country let that heap be lent,  
 As M——o's was, but not at five per cent.

Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,  
 Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.  
 And who stands safest ? tell me, is it he  
 That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,  
 Or blest with little, whose preventing care  
 In peace provides fit arms against a war ?

Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his thought,  
 And always thinks the very thing he ought :  
 His equal mind I copy what I can,  
 And as I love, would imitate the man.  
 In South Sea days not happier, when surmised  
 The lord of thousands, than if now excised ;  
 In forest planted by a father's hand,  
 Than in five acres now of rented land.  
 Content with little, I can peddle here  
 On brocoli and mutton round the year ;  
 But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)  
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.  
 'Tis true, no turbot's dignify my boards,  
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords :  
 To Hounslow Heath I point, and Banstead Down,  
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own :  
 From you old walnut-tree a shower shall fall ;  
 And grapes, long lingering on my only wall,  
 And figs from standard and espalier join ;  
 No TASTE is in you if you cannot dine :  
 Then cheerful healths, (your WIFE shall have a place,)  
 And what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast ;  
 Though double tax'd, how little have I lost ?  
 My life's amusements have been just the same,  
 Before and after standing armies came.  
 My lands are sold, my father's house is gone ;  
 I'll hire another's ; is not that my own,  
 And yours, my friends ? through whose free-opening gate  
 None comes too early, none departs too late ;  
 (For I who hold sage Homer's rule the best,  
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)

"Pray Heaven it last!" (cries SWIFT) "as you go on,  
 I wish INDEED this house had been your own:  
 Pity! to build, without a son or wife:  
 Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."  
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,  
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?  
 What's *property*? dear SWIFT! you see it alter  
 From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;  
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;  
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;  
 Or, in pure equity, (the case not clear,)  
 The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year:  
 At best, it falls to some ungracious son,  
 Who cries, "My father's DEAD, and all's my own,"  
 Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford,  
 Become the portion of a booby lord;  
 And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,\*  
 Slides to a scrivener or a city knight.  
 Let lands and houses have what lords they will,  
 Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

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### THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

### FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

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#### TO LORD BOLINGBROKE

ST JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,  
 Matures r y present, and shall bound my last!  
 Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?  
 Now sick alike of envy and of praise.  
 Public too long, ah, let me hide my age!  
 See modest Cibber now has left ths stage:  
 Our generals now, retired to their estates,  
 Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,  
 In life's cool evening satiate of applause,  
 Nor fond of bleeding, e'en in BRUNSWICK'S cause.

A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,  
 ('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear.)  
 "Friend Pope! be prudent, let your muse take breath,  
 And never gallop Pegasus to death;

\* Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

Less stiff and stately, void of fire or force,  
You limp, like Blackmore, on a lord mayor's horse."

Farewell then, verse, and love, and every toy,  
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;  
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,  
Let this be all my care—for this is all:

To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste  
What every day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not to what doctors I apply;

Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:

As drives the storm, at any door I knock:

And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.

Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,

Mix with the world, and battle for the state,

Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,

Still true to virtue, and as warm as true:

Sometimes with Aristippus, or St Paul,

Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;

Back to my native moderation slide,

And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,

Long as the night to her whose love's away,

Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,

When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one:

So slow the unprofitable moments roll,

That lock up all the functions of my soul;

That keep me from myself; and still delay

Life's instant business to a future day:

That task, which as we follow, or despise,

The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise,

Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;

And which not done, the richest must be poor.

Late as it is, I put myself to school,

And feel some comfort not to be a fool.

Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,

Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite;

I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,

To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.

Not to go back, is somewhat to advance;

And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move

With wretched avarice, or as wretched love?

Know, there are words, and spells, which can control

Between the fits this fever of the soul;

Know there are rhymes which, fresh and fresh

applied,

Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.

Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,

Slave to a wife, or to a vassal sunk,



A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch bear:  
All that we ask is but a patient ear.

'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor;  
And the first wisdom, to be fool no more.  
But to the world no bugbear is so great,  
As want of figure, and a small estate.  
To either India see the merchant fly,  
Scared at the spectre of pale poverty!  
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,  
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!  
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,  
Nothing to make philosophy thy friend!  
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,  
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?  
Here, Wisdom calls: "Seek virtue first, be bold!  
As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."  
There, London's voice: "Get money, money still!  
And then let Virtue follow, if she will."  
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,  
From low St James's up to high St Paul;  
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,  
To him who notches sticks\* at Westminster.

Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;  
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds.  
A pension, or such harness for a slave  
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.  
Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth;  
But Bug and D—I, their Honours, and so forth.

Yet every child another song will sing,  
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."  
True, conscious honour is to feel no sin,  
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;  
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass;  
Compared to this, a minister's an ass.

And say, to which shall our applause belong,  
This new court jargon, or the good old song?  
The modern language of corrupted peers,  
Or what was spoke at CRECY and POITIERS?  
Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,  
With praise or infamy leave that to fate;  
Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;  
If not, by any means get wealth and place."  
For what? to have a box where eunuchs sing,  
And foremost in the circle eye a king.  
Or he, who bids thee face with steady view  
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness through.  
And, while he bids thee, sets the example too?  
If such a doctrine, in St James's air,

\* Exchequer Tallies.

Should chance to make the well-drest rabble stare;  
 If honest Schutz take scandal at a spark,  
 That less admires the palace than the park:  
 Faith I shall give the answer reynard gave:  
 "I cannot like, dread sir, your royal cave:  
 Because I see, by all the tracks about,  
 Full many a beast goes in, but none come out."  
 Adieu to virtue, if you're once a slave:  
 Send her to court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a king's a lion, at the least  
 The people are a many-headed beast:  
 Can they direct what measures to pursue,  
 Who know themselves so little what to do?  
 Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,  
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:  
 Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,  
 Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;  
 The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;  
 Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;  
 Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn;  
 Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;  
 While with the silent growth of ten per cent.,  
 In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,  
 Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:  
 But shew me one who has it in his power  
 To act consistent with himself an hour.  
 Sir Job sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,  
 "No place on earth," he cried, "like Greenwich-hill!"  
 Up starts a palace: lo! the obedient base  
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,  
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face.  
 Now let some whimsy, or that devil within  
 Which guides all those who know not what they  
 mean,

But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen;  
 "Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,  
 For snug's the word: my dear! we'll live in town."

At amorous Flavio is the stocking thrown!—  
 That very night he longs to be alone.  
 The fool, whose wife just scolds him thrice a quarter,  
 For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.

Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,  
 Transform themselves so strangely as the rich!—  
 Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch!

They change their weekly barber, weekly news,  
 Prefer a new japanner to their shoes,  
 Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run  
 (They know not whither) in a chaise and one;

They hire their sculler, and when once aboard,  
 Grow sick—and hate the climate—like a lord.  
 You laugh, half beau, half sloven if I stand,  
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;  
 You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,  
 White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!  
 But when no prelate's lawn, with hair-shirt lined,  
 Is half so incoherent as my mind,  
 When (each opinion with the next at strife,  
 One ebb and flow of follies all my life)  
 I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;  
 Turn round to square, and square again to round;  
 You never change one muscle of your face,  
 You think this madness but a common case;  
 Nor once to Chancery, nor to Hale apply;  
 Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry!  
 Careless how ill I with myself agree,  
 Kind to my dress, my figure,—not to me.  
 Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?  
 This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend?  
 Who ought to make me (what he can or none,)
 That man divine whom wisdom calls her own;  
 Great without title, without fortune bless'd;  
 Rich e'en when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd;  
 Loved without youth, and follow'd without power;  
 At home, though exiled; free, though in the Tower;  
 In short, that reasoning, high, immortal thing,  
 Just less than Jove, and much above a king,  
 Nay, half in heaven—except (what's mighty odd,)
 A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god.

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### THE SIXTH EPISTLE

OF THE

### FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

---

TO MR MURRAY,

AFTERWARDS EARL OF MANFIELD.

"Nor to admire, is all the art I know,  
 To make men happy, and to keep them so."  
 (Plain truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flowers of speech,  
 So take it in the very words of Creech.)

This vault of air, this congregated ball,  
 Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,  
 There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes  
 Look through, and trust the ruler with his skies,  
 To him commit the hour, the day, the year,  
 And view this dreadful all—without a fear.  
 Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,  
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;  
 All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?  
 Or popularity? or stars and strings?  
 The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?  
 Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze  
 And pay the great our homage of amaze?  
 If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,  
 The fear to want them is as weak a thing:  
 Whether we dread, or whether we desire,  
 In either case, believe me, we admire;  
 Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,  
 Surprised at better, or surprised at worse.  
 Thus good or bad to one extreme betray  
 The unbalanced mind, and snatch the man away;  
 For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;  
 The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.  
 Go then, and, if you can, admire the state  
 Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;  
 Procure a TASTE to double the surprise,  
 And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes:  
 Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,  
 Our birthday nobles' splendid livery.  
 If not so pleased, at council-board rejoice,  
 To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;  
 From morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,  
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.  
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?  
 For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?  
 Shall one whom nature, learning, birth, conspired  
 To form, not to admire, but be admired,  
 Sigh, while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,  
 Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?  
 Yet time ennobles, or degrades each line;  
 It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine:  
 And what is fame? the meanest have their day,  
 The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.  
 Graced as thou art, with all the power of words,  
 So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:  
 Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,  
 (More silent far) where kings and poets lie;  
 Where MURRAY (long enough his country's pride)  
 Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!

Rack'd with sciatics, PAINED IN EVERY BONE,  
 Will any mortal let himself alone?  
 See Ward by batter'd beams invited over,  
 And desperate misery lays hold on Dover.  
 The case is easier in the mind's disease;  
 There all men may be cured, whene'er they please.  
 Would ye be blest! despise low joys, low gains;  
 Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains;  
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

But art thou one whom new opinions sway,  
 One who believes as Tindal leads the way,  
 Who virtue and a church alike disowns,  
 Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?  
 Fly then, on all the wings of wild desire,  
 Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.  
 Is wealth thy passion? hence! from pole to pole,  
 Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,  
 For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,  
 Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold:  
 Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;  
 On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,  
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)  
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.  
 For, mark the advantage, just so many score  
 Will gain a wife with half as many more,  
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,  
 And then such friends—as cannot fail to last.  
 A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,  
 Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.  
 (Believe me, many a German prince is worse,  
 Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse.)  
 His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;  
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;  
 Or if three ladies, like a luckless play,  
 Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.  
 Now, in such exigencies not to need,  
 Upon my word you must be rich indeed;  
 A noble superfluity it craves,  
 Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;  
 Something, which for your honour they may cheat,  
 And which it much becomes you to forget.  
 If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,  
 Still, still be getting; never, never rest.

But if to power and place your passion lie,  
 If in the pomp of life consist the joy;  
 Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord,  
 To do the honours, and to give the word;  
 Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,  
 To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,

Whom honour with your hand : to make remarks  
 Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks :  
 "This may be troublesome, is near the chair ;  
 That makes three members, this can choose a mayor."  
 Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,  
 Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,  
 Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.

Or if your life be one continued treat,  
 If to live well means nothing but to eat ;  
 Up, up ! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,  
 Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey ;  
 With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—  
 So Russel did, but could not eat at night,  
 Call'd happy dog ! the beggar at his door,  
 And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.

Or shall we every decency confound,  
 Through taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round ?  
 Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo  
 K——l's lewd cargo, or Ty——y's crew,  
 From Latian syrens, French Circæan feasts,  
 Return well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts,  
 Or for a titled WIFE, or foreign fame,  
 Renounce our country, and degrade our name ?

If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,  
 The cordial drop of life is love alone ;  
 And SWIFT cry wisely, "Vive la bagatelle !"   
 The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.  
 Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,  
 Even take the counsel which I gave you first :  
 Or better precepts if you can impart,  
 Why, do ; I'll follow them with all my heart.

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### THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

### SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

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#### ADVERTISEMENT.

The reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his  
 epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present

time, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an *absolute empire*. But to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a *free people*, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This epistle will shew the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes : one, that *Augustus was a patron of poets in general* ; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate : *Admonebat prætores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsoleferi*, &c. The other, that this piece was only a *general discourse of poetry* ; whereas it was an *apology for the poets*, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries, first, against the taste of the *town*, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age ; secondly, against the *court and nobility*, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre ; and, lastly, against the *emperor* himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shews (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors ; that their *morals* were much improved, and the license of those ancient poets restrained ; that *satire* and *comedy* were become more just and useful ; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage were owing to the *ill taste* of the *nobility* ; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the *state* ; and concludes that it was upon them the emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince by writing with a decent freedom toward him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.

## EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.\*

WHILE you, great patron of mankind ! sustain  
 The balanced world, and open all the main ;  
 Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,  
 At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend ;  
 How shall the muse, from such a monarch, steal  
 An hour, and not defraud the public weal ?

Edward and Henry, now the boast of Fame,  
 And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,  
 After a life of generous toils endured,  
 The Gaul subdued, or property secured,  
 Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,  
 Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd ;  
 Closed their long glories, with a sigh, to find  
 The unwilling gratitude of base mankind !  
 All human virtue, to its latest breath,  
 Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.  
 The great Alcides, every labour past,  
 Had still this monster to subdue at last.  
 Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray  
 Each star of meaner merit fades away !  
 Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,  
 Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee, the world its present homage pays,  
 The harvest early, but mature the praise :  
 Great friend of LIBERTY ! in kings a name  
 Above all Greek, above all Roman fame :  
 Whose word is truth, as sacred and revered,  
 As Heaven's own oracles from altars heard.  
 Wonder of kings ! like whom, to mortal eyes  
 None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.

Just in one instance, be it yet confess'd  
 Your people, Sir, are partial in the rest :  
 Foes to all living worth except your own,  
 And advocates for folly dead and gone ;  
 Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old ;  
 It is the rust we value, not the gold.  
 Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learned by rote,  
 And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote :  
 One likes no language but the Faery Queene ;  
 A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green ; †  
 And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,  
 He swears the Muses met him at the Devil. ‡

\* George II.

† A poem by James I., King of Scotland.

‡ The Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson held his Poetical Club.



Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,  
 Why should not we be wiser than our sires?  
 In every public virtue we excel;  
 We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well,  
 And learned Athens to our art must stoop,  
 Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.

If time improve our wit as well as wine,  
 Say at what age a poet grows divine?  
 Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,  
 Who died, perhaps, a hundred years ago?  
 End all dispute; and fix the year precise  
 When British bards began to immortalise?  
 "Who lasts a century can have no flaw,  
 I hold that wit a classic, good in law."

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?  
 And shall we deem him ancient, right, and sound,  
 Or fix to all eternity at once,  
 At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce?

"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;  
 By courtesy of England, he may do."

Then, by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,  
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,  
 And melt down ancients like a heap of snow:  
 While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,  
 And estimating authors by the year,  
 Bestow a garland only on a bier.

Shakspeare, (whom you and every playhouse bill  
 Style the divine, the matchless, what you will,)  
 For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,  
 And grew immortal in his own despite.  
 Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed  
 The life to come, in every poet's creed.  
 Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,  
 His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:  
 Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,  
 But still I love the language of his heart.

"Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!  
 What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?  
 In all debates where critics bear a part,  
 Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,  
 Of Shakspeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;  
 How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ.  
 How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;  
 But, for the passions, Southern, sure, and Rowe.  
 These, only these, support the crowded stage,  
 From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."

All this may be; the people's voice is odd,  
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God.  
 To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,

And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,  
 Or say our fathers never broke a rule;  
 Why then, I say, the public is a fool.  
 But let them own, that greater faults than we  
 They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.  
 Spencer himself affects the obsolete,  
 And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet;  
 Milton's strong pinion now not heaven can bound,  
 Now serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground,  
 In quibbles, angel and archangel join,  
 And God the Father turns a school-divine.  
 Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,  
 Like slashing Bentley with his desperate hook,  
 CONDEMN all Shakspeare, like the affected fool  
 At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.

But for the wits of either Charles's days,  
 The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;  
 Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,  
 (Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er,)  
 One simile, that solitary shines  
 In the dry desert of a thousand lines,  
 Or lengthen'd thought that gleams through many a page,  
 Has sanctified whole poems for an age.  
 I lose my patience, and I own it too,  
 When works are censured, not as bad but new;  
 While if our elders break all reason's laws,  
 These fools demand not pardon, but applause.  
 On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,  
 If I but ask, if any weed can grow?  
 One tragic sentence if I dare deride  
 Which Betterton's grave action dignified,  
 Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,  
 (Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names,)  
 How will our fathers rise up in a rage,  
 And swear all shame is lost in George's age!  
 You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,  
 Did not some grave examples yet remain,  
 Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,  
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still.  
 He, who to seem more deep than you or I,  
 Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,  
 Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,  
 And to debase the sons, exalts the sires.  
 Had ancient times conspired to disallow  
 What then was new, what had been ancient now?  
 Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read  
 By learned critics, of the mighty dead?  
 In days of ease, when now the weary sword  
 Was sheathed, and luxury with Charles restored;

In every taste of foreign courts improved,  
 "All, by the king's example, lived and loved."  
 Then peers grew proud in horsemanship to excel,  
 Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;  
 The soldier breathed the gallantries of France,  
 And every flowery courtier writ romance.  
 Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,  
 And yielding metal flow'd to human form :  
 Lely on animated canvas stole  
 The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.  
 No wonder then, when all was love and sport,  
 The willing Muses were debauch'd at court :  
 On each enervate string they taught the note  
 To pant, or tremble through a WOMAN'S throat.  
 But Britain, changeful as a child at play,  
 Now calls in princes, and new turns away.  
 Now Whig, new Tory, what we loved we hate;  
 Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;  
 Now for prerogative, and now for laws;  
 Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock  
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,  
 Instruct his family in every rule,  
 And send his wife to church, his son to school.  
 To worship like his fathers was his care;  
 To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;  
 To prove, that luxury could never hold;  
 And place, on good security, his gold.  
 Now times are changed, and one poetic itch  
 Has seized the court and city, poor and rich :  
 Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,  
 Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,  
 To theatres, and to rehearsals throng,  
 And all our grace at table is a song.  
 I, who so oft renounce the Muses' lie,  
 Not ——'s self e'er tells more *fib*s than I;  
 When sick of muse, or follies we deplore,  
 And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;  
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,  
 And call for pen and ink to shew our wit.

He served a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop;  
 Ward tried on pupples, and the poor, his drop;  
 E'en Radcliffe's doctors travel first to France,  
 Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.  
 Who builds a bridge, that never drove a pile?  
 (Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)  
 But those who cannot write, and those who can,  
 All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, sir, reflect: tho mischief is not great;

These madmen never hurt the church or state :  
 Sometimes the folly benefits mankind :  
 And rarely avarice taints the tuneful mind.  
 Allow him but his plaything of a pen,  
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men :  
 Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind ;  
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.  
 To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter ;  
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre.  
 Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet ;  
 And then—a perfect hermit in his diet.

