

THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS,  
FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE  
SERIES EDITED,

WITH  
PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,  
BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND  
THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

---

THE  
ADDITIONAL LIVES  
BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F. S. A.

---

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

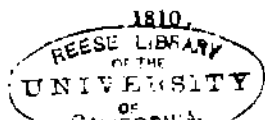
VOL. XV.

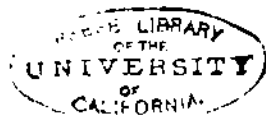
W. THOMPSON,	DODSLEY,
— BLAIR,	CHATTERTON,
LLOYD,	COOPER,
GREEN,	SMOLLETT,
BYROM,	HAMILTON.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON; J. NICHOLS AND SON; B. BALDWIN; F. AND C. RIVINGTON; W. OTTRIDGE AND SON;  
LEIGH AND SOTHEY; B. PAULDER AND SON; G. NICHOL AND SON; Y. PAYNE; G. ROBINSON; WILKIE AND  
ROBINSON; C. DAVIES; Y. EGERTON; SCATCHERD AND LETTERMAN; J. WALKER; VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE;  
R. LEA; J. NUNN; LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.; J. STOCKDALE; CUTHELL AND MARTIN; CLARKE AND SONS;  
J. WHITE AND CO.; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME; CADELL AND DAVIES; J. BARRER; JOHN RICHARDSON;  
J. M. RICHARDSON; J. CARPENTER; B. CROSBY; E. JEFFERY; J. MURRAY; W. MILLER; J. AND A. ARCH; BLACK,  
PARRY, AND KINGSBURY; J. BOOKER; B. BAGSTER; J. HARDING; J. MACKINLAY; J. HATCHARD; R. H. EVANS;  
MATTHEWS AND LEIGH; J. MAWMAN; J. BOOTH; J. ASPERNE; P. AND W. WYNNE; AND W. GRACE. DRICHTON  
AND SON AT CAMBRIDGE, AND WILSON AND SON AT YORK.





# CONTENTS.

VOL. XV.

## POEMS OF W. THOMPSON.

	Page		Page
THE Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers .....	3	Anna Maria W—d—rd .....	26
Dedication .....	7	Minerva mistaken .....	ib.
Advertisement to the Reader .....	9	The Magi. A sacred Eclogue .....	27
Epithalamium on the royal Nuptials.....	11	On Mr. Pope's Works. Written soon after his	
Beauty and Music. An Ode .....	13	Death .....	ib.
The despairing Maiden .....	14	Epitaph on my Father. In the Parish-Church	
The despairing Lover .....	ib.	of Brough, Westmoreland .....	29
To the Author of Leonidas, a Poem. An Epistle.	15	Epitaph on my Mother. In the Parish-Church	
Ode Brumalis: Ad Amicum Oxoniensem.....	16	of Brough, Westmoreland .....	ib.
Winter; a translation of Ode Brumalis. By		Written in the Holy Bible .....	ib.
the reverend Mr. Tattersal, late Fellow of		On a Present of three Roses from Iauthe.....	ib.
Trinity College, Cambridge .....	17	Cupid mistaken .....	30
Ode Vernalis: Ad Amicum Oxoniensem .....	18	Cupid in love; or, Stella and the Wasp.	
Spring; a translation of Ode Vernalis. By		Anacreontic .....	ib.
the reverend Mr. Tattersal, late Fellow of		On writing Laura's Name in the Snow. Thirsis	
Trinity College, Cambridge .....	ib.	and Damon .....	ib.
The Nativity. A college Exercise, 1736 .....	19	Epilogue to Cato. Spoken by a young Gentle-	
The Bower .....	20	man in the Character of Marcia, before a	
The Lover .....	21	private Audience .....	ib.
The Lover's Night .....	ib.	The happy Life .....	31
To a Friend on his Marriage. An Ode.....	22	The Wedding-Morn. A Dream .....	ib.
On the Death of Mr. Wearing, the famous		An Hymn to May .....	32
Musician at Oxford.....	ib.	The new Lyre. To a Friend.....	38
To Dr. Linden, on his Treatise on chalybeate		Sickness, a Poem: in five Books.	
Waters .....	ib.	Book I. ....	ib.
Paradise Regained. To a Friend .....	ib.	II. The Palace of Disease .....	41
Ceresus and Callirhoe. A Tale.....	ib.	III. The Progress of Sickness .....	45
To Miss Addison. On seeing Mr. Rowe's Monu-		IV. The Recovery .....	48
ment in Westminster Abbey, erected at the		V. The Thanksgiving .....	52
Expense of his Widow.....	25	An Hymn in Sickness .....	56
The Milkmaid .....	ib.	Gratitude. A Poem on the Countess of Pom-	
The Conquest .....	26	fret's Benefactions to the University of Ox-	
The Bee .....	ib.	ford .....	ib.
The morning Lark. Anacreontic .....	ib.		

## POEM OF BLAIR.

The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers .....	61	The Grave .....	64
--	----	-----------------	----

## POEMS OF LLOYD.

	Page		Page
The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers.....	71	The Cobbler of Cripplegate's Letter to Robert Lloyd, A. M.....	124
The Author's Apology.....	75	On Rhyas. A familiar Epistle to a Friend...	125
The Actor. Addressed to Bonnel Thornton, Esq.....	76	A familiar Epistle. To a Friend who sent the Author a Hamper of Wine.....	128
The Poetry-Professors.....	78	The Candle and Snuffers. A Fable.....	130
The Cit's Country-Box, 1757.....	82	The Temple of Favour. To William Kenrick.....	ib.
Genius, Envy, and Time, a Fable; addressed to William Hogarth, Esq.....	81	The Spirit of Contradiction. A Tale.....	132
The Hare and Tortoise, 1757. A Fable.....	82	A familiar Epistle to —.....	133
The Satyr and Pedlar, 1757.....	83	Charity. A Fragment. Inscribed to the rev. Mr. Hanbury.....	134
The Nightingale, the Owl, and the Cuckoo, a Fable; addressed to David Garrick, Esq. on the Report of his retiring from the Stage, Dec. 1760.....	ib.	The Whim. An Epistle to Mr. W. Wotzy.....	135
A Tale.....	84	Ode to Genius.....	(137)
Shakspeare; an Epistle to Mr. Garrick.....	86	Prologus, 1757.....	ib.
An Epistle to C. Churchill, Author of the Rosciad.....	87	Prologus, 1758.....	ib.
Epistle to J. B. Esq. 1757.....	89	Prologus in Adelpheos, 1759.....	138
Epistle to the same, 1757.....	90	Epilogus in Adelpheos, 1759.....	ib.
To ****, about to publish a Volume of Miscellanies written in the Year 1755.....	ib.	Recte statuit Baxterus de Somniorum Phœnomenis.....	ib.
To George Colman, Esq. A familiar Epistle. Written January 1, 1761. From Tisington in Derbyshire.....	91	Carmina ad nobilissimum Thomam Dozem de Newcastle.....	139
Two Odes. Ode I.....	(93)	Ad Cancellarium.....	ib.
II. To Oblivion.....	(94)	Latin Version of Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard.....	(ib)
The Progress of Envy. Written in the Year 1751.....	(ib.)	Song by Pope, and Latin Translation.....	141
Prologue to the Jealous Wife. Spoken by Mr. Garrick.....	97	Part of Homer's Hymn to Apollo. Translated from the Greek.....	142
Prologue, intended to have been spoken at Drury Lane Theatre, on his Majesty's Birthday, 1761.....	ib.	From Catullus.....	144
Prologus to Hecuba. Spoken by Mr. Garrick, 1761.....	ib.	The first Book of the Henriade.....	ib.
Ode spoken on a public Occasion at Westminster School.....	(98)	An Imitation from the Spectator.....	148
The Tears and Triumph of Parnassus: an Ode, set to Music, and performed at Drury Lane, 1760.....	ib.	A Ballad.—Ye shepherds so careless and gay.....	ib.
Arcadia. A dramatic Pastoral.....	100	To Chloe.....	149
An Epistle to Mr. Colman. Written in the Year 1756.....	102	To the Moon.....	ib.
The Puff. A Dialogue between the Bookseller and Author. Prefixed to the St. James's Magazine, September, 1762.....	103	Song.—The beauty which the gods bestow.....	150
Chit-chat. An Imitation of Theocritus, Idyll. xv.....	105	To the rev. Mr. Hanbury of Church-Langton, Leicestershire, on his Plantation.....	ib.
A Dialogue between the Author and his Friend.....	108	Sent to a Lady, with a Seal.....	ib.
The Poet. An Epistle to C. Churchill.....	111	Epistle to a Friend.....	ib.
The two Rubric Posts. A Dialogue.....	113		
Song.—Though winter its desolate reign.....	114		
A familiar Epistle to J. B. Esq.....	ib.		
The Milkmaid.....	116		
A familiar Epistle, from the rev. Mr. Hanbury's Horse, to the rev. Mr. Scot.....	117		
The New River Head. A Tale. Attempted in the Manner of Mr. C. Dennis. Inscribed to John Wilkes, Esq.....	118		
A familiar Letter of Rhymes. To a Lady.....	121		
The Cobbler of Tensington's Letter to David Garrick, Esq. 1761.....	123		

## SONGS

## IN THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

Air I. While the cool and gentle breeze.....	151
II. Though my features I'm told.....	ib.
III. 'Tis thus in those toys.....	ib.
IV. When the head of poor Tummas was broke.....	ib.
V. When vapours o'er the meadow dia.....	152
VI. Yes that's a magazine of arms.....	ib.
VII. Go seek some nymph of humbler lot.....	ib.
VIII. Thus laugh'd at, jilted, and betray'd.....	ib.
IX. Thank you, ladies, for your care.....	ib.
X. The flowers which grace their native beds.....	ib.
XI. When late a simple rustic lass.....	ib.
XII. How strange the mode which truth neglects.....	ib.
XIII. For various purpose serves the fan.....	ib.
XIV. If tyrant love with cruel dart.....	ib.

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page		Page
Air XV. Along your verdant lowly vale .....	152	Air XX. What's all the pomp of gaudy courts,	153
XVI. Tho' my dress, as my manners, is simple and plain .....	153	XXI. Return, sweet lass, to flocks and swains,	ib.
XVII. From Bow'r to Bow'r the butterfly ...	ib.	XXII. Again in rustic weeds array'd .....	ib.
XVIII. When far from fashion's gilded scene,	ib.	XXIII. Why should I now, my love, complain,	ib.
XIX. Flattering hopes the mind deceiving,	ib.	XXIV. No doubt but your fool's-cap has known .....	ib.

POEMS OF GREEN.

The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers .....	157	The Seeker .....	170
The Spleen. An Epistle to Mr. Cuthbert Jackson	163	The Grotto. Written by Mr. Green, under the Name of Peter Drake, a Fisherman of Brentford .....	171
An Epigram on the rev. Mr. Laurence Echard's and Bishop Gilbert Burnet's Histories .....	169		
The Sparrow and Diamond. A Song .....	ib.		

POEMS OF BYROM.

The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers .....	177	head's Verses, which were published and ad- dressed to the People of England in the Year 1758 .....	200
Preface .....	183	A Hint to a young Person, for his better Im- provement by Reading or Conversation .....	201
A Pastoral. Written by the Author, when a Student at Trinity College, Cambridge, and first printed in the eighth Volume of the Spectator .....	185	To Lady B—W—, upon her presenting the Author with the Money of a Lottery Ticket	ib.
A Description of Tunbridge, in a Letter to P. M. Esq. ....	186	The Centaur fabulous .....	202
A full and true Account of an horrid and bar- barous Robbery, committed on Epping Forest, upon the Body of the Cambridge Coach. In a Letter to M. F. Esq. ....	187	Thoughts on the Constitution of human Nature, as represented in the Systems of modern Philosophers .....	ib.
A Letter to R. L. Esq. on his Departure from London .....	188	On the Patron of England, in a Letter to Lord Willoughby, President of the Antiquarian Society .....	203
Verses, spoken extempore at the Meeting of a Club, upon the President's appearing in a black Bob Wig, who usually wore a white Tye ...	189	On specious and superficial Writers .....	204
The Astrologer .....	190	The passive Participle's Petition to the Printer of the Gentleman's Magazine .....	ib.
Contentment: or, the happy Workman's Song	191	The Beau and the Bedlamite .....	ib.
The Dissection of a Beau's Head. From the Spectator, No. 275. ....	ib.	An Answer to the following Letter, requesting the Author's Solution of a Rebus, commonly ascribed to Lord Chesterfield .....	209
Song.—Why, prithee now, what does it signify	192	The Rebus .....	ib.
Extempore Verses, upon a Trial of Skill be- tween the two great Masters of the Science of Defence, Messrs. Figg and Sulton .....	193	The Answer .....	ib.
Verses spoken at the breaking up of the Free Grammar School, in Manchester. The three Black Crows. A Tale .....	194	Thoughts on Rhyme and blank Verse .....	206
Verses spoken on the same Occasion with the preceding .....	ib.	St. Philip Neri and the Youth .....	207
The Ape and the Fox, a Fable. Spoken on the same Occasion .....	195	Advice to the rev. Messrs. H— and H— to preach slow .....	ib.
Dolce ante omnia Musa. Spoken on the same Occasion .....	ib.	To the same, on preaching extempore .....	ib.
The country Fellows and the Ass. A Fable. Spoken on the same Occasion .....	196	On Clergymen preaching Politics, To R— L—, Esq. ....	208
Spoken on the same Occasion .....	197	Moses's Vision .....	ib.
The Pond .....	ib.	On the Author's Coat of Arms .....	209
The Numbers .....	198	Verses intended to have been spoken at the breaking up of the Free Grammar School in Manchester, in the Year 1758 .....	ib.
Careless Content .....	199	A Dialogue on Contentment .....	210
On Pat once. Written at the Request of a Friend .....	ib.	Tom the Porter .....	211
Remarks upon Dr. Akenside's and Mr. White-		An Epistle to a Friend, on the Art of English Poetry .....	212
		On Inoculation. Written when it first began to be practised in England .....	214
		An Answer to some Inquiries concerning the Author's Opinion of a Sermon preached at	

	Page		Page
—, upon the operation of the Holy Spirit	215	Epigram on the Feuds between Handel and Buononcini	243
Remarks on Dr. Brown's Estimate. Written in the Character of a Lady	ib.	An Anecdote	ib.
Remarks on a Pamphlet, entitled, <i>Epistles to the Great</i>	216	A Letter to R. L. Esq.	ib.
Epilogue to Hurlothrumbo, or the Supernatural	217	The Poetaster	ib.
Remarks on Dr. Middleton's Examination of the Lord Bishop of London's Discourses concerning the Use and Intent of Prophecy	218	To Henry Wright, of Mobberly, Esq. on buying the Picture of Father Mallobranche	244
Four Epistles to the rev. Mr. L—, late Vicar of Bowden, upon the Miracle at the Feast of Pentecost.		On two lean Millers at Manchester, who rigorously enforced the Custom of obliging all the Inhabitants to have their Corn ground at their Mills	245
Epistle I.	227	Epitaph, written in Chalk on the Grave-stone of a prodigal Schoolmaster	ib.
II.	228	An Epistle to a Gentleman of the Temple	ib.
III.	229	Enthusiasm: a poetical Essay, in a Letter to a Friend in Town	248
IV.	230	A Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer	252
An Epistle to J. Bl—k—n, Esq. Occasioned by a Dispute concerning the Food of St. John the Baptist	231	A divine Pastoral	253
Three Epistles to G. Lloyd, Esq. on a Passage in Homer.		A thanksgiving Hymn	254
Epistle I.	232	An Hymn on the Omnipresence	255
II.	233	The Collect for Advent Sunday	ib.
III.	234	On the same	ib.
Critical Remarks in English and Latin upon several Passages in Horace.		On the Epiphany	256
An Epistle to a Friend, proposing a Correction in the following passage: <i>Si non Acrium Virginis addite, &amp;c.</i>	233	Meditations for every day in Passion Week.	
A Dialogue.—What must Mæcenas when he sups	ib.	Monday. God in Christ is all love	ib.
Critical Remark on Hor. Art. Poet. l. 388. <i>Pocumque prematur in ansum</i>	236	Tuesday. How Christ quenocheth the wrath of God in us	257
On Hor. Lib. i. Ode ix. v. 13. <i>Nunc et Campus et Arva, &amp;c.</i>	237	Wednesday. Christ satisfieth the justice of God by fulfilling all righteousness	ib.
On Hor. Lib. ii. Ode iii. v. 17. <i>Cedes coemptis Salibus, et domo, &amp;c.</i>	238	Thursday. Christ the beginner and finisher of the new life in man	ib.
On Hor. Lib. iii. Ode ix. v. 57. <i>Non est meum, si mugiat Africa, &amp;c.</i>	ib.	Friday. How the sufferings and death of Christ are available to man's salvation	258
Hor. Lib. iii. Ode xviii.	239	Saturday. How Christ by his death overcame death	ib.
Eloc. Lib. iii. Ode iv. <i>Ut tuto ab atris Corpore Viperis, &amp;c.</i>	ib.	Easter Collect	ib.
Hor. Lib. iv. Ode iii. <i>Romæ, principis Urbium, &amp;c.</i>	ib.	Easter Day	ib.
Hor. Lib. i. Ode xv. <i>Iracunda Diem proferit Illo, &amp;c.</i>	240	An Hymn for Easter Day	259
Hor. Lib. i. Ode xxix.— <i>Quisneget arduis, &amp;c.</i>	ib.	On Whitsunday	ib.
Hor. Lib. ii. Ode xiv.	ib.	On Trinity Sunday	260
Hor. Lib. iii. Ode xxiii.— <i>There placaris et Hornâ, &amp;c.</i>	241	On the same	ib.
The foregoing Criticism, in English Verse	ib.	A Caution against Despair	ib.
Hor. Lib. i. Ode xx. <i>Vile potabis medicis Sabinum, &amp;c.</i>	ib.	A penitential Soliloquy	261
Miscellaneous Pieces: consisting of Thoughts on various Subjects, Epigrams, &c.	242	An Encouragement to earnest and importunate Prayer	ib.
A Query	ib.	A Soliloquy, on reading the 5th and 8th Verses of the 57th Psalm	ib.
Verses designed for a Watch-case	ib.	An Epistle from the Author to his Sister, with the foregoing Soliloquy enclosed	262
An Admonition against swearing, addressed to an Officer in the Army	ib.	Verses, written under a Print, representing the Salutation of the Blessed Virgin	ib.
To the same, extempore; intended to allay the Violence of Party-Spirit	ib.	Verses written under a Print, representing Christ in the Midst of the Doctors	263
On the Naturalization Bill	243	Armelle Nicholas's Account of herself. From the French	ib.
On the same	ib.	Reflections on the foregoing Account	264
On the same	ib.	St. Cecilia's Hymn	ib.
Advertisement upon the same	ib.	A Letter to a Lady, occasioned by her desiring the Author to revise and publish the Poems of Bishop Ken	265
On Prior's Solomon, an Epigram	ib.	A Hint to Christian Poets	266
		On the Disposition of Mind requisite for the right Use and Understanding of the Holy Scriptures	ib.
		On the same Subject, in a Letter to Mr. Ponthieu	ib.
		A Stricture on the Bishop of Gloucester's Doctrine of Grace	267
		On the Conversion of St. Paul	ib.

CONTENTS.

ix

Page	Page
A Contrast between human Reason and divine Illumination, exemplified in three different Characters .....	268
Socrates's Reply, concerning Heraclitus's Writings .....	269
Thoughts upon human Reason, occasioned by reading some extravagant Declamations in its favour .....	ib.
On Faith, Reason, and Sight, considered as the three distinct Mediums of human Perception .....	ib.
A Dialogue between Rusticus, Theophilus, and Academicus, on the Nature, Power, and Use of human Learning, in Matters of Religion .....	270
A poetical Version of a Letter from the Earl of Essex to the Earl of Southampton .....	272
The Italian Bishop. An Anecdote .....	273
On Resignation. To a Friend in Trouble .....	ib.
A poetical Version of a Letters from Jacob Behmen to a Friend, on the same Occasion .....	274
On bearing the Cross. A Dialogue .....	275
A Soliloquy on the Cause and Consequence of a doubting Mind .....	276
A plain Account of the Nature and Design of true Religion .....	ib.
On the true Meaning of the Scripture Terms Life and Death, when applied to Men .....	ib.
On the Ground of true and false Religion .....	277
Peter's Denial of his Master .....	ib.
On the Cause, Consequence, and Cure of spiritual Pride .....	ib.
The Beggar and the Divine .....	278
Fragment of an Hymn on the Goodness of God .....	ib.
Universal Good the Object of the divine Will, and Evil the necessary Effect of the Creator's Opposition to it .....	279
On the disinterested Love of God .....	280
On the same Subject .....	ib.
On the Meaning of the word Wrath, as applied to God in Scripture .....	281
The foregoing Subject more fully illustrated in a Comment on the following Scripture: God so loved the world, &c. ....	ib.
The true Grounds of eternal and immutable Felicity .....	282
On the Nature and Reason of all outward Law .....	ib.
Divine Love, the essential Characteristic of true Religion .....	283
On Works of Mercy and Compassion. Considered as the Proofs of true Religion .....	ib.
Verses designed for an Infirmary .....	ib.
An Hymn to Jesus .....	284
An Hymn on Simplicity. From the German .....	ib.
A Farewell to the World. From the French .....	285
An Hymn. From the French .....	ib.
The Soul's Tendency towards its true Centre .....	ib.
The desponding Soul's Wish .....	ib.
The Answer .....	ib.
An Hymn to Jesus. From the Latin of St. Bernard .....	286
A Paraphrase on the Prayer used in the Church Liturgy, for all Sorts and Conditions of Men .....	ib.
The Prayer of Rusbrochius .....	287
A Prayer, from Mr. Law's Spirit of Prayer .....	288
On Attention .....	288
A Prayer, used by Francis the First, when he was at War with the Emperor Charles the Fifth .....	ib.
A Comment on the following Passage in the general Confession of Sin, used in the Church Liturgy: According to thy Promises, &c. ....	ib.
For the due Improvement of a funeral Solemnity .....	ib.
On Church-Communion, in seven Parts; from a Letter of Mr. Law .....	289
A dying Speech. From Mr. Law .....	292
A Comment on the following Scripture: In the beginning was the Word. John i. 1. ....	ib.
A memorial Abstract of a Sermon preached by the rev. Mr. H.— on Proverbs, c. x. v. 27. ....	293
On the Union and three-fold Distinction of God, Nature, and Creature .....	ib.
On the Origin of Evil .....	294
A friendly Expostulation with a Clergyman concerning a Passage in his Sermon, relating to the Redemption .....	ib.
On the same Subject, written upon another Occasion .....	295
An Expostulation with a zealous Sectarist .....	296
Thoughts on imputed Righteousness, occasioned by reading the rev. Mr. Hervey's Dialogues, between Theron and Aspasio .....	ib.
On the Nature of free Grace, and the Claim to Merit for the Performance of good Works .....	298
A Soliloquy, on reading a Dispute about Faith and Works .....	299
Thoughts on Predestination and Reprobation. A Fragment .....	ib.
The Potter and his Clay, an Hymn, ascribed to Dr. Watts .....	301
The Contrast .....	ib.
An Argument for David's Belief of a future State inferred from Bathsheba's last Words to him upon his Death-Bed .....	302
On the Fall of Man .....	ib.
A Letter to a Friend, upon the Meaning of St. Paul's Expression of "speaking with tongues." 1 Corinth. 14. ....	ib.
Familiar Epistles to a Friend, upon a Sermon entitled, The Office and Operations of the Holy Spirit. By the rev. Mr. Warburton.	
Letter I. ....	304
II. ....	305
III. ....	ib.
IV. ....	306
V. ....	307
VI. ....	308
Miscellaneous Pieces, consisting of Thoughts on various Subjects, Fragments, Epigrams, &c. ....	ib.
On the Epicurean, Stoic, and Christian Philosophy .....	310
Atheism the only Ground of Discontent .....	ib.
God the only true Teacher .....	ib.
An Epigram on the Blessedness of Divine Love .....	ib.
A Contrast between two eminent Divines .....	ib.
On Preaching. An Epigram .....	ib.

POEMS OF DODSLEY.

	Page		Page
The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers	313	Colin's Kisses.	
Dedication	325	Song I. The Tutor	340
The Footman, an Epistle to my Friend, Mr. Wright	327	II. The imaginary Kiss	ib.
To the honourable Lady Howe, upon the Death of her Husband, Sir Richard Howe	328	III. The Feast	341
To my Friend Mr. Wright, upon his commending Something I had wrote	ib.	IV. The stolen Kiss	ib.
Songs from Sir John Cockle at Court.		V. The meeting Kiss	ib.
O the pleasing, pleasing joys	ib.	VI. The parting Kiss	ib.
Tho' born in a country town	ib.	VII. The borrowed Kiss	ib.
Adieu to your cart and your plough	ib.	VIII. The Kiss repaid	ib.
Ah, luckless knight! I mourn thy case	ib.	IX. The secret Kiss	ib.
Songs from the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green.		X. The Rapture	ib.
The faithful stork behold	328	XI. The reconciling Kiss	342
Let begging no more then be taunted	329	XII. The mutual Kiss	ib.
Tho' darkness still attends me	ib.	The Wife. A Fragment	ib.
The boy thus of a bird possess	ib.	Rome's Pardon. A Tale	344
As death slope the marriage knot unties	ib.	An Epistle to Stephen Duck, at his first coming to Court	345
Behold me on my bended knee	ib.	An Epitaph. On Queen Caroline	ib.
Duet.—The man who in a dungeon lies for debt.	ib.	On Riches. Humbly inscribed to the right hon.	ib.
Song. From the Miller of Mansfield.—How happy a state does the miller possess	ib.	The Petition	347
Song. In the Triumph of Peace.—Banish'd to some less happy shore	ib.	An Epithalamium	ib.
Prologue to Sir John Cockle at Court	330	The Advice	ib.
Epilogue to Sir John Cockle at Court	ib.	A lamentable Case. Submitted to the Bath Physicians	ib.
Epilogue to the Toy-Shop	ib.	A Lady's Salutation to her Garden in the Country	ib.
Rex et Pontifex, being an Attempt to introduce upon the Stage a new Species of Pantomime	ib.	The Progress of Love	348
The Art of Preaching: in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry	332	Song.—Man's a poor deluded bubble	ib.
An Epistle to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his Essay on Man	335	An Epigram, occasioned by the Word "one Prior," in the second Volume of Bishop Burnet's History	ib.
On Good and Ill-Nature. To Mr. Pope	336	Epigram.—Cries Sylvia to a reverend dean	ib.
The Cave of Pope. A Prophecy	ib.	The Kings of Europe. A Jest	ib.
On the Death of Mr. Pope	337	Melpomene: or, the Regions of Terror and Pity	348
Modern Reasoning. An Epistle	ib.	On his first Arrival at the Leasowes, 1754	350
Religion. A Simile	338	Agriculture. A Poem.	
Pain and Patience. An Ode	339	Preface	351
Kitty. A Pastoral	340	Canto I.	ib.
		II.	355
		III.	359

POEMS OF CHATTERTON.

The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers	567	Bristowe Tragedie: or the Death of Syr Charles Bawdin	392
ECLOGUES.		On our Ladies Chyrche	396
I. Roberts and Raufe	381	On the same	ib.
II. Nygello	382	On the Dedication of our Ladies Church	ib.
III. Manne. Womans. Sir Rogers	383	On the Mynster	ib.
IV. Elizoure and Jugs	385	On Happinesse. By William Canynge	397
The Parlymente of Sprytes. A most merrie Entyrlude	ib.	On Johne a Dalbenie. By the same	ib.
The Tournament. An Interlude	386	The Gouler's Requiem. By the same	ib.
		The Account of W. Canynge's Feast. By the same	ib.

CONTENTS.

xi

Page	Page		
Epitaph on Robert Canyng	397	A Song. Addressed to Miss C—um, of Bristol.	460
The Storie of William Canyng	398	To a Friend	ib.
Harandyn. A Fragment	399	To the beautous Miss Hoyland	ib.
Fragment, by John, seconde Abbatte of		Acrostic on Miss Hoyland. 1768	461
Seyncte Austin's Mysterre	ib.	Acrostic on Miss Clarke. 1768	ib.
Warre. By the same	400	To Miss Hoyland. 1768	ib.
A Chronycalle of Brystowe, wrote by Raufe		To Miss Hoyland. 1768	ib.
Chedder	ib.	To Miss Hoyland. 1768	462
The Freere of Ordery's Whyte	ib.	To Miss Hoyland. 1768. With a Present	ib.
Dialogue between Master Philpot and Wal-		To Miss Hoyland. 1768	ib.
worth, Cockneies	ib.	To Miss Clarke. 1768	ib.
The marrie Tricks of Lamyngetowne. By		Epistle to the reverend Mr. Catcott. Decem-	
Maystre John a Iscam	401	ber 6th, 1769	ib.
Songe of Seyncte Baldwyne	402	Sentiment. 1769	464
Songe of Seyncte Warburghe	ib.	The Defence. Dec. 25th, 1769	465
Secte Warbur	ib.	Song to Mr. G. Catcott, 1769	ib.
The Worlde	403	Heccar and Gaira: an African Eclogue. Jan.	
One Causto of an ancient Poem, called, the		S, 1770	ib.
Unknown Knight, or the Tournament	ib.	The Methodist. May 1770	466
The Romanne of the Cuyghte. By John de		Colin instructed. 1770	ib.
Bergham	404	A burlesque Cantata	467
The Romance of the Knight. Modernized by		Song.—Fanny of the Hill. 1770	ib.
Chatterton	ib.	Happiness. 1770	ib.
To Johne Ladgate, sent with the following		The Resignation	468
Songs to <i>Elia</i>	405	Clifton	469
<del>Y<sup>e</sup>ng to <i>Elia</i>, Lord of the Castel of Brystowe</del>		To Miss Hoyland	ib.
<del>yune Daies of Yore</del>	ib.	To Mr. Powell	470
<del>Lines composed by John Ladgate, a Priest in</del>		To Miss C. on hearing her play on the Harp-	
<del>London</del>	ib.	<del>sichord</del>	ib.
<del><i>Elia</i>, a tragycal Epitride, or disconeyage</del>		The Art of Puffing, by a Bookseller's Journey-	
<del>Tragedie</del>	406	<del>man</del>	ib.
<del>Epistle to Maste Canyng on <i>Elia</i></del>	ib.	Copy of Verses written by Chatterton, to a	
<del>Letter to the dygne Maste Canyng</del>	407	<del>Lady in Bristol</del>	ib.
<del>Etroductionne</del>	ib.	The Whore of Babylon	471
<del>Godwyn. A Tragedie</del>	423	Elegy on the Death of Mr. John Tandy, Sen.	475
<del>Chorus to Godwyn, a Tragedie</del>	426	To a Friend, on his intended Marriage	ib.
<del>Egylsh Metamorphosis. Booke Ist</del>	ib.	On Thomas Philips's Death	476
<del>An excellent Balade of Charitia</del>	427	The Shepherds. A Fable	ib.
<del>Battle of Hastings</del>	428	Extract from <i>Kew Gardens</i>	477
<del>Glossary</del>	441	Fragment.— <i>Int'rest</i> , thou universal god of men.	ib.
		Elegy, written at Stanton-Drew	478
		Fragment.— <i>Far</i> from the critics and reviews.	ib.
		Elegy on the Death of Mr. Philips	479
		Sunday. A Fragment	480
		The Revenge. A Burletta	481
		SONNS.	
		A Bacchanalian.— <i>Bacchus</i> , ever smiling power.	488
		The Invitation	ib.
		A Bacchanalian.— <i>What is war</i> and all its joys.	ib.
		The Virgin's Choice	ib.
		The happy Pair	ib.
		Resignation	ib.
		Journal 6th, Saturday, Sept. 30, 1769	494
		Elegy.— <i>Why blooms the radiance of the morn-</i>	
		<i>ing sky</i>	496
		Hor. Lib. i. Od. xix	497
		Hor. Lib. i. Od. v	ib.
		To Miss Hoyland	ib.
		Elegy, on Mr. William Smith	498
		Eleonora and Jaga. Modernized by S. W. A.	
		aged sixteen	ib.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. IN THE MODERN STYLE.

Sly Dick	450
A Hymn for Christmas Day	ib.
Narrs and Mored. An African Eclogue	451
The Death of Nicou. An African Eclogue	452
Elegy to the Memory of Mr. Thomas Philips	
of Fairford	453
February. An Elegy	454
Elegy on W. Beckford, Esq.	ib.
Elegy.— <i>Haste, haste</i> , ye solemn messengers	
of night	455
To Mr. Holland, the Tragedian	ib.
On Mr. Alcock of Bristol. An excellent Mi-	
nisture Printer	456
On Miss B—sh, of Bristol	ib.
The Advice, addressed to Miss M—R., of	
Bristol	ib.
The Opemican System	457
The Consulad. An heroic Poem	ib.
Elegy.— <i>Joyless</i> I seek the solitary shade	459
The Prophecy	ib.



POEMS OF COOPER.

	Page		Page
The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers.....	503	The Power of Harmony: a Poem, in two Books. 519	
The Editor's Preface .....	507	Book I. The Harmony of Music, Poetry, and the imitative Arts .....	520
Epistles to his Friends in Town, from Aristip- pus in Retirement.		II. The Harmony of Nature .....	523
Epistle I. The Retreat of Aristippus.....	509	A Father's Advice to his Son: an Elegy .....	526
II. The Temper of Aristippus.....	511	The Tomb of Shakspeare. A Vision .....	527
III. The Apology of Aristippus .....	512	Ver-Vert; or, the Nunnery Parrot. An he- roic Poem, in four Cantos.	
IV. The Call of Aristippus .....	513	Canto I. ....	528
Song.—Dear Chloe, what means this disdain..	515	II. ....	531
An Epistle from the King of Prussia to Mon- sieur Voltaire. 1775 .....	ib.	III. ....	532
The same translated .....	ib.	IV. ....	534
A Hymn to Health, written in Sickness .....	516	The Estimate of Life, in three Parts.	
Song.—The nymph that I loved was as cheer- ful as day .....	ib.	Part I. Melpomene; or, the Melancholy... 536	
The Genius of Britain. An Iambic Ode. Ad- dressed to the right honourable William Pitt .....	ib.	II. Calliope; or, the Cheerful .....	537
Theogenes to Sylvia .....	517	III. Terpsichore; or, the Moderate ... ib.	
		Epitaph in the Chancel of St. Margaret's Church, Leicester .....	538
		Translation .....	ib.

POEMS OF SMOLLETT.

The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers.....	541	The Tears of Scotland .....	565
The Regicide; or, James the First of Scot- land. A Tragedy .....	555	Verses on a young Lady playing on a Harp- sichord and Singing .....	ib.
Prologue to the Reprisal .....	578	Love Elegy. In Imitation of Tibullus.....	ib.
Song from the Reprisal.—Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone .....	ib.	Song.—While with fond rapture and amaze..	ib.
Song from the same.—From the man whom I love, tho' my heart I disguise .....	ib.	Song.—To fix her 'twere a task as vain .....	586
Song from the same.—Let the nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the swain.....	ib.	ODES.	
Song from the same.—Behold! my brave Brit- tons, the fair springing gale .....	579	Burlesque Ode.....	ib.
Epilogue to the Reprisal.....	ib.	To Mirth .....	ib.
Advice. A Satire .....	ib.	To Sleep .....	587
Reproof. A Satire .....	589	To Levee-Water .....	ib.
		To blue-ey'd Ann .....	ib.
		To Independence .....	ib.
		Observations on the Ode to Independence ...	589

POEMS OF HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers .....	596	Upon hearing his Picture was in a Lady's Breast .....	611
MISCELLANIES.		To H. H. In the Assembly .....	612
To the Countess of Eglintoun, with the Gentle Shepherd .....	604	Indifference .....	ib.
To a young Lady with the following Poem ...	ib.	The youngest Grace: a love Elegy. Ad- dressed to a young Lady who had just fin- ished her fifteenth Year.....	ib.
Contemplation, or the Triumph of Love .....	605	Love turned to Despair .....	615
To a young Lady on her Singing .....	609	Doves. A Fragment .....	614
On seeing Lady Mary Montgomery sit to her Picture.....	ib.	The Episode of the Thistle. Flowers, Book i.	ib.
To Lady Mary Montgomery .....	ib.	To a Gentleman going to Travel .....	616
To a Lady, on her taking Something of the Author said .....	ib.	The Rhone and the Arar .....	618
		The Parody. By Mr. W *****	619

CONTENTS.

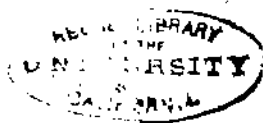
xiii

	Page		Page
Epigram on a Lion enraged at seeing a Lad in the Highland Dress .....	619	Horace, Book i. Ode v. ....	635
Miss and the Butterfly. A Fable.....	ib.	Horace, Book i. Ode vii. To the Earl of Stair. ....	ib.
On a Summer-House in my own Garden.....	620	Horace, Book i. Ode xi. To Miss Erskine ...	636
On a Dial in my Garden .....	ib.	Horace, Book i. Ode xxiii. To Miss D. ....	637
On a Dog.....	ib.	Horace, Book i. Ode xxiv. To a young Lady on the Death of her Father.....	ib.
Mithridates, Act i. Scene i. After the Man- ner of the French dramatic Rhyme of Racine. ....	ib.	Horace, Book i. Ode xxxii. To his Lyre ...	ib.
Speech of Randolph. A Fragment of Bruce, Book ii. ....	621	Horace, Book i. Ode xxxiii. To a Gentle- man in Love .....	ib.
King Lear's Speech to Edgar. Taking a View of Man from the Side of his Miseries .....	624	Horace, Book ii. Ode iv. To the Earl Mar- shal of Scotland .....	638
A Soliloquy. In Imitation of Hamlet .....	ib.	Horace, Book ii. Ode xvi. To the Earl of M—t. ....	ib.
A Soliloquy. Written in June, 1746 .....	ib.	Horace, Book iv. Ode i. ....	639
A serious Thought .....	625	Part of Epistle xi. of the first Book of Horace. ....	640
Psalm lxxv. Imitated.....	ib.	Horace, Book i. Epistle xviii. ....	ib.
<b>ODS.</b>		<b>TRANSLATIONS.</b>	
I. To Fancy .....	626	Pindar's Olympics, Ode i. ....	643
II. Begone pursuits so vain and light .....	627	Pindar's Olympics, Ode ii. ....	645
III. Now Spring begins her smiling round ...	628	The Parting of Hector and Andromache. From the sixth Iliad of Homer, translated literally. ....	648
IV. On the new Year.....	ib.	The first Scene of the Philoctetes of Sophocles. ....	649
V. On the Battle of Gladsmauir .....	629	The Episode of Lausus and Maxentius. From the tenth Book of Virgil's <i>Æneis</i> .....	ib.
<b>SONGS.</b>		The Corycian Swain .....	650
Ye shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain.....	630	The twentieth Ode of Anacreon.....	ib.
Ah, the shepherd's mournful fate .....	ib.	The twenty-first Ode of Anacreon.....	ib.
Adieu, ye pleasant sports and plays .....	ib.	The twenty-second Ode of Anacreon... ..	653
Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale .....	631	<b>EPITAPHS.</b>	
Go, plaintive sounds! and to the fair .....	ib.	On Lord Newhall .....	ib.
You ask me, charming fair .....	ib.	On Lord Binning.....	ib.
Would'st thou know her sacred charms .....	632	On Lord Bargeny .....	ib.
By a young Lady, on reading the foregoing ..	ib.	On Sir James Suttie .....	ib.
Reply by Mr. Hamilton.....	ib.	On Mr. Baillie, of Jerviswood .....	ib.
The young Lady's Answer .....	633	On Mr. Basil Hamilton .....	654
To a Lady who ridiculed the Author's Loves ..	ib.	On Mrs. Colquhoun, of Luss .....	ib.
The Braes of Yarrow. To Lady Jane Home. In Imitation of the ancient Scottish Manner. ....	ib.	On Mrs. Keith.....	ib.
The Flower of Yarrow. To Lady Mary Mont- gomery.....	654	On Mrs. Hepburn .....	ib.
<b>IMITATIONS.</b>		On Mr. Cunningham of Craighends .....	ib.
To a Swallow. From Anacreon .....	ib.	On Miss Seton, interred in the Chapel of Seton House .....	ib.
To a Dove. From Anacreon.....	655	Could this marble to the world impart.....	ib.
		Does great and splendid villany allure .....	ib.

THE  
P O E M S  
OF  
*WILLIAM THOMPSON.*

---

His oblectamus otium temporis.      PLIN. EPIST.



THE

## LIFE OF WILLIAM THOMPSON.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

---

A FEW short notices in Dodsley's Poems, in the Biographia Dramatica, and in the notes on his poems, corrected or confirmed by subsequent research, afford the only information that is now procurable respecting this writer.

He is said to have been the second son of the rev. Francis Thompson, B. D. of Queen's College, Oxford, and vicar of Brough in Westmoreland thirty-two years, who died August 31, 1735, aged seventy. His mother, who died two years after, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, was the widow of the rev. Joseph Fisher, M. A. fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, vicar of Brough, and archdeacon of Carlisle, by whom she had no children. Our author was born probably in the early part of the last century, but the year cannot be ascertained. He was young when in 1734 and 1736, he wrote *Stella*, *sive Amores*, *Tres Libri*, and six pastorals; none of which he thought it proper to include in his published works. In his poem, entitled *Sickness*, he laments the want of a mother's tenderness, and a father's care; but as they died in advanced age, he could not have lost them before he had attained at least his twentieth year.

It was on the banks of the Eden, which runs near Brough, that his "prattling Muse was first provoked to numbers," and where, we may suppose, he wrote most of those smaller pieces which he thought worthy of preservation. In these he frequently addresses an *Ianthe*, who was probably a real mistress. At the usual age he went to Queen's College, Oxford; and on February 26th, 1738, took the degree of master of arts. He afterwards became a fellow of his college, and succeeded to the livings of South Weston and Hampton Poyle, in Oxfordshire. It was, I suspect, during his residence on his living that he published *Sickness*, in 1746. The origin of this poem may be found in a note subjoined to the fifth book; but much of it must have been written just before publication, as he pays tribute to the memory of Pope and Swift, who died about that time.

In 1751, he is said to have been an unsuccessful candidate for the poetry professorship, against Hawkins. In 1756 he published *Gratitude*, a poem, on an occasion which certainly required it from every true son of Oxford. In the preceding year, Henrietta Louisa, countess dowager of Pomfret, daughter of John, baron Jeffrys of Wenim, and

relict of Thomas, first earl of Pomfret, presented to the university more than one hundred and thirty statues, &c. which the earl's father, William, baron of Lempster, had purchased from the Arundel collection, and preserved at his seat at Eston Neston in Northamptonshire. On the 25th February, 1756, this lady received the thanks of the university; and the year following the university celebrated a public encœnia, on which occasion, in an oration by Mr. Thomas Wartou, professor of poetry, she was again complimented in the most public manner for her noble and generous benefaction. Besides Thompson, an anonymous Oxonian offered a poetical tribute to her liberality; and, in 1760, Mr. Vivian, afterwards King's Professor of Modern History, published a poem on the Pomfret statues<sup>1</sup>. Thompson's poem is added to the present collection, without, it will perhaps be thought, adding much to his poetical reputation.

In 1757, he published two volumes, or, as he quaintly terms them, two *tomes* of poems, by subscription, with prefaces and notes, which give us a very high idea of the author's modesty, piety, and learning. He became afterwards dean of Raphoe in Ireland, where, it is presumed, he died sometime before the year 1766 or 1767.

It has already been mentioned, in the life of bishop Hall, that in 1753 Thompson superintended the publication of an edition of the *Virgidemiarum*.

To his volumes of poems was added, *Gondibert* and *Bertha*, a tragedy, the subject taken from Davenant's poem of *Gondibert*. This tragedy was written, he informs us, when "he was an under graduate in the university, as an innocent relaxation from those severer and more useful studies for which the college, where he had the benefit of his education, is so deservedly distinguished." He reprinted it with all its juvenile imperfections; but, although it is not without individual passages of poetical beauty, it has not dramatic form and consistency to entitle it to higher praise.

Of Thompson's personal character a very high opinion may be deduced from the general tenour of his acknowledged works. He appears to have been a man of warm affections in the relative duties of life, an ardent admirer of merit, with an humble consciousness of his own defects; a man of real piety, and of various learning. His studies lay much among the ancient English poets, in whose history and writings he was critically skilled.

As a poet, although his works have not been popular, he may be allowed to rank above some whose writings have been more anxiously preserved. Having been in early life an admirer of Spenser, he became a studied imitator of that father of English poetry; but, like most of his imitators, while he adopted his measure, he thought his imitation incomplete without borrowing a greater number of antiquated words and phrases than can be either ornamental or useful. "I have," he says in his preface, "been very sparing of the antiquated words, which are too frequent in most imitations of this author: however, I have introduced a few here and there, which are explained at the bottom of each page where they occur." But surely it may be asked, why introduce words at all that require explanation; or why are a few unintelligible words, purposely introduced, less blameable than many used by persons of less judgment?

But while our author is censurable on this account, it must be allowed that, in his *Nativity*, he has not only imitated but rivalled Spenser in the sweetness and solemnity which belong to his canto. His imagery is, in general, striking and appropriate to the elevated subject; nor is he less happy in his personifications.

His *Hymn to May* has received more praise than any of his other pieces. It is

<sup>1</sup> Wood's *Hist. and Antiq. of Oxford*, edited by Gutch. Gough's *British Topography*.

certainly more finished, but there are many luxuriances which sober judgment would have removed, and many glittering epithets, and verbal conceits, which proceeded from a memory stored with the ancient poets, and not yet chastened into simplicity by the example and encouragement of the moderns.

The poem on *Sickness* is the longest, and altogether, perhaps, the most successful effort of his muse. He chose a new subject, and I think discovers considerable powers of invention. Particular lines, indeed, may be censured; and of what poem may not this be said? His ardent imagination and strength of feeling sometimes produce swelling words approaching to bombast; his phraseology, too, is sometimes laboured and pedantic; and he seems in various instances more ambitious of the rapturous and animated, than of the mild and simple graces of expression. But on the other hand, he abounds in original, or at least uncommon thoughts, clothed in vigorous language; he evinces real feeling, the consequence of having suffered what he describes, and having been alternately depressed or elevated by the vicissitudes of a long and dangerous illness. Most of his reflections are natural, and solemnly impressive. In borrowing the language of scripture, he has employed it with less change of its original beauty than might have been expected. The poetical beauties of the *Palace of Disease*, the *Delirious Dreams*, and the greater part of the fourth book on the *Recovery*, are such as prove that he had much of the fire and enthusiasm of true genius. Were this poem printed by itself, it could scarcely fail of popularity among the admirers of Young.

Young's *Night Thoughts* were, at this time, but just published, and perhaps it would be wrong to suppose that Thompson intended to rival him; yet there are passages which strongly remind us of Young's peculiar phraseology: Thompson had read much, and perhaps was unconscious of applying to his own use what he owed to his memory only. Every one may recollect the origin of—

How many Somersets are lost in thee?—  
 Forbid it reason and forbid it heaven.—  
 Soft pow'r of slumbers, dewy-feather'd sleep,  
 Kind nurse of nature—&c.

The lines expressive of the burning heat of fever, whether he did or did not recollect a similar passage in Shakspeare, do honour to his judgment, for what other exclamation could have been suitable?

O! ye rivers, roll  
 Your cooling crystal o'er my burning breast,  
 For Etna rages here! Ye snows, descend;  
 Bind me in icy chains, ye northern winds,  
 And mitigate the furies of the fire.—

We think of coolness, says an excellent critic, when panting under the heat of a summer sun; but in extreme heat we should probably think of extreme cold. When king John is tortured with the burning heat of a mortal poison, Shakspeare does not make him think of coolness, for that was not the proper contrast to his feelings, but puts in his mouth the following exclamation.—

Poison'd, ill fare! dead, and forsook, cast off,  
 And none of you will bid the Winter come,  
 To thrust his icy fingers in my maw:  
 Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
 Through my burn'd bosom: nor entreat the North  
 To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
 And comfort me with cold.

Thompson appears to have been enthusiastically fond of Pope; but the lines in which he characterizes that author are deformed by some extravagant expressions for which no fondness can atone, and are, upon that account, inferior to the poem addressed to Glover. His shorter pieces require little notice; they were mostly juvenile productions, and the wonder is, that the author of *The Despairing Maiden*, and *The Milkmaid*, could have reached such strains as *The Nativity*, *The Hymn to May*, and *Sickness*. In a few of them, however, are simple touches of nature, and an easy vein of epigrammatic humour; but it is on serious and pathetic subjects that his muse rises to dignity, and it is a praise beyond all others, that sacred topics seem to elevate him beyond his usual powers.

TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE  
COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

THESE POEMS

ARE, WITH THE PROFOUNDEST RESPECT, INSCRIBED

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST HUMBLE

AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

WILLIAM THOMPSON.



## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

---

I SHOULD not have troubled the reader with any thing by way of preface, if I did not think myself obliged to return my thanks to my goodnatured subscribers for their patience in waiting so long for their books. A bad state of health, and some other intervening accidents, prevented me from publishing the volume sooner, though above half of it has been printed off for some time.

As for the poems themselves, the greater part of them was written when the author was very young, and without any design of printing them, which is only mentioned with hopes to procure the reader's pardon for the imperfection of some and the lightness of others.

Yet

Non ego mordaci distinxī carminē quemquam,  
Nulla venenato litera mixta joco est. OVID.

I should not have printed the two Latin odes, if they had not given me an opportunity of publishing the translations along with them, which I believe will be thought the best verses in the collection: they are finished in so easy and masterly a manner, that I must own that I had rather have been the author of them than of the originals themselves. The tragedy was likewise chiefly composed when the author was an under-graduate in the university, as an innocent relaxation from those severer and more useful studies for which the college, where he had the benefit of his education, is so deservedly distinguished. I have caused it (with all its juvenile imperfections on its head) to be printed as it was at first written, and have even added the original motto, that it might be all of a piece. The poem called *Sickness* was republished at the request of several of my subscribers, to which, without regarding the additional expense, I very readily agreed: I have made some alterations, which, in the divisions of the books, I hope will be thought improvements.

I return my most humble thanks to my friends for their many kind offices in the course of the subscription, and shall leave the poems to the candour of the courteous reader with part of a verse from Horace,

Si placeo, tuum est.

# POEMS

OF

## WILLIAM THOMPSON.

### EPITHALAMIUM

ON THE ROYAL NUPTIALS,

IN MAY, 1756.

ON Themis' banks, where many a flow'ry gem  
 Blooms wanton-wild, advanc'd a jovial crew,  
 Thick as the daisies which his meadows hem,  
 And with sweet herbs the liquid crystal strew;  
 For on the liquid crystal gayly flew  
 A painted gondelay<sup>1</sup>, bedecked fair  
 With gold and purple, gorgeous to the view!  
 While loud approving shouts divide the air,  
 "Hail, happy future bride of Albion's worthy  
 heir."

Ereosons<sup>2</sup> the father of the silver flood,  
 The noble Thames, his azure head uprais'd,  
 And shook his dewy locks, worthy a god!  
 A lambent glory round his temples blaz'd,  
 On which the Naxids all with wonder gaz'd.  
 So sparkle Thetis purple-trembling streams,  
 When Phæbus, for his golden car yprais'd,  
 Strikes the calm surface with his morning beams,  
 And sprinkles spangles round and the wide blue  
 infames.

The wanton Naxids, Doris' daughters all,  
 Range in a ring: Pherusa, blooming-fair,  
 Cymodoce dove-ey'd, with Floral, and  
 sweet-smelling flow'rets deck'd their long green  
 And Erato, to Love, to Venus dear, [hair,  
 Galene drest in smiles and lilly-white,  
 And Phao, with her snowy bosom bare,  
 All these, and more than these, a dainty sight!  
 In dance and merriment and sweet beignards<sup>3</sup> de-  
 light.

Around the bark they daunce, wherein there  
 A lady fresh and fair, ah! such a one, [sat  
 So fresh and fair, so amiably great,  
 So goodly-gracious seem'd as never none,  
 And like thy sweet-beam'd planet, Venus shone.  
 They much admire, O very much her face,  
 Her shape, her breast, for Love a downy throne!  
 Her beauty's glorious shine, her every grace;  
 An angel she appear'd, at least of angel-race.

<sup>1</sup> A boat. <sup>2</sup> Presently. <sup>3</sup> Beautiful looks.

Het Themis (on his golded urn he lean'd)  
 Saluted with this hymeneal song,  
 And hail'd her safe. Full silent was the wind,  
 The river glided gently-soft along,  
 Ne<sup>4</sup> whispered the breeze the leaves among,  
 Ne love-learn'd Philomel out-trill'd her lay;—  
 A stillness on the waves attentive hung,  
 A brighter gladness blest the face of day, [May.  
 All nature gan to smile, her smiles diffus'd the

" Ah sacred ship, to Albion wafting good,  
 Our wish, our hope, our joy! who safe convey'd  
 Through perilous sea, from Ila's little flood,  
 This beauty's paragon, this royal maid,  
 Isprung, twiſt, of high empyreal seed;  
 The child of Heav'n, the daughter of Delight,  
 Nurst by a Grace, with milk and honey fed!  
 Oh Frederick! oh, certes<sup>5</sup>, blessed wight, [hight<sup>6</sup>.  
 To whom the Gods consign the nymph Augusta

" Ah sacred ship! may favourable gales,  
 The kindest breath of Heav'n attend thy way,  
 And swell the winged canvass of thy sails:—  
 May calmness be thy path, and pleasance lay  
 On the soft bosom of the yielding sea,  
 Where-e'er thou wind; or to the spicy shore  
 Of Araby the blest, or India's bay,  
 Where diamonds kindle, and the golden ore  
 Flames into purity, to deck Augusta more!

" Augusta, fairest princess under sky,  
 Welcome to Albion's renowned land,  
 Albion, well known to thy great ancestry,  
 Made dearer far to thee by Hymen's band,  
 The band of love, of honour and command!  
 Deign to receive the nation's public voice,  
 Of heartiness unfeign'd, who gleeful stand  
 In meet array, and thus express their joys [noise.  
 In peals of loud acclaim, and mirths confused

" With warmer raptures, and more passionate,  
 Though hard to be! the royal youth, I trow,  
 Shall thee embrace: him tenfold fires elate,  
 And sacred passions in his bosom glow,  
 Which from thy picture erst began to flow.  
 For thee he burns, for thee he sighs and prays,  
 Pours out his soul to thee, nor rest can know;

<sup>4</sup> Nor. <sup>5</sup> Certainly. <sup>6</sup> Named.

But dreams of thee long, livelong nights and days,  
By Beauty led through all Love's rosy-thorny-  
ways.

"To heal his pains soft music does divide  
Most heavenly melody in soothing strains;  
Nor heavenly melody, nor aught beside,  
Save thee, air dearest Dread! can heal his pains.  
Thy form too deeply in his breast remains.  
So ever and anon he chides the gales,  
That slowly seem to brush the liquid plains;  
Oh! fly on all the wings of Heav'n, ye sails,  
Oh fly! he cries; and lo! a lover's pray'r prevail.

"Now cease thy sighs. She comes, (oh blessed  
day!)

She comes, by all the Loves and Graces drest,  
In proud humility. See, Hymen play,  
With saffron robe and flame-embroider'd vest,  
(Such colours, sickerly<sup>7</sup>, suit Hymen best.)  
And Cupid catches rosy wafts of air  
To stretch the sails and fan the royal guest.  
Nor Chastity, meek-ey'd, is wanting there,  
For she, and Modesty, sweet blushing, guide the  
steer.

"Not Venus, queen of beauty and of bliss  
So goodly shone, when erst<sup>8</sup> the goddess sprung  
From Ocean's sparkling foam; sweet nakedness!  
A thousand Smiles and Loves upon her hung,  
And all the gods for joy and wooder sump.  
The Waves so proud the beamy burthen bore  
Exulting; she, around her, odours flung,  
And bade the Billows laugh and cease to roar;  
They gladly her obey, and gently kiss the shore.

"So fair she looks, nay fairer, could it be;  
Did never mortal man such charms behold  
In bow'r or hall. Spring waits upon her eye;  
Lo! Flora has her richest stores out-roll'd  
Of variable flow'rs and blooming gold.  
The meadows smile, the birds renew their love  
And throw themselves in pairs the young and old;  
All nature glows where-e'er her glances move,  
And Beauty paints each field, and music fills each  
grove.

"But who is yon, each other youth excelling  
As much as orient gold surmounteth brass?  
Sure Honour in his visage choose her dwelling,  
And sacred Truth, perdie<sup>9</sup>, adorns his face;  
Such goodlibead and humbles never was.  
Blest be the sight! full well those looks I kenn,  
Where Joyance sits and ever-smiling Grace;  
Frederic! 'tis he! the first and best of men,  
Our dearing prince to meet Augusta well-be-  
seen<sup>1</sup>.

"And lo! what medled passions in him move,  
He gazet--wonders—(great is Beauty's pow'r!)  
And, sweetly lost in ecstasy and love,  
His eyes her whole, his lips her lips devour,  
Which Venus had bespreat with nectar-show'r.  
Her slippery charms allow his eyes no rest,  
But thousand arrows, nay ten thousand pour  
Into his wounded and transported breast; [blest!  
Sure none like her is fair, sure none like him is

"O blessed youth! receive thy bonnet<sup>2</sup>,  
Eternal fount of virtue, love and grace!  
O kneel to all the gods and pray to all,  
Who sparkle so divinely in her face,  
And with celestial fires her bosom bless.  
So shines Aurora in her rich attire,  
When she Hyperion wou'd fain caress:  
Gaze all the host of stars, and all admire,  
Then twinkle in their urns, and into night retire.

"O blessed maid! receive thy balmour<sup>3</sup>,  
With glee receive him and o'erflowing heart:  
Ne in high monarch's court, ne lady's bow'r,  
A youth so form'd by Nature and by Art,  
Conspiring both, e'er cherish'd Cupid's dart.  
So Phoebus, lusty bridegroom of the sky,  
With native splendours shines on every part;  
From east to west his pointed glories fly,  
He warmeth every heart, he dazzleth every eye."

Here Themis ended. Now the goodly train  
Of all the Naid's, in most comely wise,  
A present make of myrtle-girland green,  
Entrail'd with flowrets and with rare device.  
The Graces eke, with laughter-swelling eyes,  
A rosy-chaplet, steep'd in nectar bring,  
(The roses gather'd in the morning skies)  
Then, joining with the Naid's, form a ring,  
And round them deftly daunce, and round them  
blithly sing.

"As roses and as myrtles kindly weave  
Their sweets in one, much sweeter as they blend;  
Emblem of marriage-love! So you, receive  
Sweets interchang'd, and to each other lend;  
Then, in a blest perfume, to Heav'n ascend,  
And mingle with the gods! While here below,  
New myrtles, roses new, withouten end,  
From your luxurious stock, full plenteous, grow,  
And with their parent-sweets, and parent-beauty  
glow."

Next Albion's Genius came, bedite in gold,  
An oaken chaplet nodded on his head;  
The crown he held was glorious to behold,  
And royally he taught his feet to tread.  
Soon as he spy'd the prince's goodlyhead,  
He pointed to the crown, and rais'd his voice  
To hail the royal pair and bless their bed:  
The jolly Chorus catch the grateful noise,  
Echo the woods and vales, and Heav'n and Earth  
rejoice.

Next Liberty, the fairest nymph on ground;  
The flowing plenty of her golden hair --  
Diffusing lavishly ambrosia round;  
Her bands a flow'ry cornucopia bear,  
Which scatters joy and pleasure through the air.  
Earth smil'd, and Gladness danc'd along the sky;  
Before her vanish'd Grief and pale-ey'd Care,  
And oft<sup>4</sup>, in courteous guise, she cast her eye  
On that same gentle twain, her glory and her joy.

And these beside, a sacred pers'nage came,  
Immaculate and sweet as Sharon-did flame,  
Upon her breast a bloody cross did flame,  
Aumail'd with gold and gems in goodly rows:  
A pall of lawn adown her shoulders flows:

<sup>7</sup> Surely. <sup>8</sup> Formerly. <sup>9</sup> An affirmation.

<sup>1</sup> Handsome.

<sup>2</sup> Beautiful virgin. <sup>3</sup> Charming lover. <sup>4</sup> Often.

Yclep'd<sup>5</sup> Eusebia. She pray'd aloud,  
Then, blessing both, for her defenders chose,  
And uppear'd her glories in a purple cloud:  
Softly Augusta smil'd, full lowly Frederic bow'd.

Fair Fame behind a silver trumpet blew, -  
Sweet to the Earth, and fragrant to the sky!  
Her muffle of a many-colour'd hue,  
Her rain-bow wings powder'd with many an eye,  
And near her Honour, Pow'r and Courtesy:  
Honour of open front, and steady grace;  
Pow'r, clad in steel, a faultion brandish'd high;  
Courtesy drest in smiles her bounteous face:  
When these attend a prince, thrice happy sub-  
jects case!

The Muses clos'd this intellectual scene  
From Helicon; who knows not Helicon?  
Gold were their lyres, their laurels ever-green.  
Soon Clio to the prince a starry crown  
Presents, another to his bellibone<sup>6</sup>.  
Then all in lofty chorus swell the song,  
Big with their happy loves and great renown.  
Prophetic numbers float the woods among,  
For shepherd-lad too high, for memory too long.

Nathless<sup>7</sup> thy tuneful sons, O Oxford dear!  
By Muses visited, may catch the lays,  
Sweet-pouring streams of nectar on the ear,  
And from their lips, in vision, learn to raise  
Their loves and fame, to brighten future days.  
Thee fits not, Thomalin, a simple swain,  
High deeds to sing, but gentle roundelays:  
Go feed thy flock, renew the rural strain  
On oaten pipe, content to please the humble plain.

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

AN ODE.

AIR I.

O SOFTLY sigh into th' flute,  
While dear lanthe breathes the lovenick lay:  
Now teach the melancholy lute  
In tender trills to melt the notes away,  
Melodious in decay! -  
But hark, she louder, louder sings,  
Sink, boldly sink into the strings:  
Shake, O shake the numerous wire,  
Fire the blood, the spirits fire  
With musical thunder and burning desire!

AIR II.

Our souls divided with a fond surprise  
Dissolve in woe;  
With rapture glow;  
Fall with her notes; or with her bosom rise;  
Rais'd with hopes; with fears deprest;  
Sweetly tortur'd, sweetly blest;  
Sav'd by her voice, and vanquish'd by her eyes.

RECITATIVE.

The god of love, to hear her strains  
Leaves his Acidalian plains,

1 Called. 6 Fair damsel. 7 Nevertheless.

And, as th' harmonious charmer sings,  
In triumph points his darts, and waves his wings,  
Th' harmonious charmer paus'd to see  
A list'ning, wond'ring deity;  
While Silence softly chain'd her tongue,  
The god responsive rais'd the song,  
In strains like these, if strains can be  
Rais'd to the raptures of a deity,  
The raptures of a wond'ring deity!

AIR III.

Beauty, sacred beauty sing,  
Flowing from the wond'rous spring  
Of uncreated and primeval light!  
Beauty the first best work of God,  
Spoke into being in his high abode,  
And next his own eternal essence bright!

AIR IV.

With Beauty Music join,  
The breath of Heav'n  
To mortals given  
To swell their bliss to bliss divine!  
With Beauty Music join.

CHORUS.

Beauty, silent Harmony!  
Softly stealing through the eye  
Smiles into the breast a dart.  
Music, fine proportion'd sounds!  
Pours balm upon the lover's wounds  
Through the ear into the heart.

RECITATIVE.

Thus once Cecilia, (tuneful Dryden sings,)  
To fire with sacred rage her soul,  
Touch'd into voice the sprightly strings,  
And bade the silver tides of music roll.  
An angel, list'ning to her lyre,  
To lift the modulations higher,  
Apply'd the aiding graces of his tongue;  
And while the virgin play'd, the seraph sung

AIR V.

Sweetest mortal, to befriend thee,  
Angels from their quires attend thee,  
Angels leave their thrones to hear  
Music with devotion glowing,  
Music heavenly joys bestowing,  
Worthy a seraphic ear!

RECITATIVE.

Again she trembles o'er the silver strings,  
The silver strings, exulting to her hand,  
Obey the sweet command,  
And thus again the angel sings:  
(While Silence wav'd her downy wings around,  
And Gladness smil'd along the purple skies;  
All nature soft'ned at their flows of sound,  
And bright'ned at the radiance of their eyes.)

AIR VI.

Harmony, the soul refining!  
Beauty, sense, and virtue joining  
In a form and mind like thine,  
Nobly raise a mortal creature  
To a more exalted nature;  
We alone are more divine!

Hail, Poetry! whose life infusing lays  
 Bid time roll back and sleeping atoms raise;  
 Dust into being wake, expand the tomb,  
 Dead glory quicken, and restore lost bloom:  
 As God, from mortals beigheten to divine,  
 And give us through eternity to shine!  
 Olover! thy mind, in various virtue wise,  
 Each science claims, and makes each art thy prize.  
 With Newton soars, familiar to the sky,  
 Looks Nature through, so keen thy mental eye,  
 Or down descending on the globe below,  
 Through humbler realms of knowledge loves to flow.  
 Promiscuous beauties dignify thy breast,  
 By nature happy, as by study blest,  
 Thou, wit's Columbus! from the epic throne  
 New worlds descry'd, and made them all our own:  
 Thou first through real Nature dar'd explore,  
 And wait her sacred treasures to our shore.  
 The merchant thus, by heav'nly wisdom led,  
 (Each kingdom noted, and each law survey'd)  
 On Britain pours whate'er can serve mankind,  
 Adorn the body, or delight the mind.  
 Spices which blow'd in Araby the blest,  
 And breath'd a Paradise around the east.  
 Unclouded sapphires show their azure sky,  
 Em'ralds with smiling green refresh the eye:  
 Here bleeds the ruby, diamonds sparkle there,  
 To tremble on the bosoms of our fair.  
 Yet shou'd the Sun with ten-fold lustre shine,  
 Exalt with deeper dies the flaming mine,  
 Shou'd softer breezes and more genial skies  
 Bid sweeter spice, in blooming order, rise,  
 Nor gems nor spice cou'd Nature know to name,  
 Bright as thy wit, or fragrant as thy fame.

---

ODE BRUMALIS:

AD AMICUM OXONIENSEM.

ÆNEU! sereni mollia tempora  
 Condundur anni. Fila, puer, lyræ  
 Lascivientis frange: Bruma  
 Flebilis officium Camæne

Pullata poscit; non salis Attici  
 Hæc flore gaudet. Præterit ocyor  
 Equo Maronia, nec scit uno  
 Stare loco saliens voluptas.

Quò cessit Umbrae gloria frondæ?  
 Quò Serta, mixtis viva coloribus,  
 Ornare non indigna Popi  
 Marmora, sive cornas Ianthæ.

Heu Veris ætas occidit aurea,  
 Ætatis atque argenteæ, & ærea  
 Recessit Autumni, severæ  
 Ferrea sola Hyemis remansit.

Sic vita transit nostra! volantibus  
 Urgetur horis. Quid Sapiens agat,  
 Quid ergo Prudens? Ille, certè,  
 Dona rapit fugientis horæ,

Gratus Deorum cultor. Hyems Virum,  
 Enem lavit Isis, Flumen Apollinis,  
 Quom Suada puro melle fovit,  
 Intrepidum feriet procellis.

Nigrescat æther, pectore candido  
 Pax alba ridet: mugiat Africus,  
 Eurusque; tu, tranquilla Virtus,  
 Vere tumens, Zephyros reduces.

Tranquilla Virtus, nescia criminis,  
 Te, Amice, muait, tectum adamantino  
 Tborace; te non atra bilis  
 Mente quatit placidâ Novembris.

Nec me November mente hilari quatit,  
 Tristesque Menses: fallitur improba  
 Vel Cura Musis, vel Choreis,  
 Dulcè vices subeunte Baccho.

Horatiani pocula nunc Meri  
 Grato ore libo, digna labris Jovis!  
 Nunc intimas & suave Nectar  
 Ovidii fluit in medullas.

Si grandis inflet Calliope Tubam,  
 Mentem illa semper cantu Heliconia  
 Accendit: Jo! me jam aperto  
 Virgilius dedit ire cœlo.

Pompam Theatri visere capius  
 Garrickus urget, Dramatis Arbitri!  
 Decore, gustu, voce, vultu  
 Ille oculos capit, ille mentes.

Odi profanos, pace tuâ, jocos,  
 Vanburge,—odi: me gravis attrahit  
 Shakespear, Cothurnati per ævum  
 Omne Pater, Columenque Regni.

Heus!—deme Soccus:—alta Tragedia  
 Jubet:—Cothurnos induit auros;—  
 Orchestra, majestate adaucta,  
 Sub pedibus Gradientis horret.

Quod fulmen aures non imitabile  
 Et corda sternit: Terror amabilis  
 Pervadit intus nos:—Othello!—  
 En rabido tonat ore Othello!

Proh! quantus iræ gurges inæstuat  
 Spumatque venit! ut tunc in minas!  
 Quam splendidè bacchatur excors!  
 Ah! gemit—ah! trepidat—ruensque,

Procumbit heros!—Gaudia sunt aimis  
 Hæc sæva, Shakespear! Turbinibus sinus  
 Perfus voluptatis micantes:—  
 Ferre animus timet hos tumultus.

Mutare Scenam jam lubet.—Ibimus,  
 Quo suavis Otway nos vocat, ibimus,  
 Iantha! quamvis, pulchra fætu,  
 Turgidulis redeas ocellis.

Placatus gementum planctibus addere  
 Est dulce semper. Monimis dolor,  
 Me teste, guttâ molliore  
 Sæpè geas, tacitè, fefellit.

O quæ paventum murmurâ Virginum  
 Quæstusque mulcent aera Odoribus!—  
 Tu vincis, Otway! corda vincis;  
 Euripidis renovans triumphos.

*Plausus ovantium sint allis Virtum,  
 Quasita merces: sat tibi gloria,  
 Te urgente, Vates invadende,  
 Virgineos maduisse vultus.*

## WINTER;

A TRANSLATION OF ODE BRUMALIS.

*By the Reverend Mr. Tattersal, late Fellow of  
 Trinity College, Cambridge.*

Alas! no longer now appear  
 The softer seasons of the year.  
 Of Sports and Loves what Muse now sings?  
 Away, my lyre;—boy, break the strings.

Old joyless Winter, who disdainst  
 Your sprightly, flow'ry, attic strains,  
 Wrapt into sable calls for airs  
 Rough, rueful, as the rug he wears,

Pleasurè, for ever on the wing,  
 Wild, wanton, restless, fluttering thing,  
 Airy springs by with sudden speed,  
 Swifter than Mæro's flying steed.

Ah! where is hid the sylvan scene,  
 The leafy shade, the vernal green?  
 In Flora's meads the sweets that grew,  
 Colours which Nature's pencil drew,  
 Chaplets, the bust of Pope might wear,  
 Worthy to bloom around Ianthe's hair?

Gay-mantled Spring away is flown,  
 The silver-tressed Summer's gone,  
 And golden Autumn; nought remains  
 But Winter with his iron chains.

The feather-footed Hours that fly  
 Say, "Human life thus passes by."  
 What shall the wise, the prudent? they  
 Will seize the bounty of to-day, [pay.  
 And prostrate to the gods their grateful homage

The man, whom Isis' stream inspires,  
 Whom Pallas owns, and Phebus fires,  
 Whom Sæda, smiling goddess, deigns  
 To guide in sweet Hyblæan plains,  
 He Winter's storms, undaunted still, sustains.

Black lowering skies ne'er hurt the breast  
 By white rob'd Innocence possess.  
 Roar as ye list, ye winds,—begin,—  
 Virtue proclaims fair peace within:  
 Ebercal pow'r! 't is you that bring  
 The balmy Zephyrs, and restore the Spring:

Should dangers e'er my friend assail,  
 Virtue flings round her coat of mail;  
 Kindly protects thee from all harms,  
 Drest in her native spotless charms.  
 Thy mind at ease no tumult knows,  
 With all his rage tho' black November blows.

Dark stormy months I too defy,  
 November blows, and what care I:  
 VOL. Xr.

Tun'd to new joys my hours I pass,  
 Sing with the Muse, trip with the lass,  
 And ne'er forget my bliss-inspiring glass.

With Horace now dispos'd to laugh,  
 Worthy the lips of Jove I quaff  
 Rich Venusine: now lose my soul  
 In Ovid's sweet nectareal bowl.

If you, Calliope, should deign  
 Aloud to sound a martial strain,  
 Your vot'ry straight in rapture hears:  
 The noble music of the spheres:  
 Mounted on wings, see! see! I fly  
 With Mantua's swan, and range the boundless sky.

With eager joy I oft repair  
 To the gay crowded theatre,  
 Where shines the man who treads our stage,  
 Garrick! the Roscius of the age!  
 His voice, mien, manner, look, a life imparts;  
 'T is he who captivates our eyes,—our hearts.

Vanbrugh,—your leave,—what's lewdly writ  
 I hate,—I hate th' immoral wit,  
 Immortal Shakspeare I admire,  
 And kindle at his sacred fire:  
 O! what a glory breathes his page,  
 He lives!—he lives thro' ev'ry age  
 Father of tragedy, he reigns  
 Sole monarch o'er theatric plains.

Hence with the sock:—the queen commands:—  
 Grae'd with the golden buskin stands:  
 The stage in majesty improves,  
 Trembling beneath her, awful as she moves.

What thunder bursts!—it made me start—  
 Thunder beyond the reach of art!  
 The claps!—I heard 'em,—how they roll!  
 The lovely terror shakes my soul:  
 Who talks of fiends!—of gaping graves!—  
 Othello!—'t is Othello raves!

What tenderness!—what fierce disdain  
 Whirls, boils, and foams through ev'ry vein!  
 He swears!—invokes Hell, Earth, air, skies!  
 See where the glorious madman flies!  
 He groans,—he trembles,—falls,—the hero dies!

Shakspeare, excessive joys like these  
 (I almost said) are cruelties:  
 Whirlwinds of pleasure tear the panting breast,  
 And the mind aches, too exquisitely blest.

Chang'd is the scene:—methinks I rove  
 In some enchanted cypress grove.  
 Soft Otway calls!—who can refuse  
 The plaintive voice of Otway's Muse?  
 We'll go, my fair Ianthe, we will go,  
 Tho' your fond love-inspiring eyes o'erflow  
 Like bubbling springs, more beautiful in woe.

Sweet is the sympathy of woe;  
 Have I not seen (nay felt 'em too)  
 Down stealing Tears, big, silent, slow,  
 Speak a soft language as they flow,  
 Daughters of tender Grief, express  
 Charming Monimia's deep distress!

What murmurs of the anxious fair!  
 What sighs around perfume the air!  
 Otway, you paint what Nature is,  
 Beyond the bard of Salamis;  
 Your Muse can with our passions play,  
 And steal us from ourselves away.

Let others prize, what men bestow,  
 The lofty name, the laurel'd brow:  
 More charming, sure, thy triumphs are  
 (Who would not wish to win the fair!)  
 To raise at pleasure, hopes, or fears,  
 To soften virgins into tears.  
 Poet, I envy thee, who thus  
 Canst conquer them, who conquer us.

---

ODE VERNALIS:

AD

AMICUM OXONIENSEM.

CURAS Lyreus jam mihi discutit  
 Raptim; nec aurum (suavitèr insolens)  
 Vocale de myrto recuso  
 Vellere liberiore dextrâ.

Et quis vetabit quò minus audeam  
 Lusus amico mittere cum joco!  
 Ridere mens est; terra ridet;  
 Ipsa Venus negat esse tristes,

Jucunda veris diva. Quid ampliùs  
 Ruræ javabunt? Versicoloribus  
 En Maius alis raptus affat  
 Lætitiâ genialis auræ.

Amice! (blando hoc nomine te vocem,  
 O Woodes?) cum quo sæpè per Idis  
 Errare sylvas, nuncque cantu  
 Nuncque mero licuit morantes.

Duxisse soles in Thetidis toros,  
 Amice! quæ te gaudia floreis  
 Cingunt coronis? Quæquæ molles  
 Nympha caput lepidum remulcet

Inter Lacertos? Num charitum chorus,  
 Choriæve Pindi tempora dividit?  
 Sunt ambo grati; mense maii  
 Quid charites meliùs colantur.

Nunc dulce pictis desipere in toro  
 Herbis tumentis, vivus ubi tremor  
 Splendescit undæ; si pœtas,  
 Sequè aderint, tua cura, musæ.

Adsit jocorum grata protervitas,  
 Thalia pleno quos tibi depluit  
 Cornu: nec absit Bacchus, uvæ,  
 Evobe! purpureus magister.

Hædulus omnes tendere barbati  
 Nervos laborat; nec sileat placens  
 Iantha cantu, dum jocoso  
 Tangit ebur geniale plectro.

Audite, Cœli! num modolaminis  
 Tales triumphos aula refert Jovis  
 Stellata? Sphærarumve tales  
 Lucidus & numerosus ordo?

O lene murmur! cum Venus auræ  
 Inire somnos, strata rosis, parat,  
 Melosque poscit; talis auræ  
 Idaliæ tremit inter umbra.

Quæ flamma venis pasta! potentibus  
 Succumbo victus blanditiis lyre:  
 Succumbo victus voce, vultu,  
 Crine nigro, niveoque collo,

Sic præta ævis florea solibus  
 Oppressa languent. Ferte, citò, precor,  
 Lenimen agro; ferte rores  
 Metcæfi medicos, sodales!

Frustrâ: nec unquam Metcæfi manus  
 Extinguet ignes, docta licet, meos;  
 Nec flumen, ah! vestri benignis  
 Ingenii recreabit undis.

---

SPRING;

A TRANSLATION OF ODE VERNALIS.

By the Reverend Mr. Tattersal, late Fellow of Trinity  
 College, Cambridge.

CARE flies the raptures of the bowl,  
 'T is jolly Bacchus fills my soul;  
 I feel within the genial fire,  
 And from yon myrtle snatch my golden lyre.

To thee the jocund Muse I send,  
 With sprightly lay to greet my friend:  
 For all things now around look gay,  
 Why mayn't I laugh, as well as they?  
 The fair, the young, my hours beguile,  
 And Cytherea ever wears a smile,

Creative goddess of the Spring!  
 No more of Winter's storms I sing,  
 See May in wanton joy appear  
 Spread his gay wings, and fan the buxom Year.

My friend (indulge the tender name)  
 My friend, near Isis' sacred stream,  
 With whom so oft I us'd to rove  
 Careless, in garden, mead, or grove;  
 A glass, a song:—thus you aid I  
 Have bid the golden minutes fly,  
 Seen many a Sun, with sloping ray,  
 Ling'ring retire, and blest the falling day.

O tell me what soft triumphs now  
 Wreath blooming garlands round thy brow;  
 What nymph, for winning beauty known,  
 Giving you joy, completes her own;  
 Whether the Graces, or the Nine  
 Divide thy hours, for both are thine?  
 'T is merry May, swains, greet the Graces' shrine.

To frolic on the tufted grass,  
 To view clear waters as they pass,

To mark the shining shivering gleam  
That darts, and dances on the stream,  
To court the Muse, toy with the fair,  
(Pleasures like these, O! may I ever share).

The season bids a friend or two,  
Ingenious, affable, like you;  
Happy at sudden repartees,  
Whose answers bite, yet biting please,  
To kindle mirth: and let me join  
Bacchus, the purple sovereign of the vine.

May god-like Handel now inspire  
The tuneful pow'rs and fill the choir:  
Laud the, charming as she sings,  
Wake with a nimble touch th' harmonious strings.

Listen, ye Heavens, to strains, above  
Whate'er the starry court of Jove,  
Lost in melodious raptures, bears  
Amid the silver-sounding spheres;  
Where orbs on orbs in concert roll,  
And music trembles round from pole to pole.

O melting sound! when sleep unseen  
Just steals upon the Cyprian queen,  
Indulging in th' Italian shade,  
Stretcht on a couch, of roses made,  
The lute soft-warbling, such the air  
That undulating plays, and hurls th' immortal fair.

The flames that feed within my breast!  
I faint, I die, with charms oppress;  
Her voice, her face, her sweet spinnet,  
The neck of iv'ry, and the hair of jet.

So languishes, and fades away  
The flow'r beneath the blaze of day;  
Quick, my companions, quick apply  
Some cooling, sovereign remedy:  
Metcalf, to sooth a burning pain,  
By Pean taught, may try, but try in vain.

Not Metcalf's<sup>1</sup> skill, tho' known to fame,  
Can stave the fury of my flame,  
Not all his juices quench; nor yet,  
Dear friend, the flow of your engaging wit.

### THE NATIVITY.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE. 1756.

'Twas morn! the fields were sprinkled o'er with  
light,

The folds unpeep sent out their flocks to feed:  
A shepherd boy, (young Thomaſin he hight,<sup>2</sup>)  
With flying fingers deftly tun'd his reed;  
Where ancient Isis laves the Muses' mead,  
(For ever smile the mead and flow the stream!)  
He sang the birth of David's holy seed:  
Tho' low his voice, full lofty was his theme;  
Wightly<sup>3</sup> his senses all were rapt into a dream.

Estacoon's<sup>4</sup> he spy'd a grove, the Season's pride,  
All in the centre of a pleasant glade,  
Where Nature flourish'd like a virgin-bride;  
Mantl'd with green, with hyacinths inlay'd,  
And crystal-rills o'er beds of lilies stray'd;

<sup>1</sup> Dr. T. Metcalf, an eminent physician who died in 1757. C.

<sup>2</sup> Named or called. <sup>3</sup> Quickly, <sup>4</sup> Immediately.

The blue-ey'd violet and king-cup gay,  
And new blown roses, smiling sweetly red,  
Outglow'd the blushing infancy of Day, } away.  
While amorous west-winds kist their fragrant souls

A rich pavilion rear'd within its height,  
The capitals and freezes gold entire,  
Glist'ning with carbuncles; a various light  
Wav'd tremulous, and set the eye on fire.  
A silken curtain, drawn on silver wire,  
And ting'd with colours of the summer sky,  
Flow'd round, and bade the ruder gales retire.  
Four forms attendant at the portals lie,  
The same Ezekiel saw with keen-prophetic eye.

Unlike, O much unlike, the strawy shed,  
Where Mary, queen of Heaven, in humbles<sup>5</sup> lay,  
Where erst the infant God repos'd his head,  
And deign'd to dwell in tenement of clay;  
The clouded tabernacle of the day!  
The shepherd's dream was mystical, I ween<sup>6</sup>,  
Isiah on his bosom pour'd a ray,  
And painted to his eyes the gentle scene,  
Where lions dandled lambs; O Peace, thy golden  
reign!

High-smiling in delight a lady sate,  
Young as the dawning Morn, on iv'ry throne;  
Upon her looks the virgin-virtues wait,  
The virgin-virtues wait on her alone!  
Her sapphire-eyes with gentle spirit shone:  
Fair bountyhead was open'd in her face,  
Of honour and of love the paragon<sup>7</sup>!  
A sweet regard and most suspicious grace  
Bespoke her lineage high: she was of David's race.

Upon her lap a lovely infant lay,  
And kend the mother by her smiling grace.  
His looks were radiant as the bloom of day,  
And angel-sweetness purpled in his face.  
Oh! how the mother did the babe embrace  
With tender blandishment and fondling care!  
She gaz'd, and gaz'd, ne<sup>8</sup> could enough careen  
His cheeks, as roses red, as lilies fair, {heir!  
The holy Day-spring hight, Heav'n's everlasting

Near him a goodly personage mildly shone,  
With looks of love, and shedding peace and joy:  
Her looks were love, soft streaming from the throne  
Of Grace, and sweetly melted on the boy:  
Her tongue dropp'd honey, which wou'd never cloy.  
Mercy yclep'd<sup>9</sup>. All Nature on her hung,  
To drink her manna and her smiles enjoy;  
Young laughing angels "Mercy, mercy," sung;  
Heav'n echo'd "Mercy" back, the spheres with  
"Mercy" rung.

Thus if the clouds, enroll'd with deadly food,  
Forget to thunder in the ethereal tow'rs,  
But silently dissolve in kindly mood,  
In fostering dews, and balm, and honey-show'rs;  
Laugh all the fields for joy and all the bow'rs.  
The shrubs and herbs fresh odours round them fling,  
Pop up their smiling heads the little flow'rs,  
Warble the birds, exulting on the wing, [sing.  
And all the wild-wood notes the genial blessings

<sup>5</sup> Humility. <sup>6</sup> Formerly, sometime since.

<sup>7</sup> I think. <sup>8</sup> The pattern or model.

<sup>9</sup> Nor. <sup>10</sup> Called or named.



High o'er his head was held a starry crown,  
Emblem of royalty and princely might;  
His priesthood was by golden mitre shown;  
An eagle young, with e'ye most piercing-bright,  
To prove the prophet drank the distant light.  
But strangest was to see a bloody hand  
Uprear a cross, the cross with blood bedight<sup>1</sup>:  
Ten thousand angels, flutt'ring in a band,  
Admir'd the mystic sign but cou'd not understand.

Now dulcet symphonies, and voices meet,  
Melifluous stole upon the shepherd's ear,  
Which swell'd so high and dy'd away so sweet,  
As might have charm'd a seraph from his sphere.  
Happy the swain that mote<sup>2</sup> such music hear!  
Eftsoons a joyous fellowship was seen  
Of ladies gent<sup>3</sup>, and beauties without peer<sup>4</sup>,  
As they a train of goddesses had been,  
In manner of a mask, radiant along the green.

Faith led the van, her mantle dipt in blue,  
Steady her ken, and gazing on the skies;  
Obedient miracles around her flew:  
She pray'd, and Heav'n burst open on her eyes,  
And golden valves roll'd back in wond'rous wise:  
And now some hill, with all its shaggy load  
Of trees and flocks, unto the ocean hies<sup>5</sup>:  
Now wings of cherubs, flaming all abroad,  
Careering on the winds in sight appear their god.

Next Hope, the gayest daughter of the sky!  
Her nectar-dew'd locks with roses bound;  
An Eden flourish'd where she cast her eye,  
And flocks of Sports and Joys, their temples  
crown'd, [ground.  
Plum'd their bright wings, and thump'd the hollow  
Grief gladden'd, and forgot to drop a tear  
At her approach; ne Sorrow mote<sup>6</sup> be found,  
Ne rueful-looking Drad<sup>7</sup>, ne pale-cy'd Care;  
And 'neath her chariot wheels she crush'd hell-  
black Despair.

Then Charity full-zon'd, as her becoms,  
Her breasts were softer ivory, her hair  
Play'd with the sunny rays in amber streams,  
And floated wanton on the buxom air;  
As Mercy kind, as Hope divinely fair.  
Her soul was flame, and with prolific rays  
The nations warm'd, all-bright withouten glare.  
Both men and angels, as she passes, gaze, [praise.  
But chief the poor, the lame, the blind, the naked,

The train of Virtues next, a dainty train!  
Advance their steps, sweet daughters of delight,  
Awfully sweet, majestically plain!  
Celestial Love, as e'yn of seraphs bright,  
And spotless as their robes of new-spun light.  
Truth, simple as the love-sick village-maid;  
Health-blooming Temperance, a comely wight<sup>8</sup>:  
Humility, in homely weeds array'd,  
And by her, in a line, an asses-colt she led.

But hark, the jolly pipe, and rural lay!  
And see, the shepherd clad in mantle blue,  
And shepherdess in russet kirtle gay,  
Come dancing on the shepherd-lord to view,  
And pay, in decent wise, obeysance due.

<sup>1</sup> Stained or adorned.    <sup>2</sup> Might or must.  
<sup>3</sup> Gentle or handsome.    <sup>4</sup> Without equal.  
<sup>5</sup> Hastens.    <sup>6</sup> Might.  
<sup>7</sup> Fear or terror.    <sup>8</sup> Person.

Sweet-smelling flow'rs the gentle votaries bring,  
Primroses, violets, wet with morning-dew,  
The sweetest incense of the early spring;  
A humble, yet, I weet, a grateful offering.

Jocund to lead the way, with sparkling rays,  
Danc'd a star-errant up the orient sky;  
The new-born splendour streaming o'er the place,  
Where Jesus lay in bright humility,  
Seem'd a fixt star unto the wond'ring eye:  
Three seers unwist<sup>9</sup> the captain-glory led,  
Of awful semblance<sup>1</sup>, but of sable die<sup>2</sup>.  
Full royally along the lawn they tread, [head.  
And each with circling gold embrev'd<sup>3</sup> had his

Low, very low on hended knee they greet  
The virgin-mother, and the son adore,  
The son of love! and kiss his blessed feet;  
Then ope the vases and present their store,  
Gold, frankincense and myrrh; what cou'd they  
For gold and myrrh a dying king divine<sup>4</sup>; [more!  
The frankincense, from Arab's spicy shore,  
Confess'd the God; for God did in him shine:  
Myrrh, frankincense and gold, God-man, were  
meetly thine.

And last, triumphant on a purple cloud,  
Fleecy with gold, a band of angels ride:  
They boldly sweep their lyres, and, hymning loud,  
The richest notes of harmony divide;  
Scarce Thomalin the rapture cou'd abide:  
And ever and anon the babe they eye,  
And through the fleshly veil the God descri'd,  
Shrill hallelujahs tremble up the sky: [roptly.  
"Good-will and peace to man," the choirs in Heav'n

They ended: and all nature soon was chang'd!  
O'er diamond-pebbles ran the liquid gold:  
And side by side the lamb and lion rang'd  
The flow'ry lawn. The serpent gently roll'd  
His glistening spires, and playful tongue outroll'd  
To lick the infant-hand. Together fed  
The wolf and kid, together sought a fod.  
The roses bluish'd with more celestial rad;  
Hell groan'd through all her dens; and grim Death  
dropp'd down dead.

Whilom<sup>5</sup> these scenes the tuneful Twick'nam  
swain,  
With Esay's heav'nly pencil taught to glow:  
Then cease, O cease, the antiquated strain;  
Nor unarr<sup>6</sup> his song: but reverently go,  
And in the temple of his Muses bow.—  
Delight and wonder broke the shepherd's dream;  
Faded the scenes: and, in a goodly row,  
Rush'd on his eyes the Muses well-lov'd theme,  
Fair Rhedicyna's tow'rs, and Isis' sacred stream!

### THE BOWER.

Blow, blow, thou summer-breeze,  
O gently fan the trees,  
That form you fragrant bow'r:  
Where Sylvia, loveliest maid!  
On Nature's carpet laid,  
Enjoys the evening hour.

<sup>9</sup> Unknown, unlook'd for.    <sup>1</sup> Appearance.  
<sup>2</sup> Commonly painted black; but a vulgar error.  
<sup>3</sup> Adorned or made brave.    <sup>4</sup> Foretell.  
<sup>5</sup> Formerly, sometime ago.    <sup>6</sup> Spoil.

Hence, hence, ye objects foul,  
The beetle, bat, and owl,  
The hagworm, neuter, and toad;  
But fairy-elves, unseen,  
May gambol o'er the green,  
And circle her abode.

Breathe, breathe thy incense, May;  
Ye flow'rs, your homage pay,  
To one more fair and sweet:  
Ye opening rose-buds, shade,  
With fragrant twine, her head,  
Ye lilies, kiss her feet.

Shed, shed thy sweetest beams,  
In particolour'd streams,  
Thou fount of heat and light!  
No, no, withdraw thy ray,  
Her eyes effuse a day,  
As mild, as warm, as bright.

Flow, flow, thou crystal-rill,  
With tinkling gurgles fill  
The mazes of the grove:  
And if thy murmuring stream  
Invite my love to dream,  
O may she dream of love!

Sing, sing ye feather'd quires,  
And melt to soft desires  
Her too obdurate breast:  
Then, in that tender hour,  
I'll steal into her bow'r,  
And teach her—to be blest.

#### THE LOVER.

Since Stella's charms, divinely fair,  
First pour'd their lustre on my heart,  
Ten thousand pangs my bosom tear,  
And every fibre feels the smart.  
If such the mournful moments prove,  
O who would give his heart to love!

I meet my bosom-friends with pain,  
Tho' friendship us'd to warm my soul;  
Wine's generous spirit flames in vain,  
I find no cordial in the bowl.  
If such the mournful moments prove,  
O who would give his heart to love!

Tho' Nature's volume open lies,  
Which once with wonder I have read,  
No glories tremble from the skies,  
No beauties o'er the Earth are spread.  
If such the mournful moments prove,  
O who would give his heart to love!

Ev'n Poetry's ambrosial dews  
With joy no longer feed my mind,  
To Beauty, Music and the Muse,  
My soul is dumb and deaf and blind.  
Tho' such the mournful moments prove,  
Alas! I give my heart to love.

But should the yielding virgin smile,  
Dress in the spotless marriage-robe,  
I'd look upon this world as vile,  
The master of a richer globe.

If such the rapt'rous moments prove,  
O let me give my heart to love!

The business of my future days,  
My every thought, my every pray'r,  
Shall be employ'd to sing her praise,  
Or sent to bounteous Heav'n for her.  
If such the rapt'rous moments prove,  
O let me give my heart to love.

Poets shall wonder at my love,  
Painters shall crowd her face to see,  
And when they wou'd the passionate move,  
Shall copy her, and think of me.  
If such the rapt'rous moments prove,  
O let me give my heart to love.

Old age shall burn as bright as youth,  
No respite to our bliss be given:  
Then mingled in one flame of truth,  
We'll spurn at Earth and soar to Heav'n.  
Since such the rapt'rous moments prove,  
We both will give our hearts to love.

#### THE LOVER'S NIGHT.

LULL'D in the arms of him she lov'd  
Is the sigh'd the kindest thing:  
Her fond surrender he approv'd  
With smiles; and thus, enamour'd, sings.

"How sweet are lover's vows by night,  
Lapp'd in a honey-suckle grove!  
When Venus sheds her gentle light,  
And soothes the yielding soul to love.

"Soft as the silent-footed Dews  
That steal upon the starlight-hours;  
Warm as a love-sick poet's Muse;  
And fragrant as the breath of flow'rs.

"To hear our vows the Moon grows pale,  
And pants Endymion's warmth to prove:  
While, emulous, the nightingale,  
Thick-warbling trills her lay of love.

"The silver-sounding shining spheres,  
That animate the glowing skies,  
Nor charm so much, as thou, my ears,  
Nor bless so much, as thou, my eyes.

"Thus let me clasp thee to my heart,  
Thus sink in softness on thy breast!  
No cares shall haunt us; danger, part,  
For ever loving, ever blest.

"Censorious Envy dares not blame  
The passion which thy truth inspires:  
Ye Stars, bear witness, that my flame  
Is chaste as your eternal fires."

Love saw them (hid among the boughs)  
And heard him sing their mutual bliss:  
"Enjoy," cry'd he, "Ianthé's vows;  
But, oh!—I envy thee her kiss."

TO A  
FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

AN ODE.

Auspicious sprung the morning into light,  
By Love selected from the golden tide  
Of Time, illustrious with peculiar white,  
And mended from the blushes of the bride.

The Muse observ'd the fond approaching hour,  
And thus her Philo's gentle ear address:  
"Behold, descending from yon maiden tow'r  
The beauteous object of thy eyes and breast.

"Fair issuing, down the hill I see her move,  
Like the sweet morn, in dews and blushes gay:  
You, like the bridegroom Sun, her charms ap-  
And warm her dawning glories into day. {prove;

"I own the radiant magic of her eyes,  
But more the graces of her soul admire;  
Those may lay traps for lovers, fops and flies,  
But these the husband and the Muse inspire.

"A husband is a venerable name!  
O happy state, when heart is link'd to heart!  
Nor less the honour of the wedded-dame:  
Sweet interchange! which only Death can part.

"O blest with gentle manners, graceful ease;  
Gay, yet not trifling; serious, yet not grave;  
Skillful, to charm the wits; the wise to please;  
Tho' beauteous, humble; and tho' tender, brave.

"Riches and honours wait on either name:  
But they in life are but the last desert:  
Your richer happiness and fairer fame,  
Shall be the good behaviour of the heart.

"When such the wonders both of form and mind,  
What rapture fancy'd, reason will approve;  
By time your inclinations be refin'd;  
And youth be spent in passion; age in love!"

Thus far the Muse. When Hymen, from the sky,  
The lovers in the band of Concord ty'd;  
The Virtues and the Graces too were by,  
And Venus left her cestus with the bride.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WEARING,

THE FAMOUS MUSICIAN AT OXFORD.

Poor Wearing to the shades is gone,  
Like Orpheus, by mishap;  
Not gone to seek his wife, but gone,  
To leave her in—a scrapa.

We find the Sisters three are deaf,  
Since Wearing now is dead;  
For bad the Fates but heard his strings,  
They wou'd have spar'd his thread.

Death heard his notes, and heard well-pleas'd,  
So drew his fatal lance;  
Death will keep holyday; and he  
Must play to Holben's dance.

TO DR. LINDEN,

ON HIS TREATISE ON CHALYBEATE WATERS.

With healing wings, intent on doing good,  
An angel visited Bethesda's flood;  
Quick as the morning ray, or evening beam,  
Himself diffusing through the vital stream:  
The sick who drink, the impotent who lave,  
Dive from diseases and deceive the grave.

Tho' miracles are ceas'd, yet all confess,  
Your work, and you, are—only something less.  
So much is to your worth and learning due,  
Bath is Bethesda; the good angel, you.

PARADISE REGAIN'D:

TO A FRIEND.

Lord of himself, and sole of humankind,  
In rectitude of reason Adam shone;  
Till the still-voice infus'd into his mind,  
"It is not good for man to be alone."

By God's own hand his Virgin-Eve was led.  
Now Paradise with fresher beauties glows:  
The conscious roses form a blushing bed:  
Consenting Nature soothes them to repose.

A single is an inconsistent-life:  
Completely-blest, O friend! to thee is given,  
A sweet, a fair, a wise, a modest wife,  
The bloom of Innocence, and blush of Heav'n!

May Eden-life in bright succession flow,  
When all was happiness, for love was all:  
Her beauties will a Paradise bestow,  
And both your virtues guard you from a fall.

CORESUS AND CALLIRHOE.

A TALE.

Veteres renovamus amores. Catullus.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following tale is related by Pausanias, in *Achaicis*, Græciæ, lib. 7.; but instead of giving the original, or the Latin version by Romulus Amasæus (both which the learned reader may find in the edition published by Joach. Kuhniius in fol. Lipsiæ, 1696, pag. 575), I shall content myself with the translation of the story into English, as it is done from the Greek in the learned and ingenious travels of sir G. Wheeler: which book, upon many accounts, deserves to be reprinted and made more common.

"Coresus, the priest of Bacchus, fell in love with a fair virgin of Calydon, called Callirhoe; who the more she was courted, the more she despised the priest; so that neither his rich presents, vows, nor tears could move her to the

least compassion. This, at last, made the priest run in despair to the image of Bacchus for succour, imploring vengeance from him. Bacchus made it appear that he heard his prayers, by a disease he sent on the town; which seemed a kind of drunken madness, of which mad fit people died in abundance. Whereupon they sent deputies from Calydon to the oracle of Jupiter of Dodona, to know what they should do to be freed from that woeful maledy. Answer was given, that Coreus must sacrifice Callirhoe, or some other person, that would dedicate himself in her stead, to appease the anger of Bacchus. The virgin, when she could no way obtain her life of her relations, was brought to the altar, adorned as victims used to be, to be sacrificed by her lover Coreus: whose wonderful love, even at that present, so conquered all past thoughts of revenge, that instead of her he slew himself: the virgin also, relenting of her cruelty to him, went and slew herself at a fountain near the town, from thence called by her name, Callirhoe."

Thus far sir George Wheeler. See his Journey into Greece, fol. book iv. page 392.

I shall only add that the ancient customs, particularly of the orgia or rites of Bacchus, and of the sacrifice, are alluded to, and carefully observed, in the several parts of this little poem.

High in Achaia, splendid from afar,  
A city flourish'd; Calydon its name,  
Wash'd by Evenus chalky flood; the seat  
Of Melicager, from the slaughter'd boar  
Glorious. A virgin here, amazing, shone,  
Callirhoe the fair: her father's boast!  
For, ah! she never knew a mother's smile;  
Nor learn'd what happiness from marriage springs.  
In flow'r of youth, and purer than the snow,  
Which, with a silver circle, crown'd the head  
Of the steep neighbour mountain; but averse  
To Hymen's rites, the lovely foe of man.  
O why will beauty, cruel to itself,  
No less than others, violate the laws  
Which Nature dictates, and itself inspires!

A thousand lovers from th' Olenian hill,  
From rough Pylene, and from Pleuron's tow'ns,  
Their passion pleaded: but Coreus, chief,  
The Calydonian priest of Bacchus, form'd  
By Venus' self for love; in beauty's pride;  
Young, bounteous, affable. What tender arts,  
What winning carriage, and respectful suit,  
Almost to zealous adoration swell'd,  
Did he not practise? But in vain. And now  
Drew near the orgial festival, and rites  
Lyzan. Poor Coreus, to approve  
The wonders of his love and dear regard,  
By scorn unquench'd, and growing by neglect,  
(In hopes to soften her, at least adorn)  
Presented to this murder of his peace  
The ritual ornaments, by virgins worn  
Upon the solemn feast. The ivy-spear,  
With winding green, and viny foliage gay,  
Curl'd by his hand: a mitre for his head,  
Carious amall'd with imitated grapes,  
Of blushing rubies form'd: the pall of lawn,  
Flow'rd with the conquests of the purple god:  
The cista, silver; and the cymbals, gold:

And piny torch (O were it Hymen's!) ting'd  
With spicy gums, to feed the ready flame.

Open'd the festival—Loose to the winds,  
Dishevell'd, bare, the virgins give their necks  
And wanton hair. "Eve!" they mad'ning cry,  
And shake their torches. "Eve! lo!" reads  
The air, and beats the echoing vault of Hear'n.  
The hills, the vales with lo! Eves! ring.

The temple opens to the sacred throng;  
When foremost enters, as in dress and charms,  
Callirhoe, so in speed. Their lovers wait,  
With burning expectation, to unfold  
His beauteous mistress each. High on a throne  
Coreus blaz'd in jewels and in gold,  
More charming in himself. Quick with his eye  
He catch'd Callirhoe, and, descending, clasp'd  
With eager transport her reluctant waist.  
A thousand vows he breath'd, and melting things  
He spoke and look'd; but to the rocks and wind.  
What could he more? Yes more he did: for what,  
What can't a lover, like Coreus, do?  
Neglectful of his dignity he sunk  
(Still love disdains what dignity demands,  
O'er Jupiter himself supreme) he sunk,  
And trembled at her feet, with prostrate zeal,  
As to his God. He dy'd upon her hand  
With sighing languishment: he gas'd his soul  
At every ardent glance into her eyes;  
Most eloquently silent! O'er his cheek  
The gushing tears, in big, round drops, diffus'd  
The dews of passion, and the brain's soft show'r,  
Potent to warm the most obdurate breast,  
Tho' cold as marble. Idle were his tears,  
His glances, languishment, and prostrate zeal.

Disdainful—frowning: "Hence," she cry'd,  
To interrupt my progress in the rites ("nor dare  
With thy capricious rudeness. Shall the priest  
The mysteries of Bacchus thus profane,  
In his own temple too? And rather pay  
To Venus his devotion, than his God?")  
Then, haughty as away she turn'd, he grasp'd  
Her knees; upon her garments flowing train  
Shivering he hung: and with beseeching eyes,  
Thus, from the abundance of his heart, complain'd:

"If pity be no stranger to thy breast,  
(As sure it should not to a breast like thine,  
Soft as the swanny down!) relenting, hear;  
In feelingness of spirit, mildly lend  
Attention to the language of my heart,  
Sick with o'er-flowing tenderness and love.  
I love thee with that innocence of truth,  
That purity of passion and desire  
Unutterable, of bequeathing up  
My heart, my life, my all into thy hands,  
Into thy gentle custody;—that all,  
My heart, my life, are bitterness and weight  
Of agony without thee. Since I first,  
(By Bacchus' self I swear) beheld that face,  
And nameless magic of those radiant eyes,  
All the foundation of my peace gave way:  
While hopes and fears rose up in bosom-war  
To desolate the quiet of my days.  
Thy dear idea was my fancy's dream;  
It mingled with my blood; and in my veins  
Throbb'd, undulating, as my life were staug.

I live but on the thought of thee; my breast  
Bleeds in me, with distress to see thee frown.  
O smile! by thy dead mother's reverend dust,  
By all thy bowels are most fond of, smile,  
And chase these heavy clouds of grief away.  
I beg by Bacchus; for his sake be kind."

Here, interrupted by the swelling storm  
Of passion labouring in his breast, his words  
Gave way for sighs and tears to speak the rest.  
She, in contemptuous derision, smil'd,  
To which her frowns were innocent; and thus:  
"Thy staggering Pow'r, and thee I scorn alike;  
Him I despise, for choosing thee his priest;  
Thee, for thy arrogance and courtship vile."

Indignant he, in wrathful mood (alarm'd  
More at his god revil'd, than scorn for him)  
First casting on the ground his mitred-crown,  
With hands and eyes uplifted, ardent, pray'd:

"Offspring of Jove, Evæ Lyæus, hear!  
If e'er these hands with ivy wreaths thy brow  
Circled, and twining tendrils of the vine:  
If e'er my grateful tongue, big with thy praise,  
Evæ Lyæus! to Bacchus! sung:  
If e'er thy servant on thy altars pour'd,  
Copious, the purple wave of offer'd wine,  
And, busy, fed the consecrated fire  
With fat of ass, or hog, or mountain-goat;  
Devoutly lavish in the sacrifice:  
Avenge thy priest; this cursed race destroy:  
Thy honours violated thus, avow;  
Till they confess this staggering pow'r a god."

He pray'd.—Loud peals of thunder shook the  
The image, moulding, his petition seal'd; [fane:  
And Bacchus gave the Cælydonian race  
To madness, and unutterable woes.

The frantic crowd, as if with wine possess'd,  
And the strong spirit of the flaming grape,  
To and fro reel, and stagger to and fro,  
In dithyrambic measures, wild, convolv'd,  
They toss their cymbals, and their torches shake,  
Shrieking, and tear their hair, and gash their flesh,  
And howl, and foam, and wheel the rapid dance  
In giddy maze: with fury then o'erborn,  
Enthusiastic, whirling in despair,  
Flat, drop down dead! and heaps on heaps expire.

Amaz'd, confounded at the raging pest,  
The venerable fathers, in debate,  
To speed inquiring deputies, resolv'd,  
To high Dodona's grove; with vocal oaks  
Umbrageous, aged, vast, the struggling day  
Excluding: the prime oracle of Greece!

Obsequious, they haste: inquire: return:  
And thus the counsels of the god disclose:

"The rage of Bacchus for his injur'd priest,  
Coresus, by Callirhoe's scorn repuls'd,  
Your city wastes: and with funeral fires  
Your streets shall redden, formidably bright,  
Till by Coresus' hand the cruel maid  
A sacrifice be offer'd up: or one,  
Free, uncompell'd, embrace the destin'd steel,  
Devoted in her stead; and bleed for her.  
So you'll appease the god; the plague be stay'd."

They said. Staring affright, and dumb amaze  
The fathers seize: but chief, Æneüs, thee,  
Callirhoe's old miserable sire!  
Tenfold affliction to the grave weighs down  
Thy silver'd hairs. But Fate and Heav'n require.

Soon through the city spread the news, and soon  
Wounded Callirhoe's ear. Her spindle drops  
Neglected from her hand. Prone on the floor,  
She falls, she faints; her breath, her colour fled:  
Pale, cold and pale. Till, by assisting care,  
The fragrant spirit bovers o'er her gales;  
And life returning streams in rosy gales;  
Rekindled only to despair. She knew  
The virgins envy'd; and the injur'd youth  
Stung with her scorn, would wanton in her wounds,  
Nor one, one offer up the willing breast  
A victim for her life. And now the crowd,  
Impatient of their miseries, besiege  
The marble portal; burst the bolted gates;  
Demand Callirhoe; furious to obey  
The oracle, and pacify the god.

What pangs, unhappy maid, thy bosom tear,  
Sleepless, and sad? relenting now too late,  
Thy stubborn cruelty. Coresus' charms  
Blaze on thy mind; his unexampled love,  
His every virtue rising to thy thought.  
Just in his fury, see the pointed steel  
Waves, circling, o'er thy throbbing breast: he  
He riots in thy blood with dire delight; [strikes;  
Insatiate! He gluts his heart of rage  
With thy warm gushing life; and death enjoys,  
Redoubling wound on wound, and blow on blow.

Thus pass'd her hours. And now the dewy morn  
The mountains tipp'd with gold, and threatened  
Without the city gates, a fountain wells [day.  
Its living waters, clear as shining glass:  
Haunt of the Nymphs! A cypress' aged arms  
Threw round a venerable gloom, and seem'd  
Itself a grove. An altar on the brink  
Convenient rose: for holy custom wills  
Each victim to be sprinkled with its streams,  
New from pollution, worthier of the god.  
Fierce for the sacrifice, Coresus here  
Waited; and, stimulated with revenge,  
He curs'd and chid the lazy-circling hours  
Too slow, as if injurious to his hate.

But soon the gab'ring crowd and shouts pro-  
Callirhoe near. Her weeping damsels lead [claim  
The destin'd offering, lovely in distress,  
And sparkling through her tears. A myrtle crown  
With roses glowing, and selected green,  
Th' ambrosial plenty of her golden hair  
Entwine: in looks, a Venus; and a Grace  
In motion. Scarce the flow'rs of sixteen springs  
The fields had painted, since Æneüs first  
Fondled his babe, and blest her on his knee.  
Ev'n mountain-clowns, who never pity knew,  
Relented, and the hardest heart wept blood,  
Subdu'd by beauty, tho' the fatal source  
Of all their misery. What tumults then  
Roll in thy breast, Coresus! while thy hands  
The purifying waters on her head  
Pour'd trembling; and the sacred knife unsheath'd!

Wiping the silver-streaming tears away,  
She with a look nor cheerfol, nor dismay'd,

But languishingly sweet, her ruby lips  
Soft-op'ning, thus began: "Father and friends,  
Would me not doubly with your tender grief:  
I was not born alone for you. My life  
I gladly offer for my country's weal:  
'Tis glory thus to die. Receive my blood  
Dear native soil! O may it health restore  
And peace; and Bacchus' wrath be now appeas'd,  
And thou, Ceresus, whom I most have wrong'd,  
Look not so fiercely on me, while the steel  
My once-lov'd bosom lances; drop a tear;  
One sigh in mercy heave, and drop one tear,  
And I will thank thee for thy blow. For, oh!  
I never hated thee: but female-pride,  
Our sex's curse! forbade me to comply,  
Too easy won!—Then pity me, Ceresus;  
O pity; and if possible, forgive."

Hearsword not: but, ardent, snatch'd the knife,  
And, running o'er her beauties, strangely wild,  
With eyes which witness'd huge dismay and love,  
"Thus, thus I satisfy the gods!" he cry'd,  
And bury'd in his heart, in his own heart,  
The guilty blade: Then, reeling to her arms,  
He sunk, and groaning, "O Callirhoe!"—dy'd.

Hear's rings with shouts, "Was ever love like  
this?"

Callirhoe shriek'd; and from the gaping wound,  
Quick as the lightnings wing, the reeking knife  
Wrench'd: in an agony of grief and love,  
Her bosom piercing, on his bosom fell,  
And sigh'd upon his lips her life away.  
Their blood uniting in a friendly stream,  
With bubbling purple stain'd the silver-flood,  
Which to the fountain gave Callirhoe's name.

### TO MISS ADDISON.

ON SEEING MR. ROWE'S MONUMENT  
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

ERECTED AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS WIDOW.