Of little use the man, you may suppose,  
 Who says in verse what others say in prose ;  
 Yet let me shew, a poet's of some weight,  
 And (though no soldier) useful to the state.  
 What will a child learn sooner than a song ?  
 What better teach a foreigner the tongue ?  
 What's long or short, each accent where to place,  
 And speak in public with some sort of grace,  
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,  
 Unless he praise some monster of a king ;  
 Or virtue, or religion turn to sport,  
 To please a lewd, or unbelieving court.  
 Unhappy Dryden !—In all Charles's days,  
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays ;  
 And in our own (excuse some courtly strains)  
 No whiter page than Addison's remains.  
 He, from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,  
 And sets the passions on the side of truth ;  
 Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,  
 And pours each human virtue in the heart.  
 Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,  
 Her trade supported, and supplied her laws ;  
 And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engraved,  
 "The rights a court attack'd, a poet saved."  
 Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,  
 Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor,  
 Proud vice to brand, or injured worth adorn,  
 And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.  
 Not but there are who merit other palms ;  
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms :  
 The boys and girls whom charity maintains,  
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains :  
 How could devotion touch the country pews,  
 Unless the gods bestow'd a proper muse ?  
 Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,  
 Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.  
 The silenced preacher yields to potent strain,  
 And feels that grace his prayer bezought in vain ;

The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng,  
And Heaven is won by violence of song.

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,  
Patient of labour when the end was rest,  
Indulged the day that housed their annual grain,  
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain :  
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,  
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care :  
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,  
Smooth'd every brow, and open'd every soul :  
With growing years the pleasing license grew,  
And taunts alternate innocently flew.

But times corrupt, and Nature, ill-inclined,  
Produced the point that left a sting behind ;  
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,  
Triumphant malice raged through private life.  
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took the alarm,  
Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.  
At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,  
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound :  
Most warp'd to flattery's side ; but some, more nice,  
Preserved the freedom, and forbore the vice.  
Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,  
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.  
We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms ;  
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms ;  
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,  
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.  
Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join  
The varying verse, the full resounding line,  
The long majestic march, and energy divine.  
Though still some traces of our rustic vein,  
And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.

Late, very late, correctness grew our care,  
When the tired nation breathed from civil war.  
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,  
Shew'd us that France had something to admire.  
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,  
And full in Shakspeare, fair in Otway shone ;  
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,  
And fluent Shakspeare scarce effaced a line.

Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,  
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire  
The humble muse of comedy require.  
But in known images of life, I guess  
The labour greater, as the indulgence less.  
Observe how seldom even the best succeed :  
Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed !

What pert, low dialogue has Farquhar writ?  
 How Van\* wants grace, who never wanted wit!  
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,  
 To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause!  
 But fill their purse, our poets' work is done,  
 Alike to them, by pathos or by pun.

Oh you! whom vanity's light bark conveys  
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,  
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,  
 For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!  
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose,  
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.  
 Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,  
 The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

There still remains, to mortify a wit,  
 The many-headed monster of the pit:  
 A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd;  
 Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,  
 Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,  
 Call for the farce, the Bear, or the Black-joke.  
 What dear delight to Britons farce affords!  
 Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords:  
 (Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies  
 From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)  
 The play stands still; HANG action and discourse;  
 Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;  
 Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,  
 Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn;  
 The champion too! and, to complete the jest,  
 Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.†  
 With laughter sure Democritus had died,  
 Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.  
 Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,  
 The people, sure, the people are the sight!  
 Ah luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,  
 That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;  
 While all its throats the gallery extends,  
 And all the thunder of the pit ascends!  
 Loud as the wolves, on Orca's stormy steep,‡  
 Howl to the roarings of the northern deep;  
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,  
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;  
 Or when from court a birthday suit bestow'd,  
 Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.

\* Sir John Vanbrugh.

† The coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a coronation. In this noble contention the armour of one of the kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the champion.

‡ The northern promontory of Scotland.

Booth enters,—hark ! the universal peal !  
 “ But has he spoken ! ”—Not a syllable.  
 “ What shook the stage, and made the people stare ? ”  
 Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.  
 Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,  
 Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,  
 Let me for once presume to instruct the times,  
 To know the poet from the man of rhymes :  
 'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,  
 Can make me feel each passion that he feigns ;  
 Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,  
 With pity, and with terror, tear my heart ;  
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,  
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the poetic state,  
 Alone, deserves the favour of the great.  
 Think of those authors, sir, who would rely  
 More on a reader's sense than gazer's eye.  
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing ?  
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring ?  
 How shall we fill a library with wit,  
 When Merlin's Cave is half-unfinished yet !

My liege ! why, writers little claim your thought.  
 I guess, and, with their leave, will tell the fault !  
 We poets are (upon a poet's word)  
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd :  
 The season, when to come ; and when to go,  
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know ;  
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,  
 You lose your patience, just like other men.  
 Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend  
 A single verse, we quarrel with a friend ;  
 Repeat unask'd ; lament, the wit's too fine  
 For vulgar eyes, and point out every line.  
 But most, when straining with too weak a wing,  
 We needs will write epistles to the king ;  
 And from the moment we oblige the town,  
 Expect a place, or pension from the Crown ;  
 Or dubb'd historians by express command,  
 To enrol your triumphs o'er the seas and land,  
 Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,  
 As once for Louis, Boileau, and Racine.

Yet think, great sir ! (so many virtues shewn)  
 Ah think, what poet best may make them known ?  
 Or choose at least some minister of grace,  
 Fit to bestow the laureate's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,  
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care ;  
 And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed

To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;  
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:  
 But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.  
 The hero William, and the martyr Charles,  
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;  
 Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear  
 "No lord's anointed, but a Russian bear."

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,  
 The forms august, of king, or conquering chief,  
 E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shined  
 (In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.  
 Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,  
 Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing!  
 What seas you traversed, and what fields you fought!  
 Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!  
 How barbarous rage subsided at your word,  
 And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!  
 How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,  
 Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;  
 Till earth's extremes your mediation own,  
 And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—  
 But verse, alas! your majesty disdains;  
 And I'm not used to panegyric strains:  
 The zeal of fools offends at any time,  
 But most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.  
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,  
 That when I aim at praise they say I bite.  
 A vile encomium doubly ridicules:  
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.  
 If true, a woful likeness, and if lies,  
 "Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise:"  
 Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives;  
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves  
 (Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things  
 As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)  
 Clothe spice, line trunks, or fluttering in a row,  
 Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

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THE SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

DEAR Colonel, CODHAM's and your country's friend!  
 You love a verse, take such as I can send.



A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,  
 Bows and begins—"This lad, sir, is of Blois :<sup>\*</sup>  
 Observe his shape how clean ! his locks how curl'd !  
 My only son, I'd have him see the world :  
 His French is pure ; his voice too—you shall hear.  
 Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.  
 Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,  
 Your barber, cook, upholsterer, what you please.  
 A perfect genius at an opera song—  
 To say too much might do my honour wrong.  
 Take him with all his virtues, on my word ;  
 His whole ambition was to serve a lord ;  
 But, sir, to you with what would I not part ?  
 Though faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart.  
 Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,  
 And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry :  
 The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,  
 (Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal."

If, after this, you took the graceless lad,  
 Could you complain, my friend, he proved so bad ?  
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,  
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit ;  
 Who sent the thief that stole the cash away,  
 And punish'd him that put it in his way.

Consider then, and judge me in this light ;  
 I told you when I went, I could not write ;  
 You said the same ; and are you discontent  
 With laws to which you gave your own assent ?  
 Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time !  
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme ?

In ANNA'S wars, a soldier poor and old,  
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold :  
 Tired with a tedious march, one luckless night,  
 He slept, poor dog ! and lost it, to a doit.  
 This put the man in such a desperate mind,  
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd  
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,  
 He leap'd the trenches, scaled a castle wall,  
 Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.  
 "Prodigious well !" his great commander cried,  
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.  
 Next pleas'd his excellence a town to batter,  
 (Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter,)  
 "Go on, my friend," he cried, "see yonder walls !  
 Advance and conquer ! go where glory calls !  
 More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."  
 Don't you remember what reply he gave ?

\* A town where French is spoken in great purity.

"D'ye think me, noble general, such a sot?  
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

Bred up at home, full early I begun  
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.  
Besides, my father taught me from a lad,  
The better art to know the good from bad:  
(And little sure imported to remove,  
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)  
But knottier points we knew not half so well,  
Deprived us soon of our paternal cell;  
And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,  
Denied all posts of profit or of trust:  
Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,  
While mighty WILLIAM's thundering arm prevail'd.  
For right hereditary tax'd and fined,  
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;  
And me, the muses help'd to undergo it;  
Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.  
But, (thanks to Homer,) since I live and thrive,  
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,  
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,  
If I would scribble rather than repose.

Years following years, steal something every day,  
At last they steal us from ourselves away;  
In one our frolics, one amusements end,  
In one a LOVER drops, in one a friend:  
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,  
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?  
If every wheel of that unwearied mill,  
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?

But after all, what would you have me do?  
When out of twenty I can please not two;  
When this heroics only deigns to praise,  
Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays?  
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;  
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg;  
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,  
When Oldfield loves what Dartineus detests.

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,  
Again to rhyme; can London be the place!  
Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends,  
In crowds, in courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?  
My counsel sends to execute a deed:  
A poet begs me I will hear him read:  
In Palace-yard, at nine you'll find me there—  
At ten for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury-square—  
Before the lords, at twelve, my cause comes on—  
There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one.—

"Oh, but a wit can study in the streets,

And raise his mind above the mob he meets."  
 Not quite so well, however, as one ought;  
 A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;  
 And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,  
 ALL know, may hurt the very ablest head.  
 Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,  
 Two aldermen dispute it with an ass?  
 And peers give way, exalted as they are,  
 Even to their own air-reverence in a car?  
 Go, lofty poet! and in such a crowd,  
 Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.  
 Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run,  
 To ease and silence, every Muse's son:  
 Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,  
 Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-court.  
 How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?  
 How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?

The man, who stretch'd in Isis' palm retreat,  
 To books and study gives seven years complete,  
 See! strew'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,  
 He walks, an object new beneath the sun!  
 The boys flock round him, and the people stare:  
 So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,  
 Stepp'd from its pedestal to take the air!  
 And here, while town, and court, and city roars,  
 With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;  
 Shall I, in London, act this idle part?  
 Composing songs for fools to get by heart?

The Temple late two brother sergeants saw,  
 Who deem'd each other oracles of law;  
 With equal talents, these congenial souls,  
 One lull'd the Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;  
 Each had a gravity would make you split,  
 And shook his head at MURRAY, as a wit.  
 'Twas, "Sir, your law,"—and "Sir, your eloquence,"  
 "Yours Cowper's manner,"—and "Yours Talbot's sense."

Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,  
 Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.  
 Call Tibbald Shakspeare, and he'll swear the Nine,  
 Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.  
 Oh! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see  
 No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.  
 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease  
 Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.  
 "My dear Tibullus!" (if that will not do.)  
 "Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:  
 Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,  
 And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."  
 Much do I suffer, much to keep in peace

This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;  
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite,  
To court applause by printing what I write:  
But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough  
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,  
They treat themselves with most profound respect;  
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,  
Each praised within, is happy all day long;  
But how severely with themselves proceed  
The men, who write such verse as we can read?  
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare  
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,  
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,  
Nay, though at court (perhaps) it may find grace:  
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,  
In downright charity revive the dead;  
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,  
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;  
Command old words that long have slept, to wake,  
Words, that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake;  
Or bid the new be English ages hence,  
(For use will father what's begot by sense)  
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,  
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,  
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;  
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,  
But shew no mercy to an empty line:  
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,  
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:  
"But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;  
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."  
If such the plague and pains to write by rule,  
Better (say I) be pleased, and play the fool;  
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,  
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.  
There lived *in primo Georgii*, (they record,)  
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;  
Who, though the House was up, delighted sate,  
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:  
In all but this, a man of sober life,  
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;  
Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell,  
And much too wise to walk into a well.  
Him the LEARNED doctors and his friends immured,  
They bled, they cupp'd, they purged; in short, they  
cured:

Whereat the gentleman began to stare—  
My friends! he cried, pox take you for your care!

That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,  
Have bled and purge'd me to a simple vote.

Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate :  
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.  
There is a time when poets will grow dull :  
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school :  
To rules of poetry no more confined,  
I'll learn to smoothe and harmonise my mind,  
Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,  
And keep the equal measure of the soul.

Soon as I enter at my cuntry-door,  
My mind resumes the thread it dropt before ;  
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park corner I forgot,  
Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive grot.  
There all alone, and compliments apart,  
I ask these sober questions of my heart :

If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,  
You tell the doctor ; when the more you have  
The more you want, why not with equal ease  
Confess as well your folly as disease ?  
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,  
" Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."

When golden angels cease to cure the ill,  
You royal witchcraft BANN WITH RIGHT GOOD WILL ;  
When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place  
Indue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,  
Look in that breast, most dirty D—I be fair,  
Say, can you find out one such lodger there ?  
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,  
You go to church to hear these flatterers preach.

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,  
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,  
The wisest man might blush, I must agree  
If D—— loved sixpence, more than he.  
If there be truth in law, and use can give  
A property, that's yours on which you live.  
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford  
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord :  
All Wordly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,  
His venison too, a guinea makes your own ;  
He bought at thousands, what with better wit  
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit ;  
Now, or long since, what difference will be found !  
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,  
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,  
Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat,  
Buy every pullet they afford to eat.  
Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own

Half that the *eye* o'erlooks from Lincoln town.  
 The laws of God, as well as of the land,  
 Abhor a perpetuity should stand:  
 Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's power,  
 Loose on the point of every wavering hour;  
 Ready by force, or of your own accord,  
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.  
*Man?* and *for ever?* wretch! what wouldst thou have?  
 Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.  
 All vast possessions, (just the same the case  
 Whether you call them villa, park, or chase,)

Alas, my *BATHURST!* what will they avail?  
 Join *Cotswold* hills to *Saperton's* fair dale,  
 Let rising granaries and temples here,  
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear,  
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,  
 Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!  
 Inexorable death shall level all,  
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer, fall.  
 Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptured high,  
 Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,  
 There are who have not,—and thank Heaven there are,  
 Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.  
 Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find  
 Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.  
 Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one  
 Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;  
 The other slights, for *PLEASURE*, sports, and wines,  
 All *Townshend's* turnips, and all *Grosvenor's* mines:  
 Why one like *Bu—* with pay and scorn content,  
 Bows and votes on, in court and Parliament;  
 One driven by strong benevolence of soul,  
 Shall fly like *Oglethorpe*, from pole to pole:  
 Is known alone to that directing power,  
 Who forms the genius in the natal hour;  
 That God of Nature, who, within us still,  
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will;  
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,  
 Each individual: His great end the same.  
 Yes, sir, how small soever be my heap,  
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.  
 My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace  
 A man so poor would live without a place:  
 But sure no statute in his favour says,  
 How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:  
 I, who at some times spend, at others spare,  
 Divided between carelessness and care.  
 'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;  
 Another, not to heed to treasure more;

Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,  
And pleased, if sordid want be far away.

What is 't to me, (a passenger, I wot,)   
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?  
The ship itself may make a better figure,  
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.  
I neither strut with every favouring breath,  
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.  
In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, placed  
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

"But why all this of avarice? I have none."

I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone;  
But does no other lord it at this hour,  
As wild and mad? the avarice of power?  
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal?  
Not the black fear of death that saddens all?  
With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne,  
Despise the known, nor tremble at the unknown?  
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,  
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?  
Pleased to look forward, pleased to look behind,  
And count each birthday with a grateful mind?  
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?  
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?  
Has age but melted the rough parts away,  
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?  
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,  
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?  
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;  
You've play'd, and loved, and ate and drank your fill:  
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age  
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:  
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,  
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

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### EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR SWIFT.

'Tis true, my lord, I gave my word,  
I would be with you June the third;  
Changed it to August, and in short,  
Have kept it—as you do at court.  
You humour me when I am sick,  
Why not when I am splenetic?

In town, what objects could I meet?  
 The shops shut up in every street,  
 And funerals blackening all the ways,  
 And yet more melancholy DAYS:  
 And what a dust in every place!  
 And a thin court that wants your face,  
 And fevers raging up and down,  
 And W—— and H—— both in town!

"The dog-days are no more the case."

'Tis true, but winter comes apace:  
 Then southward let your bard retire,  
 Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,  
 And you shall see, the first warm weather,  
 Me and the butterflies together.

My lord, your favours well I know;  
 'Tis with distinction you bestow;  
 And not to every one that comes,  
 Just as a Scotsman does his plums:  
 "Pray take them, sir—enough's a feast:  
 Eat some, and pocket up the rest."

What, rob your boys! those pretty rogues!  
 "No, sir, you'll leave them to the hogs."

Thus fools, with compliments besiege ye,  
 Contriving never to oblige ye.  
 Scatter your favours on a fop,  
 Ingratitude's the certain crop;  
 And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,  
 You give the things you never care for.

A wise man always is, or should  
 Be mighty ready to do good:  
 But makes a difference in his thought  
 Betwixt a guinea and a groat.

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me  
 A safe companion, and a free;  
 But if you'd have me always near—  
 A word, pray, in your honour's car.  
 I hope it is your resolution  
 To give me back my constitution!  
 The sprightly wit, the lively eye,  
 The engaging smile, the gaiety  
 That laugh'd down many a summer sun,  
 And kept you up so oft till one;  
 And all that voluntary vein,  
 As when Belinda\* rais'd my strain.

A weasel once made shift to slink  
 In at a corn-loft through a chink,  
 But having amply stuff'd his skin,  
 Could not get out as he got in;

\* Rape of the Lock



Which one belonging to the house  
 ('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)  
 Observing, cried, "You 'scape not so!  
 Lean as you came, sir, you must go."  
 Sir, you may spare your application!  
 I'm no such beast, nor his relation;  
 Nor one that temperance advance,  
 Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans:  
 Extremely ready to resign  
 All that may make me none of mine.  
 South-Sea subscriptions take who please,  
 Leave me but liberty and ease.  
 'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,  
 Who praised my modesty and smiled.  
 Give me, I cried, (enough for me)  
 My bread, and independency!  
 So bought an annual rent or two,  
 And lived—just as you see I do;  
 Near fifty, and without a wife,  
 I trust that sinking fund, my life.  
 Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,  
 Shrink back to my paternal cell,  
 A little house, with trees a-row,  
 And, like its master, very low.  
 There died my father, no man's debtor,  
 And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.  
 To set this matter full before ye,  
 Our old friend Swift will tell his story.  
 "Harley, the nation's great support,"—  
 But you may read it, I stop short.

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### BOOK II.—SATIRE VI.

THE FIRST PART IMITATED IN THE YEAR 1714, BY DR SWIFT;  
 THE LATTER PART ADDED AFTERWARDS.

I've often wish'd that I had clear  
 For life, six hundred pounds a year,  
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,  
 A river at my garden's end,  
 A terrace-walk, and half a rood  
 Of land, set out to plant a wood.  
 Well, now I have all this and more,  
 I ask not to increase my store;  
 But here a grievance seems to lie,  
 All this is mine but till I die;

I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,  
To me and to my heirs for ever.

If I ne'er got or lost a groat,  
By any trick, or any fault;  
And if I pray by Reason's rules,  
And not like forty other fools:  
As thus, "Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!  
To grant me this and t'other acro:  
Or if it be Thy will and pleasure,  
Direct my plough to find a treasure:  
But only what my station fits,  
And to be kept in my right wits,  
Preserve, Almighty Providence!  
Just what you gave me, competence:  
And let me in these shades compose  
Something in verse as true as prose;  
Removed from all the ambitious scene,  
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen."

In short, I'm perfectly content,  
Let me but live on this side Trent;  
Nor cross the channel twice a year,  
To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must, by all means, come to town,  
'Tis for the service of the Crown.

"Lewis, the Dean will be of use,  
Send for him up, take no excuse."

The toil, the danger of the seas,  
Great ministers ne'er think of these;  
Or let it cost five hundred pound,  
No matter where the money's found.  
It is but so much more in debt,  
And *that* they ne'er consider'd yet.

"Good Mr Dean, go change your gown,  
Let my lord know you're come to town."

I hurry me in haste away,  
Not thinking it is levee-day;  
And find his honour in a pound,  
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,  
Checker'd with ribbons blue and green:  
How should I thrust myself between?  
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,  
And smiling, whispers to the next,  
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,  
To jostle here among a crowd."

Another, in a surly fit,  
Tells me I have more zeal than wit:

"So eager to express your love,  
You ne'er consider whom you shove,  
But rudely press before a duke."

I own, I'm pleased with this rebuke,  
And take it kindly meant to show  
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw :  
When twenty fools I never saw  
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,  
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case—  
That, begs my interest for a place—  
A hundred other men's affairs,  
Like bees, are humming in my ears.  
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,  
Without your help the cause is gone"—  
The duke expects my lord and you,  
About some great affair, at two—  
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,  
To get my warrant quickly sign'd :  
Consider, 'tis my first request."—  
Be satisfied, I'll do my best :—  
Then presently he falls to tease,  
"You may for certain if you please ;  
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—  
And Mr Dean, one word from you."

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,  
(October next it will be four),  
Since HARLEY bid me first attend,  
And chose me for an humble friend ;  
Would take me in his coach to chat,  
And question me of this and that ;  
As, "What's o'clock?" and "How's the wind?"  
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"  
Or gravely try to read the lix's  
Writ underneath the country signs ;  
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day  
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"  
Such tattle often entertains  
My lord and me as far as Staines,  
As once a week we travel down  
To Windsor, and again to town ;  
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,  
Might be proclaim'd at Charing Cross.  
Yet some, I know, with envy swell,  
Because they see me used so well :  
"How think you of our friend the Dean?  
I wonder what some people mean ;  
My lord and he are grown so great,  
Always together, *elle à elle*.  
What, they admire him for his jokes—  
See but the fortune of some folks!"

There flies about a strange report  
Of some express arrived at court;  
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,  
And catechised in every street.

"You, Mr Dean, frequent the great;  
Inform us, will the emperor treat?  
Or do the prints and papers lie?"  
"Faith, sir, you know as much as I."  
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!  
'Tis now no secret"—I protest  
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,  
When are the troops to have their pay?"  
And though I solemnly declare  
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,  
They stand amazed, and think me grown  
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,  
My choicest hours of life are lost;  
Yet always wishing to retreat,  
Oh, could I see my country seat!  
There leaning near a gentle brook,  
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,  
And there in sweet oblivion drown  
Those cares that haunt the court and town.  
O charming noons! and nights divine!  
Or when I sup, or when I dine,  
My friends above, my folks below,  
Chatting and laughing, all-a-row,  
The beans and bacon set before 'em,  
The grace-cup served with all decorum:  
Each willing to be pleased, and please,  
And even the very dogs at ease!  
Here no man prates of idle things;  
How this or that Italian sings,  
A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,  
Or what's in either of the houses:  
But something much more our concern,  
And quite a scandal not to learn:  
Which is the happier, or the wiser,  
A man of merit, or a miser?  
Whether we ought to choose our friends,  
For their own worth, or our own ends?  
What good, or better, we may call,  
And what, the very best of all?

Our friend Dan Prior told, (you know,)  
A tale extremely *à propos*:  
Name a town-life, and in a trice  
He had a story of two mice.  
Once on a time (so runs the fable)

A country mouse, right hospitable,  
 Received a town-mouse at his board,  
 Just as a farmer might a lord.  
 A frugal mouse upon the whole,  
 Yet loved his friend, and had a soul;  
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,  
 On just occasion, *cotte qui cotte*.  
 He brought him bacon, (nothing lean,)  
 Pudding, that might have pleased a dean;  
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,  
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;  
 Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,  
 He ate himself the rind and paring.  
 Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,  
 But shew'd his breeding and his wit;  
 He did his best to seem to eat,  
 And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat.  
 But, my DEAR friend, this savage scene!  
 For MY sake, come, and live with men:  
 Consider, mice, like men, must die,  
 Both small and great, both you and I:  
 And spend your life in joy and sport.  
 (This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.)"

The veriest hermit in the nation  
 May yield, you know, to strong temptation.  
 Away they come, through thick and thin,  
 To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn;  
 ('Twas on the night of a debate,  
 When all their lordships had sat late.)

Behold the place, where if a poet  
 Shined in description, he might shew it;  
 Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,  
 And tips with silver all the walls;  
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,  
 Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors;  
 But let it, in a word, be said,  
 The moon was up, and men a-bed,  
 The napkins white, the carpet red;  
 The guests withdrawn had left the treat,  
 And down the mice sat, *lête-à-lête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,  
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish:  
 Tells all their names, lays down the law,  
 "*Que ça est bon! Ah goûtez ça!*"  
 That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,  
 Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in.  
 Was ever such a happy swain?  
 He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.  
 "I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude

To eat so much—but all 's so good.  
 I have a thousand thanks to give—  
 My lord alone knows how to live."  
 No sooner said, but from the hall  
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all :  
 "A rat! a rat! clap to the door"—  
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor.  
 Oh for the heart of Homer's mice,  
 Or gods to save them in a trice!  
 (It was by Providence they think,  
 For your FINE stucco has no chink.)  
 "An 't please your honour," quoth the peasant :  
 "This same dessert is not so pleasant :  
 Give me again my hollow tree,  
 A crust of bread, and liberty!"

## BOOK IV.—ODE I.

## TO VENUS.

AGAIN! new tumults in my breast?  
 Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!  
 I am not now, alas! the man  
 As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.  
 Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,  
 Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.  
 To *number five* direct your doves,  
 There spread round MURRAY all your blooming loves;  
 Noble and young, who strikes the heart  
 With every sprightly, every decent part;  
 Equal, the injured to defend,  
 To charm the LOVER, or to fix the friend.  
 He with a hundred arts refined,  
 Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind :  
 To him each rival shall submit,  
 Make but his riches equal to his wit.  
 Then shall thy form the marble grace,  
 (Thy Grecian form,) and Chlœ lend the face :  
 His house embosom'd in the grove,  
 Sacred to social life and social love,  
 Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,  
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene :  
 Thither, the silver-sounding lyres  
 Shall call the smiling Loves, and young Desires;  
 There every Grace and Muse shall throng,  
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song;

There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,  
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.  
 With me, alas! those joys are o'er;  
 For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.  
 Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,  
 The still-believing, still-renew'd desire;  
 Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,  
 And all the kind deceivers of the soul!  
 But why? ah tell me, ah too dear?  
 Steals down my cheek, the involuntary tear?  
 Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,  
 Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee!  
 Thee, drest in fancy's airy beam,  
 Absent I follow through the extended dream.

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### PART OF THE NINTH OLE

#### OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

##### A FRAGMENT.

Lest you should think that verse shall die,  
 Which sounds the silver Thames along,  
 Taught on the wings of truth to fly  
 Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton sits sublime,  
 In Spenser native muses play;  
 Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,  
 Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and chiefs long since had birth  
 Ere Cæsar was, or Newton named;  
 Those raised new empires o'er the earth,  
 And these, new heavens and systems fram'd.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!  
 They had no poet, and they died.  
 In vain they schemed, in vain they bled!  
 They had no poet, and are dead.

## THE SATIRES OF DR DONNE,

(DEAN OF ST PAUL'S,) VERSIFIED.

---

Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucili* scripta legentes  
Quærere num illius, num rerum dura negarit  
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntias  
Mollius? HOR.

---

### SATIRE II.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew  
This town, I had the sense to hate it too:  
Yet here, as even in hell, there must be still  
One giant-vice so excellently ill,  
That all beside, one pities, not abhors;  
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other WOOERS.  
I grant that poetry's a crying sin;  
It brought (no doubt) the *excise* and *army* in:  
Catch'd like the plague, or love ALL CONQUERING NOW,  
But that the cure is starving, all allow  
Yet like the Papist's, is the poet's state,  
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!  
Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give  
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:  
The thief condemn'd in law already dead,  
So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.  
Thus as the pipes of some carved organ move,  
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.  
Heaved by the breath, the inspiring bellows blow:  
The inspiring bellows lie and pant below.  
One sings the fair; but songs no longer move;  
No rat is rhymed to death, nor maid to love:  
In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,  
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.  
These write to lords, some mean reward to get,  
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.



Those write because all write, and so have still  
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet  
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit:  
'Tis changed, no doubt, from what it was before;  
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:  
Sense, pass'd through him, no longer is the same;  
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs  
Who live like Sutton, or who die like Chartres.  
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,  
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;  
Wicked as pages, who in early years  
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears.  
Even those I pardon, for whose sinful sake  
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;  
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell  
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence;  
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:  
Time, that at last matures a CRAFTY FOX,  
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,  
And brings all natural events to pass,  
Hath made him an attorney of an ass.  
No young divine, new beneficed, can be  
More pert, more proud, more positive than he.  
What further could I wish the fop to do,  
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too;  
Pierce the soft labyrinth of a lady's ear  
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year*?  
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,  
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts;  
Call himself barrister to every wench,  
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench?  
Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold,  
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

Cursed be the wretch, so venal and so vain:  
Paltry and proud, as LORDS AT Drury Lane.  
'Tis such a bounty as was never known,  
If PETER deigns to help you to your own:  
What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies!  
And what a solemn face, if he denies!  
Grave, as when prisoners shake the head and swear  
'Twas only suretyship that brought them there.  
His *office* keeps your parchment fates entire,  
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;  
For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,  
For not in chariots *Peter* put his trust;  
For you he sweats and labours at the laws,

Takes God to witness he affects your cause,  
 And lies to every lord, in every thing,  
 Like a king's favourite—or like a king.  
 These are the talents that adorn them all,  
 From wicked Waters even to godly—;  
 Not more of simony beneath black gowns,  
 Nor more of bastardy in their crowns.  
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal;  
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;  
 Till, like the sea, they compass all the land,  
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand:  
 When city-heir in mortgage melts away;  
 Satan himself feels far less joy than they.  
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,  
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.  
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,  
 Indenture, covenants, articles they draw,  
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far  
 Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are;  
 So vast, our new divines, we must confess,  
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.  
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs  
 The deeds, and dexterously omits, *ses heires*:  
 No commentator can more silly pass  
 O'er a learn'd unintelligible place;  
 Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out  
 Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.

S Luther thought the paternoster long,  
 When doom'd to say his beads and even-song;  
 But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,  
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the *power and glory* clause.  
 The lands are bought; but where are to be found  
 Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground?  
 We see no new-built palaces aspire,  
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.  
 Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of yore  
 The good old landlord's hospitable door?  
 Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes  
 Some beasts were kill'd, though not whole hecatombs;  
 That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,  
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome bacchanals;  
 And all mankind might that just mean observe,  
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.  
 These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,  
 But oh! these works are not in fashion now:  
 Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,  
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;  
 Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,

Nor sly informer watch these words to draw  
Within the reach of treason, or the law.

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SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,  
Adieu to all the follies of the age!  
I die in charity with fool and knave,  
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.  
I've had my purgatory here betimes,  
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.  
The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,  
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.  
With foolish pride my heart was never fired,  
Nor the vain itch to admire, or be admired;  
I hoped for no commission from his grace;  
I thought no benefice, I begg'd no place;  
Had no new verses, nor new suit to shew;  
Yet went to court!—MY FATE would have it so.  
But, as the fool that in reforming days  
Would go to mass in jest (as story says)  
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,  
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;  
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,  
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,  
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,  
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they  
Who live at court, for going once that way!  
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came  
A thing which Adam had been posed to name;  
Noah had refused it lodging in his ark,  
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:  
A verier monster, than on Afric's shore  
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,  
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,  
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.  
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,  
At night would swear him dropt out of the moon.  
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make  
A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,  
And the wise justice, starting from his chair,  
Cry, By your priesthood tell me what you are?  
Such was the wight: The apparel on his back,  
Though coarse, was reverend, and though bare, was black:  
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,

Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Bess*,  
 But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;  
 So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!  
 Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,  
 First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.

This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,  
 And knows what's fit for every state to do;  
 Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,  
 He forms one tongue, exotic and refined.  
 Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,  
 Henley himself I've heard, and Budgell too.  
 The Doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues  
 A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,  
 The whole artillery of the terms of war,  
 And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar;  
 These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,  
 Whose tongue will compliment you FOR ALL EVIL;  
 With royal favourites in flattery vie,  
 And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.

He spies me out; I whisper, SUCH A TOAD!  
 What sin of mine could merit such a rod?  
 That all the shot of dulness now must be  
 From this thy blunderbuss discharged on me!  
 Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame  
 To crave your sentiment, if ———'s your name.  
 What *speech* esteem you most? "The *king's*," said I.  
 But the best *words*?—"O, sir, the *dictionary*."  
 You miss my aim; I mean the most acute,  
 And perfect *speaker*?—"Onslow, past dispute."  
 But, sir, of writers? "Swift for closer style,  
 But Headly for a period of a mile."  
 Was yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:  
 Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;  
 Nay, troth the apostles (though perhaps too rough)  
 Had once a pretty *gift of tongues* enough:  
 Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare  
 Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were.

Thus other talents having nicely shown,  
 He came by sure transition to his own:  
 Till I cried out, You prove yourself so able,  
 Pity! you was not dragoman at Babel;  
 For had they found a linguist half so good,  
 I make no question but the tower had stood.  
 "Obliging sir! for courts you sure were made,  
 Why then for ever buried in the shade?  
 Spirits like you should see and should be seen,  
 The king would smile on you—at least the queen."  
 "Ah, gentle sir! you courtiers so cajole us—  
 But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus*:"

And as for courts, forgive me if I say  
 No lessons now are taught the Spartan way :  
 Though in his pictures lust be full display'd,  
 Few are the converts Aretine has made :  
 And though the court shew vice exceeding clear,  
 None should, by my advice, learn virtue there."

At this entranced, he lifts his hands and eyes,  
 Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lute-string, and replies :

" Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things  
 To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings !"

Then, happy man who shews the tombs ! said I,

He dwells amidst the royal family ;

He every day from king to king can walk,

Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,

And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead

What few can of the living, ease and bread.

" Tush, sir, a mere mechanic ! strangely low,

And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.

How elegant your Frenchmen ?" Mine, d'ye mean ?

I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.

" Oh ! sir, politely so ! nay, let me die,

Your only wearing is your paduasoy."

Not, sir, my only, I have better still,

And this you see is but my dishabille.—

Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,

Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke :

But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,

And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore ;

So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,

You only make the matter worse and worse.

He pass'd it o'er ; affects an easy smile

At all my peevishness, and turns his style.

He asks, " What news ?" I tell him of new plays,

New actors, harlequins, and operas.

He hears, and as a still with simples in it,

Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,

Loath to enrich me with too quick replies,

By little, and by little, drops his lies.

Mere household trash ! of birthnights, balls, and shows,

More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stowes.

When the queen frown'd, or smiled, he knows ; and what

A subtle minister may make of that :

Who sins with whom : who got his pension rug,

Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug :

Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,

Is therefore fit to have a government :

Who in the secret, deals in stocks secure,

And cheats the unknowing widow and the poor :

Who makes the trust of charity a job,

And gets an act of Parliament to rob :  
 Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown  
 Can gratis see the country, or the town :  
 Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,  
 But some excising courtier will have toll.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,  
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more :  
 Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,  
 And talks Gazettes and Post-boys o'er by heart.  
 Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat  
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.  
 Then as a licensed spy, whom nothing can  
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great man ;  
 Swears every place entail'd for years to come,  
 In sure succession to the day of doom :  
 He names the price for every office paid,  
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd :  
 Nay, hints, 'tis by connivance of the court,  
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port.  
 Not more amazement seized on Circo's guests,  
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,  
 Than mine, to find a subject staid and wise  
 Already half turn'd traitor by surprise.  
 I felt the infection slide from him to me,  
 As in the pox, some give it to get free ;  
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw  
 One of our giant statues ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another lie  
 Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by.  
 To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,  
 Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.  
 Not Faunius' self more impudently near,  
 When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.  
 I quaked at heart ; and still afraid, to see  
 All the court fill'd with stranger things than he,  
 Ran out as fast as one, that pays his bail  
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a gaol.

Bear me, some god ! oh, quickly bear me hence  
 To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense :  
 Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,  
 And the free soul looks down to pity kings !  
 There sober thought pursued the amusing theme,  
 Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.  
 A vision hermits can to hell transport  
 And forced even me to see the damn'd at court.  
 Not Dante, dreaming all the infernal state,  
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.  
 Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free ;  
 Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me :

Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,  
 Care, if a liveried lord or smile or frown?  
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,  
 Tremble before a noble serving-man?  
 O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee  
 For huffing, braggart, puff'd nobility?  
 Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all  
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,  
 Hast thou, O Sun! beheld an emptier sort,  
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court?  
 Now pox on those who shew a *court in wax*!\*  
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:  
 Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race  
 Of hollow gew-gaws, only dress and face!  
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things—  
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings

See! where the British youth, engaged no more  
 At Fig's,† at White's,‡ with felons, or a *SPLORE*,  
 Pay their last duty to the court, and come  
 All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room;  
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine,  
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.  
 "That's velvet for a king!" the flatterer swears;  
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.  
 Our court may justly to our stage give rules,  
 That helps it both to fool's-coats and to fools.  
 And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?  
 For these are actors too, as well as those:  
 Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest,  
 And all is splendid poverty at best.