LATE an applauding people rear'd the stone  
To Shakspeare's honour, and, alike, their own.  
A perfect whole, where part consents to part;  
The wooder he of Nature, this of Art.  
And now a wife (ye wits, no more despise  
The name of wife) bids Rowe in marble rise.  
Smiling he views her conjugal regard;  
A nation's cost had been a less reward:  
A nation's praise may vulgar spirits move,  
Rowe more deserv'd and gain'd,—a spousal love.

O Italy! thy injur'd marble keep  
Deep in thy bowels, providently deep,  
When fools would force it over knaves to weep.  
But when true wit and merit claim a shrine,  
Poor forth thy stores and beggar every mine.  
They claim them now: for Virtue, Sense, and Wit  
Have long been fled, and want thy succours—yet:  
They claim them now for one,—yes, one, I see:—  
Marble would weep—if Addison be he.

O crown'd with all the glories of thy race,  
The father's candour, and the mother's grace!  
With Rowe, Charlotta! vie, in generous strife,  
And let the daughter emulate the wife.  
Be justly pious; raise the honour'd stone,  
And so—deserve a Rowe, or—Addison!

### THE MILKMAID.

'Twas at the cool and fragrant hour,  
When evening steals upon the sky,  
That Lucy sought a woodbine-grove,  
And Colin taught the grove to sigh;  
The sweetest damsel she, on all the plains;  
The softest lover he, of all the swains.

He took her by the lily-hand,  
Which oft had made the milk look pale;  
Her cheeks with modest roses glow'd,  
As thus he breath'd his tender tale:  
The list'ning streams awhile forgot to flow,  
The doves to murmur, and the breeze to blow.

"O smile my love! thy dimply smiles  
Shall lengthen on the setting ray:  
Thus let us melt the hours in bliss,  
Thus sweetly languish life away:  
Thus sigh our souls into each other's breast,  
As true as turtles, and as turtles blest!

"So may thy cows for ever crown  
With floods of milk thy brimming pail;  
So may thy cheese all cheese surpass,  
So may thy butter never fail:  
So may each village round this truth declare,  
That Lucy is the fairest of the fair.

"Thy lips with streams of honey flow,  
And pouting swell with healing dews;  
More sweets are blended in thy breath,  
Than all thy father's fields diffuse:  
Tho' thousand flow'rs adorn each blowing field,  
Thy lovely cheeks more blooming beauties yield.

"Too long my erring eyes had rovd  
On city-dames in scarlet drest;  
And scorn'd the charnful village-maid,  
With innocence and program blest:  
Since Lucy's native graces fill'd my sight,  
The painted city-dames no more delight.

"The speaking purple, when you blush,  
Out-glow's the scarlet's deepest dye;  
No diamonds tremble on thy hair,  
But brighter sparkle in thy eye.  
Trust me the smiling apples of thy eyes,  
Are tempting as were those in Paradise.

"The tuneful linnets warbling notes,  
Are grateful to the shepherd-swain;  
To drooping plants, and thirsty fields  
The silver drops of kindly rain;  
To blossoms, dews, as blossoms to the bee;  
And thou, my Lucy! only art to me.

"But mark, my love! yon western-clouds:  
With liquid gold they seem to burn:  
The Evening Star will soon appear,  
And overflow his silver urn.  
Soft stillness now, and falling dews invite  
To taste the balmy blessings of the night.

"Yet ere we part, one boon I crave,  
One tender boon! nor this deny:  
O promise that you still will love,  
O promise this! or else I die:  
Death else my only remedy must prove;  
I'll cease to live, when'er you cease to love."

She sigh'd, and blush'd a sweet consent;  
 Joyous he thank'd her on his knee,  
 And warmly press'd her virgin-tip.—  
 Was ever youth so bless'd as he!—  
 The Moon, to light the lovers homeward, rose,  
 And Philomela lull'd them to repose.

---

THE CONQUEST.

When Phoebus heard Ianthe sing  
 And sweetly bid the groves rejoice,  
 Jealous he smote the trembling string,  
 Despairing, quite, to match her voice.

Smiling, her harpsicord she strung:  
 As soon as she began to play,  
 Away his harp poor Phoebus flung;  
 It was no time for him to stay.

Yet hold; before your godship go  
 The fair shall gain another prize;  
 Your voice and lyre's outdone, you know;  
 Nor less thy sunshine by her eyes.

---

THE BEE.

LEAVE wanton Bee, those blossoms leave,  
 Thou buzzing barbinger of Spring,  
 To Stella fly, and sweeter spoils  
 Shall load thy thigh, and gild thy wing.

Her cheeks, her lips with roses swell,  
 Not Paphian roses deeper glow;  
 And lilies o'er her bosom spread  
 Their spotless sweets, and balmy snow.

Then, grateful for the sacred dew,  
 Invite her, humming round, to rest;  
 Soft dreams may tune her soul to love,  
 Tho' coldness arm her waking breast.

But if she still obdurate prove,  
 O shoot thy sting.—The little smart  
 May teach her then to pity me  
 Transfix'd with Love's and Beauty's dart.

Ah no, forbear, to sting forbear;  
 Go, fly unto thy hive again,  
 Much rather let me die for her,  
 Than she endure the least of pain.

Go, fly unto thy hive again,  
 With more than Hybla-honey blest:  
 For Pope's sweet lips prepare the dew,  
 Or else for Love a nectar-feast.

---

THE MORNING LARK.

ANACREONTIC.

FEATHER'd lyric! warbling high,  
 Sweetly gaining on the sky,  
 Op'ning with thy matin-lay  
 (Nature's hymn!) the eye of day,  
 Teach my soul, on early wing,  
 Thus to soar and thus to sing.

While the bloom of orient light  
 Gilds thee in thy tuneful flight,  
 May the Day-spring from on high,  
 Seen by Faith's religious eye,  
 Cheer me with his vital ray,  
 Promise of eternal day!

---

ANNA MARIA WOODFORD!

"Go, Anna!" Nature said, "to Oxford go:  
 (Anna! the fairest form and mind below,  
 Blest with each gift of Nature and of Art  
 To charm the reason or to fix the heart.)  
 Go with a sprightly wit and easy mien,  
 To prove the Graces four, the Muses ten.  
 I see the wits adore, the wise approve,  
 Ev'n fops themselves have almost sense to love.  
 When poets would describe a lip or eye,  
 They'll look on thee and lay their Ovids by.  
 I see a love-sick youth, with passion fir'd,  
 Hang on thy charms, and gaze to be inspir'd.  
 With asking eyes explain his silent woes,  
 Glow as he looks, yet tremble as he glows:  
 Then drunk with beauty, with a warmer rage,  
 Pour thy soft graces through the tragic-page.  
 He sighs;—he bleeds;—to twilight shades he  
 flies:

Shakspeare he drops, and with his Otway dies.  
 This pomp of charms you owe to me alone,  
 The charms which scarce six thousand years have  
 That face illum'd softly by the mind, [known  
 That body, almost to a soul refin'd;  
 That sweetness, only to an angel giv'n;  
 That blush of innocence, and smile of Heav'n!  
 I bade thy cheeks with morning-purple glow;  
 I bade thy lips with nectar-spirit flow;  
 I bade the diamond point thy azure eyes,  
 Turn'd the fine waist, and taught the breast to rise.  
 Whether thy silver tides of music roll,  
 Or pencil on the canvass strikes a soul,  
 Or curious needle pricks a band or heart,  
 At once a needle, and at once a dart!  
 All own that nature is alone thy art.  
 Why thus I form'd thy body and thy mind  
 With sunless graces, prodigally kind,  
 The reason was,—but you in time will know it;—  
 One is, but that's the least—to make a poet."

---

MINERVA MISTAKEN.

MINERVA last week (pray let no body doubt it)  
 Went an airing from Oxford, six miles, or about it:  
 When she spy'd a young virgin so blooming and  
 fair, [there ?  
 That, "O Venus," she cry'd, "is your ladyship  
 Pray is not that Oxford? and lately you swore  
 Neither you, nor one like you, should trouble us  
 more. [fy'd ?"  
 Do you thus keep your promise? and am I de-  
 The virgin came nearer and smiling reply'd:  
 "My goddess! what, have you your pupil for-  
 got?"— [S— ?"  
 —"Your pardon, my dear, is it you, Molly

<sup>1</sup> Written in a window at the Three-Tuns ta-  
 vern, Oxford; May 29th, 1736.

## THE MAGI.

## A SACRED ECLOGUE.

No more in beauty's praise my numbers move,  
Nor melt away in dying falls of love:  
A child on Earth, yet Heav'n's eternal king,  
The manger'd Ood, the Virgin's Son I sing. {flow,  
Thou Fountain-Good, with light my soul o'er-  
With hallow'd ardour hid my bosom glow!  
Fir'd at the promise of thy dawning ray,  
The eastern sages found celestial day.

Drawn by a leading flame, with sweet surprise,  
The Infant Deity salutes their eyes.  
The Heir-elect of Love his mother preat,  
Smil'd in her arms, and wanton'd on her breast.  
No jewels sparkle here, nor India's stores  
The portals brighten or emblaze the doors.  
But young-ey'd seraphims around him glow,  
And Mercy spreads her many-colour'd bow!  
Her bow, compos'd of new-created light,  
How sweetly lambent and how softly bright!  
The sacred circle of embodied rays  
The cradle crowns, and round his temples plays.  
So shines the rainbow round th' eternal throne  
To shade the Holy, Holy, Holy One.  
By turns the ruby bleeds a beam, by turns,  
Smiles the green am'rak, and the topaz burns:  
The various opal mingles every ray,  
Fades into faintness, deepens into day:  
Promiscuous lustre kindles half the skies,  
Too slippery bright for keen seraphic eyes.  
The venerable three, low-bending down,  
Extend their offerings and the Godhead own.

## MAG. I.

From eastern realms, where first the infant  
  sight  
Springs into day and streaks the fading night,  
To thee we bend, before the morning rise;  
A purer morning trembles from thy eyes.

## MAG. II.

In vain the Sun with light his orb arrays,  
Our sense to dazzle, and as God to blaze;  
Through his transparent fallacy we see,  
And own the Sun is hut a star to thee.

## MAG. III.

Thou spotless Essence of primeval Light,  
Thy vassals own, and wash thy Ethiops white.  
Thy cloud of sable witnesses adorn  
With the first roses of thy smiling morn.

## MAG. I.

By bards foretold the ripen'd years are come,  
Gods fall to dust and oracles are dumb.  
Old Ocean murmurs from his ouzy bed,  
"A maid has born a son, and Pan is dead.

## MAG. II.

The Nymphs, their flow'r-inwoven tresses torn,  
O'er fountains weep, in twilight thickets mourn.  
Long, hollow groans, deep sobs, thick screeches  
Each dreary valley and each shaded hill. [81

## MAG. III.

No more shall Memphisian timbrels wake the morn,  
No more shall Hammon lift his gilded horn.

From hence in vain shall Belzebug rebel.  
Anubis howls, and Moloch sinks to Hell.

## MAG. I.

Here lows a bull; a golden gleam adorns  
The circling honours of his beamy horns.  
He safely lows, nor fears the holy knife,  
No sacrifice from hence shall drink his life.

## MAG. II.

Ye gardens, blush with never-fading flow'rs,  
For ever smile, ye meads, and blow, ye bow'rs:  
Bleat, all ye hills, be whiten'd, all ye plains;  
O Earth, rejoice! th' Eternal Shepherd reigns.

## MAG. III.

Ye lilies, dip your leaves in falling snow,  
Ye roses, with the eastern-scarlet glow,  
To crown the God: ye angels, haste to pour  
Your rain of nectar, and your starry show'r.

## MAG. I. Offers gold.

The ore of India ripens into gold,  
To gild thy courts, thy temple to unfold.  
Accept thy emblematic gift; again  
Saturnian years revolve a golden reign!

## MAG. II. Offers frankincense.

For thee Arabia's happy forests rise,  
And clouds of odours sweetly stain the skies.  
While fragrant wreaths of smoking incense roll,  
Receive our pray'rs, the incense of the soul!

## MAG. III. Offers myrrh.

The weeping myrrh with balmy sorrow flows,  
Thy cup to sweeten and to sooth thy woes:  
So prophets sing; for (human and divine)  
The man was born to grieve, the God to shine.

## MAG. I.

Smile, sacred Infant, smile; thy rosy breast  
Excels the odours of the spicy East;  
The burniah'd gold is dress'd before thy eye,  
Thou God of Sweetness, God of Purity!

## MAG. II.

Ye planets, unregarded walk the skies,  
Your glories lessen as his glories rise:  
His radiant word with gold the Sun attires,  
The Moon illumines, and lights the starry fires.

## MAG. III.

Hail, Lord of Nature, hail! To thee belong  
My song, my life,—I give my life, my song:  
Walk in thy light, adore thy day alone,  
Confess thy love, and pour out all my own.

## ON MR. POPE'S WORKS.

## WRITTEN SOON AFTER HIS DEATH.

MAN not alone hath end: in measur'd time,  
(So Heav'n has will'd) together with their snows  
The everlasting hills shall melt away:  
This solid globe dissolve as ductile wax  
Before the breath of Vulcan; like a scroll  
Shrivel th' unfolded curtains of the sky;



Thy planets, Newton, tumble from their spheres,  
That lead harmonious on their mystic rounds:  
The Moon be perish'd from her bloody orb;  
The Sun himself, in liquid ruin, rush  
And deluge with destroying flames the globe—  
Peace then, my soul, nor grieve that Pope is dead.

If ere the tuneful spirit, sweetly strong,  
Spontaneous numbers, teeming in my breast,  
Enkindle; O, at that exalting noise,  
Be favourable, be propitious now,  
While, in the gratitude of praise, I sing  
The works and wonders of this man divine.

I tremble while I write.—His lisp'ing muse  
Surmounts the loftiest efforts of my age.  
What wonder? when an infant, he apply'd  
The loud Papiinian trumpet to his lips,  
Fir'd by a sacred fury, and inspir'd  
With all the god, in sounding numbers sung  
" Fraternal rage, and guilty Thebes' alarms."

Sure at his birth (things not unknown of old)  
The Graces round his cradle wove the dance,  
And led the maze of harmony: the Nine,  
Prophetic of his future honours, pour'd  
Plentiful, upon his lips Castalian dews;  
And attic bees their golden store distill'd.  
The soul of Homer, sliding from its star,  
Where, radiant, over the poetic world  
It rules and sheds its influence, for joy  
Shouted, and bless'd the birth: the sacred choir  
Of poets, born in elder, better times,  
Enraptur'd, catch'd the elevating sound,  
And roll'd the glad'ning news from sphere to sphere.

O listen to Alexis<sup>2</sup> tender plaint!  
How gently rural! without coarseness, plain;  
How simple in his elegance of grief!  
A shepherd, but no clown. His every lay  
Sweet as the early pipe along the dale,  
When hawthorn bud, or on the thymy brow  
When all the mountains bleat, and valleys sing.  
Soft as the nightingale's harmonious woe,  
In dewy even-tide, when cowslips drop  
Their sleepy heads, and languish in the breeze.

Imperial Windsor<sup>3</sup>! on thy brow august,  
Superbly gay, exalt thy tow'ry head;  
(Much prouder of his verse than of thy stars)  
And bid thy forests dance, and, nodding, wave  
A vorlant testimony of thy joy:  
A native Orpheus warbling in thy shades.

Next, in the critic-chair<sup>4</sup> survey him thron'd,  
Imperial in his art, prescribing laws  
Clear from the knitted brow, and squinted sneer:  
Learn'd, without pedantry; correctly bold,  
And regularly easy. Gentle, now,  
As rising incense, or descending dews,  
The variegated echo of his theme:  
Now, animated flame commands the soul  
To glow with sacred wonder. Pointed wit  
And keen discernment form the certain page.

<sup>1</sup> Translation of the first book of Statius's  
Thebais.

<sup>2</sup> Pastorals.

<sup>3</sup> Windsor Forest. Mr. Pope born there.

<sup>4</sup> Essay on Criticism.

Just, as the Stagyrite; as Horace, free;  
As Fabian, clear; and as Petronius' gay.

But whence those peals of laughter shake the  
Of decent mirth? Am I in Fairy-land? [sides  
Young, evanescent forms, before my eyes,  
Or skim, or seem to skim; thin essences  
Of fluid light; Zilphs, Zilphids, Elves, and Gnomes;  
Genii of Rosicruce, and ladies' gods!—  
And, lo, in shining trails, Belinda's hair,  
Bespangling with dishevel'd beams the skies,  
Flames o'er the night. Behind, a Satyr grins  
And, jocund holds a glass, reflecting, fair,  
Hoops, crosses, mattadors; beaux, shoeks, and  
Promiscuously whimsical and gay. (belles,  
Tassoni, hiding his diminish'd head, [skulks,  
Droops o'er the laughing page; while Boileau  
With blushes cover'd, low beneath the desk.

More mournful scenes invite<sup>5</sup>. The milky vein  
Of amorous grief devolves its placid wave  
Soft-streaming o'er the soul, in weeping woe  
And tenderness of anguish. While we read  
Th' infectious page, we sicken into love,  
And languish with involuntary fires.  
The Zephyr, panting on the silken buds  
Of breathing violets; the virgin's sigh,  
Rosy with youth, are turbulent and rude,  
To Sappho's plaint, and Eloisa's moan.

Heav'n's what a flood of empyreal day  
My aching eyes involves! A Temple<sup>6</sup> soars,  
Rising like exhalations, on a mount,  
And, wide, its adamantine valves expands.  
Three monumental columns, bright in air,  
Of figur'd gold, the centre of the quire  
With lustre fill. Pope on the midmost shines  
Betwixt his Homer and his Horace plac'd,  
Superior by the hand of Justice. Fame,  
With all her mouths th' eternal trumpet swells,  
Exulting at his name; and, grateful, pours  
The lofty notes of never-dying praise,  
Triumphphant, floating on the wings of wind,  
Sweet o'er the world: th' ambrosial spirit flies  
Diffusive, in its progress wid'ning still,  
" Dear to the Earth, and grateful to the sky."  
Fame owes him more than e'er she can repay:  
She owes her very temple to his hands;  
Like Ilium built; by hands no less divine!

Attention, rouse thyself! the master's hand,  
(The master of our souls!) has chang'd the key.  
And bids the thunder of the battle roar  
Tumultuous<sup>7</sup>. . . Homer, Homer is our own!  
And Grecian heroes flame in British lines.  
What pop of words! what nameless energy  
Kindles the verse; invigours every line;  
Astonishes, and overwhelms the soul  
In transport tost! when fierce Achilles raves,  
And flashes, like a comet, o'er the field,  
To wither armies with his martial frown;  
I see the battle rage; I hear the wheels  
Careering with their brazen orbs! The shout  
Of nations rolls (the labour of the winds)—  
Full on my ear, and shakes my inmost soul.

<sup>5</sup> Rape of the Lock.

<sup>6</sup> Ovid's Sappho to Phaon. And Eloise to  
Abelard.

<sup>7</sup> Temple of Fame. <sup>8</sup> Translation of Homer.

Description never could so well deceive;  
 'Tis real! Troy is here, or I at Troy  
 Enjoy the war. My spirits, all on fire,  
 With unextinguish'd violence are borne  
 Above the world, and mingle with the gods.  
 Olympus rings with arms! the armament,  
 Beneath the lightning of Minerva's shield,  
 Burns to the centre: rock the tow'rs of Heav'n,  
 All Nature trembles! save the throne of Jove!—  
 Have mercy, Pope, and kill me not with joy:  
 'Tis tenfold rage, an agony of bliss!  
 Be less a god, nor force me to adore.

To not excesses from the human-breast,  
 Behold a beauteous pile of Ethic - rise;  
 Sense, the foundation; harmony, the walls;  
 (The Doric grave, and gay Corinthian joint)  
 Where Socrates and Horace jointly reign.  
 Best of philosophers; of poets too  
 The best! He teaches thee thyself to know:  
 That virtue is the noblest gift of Heav'n:  
 "And vindicates the ways of God to man."  
 O hearken to the moralist polite!  
 Enter his school of truth; where Plato's self  
 Might preach; and Tully deign to lend an ear.

Last see him waging with the fools of rhyme  
 A wanton, harmless war!<sup>10</sup> Dunce after dunce,  
 Beau, doctors, templars, courtiers, sops and cits,  
 Condemn'd to suffer life. The motley crew,  
 Emerging from Oblivion's muddy pool,  
 Give the round face to view, and shameless front  
 Proudly expose; till Laughter have her fill.

Born to improve the age, and cheat mankind  
 Into the road of Honour!—Vice again  
 The gilded chariot drives:—for he is dead!

I saw the sable barge, along his Thames,  
 In slow solemnity beating the tide,  
 Convey his sacred dust!—Its swans expir'd,  
 Wither'd in Twit'nam bow'rs the laurel-bough;  
 Sient the Musea broke their idle lyres:  
 Th' attendant Graces check'd the sprightly dance,  
 Their arms unlock'd, and catch'd the starting tear,  
 And Virtue for her lost defender mourn'd!

---

### EPITAPH ON MY FATHER.

IN THE

PARISH CHURCH OF BROUGH, WESTMORELAND.

DEAR to the wise and good by all approv'd,  
 The joy of Virtue, and Heav'n's well-belov'd!  
 His life inspir'd with every better art,  
 A learned head, clear soul, and honest heart.  
 Each science chose his breast her favourite seat,  
 Each language, but the language of deceit.  
 Scerer his virtues, yet his manners kind,  
 A manly form, and a seraphic mind.  
 So long he walk'd in Virtue's even road,  
 In him at length, 'twas natural to do good.

<sup>1</sup> Ethic Epistles. <sup>10</sup> Dunciad.

<sup>1</sup> Francis Thompson, B. D. senior fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and vicar of Brough thirty-two years. He departed this life Aug. 31, 1735, aged 70.

Like Eden's, his old age (a sabbath rest!)  
 Flow'd without noise, yet all around him blest!  
 His patron, Jesus! with no titles grac'd,  
 But that best title, a good parish priest.  
 Peace with his ashes dwell. And, mortals, know,  
 The saint's above; the dust alone below.  
 The wise and good shall pay their tribute here,  
 The modest tribute of one thought and tear;  
 Then pensive sigh, and say, "To me be given  
 By living thus on Earth, to reign in Heaven."

---

### EPITAPH ON MY MOTHER.

IN THE

PARISH CHURCH OF BROUGH, WESTMORELAND.

HERE rests a pattern of the female life,  
 The woman, friend, the mother, and the wife.  
 A woman form'd by Nature, more than art,  
 With smiling ease to gain upon the heart.  
 A friend as true as guardian-angels are,  
 Kindness her law, humanity her care.  
 A mother sweetly tender, justly dear,  
 Oh! never to be nam'd without a tear.  
 A wife of every social charm possess'd,  
 Blessing her husbands<sup>2</sup>—in her husbands blest.  
 Love in her heart, compassion in her eye,  
 Her thoughts as humble, as her virtues high.  
 Her knowledge useful, nor too high, nor low,  
 To serve her Maker, and herself to know.  
 Born to relieve the poor, the rich to please,  
 To live with honour, and to die in peace.  
 So full her hope, her wishes so resign'd,  
 Her life so blameless, so unstain'd her mind,  
 Heav'n smil'd to see, and gave the gracious nod,  
 Nor longer wou'd detain her from her God.

---

### WRITTEN IN THE HOLY BIBLE.

YE sacred tomes, be my unerring guide,  
 Dove-hearted saints, and prophets eagle-ey'd!  
 I scorn the moral-fop, and ethic-sage,  
 But drink in truth from your illumin'd page:  
 Like Moses-bush each leaf divinely bright,  
 Where God invests himself in milder light!  
 Taught by your doctrines we devoutly rise,  
 Faith points the way, and Hope unbars the skies.  
 You tune our passions, teach them how to roll,  
 And sink the body but to raise the soul;  
 To raise it, bear it to mysterious day,  
 Nor want an angel to direct the way!

---

ON A PRESENT OF

### THREE ROSES FROM IANTHE.

THREE roses to her humble slave  
 The mistress of the Graces gave:

<sup>2</sup> The river Eden runs near Brough.

<sup>1</sup> She departed this life October 35, 1737, aged 65.

<sup>2</sup> Her former husband was Jos. Fisher, M. A. fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, vicar of Brough and arch-deacon of Carlisle; by whom she had no children.

Three roses of an eastern hue,  
Sweet-swelling with ambrosial dew.  
How each, with glowing pride, displays  
The riches of its circling rays!  
How all, in sweet abundance, shed  
Perfumes, that might revive the dead!  
"Now tell me, fair one, if you know,  
Whence these balmy spirits flow?  
Whence springs this modest blush of light  
Which charms at once and pains the sight?"

The fair one knew, but wou'd not say,  
So blush'd and smiling went her way.  
Impatient, next the Muse I call;  
She comes, and thus would answer all.

"Fool," (and I sure deserv'd the name)  
"Mark well the beauties of the dame,  
And can you wonder why so fair,  
And why so sweet the roses are?  
Her cheek with living purple glows  
Which blush'd its rays on every rose;  
Her breath exhal'd a sweeter smell  
Than fragrant fields of asphodel;  
The sparkling spirit in her eyes  
A kindlier influence supplies  
Than genial suns and summer skies.  
Now can you wonder why so fair,  
And why so sweet the roses are?"  
"Hold, tuneful trifter," I reply'd,  
"The beautiful cause I now describ'd,  
Hold, talk no more of summer skies,  
Of genial suns and—splendid lies;  
Of fragrant fields of asphodel,  
And brightest rays and sweetest smell;  
Whatever poetry can paint,  
Or Muse can utter—all is faint:  
Two words had better all express;—  
'She took the roses from—her breast.'"

### CUPID MISTAKEN.

Venus whipt Cupid t' other day,  
For having lost his bow and quiver:  
For he had giv'n them both away  
To Stella, queen of Isis river.

"Mamma! you wrong me while you strike,"  
Cry'd weeping Cupid, "for I vow,  
Stella and you are so alike,  
I thought that I had lent them you."

### CUPID IN LOVE;

OR STELLA AND THE WASP.

ANACREONTIC.

Cupid by a bee was stung,  
Lately; since Anacreon sung:  
Venus, with a smiling eye,  
Laugh'd to hear him sob and sigh,  
Angry Cupid in revenge,  
(Gods their shapes at pleasure change)  
In the form of wasp or bee,  
Stella! fix'd his sting in thee:  
Stella! fairest of the fair;  
Stella, Venus' dearest care!

In revenge he dealt the blow  
On her favourite below;  
In revenge of smiling eyes,  
Sweetest emblems of the skies!  
"O my finger!" Stella cry'd:  
Would for Stella I had dy'd!  
"O my finger!" thrice she cry'd,  
Thrice for Stella I'd have dy'd!  
Stella! fairest of the fair,  
Stella, Venus' dearest care!  
Venus, red'ning dropp'd a tear:  
—"Here, you airrah, Cupid, here!  
Dare you torture like a foc,  
Stella, my belov'd below?  
Curs't revenge on smiling eyes,  
Sweetest emblems of the skies!"  
Cupid, smit with Stella's eye,  
Answer'd Venus with a sigh,  
"Rather, mamma, pity me;  
I am wounded more than she."

ON

### WRITING LAURA'S NAME IN THE SNOW.

THIRIS AND DAMON.

THIRIS.

WHY, Damon, write you Laura's name  
In snowy letters? prithee, say:  
Was it her coldness to express,  
Or show thy love would melt away?  
Or, rather, was it this? Because  
When she is nam'd you burn and glow,  
Therefore in hopes to cool your breast  
You write the charmer's name in snow?

DAMON.

Thiris, since ink would blot her charms,  
In snow I chose her name to write;  
Since only snow like her is pure,  
Is soft alone, alone is white.  
Perhaps the air her name may freeze,  
And every letter grow a gem;  
Fit characters to hize her charms,  
And owe their rays to Stella's name.  
A monarch for the precious name  
Might then with half his kingdom part,  
Despise the jewels on his crown,  
To wear my Laura near his heart.

THIRIS.

In vain. Behold the noontide Sun  
Dissolves it with his amorous flame:—  
The liquid syllables are lost:  
Now, Damon, where is Laura's name?

DAMON.

Too true: yet tho' her name dissolves,  
The shining drops shall not be lost:  
I'll drink them as they weep away,  
And still her name shall be my toast.

### EPILOGUE TO CATO.

Spoken by a young Gentleman in the Character of  
Marcia, before a private Audience.

CRITICS affirm, a bookish, clownish race,  
(I wish they durst affirm it to my face)

That love in tragedies has nought to do:  
Ladies, if so, what would they make of you?  
Why, make you useless, nameless, harmless things:  
How false their doctrine, I appeal to—kings;  
Appeal to Afric, Asia, Greece, and Rome:  
And, faith, we need not go—so far from home.  
For us the lover burns and bleeds and dies,  
I fancy we have comets in our eyes;  
And they, you know, are—signs of tragedies.  
Thanks to my stars, or, rather, to my face,  
Sempronius perish'd for that very case. [det<sup>r</sup>,  
The boisterous wretch baw'd out for peals of thun-  
Because he could not force me—to come under.  
Lard! how I tremble at the narrow scape;  
Which of you would not—tremble—at a rape?  
How'er that be, this play will plainly prove,  
That liberty is not so sweet as love.  
Think, ladies, think what fancies fill'd my head,  
To find the living Juba for the dead!  
Tho' much he suffer'd on my father's side,  
I'll make him cry, ere long, "I'm satisfied!"  
For I shall prove a mighty—loving bride.  
But now, to make an end of female speeches,  
I'll quit my petticoats to—wear the breeches.

[Rises out and comes in in his night gown.  
We have chang'd the scene: for gravity becomes  
A tragedy, as hearses sable plumes.  
His country's father you have seen, to-night,  
Unfortunately great, and sternly right.  
Fair Liberty, by impious power oppress,  
Found no asylum but her Cato's breast:  
Thither, as to a temple, she retir'd,  
And when he plung'd the dagger she expir'd.  
If Liberty revive at Cato's name,  
And British bosoms catch the Roman flame:  
If hoary villains rouse your honest ire,  
And patriot-youths with love of freedom fire,  
If Lucia's grief your graceful pity move,  
And Marcia teach the virgins virtuous love,  
You'll own, ev'n in this methodizing age,  
The mildest school of morals—is the stage.

To you, the polish'd judges of our cause,  
Whose smiles are honour, and whose nods applause,  
Humble we bend: encourage arts like these;  
For tho' the actors fail'd—they strove to please.  
Perhaps, in time, your favours of this night  
May warm us like young Marcus self to fight,  
Like Cato to defend, like Addison to write.

---

### THE HAPPY LIFE.

A book, a friend, a song, a glass,  
A chaste, yet laughter-loving lass,  
To mortals various joys impart,  
Inform the sense, and warm the heart.

Thrice happy they, who, careless, laid,  
Beneath a kind-embow'ring shade,  
With rosy wreaths their temples crown,  
In rosy wine their sorrows drown.

Mean while the Muses wake the lyre,  
The Graces modest mirth inspire,  
Good-natur'd humour, harmless wit;  
Well-temper'd joys, nor grave, nor light.

Act 4, Scene 2.

Let sacred Venus with her hair,  
And dear Ianthe too be there.  
Music and wine in concert move  
With beauty, and refining love.

There Peace shall spread her dove-like wing,  
And bid her olives round us spring.  
There Truth shall reign, a sacred guest!  
And Innocence, to crown the rest.

Begone, ambition, riches, toys,  
And splendid cares, and guilty joys—  
Give me a book, a friend, a glass,  
And a chaste, laughter-loving lass.

---

### THE WEDDING MORN.

#### A DREAM.

'Twas morn: but Theron still his pillow prest:  
(His Annabella's charms improv'd his rest.)  
An angel form, the daughter of the skies,  
Descending blest, or seem'd to bless his eyes;  
White from her breast a dazzling vestment roll'd,  
With stars bespangled and celestial gold.  
She mov'd, and odours, wide, the circuit fill'd;  
She spake, and honey from her lips distill'd.  
"Behold, illustrious comes, to bless thy arms,  
Thy Annabella, breathing love and charms!  
O melting mildness, undissembled truth!  
Fair flow'r of age, yet blushing bloom of youth!  
Fair without art, without design admir'd,  
Prais'd by the good, and by the wise desir'd.  
By Art and Nature taught and form'd to please,  
With all the sweet simplicity of ease.

In public courteous—for no private end;  
At home—a servant; and abroad—a friend.  
Her gentle manners, unaffected grace,  
And animated sweetness of her face,  
Her faultless form, by decency refin'd,  
And bright, unsullied sanctity of mind,  
The christian Graces breathing in her breast,  
Her—whole shall teach thee to be more than blest.

"Tis Virtue's ray that points her sparkling eyes,  
Her face is beauteous, for her soul is wise.  
As from the Sun refulgent glories roll,  
Which feed the starry host and fire the pole,  
So stream upon her face the beauties of her soul.  
Tho' the dove's languish melts upon her eye,  
And her cheeks mantle with the eastern sky,  
When seventy on her temples sheds its snow,  
Dim grow her eyes and cheeks forget to glow,  
Good-nature shall the purple loss supply,  
Good-sense shine brighter than the sparkling eye:  
In beauteous order round and round shall move,  
Love cool'd by reason, reason warm'd by love.

"Receive Heaven's kindest blessing! And regard  
This blessing as thy virtue's best reward.  
When Beauty wakes her fairest forms to charm,  
When Music all her pow'rs of sound to warm,  
Her golden floods when wanton Freedom rolls,  
And Plenty pours herself into our bowls;  
When with tumultuous throbs our pulses beat,  
And dubious Reason totters on her seat,  
The youth how steady, how resolv'd the guide  
Which stems the full luxuriant, pleasing tide!  
For these, and virtues such as these is given  
Thy Annabella! O beloved of Heav'n!—

Hail Marriage! everlasting be thy reign!  
 The chain of being is thy golden chain.  
 From hence mankind, a growing race depend,  
 Began with Nature, shall with Nature end.  
 The mists, which stain'd thy lustre, break away,  
 In glory lessen, and refine to day:  
 No more the jest of wits, of fools the scorn,  
 Which God made sacred, and which priests adorn,  
 "Ascend the bed, while genial Nature pours  
 Her balmy blessings round and nectar-show'rs.  
 And lo! the future opens on my eyes,  
 I see soft buds, and smiling flow'rs arise:  
 The human blossoms every charm display,  
 Unfold their sweets, and beautify the day.  
 The father's virtues in the sons combine;  
 The mother's graces in the daughters shine.  
 So where an angel spreads his dove-like wing  
 Young laurels sprout, and tender myrtles spring;  
 Sweet dews descending consecrate the ground,  
 And open a new Paradise around!  
 I see!"—But here the scene which blaz'd behind  
 Her fancy dazzled, and dissolv'd his mind.  
 He woke: yet still he thinks he sees and hears;  
 Till real sounds salute his ravish'd ears:  
 "—Arise! the bride invites thee to be blest!"  
 He rose.—But silence only speaks the rest.

---

AN HYMN TO MAY.

---

—Nunc formosissimus annus. Virg.

---

PREFACE.

As Spenser is the most descriptive and florid of all our English writers, I attempted to imitate his manner in the following vernal poem. I have been very sparing of the antiquated words, which are too frequent in most of the imitations of this author; however, I have introduced a few here and there, which are explain'd at the bottom of each page where they occur. Shakspeare is the poet of Nature, in adapting the affections and passions to his characters; and Spenser in describing her delightful scenes and rural beauties. His lines are most musically sweet; and his descriptions most delicately abundant, even to a wantonness of painting: but still it is the music and painting of Nature. We find no ambitious ornaments, or epigrammatical turns, in his writings, but a beautiful simplicity; which pleases far above the glitter of pointed wit. I endeavoured to avoid the affectation of the one, without any hopes of attaining the graces of the other kind of writing.

Te sequor, O nostræ gentis decus! inque tuis  
 nunc

Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis:  
 Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem  
 Quod te imitari avelo: Quid enim contendat  
 hirundo

Cycnus:— Lucretius.

A modern writer has, I know, objected against running the verse into alternate and stanza: but Mr. Prior's authority is sufficient for me, who observes that it allows a greater variety, and still preserves the dignity of the verse. As I profess'd

myself in this canto to take Spenser for my model, I chose the stanza; which I think adds both a sweetness and solemnity at the same time to subjects of this rural and flowery nature. The most descriptive of our old poets have always used it from Chaucer down to Fairfax, and even long after him. I followed Fletcher's measure in his Purple Island; a poem printed at Cambridge in twelve cantos, in quarto, scarce heard of in this age, yet the best in the allegorical way, (next to the Fairy Queen) in the English language. The Alexandrine line, I think, is peculiarly graceful at the end, and is an improvement on Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis. After all, Spenser's hymns will excuse me for using this measure; and Scalliger in the third book of his Poetics, tells us, (from Dydimus) that the hymns of the Athenians were sung to the lyre, the pipe, or some musical instrument: and this, of all other kinds of verse is, certainly, lyrical. But enough of the stanza: for (as sir William Davenant observes in his admirable preface to Gondibert) numbers in verse, like distinct kinds of music, are composed to the uncertain and different taste of several ears. I hope I have no apology to make for describing the beauties, the pleasures, and the loves of the season in too tender or too florid a manner. The nature of the subject required a luxuriousness of versification, and a softness of sentiment; but they are pure and chaste at the same time: otherwise this canto had neither been ever written, or offer'd to the public. If the sentiments and verse be florid and tender, I shall excuse myself in the words of Virgil (though not in his sense).

—Nunc mollissima fandi  
 Tempora!

---

ARGUMENT.

Subject proposed. Invocation of May. Description of her: her operations on nature. Bounty recommended; in particular at this season. Vernal apostrophe: Love the ruling passion in May. The celebration of Veuus, her birthday in this month. Rural retirement in spring. Conclusion.

---

ETHEREAL daughter of the lusty Spring,  
 And sweet Favonius, ever-gentle May!  
 Shall I, unblam'd, presume of thee to sing,  
 And with thy living colours gild my lay?  
 Thy genial spirit mantles in my brain;  
 My numbers languish in a softer vein:  
 I pant, too emulous, to flow in Spenser's strain.

Say, mild Aurora of the blooming year,  
 With storms when winter blackens Nature's face;  
 When whirling winds the howling forest tear,  
 And shake the solid mountains from their base:  
 Say, what refulgent chambers of the sky  
 Veil thy beloved glories from the eye,  
 For which the nations pine, and Earth's fair chil-

Where Leda's twins', forth from their diamond  
 tow'r,

Alternate, o'er the night their beams divide;  
 In light embosom'd, happy, and secure  
 From winter-rage, thou choosest to abide.

3 Castor and Pollux.

Best residence! For, there, as poets tell,  
The powers of poetry and wisdom dwell;  
Apollo wakes the arts; the Muses strike the shell.

Certes<sup>3</sup> o'er Rhedicyna's laurel'd mead,  
(For ever spread, ye laurels, green and new!)  
The brother-stars their gracious nurture shed,  
And secret blessings of poetic-dew.  
They bathe their homes in the learned flood,  
With flames recruited for th' ethereal road;  
And deem fair lais' swans<sup>4</sup> fair as their father-god.

No sooner April, trim'd with girlands<sup>5</sup> gay,  
Rains fragrance o'er the world, and kindly show'rs;  
But, in the eastern-pride of beauty, May,  
To gladden Earth, forsakes her heav'nly bow'rs,  
Restoring Nature from her palsi'd state,  
April, retire; ne<sup>6</sup> longer, Nature, wait:  
Soon may she issue from the Morning's golden gate.

Come, bounteous May! in fulness of thy might,  
Lead briskly on the mirth-infusing Hours,  
All-recent from the bosom of delight,  
With nectar nurtur'd; and involv'd in flow'rs:  
By Spring's sweet blush, by Nature's teeming womb;  
By Hebe's dimply smile, by Flora's bloom;  
By Venus-self (for Venus-self demands thee)  
come!

By the warm sighs, in dewy even-tide,  
Of melting maidens, in the wood-bind-groves,  
To pity loosen'd, soften'd down from pride;  
By billing turtles, and by cooing doves;  
By the youth's plainings stealing on the air,  
(For youths will plain, tho' yielding be the fair)  
Hither, to bless the maidens and the youths, re-  
pair.

With dew bespangled, by the hawthorn-buds,  
With freshness breathing, by the daisy'd plains,  
By the mix'd music of the warbling woods,  
And jovial roundelays<sup>7</sup> of nymphs and swains;  
In thy full energy, and rich array,  
Delight of Earth and Heav'n! O blessed May!  
From Heav'n descend to Earth: on Earth vouch-  
safe to stay,

She comes!—A silken casus<sup>8</sup>, emerald-green,  
Gracefully loose, adown her shoulders flows,  
(Fit to enfold the limbs of Paphos' queen)  
And with the labours of the needle glows,  
Purif'd<sup>9</sup> by Nature's hand! The amorous Air  
And musky-western Breezes fast repair,  
Her mantle proud to swell, and wanton with her  
hair.

Her hair (but rather threads of light it seems)  
With the gay bonours of the Spring entwinn'd,  
Copious, unbound, in nectar'd ringlets streams,  
Floats glittering on the Sun, and scents the wind,

<sup>1</sup> The Gemini are supposed to preside over learned men. See Pontanus in his beautiful poem call'd Urania. Lib. 2. De Geminis.

<sup>2</sup> Surely, certainly. Ibid.——Rhedicyna, &c. Oxford.

<sup>3</sup> Jupiter deceived Leda in the shape of a swan as she was bathing herself in the river Eurotas.

<sup>4</sup> Garlands. <sup>5</sup> Nor. <sup>6</sup> Songs.

<sup>7</sup> A light gown. <sup>8</sup> Flourish'd with a needle.

Love-sick with odours!—Now to order roll'd,  
It melts upon her bosom's dainty mould,  
Or, curling round her waist, disparts its wavy  
gold.

Young-circling roses, blushing, round them throw  
The sweet abundance of their purple rays,  
And lilies, dip'd in fragrance, freshly blow,  
With blended beauties, in her angel-face  
The humid radiance beaming from her eyes  
The air and seas illumes, the earth and skies;  
And open, where she smiles, the sweets of Para-  
dise.

On Zephyr's wing the laughing goddess view,  
Distilling balm. She cleaves the buxom Air,  
Attended by the silver-footed Dew,  
The ravages of Winter to repair.  
She gives her naked bosom to the Gales,  
Her naked bosom down the ether sails;  
Her bosom breathes delight; her breath the Spring  
exhales.

All as the phenix, in Arabian skies,  
New-burnish'd from his spicy funeral pyres,  
At large, in roseal<sup>1</sup> undulation, flies;  
His plumage dazzles and the gazer tires;  
Around their king the plummy nations wait,  
Attend his triumph, and augment his state:  
He tow'ring, claps his wings, and wins th' ethe-  
real height.

So round this phenix of the gawdy year  
A thousand, nay ten thousand Sports and Smiles,  
Fluttering in gold, along the hemisphere,  
Her praises chant; her praises glad the isles.  
Conscious of her approach (to deck her bow'rs)  
Earth from her fruitful lap and bosom pours  
A waste of springing sweets, and voluntary flow'rs.

Narcissus<sup>2</sup> fair, in snowy velvet gown'd;  
Ah foolish! still to love the fountain-brim:  
Sweet Hyacinth<sup>3</sup>, by Phœbus erst<sup>4</sup> bemoan'd;  
And tulip, flaring in her powder'd trim,  
Whate'er, Armida<sup>5</sup>, in thy gardens blew;  
Whate'er the Sun inhales, or sips the dew;  
Whate'er compose the chaplet on Ianthe's brow.

<sup>1</sup> Pliny tells us, lib. 11, that the phenix is about the bigness of an eagle: the feathers round the neck shining like gold, the body of a purple colour, the tail blue with feathers resembling roses. See Claudian's fine poem on that subject, and Marcellus Donatus, who has a short dissertation on the phenix in his Observations on Tacitus. Annal. Lib. 6. Westley on Job, and sir Tho. Brown's Vulgar Errors.

<sup>2</sup> A beautiful youth who, beholding his face in a fountain, fell in love with himself, and pining away was changed into a flower, which bears his name. See Ovid. Metamorph. Lib. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Beloved and turned into a flower by Apollo. See the story in Ovid. Met. Lib. 10. There is likewise a curious dialogue in Lucian betwixt Mercury and Apollo on this subject. Servius in his Notes on Virgil's second Bucolic takes the hyacinth to be the vaccinium of the Latins, bearing some similitude with the name.

<sup>4</sup> Formerly: long ago.

<sup>5</sup> See Tasso's Il Goffredo. Canto 16.

He who undas'd<sup>6</sup> can wander o'er her face,  
 May gain upon the solar-blaze at noon!—  
 What more than female sweetness, and a grace  
 Peculiar! save, lanthe, thine alone,  
 Ineffable effusion of the day!  
 So very much the same, that lovers say,  
 May is lanthe; or the dear lanthe, May.

So far as doth the harbinger of day  
 The lesser lamps of night in sheen<sup>7</sup> excel;  
 So far in sweetness and in beauty May  
 Above all other months doth bear the bell.  
 So far as May doth other months exceed,  
 So far in virtue and in goodlibead<sup>8</sup>,  
 Above all other nymphs lanthe bears the meed<sup>9</sup>.

Welcome! as to a youthful poet, wine,  
 To fire his fancy, and enlarge his soul:  
 He weaves the laurel-chaplet with the vine,  
 And grows immortal as he drains the bowl.  
 Welcome! as beauty to the lovesick stain,  
 For which he long had sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain;  
 He darts into her arms; quick-vanishes his pain.

The drowsy elements, arousd by thee,  
 Roll to harmonious measures, active all!  
 Earth, water, air, and fire, with feeling glee,  
 Exult to celebrate thy festival.  
 Fire glows intenser; softer, blows the air;  
 More smooth the waters flow; earth smiles more  
 fair:  
 Earth, water, air and fire, thy gladning impulse  
 share.

What boundless tides of splendour o'er the skies,  
 O'erflowing brightness! stream their golden rays!  
 Heaven's azure kindles with the varying dyes,  
 Reflects the glory, and returns the blaze.  
 Air whitens; wide the tracts of ether burn  
 With colours damask'd rich, and goodly sheen,  
 And all above, is blue; and all below is green.

At thy approach, the wild waves' loud uproar,  
 And foamy surges of the madning main,  
 Forget to heave their mountains to the shore;  
 Diffus'd into the level of the plain.  
 For thee, the halcyon builds her summer's-nest;  
 For thee, the Ocean smooths her troubled breast,  
 Gay from thy placid smiles, in thy own purple  
 drest.

Have ye not seen, in gentle even-tide,  
 When Jupiter the Earth bath richly shower'd,  
 Striding the clouds, a bow dispredden<sup>1</sup> wide  
 As if with light inwove, and gaily flower'd  
 With bright variety of blending dyes?  
 White, purple, yellow melt along the skies,  
 Alternate colours sink, alternate colours rise.

The Earth's embroidery then have ye ey'd,  
 And smile of blossoms, yellow, purple, white;  
 Their vernal-tinctur'd leaves, luxurious, dy'd  
 In Flora's liv'ry, painted by the light.  
 Light's painted children in the breezes play,  
 Lay out their dewy bosoms to the ray,  
 Their soft enamel spread, and beautify the day.

<sup>6</sup> Undazzled.    <sup>7</sup> Brightness. Shining.

<sup>8</sup> Beauty.

<sup>9</sup> Prize.

<sup>1</sup> Spread.

From the wide altar of the foodful Earth [roll;  
 The flowers, the herbs, the plants, their incense  
 The orchards swell the ruby-tinctur'd birth;  
 The vermil-gardens breath the spicy soul.  
 Grateful to May, the nectar-spirit flies,  
 The wafted clouds of lavish'd odours rise,  
 The Zephyr's balmy burthen, worthy of the skies

The bee, the golden daughter of the Spring,  
 From mead to mead, in wanton labour, roves,  
 And loads its little thigh, or gilds its wing  
 With all the essence of the flushing groves:  
 Extracts the aromatic soul of flowers,  
 And, humming in delight, its waxen bowers  
 Fills with the luscious spoils, and lives ambrosial-  
 hours.

Touch'd by thee, May, the flocks and lusty droves  
 That low in pastures, or on mountains bleat,  
 Revive their frolics and renew their loves.  
 Stung to the marrow with a generous heat,  
 The stately courser, bounding o'er the plain,  
 Shakes to the winds the honours of his mane,  
 (High-arch'd his neck) and, snuffing, hopes the  
 dappled train.

The aerial songsters sooth the listning groves:  
 The mellow thrush, the ouzel<sup>2</sup> sweetly shrill,  
 And little linnet celebrate their loves  
 In hawthorn valley, or on tufted hill;  
 The soaring lark, the lowly nightingale,  
 A thorn her pillow, trills her doleful tale,  
 And melancholy music dies along the dale.

This gay exuberance of gorgeous Spring,  
 The gilded mountain, and the herbag'd vale,  
 The woods that blossom, and the birds that sing,  
 The murmuring fountain and the breathing dale:  
 The dale, the fountains, birds and woods delight,  
 The vales, the mountains and the Spring invite,  
 Yet unadorn'd by May, no longer charm the sight.

When Nature laughs around, shall man alone,  
 Thy image, hang (ah me!) the sickly head?  
 When Nature sings, shall Nature's glory groan,  
 And languish for the pittance poor of bread!  
 O may the man that shall his image scorn,  
 Alive, be ground with hunger, most forlorn,  
 Die unanest<sup>3</sup>d, and dead, by dogs and kites be torn.

Curs'd may he be (as if he were not so.)  
 Nay doubly curs'd be such a breast of steel,  
 Which never melted at another's woe,  
 Nor tenderness of bowels knew to feel.  
 His heart is black as Hell, in flowing store  
 Who hears the needy crying at his door,  
 Who hears them cry, he recks<sup>4</sup>; but suffers  
 them be poor.

But blest, O more than doubly blest be he!  
 Let honour crown him and eternal rest,  
 Whose bosom, the sweet fount of charity,  
 Flows out to nurse<sup>5</sup> innocence distress.  
 His ear is open to the widow's cry,  
 His hand the orphan's cheek of sorrow dries;  
 Like Mercy's self he looks on want with Pity's  
 eyes.

<sup>2</sup> Blackbird.    <sup>3</sup> Without a funeral knell.

<sup>4</sup> Nor is concerned.    <sup>5</sup> To nurse.

In this best season, pregnant with delight,  
 Ne<sup>6</sup> may the howling owl with screeches wound  
 The solemn silence of the quiet night,  
 Ne croaking raven, with unhallo'd sound,  
 Ne damned ghost affray<sup>7</sup> with deadly yell  
 The waking lover, rais'd by mighty spell,  
 To peck the stars, till Hesper shine it back to Hell.

Ne witches ride gibbets, by the Moon,  
 (With horror winking, trembling all with fear)  
 With many a clinking chain, and canker'd bone:  
 Nor imp in visionary shape appear,  
 To blast the thriving verdure of the plain;  
 Ne let hobgoblin, ne the ponk, profane (sing brain.  
 With shadowy glare the light, and mad the burst-

Yet fairy-elves (so ancient custom's will)<sup>8</sup>  
 The green-gown'd fairy elves, by starry sheen<sup>9</sup>,  
 May gambol on in valley or on hill,  
 And leave their footsteps on the circled green.  
 Full lightly trip it, dapper Mab, around;  
 Full feastly<sup>1</sup>, Ob'ron, thou, o'er grass-turf bound:  
 Mab brushes off no dew-drops, Ob'ron prints no  
 ground.

Ne<sup>2</sup> bloody rumours violate the ear,  
 Of cities sack'd, and kingdoms desolate,  
 With plague or sword, with pestilence or war;  
 Ne cruel murder stain thy era-date;  
 Ne shameless Calumny, for fell despite,  
 The foulest fiend that e'er blasphem'd the light,  
 At lovely lady rail, nor grin at courteous knight.

Ne wailing in our streets nor fields be heard,  
 Ne voice of Misery assault the heart;  
 Ne fatherless from table ha debar'd;  
 Ne piteous tear from eye of Sorrow start;  
 But Plenty, pour thyself into the bowl  
 Of bounty-head; may never Want  
 That good, good-honest man, who feeds the fa-  
 mish'd soul.

Now let the trumpet's martial thunders sleep;  
 The viol wake alone, and tender flute:  
 The Phrygian lyre with sprightly fingers sweep,  
 And, Erato, dissolve the Lydian-lute.  
 Yet Clio frets, and burns with honest pain,  
 To rouse and animate the martial strain,  
 While British banners flame o'er many a purpled  
 plain.

The trumpet sleeps, but soon for thee shall wake,  
 Illustrious chief! to sound thy mighty name,  
 (Scatch'd from the malice of Lethæan-lake)  
 Triumphant-swelling from the mouth of Fame.  
 Mean while, disdain not (so the virgins pray)  
 This rosy-crown, with myrtle wove and bay;  
 (Too humble crown I ween) the offering of May.

6 Nor. 7 Affright.

<sup>8</sup> The Lemuria, or rites sacred to the Lemures,  
 were celebrated by the Romans in May. See  
 Ovid. Fast. l. 5. &c. They imagined the Lemures  
 (in English, fairies) to be like ghosts of deceased  
 persons: but our traditional accounts are very  
 different in respect to the nature of fairies.  
 Shakespear's *Midsommer's Night's Dream*, Dray-  
 ton's *Fairy Tale*, and a celebrated old ballad, are  
 master-pieces in their kind.

<sup>9</sup> Brightness. <sup>1</sup> Nimble. <sup>2</sup> Not.

And while the virgins hail thee with their voice,  
 Heaping thy crowded way with greens and flow'rs,  
 And in the fondness of their heart rejoice  
 To sooth, with dance and song, thy gentler hours;  
 Indulge the season, and with sweet repair  
 Embay thy limbs, the vernal beauties share:  
 Then blaze in arms again, renew'd for future war.

Britannia's happy isle derives from May  
 The choicest blessings Liberty bestows:  
 When royal Charles (for ever hail the day!)  
 In mercy triumph'd o'er ignoble foes.  
 Restor'd with him, the Arts the drooping head  
 Gaily again uprear'd; the Muses' shade [array'd.  
 With fresher honours bloom'd, in greener triu-

And thou, the goodliest blossom of our isles!  
 Great Frederic's and his Augusta's joy,  
 Thy native month approv'd with infant-smiles,  
 Sweet as the smiling May, imperial boy!  
 Britannia hopes thee for her future lord,  
 Lov'd as thy parents, only not ador'd!  
 Whene'er a George is born, Charles is again re-  
 stor'd.

O may his father's pant for finer fame,  
 And boundless bountyhead to humankind;  
 His grandsire's glory, and his uncle's name,  
 Renown'd in war! inflame his ardent mind:  
 So arts shall flourish 'neath his equal sway,  
 So arms the hostile nations wide affray;  
 The laurel, Victory; Apollo, wear the bay.

Through kind infusion of celestial pow'r,  
 The dullard-Earth May quick'neth with delight:  
 Full suddenly the seeds of joy recure<sup>3</sup>  
 Elastic spring, and force within empight<sup>4</sup>.  
 If senseless elements invigorate prove  
 By genial May, and heavy matter move, [love?  
 Shall shepherdesses cease, shall shepherds fail to

Ye shepherdesses, in a goodly round,  
 Purpled with health, as in the greenwood-shade,  
 Incontinent ye thump the echoing ground  
 And deftly<sup>5</sup> lead the dance along the glade!  
 (O may no show'rs your merry-makes affray!)  
 Hail at the op'ning, at the closing day,  
 Ail hail, ye bounibels<sup>6</sup>, to your own season, May.

Nor ye absent yourselves, ye shepherd-swains,  
 But lend to dance and song the liberal May,  
 And while in jocund ranks you beat the plains,  
 Your flocks shall nibble, and your laubkins play,  
 Frisking in glee. To May your girlaunds bring,  
 And ever and anon her praises sing:  
 The woods shall echo May, with May the valleys  
 ring.

Your May-pole deck with flow'ry coronal;  
 Sprinkle the flow'ry coronal with wine,  
 And in the nimble-footed galliard, all,  
 Shepherds and shepherdesses, lively, join.  
 Hither from village sweet and hamlet fair,  
 From bordering cot and distant glenne<sup>7</sup> repair:  
 Let youth indulge its sport, to old<sup>8</sup> bequeath its  
 care.

<sup>3</sup> Recover. <sup>4</sup> Placed, fixed. <sup>5</sup> Finely.

<sup>6</sup> Pretty women. <sup>7</sup> A country hamlet.

<sup>8</sup> Old age.



Ye wanton Dryads and light-tripping Fawns,  
Ye jolly Satyrs, full of lustyhead,<sup>9</sup>  
And ye that haunt the hills, the brooks, the lawns;  
O come with rural chaplets gay dispread:  
With heel so nimble wear the springing grass,  
To shrilling bagpipe, or to tinkling brass;  
Or foot it to the reed: Pan pipes himself apace.

In this soft season, when Creation smil'd,  
A quivering splendour on the Ocean hung,  
And from the fruitful froth, his fairest child,  
The queen of bliss and beauty, Venus sprung.  
The dolphins gambol o'er the watry way,  
Carol the Naiads, while the Tritons play,  
And all the sea-green sisters bless the holy-day.

In honour of her natal-month, the queen  
Of bliss and beauty consecrates her hours,  
Fresh as her cheek, and as her brow serene,  
To buxom ladies, and their paramours.  
Love tips with golden alchemy his dart;  
With rapt'rous anguish, with an honey'd smart  
Eye languishes on eye, and heart dissolves on  
heart.

A softly-swelling hill, with myrtles crown'd,  
(Myrtles to Venus *algates* sacred been)  
Hight Acidale, the fairest spot on ground,  
For ever fragrant and for ever green,  
O'erlooks the windings of a shady vale,  
By Beauty form'd for amorous regale.  
Was ever hill so sweet as sweetest Acidale?

All down the sides, the sides profuse of flow'rs,  
An hundred rills, in shining mazes, flow  
Through mossy grotto's amaranthine bow'rs,  
And form a laughing flood in vale below:  
Where oft their limbs the Loves and Graces bay<sup>1</sup>  
(When Summer sheds insufferable day)  
And sport, and dive, and founce in wantonness of  
play.

No noise o'ercomes the silence of the shades,  
Save short-breath'd vows, the dear excess of joy;  
Or baronless giggle of the youths and maids,  
Who yield obeysance to the Cyprian boy:  
Or lute, soft-sighing in the passing gale;  
Or fountain gurgling down the sacred vale,  
Or hymn to beauty's queen, or lover's tender  
tale.

Here Venus revels, here maintains her court  
In light festivity and gladsome game:  
The young and gay, in frolic troops resort,  
Withouten censure, and withouten blame.  
In pleasure steep'd, and dancing in delight,  
Night steals upon the day, the day, on night:  
Each knight his lady loves; each lady loves her  
knight.

Where lives the man (if such a man there be)  
In idle wilderness or desert drear,  
To Beauty's sacred pow'r an enemy?  
Let foul bends harrow<sup>2</sup> him; I'll drop no tear.  
I deem that Carl<sup>3</sup>, by Beauty's pow'r unmov'd,  
Hated of Heav'n, of none but Hell approv'd.  
O may he never love, O never be belov'd!

<sup>9</sup> Vigour. <sup>1</sup> Ever. <sup>2</sup> Bathe. <sup>3</sup> Destroy.  
<sup>4</sup> A clown.

Hard is his heart, unmelted by thee, May!  
Unconscious of Love's nectar-tickling sting,  
And, unrelenting, cold to Beauty's ray;  
Beauty the mother and the child of Spring!  
Beauty and Wit declare the sexes even;  
Beauty, to woman, Wit to man is given;  
Neither the slime of Earth, but each the fire of  
Heav'n.

Alliance sweet! let Beauty Wit approve,  
As flow'rs to sunshine ope the ready breast:  
Wit Beauty loves, and nothing else can love:  
The best alone is grateful to the best.  
Perfection has no other parallel!  
Can light, with darkness; doves with ravens  
dwell?  
As soon, perdie<sup>5</sup>, shall Heav'n's communion hold  
with Hell.

I sing to you, who love alone for love:  
For gold the beautifuls fools (O fools beware!)  
Can win; tho' brighter Wit shall never move:  
But Polly is to Wit the certain cure.  
Curs'd be the men, (or be they young or old)  
Curs'd be the women, who themselves have sold  
To the detested bed for lucre base of gold.

Not Julia such: she higher honour deem'd  
To languish in the Sulmo poet's arms,  
Than, by the potentates of Earth esteem'd,  
To give to sceptres and to crowns her charms.  
Not Laura such: in sweet Vaucluse's vale  
She list'n'd to her Petrarch's amorous tale.  
But did poor Colin Clout<sup>6</sup> o'er Rosalind prevail?

Howe'er that be; in Acidalian<sup>7</sup> shade,  
Embracing Julia, Ovid melts the day:  
No dreams of banishment his loves invade;  
Encircled in eternity of May,  
Here Petrarch with his Laura, soft reclin'd  
On violets, gives sorrow to the wind:  
And Colin Clout pipes to the yielding Rosalind.

<sup>5</sup> An old word for asserting any thing.

<sup>6</sup> Spenser.

<sup>7</sup> These three celebrated poets and lovers were all of them unhappy in their amours. Ovid was banished on account of his passion for Julia. Death deprived Petrarch of his beloved Laura very early; as he himself tells us in his account of his own life. These are his words: "Amore acerrimo, sed unico & honesto, in adolescentia laboravi, & diutius laborassem, nisi jam tepescerem ignem mors acerba, sed utilis, extinxisset." See his works, Basil, fol. tom. 1. Yet others say, she married another person; which is scarce probable; since Petrarch lamented her death for ten years afterwards, as appears from Sonetto 313, with a most uncommon ardour of passion. Thomasius in his curious book, called *Petrarcha Redivivus*, has given us two prints of Laura, with an account of her family, their loves, and his sweet retirement in Vaucluse. As for Spenser, we may conclude that his love for Rosalind proved unsuccessful from his pathetic complaints, in several of his poems, of her cruelty. The author, therefore, thought it only a poetical kind of justice to reward them in this imaginary retreat of lovers, for the misfortunes they really suffered here on account of their passion.

Pipe on, thou sweetest of th' Arcadian-train,  
That e'er with tuneful breath inform'd the quill:  
Pipe on, of lovers the most loving swain!  
Of bliss and melody O take thy fill.  
Ne envy I, if dear Ianthé smile,  
Tho' low my numbers, and tho' rude my style;  
Ne quit for Acidale, fair Albion's happy isle.

Come then Ianthé! milder than the Spring,  
And grateful as the rosy mouth of May,  
O come; the birds the hymn of Nature sing,  
Enchanting-wild, from every bush and spray:  
Swell th' green gems and team along the vine,  
A fragrant promise of the future wine,  
The spirits to exalt, the genius to refine!

Let us our steps direct where father-Thames,  
In silver windings draws his humid train,  
And pours, wher'er he rolls his naval-stream,  
Fomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain.  
Or by the banks of Isis shall we stray,  
(Ah why so long from Isis backs away!)  
Where thousand damsels dance, and thousand  
shepherds play.

Or choose you rather Theron's calm retreat,  
Embosom'd, Surry, in thy verdant vale,  
At once the Muses' and the Graces' seat!  
There gently listen to my faithful tale.  
Along the dew-bright parterres let us rove,  
Or taste the odours of the mazy grove: love.  
Mark how the turtles coo: I languish too with

Amid the pleasure of Arcadian scenes,  
Love seals his silent arrows on my breast;  
Nor falls of water, nor enamel'd greens,  
Can soothe my anguish, or invite to rest.  
You, dear Ianthé, you alone impart  
Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my smart:  
The apple of my eye, the life-blood of my heart.

With line of silk, with hook of barbed steel,  
Beneath this oaken umbrage let us lay,  
And from the water's crystal-bosom steal  
Upon the grassy bank the finny prey:  
The perch, with purple speckled manifold;  
The eel in silver labyrinth self-roll'd,  
And carp, all burnish'd o'er with drops of scaly  
gold.

Or shall the meads invite, with Iris-hues  
And Nature's pencil gay-diversify'd,  
(For now the Sun has lick'd away the dews)  
Fair-flushing and bedeck'd like virgin-bride?  
Thither, (for they invite us) we'll repair,  
Collect and weave (whate'er is sweet and fair)  
A posy for thy breast, a garland for thy hair.

Fair is the lily clad in balmy snow;  
Sweet is the rose, of Spring the smiling eye;  
Nipt by the winds, their heads the lilies bow;  
Cropt by the hand, the roses fade and die.  
Tho' now in pride of youth and beauty drest,  
O think, Ianthé, cruel Time lays waste  
The roses of the cheek, the lilies of the breast.

Wep not; but, rather taught by this, improve  
The present freshness of thy springing prime:  
Bestow thy graces on the god of love,  
Too precious for the wither'd arms of Time.

In chaste endearments, innocently gay,  
Ianthé! now, now love thy Spring away;  
Ere cold October-blasts despoil the bloom of May.

Now up the chalky mazes of yon hill,  
With grateful diligence, we wind our way;  
What op'ning scenes our ravish'd senses fill,  
And, wide, their rural luxury display! [spires,  
Woods, dales, and flocks, and herds, and cots and  
Villas of learned clerks, and gentle squires;  
The villa of a friend the eye-sight never tires.

If e'er to thee and Venus, May, I strag  
The gladsome lyre, when liveness<sup>8</sup> swell'd my  
veins,

And Eden's nymphs and Isis' damsels sung  
In tender elegy<sup>9</sup>, and pastoral-strains;  
Collect and shed thyself on Theron's bow'rs,  
O green his garlands, O perfume his flow'rs,  
O bless his morning-walks and sooth his evening-  
hours.

Long, Theron, with thy Annabell enjoy  
The walks of Nature, still to Virtue kind,  
For sacred solitude can never cloy,  
The wisdom of an uncorrupted mind!  
O very long may Hymen's golden chain  
To Earth confine you and the rural-pray;  
Then soar, at length, to Heaven! nor pray, O  
Muse, in vain.

Wher'er the Muses haunt, or poets muse,  
In solitary silence sweetly tird,  
Unloose thy bosom, May! thy stores effuse,  
Thy vernal stores, by poets most desir'd,  
Of living fountains, of the wood-blind-shade,  
Of Philomela, warbling from the glade.  
Thy bounty, in his verse, shall certes be repaid.

On Twitnam-bow'rs (Aonian Twitnam bow'rs!)  
Thy softest plenitude of beauties shed,  
Thick as the winter-stars, or summer-flow'rs;  
Albe<sup>2</sup> the tuneful master (ah!) be dead.  
To Colin next be taught my youth to sing,  
My reed to warble, to resound my string:  
The king of shepherds he, of poets be the king.

Hail, happy scenes, where Joy would choose to  
dwell;

Hail, golden days, which Saturn deems his own;  
Hail, music, which the Muses scant<sup>3</sup> excel;  
Hail, flow'rets, not unworthy Venus' crown;  
Ye linnets, larks, ye thrushes, nightingales;  
Ye hills, ye plains, ye groves, ye streams, ye gales,  
Ye ever-happy scenes! all you, your poet hail.

All-hail to thee, O May! the crown of all!  
The recompense and glory of my song:  
Ne small the recompense, ne glory small,  
If gentle ladies, and the tuneful throng,  
With lover's myrtle, and with poet's bay  
Fairly bedight<sup>4</sup>, approve the simple lay,  
And think on Thomalin wher'er they hail thee,  
May!

<sup>8</sup> Liveliness.

<sup>9</sup> Stella; sive Amores: Elegiarum Tres Libri.  
Written in the year 1736.

<sup>2</sup> Six pastorals: written in the year 1734.

<sup>3</sup> Altho' <sup>4</sup> Scarcely. <sup>5</sup> Adorned.

## THE NEW LYRE.

TO A FRIEND.

I STRUNG my lyre, when Love appear'd,  
Demanding a light-wanton lay;  
"Christ!" I began—the trifer heard,  
And shook his wings, and pass'd away.

The strings rebellious to my hand  
Refuse to charm: in vain I sue,  
The strings are mute to my demand—  
I broke the old, and form'd a new.

"Christ!" I began: the sacred lyre  
Responsive swell'd with notes divine,  
And warm'd me with seraphic-fire:  
Sweet Jesus, I am only thine!

O wake to life this springing grace,  
And water with thy heavenly dew:  
Display the glories of thy face,  
My spirit and my heart renew!

Direct my soul, direct my hand:—  
O blessed change! thy pow'r I feel:  
My numbers flow at thy command,  
My strings with holy raptures swell.

And, you, whose pious pains unfold  
Those truths, receive this tribute due;  
You once endur'd my Muse of old,  
Nor scorn the firstfruits of the new.

## SICKNESS, A POEM:

IN FIVE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

The Lord comfort him, when he lieth sick upon  
his bed; make thou all his bed in his sickness.  
Psalms.

## ARGUMENT.

Subject proposed. The folly of employing poetry  
on wanton or trifling subjects. Invocation of  
Urania. Reflections on the instability of life  
itself: frailness of youth, beauty, and health.  
The suddenness and first attacks of a distemper,  
in particular of the small pox. Moral and reli-  
gious observations resulting from sickness.

Of days with pain acquainted, and of nights  
Unconscious of the healing balms of sleep,  
That burn in restless agonies away;  
Of Sickness, and its family of woes,  
The fellest enemies of life, I sing,  
Horizon'd close in darkness. While I touch  
The ebon-instrument, of solemn tone,  
Pluckt from the cypress' melancholy boughs,  
Which, deep'ning, shade the house of mourning,  
groans

<sup>1</sup> He lent me a MS. discourse on these words  
"Old things are pass'd away, and lo! all things  
are become new."

And hollow wallings, through the damps of night,  
Responsive wound the ear. The sprightly pow'rs  
Of musical enchantment wave their wings,  
And seek the fragrant groves and purple fields,  
Where Pleasure rolls her honey-trickling streams,  
Of blooming Health and laughter-dimpled Joy.

Me other scenes than laughing Joy, and Health  
High-blooming, purple-living fields and groves,  
Fragrant with Spring, invite. Too long the Muse,  
Ah! much too long, a libertine diffus'd  
On Pleasure's rosy lap, has, idly, breath'd  
Love-sighing elegies, and pastoral-strains,  
The soft seducers of our youthful hours,  
Soothing away the vigour of the mind,  
And energy of virtue. But farewell,  
Ye myrtle walks, ye lily-mantled meads,  
Of Paphos, and the fount of Acidale,  
Where, oft, in summer, Grecian fables tell,  
The daughters of Eurynome and Jove,  
Thalia and her sister-Graces cool  
Their glowing features, at the noontide hour,  
Farewel!—But come, Urania, from thy bow'rs  
Of everlasting day; O condescend  
To lead thy votary (with rapt'rous zeal  
Adoring Nature's God, the great Three-One!)  
To Salem; where the shepherd-monarch wak'd  
The sacred breath of melody, and swell'd  
His harp, to angels' kindred notes attun'd,  
With music worthy Heaven! O bathe my breast,  
With praises burning, in the morning-dews,  
Which sparkle, Zion, on thy holy hill.

The prophets, eagle-ey'd, celestial maid,  
Those poets of the sky! were taught to chant  
The glories of Messiah's reign by thee:  
Kindled by thee, the eastern-pages flame  
With light'ning, and with thunder shake the soul;  
While, from the whirlwind, God's all-glorious  
Bursts on the tingling ears of Job: the writ [voice  
Of Moses, meek in spirit, but his thoughts  
Lofty as Heav'n's blue arch. My humble hopes  
Aspire but to the alpha of his song;  
Where, roll'd in ashes, digging for a grave,  
More earnest than the covetous for gold  
Or hidden treasures crusted o'er with boils,  
And roaring in the bitterness of soul,  
And heart-sick pain, the man of Uz complains.  
Themes correspondent to thy servant's theme.

I sing to you, ye sons of men! of dust,  
Say rather: what is man, who proudly lifts  
His brow audacious, as confronting Heav'n,  
And tramples, with disdain, his mother Earth,  
But moulded clay? an animated heap  
Of dust, that shortly shall to dust return?

We dream of shadows, when we talk of life;  
Of Pelops' shoulder, of Pythagoras' thigh,  
Of Surtius' saints, and Ovid's gods;  
Mere tales to cheat our children with to rest;  
And, when the tale is told, they sink to sleep,  
Death's image! so inane is mortal-man!  
Man's but a vapour, toss'd by every wind,  
The child of smoke, which in a moment flies,  
And, sinking into nothing, disappears.  
Man's a brisk bubble floating on the waves  
Of wide eternity: he dances now  
Gay-gilded by the Sun (tho' empty proud;) Phantastically fine! and now he drops  
In a broad sheet of waters deep involv'd  
And gives his place to others. O, ye sons  
Of vanity, remember, and be wise!  
Man is a flow'r, which in the morning, fair

As day-spring, swelling from its slender stem,  
In virgin-modesty, and sweet reserve,  
Lays out its blushing beauties to the day,  
As Gideon's fleece, full with the dews of Heav'n.  
But if some ruder gale, or nipping wind,  
Disastrous, blow too hard, it, weeping, mourns  
In robes of darkness; it reclines its head  
In languid softness; withers every grace;  
And ere the evening-star the west inflames,  
It falls into the portion of those weeds  
Which, with a careless hand, we cast away —  
Ye thoughtless fair-ones, moralize my song!

Thy pulse beats music; thou art high in health;  
The rather tremble. When the least we fear,  
When Folly lulls us on her couch of down,  
And wine and lutes and odours fill the sense  
With their soft affluence of bewitching joys;  
When years of rapture in thy fancy glow  
To entertain thy youth; a sudden burst  
Of thunder from the smallest cloud of Fate,  
Small as the prophet's hand, destroys, confounds,  
And lays thy visionary hopes in dust.  
By my example taught, examples teach  
Much more than precepts, learn to know thy end.

The day was Valentine's: when lovers' wounds  
Afresh begin to bleed, and sighs to warm  
The chilly rigour of relenting skies:  
Sacred the day to innocence and mirth,  
The festival of youth! in seeming health  
(As custom bids) I hail'd the year's fair morn,  
And with its earliest purple braid my brows,  
The violet, or primrose, breathing sweets  
New to the sense. Ianthe by my side,  
More lovely than the season! rais'd her voice,  
Observant of his rites, in festal lays,  
And thus address the patron of the Spring:

"Hail, Valentine! at thy approach benign,  
Profuse of gems, the bosom of the Earth  
Her fragrant stores unfolds: the fields rejoice,  
And, in the infancy of plenty, smile:  
The valleys laugh and sing: the woods, alive,  
Sprout into floating verdure, to embow'r  
Those happy lovers, who record thy praise.

"Hail, Valentine! at thy approach benign,  
Inhaling genial raptures from the Sun,  
The pinnacled nations swell the song of joy,  
Thy soaring choiristers! the lark, the thrush,  
And all th' aerial people, from the wron  
And linnet to the eagle, feel the stings  
Of amorous delight, and sing thy praise.

"Hail, Valentine! at thy approach benign,  
Quick o'er the soft'ning soul the gentle gales  
Of Spring, awaking bliss, instinctive move  
The ardent youth to breathe the sighs of faith  
Into the virgin's heart; who, sick of love,  
With equal fires, and purity of truth,  
Consenting, blushes while she chants thy praise."

So sung Ianthe: to my heart I prest  
Herspotless sweetness: when, (with wonder, hear!)  
Thou' she shone smiling by, the torpid powers  
Of heaviness weigh'd down my beamless eyes,  
And press'd them into night. The dews of death  
Hung, clammy, on my forehead, like the damps  
Of midnight sepulchres; which, silent, op'd  
By weeping widows, or by friendship's hand,  
Yawn hideous on the Moon, and blast the stars.  
With pestilential reek. My head is torn  
With pangs insufferable, pulsive starts,  
And pungent aches, gliding thro' the brain,  
To madness hurrying the tormented sense.

And hate of being.—Poor Ianthe wept  
In bitterness, and took me by the hand  
Compassionately kind: "Alas!" she cry'd,  
"What sudden change is this?" (Again she wept.)  
"Say, can Ianthe prove the source of pain  
To Thomalin? forbid it, gracious Heav'n!"  
"No, beautiful innocence! as soon the rose  
Shall poison with its balm; as soon the dove  
Become a white dissembler, and the stream  
With lulling murmurs, creeping thro' the grove,  
Offend the shepherd's slumber"—Scarce my tongue  
These fault'ring accents stammer'd, down I sink,  
And a lethargic stupor steals my sense  
In dull oblivion: till returning pain,  
Too faithful monitor! and dire disease  
Bid me remember, pleasure is a dream,  
That health has eagle's wings, nor tarries long.

New horrors rise. For in my pricking veins  
I feel the forky flame: the rapid flood  
Of throbbing life, excursive from the laws  
Of sober Nature and harmonious Health,  
Boils in tumultuary eddies round  
Its bursting channels. Parching thry, anon,  
Drinks up the vital maze, as Simois dry,  
Or Xanthus, by the arm-ignipotent,  
With a red torrent of involving flames  
Exhausted; when Achillës with their floods  
Wag'd more than mortal war: the god of fire  
Wide o'er the waters pour'd th' inundant blaze,  
The shrieking waters to the bottom boil  
And hiss in ruin. O! ye rivers, roll  
Your cooling crystal o'er my burning breast,  
For Ætna rages here! ye snows descend;  
Bind me in icy chains, ye northern winds,  
And mitigate the furies of the fire!

Good Heav'n! what hoards of unrepented guilt  
Have drawn this vengeance down, have rais'd this  
To lash me with his flames? But, O, forgive [fiend  
My rashness, that dares blame thy just decrees.  
It is thy rod: I kiss it with my heart,  
As well as lips: like Aaron's may it bloom  
With fruits of goodness: not, like Moses, turn  
A serpent; or, to tempt me to accuse  
The kind oppression of thy righteous hand,  
Or, sting me to despair.—Affliction, hail!  
Thou school of virtue! open wide thy gates,  
Thy gates of ebony! Yet, O, correct  
Thy servant, but with judgment, not in wrath,  
But with thy mercy, Lord! thy stripes will heal.  
Thus without hereby, afflictions prove  
A purgatory; save us as by fire:  
And purifying off the dross of sin,  
Like old Elijah's chariot, rap the soul,  
On wings of Meditation, to the skies.

In health we have no time to visit Truth:  
Health's the disease of morals: few in health  
Turn o'er the volumes which will make us wise.  
What are ye, now, ye tugeful triflers! once  
The eager solace of my easy hours,  
Ye dear deluders of Greece or Rome,  
Anacreon, Horace, Virgil, Homer, what?  
The gay, the bright, the sober, the sublime?  
And ye of softer strain, ye amorous fools,  
Correctly indolent, and sweetly vain,  
Tibullus, Ovid, and the female-verse  
Of her, who, plunging from Leucadia's heights,  
Extinguish'd, with her life, her hopeless fires,  
Or rose a swan, as love-struck Faery deem'd,  
Who would'nt not, in these hours of wisdom, give  
A Vatican of wits for one saint Paul?

Dare Tully, with the golden mouth of Greece,  
 With Chrysostom in rhet'ric-thunder join,  
 Advent'rous, now? as soon the feeble sound,  
 Salmoëus, of thy brazen bridge contends  
 With Jove's ethereal peal, and bursting rear  
 Fulminous, rending Earth, o'erturning air,  
 And shaking Heav'n. Or shall the pointed pen  
 Of Corduba<sup>1</sup>, with hostile labour bend  
 Its sentences obscure against the force  
 Of Hierom's noble fire? as soon the Moon,  
 With blunted horn, dares pour her pallid beam  
 Against the boundless majesty of day,  
 The Sun's refulgent throne; when, high, in noon  
 He kindles up the Earth to light and joy.  
 My best instructor, Sickness, shuts the eye  
 From Vanity; she draws the curtains round  
 The couch, nor gives admittance to the world:  
 But to Harpocrates consigns the door,  
 And, silent, whispers e'en that "life is vain."  
 If life be vain, on what shall man depend?  
 Depend on Virtue. Virtue is a rock  
 Which stands for ever; braves the frowning flood,  
 And rears its awful brow, direct, to Heaven.  
 Tho' Virtue save not from the grave, she gives  
 Her votaries to the stars; she plucks the sting  
 From the grim king of terrors; smoothes the bed  
 Of anguish, and bids Death, tho' dreadful, smile.  
 Death smiles on Virtue; and his visage, black,  
 Yet comely seems. A Christian scorns the bounds  
 Where limited Creation said to Time,  
 "Here I have end." Rapt'rous, he looks beyond  
 Or time or space; he triumphs o'er decay;  
 And fills eternity: the next to God.

## NOTES AND ALLUSIONS.

Page 38. **PLUCKT** from the cypress, &c.

Thus Horace:

Barbiton hic paries habebit. Lib. iii. Ode 26.

And a greater than Horace in lyric poetry, the royal psalmist, represents the same image:

As for our harps we hanged them up, upon the trees that are therein. Psalm cxxvii. 2.

P. 38. Paphos, a city of Cyprus; formerly dedicated to Venus.

Acidale. A fountain in Orchomenus, a city of Bœotia, where the Graces were supposed to bathe themselves. The genealogy of the Graces is very diversely related. But Hesiod says, they were the offspring of Jupiter and Eurynome. Theog.

Page 38. **Burst** on the tingling ears of Job, &c.

The book of Job is ascribed to various authors, and amongst the rest to Mosca. I am proud to observe that Dr. Young has strengthened this opinion in his notes to his admirable poem on Job. Most of the arguments on each side of the question may be found in Pole's Synopsis Critic. in the beginning of his notes on the book of Job: and in Mr. S. Wesley's curious dissertation on the same subject.

P. 38. We dream of shadows, when we talk of life.

Ἰδέσθαι ὄνειδος ὄψιν. Pind. Pith. Ode 8.  
 Sophocles has much the same thought in his

<sup>1</sup> Seneca was born at Corduba in Spain.

Ajax; and, to dignify the sentiment, he puts it into the mouth of Ulysses:

Ὅρα γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἄδην ὄντας ἄλλο πῶλον  
 εἶδον ὅσῳ περ ζῶμεν, ἢ κέρως ἄκατοι.

The scholiast observes, that he borrowed the sentiment from Pindar.

P. 38. We dream, &c. Of Pelops' shoulder—

The poets feign that Tantalus served up his son Pelops to the table of the gods: they reunited the fragments, and formed his shoulder, which was lost, of ivory. Ovid. Met. Lib. vi.

— Humeroque Pelops insignis eburno.

Virg. Georg. iii.

I shall add this beautiful passage from Tibullus:

— Carmina ni sint,  
 Ex humero Petopis non nituisset ebur.

Lib. i. Eleg. 4.

P. 38. Of Pythagoras' thigh.

This is told with so much humour by Mr. Addison in one of his finest works, that I rather choose to give an authority from him, than any of the ancients. "The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance: he was slow, solemn and silent, in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he throw back the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and therefore desired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted the fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious existence, &c.

The Table of Fame, Tatler, Vol. II. No. 81.

P. 38. Of Surius's saints.

Surius writ the voluminous legend of the Romish saints, in six volumes in folio. Dr. Donne in his Satyrs has given him this character:

— outlie either

Jovius, or Surius, or both together. Sat. 4.

P. 39. **Ianthe** by my side.

Sickness being a subject so disagreeable in itself to human nature, it was thought necessary, as fable is the soul of poetry, to relieve the imagination with the following, and some other episodes. For to describe the anguish of a distemper without a mixture of some more pleasing incidents, would, no doubt, disgust every good-natured and tender reader.

P. 40. **Salmoëus**, of thy brazen bridge, &c.

Salmoëus king of Elis, a province in the Peloponnesus. He was so arrogant as to affect being thought a god: for which end he built a bridge of brass, by driving over which in his chariot, he endeavoured to make himself be believed the Thunderer. But Jupiter, enraged at his impiety, struck him dead with a real thunder-bolt.

Vidi crudeles dantem Salmoëus penas,  
 Dum flammam Jovis & sonitus imitatur Olympi—  
 Demens qui nimbos, & non imitabile fulmen  
 Ere & coraipedum cursu imitatur equorum.

Virg. Æn. Lib. 4.

P. 40. And to Harpocrates consigns the door.

Harpocrates, the god of silence amongst the Egyptians.

*Si quicquam tacite commissum est fido ab amico,  
Me unum esse invenies illorum jure sacratum,  
Corneli, & factum esse puta Harpocratem.*

Catull.

Hence Erasmus, *Lih. Adag.* tells us, that revere Harpocratem is the same as mutum reddere. So Catullus in another place:

*Patrum reddidit Harpocratem.*

Ovid describes him in the same manner, without taking notice of his name, amongst the attendants of Isis:

*Quique premit vocem, digitoque silentia suadet.*  
Metam. Lib. ix.

This description entirely agrees with the several medals and statues of Harpocrates, which the learned antiquary *Gisb. Cuperus* exhibits in his laborious dissertation on that subject, printed with *Monumenta Antiqua*.

But upon another account likewise, Harpocrates may justly be appointed to attend upon the sick; for he is numbered amongst the salutary gods, who assisted in extreme dangers; as appears from *Artemidorus, Oneir. L. ii. C. 44.* where, after having mentioned *Serapis, Isis, Anubis,* and *Harpocrates,* he goes on thus: "*Semper enim servatores crediti sunt hi dii, eorum qui per omnia exercitati sunt, & ad extremum periculum pervenerunt, &c.*" *Kircher* also, in his *Oedip. EGYPT. p. 2. vol. II. p. 315.* amongst others to the same purpose, has these remarkable words:

*Reverebantur Egypti, præter cætera numina maxime Isin & Oniria, ac hominum sive Harpocratem, tanquam Iatricos genitos.*

#### THE PALACE OF DISEASE.

##### BOOK II.

*Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
Before thee shall appear.* Milton.

##### ARGUMENT.

Reflections. Invocation of the genius of Spenser. Apostrophe to the duchess of Somerset. The Palace of Disease. War. Intemperance. Melancholy. Fever. Consumption. Small-pox. Complaint on the death of lord Beauchamp.

DEATH was not man's inheritance, but life  
Immortal, but a Paradise of bliss,  
Unfading beauty, and eternal spring,  
(The cloudless blaze of Innocence's reign:)  
The gifts of God's right-hand! till monstrous Sin,  
The motly child of Satan and of Hell,  
Invited dire Disease into the world,  
And her distorted brood of ugly shapes,  
Echidna's brood! and fix'd their curs'd abode  
On Earth, invisible to human sight,  
The portion and the scourge of mortal man.  
Yet tho' to human sight invisible,  
If aye, whom I implore, Urania, deign,  
With euphrasy to purge away the mists

Which, humid, dim the mirror of the mind;  
(As Venus gave *Aeneas* to behold  
The angry gods with hauc o'erwhelming Troy,  
Neptune and Pallas) not in vain, I'll sing  
The mystic terrors of this gloomy reign:  
And, led by her, with dangerous courage press  
Through dreary paths, and haunts, by mortal foot  
Rare visited; unless by thee, I woen,  
Father of Fancy, of descriptive verse,  
And shadowy beings, gentle Edmund, light  
Spenser! the sweetest of the tuneful throng,  
Or recent, or of old! Creative bard,  
Thy springs unlock, expand thy fairy scenes,  
Thy unexhausted stores of fancy spread,  
And with thy images enrich my song.

Come, Hertford! with the Muse, awhile, vouch-  
(The softer virtues melting in thy breast, [sale.  
The tender graces glowing in thy form)  
Vouchsafe, in all the beauty of distress,  
To take a silent walk among the tombs:  
There lend a charm to Sorrow, smooth her brow,  
And sparkle through her tears in shining woe.  
As when the dove<sup>2</sup>, (thy emblem, matchless dame,  
For beauty, innocence, and truth are thine)  
Spread all its colours o'er the boundless deep,  
(Empyrean radiance quivering round the gloom)  
Chaos reform'd, and bade distraction smile!

Deep in a desert-vale, a palace frowns  
Sublimely mournful: to the eye it seems  
The mansion of Despair, or ancient Night.  
The graces of the Seasons never knew  
To shed their bounty here, or smiling, bless  
With hospitable foot, its bleak domain,  
Uncultivated. Nor the various robe  
Of flushing Spring, with purple gay, invests  
Its blighted plains; nor Summer's radiant hand  
Profusive, scatters o'er its baleful fields  
The rich abundance of her glorious days;  
And golden Autumn here forgets to reign.

Here only hemlock, and whatever weeds  
Medea gather'd, or Canidia brew'd,  
Wet with *Avernus*' waves, or *Pontus* yields,  
Or *Colchus*, or *Thessalia*, taint the winds,  
And choke the ground unallow'd. But the soil  
Refuses to embrace the kindly seeds  
Of healing vegetation, sage, and rue,  
Dittany and amello, blooming still  
In *Virgil's* rural page. The bitter yew,  
The church-yard's shade! and cypress' wither'd  
In formidable ranks surround its courts [arms  
With umbrage dun; administ'ring a roof  
To birds of ominous portent; the bat,  
The raven hoding death, the screaming owl  
Of heavy wing, while serpents, rustling, hiss,  
And croaking toads the odious concert aid.

The peevish East, the rheumy South, the North  
Pregnant with storms, are all the winds that blow:  
While, distant far, the pure *Et-sian*-gales,  
And western-breezes fan the spicy beds  
Of *Araby* the blest, or shake their balm  
O'er fair *Britannia's* plains, and wake her flow'rs.  
Eternal damps, and deadly humours, draw  
In poisonous exhalations from the deep,  
Conglomerated into solid night,  
And darkness, almost to be felt, forbid

<sup>2</sup> Old. <sup>3</sup> The present duchess of Somerset.

<sup>4</sup> The Platonists suppose that Love, or the celestial Venus (of whom the dove is likewise an emblem) created the world out of chaos.

The Sun, with cheerful beams, to purge the air,  
 But roll their suffocating horrors round  
 Incessant, banishing the blooming train  
 Of Health, and Joy, for ever, from the dome.

In sad magnificence the palace rears  
 Its mouldering columns; from thy quarries, Nile,  
 Of sable marble, and Egyptian mines  
 Embowell'd. Nor Corinthian pillars, gay  
 With foliage'd capitals and figur'd frieze,  
 Nor feminine Ionique, nor, tho' grave,  
 The fluted Dorique, and the Tuscan plain,  
 In just proportions rise: but Gothic, rude,  
 Irreconcil'd in ruinous design:

Save in the centre, in relieve high,  
 And swelling emblematically bold,  
 In gold the apple rose, "whose mortal taste  
 Brought death into the world, and all our woe."<sup>4</sup>  
 Malignantly delighted, dire Disease  
 Surveys the glittering pest, and grimly smiles  
 With hellish glee. Beneath, totters her throne,  
 Of jarring elements; earth, water, fire; [tain  
 Where hot, and cold; and moist, and dry main-  
 Unnatural war. Shapless her frightful form,  
 (A chaos of distemper'd limbs in one)  
 Huge as Megæra, cruel as the grave,  
 Her eyes, two comets; and her breath, a storm.  
 High in her wither'd arms, she wields her rod,  
 With adders curl'd, and dropping gore; and points  
 To the dead walls, besmear'd with cursed tales  
 Of Plagues red-spotted, of blue Pestilence,  
 Walking in darkness; Havock at their heels;  
 Lean Famine, gnawing in despite her arm:  
 Whatever Egypt, Athens, or Messine,  
 Constantinople, Troynovant, Marseilles,  
 Or Cairo felt, or Spagnolet could paint.  
 A sickly taper, glimmering feeble rays  
 Across the gloom, makes horror visible,  
 And punishes, while it informs, the eye.

A thousand and ten thousand monstrous shapes  
 Compose the group; the execrable crew  
 Which Michael, in vision strange, disclos'd  
 To Adam, in the Lazar-house of woe;  
 A colony from Hell. The knotted Gout,  
 The bloated Dropsy, and the racking Stone  
 Rolling her eyes in anguish; Leprosy foul,  
 Strangling Angina; Ephialtic starts;  
 Unner'd Paralysis; with moist Catarrhs;  
 Pleuritis bending o'er its side, in pain;  
 Vertigo; murderous Apoplexy, proud  
 With the late spoils of Clayton's honour'd life:  
 Clayton, the good, the courteous, the humane;  
 Tenacious of his purpose, and his word  
 Firm as the fabled throne of Grecian Jove.  
 Be just, O memory! again recall  
 Those looks illumin'd by his honest heart,  
 That open freedom, and that cheerful ease,  
 The bounteous emanations of his soul:  
 His British honour; Christian charity;  
 And mild benevolence for human-kind.

From every quarter, lamentations loud,  
 And sighs resound, and rueful peals of groans  
 Roll echoing round the vaulted dens, and screams  
 Dolorous, wrested from the heart of pain,  
 And brain-sick agony. Around her throne  
 Six favourite Furies, next herself accurst,  
 Their dismal mansions keep; in order each,  
 As most destructive. In the foremost rank,  
 Of polish'd steel, with armour blood-dustain'd,

<sup>4</sup> Milton's Paradise Lost, Book 1st.

Helmets and spears, and shields, and coats of mail,  
 With iron stiff, or tin, or brass, or gold,  
 Swells a triumphal arch; beneath grim War  
 Shakes her red arm: for War is a disease  
 The fellest of the fell! Why will mankind,  
 Why will they, when so many plagues involve  
 This habitable globe, (the curse of sin,)  
 Invent new desolations to cut off  
 The Christian race? At least in Christian crimes  
 Let olives shade your mountains, and let Peace  
 Stream her white banner o'er us, blest from War,  
 And laurels only deck your poet's brow.  
 Or, if the fiery metal in your blood,  
 And thirst of human-life your bosom sting,  
 Too savage! let the fury loose of War,  
 And bid the battle rage against the breasts  
 Of Asian infidels: redeem the tow'ns  
 Where David sung, the son of David blest;  
 And warm new Tasso's with the epic-flame.

Right opposite to War a gorgeous throne  
 With jewels flaming and emboss'd with gold,  
 And various sculpture, strikes the wond'ring eye:  
 With jovial scenes (amid destruction gay,)  
 Of instruments of mirth, the harp, the lute,  
 Of costly viands, of delicious wines,  
 And flow'ry wreaths to bind the careless brow  
 Of youth, or age; as youth or age demand  
 The pleasing ruin from th' enchantress, vile  
 Intemperance: than Circe subtler far,  
 Only subdu'd by wisdom; fairer far  
 Than young Armida, whose bewitching charms  
 Rinaldo fetter'd in her rosy chains;  
 Till, by Ubaldo held, his diamond shield  
 Blaz'd on his mind the virtues of his race,  
 And, quick, dissolv'd her wanton mists away.  
 See, from her throne, slow-moving, she extends  
 A poison'd goblet! fly the beauteous bane:  
 The adder's tooth, the tiger's hungry fang,  
 Are harmless to her smiles; her smiles are death.  
 Beneath the foamy lustre of the bowl,  
 Which sparkles men to madness, lurks a snake  
 Of mortal sting: fly: if you taste the wine,  
 Machaon swears that moly cannot cure.  
 Tho' innocent and fair her looks, she holds  
 A lawless commerce with her sister-pests,  
 And doubly whets their darts: away—and live.

Next, in a low-brow'd cave, a little hell,  
 A pensive hag, moping in darkness, sits  
 Dolefully-sad: her eyes (so deadly-dull!)  
 Stare from their stonied sockets, widely wild;  
 For ever bent on rusty knives, and ropes;  
 On poignards, bows of poison, daggers red  
 With clotted gore. A raven by her side  
 Eternal croaks; her only mate Despair;  
 Who, scowling in a night of clouds, presents  
 A thousand burning hells, and damned souls,  
 And lakes of stormy fire, to mad the brain  
 Moon-struck. Melancholy is her name;  
 Britannja's bitter bane. Thou gracious Pow'r,  
 (Whose judgments and whose mercies who can  
 tell!)

With bars of steel, with hills of adamant  
 Crush down the sooty fiend; nor let her blast  
 The sacred light of Heaven's all-cheering face,  
 Nor fright, from Albion's isle, the angel Hope.

Fever the fourth: adust as Afric-wilds,  
 Chain'd to a bed of burning brass; her eyes  
 Like roving meteors blaze, nor ever close  
 Their wakeful lids: she turns, but turns in vain,  
 Through nights of misery. Attendant Thirst

Grasps had an empty bowl, and shrivell'd strives  
To drench her parched throat. Not louder groans  
From Phalaris's bull, as Fame reports,  
Tormented with distressful din the air,  
And drew the tender tear from Pity's eye.

Consumption near; a joyless, meagre wight,  
Panting for breath, and shrinking into shade  
Studies the grasp: thin as the embodied air  
Which, erst, deceiv'd Ixion's void embrace,  
Ambitious of a goddess! scarce her legs  
Feebly she drags, with wheezing labour, on,  
And motion slow: a willow wand directs  
Her tottering steps, and marks her for the grave.

The last, so turpid to the view, affrights  
Her neighbour hags. Happy herself is blind,  
Or madness would ensue; so bloated-black,  
So loathsome to each sense, the sight or smell,  
Such foul corruption on this side the grave;  
Variola yclep'd; ragged and rough, [scenes  
Her couch perplex'd with thorns.—What heavy  
Hang o'er my heart to feel the theme is mine;  
But Providence commands, his will be done!  
She rushes through my blood; she burns along,  
And riots on my life.—Have mercy, Heaven!—  
Variola, what art thou? whence proceeds  
This virulence, which all, but we, escape?  
Thou nauseous enemy to human-kind:  
Is man, and man alone, thy mystic seeds,  
Sweet, and in their secret windings hid,  
Lie unprolific; till infection rouse  
Her poisonous particles, of proper size,  
Figure and measure, to exert their pow'r  
Of impregnation; atoms subtle, barb'd,  
Infrangible, and active to destroy;  
By geometric or mechanic rules  
Yet undiscover'd; quick the leaven runs,  
Destructive of the solids, spirits, blood  
Of mortal man, and agitates the whole  
In general conflagration and misrule.  
As when the flinty seeds of fire embrace  
Some fit materials, stubble, furze, or straw,  
The crackling blaze ascends; the rapid flood  
Of ruddy flames, impetuous o'er its prey,  
Rolls its broad course, and half the field devours.

As adds deaf to beauty, wit, and youth,  
How many living lyres, by thee unstrung,  
E'er half their tunes are ended, cease to charm  
Th' admiring world? So ceas'd the matchless  
By Cowley honour'd, by Roscommon lov'd, [name,  
Orinda: blooming Killigrew's soft lay:  
And manly Oldham's pointed vigour, curs'd  
By the god's sons of Loyola and Rome.  
And he who Phedra sung, in buskin'd pomp,  
Mad with incestuous fires, ingenious Smith:  
Oxonia's sons! And, O, our recent grief!  
Shall Beauchamp's die, forgotten by the Muse,  
Or are the Muses with their Hertford dumb!  
Where are ye? weeping o'er thy learned Rhine,  
Bononia, fatal to our hopes! or else  
By Kennet's chalky ware, with tresses torn,  
Or rude, and wildly floating to the winds,  
Mute, on the hoary willows hang the lyre,  
Neglected? Or in rural Percy-lodge,  
Where Innocence and he walk'd hand in hand,  
The cypress crop, or weave the laurel-bough  
To grace his honour'd grave? Ye filies, rise

‡ Lord Beauchamp, only son of the earl of Hertford, died at Bologna of the small-pox, September 11th, 1744, aged 19.

Immaculate; ye roses, sweet as morn;  
Less sweet and less immaculate than he.

His op'ning flow'r of beauty softly smit'd,  
And, sparkling in the liquid dews of youth,  
Adorn'd the blessed light! with blossoms fair,  
Untainted; in the rank Italian soil  
From blemish pure. The virgins stole a sigh,  
The matrons lifted up their wond'ring eyes,  
And blest the English angel as he pass'd,  
Rejoicing in his rays! Why did we trust  
A plant so lovely to their envious skies,  
Unmercifully bright with savage beams?  
His were the arts of Italy before,  
Courting, and courted by the classic Muse.  
He travell'd not to learn, but to reform,  
And with his fair example mend mankind.

Why need I name (for distant nations know,  
Hesperia knows; O would Hesperia sing!  
As Maro, erst, and, late, Marino rais'd  
The blooming Beauchamps of the former times,  
Marcellus, and Adonis to the stars,  
On wings of soaring fire! so would she sing!)  
His uncorrupted heart; his honour clear  
As summer-suns, effulging forth his soul  
In every word and look: his reason's ray  
By folly, vanity, or vice unstain'd,  
Shining at once with purity and strength,  
With English honesty and Attic fire:  
His tenderness of spirit, high-inform'd  
With wide benevolence, and candid zeal  
For learning, liberty, religion, truth:  
The patriot-glories burning in his breast,  
His king's and country's undivided friend!  
Each public virtue, and each private grace;  
The Seymour-dignity, the Percy-flame;  
All, all!—Ere twenty autumns roll'd away  
Their golden plenty. Further still! behold  
His animated bloom; his flush of health;  
The blood exulting with the balmy tide  
Of vernal life! so fresh for pleasure form'd  
By Nature and the Graces: yet his youth  
So temperately warm, so chastely cool,  
E'en seraphims might look into his mind,  
Might look, nor turn away their holy eyes!

Th' unutterable essence of good Heaven's,  
That breath of God, that energy divine  
Which gives us to be wise, and just, and pure,  
Full on his bosom pour'd the living stream,  
Illum'd, inspir'd, and sanctify'd his soul!  
And are these wonders vanish'd? are those eyes,  
Where ardent truth and melting mildness shone,  
Clos'd in a foreign land? no more to bless  
A father, mother, friend! no more to charm  
A longing people? O, lamented youth!  
Since fate and gloomy night thy beauties veil'd  
With shade mysterious, and eclips'd thy beams,  
How many Somersets are lost in thee!

Yet only lost to Earth!—for trust the Muse,  
(His virtues rather trust) she saw him rise  
She saw him smile along the fissur'd clouds,  
In colours rich-embroider'd by the Sun,  
Engirt with cherub-wings, and kindred-forms,  
Children of light, the spotless youth of Heaven!  
They hail their blest companion, gain'd so soon  
A partner of their joys; and crown with stars,  
Almost as fair, the radiance of his brows.  
E'en where the angel host, with tongues of fire,  
Chant to their glittering harps th' Almighty's  
And, in a burning circle, shout around [praise,  
The jasper-throne, he mingles flames with them;



He springs into the centre of the choir,  
And, drinking in the spirit-most-divine,  
He sings as sweet, and glows as bright as they.

## NOTES AND ALLUSIONS.

Page 41. WITH euphrasy, Angl. eyebright. This herb was unknown to the ancients; at least it is not mentioned by them. It is of extraordinary service to the eye, curing most of its distempers.

—Cum debilitat morbi vis improba visum,  
Aut vinum, aut cœcus, luminis osor, amor, &c.  
Tunc ego, non frustrâ, vocor—  
Coulcius Lib. Plant. p. 39.

— Purg'd with euphrasy and rue  
The visual nerve. Milton.

P. 41. As Venus gave Æneas to behold, &c.

See Virgil, Æn. Lib. ii. Which seems to be borrowed from Homer. Iliad. Lib. v. We have several of the like instances in the sacred volumes. Gen. xxi. 19. And God opened her eyes and she saw a well of water. Numbers, xxii. 31. Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the Lord, &c.

P. 41. ——— by mortal foot  
Rare visited.

See Virgil:

Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis  
Raptat amor; Juvat ire jugis, quâ nulla priorum,  
Castaliani molli divertitur orbita clivo.  
Georg. Lib. iii.

Which is imitated from Lucretius, Lib. ii.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante  
Trita pede, &c.

P. 41. ——— gentle Edmund, hight  
Spenser!

The date of our English poetry may with great justice begin with Spenser. It is true, Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate were masters of uncommon beauties, considering the age they lived in, and have described the humours, passions, &c. with great discernment. Yet none of them seem to have been half so well acquainted with the very life and being of poetry, invention, painting, and design, as Spenser. Chaucer was the best before him; but then he borrowed most of his poems, either from the ancients, or from Boccace, Petrarch, or the Provençal writers, &c. Thus his *Trilium* and *Cressida*, the largest of his works, was taken from Lollius; and the *Romaunt of the Rose* was translated from the French of John de Meun, an Englishman, who flourished in the reign of Richard II. and so of the rest. As for those who followed him, such as Heywood, Scogan, Skelton, &c. they seem to be wholly ignorant of either numbers, language, propriety, or even decency itself. I must be understood to except the earl of Surry, sir Thomas Wiat, sir Philip Sidney, several pieces in the *Mirror of Magistrates*, and a few parts of Mr. G. Gascoign's and Turbervill's works.

P. 41. Medea gather'd and Canidia brew'd, &c.

Medea, notorious for her incantations in Ovid, &c. as Canidia in Horace.

P. 41. ——— or Pontus yields, &c.

Pontus, Colchos, and Thessalia, well known for producing noxious and poisonous herbs and plants.

Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena,  
Ipse dedit Mœris; nascuntur plurima Ponto.

Virg. Eclog. 8.

Herbasque quas & Colchos & Iberia mittit,  
Venenarum ferax. Hor. Epod. 5.

Thessalia quietiam tellus herbasque nocentes,  
Rapibus ingenuit. Lucan. Lib. v.

P. 41. ——— amello blooming still  
In Virgil's rural page.

Est etiam flos in pratis cui nomen amello  
Fecere agricolæ. Virg. Georg. Lib. vi.

Besides there grows a flow'r in marshy ground,  
Its name amellus, easy to be found:

A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves

The sprouting stalk, and shows itself in leaves.

The flow'r itself is of a golden hue,

The leaves inclining to a darker blue, &c.

Addison's Works, Vol. i. 4to.

P. 42. ——— or Spagnolet could paint.

A famous painter, eminent for drawing the  
distresses and agonies of human nature.

P. 42. Which Michael in vision strange.

See Milton's *Paradise Lost*, b. xi.

P. 42. ——— Clayton's honoured life.

Sir William Clayton, bart. died at Marden in  
Surry, December the 28th, 1744.

P. 42. Where David sung, &c.

Though a crusade may seem very romantic  
(and perhaps it is so) yet it has been applauded  
by the greatest writers of different ages; by  
Æneas Sylvius, by Beassaron, by Naugerius, &c.  
who have each writ orations upon that subject.  
And here I cannot help observing, that Casimira  
and Jac. Baldè, the two most celebrated of the  
modern lyric poets, have writ several of their  
finest odes to animate the christian princes to  
such a design; and that Tasso has adorned the  
expedition of Godfrey of Bulloign with the most  
beautiful and perfect poem since the Æneis (for  
I prefer Milton to Virgil himself.)

P. 42. Than Circe subtler far.

See Homer's *Odyssæy*, Lib. 10.

P. 42. Than young Armida, &c.

See Tasso's *Il Godfredo*, Canto iv. Stanz. 49,  
&c. Canto xiv. Stanz. 68. Canto xvi. Stanz. 29.

P. 42. Machaon swears, &c.

Machaon celebrated in Homer; but here used,  
in general, for any physician. So Ovid:

Firma valent per se, nullumque Machaona quarunt.

And Martial:

Quid tibi cum medicis? dimitte Machaonas omnes.

## P. 42. That moly cannot cure.

Mercury is said to have presented moly to Ulysses to preserve him from the charms of Circe. Homer's *Odyss.* Lib. x.

Thus while he spoke, the sovereign plant he drew,  
Where on th' all-bearing Earth unmark'd it grew.  
And show'd its Nature and its wondrous pow'r;  
Black was the root, but milky white the flow'r:  
Moly the name. Pope.

*Landaisima herbarum est Homero, quam vocari a diis putat moly, & inventionem ejus Mercurio assignat, contraque summa veneficia demonstrat, &c.* Plinius, Lib. xxv. c. 4.

## P. 43. From Phalaris's bull, &amp;c.

Amongst several instruments of torment that Phalaris caused to be contrived, there was a bull of brass, in which people being cast, and a fire placed under it, they bellowed like oxen. Perillus the artist, demanding a great reward for his invention, was put in it himself to try the first experiment. Upon which Pliny makes this good-natured reflection: *Perillum taurum laudat, severiorem Phalaride tyranno, qui taurum fecit, sanguis hominis pollicitus, igne subdito, & primus cum expertus cruciatum justiore sensitio, &c.* Plinius, Lib. xxxiv. c. 8.

## P. 43. ——— deceiv'd Ixion's void embrace.

Ixion being invited to dine with Jupiter fell in love with Juno, and endeavoured to debauch her, who acquainted her husband. He to try Ixion formed a cloud into Juno's likeness, upon which he satisfied his lust. Hygini *Fab. Diador.* vi. &c.

## P. 43. Orinda.

Mrs. K. Philips, styled the matchless Orinda. See her poems in folio. Cowley has two odes upon her, in the 2d vol. of his works, 8vo.

## P. 43. Blooming Killigrew's soft lay.

See her poems in 4to. Mr. Dryden celebrates her death in an excellent ode. See his works, vol. 3d, folio, p. 186. See likewise Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* vol. 2d.

## P. 43. Loyola.

Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits; against whom Mr. Oldham writ those satires, which are the best of his works.

## P. 43. Bononia fatal to our hopes.

Bologna a city in Italy, the first school of the Lombard painters, and a famous university, — *Parvique Bononia Rheni.* Silius Ital. Lib. viii.

## P. 43. And bless'd the English angel as he pass'd—

At Bologna he went by the name of L'Angelo inglese. The same compliment seems to have been paid by that people to our great Milton in his travels, as we learn by this epigram of a learned Italian nobleman in the 2d volume of Milton's poetical works:

*Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,  
Non Anglus, verum hercule Anglus, ipse, fores.*

## P. 44. O lamented youth, &amp;c.

*Hæu miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,  
Tu Marcellus eris—  
Sed nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra.*  
Virg. *Æn.* Lib. vi.

## THE PROGRESS OF SICKNESS.

## BOOK III.

When I waited for light there came darkness.  
My skin is black upon me; and my bones are  
burnt with heat.

My harp is also turned to mourning. Job.

## ARGUMENT.

Reflections. The progress of the disease. Blindness. Delirious dreams. Remedies for the mind: 1. Patience: 2. Hope: 3. Prayer. Human aid and relief in sickness: 1. Physic; eulogium on that science: 2. Friends; digression on friendship.

THE fair, the bright, the great, alas! are fall'n,  
Nipt in the bloom of beauty, wit, and youth,  
Death's undistinguish'd prey. Shall I complain  
(When such th' establish'd ordinance of Heav'n)  
If Sickness at my bosom lay the siege?  
A worm to them! and to their light a shade,  
Ungilded with one beam, which melted down  
The tear fast-trickling o'er their honour'd tombs:  
We all must die! Our every pulse that beats,  
Beats toward eternity, and tolls our doom.

Fate reigns in all the portions of the year.  
The fruits of Autumn feed us for disease;  
The Winter's raw inclemencies bestow  
Disease on Death; while Spring, to strew our herse,  
Kindly unbosoms, weeping in their dews,  
Her flow'ry race! and Summer (kinder still)  
With the green turf and brambles binds our graves.

But am I wake? or in Ovidian realms,  
And Circe holds the glass? What odious change  
What metamorphosèe strikes the dubious eye?  
Ah, whither is retir'd the scarlet wave, [check,  
Mantling with health, which floated through the  
From the strong summer-beam imbib'd? And  
The vernal lily's softly-blended bloom? [where  
The forehead roughens to the wond'ring hand.  
Wide o'er the human-field, the body, spreads  
Contagious war, and lays its beauties waste.

As once thy breathing harvest, Cadmus, sprung  
Sadden, a serpent-brood! an armed crop  
Of growing chiefs, and fought themselves to death.  
One black-incrustèd bark of gory boils,  
One undistinguish'd blister, from the sole  
Of the sore foot, to the head's sorer crown.  
Job's punishment! With patience like his own,  
O may I exercise my wounded soul,  
And cast myself upon his healing hand,  
Who bruise at his will, and maketh whole.

Ah, too, the lustre of the eyes is fled!  
Heavy and dull, their orbs neglect to roll,  
In motionless distortion stiff and fix'd;  
Till by the trembling hand of watchful age  
(A weeping matron, timorous to affright,  
And piously fallacious in her care,  
Pretending light offensive, and the Sun)  
Clos'd; and, perhaps, for ever! ne'er again

To open on the sphere, to drink the day,  
Or (worse!) behold lanthe's face divine,  
And wonder o'er her charms.—But yet forbear,  
O dare not murmur; 'tis Heav'n's high behest:  
Tho' darkness through the chambers of the grave  
This dust pursue, and death's sad shade involve,  
Ere long, the Filial light himself shall shine;  
(The stars are dust to him, the Sun a shade)  
These very eyes, these tonics of flesh,  
E'en tho' by worms destroy'd, shall see my God,  
And, seeing, ne'er remember darkness more,  
Environ'd with eternity of day.

Tho', at their visual entrance, quite shut out  
External forms, forbidden, mount the winds,  
Retire to chaos, or with night commix;  
Yet, Fancy's mimic work, ten thousand shapes,  
Antic and wild, rush sweeping o'er my dreams,  
Irregular and new; as pain or ease  
The spirits teach to flow, and in the brain  
Direction diverse hold: gentle and bright  
As hermits, sleeping in their mossy cells,  
Lull'd by the fall of waters! by the rills  
From Heliconian cliffs devolv'd; or where,  
Thy ancient river, Kishon, sacred stream!  
Soft murmurs on their slumbers: peace within,  
And conscience, e'en to ecstasy sublim'd  
And beatific vision. Sudden, black,  
And horrible as murderers; or hags,  
Their lease of years spun out, and bloody bond  
Foil-flashing on their eyes, the gulf, beneath,  
Mad'ning with gloomy fires; and Heav'n, behind,  
With all her golden valves for ever clos'd.

Now in Elysium lap'd, and lovely scenes,  
Where honeysuckles rove, and eglantines,  
Narcissus, jess'min, pinks, profusely wild,  
In every scented gale Arabia breathe:  
As blissful Eden fair; the morning-work  
Of Heav'n and Milton's theme! where Innocence  
Smil'd, and improv'd the prospect.—Now, anon,  
By Isis' favourite flood supinely laid,  
In tuneful indolence, behold the bards  
(Harps in each hand, and laurel on each brow)  
A band of demi-gods, august to sight,  
In venerable order sweetly rise,  
(The Muses sparkling round them) who have trod  
In measur'd pace its banks, for ever green,  
Enamell'd from their feet! harmonious notes,  
Warbled to Doric reeds, to Lesbian lyres,  
Or Phrygian minstrelsie, steal on the ear  
Enamour'd with variety: and loud  
The trumpets shrilling clangours fill the sky  
With silver melody—now, happier still!  
Round thy Italic cloisters, musing slow,  
Or in sweet converse with thy letter'd sons,  
Philosophers, and poets, and divines,  
Enjoy the sacred walk, delighted, Queen's!  
Where Addison and Tickell lay inspir'd,  
Incrusted from the classic springs,  
And tun'd to various-sounding harps the song,  
Sublime, or tender, humorous, or grave,  
Quaffing the Muses' nectar to their fill.  
Where Smith in hoary reverence presides,  
(Crown'd with the snow of Virtue for the skies)  
With graceful gravity, and gentle sway;  
With perfect peace encircled and esteem.  
Whose mild and bright benevolence of soul,  
By reason cool, and by religion warm,  
And generous passion for the college-weal,

\* \* \* \* \* Queen's-college, in Oxford.

More than a Muse inspire.—Momentary bliss!  
For sudden rapt, the midnight bowl of wolves,  
The dragon's yell, the lion's roar, astound  
My trembling ear. Ha! down a burning mount  
I plunge deep, deep: sure Vulcan's shop is here—  
Hark, how the anvils thunder round the dens  
Flammivomous! What? are those chains to bind  
This skeleton! the Cyclops must be mad:  
Those bolts of steel, those adamantine links  
Demand Typhæus' strength to burst.—Away—  
Venus and Mars—beware.—In giddy whirls  
I ride the blast, and tow'ring through the storm  
Enjoy the palace of the Morn. The Sun  
Reigns the reins of Phlegon to my hands:  
His mane waves fire: he scorches me to dust:  
Avaunt, thou fiend!—I'll hurl thee down the deep  
Of Heav'n, with bolted thunder, and cawrapt  
With forked lightning.—Now staggering I reel,  
By murderers pursu'd: my faithless feet  
Scarce shift their pace: or down rushing amain,  
I cease to recollect my steps, and roll  
Passive on earth.—Sure, 'twas Astolpho's horn  
Pour'd on my ear th' annoying blast: at which,  
Rogero trembled, Bradamant grew pale,  
And into air dissolv'd th' enchanted dome.

Now starting from this wilderness of dreams,  
I wake from fancy'd into real woe.  
Pain empties all her vials on my head,  
And steepes me o'er and o'er. Th' evenom'd shirt  
Of Hercules enwraps my burning limbs  
With dragon's blood: I rave and roar like him,  
Writhing in agony. Devouring fires  
Eat up the marrow, frying in my bones.  
O whither, whither shall I turn for aid?—  
Methinks a seraph whispers in my ear,  
Pouring ambrosia on them, "Turn to God;  
So peace shall be thy pillow, ease thy bed,  
And night of sorrow brighten into noon.  
Let the young cherub Patience, bright-eyed Hope,  
And rosy-finger'd Pray'r, combining hold  
A sure dominion in thy purpos'd mind,  
Unconquer'd by affliction."—I receive  
The mandate as from Heav'n itself.—Expand  
Thyself, my soul, and let them enter in.

Come, smiling angel, Patience, from thy seat;  
Whether the widow's cot, or hermit's cell,  
By fasting strong, and potent from distress;  
Or midnight-student's taper-glimmering roof,  
Unwearied with revolving tedious tomes,  
O come, thou panacea of the mind!  
The manna of the soul! to every taste  
Grateful alike: the universal balm  
To sickness, pain, and misery below.  
She comes! she comes! she dissipates the gloom;  
My eyes she opens, and new scenes unfolds  
(Like Moses' bush, tho' burning, not consum'd)  
Scenes full of splendour, miracle, and God.  
Behold, my soul, the martyr-army, who  
With holy blood the violence of fire  
Quench'd, and with ling'ring constancy fatigu'd  
The persecuting flame: or nobly stopp'd  
The lion's mouth, and triumph'd in his jaws.  
Hark, how the virgin white-rob'd-tender train  
Chant hallelujahs to the rack; as dear  
And pleasing to the ear of God, as hymns  
Of angels on the resurrection-morn,  
When all the host o' Heav'n Hosanna sing!  
Yet further; lift thy eyes upon the cross,  
A bleeding Saviour view, a dying God!  
Earth trembles, rend the rocks, creation groans:

The Sun, asham'd, extinguishes the day:  
 All Nature suffers with her suffering Lord.  
 Amidst this war of elements, serene,  
 And as the sun-shine brow of Patience, calm,  
 He dies without a groan, and smiles in death.  
 Shall martyrs, virgins, nay, thy Saviour bleed  
 To teach thee patience; and yet bleed in vain?  
 Forbid it, Reason; and forbid it, Heav'n.  
 No; suffer: and, in suffering, rejoice.  
 Patience endureth all, and betheth all.

Hope is her daughter then. Let Hope distill  
 Her cordial spirit, as Hybla-honey sweet,  
 And healing as the drops of Gilead-balm.  
 Cease to repine, as those who have no hope;  
 Nor let despair approach thy darkest hour.  
 Despair! that triple-death! th' imperial plague!  
 Th' exterminating angel of th' accurst,  
 And sole disease of which the damn'd are sick,  
 Kindling a fever hotter than their Hell—  
 O pluck me from Despair, white-handed Hope!  
 O interpose thy spear and silver shield  
 Retwixt my bosom and the fiend! detruce  
 This impious monster to primeval Hell;  
 To its own dark domain: but light my soul,  
 Imp'd with thy glittering wings, to scenes of joy,  
 To health and life, for health and life are thine:  
 And fire imagination with the skies.

But whence this confidence of hope! In thee,  
 And in thy blood, my Jesus! (Bow, O Earth!  
 Heav'n bends beneath the name, and all its sons,  
 The Hierarchy! drop low the prostrate knee,  
 And sink, in humble wise, upon the stars.)  
 Yes, on thy blood and name my hope depends.—  
 My hope? nay, worlds on worlds depend on thee;  
 Live in thy death, from thy sepulchre rise.  
 Thy influential vigour reinspires  
 This feeble frame; dispells the shade of death;  
 And bids me throw myself on God in prayer.

A Christian soul is God's beloved house;  
 And pray'r the incense which perfumes the soul:  
 Let armies then of supplications rise,  
 Besiege the golden gates of Heav'n, and force,  
 With holy violence, a blessing down  
 In living streams. If Hezekiah's pray'r  
 The Sun arrested in his prone career,  
 And bade the shadow ten degrees return  
 On Abaz-dial, whirling back the day:  
 Pour out thyself, my soul! with fervent zeal,  
 With over-flowing ardour, and with faith  
 Unwav'ring. To assist me, and to swell  
 My fainting spirits to sublime desires,  
 Wou'd Taylor<sup>2</sup> from his starry throne descend,  
 How fear wou'd brighten! by his sacred aid,  
 To live were happiness, and gain to die.—  
 No; let him still adorn his starry throne,  
 Well-merited by labours so divine:  
 For, lo! the man of God, and friend of man,  
 Theron, the purest breast, and warmest heart,  
 Flies on the wings of charity and love  
 To join me in the saving-task, and raise  
 My weaker pow'rs with his abundant zeal;  
 Pure, sweet, and glowing as the incens'd fires,  
 Of Solomon, thy golden-altar, fann'd  
 By wings of cherubims into a flame;  
 Till on the skies the aromatic gale  
 In pyramids of fragrance softly stole.  
 A grateful offering to the throne of Grace.

Still, tho' I feel these succours from the skies,

<sup>2</sup> Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

In operation mighty! still remain  
 Inferior aids behind: terrestrial stores  
 Medicinal: the instruments of God.  
 For God created the physician! God  
 Himself on Earth, our great physician! spread  
 O'er sick and weak, shadowing, his healing wings:  
 Each miracle a cure!—Before Disease,  
 Offspring of Sin, infested human-kind,  
 In Paradise, the vegetable seeds  
 Sprung from their Maker's hand, invigorate-strong  
 With med'cine. He foresaw our future ills;  
 Foreseeing, he provided ample cure;  
 Fossils, and simples: Solomon, thy theme,  
 Nature's historian; wisest of the wise!  
 Tho' Paradise be lost, the tree of life  
 In med'cine blooms; then pluck its healing fruits,  
 And with thanksgiving eat; and, eating, live.

Ev'n pagan wisdom bade her sons adore,  
 As one, the god of physic and the day,  
 Fountain of vegetation and of life,  
 Apollo, ever blooming, ever young,  
 And from his art immortal! Thus, of yore,  
 The prime of human race from Heav'n deduc'd  
 The bright original of physic's pow'r:  
 And, nor unjustly, deem'd that he who sav'd  
 Millions from death, himself should never die.

An instrument of various pipes and tubes,  
 Veins, arteries, and sinews, organiz'd,  
 Man, when in healthy tune, harmonious wakes  
 The breath of melody, in vocal praise,  
 Delighting Earth and Heav'n! discordant, oft,  
 As accident, or time, or fate prevail,  
 This human-organ scarce the bellows heaves  
 Of vital-respiration; or in pain,  
 With pauses sad: what art divine shall tune  
 To order and refit this shatter'd frame?  
 What finger's touch into a voice again?  
 Or music re-inspire? Who, but the race  
 Of Pagan? who but physic's saving sons?  
 A Ratchiff, Frewin, Metcalf or a Friend?—  
 But something yet, beyond the kindly skill  
 Of Pagan's sons, disease, like mine, demands;  
 Nopenthe to the soul, as well as life.

O for a mother's watchful tenderness,  
 And father's venerable care!—But they,  
 In life immortal, gather endless joys,  
 Reward of charity, of innocence,  
 Of pleasing manners, and a life unblam'd!  
 The tears of poverty and friendship oft  
 Their modest tombs bedew, where Eden's flood,  
 (Ituna 'clep'd by bards of old renown,  
 Purpled with Saxon and with British blood)  
 Laves the sweet vale, that first my prattling muse  
 Provok'd to numbers, broken as the ruins  
 Of Roman towers which deck its lofty banks,  
 And shine more beautiful by decay.—(But hark!  
 What music glads my ear? 'Tis Theron's voice,  
 Theron a father, mother; both, a friend!—  
 Pain flies before his animating touch:  
 The gentle pressure of his cordial hand,  
 A burning mountain from my bosom heaves!  
 What wonders, sacred Friendship, flow from thee!  
 One period from a friend enlivens more,  
 Than all Hippocrates and Galen's tomes,  
 Than all the med'cines they unfold. I feel  
 Myself renew'd! not only health, but youth,  
 Rolls the brisk tide, and sparkles at my heart:  
 As the live-atoms of Campanian wines  
 Dance in the virgin crystal, and o'erlook  
 With glorifying foam the nectar'd brim;

Smiling, and lending smiles to social wit,  
The jocund hearth, and hospitable board.

Friendship is a religion, from the first  
The second-best: it points, like that, to Heav'n,  
And almost antedates, on Earth, its bliss.  
But Vice and Folly never Friendship knew;  
Whilst Wisdom grows by Friendship still more  
wise.

Her fetters, are a strong defence; her chains,  
A robe of glory; Ophir gold, her bands;  
And he who wears them, wears a crown of joy.

Friendship's the steel, which struck emits the  
sparks

Of candour, peace, benevolence, and zeal;  
Spreading their glowing seeds—a holy fire  
Where honour beams on honour, truth on truth;  
Bright as the eyes of angels and as pure.  
An altar whence two gentle-loving hearts  
Mount to the skies in one conspiring blaze  
And spotless union. 'Tis the nectar-stream  
Which feeds and elevates seraphic love—  
Health is disease, life-death, without a friend.

#### NOTES AND ALLUSIONS.

Page 46. As once thy breathing harvest, Cadmus,  
sprung.

Cadmus is reported by the poets to have slain a monstrous serpent in Bœotia, at the command of Minerva, and sowed its teeth in a field, which produced an host of armed soldiers; who, fighting, slew one another. See Ovid. Met. l. iii. Suidas, Pausanias, &c. It is said, that he sowed serpents teeth, and that soldiers in armour sprung up from them; because, as Bochart observes, in the Phœnician language, to express men armed with brazen darts and spears of brass, they made use of words, which might be translated "armed with the teeth of a serpent."

P. 46. Yet Fancy's mimic works, &c.

The following lines upon delirious dreams may appear very extravagant to a reader, who never experienced the disorders which sickness causes in the brain; but the author thinks that he has rather softened than exaggerated the real description, as he found them operate on his own imagination at that time.

P. 46. From Hiconian cliffs devolv'd, &c.

Sir G. Wheeler, in his voyages, has given a very beautiful description of an hermitage on the borders of Mount Helicon, belonging to the convent of Saint Luke the hermit, not the evangelist, called Sticrions, from his dwelling in those deserts. See Wheeler's Journey into Greece, fol. b. iv. p. 325.

P. 46. Warbled to Doric reeds, &c.

Those different instruments are designed to express the several parts of poetry, to which they were adapted, viz. pastoral, ode, heroic, &c.

P. 46. Hark, how the anvils, &c.

See Hom. Iliad, b. xviii. Virg. Æn. b. viii.

P. 46. ——— Astolpho's horn.

A horn, in which if he do once but blow,  
The noise thereof shall trouble men so sore,  
That all both stout and faint shall fly therefro,  
So strange a noise was never heard before.

Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, translated by  
sir John Harrington, b. xv. st. 10.

With this horn Astolpho affrighted the Amazons.  
See book xx. st. 60, &c. and even Rogero, Bradamant, &c. in dissolving the enchanted palace, b. xxii. st. 18, &c. Drives away the harpies from Senapo, b. xxxiii. st. 114, &c.

P. 46. ——— Eden's flood.

——— Eden, tho' but small,  
Yet often stain'd with blood of many a band  
Of Scots and English both, that tinted on his strand.  
Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iv. canto II.

P. 46. But Vice and Folly never Friendship knew.

It was an observation of Socrates, that wicked men cannot be friends either amongst themselves or with good men. Xenoph. Memorab. l. ii.

#### THE RECOVERY.

##### BOOK IV.

Thou hast delivered my soul from death, and  
my feet from falling, that I may walk before God  
in the light of the living. PSALMS.

#### ARGUMENT.

Reflections. Sickness at the worst. Hopes of recovery cast on Heaven alone. Prospect of futurity at this juncture. Guardian-angels hymn to Mercy. Description of her. She sends Hygeia to the well of life; both described. Her descent. The effects. Abatement of the distemper. Apostrophe to sleep. Recovery of sight; and pleasure flowing from thence. Health by degrees restored. Comparison between sickness and health in regard to the body and mind.

SWIFT, too, thy tale is told: a sound, a name,  
No more than Lucian, Butler, or Scarron.  
Fantastic humour dropp'd the feeling sense,  
Her empire learn'ing by his fall. The shades  
Of frolic Rabelais, and him of Spain,  
Madrid's facetious glory, join his ghost;  
Triumvirate of Laughter!—Mirth is mad;  
The loudest languishing into a sigh:  
And Laughter shakes itself into decay.

"Lord! what is man?" the prophet well might  
ask;

We all may ask, "Lord! what is mortal man?"  
So changeable his being, with himself

Dissimilar; the rainbow of an hour!

A change of colours, transient through his life,  
Brightens or languishes;—then fades to air.

Ev'n ere an artful spider spins a line

Of metaphysic texture, man's thin thread

Of life is broken: how analogous

Their parallel of lines! slight, subtle, vain.

Man, in a little hour's contracted round

Perplexes reason: now to triumph swell'd,

To joyous exultations, to a blaze

Of ecstasy; and now depress'd, again,

And drooping into scenes of death and woe.

That sudden flow of spirits, bright and strong,  
Which play'd in brightly sallies round my heart;  
Was it a gleam, forewarning me from Heav'n,  
Of quick-approaching fate? As tapers mount  
Ere rising into wide-diffusive flame,  
Give one broad glare, into the socket sink,  
And sinking disappear.—It must be so!—  
The soul, prophetic of its voyage, descry'd  
The blissful shore, exulting on the wing,  
In a glad flutter: then, o'erwhelm'd with joy,  
She warn'd her old companion of her flight,  
(The feeble tenement of mould'ring clay)  
Who sudden'd at their parting.—Yes,—I feel  
Thy leaden hand; O Death! it presses hard,  
It weighs the faculties of motion down,  
Inactive as the foot of a dull rock,  
And drag me to thy dusty chains: the wheels  
Of life are fast'ned to the grave, nor whirl,  
Linger, the fiery chariot on. The war,  
The struggle for eternity begins.  
Eternity! illimitable, vast,  
Incomprehensible! for Heav'n and Hell,  
Within her universal womb, profound,  
Are center'd.—Sleep or death are on my heart:  
Swims heavily my brain:—My senses reel.

What scenes disclose themselves! What fields  
of joy!

What rivers of delight! What golden bow'rs!  
Sweetly oppress'd with beatific views,  
I hear angelic-instruments, I see  
Princely ardours, and essential forms;  
The sons of light, but of created light,  
All e'ertry, the diligence of God!  
Might I but join them! Lend your glitt'ring wings,  
Waft me, O quickly waft me to yon crown,  
Bright with the flaming roses of the zone!  
Sideral: gracious, they, beck'ning, smile,  
They smile me to the skies! Hope leads the way  
Mounting I spring to seize!—What fury shakes  
Her fiery sword, and intercepts the stars?  
Ha! Amartia? Conscience, Conscience sends  
Her grisly form, to blast me at my end.  
Behold! she points to burning rocks, to waves  
Sulphureous, molten lead, and boiling gulphs,  
Tempestuous with everlasting fire.—  
'Tis horrible!—O save me from myself!—  
O save me, Jesu!—Ha! a burst of light  
Blends me with the empyræum's azure tide,  
While Faith, triumphant, swells the trump of God,  
And shouting, "Where's thy victory, O Grave?  
And where, O Death, thy sting?" I see her spread  
Her saving banner o'er my soul (the cross!)  
And call it to its peers. Thick crowds of day,  
Immaculate, involve me in their streams,  
And bathe my spirit, whiten'd for the sky.

While on this isthmus of my fate I lie,  
Jutting into eternity's wide sea,  
And leaning on this habitable globe,  
The verge of either world! dubious of life,  
Dubious, alike, of death; to Mercy thus,  
Inspired with supplicating zeal,  
My guardian-angel rais'd his potent pray'r.  
(For angels minister to man, intent  
On offices of gentleness and love.)

"Hear, Mercy! sweetest daughter of the skies,  
Thou loveliest image of thy father's face,  
Thou blessed fount, whence grace and goodness  
flow,

Aspicious, hear! extend thy helping arm,  
With pitying readiness, with willing aid,

Vol. IV.

O lift thy servant from the vale of death,  
Now groveling in the dust, into the fields  
Of comfort, and the pastures green of health.  
Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies!  
If e'er thy servant to the poor his soul  
Drew out, and taught the fatherless to sing;  
If e'er by pity warm'd, and not by pride,  
He cloth'd the naked, and the hungry fed;  
If e'er distress, and misery, forlorn,  
Deceiv'd his cheek, and stole his untaught tear,  
An humble drop of thy celestial dew!  
Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies.

"Sprung from the bosom of eternal bliss,  
Thy goodness reaches farther than the grave;  
And near the gates of Hell extends thy sway,  
Omnipotent! All, save the cursed crew  
Infernal, and the black-rebellious host  
Of Lucifer, within thy sweet domain  
Feed on ambrosia, and may hope the stars.  
Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies.  
By thee, the great physician from the bed  
Of darkness call'd the sick, the blind, the lame;  
He burst the grave's relentless bars by thee,  
And spoke the dead to life and bloom again.  
His miracles, thy work; their glory, thine:  
Then, O thou dearest attribute of God!  
Thy saving health to this thy servant lend!  
Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies!"

Inclin'd upon a dewy-skirted cloud  
Purpled with light, and dropping fatness down,  
Plenty and bliss on man, with looks as mild  
As ev'ning suns (when flow'ry-footed May  
Leads on the jocund Hours, when Love himself  
Flutters in green) effusing heart-felt joy  
Abundant, Mercy shone with sober grace,  
And majesty at once with sweetness mix'd  
Ineffable. A rainbow o'er her head,  
The covenant of God, betok'ning peace  
'Twixt Heav'n and Earth, its florid air display'd,  
High-bentled by th' Almighty's glorious hand;  
The languish of the dove upon her eyes  
In placid radiance melted, from the throne  
Of Grace infus'd and fed with light; her smiles  
Expansive cheer'd the undetermined tracks  
Of all creation, from th' ethereal cope,  
August with moving fires, down to the shades  
Infernal, and the reign of darkness drear,  
Ev'n men refine to angels from her gaze,  
Gracious, invigorating, full of Heav'n!

This daughter of the Lamb, to fervent pray'r  
And intercession, opens her ready ear,  
Compassionate; and to Hygeia thus:  
"Hygeia, hie thee to the well of life;  
There dip thy fingers; touch his head and breast;  
Three drops into his mouth infuse, unseen,  
Save by the eye of Faith: he yonder lies—  
Descend, and take the ev'ning's western wing."

She said. Hygeia bow'd; and bowing, fill'd  
The circumambient air with od'rous streams,  
Pure essence of ambrosia! Not the breath  
Of Lebanon, from cedar alleys blown,  
Of Lebanon, with aromatic gales  
Luxuriant, spikenard, aloes, myrrh and balm;  
Nor the wise eastern monarch's garden ey'd  
In fragrance, when his fair Circassian spouse,  
Enamour'd, call'd upon the south to fan  
Its beds of spices, and her bosom cool,  
Panting with languishment and love-sick fire,  
Forth from th' eternal throne the well of life,  
Pouring its crystal, lavas the streets of God;

(Where sickness never comes, nor age, nor pain)  
 Fast-trickling o'er the pebble-gems. Beneath  
 Unfading amaranth and asphodel,  
 A mirror spreads its many-colour'd round,  
 Mosaic-work, inlaid by hands divine  
 In glist'ring rows, illuminating each,  
 Each shading: beryl, topaz, chalcedon,  
 Emerald and amethyst. Whatever hues  
 The light reflects, celestial quarries yield,  
 Or melt into the vernal-showery bow,  
 Profusive, vary here in mingling beams.  
 Collected thus the waters, dimpling, end  
 Their soft-progressive lapse. The cherubs hence  
 Immortal vigour quaff and bliss unblam'd.  
 Nor only flow for you, ye sons of light,  
 The streams of comfort and of life, but flow  
 To heal the nations. Wonderful to tell,  
 The aged they renew; the dead revive,  
 And more, the festers of the wounded soul,  
 Corrupted, black, to pristine white resume  
 And saint-like innocence. The mystic dove  
 Broods, purifying o'er them, with his wings.  
 The angel, who Bethesda's troubled pool  
 Stir'd, first his pinions with these vital drops  
 Sprinkled; then poured himself into the flood,  
 Instilling health and nutriment divine,  
 Its waves to quicken, and exalt its pow'rs.

Here lights Hygeia, ardent to fulfil  
 Mercy's behest. The bloom of Paradise  
 Liv'd on her youthful cheek, and glow'd the spring.  
 The deep carnations in the eastern skies,  
 When ruddy morning walks along the hills,  
 Illustriously red, in purple dews,  
 Are languid to her blushes; for she blush'd  
 As through the op'ning file of winged flames,  
 Bounding, she lightned, and her sapphire eyes  
 With modest lustre bright, improving Heav'n,  
 Cast, sweetly, round, and bow'd to her compeers,  
 An angel amid angels. Light she sprung  
 Along th' empyreal road: her locks dismil'd  
 Salubrious spirit on the stars. Full soon  
 She pass'd the gate of pearl, and down the sky,  
 Precipitant, upon the ev'ning-wing  
 Cleaves the live ether, and with healthy balm  
 Impreguates, and fecundity of sweets.

Conscious of her approach, the wanton birds,  
 Instinctive, carol forth, in livelier lays,  
 And merrier melody, their grateful hymn,  
 Brisk-futt'ring to the breeze. Eftsoons the hills,  
 Beneath the gambols of the lamb and kid,  
 Of petulant delight, the circling maze  
 (Brush'd off its dews) betray. All Nature smiles,  
 With double day delighted. Chief, on man  
 The goddess ray'd herself: he, wond'ring, feels  
 His heart in driving tumults, vigorous, leap,  
 And gushing ecstasy: bursts out his tongue  
 In laud, and unpremeditated song,  
 Obedient to the music in his veins.  
 Thus, when at first, the instantaneous light  
 Sprung from the voice of God, and, vivid, threw  
 Its golden mantle round the rising ball,  
 The cumbrous mass, shot through with vital  
 And plastic energy, to motion roll'd [warmth  
 The drowzy elements, and active rule:  
 Sudden the morning stars, together, sang,  
 And shouted all the sons of God for joy.

Enters Hygeia, and her task performs,  
 With healing fingers touch'd my breast and head;  
 Three drops into my mouth infus'd, unseen,  
 Save by the eye of Faith: then re-ascends.

As snow in Salmon, at the tepid touch  
 Of southern gales, by soft degrees, dissolves  
 Tricking, yet slow, away; and loosen'd frosts  
 The genial impress feel of vernal suns,  
 Relenting to the ray; my torpid limbs  
 The healing virtue of Hygeia's hand  
 And salutary influence perceive,  
 Instant to wander through the whole. My heart  
 Begins to melt, o'er-running into joy,  
 Late froze with agony. Kind tumults seize  
 My spirits, conscious of returning health,  
 And dire disease abating from the cells  
 And mazy haunts of life. The judging leech  
 Approves the symptoms, and my hope allows.

The hostile humours cease to bubble o'er  
 Their big-distended channels; quiet now  
 And sinking into peace. The organs heave  
 Kindlier with life: and Nature's fabric near  
 To dissolution shatter'd, and its mould  
 To dust dissolv'd, tho' not its pristine strength  
 (The lusty vigour of its healthy prime)  
 Yet gentle force recovers; to maintain,  
 Against the tyrant Death's hact'ring assaults,  
 The fort of life.—But darkness, present still,  
 And absent sweet repose, best medicine, sleep,  
 Forbid my heart the full carouse of joy.

Soft pow'r of slumbers, dewy-feather'd Sleep,  
 Kind nurse of Nature! whither art thou fled,  
 A stranger to my senses, weary'd out  
 With pain, and aching for thy presence? Come,  
 O come! embrace me in thy liquid arms;  
 Exert thy drowsy virtue, wrap my limbs  
 In downy indolence, and bathe in baln,  
 Fast-flowing from th' abundance of thy horn,  
 With nourishment replete, and richer stor'd  
 Than Amaryllis; who (so poets feign)  
 With honey and with milk supply'd a god,  
 And fed the Thunderer. Indulgent quit  
 Thy couch of poppies! steal thyself on me,  
 (In rosy mists suffus'd and clouds of gold)  
 On me, thou mildest cordial of the world?

The shield his pillow, in the tented field,  
 By thee, the soldier, bred in iron-war,  
 Forgets the mimic thunders of the day,  
 Nor envies Luxury her bed of down,  
 Rock'd by the blast, and cabin'd in the storm,  
 The sailor hugs thee to the doddering mast,  
 Of shipwreck negligent, while thou art kind.  
 The captive's freedom, thou! the labourer's hire;  
 The beggar's store; the miser's better gold;  
 The health of sickness; and the youth of age!  
 At thy approach the wrinkled front of Care  
 Subsides into the smooth expanse of smiles.  
 And, stranger far! the monarch, crown'd by thee,  
 Beneath his weight of glory gains repose.

What guilt is mine, that I alone am wake,  
 Ev'n tho' my eyes are seal'd, am wake alone?  
 Ah seal'd, but not by thee! The world is dumb;  
 Exhal'd by air, an awful silence rules,  
 Still as thy brother's reign, or foot of time;  
 Ev'n nightingales are mute, and lovers rest,  
 Steep'd in thy influence, and cease to sigh,  
 Or only sigh in slumbers. Fifteen nights  
 The Moon has walk'd in glory o'er the sky;  
 As oft the Sun has shone her from the sphere,  
 Since, gentle Sleep, I felt thy cordial dews,  
 Then listen to my moaning; nor delay  
 To sooth me with thy softness; to o'erashade  
 Thy suppliant with thy pinions: or at least,  
 Lightly to touch my temples with thy wand.

So, full and frequent, may the crimson fields  
 With poppies blush, nor feel a Tarquin's hand,  
 So may the west-wind's sigh, th' murm'ring brook,  
 The melody of birds, Ianthé's lute,  
 And music of the spheres, be all the sounds  
 That dare intrude on thy devoted hour,  
 Nor Boreas bluster, nor the thunder roar,  
 Nor screech-owl flap his wing, nor spirit yell,  
 As 'neath the trembling of the Moon he walks,  
 Within the circle of thy still domain.  
 He comes! he comes! the reconciling pow'r  
 Of pain, vexation, care, and anguish comes!  
 He hovers in the lazy air:—he melts,  
 With honey-bearingness, my senses down.—

—I thank thee, Sleep!—Heav'n's! is the day  
 restor'd

To my desiring eyes? their lids, unglow'd,  
 Admit the long-lost sight, now streaming in  
 Painfully clear!—O check the rapid gleam  
 With shading silk, 'till the weak visual orb,  
 Stronger and stronger, dares imbibe the Sun,  
 Nor, wat'ring, twinkles at unfolded day.  
 As, where, in Lapland, Night collects her reign,  
 Oppressive, over half the rounded year  
 Uninterrupted with one struggling beam;  
 Young Orta-Moor, in furry spoils enroll'd,  
 Slugged and warm, first spies th' imperfect blush  
 Of op'ning light, exulting; scarce her eyes  
 The lustre bear, tho' faint; but, wid'ning fast  
 Th' unbounded tide of splendour covers, fair,  
 Th' expanded hemisphere; and fills her sight  
 With gladness, while her heart, warm-leaping,  
 burns.

Sight, all-expressive! Tho' the feeling sense  
 Thrills from Ianthé's hand; at Handel's lyre  
 Tingles the ear; tho' smell from blossom'd beans  
 Arabian spirit gathers; and the draught,  
 Sparkling from Burgundy's exalted vint,  
 Streams nectar on the palate: yet, O Sight!  
 Weak their sensations, when compar'd with thee.  
 Without thee, Nature lies unmeaning gloom.  
 Whatever smiles on Earth, or shines in Heav'n,  
 From star of Venus to Adonis flow'r;  
 Whatever Spring can promise: Summer warm  
 To rich maturity; gay Autumn roll  
 Into the lap of Plenty, or her horn;  
 Winter's majestic horrors;—all are thine.  
 All varying in order's pleasing round,  
 In regular confusion grateful all!

And now progressive health, with kind repair,  
 My fever-weaken'd joints and languid limbs  
 New-brace. Live vigour and auxiliary nerves  
 Sinew the freshen'd frame in bands of steel.  
 As in the trial of the furnace ore,  
 From baser dregs refin'd, and drossy scum,  
 Flames more refulgent, and admits the stamp  
 Of majesty to dignify the gold,  
 Cæsar or George! the human body, thus,  
 Enamell'd, not deform'd, from sickness' rage  
 More manly features borrows, and a grace  
 Severe, yet worthier of its sovereign form.  
 The patriarch of Uz, son of the Morn,  
 Envy'd of Lucifer, by sores and blanes  
 Sharply improv'd, to fairer honours rose;  
 Less his beginning blest than latter end.  
 How late a tortur'd lump of baleful pain,  
 The soul immov'd in one inactive mass  
 Of breathing blanes, each elegance of sense,  
 Each intellectual spark and fiery seed  
 Of reason, memory, judgment, taste and wit,

Extinct and smother'd in unwieldy clay  
 Scarce animated: and (O blessing!) now  
 I seem to tread the winds; to overtake  
 The empty eagle in her early chase,  
 Or nimble-trembling dove, from preyful beak,  
 In many a rapid, many a cautious round,  
 Wheeling precipitant: I leave behind,  
 Exulting o'er its aromatic hills,  
 The bounding Bether-roe. The poet's mind,  
 (Effluence essential of heat and light!)  
 Not mounts a loftier wing, when Fancy leads  
 The glittering track, and points him to the skies,  
 Excursive: he empyreal air inhales,  
 Earth fading from his sight! triumphant soars  
 Amid the pomp of planetary worlds,  
 Ranging infinitude, beyond the stretch  
 Of Newton's ken, reformer of the spheres,  
 And, gaining on the Heav'n's, enjoys his home!

The winter of disease all pass'd away,  
 The spring of health, in bloomy pride, calls forth  
 Embosom'd bliss, of rosy-winged praise  
 The rising incense, the impassion'd glance  
 Of gratitude, the pant of honour, quick  
 With emulating zeal; the florid wish  
 For sacred happiness, and cordial glow  
 From conscious virtue felt: all the sweet train  
 Of vernal solitude's refining walks,  
 Best gift of Heav'n, and source of nameless joys!

#### NOTES AND ALLUSIONS.

Page 49. —————The sons of light.

Light is the first-born of all creatures, and it is commonly observed that the angels were created at the same period of time. St. Austin thinks, them meant under *Fiat lux*, Let there be light: *De Civitate Dei*, l. xi. c. 9. This indeed is only conjectural, and we have no article of the apostles' creed which directs upon any considerations of angels; because perhaps it exceeds the faculties of men to understand their nature, and it may not conduce much to our practical edification to know them. Yet however this observation may serve to illustrate that beautiful passage in the book of Job: "When the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

P. 50. —————To pristine white relume.

White has been accounted in all ages the peculiar tincture of innocence, and white vestments worn by persons delegated for sacred offices, &c. When our Saviour was transfigured before his disciples, his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow, Mark, chap. ix. 3. When he ascended into Heaven, the angels descended in white apparel, Acts i. 10. And to the spouse of the lamb was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; which is the righteousness of the saints, Rev. xix. ver. 8, 14. Hence the custom of the primitive church of clothing the persons baptized in white garments.

*Inde parens sacro ducens de fonte sacerdos*

*Infantes, niveo corpore, mense, habito.*

Paulinus, epist. xii.

The heathens paid likewise a great regard to white:

*Color albus præcipue Deo clarus est.*

Cicero de Leg. lib. ii.



— Ante aras stat veste sacerdos  
Effluens nivea. Silius Ital. lib. iii.  
Delius hic longè candenti veste sacerdos  
Occurrit. Valerius Flacc. lib. ii.

And not only the priests, but likewise those who attended at the sacrifices and paid their devotions to their gods:

Cernite fulgentes ut eat sacer agnus ad aras,  
Tinctaque post oleâ candida turba comas.  
Tibull. lib. ii. eleg. 1.

And Ovid:

Linguis candida turba favet. Fast. lib. ii.

I shall only add one passage, from Plautus:

— Ergo equius vos erat  
Candidatas venire, hostiatasque ad hoc  
Fannam. Rudens, act. i. sc. 3.

P. 50. — Touch'd my breast and head,  
Three drops, &c.

Hygeia here performs her office in the very manner she was ordered by Mercy. I have, after the manner of Homer, used the same expressions over again, as when she received the mandate. The father of poetry constantly makes his envoys observe this practice, as a mark of decency and respect.

P. 50. Than Amalthea's, &c.

Amalthea the daughter of Meliasus king of Crete, and nurse of Jupiter, who fed him with goats-milk and honey. But this story is differently related. See Strabo. l. x. Diodor. Sicul. l. iv. c. 3. and Ovid. Fast. l. v. It is very remarkable that the translation of the Septuagint uses the expression Amalthea's horn, for the name of Job's third daughter Kerub-happuc (so called from her beauty) alluding to a Grecian fable invented long after; Job, ch. the last. v. 14. The same translation likewise mentions Arachne in the ninetieth psalm, and 9th verse, which image is left out in all our late versions. A Christian poet therefore may surely be excused for using the word ambrosia, &c. or drawing metaphors or comparisons from the pagan mythology in a serious composition; which is the practice of Milton and some of the best poets. The fault only is, when the poet weaves the heathen fables with the Jewish and Christian truths. As when Sannazarius introduces the Furies, Cerberus, &c. into his poem (which is otherwise a very fine one) De Partu Virginis. And likewise when Camoens blends the adventures of Bacchus with the miracles of Christ, &c. in his Lusiad. But this by the by.

#### THE THANKSGIVING.

##### BOOK V.

The Grave cannot praise thee; Death cannot celebrate thee.—The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day. Isaiah.

#### ARGUMENT.

The effects which the restoration of health ought to have in the solitudes of Spring. Rural

prospect. Excursion to the battle at Tourney. Reflections on the abuses of modern poetry. Hymn to the ever-blessed and glorious Trinity: 1st, to God the Father, as creator and preserver: 2dly, to God the Son, as mediator and redeemer: 3dly, to God the Holy Ghost, as sanctifier and comforter. Conclusion.

COME, Contemplation! therefore, from thy haunts,  
From Spenser's tomb, (with reverent steps and  
Of visited by me; certès, by all, [slow  
Touch'd by the Muse:] from Richmond's green  
retreats,

Where Nature's bard! the Seasons on his page  
Stole from the Year's rich hand: or Welwyn groves,  
Where Young, the friend of virtue and of man,  
Sows with poetic stars the nightly song,  
To Phoebus dear as his own day! and drowns  
The nightingale's complaint in sadder strains  
And sweeter elegance of woe, O come!  
Now ev'ning mildly-still and softer suns  
(While every breeze is flowing balm) invite  
To taste the fragrant spirit of the Spring  
Salubrious; from mead or hawthorn-hedge  
Aromatis'd, and pregnant with delight  
No less than health. And what a prospect round  
Swells greenly-grateful on the cherish'd eye!  
A universal blush! a waste of sweets!  
How live the flow'rs, and, as the Zephyrs blow,  
Wave a soft lustre on their parent-Sun,  
And thank him with their odours for his beams;  
Mild image of himself! reflected fair,  
By faintness fair, and amiably mild!

Hark! how the airy Echoes talk along  
With undulating answer, soft or loud,  
The mocking semblance of the imagin'd voice,  
Babbling itinerant from wood to hill,  
From hill to dale, and wake their sisters round,  
To multiply delight upon the ear.

As float the clouds, romantic Fancy pours  
The magazines of Proteus forth, and builds  
Huge castles in the air; while vessels sail  
Spacious, along the fluid element;  
And dragons burn in gold, with azure stains  
Speckled: ten thousand inconsistent shapes  
Shift on the eye, and through the welkin roll.

Here tufted hills! there shining villas rise,  
Circling; and temples, solemn, fill the mind  
With beauty, splendour, and religious awe!  
Peace o'er the plains expands her snowy wing,  
Dove-ey'd; and buxom Plenty laughs around!

Far different objects mortify the eye  
Along thy borders, Scheld: (with William's tears  
Enobled, tears from brave Humanity  
And royal Pity drawn! nor of his blood  
Less prodigal!) Instead of herbage'd plains,  
Of fields with golden plenty waving wide,  
Of flowing valleys, and of fleecy hills:  
What magazines of death! what flaming swords  
Destruction brandish; what a burnish'd glare  
Of horror wanders round; what carriage vile  
Of dubitable limbs; what groaning piles  
Of dying warriors on th' ensanguin'd earth  
(E'en sons of Britain, chiefs of high renown)  
Groving in dust, and with unmartial fires  
Sheer blasted! O 'tis pitiful to sight!  
It smites the honest brain and heart! The cloud,

\* Mr. James Thomson.

Beheld from the brazen throat of war, would hide,  
 Industrious, the ruin which it spreads,  
 As if ashamed of massacre—But bark!—  
 What dire explosion tears th' embowel'd sky,  
 And rumbles from th' infernal caves! The roar  
 Of Ætna's troubled caverns, when she heaves  
 Trinacria from her marble pillars, fix'd  
 On the foundations of the solid Earth,  
 And Thetis' bellows from her distant dens,  
 O'erwhelm the ear!—A mine with deadly stores  
 Infringe, burst; and a whole squadron'd host  
 Whirl'd through the riven air. A human show'r  
 With smould'ry smoke enroll'd and wrapt in fire,  
 To cover Earth with desolation drear!—

Curst be the man, the monk, the son of Hell,  
 The triple Moloch! whose mechanic brain,  
 Maliciously inventive, from its forge,  
 Of cruel steel, the sulphur seeds of wrath  
 Flash'd on the world, and taught us how to kill;  
 To hurl the blazing ruin, to disgorge  
 From smoking brass the ragged instruments  
 Of Fate, in thunder, on the mangled files  
 Of gallant foes:—the cowardice of Hell!  
 And what the barb'rous nations never knew,  
 (Though nourish'd by the tigers, and their tongues  
 Red with the gore of lions) to involve  
 The holy temples, the religious fanes,  
 To hallelujahs sacred and to peace,  
 With dreadful fires. Shudd'ring the angels weep  
 At man's impiety, and seek the skies:  
 They weep! while man, courageous in his guilt,  
 Smiles at the infant writhing on his spear;  
 The hoary head pollutes the stony streets  
 With scanty blood; and virgins pray in vain.  
 Blush, blush! or own Desecration for thy sire.

Yet should Rebellion, bursting from the caves  
 Of Erebus, uprear her hydra-form,  
 To poison, Liberty, thy light divine;  
 If she, audacious, stalk in open day,  
 And hiss against the throne by Heav'n's own hand  
 Establish'd, and religion Heav'n-reform'd,  
 Britannia! rescue Earth from such a bane:  
 Exert thy ancient spirit; urge thyself  
 Into the bowels of the glowing war,  
 Sweep her from day to multiply the fiends,  
 And scare the damn'd!—and thou! the God of  
 Hosts,

Supreme! the Lord of lords, and King of kings!  
 Thy people, thy anointed with thy shield  
 Cover and shade; unbare thy righteous arm,  
 And save us in the hollow of thy hand!  
 Michael send, as erst against the host  
 Of Lucifer, and let his sword be drunk  
 With rebel blood. The battle is thy own;  
 When virtue, liberty, religion call:  
 Thine is the victory: the glory thine!

Turn, Contemplation, from this savage scene  
 Of violence and waste: my swimming eyes  
 Have lost the beauties of the vernal view!

Sweet are the beauties of the vernal view!  
 And yet devotion winks to nobler themes,  
 And lifts the soul to Heav'n! for who, untouch'd,  
 With mental adoration, feeling laud,  
 Beholds this living-vegetable whole,  
 This universal witness of a God!  
 Tho' silent, yet convincing, uncontroll'd,  
 Which meets the sense, and triumphs in the soul?  
 Let me, by Isaac's wise example fir'd,  
 When meditation led him through the fields,  
 Sweetly in pious musings lost, adore

My God! for meditation is too poor,  
 Below the sacrifice of Christian hearts:  
 Plato could meditate; a Christian, more:  
 Christians, from meditation, soar to pray'r.  
 Methinks I hear, reprov'd by modern wit,  
 Or rather pagan: "Tho' ideal sounds  
 Soft-wafted on the Zephyr's fancy'd wing,  
 Steal tuneful soothing on the easy ear,  
 New from Iliuss' gilded mists exhal'd;  
 Tho' gently o'er the academic groves,  
 The magic echoes of unbodied thoughts  
 Roll their light billows through th' un wounded air,  
 In mildest undulations! yet a priest,  
 Tasteless and peevish, with his jargon shrill,  
 Scorns Academus; tho' its flow'r's bestow  
 On Hybla nectar, purer than her own,  
 From Plato's honey-dropping tongue distill'd  
 In copious streams, devolving o'er the sense  
 Its sweet regalement!" Philodemus, yes:  
 (Tho' learn'd Lycæum's cloisters lead the mind  
 Attentive on, as far as Nature leads:  
 And Plato, for a heathen, nobler dreams  
 Than dream some modern poets:) yes, a priest,  
 A priest dares tell you, Salem's hallow'd walks,  
 And that illumina'd mountain, where a God,  
 The God of my salvation, and I hope  
 Of thine, unutterable beauty beam'd,  
 (Tho' shaded from excess of Deity,  
 Too fierce for mortal-aching eyes to prove  
 The rush of glory) me, desirous, draw  
 From Athen's owls, to Jordan's mystic dove.  
 Thou sing of Nature, and the moral charms  
 Gild with thy painted Muse: my fingers lift  
 The lyre to God! Jehova! Eloim!  
 Truth is my leader; only Fancy, thine:  
 (Sweet Farinelli of enervate song!)  
 I quit the myrtle, for a starry crown.  
 And know, if Sickness shed her bluish plagues  
 From fog, or fen, or town-infected damps,  
 (And, sure I'd pity thee) among thy veins:  
 Then, then no Platonist! thy inmost soul  
 Will thank me for this preaching; nor disdain  
 To breathe itself in pray'r, as low as mine;  
 From God begin, with God conclude the song;  
 Thus glorifying with a Christian-zeal.

Father of Heav'n and Earth! coeval Son!  
 And co-existing Spirit! Trinal-One!  
 Mysterious Deity; invisible;  
 Indefinite, and omnipresent God,  
 Inhabiting eternity! Shall dust,  
 Shall ashes, dare presume to sing of thee?  
 O for a David's heart, and tongue of fire  
 To rival angels in my praise and zeal!  
 Yet love immense, and gratitude, with awe  
 Religious mix'd, shall elevate the hymn,  
 My heart enkindle, and inspire my tongue.  
 Father-Creator! who beholds thy works,  
 But catches inspiration! Thou the Earth  
 On nothing hung, and balanc'd in the void  
 With a magnetic force, and central poise.  
 Ocean of brightness thou! Thy grand behest  
 Flung on thy orb, the Sun, a sparkling drop,  
 To light the stars, and feed their silver urns  
 With unexhausted flame; to bid them shine  
 Eternal in their courses, o'er the blue  
 Which mantles night, and woo us to repose  
 With roscid radiance. They harmonious roll,

\* The very expressions of one of our disciples  
 of Socrates.

In majesty of motion, solemn, loud,  
 The universal hallelujah: sphere,  
 In lucid order, quiring sweet to sphere,  
 Deep-felt and loftier than a seraph's song;  
 The symphony of well-according worlds!  
 But man, thy beam, thy breath, thy image, shines  
 The crown, the glory, and the lord of all;  
 Of all below the stars! a plant, from Heav'n  
 Traduc'd, to spread the riches of its bloom  
 O'er Earth, and water'd with ethereal dews;  
 Incorruptible aliment! The birds  
 Warble among his boughs; the cattle, safe,  
 Pasture within his shade; and Earth beneath  
 Th' imperial umbrage of his branches smiles.  
 The smiling Earth, the spangled spheres, and man  
 Their great Creator praise! but praise how long,  
 Unless by thy almighty arm upheld,  
 Preserver infinite? By thee unless  
 Upheld, the Earth would with her basis reel;  
 The spheres forego their courses, (off their orbs  
 The silver softness melted into shade)  
 Obscurely dissonant; and mortal man  
 (Void of thy fostering fires) his stately form  
 To dust be moulder'd: Chaos would resume  
 Her ancient anarchy; confusion, rule;  
 And darkness swallow all. In thee we live,  
 In thee we move: our beings in thy chain,  
 Link'd to eternity, faster on thee,  
 The pillar of our souls! For me, (how late  
 A neighbour of the worm!) when I forget  
 The wonders of thy goodness ray'd on me,  
 And cease to celebrate, with matin-harp  
 Or vesper-song, thy plenitude of love,  
 And healing mercy; may the nightly pow'r,  
 Which whispers on my slumbers, cease to breathe  
 Her modulating impulse through my soul;  
 Untun'd, unhallow'd! Discord, string my lyre,  
 Idly, my finger, press the fretted gold,  
 Rebellious to the dictates of my hand,  
 When indolent, to swell the notes for thee,  
 Father of Heav'n and Earth!—Coeval Son!  
 (His word, his essence, his effluence pure!)  
 Not less thy filial likeness I adore,  
 Nor from thy Father's glory aught disjoin,  
 Redeemer! Mediator! from the birth  
 Of uncreated Time, thy Father's wrath  
 (Sprung from omniscience!) to appease, for man,  
 Upright as yet, to mediate, mercy wak'd  
 Unbounded love in thee; unbounded love  
 Contracted to the measure of a span  
 Immensity of Godhead, and thy crown  
 Reft from thy faded brow. Listen, O Earth!  
 And wonder, O ye Heav'n's! shall he, whose feet  
 Are cloth'd with stars, (the glory of his head  
 For who can tell?) whose looks divine illumine  
 The dazzl'd eyes of cherubs, and the youth  
 Of saints with everlasting bloom renew:  
 Shall he, whose vital smiles with splendour fill  
 The circuits of creation, and sustain  
 Th' abodes of all existence, from the depths  
 Of Hell beneath, above Heav'n's highest orb,  
 With life, and health, and joy! shall he, to God,  
 Dear as his eye and heart, engraven there  
 Deep from eternity; alone below'd,  
 Alone begotten! say, shall he become  
 A man of grief—for man? nay more his foe,  
 Rebellious next the fiends?—Astonishment  
 Had chain'd my tongue to silence, if the pow'r  
 Of tenderest pity and of warmest love  
 Provok'd not pensive measures, sadder strains

Of elegiac-sorrow, with the theme  
 Mournfully varying. Take, my soul redoubt'd!  
 O take the moaning dove's dew-dropping wing,  
 Fly, fly to Solyma! and melt thy woe  
 To Cedron's murmurs. Thence, extend thy flight  
 To Golgotha's accursed tree. Behold!  
 Clouds roll'd on clouds of wrath (the blackest wrath  
 Of an offended God!) his beauties shade;  
 But shade not long: it soon in drops dissolves,  
 Sweet to the soul as manna to the taste,  
 As pride of summer-flow'r to sight or smell!  
 Behind this shadowing cloud, this mystic gloom,  
 The Sharon rose, dy'd in the blood of Heav'n,  
 The lily of the valley, white from stain,  
 Bows the fair head, in loveliness declines,  
 And, sweetly languishing, it droops and dies.  
 But darkness veils the Sun: a curtain draw  
 Before the passion; beyond wonder great,  
 Great beyond silence!—(Awe-struck pause a-  
 while—)

And heavy as the burthen of our sins!—  
 'Tis finish'd!—Change the lyre, the numbers  
 Let holy anthem-airs inspire the hymn. [change;  
 Glory in Heav'n! redemption to mankind,  
 And peace on Earth! dominion! blessing! praise!  
 Thanksgiving! pow'r! salvation to our God!  
 Salvation to our God, and to the Lamb!  
 And, co-existing Spirit! Thou, whose breath  
 My voice informs, shall it be mate to thee,  
 Eternal Paraclete! in order, last,  
 Equal in glory to Omnipotence  
 The first, as to the second; and from both  
 Proceeding; (O inexplicable name!)  
 Mystical link of the unnumber'd Three!  
 To learning, night; to faith, the noon-tide day.  
 Soul of the universe! thy wisdom, first,  
 The rage compos'd of warring elements,<sup>2</sup>  
 (The subject of a nobler future song)  
 Yon all-surrounding Heav'n's with crystal orbs  
 Garnish'd, and living gems, in goodly ranks  
 And disciplin'd array; dividing night  
 From day, their ordinances establish'd sure.  
 Moving the waters saw thee o'er their face,  
 O God, the waters saw thee, and afraid,  
 Into their chasms shrunk, (capacious bed  
 Of liquid element!) and own'd their bounds  
 Impassable, as that eternal gulph [beasts  
 'T'wixt bliss and woe.—The Prince of Peace thy  
 Largely imbib'd, when, dove-like, o'er his head,  
 Fast by the banks of Jordan's sacred stream,  
 Thy mantling wings diffus'd their heavenly hues;  
 And Abba glorify'd his Only Son,  
 Well-pleas'd.—From thy tongues of cloven fire  
 Kindled, the nations burn'd in flaming zeal,  
 And unextinguish'd charity, dispers'd  
 And glowing as the summer blaze at noon.  
 The rushing winds, on all their wings convey'd  
 Thy doctrine, strong to shake the guilty soul;  
 As, erst, the dove, low-stooping to its base,  
 Before thy mighty presence learn'd to bend.  
 Thou, from the morning-womb, upon our souls,  
 Barren and dry, thy sanctifying dews,  
 Abroad, in silent softness sheds: the dews  
 Of love unspotted, uncorrupted joy;  
 Obedient goodness, temperance subdu'd;  
 Unshaken faith, and meekness without guile.  
 Hence flow the odours out, our pray'r's perfume,  
 Like incense, rising fragrant on the throne,

<sup>2</sup> The Elements, a Poem: in four books.

From golden vials pour'd, by elder hands!  
 Extinct thy influential radiance, Sin,  
 Incumbent on the soul, as black as Hell,  
 Holds godless anarchy: by thee refin'd,  
 Incens'd, sublim'd, and sanctify'd, the soul  
 Invites the Holiest (O abyss of love!)  
 To choose a temple, purer than the Sun,  
 Incorruptible, formed not by hands,  
 Where best he loves to dwell.—Thou all my bed,  
 Most holy Comforter! in sickness smooth'd,  
 And violet-buds, and roses, without thorn, [vale  
 Shower'd round the couch. From darkness and the  
 Of shadowy Death, to pastures fair, and streams  
 Of comfort, thy refreshing right-hand led  
 My wearied soul, and bath'd in health and joy!  
 To light restor'd and the sweet breath of Heav'n,  
 Beneath thy olive-boughs, in plenteous flow,  
 The golden oil effusing on my head  
 Of gladness, let me ever sit and sing,  
 Thy numerous Godhead sparkling in my soul,  
 Thyself instilling praises, by thy ear  
 Not unapprov'd! For wisdom's steady ray,  
 Th' enlight'ning gift of tongues, the sacred fires  
 Of poetry are thine; united Three!  
 Father of Heav'n and Earth! coeval Son!  
 And co-existing Spirit! Trinal One!

## NOTES AND ALLUSIONS.

Page 52. ALONG thy borders, Scheld —

This was written at the time of the siege of Tournay.

P. 53. ——— Plato could meditate.

Far be it from me to speak with disrespect of this pagan philosopher. For my part, I could almost declare my admiration of Plato's beautiful descriptions, &c. in the words of B. Jonson on Shakespeare: "To justify," says he, "my own candour, I honour his memory (on this side idleness) as much as any." See his Discoveries, vol II. fol. of his works. Page 98.

I only here would observe how falsely, not to say impiously, some modern writers seem to take pains to recommend Plato's ideal morality in opposition to the glorious doctrines so fully revealed in the holy scriptures.

P. 53. ——— Philodemus.

Alluding to 2. Sæctanus's admirable Satires; who introduces much such another character under this name. The true author, as we are informed by Mons. Blainville in his curious Travels, is Mons. Segardi, one of the finest and politest gentlemen of Rome; by Philodemus, he means one Grævina, an atheistical pretender to philosophy, the Greek language, &c. He thus makes him boast of himself, as if he drew the principles of his system from Socrates.

Nos etenim (puto jam nosti) docti sumus, & quos Socratici corpori tractandos molliter arte Sordibus emergunt vulgi, totaque probantur Urbe.

See 2. Sæctani Satyr. 4to. vol. I. Sat. 1. lib. i. v. 108, &c.

P. 54. ——— Soul of the universe.

The heathens frequently give the appellation of Soul or Spirit to God.

Thus Virgil:

Cœlum & terram camposque liquentes,  
 Lucentemque globum lunæ, Titanique astra  
 Spiritus iactus agit.

That he means God by Spirit, appears from another place.

————— Deum ire per omnes  
 Terrasque tractusque maris cœlumque profundum.

And Zeno's opinion is very remarkable:

Θεός ἐστι πνεῦμα διπλάσι ἐξ ὧν τὰ κίνηται.

See Lactantius, B. vii. c. 3. and Diogenes Laertius in the Life of Zeno.

P. 54. Moving the waters saw thee o'er their face, &c.

Cicero tells us that it was Thales's opinion that God was the Spirit which created all things from the water. "Thales aquam dixit esse initium rerum, Deum autem esse mentem quæ ex aqua cuncta fingeret." De Nat. Deor. l. i.

P. 54. ——— Before thy mighty presence, &c.

The very heathens imagined a commotion in nature at the presence of the Deity.

————— Vibratus ab æthere fulgor  
 Cum sonitu venit, ruere omnia visa repente.

Æneis. lib. 8.

And in another place, Virgil:  
 Vix ea fatus eram, tremere omnia visa repente  
 Liminaque laurusque Dei, totusque moveri  
 Mons circum.

Æneis. lib. 3.

So likewise Statius:

Mirabar cur templis mihi tremuere Djona.

Theb. lib. 4.

And Seneca:

————— Imo mugit è fundo solum,  
 Tonat dies serenus, ac totis domus  
 Ut fracta tectis crepuit. Thyestes, Act II.

P. 54. ——— Thou from the morning-womb, &c.

Psalm cx. 3. This is a noble metaphor to express the beauties and graces of the Holy Spirit. So that "from the womb of the morning" in the Psalmist, signifies this: From the heavenly light of the Gospel, which is the wing or beam whereby the Sun of Righteousness revealeth himself, and breaketh out upon the world, the people shall adorn themselves from the first forming of Christ in them, with the dews of grace, and the gifts and emanations of the Holy Ghost: which are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Gal. v. 22. &c. When the spirit of Christ bloweth thus upon us, and the dews of grace are poured into our hearts, then the spices flow out, which arise from the holy duties and spiritual infusions, mentioned above.

P. 55. ——— From elder-hands.

Rev. v. 8. The four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the saints; that is, the prayers of good men are as grateful to God as incense from the tabernacle. So David, Ps. xiv. 2. Let my prayer be directed to thee as incense.

P. 55. Beneath thy olive-branch, &c.

Alluding to the two olive-branches in Zecharia, c. iv. v. 11 and 12. which empty the golden oil out of themselves. Amongst other expositions of which words, Junius and Tarpovius interpret them, to mean the various gifts and effusions of the Holy Spirit, which are, by Christ, derived upon the church. For Christ is called the Messiah, on account of his being anointed with the oil of gladness; Ps. xiv. 8. And St. John speaketh thus of the Holy Ghost: Ye have an unction from the Holy One. 1 John ii. 20. The anointing which ye received from him, abideth in you. John c. ii. v. 27.

To conclude; a recovery from the small-pox a few years ago, gave occasion to the preceding poem. I only at first (in gratitude to the Great Physician of souls and bodies) designed to have published this hymn to the Trinity upon a recovery from sickness. But the subject being very extensive, and capable of admitting serious reflections on the frail state of humanity, I expatiated farther upon it. It cannot be supposed that I should treat upon sickness in a medicinal, but only in a descriptive, a moral, and religious manner: the versification is varied accordingly: the descriptive parts being more poetical; the moral, more plain; and the religious, for the most part, drawn from the Holy Scriptures. I have just taken such notice of the progress of the small-pox, as may give the reader some small idea of it, without offending his imagination. These few notes are not intended for the learned reader, but added to assist those who may not be so well acquainted with the classical and other allusions. I do not remember to have seen any other poem on the same subject to lead me on the way, and therefore, it is to be hoped, the good-natured reader will more readily excuse its blemishes.

I have here added, by way of conclusion to the notes, a short hymn written (when very young) in the great epidemical cold in 1738.

#### AN HYMN IN SICKNESS.

O LORD! to thee I lift my soul,  
To thee direct my eyes,  
While fate in every vapour rolls,  
And sick'ning Nature sighs.

E'en air, the vehicle of life,  
The soft recess of breath,  
Is made the harbinger of Fate,  
And poison'd dart of Death.

No gentle strains relieve my ears:  
But hark! the passing-toll,  
In a long, sadly-solemn knell,  
Alarms anew my soul.

No lovely prospect meets my eye,  
But melancholy fear,  
Attended with the hollow pomp  
Of sickness and despair. —

My sins, wide-starting in my face  
In ghastly guise alarm;  
The pleasing sins of wanton youth,  
In many a fatal charm.

I sink beneath their black approach:  
My God! thy mercy lend;  
Let Hope her healing wings diffuse;  
O snatch me from the fiend!

I feel, I feel thy saving health:  
New raptures fill my heart:  
A shining train of bliss succeeds;  
The gloomy scenes depart.

Tho' straining coughs this mortal frame  
To dissolution bring,  
Yet dreary Death in vain affrights,  
And points in vain his sting:

If gracious Heaven at that sad hour  
Its guardian arm extend;  
If angels watch my parting soul,  
And save me at my end.

O Lord, or let me live or die,  
Thy holy will be done!  
But let me live alone to thee,  
And die in thee alone.

#### GRATITUDE.

A POEM, ON THE COURTESY OF POMFRET'S BENEFICATIONS TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

*Donarum statusus—Carmina posteriorum  
Donare. Horat.*

SHALL foreign lands for Pomfret wake the lyre,  
And Tyber's more than Isis' banks inspire?  
Let Isis' groves with Pomfret's name resound;  
Not Rome alone can boast of classic ground.  
Ye sons of harmony, the wreath prepare,  
The living laurel wreath, to bind her hair.  
Hail, fair exemplar of the good and great,  
The Muses hail thee to their honour'd seat;  
And ne'er since Anna with her presence blest,  
They sung a nobler, more auspicious guest.  
Behold our youth, transported at the sight;  
Behold our virgins, sparkling with delight:  
E'en venerable age forgets its snow,  
The splendour catches, and consents to glow.  
Ye youths, with Pomfret's praises tune the shell:  
Ye virgins, learn from Pomfret to excel:  
For let her age, with fervent prayers and pure,  
The blessings of all bounteous Heaven secure.  
Their breathing incense let the Graces bring:  
Their grateful peans let the Muses sing.  
If praise be guilt, ye laurels, cease to grow,  
Oxford to sing, and seraphims to glow.  
No altars to an idol-power we raise,  
Nor consecrate the worthless with our praise,  
To merit only and to goodness just,  
We rear the arch-triumphal and the bust.  
Sprung from the Pembroke's race, their nation's  
Allied by science, as by blood allied, [pride,

<sup>2</sup> The Pembroke family have been remarkable for genius. Mary, countess of Pembroke, sister to sir Philip Sidney, for whose entertainment he wrote his Arcadia, published a tragedy called Antonius. Ann, countess of Pembroke, had Daniel for her tutor, and erected to Spenser the monument in Westminster Abbey. William, earl

Illustrious race! sure to protect or please  
 With patriot freedom, or with courtly ease;  
 Blest with the graceful form, and tuneful mind,  
 To Oxford dear, as to the Muses kind!  
 Thy gifts, O Pomfret, we with wonder view,  
 And while we praise their beauties, think of you.  
 Who but a Venus could a Cupid send,  
 And who a Tully, but Minerva's friend?  
 A speechless Tully, lest he should commend  
 The praise you merit you refuse to hear;  
 No marble orator can wound your ear.  
 Mere statues, worse than statues we should be,  
 If Oxford's sons more silent were than he.  
 Scarce silent, and impatient of the stone,  
 He seems to thunder from his rostral throne:  
 He wakes the marble, by some Phidias taught,  
 And, eloquently dumb, he looks a thought,  
 With hopes and fears we tremble or rejoice,  
 Deceiv'd we listen, and expect a voice.  
 This station satisfies his noble pride,  
 Disdaining, but in Oxford, to reside.

Here safely we behold fierce Marius frown,  
 Glad that we have no Marius, save in stone.  
 So animated by the master's skill,  
 The Gaul, awe-stricken, dares not—cannot kill.

The sleeping Cupids happily exprest  
 The fiercer passions foreign to thy breast.  
 Long strangers to the laughter-loving dame,  
 They from Arcadia, not from Paphos, came.  
 Whene'er his lyre thy kindred Sidney strung,  
 The flocking Loves around their poet hung:  
 Whene'er he fought, they flutter'd by his side,  
 And stiffen'd into marble, when he died.  
 Half-dropt their quivers, and half-scal'd their eyes,  
 They only sleep:—for Cupid never dies.

"A sleeping Cupid!" cries some well-drest  
 smart.

"'Tis false! I feel his arrows in my heart."  
 I own, my friend, your argument is good,  
 And who denies, that's made of flesh and blood?  
 But you bright circle, strong in native charms,  
 No Cupid's bow requires, nor borrow'd arms:  
 The radiant messenger of Conquest flies  
 Keen from each glance, and pointed from their  
 eyes.

of Pembroke, printed a volume of poems. Spak-  
 speare's and Fletcher's works, in their first edi-  
 tions, are dedicated to the earl of Pembroke: and  
 Thomas, who ought particularly to be mentioned  
 on this occasion, made the largest and finest col-  
 lection of statues of any nobleman in Europe.

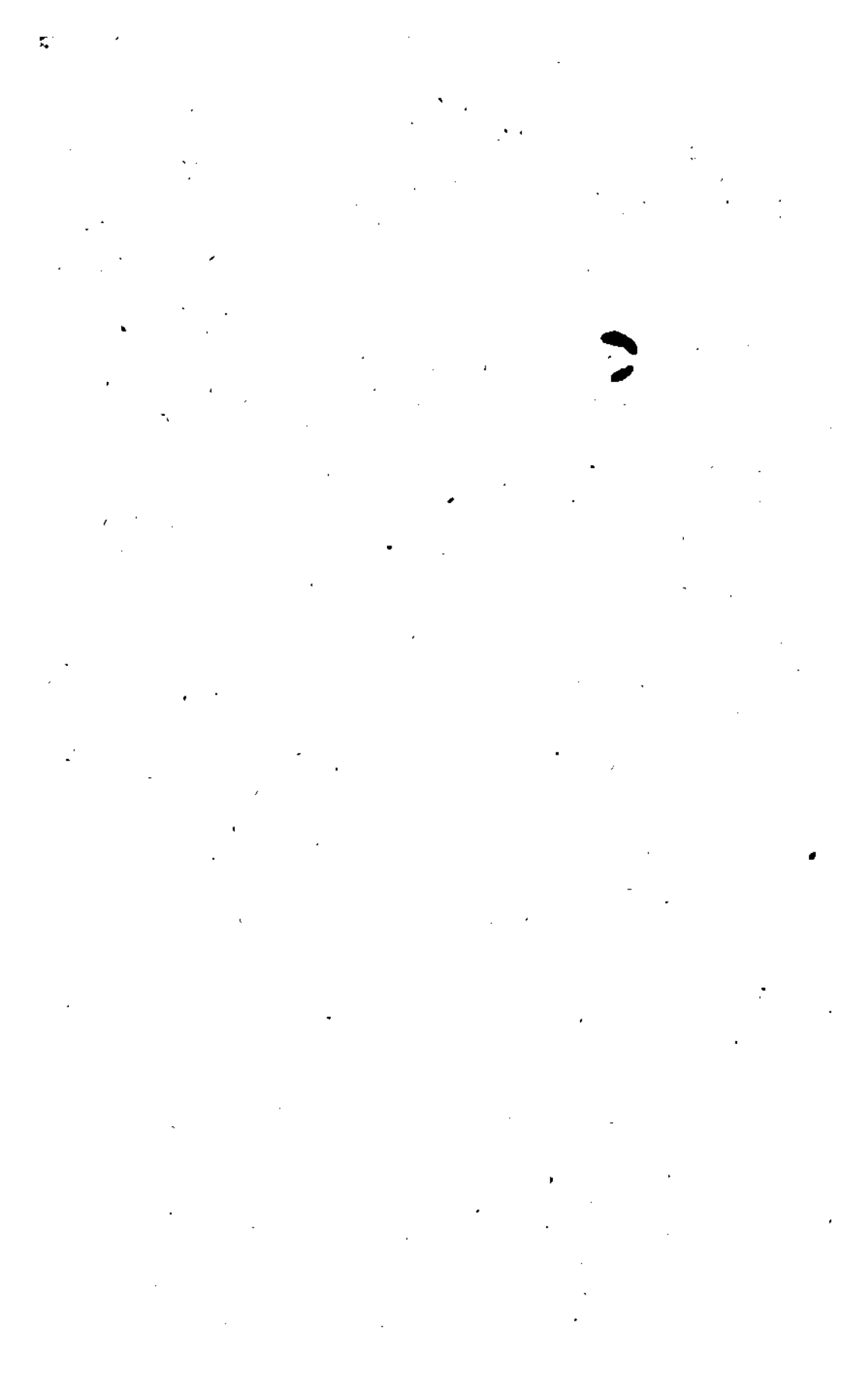
His heart, whom such a prospect cannot move,  
 Is harder, colder, than the Marble-Love.  
 But Modesty rejects what Justice speaks:  
 —I see soft blushes stealing o'er their cheeks.  
 Not Phidian labours claim the verse alone,  
 The figur'd brass, or fine-proportion'd stone,  
 To make you theirs the sister Arts conspire,  
 You animate the canvas or the lyre:  
 A new creation on your canvas flows,  
 Life meets your hand, and from your pencil glows:  
 How swells your various lyre, or melts away,  
 While every Muse attends on every lay!

The bright contagion of Hesperian skies,  
 Burn'd in your soul, and lighten'd in your eyes,  
 To view what Raphael painted, Vinci plan'd,  
 And all the wonders of the classic land.  
 Proud of your charms, applauding Rome confess  
 Her own Cornelia's breathing in your breast.  
 The virtues, which each foreign realm renown,  
 You bore in triumph home, to grace your own.  
 Appolles thus, to form his finish'd piece,  
 The beautiful Pomfret of adoring Greece,  
 In one united, with his happy care,  
 The fair perfections of a thousand fair.

Tho' Virtue may with moral lustre charm,  
 Religion only can the bosom warm.  
 In thee Religion wakens all her fires,  
 Perfumes thy heart, and spotless soul inspires.  
 A Cato's daughter might of virtue boast,  
 Nobly to vice, though not to glory, lost:  
 A Pomfret, taught by piety to rise,  
 Looks down on glory, while she hopes the skies,  
 Angels with joy prepare the starry crown,  
 And seraphs feed a flame, so like their own.

One statue more let Rhedicina<sup>3</sup> raise  
 To charm the present, brighten future days;  
 The sculptur'd column grave with Pomfret's name,  
 A column worthy of thy temple, Fame!  
 Praxiteles might such a form commend,  
 And borrow graces which he us'd to lend:  
 Where ease with beauty, force with softness meet,  
 Though mild, majestic, and though awful, sweet.  
 Of gold and elephant, on either hand,  
 Let Piety and Bounty, graceful, stand:  
 With filets this, with roses that entwin'd,  
 And breathe their virtues on the gazer's mind.  
 Low at her feet, the sleeping Cupids plac'd,  
 By Marius guarded, and with Tully grac'd:  
 A monument of gratitude remain,  
 The bright Palladium of Minerva's fan.

<sup>3</sup> Oxford.



THE

G R A V E,

BY

*THE REV. ROBERT BLAIR.*





THE

## LIFE OF ROBERT BLAIR.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

---

ROBERT BLAIR was the eldest son of the rev. David Blair, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and chaplain to the king. His grandfather was the rev. Robert Blair, sometime minister of the gospel at Bangor, in Ireland, and afterward at Saint Andrews, in Scotland. Of this gentleman, some Memoirs partly taken from his manuscript diaries, were published at Edinburgh in 1754. He was celebrated for his piety, and, by those of his persuasion, for his inflexible adherence to presbyterianism in opposition to the endeavours made in his time to establish episcopacy in Scotland: it is recorded also that he wrote some poems.

His grandson, the object of the present article, was born in the year 1699, and after the usual preparatory studies was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in the county of East Lothian, where he resided until his death, Feb. 4, 1747. One of his sons now holds the office of solicitor-general to his majesty for Scotland. The late celebrated Dr. Hugh Blair, professor of rhetoric and belles lettres, was his cousin.

Such are the only particulars handed down to us respecting the writer of *The Grave*: it is but lately that the poem was honoured with much attention, and it appears to have made its way very slowly into general notice. The pious and congenial Hervey was among the first who praised it. Mr. Pinkerton, in his *Letters of Literature*, published under the name of Heron, endeavoured to raise it far above the level of common productions, and I should suppose he has succeeded. It has of late years been frequently reprinted, but it may be questioned whether it will bear a critical examination: it has no regular plan, nor are the reflections on mortality embellished by any superior graces. It is perhaps a stronger objection that they are interrupted by strokes of feeble satire at the expence of physicians and undertakers. His expressions are often mean, and his epithets ill-chosen and degrading—"Supernumerary horror; new-made widow; sooty blackbird; strong-lunged cherub; lame kindness, &c. &c.; solder of society; by stronger arm belaboured; great gluts of people, &c." are vulgarisms which cannot be pardoned in so short a production.

The *Grave* is said to have been first printed at Edinburgh in 1747, but this is a mistake. It was printed in 1743, at London, for M. Cooper. The author had previously submitted it to Dr. Watts, who informed him that two booksellers had declined the risk of publication. He had likewise corresponded with Dr. Doddridge on the subject, and in a letter to that divine, says, that "in order to make it more generally liked, he was obliged sometimes to go cross to his own inclination, well knowing that whatever poem is written upon a serious argument, must, upon that very account, lie under peculiar disadvantages: and therefore proper arts must be used to make such a piece go down with a licentious age which cares for none of those things<sup>1</sup>." In what respect he crossed his inclination, and by what arts he endeavoured to make his poem more acceptable to a licentious age, we know not. In defence of the present age, it may be said with justice that the poem owes its popularity to its subject; and that, notwithstanding its defects, it will probably be a lasting favourite with persons of a serious turn.

<sup>1</sup> Letters to and from Dr. Doddridge. 8vo. 1790.

# THE GRAVE.

WHILE some affect the sun, and some the shade,

Some flee the city, some the hermitage;  
Their aims as various, as the roads they take  
In journeying thro' life;—the task be mine,  
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb,  
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all  
These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore,  
Eternal king! whose potent arm sustains (thing!)  
The keys of Hell and Death.—The Grave, dread  
Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature appall'd  
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark

Thy long-extended realms, and awful wastes!  
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark  
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant Sun [night,  
Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams

Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper,  
By glimmering thro' thy low-prop'd misty vaults,  
(Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and rosy slime,)

Lets fall a supernumerary horror,  
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.  
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,  
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell

'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:  
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,  
Beneath the wan, cold Moon (as Fame reports)  
Embod' d, thick, perform their mystic rounds,  
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane;—the pious work  
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,  
And bury'd midst the wreck of things which were;  
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.

The wind is up:—hark! how it howls!—Methinks,  
'Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary:  
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul  
bird,

Rook'd in the spire, screams loud; the gloomy aisles  
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of  
scutcheons,

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,  
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,  
The mansions of the dead.—Rous'd from their  
In grim array the grisly spectres rise, [slumbers,  
Grim horrible, and, obstinately sullen,

Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night,  
Again the screech-owl shrieks—ungracious sound!  
I'll bear no more; it make one's blood run chill,  
Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,  
(Coccol near with that) all ragged show,

Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down  
(Their branchless trunks; others so thin at top,  
That scarce two crows can lodge in the same tree.  
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd  
here;

Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;  
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;  
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.  
(Such tales their cheer at wake or gossiping,  
When it draws near to witching time of night.)

Or in the lone church yard at night I've seen,  
By glimpse of moonshine chequering thro' the trees,  
The school boy, with his satchel in his hand,  
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,  
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,  
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)

That tell in homely phrase who lie below.  
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,  
The sound of something purring at his heels;

Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,  
'Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,  
Who gather round and wonder at the tale  
Of horrid apparition tall and ghastly,

That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand  
O'er some new-open'd grave; and (strange to tell!)  
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spy'd,  
Sad sight! now moving o'er the prostrate dend:  
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,  
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,

Fast falling down her now untasted cheek—  
Proned on the lowly grave of the dear man  
She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,  
In barbarous succession, musters up

The past endearments of their softer hours,  
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks  
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,  
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,  
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder  
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one?  
A tie more stubborn far than Nature's band,  
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul—  
Sweetner of life, and solder of society,  
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,  
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.

Oh have I prov'd the labours of thy love,  
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,

Auxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I  
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,  
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down  
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,  
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along  
In grateful currents thro' the underwood, [thrush  
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongu'd  
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird  
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:  
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose  
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower  
Vy'd with its fellow-plant in luxury  
Of dress.—Oh! then the longest summer's day  
Bearn'd too too much in haste; still the full heart  
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness  
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,  
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!  
Dull Grave!—thou spoil'st the dance of youth-  
ful blood,

Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,  
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;  
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.  
Where are the jesters now? the men of health,  
Companionably pleasant? Where's the droll,  
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke  
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,  
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy  
To gather up her face into a smile  
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,  
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?  
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,  
The boast of glory? Where the hot brain'd youth,  
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore  
From kings of all the then discover'd globe,  
And cry'd, forsooth, because his arm was ham-  
And had not room enough to do its work? [per'd,  
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,  
And cram'd into a space we blush to name!  
Proud Royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!  
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!  
Son of the Morning whither art thou gone?  
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,  
And the majestic menace of thine eyes  
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,  
Like new-born infant wound up in his swatches,  
Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,

That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife,  
Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,  
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,  
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,  
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,  
Of being unmolested and alone.  
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,  
And honours by the heralds duly paid,  
In mode and form e'en to every scruple;  
Oh! cruel irony! these come too late,  
And only mock whom they were meant to honour.  
Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's bury'd  
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,  
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he,  
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,  
Above the vulgar born to rot in state.

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding  
Stately and slow, and properly attend [on  
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch  
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,  
By letting out their persons by the hour,  
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad.  
How rich the trappings! now they're all unfur'd,

And glittering in the sun; triumphant entries  
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,  
In glory scarce exceed. Great plato's of people  
Retard th' unwieldy show: whilst from the case-  
ments,  
And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks, close wedg'd,  
Hang belying o'er. But tell us why this waste,  
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase  
That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril  
Smells horrible?—Ye undertakers, tell us,  
Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,  
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which  
You make this mighty stir?—'Tis wisely done:  
What would offend the eye in a good picture,  
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud Lineage, now how little thou appear'st  
Below the envy of the private man!  
Honour, that meddlesome, officious ill,  
Pursues thee e'en to death; nor there stops short;  
Strange persecution! when the grave itself  
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd to think to over-reach the Grave,  
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours.  
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame  
Die fast away; only themselves die faster.  
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,  
Those bold insurers of deathless fame,  
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.  
The tapering pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,  
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top  
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd  
The angry shaking of the winter's storm:  
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of Heaven,  
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,  
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,  
At once gives way. Oh! lamentable sight!

The labour of whole ages tumbles down,  
A hideous and mishapen length of ruins.  
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain  
With all-subduing Time; her dank'ring hand  
With calm, deliberate malice wasteth them:  
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,  
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,  
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.  
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,  
Hangs down her head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the Earth,  
Who swam to sov'ign rule thro' seas of blood;  
Th' oppressive, sturly, man-destroying villains,  
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,  
And, in a cruel wantonness of power,  
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up  
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,  
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.  
Vain thought! to hide them from the general  
scorn

That haunts and dogs them like an injured ghost  
Implacable.—Here, too, the petty tyrant,  
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,  
And well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as  
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor, [short,  
And grip'd them like some lornly beast of prey;  
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing Hunger,  
And piteous plaintive voice of Misery;  
(As if a slave was not a shred of Nature,  
Of the same common nature with his lord;)  
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,  
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his  
kinsman;

Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground,

Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,  
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or other's adulation,  
Would cunningly persuade us we are something  
Above the common level of our kind; [flattery,  
The Grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd  
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit!  
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,  
And gives it a new pulse unknown before,  
The Grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,  
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,  
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers  
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?

Metinks I see thee with thy head low laid,  
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek  
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,  
Riots unscar'd.—For this, was all thy caution?  
For this, thy painful labours at thy glass,  
To improve those charms and keep them in repair,  
For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!  
Course fare and carrion please thee full as well,  
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.  
Look how the fair one weeps!—the conscious tears  
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:  
Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain  
Works hard, to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength, too—thou surly and less gentle boast  
Of those that loud laugh at the village ring,  
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down  
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling  
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.—  
What groan was that I heard?—Deep groan indeed!

With anguish heavy laden.—Let me trace it.—  
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,  
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath  
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart  
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant  
To give the lungs full play.—What now avail  
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread  
shoulders!

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,  
Mad with his pains!—Eager he catches hold  
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,  
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!  
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!

Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom  
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,  
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan?

It was his last.—See how the great Goliath,  
Just like a child that braw'd itself to rest,  
Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty  
boaster,

To rant of nerves of thine? What means the  
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,  
And flee before a feeble thing like man,  
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,  
Treats only in the well-invented knife?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,  
The star-curveying sage close to his eye  
Applies the sight-invigorating tube, [space,  
And travelling through the boundless length of  
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs  
That roll with regular confusion there,  
In ecstacy of thought. But ah! proud man!  
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;

VOL. XV.

Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;  
And down thou drop'st into that darksome place,  
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies disabled now,  
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,  
And cannot tell his ails to passers by. [change;  
Great man of language!—Whence this mighty  
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?  
Tho' strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,  
And sly insinuation's softer arts  
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;  
Alas! how chop-fall'n now? Thick mists and air-  
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast [hence  
Unceasing.—Ah! where is the lifted arm,  
The strength of action, and the force of words,  
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,  
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?  
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been;  
Raz'd from the book of Fame; or, more provoking,  
Perchance some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler,  
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb  
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,  
With heavy halting pace that drawl along,  
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,  
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing-art,  
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,  
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,  
Resign to fate.—Proud Æsculapius' son!  
Where are thy boasted implements of art,  
And all thy well-cram'd magazines of health?  
Nor bill, nor vial, as far as ship could go,  
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,  
Escap'd thy rifling hand.—from stubborn shrubs  
Thou wrung'st their shy-retiring virtues out,  
And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,  
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.  
But why this apparatus? Why this cost?  
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,  
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,  
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?  
Alas! thou speak'st not.—The bold impostor  
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,  
Who meantly stole, (discreditable shift)  
From back and belly too, their proper cheer,  
Eas'd of a task it irk'd the wretch to pay  
To his own carcass, now lies cheaply lodged,  
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,  
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.  
But ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?  
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed!  
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?  
Oh, cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake,  
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds:  
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death,  
To him that is at ease in his possessions;  
Who counting on long years of pleasure here,  
Is quite un furnish'd for that world to come!  
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul  
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement;  
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,  
But shrieks in vain!—How wishfully she looks  
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!  
A little longer, yet a little longer,  
Oh! might she stay to wash away her stains,  
And fit her for her passage.—Mournful sight!  
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan  
She heaves is big with horror.—But the foe,

FEEL

Like a staunch murder, steady to his purpose,  
Pursues her close through every lane of life,  
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;  
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,  
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

347 / Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!  
What a strange moment must it be, when near  
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!  
That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repass'd  
To tell what's doing on the other side,  
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,  
And every life-string bleeds at thought of parting;  
For part they must; body and soul must part:  
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.  
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,  
The witness of its actions, now its judge;

400 / That drops into the dark and noisome Grave,  
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

342 / If death was nothing, and nought after death;  
If when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,  
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,  
Whence first they sprung, then might the de-  
bauchee (drunkard

Untrampling mouth the Heavens: then might the  
Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd,  
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh  
At the poor bugbear Death: then might the wretch  
That's weary of the world, and tired of life,  
At once give each inquietude the slip,  
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,  
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel.  
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could  
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time, [force  
Or blame him if he goes?—Sure he does well,  
That helps himself as timely as he can,  
When able.—But if there is an hereafter,  
And that there is, conscience, unobscure'd,  
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man,  
Then must it be an awful thing to die:  
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.

402 / Self-murder!—name it not: our island's shame;  
That makes her the reproach of neighbouring  
states.

Shall Nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,  
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?  
Forbid it, Heaven.—Let not, upon disgust,  
The shameless hand be fully crimson'd o'er  
With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!  
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage  
To rush into the presence of our judge;  
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,  
And matter'd not his wrath: unheard-of tortures  
Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together,  
The common damn'd shun their society,  
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.  
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;  
How long, how short, we know not:—this we know,  
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,  
Nor dare to stir till Heav'n shall give permission:  
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,  
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd;  
Those only are the brave that keep their ground,  
And keep it to the last. To run away  
Is but a coward's trick. To run away  
From this world's ills, that, at the very worst,  
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,  
By boldly venturing on a world unknown,  
And plunging headlong in the dark:—'tis mad;  
No phrensy half so desperate as this.  
Tell us, ye dead; will none of you, in pity

To those you left behind, disclose the secret?  
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out;  
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.  
I've heard, that souls departed, have sometimes  
Forwarn'd men of their death:—'T was kindly  
done,

To knock, and give th' alarm.—But what means  
This stinted charity?—'T is but lame kindness  
That does its work by halves.—Why might you not  
Tell us what 'tis to die?—Do the strict laws  
Of your society forbid your speaking  
Upon a point so nice?—I'll ask no more:  
Sullen, like lamps in apulchres, your shine  
Enlightens but yourselves. Well—'tis no matter;  
A very little time will clear up all,  
And make us learn'd as you are and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick: here falls the village  
swain,

And there his pamper'd lord. The cup goes round,  
And who so artful as to put it by!  
'T is long since Death had the majority;  
Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.  
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,  
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicler,  
Of hard, unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole  
A gentle tear, with mattock in his hand,  
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,  
By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull's cast up,  
But well he knew its owner, and can tell  
Some passage of his life.—Thus hand in hand  
The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years,  
And yet ne'er yonker on the green laughs louder  
Or clubs a snuttier tale: when drunkards meet,  
None flugs a merrier catch, or lends a hand  
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds  
That soon some trusty brother of the trade (not,  
Shall do for him, what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends  
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out  
Into fantastic schemes, which the long rivers  
In the world's hale and undegenerate days  
Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,  
Never to think of death and of ourselves  
At the same time: as if to learn to die  
Were no concern of ours.—Oh! more than sottish,  
For creatures of a day in gaudy mood,  
To frolic on Eternity's dread brink  
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,  
The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in.  
Think we, or think we not, Time hurries on  
With a restless, unremitting stream;—  
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,  
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,  
And carries off his prize.—What is this world?  
What, but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,  
Strew'd with Death's spoils, the spoils of animals  
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.  
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;  
And we that live must lend our carcasses  
To cover our own offspring; in their barns,  
They, too, must cover theirs.—'T is here all meet;  
The shiv'ring Iclander, and sun-burnt Moor;  
Men of all climes, that never met before,  
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.  
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,  
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,  
Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abaah'd  
The great negotiators of the earth,  
And celebrated masters of the balance,  
Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts;

Now vain their treaty-skill.—Death seems to treat.  
Here the o'erclouded slave flings down his burthen  
From his gall'd shoulders;—and when the stern  
tyrant,

With all his guards and tools of power about him,  
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,  
Mocks his short arm;—and quick as thought  
escapes

Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.

Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,  
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,  
(Time out of mind the favourite seats of love,)  
Fast by his gentle mistress lay him down,  
Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes  
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.  
The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,  
Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,  
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams  
That some rude interposing rock had split.

Here is the large-limb'd peasant:—here the  
Of a span long that never saw the Sun, [child  
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's perch.  
Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters;  
The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,  
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets  
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,  
Not to be come at by the willing hand.

Here are the prude severe, and gay coquet,  
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,  
Copp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,  
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!

Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;—  
And jovial youth of lightsome vacant heart,  
Whose every day was made of melody, [shrew,  
Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill-tongu'd  
Mek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.  
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;  
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,  
The downright clown, and perfectly well bred;  
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,  
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;  
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time;  
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man!—how happy once in thy first state!  
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,  
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well-pleas'd,  
Smil'd on his last fair work.—Then all was well.  
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;  
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,  
That play their several parts.—Nor head, nor heart,  
Offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they should;  
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,  
Nor anxious castings-up of what might be,  
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom.—Summer seas  
Show not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern

winds,  
Just ready to expire.—Scarce importun'd,  
The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,  
Offer'd the various produce of the year,  
And every thing most perfect in its kind.  
Bless'd! thrice-bless'd days!—But, ah! how short!  
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men;  
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.

Oh! slippery state of things!—What sudden  
What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf [turns!  
Of man's sad history!—To-day most happy,  
And ere to-morrow's Sun has set, most abject.  
How scant the space between these vast extremes!  
Thus far'd it with our sire:—not long he enjoy'd  
His Paradise—scarce had the happy tenant

Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,  
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,  
Ne'er to return again.—And must he go?  
Can bought compound for the first dire offence  
Of erring man?—Like one that is condemn'd,  
Pain would he trifle time with idle talk,  
And parley with his fate.—But 'tis in vain—  
Not all the lavish odours of the place  
Offer'd in incense can procure his pardon,  
Or mitigate his doom.—A mighty angel  
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,  
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take  
One last and farewell round.—At once be lost  
His glory and his God.—If mortal now,  
And sorely maim'd, no wonder.—Man has sinn'd.  
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,  
Evil he needs would try: nor fry'd in vain.  
(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!  
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)

Alas! too well he sped; the good he scorn'd  
Stalk'd off reluctant like an ill-us'd ghost,  
Not to return;—or if it did, its visits,  
Like those of angels, short and far between:  
Whilst the black Demon, with his Hell-scap'd train,  
Admitted once into its better room,  
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;  
Lording it o'er the man: who now too late  
Saw the rash error, which he could not mend:  
An error fatal not to him alone,  
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.  
Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans  
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,  
And its vast body bleeds thro' every vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!  
Greatest and worst of ills.—The fruitful parent  
Of woes of all dimensions!—But for thee  
Sorrow had never been.—All-noxious thing,  
Of vilest nature!—Other sorts of evils  
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.  
The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails,  
That belches molten stone, and globes of fire,  
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,  
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,  
And there it stops.—The big-swolln inundation,  
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,  
Buries whole tracts of country, threatening more;  
But that, too, has its shore it cannot pass.  
More dreadful far than these, Sin has laid waste,  
Not here and there a country, but a world:  
Dispatching at a wide-extended blow  
Entire mankind; and, for their sakes, defacing  
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;  
Blasting the fruitful grain, the loaded branches,  
And marking all along its way with ruin.

Accursed thing!—Oh! where shall Fancy find  
A proper name to call thee by, expressive  
Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!  
Of temper so transcendently malign,  
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind,  
Compar'd to thee, are harmless.—Sicknesses  
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,  
And bluest plagues, are thine.—See how the fiend  
Profusely scatters the contagion round!  
Whilst deep-mouth'd Slaughter, bellowing at her  
heels,

Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-morrow  
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,  
And inly pines 'till the dread blow is struck.

But hold:—I've gone too far; too much discov-  
er'd



My father's nakedness, and Nature's shame.—  
 Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,  
 One burst of filial duty and condolence,  
 O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread;  
 This chaos of mankind.—O great man-eater!  
 Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not sated yet!  
 Unheard-of epicure! without a fellow!  
 The veriest gluttons do not always cram;  
 Some intervals of abstinence are sought  
 To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.  
 Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,  
 And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,  
 This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full;  
 But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:  
 Like one, whose days are defrauded of his meals,  
 On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand,  
 And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings;  
 As if diseases, massacres, and poison,  
 Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.  
 But know that thou must render up the dead,  
 And with high interest too.—They are not thine;  
 But only in thy keeping for a season,  
 Till the great promis'd day of restitution;  
 When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump  
 Of strong-lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives,  
 And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,  
 Day-light and liberty.—  
 Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal  
 The mines that lay long forming under ground,  
 In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,  
 And pure as silver from the crucible,  
 That twice has stood the torture of the fire  
 And inquisition of the forge.—We know  
 Th' illustrious deliverer of mankind,  
 The Son of God, thee foil'd.—Him in thy pow'r  
 Thou couldst not hold:—self-vigorous he rose,  
 And shaking off thy fetters, soon retook  
 Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:  
 (Sure pledge of our release from thy thrall!)  
 Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on Earth,  
 And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,  
 By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting  
 Had not a scruple left.—This having done,  
 He mounted up to Heav'n.—Methinks I see him  
 Climb the aerial heights, and glide along  
 Athwart the sev'ring clouds; but the faint eye,  
 Flung backward in the chase, soon drops its hold,  
 Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.  
 Heav'n's portals wide expand to let him in;  
 Nor are his friends shut out: as a great prince  
 Not for himself alone procures admission,  
 But for his train.—It was his royal will,  
 That where he is, there should his followers be.  
 Death only lies between.—A gloomy path!  
 Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:  
 But not untrod nor tedious; the fatigue  
 Will soon go off: besides, there's no by-road  
 To bliss.—Then why, like ill-condition'd children,  
 Start we at transient hardships in the way  
 That leads to purer air, and softer skies,  
 And a ne'er setting Sun?—Fools that we are!  
 We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom;  
 But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.  
 So have I seen, upon a summer's ev'n,  
 Fast by a riv'let's brink a youngster play:  
 How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!  
 This moment resolute, next unresolv'd:

At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,  
 His fears redouble, and he runs away  
 From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now  
 Of all the flow'rs that paint the farther bank,  
 And smil'd so sweet of late.—Thrice welcome Death!  
 That after many a painful bleeding step  
 Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe  
 On the long-wish'd-for shore.—Prodigious change!  
 Our bane turn'd to a blessing!—Death, disarm'd,  
 Loses his fellness quite.—All thanks to Him  
 Who scourg'd the venom out.—Sure the last end  
 Of the good man is peace!—How calm his exit!  
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,  
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.  
 Behold him in the evening tide of life,  
 A life well spent, whose early care it was  
 His ripper years should not upbraid his green:  
 By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;  
 Yet, like the Sun, seems larger at his setting:  
 (High in his faith and hopes) look how he reaches  
 After the prize in view! and, like a bird  
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:  
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded  
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits  
 Of the fast-coming harvest.—Then! Oh, then!  
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,  
 Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh! how he longs  
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!  
 'Tis done! and now he's happy!—The glad soul  
 Has not a wish uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag flesh  
 Rests too in hope of meeting once again  
 Its better half, never to sunder more;  
 Nor shall it hope in vain;—the time draws on  
 When not a single spot of burial earth,  
 Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,  
 But must give back its long-committed dust  
 Inviolate:—and faithfully shall these  
 Make up the full account; not the least atom  
 Embezzl'd, or mislaid, of the whole tale.  
 Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;  
 And each shall have his own.—Hence ye profane!  
 Ask not, how this can be?—Sure the same pow'r  
 That reas'd the piece at first, and took it down,  
 Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,  
 And put them as they were.—Almighty God  
 Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd  
 Through length of days; and what he can, he will;  
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.  
 When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering  
 (Not unattentive to the call) shall wake: [dust,  
 And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,  
 With a new elegance of form, unknown  
 To its first state.—Nor shall the conscious soul  
 Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd,  
 Singling its other half, into its arms  
 Shall rush with all th' impatience of a man  
 That's new come home, who, having long been  
 absent,  
 With haste runs over ev'ry different room,  
 In pain to see the whole. Thrice-happy meeting!  
 Nor Time, nor Death, shall ever part them more.  
 'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;  
 We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.  
 Thus at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird  
 Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake  
 Cows down, and dozes till the dawn of day,  
 Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and beats away.

THE  
P O E M S  
OF  
*ROBERT LLOYD.*



THE

## LIFE OF ROBERT LLOYD.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

---

ROBERT LLOYD was born at Westminster, in the year 1733. His father, Dr. Pierson Lloyd, was second master of Westminster-school, afterwards chancellor of York, and portionist of Weddesdon, in Bucks. His learning, judgment, and moderation endeared him to all who partook of his instructions during a course of almost fifty years spent in the service of the public at Westminster-school. He had a pension from his Majesty of 500*l.* conferred upon him in his old age, which was ordered to be paid without deduction, and which he enjoyed until his death, Jan. 5, 1781<sup>1</sup>.

Robert was educated at Westminster-school, where, unfortunately, he had for his associates Churchill, Thornton, Colman, and some others, to whose example his erroneous life may be ascribed. In 1751, he stood first on the list of Westminster scholars, who went to Trinity College, Cambridge, at the same time that his schoolfellow Colman obtained the same rank among those sent to Oxford. In 1755, he took the degree of bachelor, and in 1761 that of master of arts.

While at the university he wrote several of his smaller pieces, and acquired the reputation of a lively and promising genius. But his conduct was marked by so many irregularities as to induce his father to wish him more immediately under his eye; and with the hope of reclaiming him to sobriety and study, he procured him the place of usher at Westminster-school. His education had amply qualified him for the employment, but his inclination led him to a renewed connection with Churchill, Thornton, and others, who deemed themselves exempt from the duties and decencies of moral life.

At what time he quitted the school we are not told. In 1760 and 1761 he superintended the poetical department of a short-lived periodical publication, entitled, *The Library*, of which the late Dr. Kippis was the editor. In 1760 he published the first of his productions which attracted much notice, *The Actor*. It was recommended by an easy and harmonious versification, and by the liberality of his censures, which were levelled at certain improprieties common to actors in general. By this poem, Churchill

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Dr. Newton, bishop of Bristol, prefixed to his works, 8vo. p. 16, 17.*

is said to have been stimulated to write his *Rosciad*, in which he descended from general to personal criticism. The subjects, however, were so alike, that Lloyd was for some time supposed to be the author of the *Rosciad*, which he took an early opportunity to deny, and not only acknowledged his inferiority, but attached himself more closely than ever to the fame and fortunes of Churchill.

In the same year he attempted a small piece of the musical kind, called, *The Tears and Triumphs of Parnassus*, and the following season had another little opera performed at Drury-lane Theatre in honour of their present majesties' nuptials, entitled, *Arcadia*; or, *The Shepherd's Wedding*. The profit arising from these pieces was not great, but probably enough to induce him to become an author by profession, although no man ever ventured on that mode of life with fewer qualifications. His poetical productions were of such a trifling cast as to bring him very small supplies, and he had neither taste nor industry for literary employment.

In 1762, he attempted to establish a periodical work, *The St. James's Magazine*, which was to be the depository of his own effusions, aided by the contributions of his friends: the latter, however, came in tardily; Churchill, from whom he had great expectations, contributed nothing, although such of his poems as he published during the sale of the magazine were liberally praised. Thornton gave a very few prose essays, and poetical pieces were furnished by Dennis and Emily, two versifiers of forgotten reputation. Lloyd himself had none of the steady industry which a periodical work requires, and his magazine was often made up, partly from books, and partly from the *St. James's Chronicle*, of which Colman and Thornton were proprietors and regular contributors. Lloyd also translated some of Marmontel's *Tales* for the magazine, and part of a French play, in order to fix upon Murphy the charge of plagiarism. This magazine, after existing about a year, was dropt for want of encouragement, as far as Lloyd was concerned; but was continued for some time longer by Dr. Kenrick, a man of much general knowledge and acuteness, but of an irritable temper, and coarse and acrimonious in his resentments.

Lloyd's imprudence and necessities were now beyond relief or forbearance, and his creditors confined him within the Fleet prison, where he afforded a melancholy instance of the unstable friendship of wits. Dr. Kenrick informs us that even Thornton, though his bosom friend from their infancy, refused to be his security for the liberty of the rules; a circumstance, which, giving rise to some ill-natured altercation, induced this *quondam* friend to become an inveterate enemy in the quality of his most inexorable creditor.

As Dr. Kenrick has carefully avoided dates in his account of Lloyd, I can only conjecture that it was during his imprisonment that he published a very indifferent translation of Klopstock's *Death of Adam*. After that, his *Capricious Lovers*, a comic opera, was acted for a few nights at Drury-lane Theatre. This is an adaptation of Favart's *Ninette à la Cour* to the English stage, but Lloyd had no original powers in dramatic composition. Churchill and Wilkes are said to have afforded him a weekly stipend from the commencement of his imprisonment until his final release. How this was paid we know not: Wilkes had been long out of the kingdom, and Churchill, who left Lloyd in a gaol when he went to France, bequeathed him a ring only as a remembrance. It is

\* Among other expedients for his relief, Churchill promoted, with considerable success, a subscription for an edition of his collected poems. From this and other circumstances, it may be conjectured that Lloyd's imprisonment commenced in the latter end of the year 1763.

more probable that his father assisted him on this occasion, although it might not be in his power to pay his debts. He had in vain tried every means to reclaim him from idleness and intemperance, and had long borne "the drain or burthen" which he was to his family. The known abilities of this unhappy son "rendered this blow the more grievous to so good a father," who is characterized as a man that "with all his troubles and disappointments, with all the sickness and distress of his family, still preserved his calm, placid countenance, his easy cheerful temper, and was at all times an agreeable friend and companion, in all events a true Christian philosopher".

Deserted by his associates, Lloyd became careless of his health, and fled for temporary relief to the exhilarating glass, which brought on fits of despondency. His recollections must indeed have been truly painful, when he remembered for what and for whom he had given up the fairer prospects of his youth. He appears to have been wholly undeserving the neglect of those with whom he loved to associate. In his friendships he was warm, constant, and grateful, "more sinned against than sinning;" and it would be difficult to find an apology for the conduct of those prosperous friends to whose reputation he had contributed in no inconsiderable degree by his writings. Among those, however, Hogarth appears to have been unjustly ranked. An irreconcilable quarrel had long subsisted between this artist and Churchill's friends, and, much decayed in health, Hogarth languished for some time at Chiswick, where he died nearly two months before Lloyd.

The news of Churchill's death being announced somewhat abruptly to Lloyd, while he was sitting at dinner, he was seized with a sudden sickness, and saying, "I shall follow poor Charice," took to his bed, from which he never rose. It is added by his biographer, that during his last illness he was attended with great affection by Miss Patty Churchill, a sister of the poet, to whom he was betrothed, and who died of grief soon after. This story is not very probable; and it is certain that the lady did not die till September 1768.

Lloyd's short and unhappy life terminated December 15, 1764, and his remains were deposited, without ceremony, on the 19th, in the churchyard of St. Bride's parish. Ten years afterwards, his poetical works were published in two handsome volumes, by Dr. Kenrick, who prefixed some memoirs, written in a negligent manner, and without a single date of birth, death, events, or publications. Some additional pieces were inserted in the last edition of Dr. Johnson's poets; but *The Law Student*, hitherto printed as Lloyd's, was afterwards claimed by Colman, and is now omitted. The *Ballad*, also, "Hark, hark, 'tis a Voice from the Tomb," is omitted, as belonging to Moore, and printed in his own edition of his works, in 1756. Lloyd borrowed it for the *St. James's Magazine*, and was so imprudent or forgetful as to affix his name to it in the table of contents.

As Lloyd's poems have already been added to the works of the English poets, it may be improper to discard what has once received the public sanction; but he certainly merits no very distinguished rank among men of real genius. His chief excellence was the facility with which he wrote a number of smooth and pleasing lines, tinged with gay humour, on any topic which presented itself. But he has no where attempted, or afforded us much reason to think, that by any diligence or effort, he could have attained the higher species of his art. He has neither originality of thought, nor

<sup>2</sup> Bp. Newton's Life. P. 168.

elegance of expression. It has been observed that those poets who have been degraded by the licentiousness of their lives have rarely surpassed the excellence, of whatever degree, which first brought them into notice. Lloyd, however, had not the excuse which has been advanced in some recent instances. He was neither spoiled by patronage, nor flattered into indolence by injudicious praise, and extravagant hopes. The friends of his youth were those of his mature years, and of the few whom he lost, he had only the melancholy recollection that some of them had quitted him from shame, and some from ingratitude.

The Actor was his most favoured piece, and which he never surpassed, but it sunk before the *Rosciad*: the rest of his poems are effusions addressed to friends on subjects which relate principally to himself, and with a distinction which friends only would think valuable. They have not, like Churchill's, the advantage of being connected with public men or measures, which may be remembered or sought for. In translation he might probably have succeeded, if he had not lost perseverance; but he does not appear to have attempted it, until compelled by distress, when his spirit was broken by anxiety, or poorly cheered by intemperance.

He was a professed imitator of Prior; and Cowper, who was once his associate, in an *Epistle* published by Mr. Hayley, compliments him as

————— born sole heir and single  
Of dear Mat. Prior's easy jingle.

Mr. Wilkes's character of Lloyd must not be omitted. "Mr. Lloyd was mild and affable in private life, of gentle manners, and very engaging in conversation. He was an excellent scholar, and an easy natural poet. His peculiar excellence was the dressing up an old thought in a new, neat, and trim manner. He was contented to scamper round the foot of Parnassus on his little Welsh poney, which seems never to have tired. He left the fury of the winged steed and the daring heights of the sacred mountain to the sublime genius of his friend Churchill."

Much of this character Lloyd himself anticipated, particularly in these lines:

I cannot strive with daring flight  
To reach the bold Parnassian height:  
But at its foot, content to stray,  
In easy unambitious way,  
Pick up those flowers the Muses send,  
To make a nosegay for my friend——  
You,—ever in this easy vein,  
This prose in verse, this measur'd talk,  
This pace, that's neither trot nor walk,  
Aim at no flight, nor strive to give  
A real poem fit to live.

Although he followed Churchill in some of his prejudices, and learned to rail at colleges, and at men of prudence, we find him generally good-tempered and playful. His satire is seldom bitter, and probably was not much felt. Having consented to yield the palm to Churchill, the world took him at his word; and his enemies, if he had any, must have been those who were very easily provoked.

# POEMS

OF

## ROBERT LLOYD.

### THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

MY works are advertis'd for sale,  
And censures fly as thick as hail;  
While my poor scheme of publication  
Supplies the dearth of conversation.  
"What will the world say?"—That's your cry.  
Who is the world? and what am I?

Once, but, thank Heaven, those days are o'er,  
And persecution reigns no more,  
One man, one hardy man alone,  
Usurp'd the critic's vacant throne,  
And thence with neither taste nor wit,  
By powerful catcall from the pit,  
Knock'd farce, and play, and actor down.  
Who pass'd the sentence then?—the town.  
So now each upstart puny elf  
Talks of the world, and means himself.

Yet in the circle there are those  
Who hurt e'en more than open foes:  
Whose friendship serves the talking turn,  
Just simmers to a kind concern,  
And with a wond'rous soft expression  
Expatiates upon indiscretion;  
Flies from the poems to the man,  
And gratifies the favourite plan  
To pull down other's reputation,  
And build their own on that foundation.

The scholar grave, of taste discerning,  
Who lives on credit for his learning,  
And has no better claim to wit  
Than carping at what others writ,  
With pitying kindness, friendly fear,  
Whispers conjectures in your ear.  
"I'm sorry—and he's much to blame—  
He might have publish'd—but his name!  
The thing might please a few, no doubt,  
As lauded privately about—  
It might amuse a friend or two,  
Some partial friend like me and you;  
But when it comes to press and print  
You'll find, I fear, but little in't.  
He stands upon a dangerous brink  
Who totters o'er the sea of ink,  
Where reputation runs aground,  
The author cast away, and drown'd.

"And then—'t was wilful and absurd,  
(So well approv'd, so well prefer'd)

Abruptly thus a place to quit  
A place which most his genius hit,  
The theatre for Latin wit!  
With critics round him chaste and terse,  
To give a plaudit to his verse!"

Latin, I grant, shows college breeding,  
And some school common-place of reading;  
But has in moderns small pretension  
To real wit or strong invention.  
The excellence you critics praise  
Hangs on a curious choice of phrase;  
Which pick'd and chosen here and there,  
From prose or verse no matter where,  
Jumbled together in a dish,  
Like Spanish olio, fowl, flesh, fish,  
You set the classic hodge-podge on  
For pedant wits to feed upon.  
Your would-be geni vainly seek  
Fame for their Latin, verse, or Greek;  
Who would for that be most admir'd  
Which blockheads may, and have acquir'd.  
A mere mechanical connection  
Of favourite words,—a bare collection  
Of phrases,—where the labour'd cento  
Presents you with a dull memento,  
How Virgil, Horace, Ovid join,  
And club together half a line.  
These only strain their motley wits  
In gathering patches, shreds, and bits,  
To wrap their barren fancies in,  
And make a classic Harlequin.

—Were I at once empower'd to show  
My utmost vengeance on my foe,  
To punish with extremest rigour,  
I could inflict no penance bigger  
Than using him as learning's tool  
To make him usher of a school.  
For, not to dwell upon the toil  
Of working on a barren soil,  
And lab'ring with incessant pains  
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,  
The duties there but ill befit  
The love of letters, arts, or wit.  
For whosoe'er, though slightly, sips,  
Their grateful flavour with his lips,  
Will find it leave a smatch behind,  
Shall sink so deeply in the mind,  
It never thence can be eras'd—  
But, rising up, you call it taste.



'T were foolish for a drudge to choose  
A gusto which he cannot use,  
Better discard the idle whim,  
What's he to taste? or taste to him?  
For me, it hurts me to the soul  
To brook confinement or controul;  
Still to be pinion'd down to teach  
The syntax and the parts of speech;  
Or, what perhaps is drudging worse,  
The links, and joints, and rules of verse;  
To deal out authors by retail,  
Like penny pots of Oxford ale;  
—Oh! 'Tis a service irksome more  
Than tugging at the slavish oar.

Yet such his task, a dismal truth,  
Who watches o'er the bent of youth;  
And while, a paltry stipend earning,  
He sows the richest seeds of learning,  
And tills their minds with proper care,  
And sees them their due produce bear,  
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,  
His own lies fallow all the while.

"Yet still he's in the road," you say,  
"Of learning."—Why, perhaps, he may.  
But turns like horses in a mill,  
Not getting on, nor standing still:  
For little way his learning reaches,  
Who reads no more than what he teaches.

"Yet you can send advent'rous youth,  
In search of letters, taste, and truth,  
Who ride the highway road to knowledge  
Through the plain turnpikes of a college."  
True.—Like way-posts, we serve to show  
The road which travellers should go;  
Who jog along in easy pace,  
Secure of coming to the place,  
Yet find, return whenever they will,  
The post, and its direction still:  
Which stands an useful unthank'd guide,  
To many a passenger beside.