Painted for sight, and essenced for the smell,  
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,  
 Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes  
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!  
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,  
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him:  
 "Dear countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"  
 And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"  
 Such wits and beauties are not praised for nought,  
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought.  
 'Twould burst even Heraclitus with the spleen,  
 To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:  
 The presence seems, with things so richly odd,  
 The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.  
 See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,  
 Of all beau-kind the best-proportioned fools!  
 Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw

\* A famous show of the court of France in wax-work.

† A prize-fighter's academy.

‡ A noted gaming-house.

Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw;  
 But oh! what terrors must distract the soul  
 Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;  
 Or should one pound of powder less bespread  
 Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head.  
 Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,  
 They march, to prate their hour before the fair.  
 So first to preach a white-gloved chaplain goes,  
 With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,  
 Sweeter than Sharon, in immaculate trim,  
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.  
 Let but the ladies smile, and they are blest:  
 Prodigious! how the things *protest, protest*:  
 Peace, fools, or Gonson will as papists watch you,  
 If once he can at such devotions catch you,  
 Nature made every fop to plague his brother,  
 Just as one beauty mortifies another.  
 But here's the captain that will plague them both,  
 Whose air cries Arm! whose very look 's an oath:  
 The captain's honest, sirs, and that's enough,  
 Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff.  
 He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,  
 Like batt'ring rams, beats open every door:  
 And with a face as red, and as awry,  
 As Herod's hangdogs in old tapestry,  
 Scarecrow to boys, the modest woman's curse,  
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;  
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,  
 Jest's like a licensed fool, commands like law.  
 Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so  
 As men from gaols to execution go;  
 For, hung with deadly sins,\* I see the wall,  
 And lined with giants deadlier than them all:  
 Each man an *Ascapart*,† of strength to toss  
 For quoits, both Temple Bar and Charing Cross.  
 Scared at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,  
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.  
 Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:  
 Charge them with Heaven's artillery, bold divine!  
 From such alone the great rebukes endure,  
 Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:  
 'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs  
 To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.  
 Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my wit,  
 In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.

\* The room hung with old tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins.  
 † A giant in romances.



# EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

## IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN 1793.

### DIALOGUE I.

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

But Horace, sir, was delicate, was nice;  
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of vice:  
Horace would say, Sir Billy *served the Crown*,  
Blunt could *do business*, H—ggins \* *knew the town*;  
In Sappho touch the *failings of the sex*,  
In reverend bishops note some *small neglects*,  
And own the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*,  
Who cropt our ears,† and sent them to the king.  
His sly, polite, insinuating style  
Could please at court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:  
An artful manager, that cropt between  
His friend and shame, and was a kind of *screen*.  
But 'faith your very friends will soon be sore;  
*Patriots* there are, who wish you'd jest no more—  
And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought

\* Formerly jailer of the Fleet prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled.

† Said to be executed by the captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the king his master.

\* Sir  
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The great man never offered you a groat.  
Go see SIR ROBERT——

P. See SIR ROBERT!—hum!  
And never laugh—for all my life to come?  
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour  
Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power;  
Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,  
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.  
Would he oblige me? let me only find,  
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.  
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;  
The only difference is, I dare laugh out.

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

If any ask you, "Who's the man so near  
His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?"  
Why, answer LYTTLTON,† and I'll engage  
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:  
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,  
You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny's* case.  
Sejanus, Wolsey, ‡ hurt not honest FLEURY, §  
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.

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

Dear sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:  
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!  
Come, harmless characters that no one hit;

\* Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity.

† George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of liberty.

‡ The one, the wicked minister of Tiberius; the other, of Henry VIII. The writers against the court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the minister, without distinction.

§ Cardinal, and minister to Louis XV. It was a patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty.

Come Henley's oratory, Osborn's wit !  
 The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,  
 The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Young !  
 The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,  
 And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense,  
 That first was H——vy's, F——'s next, and then  
 The S——te's, and then H——vy's once again.  
 Oh come, that easy, Ciceronian style,  
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,  
 As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland,  
 All boys may read, and girls may understand !  
 Then might I sing, without the least offence,  
 And all I sung should be the *nation's sense* ;  
 Or teach the melancholy muse to mourn,  
 Hang the sad verse on CAROLINA's \* urn,  
 And hail her passage to the realms of rest,  
 All parts perform'd, and *all* her children blest !  
 So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—  
 No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I—  
 And let, FOR MERCY'S SAKE, EACH fool and knave  
 Be graced through life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so ? if Satire knows its time and place,  
 You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace :  
 For merit will by turns forsake them all ;  
 Would you know when ? exactly when they fall.  
 But let all satire in all changes spare  
 Immortal S——k, and grave D——re.†  
 Silent and soft, as saints remove to heaven,  
 All ties dissolved, and every sin forgiven,  
 These may some gentle ministerial wing  
 Receive, and place for ever near a king !  
 There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,  
 I<sup>land</sup> with the sweet Nephenthe of a court ;  
 There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace  
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their place :  
 But past the sense of human miseries,  
 All tears are wiped for ever from all eyes ;  
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,  
 Save when they lose a question or a job.

P. Good Heaven forbid that I should blast their glory,  
 Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory,  
 And when three sovereigns died, could scarce be vex'd,  
 Considering what a *gracious prince* was next.  
 Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things

\* Queen-consort to King George II. She died in 1737.

† A title given to that lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to King William ; he was so to King George I. ; and to King George II. This lord was very skilful in all the forms of the House, which he discharged with great gravity.

\* Aut  
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As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings;  
 And at a peer, or peeress, shall I fret,  
 Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?  
*Virtue*, I grant you, is an empty boast;  
 But shall the dignity of *Vice* be lost?  
 Ye gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,  
 Swear like a lord, or Rich out-drink a duke?  
 A Favourite's porter with his master vie,  
 Be bribed as often, and as often lie?  
 Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?  
 Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will?  
 Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things)  
 To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?  
 If Blount\* despatch'd himself, he play'd the man,  
 And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!  
 But shall a printer,† weary of his life,  
 Learn from their books to hang himself and wife?  
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;  
 Vice, thus abused, demands a nation's care:  
 This calls the Church to deprecate our sin,  
 And hurls the thunder of the laws on *gin*.‡  
 Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excel  
 Ten metropolitans in preaching well;  
 A simple quaker, or a quaker's wife,  
 Outdo Llandaff in doctrine,—yea, in life:  
 Let humble ALLEN, with an awkward shame,  
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.  
*Virtue* may choose the high or low degree,  
 'Tis just alike to *Virtue*, and to me;  
 Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,  
 She's still the same, beloved, contented thing.  
*Vice* is undone, if she forgets her birth,  
 And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth:  
 But 'tis the *fall* THAT ALL in her deplore;  
 Let *Greatness* OWN HER, and she's mean no more:  
 Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,  
 Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;  
 In golden chains the willing world she draws,  
 And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws;  
 Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,  
 And sees pale *Virtue* carted in her stead.

\* Author of an impious foolish book called "The Oracles of Reason," who, being in love with a near kinswoman, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died.

† A fact that happened in London a few years previous. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors.

‡ The exorbitant use of this spirit had done such great mischief to the lowest rank of the people, that the sale of it was restrained by an act of Parliament in 1736.

Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,  
 Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,  
 Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,  
 His flag inverted trails along the ground!  
 Our youth, all liveried o'er with foreign gold,  
 Before her dance: behind her, crawl the old!  
 See thronging millions to the pagod run,  
 And offer country, parent, wife, or son!  
 Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,  
 That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.  
 In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in power,  
 'Tis avarice all, ambition is no more!  
 See all our nobles begging to be slaves!  
 See all our fools aspiring to be knaves!  
 The wit of cheats, the courage of a BORE,  
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore:  
 All, all look up, with reverential awe,  
 At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law:  
 While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—  
 "Nothing is sacred now but villany."  
 Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)  
 Shew there was one who held it in disdain.

## DIALOGUE II.

FR. 'Tis all a libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.

P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow 'faith it may;  
 And for that very cause I print to-day.  
 How should I fret to mangle every line,  
 In reverence to the sins of *Thirty-nine*?

Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,  
 Invention strives to be before in vain;  
 Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,  
 Some rising genius sins up to my song.

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

P. How! not CONDEMN the sharper, but the dice?  
 Come on, then, Satire! general, unconfined,  
 Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.  
 Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!  
 Ye tradesmen vile, in army, court, or hall!

Ye reverend atheists.—F. Scandal! name them. Who?

\* The Ordinary of Newgate, who at that time published the memoirs of the malefactors, and was prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation as to set down no more than the initials of their name.

P. Why, that's the thing you bid me not to do.  
 Who starved a sister, who forswore a debt,  
 I never named; the town's inquiring yet.  
 The poisoning dame—F. You mean—P. I don't—F. You do.

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

P. The bribed elector—F. There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;  
 Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not.

Must great offenders, once escaped the Crown,  
 Like royal harts, be never more run down?

Admit your law to spare the knight requires,  
 As beasts of nature, may we hunt the squires?

Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—  
 To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?

F. A Dean, Sir! No: his fortune is not made,  
 You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.

P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,  
 Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.  
 Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be spoil'd,  
 Arraign no mightier thief than wretched *Wild*;<sup>\*</sup>

Or, if a court or country's made a job,  
 Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.

But, Sir, I beg you, (for the love of vice!)  
 The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;  
 Have you less pity for the needy cheat,  
 The poor and friendless villain, than the great?

Alas! the small discredit of a bribe  
 Scarcely hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.

Then better sure it charity becomes  
 To tax Directors, who have MANY plums;  
 Still better, Ministers; or if the thing  
 May pinch even there—why, lay it on a king.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire, then, not rise nor fall?  
 Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

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

P. Strike! why, the man was hang'd ten years ago:  
 Who now that obsolete example fears?

Even Peter trembles only for his ears.

F. What, always *Peter*? Peter thinks you mad,  
 You make men desperate if they once are bad:

Else might he take to virtue some years hence—

P. Ask S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the man?

ALL know, I praise a courtier where I can.

<sup>\*</sup> Jonathan Wild, a famous thief and informer, who was at last caught in his own toils, and hanged.

When I confess, there is who feels for fame,  
And melts to goodness, need I SCARBOROUGH name! \*  
Pleased let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful grove, †  
(Where *Kent* and Nature vie for *PELHAM'S* love,)  
The scene, the master, opening to my view,  
I sit and dream I see my CRAGGS anew!

Even in a bishop I can spy desert;  
*Secker* is decent, *Bundel* has a heart:  
Manners with candour are to *Benson* given,  
To *Berkeley*, every virtue under heaven.

But does the court a worthy man remove?  
That instant, I declare, he has my love:  
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;  
Thus *SOMERS* once, and *HALIFAX*, were mine.  
Oft, in the clear, still mirror of retreat,  
I studied *SHREWSBURY*, the wise and great:  
*CARLETON'S* ‡ calm sense, and *STANHOPE'S* noble flame,  
Compared, and knew their gen'rous end the same:  
How pleasing *ATTERBURY'S* softer hour!  
How shined the soul, unconquer'd in the Tower!  
How can I *PULTENEY*, *CHESTERFIELD*, forget,  
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit?  
*ARGYLL*, the state's whole thunder born to wield,  
And shake alike the senate and the field?  
Or *WYNDHAM*, § just to freedom and the throne,  
The master of our passions, and his own?  
Names, which I long have loved, nor loved in vain,  
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their train.  
And if yet higher the proud list should end,  
Still let me say! No follower but a friend.

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

P. Not so fierce;

Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.

\* Earl of, whose personal attachment to the king appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties.

† The house and gardens of *Esher*, in *Surrey*, belonging to the Honourable Mr *Pelham*, brother of the Duke of *Newcastle*.

‡ *Hen. Boyle*, Lord *Carleton*, President of the Council under Queen *Anna*.

§ Sir *William Wyndham*, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen *Anna*.

But random praise—the task can ne'er be done;  
 Each mother asks it for her booby son,  
 Each widow asks it for *the best of men*,  
 For him she weeps, for him she weds again.  
 Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground;  
 The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.  
 Enough for half the greatest of these days,  
 To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.  
 Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?  
 Dare they to hope a poet for their friend?  
 What RICHELIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,  
 And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.  
 No power the muse's friendship can command;  
 No power when virtue claims it, can withstand:  
 To *Cato*, *Virgil* paid one honest line:  
 Oh let my country's friends illumine mine!  
 —What are you thinking? F. Faith, the thought's no sin,  
 I think your friends are out, and would be in.

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

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

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

COBHAM's a coward, POLWARTH\* is a slave,  
 And LYTTELTON a dark designing knave;  
 ST JOHN has ever been a wealthy fool—  
 But let me add, SIR ROBERT's mighty dull,  
 Has never made a friend in private life,  
 And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?  
 Call Yerres, Wolsey, any odious name?

Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,  
 O all-accomplish'd ST JOHN! deck thy shrine?

What! shall each spur gall'd hackney of the day,  
 When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,  
 Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend  
 To break my windows if I treat a friend;  
 Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,  
 But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?  
 Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules  
 Of honour bind me, not to maul his tools;  
 Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said  
 His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day,  
 To see a footman kick'd that took his pay:  
 But when he heard the affront the fellow gave,

\* The Hon. Hugh Hume, son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, distinguished  
 in the cause of liberty.



Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;  
 The prudent general turn'd it to a jest,  
 And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest:  
 Which not at present having time to do——

F. Hold, sir! for TRUTH's sake, where's the affront to you!  
 Against your worship when had Sherlock writ?  
 Or Page pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?  
 Or grant the bard, whose distich all commend,  
 [In power a servant, out of power a friend,]  
 To Walpole guilty of some venial sin;

What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?  
 The priest whose flattery be-dropp'd the Crown,  
 How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.  
 And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,  
 Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;  
 Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,  
 Since the whole House did afterwards the same.  
 Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,  
 As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly;  
 If one, through Nature's bounty or his lord's,  
 Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,  
 From him the next receives it, thick or thin,  
 As pure a mess almost as it came in;  
 The blessed benefit, not there confined,  
 Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;  
 From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse:  
 The last full fairly gives it to the House.

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

P. So does flattery mine;  
 And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,  
 Perfume to you, to me is excrement.  
 But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,  
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read;  
 In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;  
 But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;  
 And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,  
 Because the deed he forged was not my own?  
 Must never patriot, then, declaim at gin,  
 Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?  
 No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,  
 Without a staring reason on his brows?  
 And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,  
 Because the insult's not on man, but God?  
 Ask you what provocation I have had?  
 The strong antipathy of good to bad.  
 When truth or virtue and affront endures,  
 The affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.

\* The c  
 to cast in  
 † John  
 ‡ Dr Jo

Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence,  
 Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;  
 Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;  
 And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.  
 F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no slave:  
 So impudent, I own myself no knave:  
 So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.  
 Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see  
 Men, not afraid of God, afraid of me:  
 Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,  
 Yet touch'd and shamed by ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,  
 Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!  
 To all! but heaven-directed hands denied,  
 The muse may give thee, but the gods must guide:  
 Reverent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;  
 To rouse the watchman of the public weal,  
 To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,  
 And greet the prelate slumbering in his stall.  
 Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,  
 That counts your beauties only by your stains,  
 Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!  
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:  
 All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings,  
 All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings;  
 All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,  
 Like the last gazette, or the last address.

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

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,  
 Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Virtue's shrine,  
 Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,  
 And opens the temple of Eternity.  
 There, other trophies deck the truly brave,  
 Than such as ANSTIS\* casts into the grave;  
 Far other stars than \* and \*\* wear,  
 And may descend to Mordington from STAIR,†  
 (Such as on HOUGH's‡ unsullied mitre shine,  
 Or beam, good DIGBY, from a heart like thine;  
 Let *Envy* howl, while heaven's whole chorus sings,  
 And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;  
 Let *Flattery* sickening see the incense rise,

\* The chief herald at arms. It is the custom, at the funerals of great men, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour.

† John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair.

‡ Dr John Hough, Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby.

Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:  
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,  
And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.

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

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

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## THE FIRST BOOK

OF

## STATIUS'S THEBAIS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR MDCCHII.

### ARGUMENT.

**O**edipus, King of Thebes, having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned his realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus, King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the Shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the meantime departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chærebus. He inquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality. The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

The translator hopes he need not apologise for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his childhood. But finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterwards.

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes' alarms,  
The alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,  
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires  
My ravish'd breast, and all the muse inspires.  
O goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhymes  
From the dire nation in its early times,

Europa's rape, Agehor's stern decree,  
 And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea;  
 How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,  
 And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil?  
 Or how from joining stones the city sprung,  
 While to his harp divine Amphion sung?  
 Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,  
 Whose fatal rage the unhappy monarch found?  
 The sire against the son his arrows drew,  
 O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,  
 And while her arms a second hope contain,  
 Sprung from the rocks and plunged into the main.