'Tis hard to carve for others meat,  
And not have time one's self to eat.  
Though, be it always understood,  
Our appetites are full as good.

"But there have been, and proofs appear,  
Who bore this load from year to year;  
Whose claim to letters, parts and wit,  
The world has ne'er disputed yet.  
Whether the flowing mirth prevail  
In Wesley's song, or humorous tale;  
Or happier Bourne's<sup>1</sup> expression please  
With graceful turns of classic ease;  
Or Oxford's well-read poet sings  
Pathetic to the ear of kings:  
These have indulg'd the Muses' flight,  
Nor lost their time nor credit by't;  
Nor suffer'd Fancy's dreams to prey  
On the due business of the day.  
Verse was to them a recreation  
Us'd by way of relaxation."

Your instances are fair and true,  
And genius I respect with you.  
I envy none their honest praise;  
I seek to blast no scholar's bays:

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Wesley, and Vincent Bourne, both ushers of Westminster-school, and poets, although of very unequal merit. Bourne excelled in Latin poetry. C.

Still let the graceful foliage spread  
Its greenest honours round their head,  
Blest if the Muses' hand entwine  
A sprig at least to circle mine!

Come,—I admit, you tax me right  
Prudence, 'tis true, was out of sight,  
And you may whisper all you meet,  
The man was vague and indiscreet.  
Yet tell me, while you censure me,  
Are you from error sound and free,  
Say, does your breast no bias hide,  
Whose influence draws the mind aside?

All have their hobby horse you see,  
From Tristram down to you and me.  
Ambition, splendour, may be thine;  
Ease, indolence, perhaps are mine.  
Though prudence, and our nature's pride  
May wish our weaknesses to hide,  
And set their hedges up before 'em,  
Some sprouts will branch and straggle o'er 'em.  
Strive, fight against her how you will,  
Nature will be the mistress still,  
And though you curb with double rein,  
She'll run away with us again.

But let a man of parts be wrong,  
'Tis triumph to the leaden throng,  
The fools shall cackle out reproof,  
The very ass shall raise his hoof;  
And he who holds in his possession,  
The single virtue of discretion,  
Who knows no overflow of spirit,  
Whose want of passions is his merit,  
Whom wit and taste and judgment flies,  
Shall abate his noddle, and seem wise.

### THE ACTOR.

ADDRESSED TO BONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws,  
From no observance of mechanic laws:  
No settled maxims of a favorite stage,  
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,  
Let players nicely mark them as they will,  
Can e'er entail hereditary skill.  
If, 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit,  
Some curious vet'ran critic chance to sit,  
Is he pleas'd more because 't was acted so  
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago?  
The mind recalls an object held more dear,  
And bates the copy, that it comes so near.  
Why lov'd he Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone  
In them 't was natural, 't was all their own.  
A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise,  
But gives his mimic no reflected praise.

Thrice happy genius, whose unrival'd name  
Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!  
'Tis thine to lead with more than magic skill,  
The train of captive passions at thy will;  
To bid the bursting tear spontaneous flow  
In the sweet sense of sympathetic woe:  
Through ev'ry vein I feel a chillness creep,  
When horrors such as thine *have murder'd sleep*;  
And at the old man's look and frantic stare  
'Tis Lear alarms me, for I see him there.  
Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,  
The comic Muse too claims thee for her own.  
With each delightful requisite to please,  
Taste, spirit, judgment, elegance, and ease,

Familiar Nature forms thy only rule,  
From Ranger's rake to Druggier's vacant fool.  
With powers so pliant, and so various blest,  
That what we see the last, we like the best.  
Not idly pleas'd at judgment's dear expense,  
But burst outrageous with the laugh of sense.

Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,  
'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.  
The play'r's profession (though I hate the phrase,  
'Tis so mechanic in these modern days)  
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,  
Nature's true knowledge is the only art.  
The strong-felt passion bolts into his face,  
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace!  
To this one standard make your just appeal,  
Here lies the golden secret; learn to feel.  
Or fool, or monarch, happy, or distress'd,  
No actor pleases that is not *passion'd*.

Once on the stage, in Rome's declining days,  
When Christians were the subject of their plays,  
E'er Persecution dropp'd her iron rod,  
And men still wag'd an impious war with God,  
An actor flourish'd of no vulgar fame,  
Nature's disciple, and Genes's his name.  
A noble object for his skill he chose,  
A martyr dying 'midst insulting foes.  
Resign'd with patience to religion's laws,  
Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cause.  
Fill'd with th' idea of the sacred part,  
He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,  
While look and voice, and gesture, all express  
A kindred ardour in the player's breast;  
Till as the flame through all his bosom ran,  
He lost the actor, and commenc'd the man;  
Profess the faith; his pagan gods denied,  
And what he acted then, he after died.

The player's province they but vainly try, [eye.  
Who want these pow'rs, deportment, voice, and

The critic sight 'tis only grace can please,  
No figure charms us if it has not ease.  
There are, who think the stature all in all,  
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.

The feeling sense all other want supplies,  
I rate no actor's merit from his size.  
Superior height requires superior grace,  
And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,  
Affect to mark the solemn pace of state.  
One foot put forward in position strong,  
The other, like its vassal, dragg'd along.  
So grave each motion, so exact and slow,  
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet show.  
The mien delights us that has native grace,  
But affectation ill supplies its place.

Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,  
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes;  
However foreign from the poet's art,  
No tragic hero but admires a start.  
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,  
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?  
While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,  
Till Praise dismiss him with her echoing hands!  
Resolv'd, though Nature hate the tedious pause,  
By perseverance to extort applause.

When Romeo sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,  
With eager madness burns the canvas tomb,  
The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,  
Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,  
The proper action Nature's self will tell;

No pleasing pow'rs distortions e'er express,  
And nicer judgment always loathes excess.  
In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,  
Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.

Of all the evils which the stage molests,  
Hate your fool who overacts his jest;  
Who murders what the poet finely writ,  
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,  
With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,  
And writes a foolish comment with his face.  
Old Jonson once, though Cibber's perter vein<sup>1</sup>  
But meanly groupes him with a numerous train,  
With steady face, and sober hum'rous mien,  
Fill'd the strong outlines of the comic scene,  
What was writ down, with decent ut'trance spoke,  
Betray'd no symptom of the conscious joke;  
The very man in look, in voice, in air,  
And though upon the stage, appear'd no play'r.

The word and action should conjointly suit,  
But acting words is labour too minute.  
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;  
While sober humour marks th' impression strong.  
Her proper traits the first attention hit,  
And bring me closer to the poet's wit;  
With her delighted o'er each scene I go,  
Well-pleas'd, and not ashamed of being so.

But let the generous actor still forbear  
To copy features with a mimic's care!  
'Tis a poor skill which ev'ry fool can reach,  
A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach.  
Worse as more close, the disingenuous art  
But shows the wanton looseness of the heart.  
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,  
Drag private foibles on the public scene,  
Foreaking Nature's fair and open road  
To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode,  
Fir'd with disgust I loath his servile plan,  
Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.  
Go to the lame, to hospital's repair,  
And hunt for humour in distortions there!

Fill up the measure of the motley whim  
With shrug, wink, snaffle, and convulsive limb;  
Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,  
Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage!

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,  
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear. [moan,  
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious  
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,  
The same soft sounds of unimpassion'd woes  
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express,  
That marks the proper word with proper stress.  
But none emphatic can that actor call,  
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll  
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll,  
Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,  
Their words, like stage processions, stalk along.  
All affectation but creates disgust,  
And e'en in speaking we may seem too just.

Nor proper, Thornton, can those sounds appear  
Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear;  
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,  
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;  
Repeating what the poet sets not down,  
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,  
While pause, and break, and repetition join  
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

<sup>1</sup> See Cibber's Apology, 8vo. 1750.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene  
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene;  
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,  
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,  
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.  
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze  
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,  
Than he, who, swol'n with big impetuous rage,  
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,  
Will find true nature cling about his heart.  
The modes of grief are not included all  
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;  
A single look more marks th' internal woe,  
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh.  
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,  
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes;  
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,  
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

In vain Ophelia gives her flow'ers round,  
And with her straws fantastic strews the ground,  
In vain now sings, now heaves the desprate sigh,  
If phrenzy sit not in the troubled eye.

In Cibber's look commanding sorrows speak,  
And call the tear fast trick'ling down my cheek.

There is a fault which stirs the critic's rage;  
A want of due attention on the stage.  
I have seen actors, and admir'd ones too, [cue,  
Whose tongues wound up set forward from their  
In their own speech who whine, or roar away,  
Yet seem unmov'd at what the rest may say;  
Whose eyes and thoughts on different objects  
room,

Until the prompter's voice recall them home.

Divest yourself of hearers, if you can,  
And strive to speak, and be the very man.  
Why should the well-bred actor wish to know  
Who sits above to night, or who below?  
So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,  
Italian squallers oft disgrace the stage;  
When, with a simpring leer, and bow profound,  
The squeaking Cyrus greets the boxes round;  
Or prond Mandane, of imperial race,  
Familiar drops a curt'sie to her grace.

To suit the dress demands the actor's art,  
Yet there are those who over-dress the part.  
To some prescriptive right gives settled things,  
Black wigs to murderers, feather'd hats to kings.  
But Michael Cassio might be drunk enough,  
Though all his features were not grim'd with snuff.  
Why should Pol Peachum shine in satin clothes?  
Why ev'ry devil dance in scarlet hose?

But in stage-customs what offends me most  
Is the slip-door, and slowly-rising ghost.  
Tell me, nor count the question too severe,  
Why need the dismal powder'd forms appear?

When chilling horrors shake the affrighted  
king,

And Guilt torments him with her scorpion sting;  
When keenest feelings at his bosom pull,  
And Fancy tells him that the seat is full;  
Why need the ghost usurp the monarch's place,  
To frighten children with his mealy face?  
The king alone should form the phantom there,  
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> This has been attempted by Mr. Kemble, but not much to the satisfaction of the audience. C.

If Belvidera her lov'd loss deplore,  
Why for twin spectres bursts the yawning floor?  
When with disorder'd starts, and horrid cries,  
She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,  
And still pursues them with a frantic stare,  
'Tis pregnant madness brings the visions there.  
More instant horror would enforce the scene,  
If all her shadd'rings were at shapes unseen.

Poet and actor thus, with blended skill,  
Mould all our passions to their instant will;  
'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the stage,  
(The speaking comment of his Shakespear's page)  
Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,  
I shake with horror, or dissolve with tears.

O, ne'er may Folly seize the throne of Taste,  
Nor Dullness lay the realms of Genius waste!

No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,  
No tumbler float upon the bending wire!  
More natural uses to the stage belong,  
Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song.  
For other purpose was that spot design'd;  
To purge the passions, and reform the mind,  
To give to Nature all the force of art,  
And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.

Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend,  
The decent stage as Virtue's natural friend.  
Though oft debas'd with scenes profane and loose,  
No reason weighs against its proper use.  
Though the lewd priest his sacred function shames,  
Religion's perfect law is still the same.

Shall they, who trace the passions from their  
rise,

Show Scorn her features, her own image Vice,  
Who teach the mind its proper force to scan,  
And hold the faithful mirror up to man,  
Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain,  
Who stand the foremost in the moral train,  
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,  
And strike the precept home upon the heart?

Yet, hapless artist! though thy skill can raise  
The bursting peal of universal praise,

Though at thy beck Applause delighted stands,  
And lifts, Briareus like, her hundred hands,  
Know, Fame awards thee but a partial breath!  
Not all thy talents brave the stroke of Death.

Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,  
And latest times th' eternal nature feel.  
Though blended here the praise of bard and play'r,  
While more than half becomes the actors share,  
Relentless Death untwists the mingled fame,  
And sinks the player in the poet's name.

The pliant muscles of the various face,  
The mien that gave each sentence strength and  
grace,

The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,  
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

#### THE POETRY PROFESSORS.

OLD England has not lost her pray'r,  
And George, (thank Heaven!) has got an heir.  
A royal babe, a prince of Wales,  
—Poets! I pity all your naile—  
What reams of paper will be spoil'd!  
What graduses be daily soild'  
By ink fingers, greasy thumbs,  
Jlunting the word that never comes!  
Now academics pump their wits,  
And lash in vain their lazy tits;

In rain they whip, and slash, and spur,  
 The callous jades will never stir;  
 Nor can they reach Parnassus' bill,  
 Try every method which they will.  
 Nay, should the tits get on for once,  
 Each rider is so grave a dunce,  
 That, as I've heard good judges say,  
 'Tis ten to one they'd lose their way;  
 Though not one wit bestrides the back  
 Of useful drudge, ycleped hack,  
 But fine bred things of mettled blood,  
 Pick'd from Apollo's royal stud.  
 Greek, Roman, nay Arabian steeds,  
 Or those our mother country breeds;  
 Some ride ye in, and ride ye out,  
 And to come home go round about,  
 Nor on the green sward, nor the road,  
 And that I think they call an Ode.  
 Some take the pleasant country air,  
 And smack their whips and drive a pair,  
 Each horse with bells which clink and chime,  
 And so they march—and that is rhyme.  
 Some copy with prodigious skill  
 The figures of a battery-bill,  
 Which, with great folks of erudition,  
 Shall pass for Coptic or Phœnician.  
 While some, as patriot love prevails,  
 To compliment a prince of Wales,  
 Salute the royal babe in Welsh,  
 And send forth gutturals like a belch.

What pretty things imagination  
 Will fritter out in adulation!  
 The pagan gods shall visit Earth,  
 To triumph in a Christian's birth.  
 While classic poets, pure and chaste,  
 Of trim and academic taste,  
 Shall lug them in by head and shoulders,  
 To be or speakers, or beholders.  
 Mars shall present him with a lance,  
 To humble Spain and conquer France;  
 The Graces, buxom, blithe, and gay,  
 Shall at his cradle dance the hay;  
 And Venus, with her train of loves,  
 Shall bring a thousand pair of doves  
 To bill, to coo, to whine, to squeak,  
 Through all the dialects of Greek.  
 How many swains of classic breed,  
 Shall deftly tune their oaten reed,  
 And bring their Doric nymphs to town,  
 To sing their measures up and down,  
 In notes alternate clear and sweet,  
 Like ballad-singers in a street.  
 While those who grasp at reputation,  
 From imitating imitation,  
 Shall hunt each cranny, nook, and creek,  
 For precious fragments in the Greek,  
 And rob the spital, and the waste,  
 For sense, and sentiment, and taste.

What Latin hodge-podge, Grecian hash,  
 With Hebrew roots, and English trash,  
 Shall academic cooks produce  
 For present show and future use!  
 Fellows! who've soak'd away their knowledge,  
 In sleepy residence at college;  
 Whose lives are like a stagnant pool,  
 Muddy and placid, dull and cool;  
 Mere drinking, eating; eating, drinking;  
 With no impertinence of thinking;  
 Who lack no farther erudition,  
 Than just to set an imposition

To cramp, demolish, and dispirit,  
 Each true begotten child of merit;  
 Censors, who, in the day's broad light,  
 Punish the vice they act at night;  
 Whose charity with self begins,  
 Nor covers of theirs' venial sins;  
 But that their feet may safely tread,  
 Take up hypocrisy instead,  
 As knowing that must always hide  
 A multitude of sins beside;  
 Whose rusty wit is at a stand,  
 Without a freshman at their hand;  
 (Whose service must of course create  
 The just return of sev'n-fold hate)  
 Lord! that such good and useful men  
 Should ever turn to books agen.

Yet matter must be gravely plann'd,  
 And syllables on fingers scan'd,  
 And racking pangs read lab'ring head,  
 Till lady Muse is brought to-bed:  
 What hunting, changing, toiling, sweating,  
 To bring the usual epithet in!  
 Where the cramp't measure kindly shows  
 It will be verse, but should be prose.  
 So, when it's neither light nor dark,  
 To 'prentice spruce, or lawyer's clerk;  
 The nymph, who takes her nightly stand,  
 At some sly corner in the Strand,  
 Plump in the chest, tight in the boddice,  
 Seems to the eye a perfect goddess;  
 But canvass'd more minutely o'er,  
 Turns out an old, stale, batter'd whore.

Yet must these sons of gowned ease,  
 Proud of the plumage of degrees,  
 Forsake their apathy a while,  
 To figure in the Roman stile,  
 And offer incense at the shrine  
 Of Latin poetry divine.

Upon a throne the goddess sits,  
 Surrounded by her bulky wits,  
 Fabricius, Cooper, Calepine,  
 Ainsworthius, Faber, Constantinus;  
 And he, who like Dodona spoke,  
 De Sacra Quercu, Holyoake;  
 These are her counsellors of state,  
 Men of much words, and wits of waight;  
 Here Gradus, full of phrases clever,  
 Lord of her treasury for ever,  
 With liberal hand his bounty deals;  
 Sir Cento keeper of the seals.  
 Next to the person of the queen,  
 Old madam Proseody is seen;  
 Talking incessant, although dumb,  
 Upon her fingers to her thumb.

And all around her portraits hung  
 Of heroes in the Latin tongue;  
 Italian, English, German, French,  
 Who most laboriously entrench  
 In deep parade of language dead,  
 What would not in their own be read,  
 Without impeachment of that taste,  
 Which Latin idiom turns to chaste.  
 Santolius here, whose flippant joke,  
 Sought refuge in a Roman cloak:  
 With dull Commirius at his side,  
 In all the pomp of jesuit pride.  
 Menage, the pedant, figur'd there,  
 A trifier with a solemn air:  
 And there in loose, unseemly view,  
 The graceless, easy Loveling too.

'T is here grave poets urge their claim,  
For some thin blast of tiny fame;  
Here bind their temples drunk with praise,  
With half a sprig of wither'd bays.

O poet, if that honour'd name  
Befits such idle childish aim;  
If Virgil ask thy sacred care,  
If Horace charm thee, oh forbear  
To spoil with sacrilegious hand,  
The glories of the classic land:  
Nor sow thy dowlas on the satin,  
Of their pure uncorrupted Latin.  
Better be native in thy verse,  
What is Fingal but genuine Erse?  
Which all sublime sonorous flows,  
Like Hervey's thoughts in drunken prose.

Hail Scotland, hail, to thee belong  
All pow'rs, but most the pow'rs of song;  
Whether the rude unpolish'd Erse  
Stalk in the buckram prose or verse,  
Or bonny Ramsay please thee mo',  
Who sang sae sweetly aw his woe.  
If aught (and say who knows so well)  
The second-sighted Muse can tell,  
The happy lairds shall laugh and sing,  
When England's Genius droops his wing,  
So shall thy soil new wealth disclose,  
So thy own thistle choke the rose.

But what comes here? Methinks I see  
A walking university.

See how they press to cross the Tweed,  
And strain their limbs with eager speed!  
While Scotland, from her fertile shore,  
Cries, "On my sons, return no more."

Hither they haste with willing mind,  
Nor cast one longing look behind;  
On ten-toe carriage to salute  
The king, and queen, and earl of Dute.

No more the gallant northern sons  
Spout forth their strings of Latin puns;  
Nor course all languages to frame  
The quibble suited to their name;  
As when their ancestors be-vers'd  
That glorious Stuart, James the First.  
But with that elocution's grace,  
That oratorical flashy lace,  
Which the fam'd Irish Tommy Puff,  
Would sow on sentimental stuff;  
Twang with a sweet pronunciation,  
The flow'rs of bold imagination.  
Macpherson leads the flaming van,  
Laird of the new Fingalian clan;  
While Jacky Home brings up the rear,  
With new-got pension neat and clear  
Three hundred English pounds a year.  
While sister Peg, our ancient friend,  
Sends Macs and Donalds without end;  
To George awhile they tune their lays,  
Then all their choral voices raise,  
To hear their panegyric wit on  
Th' illustrious chief, and our North Briton.

Hail to the thane, whose patriot skill  
Can break all nations to his will;  
Muster of sciences and arts,  
Mæcenas to all men of parts;  
Whose fost'ring hand, and ready wit,  
Shall find us all in places fit;  
So shall thy friends no longer roam,  
But change to meet a settled home.

Hail mighty thane, for Scotland born,  
To fill her almost empty born:  
Hail to thy ancient glorious stem,  
Not they from kings, but kings from them.

### THE CITY'S COUNTRY BOX, 1757.

*Vos sapere & solas cito bene vivere, quorum,  
Conspicitar nitidis fundata pecunia villis.* Hor.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,  
Now wishes for the rural shade,  
And buckles to his one horse chair,  
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;  
While wedg'd in closely by his side,  
Sits madam, his unwieldy bride,  
With Jacky on a stool before 'em,  
And out they jog in due decorum.  
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,  
How all the country seems to smile!  
And as they slowly jog together,  
The cit commends the road and weather;  
While madam doats upon the trees,  
And longs for every house she sees,  
Admires its views, its situation,  
And thus she opens her oration:

"What signify the loads of wealth,  
Without that richest jewel, health?  
Excuse the fondness of a wife,  
Who doats upon your precious life!  
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,  
Is more than human strength can bear.  
One may observe it in your face—  
Indeed, my dear, you break apace:  
And nothing can your health repair,  
But exercise and country air.

Sir Traffic has a house, you know,  
About a mile from Cheney-Row;  
He's a good man, indeed 't is true,  
But not so warm, my dear, as you:  
And folks are always apt to sneer—  
One would not be out-done, my dear!"

Sir Traffic's name, so well apply'd,  
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;  
And Thrifty, who had all his life  
Paid utmost deference to his wife,  
Confess'd her arguments had reason,  
And by th' approaching summer season,  
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,  
And purchases his country box.

Some three or four miles out of town,  
(An hour's ride will bring you down,)  
He fixes on his choice abode,  
Not half a furlong from the road:  
And so convenient does it lay,  
The stages pass it ev'ry day:  
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,  
To have an house so near the city!  
Take but your places at the Boar  
You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,  
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,  
Hugging themselves in ease and closer,  
With all the fuss of moving over;  
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred!  
And wanton in my lady's head.

"Well to be sure, it must be own'd,  
It is a charming spot of ground;

So sweet a distance for a ride,  
 And all about so countrified!  
 'Twould come but to a trifling price  
 To make it quite a Paradise;  
 I cannot bear those nasty rails,  
 Those ugly broken mouldy pales:  
 Suppose, my dear, instead of these,  
 We build a railing, all Chinese.  
 Although one hates to be expos'd;  
 'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd;  
 One hardly any object sees—  
 I wish you'd fall those odious trees.  
 Objects continual passing by  
 Were something to amuse the eye,  
 But to be pent within the walls—  
 One might as well be at St. Paul's.  
 Our house, beholders would adore,  
 Was there a level lawn before,  
 Nothing its views to accommodate,  
 But quite laid open to the road;  
 While ev'ry trav'ler in amazement,  
 Should on our little mansion gaze,  
 And pointing to the choice retreat,  
 Cry, 'that's our Thrifty's country seat.'

No doubt her arguments prevail,  
 For madam's taste can never fail.

Best age! when all men may procure  
 The title of a connoisseur;  
 When noble and ignoble herd  
 Are govern'd by a single word;  
 Though, like the royal German dames,  
 It bears an hundred Christian names,  
 As genius, fancy, judgment, goût,  
 Whim, caprice, je-ne-scai-quoi, virtù,  
 Which appellations all describe  
 Taste, and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,  
 With Chinese artists, and designers,  
 Produce their schemes of alteration,  
 To work this wond'rous reformation.  
 The useful dome, which secret stood,  
 Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,  
 The trav'ler with amazement sees  
 A temple, Gothic, or Chinese,  
 With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,  
 And crested with a sprawling dragon;  
 A wooden arch is bent astride  
 A ditch of water, four foot wide,  
 With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,  
 From Halfpenny's exact designs.  
 In front, a level lawn is seen,  
 Without a shrub upon the green,  
 Where taste would want its first great law,  
 Not for the skulking, sly *ho-ah*,  
 By whose miraculous assistance,  
 You gain a prospect two fields distance.  
 And now from Hyde-Park Corner come  
 The gods of Athens, and of Rome.  
 Here squabby Cupids take their places,  
 With Venus, and the clumsy Graces:  
 Apollo there, with aim so clever,  
 Stretches his leaden bow for ever;  
 And there without the pow'r to fly,  
 Stands, fix'd a tip-toe, Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,  
 All own that Thrifty has a taste;  
 And madam's female friends, and cousins,  
 With common-council-men, by dozens,  
 Flock every Sunday to the seat,  
 To stare about them, and to eat.

GENIUS, ENVY, AND TIME,

A PABLE; ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ.

In all professional skill,  
 There never was, nor ever will  
 Be excellence, or exhibition,  
 But fools are up in opposition;  
 Each letter'd, grave, pedantic dunce  
 Wakes from his lethargy at once,  
 Shrugs, shakes his head, and rubs his eyes,  
 And, being dull, looks wond'rous wise,  
 With solemn pbiz, and critic scowl,  
 The wisdom of his brother owl.

Moderns! He hates the very name;  
 Your ancients have prescriptive claim:—  
 But let a century be past,  
 And we have taste and wit at last;  
 For at that period moderns too  
 Just turn the corner of *ow*.

But merit now has little claim  
 To any meed of present fame,  
 For 'tis not worth that gets you friends,  
 'Tis excellence that most offends.  
 If, Proteus-like, a Garrick's art,  
 Shows taste and skill in every part;  
 If, ever just to Nature's plan,  
 He is in all the very man,  
 E'en here shall Envy take her aim,  
 — — — write, and — — — blame.

The Jealous Wife, tho' chastely writ,  
 With no parade of frippery wit,  
 Shall set a scribbling, all at once,  
 Both giant wit, and pigmy dunce;  
 While Critical Reviewers write,  
 Who show their teeth before they bite,  
 And sacrifice each reputation,  
 From wanton false imagination.  
 These observations, rather stale,  
 May borrow spirit from a tale.

Genius, a bustling lad of parts,  
 Who all things did by fits and starts,  
 Nothing above him or below him;  
 Who'd make a riot, or a poem,  
 From eccentricity of thought,  
 Not always do the thing he ought;  
 But was it once his own election,  
 Would bring all matters to perfection;  
 Would act, design, engrave, write, paint,  
 But neither, from the least constraint;  
 Who hated all pedantic schools,  
 And scorn'd the gloss of knowing fools,  
 That hold perfection all in all,  
 Yet treat it as *mechanical*,  
 And give the same sufficient rule  
 To make a poem, as a stool—  
 From the first spring-time of his youth,  
 Was downright worshipper of Truth;  
 And with a free and liberal spirit,  
 His courtship paid to lady Merit.

Envy, a squint-ey'd, mere old maid,  
 Well known among the scribbling trade;  
 A hag, so very, very thin,  
 Her bones peep'd through her bladder-skin;  
 Who could not for her soul abide  
 That folks should praise, where she must chide,  
 Follow'd the youth where'er he went,  
 To mar each good and brave intent;  
 Would lies, and plots, and mischief hatch,  
 To ruin him and spoil the match.

Honour she held at bold defiance,  
Talk'd much of faction, gang, alliance,  
As if the real sons of taste  
Had clubb'd to lay a desert waste.

In short, wherever Genius came,  
You'd find this antiquated dame;  
Whate'er he did, where'er he went,  
She follow'd only to torment;  
Call'd Merit by a thousand names,  
Which decency or truth disclaims,  
While all her business, toil, and care,  
Was to depreciate, lie, compare,  
To pull the modest maiden down,  
And blast her fame to all the town.

The youth, inflam'd with conscious pride,  
To prince Posterity apply'd,  
Who gave his answer thus in rhyme,  
By his chief minister, old Time:

" Repine not at what pedants say,  
We'll bring thee forward on the way;  
If wither'd Envy strive to hurt  
With lies, with impudence, and dirt,  
You only pay a common tax  
Which fool, and knave, and dunce exact.  
Be this thy comfort, this thy joy,  
Thy strength is in its prime, my boy,  
And ev'ry year thy vigour grows,  
Impairs the credit of my foes.  
Envy shall sink, and be no more  
Than what her Naiads were before;  
Mere excremental maggots, bred,  
In poet's topsy-turvy head,  
Born like a momentary fly,  
To flutter, buzz about, and die.

" Yet, Genius, mark what I presage,  
Who look through every distant age:  
Merit shall bless thee with her charms,  
Fame lift thy offspring in her arms,  
And stamp eternity of grace  
On all thy numerous various race.  
Roubilliac, Wilton, names as high  
As Phidias of antiquity,  
Shall strength, expression, manner give,  
And make e'en marble breathe and live;  
While Sigismunda's deep distress,  
Which looks the soul of wretchedness,  
When I, with slow and soft'ning pen,  
Have gone o'er all the tints again,  
Shall urge a bold and proper claim  
To level half the ancient fame;  
While future ages yet unknown  
With critic air shall proudly own  
Thy Hogarth first of every clime  
For humour keen, or strong sublime,  
And hail him from his fire and spirit,  
The child of Genius and of Merit."

### THE HARE AND TORTOISE. 1757.

#### A FABLE.

GENIUS, best term, of meaning wide,  
For none no term so misapply'd,  
How many bear thy sacred name,  
That never felt a real fame!  
Proud of the specious appellation,  
Thus fools have christen'd inclination.

But yet suppose a genius true,  
Example grant, me or you:

Whate'er he tries with due attention,  
Rarely escapes his apprehension;  
Surmounting every opposition,  
You'd swear he learnt by intuition.  
Shou'd he rely alone on parts,  
And study therefore but by starts,  
Sure of success whene'er he tries,  
Should he forego the means to rise!

Suppose your watch a Graham make,  
Gold, if you will, for value's sake;  
Its springs within in order due,  
No watch, when going, goes so true;  
If ne'er wound up with proper care,  
What service is it in the wear?

Some genial spark of Phœbus' rays,  
Perhaps within your bosom plays:  
O how the purer rays aspire,  
If application fans the fire!  
Without it genius vainly tries,  
Howe'er sometimes it seem to rise:  
Nay application will prevail,  
When braggart parts and genius fail:  
And now to lay my proof before ye,  
I here present you with a story.

In days of yore, when Time was young,  
When birds convers'd as well as sung,  
When use of speech was not confin'd  
Merely to brutes of human kind,  
A forward Hare, of swiftness vain,  
The genius of the neighb'ring plain,  
Wou'd oft deride the drudging crowd:  
For geniuses are ever proud.

He'd boast, his flight 'twere vain to follow,  
For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow,  
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,  
Outstrip his brethren half a length.

A Tortoise heard his vain oration,  
And vented thus his indignation:  
" Oh Puss, it bodes thee dire disgrace,  
When I defy thee to thy race.  
Come, 't is a match, nay, no denial,  
I lay my shell upon the trial."

'T was done and gone, all fair, a bet,  
Judges prepar'd, and distance set.

The scamp'ring Hare outstrip the wind,  
The creeping Tortoise lagg'd behind,  
And scarce had pass'd a single pole,  
When Puss had almost reach'd the goal.

" Friend Tortoise," quoth the jeering Hare,  
Your burthen's more than you can bear,  
To help your speed, it were as well  
That I should ease you of your shell:  
Jog on a little faster prythee,  
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee."  
So said, so done, and safely sure,  
For nay, what conquest more secure?  
Whene'er he wak'd (that's all that's in it)  
He cou'd o'ertake him in a minute.

The Tortoise heard his taunting jeer,  
But still resolv'd to persevere,  
Still draw'd along, as who should say,  
"I'll win, like Fabius, by delay;"

On to the goal securely crept,  
While Puss unknowing soundly slept.

The bets were won, the Hare awake,  
When thus the victor Tortoise spake:  
" Puss, tho' I own thy quicker parts,  
Things are not always done by starts,  
You may deride my awkward pace,  
But slow and steady wins the race."

## THE SATYR AND PEDLAR. 1757.

Words are, so Wollaston defines,  
Of our ideas merely signs,  
Which have a pow'r at will to vary,  
As being vague and arbitrary.  
Now damn'd for instance—all agree,  
Damn'd 's the superlative degree;  
Means that alone, and nothing more,  
However taken heretofore;  
Damn'd is a word can't stand alone,  
Which has no meaning of its own,  
But signifies or bad or good  
Just as its neighbour's understood.  
Examples we may find enough.  
Damn'd high, damn'd low, damn'd fine, damn'd  
stuff.

So fares it too with its relation,  
I mean its substantive, *damnation*.  
The wit with metaphors makes bold,  
And tells you he's damnation cold;  
Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,  
The self-same wit's damnation hot.  
And here a fable I remember—  
Once in the middle of December,  
When ev'ry mead in snow is lost,  
And ev'ry river bound with frost,  
When families get all together,  
And feelingly talk o'er the weather;  
When—pox on the descriptive rhyme—  
In short it was the winter time.

It was a Pedlar's happy lot,  
To fall into a Satyr's cot:  
Shivering with cold, and almost froze,  
With pearly drop upon his nose,  
His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death,  
He blew upon them with his breath.  
"Friend," quoth the Satyr, "what intends  
That blowing on thy fingers' ends?"  
"It is to warm them thus I blow,  
For they are froze as cold as snow.  
And so inclement has it been,  
I'm like a cake of ice within."  
"Come," quoth the Satyr, "comfort, man!  
I'll cheer thy inside, if I can;  
You're welcome in my homely cottage  
To a warm fire, and mess of pottage."

This said, the Satyr, nothing loth,  
A bowl prepar'd of sav'ry broth,  
Which with delight the Pedlar view'd,  
As smoking on the board it stood.  
But, though the very steam arose  
With grateful odour to his nose,  
One single sip he ventur'd not,  
The gruel was so wood'rous hot.  
What can be done?—with gentle puff  
He blows it, 'till it's cool enough.

"Why how now, Pedlar, what's the matter?  
Still at thy blowing!" quoth the Satyr.  
"I blow to cool it," cries the clown,  
"That I may get the liquor down:  
For though I grant, you've made it well,  
You've boil'd it, sir, as hot as Hell."

Then raising high his cloven stump,  
The Satyr smote him on the rump.  
"Begone, thou double knave, or fool,  
With the same breath to warm and cool:  
Friendship with such I never hold  
Who're so damn'd hot, and so damn'd cold."

THE NIGHTINGALE, THE OWL, AND THE  
CUCKOO.

A FABLE; ADDRESSED TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.  
ON THE REPORT OF HIS RETIRING FROM THE  
STAGE, DEC. 1760.

CRITICS, who like the scarecrows stand  
Upon the poet's common land,  
And with severity of sense,  
Drive all imagination thence,  
Say that in truth lies all sublime,  
Whether you write in prose or rhyme,  
And yet the truth may lose its grace,  
If blurted to a person's face;  
Especially if what you speak  
Should crimson o'er the glowing cheek:  
For when you throw that slaver o'er him,  
And tumble out your praise before him,  
However just the application,  
It looks a-squint at adulation.

I would be honest and sincere,  
But not a flatterer, or severe.  
Need I be surly, rough, uncouth,  
That folks may think I love the Truth?  
And she, good dame, with beauty's queen,  
Was not at all times naked seen:  
For every boy, with Prior, knows,  
By accident she lost her clothes,  
When Falshood stole them to disguise  
Her misbegotten brood of lies.  
Why should the prudish goddess dwell  
Down at the bottom of a well,  
But that she is in piteous fright,  
Lest, rising up to mortal sight,  
The modest world should see and flout her,  
With not a rag of clothes about her?  
Yet she might wear a proper dress  
And keep her essence ne'ertheless.  
So Delia's bosom still will rise,  
And fascinate her lover's eyes,  
Though round her ivory neck she draws  
The decent shade of specious gauze.

I hear it buzz'd about the table,  
"What can this lead to?"—Sirs,

## A FABLE.

When birds allow'd the Eagle's sway,  
Ere Eagles turn'd to fowls of prey,  
His royal majesty of Air  
Took Music underneath his care;  
And, for his queen and court's delight,  
Commanded concerts ev'ry night.  
Here every bird of parts might enter,  
The Nightingale was made preceptor;  
Under whose care and just direction,  
Merit was sure to meet protection.  
The Lark, the Blackbird, and the Robin  
This concert always bore a bob in:  
The best performers all were in it,  
The Thrush, Canary-bird, and Linnet.  
But birds, alas! are apt to aim  
At things, to which they've smallest claim.  
The staring Owl, with hideous hoot,  
Offer'd his service for a flute.  
The Cuckoo needs would join the band;  
"The Thrush is but a paltry hand:  
And I can best supply that place,  
For I've a shake, a swell, a grace."  
The manager their suit preferr'd:  
Both tun'd their pipes, and both were heard;



Yet each their several praises mis'd,  
For both were heard, and both were hiss'd.

The Cuckoo hence, with rancour stirr'd,  
(A kind of periodic bird,  
Of nasty hue, and body scabby,  
No would-be-play-wright half so shabby)  
Reviles, abuses, and defames,  
Screams from a branch, and calls hard names,  
And strikes at Nightingale or Lark,  
Like Lisbon ruffians, in the dark.

The Owl harangues the gaping throng  
On pow'rs, and excellence of song,  
"The Blackbird's note has lost its force;  
The Nightingale is downright hoarse;  
The Linnet's harsh; the Robin shrill;  
—The Sparrow has prodigious skill!"

At length they had what they desir'd;  
The skillful Nightingale retir'd.  
When Folly came, with wild Uproar,  
And Harmony was heard no more.

### A TALE.

VENUS, of laughter queen and love,  
The greatest demirep above,  
Who scorn'd restriction, bated custom,  
Knew her own sex too well to trust 'em,  
Proceeded on the noble plan,  
At any rate, to have her man;  
Look'd on decorum as mere trash,  
And liv'd like \*\*\* and \*\*\*,  
From Paphos, where they her revere  
As much as we do Cælia here,  
Or from Cythere, where her altars  
Are deck'd with daggers, true-love halters,  
Garters yclept, and other trophies,  
Which prove that man in love an oaf is,  
According to appointment, came  
To see Cæcilia, tuneful dame,  
Whose praise by Dryden's Ode is grown  
Bright and immortal as his own;  
And who hath been for many years  
The chief directress of the spheres.

Thomas, who rode behind the car,  
And for a flambeau held a star,  
Who, in the honest way of trade,  
Hath forg'd more horns, and cuckolds made,  
Than Vulcan and his brawny dolts  
Ever for Jove forg'd thunderbolts,  
Slipt gently down, and ran before 'em,  
Ringing the bell with due decorum.

But, truth to say, I cannot tell  
Whether it knocker was or bell,  
(This for Vertù an anecdote is,)  
Which us'd to give Cæcilia notice,  
When any lady of the sky  
Was come to bear her company.  
But this I'm sure, be which it will,  
Thomas perform'd his part with skill.  
Methinks I hear the reader cry—  
"His part with skill? why, you or I,  
Or any body else, as well  
As Thomas, sure, could ring a bell,  
Nor did I ever hear before  
Of skill in knocking at a door."

Poor low-liv'd creature! I suppose,  
Nay, and am sure, you're one of those  
Who, at what door so'er they be,  
Will always knock in the same key.

Thinking that bell and knocker too  
Were found out nothing else to do,  
But to inform the house, no doubt,  
That there was somebody without,  
Who, if they might such favour win,  
Would rather choose to be within.

But had our servants no more sense,  
Lord! what must be the consequence?  
Error would error still pursue,  
And strife and anarchy ensue,  
Punctilio from her altar hurl'd,  
Whence she declares unto the world  
Whate'er by Fancy is decreed,  
Through all her niceties must bleed,

For if there was not to be found  
Some wholesome difference of sound,  
But the same rap foretold th' approach  
Of him who walk'd, or rode in coach,  
A poor relation now and then,  
Might to my lord admittance gain,  
When his good lordship hop'd to see  
Some rascal of his own degree;

And, what is more unhappy still,  
The stupid wretch who brings a bill,  
Might pass through all the motley tribe,  
As free as one, who brings a bribe.

My lady too might pique her grace  
With carriage stiff and formal face,  
Which, she deceiv'd, had taken care  
For some inferior to prepare;  
Or might some wretch from Lombard-street  
With greater ease and freedom meet,  
Than sense of honour will admit  
Between my lady and a cit.

Those evils wisely to prevent,  
And root out care and discontent,  
Ev'ry gay smart, who rides behind,  
With rose and bag in taste refin'd,  
Must music fully understand,  
Have a nice ear and skilful hand;  
At ev'ry turn be always found  
A perfect connoisseur in sound;  
Through all the gamut skilful fly,  
Varying his notes, now low, now high,  
According as he shifts his place;  
Now hoarsely grumbling in the base,  
Now turning tenor, and again  
To treble raising his shrill strain;  
So to declare, where'er he be,  
His master's fortune and degree,  
By the distinguishing address,  
Which he'll upon the door express.

Thomas, whom I have nam'd before  
As ringing at Cæcilia's door,  
Was perfect master of this art,  
And vers'd alike in ev'ry part:  
So that Cæcilia knew, before  
Her footman came unto the door,  
And in due form had told her so,  
That madam Venus was below.

The doors immediate open flew,  
The goddess, without more ado,  
Displaying beauty's thousand airs,  
Skim'd through the hall, and tripp'd up stairs.

Cæcilia met her with a smile  
Of great delight, when all the while,  
If her false heart could have been seen,  
She wish'd she had at Cyprus been.

But ladies, skill'd in forms and arts,  
Don't in their faces wear their hearts,

And those above, like those below,  
Deal frequently in outside show,  
And always to keep up parade,  
Have a smile by them ready made.

The forms, which ladies when they meet  
Must for good manners' sake repeat,  
As "humble servant, how d'you do,"  
And in return, "pray how are you?"  
Enrich'd at ev'ry proper space  
With due integuments of lace,  
As madam, grace, and goddesship,  
Which we for brevity shall skip,  
Happily past, in elbow-chair  
At length our ladies seated are.

Indifferent subjects first they choose,  
And talk of weather and the news,  
That done, they sit upon the state,  
And snarl at the decrees of Fate,  
Invectives against Jove are hurl'd,  
And they alone should rule the world.

Dull politics at length they quit,  
And by ill-nature show their wit;  
For hand in hand, too well we know,  
These intimates are said to go,  
So that where either doth preside  
T'other's existence is implied.

The man of wit, so men decree,  
Must without doubt ill-natur'd be;  
And the ill-natur'd scarce forgets  
To rank himself among the wits.

Malicious Venus, who by rote  
Had ev'ry little anecdote,  
And most minutely could advance  
Each interesting circumstance,  
Which unto all intrigues related,  
Saw Jupiter the world created,  
Display'd her eloquence with pride,  
Hinted, observ'd, enlarg'd, applied;  
And not the reader to detain  
With things impertinent and vain,  
She did, as ladies do on Earth  
Who cannot bear a rival's worth,  
In such a way each tale rehearse  
As good made bad, and bad made worse:

Cecilia too, with saint-like air,  
But lately come from evening pray'r,  
Who knew her duty, as a saint,  
Always to pray, and not to faint,  
And, rain or shine, her church ne'er mist,  
Prude, devotee, and methodist,  
With equal zeal the cause promoted,  
Misconstru'd things, and words misquoted,  
Misrepresented, misapplied,  
And, inspiration being her guide,  
The very heart of man dissected,  
And to his principles objected.  
Thus, amongst us, the sanctified,  
In all the spirituals of pride,  
Whose honest consciences ne'er rested,  
Till, of carnalities divested,  
They knew and felt themselves t'inherit  
A double portion of the spirit:  
Who from one church to t'other roam,  
Whilst their poor children starve at home,  
Considering they may claim the care  
Of Providence, who sent them there,  
And therefore certainly is tied  
To see their every want supplied;  
Who unto preachers give away,  
That which their creditors should pay,

And hold that chosen vessels must  
Be generous before they're just,  
And that their charity this way  
Shall bind o'er Heaven their debts to pay,  
And serve their temporal turn, no doubt,  
Better than if they'd put it out,  
Whilst nought hereafter can prevent  
Their sure reward of cent per cent;  
Who honest labour scorn, and say  
None need to work who love to pray,  
For Heav'n will satisfy their cravings,  
By sending of Elijah's ravens,  
Or rain down, when their spirits fail,  
A dish of maana, or a quail;  
Who from Moorfields to Tottenham Court  
In furious fits of zeal resort,  
Praise what they do not understand,  
Turn up the eye, stretch out the hand,  
Melt into tears, whilst — blows  
The twang of nonsense through his nose,  
Or — deals in speculation,  
Or — hums his congregation,  
Or — talks with the lord of hosts,  
— with pillars and with posts;  
Who strictly watch, lest Satan shou'd,  
Roaring like lion for his food,  
Ensnare their feet his fatal trap in,  
And their poor souls be taken napping;  
Who strictly fast, because they find,  
The flesh still wars against the mind,  
And flesh of saints, like sinner's, must  
Be mortified, to keep down lust;  
Who four times in the year at least,  
Join feast of love to love of feast,  
Which, though the profligate and vain  
In terms of blasphemy prophane,  
Yet all the ceremony here is  
Pure as the mysteries of Ceres;  
Who, God's elect, with triumph feel  
Within themselves Salvation's seal,  
And will not, must not, dare not doubt,  
That Heav'n itself can't blot it out;  
After they've done their holy labours,  
Return to scandalize their neighbours,  
And think they can't serve Heav'n so well,  
As with its creatures filling Hell:  
So that, inflam'd with holy pride,  
They save themselves, damn all beside.  
For persons, who pretend to feel  
The glowings of uncommon zeal,  
Who others scorn, and seem to be  
Righteous in very great degree,  
Do, 'bove all others, take delight  
To vent their spleen in tales of spite,  
And think they raise their own renown  
By pulling of a neighbour's down;  
Still lying on with most success,  
Because they charity profess,  
And make the outside of religion,  
Like Mahomet's inspiring pigeon,  
To all their forgeries gain credit,  
'Tis enough sure that — said it.

"But what can all this rambling mean?  
Was ever such an hodge-podge seen?  
Venus, Cecilia, saints and whores,  
Thomas, Verté, bells, knockers, doors,  
Lords, rogues, relations, ladies, cits,  
Stars, flambeaux, thunderbolts, horns, wits,  
Vulcan, and cuckold-maker, scandal,  
Music, and footmen, ear of Handel,

Weather, news, envy, politics,  
Intrigues, and women's thousand tricks,  
Prudes, methodists, and devotees,  
Fasting, feasts, pray'rs, and charities,  
Ceres, with her mysterious train,

\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_,  
Flesh, spirit, love, hate, and religion,  
A quail, a raven, and a pigeon,  
All jumbled up in one large dish,  
Red-herring, bread, fowl, flesh, and fish.

"Where's the connection, where's the plan?  
The devil sure is in the man.  
All in an instant we are hurl'd  
From place to place all round the world,  
Yet find no reason for it!"—Mum—  
There, my good critic, lies the hum—  
"Well, but methinks, it would avail  
To know the end of this"—A TALE.

### SHAKSPEARE;

#### AN EPISTLE TO MR. GARRICK.

THANKS to much industry and pains,  
Much twisting of the wit and brains,  
Translation has unlock'd the store,  
And spread abroad the Grecian lore,  
While Sophocles his scenes are grown  
E'en as familiar as our own.

No more shall Taste presume to speak  
From its enclosures in the Greek;  
But, all its fences broken down,  
Lie at the mercy of the town.

Critic, I hear thy torrent rage,  
"Tis an aspersion against that stage,  
Which Æschylus his warmth design'd,  
Euripides his taste refin'd,  
And Sophocles his last direction  
Stamp'd with the signet of perfection."

Perfection! 'tis a word ideal,  
That bears about it nothing real:  
For excellence was never hit  
In the first essays of man's wit.  
Shall ancient worth, or ancient fame  
Preclude the moderns from their claim?  
Must they be blockheads, dolts, and fools,  
Who write not up to Grecian rules?  
Who tread in buskins or in socks.  
Must they be dam'd as heterodox,  
Nor merit of good works prevail,  
Except within the classic pale?  
'Tis stuff that bears the name of knowledge,  
Not current half a mile from college:  
Where half their lectures yield no more  
(Besure I speak of times of yore)  
Than just a niggard light, to mark  
How much we all are in the dark:  
As rushlights in a spacious room,  
Just burn enough to form a gloom.

When Shakspeare leads the mind a dance,  
From France to England, hence to Franco,  
Talk not to me of time and place;  
I own I'm happy in the chase.  
Whether the drama's here or there,  
'Tis Nature, Shakspeare, every where.  
The poet's fancy can create,  
Contract, enlarge, annihilate,  
Bring past and present close together,  
In spite of distance, seas, or weather;

And shut up in a single action  
What cost whole years in its transaction.  
So, ladies at a play, or rout,  
Can flirt the universe about,  
Whose geographical account  
Is drawn and pictured on the mount:  
Yet, when they please, contract the plan,  
And shut the world up in a fan.

True genius, like Armida's wand,  
Can raise the spring from barren land.  
While all the art of imitation,  
Is pilf'ring from the first creation;  
Transplanting flowers, with useless toil,  
Which wither in a foreign soil.  
As conscience often sets us right  
By its interior active light,  
Without th' assistance of the laws  
To combat in the moral cause;  
So genius, of itself discerning,  
Without the mystic rules of learning,  
Can, from its present intuition,  
Strike at the truth of composition.

Yet those who breathe the classic vein,  
Enlisted in the mimic train,  
Who ride their steed with double bit,  
Ne'er run away with by their wit,  
Delighted with the pomp of rules,  
The specious pedantry of schools,  
(Which rules, like crutches, ne'er become  
Of any use but to the lame)  
Pursue the method set before 'em;  
Talk much of order, and decorum,  
Of probability of fiction,  
Of manners, ornaments, and diction,  
And with a jargon of hard names,  
(A privilege which dullness claims,  
And merely us'd by way of fence,  
To keep out plain and common sense)  
Extol the wit of ancient days,  
The simple fabric of their plays;  
Then from the fable, all so chaste,  
Trick'd up in ancient-modern taste,  
So mighty gentle all the while,  
In such a sweet descriptive style,  
While chorus marks the servile mode  
With fine reflection, in an ode,  
Present you with a perfect piece,  
Form'd on the model of old Greece.

Come, prythee critic, set before us,  
The use and office of a Chorus.  
What! silent! why then, I'll produce  
Its services from ancient use.

'Tis to be ever on the stage,  
Attendants upon grief or rage;  
To be an arrant go-between,  
Chief-mourner at each dismal scene;  
Showing its sorrow, or delight,  
By shifting dances, left and right,  
Not much unlike our modern notions,  
Adagio or allegro motions;  
To watch upon the deep distress,  
And plaints of royal wretchedness;  
And when, with tears and execration,  
They've pour'd out all their lamentation,  
And wept whole cataracts from their eyes,  
To call on rivers for supplies,  
And with their Hais, and Hees, and Hoes,  
To make a symphony of woes.

Doubtless the ancients want the art  
To strike at once upon the heart:

Or why their prologues of a mile  
In simple—call it—bumble style,  
In unimpassion'd phrase to say,  
"Fore the beginning of this play,  
I, Impress Polydore, was found  
By fishermen, or others, drown'd!"  
Or<sup>d</sup> I, a gentleman, did wed,  
The lady I wou'd never bed,  
Great Agamemnon's royal daughter,  
Who's coming hither to draw water."

Or need the Chorus to reveal  
Reflections, which the audience feel;  
And jog them, lest attention sink,  
To tell them how and what to think?

Oh, where's the bard, who at one view  
Could look the whole creation through,  
Who travers'd all the human heart,  
Without recourse to Grecian art?  
He scorn'd the modes of imitation,  
Of altering, pilfering, and translation,  
Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,  
From models of a former age;  
The bright original he took,  
And tore the leaf from Nature's book.  
'Tis Shakspeare, thus, who stands alone—  
—But why repeat what you have shown?  
How true, how perfect, and how well,  
The feelings of our hearts must tell.

## AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL,

AUTHOR OF THE ROSCIAL.

If at a tavern, where you'd wish to dine,  
They cheat your palate with adulterate wine,  
Would you, resolve me, critics, for you can,  
Send for the master up, or chide the man?  
The man no doubt a knavish business drives,  
But tell me what's the master who connives?  
Hence you'll infer, and sure the doctrine's true,  
Which says, "No quarter to a foul review."  
It matters not who vents the nauseous slop,  
Master or 'prentice; we detest the shop.

Critics of old, a manly liberal race,  
Approv'd or censur'd with an open face:  
Boldly pursu'd the free decisive task,  
Nor stabb'd, conceal'd beneath a ruffian's mask.  
To works, not men, with honest warmth, severe,  
Th' impartial judges laugh'd at hope or fear:  
Their was the noble skill, with gen'rous aim,  
To fan true genius to an active flame;  
To bring forth merit in its strongest light,  
Or damn the blockhead to his native night.  
But, as all states are subject to decay,  
The state of letters too will melt away,  
Smit with the harlot charms of trifling sound,  
Softness now wantons e'en on Roman ground;  
Where Thebans, Spartans, sought their honour'd  
graves,

Behold a weak enervate race of slaves.  
In classic lore, deep science, language dead,  
Though modern wittings are but scantily read,  
Professors' fail not, who will loudly bawl  
In praise of either, with the want of all:

<sup>1</sup> The author takes this opportunity, notwithstanding all insinuations to the contrary, to declare, that he has no particular aim at a gentleman, whose ability he sufficiently acknowledges.

Hail'd mighty critics to this present hour.  
—The tribune's name surviv'd the tribune's power.  
Now quack and critic differ but in name,  
Empirics frontless both, they mean the same;  
This raw in physic, that in letters fresh,  
Both spring, like warts, excrecence from the  
flesh:

Half form'd, half bred in printers' hireling schools,  
For all professions have their rogues and fools,  
Though the pert witing, or the coward knave,  
Casts no reflection on the wise or brave.

Yet, in these leaden times, this idle age,  
When, blind with dulness, or as blind with rage,  
Author 'gainst author rails with venom curst,  
And happy he who calls out "blockhead" first;  
From the low Earth aspiring genius springs,  
And sails triumphant, born on eagle wings.  
No toothless spleen, no venom'd critic's aim,  
Shall rob thee, Churchill, of thy proper fame;  
While hitch'd for ever in thy nervous rhyme,  
Fool lives, and shines out fool to latest time.

Pity perhaps might wish a harmless fool  
To scape th' observance of the critic school;  
But if low Malice, leagu'd with Folly, rise,  
Arm'd with invectives, and hedg'd round with lies;  
Should wakeful Dulness, if she ever wake,  
Write sleepy nonsense but for writing's sake,  
And, stung with rage, and piously severe,  
Wish bitter comforts to your dying ear;  
If some small wit, some silk-lin'd verseman, rakes,  
For quaint reflections, in the putrid jokes,  
Talents usurp'd demand a censor's rage,  
A dunce is dunce proscrib'd in ev'ry age.

Courtier, physician, lawyer, parson, cit,  
All, all are objects of theatrical wit.  
Are ye then, actors, privileg'd alone,  
To make that weapon, ridicule, your own?  
Professions bleed not from his just attack,  
Who laughs at pedant, coxcomb, knave, or quack;  
Fools on and off the stage are fools the same,  
And every dunce is satire's lawful game. [room;  
Freely you thought, where thought has freest  
Why then apologise? for what? to whom?

Though Gray's-Inn wits with author squires  
unite,  
And self-made giants crab their labour'd mite,  
Though pointless satire make its weak escape,  
In the dull babble of a mimic ape,  
Boldly pursue where genius points the way,  
Nor heed what monthly puny critics say.  
Firm in thyself, with calm indifference smile,  
When the wise veteran knows you by your style,  
With critic scales weighs out the partial wit,  
What I, or you, or he, or no one writ;  
Denying thee thy just and proper worth,  
But to give Falshood's spurious issue birth;  
And all self-wit'd with lawless hand to raise  
Malicious Slander on the base of Praise.

Disgrace eternal wait the wretch's name  
Who lives on credit of a borrow'd fame;  
Who wears the trappings of another's wit,  
Or fathers bantlings which he could not get!  
But shrewd Suspicion with her squinting eye,  
To truth declar'd, prefers a whisper'd lie:  
With greedy mind the proffer'd tale believes,  
Relates her wishes, and with joy deceives.

The world, a pompous name, by custom due  
To the small circle of a talking few,  
With heart-felt glee th' injurious tale repeats,  
And sends the whisper buzzing through the street.

The prude demure, with sober saint-like air,  
Pities her neighbour, for she's wondrous fair.  
And when temptations lie before our feet,  
Beauty is frail, and females indiscreet:  
She hopes the nymph will every danger shun,  
Yet prays devoutly that the deed were done.  
Mean time sits watching for the daily lie,  
As spiders lurk to catch a single fly.

Yet is not scandal to one sex confin'd,  
Though men would fix it on the weaker kind.  
Yet, this great lord, creation's master, man,  
Will vent his malice where the blockhead can,  
Imputing crimes, of which e'en thought is free,  
For instance now, your Rosciad, all to me.

If partial friendship, in thy sterling lays,  
Grows all too wanton in another's praise, (known,  
Critics, who judge by ways themselves have  
Shall swear the praise, the poem is my own;  
For 'tis the method in these learned days  
For wits to scribble first, and after praise.  
Critics and Co. thus vend their wretched stuff,  
And help out nonsense by a monthly puff,  
Exalt to giant forms weak puny elves,  
And decant sweetly on their own dear selves;  
For works per month by Learning's midwives paid,  
Demand a puffing in the way of trade.

Reserv'd and cautious, with no partial aim  
My Muse e'er sought to blast another's fame.  
With willing hand could twine a rival's bays,  
From candour silent where she could not praise:  
But if vile rancour, from (no matter who)  
Actor, or mimic, printer, or review;  
Lies, oft o'erthrown, with ceaseless venom spread,  
Still hiss out scandal from their hydra head;  
If the dull malice boldly walk the town,  
Patience herself would wrinkle to a frown.  
Come then with justice draw the ready pen,  
Give me the works, I would not know the men:  
All in their turns might make reprisals too,  
Had all the patience but to read them through.  
Come, to the utmost, probe the desperate wound,  
Nor spare the knife where'er infection's found!

But, Prudence, Churchill, or her sister, Fear,  
Whispers "forbearance" to my fright'ned ear.  
Oh! then with me forsake the thorny road,  
Lest we should founder in some Fleet-ditch Ode,  
And sunk for ever in the lazy flood  
Weep with the Naiads heavy drops of mud.

Hail mighty Ode! which like a picture-frame,  
Holds any portrait, and with any name;  
Or, like your niches, planted thick and thin,  
Will serve to cram the random hero in.  
Hail mighty bard too—whatsoever thy name,  
\_\_\_\_\_ or Durfy, for it's all the same.

To brother bards shall equal praise belong,  
For wit, for genius, comedy and song?  
No costive muse is thine, which freely rakes  
With ease familiar in the well-known jokes,  
Happy in skill to souse through foul and fair,  
And toss the dung out with a lordly air.  
So have I seen, amidst the grinning throng,  
The sledge procession slowly dragg'd along,  
Where the mock female shrew and hen-peck'd male  
Scop'd rich contents from either copious pail,  
Call'd bursts of laughter from the roaring rout,  
And dash'd and splash'd the filthy grains about.

<sup>2</sup> Murphy, who long waged unequal war with Churchill, Lloyd, and Co. C.

Suit then, my friend, the Muses' lov'd abode,  
Alas! they lead not to preferment's road.  
Be solemn, sad, put on the priestly frown,  
Be dull! 'tis sacred, and becomes the gown.  
Leave wit to others, do a Christian deed, [need.  
Your foes shall thank you, for they know their

Broad is the path by learning's sons possess'd,  
A thousand modern wits might walk abreast,  
Did not each poet mourn his luckless doom,  
Jostled by pedants out of elbow room.  
I, who nor court their love, nor fear their hate,  
Must mourn in silence o'er the Muse's fate.  
No right of common now on Pindus' hill,  
While all our tennures are by critics' will;  
Where, watchful guardians of the lady Muse,  
Dwell monstrous giants, dreadful tall Reviews,  
Who, as we read in fam'd romance of yore,  
Sound but a horn, press forward to the door:  
But let some chief, some bold adventurous knight,  
Provokes these champions to an equal fight,  
Straight into air to spaceless nothing fall  
The castle, lions, giants, dwarf and all.

Ill it befits with undiscerning rage,  
To censure giants in this polsh'd age.  
No lack of genius stains these happy times,  
No want of learning, and no dearth of rhymes.  
The see-saw Muse that flows by measure'd laws,  
In tuneful numbers, and affected pauses,  
With sound alone, sound's happy virtue fraught,  
Which hates the trouble and expense of thought,  
Once, every moon throughout the circling year,  
With even cadence charms the critic ear.

While, dire promoter of poetic sin,  
A Magazine must hand the lady in. [well,  
How moderns write, how nervous, strong and  
The Anti-Rosciad's decent Muse does tell:  
Who, while she strives to cleanse each actor hurt,  
Daubs with her praise, and rubs him into dirt.

Sure never yet was happy era known  
So gay, so wise, so tasteful as our own.  
Our curious histories rise at once complete,  
Yet still continued, as they're paid, per sheet.

See every science which the world would know,  
Your magazines shall every month bestow,  
Whose very titles fill the mind with awe,  
Imperial, Christian, Royal, British, Law;  
Their rich contents will every reader fit,  
Statesman, divine, philosopher, and wit;  
Compendious schemes! which teach all things at  
And make a pedant corcomb of a dunce. [once.

But let not anger with such frenzy grow,  
Drawsair like, to strike down friend and foe,  
To real worth be homage duly paid,  
But no allowance to the paltry trade.  
My friends I name not (though I boast a few,  
To me an honour, and to letters too) [poes;  
Fain would I praise, but, when such things op-  
My praise of course must make them ———'s foes.

If manly Johnson, with satyric rage,  
Lash the dull follies of a trifling age,  
If his strong Muse with genuine strength aspire,  
Glow not the reader with the poet's fire?  
His the true fire, where creep the witting fry  
To warm themselves, and light their rushlights by.

What Muse like Gray's shall pleasing pensive  
Attempter'd sweetly to the rustic woe? [flow  
Or who like him shall sweep the Theban lyre,  
And, as his master, pour forth thoughts of fire?  
E'en now to guard afflicted Learning's cause,  
To judge by reason's rules, and Nature's laws,

Roast we true critics in their proper right,  
While Lowth and Learning, Hurd and Taste  
unite.

Hail sacred names!—Oh guard the Muse's  
page,

Save your lov'd mistress from a ruffian's rage;  
See how she gasps and struggles hard for life,  
Her wounds all bleeding from the butcher's knife:  
Critics, like surgeons, blest with curious art,  
Should mark each passage to the human heart,  
But not, unskilful, yet with lordly air,  
Read surgeon's lectures while they scalp and tear.

To names like these I pay the hearty vow,  
Proud of their worth, and not ashamed to bow.  
To these inscribe my ruds, but honest lays,  
And feel the pleasures of my conscious praise:  
Not that I mean to court each letter'd name,  
And poorly glisten from reflected fame,  
But that the Muse, who owns no servile fear,  
Is proud to pay her willing tribute here.

EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ. 1757.

AGAIN I urge my old objection,  
That modern rules obstruct perfection,  
And the severity of taste  
Has laid the walk of genius waste.  
Fancy's a flight we deal no more in,  
Our authors creep instead of soaring,  
And all the brave imagination  
Is dwindled into declamation.

But still you cry in sober sadness,  
"There is discretion e'en in madness."  
A pithy sentence, which wants credit!  
Because I find a poet said it:  
Their verdict makes but small impression,  
Who are known liars by profession.  
Rise what exalted flights it will,  
True genius will be genius still;  
And say, that horse would you prefer,  
Which wants a bridle or a spur?  
The mettled steed may lose his tricks;  
The jade grows callous to your kicks.

Had Shakspeare crept by modern rules,  
We'd lost his witches, fairies, fools:  
Instead of all that wild creation,  
He'd form'd a regular plantation,  
A garden trim, and all enclosed,  
In nicest symmetry dispos'd,  
The hedges cut in proper order,  
Nor e'en a branch beyond the border:  
Now like a forest he appears,  
The growth of twice three hundred years;  
Where many a tree aspiring shrouds  
Its airy summits in the clouds,  
While round its root still love to twine  
The ivy or wild eglantine.

"But Shakspeare's all creative fancy  
Made others love extravagancy;  
While cloud-capt nonsense was their aim,  
Like Harlothrumbo's mad lord Flame."  
True—who can stop dull imitators?  
Those younger brothers of translators,  
Those insects, which from genius rise,  
And buzz about, in swarms, like flies?  
Fashion, that sets the modes of dress,  
Sheds too her influence o'er the press:

As formerly the sons of rhyme  
Bought Shakspeare's fancy and sublime;  
By cool correctness now they hope  
To simulate the praise of Pope.  
But Pope and Shaks; care both disclaim  
These low retainers to their fame.

What task can Dulness e'er effect  
So easy, as to write correct?  
Poets, 'tis said, are sure to split  
By too much or too little wit;  
So, to avoid th' extremes of either,  
They miss their mark and follow neither;  
They so exactly poise the scale  
That neither measure will prevail,  
And mediocrity the Muse  
Did never in her sons excuse.

'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd  
With all the charms of modern taste,  
And every senseless line is drest  
In quaint Expression's tinsel vest.  
Say, did you never chance to meet  
A monsieur-barber in the street,  
Whose ruffe, as it fank depends,  
And dangles o'er his fingers' ends,  
His olive-tann'd complexion graces  
With little dabs of Dresden laces,  
While for the body monsieur Puff,  
Would think e'en dowlas fine enough!  
So fares it with our men of rhymes,  
Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes,  
For lace, and fringe, and tawdry clothes,  
Sure never yet were greater beaux;  
But fairly strip them to the shirt,  
They're all made up of rags and dirt.

And shall these wretched birds commence,  
Without or spirit, taste, or sense?  
And when they bring no other treasure,  
Shall I admire them for their measure?  
Or do I scorn the critic's rules  
Because I will not learn of fools?  
Although Longinus' full-mouth'd prose  
With all the force of genius glows;  
Though Dionysius' learned taste  
Is ever manly, just, and chaste,  
Who, like a skilful wise physician,  
Dissects each part of composition,  
And shows how beauty strikes the soul  
From a just compact of the whole;  
Though Judgment, in Quintillian's page,  
Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age;  
Yet hypercritics I disdain,  
A race of blockheads dull and vain,  
And laugh at all those empty fools,  
Who cramp a genius with dull rules,  
And what their narrow science mocks  
Damp with the name of her'rodox.

These butchers of a poet's fame,  
While they usurp the critic's name,  
Cry—"This is taste—that's my opinion."  
And poets dread their mock dominion.

So have you seen with dire affright,  
The petty monarch of the night,  
Seated aloft in elbow chair,  
Command the prisoners to appear,  
Harangue an hour on watchmen's praise,  
And on the dire effect of frays;  
Then cry, "You'll suffer for your daring,  
And d—n you, you shall pay for swearing."  
Then turning, tell th' astonish'd ring,  
"I sit to represent the king."

## EPISTLE TO THE SAME. 1757.

Has my good dame a wicked child?  
It takes the gentle name of wild;  
If chests he breaks, if locks he picks,  
'Tis nothing more than useful tricks:  
The mother's fondness stamps it merit,  
For vices are a sign of spirit.

Say, do the neighbours think the same  
With the good old indulgent dame?  
Cries gossip Prate, "I hear with grief  
My neighbour's son's an arrant thief.  
Nay, could you think it, I am told,  
He stole five guineas, all in gold.  
You know the youth was always wild—  
He got his father's maid with child;  
And robb'd his master, to defray  
The money he had lost at play.  
All means to save him must now fail.  
What can it end in?—In a jail."

How'er the dame doats o'er her youth,  
My gossip says the very truth.

But as his vices love would hide,  
Or torture them to virtue's side,  
So friendship's glass deceives the eye,  
(A glass too apt to magnify)  
And makes you think at least you see  
Some spark of genius, e'en in me.  
You say I should get fame: I doubt it:  
Perhaps I am as well without it.  
For what's the worth of empty praise?  
What poet ever din'd on bays?  
For though the laurel, rarest wonder!  
May screen us from the stroke of thunder,  
This mind I ever was, and am in,  
It is no antidote to famine.

And poets live on slender fare,  
Who, like cameleons, feed on air,  
And starve, to gain an empty breath,  
Which only serves them after death.

Grant I succeed, like Horace rise,  
And strike my head against the skies;  
Common experience daily shows,  
That poets have a world of foes;  
And we shall find in every town  
Gossips enough to cry them down;  
Who meet in pious conversation  
'T anatomize a reputation,  
With sippant tongue, and empty head,  
Who talk of things they never read.

Their idle censures I despise:  
Their niggard praises won't suffice.  
Tempt me no more then to the crime  
Of dabbling in the font of rhyme.  
My Muse has answer'd all her end,  
If her productions please a friend.  
The world is burthen'd with a store,  
Why need I add one scribbler more?

TO \* \* \*

ABOUT TO PUBLISH A VOLUME OF MISCELLANIES.  
WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1755.

SINCE now, all scruples cast away,  
Your works are rising into day,  
Forgive, though I presume to send  
This honest counsel of a friend.

Let not your verse, as verse now goes,  
Be a strange kind of measur'd prose;  
Nor let your prose, which sure is worse,  
Want nought but measure to be verse.

Write from your own imagination,  
Nor curb your Muse by imitation:  
For copies show, how'er express,  
A barren genius at the best.  
—But imitation's all the mode—  
Yet where one hits, ten miss the road.

The mimic bard with pleasure sees  
Mat. Prior's unaffected ease:  
Assumes his style, affects a story,  
Sets every circumstance before ye,  
The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,  
And mars a curious tale in telling:  
Observes how easy Prior flows,  
Then runs his numbers down to prose.

Others have sought the filthy stews  
To find a dirty slipshod Muse.  
Their groping genius, while it rakes  
The bogs, the common-sew'rs, and jakes,  
Ordure and filth in rhyme exposes,  
Disgustful to our eyes and noses;  
With many a dash—that must offend us,  
And much \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* Hiatus non defendus.

O Swift! how wouldst thou blush to see,  
Such are the bards who copy thee?

This, Milton for his plan will choose:  
Wherein resembling Milton's Muse?  
Milton, like thunder, rolls along  
In all the majesty of song;

While his low mimics meanly creep,  
Nor quite awake, nor quite asleep;  
Or, if their thunder chance to roll,  
'Tis thunder of the mustard bowl.

The stiff expression, phrases strange,  
The epithet's preposterous change,  
Fore'd numbers, rough and unpolite,  
Such as the judging ear affright,  
Stop in mid verse. Ye mimics vile!  
Is't thus ye copy Milton's style?  
His faults religiously you trace,  
But borrow not a single grace.

How few, (say, whence can it proceed?)  
Who copy Milton, o'er succeed!  
But all their labours are in vain:  
And wherefore so?—The reason's plain.  
Take it for granted, 'tis by those  
Milton's the model mostly chose,  
Who can't write verse, and won't write prose.

Others, who aim at fancy, choose  
To woo the gentle Spenser's Muse.  
This poet fixes for his theme  
An allegory, or a dream;  
Fiction and truth together joins  
Through a long waste of flimsy lines:  
Fondly believes his fancy glows,  
And image upon image grows;  
Thinks his strong Muse takes wond'rous flights,  
Whene'er she sings of peerless wights,  
Of dens, of palfreys, spells and knights,  
'Till allegory, Spenser's veil  
'T instruct and please in moral tale,  
With him's no veil the truth to shroud,  
But one impenetrable cloud.

Others, more daring, fix their hope  
On rivaling the fame of Pope.

Satire's the word against the times—  
 These catch the cadence of his rhymes,  
 And borne from earth by Pope's strong wings,  
 Their Muse aspires, and boldy flings  
 Her dirt up in the face of kings.  
 In these the spleen of Pope we find;  
 But where the greatness of his mind?  
 His numbers are their whole pretence,  
 Mere strangers to his manly sense.

Some few, the favourites of the Muse,  
 Whom with her kindest eye she views;  
 Round whom Apollo's brightest rays  
 Shine forth with audacious blaze;  
 Some few, my friend, have sweetly trod  
 In imitation's dangerous road.  
 Long as tobacco's mild perfume  
 Shall scent each happy curate's room,  
 Or as in elbow-chair he smokes,  
 And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes,  
 So long, O Brown<sup>1</sup>, shall last thy praise,  
 Crown'd with tobacco-leaf for bays;  
 And whoso'er thy verse shall see,  
 Shall fill another pipe to thee.

## TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE, WRITTEN JANUARY 1, 1761,

FROM TIBBINGTON IN DERBYSHIRE.

FRIENDSHIP with most is dead and cool,  
 A dull, inactive, stagnant pool;  
 Yours like the lively current flows,  
 And shares the pleasure it bestows.  
 If there is aught, whose lenient pow'r  
 Can soothe affliction's painful hour,  
 Sweeten the bitter cup of care,  
 And snatch the wretched from despair,  
 Superior to the sense of woes,  
 From friendship's source the balsam flows.  
 Rich then am I, possess of thine,  
 Who know that happy balsam mine.

In youth, from Nature's genuine heat,  
 The souls congenial spring to meet,  
 And emulation's infant strife,  
 Cements the man in future life.  
 Oft too the mind well-pleas'd surveys  
 Its progress from its childish days;  
 Sees how the current upwards ran,  
 And reads the child o'er in the man.  
 For men, in Reason's sober eyes,  
 Are children, but of larger size,  
 Have still their idle hopes and fears,  
 And hobby-horse of riper years.

Whether a blessing, or a curse,  
 My rattle is the love of verse.  
 Some fancied parts, and emulation,  
 Which still aspires to reputation,  
 Bade infant Fancy plume her flight,  
 And held the laurel full to sight.  
 For Vanity, the poet's sin,  
 Had ta'en possession all within:  
 And he whose brain is verse-possesst,  
 Is to himself as highly blest,  
 As he, whose lines and circles vie  
 With Heaven's direction of the sky.

<sup>1</sup> Isaac Hawkins Brown, esq., author of a piece called the Pipe of Tobacco, a most excellent imitation of six different authors.

How'er the river rolls its tides,  
 The cork upon the surface rides.  
 And on Ink's ocean, lightly buoy'd,  
 The cork of Vanity is Lloyd,  
 Let me too use the common claim  
 And souse at once upon my name,  
 Which some have done with greater stress,  
 Who know me, and who love me less.  
 Poets are very harmless things,  
 Unless you tease one till it stings;  
 And when affronts are plainly meant,  
 We're bound in honour to resent:  
 And what tribunal will deny  
 An injur'd person to reply?

In these familiar emanations,  
 Which are but writing conversations,  
 Where Thought appears in dishabille,  
 And Fancy does just what she will,  
 The sourest critic would excuse  
 The vagrant sallies of the Muse:  
 Which lady, for Apollo's blessing,  
 Has still attended our caressing,  
 As many children round her sees  
 As maggots in a Cheahire cheese,  
 Which I maintain at vast expense,  
 Of pen and paper, time and sense:  
 And surely 'twas no small miscarriage  
 When first I enter'd into marriage.  
 The poet's title, which I bear,  
 With some strange castles in the air,  
 Was all my portion with the fair.

However narrowly I look,  
 In Phœbus's valorem book,  
 I cannot from inquiry find  
 Poets had much to leave behind.  
 They had a copyhold estate  
 In lands which they themselves create,  
 A foolish title to a fountain,  
 A right of common in a mountain,  
 And yet they liv'd amongst the great,  
 More than their brethren do of late;  
 Invited out at feasts to dine,  
 Eat as they pleas'd, and drank their wine;  
 Nor is it any where set down  
 They tip'd the servants half-a-crown,  
 But pass'd amid the waiting throng  
 And pay'd the porter with a song;  
 As once, a wag, in modern days,  
 When all are in these bribing ways,  
 His shillings to dispense unable,  
 Scrap'd half the fruit from off the table,  
 And walking gravely through the crowd,  
 Which stood obsequiously, and bow'd,  
 To keep the fashion up of tipping,  
 Dropt in each hand a golden pippin.

But there's a difference indeed  
 'Twixt ancient bards and modern breed.  
 Though poet known, in Roman days,  
 Fearless he walk'd the public ways,  
 Nor ever knew that sacred name  
 Contemptuous smile, or painful shame:  
 While with a foolish face of praise,  
 The folks would stop to gape and gaze,  
 And half untold the story leave,  
 Pulling their neighbour by the sleeve,  
 While th' index of the finger shows,  
 —There—yonder's Horace—there he goes.  
 This finger, I allow it true,  
 Points at us modern poets too;



But 'tis by way of wit and joke,  
To laugh, or as the phrase is, smoke.

Yet there are those, who're fond of wit,  
Although they never us'd it yet,  
Who wits and wittlings entertain;  
Of taste, virtù, and judgment vain,  
And dinner, grace, and grace-cup done,  
Expect a wond'rous deal of fun:  
"Yes—be at bottom—don't you know him?  
That's he that wrote the last new poem.  
His humour's exquisitely high,  
You'll hear him open by and by."

The man in print and conversation  
Have often very small relation;  
And he, whose humour hits the town,  
When copied fairly, and set down,  
In public company may pass,  
For little better than an ass.  
Perhaps the fault is on his side,  
Springs it from modesty, or pride,  
Those qualities ashame'd to own,  
For which he's happy to be known;  
Or that his nature's strange and shy,  
And diffident, he knows not why;  
Or from a prudent kind of fear,  
As knowing that the world's severe,  
He would not suffer to escape  
Familiar wit in easy shape:  
Lest gaping fools, and vile repeaters,  
Should catch her up, and spoil her features,  
And, for the child's unlucky maim,  
The faultless parent come to shame.

Well, but methinks I hear you say,  
"Write then, my friend!"—Write what?—" a  
play.

The theatres are open yet,  
The market for all sterling wit;  
Try the strong efforts of your pen,  
And draw the characters of men;  
Or bid the bursting tear to flow,  
Obedient to the fabled woe;  
With Tragedy's severest art,  
Anatomise the human heart,  
And, that you may be understood,  
Bid Nature speak, as Nature shou'd."

That talent, George, though yet untried,  
Perhaps my genius has denied;  
While you, my friend, are sure to please  
With all the pow'rs of comic ease.

Authors, like maids at fifteen years,  
Are full of wishes, full of fears.  
One might by pleasant thoughts be led,  
To lose a trifling maiden-head;  
But 'tis a terrible vexation  
To give up with it reputation.  
And he, who has with plays to do,  
Has got the devil to go through.  
Critics have reason for their rules,  
I dread the censure of your fools.  
For tell me, and consult your pride,  
(But Garrick for a while aside)  
How could you, George, with patience bear,  
The critic prising in the play'r?

Some of that calling have I known,  
Who held no judgment like their own;  
And yet their reasons fairly scan,  
And separate the wheat and bran;  
You'd be amaz'd indeed to find,  
What little wheat is left behind.

For, after all their mighty rout,  
Of chattering round and round about;  
'Tis but a kind of clock-work talking,  
Like crossing on the stage, and walking.

The form of this tribunal past,  
The play receiv'd, the parts all cast,  
Each actor has his own objections,  
Each character, new imperfections:  
The man's is drawn too coarse and rough,  
The lady's has not smut enough.  
It wants a touch of Cibber's ease,  
A higher kind of talk to please;  
Such as your titled folks would choose,  
And lords and ladyships might use,  
Which style, whoever would succeed in,  
Must have small wit, and much good breeding.  
If this is dialogue—*ma foi*,  
Sweet sir, say I, *pardonnez moi!*

As long as life and business last,  
The actors have their several cast,  
A walk where each his talent shows,  
Queens, nurses, tyrants, lovers, beaux;  
Suppose you've found a girl of merit,  
Would show your part in all its spirit,  
Take the whole meaning in the scope,  
Some little lively thing, like Pope<sup>1</sup>,  
You rob some others of a feather,  
They've worn for thirty years together.

But grant the cast is as you like,  
To actors which you think will strike.  
To-morrow then—(but as you know  
I've ne'er a comedy to show,  
Let me a while in conversation,  
Make free with yours for application)  
The arrow's flight can't be prevented—  
To-morrow then, will be presented  
The Jealous Wife! To-morrow? Right.  
How do you sleep, my friend, to-night?  
Have you no pit-pat hopes and fears,  
Roast-beef, and catcalls in your ears?  
Mabb's wheels across your temples creep,  
You toss and tumble in your sleep,  
And cry aloud, with rage and spleen,  
"That fellow murders all my scene."

To-morrow comes. I know your merit,  
And see the piece's fire and spirit;  
Yet friendship's zeal is ever hearty,  
And dreads the efforts of a party.

The coach below, the clock gone five,  
Now to the theatre we drive:  
Peeping the curtain's eyelet through,  
Behold the house in dreadful view!  
Observe how close the critics sit,  
And not one bonnet in the pit.  
With horror hear the galleries ring,  
"Nosy! Black Joke! God save the King!"  
Sticks clatter, catcalls scream, "Encore!"  
Cocks crow, pit hisses, galleries roar:  
E'en "Cha' some oranges," is found  
This night to have a dreadful sound:  
'Till, decent sables on his back,  
(Your prologuists all wear black)  
The prologue comes; and, if its mine,  
Its very good, and very fine:  
If not, I take a pinch of snuff,  
And wonder where you got such stuff.

That done, a-gape the critics sit,  
Expectant of the comic wit.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Pope, still an actress of genuine merit. C.

The fiddlers play again pell-mell:  
—But hark!—the prompter rings his bell.  
—"Down there! hats off!"—the curtain draws!  
What follows is—the just applause.

TWO ODES<sup>1</sup>.

ΘΥΝΑΝΤΑ ΕΤΝΕΤΟΙΩΝ. ΕΙ  
ΔΕ ΤΟ ΠΑΝ, ΕΡΜΗΝΕΩΝ  
ΧΑΤΙΖΕΙ

Pindar, Olymp. II.

## ODE I.

DAUGHTER of Chaos and old Night,  
Cimmerian Muse, all hail!  
That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canst write,  
And shadowest meaning with thy dusky veil!  
What poet sings, and strikes the strings?  
It was the mighty Theban spoke,  
He from the ever-living lyre  
With magic hand elicits fire.  
Heard ye the din of modern rhimers bray?  
It was cool M——n, or warm G——y,  
Involv'd in tenfold smoke.

The shallow fop in antic vest,  
Tir'd of the beaten road,  
Proud to be singly drest,  
Changes, with every changing moon, the mode.  
Say, shall not then the Heav'n-born Muses too  
Variety pursue?  
Shall not applauding critics hail the vogue?  
Whether the Muse the style of Cambria's sons,  
Or the rude gabble of the Huns,  
Or the broader dialect  
Of Caledonia she affect,  
Or take, Hibernia, thy still ranker brogue?

On this terrestrial ball  
The tyrant, Fashion, governs all.  
She, fickle goddess, whom, in days of yore,  
The idiot Moria, on the banks of Seine,  
Unto an antic fool, bight Andrew, bore:  
Long she paid him with disdain,  
And long his pangs in silence he conceal'd:  
At length, in happy hour, his love-sick pain  
On thy blest calends, April, he reveal'd.  
From their embraces, sprung,  
Ever changing, ever ranging,  
Fashion, goddess ever young.

Perch'd on the dubious height, she loves to ride,  
Upon a weather-cock, astride.  
Each blast that blows, around she goes,  
While nodding o'er her crest,  
Emblem of her magic pow'r,  
The light camelion stands confest,  
Changing it's hues a thousand times an hour.  
And in a vest is she array'd,  
Of many a dancing moon-beam made,  
Nor zoneless is her waist:  
But fair and beautiful, I ween,  
As the cestus-cinctur'd queen,  
Is with the rainbow's shadowy girdle brac'd.

<sup>1</sup> I take the liberty of inserting the two following odes, though I cannot, with strict propriety, print them as my own composition. The truth is, they were written in concert with a friend, to whose labours I am always happy to add my own: I mean the author of the Jealous Wife.

She bids pursue the fav'rite road  
Of lofty cloud-capt Ode  
Meantime each bard, with eager speed,  
Vaults on the Pegasæan steed:  
Yet not that Pegasus of yore,  
Which th' illustrious Pindar bore,  
But one of nobler breed;  
High blood and youth his lusty veins inspire:  
From Tottipontimoy he came,  
Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name?  
The bloody shoulder'd Arab was his sire:  
His Whitenoose<sup>2</sup>, he on fam'd Doncastris' plains  
Resign'd his fatal breath:  
In vain for life the struggling courser strains.  
Ah! who can run the race with Death?  
The tyrant's speed, or man or steed,  
Strives all in vain to fly.  
He leads the chase, he wins the race,  
We stumble, fall, and die.

Third from Whitenoose springs  
Pegasus with eagle wings:  
Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,  
With many a bound he beats the ground,  
While all the Turf with acclamation rings:  
He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York:  
He too Newmarket won:  
There Granta's son  
Seiz'd on the steed;  
And thence him led, (so Fate decreed)  
To where old Cam, renown'd in poet's song,  
With his dark and inky waves,  
Either bank in silence laves,  
Winding slow his sluggish streams along.

What stripling neat, of visage sweet,  
In trimmest guise array'd,  
First the neighing steed assay'd?  
His hand a taper switch adorns, his heel  
Sparkles refulgent with elastic steel:  
The whites he wins his whiffing way,  
Prancing, ambling, round and round,  
By hill, and dale, and mead, and greensward gay:  
Till satiated with the pleasing ride,  
From the lofty steed dismounting,  
He lies along, enrapt in conscious pride,  
By gurgling rill, or crystal fountain.

Lo! next, a bard, secure of praise,  
His self-complacent countenance displays.  
His broad mustachios, ting'd with golden dye,  
Flame, like a meteor, to the troubled air:  
Proud his demeanor, and his eagle eye, [glare:  
O'er-hung with lavish lid, yet shone with glorious  
The grizzle grace  
Of bushy peruke shadow'd o'er his face.  
In large wide boots, whose ponderous weight  
Would sink each wight of modern date,  
He rides, well-pleas'd: so large a pair  
Not Gargantua's self might wear:  
Not he, of nature fierce and cruel,  
Who, if we trust to ancient ballad,  
Devour'd three pilgrims in a sallad;  
Nor he of fame germane, bight Pantagruel.

<sup>2</sup> The author is either mistaken in this place, or has else indulged himself in a very unwarrantable poetical licence. Whitenoose was not the sire, but a son of the Godolphin Arabian. See my Calendar. Heber.

Accoutred thus, th' adventurous youth  
 Soaks not the level lawn, or velvet mead,  
 Fast by whose side clear streams meandering  
 But urges on amain the fiery steed [creep;  
 Up Snowden's shaggy side, or Cambrian rock un-  
 Where the venerable herd [couth:  
 Of goats, with long and sapient beard,  
 And wanton kiddings their blithe revels keep.  
 Now up the mountain see him strain!  
 Now down the vale he's tost,  
 Now flashes on the sight again,  
 Now in the palpable obscure quite lost.

Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,  
 With high or low, all is woe,  
 Disease, mischance, pale fear, and dubious fate.  
 But, o'er every peril bounding,  
 Ambition views not all the ills surrounding,  
 And, tiptoe on the mountains steep,  
 Reflects not on the yawning deep.

See, see, he soars! With mighty wings outspread,  
 And long resounding mane,  
 The courser quits the plain,  
 Aloft in air, see, see him bear  
 The bard, who shrouds  
 His lyric glory in the clouds,  
 Too fond to strike the stars with lofty head!  
 He topples headlong from the godly height,  
 Deep in the Cambrian gulph immerg'd in endless  
 night.

O steed divine! what daring spirit  
 Rides thee now? though he inherit  
 Nor the pride, nor self-opinion,  
 Which sate the mighty pair,  
 Each of Taste the favourite minion,  
 Prancing through the desert air;  
 By help mechanic of equestrian block,  
 Yet shall he mount, with classic housings grac'd,  
 And, all unheedful of the critic mock,  
 Drive his light courser o'er the bounds of Taste.

## ODE II.

## TO OBLIVION.

PARENT of Ease!<sup>1</sup> Oblivion old,  
 Who lov'st thy dwelling-place to hold,  
 Where sceptred Pluto keeps his dreary sway,  
 Whose sullen pride the stiv'ring ghosts obey!  
 Thou, who delightest still to dwell  
 By some hoar and moss-grown cell,  
 At whose dank foot Cocytus joys to roll,  
 Or Styx' black streams, which even Jove control!  
 Or if it suit thy better will  
 To choose the tinkling weeping rill,  
 Hard by whose side the seeded poppy red  
 Heaves high in air his sweetly curling head,  
 While, creeping in meanders slow,  
 Lethe's drowsy waters flow,  
 And hollow blasts, which never cease to sigh,  
 Ham to each care-struck mind their lulla-lulla-by!  
 A prey no longer let me be  
 To that gossip Memory,

<sup>1</sup> According, to Liliæus, who bestows the parental function on Oblivion.

Verba Obliviscendi regunt Genitivum.

Lib. xiii. cap. 8.

There is a similar passage in Busbæus.

Who waves her banners trim, and proudly flies  
 To spread abroad her bribble-brabble lies.  
 With thee, Oblivion, let me go,  
 For Memory's a friend to woe;  
 With thee, Forgetfulness, fair silent queen,  
 The solemn stole of Grief is never seen.

All, all is thine. Thy powerful sway  
 The throng'd poetic hosts obey:  
 Though in the van of Mem'ry proud I appear,  
 At thy command they darken in the rear.  
 What though the modern tragic strain  
 For nine whole days protract thy reign,  
 Yet through the Nine, like whelps of carrish kind,  
 Scarcely it lives, weak, impotent, and blind.  
 Sacred to thee the crambo rhyme,  
 The motley forms of pantomime:  
 For thee from emuch's throat still loves to flow  
 The soothing sadness of his warbled woe:  
 Each day to thee falls pamphlet clean:  
 Each month a new-born magazine:  
 Hear then, O goddess, hear thy vot'ry's pray'r!  
 And, if thou deign'st to take one moment's care,  
 Attend thy bard! who duly pays  
 The tribute of his votive lays;  
 Whose Muse still offers at thy sacred shrine;—  
 Thy bard, who calls thee his, and makes him  
 O, sweet Forgetfulness, supreme [thine.  
 Rule supine o'er ev'ry theme,  
 O'er each sad subject, o'er each soothing strain,  
 Of mine, O goddess, stretch thine awful reign!  
 Nor let Mem'ry steal one note,  
 Which this rude hand to thee hath wrote!  
 So shalt thou save me from the poet's shame,  
 Though on the letter'd rubric Dodaley post my  
 name.

O come! with opiate poppies crown'd,  
 Shedding slumbers soft around! [sack!—  
 O come! fat goddess, drunk with laureats'  
 See, where she sits on the benumb'd torpedo's  
 Mc, in thy dull Elysium lapt, O bless [back!  
 With thy calm forgetfulness!  
 And gently lull my senses all the while  
 With placid poems in the sinking style!  
 Whether the Herring-poet sing,  
 Great laureat of the fishes' king,  
 Or Lycophron prophetic rave his fill,  
 Wrapt in the darker strains of Johnny —;  
 Or, if he sing, whose verse affords  
 A bevy of the choicest words,  
 Who meets his lady Muse by moss-grown cell,  
 Adorn'd with epithet and tinkling bell:  
 These, goddess, let me still forget,  
 With all the dearth of modern wit!  
 So may'st thou gently o'er my youthful breast  
 Spread, with thy welcome hand, Oblivion's friendly  
 vest.

## THE PROGRESS OF ENVY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1751.

Alas! unhappy state of mortal wight,  
 Sith Envy's sure attendant upon Fame,  
 Ne doth she rest from rancorous despight,  
 Until she works him mickle woe and shame;  
 Unhappy he whom Envy thus doth spoil,  
 Ne doth she check her ever restles hate:  
 Until she doth his reputation foil:

Ah! ~~lackless~~ ~~imp~~ is he, whose worth elate,  
Forces him pay this heavy tax for being great.

There stood an ancient mount, yecept Parnass,  
(The fair domain of sacred Poesy)  
Which, with fresh odours ever-blooming, was  
Besprinkled with the dew of Castaly; [glides,  
Which now in soothing murmurs whisp'ring  
Wat'ring with genial waves the fragrant soil,  
Now rolls adown the mountain's steepy sides,  
Teaching the vales full beauteously to smile,  
Dame Nature's handy-work, not form'd by lab'ring  
toil.

The Muses fair, these peaceful shades among,  
With skilful fingers sweep the trembling strings;  
The air in silence listens to the song,  
And Time forgets to ply his lazy wings;  
Pale-visag'd Care, with foul unballow'd feet,  
Attempts the summit of the hill to gain,  
Ne can the hag arrive the blissful seat;  
Her unavailing strength is spent in vain,  
Content sits on the top, and mocks her empty pain.

Oft Phoebus self left his divine abode, -  
And here enshrouded in a shady bow'r,  
Regardless of his state, lay'd by the god,  
And own'd sweet Music's more alluring pow'r.  
On either side was plac'd a peerless wight,  
Whose merit long had fill'd the trump of Fame;  
This, Fancy's darling child, was Spenser hight,  
Who pip'd full pleasing on the banks of Tame;  
That no less fam'd than he, and Milton was his  
name.

In these cool bow'rs they live sapsinely calm;  
Now harmless talk, now emulously sing;  
While Virtue, pouring round her, sacred balm,  
Makes happiness eternal as the spring.  
Alternately they sung; now Spenser 'gan,  
Of jousts and tournaments, and champions  
strong;

Now Milton sung of disobedient man,  
And Eden lost: the bards around them throng,  
Drawn by the wond'rous magic of their princes'  
song.

Not far from these, Dan Chaucer, ancient wight,  
A lofty seat on Mount Parnassus held,  
Who long had been the Muses' chief delight;  
His reverend locks were silver'd o'er with eld;  
Grave was his visage, and his habit plain -  
And while he sung, fair Nature he display'd,  
In verse albeit uncouth, and simple strain;  
Ne mote he well be seen, so thick the shade,  
Which clms and aged oaks had all around him  
made.

Next Shakespeare sat, irregularly great,  
And in his hand a magic rod did hold,  
Which visionary beings did create,  
And turn the foulest dross to purest gold:  
Whatever spirits rove in earth or air,  
Or bad or good, obey his dread command;  
To his behests these willingly repair,  
Those aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,  
The which not all their pow'rs united might with-  
stand.

Beside the bard there stood a beauteous maid,  
Whose glittering appearance dimm'd the eyes;  
Her thin-wrought vesture various tints display'd,  
Fancy her name, ysprong of race divine;

Her mantle whipp'd<sup>1</sup> low, her silken hair,  
Which loose adown her well-turn'd shoulders  
stray'd,

"She made a net to catch the wanton Air,"  
Whose love-sick breezes all around her play'd  
And seem'd in whispers soft to court the heav'nly  
maid.

And ever and anon she wav'd in air  
A sceptre, fraught with all-creative pow'r:  
She wav'd it round: oftsoons there did appear  
Spirits and witches, forms unknown before:  
Again she lifts her wonder-working wand;  
Oftsoons upon the ~~flow'ry~~ plain were seen  
The gay inhabitants of fairie land,  
And blithe attendants upon Mab their queen  
In mystic circles danc'd along th' enchanted green.

On th' other side stood Nature, goddess fair;  
A matron seem'd she, and of manners staid;  
Beauteous her form, majestic was her air,  
In loose attire of purest white array'd: -  
A potent rod she bore, whose pow'r was such,  
(As from her darling's works may well be shown)  
That often with its soul-enchancing touch,  
She rais'd or joy, or caus'd the deep-felt groan,  
And each man's passions made subservient to her  
own.

But lo! thick fogs from out the earth arise,  
And murky mists the buxom air invade,  
Which with contagion dire infect the skies,  
And all around their baleful influence shed;  
Th' infected sky, which whilom was so fair,  
With thick-Cimmerian darkness is o'erspread;  
The Sun, which whilom shone without compare,  
Muffles in pitchy veil his radiant head,  
And fore the time sore-grieving seeks his wat'ry  
bed.

Envy, the daughter of fell Acheron,  
(The flood of deadly hate and glodmy night)  
Had left precipitate her Stygian throne,  
And through thè frighted heavens wing'd her  
flight:

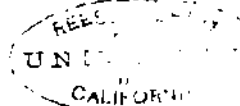
With careful eye each realm she did explore,  
Ne mote she o'dgt of happiness observe;  
For happiness, alas! was now no more,  
Sith ev'ry one from virtue's paths did swerve,  
And trample on religion base designs to serve.

At length, on blest Parnassus seated high,  
Their temple circled with a laurel crown,  
Spenser and Milton met her scowling eye,  
And turn'd her horrid grin into a frown.  
Full fast unto her sister did she post,  
There to unload the venom of her breast,  
To tell how all her happiness was lost,  
Sith others were of happiness possess:  
Did never gloomy Hell send forth like ugly pest.

Within the covert of a gloomy wood,  
Where sun'ralypressstar-proofbranchespread,  
O'ergrown with tang'inz briars a cavern stood;  
Fit place for unlaugholy dreary-head<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Wimpl'd. A word used by Spenser for hung down. The line enclosed within commas is one of Fairfax's in his translation of Tasso.

<sup>2</sup> Dreary-head. Gloominess.



Here a deformed monster joy'd to won,  
Which on fell rancour ever was ybent,  
All from the rising to the setting sun,  
Her heart pursued spite with black intent,  
Ne could her iron mind at human woes relent.

In flowing sable stole she was yelad,  
Which with her countenance did well accord;  
Forth from her mouth, like one through grief  
gone mad,  
A frothy sea of nanseous foam was pour'd;  
A ghastly grin and eyes asquint, display  
The rancour which her bellish thoughts contain,  
And how, when man is blest, she pines away,  
Burning to turn his happiness to pain;  
Malice the monster's name, a foe to God and man.

Along the floor black loathsome toads still  
crawl,  
Their gullets swell'd with poison's mortal bane,  
Which ever and anon they spit at all  
Whom hapless fortune leads too near her den;  
Around her waist, in place of silken zone,  
A life-devouring viper rear'd his head,  
Who no distinction made 'twixt friend and foe,  
But death on ev'ry side fierce brandish'd,  
Fly, reckless mortals, fly, in vain is hardy-head<sup>1</sup>.

Impatient Envy, through th' etherial waste,  
With inward venom fraught, and deadly spite,  
Unto this cavern steer'd her panting haste,  
Enshrouded in a darksome veil of night;  
Her inmost heart burnt with impetuous ire,  
And fell destruction spark'd in her look,  
Her ferret eyes flash'd with revengeful fire,  
Awhile contending passions utterance choke,  
At length the fiend in furious tone her silence  
broke.

"Sister, arise! see how our pow'r decays,  
No more our empire thou and I can boast,  
Sith mortal man now gains immortal praise,  
Sith man is blest, and thou and I are lost:  
See in what state Parnassus' hill appears;  
See Phoebus' self two happy bards atween;  
See how the god their song attentive bears;  
This Spenser hight, that Milton, well I ween!  
Who can behold unmov'd sike heart-tormenting  
scene?"

"Sister, arise! ne let our courage droop,  
Perforce we will compel these mortals own,  
That mortal force unto our force shall stoop;  
Envy and Malice then shall reign alone:  
Thou best has known to file thy tongue with lies,  
And to deceive mankind with specious bait:  
Like Truth accoutred, spreadest forgeries,  
The fountain of contention and of hate:  
Arise, unite with me, and be as whilom great!"

The fiend obey'd, and with impatient voice—  
"Tremble, ye bards, within that blissful seat;  
Malice and Envy shall o'erthrow your joys,  
Nor Phoebus self shall our designs defeat,  
Shall we, who under friendship's feigned veil,  
Prompted the bold archangel to rebel;  
Shall we, who under show of sacred zeal,  
Plung'd half the pow'rs of Heav'n in lowest Hell—  
Such vile disgrace of us no mortal man shall tell."

<sup>1</sup> Hardy-head. Courage.

And now, more hideous rendered to the sight,  
By reason of her raging cruelty,  
She burnt to go, equipt in dreadful plight,  
And find fit engine for her forgery.  
Her eyes inflam'd did cast their rays askance,  
While bellish imps prepare the monster's car,  
In which she might cut through the wide ex-  
panse,  
And find out nations that extended far,  
When 'all was pitchy dark, ne twinkled one bright  
star.

Black was her chariot, drawn by dragons dire,  
And each fell serpent had a double tongue,  
Which ever and anon spit flaming fire,  
The regions of the tainted air among;  
A lofty seat the sister-monsters bore,  
In deadly machinations close combin'd,  
Dull Folly drove with terrible uproar,  
And cruel Discord follow'd fast behind;  
God help the man 'gainst whom such castiff foes  
are join'd.

Aloft in air the rattling chariot flies,  
While thunder barably grates upon its wheels;  
Black pointed spires of smoke around them rise,  
The air depress'd unusual burthen feels;  
Detested sight! in terrible array,  
They spur their fiery dragons on amain,  
Ne mote their anger suffer cold delay,  
Until the wish'd-for region they obtain,  
And land their dingy car on Caledonian plain.

Here, eldest son of Malice, long had dwellt  
A wretch of all the joys of life forlorn;  
His fame on double falsities was built:  
(Ah! worthless son, of worthless parent born!)  
Under the shew of semblance fair, he veil'd  
The black intentions of his bellish breast;  
And by these gulleful means he more prevail'd  
'Than had he open enmity profest;  
The wolf more safely wounds when in sheep's  
clothing drest.

Him then themselves atween they joyful place,  
(Sure sign of woe when such are pleas'd, alas!)  
Then measure back the air with swifter pace,  
Until they reach the foot of Mount Parnas.  
Hither in evil hour the monsters came,  
And with their new companion did alight,  
Who long had lost all sense of virtuous shame,  
Beholding worth with poisonous despight;  
On his success depends their impious delight.

Long burnt he sore the summit to obtain,  
And spread his venom o'er the blissful seat;  
Long burnt he sore, but still he burnt in vain;  
Mote none come there, who come with impious  
feet.

At length, at unawares, he out doth spit  
That spite which else had to himself been bane;  
The venom on the breast of Milton lit,  
And spread benumbing death through every vein;  
The bard of life bereft fell senseless on the plain.

As at the banquet of Thyestes old,  
The Sun is said to have shut his radiant eye,  
So did he now through grief his beams with-  
hold,  
And darkness to be felt o'erwhelm'd the sky;

Forth issued from their dismal dark abodes  
The birds attendant upon hideous night,  
Shriek-owls and ravens, whose fell-croaking bodes  
Approaching death to miserable wight:  
Did never mind of man behold like dreadful sight?

Apollo wails his darling done to die  
By foul attempt of Envy's fatal bane;  
The Muses sprinkle him with dew of Castaly,  
And crown his death with many a living strain;  
Hoary Parnassus beats his aged breast,  
Aged, yet ne'er before did sorrow know;  
The flowers drooping their despair attest,  
Th' aggrieved rivers querulously flow;  
All nature sudden groan'd with sympathetic woe.

But, lo! the sky a gayer livery wears,  
The melting clouds begin to fade away,  
And now the cloak of darkness disappears,  
(May darkness ever thus to light give place!)  
Ere griev'd Apollo jocund looks resumes,  
The Nine renew their whilom cheerful song,  
No grief Parnassus' aged breast consumes,  
For from the teeming earth new flowers sprong,  
The pteuous rivers flow'd full peacefully along.

The stricken bard fresh vital heat renews,  
Whose blood, erst stagnant, rushes through his  
veins;  
Life through each pore her spirit doth infuse,  
And Fame by Malice unextinguish'd reigns:  
And now, a form breaks forth, all heav'nly bright,  
Upheld by one of mortal progeny,  
A female form, yclad in snowy-white,  
No half so fair at distance seen as nigh;  
Douglas and Truth appear, Envy and Lauder die.

### PROLOGUE TO THE JEALOUS WIFE.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

THE Jealous Wife! a comedy! poor man!  
A charming subject! but a wretched plan.  
His skittish wit, o'erleaping the due bound,  
Commits flat trespass upon tragic ground.  
Tumults, upbraidings, jealousies, and spleen,  
Grow too familiar in the comic scene.  
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,  
Tis passion, pathos, character, sublime!  
What round big words had swell'd the pompous  
A king the husband, and the wife a queen! [scene,  
Then might Distractiōn read her graceful hair,  
See sightless forms, and scream, and gape, and stare.  
Drawcasir Death had rag'd without control,  
Here the drawn dagger, there the poison'd bowl.  
What eyes had stream'd at all the whining woe!  
What hands had thunder'd at each Ha! and Oh!  
But peace! the gentle prologue custom sends,  
Like drum and serjeant, to beat up for friends.  
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,  
Our author flies, but with no partial aim.  
He read the manners, open as they lie  
In Nature's volume to the general eye.  
Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their store—  
He does but what his betters did before.  
Shakspeare has done it, and the Grecian stage  
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.  
If in his scenes an honest skill is shown,  
And borrowing little, much appears his own;  
If what's a master's happy pencil drew  
He brings more forward, in dramatic view;

vol. xv.

To your decision he submits his cause,  
Secure of candour, anxious for applause.  
But if all rude, his artless scenes deface  
The simple beauties which he meant to grace;  
If, an invader upon others' land,  
He spoil and plunder with a robber's hand,  
Do justice on him!—as on fools before,  
And give to blockheads past one blockhead more.

### PROLOGUE,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE, ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1761.

GENIUS, neglected, mourns his wither'd bays;  
But soars to Heav'n from virtue's generous praise.  
When kings themselves the proper judges sit  
O'er the blist realms of science, arts, and wit,  
Each eager breast beats high for glorious fame,  
And emulation glows with active flame.  
Thus, with Augustus rose imperial Rome,  
For arms renown'd abroad, for arts at home.  
Thus, when Eliza fill'd Britannia's throne,  
What arts, what learning was not then our own?  
Then sinew'd genius strong and nervous rose,  
In Spenser's numbers, and in Raleigh's prose;  
On Bacon's lips then every science hung, [tongue,  
And Nature spoke from her own Shakspeare's  
Her patriot smiles fell, like refreshing dews,  
To wake to life each pleasing useful Muse,  
While every virtue which the queen profess'd,  
Beam'd on her subjects, but to make them blest.  
O glorious times!—O theme of praise divine!  
—Be happy, Britain, then—such times are thine.  
Behold e'en now strong science imp's her wing,  
And arts revive beneath a patriot king.  
The Muscs too burst forth with double light,  
To shed their lustre in a monarch's sight.  
His cheering smiles alike to all extend—  
Perhaps this spot may boast a royal friend.  
And when a prince, with early judgment grac'd,  
Himself shall marshal out the way to taste,  
Caught with the flame perhaps e'en here may rise  
Some powerful genius of uncommon size,  
And, pleas'd with Nature, Nature's depth explore,  
And be what our great Shakspeare was before.

### PROLOGUE TO HECUBA.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, 1761.

A Grecian bard, two thousand years ago,  
Plann'd this sad fable of illustrious woe;  
Waken'd each soft emotion of the breast,  
And call'd forth tears, that would not be suppress.  
Yet, O ye mighty sirs, of judgment chaste,  
Who, lacking genius, have a deal of taste,  
Can you forgive our modern ancient piece,  
Which brings no chorus, tho' it comes from  
Greece?  
Kind social chorus, which all humours meets,  
And sings and dances up and down the streets.  
—Oh! might true taste, in these unclassic days,  
Revive the Grecian fashions with their plays!  
Then, rais'd on stilts, our players would stalk and  
age,  
And, at three steps, stride o'er a modern stage;

H

Each gesture then would boast unusual charms,  
From lengthen'd legs, stuff'd body, sprawling arms!  
Your critic eye would then no pigmies see,  
But buskins make a giant e'en of me.  
No features then the poet's mind would trace,  
But one black vizard blot out all the face.  
O! glorious times, when actors thus could strike,  
Expressive, inexpressive, all alike!  
Less change of face than in our Punch they saw,  
For Punch can roll his eyes, and wag his jaw;  
With one set glare they mouth'd the rumbling verse;  
Our Gog and Magog look not half so fierce!

Yet, though depriv'd of instruments like these,  
Nature, perhaps, may find a way to please;  
Which, wheresoe'er she glows with genuine flame,  
In Greece, in Rome, in England, is the same.

Of raillery then, ye modern wits, beware,  
Nor damn the Grecian poet for the player.  
Theirs was the skill, with home-t' help of art,  
To win, by just degree, the yielding heart.  
What if our Shakspeare claims the magic throne,  
And in one instant makes us all his own;  
They differ only in one point of view,  
For Shakspeare's nature, was their nature too.

---

O D E

SPOKEN ON A PUBLIC OCCASION AT WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL.

NOR at Apollo's vaulted shrine,  
Nor to the fabled Sisters Nine,  
Offers the youth his ineffectual vow,  
Far be their rites!—Such worship fits not now;  
When at Eliza's sacred name

Each breast receives the present flame:  
While eager genius plumes her infant wings,  
And with bold impulse strikes th' accordant  
Reflecting on the crowded line [strings,  
Of mitred sages, bards divine,  
Of patriots, active in their country's cause,  
Who plan her councils, or direct her laws.

Oh Memory! how thou lov'st to stray,  
Delighted, o'er the flow'ry way  
Of childhood's greener years! when simple youth  
Pour'd the pure dictates of ingenuous truth!

'Tis then the souls congenial meet,  
Inspir'd with friendship's genuine heat,  
Ere interest, frantic zeal, or jealous art,  
Have taught the language foreign to the heart.

'Twas here, in many an early strain  
Dryden first try'd his classic vein,  
Spurr'd his strong genius to the distant goal,  
In wild effusions of his manly soul;  
When Busby's skill, and judgment sage,  
Repress'd the poet's frantic rage,  
Cropt his luxuriance bold, and blended taught  
The flow of numbers with the strength of thought.

Nor, Cowley, be thy Muse forgot! which strays  
In wit's ambiguous flowery maze,  
With many a pointed turn and studied art:  
Though affectation blot thy rhyme,  
Thy mind was lofty and sublime,  
And manly honour dignified thy heart:  
Though fond of wit, yet firm to virtue's plan,  
The poet's trifles ne'er disgrac'd the man.

Well might thy morals sweet engage  
Th' attention of the mitred sage,  
Smit with the plain simplicity of truth.  
For not ambition's giddy strife,  
The gilded toys of public life,  
Which snare the gay unstable youth,  
Could lure thee from the sober charms,  
Which lapt thee in Retirement's arms,  
Whence thou, untainted with the pride of state,  
Could'st smile with pity on the bustling great.

Such were Eliza's sons. Her fost'ring care  
Here bade free genius tune his grateful song,  
Which else had wasted in the desert air,  
Or droop'd unnoticed 'mid the vulgar throng.  
—Ne'er may her youth degenerate shame  
The glories of Eliza's name!  
But with the poet's phrensy bold,  
Such as inspir'd her bards of old,  
Pluck thy own laurel from the hand of Fame!

---

THE TEARS AND TRIUMPH OF PAR-  
NASSUS:

AN ODE. SET TO MUSIC, AND PERFORMED AT  
DRURY-LANE, 1760.

*The scene discovers Apollo and the Nine Muses in  
their proper habits.*

APOLLO.

FATE gave the word; the dead is done;  
Augustus is no more;  
His great career of fame is ran,  
And all the loss deplore.

[*The Muses tear off their laurels.*

CALLIOPE.

Well, sisters of the sacred spring,  
Well may you rend your golden hair;  
Well may you now your dirges sing,  
And pierce with cries the troubled air.

CHORUS.

Fate gave the word, &c.

CLIO.

Founded in justice was his sway;  
Ambition never mark'd his way.

CALLIOPE.

Unless the best ambition that can fire  
A monarch's breast and all his soul inspire,  
The generous purpose of the noble mind,  
The best ambition—to serve human kind.

APOLLO.

Yes, virgins, yes; that wish sublime  
Rank'd him with those of earliest time,  
Who for a people's welfare strove;  
Whose spirits breathe ethereal air,  
And for their meed of earthly care,  
Drink nectar with Olympian Jove.