But waive whatever to Cadmus may belong,  
 And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song  
 At *Œdipus*—from his disasters trace  
 The long confusions of his guilty race:  
 Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,  
 And mighty *Cæsar's* conquering eagles sing;  
 How twice he tamed proud *Ister's* rapid flood,  
 While *Dacian* mountains stream'd with barbarous blood;  
 Twice taught the *Rhine* beneath his laws to roll,  
 And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole,  
 Or long before, with early valour strove,  
 In youthful arms to assert the cause of *Jove*.  
 And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,  
 Increase of glory to the *Latian* name,  
 Oh! bless thy *Rome* with an eternal reign,  
 Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.  
 What though the stars contract their heavenly space,  
 And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place;  
 Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,  
 Conspire to court thee from our world away;  
 Though *Phœbus* long to mix his rays with thine,  
 And in thy glories more serenely shine;  
 Though *Jove* himself no less content would be  
 To part his throne and share his heaven with thee;  
 Yet stay, great *Cæsar*! and vouchsafe to reign  
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;  
 Resign to *Jove* his empire of the skies,  
 And people heaven with *Roman* deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame  
 Shall warm my breast to sing of *Cæsar's* fame:  
 Meanwhile permit, that my prelude muse  
 In *Theban* wars an humbler theme may chuse:  
 Of furious hate surviving death, she sings,  
 A fatal throne to two contending kings,  
 And funeral flames, that, parting wide in air,  
 Express the discords of the souls they bear:  
 Of towns dispeopled, and the wandering ghosts

Of kings unburied in the wasted coasts;  
 When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,  
 And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,  
 With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep,  
 In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep.  
 What, Hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate  
 The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?  
 Or how, with hills of slain on every side,  
 Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?  
 Or how the youth with every grace adorn'd,  
 Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?  
 Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,  
 And sing with horror his prodigious end.  
 Now wretch'd Oedipus, deprived of sight,  
 Led a long death in everlasting night;  
 But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray  
 Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day:  
 The clear reflecting mind presents his sin  
 In frightful views, and makes it day within;  
 Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,  
 And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul.  
 The wretch then lifted to the unpitying skies  
 Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,  
 Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,  
 While from his breast these dreadful accents broke:  
 Ye gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,  
 Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;  
 Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd  
 Through dreary coasts, which I though blind behold:  
 Tisiphone, that oft hast heard my prayer,  
 Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care!  
 If you received me from Jocasta's womb,  
 And nursed the hope of mischiefs yet to come:  
 If, leaving Polybus, I took my way,  
 To Cyrrha's temple on that fatal day,  
 When by the son the trembling father died,  
 Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:  
 If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,  
 Taught by thyself to win the promised reign:  
 If wretched I, by baleful furies FLAME,  
 With monstrous CRIMES HAVE stain'd my mother's NAME,  
 For hell and thee begot an impious brood,  
 And with full lust those horrid SCENES renew'd:  
 Then, self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,  
 Forced from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;  
 Oh hear! and aid the vengeance I require,  
 If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire.  
 My sons their old, unhappy sire despise,  
 Spoil'd of his kingdom, and deprived of eyes;

Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,  
 While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn ;  
 These sons, ye gods ! who with flagitious pride  
 Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.  
 Art thou a father, unregarding Jove !  
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above ?  
 Thou fury, then, some lasting curse entail,  
 Which o'er their children's children shall prevail :  
 Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,  
 Which these dire hands from my slain father tore ;  
 Go ! and a parent's heavy curses bear ;  
 Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare  
 Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.  
 Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,  
 Blind as I am, some glorious villany !  
 Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,  
 Their ready guilt preventing thy commands :  
 Couldst thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,  
 They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.

The fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink,  
 Her snakes untied, sulphureous waters drink ;  
 But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,  
 And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.  
 Not half so swiftly shoots along the air  
 The gliding lightning, or descending star.  
 Through crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,  
 And dark dominions of the silent night ;  
 Swift as she pass'd, the fitting ghosts withdrew,  
 And the pale spectres trembled at her view :  
 To the iron gates of Tænarus she flies,  
 There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.  
 The day beheld, and sickening at the sight,  
 Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.  
 Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,  
 Trembled, and shook the heavens and gods he bore.  
 Now from beneath Malea's airy height  
 Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight ;  
 With eager speed the well-known journey took,  
 Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.  
 A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,  
 A hundred serpents guard her horrid head,  
 In her sunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow :  
 Such rays from Phoebe's bloody circle flow,  
 When, labouring with strong charm, she shoots from high  
 A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.  
 Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came  
 Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame ;  
 From every blast of her contagious breath  
 Famine and drought proceed, and plagues and death.

A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,  
 A dress by fates and furies worn alone.  
 She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand  
 In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand:  
 A serpent from her left was seen to rear  
 His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.  
 But when the fury took her stand on high,  
 Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,  
 A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:  
 The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,  
 And through the Achaian cities send the sound.  
 Cæta, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;  
 Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise;  
 Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,  
 And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.  
 Headlong from thence the glowing fury springs,  
 And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,  
 Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds  
 Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.  
 Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,  
 Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,  
 And all their furies wake within their breast.  
 Their tortured minds repining envy tears,  
 And hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;  
 And sacred thirst of sway, and all the ties  
 Of nature broke, and royal perjuries:  
 And impotent desire to reign alone,  
 That scorns the dull reversion of a throne:  
 Each would the sweets of sovereign rule devour,  
 While discord waits upon divided power.  
 As stubborn steers by brawny ploughmen broke,  
 And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,  
 Alike disdain with servile necks to bear  
 The unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,  
 But rend the reins, and bound a different way,  
 And all the furrows in confusion lay;  
 Such was the discord of the royal pair,  
 Whom fury drove precipitate to war.  
 In vain the chiefs contrived a specious way  
 To govern Thebes by their alternate away:  
 Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,  
 That mourns in exile his unequal fate,  
 And the short monarch of a hasty year  
 Foresees with anguish his returning heir.  
 Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,  
 But scarce subsisted to the second reign.  
 Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were raised,  
 No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blazed;  
 No labour'd columns in long order placed,



No Grecian stone the pompous arches graced;  
 No nightly bands in glittering armour wait  
 Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate;  
 No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,  
 Nor silver vases took the forming mould;  
 Nor gems on bowls embos'd were seen to shine,  
 Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—  
 Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?  
 Say, to what end your impious arms engage?  
 Not all bright Phoebus views in early morn,  
 Or when his evening beams the west adorn,  
 When the south glows with his meridian ray,  
 And the cold north receives a fainter day;  
 For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,  
 Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!  
 But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)  
 Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:  
 What joys, O tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,  
 When all were slaves thou couldst around survey,  
 Pleased to behold unbounded power thy own,  
 And singly fill a fear'd and envied throne!  
 But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,  
 Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;  
 Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,  
 And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;  
 New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,  
 And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.  
 And one of those who groan beneath the sway  
 Of kings imposed, and grudgingly obey,  
 (Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spite  
 With scandal arm'd, the ignoble mind's delight,)  
 Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,  
 What woes attend this inauspicious reign?  
 Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,  
 Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,  
 And still to change whom changed we still must fear?  
 These now control a wretched people's fate,  
 These can divide, and these reverse the state;  
 E'en Fortune rules no more!—O servile land,  
 Where exiled tyrants still by turns command!  
 Thou sire of gods and men, imperial Jove!  
 Is this the eternal doom decreed above?  
 On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate,  
 From the first birth of our unhappy state;  
 When banish'd Cadmus, wandering o'er the main,  
 For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,  
 And fated in Boeotian fields to found  
 A rising empire on a foreign ground,  
 First raised our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,

Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain !  
 What lofty looks the unrival'd monarch bears !  
 How all the tyrant in his face appears !  
 What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow !  
 Gods ! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow !  
 Can this imperious lord forget to reign,  
 Quit all his state, descend, and serve again ?  
 Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd ?  
 Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd ?  
 Patient of right, familiar in the throne ?  
 What wonder then ? he was not then alone.  
 O wretched we, a vile, submissive train,  
 Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in every reign ?  
 As when two winds with rival force contend,  
 This way and that, the wavering sails they bend,  
 While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,  
 Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw :  
 Thus on each side, alas ! our tottering state  
 Feels all the fury of resistless fate,  
 And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,  
 While that prince threatens, and while this commands.  
 And now the almighty father of the gods  
 Convenes a council in the blest abodes :  
 Far in the bright recesses of the skies,  
 High o'er the rolling heavens, a mansion lies,  
 Whence, far below, the gods at once survey  
 The realms of rising and declining day,  
 And all the extended space of earth, and air, and sea.  
 Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,  
 The majesty of heaven superior shone ;  
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,  
 And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.  
 At Jove's assent the deities around  
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd.  
 Next a long order of inferior powers  
 Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bowers ;  
 Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow ;  
 And those that give the wandering winds to blow :  
 Here all their rage, and even their murmurs cease,  
 And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.  
 A shining synod of majestic gods  
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes ;  
 Heaven seems improved with a superior ray,  
 And the bright arch reflects a double day.  
 The monarch then his solemn silence broke,  
 The still creation listen'd while he spoke,  
 Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,  
 And each irrevocable word is fate.  
 How long shall man the wrath of heaven defy.

And force unwilling vengeance from the sky !  
 O race confederate into crimes, that prove  
 Triumphant o'er the eluded rage of Jove !  
 This wearied arm can scarce the bolt sustain,  
 And unregarded thunder rolls in vain :  
 The o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his task retires ;  
 The Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.  
 For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,  
 And the mad ruler to misguide the day ;  
 When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,  
 And Heaven itself the wandering chariot burn'd.  
 For this, my brother of the watery reign  
 Released the impetuous sluices of the main :  
 But flames consumed, and billows raged in vain.  
 Two races now, allied to Jove, offend ;  
 To punish these, see Jove himself descend.  
 The Thebian kings their line from Cadmus trace,  
 From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.  
 Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,  
 And the long series of succeeding woe ?  
 How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,  
 Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight :  
 The exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood ;  
 The savage hunter and the haunted wood ?  
 The direful banquet why should I proclaim,  
 And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name ?  
 Ere I recount the sins of these profane,  
 The sun would sink into the western main,  
 And rising gild the radiant east again.  
 Have we not seen the blood of Laius flow,  
 The murdering son, NO NEED OF GUILT FOREGO,  
 Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,  
 And for the crimes of guilty fate atones ;  
 His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,  
 Insult his wounds, and make him bleed anew.  
 Thy curse, O Œdipus ! just Heaven alarms,  
 And set the avenging Thunderer in arms.  
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear,  
 And give the nations to the waste of war.  
 Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join  
 In dire alliance with the Theban line ;  
 Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed ;  
 The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed.  
 Fix'd is their doom ; this all-remembering breast  
 Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.  
 He said ; and thus the queen of heaven return'd,  
 (With sudden grief her labouring bosom burn'd :)  
 Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' towers defend,  
 Must I, O Jove ! in bloody wars contend !

Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,  
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame :  
 Though there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,  
 And there deluded Argos slept, and bled ;  
 Though there the brazen tower was storm'd of old,  
 When Jove descended in almighty gold :  
 Yet I can pardon THIS obscurer WRONG,  
 Those bashful crimes to borrow'd SHAPES BELONG,  
 But Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove—  
 Ah, why should Argos feel the rage of Jove ?  
 Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen control,  
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,  
 Go, raze my Samos, let Mycene fall,  
 And level with the dust the Spartan wall ;  
 No more let mortals Juno's power invoke,  
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,  
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke,  
 But to your Isis all my rites transfer,  
 Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her ;  
 For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,  
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.  
 But if thou must reform the stubborn times,  
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,  
 And from the long records of distant age  
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage ;  
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd  
 To date his vengeance ; to what bounds confined ?  
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides  
 His wandering stream, and through the briny tides  
 Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.  
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,  
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name ;  
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood  
 Of fierce CENOMÄUS, defiled with blood ;  
 Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,  
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground.  
 Say, can those honours please ; and canst thou love  
 Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove ?  
 And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share  
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care ?  
 Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,  
 Nor doom to war a race derived from thee ;  
 On impious realms and barbarous kings impose  
 Thy plagues, and curse them with such sons, as those.  
 Thus, in reproach and prayer, the queen express'd  
 The rage and grief contending in her breast.  
 Unmoved remain'd the ruler of the sky,  
 And from his throne return'd this stern reply :  
 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear

The dire, though just, revenge which I prepare  
 Against a nation thy peculiar care :  
 No less Dione might for Thebes contend,  
 Nor Bacchus less his native town defend,  
 Yet these in silence see the Fates fulfil  
 Their work, and reverence our superior will.  
 For by the black infernal Styx I swear,  
 (That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer,)  
 'Tis fix'd ; the irrevocable doom of Jove ;  
 No force can bind me, no persuasion move.  
 Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air ;  
 Go, mount the winds, and to the shades repair ;  
 Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,  
 And give up Lains to the realms of day,  
 Whose ghost yet shivering on Cocytus' sand,  
 Expects its passage to the further strand :  
 Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear  
 These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear ;  
 That from his exiled brother, swell'd with pride  
 Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,  
 Almighty Jove commands him to detain  
 The promised empire, and alternate reign :  
 Be this the cause of more than mortal hate :  
 The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into fate.  
 The god obeys, and to his feet applies  
 Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies.  
 His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,  
 And veil'd the starry glories of his head.  
 He seized the wand that causes sleep to fly,  
 Or, in soft slumbers, seals the wakeful eye ;  
 That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,  
 Or back to life compels the wandering ghosts.  
 Thus, through the parting clouds, the son of May  
 Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way ;  
 Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,  
 Now springs aloft, and towers 'he ethereal height ;  
 Then wheeling down the steep of heaven he flies,  
 And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.  
 Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves  
 (His Thebes abandon'd) through the Aonian groves,  
 While future realms his wandering thoughts delight,  
 His daily vision and his dream by night ;  
 Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,  
 From whence he sees his absent brother fly.  
 With transport views the airy rule his own,  
 And swells on an imaginary throne.  
 How would he cast a tedious age away,  
 And live but all in one triumphant day.  
 He chides the lazy progress of the sun,

And bids the year with swifter motion run ;  
 With anxious hopes his craving mind is toss'd,  
 And all his joys in length of wishes lost.  
 The hero then resolves his course to bend  
 Where ancient Denaua's fruitful fields extend,  
 And famed Mycene's lofty towers ascend,  
 (Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,  
 And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)  
 And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,  
 From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,  
 Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,  
 And Pantheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground.  
 Then sees the Cithæron towering o'er the plain,  
 And thence declining gently to the main.  
 Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,  
 Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs :  
 The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rocks explores,  
 And hears the murmurs of the different shores :  
 Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,  
 And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.  
 'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,  
 And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light,  
 Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew  
 Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew ;  
 All birds and beasts lie hush'd ; sleep steals away  
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,  
 And brings, descending through the silent air,  
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.  
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,  
 Promise the skies the bright return of day :  
 No faint reflections of the distant light  
 Streak with long gleams the scattering shades of night :  
 From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,  
 Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.  
 At once the rushing winds, with roaring sound,  
 Burst from the Æolian caves, and rend the ground,  
 With equal rage their airy quarrel try,  
 And win by turns the kingdom of the sky :  
 But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds  
 The heavens, and drives on heap'd the relling clouds,  
 From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,  
 Which the cold north congeals to haily showers.  
 From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,  
 And broken lightnings flash from every cloud.  
 Now smokes with showers the misty mountain-ground,  
 And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.  
 The Inachian streams with headlong fury run,  
 And Brasinus rolls a deluge on :  
 The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,

And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds :  
 Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,  
 Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away :  
 Old limbs of trees, from crackling forests torn,  
 Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne :  
 The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,  
 And first to light exposed the sacred shade.  
 The intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,  
 Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,  
 And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,  
 The floods descending, and the watery war,  
 That, driven by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,  
 Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.  
 Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,  
 Nor knows, amazed, what dreadful path to tread ;  
 His brother's image to his mind appears,  
 Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main,  
 When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,  
 When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,  
 Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps ;  
 He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,  
 While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.

Thus strove the chief, on every side distress'd,  
 Thus still his courage with his toils increased ;  
 With his broad shield opposed, he forced his way  
 Through thickest woods, and roused the beasts of prey,  
 Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height  
 The shelving walls reflect a glancing light :  
 Thither with haste the Theban hero flies ;  
 On this side Lerna's poisonous water lies,  
 On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise :  
 He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay,  
 And to the regal palace bent his way ;  
 On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,  
 And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people aways,  
 Blest with calm peace in his declining days,  
 By both his parents of descent divine,  
 Great Jove and Phœbus graced his noble line :  
 Heaven had not crown'd his wishes with a son,  
 But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.  
 To him Apollo (wondrous to relate !  
 But who can pierce into the depths of fate !)  
 Had sung—" Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,  
 A yellow lion and a bristly boar."  
 This long revolved in his paternal breast,  
 Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest ;  
 This, great Amphiaræus, lay hid from thee,

Though skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.  
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,  
For thus did the predicting god ordain.

Lo, hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand  
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,  
And seized with horror, in the shades of night,  
Through the thick deserts headlong urged his flight:  
Now by the fury of the tempest driven,  
He seeks a shelter from the inclement heaven,  
Till, led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,  
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from different lands resort  
To Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court;  
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,  
And views their arms and habit with surprise.  
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,  
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;  
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,  
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.  
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,  
Ænides' manly shoulders overspread.  
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,  
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,  
The king the accomplish'd oracle surveys,  
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns  
The guiding godhead, and his future sons.  
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,  
And a glad horror shoots through every vein.  
To heaven he lifts his hands, erects his sight,  
And thus invokes the silent queen of night,

Goddess of shades, beneath whose gloomy reign  
Yon spangled arch glows with the starry train:  
You who the cares of heaven and earth allay,  
Till nature, quicken'd by the inspiring ray,  
Wakes to new vigour with the rising day;  
O thou, who freest me from my doubtful state,  
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of fate!  
Be present still, O goddess! in our aid;  
Proceed, and 'firm those omens thou hast made.  
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,  
And on thy altars sacrifices lay;  
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,  
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke.  
Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes  
Of awful Phœbus: I confess the gods!

Thus, seized with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd;  
Then to his inner court the guests convey'd;  
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,



And dust yet white upon each altar lies,  
 The relics of a former sacrifice.  
 The king once more the solemn rites requires,  
 And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.  
 His train obey, while all the courts around  
 With noisy care and various tumult sound.  
 Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;  
 This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;  
 A third dispels the darkness of the night,  
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light.  
 Here loaves in canisters are piled on high,  
 And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fry.  
 Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,  
 Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;  
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest:  
 Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,  
 Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,  
 Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,  
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd.  
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,  
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear.  
 When from the close apartments of the night,  
 The royal nymphs approach divinely bright;  
 Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face;  
 Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,  
 But that in these a milder charm endears,  
 And less of terror in their looks appears,  
 As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,  
 O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise,  
 Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,  
 Then on their father's reverend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign  
 To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,  
 Which Danaus used in sacred rites of old,  
 With sculpture graced, and rough with rising gold.  
 Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,  
 Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,  
 And, even in gold, turns paler as she dies.  
 There from the chase Jove's towering eagle bears,  
 On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars:  
 Still as he rises in the ethereal height,  
 His native mountains lessen to his sight;  
 While all his sad companions upward gaze,  
 Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze;  
 And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,  
 Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with generous juice was crown'd,  
 The first libations sprinkled on the ground,

By turns on each celestial power they call ;  
 With Phoebus' name resounds the vaulted hall.  
 The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,  
 Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,  
 While rich with gums the fuming altars blaze,  
 Salute the god in numerous hymns of praise.

Then thus the king : Perhaps, my noble guests,  
 These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts  
 To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,  
 Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.  
 Great was the cause ; our old solemnities  
 From no blind zeal, or fond tradition rise ;  
 But saved from death, our Argives yearly pay  
 These grateful honours to the god of day.

When by a thousand darts the Python slain  
 With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain,  
 (Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,  
 And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)  
 To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,  
 And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.  
 This rural prince one only daughter blest,  
 That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd ;  
 Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,  
 Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.  
 Happy ! and happy still she might have proved,  
 Were she less beautiful, or less beloved !  
 But Phoebus loved, and on the flowery side  
 Of Nemea's stream HE MADE THE fair HIS BRIDE :  
 Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,  
 The illustrious offspring of the god was born,  
 The nymph, her father's anger to evade,  
 Retires from Argos to the silvan shade ;  
 To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,  
 And trusts her infant to a shepherd's care.

How mean a fate, unhappy child, is thine !  
 Ah how unworthy those of race divine !  
 On flowery herbs in some green covert laid,  
 His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,  
 He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,  
 While the rude swain his rural music tries  
 To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.  
 Yet e'en in those obscure abodes to live,  
 Was more, alas ! than cruel fate would give ;  
 For on the grassy verdure as he lay,  
 And breathed the freshness of the early day,  
 Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,  
 Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.  
 The astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,  
 Forgets her father, and neglects her fame ;

With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,  
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;  
Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies,  
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,  
The raging god prepares to avenge her fate.  
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,  
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.  
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;  
High on a crown a rising snake appears,  
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:  
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,  
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,  
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,  
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

But generous rage the bold Choroebus warms,  
Choroebus! famed for virtue, as for arms;  
Some few like him, inspired with martial flame,  
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.  
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,  
The direful monster from afar descried;  
Two bleeding babes depending at her side;  
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,  
And in their hearts imbrues her cruel claws.  
The youths surround her with extended spears;  
But brave Choroebus in the front appears,  
Deep in her breast he plunged his shining sword,  
And hell's dire monster back to hell restored.  
The Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,  
Her twisting volumes and her rolling eyes,  
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb imbued  
With livid poison, and our children's blood.  
The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,  
Pale e'en in joy, nor yet forget to fear.  
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,  
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.  
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,  
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;  
And ravenous dogs, allured by scented blood,  
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

But fired with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow  
Avenging Phoebus bent his deadly bow,  
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:  
A night of sultry clouds involved around  
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground:  
And now a thousand lives together fled,  
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,  
And a whole province in his triumph led.

But Phoebus ask'd why noxious fires appear,

And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year ;  
 Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,  
 And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.

Blest be thy dust, and let eternal fame  
 Attend thy manes, and preserve thy name,  
 Undaunted hero ! who divinely brave,  
 In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save ;  
 But view'd the shrine with a superior look,  
 And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke :

With piety, the soul's securest guard,  
 And conscious virtue, still its own reward,  
 Willing I come, unknowing how to fear ;  
 Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here.  
 Thy monster's death to me was owed alone,  
 And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.

Behold him here, for whom, so many days,  
 Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays ;  
 For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care,  
 Such numbers fell by pestilential air !

But if the abandon'd race of human kind  
 From gods above no more compassion find ;  
 If such inclemency in heaven can dwell,  
 Yet why must unoffending Argos feel  
 The vengeance due to this unlucky steel ?

On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,  
 Nor err from me, since I deserve it all :  
 Unless our desert cities please thy sight,  
 Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light,  
 Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,  
 And to the shades a ghost triumphant send ;  
 But for my country let my fate atone ;  
 Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Merit distress'd, impartial Heaven relieves :  
 Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives ;  
 For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with rage,  
 With such amazing virtue durst engage.  
 The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expired,  
 And from the wondering god the unwilling youth  
 retired.

Thence we these altars in his temple raise,  
 And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise ;  
 These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please :  
 These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.

But say, illustrious guest, (adjoin'd the King,)  
 What name you bear, from what high race you spring ?  
 The noble Tydeus stands confess'd and known  
 Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.  
 Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night  
 And silent hours to various talk invite.

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,  
 Confused, and sadly thus at length replies :  
 Before these altars how shall I proclaim  
 (O gen'rous prince) my nation, or my name,  
 Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll'd ?  
 Let the sad tale for ever rest untold !  
 Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,  
 You seek to share in sorrows not your own ;  
 Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,  
 Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place.  
 To whom the king (who felt his generous breast  
 Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)  
 Replies :—Ah why forbears the son to name  
 His wretched father known too well by fame ?  
 Fame, that delights around the world to stray,  
 Scorns not to take our Argos in her way ;  
 E'en those who dwell where suns at distance roll,  
 In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole ;  
 And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,  
 The faithless Syrtis and the moving sands ;  
 Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,  
 Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds ;  
 All these the woes of *Cædipus* have known,  
 Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.  
 If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,  
 What prince from those his lineage can defend ?  
 Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine to efface  
 With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,  
 And be thyself the honour of thy race.  
 But see ! the stars begin to steal away,  
 And shine more faintly at approaching day ;  
 Now pour the wine ; and in your tuneful lays  
 Once more resound the great *Apollo's* praise.  
 O father *Phœbus* ! whether *Lycia's* coast  
 And snowy mountain thy bright presence boast ;  
 Whether to sweet *Castalia* thou repair,  
 And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair ;  
 Or pleased to find fair *Delos* float no more,  
 Delight in *Cynthus* and the shady shore ;  
 Or choose thy seat in *Ilion's* proud abodes,  
 The shining structures raised by labouring gods ;  
 By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne ;  
 Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn :  
 Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,  
 And the dark counsels of almighty *Jove*,  
 'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,  
 The change of sceptres, and impending woe  
 When direful meteors spread through glowing air  
 Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.

Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspiro  
To excel the music of thy heavenly lyre;  
Thy shafts avenged lewd Tityus' guilty flame,  
The immortal victim of thy mother's fame;  
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost  
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast.  
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,  
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;  
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,  
The mouldering rock that trembles from on high.  
Propitious hear our prayer, O power divine!  
And on thy hospitable Argos shine;  
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,  
Whose purple rays the Achæmenes adore;  
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain  
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;  
Or Mithras, to whose beams the Persian bows,  
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;  
Mithras, whose head the blaze of light adorns,  
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

## THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

(Alcmena, the mother of Hercules, here recounts, after his death, her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with a relation of the transformation of her sister Dryope.)

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,  
When the fair consort of her son replies :  
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,  
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,  
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate  
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.  
No nymph of all Æthalia could compare  
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,  
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,  
(Myself the offspring of a second bride.)  
This nymph BELOVED by him who rules the day,  
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,  
Andræmon loved ; and, bless'd in all those charms  
That pleased a god, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around,  
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd :  
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,  
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought ;  
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest  
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.  
Not distant far a watery lotos grows,  
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs  
Adorn'd with blossoms promised fruits that vie  
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye :  
Of these she cropp'd, to please her infant son,  
And I myself the same rash act had done :  
But lo ! I saw (as near her side I stood)  
The violated blossoms drop with blood ;  
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;  
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook

Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)  
 As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,  
 Forsook her form; and fixing here became  
 A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.  
 This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,  
 My trembling sister strove to urge her flight:  
 And first the pardon of the nymphs implored,  
 And those offended silvan powers adored:  
 But when she backward would have fled, she found  
 Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground:  
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,  
 And as she struggles, only moves above;  
 She feels the encroaching bark around her grow  
 By quick degrees, and cover all below:  
 Surprised at this, her trembling hand she heaves  
 To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:  
 Where late was hair the shooting leaves are seen  
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.  
 The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,  
 Perceived a colder and a harder breast,  
 And found the springs, that ne'er till then denied  
 Their milky moisture, on a sudden dried.  
 I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,  
 And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,  
 Embraced thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,  
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.  
 Behold Andraemon and the unhappy sire  
 Appear and for their Dryope inquire:  
 A springing tree for Dryope they find,  
 And print warm kisses on the panting rind.  
 Prostrate with tears their kindred plant bedew,  
 And close embrace as to the roots they grew.  
 Tho' face was all that now remain'd of thee,  
 No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;  
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,  
 From every leaf distils a trickling tear,  
 And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,  
 Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains.  
 If to the wretched any faith be given,  
 I swear, by all the unpitied powers of heaven,  
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance brod;  
 In mutual innocence our lives we led:  
 If this be false, let these new greens decay,  
 Let sounding axes leap my limbs away,  
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey.  
 But from my branching arms this infant bear,  
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:  
 And to his mother let him oft be led,  
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;



Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame  
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,  
To hail this tree, and say with weeping eyes,  
"Within this plant my hapless parent lies:"  
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,  
Oh! let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,  
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but warn'd by me,  
Believe a goddess shrined in every tree.  
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!  
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,  
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel  
The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.  
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join  
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.  
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,  
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.  
I can no more; the creeping rind invades  
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades;  
Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice  
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.

She ceased at once to speak, and ceased to be;  
And all the nymph was lost within the tree;  
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,  
And long the plant a human heat retain'd

## VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

---

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign ;  
Of all the virgins of the silvan train,  
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,  
Or more improved the vegetable care.  
To her the shady grove, the flowery field,  
The streams and fountains no delights could yield ;  
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,  
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.  
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,  
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,  
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,  
And teach the obedient branches where to spring.  
Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,  
And yields an offspring more than nature gives ;  
New sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,  
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.  
These cares alone her virgin breast employ,  
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.  
Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,  
To lawless silvans all access denied.  
How oft the satyrs and the wanton fawns,  
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,  
The god whose ensign scares the birds of prey,  
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,  
Employ'd their wives, and unavailing care,  
To pass the fences, and surprise the fair !  
Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,  
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.  
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears ;  
And first a reaper from the field appears.  
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain  
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.  
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,  
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade ;

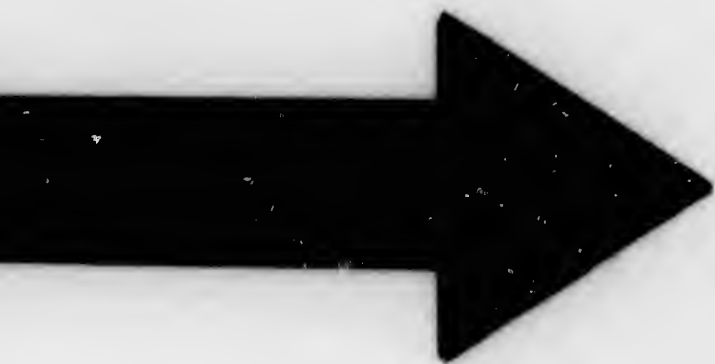
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,  
 Like one who late unyoked the sweating steers.  
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,  
 And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.  
 Now gathering what the bounteous year allows,  
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.  
 A soldier now, he with his sword appears;  
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;  
 Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,  
 On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.

A female form at last Vertumnus wears,  
 With all the marks of reverend age appears,  
 His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;  
 Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,  
 A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.  
 The god in this decrepit form array'd,  
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;  
 And "Happy you! (he thus address'd the maid,)   
 Whose charms as far all other nymphs' outshine,  
 As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"  
 Then kiss'd the fair, (his kisses warmer grow  
 Than such as women on their sex bestow.)  
 Then, placed beside her on the flowery ground,  
 Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.  
 An elm was near, to whose embraces led,  
 The curling vine her swelling clusters spread:  
 He view'd her twining branches with delight,  
 And praised the beauty of the pleasing sight.

Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he said)  
 Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;  
 And this fair vine, but that her arms surround  
 Her married elm, had crept along the ground.  
 Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move  
 Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.  
 Deign to be loved, and every heart subdue!  
 What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you?  
 Not she whose beauty urged the centaur's arms,  
 Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.  
 E'en now, when silent scorn is all they gain,  
 A thousand court you, though they court in vain;  
 A thousand silvans, demigods, and gods,  
 That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.  
 But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,  
 Whom age and long experience render wise,  
 And one whose tender care is far above  
 All that these lovers ever felt of love,  
 (Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd,)  
 Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.  
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own;

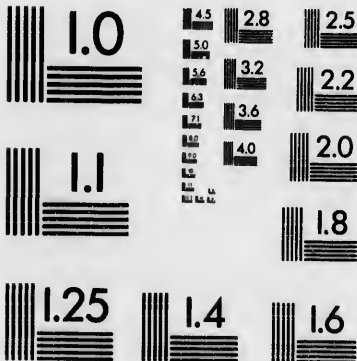
Scarcely to himself himself is better known.  
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves ;  
Like you, contented with his native groves ;  
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair ;  
For you he lives ; and you alone shall share  
His last affection as his early care.  
Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,  
With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.  
Add, that he varies every shape with ease,  
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.  
But what should most excite a mutual flame,  
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.  
To him your orchard's many fruits are due ;  
(A pleasing offering 'tis made by you)  
He values these ; but yet, alas ! complains,  
That still the best and dearest gift remains.  
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows  
With that ripe red the autumnal sun bestows ;  
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,  
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies ;  
You, only you, can move the god's desire :  
Oh, crown so constant and so pure a fire !  
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind ;  
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind !  
So may no frost, when early buds appear,  
Destroy the promise of the youthful year ;  
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,  
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs  
This when the various god had urged in vain,  
He straight assumed his native form again ;  
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,  
As when through clouds the emerging sun appears,  
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,  
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.  
Force he prepared, but check'd the rash design ;  
For when appearing in a form divine,  
The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace  
Of charming features, and a youthful face,  
In her soft breast consenting passions move,  
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.





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## SAPPHO TO PHAON.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

---

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,  
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?  
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,  
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?  
Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose,  
The lute neglected, and the lyric muse;  
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,  
And tuned my heart to elegies of woe.  
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn  
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne!  
Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,  
While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!  
No more my soul a charm in music finds;  
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.  
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,  
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.  
All other loves are lost in only thine,  
Ah, youth, ungrateful to a flame like mine!  
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,  
Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?  
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,  
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;  
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,  
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:  
Yet Phœbus loved, and Bacchus felt the flame,  
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;  
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,  
Than even those gods contend in charms with thee.  
The Muses teach me all their softest lays,  
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.  
Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,  
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings.



No less renown attends the moving lyre,  
 Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;  
 To me what nature has in charms denied,  
 Is well by wit's more lasting flames supplied.  
 Though short my stature, yet my name extends  
 To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.  
 Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame  
 Inspired young Perseus with a generous flame;  
 Turtles and doves of different hues unite,  
 And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.  
 If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,  
 But such as merit, such as equal thine;  
 By none, alas! by none thou canst be moved,  
 Phaon alone by Phaon must be loved!  
 Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,  
 Once in her arms you centred all your joy:  
 No time the dear remembrance can remove,  
 For oh! how vast a memory has love!  
 My music, then, you could for ever hear,  
 And all my words were music to your ear.  
 You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,  
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song.  
 The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;  
 Why was I born, ye gods, a Lesbian dame?  
 But ah! beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast  
 That wandering heart which I so lately lost;  
 Nor be with all those tempting words abused,  
 Those tempting words were all to Sappho used.  
 And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,  
 Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!  
 Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,  
 And still increase the woes so soon begun?  
 Inured to sorrow from my tender years,  
 My parent's ashes drank my early tears;  
 An infant daughter late my griefs increased,  
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.  
 Alas! what more could fate itself impose,  
 But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?  
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,  
 Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;  
 No more my locks, in ringlets curl'd, diffuse  
 The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,  
 Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,  
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:  
 For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?  
 He's gone, whom only she desired to please!  
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,  
 Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:  
 So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,

And gave to Venus all my life to come;  
 Or, while my muse in melting notes complains,  
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.  
 By charms like thine which all my soul have won,  
 Who might not—ah! who could not be undone?  
 For those Aurora Ceph'alus might scorn,  
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.  
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,  
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.  
 Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,  
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.  
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!  
 The less my sense, the more my love appears.  
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,  
 (At least to feign was never hard to you;)  
 Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said;  
 Or coldly thus, Farewell, O Lesbian maid!  
 No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,  
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.  
 No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,  
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.  
 No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,  
 But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.  
 Now by the nine, those powers adored by me,  
 And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,  
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)  
 That you were fled, and all my joys with you,  
 Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,  
 Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing  
     blood;  
 No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,  
 Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe;  
 But when its way the impetuous passion found,  
 I rend my tresses, and my heart I wound;  
 I rave, then weep; I curse, then complain;  
 Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.  
 Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,  
 Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.  
 My scornful brother with a smile appears,  
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears:  
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes,  
 And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.  
 Stung with my love, and furious with despair,  
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,  
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;  
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame!  
 'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,  
 My daily longing, and my dream by night:  
 O night, more pleasing than the brightest day,

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A spring there is, whose silver waters show  
 Clear as a glass the shining sands below ;  
 A flowery lotos spreads its arms above,  
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove ;  
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,  
 Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place ;  
 He, as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,  
 Before my sight a watery virgin stood.

—Sappho to Phaon, page 415.

When fancy gives what absence takes away,  
 And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,  
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms!  
 But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,  
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I,  
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,  
 And close my eyes to dream of you again:  
 Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove  
 Through lonely plains, and through the silent grove,  
 As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,  
 That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.  
 I view the grotto, once the home of love,  
 The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,  
 That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,  
 Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.  
 I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,  
 And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.  
 For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,  
 And birds defer their songs till thy return:  
 Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,  
 All but the mournful Philomel and I:  
 With mournful Philomel I join my strain,  
 Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,  
 Clear as a glass, the shining sands below:  
 A flowery lotos spreads its arms above,  
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;  
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,  
 Watch'd by the silvan genius of the place:  
 Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,  
 Before my sight a watery virgin stood:  
 She stood and cried, "O you that love in vain!  
 Fly hence, and seek the far Leucadian main;  
 There stands a rock, from whose impending steep  
 Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;  
 There injured lovers, leaping from above,  
 Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.  
 Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,  
 In vain he loved, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd:  
 But when from hence he plunged into the main,  
 Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha loved in vain.  
 Haste, Sappho, haste! from high Leucadia throw  
 Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"  
 She spoke and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,  
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.  
 I go, ye nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;  
 How much I fear, but ah how much I love!  
 I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inspires;  
 Let female fears submit to female fires.