CALLIOPE.

Oh Truth! fair daughter of the sky,  
And Mercy!—that with asking eye  
Near the Omnipotent do'st stand;  
And, when mankind provoke his rage,  
Do'st clasp his knees, his wrath assuage,  
And win the thunder from his hand!

CLIO.

Oh! white-rob'd Faith! celestial maid!  
Twin-born with Justice! by whose aid  
He liv'd the guardian of the laws;  
Dear Liberty! round Albion's isle  
That bid'st eternal sunshine smile,  
Who now will guard your sacred cause?

CHORUS.

Dear Liberty, &amp;c.

CALLIOPE.

Where were ye, Muses, when the fatal sheers  
The Fury rais'd, to close his rev'rend years?  
But ah! vain wish!—you could not stop the  
blow!

No omen warn'd ye of th' impending woe.

APOLLO.

See! where Britannia stands  
With close infolded hands,  
On yonder sea-beat shore!  
Behold her languid air!  
Lo! her dishevell'd hair!  
Majestic now no more!  
Still on the sullen wave her eye is bent,  
The trident of the main thrown idle by;  
Old Thames, his sea-green mantle rent,  
Inverts his urn, and heaves a doleful sigh.

Hark! to the winds and waves  
Frantic with grief she raves,  
And, "Cruel gods!" she cries;  
Each chalky cliff around,  
Each rock returns the sound,  
And "Cruel gods!" replies.

CALLIOPE.

See! the procession sad and slow,  
Walks in a solemn pomp of woe  
Through awful arches, gloomy aisles,  
And rows of monumental piles,  
Where lie the venerable just,  
Where heroes moulder into dust.  
Now quietly interr'd he lies,  
Pale! pale! manimate and cold!  
Where round him baleful vapours rise,  
'Midst bones of legislators old!

CLIO.

Of him who sought th' ambitious Gaul  
O'er thick-embattled plains,  
Who felt, who liv'd, and reign'd for all,  
This only now remains.

APOLLO.

Bring, in handfuls, lilies bring;  
Bring me all the flow'ry spring.  
Scatter roses on his bier;  
Ever honour'd, ever dear!

CHORUS.

Scatter roses, &amp;c.

MERCURY descends.

No more, harmonious progeny of Jove,  
No more let funeral accents rise;  
The great, the good Augustus reigns above,  
Translated to his kindred skies.

CLIO.

No more for my historic page—

CALLIOPE.

No more for my great epic rage—

BOTH.

Will by the hero now be done—

CHORUS.

His great career of fame is run,  
And all the loss deplore.

Enter MARS.

Lo! Mars, from his beloved land,  
Where Freedom long hath fix'd her stand,  
Bids ye collect your flowing hair,  
And again the laurel wear:  
For see! Britannia rears her drooping head;  
Again resumes her trident of the main;  
Thames takes his urn, and seeks his wat'ry bed,  
While gay Content sits smiling on the plain.  
Hark! a glad voice,  
Proclaims the people's choice.

CHORUS, within the scenes.

He is our liege, our rightful lord!  
Of heart and tongue with one accord  
We all will sing  
Long live the king!  
He is our liege!—he!—he alone!  
With British heart he mounts the throne:  
Around him throngs a loyal band;  
He will protect his native land!  
He is our liege, &c.

[The Muses rise and put on their laurels.]

CALLIOPE.

The Muses now their heads shall raise;  
The arts to life shall spring;  
Virgins, we'll trim our wither'd hairs,  
And wake each vocal string;  
Now shall the sculptor's happy skill  
Touch the rude stone to life;  
The painter shall his canvas fill,  
Pleas'd with his mimic strife.

CLIO.

Sweet Mercy! Faith! celestial Truth!  
Now by your aid the royal youth  
Shall live the guardian of the laws;  
Dear Liberty! round Albion's isle  
That bid'st eternal sunshine smile,  
He now will guard your sacred cause.

APOLLO.

Blest prince! whose subjects in each adverse hour  
For freedom still have stood!  
Blest isle! whose prince but deems the sov'reign  
The pow'r of doing good! [pow'r,

MARS.

Now open all your Helicon; explore  
Of harmony the loftiest store;  
Let the drum beat alarms,  
Such as rouse us to arms;  
The trumpet's shrill clangor shall pierce through  
the sky!  
Swell the rapture, swell it high;  
And in notes sublime and clear  
Pour the strong melody that Heav'n may hear.

APOLLO.

Nothing mortal will I sound;  
Lo! the flame, the flame divine!  
High I mount, I quit the ground,  
Holy fury! I am thine.



With rage possess  
Big swells my breast!  
In visions rapt, before my sight appears  
A brighter order of increasing years.

## MARS.

I see the Rhine devolve his flood  
Deep-crimson'd with the Gallic blood!  
I hear, I hear the distant roar  
Of ruin on yon hostile shore!  
I see, young prince, to thee I see  
The savage Indian bend the knee!  
Lo! Afric from her sable kings  
Her richest stores in tribute brings!  
And farthest Ind, beneath the rising day  
Lays down her arms, and venerates thy sway.

## CALLIOPE.

I see Bellona banish'd far!  
I see him close the gates of War.  
While purple Rage within  
With ghastly ire shall grin,  
And rolling his terrific eyes,  
Where round him heaps of arms arise,  
Bound with a hundred brazen chains,  
In vain shall foam, and thirst for sanguine plains.

## CLIO.

Sweet Peace returns;  
O'er Albion's sons  
She waves her dove-like wings;  
On every plain  
The shepherd train  
Their artless loves shall sing.  
Pale Discord shall fly  
From the light of the sky,  
To black Cocytus hurl'd;  
There, there shall feel  
Ixion's wheel,  
The Furies with their serpents curl'd;  
With the unceasing toil shall groan  
Of the unconquerable stone,  
And leave in harmony the British world.

## APOLLO.

Proceed great days; lead on th' auspicious years;  
Such years (—for lo! the scene of fate appears!)  
Such years, the Destinies have said, shall roll:  
Jove nods consent, and thunder shakes the pole.

## ARCADIA. A DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

## SCENE I. A view of the country.

Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

## CHORUS.

SHEPHERDS, buxom, blithe and free,  
Now's the time for jollity.

## SYLVIA.

## AIR.

Hither haste, and bring along  
Merry tale and jocund song,  
To the pipe and tabor beat  
Follic measures with your feet.

\* Performed at Drury-lane theatre, in honour  
of their present majesties' marriage. The music  
was composed by Stanley. C.

Every gift of time employ;  
Make the most of proffer'd joy,  
Pleasure hates the scanty rules  
Portion'd out by dreaming fools.

## CHORUS.

Shepherds, buxom, blithe and free,  
Now's the time for jollity.

[A dance of shepherds, &c.

## SYLVIA.

## RECITATIVE.

Rejoice, ye happy swains, rejoice;  
It is the heart that prompts the voice.  
Be sorrow banish'd far away;  
Thyrsis shall make it holiday.  
Who at his name can joy suppress?  
Arcadian-born to rule and bless.

## DAMON.

And hark! from rock to rock the sound  
Of winding horn, and deep-mouth'd hound,  
Breaking with rapture on the ear,  
Proclaims the blithesome Phoebe near:  
See where she hastes with eager pace,  
To speak the joys that paint her face.

## SCENE II. Opens to a prospect of rocks.

Huntmen, huntresses, &c. coming down from them.

## PHOEBE.

Hither I speed with honest glee,  
Such as befits the mind that's free;  
Your cheerful troop, blithe youth to join,  
And mix my social joys with thine.  
Now may each nymph, and frolic swain,  
O'er mountain steep, or level plain,  
Court buxom Health, while jocund horn  
Bids Echo wake the sluggish Morn.

## AIR.

When the Morning peeps forth, and the Zephyr's  
cool gale, {dale;  
Carries fragrance and health over mountain and  
Up, ye nymphs, and ye swains, and together we'll  
rove,  
Up hill, down the valley, by thicket or grove:  
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds  
With the notes of the horns, and the cry of the  
hounds.

Let the wretched be slaves to ambition and wealth;  
All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health.  
So shall innocence self give a warrant to joys  
No envy disturbs, no dependance destroys:  
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds  
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the  
hounds.

O'er hill, dale, and woodland, with rapture we  
roam;  
Yet returning, still find the dear pleasures at home;  
Where the cheerful good humour gives honest  
grace, {face:  
And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the  
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds  
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the  
hounds.

## DAMETAS.

## RECITATIVE.

Small care, my friends, your youth annoys,  
Which only looks to present joys.

## SYLVIA.

Though the white locks of silver'd age,  
And long experience build these sage;  
It suits it in this joy, to wear  
A brow so over-hung with care.  
Better with us thy voice to raise,  
And join a whole Arcadia's praise.

## DAMETAS.

With you I joy that Thyris reigns  
The guardian o'er his native plains:  
But praise is scanty to reveal  
The speaking blessings all must feel.

## DAMON.

True, all must feel—but thankless too?  
Nor give to virtue, virtue's due?  
My grateful heart shall ever show  
The debt I need not blush to owe.

## AIR.

That I go where I list, that I sing what I please,  
That my labour's the price of contentment and  
ease,  
That no care from abroad my retirement annoys,  
That at home I can taste the true family joys,  
That my kids wanton safely o'er meadows and  
rocks,  
That my sheep graze secure from the robber or  
fox;  
These are blessings I share with the rest of the  
swains,  
For it's Thyris who gave them, and Thyris  
maintains.

## DAMETAS.

## RECITATIVE.

Perish my voice, if e'er I blame  
Thy duty to our guardian's name!  
His active talents I revere,  
But eye them with a jealous fear.  
Intent to form our bliss alone,  
The generous youth forgets his own;  
Nor e'er his busy mind employs  
To find a partner of his joys.  
So might his happy offspring own  
The virtue which their sire hath shown.

## AIR.

With joy the parent loves to trace  
Remembrance in his children's face:  
And as he forms their docile youth  
To walk the steady paths of truth,  
Observes them shooting into men,  
And lives in them life o'er again.

While active sons, with eager flame,  
Catch virtue at their father's name;  
When full of glory, full of age,  
The parent quits this busy stage,  
What in the sons we most admire,  
Calls to new life the honour'd sire.

## SYLVIA.

## RECITATIVE.

O prudent sage, forgive the zeal  
Of thoughtless youth. With thee I feel,  
The glories now Arcadia shares  
May but embitter future cares.  
Oh mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,  
Inspire, direct, and sanctify his choice.

## AIR.

So may all thy sylvan train,  
Dryad, nymph, and rustic faun,  
To the pipe and merry strain,  
Trip it o'er the russet lawn!  
May no thorn or bearded grass  
Hurt their footsteps as they pass,  
Whilst in gambols round and round  
They sport it o'er the shaven ground!

Though thy Syrinx, like a dream,  
Flying at the face of day,  
Vanish'd in the limpid stream,  
Bearing all thy hopes away,  
If again thy heart should burn,  
In caressing,  
Blest, and blessing,  
May't thou find a wish'd return.

## CHORUS.

O mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,  
Inspire, direct, and sanctify his choice.  
[A dance of huntsmen and huntresses.]

## DAMETAS.

## RECITATIVE.

Peace, shepherds, peace, with jocund air,  
Which speaks a heart unknown to care,  
Young Delia hastes. The glad surprise  
Of rapture flashing from her eyes.

Enter Delia.

## DELIA.

## AIR.

Shepherds, shepherds, come away;  
Sadness were a sin to day.  
Let the pipe's merry notes aid the skill of the  
voice;  
For our wishes are crown'd, and our hearts shall  
rejoice.  
Rejoice, and be glad;  
For sure he is mad  
Who, where mirth and good humour, and har-  
mony's found,  
Never catches the smile, nor lets pleasure go  
round.  
Let the stupid be grave,  
'Tis the vice of the slave;  
But can never agree  
With a maiden like me,  
Who is born in a country that's happy and free.

## DAMETAS.

## RECITATIVE.

What means this rapture, Delia? Show  
Th' event our bosoms burn to know.

## DELIA.

Now as I trod yon verdant side,  
Where Ladon rolls its silver tide,  
All gayly deck'd in gorgeous state,  
Sail'd a proud barge of richest freight:  
Where sat a nymph, more fresh and fair  
Than blossoms which the morning air  
Steals perfume from; the modest grace  
Of maiden blush bespread her face.  
Hither it came, and on this strand  
Pour'd its rich freight for shepherds' hand.  
Ladon, for this, smooth flow thy tide!  
The precious freight was Thyris' bride.

## DIALOGUE.

## RECITATIVE.

Stop, shepherds, if aught I hear,  
The sounds of joy proclaim them near:  
Let's meet them, friends, I'll lead the way;  
Joy makes me young again to day.

## SCENE III.

*A view of the sea, with a vessel at a distance.*

*[Here follows a pastoral procession to the wedding of Thyra.]*

## PRIEST.

## RECITATIVE.

Mighty Pan! with tender care,  
View this swain and virgin fair;  
May they ever thus impart  
Just return of heart for heart.  
May the pledges of their bliss  
Climb their knees to share the kiss.  
May their steady blooming youth,  
While they tread the paths of truth,  
Virtues catch from either side,  
From the bridegroom and the bride.

## CHORUS.

May their steady blooming youth,  
While they tread the paths of truth,  
Virtues catch from either side,  
From the bridegroom and the bride.

## AN EPISTLE TO MR. COLMAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1756.

YOU know, dear George, I'm none of those  
That condescend to write in prose;  
Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,  
I always soar—in doggerel rhyme,  
And scarce can ask you how you do,  
Without a jingling line or two.  
Besides, I always took delight in  
What bears the name of easy writing:  
Perhaps the reason makes it please  
Is, that I find it's writ with ease.

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

Though I have mentioned Prior's name,  
Think not I aim at Prior's fame.

'Tis the result of admiration  
To spend itself in imitation;  
If imitation may be said,  
Which is in me by nature bred,  
And you have better proofs than these,  
That I'm idolater of ease.

Who, but a rascal, would engage  
A poet in the present age?  
Write what we will, our works bespeak us  
Imitators, servum pecus.  
Tale, elegy, or lofty ode,  
We travel in the beaten road:  
The proverb still sticks closely by us,  
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.  
The only comfort that I know  
Is, that 't was said an age ago,  
Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,  
Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,  
Ere Colman wrote in style so pure,  
Or the great Two the Connoisseur;  
Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,  
Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit,  
And happy in the close connection,  
T' acquire some name from their reflection;  
So (the similitude is trite)

The Moon still shines with borrow'd light,  
And, like the race of modern beaux,  
Ticks with the Sun for her lac'd clothes.

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

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

From rhyme, as from a handsome face,  
Nonsense acquires a kind of grace;  
I therefore give it all its scope,  
That sense may unperceiv'd elope:  
So ministers of base tricks  
(I love a sting at politics)  
Amuse the nation, court, and king,  
With breaking Fowke, and hanging Byng;  
And make each puny rogue a prey,  
While they, the greater, sink away.  
This simile perhaps would strike,  
If match'd with something more alike;  
Then take it dress'd a second time  
In Prior's ease, and my sublime.  
Say, did you never chance to meet  
A mob of people in the street,  
Ready to give the robb'd relief,  
And all in haste to catch a thief,  
While the sly rogue, who filch'd the prey,  
Too close beset to run away,  
"Stop thief! stop thief!" exclaims aloud,  
And so escapes among the crowd?  
So ministers, &c.

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

To day, before the Sun goes down,  
Will die the censor, Mr. Town!  
He dies, whoever takes pains to con him,  
With blushing honours thick upon him;  
O may his name these verses save,  
Be these inscrib'd upon his grave!

Know, reader, that on Thursday died  
The Connoisseur, a suicide!

Yet think not that his soul is fled,  
Nor rank him 'mongst the vulgar dead.  
How'er defunct you set him down,  
He's only going out of Town.

---

### THE PUFF.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BOOKSELLER AND  
AUTHOR.

REVISED TO THE ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,  
SEPTEMBER, 1769.

BOOKSELLER.

MUSEUM, sir! that's not enough.  
New works, we know, require a puff;  
A title to entrap the eyes,  
And catch the reader by surprise:  
As gaudy signs, which hang before  
The tavern or the alehouse door,  
Hitch every passer's observation,  
Magnetic in their invitation.  
—That Shakspeare is prodigious fine!  
Shall we step in, and taste the wine?  
Mea, women, houses, horses, books,  
All borrow credit from their looks,  
Externals have the gift of striking,  
And lure the fancy into liking.

AUTHOR.

Oh! I perceive the thing you mean—  
Call it St. James's Magazine.

BOOKSELLER.

Or the New British—

AUTHOR.

Oh! no more.

One name's as good as half a score.  
And titles oft give nothing less  
Than what they staringly profess.  
Puffing, I grant, is all the mode;  
The common hackney turnpike road:  
But custom is the blockhead's guide,  
And such low arts disgust my pride.  
Success on merit's force depends,  
Not on the partial voice of friends;  
Not on the *scams*, that bully sin;  
But that which *passeth show within*:  
Which bids the warmth of friendship glow,  
And wrings conviction from a foe.—  
Deserve success, and proudly claim,  
Not steal a passage into fame.

BOOKSELLER.

Your method, sir, will never do;  
You're right in theory, it's true.  
But then, experience in our trade  
Says, there's no harm in some parade.

Suppose we said, by Mr. Lloyd?

AUTHOR.

The very thing I would avoid;  
And would be rather pleas'd to own  
Myself unknowing, and unknown:  
What could th' unknowing Muse expect,  
But information or neglect?  
Unknown—perhaps her reputation  
Escapes the tax of defamation,  
And wrapt in darkness, laughs unhurt,  
While critic blockheads throw their dirt:  
But he who madly prints his name,  
Invites his foe to take sure aim.

BOOKSELLER.

True—but a name will always bring  
A better sanction to the thing:  
And all your scribbling foes are such,  
Their censure cannot hurt you much;  
And, take the matter ne'er so ill,  
If you don't print it, sir, they will.

AUTHOR.

Well, be it so—that struggle's o'er—  
Nay,—this shall prove one spur the more.  
Pleas'd if success attends, if not,  
I've writ my name, and made a blot.

BOOKSELLER.

But a good print.

AUTHOR.

The print? why there  
I trust to honest Leach's<sup>1</sup> care.  
What is't to me? in verse or prose,  
I find the stuff, you make the clothes:  
Add paper, print, and all such dress,  
Will lose no credit from his press.

BOOKSELLER.

You quite mistake the thing I mean,  
—I'll fetch you, sir, a magazine;  
You see that picture there—the queen.

AUTHOR.

A dedication to her too!  
What will not folly dare to do?  
O days of art! when happy skill  
Can raise a likeness whence it will;  
When portraits ask no Reynolds' aid,  
And queens and kings are ready made.  
No, no, my friend, by helps like these,  
I cannot wish my work should please;  
No pictures taken from the life,  
Where all proportions are at strife;  
No humming-bird, no painted flower,  
No beast just landed in the Tower,  
No wooden notes, no colour'd map,  
No country-dance shall stop a gap;  
O Philomath, be not severe,  
If not one problem meets you here;  
Where gossip A, and neighbour B,  
Pair, like good friends with C and D;  
And E F G, H I K join;  
And curve and incidental line  
Fall out, fall in, and cross each other,  
Just like a sister and a brother.  
Ye tiny poets, tiny wits,  
Who frisk about on tiny tits,

<sup>1</sup> Dryden Leach, a printer of note at that time. C.

Who words disjoin, and sweetly sing,  
Take one third part, and take the thing;  
Then close the joints again, to frame  
Some lady's or some city's name,  
Enjoy your own, your proper Phœbus;  
We neither make, nor print a rebus.  
No crambo, no acrostic fine,  
Great letters lacing down each line;  
No strange conundrum, no invention  
Beyond the reach of comprehension,  
No riddle, which whoe'er unties,  
Claims twelve Museums for the prize,  
Shall strive to please you, at th' expense  
Of simple taste, and common sense.

BOOKSELLER.

But would not ornament produce  
Some real grace and proper use?  
A frontispiece<sup>d</sup> would have its weight,  
Neatly engrav'd on copper-plate.

AUTHOR.

Plain letter-press shall do the feat,  
What need of foppery to be neat?  
The paste-board Guard delights me more,  
That stands to watch a bun-house door<sup>2</sup>,  
Than such a muckery of grace,  
And ornament so out of place.

BOOKSELLER.

But one word more, and I have done—  
A patent might ensure its run.

AUTHOR.

Patent! for what! can patents give  
A genius? or make blockheads live?  
If so, O hail the glorious plan!  
And buy it at what price you can.  
But what, alas! will that avail,  
Beyond the property of sale?  
A property of little worth,  
If weak our produce at its birth.  
For fame, for honest fame we strive,  
But not to struggle half alive,  
And drag a miserable being,  
Its end still fearing and foreseeing.  
Oh! may the flame of genius blaze,  
Enkindled with the breath of praise!  
But far be ev'ry fruitless puff,  
To blow to light a dying snuff.

BOOKSELLER.

But should not something, sir, be said,  
Particular on ev'ry head?  
What your originals will be,  
What infinite variety,  
Multum in parvo, as they say,  
And something neat in every way?

AUTHOR.

I wish there could—but that depends  
Not on myself, so much as friends.  
I but set up a new machine,  
With harness tight, and furnish'd clean;

<sup>2</sup> This paste-board Guard might have been seen, until within these few years, at various bun-houses and tea-gardens in the vicinity of the metropolis.

C.

Where such, who think it no disgrace,  
To send in time, and take a place,  
The book-keeper shall minuse down,  
And I with pleasure drive to town.

BOOKSELLER.

Ay, tell them that, sir, and then say,  
What letters come in every day;  
And what great wits your care procures,  
To join their social hands with yours.

AUTHOR.

What! must I huge proposals print,  
Merely to drop some saucy hint,  
That real folks of real fame  
Will give their works, and not their name?  
—This puff's of use, you say—why let it,  
We'll boast such friendship when we get it.

BOOKSELLER.

Get it! Ay, sir, you do but jest,  
You'll have assistance, and the best.  
There's Churchill—will not Churchill lend  
Assistance?

AUTHOR.

Surely—to his friend.

BOOKSELLER.

And then your interest might procure  
Something from either Connoisseur.  
Colman and Thornton, both will join  
Their social hand to strengthen thine;  
And when your name appears in print,  
Will Garrick never drop a hint?

AUTHOR.

True, I've indulg'd such hopes before,  
From those you name, and many more;  
And they, perhaps, again will join  
Their hand, if not asham'd of mine.  
Bold is the task we undertake,  
The friends we wish, the work must make:  
For wits, like adjectives, are known  
To cling to that which stands alone.

BOOKSELLER.

Perhaps, too, in our way of trade,  
We might procure some useful aid:  
Could we engage some able pen,  
To furnish matter now and then;  
There's—what's his name, sir? would compile,  
And methodize the news in style.

AUTHOR.

Take back your newsman whence he came,  
Carry your crutches to the lame.

BOOKSELLER.

You must enrich your book, indeed!  
Bare merit never will succeed;  
Which readers are not now a-days,  
By half so apt to bury, as praise;  
And praise is hardly worth pursuing,  
Which tickles authors to their ruin.  
Books shift about like ladies' dress,  
And there's a fashion in success.  
But could not we, like little Bayes,  
Armies imaginary raise?  
And bid our generals take the field,  
To head the troops that lie conceal'd?

Ed general Essay lead the van,  
 Br—Oh! the style will show the man;  
 Ed major Science bold appear,  
 With all his pot-books in the rear.

AUTHOR.

True, true,—our news, our prose, our rhymes,  
 Shall show the colour of the times;  
 For which most salutary ends,  
 We've fellow-soldiers, fellow-friends,  
 For city, and for court affairs,  
 My lord duke's butler, and the mayor's.  
 For politics—eternal talkers,  
 Profound observers, and park-walkers.  
 For plays, great actors of renown,  
 (Lately or just arriv'd in town)  
 Or some, in state of abdication,  
 Of oratorical reputation;  
 Or those who live on scraps and bits,  
 Mere green-room wasps, and Temple wits;  
 Shall teach you, in a page or two,  
 What Garrick should, or should not do.  
 Trim poets from the city desk,  
 Deep vers'd in rural picturesque,  
 Who minute down with wond'rous pains,  
 What Rider's Almanac contains  
 On flow'r and seed, and wind, and weather,  
 And bind them in an ode together;  
 Shall through the seasons monthly sing  
 Sweet Winter, Autumn, Summer, Spring.

BOOKSELLER.

Ah, sir! I see you love to jest,  
 I did but hint things for the best.  
 Do what you please, 'tis your design,  
 And if it fails, no blame is mine;  
 I leave the management to you,  
 Your servant, sir,

AUTHOR.

I'm yours,—Adieu.

CHIT-CHAT.

AN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

IDYLL XV. *Edm Heavens, &c.*

MRS. BROWN.

Is Mistress Scot at home, my dear?

SERVANT.

Ma'm, is it you? I'm glad you're here,  
 My mistress, though resolv'd to wait,  
 Is quite impatient—'t is so late,  
 She fancy'd you would not come down,  
 —But pray walk in, ma'm—Mrs. Brown.

MRS. SCOT.

Your servant, madam. Well, I swear  
 I'd giv'n you over.—Child, a chair.  
 Pray, ma'm, be seated.

MRS. BROWN.

Lord! my dear,  
 I vow I'm almost dead with fear.  
 There is such scolding and such scolding,  
 The folks are all so disobliging;  
 And then the waggons, carts and drays  
 So clog up all these narrow ways,

What with the bustle and the throng,  
 I wonder how I got along.  
 Besides the walk is so immense—  
 Not that I grudge a coach expense,  
 But then it jumbles me to death,  
 —And I was always short of breath.  
 How can you live so far, my dear?  
 It's quite a journey to come here.

MRS. SCOT.

Lord! ma'm, I left it all to *Abs*,  
 Husbands you know, will have their whim.  
 He took this house.—This house! this den.—  
 See but the temper of some men.  
 And I, forsooth, am hither hurld,  
 To live quite out of all the world.  
 Husband, indeed!

MRS. BROWN.

Hush! lower, pray,  
 The child hears every word you say.  
 See how he looks—

MRS. SCOT.

Jacky, come here,  
 There's a good boy, look up, my dear.  
 'T was not papa we talk'd about.  
 —Surely he cannot find it out.

MRS. BROWN.

See how the urchin holds his hands.  
 Upon my life he understands.  
 —There's a sweet child, come, kiss me, come,  
 Will Jacky have a sugar-plum?

MRS. SCOT.

This person, madam, (call him so  
 And then the child will never know)  
 From house to house would ramble out,  
 And every night a drunken-bout.  
 For at a tavern he will spend  
 His twenty shillings with a friend.  
 Your rabbits fricasseed and chicken,  
 With curious choice of dainty picking,  
 Each night got ready at the Crown,  
 With port and punch to wash 'em down,  
 Would scarcely serve this belly-glutton,  
 Whilst we must starve on mutton, mutton.

MRS. BROWN.

My good man, too—Lord bless us! wives  
 Are born to lead unhappy lives,  
 Although his profits bring him clear  
 Almost two hundred pounds a year,  
 Keeps me of cash so short and bare,  
 That I have not a gown to wear;  
 Except my robe, and yellow sack,  
 And this old luteating on my back.  
 —But we've no time, my dear, to waste.  
 Come, where's your cardinal, make haste.  
 The king, God bless his majesty, I say,  
 Goes to the house of lords to day,  
 In a fine painted coach and eight,  
 And rides along in all his state.  
 And then the queen—

MRS. SCOT.

Aye, aye, you know,  
 Great folks can always make a show.

But tell me, do—I've never seen  
Her present majesty, the queen.

MRS. BROWN.

Lard! we've no time for talking now,  
Hark!—one—two—three—'tis twelve I vow.

MRS. SCOT.

Kitty, my things,—I'll soon have done,  
It's time enough, you know, at one.  
—Why, girl! see how the creature stands!  
Some water here to wash my hands.  
—Be quick—why sure the gipsy sleeps!  
—Look how the drawing dandle creeps.  
That hason there—why don't you pour,  
Go on, I say—stop, stop—no more—  
Lad! I could beat the hussey down,  
She's pour'd it all upon my gown.  
—Bring me my ruffles—canst not mind?  
And pin my handkerchief behind.  
Sure thou hast awkwardness enough,  
Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.  
—Well, Heav'n be prais'd—this work is done,  
I'm ready now, my dear—let's run.  
Girl,—put that bottle on the shelf,  
And bring me back the key yourself.

MRS. BROWN.

That clouded silk becomes you much,  
I wonder how you meet with such,  
But you've a charming taste in dress.  
What might it cost you, madam?

MRS. SCOT.

Good.

MRS. BROWN.

Oh! that's impossible—for I  
Am in the world the worst to buy.

MRS. SCOT.

I never love to bargain hard,  
Five shillings, as I think, a yard.  
—I was afraid it should be gone—  
'Twas what I'd set my heart upon.

MRS. BROWN.

Indeed you bargain'd with success,  
For it's a most delightful dress.  
Besides, it fits you to a hair,  
And then 'tis stop'd with such an air.

MRS. SCOT.

I'm glad you think so,—Kitty, here,  
Bring me my cardinal, my dear.  
Jacky, my love, nay don't you cry,  
Take you ahead!—Indeed not I;  
For all the bugaboos to fright ye—  
Besides the naughty horse will bite ye;  
With such a mob about the street,  
Bless me, they'll tread you under feet.  
Whine as you please, I'll have no blame,  
You'd better blubber, than be lame.  
The more you cry, the less you'll—  
—Come, come then, give mamma a kiss,  
Kitty, I say, here take the boy,  
And fetch him down the last new toy,  
Make him as merry as you can,  
—There, go to Kitty—there's a man,

Call in the dog, and shut the door,  
Now, ma'm.

MRS. BROWN.

Oh Lard!

MRS. SCOT.

Pray go before.

MRS. BROWN.

I can't indeed, now.

MRS. SCOT.

Madam, pray.

MRS. BROWN.

Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! what an uproar! what a throng!  
How shall we do to get along?  
What will become of us?—look here,  
Here's all the king's horse-guards, my dear.  
Let us cross over—haste, be quick,  
—Pray, sir, take care—your horse will kick.  
He'll kill his rider—he's so wild.  
—I'm glad I did not bring the child.

MRS. BROWN.

Don't be afraid, my dear, come on,  
Why don't you see the guards are gone?

MRS. SCOT.

Well, I begin to draw my breath;  
But I was almost scard to death;  
For where a horse rears up and capers,  
It always puts me in the vapours.  
For as I live,—nay, don't you laugh,  
I'd rather see a toad by half,  
They kick and prance, and look so bold,  
It makes my very blood run cold.  
But let's go forward—come, be quick,  
The crowd again grows vastly thick.

MRS. BROWN.

Come you from Palace-yard, old dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Troth, do I, my young ladies, why?

MRS. BROWN.

Was it much crowded when you came?

MRS. SCOT.

And is his majesty gone by?

MRS. BROWN.

Can we get in, old lady, pray,  
To see him rub himself to day?

MRS. SCOT.

Can you direct us, dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Endcavour.

Troy could not stand a siege for ever.  
By frequent trying, Troy was won.  
All things, by trying, may be done.

MRS. BROWN.

Go thy ways, Proverbs—well she's gone—  
Shall we turn back, or venture on?

Look how the folks press on before,  
And throng impatient at the door.

MRS. SCOT.

*Flourish!* I can hardly stand,  
Lord bless me, Mrs. Brown, your hand;  
And you, my dear, take hold of hers,  
For we must stick as close as burrs,  
Or in this racket, noise and pother,  
We certainly shall lose each other.  
—Good God! my cardinal and sack  
Are almost torn from off my back.  
Lord, I shall faint—Oh Lud—my breast—  
I'm crush'd to stoms, I protest.  
God bless me—I have dropt my fan,  
—Pray did you see it, honest man?

MAN.

I, madam! no,—indeed, I fear  
You'll meet with some misfortune here.  
—Stand back, I say—pray, sir, forbear—  
Why, don't you see the ladies there?  
Put yourselves under my direction,  
Ladies, I'll be your safe protection.

MRS. SCOT.

You're very kind, sir; truly few  
Are half so complaisant as you.  
We shall be glad at any day  
This obligation to repay,  
And you'll be always sure to meet  
A welcome, sir, in—Lord! the street  
Bears such a name, I can't tell how  
To tell him where I live, I vow.  
—Mercy! what's all this noise and stir?  
Pray is the king a coming, sir?

MAN.

No—don't you hear the people shout?  
'Tis Mr. Pitt, just going out.

MRS. BROWN.

Aye, there he goes, pray heav'n bless him!  
Well may the people all caress him.  
—Lord, how my husband us'd to sit,  
And drink success to honest Pitt,  
And happy o'er his evening cheer,  
Cry, "you shall pledge this toast, my dear."

MAN.

Hist—silence—don't you hear the drumming?  
Now, ladies, now, the king's a coming.  
There, don't you see the guards approach?

MRS. BROWN.

Which is the king?

MRS. SCOT.

Which is the coach?

SCOTCHMAN.

Which is the noble earl of Bute,  
Good-faith, I'll gi him a salute.  
For he's the *Lord of us our class*,  
Troth, he's a *bonny scotch man*.

MAN.

Here comes the coach, so very slow  
As if it ne'er was made to go,

In all the gingerbread of state,  
And staggering under its own weight.

MRS. SCOT.

Upon my word, it's monstrous fine!  
Would half the gold upon't were mine!  
How gaudy all the gilding shows!  
It puts one's eyes out as it goes.  
What a rich glare of various hues,  
What shining yellows, scarlets, blues!  
It must have cost a heavy price;  
'Tis like a mountain drawn by mice.

MRS. BROWN.

So painted, gilded, and so large,  
Bless me! 'tis like my lord mayor's barge.  
And so it is—look how it reels!  
'Tis nothing else—a barge on wheels.

MAN.

Large! it can't pass St. James's gate,  
So big the coach, the arch so strait,  
It might be made to rumble through  
And pass as other coaches do.  
Could they a *body-coachman* get  
So most preposterously fit,  
Who'd undertake (and no rare thing)  
Without a *lead* to drive the king.

MRS. SCOT.

Lord! what are those two ugly things  
There—with their heads upon the springs,  
Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,  
With naked breasts, and faces swell'd?  
What could the saucy waker mean,  
To put such things to fright the queen?

MAN.

Oh! they are gods, ma'am, which you see,  
Of the Marine Society,  
Tritons, which in the ocean dwell,  
And only rise to blow their shell.

MRS. SCOT.

Gods, d'ye call those filthy men?  
Why don't they go to sea again?  
Pray, tell me, sir, you understand,  
What do these Tritons do on land?

MRS. BROWN.

And what are they? those hindmost things,  
Men, fish, and birds, with flesh, scales, wings?

MAN.

Oh, they are gods too, like the others,  
All of one family and brothers,  
Creatures, which seldom come a-shore,  
Nor seen about the king before.  
For show, they wear the yellow hue,  
Their proper colour is true-blue.

MRS. SCOT.

Lord bless us! what's this noise about?  
Lord, what a tumult and a rout!  
How the folks hollow, hiss, and hoot!  
Well—Heav'n preserve the earl of Bute!  
I cannot stay, indeed, not I,  
If there's a riot I shall die.  
Let's make for any house we can,  
Do—give us shelter, honest man.



MRS. BROWN.

I wonder'd where you was, my dear,  
I thought I should have died with fear.  
This noise and racketing and hurry  
Has put my nerves in such a flurry!  
I could not think where you was got,  
I thought I'd lost you, Mrs. Scot;  
Where's Mrs. Tape, and Mr. Grin?  
Lard, I'm so glad we're all got in.

**A DIALOGUE**

BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND.

FRIEND.

You say, "it hurts you to the soul  
To brook-confinement or controul."  
And yet will voluntary run  
To that confinement you would shun,  
Content to drudge along the track,  
With bells and harness on your back.  
Alas! what genius can admit  
A monthly tax on spendthrift wit,  
Which often flings whole stores away,  
And oft has not a doit to pay!  
—Give us a work, indeed—of length—  
Something which speaks poetic strength;  
Is sluggish fancy at a stand?  
No scheme of consequence in hand?  
I, nor your plan, nor book condemn,  
But why your name, and why A. M.?

AUTHOR.

Yes—it stands forth to public view  
Within, without, on white, on blue,  
In proper, tall, gigantic letters,  
Not dash'd—emvowel'd—like my betters.  
And though it stares me in the face,  
Reflects no shame, hints no disgrace.  
While these unlabour'd trifles please,  
Familiar chains are worn with ease.  
—Behold! to yours and my surprise,  
These trifles to a volume rise.  
Thus will you see me, as I go,  
Still gath'ring bulk like balls of snow,  
Steal by degrees upon your shelf,  
And grow a giant from an elf.  
The current studies of the day,  
Can rarely reach beyond a play:  
A pamphlet may deserve a look,  
But Heav'n defend us from a book!  
A libel flies on scandal's wings,  
But works of length are heavy things.  
—Not one in twenty will succeed—  
Consider, sir, how few can read.

FRIEND.

I mean a work of merit—

AUTHOR.

True.

FRIEND.

A man of taste must buy.

AUTHOR.

Yes;—You

And half a dozen more, my friend,  
Whom your good taste shall recommend.  
Experience will by facts prevail,  
When argument and reason fail;  
The nuptials now—

FRIEND.

Whose nuptials, sir?—

AUTHOR.

A poet's—did that poem stir?  
No—fix—tho' thousand readers pass,  
It still looks through its pane of glass,  
And seems indignant to exclaim  
"Pass on ye sons of taste, for shame!"  
While duly each revolving Moon,  
Which often comes, God knows too soon,  
Continual plagues my soul molest,  
And magazines disturb my rest,  
While scarce a night I steal to bed,  
Without a couplet in my head.  
And in the morning, when I stir,  
Pop comes a devil, "Copy, sir."  
I cannot strive with daring flight  
To reach the bold Parnassian height;  
But at it's foot, content to stray,  
In easy unambitious way,  
Pick up those flowers the Muses send,  
To make a nosegay for my friend.  
In short, I lay no idle claim  
To genius strong, and noisy fame.  
But with a hope and wish to please,  
I write, as I would live, with ease.

FRIEND.

But you must have a fund, a mine,  
Prose, poems, letters,

AUTHOR.

Not a line.  
And here, my friend, I rest secure;  
He can't lose much, who's always poor.  
And if, as now, through numbers five,  
This work with pleasure kept alive  
Can still its currency afford,  
Nor fear the breaking of its hoard,  
Can pay you, as at sundry times,  
For self per Mag, two thousand rhymes,  
From whence should apprehension grow,  
That self should fail, with richer co?  
No doer of a monthly grub,  
Myself alone a learned club,  
I ask my readers to no treat  
Of scientific hash'd-up meat,  
Nor seek to please theatric friends,  
With scraps of plays, and odds and ends.—

FRIEND.

Your method, sir, is plain enough;  
And all the world has read your Puff.  
Th' illusion's neat, expression clean,  
About your travelling machine,  
But yet—it is a magazine.

AUTHOR.

Why let it be, and wherefore shame?  
As Juliet says, what's in a name?

\* See the Puff.

Besides it is the way of trade,  
Through which all science is convey'd,  
This knowledge parcels out her shares;  
The court has hers, the lawyers theirs,  
Something to scholars sure is due,—  
Why not one magazine for you?

## FRIEND.

That's an Herculean task, my friend,  
You toil and labour—to offend.  
Part of your scheme—a free translation,  
To scholars is a profanation;  
What! break up Latin! pull down Greek!  
(Peace to the soul of sir John Cheeke!\*)  
And shall the gen'rous liquor run,  
Brouch'd from the rich Falernian tun?  
Will you pour out to English swine,  
Neat as imported, old Greek wine?  
Alas! such beverage only fits  
Collegiate tastes, and classic wits.

## AUTHOR.

I seek not, with satyric stroke,  
To strip the pedant of his cloak;  
No—let him cull and spout quotations,  
And call the jabber, demonstrations,  
Be his the great concern to show,  
If Roman gowns were tied or no<sup>2</sup>;  
Whether the Grecians took a slice  
Four times a-day, or only twice,  
Still let him work about his hole,  
Poor, busy, blind, laborious mole;  
Still let him puzzle, read, explain,  
Oppugn, remark, and read again.

Such, though they waste the midnight oil  
Is dull, minute, perplexing toil,  
Not understanding, do no good,  
Nor can do harm, not understood.

By scholars, apprehend me right,  
I mean the learned, and polite,  
Whose knowledge unaffected flows,  
And sits as easy as their clothes;  
Who care not though an ac or sed  
Mistac'd, endanger Priscian's head;  
Nor think his wit a grain the worse,  
Who cannot frame a Latin verse,  
Or give the Roman proper word  
To things the Romans never heard.

'Tis true, except among the great,  
Letters are rather out of date,  
And quacking genius more discerning,  
Scoffs at your regulars in learning.  
—Pedants, indeed, are learning's curse,  
But ignorance is something worse:  
All are not blest with reputation,  
Bolt on the want of education,  
And some, to letters duly bred,  
Mayn't write the worse, because they've read.  
Though books had better be unknown,  
Than not one thought appear our own;  
As some can never speak themselves,  
But through the authors on their shelves,  
Whose writing smacks too much of reading,  
As affectation spoils good breeding.

\* The first restorer of Greek learning in England.

<sup>2</sup> See Sigonius and Manutius.

## FRIEND.

True; but that fault is seldom known,  
Save in your bookish college drone.  
Who, constant (as I've heard them say)  
Study their fourteen hours a-day,  
And squatting close, with dull attention,  
Read themselves out of apprehension;  
Who scarce can wash their hands or face,  
For fear of losing time, or place,  
And give one hour to meat and drink,  
But never half a one to think.

## AUTHOR.

Lord! I have seen a thousand such,  
Who read, or seem to read, too much.  
So have I known, in that rare place,  
Where classics always breed disgrace,  
A wight, upon discoveries hot,  
As whether flames have heat or not,  
Study himself, poor sceptic dunce,  
Into the very fire at once,  
And clear the philosophic doubt,  
By burning all ideas out.  
With such, eternal books, successive  
Lead to no sciences progressive,  
While each dull fit of study past,  
Just like a wedge drives out the last.

From these I ground no expectation  
Of genuine wit, or free translation;  
But you mistake me, friend. Suppose,  
(Translations are but modern clothes)  
I dress my boy—(for instance sake  
Maintain these children which I make)  
I give him coat and breeches—

## FRIEND.

True—

But not a bib and apron too!  
You would not let your child be seen,  
But drest consistent, neat, and clean.

## AUTHOR.

So would I clothe a free translation,  
Or as Pope calls it, imitation;  
Not pull down authors from my shelf,  
To spoil their wit, and plague myself,  
My learning studious to display,  
And lose their spirit by the way.

## FRIEND.

Your Horace now—e'en borrow thence  
His easy wit, his manly sense,  
But let the moralist convey  
Things in the manners of to day,  
Rather than that old garb assume,  
Which only suits a man at Rome.

## AUTHOR.

Originals will always please,  
And copies too, if done with ease.  
Would not old Plautus wish to wear,  
Turn'd English host, an English air,  
If Thornton, rich in native wit,  
Would make the modes and diction fit?  
Or, as I know you hate to roam,  
To fetch an instance nearer home;  
Though in an idiom most unlike,  
A similarity must strike,  
Where both, of simple nature fond,  
In art and genius correspond;

And naive both (allow the phrase  
Which no one English word conveys)  
Wrapt up their stories neat and clean,  
Easy as \_\_\_\_\_

FRIEND.

Denis's you mean<sup>4</sup>.

—The very man—not mere translation,  
But La Fontaine by transmigration.

AUTHOR.

Authors, as Dryden's maxim runs,  
Have what he calls poetic sons,  
Thus Milton, more correctly wild,  
Was richer Spenser's lawful child:  
And Churchill, got on all the nine,  
Is Dryden's heir in ev'ry line.  
Thus Denis proves his parents plain,  
The child of Rase, and La Fontaine.

FRIEND.

His muse, indeed, the work secures,  
And asks our praise as much as yours;  
For, if delighted, readers too  
May pay their thanks, as well as you.

But you, my friend, (so folks complain)  
For ever in this eary vein,  
This prose in verse, this measur'd talk,  
This pace, that's neither trot nor walk,  
Aim at no sights, nor strive to give  
A real poem fit to live.

AUTHOR.

(To critics no offence, I hope)  
Prior shall live as long as Pope,  
Each in his manner sure to please,  
While both have strength, and both have ease;  
Yet though their various beauties strike,  
Their ease, their strength is not alike.  
Both with consummate horseman's skill,  
Ride as they list, about the hill;  
But take, peculiar in their mode,  
Their favourite horse, and favourite road.  
For me, once fond of author-fame,  
Now forc'd to bear its weight and shame,  
I have no time to run a race,  
A traveller's my only pace.  
They, whom their steeds unjaded bear  
Around Hydepark, to take the air,  
May frisk and prance, and ride their fill,  
And go all paces which they will;  
We, hackney tits—nay, never smile,  
Who trot our stage of thirty mile,  
Must travel in a constant plan,  
And run our journey, as we can.

FRIEND.

A critic says, upon whose sleeve  
Some pin more faith than you'll believe,  
That writings which as eary please,  
Are not the writings wrote with ease,  
From whence the inference is plain,  
Your friend Mat Prior wrote with pain.

AUTHOR.

With pain perhaps he might correct,  
With care supply each loose defect,

<sup>4</sup> Charles Denis, the author of *Fables and other poetical pieces*, now forgotten. C.

Yet sure, if rhyme, which seems to flow,  
Whether its master will or no,  
If humour, not by study sought,  
But rising from immediate thought,  
Are proofs of ease, what hardy names  
Shall e'er dispute a Prior's claim!  
But still your critic's observation  
Strikes at no poet's reputation,  
His keen reflection only hits  
Your rhyming fops and peddling wits.  
As some take stiffness for a grace,  
And walk a dancing-master's pace,  
And others, for familiar air  
Mistake the stonching of a bear;  
So some will finically trim,  
And dress their lady-muse too prim,  
Others, mere slovens in their pen  
(The mob of lords and gentlemen)  
Fancy they write with ease and pleasure,  
By rambling out of rhyme and measure.  
And, on your critic's judgment, these  
Write easily, and not with ease.

There are, indeed, whose wish purveys,  
And inclination courts the Muse;  
Who, happy in a partial fame,  
A while possess a poet's name.  
But read their works, examine fair,  
—Show me invention, fancy there:  
Taste I allow; but is the flow  
Of genius in them? Surely, no.  
'Tis labour from the classic brain.  
Read your own Addison's Campaign.  
E'en he, nay, think me not severe,  
A critic fine, of Latin ear,  
Who toss'd his classic thoughts around  
With elegance on Roman ground,  
Just simmering with the Muse's flame  
Woo'd but a cool and sober dame;  
And all his English rhymes express  
But beggar-thoughts in royal dress.  
In verse his genius seldom glows,  
A poet only in his prose,  
Which rolls luxuriant, rich, and chaste,  
Improv'd by fancy, wit, and taste.

FRIEND.

I task you for yourself, my friend,  
A subject you can ne'er defend,  
And you cajole me all the while  
With dissertations upon style.  
Leave others' wits and works alone,  
And think a little of your own,  
For Fame, when all is said and done,  
Though a coy mistress, may be won;  
And half the thought, and pains, and time,  
You take to jingle easy rhyme,  
Would make an ode, would make a play,  
Done into English, Malloch's way.  
—Stretch out your more heroic feet,  
And write an elegy complete.  
Or, not a more laborious task,  
Could you not pen a classic masque?

AUTHOR.

With will at large, and unclogg'd wings,  
I durst not soar to such high things.  
For I, who have more phlegm than fire,  
Must understand, or not admire,  
But when I read with admiration,  
Perhaps I'll write in imitation.

## FRIEND.

But business of this monthly kind,  
Need that alone engross your mind,  
Assistance must pour in a-pace,  
New passengers will take a place,  
And then your friends—

## AUTHOR.

Aye, they indeed,  
Might make a better work succeed,  
And with the helps which they shall give,  
I and the magazine shall live.

## FRIEND.

Yes, live, and eat, and nothing more.

## AUTHOR.

I'll live as—authors did before.

## THE POET.

## AN EPIGRAM TO C. CHURCHILL.

WELL—shall I wish you joy of fame,  
That loudly echoes Churchill's name,  
And sets you on the Muses' throne,  
Which right of conquest made your own?  
Or shall I (knowing how unfit  
The world esteems a man of wit,  
That wheresoever he appears,  
They wonder if the knave has ears)  
Address with joy and lamentation,  
Condolence and congratulation,  
As colleges, who duly bring  
Their mess of verse to every king,  
Too economical in taste,  
Their sorrow or their joy to waste:  
Mix both together, sweet and sour;  
And bid the thorn up with the flow'r?  
Sometimes 't is elegy, or ode.  
Epistle now's your only mode.  
Whether that style more glibly hits,  
The fancies of our rambling wits,  
Who wince and kick at all oppression,  
But love to straggle in digression;  
Or, that by writing to the great  
In letters, honours, or estate,  
We slip more easy into fame,  
By clinging to another's name,  
And with their strength or weakness yoke,  
As ivy climbs about an oak;  
As snuff-bunters will buzz and purr  
About a fellow-commoner,  
Or crows will wing a higher flight,  
When sailing round the floating kite.  
Whatever the motive, 't is the mode,  
And I will travel in the road,  
The fashionable track pursue,  
And write my simple thoughts to you,  
Just as they rise from head or heart,  
Not marshall'd by the herald art.  
By vanity or pleasure led,  
From thirst of fame, or want of bread,  
Shall any start up sons of rhyme  
Pathetic, easy, or sublime?  
—You'd think, to bear what critics say,  
Their labour was no more than play:

And that, but such a paltry station  
Reflects disgrace on education,  
(As if we could at once forsake  
What education helps to make)  
Each reader has superior skill,  
And can write better when he will.

In short, howe'er you toil and drudge,  
The world, the mighty world, is judge,  
And nice and fanciful opinion  
Sways all the world with strange dominion;  
Opinion! which on crutches walks,  
And sounds the words another talks.

Bring me eleven critics grown,  
Ten have no judgment of their own:  
But like the Cyclops watch the nod  
Of some informing master god:  
Or as, when near his latest breath,  
The patient fain would juggle Death,  
When doctors sit in consultation  
(Which means no more than conversation,  
A kind of comfortable chat  
'Mongst social friends, on this and that,  
As whether stocks get up or down,  
And tittle-tattle of the town;  
Books, pictures, politics, and news,  
Who lies with whom, and who got whose)  
Opinions never disagree,  
One doctor writes, all take the fee.

But eminence offends at once  
The owl's eye of critic dunce,  
Dullness alarm'd, collects her force,  
And Folly screams till she is hoarse.  
Then far abroad the libel flies  
From all th' artillery of lies,  
Malice, delighted, flaps her wing,  
And Epigram prepares her sting.  
Around the frequent pellets whistle  
From satire, ode, and pert epistle;  
While every blockhead strives to throw  
His share of vengeance on his foe:  
As if it were a Shrove-tide game,  
And cocks and poets were the same.

Thus should a wooden collar deck  
Some woeful 'quire's embarrass'd neck,  
When high above the crowd he stands  
With equi-distant sprawling hands,  
And without hat, politely bare,  
Pops out his head to take the air;  
The mob his kind acceptance begs  
Of dirt, and stones, and addle-eggs.

O Genius! though thy noble skill  
Can guide thy Pegasus at will;  
Fleet let him bear thee as the wind—  
Dullness mounts up and clings behind.  
In vain you spur, and whip, and smack,  
You cannot shake her from your back.

Ill-nature springs as merit grows,  
Close as the thorn is to the rose.  
Could Hercules' friendly earth  
Give Mævius' works a second birth,  
Malevolence, with lifted eyes,  
Would sanctify the noble prize.  
While modern critics should behold  
Their near relation to the old,  
And wondering gape at one another,  
To see the likeness of a brother.

But with us rhyming moderns here,  
Critics are not the only fear;  
The poet's bark meets sharper shocks  
From other sands, and other rocks.

Not such alone who understand,  
Whose book and memory are at hand,  
Who scientific skill profess,  
And are great adepts—more or less;  
(Whether distinguish'd by degree,  
They write A. M. or sign M. D.  
Or make advances somewhat higher  
And take a new degree of 'squire)  
Who read your authors, Greek and Latin,  
And bring you strange quotations pat in,  
As if each sentence grew more terse  
From odds and ends, and scraps of verse;  
Who with true poetry dispense,  
So social sound suits simple sense,  
And load one letter with the labours,  
Which should be shar'd among its neighbours.  
Who know that thought produces pain,  
And deep reflection mads the brain,  
And therefore, wise and prudent grown,  
Have no ideas of their own.

But if the man of Nature speak,  
Advance their bayonets of Greek,  
And keep plain Sense at such a distance,  
She cannot give a friend assistance.  
Not these alone in judgment rise,  
And shoot at genius as it flies,  
But those who cannot spell, will talk,  
As women scold, who cannot walk.

Your man of habit, who's wound up  
To eat and drink, and dine and sup,  
But has not either will or pow'r  
To break out of his formal hour;  
Who lives by rule, and ne'er outgoes it;  
Moves like a clock, and hardly knows it;  
Who is a kind of breathing being,  
Which has but half the pow'r of seeing;  
Who stands for ever on the brink,  
Yet dare not plunge enough to think,  
Nor has one reason to supply  
Wherefore he does a thing, or why,  
But what he does proceeds so right,  
You'd think him always guided by't;  
Joins poetry and vice together  
Like sun and rain in April weather,  
Holds rake and wit as things the same,  
And all the difference but a name.

A rake! alas! how many wear  
The brow of mirth, with heart of care!  
The desperate wretch reflection flies,  
And stuns the way where madness lies,  
Dreads each increasing pang of grief,  
And runs to Folly for relief,  
There, 'midst the momentary joys  
Of giddy mirth and frantic noise,  
Forgetfulness, her eldest born,  
Smooths the world's hate, and blockhead's scorn,  
Then Pleasure wins upon the mind,  
Ye Cares, go whistle to the wind;  
Then welcome frolic, welcome whim!  
The world is all alike to him.

Distress is all in apprehension;  
It ceases when 'tis past prevention:  
And happiness then presses near,  
When not a hope's left, nor a fear.  
—But you've enough, nor want my preaching,  
And I was never form'd for teaching.

Male prudes, we know, (those driv'ling things)  
Will have their gibes, and taunts, and sings.  
How will the sober cit abuse,  
The sallies of the culprit Muse;

To her end poet shut the door—  
And whip the beggar, with his whore!  
Poet!—a fool! a wretch! a knave!  
A mere mechanic dirty slave!  
What is his verse, but cooping sense  
Within an arbitrary fence?  
At beat, but ringing that in rhyme,  
Which prose would say in half the time?  
Measure and numbers! what are those  
But artificial chains for prose?  
Which mechanism quaintly joins  
In parallels of sec-saw lines.

And when the frisky wanton writes  
In Pindar's (what d'ye call 'em)—fights,  
Th' uneven measure, short and tall,  
Now rhyming twice, now not at all,  
In curves and angles twirls about,  
Like Chinese railing, in and out.

Thus when you've labour'd hours on hours,  
Cull'd all the sweets, cull'd all the flow'rs,  
The churl, whose dull imagination  
Is dead to every fine sensation,  
Too gross to relish Nature's bloom,  
Or taste her simple rich perfume,  
Shall cast them by as useless stuff,  
And fly with keenness to his—snuff.

Look round the world, not one in ten,  
Think poets good, or honest men.

'Tis true their conduct, not o'er nice,  
Sits often loose to easy vice.  
Perhaps their temperance will not pass  
The due rotation of the glass;  
And gravity denies 'em pow'r  
T' unpeg their hats at such an hour.

Some vices must to all appear  
As constitutional as fear;  
And every moralist will find  
A ruling passion in the mind:  
Which, though pent up and barricado'd  
Like winds, where Æolus bravado'd;  
Like them, will rally from their den,  
And raise a tempest now and then;  
Unhinge dame Prudence from her plan,  
And ruffle all the world of man.

Can authors then exemption draw  
From Nature's, or the common law?  
They err alike with all mankind,  
Yet not the same indulgence find.  
Their lives are more conspicuous grown,  
More talk'd off, pointed at, and shown.  
Till every error seems to rise  
To sins of most gigantic size.

Thus fares it still, however hard,  
With every wit, and ev'ry bard.  
His public writings, private life,  
Nay more, his mistress, or his wife,  
And ev'ry social, dear connection,  
Must bear a critical dissection;  
While friends connive, and rivals hate,  
Scoundrels traduce, and blockheads bait.  
Perhaps you'll readily admit  
There's danger from the trading wit,  
And dunce and fool, and such as those,  
Must be of course the poet's foes:  
But sure no sober man alive,  
Can think that friends would e'er connive.

From just remarks on earliest time,  
In the first infancy of rhyme,  
It may be fairly understood  
There were two sects—the bad, the good.

Both fell together by the ears,  
 And both bent up for volunteers.  
 By interest, or by birth allied,  
 Numbers sock'd in on either side.  
 Wa to his weapons ran at once,  
 While all the cry was "Down with Dunc!"  
 Onward he led his social bands,  
 The common cause had join'd their hands.  
 Yet even while their zeal they show,  
 And war against the gen'ral foe,  
 Bower their rage flam'd fierce and cruel,  
 They'd stop it all to fight a duel.  
 And each cool wit would meet his brother,  
 To pick and tilt at one another.  
 Jealous of every puff of fame,  
 The idle whist'ling of a name,  
 The property of half a line,  
 Whether a comma's your's or mine,  
 Shall make a bard a bard engage,  
 And shake the friendship of an age.  
 But diffident and modest wit  
 Is always ready to submit;  
 Fearful of press and publication,  
 Counts a brother's observation,  
 Talks of the maggot of his brains,  
 As hardly worth the critic pains;  
 "If ought disgusts the sense or ear,  
 You cannot, sir, be too severe.  
 Erpuner, correct, do what you will,  
 Leave it to superior skill;  
 Erect the office of a friend,  
 You may oblige, but can't offend."  
 This bard too has his private clan,  
 Where he's the great, the only man.  
 Here, while the bottle and the bowl  
 Promote the joyous flow of soul,  
 (And sense of mind, no doubt, grows stronger  
 When failing legs can stand no longer)  
 Emphatic judgment takes the chair,  
 And damns about her with an air.  
 Then each, self-puff'd, and hero grown,  
 Able to cope with hosts alone,  
 Dracansir like, his murders blends,  
 First slays his foes, and then his friends.  
 While your good word, or conversation,  
 Can lend a brother reputation;  
 While verse or preface quaintly penn'd,  
 Can raise the consequence of friend,  
 Can raise the kind affection!  
 How close the partial fond connection!  
 Then be it quick, and I'm discerning,  
 And I have wit, and he has learning,  
 My judgment's strong, and his is chaste;  
 And both—aye both, are men of taste.  
 Should you nor steal nor borrow aid,  
 And set up for yourself in trade,  
 Resolv'd imprudently to show  
 That 'tis not always Wit and Co.  
 Feelings, before unknown, arise,  
 And Genius looks with jealous eyes.  
 Though thousands may arrive at fame,  
 Yet never take one path the same,  
 An author's vanity or pride  
 Can't bear a neighbour by his side,  
 Altho' he but delighted goes  
 Along the track which Nature shows,  
 Nor ever madly runs astray,  
 To cross his brother in his way.  
 And some there are, whose narrow minds,  
 Center'd in self, self always blinds,

Who, at a friend's re-echoed praise,  
 Which their own voice conspir'd to raise,  
 Shall be more deep and inly hurt,  
 Than from a foe's insulting dirt.  
 And some, too timid to reveal  
 That glow of heart, and forward zeal,  
 Which words are scanty to express,  
 But friends must feel from friend's success,  
 When full of hopes and fears, the Muse,  
 Which every breath of praise pursues,  
 Wou'd open to their free embrace,  
 Meet her with such a blasting face,  
 That all the brave imagination,  
 Which seeks the sun of approbation,  
 No more its early blossoms tries,  
 But curls its tender leaves, and dies.  
 Is there a man, whose genius strong,  
 Rolls like a rapid stream along,  
 Whose Muse, long hid in cheerless night,  
 Pours on us like a flood of light,  
 Whose acting comprehensive mind  
 Walks fancy's regions, unconfin'd;  
 Whom, nor the aurlly sense of pride,  
 Nor affectation, warps aside;  
 Who draws no author from his shelf,  
 To talk on with an eye to self;  
 Careless alike, in conversation,  
 Of censure, or of approbation;  
 Who freely thinks, and freely speaks,  
 And meets the wit he never seeks;  
 Whose reason calm, and judgment cool,  
 Can pity, but not hate a fool;  
 Who can a hearty praise bestow,  
 If merit sparkles in a foe;  
 Who bold and open, firm and true,  
 Flatters no friends—yet loves them too:  
 Churchill will be the last to know  
 His is the portrait, I would show.

## THE TWO RUBRIC POSTS.

## A DIALOGUE.

In Russel-street, ensued of late  
 Between two posts a strange debate.  
 —Two posts—aye posts—for posts can speak,  
 In Latin, Hebrew, French or Greek,  
 One Rubric thus address'd the other:  
 "—A noble situation, brother,  
 With authors lac'd from top to toe,  
 Methinks we cut a *luring* show,  
 The Dialogues of famous dead!  
 You know how much they're bought and read.  
 Suppose again we raise their ghosts,  
 And make them chat through us two posts;  
 A thing's half finish'd well begun,  
 So take the authors as they run.  
 The list of names is mighty fine,  
 You look down this, and I that line.  
 Here's Pope and Swift, and Steels and Gay,  
 And Congreve, in the modern way.  
 Whilst you have those I cannot speak,  
 But sound most wonderful in Greek.  
 —A dialogue—I should adore it,  
 With such a show of names before it."  
 "Modern, your judgment wanders wide,"  
 The ancient Rubric straight reply'd.

By lord Lyttelton.

"It grieves me much, indeed, to find  
 We never can be of a mind,  
 Before one door, and in one street,  
 Neither ourselves nor thoughts can meet,  
 And we, as brother oft with brother,  
 Are at a distance from each other.  
 Suppose amongst the letter'd dead,  
 Some author should erect his head,  
 And starting from his Rubric, pop  
 Directly into Davies' shop,  
 Turn o'er the leaves, and look about  
 To find his own opinions out;  
 D'ye think one author out of ten  
 Would know his sentiments agen?  
 Thinking, your authors differ less in,  
 Than in their manner of expressing.  
 'Tis style which makes the writer known,  
 The mark he sets upon his own.  
 Let Congreve speak as Congreve writ,  
 And keep the ball up of his wit;  
 Let Swift be Swift, nor e'er demean  
 The sense and humour of the Dean.  
 E'en let the ancients rest in peace,  
 Nor bring good folks from Rome or Greece  
 To give a cause, for past transactions,  
 They never dreamt of in their actions.  
 I can't help quibbling, brother post,  
 'Twere better we should lay the ghost,  
 But 'twere a task of real merit  
 Could we contrive to raise their spirit."  
 "Peace, brother, peace, though what you say,  
 I own has reason in its way,  
 On dialogues to bear so hard,  
 Is playing with a dangerous card;  
 Writers of rank are sacred things,  
 And crush like arbitrary kings.  
 Perhaps your sentiment is right,  
 Heav'n grant we may not suffer by't.  
 For should friend Davies overhear,  
 He'll publish ours another year."

---

SONG.

THOUGH Winter its desolate train  
 Of frost and of tempest may bring,  
 Yet Flora steps forward again,  
 And Nature rejoices in Spring.

Though the Sun in his glories decaes't,  
 Of his beams in the evening is shorn,  
 Yet he rises with joy from the east,  
 And repairs them again in the morn.

But what can youth's sunshine recall,  
 Or the blossoms of beauty restore?  
 When its leaves are beginning to fall,  
 It dies, and is heard of no more.

The spring-time of love then employ,  
 'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn,  
 For Cupid's a vagrant, a boy,  
 And his seasons will never return.

---

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO J. B. ESS.

SHALL I, from worldly friends estrang'd,  
 Embitter'd much, but nothing chang'd

In that affection firm and true,  
 Which gratitude excites to you;  
 Shall I indulge the Muse, or stifle  
 This meditation of a trifle?

But you, perhaps, will kindly take  
 The trifle for the giver's sake,  
 Who only pays his grateful mite,  
 The just acknowledgment of right,  
 As to the landlord duty sent  
 A pepper-corn shall pass for rent.  
 Yet trifles often show the man,  
 More than his settled life and plan:  
 These are the starts of inclination;  
 Those the mere gloss of education,  
 Which has a wondrous knack at turning  
 A blockhead to a man of learning;  
 And, by the help of form and place,  
 The child of sin to babe of grace.  
 Not that it alters Nature quite,  
 And sets perverted reason right,  
 But, like hypocrisy, conceals  
 The very passions which she feels;  
 And claps a vizor on the face,  
 To hide us from the world's disgrace,  
 Which, as the first appearance strikes,  
 Approves of all things, or dislikes,  
 Like the fond fool with eager glee,  
 Who sold his all, and put to sea,  
 Lur'd by the calm which seemed to sleep  
 On the smooth surface of the deep;  
 Nor dreamt its waves could proudly rise,  
 And toss up mountains at the skies.

Appearance is the only thing,  
 A king's a wretch, a wretch a king,  
 Undress them both—You king, suppose  
 For once you wear the beggar's clothes;  
 Clothes that will take in every air;  
 —Bless me! they fit you to a hair.  
 Now you, air Vagrant, quickly don  
 The robes his majesty had on.  
 And now, O world, so wondrous wise,  
 Who see with such discerning eyes,  
 Put observation to the stretch,  
 Come—which is king, and which is wretch?

To cheat this world, the hardest task  
 Is to be constant to our mask.

Externals make direct impressions,  
 And masks are worn by all professions.

What need to dwell on topics stale?  
 Of parsons drunk with wine or ale?  
 Of lawyers, who with face of brass,  
 For learned rhetoricians pass?  
 Of scientific doctors big,  
 Hid in the pent-house of their wig?  
 Whose conversation hardly goes  
 Beyond half words, and hums! and o's!  
 Of scholars, of superior taste,  
 Who cork it up for fear of waste,  
 Nor bring one bottle from their shelves,  
 But keep it always for themselves?

Wretches like these, my soul disdains,  
 And doubts their hearts as well as brains.  
 Suppose a neighbour should desire  
 To light a candle at your fire,  
 Would it deprive your flame of light,  
 Because another profits by't?

But youth must often pay its court,  
 To these great scholars, by report,  
 Who live on hoarded reputation,  
 Which dars no risque of conversation.

And boasts within a store of knowledge,  
Sufficient, bless us! for a college,  
But take a prudent care, no doubt,  
That not a grain shall straggle out;  
And ure of wit too nice and fine,  
To throw their pearl and gold to swine;  
And therefore, to prevent deceit,  
Think every man a hog they meet.

These may perhaps as scholars shine,  
Who hang themselves out for a sign.  
What signifies a lion's skin,  
If it conceals an ass within?  
If thou'rt a lion, prithee roar;  
If ass—bray once, and stalk no more;  
In words as well as looks be wise,  
Silence is folly in disguise;  
With so much wisdom bottled up,  
Uncork, and give your friends a sup.

What need you nothings thus to save?

Why place the dial in the grave?  
A fig for wit and reputation,  
Which cracks from all communication.  
So in a post-bag, check by jole,  
Letters will go from pole to pole,  
Which may contain a wondrous deal;  
But then they travel under seal,  
And though they bear your wit about,  
Yet who shall ever find it out,  
Till trusty wax foregoes its use,  
And sets imprison'd meaning loose?

Yet idle folly often deems  
What man must be from what he seems;  
As if, to look a dwelling o'er,  
You'd go no farther than the door.

Mark you round person, fat and sleek,  
Who preaches only once a week,  
Whom claret, sloth, and ven'ison join  
To make an orthodox divine;  
Whose holiness receives its beauty  
From income large, and little duty;  
Who loves the pipe, the glass, the smock,  
And keeps—a curate for his flock.  
The world, obsequious to his nod,  
Shall hail this oily man of God,  
While the poor priest, with half a score  
Of prattling infants at his door,  
Whose sober wishes ne'er regale  
Beyond the homely jug of ale,  
Is hardly deem'd companion fit  
For man of wealth, or man of wit,  
Though learn'd perhaps and wise as he  
Who signs with staring S. T. P.  
And full of sacerdotal pride,  
Lays God and duty both aside.

"This curate, say you, learn'd and wise!  
"Why does not then this curate rise?"

This curate then, at forty-three,  
(Years which become a curacy)  
At no great mart of letters bred,  
Had strange odd notions in his head,  
That parts, and books, and application,  
Furnished all means of education;  
And that a polpiteer should know  
More than his gaping flock below;  
That learning was not got with pain,  
To be forgotten all again;  
That Latin words, and rumbling Greek,  
However charming sounds to speak,  
Apt or unapt in each quotation,  
Were ineffectual on a congregation,

Who could not understand one word  
Of all the learned stuff they heard;  
That something more than preaching fine,  
Should go to make a sound divine;  
That church and pray'r, and holy Sunday,  
Were no excuse for sinful Monday;  
That pious doctrine, pious life,  
Should both make one, as man and wife.

Thinking in this uncommon mode,  
So out of all the priestly road,  
What man alive can e'er suppose,  
Who marks the way Preferment goes,  
That she should ever find her way  
To this poor curate's house of clay?

Such was the priest, so strangely wise!  
He could not bow—how should he rise?  
Learned he was, and deeply read;  
—But what of that?—not duly bred.  
For he had suck'd no grammar rules  
From royal founts, or public schools,  
Nor gain'd a single corn of knowledge  
From that vast granary—a college.  
A granary, which food supplies  
To vermin of uncommon size.

Aye, now indeed the matter's clear,  
There is a mighty error here.  
A public school's the place alone,  
Where talents may be duly known.  
It has, no doubt, its imperfections,  
But then, such friendships! such connections!

The parent, who has form'd his plan,  
And in his child consider'd man,  
What is his grand and golden rule?  
"Make your connections, child, at school."

Mix with your equals, fly inferiors,  
But follow closely your superiors;  
On them your ev'ry hope depends,  
Be prudent, Tom, get useful friends;  
And therefore like a spider wait,  
And spin your web about the great.  
If my lord's genius wants supplies,  
Why—you must make his exercise.  
Let the young marquis take your place,  
And bear a whipping for his grace.  
Suppose (such things may happen once)  
The nobles wits, and you the dunce,  
Improve the means of education,  
And learn commodious adulation.

Your master scarcely holds it sin,  
He chucks his lordship on the chin,  
And would not for the world rebuke,  
Beyond a pat, the school-boy duke.  
The pastor there, of ——— what's the place?

With smiles eternal in his face,  
With dimpling cheek, and snowy hand,  
That shames the whiteness of his band;  
Whose mincing dialect abounds  
In hums and hahs, and half-form'd sounds;  
Whose elocution, fine and chaste,  
Lays his commands with judgment waist;  
And lest the company should hear,  
Whispers his nothings in your ear;  
Think you 'twas zeal, or virtue's care  
That plac'd the smirking doctor there?  
No—'twas connections form'd at school  
With some rich wit, or noble fool,  
Obsequious flattery, and attendance,  
A wilful, useful, base dependance;  
A supple bowing of the knees  
To any human god you please.



(For true good-breeding's so polite,  
 'T would call the very devil white)  
 'T was watching others' shifting will,  
 And veering to and fro with skill:  
 These were the means that made him rise,  
 Mind your connections, and be wise."

Metinks I hear son Tom reply,  
 "I'll be a bishop by and by."

Connections at a public school  
 Will often serve a wealthy fool,  
 By lending him a letter'd knave  
 To bring him credit, or to save;  
 And knavery gets a profit real,  
 By giving parts and worth ideal.  
 The child that marks this slavish plan,  
 Will make his fortune when a man.  
 While honest wit's ingenuous merit  
 Enjoys his pittance, and his spirit.

The strength of public education  
 Is quick'ning parts by emulation;  
 And emulation will create  
 In narrow minds a jealous state,  
 Which stifled for a course of years,  
 From want of skill or mutual fears,  
 Breaks out in manhood with a zeal,  
 Which none but rival wits can feel.  
 For when good people wits commence,  
 They lose all other kind of sense;  
 (The maxim makes you smile, I see,  
 Retort it when you please on me;)  
 One writer always hates another,  
 As emperors would kill a brother,  
 Or empress queen to rule alone,  
 Pluck down a husband from the throne.

When tir'd of friendship and alliance,  
 Each side springs forward to defiance,  
 Inveterate hate and resolution,  
 Faggot and fire and persecution,  
 Is all their aim, and all their cry,  
 Though neither side can tell you why.  
 To it they run like valiant men.  
 And slash about them with their pen.

What inkshed springs from altercation!  
 What loppings off of reputation!  
 You might as soon hush stormy weather,  
 And bring the north and south together,  
 As reconcile your letter'd foes,  
 Who come to all things but dry blows.

Your desperate lovers wan and pale,  
 As needy culprits in a jail,  
 Who muse and doat, and pine, and die,  
 Scorch'd by the lightning of an eye,  
 (For ladies' eyes, with fatal stroke,  
 Will blast the veriest heart of oak)  
 Will wrangle, bicker, and complain,  
 Merely to make it up again.  
 Though swain look glum, and miss look fery,  
 'Tis nothing but amantium ire,  
 And all the progress purely this—  
 A frown, a pout, a tear, a kiss.  
 Thus love and quarrels (April weather)  
 Like vinegar and oil together,  
 Join in an easy mingled strife,  
 To make the asslad up of life.  
 Love settles best from altercation,  
 As liquors after fermentation.

In a stage-coach, with lumber cramm'd,  
 Between two bulky bodies jam'm'd,  
 Did you ne'er writhe the yourself about,  
 To find the seat and cushion out?

How disagreeably you sit,  
 With b—m awry, and place unlit,  
 Till some kind jolt o'er ill-par'd town,  
 Shall wedge you close, and nail you down,  
 So fares it with your fondling dolts,  
 And all love's quarrels are but jolts.

When tiffs arise, and words of strife  
 Turn one to two in man and wife,  
 (For that's a matrimonial course  
 Which yoke-mates must go through perforce,  
 And ev'ry married man is certain  
 T' attend the lecture call'd the *curtain*)  
 Though not another word is said,  
 When once the couple are in bed:  
 There things their proper ahnuel keep,  
 (They make it up, and go to sleep)  
 These fallings in and fallings out,  
 Sometimes with cause, but most without,  
 Are but the common modes of strife,  
 Which oil the springs of married life,  
 Where sameness would create the spleen,  
 For ever stupidly serene.

Observe you downy-bed—to make it,  
 You toss the feathers up and shake it.  
 So fondness springs from words and scuffling,  
 As beds lie smoothest after shuffling.

But authors' wranglings will create  
 The very quintessence of hate;  
 Peace is a fruitless vain endeavour,  
 Sworn foes for once, they're foes for ever.

—Oh! had it pleas'd my wiser letters  
 That I had never tasted letters,  
 Then no Parnassian maggots bred,  
 Like fancies in a madman's head,  
 No grasplings at an idle name,  
 No childish hope of future fame,  
 No impotence of wit had ta'en  
 Possession of my muse-struck brain.

Or had my birth, with fortune fit,  
 Varnish'd the dunce, or made the wit;  
 I had not had a shameful place,  
 Nor letters paid me with disgrace.

—O! for a pittance of my own,  
 That I might live unsought, unknown!  
 Retir'd from all this pedant strife,  
 Far from the cares of bustling life;  
 Far from the wits, the fools, the great,  
 And all the little world I hate.

#### THE MILK-MAID.

WHOS'ER for pleasure plans a scheme,  
 Will find it vanish like a dream,  
 Affording nothing sound or real,  
 Where happiness is all ideal;  
 In grief, in joy, or either state,  
 Fancy will always antedate,  
 And when the thoughts on evil pore,  
 Anticipation makes it more.  
 Thus while the mind the *future sees*,  
 It cancels all its *present ease*,  
 Is pleasure's scheme the point in view;  
 How eagerly we all pursue!

Well—Tuesday is th' appointed day;  
 How slowly wears the time away!  
 How dull the interval between,  
 How darken'd o'er with clouds of spleen,

Did not the mind unlock her treasure,  
And fancy feed on promis'd pleasure.

Delia surveys, with curious eyes,  
The clouds collected in the skies;  
Wishes no storm may rend the air,  
And Tuesday may be dry and fair;  
And I look round, my boys, and pray,  
That Tuesday may be holiday.  
Things duly settled—what remains?  
Lo! Tuesday comes—alas! it rains;  
And all our visionary schemes  
Have died away, like golden dreams.

Once on a time, a rustic dame,  
(No matter for the lady's name)  
Wrapt up in deep imagination,  
Indulg'd her pleasing contemplation;  
While on a bench she took her seat,  
And plac'd the milk-pail at her feet,  
Of in her hand she clink'd the pence,  
The profits which arose from thence;  
While fond ideas fill'd her brain,  
Of layings up, and monstrous gain,  
Till every penny which she told,  
Creative Fancy turn'd to gold;  
And reasoning thus from copulation,  
She spoke aloud her meditation.

"Please Heav'n but to preserve my health,  
No doubt I shall have store of wealth;  
It must of consequence ensue  
I shall have store of lovers too.  
Oh! bow I'll break their stubborn hearts,  
With all the pride of female arts.  
What suitors then will kneel before me!  
Bards, earls, and viscounts shall adore me.  
When in my gilded coach I ride,  
My lady at his lordship's side,  
How will I laugh at all I meet  
Clat'ring in pottans down the street!  
And Loblin then I'll mind no more,  
How'er I lov'd him heretofore;  
Or, if he talks of plighted truth,  
I will not bear the simple youth,  
But rise indignant from my seat,  
And spurn the lubber from my feet."

Action, alas! the speaker's grace,  
Ner came in more improper place,  
For in the tossing forth her shoe,  
What facied bliss the maid o'erthrew!  
While down at once, with hideous fall,  
Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.  
Thus fancy ever loses to roam,  
To bring the gay materials home;  
Imagination forms the dream,  
And accident destroys the scheme.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

FROM THE REV. MR. HANBURY'S HORSE, TO  
THE REV. MR. SCOT.

Amongst you bipeds, reputation  
Depends on rank and situation;  
And men increase in fame and worth,  
Not from their merits, but their birth.  
Thus he is born to live obscure,  
Who has the sin of being poor;  
While wealthy Dullness lolls at ease,  
And is—as witty as you please.

—"What did his lordship say?—O! fine!  
The very thing! bravo! divine!"  
And then 'tis buzz'd from route to route,  
While ladies whisper it about,  
"Well, I protest, a charming bit!  
His lordship has a deal of wit:  
How ele ant that double sense!  
*Perdigious! vaintly fine! immense!*"  
When all my lord has said or done,  
Was but the letting off a pun.

Mark the fat cit, whose good round sum,  
Amounts at least to half a plumb;  
Whose chariot whirls him up and down  
Some three or four miles out of town;  
For thither sober folks repair,  
To take the *dust*, which they call air.  
Dull Polly (not the wanton wild  
Imagination's younger child)  
Has taken lodgings in his face,  
As finding that a vacant place,  
And peeping from his windows, tells  
To all beholders, where she dwells.  
Yet once a week, this purse-proud cit  
Shall ape the sallies of a wit,  
And after ev'ry Sunday's dinner,  
To priestly saint, or city sinner,  
Shall tell the story o'er and o'er,  
H' has told a thousand times before:  
Like gamblers, who, with eager zeal,  
Talk the game o'er between the deal.

Mark! how the fools and knaves admire  
And chuckle with their Sunday 'squire:  
While he looks pleas'd at every guest,  
And laughs much louder than the rest;  
And cackling with incessant grin,  
Triples the double of his chin.

Birth, rank, and wealth, have wond'rous skill;  
Make wits and statesmen when they will;  
While Genius holds no estimation,  
From luckless want of situation;  
And, if through clouded scenes of life,  
He takes dame Poverty to wife,  
How'er he work and tease his brain,  
His pound of wit scarce weighs a grain;  
While with his lordship it abounds,  
And one light grain swells out to pounds.

Receive, good sir, with aspect kind,  
This wanton gallop of the mind;  
But since all things increase in worth,  
Proportion'd to their rank and birth;  
Lest you should think the letter base,  
While I supply the poet's place,  
I'll tell you hence and what I am,  
My breed, my blood, my sire, my dam.

My sire was Pindar's Eagle, son  
Of Pegasus of Helicon;  
My dam, the Hippogryph, which whir'd  
Astoledo to the lunar world.  
Both high-bred things of mettled blood,  
The best in all Apollo's stud.

Now critics here would bid me speak  
The old horse language, that is, Greek;  
For Homer made us talk, you know,  
Almost three thousand years ago;  
And men of taste and judgment fine,  
Allow the passage is divine.  
They were fine mettled things indeed,  
And of peculiar strength and breed,  
What leaps they took, how far and wide!  
—They'd take a country at a stride.

How great each leap, Longinus knew,  
Who from dimensions ta'en of two,  
Affirma, with equal ardour whirr'd,  
A third, good lord! would clear the world.

But till some learned wight shall show  
If accents must be ur'd, or no,  
A doubt, which puzzles all the wise  
Of giant and of pigmy size,  
Who waste their time, and fancies vex  
With asper, lewis, circumflex,  
And talk of mark and punctuation,  
As 'twere a matter of salvation;  
For when your pignies take the pen  
They fancy they grow up to men,  
And think they keep the world in awe  
By brandishing a very straw;  
Till they have clear'd this weighty doubt,  
Which they'll be centuries about,  
As a plain nag, in homely phrase,  
I'll use the language of our days;  
And, for this first and only time,  
Just make a trot in easy rhyme.

Nor let it shock your thought or sight,  
That thus a quadruped should write;  
Read but the papers, and you'll see  
More prodigies of wit than me;  
Grown men and sparrows taught to dance,  
By monsieur Passerat from France;  
The learned dog, the learned hare,  
The learned bird, the learned hare;  
And all are fashionable too,  
And play at cards as well as you.

Of paper, pen, and ink possess'd,  
With faculties of writing blest,  
Why should not I then, Howunnyhwm bred  
(A word that must be seen, not said)  
Rid you of all that anxious care,  
Which good folks feel for good and fair,  
And which your looks betray'd indeed,  
To more discerning eyes of steed;  
When in the shape of useful hack,  
I bore a poet on my back?

Know, safely rode my master's bride,  
The bard before her for my guide.  
Yet think not, sir, his awkward care  
Ensurd protection to the fair.  
No—conscious of the prize I bore,  
My wayward footsteps slipt no more.  
For though I scorn the poet's skill,  
My mistress guides me where she will.

Abstract in wondrous speculation,  
Lost in laborious meditation,  
As whether 't would promote sublime  
If silver could be pair'd in rhyme;  
Or, as the word of sweeter tune,  
Mouth might be clink'd instead of moon:  
No wonder poets hardly know  
Or what they do, or where they go,  
Whether they ride or walk the street,  
Their heads are always on their feet;  
They now and then may get astride  
Th' ideal Pegasus, and ride  
Prodigious journeys round a room,  
As boys ride cock-horse on a broom.

Whether Acrostics tease the brain,  
Which goes a hunting words in vain,  
(For words most capably sin,  
Unless 'heir letters right begin.)  
Since how to man or woman's name,  
Could you or I acrostic frame,

Or make the staring letters join,  
To form the word, that tells us thine,  
Unless we'd right initials got,  
S, C, O, T, and so made Scot?  
Or whether Rebus, Riddle's brother,  
(Both which had Dullness for their mother)  
Employ the gentle poets care,  
To celebrate some town or fair,  
Which all ad libitum he alius  
For you to pick it up by bits,  
Which bits together plac'd, will frame  
Some city's or some lady's name;  
As when a worm is cut in twain,  
It joins and is a worm again;  
When thoughts so weighty, so intense,  
Above the reach of common sense,  
Distract and twirl the mind about,  
Which fain would hammer something out;  
A kind discharge relieves the mind,  
As folks are eas'd by breaking wind;  
Whatever whims or maggots bred  
Take place of sense in poet's head,  
They fix themselves without control,  
Where'er its seat is on the soul.  
Then, like your heathen idols, we  
Have eyes indeed, but cannot see.  
(We, for I take the poet's part,  
And for my blood, am bard at heart.)  
For in reflection deep immerst,  
The man muse-bitten and be-verst,  
Neglectful of externals all,  
Will run his head against a wall,  
Walk through a river as it flows,  
Nor see the bridge before his nose.

Are things like these equestrians fit  
To mount the back of mettled wit?  
Are—but farewell, for here comes Bob,  
And I must serve some hackney job;  
Fetch letters, or, for recreation,  
Transport the bard to our plantation.

Robert joins compts with Burnham Black,  
Your humble servant, Hanbury's hack.

### THE NEW-RIVER HEAD.

A TALE.

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF MR. C. DENN  
INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum. HOR.

DEAR Wilkes, whose lively social wit  
Disdains the prudish affectation  
Of gloomy folks, who love to sit  
As doctors should at consultation,  
Permit me, in familiar strain,  
To steal you from the idle hour  
Of combating the northern thane,  
And all his puppet tools of pow'r.

Shame to the wretch, if sense of shame  
Can ever touch the miscreant's breast,  
Who dead to virtue as to fame,  
(A monster whom the gods detest)  
Turns traitor to himself, to court  
Or minister or monarch's smile;  
And dares, in insolence of sport,  
Invade the charger of our isle.

But why should I, who only strive  
 By telling of an easy tale,  
 To keep attention half alive  
 'Gainst Bolgolan and Flimnap rail?  
 For whether England be the name,  
 (Name which we're taught no more to prize)  
 Or Britain, it is all the same,  
 The Lilliputian statesmen rise  
 To malice of gigantic size.  
 Let them enjoy their warmth a while,  
 Truth shall regard them with a smile,  
 While you, like Gulliver, in sport  
 Piss out the fire, and save the court.  
 But to return—The tale is old;  
 Indecent, truly none of mine—  
 What Beroaldus gravely told;  
 I read it in that sound divine.  
 And for indecency, you know  
 He had a fashionable turn,  
 As prim observers clearly show  
 Is t' other parson, doctor Sterne.  
 Yet Pope denies it all defence,  
 And calls it, bless us! want of sense.  
 But even the *decent* Pope can write  
 Of bottles, corks, and maiden sighs,  
 Of charming beauties less in sight,  
 Of the more secret precious hair<sup>1</sup>,  
 "And something else of little size,  
 You know where<sup>2</sup>,"  
 If such authorities prevail,  
 To varnish o'er this petty sin,  
 I plead a pardon for my tale,  
 And having benn'd and cough'd—begin.

A Genius (one of those I mean,  
 We read of in th' Arabian Nights;  
 Not such as every day are seen  
 At Bob's or Arthur's, whilom White's;  
 For howso'er you change the name,  
 The clubs and meetings are the same;  
 Nor those prodigious learned folks,  
 Your haberdashers of stale jokes,  
 Who dress them up so neat and clean  
 For newspaper or magazine;  
 But one that could play wond'rous tricks,  
 Changing the very course of Nature,  
 Not Asmodeus on two sticks  
 Or sage Uganda could do greater.)  
 Once on a time incog came down  
 From his equivocal dominions,  
 And travell'd o'er a country town  
 To try folk's tempers and opinions.  
 When to accomplish his intent  
 (For had the cobbler known the king,  
 Lord! it would quite have spoil'd the thing)  
 In strange disguise he slyly went  
 And stump'd along the high-way track,  
 With greasy knapsack at his back;  
 And now the night was pitchy dark,  
 Without one star's indulgent spark,  
 Whether he wanted sleep or not,  
 Is of no consequence to tell;  
 A bed and lodging must be got,  
 For geniuses live always well.  
 At the best house in all the town,  
 (It was the attorney's you may swear)  
 He knock'd as he'd have beat it down,  
 Knock as you would, no entrance there.

<sup>1</sup> Rape of the Lock.    <sup>2</sup> Pope's Letters.

But from the window cried the dame,  
 "Go, sirrah, go from whence you came.  
 Here, Nell, John, Thomas, see who knocks,  
 Fellow, I'll put you in the stocks."  
 "Be Gentle, ma'm," the Genius cried;  
 "Have mercy on the wand'ring poor,  
 Who knows not where his head to bide,  
 And asks a pittance at your door.  
 A mug of beer, a crust of bread—  
 Have pity on the houseless head;  
 Your husband keeps a lordly table,  
 I ask but for the offal crumbs,  
 And for a lodging—barn or stable  
 Will shroud me till the morning comes."

'Twas all in vain; she rang the bell,  
 The servants trembl'd at the knell;  
 Down flew the maids to tell the men,  
 To drive the vagrant back agen.

He trudg'd away in angry mind,  
 And thought but cheaply of mankind,  
 Till through a casement's dingy pane,  
 A rush-light's melancholy ray,  
 Bad him e'en try his luck again;  
 Perhaps beneath a house of clay  
 A wand'ring passenger might find,  
 A better friend to human kind,  
 And far more hospitable fare,  
 Though not so costly, nice, or rare,  
 As smokes upon the silver plate  
 Of the luxurious pamper'd great.

So to this cot of homely thatch,  
 In the same plight the Genius came:  
 Down comca the dame, lifts up the latch;  
 "What want ye, sir?"

"God save you, dame."

And so he told the piteous tale,  
 Which you have heard him tell before;  
 Your patience and my own would fail  
 Were I to tell it o'er and o'er.  
 Suffice it, that my goodly's care  
 Brought forth her best, though simple fare,  
 And from the corner-cupboard's board,  
 Her stranger guest the more to please,  
 Bespread her hospitable board  
 With what she had—'twas bread and cheese.

"'Tis honest though but homely cheer;  
 Much good may't do ye, eat your fill,  
 Wou'd I could treat you with strong beer,  
 But for the action take the will,  
 You see my cot is clean, though small,  
 Pray Heav'n increase my slender stock!  
 You're welcome, friend, you see my all;  
 And for your bed, sir, there's a flock."  
 No matter what was after said,  
 He eat and drank and went to bed,

And now the cock his mattins sung,  
 (Howe'er such singing's light esteem'd,  
 'Tis precious in the Muses' tongue,  
 When sung, rhymes better than he scream'd;)  
 The dame and pedlar both arose,  
 At early dawn of rising day,  
 She for her work of folding clothes,  
 And he to travel on his way;  
 But much he thought himself to blame,  
 If, as in duty surely bound,  
 He did not thank the careful dame  
 For the reception he had found.

"Hostess," quoth he, "before I go,  
I thank you for your hearty fare;  
Would it were in my pow'r to pay  
My gratitude a better way;  
But money now runs very low,  
And I have not a doit to spare;  
But if you'll take this piece of stuff—"  
—"No," quoth the dame, "I'm poor as you,  
Your kindest wishes are enough,  
You're welcome, friend, farewell—Adieu."  
"But first," reply'd the wand'ring guest,  
"For bed and board and homely dish,  
May all things turn out for the best,  
So take my blessing and my wish:  
May what you first begin to do,  
Create such profit and delight,  
That you may do it all day through,  
Nor finish till the depth of night."

"Thank you," she said, and shut the door,  
Turn'd to her work; and thought no more.  
And now the napkin, which was spread  
To treat her guest with good brown bread,  
She folded up with nicest care;  
When lo! another napkin there!  
And every folding did beget  
Another and another yet.  
She folds a shift—by strange increase,  
The remnant swells into a piece.  
Her caps, her laces, all the same,  
Till such a quantity of linen,  
From such a very small beginning,  
Flow'd in at once upon the dame,  
Who wonder'd how the deuce it came,  
That with the drapery she had got  
Within her little shabby cot,  
She might for all the town provide,  
And break both York-street and Cheapside.

It happen'd that th' attorney's wife,  
Who, to be sure, took much upon her,  
As being one in higher life,  
Who did the parish mighty honour,  
Sent for the dame, who, poor and willing,  
Would take a job of charring work,  
And sweat and toil like any Turk,  
To earn a sixpence or a shilling.

She could not come, not she indeed!  
She thank'd her much, but had no need.

Good news will fly as well as bad,  
No out this wond'rous story came,  
About the pedlar and the dame,  
Which made th' attorney's wife so mad,  
That she resolv'd at any rate,  
Spite of her pride and lady airs,  
To get the pedlar tête-à-tête,  
And make up all the past affairs:  
And though she wish'd him at the devil,  
When he came there the night before,  
Determin'd to be monstrous civil,  
And drop her curtsie at the door.

Now all was racket, noise and pother,  
Neil running one way, John another,  
And Tom was on the coach-horse sent,  
To learn which way the pedlar went.

Thomas return'd;—the pedlar brought.  
—What could my dainty madam say,  
For not behaving as she ought,  
And crying honest folks away?

"Upon my word, it shocks me much,  
—But there's such thieving here of late—  
Not that I dream'd that you were such,  
When you came knocking at my gate.  
I must confess myself to blame,  
And I'm afraid you lately met  
Sad treatment with that homely dame,  
Who lives on what her hands can get.  
Walk in with me at least to night,  
And let us set all matters right.  
I know my duty, and indeed  
Would help a friend in time of need.  
Take such refreshment as you find,  
I'm sure I mean it for the best,  
And give it with a willing mind  
To such a grave and sober guest.

So in they came, and for his picking,  
Behold the table covers spread,  
Instead of Goody's cheese and bread,  
With tarts, and fish, and flesh, and chicken.  
And to appear in greater state,  
The knives and forks with silver handles,  
The candlesticks of bright (French) plate  
To hold her best mould (tallow) candles,  
Were all brought forth to be display'd,  
In female housewifery parade.  
And more the pedlar to regale,  
And make the wond'rous man her fricad,  
Decanters foam'd of mantling ale,  
And port and claret without end;  
They hobb'd and nobb'd, and smil'd and laugh'd,  
Touch'd glasses, nam'd their toasts, and quaff'd;  
Talk'd over every friend and foe,  
Till eating, drinking, talking past,  
The kind house-clock struck twelve at last,  
When wishing madam bon repos,  
The pedlar pleaded weary head,  
Made his low bow, and went to bed.  
Wishing him then at perfect ease,  
A good soft bed, a good sound sleep:  
Now gentle reader, if you please,  
We'll at the lady take a peep:  
She could not rest, but turn'd and toss'd,  
While fancy whisper'd in her brain,  
That what her indiscretion lost,  
Her art and cunning might regain.  
Such linen to so poor a dame!  
For such coarse fare! perplex'd her head;  
Why might not she expect the same,  
So courteous, civil, and well-bred?

And now she reckon'd up her store  
Of cambrics, Hollands, muslins, lawns,  
Free gifts, and purchases, and pawns,  
Resolv'd to multiply them more,  
Till she had got a stock of linen,  
Fit for a dowager to sin in.  
The morning came, when up she got,  
Must ceremoniously inclin'd  
To wind up her sagacious plot,  
With all that civil stuff we find  
'Mongst those who talk a wond'rous deal  
Of what they neither mean nor feel.

"How shall I, ma'm," reply'd the guest,  
"Make you a suitable return  
For your attention and concern,  
And such civilities express  
To one, who must be still in debt  
For all the kindness he has met?"

For this your entertainment's sake,  
If aught of good my wish can do,  
May what you first shall undertake,  
Last without ceasing all day through."

Madam, who kindly understood  
His wish effectually good,  
Straight dropp'd a curtsie wond'rous low,  
For much she wanted him to go,  
That she might look up all her store,  
And turn it into thousands more.  
Now all the maids were sent to look  
In every cranny, hole and nook,  
For every rag which they could find  
Of any size, or any kind,  
Draw'rs, boxes, closets, chests and cases  
Were all unlock'd at once to get  
Her point, her gauze, her Prussia-net,  
With fifty names of fifty kinds,  
Which suit variety of minds.

How shall I now my tale pursue,  
So passing strange, so passing true?  
When every bit from every board,  
Was brought and laid upon the board,  
Lest some more urgent obligation  
Might interrupt her pleasing toil,

And marring half her application,  
The promis'd hopes of profit spoil,  
Before she folds a single rag,  
Or takes a cap from board or bag,  
That nothing might her work prevent,  
(For she was now resolv'd to labour,  
With earnest hope and full intent

To get the better of her neighbour)  
Into the garden she would go  
To do that necessary thing,  
Which must by all be done, you know,  
By rich and poor, and high and low,

By male and female, queen and king;  
She little dream'd a common action,  
Practis'd as duly as her pray'rs,  
Should prove so tedious a transaction,  
Or cost her such a sea of care.  
In short the streams so plentiful flow'd,  
That in the dry and dusty weather,  
She might have water'd all the road  
For ten or twenty miles together.  
What could she do? as it began,  
TV involuntary torrent ran.

Instead of folding cap or mob,  
So dreadful was this distillation,  
That from a simple watering job,  
She fear'd a general inundation.

While for her indiscretion's crime,  
And coveting too great a store,  
She made a river at a time,  
Which sure was never done before."

## A FAMILIAR LETTER OF RHYMES.

TO A LADY.

Yes—I could rifle grove and bow'r  
And strip the beds of every flow'r,

This story, which occurs in the conference between a papish priest and Villiers duke of Buckingham (see the works of the latter) has been verified by Mr. Merrick, *Dodley's Poems*, vol. v. p. 230. C.

And deck them in their fairest hue,  
Merely to be out-blush'd by you.  
The lily, pale, by my direction,  
Should fight the rose for your complexion:  
Or I could make up sweetest posies,  
Fit fragrance for the ladies' noses,  
Which drooping, on your breast reclining,  
Should all be withering, dying, pining,  
Which every songster can display,  
I've more authorities than Gay;  
Nay, I could teach the globe its duty  
To pay all homage to your beauty,  
And wit's creative pow'r to show,  
The very fire should mix with snow;  
Your eyes, that brandish burning darts  
To scorch and singe our tender hearts,  
Should be the lamps for lover's ruin,  
And light them to their own undoing;  
While all the snow about your breast  
Should leave them hopeless and deprest.

For those who rarely rear above  
The art of coupling love and dove,  
In their conceits and amorous fictions,  
Are mighty fond of contradictions,  
Above, in air; in earth, beneath;  
And things that do, or do not breathe,  
All have their parts, and separate place,  
To paint the fair one's various grace.

Her cheek, her eye, her bosom show  
The rose, the lily, diamond, snow.

Jet, milk, and amber, vales and mountains,  
Stars, rubies, suns, and mossy fountains,  
The poet gives them all a share  
In the description of his fair.

She burns, she chills, she pierces hearts  
With locks, and bolts, and flames, and darts.  
And could we trust th' extravagancy  
Of every poet's youthful fancy,  
They'd make each nymph they love so well,  
As cold as snow, as hot as—

—O gentle lady, spare your fright,  
No horrid rhyme shall wound your night.  
I would not for the world be heard,  
To utter such ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> word,  
Which the politer person fears  
To mention to politer ears.

But, could a female form be shown,  
(The thought, perhaps, is not my own)  
Where every circumstance should meet  
To make the poet's nymph complete,  
Form'd to his fancy's utmost pitch,  
She'd be as ugly as a witch.

Come then, O Muse, of trim conceit,  
Muse, always fine, but never neat,  
Who to the dull unseat ear  
Of French or Tuscan sonneteer,  
Tak'st up the same unvaried tone,  
Like the Scotch bagpipe's favourite drone,  
Squeezing out thoughts in ditties quaint,  
To poet's mistress, whore, or saint;  
Whether thou dwell'st on sv'ry grace,  
Which lights the world from Laura's face,  
Or amorous praise expatiates wide  
On beauties which the nymph must hide;  
For wit affected, loves to show  
Her every charm from top to toe,  
And wanton Fancy oft pursues  
Minute description from the Muse,  
Come and portray, with pencil fine,  
The poet's mortal nymph divine.

Her golden locks of classic hair,  
 Are nets to catch the wanton air;  
 Her forehead ivory, and her eyes  
 Each a bright sun to light the skies,  
 Orb'd in whose centre, Cupid aims  
 His darts, protect us! tipt with flames;  
 While the sly god's unerring bow  
 Is the half circle of her brow.  
 Each lip a ruby, parting, shows  
 The precious pearl in even rows,  
 And all the Loves and Graces sleek  
 Bathe in the dimples of her cheek.  
 Her breasts pure snow, or white as milk,  
 Are ivory apples, smooth as silk,  
 Or else, as Fancy trips on faster,  
 Fine marble hills of alabaster.

A figure made of wax would please  
 More than an aggregate of these,  
 Which though they are of precious worth,  
 And held in great esteem on Earth,  
 What are they, rightly understood,  
 Compar'd to real flesh and blood?

And I, who hate to act by rules  
 Of whining, rhyming, loving fools,  
 Can never twist my mind about  
 To find such strange resemblance out,  
 And simile that's only fit  
 To show my plentiful lack of wit.  
 Therefore, omitting flames and darts,  
 Wounds, sighs and tears, and bleeding hearts,  
 Obeying, what I here declare,  
 Makes half my happiness, the fair,  
 The favourite subject I pursue,  
 And write, as who would not, for you.

Perhaps my Muse, a common curse,  
 Errs in the manner of her verse,  
 Which, slouching in the doggerel lay,  
 Goes tittup all her easy way.  
 Yes—an acrostic had been better,  
 Where each good natured prattling letter,  
 Though it conceal the writer's aim,  
 Tells all the world his lady's name.

But all acrostics, it is said,  
 Show wondrous pain of empty head,  
 Where wit is cramp'd in hard confines,  
 And Fancy dare not jump the lines.

I love a fanciful disorder,  
 And straggling out of rule and order;  
 Impute not then to vacant head,  
 Or what I've writ, or what I've said,  
 Which imputation can't be true,  
 Where head and heart's so full of you.

Like Tristram Shandy, I could write  
 From morn to noon, from noon to night,  
 Sometimes obscure, and sometimes leaning,  
 A little sideways to a meaning,  
 And unfatig'd myself, pursue  
 The civil mode of teasing you.  
 For as your folks who love the dwelling  
 On circumstance in story telling,  
 And to give each relation grace,  
 Describe the time, the folks, the place,  
 And are religiously exact  
 To point out each unmeaning fact,  
 Repeat their wonders undesired,  
 Nor think one hearer can be tired;  
 So they who take a method worse,  
 And prose away, like me, in verse,  
 Worry their mistresses, friends or betters,  
 With satire, sonnet, ode, or letters,

And think the knack of pleasing follows  
 Each jingling pupil of Apollo's.  
 —Yet let it be a venial crime  
 That I address you thus in rhyme.  
 Nor think that I am Phœbus-bit  
 By the tarantula of wit,  
 But as the meanest critic knows  
 All females have a knack at prose,  
 And letters are the mode of writing  
 The ladies take the most delight in;  
 Bold is the man, whose saucy aim  
 Leads him to form a rival claim;  
 A double death the victim dies,  
 Wounded by wit as well as eyes.

—With mine disgrace a lady's prose,  
 And put a nettle next a rose?  
 Who would, so long as taste prevails,  
 Compare St. James's with Versailles?  
 The nightingale, as story goes,  
 Fam'd for the music of his woes,  
 In vain against the artist try'd,  
 But strain'd his tuneful throat—and died.

Perhaps I sought the rhyming way,  
 For reasons which have pow'rful sway,  
 The swain, no doubt, with pleasure sues  
 The nymph he's sure will not refuse.  
 And more compassion may be found  
 Amongst these goddesses of sound,  
 Than always happens to the share  
 Of the more cruel human fair;  
 Who love to fix their lover's pains,  
 Pleas'd with the rattling of their chains,  
 Rejoicing in their servant's grief,  
 As 'twere a sin to give relief.  
 They twist each easy fool about,  
 Nor let them in, nor let them out,  
 But keep them twirling on the fire,  
 Of apprehension and desire,  
 As cock-chafers, with carking pin  
 The school-boy stabs, to make them spin.

For 'tis a maxim in love's school,  
 To make a man of sense a fool;  
 I mean the man, who loves idled,  
 And hopes and wishes to succeed;  
 But from his fear and apprehension,  
 Which always mars his best intention,  
 Can ne'er address with proper ease  
 The very person he would please.

Now poets, when these nymphs refuse,  
 Straight go a courting to the Muse.  
 But still some difference we find  
 'Twixt goddesses and human kind;  
 The Muses' favours are ideal,  
 The ladies' scarce, but always real.  
 The poet can, with little pain,  
 Create a mistress in his brain,  
 Heap each attraction, every grace  
 That should adorn the mind or face,  
 On Delis, Phyllis, with a score  
 Of Phyllisses and Dellas more.  
 Or as the whim of passion burns,  
 Can court each frolic Muse by turns;  
 Nor shall one word of blame be said,  
 Altho' he take them all to bed.  
 The Muse detests coquetry's guilt,  
 Nor apes the manners of a jilt.

Jilt! O dishonest hateful name,  
 Your sex's pride, your sex's shame,  
 Which often bait their treacherous hook  
 With smile endearing, winning look,

And wind them in the easy heart  
Of man, with most ensnaring art,  
Only to torture and betray  
The wretch they mean to cast away.  
No doubt 'tis charming pleasant angling  
To see the poor fond creatures dangling,  
Who rush like gudgeons to the bait,  
And gorge the mischief they should hate.  
Yet sure such cruelties deface  
Your virtues of their fairest grace.  
And pity, which in woman's breast,  
Should swim at top of all the rest,  
Must such invidious sport condemn,  
Which play to you, is death to them.

So have I often read or heard,  
Though both upon a traveller's word,  
(Authority may pass it down,  
See, *vide Travels*, by Ed. Brown)  
At Metz, a dreadful engine stands,  
Form'd like a maid, with folded hands,  
Which finely drest, with primmest grace,  
Receives the culprit's first embrace;  
But at the second (dismal wonder!)  
Unfolds, clasps, cuts his heart asunder.

You'll say, perhaps, I love to rail,  
We'll end the matter with a tale:

A Robin once, who lov'd to stray,  
And hop about from spray to spray,  
Familiar as the folks were kind,  
Nor thought of mischief in his mind,  
Sight favours make the bold presume,  
Would flutter round the lady's room,  
And careless often take his stand  
Upon the lovely Flavia's hand.  
The nymph, 'tis said, his freedom sought,  
—In short, the trifling fool was caught;  
And happy in the fair one's grace,  
Would not accept an eagle's place.  
And while the nymph was kind as fair,  
Wish'd not to gain his native air,  
But thought he bargain'd to his cost,  
To gain the liberty he lost.

Till at the last, a fop was seen,  
A parrot, dress'd in red and green,  
Who could not boast one genuine note,  
But chatter'd, swore and ly'd—by rote.  
"Nonsense and noise will oft prevail,  
When honour and affection fail."  
The lady lik'd her foreign guest,  
For novelty will please the best;  
And whether it is lace or fan,  
Or silk, or china, bird or man,  
None sure can think it wrong, or strange,  
That ladies should admire a change.  
The parrot now came into play,  
The Robin! he had had his day,  
But could not brook the nymph's disdain,  
So fled—and ne'er came back again.

---

### THE COBBLER OF TESSINGTON'S LETTER

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. 1761.

My predecessors often use  
To cobbler verse as well as shoes;  
As Partridge (*vide Swift's disputes*)  
Who turn'd Bootes into boots,  
Ah!—Partridge!—I'll be bold to say  
Was a rare scholar in his day;

He'd tell you when 't would rain, and when  
The weather would be fine agen;  
Precisely when your bones should ache,  
And when grow sound, by th' almanack.  
For he knew ev'ry thing, d'ye see,  
By, what d'ye call't, astrology,  
And skill'd in all the starry system,  
Foretold events, and often mist 'em.  
And then it griev'd me sore to look  
Just at the heel-piece of his book,  
Where stood a man, Lord bless my heart!  
(No doubt by *metaphysical* art,  
Naked, expos'd to public view,  
And darts stuck in him through and through.  
I warrant him some hardy fool,  
Who scorn'd to follow wisdom's rule,  
And dar'd blasphemiously despise  
Our doctor's knowledge in the skies.  
Full dearly he abides his laugh,  
I'm sure 'tis Swift, or Bickerstaff.

Excuse this bit of a digression,  
A cobbler's is a learn'd profession.  
Why may not I too couple rhymes?  
My wit will not disgrace the times;  
I too, forsooth, among the rest,  
Claim one advantage, and the best,  
I scarce know writing, have no reading,  
Nor any kind of scholar breeding;  
And wanting that's the sole foundation  
Of half your poets' reputation.  
While genius, perfect at its birth,  
Springs up, like mushrooms from the earth.

You know they send me to and fro  
To carry messages or so;  
And though I'm somewhat old and crazy,  
I'm still of service to the lady,  
For our good squire has no great notion  
Of much alacrity in motion,  
And when there's miles betwixt you know  
Would rather send by half than go;  
Then I'm dispatch'd to travel hard,  
And bear myself by way of card.  
I'm a two-legg'd excuse to show  
Why other people cannot go;  
And merit sure I must assume,  
For once I went in Garrick's room.

In my old age, 'twere wond'rous hard  
To come to town, as travelling card.  
Then let the post convey me there,  
The clerk's direction tell him where.  
For, though I ramble at this rate,  
He writes it all, and I dictate;  
For I'm resolv'd—by help of neighbour,  
(Who keeps a school, and goes to labour)  
To tell you all things as they pass;  
Cobblers will go beyond their last,  
And so I'm told will authors too,  
—But that's a point I leave to you;  
Cobbling extends a thousand ways,  
Some cobble shoes, some cobble plays;  
Some—but this jingle's vastly clever,  
It makes a body write for ever.  
While with the motion of the pen,  
Method pops in and out agen,  
So, as I said, I thought it better,  
To set me down, and think a letter,  
And without any more ado,  
Seal up my mind, and send it you.  
You'll ask me, master, why I choose  
To plague your worship with my Muse;



I'll tell you then—will troth offend?  
 Though cobbler, yet I love my friend.  
 Besides, I like you merry folks,  
 Who make their puns, and crack their jokes;  
 Your jovial hearts are never wrong,  
 I love a story, or a song;  
 But always feel most grievous qualms,  
 From Wesley's hymns, or Wisdom's psalms<sup>1</sup>.

My father often told me, one day  
 Was for religion—that was Sunday,  
 When I should go to prayers twice,  
 And hear our parson battle vice;  
 And dress'd in all my finest clothes,  
 Twang the psalmody through my nose.  
 But betwixt churches, for relief,  
 Eat bak'd plumb-pudding, and roast-beef;  
 And cheerful, without sin, regale  
 With good home-brew'd, and nappy ale,  
 But not one word of fasting greetings,  
 And dry religious singing meetings.

But here comes folks a-preaching to us  
 A saving doctrine to undo us,  
 Whose notions fanciful and scurvy,  
 Turn old religion topsy-turvy.

I'll give my pleasure up for no man;  
 And an't I right now, master Show-man?  
 You seem'd to me a person civil,  
 Our parson gives you to the devil;  
 And says, as how, that after grace,  
 You laugh'd directly in his face;  
 Ay, laugh'd out-right (as I'm a sinner)

I should have lik'd t' have been at dinner,  
 Not for the sake of master's fare,  
 But to have seen the doctor stare.

Odrooks, I think, he's perfect mad,  
 Scar'd out of all the wits he had,  
 For wheresoe'er the doctor comes,  
 He pulls his wig, and bites his thumbs,  
 And mutters, in a broken rage,  
 The Minor, Garrick, Foote, the stage;  
 (For I must blab it out—but hist,  
 His reverence is a methodist)  
 And presches like an errant fury,  
 'Gainst all your show folks about Drury,  
 Says actors all are hellish imps,  
 And managers the devil's pimps.