To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,  
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.  
 Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,  
 And softly lay me on the waves below!  
 And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,  
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,  
 Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane!  
 On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,  
 And this inscription shall be placed below:  
 "Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,  
 Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre;  
 What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;  
 The gift, the giver, and the god agree."  
 But why, alas! relentless youth, ah why,  
 To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?  
 Thy charms than those may far more powerful be,  
 And Phœbus' self is less a god to me.  
 Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,  
 Oh, far more faithless and more hard than they?  
 Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast  
 Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom press'd?  
 This breast, which once, in vain! you liked so well;  
 Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.  
 Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,  
 Untuned my lute, and silent is my lyre.  
 My languid numbers have forgot to flow,  
 And fancy sinks beneath the weight of woe.  
 Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,  
 Themes of my verse, and subjects of my flames,  
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,  
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:  
 My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign—  
 (Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)  
 Return, fair youth, return, and bring along  
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:  
 Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires;  
 But ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires!  
 Gods! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers move  
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love?  
 The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,  
 The flying winds have lost them all in air!  
 Or when, alas! shall more auspicious gales  
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails!  
 If you return—ah why these long delays?  
 Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.  
 Oh launch the bark, nor fear the watery plain;  
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.  
 Oh launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales  
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.

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If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,  
Ah, let me seek it from the raging seas!  
To raging seas untied I'll remove,  
And either cease to live or cease to love.  
—*Sappho to Phaon, page 417.*



If you will fly—(yet ah ! what cause can be,  
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)  
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,  
Ah, let me seek it from the raging seas :  
To raging seas unpitied I'll remove,  
And either cease to live or cease to love !

## EPITAPHS.

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His saltem acumulem donis, et fungar inani  
Munere! VIRG.

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### I.

#### ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM IN SUSSEX.

DORSET, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,  
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died.  
The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,  
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:  
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,  
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.  
Blest satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,  
As shew'd vice had his hate and pity too.  
Blest courtier! who could king and country please,  
Yet sacred keep his friendships and his ease.  
Blest peer! his great forefathers' every grace  
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;  
Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS shine,  
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

### II.

#### ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO KING  
WILLIAM III., WHO HAVING RESIGNED HIS PLACE, DIED IN  
HIS RETIREMENT AT EASTHAMSTED, IN BERKSHIRE, 1716.

A PLEASING form; a firm, yet cautious mind;  
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd:  
Honour unchanged, a principle profest,  
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest:

An honest courtier, yet a patriot too ;  
Just to his prince, and to his country true :  
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,  
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth :  
A generous faith, from superstition free ;  
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny :  
Such this man was ; who now, from earth removed,  
At length enjoys that liberty he loved.

III.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1729.

HERE, WITHERS, rest ! thou bravest, gentlest mind,  
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.  
O born to arms ! O worth in youth approved !  
O soft humanity, in age beloved !  
For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,  
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

WITHERS, adieu ! yet not with thee remove  
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love !  
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,  
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age :  
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)  
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

IV.

ON JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,  
In action faithful, and in honour clear !  
Who broke no promise, served no private end,  
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ;  
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,  
Praised, wept, and honour'd, by the muse he loved.

V.

INTENDED FOR MR ROWE,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Thy reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,  
And sacred, place by DRYDEN's awful dust :

Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,  
 To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.  
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest !  
 Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest !  
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies  
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.

## VI.

## ON MRS CORBET,

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,  
 Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense;  
 No conquest she, but o'er herself, desired,  
 No arts essay'd, but not to be admired.  
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,  
 Convinced that virtue only is our own.  
 So unaffected, so composed a mind ;  
 So firm, yet soft ; so strong, yet so refined ;  
 Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried !  
 The saint sustain'd it,—but the woman died.

## VII.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY,  
 AND OF HIS SISTER MARY.

ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER, LORD DIGBY, IN THE CHURCH OF  
 SHERBORNE, IN DORSETSHIRE, 1727.

Go ! fair example of untainted youth,  
 Of modest wisdom and pacific truth :  
 Composed in sufferings, and in joy sedate,  
 Good without noise, without pretension great.  
 Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,  
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear :  
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,  
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind :  
 Go live ! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,  
 Go, and exalt thy mortal to divine.  
 And thou, blest maid ! attendant on his doom,  
 Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,  
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,  
 Not parted long, and now to part no more !  
 Go, then, where only bliss sincere is known !  
 Go, where to love and to enjoy are one !

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,  
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:  
These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive;  
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give!

VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heaven and not a master taught,  
Whose art was Nature, and whose pictures Thought;  
Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate  
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,  
Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,  
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie  
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

X.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT; AT THE CHURCH  
OF STANTON-HARCOURT, IN OXFORDSHIRE, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,  
Here lies the friend most loved, the son most dear:  
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,  
Or gave his father grief but when he died.

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!  
If *Pope* must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.  
Oh let thy once-loved friend inscribe thy stone,  
And, with a father's sorrows, mix his own!

X.

ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE, 1735.

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,  
And every opening virtue blooming round,  
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,  
Or add one patriot to a sinking state;

This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,  
 Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here !  
 The living virtue now had shone approved,  
 The senate heard him, and his country loved.  
 Yet softer honours and less noisy fame  
 Attend the shade of gentle BUCKINGHAM :  
 In whom a race, for courage famed and art,  
 Ends in a milder merit of the heart;  
 And chiefs or sages long to Britain given,  
 Pays the last tribute of a saint to heaven.

## XI.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN  
 WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

HEROES and KINGS ! your distance keep :  
 In peace let one poor poet sleep,  
 Who never flatter'd folks like you :  
 Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

## XII.

## THE SAME.

UNDER this marble, or under this sill,  
 Or under this turf, or e'en what they will ;  
 Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,  
 Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,  
 Lies one who ne'er cared, and still cares not a pin  
 What they said, or may say, of the mortal within :  
 But, who living and dying, serene still and free,  
 Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

## XIII.

## ON MR ELIJAH FENTON,

AT EASTHAMSTED, IN BIRKS, 1780.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,  
 May truly say,—Here lies an honest man :  
 A poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,  
 Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great :  
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,  
 Content with science in the vale of peace.  
 Calmly he look'd on either life, and here  
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;  
 From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,  
 Thank'd Heaven that he had lived, and that he died.

XIV.

ON MR GAY,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1722.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;  
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:  
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,  
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age.  
Above temptation, in a low estate,  
And uncorrupted even among the great:  
A safe companion, and an easy friend,  
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.  
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust  
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;  
But that the worthy and the good shall say,  
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies GAY.*

XV.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ISAAOUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur *Tempus, Natura, Cælum:*

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:  
God said, *Let Newton be!* and all was light.

XVI.

ON DR FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

WHO DIED IN EXILE AT PARIS, 1732, (HIS ONLY DAUGHTER HAVING  
EXPIRED IN HIS ARMS IMMEDIATELY AFTER SHE ARRIVED IN  
FRANCE TO SEE HIM.)

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

Yes, we have lived—one pang, and then we part!  
May Heaven, dear father! now have all thy heart.

Yet, ah ! how once we loved, remember still,  
Till you are dust like me.

EE.

Dear shade ! I will :  
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost !  
Oh more than fortune, friends, or country lost !  
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside ?  
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAVEN,  
—He said, and died.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### PROLOGUE TO MR ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,  
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,  
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :  
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,  
Commanding tears to stream through every age ;  
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,  
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.  
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move  
The hero's glory or the virgin's love ;  
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,  
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.  
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,  
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :  
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,  
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.  
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,  
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :  
No common object to your sight displays,  
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,—  
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,  
And greatly falling with a falling state.  
While Cato gives his little senate laws,  
What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?  
Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?  
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?  
Even when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,  
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,  
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,  
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ;  
As her dead father's reverend image pass'd,  
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast ;

The triumph ceased, tears gush'd from every eye;  
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;  
 His last good man dejected Rome adored,  
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.  
 Britons, attend! be worth like this approved,  
 And shew you have the virtue to be moved.  
 With honest scorn the first famed Cato view'd  
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subduel;  
 Your scene precariously subsists too long  
 On French translation, and Italian song.  
 Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,  
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:  
 Such plays alone should win a British ear,  
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

### A PROLOGUE

TO A PLAY FOR MR DENNIS'S BENEFIT IN 1733, WHEN HE WAS OLD,  
 BLIND, AND IN GREAT DISTRESS, A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH.

As when that hero, who in each campaign  
 Had braved the *Goth*, and many a *Vandal* slain,  
 Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!  
 Wept by each friend, forgiven by every foe;  
 Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,  
 But pitied BELISARIUS old and blind?  
 Was there a chief but melted at the sight?  
 A common soldier, but who clubb'd his mite?  
 Such, such emotions should in *Britons* rise,  
 When press'd by want and weakness DENNIS lies;  
 Dennis, who long had war'd with modern *Huns*,  
 Their quibbles routed, and defied their puns;  
 A desperate *bulwark*, sturdy, firm, and fierce,  
 Against the *Gothic* sons of frozen verse:  
 How changed from him who made the boxes groan,  
 And shook the stage with thunders all his own!  
 Stood up to dash each vain PRETENDER's hope,  
 Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the POPE!  
 If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born,  
 Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;  
 If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;  
 If there's a senior who contemns this age;  
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,  
 And be the critic's, *Briton's*, old man's friend.

## EPILOGUE TO MR ROWE'S "JANE SHORE"

PRODIGIOUS this ! the frail one of our play  
 From her own sex should mercy find to-day !  
 You might have held the pretty head aside,  
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cried,  
 The play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,  
 I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—  
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,  
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool ;  
 So from a sister sinner you shall hear,  
 " How strangely you expose yourself, my dear !"  
 But let me die, all raillery apart,  
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart ;  
 And, did not wicked custom so contrive,  
 We'd be the best, good-natured things alive.

There are, tis true, who tell another tale,  
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail ;  
 Such rage without betrays the fire within ;  
 In some close corner of the soul, they sin ;  
 Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,  
 Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.  
 The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,  
 Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.  
 Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners ?  
 ' Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.

Well, if our author in the wife offends,  
 He has a husband that will make amends :  
 He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,  
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living.  
 In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,  
 Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse :  
 Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life ?  
 Tells us, that Cato dearly loved his wife :  
 Yet, if a friend, a night or so, should need her,  
 He'd recommend her as a special breeder.  
 To lend a wife, few here would scruple make,  
 But, pray, which of you all would take her back ?  
 Though with the stoic chief our stage may ring,  
 The stoic husband was the glorious thing.  
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,  
 And loved his country,—but what's that to you ?  
 Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,  
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the city :  
 There, many an honest man may copy Cato,  
 Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace,  
 That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face ;

To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,  
 In all the rest so impudently good;  
 Faith, let the modest matrons of the town  
 Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.

# THE BASSET-TABLE.

## AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE *basset-table* spread, the *tallier* come;  
 Why stays SMILINDA in the dressing-room?  
 Rise, pensive nymph, the *tallier* waits for you!

SMILINDA.

Ah, madam, since my SHARPER is untrac,  
 I joyless make my once adored *Alpeu*.  
 I saw him stand behind OMBRELIA's chair,  
 And whisper with that soft, deluding air,  
 And those feign'd sighs which cheat the listening fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?  
 A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.  
 As you by love, so I by fortune cross'd;  
 One, one bad *deal*, three *Septlevas* have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief which you compare with mine?  
 With ease, the smiles of fortune I resign:  
 Would all my gold in one bad *deal* were gone!  
 Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost, is but a common care:  
 And prudent nymphs against that change prepare:  
 The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice lost! Oh! who could guess  
 This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress?

SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET? very & *propos*,  
 She all the cares of *love* and *play* does know:

Dear BETTY shall the important point decide;  
 BETTY, who oft the pain of each has tried;  
 Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,  
 By cards' ill usage, or by lovers lost.

## LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,  
 Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

## CARDELIA.

Behold this *equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,  
 With fifty guineas (a great pen'orth) bought.  
 See on the toothpick Mars and Cupid strive;  
 And both the struggling figures seem alive.  
 Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face;  
 A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case.  
 Jove, Jove himself, does on the scissors shine;  
 The metal and the workmanship divine!

## SMILINDA.

This *snuff-box*,—once the pledge of SHARPER's love,  
 When rival beauties for the present strove:  
 At *Corticelli's* he the raffle won;  
 Then first his passion was in public shown:  
 HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,  
 A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.  
 This *snuff-box*—on the hinge see brilliants shine:  
 This *snuff-box* will I stake; the prize is mine.

## CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear,  
 Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.  
 And oh! what makes the disappointment hard,  
 'Twas my own lord that drew the *fatal card*.  
 In complaisance, I took the *queen* he gave;  
 Though my own secret wish was for the *knave*.  
 The *knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose;  
 And the next *pull*, my *Sep'leva* I lose.

## SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,  
 The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart;  
 This cursed OMBRELLA, this undoing fair,  
 By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;  
 She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,  
 She owes to me the very charms she wears.  
 An awkward thing, when first she came to town;  
 Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:

She was my friend : I taught her first to spread  
 Upon her sallow cheeks enlivening red :  
 I introduced her to the park and plays ;  
 And by my interest, *Cozens* made her stays.  
 Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,  
 She dares to steal my fav'rite lover's heart.

## CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,  
 When *Winnall* tallied, I would *punt* no more ?  
 I knew the bite, yet to my ruin run ;  
 And see the folly which I cannot shun.

## SMILINDA.

How many maids have *SHARPER*'s vows deceived  
 How many cursed the moment they believed ?  
 Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove :  
 Ah ! what is warning to a maid in love ?

## CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,  
 To gaze on *Basset*, and remain unwarm'd ?  
 When *kings, queens, knaves*, are set in decent rank ;  
 Exposed in glorious heaps the tempting bank,  
*Guineas*, half-*guineas*, all the shining train,  
 The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain :  
 In bright confusion open *rouleaus* lie,  
 They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.  
 Fired by the sight, all reason I disdain ;  
 My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.  
 Look upon *Basset*, you who reason boast,  
 And see if reason must not there be lost.

## SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,  
 Can hearken coldly to my *SHARPER*'s vows ?  
 Then, when he trembles ! when his blushes rise !  
 When awful love seems melting in his eyes !  
 With eager beats his *Mechlin* cravat moves :  
*He loves*,—I whisper to myself *He loves* !  
 Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,  
 I lose all memory of my former fears ;  
 My panting heart confesses all his charms,  
 I yield at once, and sink into his arms :  
 Think of that moment, you who prudence boast ;  
 For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

## CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter*'s batter'd bullies play,  
 Some *DUKES* at *Mary-bone* bowl time away.

But who the bowl or rattling dice compares  
To *Dusset's* heavenly joys and pleasing cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICITA doats upon a beau;  
PRUDINA likes a man, and laughs at show.  
Their several graces in my SHARPER meet;  
Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

LOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;  
I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.  
Attend and yield to what I now decide;  
The *equipage* shall grace SMILINDA's side;  
The *snuff-box* to CARDELLA I decree,  
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

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VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

Un jour, dit un auteur, etc.

ONCE (says an author, where I need not say)  
Two travellers found an oyster in their way;  
Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong;  
While scale in hand Dame *Justice* pass'd along.  
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,  
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.  
Dame *Justice* weighing long the doubtful right,  
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.  
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,  
There, take (says *Justice*), take ye each a shell.  
We thrive at *Westminster* on fools like you:  
'Twas a fat oyster—Live in peace—Adieu.

---

ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF  
MRS HOW.

WHAT IS PRUDERY?

'Tis a beldam,  
Seen with wit and beauty seldom.  
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows;  
'Tis (no 'tisnt) like Miss *Meadows*.  
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,  
Old, and void of all good-nature;

Lean and fretful, would seem wise;  
 Yet plays the fool before she dies.  
 'Tis an ugly envious shrew,  
 That rails at dear *Lepell* and you.

---

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF HIS GRACE THE  
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough : at length thy labour ends,  
 And thou shalt live, for BUCKINGHAM commends.  
 Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,  
 Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail :  
 This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,  
 Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.  
 SHEFFIELD approves, consenting Phœbus bends,  
 And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

---

MACER :

A CHARACTER.

WHEN simple *Macer*, now of high renown,  
 First sought a poet's fortune in the town,  
 'Twas all the ambition his high soul could feel,  
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with *Steele*.  
 Some ends of verse his betters might afford,  
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.  
 Set up with these, he ventured on the town,  
 And with a borrow'd play, outdid poor *Crown*.  
 There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,  
 But has the wit to make the most of little :  
 Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got  
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.  
 Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,  
 Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

---

TO MR JOHN MOORE,

INVENTOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER.

How much, egregious *Moore*, are we  
 Deceived by shows and forms !  
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,  
 All humankind are worms,



Man is a very worm by birth,  
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain !  
Awhile he crawls upon the earth,  
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find  
E'er since our grandame's evil ;  
She first conversed with her own kind,  
That ancient worm the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name,  
The blockhead is a slow-worm ;  
The nymph whose tail is all on flame  
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,  
That flutter for a day ;  
First from a worm they take their rise,  
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows :  
Thus worms suit all conditions ;  
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beans,  
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen  
By all their winding play ;  
Their conscience is a worm within,  
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, *Moore* ! thy skill were well employ'd,  
And greater gain would rise,  
If thou couldst make the courtier void  
The worm that never dies !

O learned friend of *Abchurch-lane*,  
Who sett'st our entrails free !  
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,  
Since worms shall eat even thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn  
Some few short years, no more !  
Even *Button's* wits to worms shall turn,  
Who maggots were before.

## SONG,

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,  
 Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart,  
 I a slave in thy dominions;  
 Nature must give way to art.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,  
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,  
 See my weary days consuming,  
 All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the *Cyprian* goddess weeping,  
 Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling youth:  
 Him the boar, in silence creeping,  
 Gored with unrelenting tooth.

*Cynthia*, tune harmonious numbers;  
 Fair *Discretion*, string the lyre;  
 Soothe my ever-waking slumbers;  
 Bright *Apollo*, lend thy choir.

Gloomy *Pluto*, king of terrors,  
 Arm'd in adamant chains,  
 Lead me to the crystal mirrors,  
 Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,  
 Gilding my *Aurelia's* brows,  
*Morpheus* hovering o'er my pillow,  
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth *Meander*,  
 Swiftly purling in a round,  
 On thy margin lovers wander,  
 With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus when *Philomela*, drooping,  
 Softly seeks her silent mate,  
 See the bird of *Juno* stooping;  
 Melody resigns to fate.

---

## ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;  
 (Envy be silent, and attend!)

I know a reasonable woman,  
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour,  
 Not grave through pride, or gay through folly;  
 An equal mixture of good-humour,  
 And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then, (Envy says,) sir?"  
 Yes, she has one, I must aver;  
 When all the world conspires to praise her,—  
 The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

---

## ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

COMPOSED OF MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, AND MINERALS.

Thou who shalt stop, where *Thames'* translucent wave  
 Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;  
 Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,  
 And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,  
 Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,  
 And latent metals innocently glow:  
 Approach. Great NATURE studiously behold!  
 And eye the mine without a wish for gold.  
 Approach: but awful! Lo! the *Ægerian* grot,  
 Where, nobly pensive, St JOHN sate and thought;  
 Where *British* sighs from dying WYNDHAM stole,  
 And the bright flame was shot through MARCHMONT'S soul.  
 Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,  
 Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

---

## TO MR GAY,

WHO CONGRATULATED HIM ON FINISHING HIS HOUSE AND GARDENS.