He knows not what he sets about;  
 Puts on his surplice inside out,  
 Mistakes the lessons in the church,  
 Or leaves a collect in the lurch;  
 And t'other day—God help his head,  
 The gardner's wife being brought to bed,  
 When sent for to baptize the child  
 His wig awry, and staring wild,  
 He laid the prayer-book flat before him,  
 And read the burial service o'er him.

—The folks must wait without their shoes,  
 For I must tell you all the news,  
 For we have had a deal to do,  
 Our squire's become a show-man too!  
 And horse and foot arrive in flocks,  
 To see his worship's famous rocks,  
 Whilst he, with humorous delight,  
 Waiks all about and shows the sight,  
 Points out the place, where trembling you  
 Had like t' have bid the world adieu;

<sup>1</sup> Robert Wisdom was an early translator of the Psalms. Wood says, he was a good Latin and English poet of his time. He died 1568.

It bears the sad remembrance still,  
 And people call it Garrick's Hill.  
 The goats their usual distance keep  
 We never have recourse to sheep;  
 And the whole scene wants nothing now,  
 Except your ferry-boat and cow.  
 I had a great deal more to say,  
 But I am sent express away,  
 To fetch the squire's three children down  
 To Tissington from Derby town;  
 And Allen says he'll mend my rhyme,  
 Whene'er I write a second time.

## THE

## COBBLER OF CRIPPLEGATE'S LETTER

TO ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

UNWU'd to verse, and tir'd, Heav'n knowa,  
 Of drudging on in heavy prose,  
 Day after day, year after year,  
 Which I have sent the Gazetteer;  
 Now, for the first time, I essay  
 To write in your own easy way.  
 And now, O Lloyd, I wish I had,  
 To go that road your ambling pad,  
 While you, with all a poet's pride,  
 On the great horse of verse might ride.  
 You leave the road that's rough and stoney,  
 To pace and whistle with your poney;  
 Sad proof to us you're lazy grown,  
 And fear to gall your buckle-bone.

For he who rides a nag so small,  
 Will soon, we fear, ride none at all.

There are, and nought gives more offence,  
 Who have some fav'rite excellence,  
 Which evermore they introduce,  
 And bring it into constant use.  
 Thus Garrick still in ev'ry part  
 Has pause, and attitude, and start:  
 The pause, I will allow, is good,  
 And so, perhaps, the attitude;  
 The start too's fine: but if not scarce,  
 The tragedy becomes a farce.

I have too, pardon me, some quarrel,  
 With other branches of your laurel.  
 I hate the style, that still defends  
 Yourself, or praises all your friends,  
 As if the club of wits was met  
 To make eulogiums on the set;  
 Say, must the town for ever hear,  
 And no reviewer dare to sneer,  
 Of Thornton's humour, Garrick's nature,  
 And Colman's wit, and Churchill's satire?  
 Churchill, who—let it not offend,  
 If I make free, though he's your friend,  
 And sure we cannot want excuse,  
 When Churchill's nam'd, for smart abuse—  
 Churchill! who ever loves to raise  
 On slander's dung his mushroom bays:  
 The priest, I grant, has something clever,  
 A something that will last for ever:  
 Let him, in part, be made your pattern,  
 Whose Muse, now queen, and now a slattern,  
 Trick'd out in Rosciad rules the roast,  
 Turns trapes and trollop in the ghost,  
 By turns both tickles us, and warms,  
 And, drunk or sober, has her charms.

Garrick, to whom with lath and plaster  
 You try to raise a fine pilaster,  
 And focus on Lear and Macbeth,  
 His monument e'en after death,  
 Garrick's a dealer in grimaces,  
 A laborer of wry faces,  
 A hypocrite, in all his stages,  
 Who laughs and cries for hire and wages;  
 As undertakers' men draw grief  
 From onion in their handkerchief,  
 Like real mourners cry and sob,  
 And of their passions make a job.

And Colmen too, that little sinner,  
 That essay-weaver, drama-spinner,  
 Too much the comic sock will use,  
 For 'tis the law must find him shoes,  
 And though he thinks on fame's wide ocean  
 He swims, and has a pretty motion,  
 Inform him, Lloyd, for all his grin  
 That Harry Fielding holds his chin.

Now higher soar, my Muse, and higher,  
 To Bonnet Thornton, high esquire!  
 The only man to make us laugh,  
 A very Peter Paragraph;  
 The grand conductor and adviser  
 Is Chronicle, and Advertiser,  
 Who still delights to run his rig  
 On citizen and periwig!  
 Good sense, I know, though dash'd with odd-  
 dity,

In Thornton is no scarce commodity:  
 Much learning too I can descry,  
 Beneath his periwig doth lie.—  
 —I beg his pardon, I declare,  
 His grizzle's gone for greasy hair,  
 Which now the wag with ease can screw,  
 With dirty ribband in a queue—  
 But why neglect (his trade forsaking  
 For scribbling, and for merry-making,)  
 With tye to overshadow that brain,  
 Which might have shone in Warwick-lane?  
 Why not, with spectacles on nose,  
 In chariot lazily repose,  
 A formal, pompous, deep physician,  
 Himself a sign-post exhibition?  
 But hold, my Muse! you run a-head:  
 And where's the clue that shall unthread  
 The maze, wherein you are entangled?  
 While out of tune the bells are jangled  
 Through rhyme's rough road that serve to deck  
 My jaded Pegasus his neck.  
 My Muse with Lloyd alone contends:  
 Why then fall foul upon his friends;  
 Unless to show, like handy-dandy,  
 Or Churchill's ghost, or Tristram Shandy,  
 Now here, now there, with quick progression,  
 How smartly you can make digression:  
 Your rambling spirit now confine,  
 And speak to Lloyd in ev'ry line.

Tell me then, Lloyd, what is't you mean  
 By cobbling up a magazine?  
 A magazine, a wretched olio  
 Parloin'd from quarto and from folio,  
 From pamphlet, newspaper, and book;  
 Which tost up by a monthly cook,  
 Borrows fine shapes, and titles new,  
 Of fricasee and rosbif ragout,  
 Which dunces dress, as well as you.  
 Say, is't for you, your wit to coop,  
 And tumble through this narrow hoop?

The body thrives, and so the mind,  
 When both are free and unconfin'd;  
 But harness'd in like hackney tit,  
 To run the monthly stage of wit,  
 The racer stumbles in the shaft,  
 And shows he was not meant for draft.  
 Pot-bellied gluttons, slaves of taste,  
 Who bind in leathern belt their waist,  
 Who lick their lips at ham or haunch,  
 But hate to see the strutting patch,  
 Full often rue the pain that's felt  
 From circumscription of the belt.  
 Thus women too we idiots call,  
 Who lace their shapes too close and small.  
 Tight stays, they find, oft end in humps,  
 And take, too late, alas! to jumps.  
 The Chinese ladies cramp their feet,  
 Which seem, indeed, both small and neat,  
 While the dear creators laugh and talk,  
 And can do ev'ry thing—but walk;  
 Thus you, "who trip it as you go  
 On the light fantastic toe,"  
 And in the ring are ever seen,  
 Or Rotten-row of Magazine,  
 Will cramp your Muse in four-foot verse,  
 And find at last your ease your curse.  
 Clio already humbly begs  
 You'd give her leave to stretch her legs,  
 For though sometimes she takes a leap,  
 Yet quadrupeds can only creep.

While nanby-pamby thus you scribble,  
 Your manly genius a mere fribble,  
 Pinn'd down, and sickly, cannot vapour,  
 Nor dares to spring, or cut a caper.

Rouse then, for shame, your ancient spirit!  
 Write a great work! a work of merit!  
 The conduct of your friend examine,  
 And give a Prophecy of Famine;  
 Or like yourself, in days of yore,  
 Write actors, as you did before:  
 Write what may pow'ful friends create you,  
 And make your present friends all hate you.  
 Learn not a shuffling, shambling, pace,  
 But go erect with manly grace;  
 For Ovid says, and pry'thee heed it,  
 Os homini sublime dedit.  
 But if you still waste all your prime  
 In spinning Lilliputian rhyme,  
 Too long your genius will lie fallow,  
 And Robert Lloyd be Robert Shallow.

## ON RHYME.

## A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

BRING paper, Ash, and let me send  
 My hearty service to my friend.  
 How pure the paper looks and white!  
 What pity 'tis that folks will write,  
 And on the face of candour scrawl  
 With desperate ink, and heart of gall!  
 Yet thus it often fares with those  
 Who, gay and easy in their prose,  
 Incur ill-nature's ugly crime,  
 And lay about 'em in their rhyme.

No man more generous, frank and kind,  
 Of more ingenuous social mind,  
 Than Churchill, yet though Churchill hear,  
 I will pronounce him too severe,

For, whether scribbled at or not,  
He writes no name without a blot.

Yet let me urge one honest plea:  
Say, is the Muse in fault or he?  
The man, whose genius thirsts for praise,  
Who boldly plucks, nor waits the bays;  
Who drives his rapid car along,  
And feels the energy of song;  
Writes, from the impulse of the Muse,  
What sober reason might refuse.

My lord, who lives and writes at ease,  
(Sure to be pleas'd, as sure to please)  
And draws from silver-stand his pen,  
To scribble sonnets now and then;  
Who writes not what he truly feels,  
But rather what he silly steals,  
And patches up, in courtly phrase,  
The manly sense of better days;  
Whose dainty Muse is only kist;  
But as his dainty lordship list,  
Who treats her like a mistress still,  
To turn her off, and keep at will;  
Knows not the labour, pains, and strife  
Of him who takes the Muse to wife.  
For then the poor good-natur'd man  
Must bear his burthen as he can;  
And if my lady prove a shrew,  
What would you have the husband do?

Say, should he thwart her inclination  
To work his own, and her vexation?  
Or giving madam all her rein,  
Make marriage but a silken chain?  
Thus we, who lead poetic lives,  
The hen-peck'd culls of vixen wives,  
Receive their orders, and obey,  
Like husbands in the common way:  
And when we write with too much phlegm,  
The fault is not in us, but thence  
True servants always at command,  
We hold the pen, they guide the hand.

Why need I urge so plain a fact  
To you who catch me in the act?  
And see me, (ere I've said my grace,  
That is, put sir in proper place,  
Or with epistolary bow,  
Have prefac'd, as I scarce know how,)  
You see me, as I said before,  
Run up and down a page or more,  
Without one word of tribute due  
To friendship's altar, and to you.  
Accept, then, in or out of time,  
My honest thanks, though writ in rhyme.  
And these once paid, (to obligations  
Repeated thanks grow stale vexations,  
And hurt the liberal donor more  
Than all his lavish gifts before,)  
I skip about, as whim prevails,  
Like your own frisky goats in Wales,  
And follow where the Muse shall lead,  
O'er hedge and ditch, o'er hill or mead.

Well might the lordly<sup>1</sup> writer praise  
The first inventor of Essays,  
Where wanton Fancy gaily rambles,  
Walks, paces, gallops, trots, and ambles;  
And all things may be sung or said,  
While drowsy Method's gone to bed.  
And blest the poet, or the rhymist,  
(For surely none of the sublimest)

<sup>1</sup> Shaftsbury.

Who practicing in his easy mode,  
Down this epistolary road,  
First taught the Muse to play the fool,  
A truant from the pedant's school,  
And skipping, like a tasteless dunce,  
O'er all the unities at once;  
(For so we keep but clink and rhyme,  
A fig for action, place, and time.)  
But critics, (who still judge by rules,  
Transmitted down as guides to fools,  
And howsoe'er they prate about 'em,  
Drawn from wise folks who writ without 'em;)  
Will blame this frolic, wild excursion,  
Which Fancy takes for her diversion,  
As inconsistent with the law,  
Which keeps the sober Muse in awe,  
Who dares not for her life dispense,  
With such mechanic chains for sense.

Yet men are often apt to blame  
Those errors they'd be proud to claim,  
And if their skill, of pigmy size,  
To glorious darings cannot rise,  
From critic spleen and pedant phlegm,  
Would make all genius creep with them.

Nay, e'en professors of the art,  
To prove their wit betray their heart,  
And speak against themselves, to show,  
What they would hate the world should know.  
As when the measur'd couplets curse,  
The manacles of Gothic verse,  
While the trim bard in easy strains,  
Talks much of fetters, clogs, and chains;  
He only aims that you should think,  
How charmingly he makes them clink.  
So have I seen in tragic stride,  
The hero of the Mourning Bride,  
Sullen and sulky tread the stage,  
'Till, fixt attention to engage,  
He flings his fetter'd arms about,  
That all may find Alphonso out.

Oft have I heard it said by those,  
Who most should blush to be her foes,  
That rhyme's impertinent vexation,  
Shackles the brave imagination,  
Which longs with eager zeal to try  
Her trackless path above the sky,  
But that the clog upon her feet,  
Restrains her flight, and damps her heat.

From Boileau down to his translators,  
Dull paraphrasts, and imitators,  
All rail at metre at the time  
They write and owe their sense to rhyme.  
Had he so maul'd his gentle foe,  
But for that lucky word *Ruineaut*?  
Or had his strokes been half so fine  
Without that closing name *Cotin*?  
Yet dares he on this very theme,  
His own Apollo to blaspheme,  
And talk of wars 'twixt rhyme and sense,  
And murders which ensu'd from thence,  
As if they both resolv'd to meet,  
Like Theban sons, in mutual heat,  
Forgetful of the ties of brother,  
To maim and massacre each other.

'Tis true, sometimes to coactive brains,  
A couplet costs exceeding pains;  
But where the fancy waits the skill  
Of fluent easy dress at will,  
The thoughts are oft, like colts which stray  
From fertile meads, and lose their way,

Slept up and fasten'd in the pound  
Of measur'd rhyme, and barren sound.

—What are these jarring notes I hear,  
Grating harsh discord on my ear!  
How shrill, how coarse, th' unsettled tone,  
Alternate 'twixt a squeak and drone,  
Worse than the scranrel pipe of straw,  
Or music grinding on a saw!  
Will none that horrid fiddle break?  
—O spare it for Giardini's sake,  
Tis his, and only errs by chance,  
May'd by the hand of Ignorance.

From this alusion I infer,  
Tis not the art, but artists err,  
And rhyme's a fiddle, sweet indeed,  
When touch'd by those who well can lead,  
Whose varied notes harmonious flow,  
In tones prolong'd from sweeping bow;  
But harsh the sounds to ear and mind,  
From the poor fiddler lame and blind,  
Who begs in music at your door,  
And thrums Jack Latin o'er and o'er.

Some, Milton-mad, (an affectation  
Glean'd up from college education)  
Approve no verse, but that which flows  
In epithetic measur'd prose,  
With trim expressions daily drest  
Sto'n, misapply'd, and not confest,  
And call it writing in the style  
Of that great Homer of our isle.

Whom, what time, glooms and eret,  
(So prose is oftentimes beverst)  
Sprinkled with quaint fantastic phrase,  
Uncouth to ears of modern days,  
Make up the metre, which they call  
Blank, classic blank, their all in all.

Can only blank admit sublime?  
Go read and measure Dryden's rhyme.  
Admire the magic of his song,  
See how his numbers roll along,  
With ease and strength and varied pause,  
Nor cramp'd by sound, nor metre's laws.

Is harmony the gift of rhyme?  
Read, if you can, your Milton's chime;  
Where taste, not wantonly severe,  
May find the measure, not the ear.

As rhyme, rich rhyme, was Dryden's choice,  
And blank has Milton's nobler voice,  
I deem it as the subjects lead,  
That either measure will succeed.  
That rhyme will readily admit  
Of fancy, numbers, force and wit;  
But though each couplet has its strength  
It falls in works of epic length.

For who can bear to read or hear,  
Though not offensive to the ear,  
The mighty Blackmore gravely sing  
Of Arthur Prince, and Arthur King,  
Heroic poems without number,  
Loag, lifeless, leaden, lulling lumber;  
Nor pity such laborious toil,  
And loss of midnight time and oil?  
Yet glibly runs each jingling line,  
Smoother, perhaps, than yours or mine,  
But still, (though peace be to the dead)  
The dull, dull poems weigh down lead.

So have I seen upon the road,  
A wagon of a mountain's load,  
Broad-wheel'd and drawn by horses eight,  
Pair'd like great folks who strut in state:

While the gay steeds, as proud as strong,  
Drag the slow tottering weight along,  
Each as the steep ascent he climbs,  
Moves to his bells, and walks in chimes.  
The Muses dwell on Ovid's tongue,  
For Ovid never said, but sung,  
And Pope (for Pope affects the same)  
In numbers lisp'd, for numbers came.  
Thus, in historic page I've read  
Of some queen's daughter, fairy-bred,  
Who could not either cough or spit,  
Without some precious flow of wit,  
While her fair lips were as a spout,  
To tumble pearls and diamonds out.

Yet, though dame Nature may bestow  
This knack of verse, and jingling flow:  
(And thousands have that impulse felt,  
With whom the Muses never dwell)  
Though it may save the lub'ring brain  
From many a thought-perplexing pain,  
And while the rhyme presents itself,  
Leaves Bysse untouch'd upon the shelf;  
Yet more demands the critic ear,  
Than the two catch-words in the rear,  
Which stand like watchmen in the close,  
To keep the verse from being prose.  
But when reflection has refin'd  
This boist'rous bias of the mind,  
When harmony enriches sense,  
And borrows stronger charms from thence,  
When genius steers by judgment's laws  
When proper cadence, varied pause  
Show Nature's strength combin'd with art,  
And through the ear passes the heart;  
Then numbers come, and all before  
Is bah, dab, scab—mere rhymes—no more.

Some boast, which none could e'er impart,  
A secret principle of art,  
Which gives a melody to rhyme  
Unknown to bards in ancient time.  
And Boileau leaves it as a rule  
To all who enter Phœbus' school,  
To make the metre strong and fine,  
Poets, write first your second line.  
'Tis folly all—No poet flows  
In tuneful verse, who thinks in prose;  
And all the mighty secret here  
Lies in the niceness of the ear.

Even in this measure, when the Muse,  
With genuine ease, her way pursues,  
Though she affect to hide her skill,  
And walks the town in dishabille,  
Something peculiar will be seen  
Of air, or grace, in shape or mien,  
Which will, though carelessly display'd,  
Distinguish madam from her maid.

Here, by the way of critic sample,  
I give the precept and example.  
Four feet, you know, in ev'ry line  
Is Prior's measure, and is mine;  
Yet taste wou'd ne'er forgive the crime  
To talk of mine with Prior's rhyme.  
Yet, take it on a poet's word,  
There are who foolishly have err'd,  
And marr'd their proper reputation,  
By sticking close to imitation.  
A double rhyme is often sought  
At strange expense of time and thought;  
And though sometimes a lucky hit  
May give a zest to Butler's wit;

Whatever makes the measure halt  
Is beauty seldom, oft a fault.  
For when we see the wit and pains,  
The twisting of the stubborn brains,  
To cramp the sense within the bound  
Of some queer double treble sound:  
Hard is the Muse's travail, and 'tis plain  
'Tis pinion'd sense, and ease in pain;  
'Tis like a foot that's wrapt about  
With flannel in the racking gout.  
But here, methinks, 'tis more than time  
To wave both simile and rhyme;  
For while, as pen and Muses please,  
I talk so much of ease and ease,  
Though the word's mention'd o'er and o'er,  
I scarce have thought of yours before.  
'Tis true, when writing to one's friend,  
'Tis a rare science when to end,  
As 'tis with wits a common sin  
To want th' attention to begin.  
So, sir, (at last indeed) adieu,  
Believe me, as you'll find me, true;  
And if henceforth, at any time,  
Apollo whispers you in rhyme,  
Or lady Fancy should dispose  
Your mind to sally out in prose,  
I shall receive, with hallow'd awe,  
The Muse's mail from Flexney's<sup>1</sup> door.

#### A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT THE AUTHOR A HAMPER  
OF WINE.

Decipit Exemplar vitis imitabile. Hor.

FOND of the loose familiar vein,  
Which neither tires, nor cracks the brain,  
The Muse is rather truant grown  
To buckram works of higher tone;  
And though perhaps her pow'rs of rhyme,  
Might rise to fancies more sublime,  
Prefers this easy down-hill road,  
To dangerous leaps at five-barr'd ode,  
Or starting in the classic race  
Jack-booted for an epic chace.

That bard, as other bards, divine,  
Who was a *sacris* to the Nine,  
Dan Prior I mean, with natural ease,  
(For what's not nature cannot please)  
Would sometimes make his rhyming bow,  
And greet his friend as I do now;  
And, howsoever the critic train  
May hold my judgment rather vain,  
Allow me one resemblance true,  
I have my friend, a Shepherd<sup>2</sup> too.

You know, dear sir, the Muses nine,  
Though sober maids are woo'd in wine,  
And therefore, as beyond a doubt,  
You've found my dangling foible out,  
Send me nectarous inspiration,  
Though others read intoxication.  
For there are those who vainly use  
This grand elixir of the Muse,

<sup>1</sup> The bookseller who published most of Church-ill's and Lloyd's poems. C.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Richard Shepherd, author of a didactic poem called *The Nuptials*.

And fancy in their apish fit,  
An idle trick of mandlin wit,  
Their genius takes a daring flight,  
'Bove Pindus, or Plinlimmon's height.  
Whilst more of madman than of poet,  
They're drunk indeed, and do not know it.

The bard, whose charming measure flows  
With all the native ease of prose,  
Who, without flashy vain pretence,  
Has best adorn'd eternal sense,  
And, in his cheerful moral page,  
Speaks to mankind in every age;  
Tells us, from folks whose situation  
Makes them the mark of observation,  
Example oft gives folly rise,  
And imitation clings to vice.

Ennius could never write, 'tis said,  
Without a bottle in his head;  
And your own Horace quaff'd his wine  
In plenteous draughts at Bacchus' shrine;  
Nay, Addison would oft unbend,  
To indulge his genius with a friend;  
(For Fancy, which is often dry,  
Must wet her wings, or cannot fly)  
What precedents for fools to follow  
Are Ben, the Devil, and Apollo!  
While the great gawky Admirer,  
Parent of stupid imitation,  
Intrinsic proper worth neglects,  
And copies errors and defects.

The man, secure in strength of parts,  
Has no recourse to shuffling arts,  
Seeks not his nature to disguise,  
Nor heeds the people's tongues, or eyes,  
His wit, his faults at once displays,  
Careless of envy, or of praise;  
And foibles, which we often find  
Just on the surface of the mind,  
Strike common eyes, which can't discern  
What to avoid, and what to learn.

Errors in wit conspicuous grow,  
To use Gay's words, like specks in snow;  
Yet it were kind, at least, to make  
Allowance for the merit's sake;  
And when such beauties fill the eye,  
To let the bleniases go by.  
Plague on your philosophic wits!  
I'll view the Sun without its spots.

Wits are peculiar in their mode;  
They cannot bear the hackney road  
And will contract habitual ways,  
Which sober people cannot praise,  
And fools admire: such fools I hate;  
— Begone, ye slaves, who imitate.

Poor Spurius! eager to destroy  
And murder hours he can't enjoy,  
The last of wittings, next to dunce,  
Would fain turn genius all at once,  
But that the wretch mistakes his aim,  
And thinks a libertine the same.  
Connected as the hand and glove,  
Is madam Poetry and Love;  
Shall not he then possess his Muse,  
And fetch Corinna from the stews,  
The burthen of his amorous verse,  
And charming meller of his purse,  
While happy Rebus tells the name  
Of his and Drury's common fame?  
How will the wretch at Bacchus' shrine,  
Betray the cause of wit and wine,

And waste in bawdy, port, and pun,  
In taste a very Goth or Hun,  
Those little hours of value more  
Than all the round of time before;  
When fancy brightens with the flask,  
And the heart speaks without a mask?

Must thou, whose genius, dull and cool,  
Is mudd' as the stagnant pool;  
Whose torpid soul and sluggish brains,  
Dulness pervades, and wine disdains;  
Must thou to nightly taverns run,  
Apollo's guest, and Johnson's son?  
And is thy folly's beastly fit,  
Attempt the sallies of a wit?  
Art thou the child of Phoebus' choir?  
Think of the adage—*ass and lyre*?

If thou wouldst really succeed,  
And be a mimic wit indeed,  
Let Dryden lend thee Sheffield's blows,  
Or like Will. Davenant lose your nose.  
O Lucian, sire of ancient wit,  
Who wadding humour, didst beget  
Those doctors in the laughing school,  
Those giant sons of ridicule,  
Swift, Rabelais, and that favourite child,<sup>1</sup>  
Who, less eccentrically wild,  
Inverts the misanthropic plan,  
And bates vices, bates not man:  
How do I love thy gibing vein!  
Which glances at the mimic train  
Of wits, who proud as modern beaux  
Of hurb-day suits, and tinsel clothes,  
Affecting cynical grimace  
With philosophic stupid face,  
In dirty hose, with naked feet,  
In rags and tatters, stroll the street;  
Ostentively exceeding wise;  
But knives, and fools, and walking lies,  
External mimicry their plan,  
The monkey's copy after man.

Wits too possess this affectation,  
And live a life of imitation,  
Are slovens, revellers and brutes,  
Laborious, absent, prattlers, mutes,  
From some example hang'd down  
Of some great genius of renown.

If Addison, from habit's trick,  
Could bite his fingers to the quick,  
Shall not I nibble from design,  
And be an Addison to mine?  
If Pope most feelingly complains  
Of aching head, and throbbing pains,  
My head and arm his posture hit,  
And I already ache for wit.  
If Churchill, following Nature's call,  
Has head that never aches at all,  
With burning brow, and heavy eye,  
I'll give my looks and pain the lie.

If huge tall words of termination,  
Which ask a critic's explanation,  
Come rolling out along with thought,  
And seem to stand just where they ought;  
If language more in grammar drest,  
With greater emphasis express,  
Unstudied, unaffected flows,  
In some great wit's conversing prose;  
If from the tongue the period round  
Fall into style, and swell to sound,

<sup>1</sup> Adams and Lyram.

<sup>2</sup> The late imitable Henry Fielding, esq.  
VOL. XV.

'Tis Nature which herself displays,  
And Johnson speaks a Johnson's phrase.  
But can you hear, without a smile,  
The formal coxcomb ape his style,  
Who, most dogmatically wise,  
Attempts to censure, and despise,  
Affecting what he cannot reach,  
A trim propriety of speech?  
What though his pompous language wear  
The grand decisive solemn air,  
Where quaint antithesis prevails,  
And sentences are weigh'd in scales,  
Can you bow down with reverend awe  
Before this puppet king of straw?  
Or hush'd in mute attention sit,  
To hear this critic, poet, wit,  
Philosopher, all, all at once,  
And to complete them all, this—*dunce*?  
—All this you'll say is mighty fine,  
But what has this to do with wine?

Have patience and the Muse shall tell  
What you, my friend, know full us well.  
Vices in poets, wits and kings,  
Are catching, imitable things;  
And frailties standing out to view,  
Become the objects fools pursue.  
Thus have I pictures often seen,  
Where features neither speak nor mean,  
Yet spite of all, the face will strike,  
And mads us that it should be like,  
When all the near resemblance grows,  
From scratch or pimple on the nose.  
To poets then (I mean not herb  
The scribbling drudge, or scribbling peer.  
Nor those who have the monthly fit,  
The lunatics of modern wit)  
To poets wine is inspiration,  
Blockheads get drunk in imitation.

As different liquors different ways  
Affect the body, sometimes raise  
The fancy to an eagle's flight,  
And make the heart feel woodrussian light;  
At other times the circling mug,  
Like Lethe's draught, or opiate drug,  
Will strike the senses on a heap,  
When folks talk wise, who talk asleep;  
A whimsical imagination,  
Might form a whimsical relation,  
How every author writes and thinks  
Analogous to what he drinks,  
While quaint conjecture's lucky hit,  
Finds out his beverage in his wit.

Ye godly dray-nymph Muses, hail!  
Mum, Porter, Stingo, mild and stale,  
And chiefly thou of boasted fame,  
Of Roman and Imperial name;  
O Purl! all hail! thy vot'ry steals,  
His stockings dangling at his heels,  
To where some pendent head invites  
The bard to set his own to rights,  
Who seeks thy influence divine,  
And pours libations on thy shrine,  
In wormwood draughts of inspiration,  
To whet his soul for defanation.

Hail too, your domes! whose master's skill  
Takes up illustrious folks at will,  
And careles or of place or name,  
Beholds and hangs to public fame  
Fine garter'd knights, blue, red, or green,  
Lords, earls and dukes, nay king, or queen,

And sometimes pairs them both together,  
To dangle to the wind and weather;  
Or claps some mighty general there,  
Who has not any head to spare.  
Or if it more his fancy suit,  
Pourtrays or fish, or bird, or brute.  
And lures the gaping, thirsty guest,  
To Scott's entire, or Trueman's best.

Ye chequer'd dozes thrice hail! for hence  
The fire of wit, the froth of sense,  
Here gentle puns, ambiguous joke,  
Burst forth oracular in smoke,  
And inspiration pottle deep  
Forgets her sons, and falls asleep.  
Hence issue treatises and rhymes,  
The wit and wonder of the times,  
Hence scandal, piracies and lies,  
Defensive pamphlets on excise,  
The murd'rous articles of news,  
And pert theatrical reviews.  
Hither, as to their arms, repair,  
Bard, publisher, and minor play'r,  
And o'er the porter's foaming head  
Their venom'd malice nightly shed,  
And aim their batteries of dirt  
At genius, which they cannot hurt.

Smack not their works, if verse or prose  
Offend your eye, or ear, or nose,  
So frothy, vapid, stale, num-drum,  
Of stingo, porter, purl and mum?  
And when the Muse politely jokes,  
Cannot you find the lady smokes?  
And spite of all her inspiration,  
Betrays her alehouse education?

Alas! how very few are found,  
Whose style tastes neat and full and sound!  
In Wilmot's loose ungovern'd vein  
There is, I grant, much burnt Champaign,  
And Dorset's lines all palates hit,  
The very Burgundy of wit.  
But when, obedient to the mode  
Of panegyric, courtly ode,  
The bard bestrides his annual hack,  
In vain I taste, and sip and smack,  
I find no flavour of the sack.  
But while I ramble and refine  
On flavour, style, and wit and wine,  
Your claret, which I would not waste,  
Recalls me to my proper taste;  
So ending, as 'tis more than times,  
At once my letter, glass and rhyme,  
I take this bumper off to you,  
'Tis Shepherd's health—dear friend, adieu.

### THE CANDLE AND SNUFFERS.

#### A FABLE.

"No author ever spar'd a brother:  
Wits are game cocks to one another."  
But no antipathy so strong,  
Which acts so fiercely, lasts so long  
As that which rages in the breast  
Of critic, and of wit profess:  
When, eager for some bold emprise,  
Wit, Titan-like, affects the skies,  
When, full of energy divine,  
The mighty dupe of all the Nise,

Bids his kite soar on paper wing,  
The critic comes, and cuts the string;  
Hence dire contention often grows  
Twixt man of verse, and man of prose;  
While prose-man dooms the verse-man fool,  
And measures wit by line and rule,  
And, as he lops off fancy's limb,  
Turns executioner of whim;  
While genius, which too oft disdains  
To bear e'en honourable chains;  
(Such as a sheriff's self might wear  
Or grace the wisdom of a may'r)  
Turns rebel to dame Reason's throne  
And holds no judgment like his own.

Yet while they spatter mutual dirt,  
In idle threats that cannot hurt,  
Methinks they waste a deal of time,  
Both fool in prose, and fool in rhyme;  
And when the angry bard exclaims,  
And calls a thousand paltry names,  
He doth his critic mighty wrong,  
And hurts the dignity of song.

The prefatory matter past  
The tale, or story, comes at last.

A Candle stuck in flaring state  
Within the nozzle of French plate,  
Tow'ring aloft with smoky light,  
The snuff and flame of wondrous height,  
(For, virgin yet of amputation,  
No force had check'd its inclination)  
Sullen address'd with conscious pride,  
The dormant Snuffers at his side.

"Mean vulgar tools, whose envious aim  
Strikes at the vitals of my flame,  
Your rude assaults shall hurt no more,  
See how my beams triumphant soar!  
See how I gaily blaze alone  
With strength, with lustre all my own."

"Lustre, good sir!" the Snuffers cried,  
"Alas! how ignorant is pride!  
Thy light which wavers round the room,  
Shows as the counterfeit of gloom,  
Thy snuff which idly tow'rs so high  
Will waste thy essence by and by,  
Which, as I prize thy lustre dear  
I fain would lop to make thee clear.  
Boast not, old friend, thy random rays,  
Thy wasting strength, and quiv'ring blaze,  
You shine but as a beggar's link,  
To burn away, and die in stink,  
No merit waits unsteady light,  
You must burn true as well as bright."

Poets like candles all are puffers,  
And critics are the candle snuffers.

### THE TEMPLE OF FAVOUR.

#### TO WILLIAM KEARICK.

THOUGH pilot in the ship no more,  
To bring the cargo safe to shore;  
Permit, as time and place afford,  
A passenger to come aboard.

The shepherd who survey'd the deep,  
When all its tempests were asleep,

<sup>1</sup> When this was published in the Saint James Magazine Mr. Lloyd had relinquished the conduct of that work to Mr. Kearick.

Dreamt not of danger; glad was he  
To sell his flock, and put to sea:  
The consequence has Æsop told,  
He lost his venture, sheep and gold.  
So fares it with us sons of rhyme,  
From doggrel wit, to wit sublime;  
On ink's calm ocean all seems clear,  
No sands affright, no rocks appear;  
No lightnings blast, no thunders roar;  
No surges lash the peaceful shore;  
Till, all too vent'rous from the land,  
The tempests dash us on the strand:  
Then the low pirate boards the deck,  
And sons of theft enjoy the wreck.

The harlot Muse so passing gay,  
Betriches only to betray;  
Though for a while, with easy air,  
She smoothes the rugged brow of care,  
And laps the mind in flow'ry dreams,  
With fancy's transitory gleams.  
Food of the nothings she bestows,  
We wake at last to real woes.

Through ev'ry age, in ev'ry place,  
Consider well the poet's case;  
By turns protected and caress'd,  
Defam'd, dependent, and distress'd;  
The joke of wits, the bane of slaves,  
The curse of fools, the butt of knaves;  
Too proud to stoop for servile ends,  
To lacquey rogues, or flatter friends;  
With prodigality to give,  
Too careless of the means to live:  
The bubble fame intent to gain,  
And yet too lazy to maintain;  
He quits the world he never priz'd,  
Pitied by few, by more despis'd;  
And lost to friends, oppress'd by foes,  
Sets to the nothing whence he rose.

O glorious trade, for wit's a trade,  
Where men are ruin'd more than made.  
Let crazy Lee, neglected Gay,  
The shabby Otway, Dryden grey,  
Those unuseful servants of the Nine,  
(Not that I blend their name with mine)  
Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,  
And teach the world some useful shame.  
At first the poet idly strays  
Along the greensward path of praise,  
Till on his journeys up and down,  
To see, and to be seen, in town,  
What with ill-natured flings and rubs  
From sippant bucks, and hackney scrubs,  
His tools through dust, through dirt, through gravel,  
Take off his appetite for travel.

Transient is Fame's immediate breath,  
Though it blows stronger after death;  
Ours then, with Martial, after fate  
If Glory comes, she comes too late.  
For who'd his time and labour give  
For praise, by which he cannot live?

But in Apollo's court of Fame  
(In this all courts are much the same)  
By Favour folks must make their way,  
Favour, which lasts, perhaps, a day,  
And when you've twirl'd yourself about  
To wriggle in, you're wriggled out.  
Tis from the sunshine of her eyes  
Each courtly insect lives or dies;  
Tis she dispenses all the graces  
Of profits, pensions, honours, places;

And in her light capricious fits  
Makes wits of fools, and fools of wits,  
Gives vices, folly, dullness birth,  
Nay stamps the currency on worth;  
'Tis she that lends the Muse a spur,  
And even kissing goes by her.

Far in the sea a temple stands  
Built by dame Error's hasty hands,  
Where in her dome of lucid shells  
The visionary goddess dwells,  
Here o'er her subject sons of Earth  
Regardless of of place, or worth,  
She rules triumphant; and supplies  
The gaping world with hopes and lies:  
Her throne, which weak and tott'ring seems,  
Is built upon the wings of dreams;  
The sickle winds her altars bear  
Which quiver to the shifting air;  
Hither hath Reason seldom brought  
The child of Virtue or of Thought,  
And Justice with her equal face,  
Finds this, alas! no throne of Grace.

Caprice, Opinion, Fashion wait,  
The porters at the temple's gate,  
And as the fond adorers press  
Pronounce fantastic happiness;  
While Favour with a Syren's smile,  
Which might Ulysses' self beguile,  
Presents the sparkling bright libation,  
The nectar of intoxication;  
And summoning her ev'ry grace  
Of winning charms, and cheerful face,  
Smiles away Reason from his throne,  
And makes his votaries her own:  
Instant resounds the voice of Fame;  
Caught with the whistlings of their name,  
The fools grow frantic, in their pride  
Contemning all the world beside:  
Pleas'd with the gewgaw toys of pow'r,  
The noisy pageant of an hour,  
Struts forth the statesman, haughty, vain,  
Amidst a supple servile train,  
With shrug, grimace, nod, wink, and stare,  
So proud, he almost treads in air;  
While levee-fools, who sue for place,  
Crouch for employment from his grace,  
And e'en good bishops, taught to trim,  
Forsake their God to bow to him.

The poet in that happy hour,  
Imagination in his pow'r,  
Walks all abroad, and unconfin'd,  
Enjoys the liberty of mind:  
Dupe to the smoke of flimsy praise,  
He vomits forth sonorous lays;  
And, in his fine poetic rage,  
Planning, poor soul, a deathless page,  
Indulges pride's fantastic whim,  
And all the world must wake to him.

A while from fear, from envy free,  
He sleeps on a pacific sea;  
Lethargic Error for a while  
Deceives him with her specious smile,  
And flatt'ring dreams delusive shed  
Gay gilded visions round his head.

When, swift as thought, the goddess lewd  
Shifts the light gale; and tempests rude,  
Such as the northern skies deform,  
When fell Destruction guides the storm,  
Transport him to some dreary isle  
Where Favour never deign'd to smile.



Where waking, helpless, all alone,  
 'Midst craggy steeps and rocks unknown;  
 Sad scenes of woe his pride confound,  
 And Desolation stalks around.  
 Where the dull months no pleasures bring,  
 And years roll round without a spring;  
 Where he all hopeless, lost, undone,  
 Sees cheerless days that know no sun;  
 Where jibing Scorn her throne maintains,  
 Midst mildews, blights, and blasts, and rains.

Let others, with submissive knee,  
 Capricious goddess! bow to thee;  
 Let them with fixt incessant aim  
 Court fickle Favour, faithless Fame;  
 Let Vanity's fastidious slave  
 Lose the kind moments Nature gave,  
 In invocations to the shrine  
 Of Phoebus and the fabed Nine,  
 An author, to his latest days,  
 From hunger, or from thirst of praise,  
 Let him through every subject roam  
 To bring the useful morsel home;  
 Write upon Liberty oppress,  
 On happiness, when most distressed,  
 Turn bookseller's obsequious tool,  
 A monkey's cat, a mere fool's fool;  
 Let him, unhallow'd wretch! profane  
 The Muse's dignity for gain,  
 Yield to the dunce his sense contemns,  
 Cringe to the knave his heart condemns,  
 And, at a blockhead's bidding, force  
 Reluctant genius from his course;  
 Write ode, epistle, essay, libel,  
 Make notes, or steal them, for the Bible;  
 Or let him, more judicial, sit  
 The dull Lord Chief, on culprit Wit,  
 With rancour read, with passion blame,  
 Talk high, yet fear to put his name,  
 And from the dark, but useful shade,  
 (Fit place for murder's ambushade,)  
 Weak monthly shafts at merit hurl,  
 The glidon of some modern curl.

For me, by adverse fortune plac'd  
 Far from the colleg's of taste,  
 I jostle no poetic name;  
 I envy none their proper fame;  
 And if sometimes an easy vein,  
 With no design, and little pain,  
 Form'd into verse, hath pleas'd a while,  
 And caught the reader's transient smile,  
 My Muse hath answer'd all her ends,  
 Pleasing herself, while pleas'd her friends;  
 But, fond of liberty, disdains  
 To bear restraint, or clink her chains;  
 Nor would, to gain a monarch's favour,  
 Let Dulness, or her sons, enslave her\*.

### THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

#### A TALE.

THE very silliest things in life  
 Create the most material strife.  
 What scarce will suffer a debate,  
 Will oft produce the bitterest hate.

\* These two last lines were added by Mr. Kenrick; to whom the piece was originally addressed.

It is, you say; I say 'tis not—  
 Why you grow warm—and you are hot.  
 Thus each alike with passion glows,  
 And words come first, and, after, blows.

Friend Jerkin had an income clear,  
 Some fifteen pounds, or more, a year,  
 And rented, on the farming plan,  
 Grounds at much greater sums per ann.  
 A man of consequence, no doubt,  
 'Mougst all his neighbours round about;  
 He was of frank and open mind,  
 Too honest to be much refin'd,  
 Would smoke his pipe, and tell his tale,  
 Sing a good song, and drink his ale.

His wife was of another mould;  
 Her age was neither young nor old;  
 Her features strong, but somewhat plain;  
 Her air not bad, but rather vain;  
 Her temper neither new nor strange,  
 A woman's, very apt to change;  
 What she most hated was conviction,  
 What she most lov'd, flat contradiction.

A charming housewife nevertheless,  
 —Tell me a thing she could not dress,  
 Soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies,  
 Nought came amiss—she was so wise.  
 For she, bred twenty miles from town,  
 Had brought a world of breeding down,  
 And Cumberland had seldom seen  
 A farmer's wife with such a mien;  
 She could not bear the sound of Dame;  
 —No—Mistress Jerkin was her name.

She could harangue with wond'rous grace  
 On gowns and mobs, and caps and lace;  
 But though she ne'er adorn'd his brows,  
 She had a vast contempt for spouse,  
 As being one who took no pride,  
 And was a deal too countrified.  
 Such were our couple, man and wife;  
 Such were their means and ways of life.

Once on a time, the season fair  
 For exercise and cheerful air,  
 It happen'd in his morning's roam,  
 He kill'd his birds, and brought them home.

—“Here, Cicely, take away my gun—  
 How shall we have these starlings done?”

“Done! what, my love? Your wits are wild;  
 Starlings, my dear; they're thrushes, child.”

“Nay now but look, consider, wife,  
 They're starlings!”—“No—upon my life:

Sure I can judge as well as you,  
 I know a thrush and starling too.”

“Who was it shot them, you or I?”

They're starlings!”—“thrushes!”—“ounds you

“Pray, sir, take back your dirty word, [iz.”

I scorn your language as your bird;

It ought to make a husband blush,

To treat a wife so 'bout a thrush.”

“Thrush, Cicely!”—“Yes!”—“Starling!”—“No,”

The lie again, and then a blow.

Blows carry strong and quick conviction,

And mar the pow'rs of contradiction.

Peace soon ensued, and all was well;

It were imprudence to rebel,

Or keep the ball up of debate

Against these arguments of weight.

A year roll'd on in perfect ease,

'Twas as you like, and what you please,

'Till in its course and order due,  
 Came March the twentieth, fifty-two.

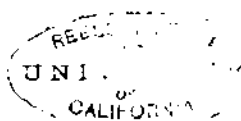
Each Cicerly, "This is charming life,  
No tumults now, no blows, no strife.  
What fools we were this day last year!  
Lord, how you beat me then, my dear!"  
"—Sure it was idle and absurd  
To wrangle so about a bird;  
A bird not worth a single rush—  
I starting—"no, my love, a thrush,  
That I'll maintain"—"that I'll deny." [lie.]  
—"You're wrong, good husband"—"wife, you  
Again the self-same wrangle rose,  
Again the lie, again the blows.  
Thus every year (true man and wife)  
Earns the same domestic strife.  
Thus every year their quarrel ends,  
They argue, fight, and buss, and friends;  
Tis starting, thrush, and thrush and starting;  
You dog, you b—; my dear, my darling.

### A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO \*\*\*\*\*

WHAT, three months gone, and never send  
A single letter to a friend?  
In that time, sure, we might have known  
Whether you fat or lean was grown;  
Whether your host was short or tall,  
Had manners good, or none at all;  
Whether the neighb'ring squire you found  
As new a brute as fox or hound;  
Or if the parson of the place  
(With all due reverence to his grace)  
Took much more pains himself to keep,  
Than to instruct and feed his sheep;  
At what hour of the day you dine;  
Whether you drink beer, punch, or wine;  
Whether you hunt, or shoot, or ride;  
Or, by some muddy ditch's side,  
Which you, in visionary dream,  
Call bubbling rill, or purling stream,  
Sib for some awkward country lass,  
Who must of consequence surpass  
All that is beautiful and bright,  
As much as day surpasses night;  
Whether the people eat and drink,  
Or ever talk, or ever think;  
If, in the honour of their parts,  
The men have heads, the women hearts;  
If the Moon rises and goes down,  
And changes as she does in town;  
If you're returns of night and day,  
And seasons varying roll away;  
Whether your mind exalted woos  
Th' embraces of a serious muse;  
Or if you write, as I do now,  
The L—d knows what, the I—d knows how.—  
These, and a thousand things like these,  
The friendly heart are sure to please.  
Now will my friend turn up his eyes,  
And look superlatively wise;  
Wonder what all this stuff's about,  
And how the plague I found him out!  
When he had taken so much pains,  
In order to regale his brains  
With privacy and country air,  
To go, no soul alive knew where!  
Besides, 'tis folly to suppose  
That any person breathing goes  
On such a scheme, with a design  
To write or read such stuff as mine,

And idly waste his precious time  
In all th' impertinence of rhyme.  
My good, wise, venerable sir!  
Why about nonsense all this stir!  
Is it, that you would stand alone,  
And read no nonsense but your own;  
Though you're (to tell you, by the by)  
Not half so great a fool as I;  
Or is it that you make pretence,  
Being a fool, to have some sense?  
And would you really have my Muse  
Employ herself in writing news,  
And most unconscionably tease her  
With rhyming to Warsaw and Wezer;  
Or toes up a poetic olio,  
Merely to bring in marshal Broglio?  
Should I recite what now is doing,  
Or what for future times is brewing,  
Or triumph that the poor French see all  
Their hopes defeated at Montreal,  
Or should I your attention carry  
To Fred'ric, Ferdinand or Harry,  
Of flying Russian, dastard Swede,  
And baffled Austria let you read;  
Or gravely tell with what design  
The youthful Henry pass'd the Rhine?  
Or should I shake my empty head,  
And tell you that the king is dead,  
Observe what changes will ensue,  
What will be what, and who'll be who,  
Or leaving these things to my betters,  
Before you set the state of letters?  
Or should I tell domestic jars,  
How author against author wars,  
How both with mutual envy rankling,  
Fr—k—n damns M—rp—y, M—rp—y Fr—k—n?  
Or will it more your mind engage  
To talk of actors and the stage,  
To tell, if any words could tell,  
What Garrick acts still, and how well,  
That Sheridan with all his care  
Will always be a labour'd play'r,  
And that his acting at the best  
Is all but art, and art confest;  
That Bride<sup>1</sup>, if reason may presume  
To judge by things past, things to come,  
In future times will tread the stage,  
Equally form'd for love and rage,  
Whilst Pope for comic humour fam'd,  
Shall live when Clive no more is nam'd.  
Your wisdom I suppose can't bear  
About dull pantomime to hear;  
Nor would you have a single word  
Of Harlequin, and wooden sword,  
Of dumb show, fools tricks, and wry faces,  
And wit, which lies all in grimaces,  
Nor should I any thing advance  
Of new invented comic dance.  
Callous, perhaps, to things like these,  
Would it your worship better please,  
That I, more laden than the camels,  
Should crawl in philosophic trammels?  
Should I attack the stars, and stray  
In triumph o'er the milky way,  
And like the Titans try to move  
From seat of empire royal Jove,

<sup>1</sup> Miss Brille an Actress then of Drury-Lane theatre, who soon after quitted the stage. See her character in the Rosciad.



Then spread my terrors all around,  
 And his satellites confound,  
 Teach the war far and wide to rage,  
 And ev'ry star by turn engage?  
 The danger we should share between us,  
 You fight with Mars and I with Venus.

Or should I rather, if I cou'd,  
 Talk of words little understood,  
 Centric, eccentric, epicycle,  
 Fine words the vulgar ears to tickle!  
 A vacuum, plenum, gravitation,  
 And other words of like relation,  
 Which may agree with studious men,  
 But hurt my teeth, and gage my pen;  
 Things of such grave and serious kind  
 Puzzle my head and plague my mind;  
 Besides in writing to a friend  
 A man may any nonsense send,  
 And the chief merit's to impart,  
 The honest feelings of his heart.

#### CHARITY. A FRAGMENT.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. MR. HANBURY.

WORTH is excis'd, and Virtue pays  
 A heavy tax for barren praise.

A friend to universal man,  
 Is universal good your plan?  
 God may perhaps your project bless,  
 But man shall strive to thwart success,  
 Though the grand scheme thy thoughts pursue,  
 Bespeak a noble generous view,  
 Where Charity o'er all presides,  
 And Sense approves what Virtue guides,  
 Yet wars and tumults will commence,  
 For rogues hate virtue, blockheads sense.

Believe me, opposition grows  
 Not always from our real foes,  
 But (where it seldom ever ends)  
 From our more dangerous seeming friends,  
 I hate not foes, for they declare,  
 'Tis war for war, and dare who dare;  
 But your sly, sneaking, worming souls  
 Whom Friendship scorns and Fear controuls,  
 Who praise, support, and help by halves,  
 Like heifers, neither bulls, nor calves;  
 Who, in Hypocrisy's disguise,  
 Are truly as the serpent wise,  
 But cannot all the precept love,  
 And be as harmless as the dove.  
 Who hold each charitable meeting,  
 To mean no more than good sound eating,  
 While each becomes a hearty fellow  
 According as he waxes mellow,  
 And kindly helps the main design,  
 y drinking its success in wine;  
 And when his feet and senses reel,  
 Totters with correspondent zeal;  
 Nay, would appear a patron wise,  
 Put that his wisdom's in disguise,  
 And would harangue, but that his mouth,  
 Which ever hates the sin of drowth,  
 atching the full perpetual glass,  
 Cannot afford a word to pass.

Such, who like true churchwardens eat,  
 Because the parish pays the treat,  
 And of their bellyful secure,  
 O'ersee, or over-look the poor;

Who would no doubt be wond'rous just,  
 And faithful guardians of their trust,  
 But think the deed might run more clever  
 To them and to their heirs for ever,  
 That Charity, too apt to roam,  
 Might end, where she begins, at home;  
 Who make all public good a trade,  
 Benevolence a mere parade,  
 And Charity a cloak for sin,  
 To keep it snug and warm within;  
 Who flatter, only to betray,  
 Who promise much and never pay,  
 Who wind themselves about your heart  
 With hypocritic, knavish art,  
 Tell you what wond'rous things they're doing,  
 And undermine you to your ruin;  
 Such, or of low or high estate,  
 To speak the honest truth, I hate:  
 I view their tricks with indignation,  
 And loath each fulsome protestation,  
 As I would loath a whore's embrace,  
 Who smiles, and smirks, and strokes my face,  
 And all so tender, fond, and kind,  
 As free of body, as of mind,  
 Affects the softness of a dove,  
 And p—ses me to show her love.

The maiden wither'd, wrinkled, pale,  
 Whose charms, tho' strong, are rather stale,  
 Will use that weapon call'd a tongue,  
 To wound the beauteous and the young.  
 —“What, Delia handsome!—well!—I own  
 I'm either blind or stupid grown.  
 —The girl is well enough to pass,  
 A rosy, simple, rustic lass,  
 —But there's no meaning in her face,  
 And then her air, so void of grace!  
 And all the world, with half an eye,  
 May see her shape grows quite awry.  
 —I speak not from an ill design,  
 For she's a favourite of mine,  
 —Though I could wish that she would wear  
 A more reserv'd becoming air;  
 Not that I hear of indiscretions,  
 Such folks, you know, make no confessions,  
 Though the world says, that parson there,  
 That smock-fac'd man with darkish hair,  
 He who wrote verses on her bird,  
 The simplest things I ever heard,  
 Makes frequent visits there of late,  
 And is become exceeding great;  
 This I myself aver is true,  
 I saw him lead her to his pew.”

Thus Scandal, like a false quotation,  
 Misrepresents in defamation;  
 And where she haply cannot spy  
 A loop whereon to hang a lie,  
 Turns every action wrong side out  
 To bring her paltry tale about.

Thus excellence of every kind,  
 Whether of body or of mind,  
 Is but a mark set up on high,  
 For knaves to guide their arrows by,  
 A mere Scotch post for public itch,  
 Where dog, or man, may scrub his breech:

But thanks to Nature, which ordains  
 A just reward for all our pains,  
 And makes us stem, with secret pride,  
 Hoarse Disappointment's rugged tide,  
 And like a lordly ship, which haves  
 The roar of winds, and rush of waves,

Weather all storms, which jealous Hate  
Or frantic Malice may create.  
Tis Conscience, a reward alone,  
Conscience, who plac'd on Virtue's throne,  
Eye raging men, or raging seas,  
Undaunted, firm, with heart at ease.

From her dark cave, though Envy rise  
With hollow cheeks, and jaundic'd eyes,  
Though Hatred league with Folly vain,  
And Spleen and Rancour join the train;  
Shall Virtue shrink, abash'd, afraid,  
And tremble at an idle shade?  
Fear works upon the fool, or knave,  
As honest man is always brave,  
While Opposition's fruitless aim  
Is as the bellows to the flame,  
And, like a pagan persecution,  
Enforces faith and resolution.

Though Prejudice in narrow minds,  
The mental eye of reason blinds;  
Though Wit, which not e'en friends will spare,  
Affect the sneering, laughing air,  
Though Dullness, in her monkish gown,  
Display the wisdom of a frown,  
Yet Truth, will force herself in spite  
Of all their efforts, into light.

See bigot-monks in Spain prevail,  
See Galileo dragg'd to jail:  
Hear the grave doctors of the schools,  
The Golgotha of learned fools,  
As damnable and impious brand  
That art they cannot understand,  
And out of zeal pervert the Bible,  
As if it were a standing libel,  
On every good and useful plan  
That rises in the brain of man.

O Bigotry! whose frantic rage  
Has blotted half the classic page,  
And in Religion's drunken fit,  
Murder'd the Greek and Roman wit;  
Who zealous for that Faith's increase,  
Whose ways are righteousness and peace,  
With rods and whips, and sword and axe,  
With prisons, tortures, flames and racks,  
With Persecution's fiery goad,  
Enforcing some new-fang'd mode,  
Wouldst pluck down Reason from her throne  
To raise some phantom of thy own;  
Alas! the fury undiscerning,  
Which blasts, and stunts, and hews up learning,  
Like an ill-judging zealous friend,  
Blasphemes that wisdom you defend.

Go, kick the prostituted whores,  
The nine stale virgins out of doors;  
For let the abbess beat her drum,  
Eleven thousand troops shall come;  
All female forms, and virgins true,  
As ever saint or poet knew.  
And glorious be the honour'd name  
Of Winifrede, of sainted fame,  
Who to the church like light'ning sped,  
And ran three miles without her head;  
(Well might the modest lady run,  
Since 'twas to keep her maiden one)  
And when before the congregation  
The prince fell dead for reparation,  
Secure of life as well as honour,  
Ran back with both her heads upon her.

No matter of what shape or size,  
Clap down the legendary lies,

Believe, what neither God ordains,  
Nor Christ allows, nor sense maintains;  
Make saint of pope, or saint of thief,  
Believe almost in unbelief;  
Yet with thy solemn priestly air,  
By book and bell, and candle swear,  
That God has made his own elect  
But from your stem and favourite sect;  
That he who made the world, has blest  
One part alone, to damn the rest,  
As if th' Allmerciful and Just,  
Who form'd us of one common dust,  
Had render'd up his own decree,  
And lent his attributes to thee.

Thus his own eyes the bigot blinds,  
To shut out light from human minds,  
And the clear truth (an emanation  
From the great Author of creation,  
A beam transmitted from on high,  
To bring us nearer to the sky,  
While ev'ry path by Science trod,  
Leads us with wonder up to God,)  
Is doom'd by ignorance to make  
Atonement at the martyr's stake;  
Though, like pure gold, th' illustrious dame,  
Comes forth the brighter from the flame  
No persecution will avail;  
No inquisition racks, nor jail;  
When learning's more enlight'ned ray  
Shall drive these sickly fogs away;  
A thankful age shall pay her more,  
Than all her troubles hurt before.  
See shame and scorn await on those  
Who poorly dar'd to be her foes,  
But will the grateful voice of Fame  
Sink truth, and Galileo's name?

How wilful, obstinate, and blind,  
Are the main herd of human kind!  
Well said the wit, who well had tried  
That malice which his parts defied;  
When merit's sun begins to break,  
The dunces stretch, and strive to wake,  
And amity of dunce with dunce,  
Fingers out genius all at once.  
As you may find the honey out,  
By seeing all the flies about.

All ugly women hate a toast;  
The goodliest fruit is pick'd the most;  
The ivy winds about the oak,  
And to the fairest comes the smoke.

Escap'd the dangers of the deep,  
When Gulliver fell fast asleep,  
Stretch'd on the Lilliputian strand,  
A giant in a pigmy land;  
Watchful against impending harm,  
All Lilliput cried out, "To arms!"  
The trumpets echoed all around,  
The captain slept exceeding sound,  
Though crowds of undistinguish'd size,  
Assail'd his body, legs, and thighs,  
While clouds of arrows flew apace,  
And fell like feathers on his face.

---

### THE WHIM.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. W. WOTTY.

THE praise of genius will offend  
A foe no doubt, sometimes a friend;

But curse on genius, wit, and parts;  
 The thirst of science, love of arts,  
 If inconsistent with the plan  
 Of social good from man to man.  
 For me, who will, may wear the bays,  
 I value not such idle praise:  
 Let wrangling wits abuse, defame,  
 And quarrel for an empty name,  
 What's in this shuffling pace of rhyme,  
 Or *grand pas*' stride of stiff sublime,  
 That Vanity her trump should blow,  
 And look with scorn on folks below?  
 Are wit and folly close ally'd,  
 And match'd, like poverty, with pride?  
 When rival bards for fame contend,  
 The poet often spoils the friend;  
 Genius self-center'd feels alone  
 That merit he esteems his own,  
 And cold, o'er-jealous, and severe,  
 Hates, like a Turk, a brother near;  
 Malice steps in, good nature flies,  
 Polly prevails, and friendship dies.  
 Peace to all such, if peace can dwell  
 With those who bear about a hell,  
 Who blast all worth with envy's breath,  
 By their own feelings stung to death.  
 None but a weak and brainless fool,  
 Undisciplin'd in fortune's school,  
 Can hope for favours from the wit:  
 He pleads prescription to forget,  
 Unnotic'd let him live or rot,  
 And, as forgetful, be forgot,  
 Most wags, whose pleasure is to smoke,  
 Would rather lose their friend, than joke;  
 A man in rags looks something queer,  
 And there's vast humour in a sneer;  
 That jest, alike all wittings suits,  
 Which lies no further than the boots,  
 Give me the man whose open mind  
 Means social good to all mankind;  
 Who when his friend, from fortune's round,  
 Is toppled headlong to the ground,  
 Can meet him with a warm embrace,  
 And wipe the tear from sorrow's face;  
 Who, not self-taught and proudly wise,  
 Seeks more to comfort than advise,  
 Who less intent to shine than please,  
 Wears his own mirth with native ease,  
 And is from sense, from Nature's plan,  
 The jovial guest, the honest man;  
 In short, whose picture, painted true,  
 In ev'ry point resembles you.

And will my friend for once excuse  
 This off'ring of a lazy Muse?  
 Most lazy,—lest you think her not,  
 I'll draw her picture on the spot.  
 A perfect ease the dame enjoys;  
 Three chairs her indolence employs:  
 On one she squats her cushion'd bum,  
 Which would not rise, though kings should come;  
 An arm lolts dartsling o'er another,  
 A leg lies *conchant* on its brother.  
 To make her look supremely wise,  
 At least like wisdom in disguise,  
 The weed, which first by Raleigh brought,  
 Gives thinking look instead of thought,  
 She smokes, and smokes; without all feeling,  
 Save as the eddies climb the ceiling,  
 And waft about their mild perfume,  
 She marks their passage round the room.

When pipe forsakes the vacant mouth,  
 A pot of beer prevents her drowth,  
 Which with *potarius pottle deep*  
 Lulls the poor maudlin Muse to sleep.  
 Her books of which she's woud'rous need,  
 But neither pow'r nor will to read,  
 In scatter'd tomes lie all around  
 Upon the lowest shelf—the ground.

Such ease no doubt suits easy rhyme;  
 Folks walk about who write sublime,  
 While Recitation's pompous sound  
 Draws words sonorous all around,  
 And Action waves her hand and head,  
 As those who bread and butter spread.

You bards who feel not fancy's death,  
 Who strike the roof, and kick the earth,  
 Whose Muse superlatively high  
 Takes lodgings always near the sky;  
 And like the lark with daring flight  
 Still soars and sings beyond our sight;  
 May trumpet forth your grand sublime,  
 And scorn our lazy lounging rhyme.  
 Yet though the lark in ether floats,  
 And trills no doubt diviner notes,  
 Carelessly perch'd on yonder spray,  
 The linnet sings a pretty lay.

What horrid, what tremendous sight  
 Shakes all my fabric with affright!  
 With Argus' hundred eyes he marks,  
 With triple mouth the monster barks;  
 And while he scatters flaming brands  
 Briareus lends him all his hands.

Hat! 'tis a critic.—Yes—'tis he  
 What would your graceless form with me?  
 It is t' upbraid me with the crime  
 Of spinning unlabourious rhyme,  
 Of stringing various thoughts together  
 In verse, or prose, or both, or neither?  
 A vein, which though it must offend  
 You lofty sirs who can't descend,  
 To fame has often made its way  
 From Butler, Prior, Swift, and Gay;  
 Is it for this your brow austere  
 Frowns me to stone for very fear?  
 Hear my just reason first, and then  
 Approve me right, or split my pen.

I seek not by more labour'd lays  
 To catch the slipp'ry tail of praise,  
 Nor will I run a mad career  
 'Gainst genius which I most revere;  
 When Phœbus bursts with genuine fire,  
 The little stars at once retire;  
 Who cares a farthing for those lays  
 Which you can neither blame, nor praise?  
 I cannot match a Churchill's skill,  
 But may be Langhorne when I will:

Let the mere mimic, for each season bears  
 Your mimic bards as well as mimic plays  
 Creep servilely along, and with dull pains  
 Lash his slow steed, in whose enfeebled veins  
 The cold blood lags, let him with fruitless sim  
 By borrow'd plumes assume a borrow'd fame,  
 With studied forms th' incautious ear beguile,  
 And ape the numbers of a Churchill's style.  
 Slaves may some fame from imitation hope;  
 Who'd be Paul Whitehead, tho' he honours Pope?  
 If clinking couplets in one endless chime  
 Be the sole beauty, and the praise of rhyme;  
 If found alone an easy triumph gains,  
 While Fancy bleeds, and Sense is hung in chains,

Ye happy triflers hall the rising mode;  
See, all Parnassus is a turnpike road,  
Where each may travel in the highway track  
On true bred hunter, or on common hack,  
For me, who labour with poetic sin,  
Who often woo the Muse I cannot win,  
Whom pleasure first a willing poet made,  
And folly spoils by taking up the trade,  
Pleas'd I behold superior genius shine,  
Nor ting'd with envy wish that genius mine.  
To Churchill's Muse can bow with decent awe,  
Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law:  
Both may, perhaps, have various pow'rs to please  
Be his the strength of numbers, mine the ease,  
Ere that rejects not, but betrays no care:  
Less of the cockcomb than the sloven's air.  
Your taste, as mine, all metre must offend  
When imitation is its only end.  
I could perhaps that servile task pursue,  
And copy Churchill as I'd copy you,  
But that my flippant Muse, too saucy grown,  
Prefers that manner she can call her own.

## ODE TO GENIUS.

Thou child of Nature, Genius strong,  
Thou master of the poet's song,  
Before whose light, Art's dim and feeble ray  
Gleams like the taper in the blaze of day:  
Thou lo'st to steal along the secret shade,  
Where Fancy, bright ærial maid!  
Awaits thee with her thousand charms,  
And revels in thy wanton arms;  
She to thy bed, in days of yore,  
Thy sweetly-warbling Shakspeare bore;  
Whom every Muse endow'd with every skill,  
And dipt him in that sacred rill,  
Whose silver streams flow musical along,  
Where Phœbus' hallow'd mount resounds with  
raptur'd song.

Forsake not thou the vocal choir,  
Thy breasts revisit with thy genial fire,  
Ere vain the studied sounds of mimic art,  
Tickle the ear, but come not near the heart.  
Vain every phrase in curious order set,  
On each side leaning on the [stop-gap] epithet.  
Vain the quick rhyme, still tinkling in the close,  
While pure description shines in measur'd prose,  
Thou bear'st aloof, and look'st with high disdain  
Upon the dull mechanic train;  
Whose nerveless strains flaz on in languid tone,  
Lifeless and lumpish as the bagpipe's drowsy  
drone.

No longer now thy altars blaze,  
No poet offers up his lays;  
Inspir'd with energy divine,  
To worship at thy sacred shrine.  
Since Taste<sup>1</sup>, with absolute domain,  
Extending wide her leaden reign,  
Kills with her melancholy shade,  
The blooming scions of fair Fancy's tree;  
Which erst full wantonly have strag'd  
In many a wreath of richest poetic.

<sup>1</sup> By Taste, is here meant the modern affectation of it.

For when the oak denies her stay,  
The creeping ivy winds her humble way;  
No more she twists her branches round,  
But drags her feeble stem along the barren ground.

Where then shall exil'd Genius go?  
Since only those the laurel claim,  
And boast them of the poet's name,  
Whose sober rhymes in even tenour flow;  
Who prey on words, and all their flow'rets  
Coldly correct, and regularly dull. [cull,  
Why sleep the sons of Genius now?  
Why, Warton, rests the lyre unstrung?  
And thou, blest bard!<sup>2</sup> around whose sacred  
Great Pindar's delegated wreath is hung:  
Arise, and snatch the majesty of song  
From Dulness' servile tribe, and Art's unhal-  
lowed throng.

## PROLOGUS. 1757.

Est schola rhetorices, celebrat quam crebra ja-  
Et tumido inflatos eijcit ore sonos. [ventus,  
Quâ quisque assumit tragicas novus histrio partes,  
Nec loquitur, verbum quin sapit omne, pathos.  
Ingenia hic crescunt, mox successura theatris,  
Regis, amatoris, prompta subire vices.  
Multus ibi furis Macbetha agitatus iniquis,  
Ejusâ telum prendit inane manu.  
Multus ibi, infuscat cui vultus auber adytum  
Immodicis sævit raucus Othello mimis.  
Omnia queis tragicis opus est, hic arma parantur;  
Auribus insidiæ sunt, oculisque suæ:  
Conatus manuumque, pedumque, orisque rotundi,  
Certatim et vultûs vis, laterumque labor.  
Quam sibi, dum gestu stat fixus quisque silenti,  
Quam placet a speculo forma reflexa sui!  
Hac student, cordi quibus ars et pompa theatri!  
Non tamen est nobis inde petendus honor,  
Ingenia ut pubes vultum sibi sumat apertum,  
Et sensim assuescat fortius ore loqui;  
Ne dubiis tandem verba eluctantia labris  
Occludat timidus præpediatque pudor,  
Ingredimur scenam; nec clam vos, docta corona,  
Commoda ad hoc tenui quantâ labore fluant.  
Hinc sapere et fieri discit generosa juvenus,  
Dum pavida accendit pectora laudis amor.  
Freti his, majorem mox ingrediemur arcam;  
Hic stabilita vigent curia, rostra, forum.

## PROLOGUS. 1758.

Hic nihil ad populum—non pompa hic vana thea-  
Qualem ore attonito plebs inhiare solet: [tri,  
Non scena hic splendet magicâ variabilis arte,  
Et sumit formas prodigiosa novas:  
Non hic, labrato subvectus fune per auras,  
Mercurius celeres itque reditque vias:  
Nec freta cæruleâ turgent undosa papyro,  
Nec resinato fulgurat igne polus:  
Janua nec cæcos aperit furtiva recessus,  
Unde minutatim proferat umbra caput,  
Quin valeant levia hæc vulgi crepitacula! jactant  
Et proprium, et simplex, nostra theatra docent.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Akenside.

—Heus! nemōn' eodit?—fac sursum aulea tra-  
hantur!

—En! qualis qualis sit, nova scena patet.  
En illæ, quæ vos semper coluistis, Athenæ,  
Gratia quas voluit, quas sibi Musa domum,  
Hic sese ostendunt prisca monumenta laboris,  
Quæis usa est modulis Vitruviana manus;  
Hic stat Ventorum, Thesei hic venerabile Fanum,  
Hic arce in summâ, Casta Minerva tuum.  
Omnia jam votis respondent. Attica jam sunt  
Omnia. Personæ, fabula, scena, sales.  
Quoque etiam magis hæ nostræ latentur Athenæ,  
Cecropidas jactant vos, recoluntque suos.

PROLOGUS. IN ADELPHOS. 1759.

Cum patres populumque dolor communis haberet,  
Pleret et Æniliū Maxima Roma suum,  
Funebras inter ludos, his dicitur ipsis  
Scenis extinctum condecorasse ducem.  
Equis adest, scenam nocte hæc qui spectet ean-  
Nec nobis luctum sentiet esse parum? (dem,  
Utique arisit pulchris victoria cæptis,  
Quæ Sol extremas visit uterque plagas,  
Successus etiam medio de fonte Britannis  
Surgit amari aliquid, legitimusque dolor.  
Si famæ generosa sitis, si bellica virtus,  
Ingenium felix, intemerata fides,  
Difficiles laurus, ipsoque in flore juvenis  
Heu! nimium lethi precipitata dies, [Jure  
Si quid habent pulchrum hæc, vel si quid amabile,  
Eto tua hæc, Wolfi, laus, propriamque decus.  
Nec moriere omnis—Quin usque corona vigebit,  
Unanimis Britonūm quam tibi nectit amor.  
Regia quin pietas marmor tibi nobile ponet,  
Quod tua perpetuis prædicet acta notis.  
Confluet huc studio visendi martia pubes,  
Sentiet et flammâ corda calere pari;  
Dumque legit medis occidisse herosa triumphis,  
Dicit, sic detur vincere, sic moriar.

EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS. 1759.

SYRUS LOQUITUR.

QUANTA intus turba est! quanto molimine sudat,  
Accinetus cultro et forcipe, quisque coquus!  
Monstrum informe maris—Testudu—in prandia  
fertur,  
Quæ, varia, et simplex, omnia sola sapit.  
Pullina esca placet?—vitulina?—suilla?—bovina?  
Præsto est. Hæc quadrupes singula pisces habet.  
De gente Æthiopum conduceitur Archimagirus,  
Qui secat, et coquat, et concoquat, arte novâ.  
Qui doctè contundat aromata; misceat aptè  
Thus, apium, thyma, sal, cinnama, cepe, piper,  
Qui jecur et pulmonem in frusta minutula scindat,  
Curetque ut penitus sint saturata mero.  
Multo ut ventriculus pulchrè flavescat ab ovo;  
Ut tremulus, circum viscera, vernet adepæ.  
His ritè instructis conchæ sint ferula! nam tu,  
Testudo! et patinis sufficis, atque cibo.  
Quam cuperem in laudes utriusque excurrere con-  
Sed vereor Calippah dicere—vel Calipeæ. [Chæ!  
Vos etiam ad cenam mecum appellare jvaret,  
Vellem et relicuas participare dapum.  
At sunt convivæ tam multi, tanque gulosi,  
Restabit, metuo, nil nisi concha mihi.

RECTE STATUIT BAXTERUS DE SOMNI-  
ORUM PHENOMENIS.

Cum nox tellurem fuscis amplectitur alis,  
Mabba atomos jungit celeres, et vecta per auras  
Inchoat assuetos simulatrix regia ludos.  
Huic auriga culex tortum quatit usque flagellum,  
Acceleratque fugam tardis; retinacula currûs  
Eruce sunt texta levis, radiisque rotarum  
Cruscula areneoli; curvus, quem dente sciurus  
Finxerat e coryli fractu, primæva vetustas  
Hunc Mabba artificosa memorat: vob nocte subanti  
Hoc instructa modo egreditur, neque cernitur ulli.  
Nonnunquam leviter cerebrum perstringit Amantis;  
Somniat ille faces jaulari et vulnere oculos,  
Malarum labrique rosas, perfusaque collo  
Lilia: mox Medici digitos titillat, avarus  
Meroedis dextram qui pandit, et acritur aurum  
Ter captat; ter vana manus eludit imago.  
Nunc quoque sopitæ demulcet labra Puellas;  
Somniat illa procum, pulvinoque oscula libant  
Absens absentem teneris amplectitur ulnis;  
Væ tibi, si Lemurus videset regina colorem  
Mentium furo, vultusque ex arte nitentes!  
Precipites ager ira manus, lacerabit acuto  
Ungue genas, simul amissâ dulcedine somni,  
Osculaque, et tenues vaporesq; anator in auras.  
Ampla Sacerdotis nonnunquam transvolat ora;  
Continuo rostrum connoquens hic thesæa trinas  
Dividet in partes, exponendaque laborat,  
Vel vigilem credas, adeo dormitat. Ad aures  
Militis hinc migrat; torbatur imagine belli  
Fortis eques, gemitusque audit, strepitusque, ta-  
basque,  
Exilit, et paulum trepidans, insonnia diris  
Devoret, in lecto prolabitur,—obdormiscit.  
Nunc rabulam palmâ mulcet, qui litibus aptus,  
Defensor agit causam, actorisque peritus,  
Innectensque moras ad finem decipit ambos.  
Sin casu visat facilis segina poetam,  
Hunc sibi plaudentem deludit amabilis error,  
Et rigos fontes, et amanos somniat hortos;  
Cum vero vigil ille domum exploraverit omnem,  
Viderit et tristic quam sibi curta suppellex,  
Quam vellet semper dormire!—Volubilis inde  
Judices invehitur trans nasum, et naribus illi  
Emancto subolet causa. Interdum Dea fesso,  
Blanditur Servo, qui libertate vagatur,  
Exultans redit ad patriam carosque penates,  
Et gremio uxoris longis amplexibus hæret.  
Deinde rotâ strepitante fremit per colla Tyranni;  
Umbrarum ante oculos surgit chorus, improbus  
orco  
Quas dedit insontes; furis agitatur acerbis  
Conscia mens, lectoque quies simul exulat. Iade  
Si curvus flectat, placidissima munera somni  
Quæ carpit Sceleris Purus; non territus ille  
Spectrorum est castu, et furiarum ultricibus iris,  
Sed molli potitur requie, aut si somniat umbræ  
Delectant oculos gratæ; prædoleis imago  
Virtutis reficit mentem, et tellure relicta  
Radit iter liquidum celi, fruiturque deorum  
Colloquio felix. O tu! quicunque beatum  
Te velis, et tuto tranquillum carpere somnum;  
I, pete, quo virtus ducit! ne vindice curru  
Mabba ferox inact, venentque cobilis curæ.  
I, pete, quo virtus ducet! te namine molli  
Mabba teget, radetque levi tua pectora curro.

In Comitibus Posteribus, Apr. 5, 1733.

CARMEN AD NOBILISSIMUM THOMAM HOLLES  
ROGER DE NEWCASTLE INSCRIPTA, CUM ACA-  
DEMIAM CANTABRIGIENSEM BIBLIOTHECÆ ES-  
SIVITURÆ CAUSA INVISERET.

Pri. Kalend. Maias, 1753.

DE REGE.

ADVENTUS, artium usque fautor optimas,  
Eic monia haud inauspicato numine  
Cordi imperavit consecrata literis;  
Eo nitore & partium elegantia,  
Ut invidenda sint vel illis oculibus  
Sæ sæculorum voce comprobantiam  
Præ cæteris superbiunt, justissima  
Romo recentis & vetustæ gloria.  
Nec his supplex digna deservit moribus,  
Et Vaticanæ, Bodleanæque æmula;  
Id ille abundè caverat, novissimus

Dedit volenti jura qui Britannicæ.  
Brunsvichianis scilicet sanctissimum est  
Legesque tutari & fovere literas.

AD CANCELLARIUM.

O Tu, qui doctas, Cami feliciter artes  
Protegis, Aonii duxque decusque chori,  
Quod domus incipiat tam læto hæc omnia condi,  
Quæ nec Bodleio cedat, id omne tuum est.  
Munera dant numerosa manus procerumque pa-  
Exemplo & monitis extimulata tua. {trumque,  
Perge, fovere artes, nec vanum urgere laborem:  
Tam pulchrum pulchrè Musa rependit opus.  
Hæc moles quanquam ipsa ruet; monumenta, Ca-  
Quæ condent, nullo sunt ruitura die. {mens

AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY MR. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r  
The moping owl does to the Moon complain  
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, [beap,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-bait shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke!  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

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

CARMEN ELEGIACUM.

IN CEMETERIO RUSTICO COMPOSITUM.

AUDISTIN! quam lenta sonans campana per egros,  
Ærato occiduum nuntiat ore diem.  
Armenta impellunt crebris mugitibus auras,  
Lassatusque domum rusticus urget iter.  
Solus ego in tenebris moror, & vestigia solus  
Compono tacitâ nocte, vacoque mihi.

Omnia pallescent jam decedentia viæ,  
Et terra & cælum, quâ patet; omne silet.  
Cuncta silent, nisi musca suam sub vesperæ sero  
Raucisonans pigram quâ rotat orbe fugam;  
Cuncta silent, nisi quâ faciles campanula somnos  
Allicit, & lento murmure moeet oves.

Quæque hedera antiquas sociâ complectitur umbra  
Turres, feralis lugubre cantat avis;  
Et strepit ad lunam, si quis sub nocte vagetur  
Imperium violans, Cynthia diva, tuum.

Hæc propter veteres ulmos, taxique sub umbrâ  
Quæ putris multo cespite turget humus,  
Dormit, in æternum dormit, gens prisca colonum,  
Quisque suâ angustâ conditus usque domo.

Hos nec mane novum, Zephyrique fragrantior  
Nec gallus vigili qui vocat ore diem, [aura,  
Nec circumvolitans quæ stridula garrit hirundo  
Stramineumque altâ sub trabe figit opus,  
Undique nec cornu vox ingeminata sonantis  
Æterno elicient hos, receptantque toro.

Amplius his nunquam conjux bene fida marito  
Ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco;  
Nec reditam expectans domini sub vesperæ sero  
Excoquet agrestes officiosâ dapes;  
Nec curret raptim genitoris ad oscula proles,  
Nec reducem agnoscent æmula turba patrem.

Quam sæpe hi rastris glebam fregere feracem?  
Sæpe horum cecidit falce resecta seges.  
Quam læti egerunt stridentia planstra per egros,  
Et stimulis tardos increpere boves!  
Horum sylvæ vetus quam concidit icta bipennis,  
Quæque ruit latè vi tremefecit hamum!

Ne tamen Ambitio risu male læta maligno  
Sortemve, aut lusus, aut rude temnat opus!  
Nec fronte excipiat ventosa Superbia torcâ  
Pauperis annales, historiasque breves!



The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable bour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Wherethrough the long-drawn isle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscib'd alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;  
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. {deck'd,

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd  
The place of fame and elegy supply: [Muse,  
And many a holy text around she stews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

Et generis jactatus honores, dominatio regum,  
Quicquid opes, quicquid forma dedere boni,  
Supremam simul hanc expectant omnia noctem:  
Scilicet ad lethum ducit honoris iter.

Nolite hos humiles culpæ insinulare, superbi,  
Quod domini ostendant nulla trophæa decus,  
Sed cænit amissum longo ordine turba patronum,  
Clarasque ingeminant claustra profunda sonos.

An vanis inscripta notis angustior urna,  
Phidiacumve loquens nobile marmor opus,  
An revocent animam fatali a sede fugacem?  
Detque iterum vitæ posse priore frui?  
Possit adjuvantum sereno penetrare sepulchrum?  
Evocet aut manes laus et inanis honor?

Forsan in hoc, olim divino semine prægnans  
Ingenii, hoc aliquis respice dormit adhuc.  
Neglecto hoc forsitan inæcæ sub cespite, sceptra  
Cujus tractârunt imperiosa manus.  
Vel quales Ipso forsitan vel Apolline dignus  
Pulsârunt docto pollice fœla lyras.

Doctrinæ horum oculis antiqua volumina prisca  
Nunquam divitiis explicuere suas.  
Horum autem ingenium torpescere fecit egestas  
Aspera, & angustæ sors inimica domi.

Multa sub oceano pellucida gemma latecît,  
Et rulis ignotum fert & inane decus.  
Plurima neglectos fragrans rosa pandit odorem,  
Ponit & occidat pendula sole caput.

Æmules Hamdeni hic aliquis requiescat agrætis,  
Quem patris indignans extimulavit amor;  
Ausus hic exiguo est villæ oppugnare tyranno,  
Asserere & fortî jura paterna manu.  
Aut mutus forsitan fatoque inglorius alter  
Hæc vel Miltono par, requiescat humo.  
Dormiat aut aliquis Cromwelli hic æmulus audax,  
Sui patriam poterit vel jugulasse suam.

Eloquio arrectum prompto mulcere senatum,  
Exilli immoto pectore ferre minas,  
Divitiis largâ in patriam diffundere dextrâ,  
Historiam ex populi colligere ore suam,

Illorum vetuit sors improba:—nec tamen arcto  
Tantum ad virtutem limite clausit iter,  
Verum etiam & vitis ulterius transire vetabat,  
Nec dedit his magnum posse patrare scelus.  
Hos vetuit temere per stragem invadere regnum,  
Excipere & surdâ supplicis aure preces.

Sentire ingenium nec didicere ruborem,  
Conscia suffusus quò notat ora pudor.  
Luxuriâ hi nunquam esse immutere superbâ,  
Nec Musæ his laudes prostituere suas.

At placidè illorum, proci! a certamine turbat  
Spectabant propriam sobria vota domum;  
Quisque sibi vivens, & sponte inglorius exul,  
Dum tacito elabens vita tenore fuit.

Hæc tamen a damno qui serret tutius ossa,  
En tumulus fragilem præbet amicis opem!  
Et verâ agræsti eliciunt suspuria corde  
Incultæ effigies, indocilesque modi.

Atque locum supplent elegorum nomen & anni  
Rur formâ inscribit rustica Musa rudi:  
Multa etiam sacri diffundit comitata textûs,  
Zucis meditans discat vulgus agræste mori.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away  
To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;  
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
Or cross'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

" One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,  
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;  
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

" The oxen with dirges due, in sad array,  
Slow through the church-yard path we saw him  
borne,  
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,  
Grav'd on the stone beneath you aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,  
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:  
He gave to Mis'ry, all he had, a tear,  
He gain'd from Heav'n ('t was all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

SONG,

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

FLYING spread thy purple pinions,  
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;  
I a slave in thy dominions:  
Nature must give way to art.

! From Pope's works.

Hæu! quis enim dubiâ hæc dulcique excedere vitâ  
Jussus, & æternas jam sobiturus aquas,  
Descendit nigrum ad noctem, cupidaque supremo  
Non saltem occiduum respicit ore diem?

Decedens alicui saltem mens fudit amico  
In cujus blando pectore ponit opem;  
Fletum aliquem exposcunt jam deficientia morte  
Lumina, amicorum qui riget imbre genas;  
Quin etiam ex tumulo, veteris non inscius flammæ,  
Natura exclamat fida, memorque sui.

Ad tibi, qui tenui hoc deducis carmine sortem,  
Et de functorum rustica fata gemis,  
Huc olim intentus si quis vestigia flectat  
Et fuerit qualis sors tua forte roget,

Huic aliquis forsân senior respondeat ultro  
Cui niveis albescunt tempora sparæ comis;  
" Vidimus hunc quâm sæpe micantes roribus herbas  
Verrentem rapido, mane rubente, gradu.  
Ad roseum solis properabat sæpius ortum,  
Summaque tendebat per juga lætus iter.

" Sæpe sub hæc fago, radices undique circum  
Ruar variè antiquas implicat alta suas,  
Stratus humi meditans medio procumbere sæsto,  
Lastraretque inhians flebile murmur aque.

" Sæpius hanc sylvam propter viridosque recessus  
Urgeret meditans plurima, lætus iter,  
Intentam hic multâ oblectaret imagine mentem,  
Musarumque frequens sollicitaret opem.  
Jam veluti demens, læcitis erraret in agris,  
Aut cujus stimulat corda repulsus amor.

" Mane aderat nuper, tamen hunc nec viderat arbos,  
Nec juga, nec saliens fons, taciturnæ nemus;  
Altera lux oritur; nec aperit hic valle videtur,  
Nec tamen ad fagum, nec prope fontis aquam.

" Tertia successit—lentoque exangue cadaver  
Ecce sepulchrali est pompa acuta gradu.  
Tu lege, namque potes, calcatum in manore car-  
"Quod juxta has vepres exhibet iste lapis." [men.

EPITAPHIUM.

Cui nunquam favit fama aut fortuna secunda,  
Congesto hoc juvenem cespite servat humus.  
Huic tamen arsit jucunda Scientia vultu,  
Selegitque, habitans pectora, Cura sibi.

Largus opom fuit, & sincero pectore fratus,  
Accepti pretium par, tribuente Deo.  
Indoluit miseris inopi, lachrymasque profudit.  
—Scilicet id, miseris quod daret, omne fuit.  
A Cælo interea fidum acquisivit amicum,  
Scilicet id, œperet quod magis, omne fuit.

Næ merita ulterius defuncti exquirere pergas,  
Nec vitia ex sacrâ sede referre petas,  
Utraque ibi trepidâ pariter spe condita restant,  
In gremio Patris scilicet atque Dei.

CARMEN ELEGANS.

TUQUE ædæ roseas expande volatilis alas,  
Et leviter pectus tange, Cupido, meum.  
Impèris, pulchelle, tuis ego servulus ultro;  
Naturam ars victrix scilicet usque domat.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,  
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,  
See my weary days consuming,  
All beneath you flow'ry rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,  
Mourn'd Adonia, darling youth:  
Him the boar in silence creeping,  
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;  
Fair Discretion, string the lyre;  
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:  
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir!

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,  
Arm'd in adamantine chains,  
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,  
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,  
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,  
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,  
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy, smooth Mæander,  
Swiftly purling in a round,  
On thy margin lovers wander,  
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,  
Softly seeks her silent mate,  
See the bird of Juno stooping;  
Melody reigns to fate.

Arcades, ætarno viridantes flore juvenæ,  
Nocte innutantes qualibet inter oves,  
Aspicite, ut sensim languens juvenilior ætas,  
Hæc juxta, hæc, inquam flores saxa perit!

Ante omnes carum sic levit Adonida Cypris,  
Deceptusque Deam tristius urit amor;  
Hunc, tacitè adrepens per densa silentia noctis  
Incautum sevo dente momordit aper.

Stringe lyram interea pulchrè Prudentia ludens,  
Harmonizæque graves, Cynthia, funde modos!  
Doctæ ambæ vigiles curas sopire canendo,  
Tuque taum imperti, Præses Apollo, chorum!

Tuque adamanteis, Pluton' armate catenis,  
O tu terrorum rex, metuende Deus,  
Doc me, quâ passim chrySTALLINA flumina currunt,  
Elysiisque lavat lucida lymphæ oenur.

Vos etiam mæsti salices, tristesque cupressi,  
Aureliæ æternam sæta dicata mee; (phec,  
Audi etiam, Morpheu, divum placidissime Mor-  
Ut queror, ut penitus maceror igne novo.

Tristè fluens, sed lenè fluens, Mæander, amano  
Murmure qui cursum flexilis orbe rotas!  
Margine sæpe etiam quam plurimus errat amator,  
Cui tua submittant florea dona decus.

Sic quando sensim languens Philomela, silentem  
Mollior aggreditur, nec sine voce, procum;  
Aspice, de cælo interea Junonius ales  
Descendens, fato cedit inane Melos.

#### PART OF HOMER'S HYMN TO APOLLO,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

GOD of the bow! Apollo, thee I sing;  
Thee, as thou draw'st again the sounding string,  
Th' immortal pow'rs revere with homage low,  
And ev'ry godhead trembles at thy bow.  
All but Latona: she with mighty Jove  
Eyes thee with all a tender parent's love;  
Closes thy quiver, thy tough bow unbends,  
And high amid th' æthereal dome suspends,  
Thou smiling leads thee, her all-glorious son,  
To share the mighty Thund'rer's awful throue.  
Goblets of nectar thy glad sire prepares,  
And thee, his fairest, noblest son declares;  
While ev'ry god sits rapt, Latona's breast  
Beats with superior joy, and hails her son confest.

Thrice blest Latona! from thee, goddess, sprung  
Diana chaste, and Phoebus ever-young:  
Her in Ortygia's isle<sup>1</sup>, and him you bore  
At Cynthus' hill on Delos' sea-girt shore  
Where the tall palm uprears its lovely head,  
And clear Inopus laves the flow'ry mead.

O Phoebus, where shall I begin thy praise?  
Well can'st thou rule the poet's artless lays.  
Oft on the craggy rock, or mountain hoar,  
By river side, or on the sea's boarse shore,  
Wond'ring well-pleas'd, with music's magic sound,  
And airs divine, thou charm'st the region round.  
Say, shall I sing how first on Delos' shore,  
Thee, glorious progeny, Latona bore?<sup>2</sup>  
How first from other isles, beset with grief,  
In vain thy tortur'd mother sought relief.  
Each to her out-cast woe denied abode,  
Nor durst one isle receive the future god.

<sup>1</sup> Delos and Ortygia are mentioned as different islands in the original.

<sup>2</sup> Here several verses containing nothing but a mere list of the names of islands are omitted.

At length to Delos came the lab'ring fair,  
And suppliant thus besought her needful care:

"Delos! receive Apollo, and O! raise  
A glorious temple to record his praise!  
Then shall he govern thee with gentle sway,  
And only Phoebus shall thine isle obey.  
What though no flocks, nor herds, nor juicy vine,  
Nor plants of thousand natures shall be thine,  
Swift to the temple of the Bowyer-king's,  
Oblations rich shall every nation bring;  
For ever from thy altars shall arise  
The fragrant incense of burnt-sacrifice.  
No longer then regret thy barren soil,  
Receive the god, and live by others' toil!"

She spake: with inward rapture Delos smil'd,  
And sooth'd the suppliant pow'r with answer mild.

"Latona! mighty Cæus' daughter fair,  
Full willingly would Delos ease thy care,  
Full willingly behold her barren earth  
Witness the glories of Apollo's birth:  
The mighty god would raise my lowly name,  
And consecrate his native isle to fame.  
One fear alone distracts my beating heart;  
That fear, O goddess, list while I impart.  
Second to none amid th' æthereal skies,  
Apollo soon all terrible shall rise:  
All nations shall adore the mighty god,  
And kings and kingdoms tremble at his nod.  
Haply (for ah! dire fears my soul infest,  
And fill with horror my tumultuous breast)  
Soon as the glorious godhead shall be born,  
My desert region will be view with scorn,  
Indignant spurn me, curse my barren soil,  
And plunge into the waves my hated isle.

<sup>3</sup> Bowyer-king and Bowyer-god are expressions frequently used by Dryden, in his version of the first Iliad, to signify Apollo.

Triumphant then to happier climes remove,  
 There fix his shrine, plant there his sacred grove.  
 Whelm'd in the briny main shall Delos lay,  
 To all the finny brood a wretched prey.  
 But, O Latona! if, to quell my fear,  
 You'll deign a solemn sacred oath to swear,  
 That here the god his glorious seat shall hold,  
 And here his sapient oracles unfold,  
 Your sacred burthen here, Latona, lay,  
 Here view the godhead bursting into day."  
 Thus Delos pray'd, nor was her pray'r denied,  
 But soon with solemn vows thus ratified:  
 "Witness O Heaven and Earth! O Stygian lake!  
 Dire adjuration, that no god may break!  
 In Delos shall Apollo's shrine be rear'd, [ver'd."  
 Delos, his best belov'd, most honour'd, most re-  
 Thus vow'd Latona: Delos hail'd her earth  
 Best in the glories of Apollo's birth,  
 Nine hapless days and nights, with writhing throes,  
 And all the anguish of a mother's woes,  
 Latona tortur'd lay; in sorrowing mood,  
 Around her many a sister-goddess stood.  
 Aboft in Heaven imperial Juno sat,  
 And view'd relentless her unhappy fate.  
 Lucina too, the kind assuaging pow'r  
 That tends the lab'ring mother's child-bed hour,  
 And mitigates her woes, in golden clouds  
 High on Olympus' top the goddess thron'd.  
 Her large full eyes with indignation roll,  
 And livid envy seiz'd her haughty soul,  
 That from Latona's loins was doom'd to spring  
 So great a son, the mighty Bowyer-king.  
 The milder pow'rs, that near the lab'ring fair,  
 View'd all her pangs with unavailing care,  
 Fair Iris went, the many colour'd maid,  
 To gain with goodly gifts Lucina's aid,  
 But charg'd her heed, lest Juno should prevent  
 With prohibition dire their kind intent.  
 Fleet as the winged winds, the flying fair  
 With nimble pinton cut the liquid air.  
 Olympus gain'd, apart she call'd the maid,  
 Then sought with many a pray'r her needful aid,  
 And mov'd her soul: when soon with dove-like  
 pace  
 Swiftly they measur'd back the viewless airy space.  
 Soon as to Delos' isle Lucina came  
 The pangs of travail seiz'd Latona's frame.  
 Her twining arms she threw the palm around,  
 And prest with deep-indent'd knee the ground:  
 Then into day sprung forth the jolly boy,  
 Earth smil'd beneath, and Heaven rang with joy.  
 The sister pow'rs that round Latona stood  
 With chaste ablutions cleans'd the infant-god,  
 His lovely limbs in mantle white they bound,  
 And gently drew a golden swathe around.  
 He hung not helpless at his mother's breast,  
 But Themis fed him with an heavenly feast.  
 Pleas'd while Latona views the heavenly boy,  
 And fondly glows with all a mother's joy,  
 The lusty babe, strong with ambrosial food,  
 In vain their bonds or golden swathes withstood,  
 Bonds, swathes, and ligaments with ease, he broke,  
 And thus the wood'ring deities bespoke:  
 "The lyre, and sounding bow, and to declare  
 The Thunderer's counsels, be Apollo's care."  
 He spake; and onwards all majestic strode;  
 The queen of Heaven awe-struck view'd the god.  
 Delos beheld him with a tender smile,  
 And hail'd, enrich'd with gold, her happy isle;  
 Her happy isle, Apollo's native seat,  
 His sacred haunt, his best-belov'd retreat.

Grac'd with Apollo, Delos glorious shines,  
 As the tall mountain crown'd with stately pines.  
 Now stony Cythus would the god ascend,  
 And now his course to various islands bend.  
 Full many a fane, and rock, and shady grove,  
 River, and mountain did Apollo love;  
 But chiefly Delos: the Ionians there,  
 With their chaste wives and prattling babes, repair,  
 There gladly celebrate Apollo's name  
 With many a solemn rite and sacred game;  
 The jolly dance and holy hymn prepare,  
 And with the castus urge the manly war.  
 If, when their sacred feast th' Ionians hold,  
 Their galliant sports a stranger should behold,  
 View the strong nerves the brawny chiefs that  
 Or eye the softer charms of female grace; [brace,  
 Then mark their robes of a thousand kinds,  
 And their tall ships born swift before the winds,  
 So goodly to the sight would all appear,  
 The fair assembly gods be would declare,  
 There to the Delian virgins, beauteous choir,  
 Apollo's handmaids, wake the living lyre;  
 To Phoebus first they consecrate the lays,  
 Latona then and chaste Diana praise,  
 Then heroes old, and matrons chaste rehearse,  
 And soothe the raptur'd heart with sacred verse.  
 Each voice, the Delian maids, each human sound  
 With aptest imitation sweet resound:  
 Their tongue so justly tune with accents new,  
 That none the false distinguish from the true.  
 Latona! Phoebus! Dian, lovely fair!  
 Best Delian nymphs, Apollo's chiefest care,  
 All hail! and O with praise your poet crown,  
 Nor all his labours in oblivion drown!  
 If haply some poor pilgrim shall inquire,  
 "O, virgins, who most skilful smites the lyre?  
 Whose lofty verse in sweetest descent rolls,  
 And charms to ecstasy the hearers souls?"  
 O answer, "A blind bard in Chios dwells,  
 In all the arts of verse who far excels."  
 Then o'er the earth shall spread my glorious fame,  
 And distant nations shall record my name,  
 But Phoebus never will I cease to sing,  
 Latona's noble son, the mighty Bowyer-king.  
 Thee Lycia and Maeonia, thee, great pow'r,  
 The blest Miletus' habitants adore;  
 But thy lov'd haunt is sea-girt Delos' shore.  
 Now Pytho's stony soil Apollo treads,  
 And all around ambrosial fragrance sheds,  
 Then strikes with matchless art the golden strings,  
 And ev'ry hill with heavenly music rings.  
 Olympus now and the divine abodes  
 Glorious he seeks, and mixes with the gods.  
 Each heavenly bosom pants with fond desire  
 To hear the lofty verse and golden lyre.  
 Drawn by the magic sound, the Virgin-Nine  
 With warblings sweet the sacred minstrel join:  
 Now with glad heart, loud voice, and jocund lays  
 Full sweetly carol bounteous Heaven's praise;  
 And now in dirges sad, and numbers slow  
 Relate the piteous tale of human woe;  
 Woe, by the gods on wretched mortals cast,  
 Who vainly shun affliction's wintry blast,  
 And all in vain attempt with fond delay [away."  
 Death's certain shaft to ward, or chase old age  
 The Graces there, and smiling Hours are seen,  
 And Cytheres, laughter-loving queen,  
 And Harmony, and Hebe, lovely band,  
 To sprightliest measures dancing hand in hand.  
 There, of no common port or vulgar mien,  
 With heavenly radiance, shines the huntress-queen,

Warbles responsive to the golden lyre,  
Tunes her glad notes, and joins the virgin choir,  
There Mars and Mercury with awkward play,  
And uncouth gambols, waste the live-long day.

There as Apollo moves with graceful pace  
A thousand glories play around his face;  
In splendour drest he joins the festive band,  
And sweeps the golden lyre with magic hand.  
Mean while, Latona and imperial Jove  
Eye the bright godhead with parental love;  
And, as the deities around him play, [reys,  
Well pleas'd his goodly mien and awful port sur-

---

#### FROM CATULLUS.

CHLOE, that dear bewitching prude,  
Still calls me saucy, pert, and rude,  
And sometimes almost strikes me;  
And yet, I swear, I can't tell how,  
Spite of the knitting of her brow,  
I'm very sure she likes me.

Ask you me, why I fancy thus?  
Why, I have call'd her jilt, and puss,  
And thought myself above her;  
And yet I feel it, to my cost,  
That when I rail against her most,  
I'm very sure I love her.

---

#### THE FIRST BOOK OF THE HENRIADE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE  
VOLTAIRE.

THY chieftain, France, of try'd illustrious worth,  
By right of conquest, king, by right of birth,  
I sing. Who, tutor'd in misfortune's school,  
There learnt the noblest science, how to rule;  
Bad faction's furious discord cease to rave,  
Valiant to conquer, merciful to save;  
Baffled the daring league's rebellious schemes,  
Mayenne's proud hopes, and Spain's ambitious  
dreams:

With civil prudence blest, with martial fire,  
A nation's conqueror, and a nation's sire. (height  
Truth, heavenly maid, from th' Empyræan  
Descend, and with thy strong and purest light  
My verse illumine! and O, let mortals hear  
Thy sacred word, and awfully revere!  
Be thou my guide! thy sage experience brings  
Unerring maxims to the ear of kings.  
'Tis thine, blest maid, and only thine, to show  
What most befits the regal pow'r to know.  
Purge thou the film from off a nation's eyes,  
And show what ills from civil discord rise!

\* The translator, when he began this piece, had some thoughts of giving a complete English version of all Homer's Hymns, being the only parts of his works never yet translated; but (to say nothing of his opinion of this specimen of his translation) fearing that this species of poetry, though it has its beauties, and does not want admirers among the learned, would appear far less agreeable to the mere English reader, he desisted. They, who would form the justest idea of this sort of composition among the ancients, may be better informed, by perusing Dr. Akenside's most classical Hymn to the Naiads, than from any translation of Homer or Callimachus.

Nor spare with decent boldness to disclose  
The prince's errors, and the people's woes:  
And O! if Fable e'er, in times of yore,  
Mix'd her soft accents with thy sterner lore,  
If e'er her hand adorn'd thy tow'ring head,  
And o'er thy front her milder graces spread;  
If e'er her shades, which lovingly unite,  
Bad thy fair form spring stronger into light,  
With me, permit her all thy steps to trace,  
Not to conceal thy beauties, but to grace! [bow'r,  
Still Valois reign'd, and sunk in pleasure's  
O'er a mad state held loose the reins of pow'r:  
The trampled law had lost its ancient force,  
And right confounded, miss'd her even course.  
'Twas thus when Valois France's sceptre bore,  
Scepter'd indeed, but now a king no more;  
Not glory's minion now, the voice of fame,  
Swell'd the loud trumpet to the hero's name;  
His laurels wither'd, and all blasted now,  
Which conquest hung upon his insat' brow;  
Whose progress Europe mark'd with conscious  
fear,

Whose loss provok'd his country's common tear,  
When, the long train of all his virtues known,  
The North admiring call'd him to the throne.  
In second rank, the light which strikes the eyes,  
Rais'd to the first, grows dim, and feebly dies.  
From war's stern soldier, active, firm, and brave,  
He sunk a monarch, pleasure's abject slave.  
Lull'd with soft ease, forgetful all of state,  
His weakness totter'd with a kingdom's weight;  
Whilst lost in sloth, and dead to glorious fame,  
The sons of riot govern'd in his name.  
Quelus, St. Maigrin, death-cemented pair,  
Joyeuse the gay, and D'Esperon the fair,  
The careless king in pleasure plung'd with these,  
In lust intemperate, and lethargic ease.

Mean time, the Guises, fortunate and brave,  
Catch'd the fair moment which his weakness gave.  
Then rose the fatal league in evil hour,  
That dreadful rival of his waning pow'r.  
The people blind, their sacred monarch brav'd,  
Led by those tyrants, who their rights enslav'd.  
His friends forsook him, helpless and alone,  
His servants chas'd him from his royal throne;  
Revolted Paris, deaf to kingly awe,  
Within her gates the crowding stranger saw.  
Through all the city burst rebellion's flame;  
And all was lost, when virtuous Bourbon came;  
Came, full of warlike ardour, to restore  
That light his prince, deluded, had no more.  
His active presence breath'd an instant flame;  
No longer now the sluggish sons of shame,  
Onward they press, where glory calls, to arms,  
And spring to war from pleasure's silken charms:  
To Paris' gates both kings advance again,  
Rome felt th' alarm, and trembled haughty Spain:  
While Europe, watching where the tempest falls,  
With anxious eyes beheld th' unhappy walls.  
Within was Discord, with her hell-born train,  
Stirring to war the league, and haughty Mayne,  
The people, and the church; and from on high  
Call'd out to Spain, rebellion's prompt ally.  
Discord, dread monster, deaf to human woe,  
To her own subjects an avengeful foe,  
Bloody, impetuous, eager to destroy,  
In man's misfortune founds her hateful joy;  
To neither party ought of mercy shown,  
Well-pleas'd she stabs the dagger in her own;  
Dwells a fierce tyrant in the breast she fires,  
And smiles to punish what herself inspires.

West of the city, near those borders gay,  
Where Seine obliquely winds her sloping way,  
Scenes now, where Pleasure's soft retreats are  
found,

Where triumphs Art, and Nature smiles around,  
Here, by the will of fate, the bloody stage  
(or war's stern combat and relentless rage)  
'b' unhappy Valois had his troops advance,  
Here rush'd at once the generous strength of  
France.

1 thousand heroes, eager for the fight,  
By sects divided, from revenge unite,  
These virtuous Bourbon leads, their chosen guide,  
Their cause confederate, and their hearts allied.  
It seem'd the army felt one common flame,  
Their zeal, religion, cause, and chief the same.

The sacred Louis, sire of Bourbon's race,  
From azure skies, beside the throne of grace,  
With holy joy beheld his future heir,  
And ey'd the hero with paternal care;  
With such as prophets feel, a blest presage,  
He saw the virtues of his ripening age:  
Saw Glory round him all her laurels deal,  
Yet wail'd his errors, though he lov'd his zeal;  
With eye prophetic he beheld e'en now,  
The crown of France adorn his royal brow;  
He knew the wreath was destin'd which they  
gave,  
More will'd the saint, the light which shines to  
save.

Still Henry's steps mov'd onward to the throne,  
By secret ways, e'en to himself unknown;  
His help from Heaven the holy prophet sent;  
But hid the arm his wise indulgence lent:  
Lest sure of conquest, he had slack'd his flame,  
Nor strapp'd danger for the meed of fame.

Already Mars had donn'd his coat of mail,  
And doubtful Conquest held her even scale;  
Carnage with blood had mark'd his purple way,  
And slaughter'd heaps in wild confusion lay,  
When Valois thus his partner king address'd,  
The sigh deep-beaving from his anxious breast.

"You see what fate, what humbling fate is  
mine,

Nor yet alone,—the injury is thine.  
The dauntless league, by hardy chieftains led,  
Which hisses faction with her Hydra head,  
Boldly confederate by a desperate oath,  
Aims not at me alone, but strikes at both.  
Though I long since the regal circle wear,  
Though thou by rank succeed my rightful heir,  
Paris disowns us, nor will homage bring  
To me their present, you their future king,  
Time, well they know the next illustrious claim,  
From law, from birth, and deeds of loudest  
fame;

Yet from that throne's hereditary right  
Where I but totter, wou'd exclude thee quite.  
Religion hurls her furious bolts on thee,  
And holy councils join her firm decree:  
Rome, though she raise no soldier's martial band,  
Yet kindles war through every awe-struck land;  
Beneath her banners bids each host repair,  
And trusts her thunder to the Spaniard's care,  
Far from my hopes each summer friend is flown,  
No subjects hail me on my sacred throne;  
No kindred now the kind affection shows,  
All by their king, abandon, or oppose:  
Rich in my spoils, with greedy treacherous haste,  
While the base Spaniard lays my country waste.

VOL. XV.

Midst foes like these, abandon'd, and betray'd,  
France in her turn shall seek a foreign aid:  
Shall Britain's court by secret methods try,  
And win Eliza for a firm ally.

Of old I know between each powerful state,  
Subsists a jealous and immortal hate;  
That London lifts its tow'ring front on high,  
And looks on Paris with a rival eye;  
But I, the monarch of each pageant throne,  
Have now no subjects, and no country own:  
Vengeance alone my stern resolves avow,  
Who gives me that, to me is Frenchman now.  
The snail-paced agents, whose deliberate way,  
Creeps on in trammels of prescrib'd delay,  
Such fit not now; 'tis you, great prince, alone  
Must haste a suppliant to Eliza's throne,  
Your voice alone shall needful succours bring,  
And arm Britannia for an injur'd king.  
To Albion hence, and let thy happier name  
Plead the king's cause, and raise their generous  
flame!

My foes' defeat upon thy arm depends,  
But from thy virtue I must hope for friends."

Thus spoke the king, while Henry's looks con-  
fest,

The jealous ardour which inflam'd his breast,  
Lest others' arms might urge their glorious claim,  
And ravish from him half the meed of fame.

With deep regret the hero number'd o'er  
The wreaths of glory he had won before;  
When, without succours, without skill's intrigue,  
Himself with Conde shook the trembling league.  
When those command, who hold the regal away,  
It is a subject's virtue to obey.

Resolv'd to follow what the king commands,  
The blows, suspended, fell not from his hands;  
He rein'd the ardour of his noble mind,  
And parting left the gather'd wreaths behind.  
Th' astonish'd army felt a deep concern,  
Fate seem'd depending on the chief's return.  
His absence still unknown, the pent-up foe  
In dire expectance dread the sudden blow;  
While Valois' troops still feel their hero's flame,  
And Virtue triumphs in her Henry's name.

Of all his favorites, none their chief attend,  
Save Mornay brave, his soul's familiar friend.  
Mornay of steady faith, and manners plain,  
And truth, untainted with the flatterers strain;  
Rich in desert, of valour rarely tried,  
A virtuous champion, though on error's side;  
With signal prudence blest, with patriot zeal  
Firm to his church, and to the public weal;  
Censor of courtiers, but by courts belov'd,  
Rome's fierce assailant, and by Rome approv'd.

Across two rocks, where with tremendous roar,  
The foaming ocean lashes either shore,  
To Dieppe's strong port the hero's steps repair,  
The ready sailors ply their busy care.  
The tow'ring ships, old Ocean's lordly kings,  
Aloft in air display their canvas wings;  
Not swell'd by Boreas now, the glassy seas  
Flow'd calmly on, with Zephyr's gentle breeze.  
Now, anchor weigh'd, they quit the friendly  
shore,

And land receding greets their eyes no more.  
Lucid they sail'd, and Albion's chalky height  
At distance rose full fairly to the sight.  
When rumbling thunders rend th' affrighted  
pole,  
Loud roar the winds, and seas tempestuous roll;

The livid lightnings cleave the darken'd air,  
And all around reigns horror and despair.  
No partial fear the hero's bosom knows,  
Which only troubled for his country's woes,  
It seem'd his looks toward her in silence bent,  
Accus'd the winds, which cross'd his great intent.

So Cæsar, striving for a conquer'd world,  
Near Epire's banks, with adverse tempests hurl'd,  
Troisting, undaunted, and securely brave,  
Rome's and the world's fate to the swelling wave,  
Though leagu'd with Pompey Neptune's self engage,

Oppos'd his fortune to dull Ocean's rage.  
Mean time that God, whose power the tempest binds,

Who rides triumphant on the wings of winds,  
That God, whose wisdom, which presides o'er all,  
Can raise, protect, or crush this earthly ball,  
From his bright throne, beyond the starry skies,  
Beheld the hero with considering eyes.  
God was his guide, and 'mid the tempests roar  
The tossing vessel reach'd the neighbouring shore;  
Where Jeracy rises from the Ocean's bed,  
There, Heaven-conducted, was the hero led.

At a small distance from the shore, there stood  
The growth of many years, a shadowy wood.  
A neighbouring rock the calm retirement saves  
From the rude blasts, and hoarse-resounding waves.  
A grotto stands behind, whose structure knows  
The simple grace, which Nature's hand bestows.  
Here far from court remov'd, a holy sage  
Spent the mild evening of declining age.  
White free from worldly toils, and worldly woe,  
His only study was himself to know:  
Here mus'd, regretting on his mispent days,  
Or lost in love, or pleasure's flowry maze,  
No gusts of folly swell the dangerous tide,  
While all his passions to a calm subside;  
The bubble life he held an empty dream,  
His food the simple herb, his drink the stream;  
Tranquil and calm he drew his aged breath,  
And look'd with patience toward the port of death.

When the pure soul to blissful realms shall soar,  
And join with God himself to part no more,  
The God he worshipp'd ey'd the zealous sage,  
And bless'd with wisdom's lore his silver'd age:  
Gave him the skill of prophecy to know,  
And from Fate's volume read events below.

The sage with conscious joy the prince address'd,  
And spread the table for his royal guest;  
The prompt repast, which simple Nature suits,  
The stream's fresh water, and the forest's roots,  
Not unaccustom'd to the homely fare,  
The warrior sat; for oft from busy care,  
From court retir'd, and pomp's fastidious pride,  
The hero dar'd to throw the king aside:  
And in the rustic cot well-pleas'd partook  
Of labour's mean repast, and cheerful look;  
Found in himself the joys to kings unknown  
And self-depos'd forgot the lordly throne.

The world's contention to their minds supplies  
Much converse, wholesome to the good and wise.  
Much did they talk of woes in human life,  
Of christian kingdoms torn with jarring strife.  
The zeal of Morany, like a stubborn fort,  
Attach'd to Calvin stood his firm support,  
Henry, still doubting, sought th' indulgent skies,  
That light's clear ray might burst upon his eyes,

"Must then," said he, "the truth he always found,  
To mortals weak with mists encompass'd round?  
Must I still err? my way in darkness trod,  
Nor know the path which leads me to my God?  
If all alike he will'd us to obey,  
The God who will'd it, had prescrib'd the way."  
"Let us not vainly God's designs explore!"

(The sage reply'd) "be humble and adore!  
Arraign not madly Heaven's unerring laws  
For faults, where mortals are themselves the cause.  
These aged eyes beheld in days of yore,  
When Calvin's doctrine reach'd the Gallic shore,  
Then, though with blood it now distains the earth,  
Creeping in shade and humble in the birth,  
I saw it banish'd by religion's laws,  
Without one friend to combat in the cause.  
Through ways oblique I saw the phantom tread,  
Slow winding, and ashamed to rear her head,  
Till, at the last, upheld by powerful arms,  
'Midst cannon's thunder, and 'mid war's alarms,  
Burst forth the monster in the glare of light,  
With towering front full dreadful to the sight;  
To scowl at mortals from her tyrant seat,  
And spurn our altars at her impious feet.  
Far then from courts, beneath this peaceful cot,  
I wail'd religion's and my country's lot;  
Yet here, to comfort my declining days,  
Some dawn of hope presents its cheerful rays.  
So new a worship cannot long survive,  
Which man's caprice alone has kept alive.  
With that it-ros', with that shall die away,  
Man's works and man are bubbles of a day.  
The God, who reigns for ever and the same,  
At pleasure blasts a world's presumptuous aim.  
Vain is our malice, vain our strength display'd,  
To sap the city his right hand hath made;  
Himself hath fix'd the strong foundations low,  
Which brave the wreck of Time, and Hell's iterate blow:

The Lord of Lords shall bless thy purged sight  
With bright effulgence of diviner light;  
On thee, great prince, his mercies he'll bestow,  
And shed that truth thy bosom pants to know.  
That God hath chose thee, and his band alone  
Safe through the war shall lead thee to a throne.  
Conquest already (for his voice is fate,)  
For thee bids Glory ope her golden gate.  
If on thy sight the truth unnoticed falls  
Hope not admission in thy Paris' walls,  
Though splendid Ease invite thee to her arms,  
O shun, great prince, the syren's poison'd charms!  
O'er thy strong passions hold a glorious reign,  
Fly love's soft lap, break pleasure's silken chain!  
And when, with efforts strong, all foes o'erthrowa,  
A league's great conqueror, and what's more your own,

When, with united hearts, and triumph's voice,  
Thy people hail thee with one common choice,  
From a dread siege, to fame for ever known,  
To mount with glory thy paternal throne,  
That time, Affliction shall lay by her rod,  
And thy glad eyes shall seek thy father's God:  
Then shalt thou see from whence thy arms prevail.  
Go prince,—who trusts in God,—can never fail."

Each word the sage's holy lips impart,  
Falls, like a flame, on Henry's generous heart.  
The hero stood transported in his mind  
To times, when God held converse with mankind,  
When simple Virtue taught her heav'n-born lore,  
And Truth commanding bad e'en kings adore.

His eager arms the reverend sage embrace,  
 And the warm tear fast trickled down his face.  
 Untouch'd, yet lost awhile in deep surprise,  
 Stood Mornay brave; for still on Mornay's eyes  
 Hung error's mist, and God's high will conceal'd  
 The gifts from him to Henry's breast reveal'd.  
 His wisdom idly would the world prefer,  
 Whose lot, though rich in virtues, was to err.  
 While the rapt sage fulfilling God's behest,  
 Spoke inspiration to the prince's breast,  
 Hush'd were the winds, within their caverns bound,  
 Smooth flow'd the seas, and Nature smil'd around.  
 The sage his guide, the hero sought his way  
 Where the tall vessels safe at anchor lay:  
 The ready sailors quit the friendly strand,  
 Hoist the glad sails, and make for Albion's land.

While o'er her coast his eyes admiring range,  
 He prais'd in silence Britain's happier change:  
 Where laws, abus'd by foul intestine foes,  
 Had erst entail'd a heap of dreadful woes  
 On prince and people; on that bloody stage,  
 Where slaughter'd heroes bled for civil rage;  
 On that bright throne, from whence descended  
 springs

Th' illustrious lineage of a hundred kings,  
 Like Henry, long in adverse fortune school'd,  
 O'er willing English hearts a woman rul'd:  
 And, rich in manly courage, female grace,  
 Clos'd the long lustre of her crowded race.  
 Eliza then, in Britain's happiest hour,  
 Held the just balance of contending pow'r;  
 Made English subjects bow the willing knee,  
 Who will not serve, and are not happy free.  
 Beneath her sacred reign the nation knows  
 No sad remembrance of its former woes;  
 Their flocks securely graz'd the fertile plain,  
 Their garners bursting with their golden grain.  
 The stately ships, their swelling sails unfurl'd,  
 Brought wealth and homage from the distant  
 world:

All Europe watch'd Britannia's bold decree,  
 Dreaded by land, and monarch of the sea,  
 Wide o'er the waves her fleet exulting rode,  
 And fortune triumph'd over ocean's god,  
 Proud London now, no more of barbarous fame,  
 To arms and commerce urg'd her blended claim.  
 Her pow'rs, in union leagu'd, together sate,  
 King, lords, and commons, in their threefold  
 state.

Though separate each their several interest draw,  
 Yet all united form the steadfast law.  
 All three, one body's members, firm and fit,  
 Make but one pow'r in strong conjunction knit;  
 Pow'r to itself of danger often found,  
 But spreading terror to its neighbours round,  
 Best, when the people duty's homage show,  
 And pay their king the tribute which they owe!  
 More best, when kings for milder virtues known,  
 Protect their people's freedom from the throne!  
 "Ah when," cry'd Bourbon, "shall our discord  
 cease."

Our glory, Albion, rise, like thine, in peace?  
 Bush, bluish, ye kings, ye lords of jarring states,  
 A woman bids, and War hath clos'd its gates:  
 Your countries bleed with factious rage oppress'd,  
 While she reigns happy o'er a people blest."  
 Mean time the hero reach'd the sea-girl's isle,  
 Where Freedom bids eternal plenty smile;  
 Not far from William's tow'r at distance seen,  
 Rood the fam'd palace of the virgin queen.

Hither, the faithful Mornay at his side,  
 Without the noise and pageant pomp of pride,  
 The toys of grandeur which the vain pursue,  
 But glare unheeded to the hero's view,  
 The prince arriv'd: with bold and manly sense  
 He spoke; his frankness all his eloquence;  
 Told his sad tale, and bow'd his lofty heart,  
 For France's woes, to act submission's part;  
 For needful aids the British queen address,  
 While, in the suppliant, shone the king's contest.  
 "Com'st thou," reply'd the queen, with strange  
 surprise,

"Com'st thou from Valois for the wish'd allies?  
 Ask'st thou protection for a tyrant foe,  
 Whose deadly bate work'd all thy fortune's woe?  
 Far as the golden Sun begins to rise,  
 To where he drives adown the western skies,  
 His strife and thine to all the world is known:  
 Stand'st thou for him a friend at Britain's throne?  
 And is that hand, which Valois oft hath fear'd,  
 Arm'd in his cause, and for his vengeance rear'd?"  
 When thus the prince; "A monarch's adverse  
 Wipes all remembrance out of former hate, [fatal  
 Valois was then a slave, his passion's slave,  
 But now himself a monarch firm and brave;  
 He bursts at once the ignominious chain,  
 Resumes the hero, and asserts his reign.  
 Blest, if of nature more assur'd and free,  
 He'd sought no aid but from himself and me!  
 But led by fraud, and arts, all insincere,  
 He was my foe from weakness and from fear.  
 His faults die with me, when his woes I view,  
 I've gain'd the conquest—grant me vengeance,  
 you;

For know the work is thine, illustrious dame,  
 To deck thy Albion's brows with worthiest fame,  
 Let thy protection spread her ready wings,  
 And fight with me the injur'd cause of kings!"

Eliza then, for much she wish'd to know,  
 The various turns of France's long-felt woe,  
 Whence rising first the civil discord came,  
 And Paris kindled to rebellion's flame—  
 "To me, great prince, thy griefs are not unknown,  
 Though brought imperfect, and by Fame alone;  
 Whose rapid wing too indiscreetly flies,  
 And spreads abroad her indigested lies.  
 Deaf to her tales, from thee, illustrious youth,  
 From thee alone Eliza seeks the truth,  
 Tell me, for you have witness'd all the woe,  
 Valois' brave friend, or Valois' conquering foe,  
 Say, whence this friendship, this alliance grew,  
 Which knits the happy bond 'twixt him and you;  
 Explain this wond'rous change, 'tis you alone  
 Can paint the virtues which yourself hath shown.  
 Teach me thy woes, for know thy story brings  
 A moral lesson to the pride of kings."

"And must my memory then, illustrious queen,  
 Recall the horrors of each dreadful scene?  
 O had it pleas'd th' Almighty Pow'r (which knows  
 How my heart bleeds o'er all my country's woes)  
 Oblivion then had snatch'd them from the light,  
 And hid them buried in eternal night.  
 Nearest of blood, must I aloud proclaim  
 The princes' madness, and expose their shame?  
 Reflection shake my mind with wild dismay—  
 But 'tis Eliza's will, and I obey.  
 Others, in speaking, from their smooth address,  
 Might make their weakness or their crimes seem  
 The hon'ry art was never made for me, [less,  
 I speak a soldier's language, plain and free."



## AN IMITATION FROM THE SPECTATOR.

A MONTH hath roll'd its lazy hours away,  
Since Delia's presence bless'd her longing  
swain:

How could he brook the sluggish time's delay,  
What charm could soften such an age of pain?

One fond reflection still his bosom cheer'd,  
And sooth'd the torments of a lover's care,  
'Twas that for Delia's self the bow'r he rear'd,  
And Fancy plac'd the nymph already there.

"O come, dear maid, and with a gentle smile,  
Such as lights up my lovely fair one's face,  
Survey the product of thy shepherd's toil,  
Nor rob the villa of the villa's grace.

"Whate'er improvements strike thy curious sight,  
Thy taste hath form'd—let me not call it mine,  
Since when I muse on thee, and feed delight,  
I form no thought that is not wholly thine.

"Th' apartments destin'd for my charmer's use,  
(For love in trifles is conspicuous shown)  
Can scarce an object to thy view produce,  
But bears the dear resemblance of thine own.

"And trust me, love, I could almost believe,  
This little spot the mansion of my fair;  
But that awak'd from fancy's dreams I grieve,  
To find its proper owner is not there.

"Oh! I could doat upon the rural scene,  
Its prospect over hill and champaign wide,  
But that it marks the tedious way between,  
'That parts thy Damon from his promis'd bride.

"The gardens now put forth their blossoms sweet,  
In Nature's flow'ry mantle gayly drest,  
The close-trimm'd hedge, and circling border neat,  
All ask my Delia for their dearest guest.

"The lily pale, the purple-blushing rose,  
In this fair spot their mingled beauties join;  
The woodbine here its curling tendrils throws,  
In wreaths fantastic round the mantling vine.

"The branching arbour here for lovers made,  
For dalliance met, or song, or amorous tale,  
Shall oft protect us with its cooling shade,  
When sultry Phoebus burns the lovely vale.

"'Tis all another paradise around,  
And, trust me, so it would appear to me,  
Like the first man were I not lonely found,  
And but half blest, my Delia, wanting thee.

"For two, but two, I've form'd a love's walk,  
And I have call'd it by my fair one's name;  
Here hark with thee, t'enjoy thy pleasing talk,  
While fools and madmen bow the knee to fame.

"The rustic path already have I try'd,  
Oft at the sinking of the setting day;  
And while, my love, I thought thee by my side,  
With careful steps have worn its edge away.

"With thee I've held discourse, how passing  
sweet!  
While Fancy brought thee to my raptur'd  
dream,  
With thee have prattled in my lone retreat,  
And talk'd down suns, on love's delicious theme.

"Oft as I wander through the rustic crowd,  
Musing with downcast look, and folded arms,  
They stare with wonder, when I rave aloud,  
And dwell with rapture on thy artless charms.

"They call me mad, and oft with finger rude,  
Point at me leering, as I heedless pass;  
Yet Colin knows the cause, for love is shrewd,  
And the young shepherd courts the farmer's  
lass.

"Among the fruits that grace this little seat,  
And all around their clustering foliage spread,  
Here mayst thou cull the peach, or nect'rine sweet,  
And pluck the strawberry from its native bed.

"And all along the river's verdant side,  
I've planted elms, which rise in even row;  
And sing their lofty branches far and wide,  
Which float reflected in the lake below.

"Since I've been absent from my lovely fair,  
Imagination forms a thousand schemes,  
For O! my Delia, thou art all my care,  
And all with me is love and golden dreams.

"O flatt'ring promise of secure delight;  
When will the lazy-pacing hours be o'er?  
That I may fly with rapture to thy sight,  
And we shall meet again to part no more."

## A BALLAD.

YE shepherds so careless and gay,  
Who sport with the nymphs of the plain,  
Take heed lest you frolic away  
The peace you can never regain.  
Let not Folly your bosoms annoy;  
And of Love, the dear mischief beware.  
You may think 'tis all sunshine and joy,  
I know 'tis o'ershadow'd with care.

Love's morning how blithesome it shines,  
With an aspect deceitfully fair;  
Its day oft in sorrow declines,  
And it sets in the night of despair.  
Hope paints the gay scene to the sight,  
While Fancy her visions bestows,  
And gilds every dream with delight,  
But to wake us to sensible woe.

How hard is my lot to complain  
Of a nymph whom I yet must adore,  
Though she love not her shepherd again,  
Her Damon must love her the more.  
For it was not the pride of her sex,  
That treated his vows with disdain,  
For it was not the pleasure to vex,  
That made her delude her fond swain.

'Twas his, the fair nymph to behold,  
He hop'd—and he rashly believ'd;  
'Twas her's to be fatally cold,  
—He lov'd—and was fondly deceiv'd;  
For such is of lovers the doom,  
While passions their reason beguile,  
'Tis warrant enough to presume,  
If they catch but a look or a smile.  
Yet surely my Phillis would seem  
To prize me most shepherds above;

But that might be only esteem,  
While I foolishly constru'd it love.  
Yet others, like Damon, believ'd  
The nymph might have favour'd her swain,  
And others, like him, were deceiv'd,  
Like him, though they cannot complain.

Of Phyllis was always my song,  
For she was my pride and my care;  
And the folks, as we wander'd along,  
Would call us the conjugal pair.  
They mark'd how I walk'd at her side,  
How her hand to my bosom I prest,  
Each tender endearment I try'd,  
And I thought none was ever so blest.

But now the delusion is o'er,  
These day-dreams of pleasure are fled,  
Now her Damon is pleasing no more,  
And the hopes of her shepherd are dead.  
May he that my fair shall obtain,  
May he, as thy Damon, be true;  
Or haply thou'lt think of that swain,  
Who bids thee, dear maiden, adieu.

---

### TO CHLOE.

If Chloe seek one verse of mine  
I call not on the tedious Nine  
With useless invocation;  
Enough for me that she should ask;  
I fly with pleasure to the task,  
And her's the inspiration.

When poets sung in ancient days,  
The Muses that inspir'd their lays,  
Of whom there such parade is;  
Their deities, let pride confess,  
Were nothing more, and nothing less,  
Than earth-born mortal ladies.

Did any nymph her subject choose?  
She straight commenc'd inspiring Muse?  
And every maid, of lovely face,  
That struck the heart of wounded swain,  
Exalted to yon starry plain,  
Was register'd a Grace.

These were the compliments of old,  
While nymphs, among the gods enroll'd,  
Claim'd love's obsequious duty;  
Thus, while each bard had favourite views,  
Each nymph became a Grace, or Muse,  
A Venus every beauty.

Say, in these latter days of ours,  
When Love exerts his usual powers,  
What difference lies between us?  
Is Chloe's self at once I boast,  
What bards of every age might toast,  
A Muse, a Grace, a Venus.

In Chloe are a thousand charms,  
Though Envy call her sex to arms,  
And giggling girls may flout her,  
The Muse inhabits in her mind,  
A Venus in her form we find,  
The Graces all about her.

### TO THE MOON.

ALL hail! majestic queen of night,  
Bright Cynthia! sweetest nymph, whose pre-  
sence brings

The pensive pleasures, calm delight,  
While Contemplation smooths her ruffled wings  
Which folly's vain tumultuous joys,  
Or business, care, and buzz of lusty day  
Have all too ruffled.—Hence, away  
Stale jest, and flippant mirth, and strife-en-  
gendering noise.

When Evening dons her mantle grey,  
I'll wind my solitary way,  
And hie me to some lonely grove  
(The haunt of Fancy and of Love)  
Whose social branches, far outspread,  
Possess the mind with pleasing dread.  
While Cynthia quivers through the trees  
That wanton with the summer breeze,  
And the clear brook, or dimpled stream,  
Reflects oblique her dancing beam.  
How often, by thy silver light,  
Have lovers' tongues beguil'd the night?  
When forth the happy pair have stray'd,  
The amorous swain and tender maid,  
And as they walk'd the groves along,  
Cheer'd the still Eve with various song.  
While every artful strain confess  
The mutual passion in their breast,  
The lovers' hours fly swift away,  
And Night reluctant yields to Day.

Thrice happy nymph, thrice happy youth,  
When beauty is the meed of truth!

Yet not the happy Loves alone,  
Has thy celestial presence known,  
To thee complains the nymph forlorn,  
Of broken faith, and vows forsworn;  
And the dull swain, with folded arms,  
Still musing on his false one's charms,  
Frames many a sonnet to her name,  
(As lovers use to express their flame)  
Or pining wan with thoughtful care,  
In downcast silence feeds despair;  
Or when the air dead stillness keeps,  
And Cynthia on the water sleeps;  
Charms the dull ear of sober Night,  
With love-born Music's sweet delight.

Oft as thy orb performs its round,  
Thou list'nest to the various sound  
Of shepherds' hopes and maidens' fears  
(Those conscious Cynthia silent hears,  
While Echo, which still loves to mock,  
Bears them about from rock to rock.)

But shift we now the pensive scene,  
Where Cynthia silvers o'er the green.  
Mark yonder spot, whose equal rim  
Forms the green circle quaint and trim;  
Hither the fairies blithe advance,  
And lightly trip in mazy dance,  
Beating the pansie-paven ground  
In frolic measures round and round;  
These Cynthia's revels gayly keep,  
While lazy mortals snore asleep;  
Whom oft they visit in the night,  
Not visible to human sight;  
And as old prattling wives relate,  
Though now the fashion's out of date,  
Drop sixpence in the housewife's shoe,  
And pinch the slattern black and blue.

They fill the mind with airy schemes,  
And bring the ladies pleasant dreams.  
Who knows not Mab, whose chariot glides,  
And athwart men's noses rides?  
While Oberon, blithe fairy, trips,  
And hovers o'er the ladies' lips;  
And when he steals ambrosial blies,  
And soft imprints the charming kiss,  
In dreams the nymph her swain pursues,  
Nor thinks 'tis Oberon that woo's.

Yet, sportive youth, and lovely fair,  
From hence, my lesson read, beware,  
While Innocence and Mirth preside,  
We care not where the fairies glide;  
And Oberon will never miss  
To greet his favourites with a kiss;  
Nor ever more ambrosia sips,  
Than when he visits \_\_\_\_\_'s lips.

When all things else in silence sleep,  
The blithesome elfs their vigils keep;  
And always hover round about,  
To find our worth or frailties out,  
Receive with joy these elfin sparks,  
Their kisses leave no tell-tale marks,  
But breathe fresh beauty o'er the face,  
Where all in virtue, all in grace.  
Not only elfin fays delight  
To hail the sober queen of night,  
But that sweet bird, whose gurgling throat  
Warbles the thick melodious note,  
Duty as evening shades prevail,  
Renews her soothing love-lorn tale;  
And as the lover pensive goes,  
Chants out her symphony of woes,  
Which in boon Nature's wilder tone,  
Beggar all sounds which Art has known.

But hark—the melancholy bird  
Among the groves no more is heard;  
And Cynthia pales her silver ray  
Before th' approach of golden Day,  
Which on yon mountain's misty height,  
Stands tiptoe with his gladsome light.  
Now the shrill lark in ether floats,  
And carols wild her liquid notes;  
While Phoebus, in his lusty pride,  
His faring beams flings far and wide,  
Cynthia, farewell—the pensive Muse,  
No more her feeble flight pursues,  
But all unwilling takes her way,  
And mixes with the buzz of day.

---

### SONG.

The beauty which the gods bestow,  
Did they but give it for a show?

No—'twas lent thee from above,  
To shed its lustre o'er thy face,  
And with its pure and native grace  
To charm the soul to love.

The flaunting Sun, whose western beams,  
This evening drink of Oceans' streams,  
To-morrow springs to light,  
But when thy beauty sets, my fair,  
No-morrow shall its beam repair,  
'Tis all eternal night.

See too, my love, the virgin rose,  
How sweet, how bashful'y it blows

Beneath the vernal skies!  
How soon it blooms in full display,  
Its bosom opening to the day,  
Then withers, shrinks, and dies.

Of mortal life's declining hour,  
Such is the leaf, the bud, the flow'r;  
Then crop the rose in time.  
Be blest and bless, and kind impart  
The just return of heart for heart,  
Ere love becomes a crime.

To pleasure then, my charmer, haste,  
And ere thy youth begins to waste,  
Ere beauty dims its ray,  
The proffer'd gift of love employ,  
Improve each moment into joy,  
Be happy, whilst you may.

---

### TO THE REV. MR. HANBURY,

OF CHURCH-LANGTON, LEICESTERSHIRE, ON HIS  
PLANTATIONS.

WHILE vain pursuits a trifling race engage,  
And Virtue stumbers in a thriftless age,  
Thy glorious plan<sup>1</sup>, on deep foundations laid,  
Which aiding Nature, Nature's bound to aid,  
The wise man's study, though the blockhead's  
scorn,

Shall speak for ages to a world unborn.  
Though fools deride, for Censure's still at hand  
To damn the work she cannot understand,  
Pursue thy project with an ardent fit;  
Fools are but whetstones to a man of wit.

Like puling infants seem'd thy rising plan,  
Now knit in strength, it speaks an active man.  
So the broad oak, which from thy grand design  
Shall spread aloft, and tell the world 'twas thine,  
A stripling first, just peep'd above the ground,  
Which, ages hence, shall fling its shade around.

---

### SENT TO A LADY, WITH A SEAL

TH' impression which this seal shall make,  
The rougher hand of force may break;  
Or jealous Time, with slow decay,  
May all its traces wear away;  
But neither time nor force combin'd,  
Shall tear thy image from my mind;  
Nor shall the sweet impression fade  
Which Chloe's thousand charms have made;  
For spite of time, or force, or art,  
'Tis seal'd for ever on my heart.

---

### EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

"Do, study more—discard that siren, Ease,  
Whose fatal charms are murderous while they  
please.

Wit's scanty streams will fret their channel dry,  
If Learning's spring withhold the fresh supply.  
Turn leaf by leaf gigantic volumes o'er,  
Nor blush to know what ancients wrote before.

<sup>1</sup> See Mr. Hanbury's Essay on Planting.

Why not, sometimes, regale admiring friends  
With Greek and Latin sprinklings, odds and ends?  
Exert your talents; read, and read to write!  
As Horace says, *non proficiunt sine studiis.*"

'Tis rare advice: but I am slow to mend,  
Though ever thankful to my partial friend:  
Full of strange fears—for hopes are banish'd all—  
I list no more to Phoebus' sacred call,  
Sait with the Muse, 'tis true I sought her charms;  
But came no champion, clad in cumb'rous arms,  
To pull each rival monarch from his throne,  
And swear no lady Clio like my own.

All ambitious of superior praise,  
My first amusement ask'd a sprig of bays,  
Some little fame for stringing harmless verse,  
And 'then that little fame has prov'd a curse;  
Etc'd into rhyme, and dragg'd through muddy  
prose,

By butcher critics, worth's confederate foes.  
If then the Muse no more shall strive to please,  
Lull'd in the happy lethargy of ease;  
If, unadvent'rous, she forbear to sing,  
Nor take one thought to plume her ruffled wing;  
'Tis that she hates, howe'er by nature vain,  
The scurril nonsense of a venal train.

When desp'rate robbers, issuing from the waste,  
Make such rude inroads on the land of Taste,  
Genius grows sick beneath the Gothic rage,  
Or seeks her laurels from some worthier age.

As for myself, I own the present charge;  
Laz' and lounging, I confess at large:  
Yet Ease, perhaps, may loose her silken chains,  
And the next hour becomes an hour of pains.  
We write, we read, we act, we think, by fits,  
And follow all things as the humour hits,  
For of all pleasures, which the world can bring,  
Variety—O! dear variety's the thing!  
Our learned Coke, from whom we scribblers draw  
All the wise dictums of poetic law,  
Lays down this truth, from whence my maxim  
follows,

(See Horace, *Ode Dec. Sext.*—the case Apollo's)  
"The god of verse disclaims the plodding wretch,  
Nor keeps his bow for ever on the stretch."

Howe'er great my thirst of honest fame,  
I bow with reverence to each letter'd name;  
To worth, where'er it ha, with joy submit,  
But own no curst monopolies of wit.  
Nor think, my friend, if I but rarely quote,  
And little reading shines through what I've wrote,  
That I bid peace to ev'ry learned shelf,  
Because I dare form judgments for myself.  
—Oh! were it mine, with happy skill to look  
Up to the one, the universal book!  
Open to all—to him, to me, to you,  
—For Nature's open to the general view—  
Then would I scorn the ancients' vaunted store,  
And boast my thefts, where they but robb'd be-  
fore.

Mean while with them, while Grecian sounds  
impart

Th' eternal passions of the human heart,  
Bursting the bonds of ease and lazy rest,  
I feel the flame mount active in my breast;  
Or when, with joy, I turn the Roman page,  
I live, in fancy, in th' Augustan age!  
Till some dull *Bavius*' or a *Mævius*' name,  
Dum'd by the Muse to everlasting fame,  
Forbids the mind in foreign climes to roam,  
And brings me back to our own fools at home.

## SONGS

## IN THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

## AIR I.

WHILE the cool and gentle breeze  
Whispers fragrance through the trees,  
Nature walking o'er the scene  
Clad in robes of lively green,  
From the sweetness of the place  
Labour wears a cheerful face.

Sure I taste of joys sincere,  
Faithful Colin ever near;  
When with ceaseless toil oppress'd,  
Wearied Nature sinks to rest.  
All my labours to beguile,  
Love shall wake me with a smile.

## AIR II.

THOUGH my features I'm told  
Are grown wrinkled and old,  
Dull wisdom I hate and detest,  
Not a wrinkle is there  
Which is furrow'd by care,  
And my heart is as light as the best.

When I look on my boys  
They renew all my joys,  
Myself in my children I see;  
While the comforts I find  
In the kingdom my mind,  
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young,  
O! I caper'd and sung;  
The lasses came flocking apace.  
But now turn'd of threescore  
I can do so no more,  
—Why then let my boy take my place.

Of our pleasures we crack,  
For we still love the smack,  
And chuckle o'er what we have been;  
Yet why should we repine,  
You've yours, I've had mine,  
And now let our children begin.

## AIR III.

'Tis thus in those toys  
Invented for boys  
To show how the weather will prove,  
The woman and man  
On a different plan  
Are always directed to move.

One goes out to roam  
While t'other keeps home,  
Insipid, and dull as a droue,  
Though near to each other  
As sister and brother,  
They both take their airing alone.

## AIR IV.

WHEN the head of poor Tummas was broke  
By Roger, who play'd at the wake,  
And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,  
And wept for poor Tummas's sake;  
When his worship gave noggins of ale,  
And the liquor was charming and stout,  
O those were the times to regale,  
And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as does,  
 And we all were as happy as kings,  
 Each lad in his holyday clothes,  
 And the lasses in all their best things.  
 What merriment all the day long!  
 May the feast of our Colin prove such  
 Odzooks, but I'll join in the song,  
 And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

## AIR V.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadow die,  
 And Morning streaks the purple sky,  
 I wake to love with jocund glee  
 To think on him who doets on me.  
 When Eve embrowns the verdant grove  
 And Philonel laments her love,  
 Each sigh I breathe, my love reveals  
 And tells the pangs my bosom feels.  
 With secret pleasure I survey  
 The frolic birds in amorous play,  
 While fondest cares my heart employ,  
 Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

## AIR VI.

YES that's a magazine of arms<sup>1</sup>  
 To triumph over Time;  
 Whence Beauty borrows half her charms  
 And always keeps her prime.  
 At that the prude, coquette, and saint,  
 Industrious sets her face,  
 While powder, patch, and wash, and paint,  
 Repair or give a grace.  
 To arch the brow there lies the brush,  
 The comb to tinge the hair,  
 The Spanish wool to give the blush,  
 The pearl to die them fair.  
 Hence rise the wrinkled, old, and grey,  
 In freshest beauty strong,  
 As Venus fair, as Flora gay,  
 As Hebe ever young.

## AIR VII.

GO! seek some nymph of humbler lot,  
 To share thy board, and deck thy cot,  
 With joy I fly the simple youth  
 Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.  
 Thy breast, for love too wanton grown,  
 Shall mourn it's peace and pleasure flown,  
 Nor shall my faith reward a swain,  
 Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

## AIR VIII.

THUS laugh'd at, jilted, and betray'd,  
 I stamp, I tear, I rave;  
 Capricious, light, injurious maid,  
 I'll be no more thy slave,  
 I'll rend thy image from my heart,  
 Thy charms no more engage;  
 My soul shall take the juster part,  
 And love shall yield to rage.

## AIR IX.

THANK you, ladies, for your care,  
 But I pray you both forbear,  
 Sure I am all o'er scratches!  
 That your curious hands must place,  
 Such odd spots upon my face  
 With your pencils, paint, and patches.

<sup>1</sup> The toilette.

How I totter in my gait,  
 From a dress of so much weight,  
 With my robe too dangling after;  
 Could my Colin now but see  
 What a thing they've made of me,  
 Oh he'd split his sides with laughter.

## AIR X.

THE flowers which grace their native beds,  
 Awhile put forth their blushing heads,  
 But ere the close of parting day  
 They wither, shrink, and die away.  
 But these which mimic skill hath made,  
 Nor scorch'd by suns, nor kill'd by shade,  
 Shall blush with less inconstant hue,  
 Which art or pleasure can renew.

## AIR XI.

WHEN late a simple rustic lass,  
 I rovd without restraint,  
 A stream was all my looking-glass,  
 And health my only pain.  
 The charms I boast (alas! how few!)  
 I gave to Nature's care,  
 As vice ne'er spoilt their native hue,  
 They could not want repair.

## AIR XII.

HOW strange the mode which truth neglects,  
 And rears all beauty in defects!  
 But we by homely Nature taught,  
 Though rude in speech are plain in thought.

## AIR XIII.

FOR various purpose serves the fan,  
 As thus ——— a decent blind,  
 Between the sticks to peep at man,  
 Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,  
 Resentment's in the snap,  
 A flirt expresses strong disdain,  
 Consent a gentle tap.

All passions will the fair disclose,  
 All modes of female art,  
 And to advantage sweetly shows  
 The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis Folly's sceptre first design'd  
 By Love's capricious boy,  
 Who knows how lightly all mankind  
 Are govern'd by a toy.

## AIR XIV.

IF tyrant Love with cruel dart  
 Transfix the maiden's tender heart,  
 Of easy faith and fond belief,  
 She bugs the dart, and aids the thief.

Till left, her helpless state to mourn,  
 Neglected, loving, and forlorn;  
 She finds, while grief her bosom stings,  
 As well as darts the god has wings.

## AIR XV.

ALONG your verdant lowly vale  
 Calm Zephyr breathes a gentle gale,  
 But rustling through the lofty trees  
 It swells beyond the peaceful breeze.  
 Thus free from Envy's poison'd dart,  
 You boast a pure unruffled heart.

While jarring thoughts our peace deform,  
And swell our passions to a storm.

## AIR XVI.

Too' my dress, as my manners, is simple and  
A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain; [plain,  
My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,  
And I'm richer than those who have thousands a  
year.

Tho' beat down with age and for sporting uncooth,  
I feel no remorse from the follies of youth;  
I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,  
And my boys think my life not a moment too long.

Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and grimace,  
Crep under, dance over, for title or place;  
Above all the titles that flow from a throne,  
That of honest I prize, and that title's my own.

## AIR XVII.

From bow'r to flow'r the butterfly,  
O'er fields or gardens ranging,  
Eeps sweet from each, and flutters by,  
And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway,  
By various charms delighted,  
While she who pleases most to day  
To morrow shall be slighted.

## AIR XVIII.

When far from fashion's gilded scene  
I breath'd my native air,  
My thoughts were calm, my mind serene,  
No doubtings harbour'd there.

But now no more myself I find,  
Distraction rends my breast;  
Whilst hopes and fears disturb my mind,  
And murder all my rest.

## AIR XIX.

FLATTERING hopes the mind deceiving  
Easy faith too often cheat,  
Woman, fond and all believing  
Loves and hugs the dear deceit.

Noisy show of pomp and riches,  
Cupid's trick to catch the fair,  
Lowly maids too oft bewitches,  
Flattery is the beauty's snare.

## AIR XX.

WHAT'S all the pomp of gandy courts,  
But vain delights and jingling toys,  
While pleasure crowns your rural sports  
With calm content and tranquil joys.

## AIR XXI.

RETURN, sweet lass, to flocks and swains,  
Where simple Nature mildly reigns;

Where love is every shepherd's care,  
And every nymph is kind as fair.

The court has only tinsel toys,  
Inspid mirth and idle noise;  
But rural joys are ever new,  
While nymphs are kind, and shepherds true.

## AIR XXII.

AGAIN in rustic weeds array'd,  
A simple swain, a simple maid,  
O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,  
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.

The birds shall strain their little throats,  
And warble wild their merry notes;  
Whilst we converse beneath the shade,  
A happy swain, and happy maid.

Thy hands shall pluck, to grace my bow'r,  
The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r,  
Whilst joys shall bless, for ever new,  
Thy Phœbe kind, my Colin true.

## AIR XXIII.

WHY should I now, my love, complain,  
That toil awaits thy cheerful swain,  
Since labour oft a sweet bestows  
Which lazy splendour never knows?

Hence springs the purple tide of health,  
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth,  
And spreads those blushes o'er the face,  
Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of dress the pomp of show,  
Are trappings oft to cover woe;  
But we, whose wishes never roam,  
Shall taste of real joys at home.

## AIR XXIV.

No doubt but your fool's-cap has known  
His highness obligingly kind,  
—Odzooks I could knock the fool down,  
Was e'er such a cuckoldy hind?

To be sure, like a good-natur'd spouse,  
You've lent him a part of your bed;  
He has fitted the horns to your brows,  
And I see them sprout out of your head.

To keep your wife virtuous and chaste  
The court is a wonderful school,  
—My lord you've an excellent taste.  
—And, son, you're a cuckoldy fool.

If your lady should bring you an heir,  
The blood will flow rich in his veins,  
Many thanks to my lord for his care—  
—You dog, I could knock out your brains.



THE  
P O E M S  
OF  
*MATTHEW GREEN.*





THE

## LIFE OF MATTHEW GREEN.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

---

For the only information I have been able to procure respecting this poet, I am indebted to a short notice in the last edition of Dodsley's Poems, and the communication of an anonymous writer in the European Magazine for July, 1785.

Matthew Green was descended from a family in good repute among the dissenters, and had his education in some of the sects into which that body is divided. He was a man of approved probity, and sweetness of temper and manners. His wit abounded in conversation, and was never known to give offence. He had a post in the Custom-house, where he discharged his duty with the utmost diligence and ability, and he died at the age of forty-one years, at a lodging in Nag's Head court, Gracechurch-street, in the year 1737.

Mr. Green, it is added, had not much learning, but knew a little Latin. He was very subject to the hip, had some free notions on religious subjects, and, though bred amongst the dissenters, grew disgusted at the preciseness and formality of the sect. He was nephew to Mr. Tanner, clerk of Fishmonger's-hall. His poem entitled the Spleen was written by piece-meal, and would never have been completed, had he not been pressed to it by his friend Mr. Glover, the celebrated author of Leonidas, &c. By this gentleman it was committed to the press soon after Green's death.

This very amusing author published nothing in his life-time. In 1732, he printed a few copies of the Grotto, since inserted in the fifth volume of Dodsley's collection; but, for reasons which cannot readily be guessed at, the following introductory lines are omitted:

We had a water-poet once,  
Nor was he register'd a dunce.

## LIFE OF GREEN.

I'll lay awhile my toiling by,  
 And hang abroad my nets to dry,  
 And stow my apostolic boat,  
 And try to raise a swan-like note;  
 For fishing off' in Twick'nham reach,  
 I've heard fine strains along the beach,  
 That tempt to sing a cave's renown,  
 And fetch from thence an ivy crown.

Again, after the line

*That tells, unask'd, th' injurious tale*  
 Of treaty of intriguing kind,  
 With secret article bere sign'd;  
 And beds, conceal'd with bushy trees,  
 Planted with Juno's lettuces.

After the line

We best what is true nature find,

these two lines should follow :

Chymists and cards their process suit,  
 They metals, these the mind transmute.

The following anecdotes are given from indisputable authority :

Mr. Sylvanus Bevan, a quaker and a friend of Mr. Green, was mentioning, at Batson's coffee-house, that, while he was bathing in the river, a waterman saluted him with the usual insult of the lower class of people, by calling out, "A quaker, a quaker, quiri!" He at the same time expressed his wonder, how his profession could be known while he was without his clothes. Green immediately replied, that the waterman might discover him by his swimming against the stream.

The department in the Custom-house to which Mr. Green belonged was under the control of the duke of Manchester, who used to treat those immediately under him once a year. After one of these entertainments, Mr. Green, seeing a range of servants in the hall, said to the first of them, "Pray, sir, do you give tickets at your turnpike?"

In a reform which took place in the Custom-house, amongst other articles, a few pence, paid weekly for providing the cats with milk, were ordered to be struck off. On this occasion, Mr. Green wrote a humorous petition as from the cats, which prevented the regulation in that particular from taking place.

Mr. Green's conversation was as novel as his writings, which occasioned one of the commissioners of the customs, a very dull man, to observe, that he did not know how it was, but Green always expressed himself in a different manner from other people.

Such is the only information which the friends of this poet have thought proper to hand down to posterity, if we except Glover, the author of the preface to the first edition of *The Spleen*, who introduces the poem in these words :

"The author of the following poem had the greatest part of his time taken up in business; but was accustomed at his leisure hours to amuse himself with striking out small sketches of wit or humour for the entertainment of his

friends, sometimes in verse, at other times in prose. The greatest part of these alluded to incidents known only within the circle of his acquaintance. The subject of the following poem will be more generally understood. It was at first a very short copy of verses; but, at the desire of the person to whom it is addressed, the author enlarged it to its present state. As it was writ without any design of its passing beyond the hands of his acquaintance, so the author's unexpected death soon after disappointed many of his most intimate friends in their design of prevailing on him to revise and prepare it for the sight of the public. It therefore now appears under all the disadvantages that can attend a posthumous work. But it is presumed, every imperfection of this kind is abundantly overbalanced by the peculiar and un-borrowed cast of thought and expression, which manifests itself throughout, and secures to this performance the first and principal character necessary to recommend a work of genius, that of being an original."

The Spleen had not been long published before it was admired by those whose opinion was at that time decisive. Pope said there was a great deal of originality in it. Mr. Melmoth (in Fitzosborne's Letters) after remarking a double beauty in images that are not only metaphors but allusions, adds, "I was much pleased with an instance of this uncommon species in a little poem entitled, The Spleen. The author of that piece (who has thrown together more original thoughts than I ever read in the same compass of lines) speaking of the advantages of exercise in dissipating those gloomy vapours, which are so apt to hang upon some minds, employs the following image—

Throw but a stone, the giant dies—

"You will observe that the metaphor here is conceived with great propriety of thought, if we consider it only in its primary view: but when we see it pointing still farther, and hinting at the story of David and Goliath, it receives a very considerable improvement from this double application."

Gray, in his private correspondence with the late lord Orford, observes of Green's poems, then published in Dodsley's collection, "There is a profusion of wit every where; reading would have formed his judgment, and harmonised his verse, for even his wood-notes often break out into strains of real poetry and music."

The Spleen was first printed in 1737, a short time after the author's death, and afterwards was taken, with his other poems, into Dodsley's volumes, where they remained until the publication of the second edition of Dr. Johnson's Poets. In 1796, a very elegant edition was published by Messrs. Cadell and Davies, which, besides some beautiful engravings, is enriched with a prefatory essay from the pen of Dr. Aikin.

"The writer before us," says this ingenious critic, "was neither by education nor situation in life qualified to attain skill in those constituent points of poetical composition upon which much of its elegance and beauty depends. He had not, like a Gray or a Collins, his mind early fraught with all the stores

of classic literature; nor could he devote months and years of learned leisure to the exquisite charms of versification or the refined ornaments of diction. He was a man of business, who had only the intervals of his regular employment to improve his mind by reading and reflection; and his powers appear to have been truly no more than hasty effusions for the amusement of himself and his particular friends. Numbers of works thus produced are born and die in the circle of every year; and it is only by the stamp of real genius that these have been preserved from a similar fate. But nature had bestowed on the author a strong and quick conception, and a wonderful power of bringing together remote ideas, so as to produce the most novel and striking effects. No man ever thought more copiously or with more originality; no man ever less fell into the beaten track of common-place ideas and expressions. That cant of poetical phraseology, which is the only resource of an ordinary writer, and which those of a superior class find it difficult to avoid, is scarcely any where to be met with in him. He has no hacknied combinations of substantives and epithets: none of the tropes and figures of a school-boy's *Gradus*. Often negligent, sometimes inaccurate, and not unfrequently prosaic, he redeems his defects by a rapid variety of beauties and brilliancies all his own, and affords more food to the understanding or imagination in a line or a couplet than common writers in half a page. In short, if in point of versification, regularity and correctness, his place is scarcely assignable among the poets: in the rarer qualities of variety and vigour of sentiment, and novelty and liveliness of imagery, it would not be easy to find any, in modern times at least, who has a right to rank above him."

This opinion, which belongs chiefly to *The Spleen*, may be adopted with safety; but the praise bestowed afterwards by the same judicious critic on the author's system, or the philosophy of the poem, although qualified by exceptions, is, perhaps, yet higher than it deserves. To me it appears that Green had no regular or serious purpose in writing this poem, unless to make it the vehicle of satire on opinions and subjects which he had relinquished or disliked. There is so little knowledge of the nature or cure of the Spleen in what he advances, that whoever is induced by the title to consult it, may be occasionally diverted by its wit, but will not benefit by its prescriptions.

What, indeed, is his theory of the disorder, and what his remedy? He begins, not improperly, by informing his friend that he does not mean to write a treatise on the Spleen, but to acquaint that friend with the course he had himself taken to drive the Spleen away and to live quietly. He first adopted the commonly received remedies, temperance, chastity and exercise, and then he expatiates on the use of mirth, but how is mirth to be procured by the melancholy sufferer? By laughing, he tells us, at widings, bad tragedies, dissenters saying grace, a clergyman preaching for a lectureship, and other common topics, some of which are surely improper topics for laughter, and could excite it only in those who are predisposed to throw ridicule upon

what is serious, which is very far from being the case with persons of a melancholic temperament. He then recommends the playhouse, or a concert; during rainy weather, books, or a visit to the coffee-house, the tavern, the card-table, or a joco-serious cup; and the company of the fair-sex, but with the exception of marriage. Such are the remedies he professes to have taken; and he proceeds next to enumerate the causes of the Spleen which are to be avoided, or which he avoids. He never goes to a dissenting meeting, or to law; never games, rarely bets; does not like to lend money, or to run in debt, by which means he avoids that undoubted cause of melancholy, duns and bailiffs; never meddles with politics in church or state; avoids both the regular clergy and the puritans, but conforms to church and state "both for diversion and defence;" abhors all reformers, and especially the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, which he reviles, I do not hesitate to say, with contemptuous malignity. In addition to all this, he never dances attendance at the levees of the great; avoids poetical enthusiasm and all its evils, and has no ambition. He then addresses Contentment, expresses a wish for a small farm in the country, has no expectations from a state of future existence, and concludes with a hacknied allegory on human life.

It may be doubted whether, since the days of the Theriaca, a medicine has been composed of such heterogeneous ingredients, or a cure for listlessness and melancholy recommended, which has a more direct tendency to induce insanity, by overthrowing all established opinions, and substituting darkness and perplexity, indolence towards the concerns of our fellow-creatures, and indifference to all the sympathies of civil and social life. If its tendency should fall short of this, it must at least increase that selfish security which so often drives the splenetic into solitude, or renders them inactive members of society.

As an apology for Green's opinions on religious subjects, so freely expressed in this poem, it has been said, that he was bred among puritanical dissenters, whose principles tended to inspire a gloomy, unamiable and un-social disposition. Of whatever avail this apology may be in the present case, it is not much in its favour that we find it usually advanced by those who are glad of an excuse for looseness of principle and contempt for revealed religion. It may, however, be said, with confidence, that if no other spleen existed than what is induced by strictness of religious principle, it would not be of sufficient consequence to require the aid either of the poet or the physician. The disorder, all experience and observation show, exists among two classes, those who inherit a constitutional melancholy, or those who from defect of education, possess weak minds: it has no natural connection with any system of religion or politics, but much with folly and vice, and most of all, with that waste of time and talents which, in many conditions of life, fashion commands and countenances.

But enough has been said of a system, if it deserves the name, the evil

tendency of which is too obvious and too absurd to create much mischief. The poetical beauties of *The Spleen*, its original and happy imagery, and its many striking allusions and satirical touches, will ever secure it a place among the most popular collections of English poetry<sup>1</sup>.

Of Green's lesser poems, *The Grotto* only was printed in his life-time, and dispersed privately among his friends. When queen Caroline built her grotto, it became a fashion with the minor poets of the day to write verses on it, some in a courtly and some in a satirical strain. A considerable number of these may be seen in the early volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Green, on this occasion, contributed the poem before us, under the name of *Peter Drake*, a fisherman, with a playful allusion to *Stephen Duck*, the thresher, to whose custody the grotto was committed, but with no assumption of the humble character of a fisherman. The author's aim, indeed is not very clear, unless to introduce a variety of common topics, which he illustrates in a manner very novel, and pleasingly fanciful. The same opinion may be given of the lines on *Barclay's Apology*, which have yet less regularity. The rest of his pieces require little notice. That entitled *Jove and Semele* is omitted in this edition on account of its indelicacy.

<sup>1</sup> A very beautiful poem on the *Spleen* was written long before, by Anne, countess of Winchelsea. It may be seen in her article in the *General Dictionary*, fol. vol. X.

# POEMS

## MATTHEW GREEN.

### THE SPLEEN<sup>1</sup>.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. CUTHBERT JACKSON.

THIS motley piece to you I send,  
Who always were a faithful friend;  
Who, if disputes should happen hence,  
Can best explain the author's sense;  
And, anxious for the public weal,  
Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,  
Allowing for a vapour'd Muse;<sup>2</sup>  
Nor to a narrow path confin'd,  
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine, you may trace  
Throughout the sire's transmitted face.  
Nothing is stol'n: my Muse, though mean,  
Draws from the spring she finds within;  
Nor raiuly buys what Gildon<sup>3</sup> sells, /  
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-helps I want, to climb on high,  
Where all the ancient treasures lie,  
And there unseen commit a theft  
On wealth in Greek exchequers left /  
Then where? from whom? what can I steal,  
Who only with the moderns deal?  
This were attempting to put on  
Raiment from naked bodies won<sup>4</sup>: /  
They safely sing before a thief,  
They cannot give who want relief;  
Some few excepted, names well known,  
And justly laurel'd with renown,  
Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,  
And theft detects: of theft beware;

<sup>1</sup> "In this poem," Mr. Melmoth says, "there are more original thoughts thrown together than he had ever read in the same compass of lines."

Fitzosborne's Letters, p. 114.

<sup>2</sup> Gildon's Art of Poetry.

<sup>3</sup> A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,  
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.  
Howard's British Princes.

From More<sup>4</sup> so lash'd, example fit,  
Shun petty larceny in wit.

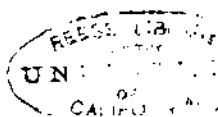
First know, my friend, I do not mean  
To write a treatise on the spleen;  
Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;  
Nor mend th' alarm watch, your pulse.  
If I am right, your question lay,  
What course I take to drive away  
The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas  
Men prove mere suicides in ease;  
And how I do myself demean  
In stormy world to live serene.

When by its magic lantern Spleen /  
With frightful figures spreads life's scene,  
And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,  
A stranger to the luck of heirs;  
Reason, some quiet to restore,  
Show'd part was substance, shadow more;  
With Spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,  
In life's rough tide I sunk not down,  
But swam, 'till Fortune threw a rope,  
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always choose the plainest food  
To mend viscosity of blood.  
Hail! water-gruel, healing power,  
(Of easy access to the poor;  
Thy help love's confessors implore,  
And doctors secretly adore;  
To thee, I fly, by thee dilute—  
Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot,  
And by swift current throws off clean  
Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,  
Nor keep myself a cup too low,  
And seldom Cloe's lodgings haunt,  
Thrifty of spirits, which I want.  
Hunting I reckon very good  
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood:

<sup>4</sup> James More Smith, esq. See Dunciad, B. ii. l. 50. and the notes, where the circumstances of the transaction here alluded to are very fully explained.





But after no field-honours itch,  
 Achiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.  
 While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,  
 Or o'er coal fires inclines the head,  
 Hygieia's sons with bound and horn,  
 And jovial cry awake the Morn.  
 These see her from the dusky plight,  
 Smear'd by th' embraces of the Night,  
 With rosal wash redeem her face,  
 And prove herself of Titan's race,  
 And, mounting in loose robes the skies,  
 Shed light and fragrance as she flies.  
 Then horse and hound fierce joy display,  
 Exulting at the hawk-away,  
 And in pursuit o'er tainted ground  
 From lungs robust field-notes resound.  
 Then, as St. George the dragon slew,  
 Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view;  
 While all their spirits are on wing,  
 And woods, and hills, and valleys ring.  
 To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,  
 Some recommend the bowling-green;  
 Some, billy walks; all, exercise;  
 Fling but a stone, the giant dies;  
 Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been  
 Extreme good doctors for the Spleen;  
 And kitten, if the humour hit,  
 Has harlequin'd away the fit.  
 Since mirth is good in this behalf;  
 At some particulars let us laugh.  
 Wittings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,  
 That stimulates their impotence;  
 Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind figs,  
 Err with their wings for want of eyes.  
 Poor authors worshipping a calf,  
 Deep tragedies that make us laugh,  
 A strict dissenter saying grace,  
 A lecturer preaching for a place,  
 Folks, things prophetic to dispense,  
 Making the past the future tense,  
 The popish dubbing of a priest,  
 Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,  
 Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,  
 Great Æsculapius on his stage,  
 A miser starving to be rich,  
 The prior of Newgate's dying speech,  
 A jointer'd widow's ritual state,  
 Two Jews disputing tête-à-tête,  
 New almanacs compos'd by seers,  
 Experiments on felons' ears,  
 Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply  
 The superb muscle of the eye,  
 A coquet's April-weather face,  
 A Zueenb'rough mayor behind his mace,  
 And fops in military shew,  
 Are sov'reign for the case in view.  
 If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,  
 I clear my evening with a play,  
 Or to some concert take my way.  
 The company, the shine of lights,  
 The scenes of humour, music's flights,  
 Adjust and set the soul to rights.  
 Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,  
 To others' grief attention raise:  
 Here, while the tragic fictions glow,  
 We borrow joy by pitying woe;  
 There gaily comic scenes delight,  
 And hold true mirrors to our sight,  
 Virtue, in charming dress array'd,  
 Calling the passions to her aid,

When moral scenes just actions join,  
 Takes shape, and shows her face divine.  
 Music has charms, we all may find,  
 Ingratiate deeply with the mind.  
 When art does sound's high pow'r advance,  
 To music's pipe the passions dance;  
 Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have shown,  
 Tarantulated by a tune.  
 Many have held the soul to be  
 Nearly ally'd to harmony.  
 Her have I known indulging grief,  
 And shunning company's relief,  
 Unveil her face, and looking round,  
 Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,  
 The consanguinity of sound.  
 In rainy days keep double guard,  
 Or Spleen will surely be too hard;  
 Which, like those fish by sailors met,  
 Fly highest, while their wings are wet.  
 In such dull weather, so unfit  
 To enterprize a work of wit,  
 When clouds one yard of azure sky,  
 That's fit for simile, deny,  
 I dress my face with studious looks,  
 And shorten tedious hours with books.  
 But if dull fogs invade the head,  
 That mem'ry minds not what is read,  
 I sit in window dry as ark,  
 And on the drowning world remark:  
 Or to some coffee-house I stray  
 For news, the manna of a day,  
 And from the hipp'd discourses gather,  
 That politics go by the weather:  
 Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,  
 And play at cards, but for small sums;  
 Or with the merry fellows quaff,  
 And laugh aloud with them that laugh;  
 Or drink a joco-serious cup  
 With souls who've took their freedom up,  
 And let my mind, beguill'd by talk,  
 In Epicurus' garden walk,  
 Who thought it Heav'n to be serene;  
 Pain, Hell, and purgatory, Spleen.  
 Sometimes I dress, with women sit,  
 And chat away the gloomy fit;  
 Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,  
 And wear a gay impertinence,  
 Nor think nor speak with any pains,  
 But lay on fancy's neck the reins;  
 Talk of unusual swell of waist  
 In maid of honour loosely lac'd,  
 And beauty borrow Spanish red,  
 And loving pair with sep'rate bed,  
 And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,  
 And then redeem'd by loss of fame;  
 Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch  
 By grave pretence to go to church)  
 Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,  
 Like Will and Mary on the coin:  
 And thus in modish manner we,  
 In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.  
 Permit, ye fair, your idol form,  
 Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,  
 May with its beauties grace my line,  
 While I bow down before its shrine,  
 And pour thro'g'd altars with my lays  
 Perfume, and get by giving praise.  
 With speech so sweet, so sweet a mign  
 You excommunicate the Spleen,

Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring  
 You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing;  
 Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,  
 We look, we listen, and approve.  
 Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss!  
 Our nerves officious throng to kiss;  
 By Celia's pat, on their report,  
 The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport;  
 Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,  
 And loses the floral game, to romp.  
 But who can view the pointed rays,  
 That from black eyes scintillant blaze?  
 Love on his throne of glory seems  
 Encompass'd with satellite beams.  
 But when blue eyes, more softly bright;  
 Diffuse benignly humid light,  
 We gaze, and see the smiling loves,  
 And Cytherea's gentle doves,  
 And raptur'd fix in such a face,  
 Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace.  
 Shine but on age, you melt its snow;  
 Again fires long-extinguish'd glow,  
 And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,  
 Blood long congealed liquefies!  
 True miracle, and fairly done  
 By beads which are ador'd while on.  
 But oh, what pity 't is to find  
 Such beauties both of form and mind,  
 By modern breeding much debas'd,  
 In half the female world at least!  
 Hence I with care such lotteries shun,  
 Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone;  
 And han't, by vent'ring on a wife,  
 Yet run the greatest risk in life.  
 Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear  
 Your impious pams to form the fair,  
 Nor lay out so much cost and art,  
 But to deflow'r the virgin heart;  
 Of every folly-fost'ring bed  
 By quick'ning heat of custom bred:  
 Rather than by your culture spoil'd;  
 Desist, and give its nature wild,  
 Delighted with a hoyden soul,  
 Which truth and innocence control.  
 Coquets, leave off affected arts,  
 Gay lowers at a flock of hearts;  
 Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill;  
 You show so plain, you strive to kill.  
 In love the artless catch the game,  
 And they scarce miss who never aim.  
 The world's great author did create  
 The sex to fit the nuptial state,  
 And meant a blessing in a wife  
 To solve the fatigues of life;  
 And old inspired times display,  
 How wives could love, and yet obey.  
 Then truth, and patience of control;  
 And house-wife arts adorn'd the soul;  
 And charms, the gift of Nature, shone;  
 And jealousy, a thing unknown:  
 Veils were the only masks they wore;  
 Novels (receipts to make a whore)  
 Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew;  
 Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.  
 Wise men did not to be thought gay,  
 Then compliment their pow'r away!  
 But lest, by frail desires misled,  
 The girls forbidden paths should tread,  
 Of ignorance rais'd the safe high wall;  
 We sink law-haws, that show them all.

Thus we at once solicit sense,  
 And charge then not to break the fence.  
 Now, if untr'd, consider friend;  
 What I avoid to gain my end. *And so*  
 I never am at meeting seen,  
 Meeting, that region of the Spleen;  
 The broken heart, the busy fiend,  
 The inward call, on Spleen depend.  
 Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,  
 To which vacation is disease:  
 A gypsy diction scarce known well  
 By th' magi, who law-fo'unes tell,  
 I shun; nor let it breed within  
 Anxiety, and that the Spleen;  
 Law, grown a forest, where perplex  
 The mazes, and the brambles vex;  
 Where its twelve verd'ners every day  
 Are changing still the public way:  
 Yet if we miss our path and err,  
 We grievous penalties incur;  
 And wand'ring tire; and tear their skin;  
 And then get out whete they went in.  
 I never game, and rarely bet,  
 Am loth to lend, or run in debt.  
 No compter-writs me agitate;  
 Who moralizing pass the gate,  
 And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn;  
 Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.  
 Wisdom, before beneath their care,  
 Pays her upbraiding visits there,  
 And forces folly through the grate,  
 Her panegyric to repeat.  
 This view, profusely when inclin'd,  
 Enters a caveat in the mind:  
 Experience join'd with common sense,  
 To mortals is a providence.  
 Passion, as frequently is seen,  
 Subsiding settles into Spleen.  
 Hence, as the plague of happy life,  
 I run away from party-strife.  
 A prince's cause, a church's claim,  
 I've know'd to raise a mighty flame,  
 And priest, as stoker, very free  
 To throw in peace and charity.  
 That tribe, whose practicals decreas  
 Small beer the deadliest heresy;  
 Who, fond of pedigree, derive  
 From the most noted whore alive;  
 Who own wine's old prophetic aid,  
 And love the mitre Bacchus made,  
 Forbid the faithful to depend  
 On half-pint drinkers for a friend,  
 And in whose gay red-letter'd face  
 We read good-living more than grace!  
 Nor they so pure, and so precise,  
 Immac'late as their white of eyes,  
 Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,  
 Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,  
 Who their ill-tasted home brew'd pray'r  
 To the state's mellow forms prefer;  
 Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,  
 Which are not steep'd in vinegar,  
 And samples of heart-chested grace  
 Expose in show-glass of the face,  
 Did never me at yet provoke  
 Either to honour band and cloak,  
 Or deck my hat with leaves of oak!  
 I rail not with mock-patriot grace  
 At folks, because they are in place;

Nor, bir'd in praise with stallion pen,  
 Serve the ear-lectery of men;  
 But to avoid religious jars,  
 The laws are my expositors,  
 Which in my doubting mind create  
 Conformity to church and state.  
 I go, pursuant to my plan,  
 To Mecca with the caravan.  
 And think it right in common sense  
 Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine;  
 To mend the world 's a vast design;  
 Like theirs, who tug in little boat,  
 To pull to them the ship afloat,  
 While to defeat their labour'd end,  
 At once both wind and stream contend:  
 Success herein is seldom seen,  
 And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man, who innocent,  
 Grieves not at ill he can't prevent;  
 His skiff does with the current glide,  
 Not puffing pull'd against the tide.  
 He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,  
 Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,  
 And when he can't prevent foul play,  
 Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections I repeat  
 Each hasty promise made in zeal.  
 When gospel propagators say,  
 We're bound our great light to display,  
 And Indian darkness drive away,  
 Yet some but drunken watchmen send,  
 And scoundrel link-boys for that end;  
 When they cry up this holy war,  
 Which every christian should be for,  
 Yet such as owe the law their ears,  
 We find employed as engineers:  
 This view my forward zeal so shocks,  
 In vain they hold the money-box.  
 At such a conduct, which intends  
 By vicious means such virtuous ends,  
 I laugh off spleen, and keep my peace  
 From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet philosophic love of ease  
 I suffer not to prove disease,  
 But rise up in the virtuous cause  
 Of a free press, and equal laws.  
 The press restrain'd! nefarious thought!  
 In vain our sires have nobly fought:  
 While free from force the press remains,  
 Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains,  
 And Learning largesses bestows,  
 And keeps uncensur'd open house.  
 We to the nation's public mart  
 Our works of wit, and schemes of art,  
 And philosophic goods this way,  
 Like water-carriage, cheap convey.  
 This tree, which knowledge so affords,  
 Inquisitors with flaming swords  
 From lay approach with zeal defend,  
 Lest their own paradise should end,  
 The Press from her fecundous womb  
 Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;  
 Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,  
 Truth's banner wav'd in open air;  
 The monster Superstition fled,  
 And hid in shades its Gorgon head;  
 And lawless pow'r, the long-kept field,  
 By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.

This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence  
 To chain, is treason against sense;  
 And Liberty, thy thousand tongues  
 None silence, who design no wrongs;  
 For those, who use the gag's restraint,  
 First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment gauls within,  
 And subjugates the soul to spleen,  
 Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,  
 And bite not at projector's bait.  
 Sufficient wrecks appear each day,  
 And yet fresh fools are cast away.  
 Ere well the bubbled can turn round,  
 Their painted vessel runs aground;  
 Or in deep seas it overcasts  
 By a fierce hurricane of delts;  
 Or helm directors in one trip,  
 Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.  
 Such was of late a corporation's,  
 The brazen serpent of the nation,  
 Which, when hard accidents distress'd;  
 The poor must look at to be blest,  
 And thence expect, with paper seal'd  
 By fraud and us'ry, to be heal'd.

I in no soul-consumption wait  
 Whole years at levees of the great,  
 And hungry hopes regale the while  
 On the spare diet of a smile.  
 There you may see the idol stand  
 With mirror in his wanton hand;  
 Above, below, now here, now there,  
 He throws about the sunny glare.  
 Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,  
 The ray delusion of their eyes.

When Fancy tries her limning skill  
 To draw and colour at her will,  
 And raise and round the figure well,  
 And show her talent to excel,  
 I guard my heart, lest it should woe  
 Unreal beauties Fancy drew,  
 And disappointed, feel despair  
 At loss of things, that never were.

When I lean politicians mark  
 Grazing on ether in the Park;  
 Who e'er on wing with open throat  
 Ply at debates, expresses, votes,  
 Just in the manner swallows use,  
 Catching their airy food of news;  
 Whose latent stomachs oft molest  
 The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest;  
 Or see some poet pensive sit,  
 Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit:  
 Who, though short-winded, still will aim  
 To sound the epic trump of Fame;  
 Who still on Phœbus' smiles will dote,  
 Nor learn conviction from his coat;

§ The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums upon pledges at legal interest. By the villainy of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1732 the conduct of the directors of this body became the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, and some of them, who were members of the house of commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

I bless my stars, I never knew  
Whimsies, which close pursu'd, undo,  
And have from old experience been  
Both parent and the child of Spleen.  
These subjects of Apollo's state,  
Who from false fire derive their fate,  
With airy purchases undone  
Of lands, which none lend money on,  
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,  
Nor lost one hour to gather bays.  
Their fancies first delirious grew,  
And scenes ideal took for true: -----  
Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,  
And with false prospects cheats their eyes;  
The fabled gods the poets sing,  
A season of perpetual spring,  
Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,  
Affording sweets and smiles,  
Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,  
And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,  
Apollo's harp with airs divine,  
The sacred music of the Nine,  
Views of the temple rais'd to fame,  
And for a vacant niche proud aim,  
Ravish their souls, and plainly shew  
What Fancy's sketching power can do.  
They will attempt the mountain steep,  
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,  
The Muse's revelations show,  
That find men crack'd, or make them so.  
You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme  
Avoid, elaborate waste of time,  
Nor are content to be undone,  
To pass for Phoebus' crazy son.  
Poems, the ~~high grounds~~ of the brain,  
Afford the most uncertain gain;  
And lotteries never tempt the wise  
With blanks so many to a prize.  
I only transient visits pay,  
Meeting the Muses in my way,  
Scarcely known to the fastidious dames,  
Nor skill'd to call them by their names.  
Nor can their passports in these days,  
Your profit warrant, or your praise.  
On poems by their dictates writ,  
Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit,  
And mere upholst'ers in a trice  
On gems and paintings set a price.  
These tay'ring artists for our lays  
Invent tramp'd rules, and with straight stays  
Striving free Nature's shape to hit,  
Emaciate sense, before they fit.  
A common place, and many friends,  
Can serve the plagiarist's ends,  
Whose easy vamping talent lies,  
First wit to pilfer, then disguise.  
Thus some devoid of art and skill  
To search the mine on Pindus' hill,  
Proud to aspire and workmen grow,  
By genius doom'd to stay below,  
For their own digging show the town  
Wit's treasure brought by others down.  
Some wanting, if they find a mine,  
An artist's judgment to refine,  
On fame precipitately fix'd,  
The ore with baser metals mix'd  
Melt down, impatient of delay,  
And call the vicious mass a piece.  
All these engage to serve their ends,  
A band select of trusty friends,

Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing,  
As Psapho<sup>6</sup> taught his birds to sing;  
Then to the ladies they submit,  
Returning officers on wit:  
A crowded house their presence draws,  
And on the beaux imposes laws,  
A judgment in its favour ends,  
When all the pannel are its friends:  
Their natures merciful and mild  
Have from mere pity sav'd the child;  
In bulrush ark the battling found  
Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,  
They have preserv'd by kind support,  
And brought the baby-muse to court.  
But there's a youth<sup>7</sup> that you can name;  
Who needs no leading-strings to fame,  
Whose quick maturity of brain  
The birth of Pallas may explain:  
Dreaming of whose depending fate,  
I heard Melpomene debate,  
" This, this is he, that was foretold  
Should emulate our Greeks of old.  
Inspir'd by me with sacred art,  
He sings, and rules the varied heart;  
If Jove's dread anger he reverse,  
We hear the thunder in his verse;  
If he describes love turn'd to rage,  
The furies riot in his page.  
If he fair liberty and law  
By ruffian pow'r expiring draw;  
The keener passions then engage  
Aright, and sanctify their rage;  
If he attempt disastrous love,  
We hear those plaints that wound the grove:  
Within the kinder passions glow,  
And tears distill'd from pity flow."  
From the bright vision I descend,  
And my deserted theme attend.  
He never did ambition seize,  
Strange fever most inflam'd by ease!  
The active lunacy of pride,  
That courts jilt Fortune for a bride,  
This paradise-tree, so fair and high,  
I view with no aspiring eye:  
Like aspen shake the restless leaves,  
And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,  
Whence frequent falls give no surprise,  
But fits of spleen, call'd *growing wise*.  
Greatness in glittering forms display'd  
Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,  
And by its falsely-envy'd scene  
Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen.  
We should be pleas'd that things are so,  
Who do for nothing see the show,  
And, middle siz'd, can pass between  
Life's hubbub safe, because unseen,  
And 'midst the glare of greatness trace  
A wat'ry sunshine in the face,

<sup>6</sup> Psapho was a Lybian, who desiring to be accounted a god, effected it by this means: he took young birds and taught them to sing, Psapho is a great god. When they were perfect in their season, he let them fly; and other birds learning the same ditty, repeated it in the woods; on which his countrymen offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a deity.

<sup>7</sup> Mr. Glover, the excellent author of *Leonidas*, *Boadicea*, *Medea*, &c.

And pleasure fled to, to redress  
The sad fatigues of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight,  
So much a stranger to our sight,  
Say, goddess, in what happy place  
Mortals behold thy blooming face;  
Thy gracious auspices impart,  
And for thy temple choose my heart.  
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,  
Thy science learn, to bound desire;  
By happy alchemy of mind  
They turn to pleasure all they find;  
They both disdain in outward mien  
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,  
And meretricious arts of dress,  
To feign a joy, and hide distress;  
Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,  
Without an opiate they repose;  
And cover'd by your shield, defy  
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly:  
Nor meddling with the god's affairs,  
Concern themselves with distant cares;  
But place their bliss in mental rest,  
And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,  
The blithsome goddess soothes my care,  
I feel the deity inspire,  
And thus she models my desire.  
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,  
Annuity securely made,  
A farm some twenty miles from town,  
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;  
Two maids, that never saw the town,  
A serving-man, not quite a clown,  
A boy to help to tread the mow,  
And drive, while t'other holds the plough;  
A chief, of temper form'd to please,  
Fit to converse, and keep the keys;  
And better to preserve the peace,  
Commission'd by the name of nie ce  
With understandings of a size  
To think their master very wise.  
May Heav'n (it's all I wish for) send  
One genial room to treat a friend,  
Where decent cup-board, little plate,  
Display benevolence, not state.  
And may my humble dwelling stand  
Upon some chosen spot of land:  
A pond before full to the brim,  
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;  
Belin I, a green like velvet neat,  
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;  
Where od'rous plants in evening fair  
Breathe all around ambrosial air;  
From Eur'ds, foe to kitchen ground,  
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,  
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,  
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;  
With opening views of hill and dale,  
Which sense and fancy too regulate,  
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,  
Like amphitheatre surrounds;  
And woods impervious to the breeze,  
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,  
From hills through plains in dusk array  
Extended far, repel the day.  
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade  
Invite, and contemplation aid:  
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate  
The dark decrees and will of Fete,

And dreams beneath the spreading beech  
Inspire, and docile fancy teach,  
While soft as breezy breath of wind,  
Impulses rustle through the mind,  
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,  
While Pan melodious pipes away,  
In measur'd motions frisk about,  
'Till old Sileus puts them out.  
There see the clover, pea, and bean,  
Vie in variety of green;  
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,  
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,  
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,  
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,  
And silver streams through meadows stray,  
And Naiads on the margin play,  
And lesser nymphs on side of hills  
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife  
May I enjoy a calm through life;  
See faction, safe in low degree,  
As men at land see storms at sea,  
And laugh at miserable elves  
Not kind, so much as to themselves,  
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,  
As can possess, but not enjoy!  
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart  
By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,  
Who wealth, hard earn'd by gully cares  
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.  
May I, with look unglom'd by guile,  
And wearing Virtue's liv'ry-smile,  
Prone the distressed to relieve,  
And little trespasses forgive,  
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,  
And skill to make a busy hour,  
With trips to town life to amuse,  
To purchase books, and hear the news,  
To see old friends, brush off the clown,  
And quicken taste at coming down,  
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,  
And slowly mellowing in age,  
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,  
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,  
Quit a worn being without pain,  
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,  
And what I think, my Memmius, know.  
Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,  
Have never yet my reason foil'd.  
His springy soul dilates like air,  
When free from weight of ambient care,  
And, husb'd in meditation deep,  
Slides into dreams, as when asleep;  
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,  
Proves a Columbus of her own,  
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,  
And through the wilds of endless space,  
Borne up on metaphysic wings,  
Chases light forms and shadowy things,  
And in the vague excursion caught,  
Brings home some rare exotic thought.  
The melancholy man such dreams,  
As brightest evidence, esteems;  
Fain would he see some distant scene  
Suggested by his restless Spleen,  
And Fancy's telescope applies  
With tinctur'd glass to cheat his eyes.  
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,  
I close examine by the light;

For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,  
Dare sun-beam-written truths deny,  
And execute plain common sense  
On faith's mere bewray evidence?  
That superstition mayn't create,  
And club its ills with those of Fate,  
I mean a notion take to task,  
Made dreadful by its visor-mask.  
Thus scruple, spawn of the mind,  
Is cur'd, and certainty I find.  
Since optic reason shows me plain,  
I treaded spectres of the brain.  
And legendary fears are gone,  
Though in tenacious childhood sown.  
Thus in opinions I commence  
Freeholder in the proper sense,  
And neither suit nor service do,  
Nor homage to pretenders shew,  
Who boast themselves by spurious roll  
Lords of the manor of the soul;  
Preferring sense, from chain that's bare,  
To nonsense throu'd in whisker'd hair  
To thee, Creator uncreate,  
O Eternum Eas! divinely great!—  
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,  
Nor near the blazing glory fly,  
Nor staining break thy feeble bow,  
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw:  
Through fields unknown nor meads stray,  
Where no ideas mark the way.  
With tender eyes, and colours faint,  
And trembling hands forbear to paint,  
Who features veil'd by light can hit?  
Where can, what has no outline, sit?  
My soul, the vain attempt forego,  
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.  
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,  
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,  
Nor runs, with wisdom's Syrens caught,  
On quicksands swain'wing shipwreck'd thought;  
But, conscious of his distance, gives  
Meek praise, and humble negatives.  
Is one, no object of our sight,  
Invisible, and infinite,  
Who can't be cruel or unjust,  
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;  
To him my past and present state  
I owe, and must my future fate.  
A stranger into life I'm come,  
Dying may be our going home,  
Transported here by angry Fate,  
The convicts of a prior state.  
Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow  
On matters, I can never know;  
Through life's foul way, like vagrant pass'd,  
He'll grant a settlement at last,  
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,  
By leave to lay his being down.  
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round  
Of life no sooner lost but found,  
And dissolution soon to come,  
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,  
But can't our state of pow'r bereave  
An endless series to receive;  
Then, if hard dealt with here by Fate,  
We balance in another state,  
And consciousness must go along,  
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.  
He for his creatures must decree  
More happiness than misery,

Or be supposed to create,  
Curious to try, what 't is to hate;  
And do an act, which rage infers,  
'Cause lamentest halts, or blindness errs.  
Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail  
On even keel with gentle gale;  
At helm I make my reason sit,  
My crew of passions all submit.  
If dark and blust'ring prove some night,  
Philosophy puts forth her lights;  
Experience holds the cautious glass,  
To shun the breakers, as I pass,  
And frequent throws the wary lead,  
To see what dangers may be hid;  
And once in seven years I'm seen  
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.  
Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,  
I mind my compass and my way,  
With store sufficient for relief,  
And wisely still prepar'd to reef,  
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl  
Of cloudy weather in the soul,  
I make, (may Heav'n propitious send  
Such wind and weather to the end)  
Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,  
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

## AN EPIGRAM,

ON THE REV. MR. LAURENCE SCHWARTZ AND  
BISHOP GILBERT BURNETT'S HISTORIES.

GIL's history appears to me  
Political anatomy,  
A case of skeletons well done,  
And malefactors every one.  
His sharp and strong incision pen  
Historically cuts up men,  
And does with lucid skill impart  
Their inward ails of head and heart.  
LAURENCE proceeds another way,  
And well-dress'd figures doth display;  
His characters are all in flesh,  
Their hands are fair, their faces fresh,  
And from his sweet'ning art derive  
A better scent than when alive.  
He wax-work made to please the sense,  
Whose fathers were GIL's skeletons.

## THE SPARROW AND DIAMOND.

A SONG.

I LATELY saw, what now I sing,  
Fair Lucia's hand display'd;  
This finger grac'd a diamond ring,  
On that a sparrow play'd.  
The feather'd play-thing she caress'd,  
She strook'd its head and wings;  
And while it nestled on her breast,  
She lisped the dearest things.  
With chisel'd bill a spark ill-set  
He loosen'd from the rest,  
And swallow'd down to grind his meat,  
The easier to digest.

She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,  
Her diamond to deprecy:  
'Twas gone! she sicken'd at the sight,  
Mourning her bird would die.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none might use,  
The curtains none undraw,  
The footmen went without their shoes,  
The street was laid with straw.

The doctor us'd his oily art  
Of strong emetic kind,  
Th' apothecary play'd his part,  
And engineer'd behind.

When physic cans'd to spend its store,  
To bring away the stow,  
Dicky, like people given o'er,  
Picks up, when let alone.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,  
He peck'd behind his wing;  
Lucia recovering at the news,  
Relapses for the ring.

Mean while within her beauteous breast  
Two different passions strove;  
When av'rice ended the contest,  
And triumph'd over love.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,  
Thy pains the sex display,  
Who, only to repair a ring,  
Could take thy life away.

Drive av'rice from your breasts, ye fair,  
Monster of foulest misse:  
Ye would not let it harbour there;  
Could but its form be seen.

It made a virgin put on guile,  
Truth's image break her word,  
▲ Lucia's face forbear to smile,  
▲ Venus kill her bird.

### THE SEEKER.

WHEN I first came to London, I rambled about  
From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went out.  
Then on me, in divinity bachelor, try'd  
Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride;  
And urging their various opinions, intended  
To make me wed systems, which they recom-  
mended. [inn,

Said a lech'rous-old fri'r skulking near Lincoln's-  
(Whose trade 's to absolve, but whose pastime 's  
to sin;

Who, spider-like, seizes weak protestant flies,  
Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies;)  
"Ah! pity your soul; for without our church pale,  
If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail;  
The Bible, you boast, is a wild revelation:  
Hear a church that can't err if you hope for sal-  
vation." [grace

Said a formal non-con, (whose rich stock of  
Lies forward expos'd in shop-window of face,)

"Ah! pity your soul: come, be of our sect:  
For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect.  
As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves  
saints, [against,"

Being Christ's little flock every where spoke  
Said a jolly church parson, (devoted to ease,

While penal law dragons guard his golden fleece,)  
"If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither;  
The first is in error, the last a deceiver:  
That our's is the true church, the sense of our  
And surely in *metu satissimus ibi.*" [tribe is,  
Said a yea and nay friend with a stiff hat and  
band, [band,  
(Who while he talk'd gravely would hold forth his  
"Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,  
Though about ways and means they may all dis-  
agree;  
Then prithese be wise, go the quakers by-way,  
'Tis plain, without turnpikes, so nothing to pay."

### ON BARCLAY'S APOLOGY FOR THE QUAKERS'.

THESE sheets primeval doctrines yield,  
Where revelation is reveal'd;  
Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,  
Systems lethargic to the head  
They purge, and yield a diet thin,  
That turns to gospel-chyle within.  
Truth sublimate may here be seen  
Extracted from the parts terrene.  
In these is shown, how men obtain  
What of Prometheus poets feign:  
To scripture plainness dress is brought;  
And speech, appural to the thought.  
They hiss from instinct at red coats,  
And war, whose work is cutting throats,  
Forbid, and press the law of love:  
Breathing the spirit of the dove.  
Lucrative doctrines they detest,  
As manufacturer'd by the priest;  
And throw down turnpikes, where we pay  
For stuff, which never mends the way;  
And tythes, a Jewish tax, reduce,  
And frank the gospel for our use.  
They sable standing armies break;  
But the militia useful make:  
Since all unhir'd may preach and pray,  
Taught by these rules as well as they;  
Rules, which, when truths themselves reveal,  
Bid us to follow what we feel.  
The world can't hear the small still voice,  
Such is its bustle and its noise;  
Reason the proclamation reads,  
But not one riot passion beads.  
Wealth, honour, power the graces are;  
Which here below our homage share:  
They, if one votary they find  
To mistress more divine inclin'd,

This celebrated book was written by its author, both in Latin and English, and was afterwards translated into High Dutch, Low Dutch, French, and Spanish, and probably into other languages. It has always been esteemed a very ingenious defence of the principles of Quakerism, even by those who deny the doctrines which it endeavours to establish. The author was born at Edinburgh in 1648, and received part of his education at the Scots College in Paris, where his uncle was principal. His father became one of the earliest converts to the new sect, and from his example, the son seems to have been induced to tread in his steps. He died on the 3d of October, 1690, in the 42d year of his age.

In truth's pursuit, to cease delay,  
 Throw golden apples in his way.

Place me, O Heav'n, in some retreat;  
 There let the serious death-watch beat,  
 There let me self in silence shun,  
 To feel thy will, which should be done.  
 Then comes the Spirit to our hut,  
 When last the senses' doors are shut;  
 For so divine and pure a guest

The emptiest rooms are furnish'd best.  
 O Contemplation! air serene!  
 From damps of sense, and fogs of spleen!  
 Pure mount of thought! thrice holy ground,  
 Where grace, when waited for, is found.

Here 'tis the soul feels sudden youth,  
 And meets exulting, virgin Truth;  
 Here, like a breeze of gentlest kind,  
 Impulses rustle through the mind;  
 Here shines that light with glowing face,  
 The face divine, that kindles grace;  
 Which, if we trim our lamps, will last,  
 Till darkness be by dying past.  
 And then goes out at end of night,  
 Extinguish'd by superior light.

Ah me! the heats and colds of life,  
 Pleasure's and pain's eternal strife,  
 Beed stormy passions, which confin'd,  
 Shake, like th' Æolian cave, the mind,  
 And raise despair; my lamp can last,  
 Fix'd where they drive the furious blast.

False eloquence! big empty sound!  
 Lits showers that rush upon the ground!  
 Little beneath the surface goes,  
 All streams along, and muddy flows.  
 This sinks, and swells the buried grain,  
 And fructifies like southern rain.

His art, well hid in mild discourse,  
 Exerts persuasion's winning force,  
 And narrates so the good design,  
 That king Agrippa's case is mine.

Well-natur'd, happy shade forgive!  
 Like you I think, but cannot live.  
 Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,  
 That from dependance life exempt;  
 And constitution fram'd so strong,  
 This world's worst climate cannot wrong.  
 Not such my lot, not Fortune's brat,  
 I live by pulling off the hat;  
 Compell'd by station every hour  
 To bow to images of power;  
 And in life's busy scenes intruders'd,  
 See better things, and do the worst.

Eloquent Want, whose reasons sway,  
 And make ten thousand truths give way,  
 While I your scheme with pleasure trace,  
 Draws near, and stares me in the face.  
 "Consider well your state," she cries,  
 "Like others kneel, that you may rise;  
 Hold doctrines, by no scruples vex'd,  
 To which preferment is annex'd;  
 Nor madly prove, where all depends,  
 Industry upon your friends.  
 See, how you like my rueful face,  
 Such you must wear, if out of place.  
 Crack'd is your brain to turn resolute  
 Without one farthing out at use.  
 They, who have lands, and safe bank-stock,  
 With faith so founded on a rock,  
 May give a rich invention ease,  
 And construe scripture how they please.

"The honour'd prophet that of old,  
 Urd Heav'n's high counsels to unfold,  
 Did, more than courier angels, greet  
 The crows, that brought him bread and meat."

### THE GROTTO.

WRITTEN BY MR. GREEN, UNDER THE NAME OF  
 PETER DRAKE, A FISHERMAN OF BREITFORD.

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1782, BUT NOT PUBLISHED.

Scilicet hic possis curvo dignoscere rectum,  
 Atque inter silvas Academi querere verum. Flor.

Our wits Apollo's influence beg,  
 The Grotto makes them all with egg  
 Finding this chalkstone in my nest,  
 I strain, and lay among the rest.

ADIEU awhile, forsaken flood,  
 To ramble in the Delian wood,  
 And pray the god my well-meant song  
 May not my subject's merit wrong.

Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace  
 Gives leave to view what beauties grace  
 Your flow'ry banks, if you have seen  
 The much-sung Grotto of the queen,  
 Contemplative, forget awhile  
 Oxonian towers, and Windsor's pile,  
 And Wolsey's pride<sup>1</sup> (his greatest guilt)  
 And what great William since has built;  
 And flowing fast by Richmond scenes,  
 (Honour'd retreat of two great queens<sup>2</sup>)  
 From Sion-house<sup>3</sup>, whose proud survey  
 Brow-beats your flood, look cross the way,  
 And view, from highest swell of tide,  
 The milder scenes of Sarry side.

Though yet no palace grace the shore,  
 To lodge that pair you should adore;  
 Nor abbies, great in ruin, rise,  
 Royal equivalents for vice;  
 Behold a grott, in Dolphie grove,  
 The Graces' and the Muses' love.  
 (O, might our laureat study here,  
 How would he hail his new-born year!)  
 A temple from vain glories free,  
 Whose goddess is Philosophy,  
 Whose sides such licens'd idols crown  
 As Superstition would pull down;  
 The only pilgrimage I know,  
 That men of sense would choose to go:  
 Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,  
 Urania cheers with heavenly voice,  
 While all the Virtues gather round,  
 To see her consecrate the ground.  
 If thou, the god with winged feet,  
 In council talk of this retreat,

<sup>1</sup> A building in Richmond Gardens, erected by queen Carlisle, and committed to the custody of Stephen Duck. At the time this poem was written many other verses appeared on the same subject.

<sup>2</sup> Hampton Court, begun by cardinal Wolsey, and improved by king William III.

<sup>3</sup> Queen Anne, consort to king Richard II. and queen Elizabeth, both died at Richmond.

<sup>4</sup> Sion-house is now a seat belonging to the duke of Northumberland.



And jealous gods' resentment show<sup>4</sup>  
 At sitars rain'd to men below;  
 Tell those proud lords of Heaven, 't is fit  
 Their house our heroes should admit;  
 While each exists, as poets sing,  
 A lazy lewd immortal thing,  
 They must (or grow in disrepute)  
 With Earth's first commoners recruit.  
 Needless it is in terms unskill'd  
 To praise whatever Boyle<sup>5</sup> shall build;  
 Needless it is the busts to name  
 Of men, monopolists of fame;  
 Four chiefs adorn the modest stone<sup>6</sup>,  
 For virtue as for learning known;  
 The thinking sculpture helps to raise  
 Deep thoughts, the geni' of the place:  
 To the mind's ear, and inward sight,  
 Their silence speaks, and shade gives light:  
 While insects from the threshold preach,  
 And minds dispos'd to musing teach:  
 Proud of strong limbs and painted hues,  
 They perish by the slightest bruise;  
 Or maladies, begun within,  
 Destroy more slow life's frail machine;  
 From maggot-youth through change of state,  
 They feel like us the turns of fate;  
 Some born to creep have liv'd to fly,  
 And change earth-cells for dwellings high;  
 And some that did their six wings keep,  
 Before they dy'd been forc'd to creep;  
 They politics like ours profess,  
 The greater prey upon the less:  
 Some strain on foot huge loads to bring;  
 Some toil incessant on the wing;  
 And in their different ways explore  
 Wise sense of want by future store;  
 Nor from their vigorous schemes desist  
 Till death, and then are never mis'd:  
 Some frolic, toil, marry, increase,  
 Are sick and well, have war and peace,  
 And, broke with age, in half a day  
 Yield to successors, and away.

Let not prophane this sacred place,  
 Hypocrisy with Janus' face;  
 Or Pomp, mixt state of pride and care;  
 Court Kindness, Falshood's polish'd ware;  
 Scandal disguis'd in Friendship's veil,  
 That tells, unask'd, th' injurious tale;  
 Or art politic, which allows  
 The jesuit-remedy for vows;  
 Or priest, perfuming crown'd head;  
 Till in a swoon Truth lies for dead;  
 Or tawdry critic, who perceives  
 No grace, which plain proportion gives,  
 And more than lineaments divine  
 Admires the gilding of the shrine;  
 Or that self-haunting spectre Spleen,  
 In thickest fog the clearest seen;

<sup>5</sup> Richard Boyle, earl of Burlington, a nobleman remarkable for his fine taste in architecture. "Never was protection and great wealth more generously and judiciously diffused than by this great person, who had every quality of a genius and artist, except envy." He died December 4, 1733.

<sup>6</sup> The author should have said five; there being the busts of Newton, Locke, Wollaston, Clarke, and Boyle.

Or Prophecy, which dreams a lie,  
 That fools believe and knaves apply;  
 Or frolic Mirth, prophane<sup>ly</sup> loud,  
 And happy only in a crowd;  
 Or Melancholy's pensive gloom,  
 Proxy in Contemplation's room.

O Delia! when I touch this string,  
 To thee my Muse directs her wing,  
 Unspotted fair! with downcast look  
 Mind not so much the murr'ring brook;  
 Nor fixt in thought, with footsteps slow  
 Through cypress alleys chetish woe:  
 I see the soul in pensive fit,  
 And moping like sick linnet sit,  
 With dazy eye, and moulting wing,  
 Unperch'd, averse to fly or sing;  
 I see the favourite curls begin  
 (Disus'd to toilet discipline)  
 To quit their post, lose their smart air,  
 And grow again like common hair;  
 And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,  
 Raise a red circle round the eye;  
 And by this bar about the Moon,  
 Conjecture more ill weather soon.  
 Love not so much the doleful knell:  
 And news the boding night-birds tell;  
 Nor watch the wainscot's hollow blow;  
 And hens portentous when they crow;  
 Nor sleepless mind the death-watch beat;  
 In taper find no winding-sheet:  
 Nor in burnt coal a coffin see,  
 Though thrown at others, meant for thee:  
 Or when the corruscation gleams,  
 Find out not first the bloody streams;  
 Nor in impress remembrance keep  
 Grim tap'stry figures wrought in sleep;  
 Nor rise to see in antique hall  
 The moon-light monsters on the wall,  
 And shadowy spectres darkly pass  
 Trailing their sables o'er the grass.  
 Let vice and guilt act how they please  
 In souls, their conquer'd provinces;  
 By Heaven's just charter it appears,  
 Virtue's exempt from quattering fears,  
 Shall then arm'd fancies fiercely drest,  
 Live at discretion in your breast?  
 Be wise, and panic fright disdain,  
 As notions, meteors of the brain;  
 And sights perform'd, illusive scene!  
 By magic lantern of the spleen.  
 Come here, from baleful cares releas'd,  
 With Virtue's ticket, to a feast,  
 Where decent Mirth and Wisdom join'd  
 In stewardship, regale the mind:  
 Call back the Cupids to your eyes,  
 I see the gadlings with surprise,  
 Not knowing home in such a plight,  
 Fly to and fro, afraid to light.

Far from my theme, from method far,  
 Convey'd in Venus' flying car,  
 I go compell'd by feather'd steeds,  
 That scorn the rein when Delia leads.

No daub of elegiac strain  
 These holy wats shall ever stain;  
 As spiders Irish wainscot flee,  
 Falshood with them shall disagree;  
 This floor let not the vulgar tread,  
 Who worship only what they dread:  
 Nor bigots who but one way see  
 Through blinkers of authority;

Nor they who its four saints defame  
 By making virtue but a name;  
 Nor abstract wit, (painful regale  
 To hunt the pig with slippery tail!)  
 Artists, who richly chase their thought,  
 Gaily without, but hollow wrought;  
 And beat too thin, and tool'd too much  
 To hear the proof and standard touch:  
 Nor fops to guard this sylvan ark  
 With necklace bells in treble bark:  
 Nor cynics growl and fiercely paw,  
 The mastiffs of the moral law.  
 Come, nymph, with rural honours drest,  
 Virtue's exterior form possess,  
 With charms untarnish'd, innocence  
 Display, and Eden shall commence;  
 When thus you come in sober fit,  
 And wisdom is prefer'd to wit;  
 And looks diviner graces tell,  
 Which don't with giggling muscles dwell;  
 And beauty like the ray-clipt Sun,  
 With bolder eye we look upon;  
 Learning shall with obsequious mien  
 Tell all the wonders she has seen;  
 Reason her logic armour quit,  
 And proof to mild persuasion sit;  
 Religion with free thought dispense,  
 And cease crusading against sense;  
 Philosophy and she embrace,  
 And their first league again take place;  
 And Morals pure, in duty bound,  
 Nymph-like the sisters chief surround;  
 Nature shall smile, and round this cell  
 The turf to your light pressure swell,  
 And knowing Beauty by her shoe,  
 Well air its carpet from the dew.  
 The Oak, while you his umbrage deck,  
 Lets fall his acorns in your neck;  
 Zephyr his civil kisses gives,  
 And plays with curls instead of leaves:  
 Birds, seeing you, believe it spring,  
 And during their vacation sing;  
 And flow'rs lean forward from their seats  
 To traffic in exchange of sweets;

And angels bearing wreaths descend,  
 Prefer'd as vergers to attend  
 This fane, whose deity entreats  
 The fair to grace its upper seats.

O kindly view our letter'd strife,  
 And guard us through polemic life;  
 From poison vehicled in praise,  
 For satire's shots but slightly graze;  
 We claim your zeal, and find within,  
 Philosophy and you are kin.

What virtue is we judge by you;  
 For actions right are beautiful too;  
 By tracing the sole female mind,  
 We best what is true nature find:  
 Your vapours bred from fumes declare,  
 How steams create tempestuous air,  
 'Till gushing tears and hasty rain  
 Make Heaven and you serene again:  
 Our travels through the starry skies  
 Were first suggested by your eyes;  
 We, by the interposing fan,  
 Learn how eclipses first began:  
 The vast ellipse from Scarbro's home,  
 Describes how blazing comets roam;  
 The glowing colours of the cheek  
 Their origin from Phcebus speak;  
 Our watch how Luna strays above  
 Feels like the care of jealous love;  
 And all things we in science know  
 From your known love for riddles flow.

Father! forgive, thus far I stray,  
 Drawn by attraction from my way.  
 Mark next with awe, the foundress well  
 Who on these banks delights to dwell;  
 You on the terrace see her plain,  
 Move like Diana with her train.  
 If you then fairly speak your mind,  
 In wedlock since with Isis join'd,  
 You'll own, you never yet did see,  
 At least in such a high degree,  
 Greatness delighted to undress;  
 Science a scepter'd hand cares;  
 A queen the friends of freedom praise;  
 A woman wise men canonize.



THE  
P O E M S

OF

*JOHN BYROM, M. A. F. R. S.*



THE  
LIFE OF JOHN BYROM.

BY MR. CHALMERS,

---

THE life of Mr. Byrom was written for the Supplement to the Biographia Britannica by Dr. Nichols, with some inaccuracies, and has been copied into Dr. Kippis's edition of that work, without much improvement. By more attention to dates and to contemporary notices than these gentlemen appear to have bestowed, a few additional particulars have been recovered, and the general narrative, it is hoped, rendered more consistent.

John Byrom, a younger son of Edward Byrom, a linen-draper of Manchester, was born at Kersall in the neighbourhood of that town, in 1691, and after receiving such education as his native place afforded, was removed to Merchant Taylor's-school in London, where he made such extraordinary progress in classical learning, as to be deemed fit for the university. At the age of sixteen, he was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, under the tuition of Mr., afterwards Dr. Baker. During his residence here, the proficiency he had made in classical knowledge was probably neither remitted, nor overlooked, but he is said to have paid no greater share of attention to logic and philosophy than was necessary to enable him to pass his examinations with credit. In 1711 he was admitted to his degree of bachelor of arts.

His inclination to poetry appeared very early, but was imparted principally to his friends and fellow-students. The first production, which brought him into general notice, was probably written in his twenty-third year. At this time the beautiful pastoral of Colin and Phebe appeared in the eighth volume of the Spectator, and was, as it continues to be, universally admired.

The Phebe of this pastoral was Joanna, daughter of the celebrated Dr. Bentley, master of Trinity College. This young and very amiable lady was afterwards married to Dr. Demison Cumberland, bishop of Clonfert and Killaloe in Ireland, and was the mother of Richard Cumberland, esq. the well-known dramatic writer, who in his Memoirs, lately published, has honoured her memory with genuine filial affection. It has been asserted, but without any foundation, that Byrom paid his addresses to Miss Bentley. His object was rather to recommend himself to the notice of her father, who was an admirer of the Spectator, and likely to notice a poem of so much merit coming, as he

would soon be told, from one of his college. Byrom had before this sent two ingenious papers on the subject of dreaming to the Spectator, and these specimens of promising talent introduced him to the particular notice of Dr. Bentley, by whose interest he was chosen fellow of his college, and soon after admitted to the degree of master of arts.

Amidst this honourable progress, he does not appear to have thought of any profession, and as he declined going into the church, the statutes of the college required that he should vacate his fellowship. Perhaps the state of his health created this irresolution, for we find that in 1716, it became necessary for him to visit Montpellier upon that account, and his fellowship being lost, he returned no more to the university.

During his residence in France, he met with Malebranche's Search after Truth, and some of the works of Mademoiselle Bourignon, the consequence of which, Dr. Nichols informs us, was, that he came home strongly possessed with the visionary philosophy of the former, and the enthusiastic extravagancies of the latter. From the order of his poems, however, which was probably that of their respective dates, he appears to have been at first, rather a disciple of the celebrated Mr. Law, and a warm opponent of those divines who were termed latitudinarian. His admiration of Malebranche, and of Bourignon, afterwards increased, but he never followed either so far as to despise human learning, in which his acquirements were great; and the delight which he took in various studies, ended only with his life.

By what means he was maintained abroad, or after his return, are matters of conjecture. His biographer tells nothing of his father's inclination or abilities to forward his pursuits. It is said that he studied medicine in London for some time, and thence acquired, among his familiar friends, the title of Dr. Byrom. But this pursuit was interrupted by his falling in love with his cousin, Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph Byrom, a mercer at Manchester, then on a visit in London. To this young lady he disclosed his passion, and followed her to Manchester, where the ardour of his addresses soon procured a favourable return. Her father, however, was extremely averse to the match, and when it took place without his consent, refused the young couple any means of support. Dr. Nichols assigns two reasons for this conduct, which are not very consistent: the one that the father was in opulent circumstances: the other that he thought our poet out of his senses, and therefore would not permit him to superintend the education of his children, but took that care upon himself. If so, however wrong his reasons might be, he could not be said to withdraw his support; and I suspect he was soon convinced that he had formed an erroneous estimate of his son-in-law's understanding and general character.

In this dilemma, however, Mr. Byrom had recourse to the teaching of short-hand writing, as a means of supporting himself and his wife, who adhered to him with affectionate tenderness in all his vicissitudes. Dr. Nichols informs us that he had invented his short-hand at Cambridge on the following occasion: some manuscript sermons being communicated to him, written in short-hand, he easily discovered the true reading, but observing the method to be clumsy and ill-contrived, he set about inventing a better. The account given by the editor of his System, published in 1764, is somewhat different. It is said that the first occasion of his turning his attention that way arose from his acquaintance with Mr. Sharp of Trinity College, son to archbishop Sharp. Mr. Sharp had been advised by his father to study the art, and Mr. Byrom joined him. All the systems then in vogue appearing inadequate to the end, he devised that which now goes by his name. This discovery was made, not without considerable exultation, and provoked Weston, then the chief stenographer, to a trial of skill, or rather

a controversy, which terminated in favour of Byrom. Weston published his system in 1725, and the dispute was carried on probably about that time.

Of the respective merits of these systems, I do not pretend to judge. Angel, another professor of the art, who prefixed a short history of Stenographers to his own system (published in 1758), considers Weston's method as one that few have either capacity, patience, or leisure to learn: he also tells us that Dr. Byrom "so far distinguished himself as a professor or teacher of the art of short-writing, that about the year 1734, he obtained an act of parliament" (perhaps he means a patent) "for that purpose, as presuming he had discovered a wonderful secret: and great care has since been taken to preserve it inviolably such, except to his pupils, in hopes that by exciting a greater curiosity, it might increase their number:" and, as Mr. Angel had a new system to propose, it was necessary for him to add, "that he could discover no peculiar excellence in Byrom's, either in the form of the letters, the rules, or the application of them." Byrom, however, preserved his system in manuscript as long as he lived. When his friends wished to publish it after his death, they found no part of it finished for the press, although he had made some progress in drawing it up in form, enough, says his editor, to show the plan upon which he intended to proceed.

Among his scholars, of whom an ample list is given, in honour of his system, we find the names of many distinguished scholars, of Isaac Hawkins Browne; Martin Folkes, Dr. Hoadley, Dr. Hartley, lord Camden, &c. Lord Chesterfield, according to Dr. Nichols, was likewise taught by him, which appears to be doubtful. The same biographer informs us, that it was Byrom's practice to read a lecture to his scholars upon the history and utility of short-hand, interspersed with strokes of wit that rendered it very entertaining. About the same time he became acquainted with that irregular genius Dr. Byfield, with whom he used to have skirmishes of humour and repartee at the Rainbow-coffee-house, near Temple Bar. Upon that chemist's decease, who was the inventor of the *sal volatile oleum*, Byrom wrote the following impromptu:

Hic jacet Dr. Byfield, diu volatilis, tandem fixus

These circumstances are perhaps trifles, but they prove that the study of the mystic writers had not at this time much influence on our author's temper and habits, and I suspect that it was not until much later in life that he became an admirer of Jacob Behmen.

He first taught short-hand at Manchester, but afterwards came to London during the winter months, and not only had great success as a teacher, but became distinguished as a man of general learning. In 1723-4, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, and communicated to that learned body two letters; one containing some remarks on the elements of short-hand, by Samuel Geake, esq. which was printed in the Philosophical Transactions No. 488, and another letter, printed in the same volume, containing remarks on Mr. Lodwick's alphabet. The summer months he was enabled to pass with his family at Manchester.

By the death of his elder brother, Edward Byrom, without issue, the family estate at Kernall devolved to him. At what time this happened, his biographer has not informed us, but in consequence of this independence, he began to relax from teaching, and passed the remainder of his days in the enjoyment of the quiet comforts of domestic life, for which he had the highest relish, and which were heightened by the affectionate temper of his wife. It is said by Dr. Nichols, that he employed the latter part of his life in writing his poems, but an inspection of their dates and subjects will show that a



very considerable part must have been written much sooner. Some he is said to have committed to the flames a little before his death: these were probably his juvenile effusions. What remain were transcribed from his own copies.

He died at Manchester September 28, 1763, in the seventy-second year of his age. His character is given briefly in these words: "As the general tenour of his life was innocent and inoffensive, so he bore his last illness with resignation and cheerfulness. The great truths of Christianity had made from his earliest years a deep impression on his mind, and hence it was that he had a peculiar pleasure in employing his pen upon serious subjects." Of his family we are told only that he had several children, and that his eldest son was taken early into the shop of his grandfather, where he acquired a handsome fortune.

To this short account it may be added, that his opinions and much of his character are discoverable in his poems. At first he appears to have been a disciple of Mr. Law, zealously attached to the church of England, but with pretty strong prejudices against the Hanoverian succession. He afterwards held some of the opinions which are usually termed methodistical, but he rejected Mr. Hervey's doctrine of imputed righteousness, and entertained an abhorrence of predestination. His reading on subjects of divinity was extensive, and he watched the opinions that came from the press with the keenness of a polemic: whenever any thing appeared adverse to his peculiar sentiments, he immediately opposed it in a poem, but as scarcely any of his writings were published in his life-time, he appears to have employed his pen chiefly for his own amusement or that of his friends.

At what time he began to lean towards the mysticism of Jacob Behmen is uncertain. An anonymous writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. LI.) says, that in 1744 he learned High Dutch of a Russian at Manchester, in order to read Jacob's works in the original, and being asked "whether Jacob was more intelligible in that than in the English translation, he affirmed that he was equally so in both; that he himself perfectly understood him, and that the reason others do not, was the blindness and naughtiness of their hearts." If this account be true, Byrom was farther gone in Behmenism than we should conjecture from his works. It certainly does not appear by them that he really thought he understood Jacob perfectly, for he adopts, concerning him, the reply of Socrates concerning Heraclitus' writings:

All that I understand is good and true,  
And what I don't, is, I believe, so too.

In the present collection may be found a version of one of Behmen's epistles, which will at least afford the reader an opportunity of determining whether it be most intelligible in prose or verse.

The character of Byrom, as a poet, has been usually said to rest on his pastoral of Colin and Phebe, which has been universally praised for its natural simplicity. Yet, if we inquire what it is that pleases in this poem, we shall probably find that it is, not the serious and simple expression of a pastoral lover, but the air of delicate humour which runs through the whole, and inclines me to think, contrary to the received opinion, that he had no other object in view. Much, therefore, as this piece has been praised, he appears to have more fully established his character, in many of those poems, written at a more advanced age, and published, for the first time, in two elegant volumes, at Manchester, in 1773<sup>1</sup>. I allude principally to *The Verses spoken extempore at the*

<sup>1</sup> These for some years past have been sold at a very high price. C.

*Meeting of a Club—The Astrologer—The Pond—Contentment, or The happy Workman*—Most of his Tales and Fables, and the paraphrase on the twenty-third psalm, entitled *A Divine Pastoral*. In these there appears so much of the genuine spirit of poetry, and so many approaches to excellence, that it would be difficult, even upon the principles of fastidious criticism, and impossible upon those of comparison, to exclude Byrom from a collection of English poets. His Muse is said to have been so kind, that he always found it easier to express his thoughts in verse than in prose, and although this preference appears in many cases where the gravity of prose only ought to have been employed, yet merely as literary curiosities, the entire works of Byrom are too interesting to be longer neglected.

It is almost superfluous to add that, with such an attachment to rhyme, he wrote with ease: it is more to his credit that he wrote in general with correctness, and that his mind was stored with varied imagery and original turns of thought, which he conveys in flowing measure, always delicate and often harmonious. In his *Dialogue on Contentment*, and his poem *On the Fall of Man in Answer to Bishop Sherlock*, he strongly reminds us of Pope in the celebrated Essay, although in the occasional adoption of quaint conceits he appears to have followed the example of the earlier poets. Of his long pieces, perhaps the best is *Enthusiasm*, which he published in 1751<sup>2</sup>, and which is distinguished by superior animation and a glow of vigorous fancy suited to the subject. He depicts the classical enthusiast, and the virtuoso, with a strength of colouring, not inferior to some of Pope's happiest portraits in his *Epistles*.

His controversial and critical verses, I have already hinted, are rather to be considered as literary curiosities than as poems, for what can be a poem which excludes the powers of invention, and interdicts the excursions of fancy? Yet if there be a merit in versifying terms of art, some may also be allowed to the introduction of questions of grammar, criticism and theology, with so much ease and perspicuity.

Byrom's lines *On the Patron of England* are worthy of notice, as having excited a controversy which is perhaps not yet decided. In this poem he endeavoured to prove the non-existence of St. George, the patron saint of England, by this argument chiefly, that the English were converted by Gregory the First, or the Great, who sent over St. Austin for that purpose: and he conceives that in the ancient *Fasti*, Georgius was erroneously set down for Gregorius, and that George no where occurs as patron until the reign of Edward III. He concludes with requesting that the matter may be considered by Willis, Stukeley, Ames or Pegge, all celebrated antiquaries, or by the society of antiquaries at large, stating the plain question to be, "Whether England's patron was a knight or a pope?"

This challenge must have been given some time before the year 1759 when all these antiquaries were living, but in what publication, if printed at all, I have not been able to discover. Mr. Pegge, however, was living when Byrom's collected poems appeared, and judged the question of sufficient importance to be discussed in the society.

<sup>2</sup> In 1749 he published *An Epistle to a Gentleman of the Temple*. In 1755 a pamphlet was published, entitled *The Contest*, in which is exhibited a preface in favour of blank verse: with an experiment of it in an ode upon the British country life, by Roger Comberbach, esq.: an epistle from Dr. Byrom to Mr. Comberbach, in defence of rhyme, and an eclogue by Mr. Comberbach, in reply to Dr. Byrom, 8vo. Chester. This pamphlet I have never seen. It was published by Mr. Comberbach, and is probably alluded to in our author's *Thoughts on Rhyme and Blank Verse*. Comberbach was a barrister. C.

His Observations on the History of St. George were printed in the fifth volume of the *Archæologia*, in answer, not only to Byrom, but to Dr. Pettingal, who, in 1760, expressed his unbelief in St. George, by a dissertation on the equestrian figure worn by the knights of the garter; Mr. Pegge is supposed to have refuted both. The controversy was, however, revived at a much later period (1795) by Mr. Milner of Winchester, who, in answer to the assertions of Gibbon, the historian, has supported the reality of the person of St. George, with much ingenuity.

It only remains to be noticed that *The Lancashire Dialect*, printed in Byrom's works, is here omitted as unintelligible to readers in general, and one or two other pieces are likewise rejected, which are offensively tinctured with political prejudices long and deservedly forgotten. Our poet's verses On haying the Picture of F. Malebranche, a pleasing *jeu d'esprit*, is now added from Mr. Nichols' Collection of Fugitive Poetry.

Byrom's devotional pieces are entirely preserved. Those composed on the collects, and on subjects connected with the great festivals of our church, will not, I think, suffer much by a comparison with those of Watts, but it must be confessed that Cowper, in our own times, has given a peculiar and elegant simplicity to this species of poetry which none of his predecessors attained.

## PREFACE

TO THE EDITION PUBLISHED IN 1773 IN TWO VOLUMES OCTAVO.

---

THE publication of the following sheets is in compliance with the request of many of Mr. Byrom's friends, who were much pleased with some of his poetical compositions which had casually circulated in his life-time. Much might here be said of the author's learned and poetical talents; but it does not seem to be the business of an editor to endeavour to anticipate the reader's judgment.—By it's own intrinsic worth, and the candid opinion of the public, the following work is left to stand or fall.

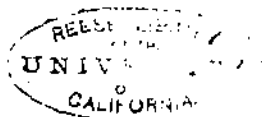
A deference due to the public may however make it necessary to assure them, that the poems here presented are the genuine production of Mr. Byrom. They are carefully transcribed from his own manuscripts; but as many of them were written rather for private, than for public perusal, it is hoped that all favourable allowance will be made for small inaccuracies.

The reader may be surprised perhaps to find in these volumes so many learned and critical questions discussed in verse.—This is indeed a singularity almost peculiar to our author: but he had so accustomed himself to the language of poetry, that he always found it the easiest way of expressing his sentiments upon all occasions. He himself used to give this reason to his friends for treating such subjects in so uncommon a method; and it is presumed, that if they are not found deficient in other respects, the novelty of the manner will be rather a recommendation than otherwise.

At a time when party disputes are so happily subsided, it may seem to want an apology, that in the following collection some few pieces are inserted, which appear to be tinctured with a party spirit<sup>1</sup>. A small attention however will convince the warmest partizan, that what Mr. Byrom has written of this cast was intended to soften the asperity, and prevent the mischiefs of an over-heated zeal. Since this was the author's chief motive for writing, it is imagined no other apology will be necessary for the publication of such pieces.

The great truths of Christianity had made, from his earliest years, a deep impression upon the author's mind; and as it was his manner to commit his sentiments of every kind to verse, so he had a peculiar pleasure in employing his pen upon serious subjects.—To the purposes of instruction, and the interests of virtue, all his abilities were ever made subservient: This will appear, more particularly, from the second volume of the following sheets, in which it was thought proper to select such pieces as treat on subjects of a deeper and more important nature.—The reader, it is not doubted, will be pleased to find that the author's natural talent for wit and humour has so often given place to something more solid and substantial.

<sup>1</sup> Some of these are omitted in the present edition: C.





# POEMS

OF

## JOHN BYROM.

### A PASTORAL

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR, WHEN A STUDENT AT TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND FIRST PRINTED IN THE EIGHTH VOLUME OF THE SPECTATOR.

MY time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,  
When Phoebe went with me wherever I went;  
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:  
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!  
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,  
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!  
When things were as fine as could possibly be,  
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,  
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:  
I was so good-humour'd, so cheerful and gay,  
My heart was as light as a feather all day,  
But now I so cross, and so peevish am grown;  
So strangely uneasy, as never was known.  
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,  
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain, that wont to run sweetly along,  
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;  
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phoebe was there,  
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:  
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,  
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;  
Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?  
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My lambskins around me would oftentimes play,  
And Phoebe and I were as joyful as they,  
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,  
When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their prime;  
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,  
I sing at their fleeces an handful of grass;  
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,  
To see you so merry while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see  
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;  
And Phoebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,  
"Come hither, poor fellow;" and patted his head.  
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look  
Cry "Sirrah;" and give him a blow with my crook:  
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray  
Be as dull as his master, when Phoebe's away?