AH, friend! 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—  
 In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,  
 In vain fair *Thames* reflects the double scenes  
 Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens:

Joy lives not here, to happier seats it flies,  
And only dwells where WORTLEY casts her eyes.

What are the gay parterre, the checker'd shade,  
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,  
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,  
To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?  
So the struck deer in some sequester'd parv  
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;  
He, stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,  
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.

### ROXANA, OR THE DRAWING-ROOM.

#### AN ECOLOGUE.

This Eclogue has by some been attributed to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

ROXANA, from the Court returning late,  
Sigh'd her soft sorrow at St James's gate:  
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breast;  
Not her own chairmen with more weight oppress:  
They curse the cruel weight they're doom'd to bear;  
She in more gentle sounds express'd her care.

Was it for this, that I these roses wear?  
For this, new-set the jewels for my hair?  
Ah, princess! with what zeal have I pursued!  
Almost forgot the duty of a prude.  
This king, I never could attend too soon;  
I miss'd my prayers, to get me dress'd by noon.  
For thee, ah! what for thee did I resign?  
My passions, pleasures, all that e'er was mine:  
I've sacrificed both modesty and ease;  
Left operas, and went to filthy plays:  
Double-entendres shock'd my tender ear;  
Yet even this, for thee, I choose to bear:  
In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,  
And every joy of life before me lay;  
By honour prompted, and by pride restrain'd,  
The pleasures of the young my soul disdain'd:  
Sermons I sought, and with a mien severe,  
Censured my neighbours, and said daily prayer.  
Alas, how chang'd! with this same sermon-mien,  
The filthy What-d'ye-call it—I have seen.  
Ah, royal princess! for whose sake I lost  
The reputation, which so dear had cost;

I, who avoided every public place,  
 When bloom and beauty bid me shew my face,  
 Now near thee, constant, I each night abide,  
 With never-failing duty by my side;  
 Myself and daughters standing in a row,  
 To all the foreigners a goodly show.  
 Oft had your drawing-room been sadly thin,  
 And merchants' wives close by your side had been;  
 Had I not amply filled the empty place,  
 And saved your highness from the dire disgrace:  
 Yet Cockatilla's artifice prevails,  
 When all my duty and my merit fails:  
 That Cockatilla, whose deluding airs  
 Corrupts our virgins, and our youth ensnares;  
 So sunk her character; and lost her fame,  
 Scarce visited, before your highness came;  
 Yet for the bed-chamber 'tis she you choose,  
 Whilst zeal, and fame, and virtue you refuse.  
 Ah, worthy choice; not one of all your train,  
 Which censures blast not, or dishonours stain.  
 I know the court, with all its treacherous wiles,  
 The false caresses, and undoing smiles.  
 Ah, princess! learn'd in all the courtly arts,  
 To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts.

---

 EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES,

ON THE PICTURE OF LADY MARY W. MONTAGU, BY KNELLER.

THE playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,  
 That happy air of majesty and truth;  
 So would I draw (but oh! 'tis vain to try,  
 My narrow genius does the power deny)  
 The equal lustre of the heavenly mind,  
 Where every grace with every virtue join'd;  
 Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,  
 With greatness easy, and with wit sincere;  
 With just description shew the work divine,  
 And the whole princess in my work should shine.

---

 TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

I.

In beauty, or wit,  
 No mortal as yet

## POPE'S POEMS.

To question your empire has dared;  
 But men of discerning  
 Have thought that in learning  
 To yield to a lady was hard.

## II.

Impertinent schools,  
 With musty dull rules,  
 Have reading to females denied;  
 So papists refuse  
 The Bible to use,  
 Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

## III.

'Twas a woman at first  
 (Indeed she was curst)  
 In knowledge that tasted delight,  
 And sages agree  
 The laws should decree  
 To the first possessor the right.

## IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,  
 Resume the old claim,  
 Which to your whole sex does belong;  
 And let men receive,  
 From a second bright Eve,  
 The knowledge of right and of wrong.

## V.

But if the first Eve  
 Hard doom did receive,  
 When only one apple had she,  
 What punishment new  
 Shall be found out for you,  
 Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

## THE LOOKING-GLASS.

ON MRS PULTENEY.

WITH scornful mien, and various toss of air,  
 Fantastic, vain, and insolently fair,  
 Grandeur intoxicates her giddy brain,  
 She looks ambition, and she moves disdain.

Far other carriage graced her virgin life,  
 But charming Gumley's lost in Pultoney's wife.  
 Not greater arrogance in him we find,  
 And this conjunction swells at least her mind :  
 Oh could the sire, renown'd in glass, produce  
 One faithful mirror for his daughter's use !  
 Wherein she might her haughty errors trace,  
 And by reflection learn to mend her face :  
 The wonted sweetness to her form restore,  
 Be what she was, and charm man, ind once more !

### A FAREWELL TO LONDON.

IN THE YEAR 1715.

DEAR, DROLL, distracting town, farewell !

Thy fools no more I'll tease :  
 This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,  
 Ye NOBLES, sleep at ease !

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd  
 Till the third watchman's toll ;  
 Let Jervas gratis paint, and Frowde  
 Save threepence and his soul.

Farewell, Arbuthnot's raillery  
 On every learned sot ;  
 And Garth, the best good Christian he,  
 Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell ! thy bard must go ;  
 Farewell, unhappy Tonson !  
 Heaven gives thee, for thy loss of Rowe,  
 Lean Philips and fat Johnson !

Why should I stay ? Both parties rage ;  
 My vixen mistress squalls ;  
 The wits in envious feuds engage :  
 And Homer LOUDLY calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead  
 In Halifax's urn ;  
 And nct one muse of all he fed  
 Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,  
 Betray, and are betray'd :  
 Poor Y——rs sold for fifty pounds,  
 And B——ll is a jade.

Still idle, with a busy air,  
 Deep whimsies to contrive;  
 The gayest valetudinaire,  
 Most thinking rake alive.

Sollicitous for other ends,  
 Though fond of dear repose;  
 Careless or drowsy with my friends,  
 And frolic with my foes.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,  
 For sober, studious days !  
 And Burlington's delicious meal,  
 For salads, tarts, and pease !

Adieu to all but Gay alone,  
 Whose soul, sincere and free,  
 Loves all mankind, but flatters none,  
 And so may starve with me.

---

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE SUNG BY DURASTANTI,  
 WHEN SHE TOOK HER LEAVE OF THE ENGLISH  
 STAGE.

(THE WORDS WERE IN HASTE PUT TOGETHER BY MR POPE, AT THE  
 REQUEST OF THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.)

GENEROUS, gay, and gallant nation,  
 Bold in arms, and bright in arts;  
 Land secure from all invasion,—  
 All but Cupid's gentle darts !  
 From your charms, oh who would run ?  
 Who would leave you for the sun ?

Happy soil, adieu, adieu !  
 Let old charmers yield to new.  
 In arms, in arts, be still more shining;  
 All your joys be still increasing;



All your tastes be still refining ;  
 All your joys for ever ceasing :  
 But let old charmers yield to new :—  
 Happy soil, adieu, adieu !

---

UPON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S HOUSE  
 AT WOODSTOCK.

*Atria longa patent ; sed nec cenantibus usquam  
 Nec somno locus est : quàm bene non habitas !*  
 MART. Epig.

SEE, sir, here's the grand approach,  
 This way is for his Grace's coach ;  
 There lies the bridge, and here's the clock,  
 Observe the lion and the cock,  
 The spacious court, the colonnade,  
 And mark how wide the hall is made !  
 The chimneys are so well design'd,  
 They never smoke in any wind.  
 This gallery's contrived for walking,  
 The windows to retire and talk in ;  
 The council-chamber for debate,  
 And all the rest are rooms of state.

Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,  
 But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine ?  
 I find by all you have been telling,  
 That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

---

VERSES LEFT BY MR POPE

ON HIS LYING IN THE SAME BED WHICH WILMOT, THE CELEBRATED  
 EARL OF ROCHESTER, SLEPT IN, AT ADDERBURY, THEN BELONGING  
 TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLE, JULY 9, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour fired,  
 I press the bed where Wilmot lay ;  
 That here he loved, or here expired,  
 Begets no numbers, grave or gay.

Beneath thy roof, Argyle, are bred,  
 Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie  
 Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,  
 Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn  
 Yet stoop to bless a child or wife;  
 And such as wicked kings may mourn,  
 When freedom is more dear than life.

## THE CHALLENGE.

### A COURT BALLAD.

To the tune of "To all you ladies now at land," &c.

#### I.

To one fair lady out of court,  
 And two fair ladies in,  
 Who think the Turk and Pope a sport,  
 And wit and love no sin:  
 Come, these soft lines, with nothing stiff in,  
 To Bellenden, Lepell, and Griffin.  
 With a fa, la, la.

#### II.

What passes in the dark third row,  
 And what behind the scene,  
 Couches and crippled chairs I know,  
 And garrets hung with green;  
 I know the swing of sinful hack,  
 Where many damsels cry alack.  
 With a fa, la, la.

#### III.

Then why to courts should I repair,  
 Where's such ado with Townshend?  
 To hear each mortal stamp and swear,  
 And every speech with zounds end;  
 To hear 'em rail at honest Sunderland,  
 And rashly blame the realm of Blunderland.\*  
 With a fa, la, la.

\* Ireland.

## IV.

Alas ! like Schutz I cannot pun,  
 Like Grafton court the Germans;  
 Tell Pickenbourg how slim she's grown,  
 Like Meadows run to sermons;  
 To court ambitious men may roam,  
 But I and Marlbro' stay at home.  
 With a fa, la, la.

## V.

In truth, by what I can discern,  
 Of courtiers, 'twixt you three,  
 Some wit you have, and more may learn  
 From court, than Gay or me:  
 Perhaps, in time, you'll leave high diet,  
 To sup with us on milk and quiet.  
 With a fa, la, la.

## VI.

At Leicester-Fields, a house full high,  
 With door all painted green,  
 Where ribbons wave upon the tie  
 (A milliner I mean;)  
 There may you meet us three to three,  
 For Gay can well make two of me.  
 With a fa, la, la.

## VII.

And thus, fair maids, my ballad ends:  
 God send the king safe landing;  
 And make all honest ladies friends  
 To armies that are standing;  
 Preserve the limits of those nations,  
 And take off ladies' limitations.  
 With a fa, la, la.

## THE THREE GENTLE SHEPHERDS.

Or gentle Philips will I ever sing,  
 With gentle Philips shall the valleys ring;  
 My numbers too for ever will I vary,  
 With gentle Eudgell, and with gentle Carey.  
 Or if in ranging of the names I judge ill,  
 With gentle Carey, and with gentle Budgell:

Oh! may all gentle bards together place ye,  
Men of good hearts, and men of delicacy.  
May satire ne'er befool ye or beknave ye,  
And from all wits that have a knack, oh save ye.

---

VERSES TO DR BOLTON,

IN THE NAME OF MRS BUTLER'S SPIRIT, LATELY DECEASED.

STRIPP'D to the naked soul, escaped from clay,  
From doubts unfetter'd, and dissolved in day;  
Unwarm'd by vanity, unreach'd by strife,  
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life;  
Why am I charm'd by friendship's fond essays,  
And though unbodied, conscious of thy praise;  
Has pride a portion in the parted soul?  
Does passion still the firmless mind control?  
Can gratitude out-pant the silent breath?  
Or a friend's sorrow pierce the gloom of death?  
No—'tis a spirit's nobler task of bliss;  
That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this;  
That not its own applause, but thine approves,  
Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves;  
Who liv'st to crown departed friends with fame;  
Then dying, late, shalt all thou gav'st reclaim.

---

1740.

A FRAGMENT OF A POEM.

O WRETCHED B——! jealous now of all,  
What god, what mortal, shall prevent thy fa'!  
Turn, turn thy eyes from wicked men in place,  
And see what succour from the patriot race.  
C——, his own proud dupe, thinks monarchs things  
Made just for him, as other fools for kings;  
Controls, decides, insults thee every hour,  
And antedates the hatred due to power.  
Through clouds of passion P——'s views are clear,  
He foams a patriot to subside a peer;  
Impatient sees his country bought and sold,  
CONDEMNNS the market where he takes no gold.

Grave, righteous S—— jogs on, till, past belief,  
He finds himself companion with a thief.

To purge and let thee blood, with fire and sword,  
Is all the help stern S—— would afford.

That those who bind and rob thee, would not kill,  
Good C—— hopes, and candidly sits still.

Of Ch——s W—— who speaks at all,  
No more than of Sir Harry or Sir Paul?  
Whose names once up, they thought it was not wrong  
To lie in bed, but sure they lay too long.

G——r, C——m, B——t, pay thee due regards,  
Unless the ladies bid them mind their cards.

with wit that must  
And C——d, who speaks so well, and writes,  
Whom (saving W.) every S. harper bites.

must needs  
Whose wit and                    equally provoke one,  
Finds thee, at best, the butt to crack his joke on.

As for the rest, each winter up they run,  
And all are clear, that something must be done.  
Then urged by C——t, or by C——t stopp'd,  
Inflamed by P——, and by P—— dropp'd;  
They follow reverently each wondrous wight,  
Amazed that one can read, that one can write:  
So geese to gander prone obedience keep,  
Hiss if he hiss, and if he slumber, sleep.  
Till having done whate'er was fit or fine,  
Utter'd a speech, and ask'd their friends to dine;  
Each hurries back to his paternal ground,  
Content but for five shillings in the pound;  
Yearly defeated, yearly hopes they give,  
And all agree, Sir Robert cannot live.

Rise, rise great W——, fated to appear,  
Spite of thyself, a glorious minister!  
Speak the loud language princes . . . . .  
And treat with half the . . . . .  
At length to B—— kind, as to thy . . . . .  
Espouse the nation, you . . . . .

What can thy H . . . . .  
Dress in Dutch . . . . .  
Though still he travels on no bad pretence,  
To shew . . . . .

Or those foul copies of thy face and tongue,  
Veracious W—— and frontless Young;  
Sagacious Bub, so late a friend, and there  
So late a foe, yet more sagacious H——?  
Hervey and Hervey's school, F——, H——y, H——n,  
Yea, moral Ebor, or religious Winton.  
How! what can O——w, what can D——,

The wisdom of the one and other chair,  
 N—— laugh, or D——'s sager  
 Or thy dread truncheon, M.'s mighty peer?  
 What help from J——'s opiates canst thou draw,  
 Or H——k's quibbles voted into law?

C., that Roman in his nose alone,  
 Who hears all causes, B——, but thy own,  
 Or those proud fools whom nature, rank, and fate  
 Made fit companions for the sword of state.

Can the light packhorse, or the heavy steer,  
 The sowing prelate, or the sweating peer,  
 Drag out with all its dirt and all its weight,  
 The lumbering carriage of thy broken state?  
 Alas! the people curse, the carman swears,  
 The drivers quarrel, and the master stares.

The plague is on thee, Britain, and who tries  
 To save thee in the infectious office *dies*.  
 The first firm P——y soon resign'd his breath,  
 Brave S——w loved thee, and was lied to death.  
 Good M——m—t's fate tore P——th from thy side,  
 And thy last sigh was heard when W——m died.

Thy nobles sl—s, thy se—s bought with gold,  
 Thy clergy perjured, thy whole people sold.

An atheist ☺ a ⊕ "'s ad . . . . .  
 Blotch thee all o'er, and sink . . . . .

Alas! on one alone our all relies,  
 Let him be honest, and he must be wise;  
 Let him no trifier from his school,  
 Nor like his . . . . . still a . . . . .

Be but a man! unminister'd, alone,  
 And free at once the senate and the throne:  
 Esteem the public love his best supply,

A ☉'s true glory his integrity;  
 Rich *with* his . . . . . *in* his . . . strong,  
 Affect no conquest, but endure no wrong.  
 Whatever his religion or his blood,  
 His public virtue makes his title good.  
 Europe's just balance and our own may stand,  
 And one man's honesty redeem the land.

## LINES ON RECEIVING FROM THE

RT. HON. THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY

## A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

Yes, I beheld the Athenian queen  
 Descend in all her sober charms;  
 "And take," she said, and smiled serene  
 "Take at this hand celestial arms:

"Secure the radiant weapons wield;  
 This golden lance shall guard desert,  
 And if a vice dares keep the field,  
 This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Awed, on my bended knees I fell,  
 Received the weapons of the sky;  
 And dipt them in the sable well,  
 The font of fame or infamy.

"What *well*? what *weapon*?" Flavia cries;  
 "A standish, steel, and golden pen!  
 It came from Bertrand's, not the skies;  
 I gave it you to write again.

"But, friend, take heed whom you attack;  
 You'll bring a house, (I mean of peers,)  
 Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,  
 L—— and all about your ears.

"You'd write as smooth again on glass,  
 And run, on ivory, so glib,  
 As not to stick at fool or ass,  
 Nor stop at flattery or fib.

"Athenian queen! and sober charms!  
 I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in 't:  
 'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;  
 In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

"Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,  
 That dares tell neither truth nor lies,  
 I'll list you in the harmless roll  
 Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

---

TO  
THE AUTHOR OF A POEM ENTITLED  
"SUCCESSIO,"

[ELKANAH SETTLE.]

BEGONE, ye critics! and restrain your spite,  
Codrus writes on, and will for ever write:  
The heaviest muse the swiftest course has gone,  
As clocks run fastest when most lead is on.  
What though no bees around your cradle flew,  
Nor on your lips distill'd their golden dew!  
Yet have we oft discover'd in their stead  
A swarm of drones that buzz'd about your head.  
When you, like Orpheus, strike the warbling lyre,  
Attentive blocks stand round you and admire.  
Wit pass'd through thee no longer is the same,  
As meat digested takes a different name;  
But sense must sure thy safest plunder be,  
Since no reprisals can be made on thee.  
Thus thou mayst rise, and in thy daring flight  
(Though ne'er so weighty) reach a wondrous height:  
So forced from engines, lead itself can fly,  
And ponderous slugs move nimbly through the sky.  
Sure Bavius copied Mævius to the full,  
And Chærilus taught Codrus to be dull;  
Therefore, dear friend, at my advice give o'er  
This needless labour; and contend no more  
To prove a *dull succession* to be true,  
Since 'tis enough we find it so in you.

THE END.