When walking with Phoebe, what sights have I seen,  
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!  
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,  
The corn-fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing made!  
But now she has left me, tho' all are still there,  
They none of them now so delightful appear:  
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,  
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood thro',  
The lark, linnet, throatsie, and nightingale too;  
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,  
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.  
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,  
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:  
Her voice in the consort, as now I have found,  
Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?  
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?  
Does ought of its sweetness the blossom beguile?  
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?

Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest,  
And made yourselves fine for—a place in her breast:  
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,  
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps, till my Phoebe return!  
While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool breezes I burn;  
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,  
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,  
 And rest so much longer fort when she is here.  
 Ah Colin! old Time is full of delay, [say,  
 Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst

Will no pitying pow'r, that hears me complain,  
 Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?  
 To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;  
 But what swain is so silly to live without love?  
 No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,  
 For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.  
 Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;  
 Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your  
 fair.

### A DESCRIPTION OF TUNBRIDGE,

IN A LETTER TO P. H. ESQ.

DEAR Peter, whose friendship I value much more,  
 Than bards their own verses, or miners their store;  
 Your books, and your bus'ness, and ev'ry thing  
 else,

Lay aside for a while, and come down to the Wells:  
 The country so pleasant! the weather so fine!  
 A world of fair ladies! and delicate wine!  
 The proposal, I fancy, you'll hardly reject,  
 Then hear, if you come, what you are to expect.

Some sev'n or eight mile off, to give you the  
 meeting,

Barbers, dippers, and so forth, we send to you  
 greeting.

Soon as they set eyes on you, off flies the hat,  
 Does your honour want this, does your honour  
 want that?

That being a stranger, by this apparatus [at us.  
 You may see our good manners, before you come  
 Now this, please your honour, is what we call  
 Tooting,

A trick in your custom to get the first footing.

Conducted by these civil gen'tlemen to town  
 You put up your horse, for rhyme sake at the  
 Crown: [word

My landlord bids welcome, and gives you his  
 For the best entertainment the house can afford:  
 You taste which is better, his white, or his red,  
 Respeak a good supper, good room, and good bed:  
 In short—just as travellers do when they light,  
 So, to fill up the stanza—I wish you good night.

But then the next morning, when Phœbus ap-  
 pears, cheers,

And with his bright beams our glad hemisphere  
 You rise, dress, get shav'd, and away to the walks,  
 The pride of the place, of which ev'ry one talks:  
 There I would suppose you a drinking the waters,  
 Didn't I know that you come not for any such  
 matters;

But to see the fine ladies in their dishabille,  
 A dress that's sometimes the most studied to kill.

The ladies you see, ay, and ladies as fair,  
 As charming, and bright as you'll see any where:  
 You eye, and examine the beautiful throng,  
 As o'er the clean walks they pass lovely along;  
 And if any, by chance, looks a little demur'd,  
 You fancy, like ev'ry young fop, you could cure  
 her;

Till from some pretty nymph a deep wound you  
 receive,  
 And yourself want the cure, which you thought  
 you could give.

Not so wounded howe'er, as to make you forget,  
 That your honour this morn has not breakfasted  
 yet;  
 So to Morley's you go, look about, and sit down;  
 Then comes the young lass for your honour's half-  
 crown;  
 She brings out the book, you look wisely upon her,  
 "What's the meaning of this?"—"To subscribe,  
 please your honour:" [ye,  
 So you write, as your betters have all done before  
 'Tis a custom, and so there's an end of the story.

And now, all this while, it is forty to one  
 But some friend or other you've happen'd upon:  
 You all go to church, upon hearing the bell, [tell:  
 Whether out of devotion—yourselves best can  
 From thence to the tavern to toast pretty Nancy,  
 Th' aforesaid bright nymph, that had smitten your  
 fancy; [mands,

Where wine and good victuals attend your com-  
 And wheatears, far better than French ortolans.

Then, after you've din'd, take a view of our  
 ground, [round,  
 And observe the fine mountains that compass us  
 And, if you could walk a mile after your eating,  
 There's some conical rocks, that are worth con-  
 templating;

You may, if you please, for their oddness and  
 make, [o' Peak;  
 Compare 'em—let's see—to the Delet's Arse  
 They're one like the other, except that the wonder  
 Does here lie above ground, and there it lies under.

To the walks, about seven, you trace back your  
 way, [day;  
 Where the Sun marches off, and the ladies trank  
 What crowding of charms! gods! or rather god-  
 desses! [and dresses!

What beauties are here! what bright looks, ah,  
 In the room of the waters had Helicon sprung,  
 And the nymphs of the place by old poets been  
 sung, [reason,

To invite the gods hither they would have had  
 And Jove had descended each night in the season.

If with things here below we compare things on  
 high,

The walks are like yonder bright path in the sky,  
 Where heavenly bodies in such clusters mingle,  
 'Tis impossible, sir, to describe 'em all single:  
 But if ever you saw that sweet creature Miss K—y,  
 If ever you saw her, I say, let me tell ye,  
 Descriptions are needless; for surely to you,  
 No beauty, no graces, can ever be new.

But when to their gaming the ladies withdraw,  
 Those beauties are fled, which when walking you  
 saw:

Ungrateful the scene which you there see display'd,  
 Chance mord'ring those features which Heav'n had  
 made:

If the fair ones their charms did sufficiently prize,  
 Their elbows they'd spare for the sake of their eyes;  
 And the men too—what work! its enough, in good  
 faith it's,

Of the nonsense of chance, to convince any atheist.

But now 'tis high time, I presume, to bid valed,  
 Let us tire you too long with our Tunbridgiale;  
 Which, if the four critics pretend to unravel,  
 Or at these our verses should stupidly cavil;  
 If this be the case, tell the critics I pray,  
 That I care not one farthing for all they can say:  
 And so I conclude, with my service, good Peter,  
 To yourself, and all friends—farewell Muse—  
 farewell metre.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN HORRID AND  
 BARBAROUS ROBBERY, COMMITTED ON EPPING  
 FOREST, UPON THE BODY OF THE CAMBRIDGE  
 COACH. IN A LETTER TO M. F. ESQ.

*Arma virumque cano.*

DEAR Martin Folkes, dear scholar, brother,  
 friend;

And words of like importance without end;  
 This comes to tell you, how, in Epping Hundred,  
 Last Wednesday morning I was robb'd, and plund-  
 er'd.

Forgive the Muse, who sings what, I suppose,  
 Fame has already trumpeted in prose;  
 But Fame's a lying jade: the turn of fate  
 Let poor Melpomene herself relate:  
 Spare the sad nymph a vacant hour's relief,  
 To rhyme away the remnants of her grief.

On Tuesday night, you know with how much  
 sorrow

I bid the club farewell—"I go to-morrow—"  
 To-morrow came, and so accordingly  
 Unto the place of rendezvous went I.  
 Ball was the house, and Bishopsgate the street,  
 The coach as full as it could cram; to wit,  
 Two fellow-commoners de Aula Trin.  
 And eke an honest bricklayer of Lynn,  
 And eke two Norfolk dames, his wife and cousin,  
 And eke my worship's self made half a dozen.

Now then, as Fortune had contriv'd, our way  
 Thro' the wild brakes of Epping Forest lay:  
 With travellers and trunks, a hugeous load,  
 We hagg'd along the solitary road;  
 Where ought but thickets within thickets grew,  
 No house nor barn to cheer the wand'ring view;  
 Nor lab'ring hind, nor shepherd did appear,  
 Nor sportsman with his dog or gun was there;  
 A dreary landscape, bushy and forlorn,  
 Where rogues start up like mushrooms in a morn.

However, since we, none of us, had yet  
 Such rogues, but in a Sessions-paper, met,  
 We jok'd on fear; tho', as we pass'd along,  
 Bobbing was still the burden of the song.  
 With untriy'd courage bravely we repell'd  
 The rude attacks of dogs—not yet beheld.  
 With val'rous talk still bettling, 'till at last  
 We thought all danger was as good as past.  
 Says one—too soon alas! "Now let him come,  
 Full at his head I'll fling this bottle of rum."

Scarcely had he spoken, when the brickman's wife  
 Cry'd out, "Good Lord! he's here, upon my life."  
 Forth from behind the wheels the villain came,  
 And swore such words as I dare hardly name;  
 But you'll suppose them, brother, not to drop  
 From me, but him—"G-d d-n ye, coachman,  
 stop:

Your money, sounds, deliver me your money,  
 Quick, d-n ye, quick; must I stay waiting on ye?  
 Quick, or I'll send"—(and nearer still he rode)  
 "A brace of balls amongst ye all, by —"

I leave you, sir, to judge yourself what plight  
 We all were put in, by this cursed wight.  
 The trembling females into labour fell;  
 Big with the sudden fear, they pout, they swell;  
 And soon, deliver'd by his horrid curses, (purses:  
 Brought forth two strange and preternatural  
 That look'd indeed like purses made of leather;  
 But let the sweet-tongued Manningham<sup>1</sup> say who—  
 A common purse could possibly conceal [ther  
 Shillings, half-crowns, and half-pence by piece-  
 meal.

The youth, who flung the bottle at the knave  
 Before he came, now thought it best to wive  
 Such resolution, and preserve the liquor;  
 Since a round guinea might be thrown much  
 quicker:

So with impetuous haste he flung him that,  
 Which the sharp rascal parried with his hat.  
 His right-hand man, a brother of our quill,  
 Prudently chose to show his own good will  
 By the same token, and without much scruple  
 Made the red-rugg'd collector's income double.

My heart—for truth I always must confess—  
 Did sink—' an inch exactly—more or less?  
 With both my eyes I view'd the thief's approach;  
 And read the case of—Bristol versus Coach.  
 A woeful case, which I had oft heard quoted;  
 But ne'er before in all my practice noted.  
 So when the lawyers brought in their report,  
 Guinea per Christian to be paid in court,  
 Well off, thinks I, with this same son of a whore,  
 If he prefers his action for no more.

No more! why hang him, is not that too much,  
 To pay a guinea for his vile High Dutch?  
 'T is true, he has us here upon the bank,  
 With action strong; and swears to it point blank:  
 Yet why resign the yellow one pound one?  
 No, tax his bill, and give him silver, John.  
 So said, so done, and putting fist to fob  
 I flung th' apparent value of the job,  
 An ounce of silver, into his receiver,  
 And mark'd the issue of the rogue's behaviour.

He, like a thankless wretch, that 's overpaid,  
 Resents, forsooth, th' affront upon his trade;  
 And treats my kindness with a—"this won't do,  
 Look ye here, sir, I must ha' gold from you."  
 To this demand of the ungrateful cur,  
 Defendant John thought proper to demur.  
 The bricklayer joining in the white opinion,  
 Tender'd five shillings to Diana's minion;  
 Who still kept threat'ning to pervade his buff,  
 Because the payment was not prompt enough.

Before the women, with their purses each,  
 Had strength to place contents within his reach,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Manningham; who wrote a pamphlet in  
 defence of the well-known story of the Rabbit-  
 Woman.

<sup>2</sup> An expression used by \_\_\_\_\_ of the Royal  
 Society, and afterwards proverbially adopted in  
 ridicule by the author and his friends.



One of his pieces, falling downwards, drew  
The rogue's attention hungrily thereto.  
Straight he began to damn the charioteer:—  
"Come down, ye dog, reach me that guinea there."  
Down jumps th' affrighted coachman on the sand,  
Ficks up the gold, and puts it in his hand:  
Missing a rare occasion, tim'rous dastard,  
To seize his pistol, and dismount the bastard.

Now, while in deep and serious ponderment  
I watch'd the motions of his next intent,  
He wheel'd about, as one full bent to try  
The matter in dispute 'twixt him and I;  
And how my silver sentiments would hold  
Against that hard dilemma, balls or gold,  
"No help!" said I, "no tachygraphic pow'r,  
To interpose in this unequal hour!  
I doubt—I must resign—there's so defending  
The cause against that murderous fire-engine."

When lo! descending to her champion's aid  
The goddess Short-hand, bright celestial maid,  
Clad in a letter'd vest of silver hue,<sup>3</sup>  
Wrought by her fav'rite Phœbe's hand, she flew.  
Th' unfolded surface fell exactly neat,  
In just proportions o'er her shape complete;  
Distinct with lines of purer flaming white,  
Transparent work, intelligibly bright;  
Form'd to give pleasure to th' ingenious mind,  
But puzzle and confound the stupid hind.

Soon as the wretch the sacred writing spy'd,  
"What conjuration-sight is this," he cry'd!  
My eyes meanwhile the heav'nly vision clear'd,  
It show'd how all his hellish look appear'd.  
(Heav'n shield all travellers from foul disgrace,  
As I saw Tyburn in the ruffian's face;  
And if aright I judge of human mien,  
His face ere long in Tyburn will be seen.)  
The hostile blaze soon seiz'd his miscreant blood;  
He star'd—turn'd short—and fled into the wood.

Danger dismiss'd, the gentle goddess smil'd,  
Like a fond parent o'er her fearful child;  
And thus began to drive the dire surprise  
Forth from my anxious breast, in jocund wise.  
"My son," said she, "this fellow is no Weston<sup>4</sup>,  
No adversary, child, to make a jest on.  
With ink sulphureous, upon human skin  
He writes indenting, horrid marks therein;  
But—thou hast read his fate—the halter'd slave  
Shall quickly sing his penitential stave.

"Pursue thy rout; but when thou tak'st another,  
Bestride some generous quadruped or other.  
Let this enchanted vehicle confine,  
From this time forth, no votaries of mine;  
Let me no more see honest short-hand men  
Coop'd up in wood, like poultry in a pen.  
And at Trin. Col. when'er thou art enlarging  
On Epping Forest, note this in the margin:  
<sup>5</sup> Let Cambridge scholars, that are not quite bare,  
Shun the dishonest track, and ride thro' Ware."

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to some short-hand characters neatly cut in paper by the author's sister, and presented to M. F. esq.

<sup>4</sup> Weston, the inventor of a method of short-hand, then in some vogue; the great irregularity and defects of which our author had often humorously exposed.

"Adieu! my son—resume thy wonted jokes;  
And write account hereof to Martin Folkes."  
This said, she mounts—the characters divine  
Thro' the bright path immensely brilliant shine.  
Now safe arriv'd—first for my boots I wrote—  
I tell the story—and subjoin the note—  
And lastly, to fulfil the dread commands,  
These hasty lines presume to kiss your hands.  
Excuse the tedious tale of a disaster,  
I am your humble servant and Grand Master<sup>5</sup>.

### A LETTER TO R. L. ESQ.

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM LONDON.

DEAR Peter<sup>1</sup>, whose absence, whate'er I may do  
In a week or two hence, at this present I rue;  
These lines, in great haste, I convey to the Mitre,  
To tell the sad plight of th' unfortunate writer:  
You have left your old friend so affect'd with grief,  
That nothing but rhyming can give him relief;  
Tho' the Muses were never worse put to their  
trumps,  
To comfort poor bard in his sorrowful dumps.

The moment you left us, with grief be it spoken,  
This poor heart of mine was as thoff it were  
broken;  
And I almost faint still, if a carriage approach  
That looks like a Highgate or Barnet stage-coach;  
And really, when first that old vehicle gap'd  
To take in friend Pee—so the fare had bet' scap'd—  
If I did not half wish the man might overturn it,  
And wash it to pieces—I am a sou's'd gurnet.

The Rhenish and sugar, which at your de-  
parture [what heartier;  
We drank, would have made me, I hop'd, some-  
yet the wine but more strongly to weeping in-  
clin'd,  
And my grief, I perceiv'd, was but double refi'd:  
It is not to tell how my breast fell a throbbing,  
When at the last parting our noses were bobbing:  
Those sad farewell accents! (I think on 'em still)  
"You'll remember to write John?"—"Yes, Peter,  
I will."

You no sooner was gone, but this famous me-  
tropolis,  
That seem'd just before so exceedingly populous,  
When I turn'd me towards it, seem'd all of a  
sudden  
As if it was gone from the place it had stood in:  
But for squire Hazel's brother, sagacious Jack,  
I should hardly have known how to find my way  
back;  
How he brought me from Smithfield to Dick's I  
can't say,  
But remember the Charter-house stood in our way

At Dick's I repos'd me, and call'd for some  
coffee, [of ye;  
And sweeten'd, and supt, and still kept thinking  
But not with such pleasure as when I came there  
To wait 'till sir Peter should chance to appear:

<sup>5</sup> A title usually given to the author by his short-hand scholars.

<sup>1</sup> R. L. esq. generally called by his college-acquaintance, *sir Peter*.

There, while I was turning you o'er in my mind,  
 "Doctor, how do you do?" says a voice from be-  
 hind; [organ--  
 Thought I to myself I should know that same  
 And who should it be but my friend doctor Mor-  
 gan.

The doctor and I took a small walk, and then  
 He went somewhere else, I to Richard's again:  
 All ways have I try'd the sad loss to forget,  
 I have saunter'd, writ short-hand, eat custard,  
 et cet.

With honest Duke Humphrey I pass the long day,  
 To others, as yet, having little to say;  
 For indeed, I must own, since the loss of my  
 chum,  
 I am grown, as it were, a mere gerund in dumb.

But Muse! we forget that our grief will prevent  
 us [mentous.  
 From treating of matters more high and mo-  
 Poor Jonathan Wild!—Clowes, Peer Williams,  
 and I

Have just been in waiting to see him pass by:  
 Good law! how the houses were crowded with  
 mobs,

That look'd like Leviathan's picture in Hobbs';  
 From the very ground-floor to the top of the  
 leads,  
 While Jonathan past thro' a Holborn of heads.

From Newgate to Tyburn he made his pro-  
 cession,

Supported by two of the nimble profession:  
 Between the unheeded poor wretches he sat,  
 In his night-gown and wig, but without e'er a hat;  
 With a book in his hand he went weeping and  
 praying,  
 The mob all along, as he pass'd 'em, huzzaing;  
 While a parcel of verses the hawkers were hollow-  
 ing,  
 Of which I can only remember these following.

"The cunning old pug, ev'ry body remembers,  
 That when he saw chestnuts a roaring i' th' em-  
 bers,

To save his own bacon, look puss's two foote,  
 And so out o' th' embers he tickled his nuts.  
 Thus many a poor rogue has been burnt in the hand,  
 And 't was all nuts to Jonathan, you understand;  
 But he was not so cunning as Æsop's old ape,  
 For the monkey has brought himself into the  
 scrape."

And now, Peter, I'm come to the end of my  
 tether, [ther:

So I wish you good company, journey, and wea-  
 When friends in the country inquire after John,  
 Pray tender my service t'em all every one,  
 To the ladies at Toft, Mr. Legh of High-Legh,  
 To the Altringham Meeting, if any there be,  
 Darcy Lever, Will Drake, Mr. Cattell, and Cot-  
 tom— [tom!

An excellent rhyme that, to wind up one's bot-  
 Richard's, Monday night,  
 May 24, 1725.

P.S. What news? Why the lords, if the mi-  
 nutes say true, [two,  
 Have pass'd my Lord Bolingbroke's bill three to  
 Three to one I would say; and resolv'd also  
 That the Commons have made good their arti-  
 cles—ho!

And to morrow, earl Thomas's fate to determine,  
 Their Lordships come arm'd both with judgment  
 and ermine: [case,  
 The surgeons, they say, have got Jonathan's car-  
 If so—I'll go see 't—or it shall be a hard case.

VERSES,

SPOKEN EXTEMPORÉ AT THE MEETING OF A  
 CLUB, UPON THE PRESIDENT'S APPEARING IN  
 A BLACK BOB WIG, WHO USUALLY WORE A  
 WHITE TYE.

OUR President, in days of yore,  
 Upon his head a caxen wore;  
 Upon his head he wore a caxen,  
 Of hair as white as any flaxen;  
 But now he cares not of a fig;  
 He wears upon his poll a wig,  
 A shabby wig upon his poll,  
 Of hair as black as any coal.

A sad and dismal change alas!  
 Choose how the duce it came to pass:  
 Poor President! what evil fate  
 Reverse'd the colour of his pate?  
 For if that lamentable dress  
 Were his own choosing, one would guess,  
 By the deep mourning of his head,  
 His wits were certainly gone dead.

Sure it could ne'er be his own choosing  
 To put his head in such a housing:  
 It must be ominous, I fear;  
 Some mischief, to be sure, is near:  
 Nay, should that black foreboding phiz  
 Speak from that sturdy trunk of his,  
 One could not help but think it spoke  
 Just like a raven from an oak.

A caxen of so black a hue,  
 On our affairs looks plaguy blue:  
 We do not meet with such an omen  
 In any story, Greek or Roman:  
 A comet, or a blazing star,  
 Were not so terrible by far;  
 No; in that wig the Fates have sent us  
 Of all portents the most portentous,

Who does not tremble for the Club  
 That looks upon his wig—so scrub!  
 Without a knot! without a tye!—  
 What can we hang together by?  
 So scrub a wig to look upon,  
 How can the dire phenomenon  
 Be long before it has undone us?  
 Oh! 't is a cruel bob upon us.

The President, when's wig was white,  
 He was another mortal quite;  
 Nay, when he sprinkled it with powder,  
 No man in Manchester talk'd louder.  
 How blest were we! but now alas!  
 The wearing of a wig so black  
 Such a disgrace has brought about—  
 Burn it! 't will never be worn out.

Thou art a lawyer, honest Joe,  
 I prithee wilt thou let us know  
 Whether the black act wont extend,  
 So as to reach our worthy friend.

What! can he wear a wig so shabby,  
When folks are hang'd from Waltham Abbey,  
For loving ven'son, and appearing  
So like that head there, so like Fearful.

You're a divine sir; I'll ask you,  
Is that a Christian, or a Jew,  
Or Turk? Aye, Turk, as sure as hope,  
You see the Saracen—in his chops:  
And yet these chops, tho' now so homely,  
Were Christian-like before, and comely:  
That wicked wig! to make a face  
So absolutely void of grace!

You, master doctor! will you try  
Your skill in physiognomy?  
Of what disease is it a symptom?  
Do n't look at me, but look at him, Tom.  
Is it not scurvy, think you?—Yes,  
If any thing be scurvy, 't is:  
A phrenzy? or a periwigmanie  
That over-runs his pericranie?

It seems to me a complication  
Of all distempers, o' some fashion:  
It is a coma, that is plain,  
A great obstruction of the brain:  
A man to take his brains, and bury 'em  
In such a wig!—a plain delirium:  
I never saw a human face  
That suffer'd more by such a case.

If you examine it, you 'll see 't is  
Piss-burnt—that shows a diabetes.  
Bad weather has relax'd, you see,  
The fibres to a great degree:  
Certes the head, in these black tumours,  
Is full of vitiated humours;  
Of vitiated humours full,  
Which shows a numbness of the skull.

So of the rest—But now, friend Thomas,  
The cure will be expected from us;  
For while it hangs on him, of course,  
It will, if possible, grow worse:  
Habit so foul! there is, in short,  
Nothing but salivation for 't:  
But what can salivation do?  
It has been fluxt, and reflux too.

But why to doctors do I urge on  
The bus'ness of a barber-surgeon?  
Your barber-surgeon is the man  
It must be cur'd by, if it can:  
Ring for my landlord Lawsonson;  
Come let 's e'en try what can be done;  
A remedy there may be found,  
Provided that the brain be sound.

#### THE ASTROLOGER.

FELLOW citizens all, for whose safety I peep  
All night at the stars, and all day go to sleep;  
Attend, while I show you the meaning of fate  
In all the strange sights we have seen here of late;  
And thou, O Astrology, goddess divine,  
Celestial decyphers, gently incline,  
Thine ears, and thine aid, to a lover of science,  
That bids to all learning, but thine, a defiance.

For what learning else is there half so engaging,  
A— an art where the terms of themselves are pre-  
saging?

Which by muttering o'er, any gentle mechanic  
May put his whole neighbourhood into a panic;  
Where a noddle well turn'd for prediction, and  
shoes,

If it can but remember hard words, cannot choose,  
From the prince on his throne, to the dairy-maid  
milking,  
But read all their fortunes in yonder blue welkin.

For the sky is a book, where, in letters of gold,  
Is writ all that almanacs ever foretold;  
Which he that can read, and interpret also—  
What is there, which such a one cannot foreseehow?  
When a true sun of art ponders over the stars,  
They reflect back upon him the face of affairs;  
Of all things of moment they give him an inkling,  
While empires and kingdoms depend on their  
twinkling.

Your transits, your comets, eclipses, conjunct-  
ions,  
Have all, it is certain, their several functions;  
And on this globe of Earth here, both jointly, and  
singly,  
Do influence matters most astonishingly. [sings,  
But to keep to some method, on this same occa-  
We'll give you a full and true interpretation  
Of all the phenomena, we have rehearst;  
Of which, in their order; and first, of the first.

As for Mercury's travelling over the Sun,  
There's nothing in that, sire, when all 's said and  
done;  
For what will be, will be; and Mercury's transit,  
I'm positive, will neither retard, nor advance it:  
But when a conjunction, or comet takes place,  
Or a total eclipse, that 's a different case:  
They, that laugh at our art, may here see with  
their eyes, (skies,  
That some things, at least, may appear from the

A conjunction of Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars,  
You may turn, if you please, gentlemen, to mere  
force:  
But what if it plainly appear, that three men  
Are foretold by three planets—what will ye say  
then? [quest,  
Now, to prove this, I 'll only make one small re-  
That is, that you 'll all turn your faces to th' east;  
And then you shall see, 'ere I 've done my epistle,  
If I don't make it out, aye, as clear as a whistle.

In the first place, old Saturn, we very well know,  
Lost his kingdom and provinces some while ago;  
Nor was it long after old Saturn's disgrace,  
That Jupiter mov'd to step into his place;  
And Mars we all know was a quarrelsome bully,  
That beat all his neighbours most unmercifully;  
And now, who can doubt who these gentlemen are,  
Saturn, Jupiter, Mars,—Sophy, Sultan, and Czar.

But to prove, nearer home, that the stars have  
not tri'd, [field!  
Pray have we not lost, cruel star! doctor By-

! Dr. Byfield, a chymist of an extravagant ge-  
nius, and inventor of the sal volatile oecum:  
the author had frequent skirmishes of wit and  
humour with him at Richard's Coffee-house, and  
upon his death wrote the following short epitaph  
impromptu.

Hic jacet Dr. Byfield, diu volatilis, tandem fixus.

Alas! friends at Richard's, alas! what a chasm  
Will be made in the annals of enthusiasm!  
As soon as the comet appear'd in the sky,  
Pray did not the doctor straight fall sick and die?  
I wonder how folk could discover a comet,  
And yet never draw this plain consequence from it.

The death of the regent might show, if it needed,  
Why they saw it in France so much plainer than  
we did; [princes,  
And how well it forebodes to our nobles and  
That its tail was here shorter by several inches:  
But so near to the eagle this comet appear'd,  
That something may happen, it is to be fear'd:  
Great men have been known by the arms which  
they bore,  
Ere—God bless the emperor—I say no more.

And now for th' eclipse, which is such an ap-  
pearance, [hence:  
As perhaps will not happen this many a year  
The king of France dy'd, the last total eclipse,  
Of a mortification near one of his hips;  
From whence by our art may be plainly made out,  
That some great man or other must die at this  
bout:  
Ere as the eclipse is not yet, nor that neither,  
You know 't is not proper to say more of either.

Yet two, that are safe, I shall venture to name,  
Men of figure, and parts, and of unspotted fame;  
Who, all parties will own, are, and always have  
been  
Great ornaments to the high station they're in;  
Admir'd of all sides; who will therefore rejoice,  
When, consulting the stars, I pronounce it their  
voice,  
That, for all this eclipse, there shall no harm befall,  
Those two honest—giants, that are in Guildhall.

So much for great men—I come now to predict  
What evils, in gen'ral, will Europe afflict:  
Now the evils, that conjurers tell from the stars,  
Are plague, famine and pestilence, bloodshed and  
wars,  
Contagious diseases, great losses of goods,  
Great burnings by fire, and great drownings by  
floods; [thunder,  
Hail, rain, frost and snow, storms of lightning and  
And if none of these happen—'t will be a great  
wonder.

### CONTENTMENT:

#### OR, THE HAPPY WORKMAN'S SONG.

I AM a poor workman as rich as a Jew,  
A strange sort of tale, but however 't is true,  
Come listen awhile, and I'll prove it to you,  
So as no-body can deny, &c.

I am a poor workman, you 'll easily grant,  
And I'm rich as a Jew, for there's nothing I  
want, [and cant,  
I have meat, drink, and clothes, and am hearty  
Which no-body can deny, &c.

I live in a cottage, and yonder it stands,  
And while I can work with these two honest hands,  
I'm as happy as they that have houses and lands,  
Which no-body can deny, &c.

I keep to my workmanship all the day long,  
I sing and I whistle, and this is my song,  
Thank God, that has made me so lusty and strong,  
Which no-body can deny, &c.

I never am greedy of delicate fare,  
If he give me enough, tho' 't is never so bare,  
The more is his love, and the less is my care,  
Which no-body can deny, &c.

My clothes on a working day looken but lean,  
But when I can dress me—on Sundays, I mean,  
Tho' cheap, they are warm; and tho' coarse, they  
are clean,  
Which no-body can deny, &c.

Folk cry'n out hard times, but I never regard,  
For I ne'er did, nor will set my heart up o' th'  
ward,  
So 't is all one to me, bin they easy or hard,  
Which no-body can deny, &c.

I envy not them that have thousands of pounds,  
That sport o'er the country with horses and  
hounds; [hounds,  
There's nought but contentment can keep within  
Which no-body can deny, &c.

I ne'er lose my time o'er a pipe, or a pot,  
Nor cower in a nook like a sluggardly sot,  
But I buy what is wanting with what I have got,  
Which no-body can deny, &c.

And if I have more than I want for to spend,  
I help a poor neighbour or diligent friend; [lend,  
He that gives to the poor, to the Lord, he doth  
Which no-body can deny, &c.

I grudge not that gentlefolk dresen so fine;  
At their gold and their silver I never repine,  
But I wish all their guts were as hearty as mine,  
Which no-body can deny, &c.

With quarrels o' th' country, and matters of  
state,  
With Tories and Whigs, I ne'er puzzle my pate;  
There's some that I love, and there's none that  
I hate,  
Which no-body can deny, &c.

What tho' my condition be ever so coarse,  
I strive to embrace it for better and worse,  
And my heart, I thank God, is as light as my  
purse,  
Which no-body can deny, &c.

In short, my condition, whatever it be,  
'T is God that appoints it, as far as I see,  
And I'm sure I can never do better than he,  
Which no-body can deny, &c.

### THE DISSECTION OF A BEAU'S HEAD. FROM THE SPECTATOR, NO. 275.

WE found by our glasses, that what, at first sight,  
Appear'd to be brains was another thing quite;  
A heap of strange stuff fill'd the holes of his skull,  
Which, perhaps, serv'd the owner as well to the  
full.  
And as Homer acquaints us, (who certainly knew)  
That the blood of the gods was not real, and true,

Only something that was very like it; just so,  
Only something like brain is the brain of a beau.

The pineal gland, where the soul's residence is,  
Smelt desperate strong of perfumes, and essences,  
With a bright horny substance encompassed around,  
That in numberless forms, like a diamond, was  
ground;  
In so much that the soul, if there was any there,  
Must have kept pretty constant within its own  
sphere; [traces,  
Having business enough, without seeking new  
To employ all its time with its own pretty face.

In the hind part o' th' head there was Brussels,  
and Mechlin, [ling;  
And ribands, and fringes, and such kind of tack-  
Billet-doux, and soft rhymes lin'd the whole cere-  
bellum; [vellum;  
Op'ra songs and prickt dances, as 't were upon  
A brown kind of lump, that we ventur'd to squeeze,  
Dispers't in plain Spanish, and made us all sneeze.  
In short, many more of the like kind of fancies,  
Too tedious to tell, fill'd up other vacancies.

On the sides of this head were in several purses,  
On the right, sighs and vows; on the left, oaths  
and curses:  
'These each sent a duct to the root of the tongue,  
From whence to the tip they went jointly along.  
One particular place was observed to shine  
With all sorts of colours, most wonderful fine;  
But when we came nearer to view it, in troth,  
Upon examination 't was nothing but froth.

A pretty large vessel did plainly appear [ear;  
In that part of the skull, 'twixt the tongue and the  
With a spongy contrivance distended it was,  
Which the French virtuoses call galimatias;  
We Englishmen nonsense; a matter indeed  
'That most peoples heads are sometimes apt to  
breed;  
Entirely free from it, not one head in twenty,  
But a beau's, 'tis presum'd, always has it in plenty.

Mighty hard, thick, and tough was the skin of  
his front,  
And, what is more strange, not a blood vessel on't;  
From whence we concluded, the party deceast  
Was never much troubled with blushing at least:  
The os cribriforme, as full as could stuff, [snuff;  
Was cramm'd, and in some places damag'd, with  
For beaus with this ballast keep stuffing their crib,  
To preserve their light heads in a true equilib.

That muscle, we found, was exceedingly plain,  
That helps a man's nose to express his disdain,  
If you chance to displeas him, or make a demand,  
Which is oft the beau's case, that he don't under-  
stand. [cle,  
The reader well knows, 't is about this same mus-  
That the old Latin poets all make such a bustle,  
When they paint a man giving his noddle a toss,  
And cocking his nose, like a rhinoceros.

Looking into the eye, where the musclic lay,  
Which are call'd anastorin, that is to say,  
Those muscles, in English, wherewith a man ogles,  
When on a fair lady he fixes his goggles,  
We found 'em much worn; but that call'd th'  
levator, [Nature,  
Which lifts the eyes up towards the summit of

Seem'd so little us'd, that the beau, I dare say,  
Never dazzled his eyes much with looking that way.

The outside of this head, for its shape and its  
figure,  
Was like other heads, neither lesser nor bigger;  
Its owner, as we were inform'd, when alive,  
Had past for a man of about thirty-five.  
He eat, and he drank, just like one of the crowd:  
For the rest, he drest finely, laugh'd often, talk'd  
loud;  
Had talents in's way; for sometimes at a ball  
The beau show'd his parts, and outcaper'd 'em all.

Some ladies, they say, took the beau for a wit,  
But in his head, truly, there lay—dence a bit:  
He was cut off, alas! in the flow'r of his age,  
By an eminent cit, that was put in a rage:  
The beau was, it seems, complimenting his wife,  
When his extreme civility cost him his life;  
For his eminence took up an old paring shovel,  
And on the hard ground left my gear-man to grovel.

Having finish'd our work, we began to replace  
The brain, such as 't was, in its own proper case.  
In a fine piece of scarlet we laid it in state,  
And resolv'd to prepare so extraordinary a pate;  
Which wou'd eas'ly be done, our anatomist thought,  
Having found many tubes, that already were fraught  
With a kind of a substance, he took for mercurial,  
Lodg'd there, he suppos'd, long before the beau's  
barial.

The head laid aside, he then took up the heart,  
Which he likewise laid open with very great art;  
And with many particulars truly we met,  
That gave us great insight into the coquet:  
But having, kind reader, already transgress'd  
Too much on your patience, we 'll let the heart  
rest: [tion,  
Having given you the beau for to day's specula-  
We 'll reserve the coquet for another occasion.

#### A SONG.

WHY, prithee now, what does it signify  
For to bustle, and make such a rout?  
It is virtue alone that can dignify,  
Whether clothed in ermin, or clout.  
Come, come, and maintain thy discretion;  
Let it act a more generous part;  
For I find, by thy honest confession,  
That the world has too much of thy heart.

Beware, that its fatal ascendancy  
Do not tempt thee to moan and repine;  
With an humble, and hopeful dependency  
Still await the good pleasure divine.  
Success in a higher beatitude  
Is the end of what's under the pole;  
A philosopher takes it with gratitude,  
And believes it is best on the whole.

The world is a scene, thou art sensible,  
Upon which, if we do but our best,  
On a wisdom, that's incomprehensible,  
We may safely rely for the rest:  
Then trust to its kind distribution,  
And however things happen to fall,  
Prithee, pluck up a good resolution  
To be cheerful, and thankful in all.

EXTEMPORE VERSES,

UPON A TRIAL OF SKILL BETWEEN THE TWO GREAT MASTERS OF THE NOBLE SCIENCE OF DEFENCE, MESSRS. FIGG AND SUTTON.

LONG was the great Figg, by the prize fighting strains,

Sole monarch acknowledg'd of Marybone plains;  
To the towns, far and near, did his valour extend,  
And swam down the river from Thame to Gravesend;

Where liv'd Mr. Sutton, pipe-maker by trade,  
Who, hearing that Figg was thought such a stout blade,

Resolv'd to put in for a share of his fame,  
And so sent to challenge the champion of Thame.

With alternate advantage two trials had past,  
When they fought out the rubbers on Wednesday last.

To see such a contest, the house was so full,  
There hardly was room left to thrust in your skull.  
With a prelude of cudgels we first were saluted,  
And two or three shouldars most handsomely fluted;

'Till wearied at last with inferior disasters,  
All the company cry'd, "Come, the masters, the masters."

Whereupon the bold Sutton first mounted the stage,

Made his honours, as usual, and yearn'd to eo-  
Then Figg, with a visage so fierce and sedate,  
Came and enter'd the list with his fresh shaven pate;

Their arms were encircled by armigers two,  
With a red ribbon Sutton's, and Figg's with a blue.  
Thus adorn'd the two heroes, 'twixt shoulder and  
elbow, [bilbo,  
Shook hands, and went to't, and the word it was

Sure such a concern, in the eyes of spectators,  
Was never yet seen in our amphitheatres:

Ours commons, and peers, from their several places,  
To half an inch distance all pointed their faces;  
While the rays of old Phoebus, that shot thro' the  
sky-light, [light;

Seem'd to make on the stage a new kind of twi-  
And the gods, without doubt, if one could but  
have seen 'em, [em,  
Were peeping there thro' to do justice between

Figg struck the first stroke, and with such a  
vast fury, [you;

That he broke his huge weapon in twain, I assure  
And if his brave rival this blow had not warded,  
His head from his shoulders had quite been dis-  
carded;

Figg arm'd him again, and they took t'other tilt,  
And then Sutton's blade run away from its hilt.  
The weapons were frighted, but as for the men,  
In troth, they ne'er minded, but at it again.

Such a force in their blows, you'd have thought  
it a wonder, [asunder;

Every stroke they receiv'd did not cleave them  
Yet so great was their courage, so equal their skill,  
That they both seem'd as safe as a thief in a mill:  
While in doubtful attention dame Victory stood,  
And which side to take could not tell for her  
blood,

VOL. XV.

But remain'd, like the man 'twixt two bottles of hay,  
Without ever moving an inch either way.

Till Jove, to the gods, signified his intention,  
In a speech that he made them, too tedious to  
mention;

But the upshot on 't was, that, at that very bout,  
From a wound in Figg's side the hot blood spouted  
out.

Her Indyship then seem'd to think the case plain;  
But Figg stepping forth with a sullen disdain,  
Show'd the gash, and appeal'd to the company  
round, [wound?  
If his own broken sword had not given him the

That bruises and wounds a man's spirit should  
touch,

With danger so little, with honour so much!—  
Well, they both took a dram, and return'd to the  
battle, [rattle;

And with a fresh fury they made the swords  
White Sutton's right arm was observed to bleed,  
By a touch from his rival; so Jove had decreed;  
Just enough for to show that his blood was not  
icor, [liquor.

But made up, like Figg's, of the common red

Again they both rash'd with so equal a fire on,  
That the company cry'd,—"Hold, enough of cold  
iron. [dram'd it,

To the quarter-staff, now had."—So first having  
They took to their wood, and i' faith never sham'd  
it: [some,

The first bout they had was so fair, and so hand-  
That to make a fair bargain, 't was worth a king's  
ransom;

And Sutton such bangs to his neighbour imparted,  
Would have made any fibres but Figg's to have  
smarted.

Then after that bout they went on to another,  
But the matter must end on some fashion or other;  
So Jove told the gods he had made a decree,

That Figg should hit Sutton a stroke on the knee.  
Tho' Sutton disabled, as soon as he hit him,  
Would still have fought on, but Jove would not  
permit him; [to yield,

'T was his fate, not his fault, that constrain'd him  
And thus the great Figg became lord of the field.

Now, after such men, who can bear to be told  
Of your Roman and Greek puny heroes of old?

To compare such poor dogs as Alcides and The-  
To Sutton and Figg would be very facetious. [scus  
Were Hector himself, with Apollo to back him,  
To encounter with Sutton—zooks, how he would  
thwack him!

Or Achilles, tho' old mother Thetis had dipt him,  
With Figg—odds my life, how he would have un-  
ript him!

To Caesar, and Pompey, for want of things  
juster, [pass muster:

We compare these brave boys, but 't will never  
Did those mighty fellows e'er fight hand to fist once?  
No, I thank you; they kept at a laudable distance.

What is Pompey the Great, with his armour be-  
girt, [shirt?  
To the much greater Sutton, who fought in his  
Or is Figg to be pay'd with a cap-a-pee Roman,  
Who scorn'd any fence but a jolly abdomen?

VERSES SPOKEN AT THE BREAKING UP OF THE  
FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, IN MANCHESTER.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

A TALK.

TALE—that will raise the question, I suppose,  
What can the meaning be of three black crows?  
It is a London story, you must know,  
And happen'd, as they say, some time ago.  
The meaning of it custom would suppress,  
Till at the end—but come, nevertheless,  
Tho' it may vary from the use of old,  
To tell the moral 'till the tale be told,  
We'll give a hint, for once, how to apply  
The meaning first—and hang the tale thereby.—

People, full oft, are put into a pother,  
For want of understanding one another:  
And strange, amusing stories creep about,  
That come to nothing, if you trace them out;  
Lies of the day, or month perhaps, or year,  
That serve their purpose, and then disappear;  
From which, meanwhile, disputes of ev'ry size,  
That is to say, misunderstandings rise;  
The springs of ill, from bick'ring, up to battle,  
From wars and tumults, down to tittle tattle.  
Such as, for instance, for we need not roam  
Far off to find them, but come nearer home;  
Such, as befall by sudden misdivining  
On cuts, on coals, on boxes, and on signing,  
Or (may good sense avert such hasty ills  
From this foundation, this assembly) mills:  
It may, at least it should, correct a zeal  
That hurts the public or the private weal,  
By eager giving of too rash assent,  
To note, how meanings, that were never meant,  
Will fly about, like so many black crows,  
Of that same breed of which the story goes.

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,  
One took the other, briskly, by the hand;  
"Hark-ye," said he, "'t is an odd story this  
About the crows!"—"I don't know what it is,"  
Replied his friend.—"No! I'm surpris'd at that;  
Where I come from it is the common chat:  
But you shall hear; an odd affair indeed!  
And, that it happened, they are all agreed:  
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,  
A gentleman, that lives not far from Change,  
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,  
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows."

"Impossible!"—"Nay but it's really true;  
I have it from good hands, and so may you—"  
"From whose, I pray?"—"So having nam'd the man,  
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.  
"Sir, did you tell?"—relating the affair—  
"Yes sir I did; and if it's worth your care,  
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me, [three—"  
But, by the by, 't was two black crows, not  
Resolv'd to trace so wondrous an event,  
Whip, to the third, the virtuoso went.

"Sir"—and so forth.—"Why yes; the thing is  
fact,  
Tho' in regard to number not exact;

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to some local matters then in agitation at Manchester, particularly an application to parliament to destroy the custom of grinding wheat at the school mills.

It was not two black crows, 't was only one,  
The truth of that you may depend upon.  
The gentleman himself told me the case—"  
"Where may I find him?"—"Why in such a  
place."

Away goes he, and having found him out,  
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt—"  
Then to his last informant he refer'd,  
And beg'd to know, if true what he had heard;  
"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?"—"Not  
"Bless me! how people propagate a lie! [I—"  
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and  
one;

And here, I find, all comes, at last, to none!  
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"  
"Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recall  
The matter over."—"And, pray sir, what was 't?"  
"Why I was horrid sick, and, at the last,  
I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,  
Something that was—as black, sir, as a crow."

VERSES

SPOKEN ON THE SAME OCCASION WITH THE  
PRECEDING.

'T is not to tell what various mischief springs  
From wrong ideas fix'd to words, or things;  
When men of hasty, and impatient thought,  
Will not examine matters as they ought;  
But snatch the first appearance, nor suspect,  
What is so oft the case, their own defect.

Defect—which, if occasion offers, makes  
The most absurd, ridiculous mistakes,  
To say no worse—for evils to recite  
Of deeper kind is not our task to night;  
But just to verify a case, or two,  
That grave divines relate; and, when they do,  
Justly remark that, in effect, the prone  
To hasty judgment make the case their own.

When Martin Luther first grew into fame,  
His followers obtain'd a double name;  
Some call'd them Martinists, and some again  
Express'd by Lutherans the self same men;  
Meaning the same, you see, and same the ground;  
But mark the force of difference in the sound:  
Two zealous proselytes to his reform,  
Which then had rais'd an universal storm,  
Meeting, by chance, upon a public walk,  
Soon made religion subject of their talk;  
It's low condition both dispos'd to own,  
And how corrupt the church of Rome was grown;  
In this preliminary point indeed,  
Tho' strangers to each other, they agreed;  
But, as the times had bred some other chiefs,  
Who undertook to cure the common griefs,  
They were oblig'd, by farther hints, to find,  
If in their choice, they both were of a mind:  
After some winding of their words about,  
To seek this secondary problem out,  
"I am," declar'd the holder of the two,  
A Martinist—and so, I hope, are you."—  
"No:"—said the other, growing somewhat hot,  
"But I'll assure you, sir, that I am not;  
I am a Lutheran; and live, or die,  
Shall not be any thing beside, not I."—  
"If not a Martinist,"—his friend reply'd,  
"Truly—I care not what you are beside."

Thus fray began; which critics may suppose,  
But for spectators, would have come to blows;  
And so they parted, matters half discuss'd;  
All in a huff, with mutual disgust.

The prose account in Dr. More, I think,  
Relates the story of two clowns in drink;  
The verse has cloth'd it in a different strain;  
But, either way, the gentle hint is plain,  
That—'tis a foolish bus'ness to commence  
Dispute on words without regard to sense.

Such was the case of these two partizans.  
There is another of a single man's  
Still more absurd, if possible, than this, [yes."  
Must I go on, and tell it you? (Chorus) "Yes

A certain artist, I forget his name,  
Had got for making spectacles a fame,  
Or *helps to read*—as, when they first were sold,  
Was writ, upon his glaring sign, in gold;  
And, for all uses to be had from glass,  
His were allow'd, by readers, to surpass:  
There came a man, into his shop, one day,  
"Are you the *spectacle contriver*, pray?"  
"Yes, sir," said he, "I can, in that affair,  
Captivè to please you; if you want a pair."—  
"Can you? pray do then."—So, at first, he chose  
To place a youngish pair upon his nose;  
And book produc'd, to see how they would fit,  
Ask'd how he lik'd 'em—"Like 'em?—not a  
"Then sir, I fancy, if you please to try, [bit."—  
"These in my hand will better suit your eye."  
"No, but they don't."—"Well, come, sir, if you  
Here is another sort, we'll e'en try these; [please,  
Still somewhat more they magnify the letter;  
Now sir?—"Why now—I'm not a bit the  
better."

"No! Here take these that magnify still more;  
How do they fit?"—"Like all the rest before."

In short, they tried a whole assortment thro',  
But all in vain, for none of 'em would do:  
The operator, much surpris'd to find  
So odd a case, thought, sure the man is blind;  
"What sort of eyes can you have got?" said he.  
"Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see."  
"Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball.—  
Pray, let me ask you—can you read at all?"  
"No, you great blockhead! if I could, what need  
Of paying you for any *helps to read*?"  
And so he left the maker in a heat,  
Resolv'd to post him for an *arrant cheat*.

### THE APE AND THE FOX,

A FABLE SPOKEN ON THE SAME OCCASION.

OLD *Æsop* so famous was certainly right  
In the way that he took to instruct and delight,  
By giving to creatures, beasts, fishes, and birds,  
Nay to things, tho' inanimate, language and words.  
He engag'd, by his fables, th' attention of youth,  
And forc'd even fiction to tell them the truth:

Not so quickly forgot, as the mind is more able  
To retain a true hint in the shape of a fable;  
And allusions to nature insensibly raise  
The reflection suggested by fabular phrase,  
That affords less exception for civil to find,  
While the moral more gently slides into the mind.

Thus to hint that a kingdom will flourish thro'  
most, [post;  
Where the men in high station are fit for their  
And disgraces attend, both on person and station,  
If regard be not had to due qualification;  
He invented, they tell us, this fable of old,  
Which the place I am in now requires to be told.

The beasts, on a time, when the lion was dead,  
Met together in council to choose them a head;  
And, to give to their new constitution a shape  
Most like to the human, they fix'd on the Ape;  
They crown'd, and proclaim'd him by parliament  
And never was monkey so like to a man. [plan,

The Fox, being fam'd for his cunning and wit,  
Was propos'd to their choice, but they did not  
think fit

To elect such a sharper, lest, watching his hour,  
He should cunningly creep into absolute pow'r;  
No fear of king Ape; or of being so rid;  
He would mind his diversion, and do as they did.

Sly Reynard, on this, was resolv'd to expose  
Poor Pug, whom the senate so formally chose;  
And having observ'd, in his rambles, a gin,  
Where a delicate morsel was nicely bung in,  
He let the king know what a prize he had found,  
And the waste, where it lay, was his majesty's  
ground.

"Show me where," said the Ape; so the treasure  
was shown, [own;  
Which he seiz'd with paw royal, to make it his  
But the gin, at same time, was dispos'd to resist,  
And clapping together caught Pug by the wrist;  
Who perceiv'd, by his fingers laid fast in the  
stocks, [Fox.  
What a trick had been play'd by his subject the

"Thou traitor!" said he—"but I'll make thee  
anon,  
An example of vengeance"—and so he went on,  
With a rage most monarchical.—Reynard, who  
ey'd [ply'd,  
The success of his scheme, gave a sigh, and re-  
"Well! adieu royal sir! 'twas a cruel mishap,  
That your majesty's grace did not understand  
*trap!*"

### DULCES ANTE OMNIA MUSÆ.

SPOKEN ON THE SAME OCCASION.

OF all companions, that a man can choose,  
Methinks, the sweetest is an honest Muse;  
Ready, the subject proper, and the time,  
To cheer occasion with harmonic rhyme;  
Of all the Muses (for they tell of nine)  
Melpomene, sweet flowing Mèl, be mine.

Her's the judicious, and the friendly part,  
To clear the head, to animate the heart;  
Their kindred forces tempering to unite,  
Grave to instruct, and witty to delight;  
With judgment cool, with passions rightly warm,  
She gives the strength to numbers, and the charm.

Her lines, whatever the occasion be,  
Flow without forcing, natural and free:



No stiff'ning of 'em with poetic starch,  
Whether her bard is to be grave, or arch:  
Of different topics, which the times produce,  
She prompts the fittest for the present use.

She decks, when call'd, when honour'd to attend  
On sacred Piety,—her best lov'd friend,—  
Decks with a grace, and arms with a defence,  
Religion, virtue, morals, and good sense;  
Whatever tends to better human mind,  
Sets Mel. at work, a friend to all mankind.

A foe, but void of any rancour, foe  
To all the noisy bustlings here below;  
To all contention, clamour, and debate,  
That plagues a constitution, church, or state;  
That plagues a man's ownself, or makes him will  
His other self, his neighbour, any ill.

Life, as Mel. thinks, a short, uncertain lease,  
Demands the fruits of friendship and of peace;  
Arms and the man her sister Clio sings,  
To her she leaves your heroes and your kings;  
To sound the present, or to act the past,  
And tread the stage in buskin, and bombast.

With nymphs and swains fond Mel. would strow  
the fields, [shields]  
With flocks and herds, instead of spears and  
Recall the scenes that blest a golden age,  
E'er mutual love gave way to martial rage;  
And bards, high soaring above simpler phrase,  
To genuine light prefer'd the glaring blaze.

She scorns alike, ignobly to rehearse  
The spiteful satire, or the venal verse;  
Free in her praise, and in her censure too,  
But merit, but amendment is her view;  
A rising worth still higher to exalt,  
Or save a culprit from a future fault.

No sour, pedantical, abusive rage,  
No vicious rant defiles her freest page;  
No vile indecent sally, or prophane,  
To pleasure fools, or give the wise a pain;  
Her merit is aim'd to mend us, if we heed,  
And what the chastest of her sex may read.

She looks on various empires, various men,  
As all one tribe, when she directs the pen;  
She loves the Briton, and she loves the Gaul,  
Swede, Russ, or Turk, she wishes well to all:  
They all are men, all sons of the same sire,  
And must be all below'd, if Mel. inspire.

It would rejoice her votaries to see  
All Europe, Asia, Africa agree;  
"But the new world, new England's dire alarms!  
Should not Melpomene now sing to arms?"—  
No, she must ever wish all war to cease,  
While folks are fighting, she must hold her peace.

Content to hope that, what events are due  
Will bless new England, and old England too;  
Friend to fair traders, and free navigation,  
And friend to Spain, but foe to depredation:  
And friend to France, but let heroic Clio  
Demolish French encroachments at Ohio.

Safe from all foreign and domestic foes  
Be all your liberties in verse or prose:  
Be safe abroad your colonies, your trade,  
From *guarda-costas*, and from *guardacoste*:

At home, your lives, your acres, and your bags;  
And plots against ye vanish all to rage.

But much of safety, let concluding line  
Observe, depends upon yourselves—in fine,  
Home or abroad, the world is but a school,  
Where all things roll to teach one central rule,  
That is, if you would prosper, and do well,  
Love one another, and remember Mel.

### THE COUNTRY FELLOWS AND THE ASS

A FABLE. SPOKE ON THE SAME OCCASION.

A COUNTRY fellow and his son, they tell  
In modern fables, had an ass to sell:  
For this intent they turn'd it out to play,  
And fed so well, that by the destin'd day,  
They brought the creature into sleek repair,  
And drove it gently to a neighb'ring fair.

As they were jogging on, a rural class [as]  
Was heard to say: "Look! look there, at that  
And those two blockheads trudging on each side,  
That have not, either of 'em, sense to ride;  
Asses all three!"—And thus the country folks  
On man and boy began to cut their jokes.

Th' old fellow minded nothing that they said,  
But ev'ry word stuck in the young one's head;  
And thus began their comment there upon:  
"Ne'er heed 'em, lad."—"Nay, father, do get on!"  
"Not I indeed."—"Why then let me, I pray."  
"Well do; and see what prating tongues will say."

The boy was mounted; and they had not got  
Much farther on, before another knot,  
Just as the ass was pacing by, pad pad,  
Cried, "O! that lazy looby of a lod!  
How unconcernedly the gaping brute  
Lets the poor aged fellow walk a foot."

Down came the son, on hearing this account,  
And berg'd and pray'd, and made his father mount:  
Till a third party, on a farther stretch,  
"See! see!" exclaim'd, "that old hard hearted  
wretch!  
How like a justice there he sits, or squire;  
While the poor lad keeps wading thro' the mire."

"Stop," cried the lad, still deeper vex'd in mind,  
"Stop father; stop; let me get on behind."  
Thus done, they thought they certainly should  
please,  
Escape reproaches, and be both at ease;  
For having tried each practicable way,  
What could be left for jokers now to say?

Still disappointed, by succeeding tone,  
"Hark ye, you fellows! Is that *ass* your own?  
Get off, for shame! Or one of you at least,  
You both deserve to carry the poor beast;  
Ready to drop down dead upon the road,  
With such an huge, unconscionable load."

On this, they both dismounted; and some say,  
Contriv'd to carry, like a truss of hay,  
The *ass* between 'em; prints, they add, are seen  
With man and lad, and slinging *ass* between:  
Others omit that fancy in the print,  
As overstraining an ingenious hint.

The copy that we follow; says, The man  
Rubb'd down the ass, and took to his first plan;  
Walk'd to the fair, and sold him, got his price,  
And gave his son this pertinent advice:  
"Let talkers talk; stick thou to what is best;  
To think of pleasing all—is all a jest."

## SPOKEN ON THE SAME OCCASION.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas  
Corpora.*

Pythagoras, an ancient sage, opin'd  
That form and shape were indexes of mind;  
And minds of men, when they departed hence,  
Would all be form'd according to this sense:  
Some animal, or human shape again,  
Would show the minds of all the former men.

Let us adopt this transmigration plan,  
And mark how animal exhibits man:  
Tyrant, for instance, (to begin with those  
Who make the greatest noise, the greatest woes.)  
Of their dominion lions are the key,  
That reign in deserts now, and hunt their prey;  
Sometimes dethron'd, and brought upon a stage,  
Or coup'd, like Bajazet, within a cage;  
For serpence, safe from all tyrannic harms,  
One may see kings, perhaps, at the King's arms.  
See savage monarchs, who had shown before  
The dusky temper of the wildest boar,  
Vest'd in proper shape, when they are dead,  
Revid' and caught, and shown at the Boar's-head.

In some tam'd elephants our eyes may scan  
The once great, rich, o'ergrown, half-reas'ning man:  
My lord had sense to wind into his maw  
All within reach, that lay within the law;  
What would have fed a thousand mouths was sunk  
To fill his own, by hugeous length of trunk,  
He grew to monstrous grandeur, liv'd a show;  
And stones high rais'd told where he was laid low:  
By transmigration it appears at least,  
That such great man is really a great beast.

From animals, that once were men, to pass  
To men, of now almost ambiguous class:  
Players, and Harlequins, and pantonimes,  
Who sell their shapes, to mimic men and times;  
With all the servile, second-handed tribe  
Of imitators, endless to describe,  
In their own figures when they come to range,  
With small transition into monkeys change:  
For now men-monkeys have not in their view  
What should be done by men, but what they do.

Of tempers, by inferior forms express'd,  
And seen for nothing, something may be guess'd.  
When the sly fox ensnares the silly geese,  
Who does not see that mind is of a piece  
With former lawyers, who devour'd by far  
The sillier clients drown into the bar?  
"Why not physicians?" Hear the lawyer say;  
"Are not they too as wily in their way?"  
"Why yes, dear barrister; but then they own  
The shapes in which their cunning arts are shown:  
Serpents confess, around the rod entwinn'd,  
Why or wise the Esculapian kind."

"Why not divines?" The doctor may object;  
"They have devourers too in every sect;"  
"True: but if one devour, there is for him  
A transmigration more upon the grim;

In human shape when he has spent his years,  
Script of sheep's clothing, real wolf appears."

Plain in four footed animals, let's try  
Instance, that first occurs, in such as fly:  
The parrot shows, by its unmeaning prate,  
Full many a talker's metamorphos'd fate,  
Whose tongue outstrips the clapper of a mill,  
And still keeps saying the same nothing still:  
As full the city, and as full the court,  
As India's woods, with creatures of this sort.  
If rightly the gay feather'd bird foretels  
The future shape of eloquent belles,  
Or beaux, transmigrated, the human dolls  
Will talk, and shine caress'd in pretty Polls.

Belles, you may see, pursue a butterfly  
With painted wings that flutter in the sky;  
And sparkling to the solar rays, unfold  
Red mix'd with purple, green with shining gold;  
Nor wonder at the fond pursuit, for know  
That this same butterfly was once a beau;  
And, dress'd according to the newest whim,  
Ran after them, as they run after him.

Footed or flying, all decypher men:  
Enough to add one other instance then,  
One from a courtier, a creeping thing;  
He takes new colours as there comes new king;  
Lives upon airy promises, and dies;  
His transmigration can be no surprise;  
Cameleon-shape by that he comes to share;  
Still changes colours, and still feeds on air.

By his ingenious fiction, in the end,  
What could the wise Pythagoras intend?  
'Too wise a man not to intend a clue  
To change, hereafter, literally true.  
The solar system of our boasted age  
Was known of old to this enlighten'd sage:  
So might his thoughts on man's immortal soul,  
How'er express'd, be right upon the whole:  
He meant, one need not scruple to affirm,  
This real truth, by transmigration term.

Our tempers here must point to the degree  
In which hereafter we design to be.  
From vice in minds, undoubtedly will grow  
More ugly shapes than any here below;  
But sacred virtue, piety, and love,  
What beautiful forms will they produce above?

## THE POND.

*At qui tantulo eget, quanto est opus, is neque limo  
Turbatum haurit aquam, neque vitam amittit is  
undis.* Hor.

Once on a time, a certain man was found  
That had a pond of water in his ground:  
A fine large pond of water fresh and clear,  
Enough to serve his turn for many a year.  
Yet so it was—a strange unhappy dread  
Of wanting water seiz'd the fellow's head:  
When he was dry, he was afraid to drink  
Too much at once, for fear his pond should sink.  
Perpetually tormented with this thought,  
He never ventur'd on a hearty draught;  
Still dry, still fearing to exhaust his store,  
When half refresh'd, he frugally gave o'er;  
Revising of himself revis'd his fright,  
"Better," quoth he, "to be half chok'd than  
quite."

Upon his pond continually intent,  
In cares and pains his anxious life he spent;  
Consuming all his time and strength away,  
To make the pond rise higher every day:  
He work'd and Jav'd, and—oh! how slow it fills!  
Pour'd in by pail-fulls, and took out—by gills.  
In a wet season—he would skip about,  
Placing his buckets under ev'ry spout;  
From falling show'rs collecting fresh supply,  
And grudging ev'ry cloud—that passed by;  
Cursing the dryness of the times each hour,  
Altho' it rain'd as fast as it could pour.  
Then he would wade thro' ev'ry dirty spot,  
Where any little moisture could be got;  
And when he had done draining of a bog,  
Still kept himself as dirty as a hog:  
And cry'd, when'er folks blam'd him, "What  
d'ye mean!

It costs—a world of water to be clean!"  
If some poor neighbour crav'd to slake his thirst,  
"What!—rob my pond! I'll see the rogue hang'd  
A burning shame, these vermin of the poor {first:  
Should creep unpunish'd thro' about my door!  
As if I had not frogs and toads enoo,  
That suck my pond whatever I can do."

The Sun still found him, as he rose or set,  
Always of quest in matters—that were wet:  
Betimes he rose to sweep the morning dew,  
And rested late to catch the ev'ning too.  
With soughs and troughs he labour'd to enrich  
The rising pond from ev'ry neighb'ring ditch;  
With soughs, and troughs, and pipes, and cuts,  
and sluices,

From growing plants he drain'd the very juices;  
Made ev'ry stick of wood upon the hedges  
Of good behaviour to deposit pledges;  
By some conveyance or another, still  
Devis'd recruits from each declining hill:  
He left, in short, for this beloved plunder  
No stone unturn'd—that could have water under.

Sometimes—when forc'd to quit his awkward  
toil,  
And—sore against his will—to rest awhile;  
Then straight he took his book, and down he sat  
To calculate th' expenses he was at;  
How much he suffer'd, at a mod'rate guess,  
From all those ways by which the pond grew less;  
For as to those by which it still grew bigger,  
For them he reckon'd—not a single figure:  
He knew a wise old saying, which maintain'd  
That 't was bad luck to count what one had gain'd.

"First, for myself—my daily charges here  
Cost a prodigious quantity a year:  
Altho', thank Heaven, I never boil my meat,  
Nor am I such a sinner as to sweat;  
But things are come to such a pass, indeed  
We spend ten times the water that we need;  
People are grown with washing, cleansing, rinc-  
ing,

So finical and nice, past all convincing;  
So many proud fantastic modes in short  
Are introduc'd, that my poor pond pays for't.

"Not but I could be well enough content  
With what, upon my own account, is spent;  
But those large articles, from whence I reap  
No kind of profit, strike me on a heap:  
What a vast deal each moment, at a sup,  
This ever thirsty Earth itself drinks up!  
Such holes! and gaps! Alas! my pond provides  
Scarce for its own unconscionable sides:

Nay, how can one imagine it should thrive,  
So many creatures as it keeps alive!  
That creep from ev'ry nook and corner, marry!  
Filching as much as ever they can carry:  
Then all the birds that fly along the air  
Light at my pond, and come in for a share:  
Item, at ev'ry puff of wind that blows,  
Away at once—the surface of it goes:  
The rest, in exhalations to the Sun—  
One month's fair weather,—and I am undone."

This life he led for many a year together;  
Grew old and grey in watching of his weather;  
Meagre as Death itself, till this same Death  
Stopt, as the saying is, his vital breath;  
For as th' old fool was carrying to his field  
A heavier burthen than he well could wield,  
He mis'd his footing, or some how he fumbld  
In tumbling of it in—but in he tumbled:  
Mighty desirous to get out again,  
He scream'd and scamm'd, but 'twas all in vain:  
The place was grown so very deep and wide,  
Nor bottom of it could he feel, nor side,  
And so—'t the middle of his pond—he dy'd.

What think ye now from this imperfect sketch,  
My friends, of such a miserable wretch?—  
"Why, 'tis a wretch, we think, of your own mak-  
No fool can be suppos'd in such a taking; [ing.  
Your own warm fancy"—Nay, but warm at  
cool,

The world abounds with many such a fool:  
The choicest ills, the greatest torments, sure  
Are those, which numbers labour to endure.—  
"What! for a pond?"—Why, call it an *etank*;  
You change the name, but realize the fate.

### THE NIMMER.

Two foot companions once in deep discourse,  
"Tom," says the one—"let's go and steal a horse."  
"Steal!" says the other, in a huge surprise,  
"He that says I'm a thief—I say he lies."  
"Well, well," replies his friend,—no such affront,  
I did but ask ye—if you won't—you won't."  
So they jogg'd on—till, in another strain,  
The querist mov'd to *honest Tom* again;  
"Suppose," says he,—for supposition sake,—  
'Tis but a supposition that I make,—  
Suppose—that we should *filch* a horse, I say!"  
"Filch! filch!" quoth Tom,—demurring by the  
way;

"That's not so bad as downright *theft*—I own—  
But—yet—methinks—'twere better let alone:  
It soundeth something pitiful and low;  
Shall we go *filch* a horse, you say—why no—  
I'll filch no filching;—and I'll tell no lie:  
Honesty's the best policy—say I."

Struck with such vast integrity quite dumb  
His comrade paus'd—at last, says he,—*"Come,*  
Thou art an *honest* fellow—I agree— [come;  
Honest and poor;—alas! that should not be:  
And dry into the bargain—and no drink!  
Shall we go *nim* a horse, Tom,—what dost' think?"

How clear things are when liquor's in the case!  
Tom answers quick, with casuistic grace,  
"Nim? yes, yes, yes, let's *nim* with all my heart,  
I see no harm in *running*, for my part;  
Hard is the case, now I look sharp into't,  
That *honesty* should trudge i'th' dirt a foot;

So many empty horses round about,  
That honesty should wear its bottoms out;  
Besides—shall honesty be chok'd with thirst?  
Were it my lord mayor's horse—I'd *miss* it first.  
And—by the by—my last—no scrubby tit—  
There is the best that ever wore a bit, [friend,  
Not far from hence—"I take ye," quoth his  
"Is not you stable, Tom, our journey's end."  
Good wits will jump—both meant the very  
steed;

The top o'th' country, both for shape and speed:  
So to't they went—and, with an halter round  
His father'd neck, they *miss'd* him off the ground.

And now, good people, we should next relate  
Of these adventurers the luckless fate:  
Poor Tom!—but here the sequel is to seek,  
Not being yet translated from the Greek:  
Some say, that Tom would honestly have peach'd,  
But by his blabbing friend was over-reach'd;  
Others insist upon't that both the elves  
Were, in like manner, *halter-miss'd* themselves.

It matters not—the *moral* is the thing,  
For which our purpose, neighbours, was to sing.  
If it should hit some few amongst the throng,  
Let 'em not lay the fault upon the song  
For warning all: he that has got a cap,  
Now put it on—or else beware a rap:  
'Tis but a short one, it is true, but yet  
Has a long reach with it—videlicet,  
Twist right and wrong how many gentle trimmers  
Will neither steal nor fitch, but will be plaguy  
Nimmers!

### CARELESS CONTENT.

I AM content, I do not care,  
Wag as it will the world for me;  
When fuss and fret was all my fare,  
It got no ground as I could see:  
So when away my caring went,  
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,  
I strive to make my matters meet;  
To seek what ancient sages sought,  
Physic and food in sour and sweet:  
To take what passes in good part,  
And keep the biccupps from the heart.

With good and gentle humour'd hearts,  
I choose to chat where e'er I come,  
Whate'er the subject be that starts;  
But if I get among the gium,  
I hold my tongue to tell the truth,  
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain;  
For Fortune's favour or her frown;  
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,  
I never dodge, nor up nor down:  
But swing what way the ship shall swim,  
Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,  
Nor trace the turn of ev'ry tide;  
If simple sense will not succeed  
I make no bustling, but abide:  
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,  
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,  
Of they're i'th' wrong, and we're i'th' right,  
I shun the rancours and the routs,  
And wishing well to every wight,  
Whatever turn the matter takes,  
I deem it all but ducks and drakes,

With whom I feast I do not fawn,  
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint;  
If wanted welcome be withdrawn,  
I cook no kind of a complaint:  
With none dispos'd to disagree,  
But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rale  
How all my betters should behave;  
But fame shall find me no man's fool,  
Nor to a set of men a slave;  
I love a friendship free and frank,  
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,  
I never loose where'er I link;  
Tho' if a bus'ness budges by,  
I talk thereon just as I think:  
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,  
Still on a side together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,  
Whatever hap the question hath,  
The point impartially I poise,  
And read or write, but without wrath;  
For should I burn, or break my brains,  
Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself,  
Myself like him too, by his leave;  
Nor to his pleasure, pow'r, or pelf,  
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:  
Dame Nature doubtless has design'd  
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,  
Mood it and brood it in your breast;  
Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,  
That man does right to mar his rest,  
Let me be deft, and debonair,  
I am content, I do not care.

### ON PATIENCE.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND.

#### PART I.

"A *VERS* on patience?" Yes;—but then prepare  
Your mind, friend T—c—t, with a reading share;  
Or else 't will give you rather less than more,  
To hear it mention'd, than you had before:  
If *mine* to write, remember, 't is *your* task  
To bear the lines, which you are pleas'd to ask.

Patience the theme?—a blessed inmate this!  
The nursing parent of our bosom bliss:  
Abroad for bliss she hides us not to roam,  
But cultivate its real fund at home:  
A noble treasure—when the patient soul  
Sits in the centre, and surveys the whole.

The bustling world, to fetch her out from thence,  
Will urge the various, plausible pretence;  
Will praise perfections of a grander name,  
Sound great exploits, and call her out to fame;

Amuse and flatter, till the soul, too prone  
To self-activity, deserts her throne.

Be on your guard—the business of a man  
Is, to be sure, to do what good he can;  
But first at home; let patience rule within  
Where charity, you know, must first begin:  
Not monied love, as fondly understood,  
But calm, sedate propensity to good;

The genuine product of the virtue, friend,  
Which you oblige me here to recommend;  
The trial this of all the rest beside,  
For without patience they are all but pride:  
A strong ambition shines within its sphere,  
But proves its weakness—when it cannot bear.

There lies the test; bring ev'ry thing to that;  
It shows us plainly what we would be at:  
Of gen'rous actions we may count the sum,  
But scarce the worth, till disappointments come:  
Men oft are then most gen'rously absurd,  
Their own good actions have their own bad word.

Impatience hates ingratitude, forsooth;  
Why—it discovers an ungrateful truth;  
That having done for interest or fame  
Such and such doings, she has lost her aim;  
While thankless people, really in her debt,  
Have all got theirs—and put her in a fret.

Possess of patience, a right humble mind,  
At all events, is totally resign'd;  
Does good for sake of good, not for th' event,  
Leaves that to Heav'n, and keeps to its content:  
Good to be done, or to be suffer'd ill,  
It acts, it bears with meek submissive will—

“Enough, enough.—Now tell me, if you please,  
How is it to be had, this mental ease?”  
God knows, I do not, how it is acquir'd—  
But this I know—if heartily desir'd,  
We shall be thankful for the donor's leave  
To ask—to hope—and wait till we receive.

## PART II.

“Virtues,” you say, “by patience must be tried—  
If that be wanting, they are all but pride,  
Of rule so strict, I want to have a clue.”  
Well, if you'll have the same indulgence too,  
And take a fresh compliance in good part,  
I'll do the best I can with all my heart.

Pride is the grand distemper of the mind;  
The source of ev'ry vice of ev'ry kind:  
That love of self, wherein its essence lies,  
Gives birth to vicious tempers, and supplies:  
We coin a world of names for them, but still  
All comes to fondness for our own dear will.

We see, by facts, upon the triple stage  
Of present life, youth, manhood, and old age,  
How to be pleas'd—be honour'd—and be rich—  
These three conditions commonly bewitch:  
From young to old, if human faults you weigh,  
'Tis selfish pride, that grows from green to grey.

Pride is, indeed, a more accustom'd name  
For quest of grandeur, eminence, or fame;  
But that of pleasure, that of gold betrays  
What inward principle it is that sways:  
The rake's young dotage, and the miser's old,  
One same enslaving love to self unfaul.

If pride be thus the fountain of all vice;  
Whence must we say that virtue has its rise,  
But from humility? and what the sure,  
And certain sign, that even this is pure?  
For pride itself will in its dress appear,  
When nothing touches that same self too near.

But when provok'd, and say unjustly too,  
Then pride disrobes; then what a huge ado!  
Then who can blame the passion of a pride  
That has got reason, reason of its side;  
“He's in the wrong—and I am in the right—  
Resentment come, Humility, good night!”

Now the criterion, I apprehend,  
On which, if any, one may best depend,  
Is patience;—is the bear and the forbear;  
To which the truly virtuous adhere;  
Resolv'd to *suffer*, without pro and con,  
A thousand evils, rather than do one.

Not to have patience, and yet not be proud,  
Is contradiction not to be allow'd:  
All eyes are open to so plain a cheat,  
But of the blinded by the self-deceit;  
Who, with a like consistency, may tell  
That nothing ails them, tho' they are not well.

Strict is the rule; but notwithstanding *trac*;  
However I fall short of it, or *gor*:  
Best to increase our stock, if it be small,  
By dealing in it with our neighbours all;  
And then, who knows, but we shall in the end,  
Learn to have patience with ourselves—and *meek*.

## REMARKS

UPON DR. AKENSIDE'S AND MR. WHITEHEAD'S  
VERSES WHICH WERE PUBLISHED AND AD-  
DRESSED TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND, IN THE  
YEAR 1758.

“WHITHER is Europe's ancient spirit fled?”  
How came this query in the doctor's head?  
Whither is Britain's—one had sooner guess'd,  
In ode to his own countrymen address'd:  
But as outlandish rivers soon infer it,  
(Six in three lines) it must be Europe's spirit.

Of “valiant tenants of her shore,” 'tis said,  
“Who from the warrior bow the strong dart  
sped!”—  
Let bow be warrior, and let dart be strong;  
Verse does not speed so speedily along;  
“The strong dart sped”—does but go thump,  
thump, thump, [plump-  
That quick as thrown should pierce the liver

“And with firm hand the rapid poleax bore”—  
If it had been the *rapid* dart, before,

1 ——— rusticorum mascula militum  
Polce, Sabchis docta ligoibus  
versare glebas. Hor.

Whither is Europe's ancient spirit fled?  
Where are the valiant tenants of her shore?  
Who from the warrior bow the strong dart sped,  
Or with firm hand the rapid poleax bore?

See an Ode to the Country Gentlemen of Eng-  
land by Dr. Akenside.

And the *strong* poleax, here, it had agreed  
With a firm bold as well, and darting speed:  
Whither are fled from ode-versification,  
The ancient—Pleasures of Imagination?<sup>2</sup>

Really these fighting poets want a tutor,  
To teach them—*ultra crepidam ne sutor;*  
To teach the doctor, and to teach the laureat,  
Ex *Helicone sanguinem ne hauriat:*  
Tho' blood and wounds infect its limpid stream,  
It should run clear before they sing a theme.

Ye—"Britons rouse to deeds of death!"—says  
one;<sup>3</sup>  
"Whither," the next, "is Europe's spirit gone?"  
While real warriors think it all a farce  
For them to bounce of either Mors or Mars:  
Safe as one sacks it, under bloodless bay;  
And sure as t'other even death must pay.

But you shall hear what captain \*\*\*\*\* said,  
When he had heard both ode and verses read:  
On mottoes—*Versibus exacuit*—  
And—*Proles militum*—he mus'd a bit;  
Then having cast his hunting wits about  
In quest of rhymes, he thus at last broke out:—

"Poh! let my serjeant, when his dose is taken,  
Britons strike home! with moisten'd pipe rehearse,  
To deeds of death 'twill sooner much awaken,  
Than a cart load full of such ode and verse."

If these two bards will, by a tuneful labour,  
Show, without sham, their love to killing life,  
Let Akenside go thump upon the tabor;  
And Whitehead grasp th' exacuating file.

#### A HINT TO A YOUNG PERSON,

FOR HIS BETTER IMPROVEMENT BY READING OR  
CONVERSATION.

In reading-authors, when you find  
Bright passages that strike your mind,  
And which perhaps you may have reason  
To think on at another season,  
Be not contented with the sight,  
But take them down in *black and white;*  
Such a respect is wisely shown  
That makes another's sense one's own.

When you're asleep upon your bed  
A thought may come into your head,  
Which may be of good use if taken  
Due notice of when you're awaken;  
Of midnight thoughts to take no heed,  
Betrays a sleepy soul indeed;  
It is but dreaming in the day  
To throw our nightly hours away.

In conversation, when you meet  
With persons cheerful and discreet,

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to a celebrated poem, written by  
Dr. Akenside, entitled *The Pleasures of the Imagination*.

<sup>3</sup> ———— *Animos in martia bella*

*Versibus exacuit.*

Hor.

Britons, rouse to deeds of death!—  
See *Verses to the People of England, 1758*, by  
William Whitehead, esq. poet laureat.

That speak or quote in prose or rhyme  
Things or facetious or sublime,  
Observe what passes, and upon,  
When you come home think thereupon;  
Write what occurs, forget it not,  
A good thing sav'd's a good thing got.

Let no remarkable event  
Pass with a gaping wonderment,  
A fool's device—"Lord who would think!"  
Commit it safe to pen and ink  
Whate'er deserves attention now,  
For when 'tis pass'd, you know not how,  
Too late you'll find it to your cost  
So much of human life is lost.

Were it not for the written letter,  
Pray what were living men the better  
For all the labours of the dead,  
For all that Socrates e'er said?  
The morals brought from Heav'n to men  
He would have carried back again:  
'Tis owing to his short-hand youth  
That Socrates does now speak truth.

#### TO LADY B— W—,

UPON HER PRESENTING THE AUTHOR WITH THE  
MOISTY OF A LOTTERY TICKET.

THIS ticket is to be divided—well;  
To lady Betty let these presents tell  
How much I value, chances all apart,  
This gentle token of her friendly heart;  
Without regard to prizes or to blanks,  
My obligation is immediate thanks;  
And here they come as hearty and as free  
As this unlook'd for favour came to me.

Five thousand pounds perhaps—a handsome  
Ay, but in specie five may never come.— [sum—  
That as you please, dame Fortune, in my mind  
I have already taken it in kind;  
Am quite contented with my present lot,  
Whether you're pleas'd to second it or not:  
Chance is but chance, however, great or small,  
The spirit of a loving gift is all.

"Three tickets offer'd to make choice of one,  
And write the memorandum thereupon"—  
Spread in successive order, as they lie,  
May all be prizes for her sake, thought I!  
That upon which my fancy chose to fix,  
Was (let me see) four hundred fifty-six:  
Four, five, and six—they are, if I can read,  
Numbers that regularly should succeed.

Thou backward Fortune, that in days of yore  
Hast read from six to five, from five to four,  
Once, for the lady's sake, reverse thy spite,  
And trace a luckier circle to the right,  
If thou art angry that I should despise  
Thy gifts, which never dazzl'd much my eyes;  
Now speak me fair, nor let the occasion slip  
Of such an honourable partnership.

Stand still a moment on thy bridge's pier,  
And the conditions of success let's hear;  
Say what the bard shall offer at thy shrine,  
Any thing less than worship, and 'tis thine.

If not so quite (as they relate thee) blind,  
See both our names, which thus together join'd,  
I'd rather *share* ten thousand pounds, I own,  
Than court thee for ten millions *alone*.

"Thousands and millions, sir, are pompous  
sounds  
For poets, seldom conversant in pounds."—  
Yes; but I'm only looking on th' event  
As corresponding to a kind intent.  
Should it turn out its thousands more or less,  
I should be somewhat puzzl'd I profess,  
And must upon a case so new, so nice,  
Fly to my benefactress for advice.

What shall I do with such a monstrous prize?  
But—we'll postpone the question—till it rise.—  
Let it's to-morrow manage that,—To-day  
Accept the thanks which I am bound to pay;  
Enrich'd, if you permit me still to share  
Your wish of welfare, and your gen'rous care:  
The greatest bliss, if I have any skill,  
Of human life, is mutual good-will.

This, without question, has your hand confest;  
This, without flattery, warms a willing breast:  
So much good nature shown with so much ease;  
Bestow your sums, dame Fortune, where you  
That kind of satisfaction which I feel [please;  
Comes not within the compass of your wheel;  
No prize can heighten the unparchas'd grace,  
Nor blank the grateful sentiments efface,

#### THE CENTAUR FABULOUS<sup>1</sup>.

**ZEUXIS** of old a female Centaur drew,  
To show his art; and then expos'd to view:  
The *human* half, with so exact a care,  
Was join'd to limbs of a Thessalian *mare*,  
That seeing from a different point the piece,  
Some prais'd the *maid* and some the *mare* of Greece.

Like to this Centaur, by his own relation,  
Is doctor Warburton's Divine Legation:  
Which superficial writers on each hand,  
Christians and deists did not understand;  
Because they both observ'd, from partial views,  
Th' incorporated church and state of Jews.

Th' ingenious artist took the pains to draw,  
Full and entire, the compound of the law;  
The two societies, the civil kind  
And the religious, perfectly combin'd;  
With God Almighty, as a temp'ral prince,  
Governing both, as all his proofs evince;

Without the doctrine of a future state?—  
Here both opponents lies the main debate:

<sup>1</sup> The delicate poignancy of the wit with which this allegorical piece is enlivened, will be obvious to the reader who is acquainted with the writings of the celebrated author of the Divine Legation; and therefore any extracts to illustrate the epithets and allusions which refer to them in the following verses, would only serve to swell the notes into a tedious prolixity: however one quotation is annexed in order to justify a charge, which might be suspected of exaggeration by those who are strangers to the learned writer's manner of treating his opponents.

They cannot reconcile to serious thought  
God's church and state—with life to come, *and*  
With law or gospel cannot make to suit [taught;  
Virgin of Sion sinking down to brute.

Zeuxis the *new*, they argue, takes a pride  
In shapes so incompatible ally'd;  
And talks away as if he had pourtray'd  
A real creature mixt of mare and maid:  
All who deny the existence of th' pad,  
He centaurez into fool and mad<sup>2</sup>.

If one objected to a maiden hoof;  
"Why, 'tis an animal;"—was all his proof:  
If to an animal with human head;  
"O! 'tis a beauteous woman;"—Zeuxis said.  
"What! animal and woman both at once?"  
"Yes,—that's essential to the whole, ye dunce."

His primary and secondary sense,  
Like mare and maid, support his fond pretence:  
From joining spot he skips to each extreme;  
Or strides to both, and guards the motley scheme;  
Solving, with like centaauriform ease,  
Law, prop'ets, gospel, quoted as you please.

Thus both went on, long labour'd volumes  
thru'—  
Now what must fair impartial readers do?  
Must they not grieve, if either of them treat  
On law or grace with rudeness or with heat?  
Of either Zeuxis they allow the skill;  
But that—the Centaur is a fable still.

#### THOUGHTS ON THE CONSTITUTION OF HUMAN NATURE,

AS REPRESENTED IN THE SYSTEMS OF MODERN  
PHILOSOPHERS.

STRONG passions draw, like horses that are strong,  
The body-coach of flesh and blood along;  
While subtle reason, with each rein in hand,  
Sits on the box and has them at command;  
Rais'd up aloft to see and to be seen,  
Judges the track, and guides the gay machine.

But was it made for nothing else—beside  
Passions to draw, and reason to be guide?  
Was so much art employ'd to drag and drive,  
Nothing within the vehicle alive?  
No seated mind that claims the moving pew,  
Master of passions and of reason too?

The grand contrivance why so well equip  
With strength of passions ruld by reason's whip?  
Vainly profuse had apparatus been,  
Did not a reigning spirit rest within;  
Which passions carry, and sound reason means  
To render present at pre-order'd scenes.

<sup>2</sup> Who has not signalised himself against the Divine Legation? Bigots, Hutchinsonians, methodists, answerers, free-thinkers, and fanatics, have in their turns been all up in arms against it. The scene was opened by a false zealot, and at present seems likely to be closed by a Behmenist. A natural and easy progress from folly to madness. See the dedication prefixed to the 1st v. of the 2d part of the D. L.

They who are loud in human reason's praise,  
And celebrate the drivers of our days,  
Seem to suppose by their continual bawl,  
That passions, reason, and machine, is all;  
To them the windows are drawn up, and clear  
Nothing that does not outwardly appear.

Matter and motion, and superior man  
By head and shoulders, form their reasoning plan;  
View'd, and demurely ponder'd, as they roll;  
And scoring traces on the paper soul,  
Blank, shaven white, they fill th' unformiah'd  
plate,  
With new ideas, none of them innate,

When these adepts are got upon a box,  
Away they gallop thro' the gazing flocks;  
Trappings admir'd, and the high mett'd brute,  
And reason balancing its either foot;  
While seeing eyes discern at their approach,  
Fulsness of skill, and emptiness of coach.

'Tis very well that lively passions draw,  
That sober reason keeps them all in awe;  
The one to run, the other to control,  
And drive directly to the destin'd goal: [gin;  
"What goal?"—Ay, there the question should be—  
"What spirit drives the willing mind within?"

Sense, reason, passions, and the like are still  
One self-same man, whose action is his will;  
Whose will, if right, will soon renounce the  
pride  
Of an *own* reason for an *only* guide;  
As God's unerring spirit shall inspire,  
Will still direct the *drift* of his desire.

---

### ON THE PATRON OF ENGLAND,

IN A LETTER TO LORD WILLOUGHBY, PRESIDENT  
OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

Will you please to permit me, my very good  
lord,

Some night when you meet upon ancient record,  
Full worthily filling Antiquity's throne,  
To propose to your sages a doubt of my own,  
A certain moot point of a national kind;  
For it touches all England to have it defin'd  
With a little more fact, by what kind of a right  
Her patron, her saint, is a *Cappadox knight*?

I know what our songs and our stories advance,  
That St. George is for England, St. Denys for  
France;

But the French, tho' uncertain what Denys it was,  
All own he converted and taught 'em their mass;  
And most other nations, I fancy, remount  
To a saint whom they chose upon some such ac-  
count,

But I never could learn, that for any like notion,  
The English made choice of a knight Cappadocian.

Their conversion was owing (event one would  
hope

Worth remembering at least) to a saint and a pope,  
To a Gregory known by the First, and the Great,  
Who sent, to relieve them from Pagan deceit,  
St. Austin the monk; and both sender and sent  
Had their days in old Fasti that noted th' event:

Now, my lord, I would ask of the learn'd and  
laborious,

If *Ge-origous* be'n't a mistake for *Gregorius*?

In names so like letter'd it would be no wonder  
If hasty transcribers had made such a blunder;  
And mistake in the names, by a slip of their pen,  
May perhaps have occasion'd mistake in the men.  
That this has been made, to omit all the rest,  
Let a champion of yours, your own Selden, attest;  
See his books upon titles of honour—that quarter  
Where he treats of St. George, and the knights of  
the garter.

There he quotes from Froissart, how at first on  
Of a lady's blue garter, blue order began [the plan  
In one thousand three hundred and forty and four,  
But the name of the saint in Froissart is *Gragore*;  
So the chrouical writer or printed or wrote [note:  
For George, without doubt, says the marginal  
Be it there a mistake—but, my lord, I'm afraid  
That the same, vice versa, was anciently made.

For tho' much has been said by the great anti-  
quarian  
Of an orthodox George—Cappadocian—and  
Arian;

"How the soldier first came to be patron of old,  
I have not," says he, "light enough to behold."  
A soldier-like nation he guesses (for want [saint;  
Of a proof that it did so) would choose him for  
For in all his old writings no fragment occur'd  
That saluted him patron, till Edward the Third.

His reign he had guess'd to have been the first  
time, [rhyme,  
But for old Saxon prose and for old English  
Which mention a George, a great martyr and  
saint, [want;

Tho' they say not a word of the thing that we  
They tell of his tortures, his death, and his pray'r,  
Without the least hint of the question'd affair;  
That light, I should guess, with submission to  
Selden,  
As he was not the patron, he was not bebel'd in.

The name in French, Latin, and Saxon, 'tis  
hinted, [ed;  
Some three or four times is mis-writ or mis-print-  
He renders it George—but allowing the hint,  
And the justice of change both in writing and  
print,

Some George, by like error (it adds to the doubt)  
Has turn'd our converter St. Gregory out:  
He, or Austin the monk, bid the fairest by far  
To be patron of England—till garter and star.

In the old Saxon custom of crowning our kings,  
As Selden has told us, amongst other things  
They nam'd in their pray'rs, 'which his pages  
transplant,

The Virgin—St. Peter—and one other saint;  
Whose connection with England is also exprest;  
And yields in this case such a probable test,  
That a patron suppos'd, we may fairly agree,  
Such a saint is the person whoever it be.

Now with Mary, and Peter, when monarchs  
were crown'd,

There is only a Sanctus Gregorius found;  
And his title—Anglorum Apostolus—too;  
With which a St. George can have nothing to do:



While Scotland, and Ireland, and France and Spain claims  
A St. Andrew, St. Patrick, St. Denys, St. James,  
Both apostle and patron—for saint so unknown  
Why should England reject an apostle her own?

This, my lord, is the matter—the plain simple rhymes [times:  
Lay no fault, you perceive, upon protestant  
I impute the mistake, if it should be one, solely  
To the pontiffs succeeding, who christen'd wars  
holy,  
To monarchs, who, madding around their round  
tables,  
Prefer'd to conversion their fighting and fables:  
When soldiers were many, good Christians but  
few,  
St. George was advanc'd to St. Gregory's due.

One may be mistaken—and therefore would beg  
That a Willis, a Stukely, an Ames, or a Pegge,  
In short, that your lordship, and all the fam'd set  
Who are under your auspices happily met  
In perfect good humour—which you can inspire,  
As I know by experience—would please to en-  
quire,  
To search this one question, and settle I hope,  
Was old England's old patron a knight or a pope?

#### ON SPECIOUS AND SUPERFICIAL WRITERS.

How rare the case, tho' common the pretence,  
To write on subjects from a real sense!  
'Tis many a celebrated author's fate,  
To print effusions just as parrots prate:  
He moulds a matter that he once was taught  
In various shapes, and thinks it to be thought.  
Words at command he marshals in array,  
And proves whatever he is pleas'd to say;  
While learning like a torrent pours along,  
And sweeps away the subject, right or wrong:  
One follows for a while a rolling theme,  
Toss'd in the middle of the rapid stream;  
Till out of sight, with like impetuous force,  
Torn from its roots, another takes the course;  
While froth and bubble glaze the flowing mud,  
And the man thinks all clear and understood;  
A shining surface and a transient view,  
Makes the slight-witted reader think so too:  
It entertains him, and the book is bought,  
Read and admir'd without expense of thought:  
No tax impos'd upon his wits, his cash  
Paid without scruple, he enjoys the trash.

#### THE PASSIVE PARTICIPLE'S PETITION, TO THE PRINTER OF THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

URBAN, or Sylvan, or whatever name  
Delight thee most, thou foremost in the fame  
Of magazine chiefs, whose rival page  
With monthly medley courts the curious age;  
Hear a poor passive Participle's case,  
And if thou can'st, restore me to my place.

'Till just of late, good English has thought fit  
To call me *written*, or to call me *mit*;  
But what is writ or written, by the vote  
Of writers now, hereafter must be *write*:  
And what is *spoken* too, hereafter *spoke*;  
And measures never to be *broken*, *broke*.

I never could be *driven*, but, in spite  
Of grammar, they have *dross* me from my right.  
None could have *risen* to become my foes;  
But what a world of enemies have *rose*!  
Who have not *gone*, but they have *went* about  
And, *born* as I have been, have *lore* me out.

Passive I am, and would be, and implore  
That such abuse may be henceforth *forborn*,  
If not *forborn*, for by all Spelling Book,  
If not *mistaken*, they are all *mistake*:  
And, in plain English, it had been as well  
If what had *fall'n* upon me, had not *fell*.

Since this attack upon me has *began*,  
Who knows what lengths in language may be *run*?  
For if it once be *grew* into a law,  
You'll see such work as never has been *seen*;  
Part of our speech and sense, perhaps beside  
Shakes when I'm *shook*, and dies when I am *dy'd*.

Then let the preter and imperfect tense  
Of my own words to me remit the sense;  
Or since we two are oft enough agreed,  
Let all the learned take some better heed;  
And leave the vulgar to confound the due  
Of preter tense, and participle too.

#### THE BEAU AND THE BEDLAMITE.

A PATIENT in Bedlam that did pretty well,  
Was permitted sometimes to go out of his cell:  
One day, when they gave him that freedom, he  
spy'd  
A beautiful young spork with a sword by his side;  
With an huge silver hilt, and a scabbard for steel,  
That swung at due length from his hip to his heel.

When he saw him advance on the gallery  
ground,  
The Bedlamite ran, and survey'd him all round;  
While a waiter suppress the young captain's  
alarm,  
With—"You need not to fear, sir, he'll do you no  
harm."  
At the last he broke out—"Aye, a very fine show?  
May I ask him one question?"—"What's that?"  
said the beau.—

"Pray what is that long, dangling, cumbersome  
thing,  
That you seem to be ty'd to with ribband and  
string?"  
"Why, that is my sword."—"And what is it to  
do?"  
"Kill my enemies, master, by running them  
thro'."  
"Kill your enemies!—Kill a fool's head of your  
own;  
They'll die of themselves, if you'll let them  
alone."

AN  
ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING LETTER,

REQUESTING THE AUTHOR'S SOLUTION OF A REBUS, COMMONLY ASCRIBED TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Good Mr. Diaphanus,

I have a very great opinion of your ingenuity, and I know you love to employ it: if you'll not think the asking the favour to unravel the following rebus too great an impertinence, you will by the discovery very much oblige

your friend,

Chester, and most obedient servant,  
March 22, 1765. APHANUS.  
You'll please to direct to your old acquaintance, Benj. N.—a.

THE REBUS.

THE noblest object in the works of art,  
The brightest scene that Nature can impart,  
The well known signal in the time of pence,  
The point essential in the tenant's lease,  
The farmer's comfort when he holds the plough,  
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow,  
A contract made before the nuptial tie,  
A blessing riches never can supply,  
A spot that adds new charms to pretty faces,  
An engine us'd in fundamental cases,  
A planet seen between the Earth and Sun,  
A prize which merit never yet has won,  
A loss which prudence seldom can retrieve,  
The death of Judas and the fault of Eve,  
A part between the ancle and the knee,  
A patriot's toast and a physician's fee,  
A wife's ambition and a parson's dues,  
A miser's idol and the badge of Jews.  
If now your happy genius can divine  
The correspondent words to every line,  
By the first letters will be plainly found  
An ancient city that is much renown'd.

THE ANSWER.

PACIS, friend Aphanus, abhinc diebus,  
With no small pleasure I receiv'd a rebus:  
Not that the rebus gave it understand,  
But old acquaintance Benjamin's own hand:  
For all the blessings due to mortal men,  
Rebus in omnibus, I wish to Ben.

At his request I sought for ancient city  
That lay conceal'd in cabalistic ditty;  
So did we all—for when his letter came  
Some friends were chair'd around the focal flame;  
But rebus out not one of all could make;  
Diaphanus himself was quite *opake*.

Tho' pleas'd with pleasing, when he can do so,  
His ingenuity he loves to show;  
If such a thing falls out to be his lot;  
He is as free to own when it does not:  
Here he had none, nor any *succedaneum*,  
That could discover this same *Herculeum*.

Altho' it seem'd to ask when it appear'd,  
No great *Herculean* labour to be clear'd;  
So many different wits at work, no doubt  
The city's name would quickly be found out;  
But, notwithstanding *variorum* lecture,  
The name lay snug without the least detecture.

You stand entitl'd hereupon to laugh  
At hapless genius in your friend Diaph.  
But in excuse for what he must confess,  
Nor men, nor even ladies here could guess;  
To *variorum* seen, or *variarum*,  
No more of ancient city than old *Sarum*.

One thing however rose from this occasion,  
It put an end to fears of French invasion;  
And wits, quite frighten'd out of dames and men,  
When rebus came, came into 'em again:  
Tho' little skill'd to judge of either matter,  
Yet the more pleasing puzzle was the latter.

You'll think I'm thinking, upon second thought,  
That tho' we mist of city that was sought,  
We might have told you somewhat of the guesses  
Of luckless neighbours and of neighbouresses;  
So let us try to give you just an item:  
For it would take a volume to recite 'em.

"I can't divine," said Chloe, "for my part,  
What the man means by 'noblest work of art,'—  
From clock to temple, pyramid, and ship,  
And twenty different handyworks you skip;  
Now, I dare say, when all your votes are past,  
City or work—'tis Dresden at the last."

"Nor I," said Phillis, "what the man can mean  
By his next hint of—Nature's brightest scene—  
Amongst so many of her scenes so bright,  
Who can devise which of 'em is the right?  
To name a word where brightest scene must lie,  
And speak my own opinion, sirs,—'tis eye."

"Peace," said a third, of I forget what sex,  
"Has well known signal that may well perplex;  
It should be olive-branch, to be well known,  
But rebus, unconfin'd to that alone,  
May mean abundance, plenty, riches, trade,—  
Who knows the signal that is here display'd?"

Thus they went on—but, tho' I stir its embers,  
It is not much that memory remembers:  
Two ladies had a long disputing match,  
Whether charm-adding spot was mole or patch;  
While none would venture to decide the vote—  
One had a patch and t'other had a mole.

So 'wife's ambition' made a parted school;  
Some said—to please her husband—some to rule—  
On this moot point too rebus would create,  
As you may guess, a pretty smart debate;  
Till one propos'd to end it thus, with ease;  
"The only way to rule him—is to please."

Hold! I forgot—One said, a parson's dues  
Was the same thing with rhyming 'badge of Jews,'  
And tithes was it—but corn, or pig, or goose;  
What earth or animals of earth produce,  
From calf and lamb, to turnip and potatoe,  
Might be the word—which he had nought to say to.

Made for excuse, you see, upon the whole  
The too great number of the words that pool  
For correspondency to ev'ry line;  
And make the meant one tedious to divine:  
But we suspect that other points ambiguous,  
And eke unfair, contribute to fatigue us,

For first, with due submission to my betters,  
What ancient city could have eighteen letters?

Or more?—for, in the latter times, the clue  
May have one correspondent word, or two:  
Clue should have said, if only one occur'd,  
Not correspondent words to each, but word.

From some suspicions of a bite, we guess  
The number of the letters to be less;  
And, from expression of a certain cast,  
Some joke, unequal to the pains at last:  
Could you have said that all was right, and clever,  
We should have try'd more fortunate endeavour.

It should contain, should this same *jeu de mots*,  
Clean-pointed turn, short, fair, and a-propos;  
Wit without straining; neatness without slarsh;  
Hinted, tho' hid; and decent, tho' 't is arch;  
No vile idea should disgrace a rebus—  
*Sic dicunt Musæ, sic edicit Phæbus.*

This, Aphanus, tho' short of satisfaction,  
Is what account occurs of the transaction,  
Impertinent enough—but you 'll excuse  
What your own postscript half enjoin'd the Muse:  
She, when she took the sudden task upon her,  
Believe me, did it to oblige your honour.

### THOUGHTS ON RHYME AND BLANK VERSE.

WHAT a deal of impertinent stuff, at this time,  
Comes out about verses in blank or in rhyme!  
To determine their merits by critical prose,  
And treat the two parties, as if they were foes!—  
It's allotting so gravely, to settle their rank,  
All the bondage to rhyme, all the freedom to  
blank,                     ↳repress  
Has provok'd a few rhymes to step forth, and  
The pedantical whim, grown to such an excess:

Not to hinder the dupes of this fanciful wit  
From retailing its maxims, whene'er they think  
fit;

But to caution young bards, if in danger to waste  
Any genius for verse on so partial a taste;  
That (allowing to blank all the real pretence  
To what freedom it has) if supported by sense,  
For words without any, they may not neglect  
Of as free flowing rhyme the delightful effect.

Here are two special terms which the sophisters  
mingle,

To be sauce for the rest, to wit, fetters, and jingle;  
And, because a weak writer may chance to expose  
Very ill-chosen words to such phrases as those,  
The unthinking reflectors sit down to their rote,  
And pronounce against rhyme th' undistinguishing  
Sole original this, in the petulant school, [note:  
Of its idle objections to metre, and rule.

For to what other fetters are verses confin'd,  
Whether made up of blank, or of metrical kind?  
If a man has not taste for poetical lines,  
Can't he let them alone; and say what he designs,  
Upon some other points, in his unfetter'd way;  
And condemn, if he will, all numerical lay?  
But the fashion, forsooth, must affect the sublime,  
The grand, the pathetic, and rail against rhyme.

Blank verse is the thing—Tho', whoever tries  
Will find of its fetters a plentiful growth; [both,

Many chains to be needful to measure his ground,  
And keep the sublime within requisite bound:  
If a laudable product in rhyme should, perhaps,  
Extort an applause from these exquisite chaps,  
They express it so shily, for fear of a fetter—  
"Had the rhyme been neglected, it would have  
been better."—

And so they begin with their jingle (or rattle,  
As some of them call it) the delicate battle;  
"The sense must be cramp'd," they cry out, "to  
be sure,

By the nature of rhyme, and be render'd obscure."  
As if blank, by its grandeur, and magnifi'd pause,  
Was secure in its freedom from any such flaws;  
Tho' so apt, in bad hands, to give readers offence,  
By the rattling of sound, and the darkness of sense.

All the arguments form'd, as they prose it along,  
And twist them and twine, against metrical song,  
Presuppose the poor maker to be but a dunce;  
For, if that be not true, they all vanish at once:  
If it be, what advantage has blank in the case,  
From counting bad verses by unit, or brace?  
Nothing else can result from the critical rout,  
But,—a blockhead's a blockhead, with rhyme, or  
without.

It came, as they tell us, from ignorant Moors,  
And by growth of fine taste will be turn'd out of  
doors:

Two insipid conceits, at a venture cutwain'd,  
And void of all proof both before and behind:  
Too old its reception, to tell of its age;  
Its downfall, if taste could but fairly preme,  
When the bees of the country make honey no  
more,  
Will then certainly come—not a moment before.

Till then it will reign, and while, here and there  
spread,

Blank verse, like an aloe, rears up its head;  
And, fresh from the hot-house, successfully tows  
To make people stare at the height of its stovs;  
The variety, sweetness, and smoothness of rhyme  
Will flourish, bedeck'd, by its natural clime,  
With numberless beauties; and frequently shoot,  
If cherish'd aright, into blossom and fruit.

But stuffing their heads, in these classical days,  
Full of Homer, and Virgil, and Horace, and plays;  
And finding that rhyme is in none of the four,  
'T is enough, the finetasters have gotten their lore:  
And away they run on with their words in a strain,  
Which they throw up at rhyme with a finical fling;  
But to reach its full sweetness nor willing, nor able,  
They talk about taste, like the fox in the fable.

To the praise of old metre it quitted the stage,  
In abhorrence of tragical ranting and rage;  
Which with heights, and with depths of distresses  
enrich'd,                     [witch'd;

Verse and prose, art and nature, and morals be—  
All the native agreements of language disgrac'd,  
That theatrical pomp might intoxicate taste;  
Still retaining poor blank, in its fetters held fast,  
To bemoan its hard fate in romantic bombast.

'T is the subject, in fine, in the matter of song,  
That makes a blank verse, or a rhyme to be wrong;  
If unjust, or improper, uncabste or prophane,  
It disgraces alike all poetical strain:

If not, the possessor of tunable skill  
Unfetter'd, unjogg'd, may take which he will;  
Any plan, to which freedom and judgment impel—  
All the business he knows, is to execute well.

---

### ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH.

St. Philip Neri, as old readings say,  
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day;  
And, being ever courteously inclin'd  
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,  
He fell into discourse with him; and thus  
The dialogue they held comes down to us.

S. Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome?

Y. To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.

S. And, when you are one, what do you intend?

Y. To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.

S. Suppose it so—what have you next in view?

Y. That I may get to be a canon too.

S. Well; and how then?

Y. Why then, for aught I  
may be made a bishop. [know,

S. Be it so—

What then?

Y. Why, cardinal's a high degree—  
And yet my lot it possibly may be.

S. Suppose it was—what then?

Y. Why, who can say  
But I've a chance for being pope one day?

S. Well, having worn the mitre, and red hat,  
And triple crown, what follows after that?

Y. Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,  
Upon this Earth, that wishing can procure:  
When I've enjoy'd a dignity so high,  
As long as God shall please, then—I must die.

S. What! must you die? fond youth! and at the best

But wish and hope, and may be all the rest!  
Take my advice—whatever may betide,  
For that which must be, first of all provide;  
Then think of that which may be; and indeed,  
When well prepar'd, who knows what may succeed?

But you may be, as you are pleas'd to hope,  
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope.

---

### ADVICE TO THE REV. MESSRS. H— AND H— TO PREACH SLOW.

BRETHREN, this comes to let you know  
That I would have you to preach slow;  
To give the words of a discourse  
Their proper time, and life, and force;  
To urge what you think fit to say,  
In a sedate, pathetic way;  
Crave and deliberate, as 't is fit  
To comment upon holy writ.

May a good sermon gives distaste,  
By being spoke in too much haste;  
Which, had it been pronounc'd with leisure,  
Would have been listen'd to with pleasure:

And thus the preacher often gains  
His labour only for his pains;  
As (if you doubt it) may appear  
From every Sunday in the year.

For how indeed can one expect  
The best discourse should take effect,  
Unless the maker thinks it worth  
Some care and pains to set it forth?  
What! does he think the pains he took  
To write it fairly in a book,  
Will do the business? not a bit—  
It must be spoke as well as writ.

What is a sermon, good or bad,  
If a man reads it like a lad?  
To hear some people, when they preach,  
How they run o'er all parts of speech,  
And neither raise a word, nor sink,  
Our learned bishops, one would think,  
Had taken school-boys from the rod,  
To make ambassadors of God.

So perfect is the Christian scheme,  
He that from thence shall take his theme,  
And time to have it understood,  
His sermon cannot but be good:  
If he will needs be preaching stiff,  
No time indeed is short enough;  
E'en let him read it like a letter,  
The sooner it is done, the better.

But for a man that has a head,  
Like yours or mine, I'd like to have said,  
That can upon occasion raise  
A just remark, a proper phrase;  
For such a one to run along,  
Tumbling his accents o'er his tongue,  
Shows only that a man, at once,  
May be a scholar and a dunce.

In point of sermons, 't is confess,  
Our English clergy make the best:  
But this appears, we must confess,  
Not from the pulpit, but the press:  
They manage, with disjointed skill,  
The matter well, the manner ill;  
And, what seems paradox at first,  
They make the best, and preach the worst.

Would they but speak as well as write,  
Both excellencies would unite,  
The outward action being taught,  
To show the strength of inward thought:  
Now, to do this, our short-hand school  
Lays down this plain and general rule,  
"Take time enough"—all other graces  
Will soon fill up their proper places.

---

### TO THE SAME,

#### ON PREACHING EXTENSIVE.

THE hint I gave, some time ago,  
Brethren, about your preaching slow,  
You took, it seems; and thereupon  
Could make two sermons out of one:  
Now this regard to former lines,  
Paid so successfully, inclines  
To send advice the second part:  
Try if you cannot preach by heart—

Be not alarm'd, as if regard  
To this would prove so very hard;  
The first admonishment you fear'd  
Would so turn out, 'till it appear'd  
That custom, only, made to seem  
So difficult in your esteem,  
What, upon trial, now procures  
Your bearers ease, and also yours.

Do but consider how the case  
Now stands in fact, in every place,  
All Christendom almost, around,  
Except on our reformed ground:  
The greatest part, untaught to brook  
A preacher's reading from a book,  
Would scarce advance within his reach,  
Or, then, acknowledge him to preach.

Long after preaching first began,  
How unconceiv'd a reading plan!  
The rise of which, whatever date  
May be assign'd to it, is late:  
From all antiquity remote  
The manuscriptal reading rote:  
No need, no reason prompted, then,  
The pulpit to consult the pen.

However well prepar'd before,  
By pond'ring, or by writing o'er  
What he should say, still it was said  
By him that preach'd; it was not read:  
Could ancient memory, then, better  
Forbear the poring o'er the letter,  
Brethren, than yours? if you'll but try,  
That fact I'll venture to deny.

Moderns, of late, give proofs enou'  
(Too many, as it seems to you)  
That matters of religious kind,  
Stor'd up within the thoughtful mind,  
With any care and caution stor'd,  
Sufficient utterance afford,  
To tell an audience what they think,  
Without the help of pen and ink.

How apt to think too, is the throng,  
A preacher short, a reader long!  
Claiming, itself, to be the book  
That should attract a pastor's look:  
If you lament a careless age  
Averse to hear the pulpit page,  
Speak from within, not from without,  
And heart to heart will turn about.

Try it; and if you can't succeed,  
'T will then be right for you to read;  
Altho' the heart, if that's your choice,  
Must still accompany the voice;  
And tho' you should succeed, and take  
The hint, you must not merely make  
Preaching extemporé the view,  
But ex æternitate too.

#### ON CLERGYMEN PREACHING POLITICS.

TO R— L—, ESQ.

INDEED, sir Peter, I could wish, I own,  
That parsons would let politics alone;  
Plead, if they will, the customary plea,  
For such like talk, when o'er a dish of tea:

But when they tease us with it from the pulpit,  
I own, sir Peter, that I cannot gulp it.

If on their rules a justice should intrench,  
And preach, suppose a sermon, from the bench,  
Would you not think your brother magistrate  
Was touch'd a little in his hinder pate?  
Now which is worse, sir Peter, on the total  
The lay vagary, or the sacerdotal?

In ancient times, when preachers preach'd in-  
deed  
Their sermons, ere the learned learnt to read,  
Another spirit, and another life,  
Shut the church doors against all party strife:  
Since then, how often heard, from sacred rostrums,  
The lifeless din of Whig and Tory nostrums!

'T is wrong, sir Peter, I insist upon 't;  
To common sense 't is plainly an affront:  
The parson leaves the Christian in the lurch,  
Whoever he brings his politics to church;  
His cant, on either side, if he calls preaching,  
The man's wrong-headed, and his brains want  
bleaching.

Recall the time from conquering William's reign,  
And guess the fruits of such a preaching vein:  
How oft its nonsense must have veer'd about,  
Just as the politics were in, or out:  
The pulpit govern'd by no gospel data,  
But new success still mending old errata.

Were I a king (God bless me) I should hate  
My chaplains meddling with affairs of state;  
Nor would my subjects, I should think, be fond,  
Whenever theirs the Bible went beyond.  
How well, methinks, we both should live together,  
If these good folks would keep within their tether!

#### MOSES'S VISION.

MOSES, to whom, by a peculiar grace,  
God spake (the Hebrew phrase is) face to face,  
Call'd by an heav'nly voice, the rabbins say,  
Ascended to a mountain's top one day; (said,  
Where, in some points perplex'd, his mind was  
And doubts, concerning Providence, appear'd.

During the colloquy divine, say they,  
The prophet was commanded to survey,  
And mark what happen'd on the plain below:  
There he perceiv'd a fine, clear spring to flow,  
Just at the mountain's foot; to which, anon,  
A soldier, on his road, came riding on;  
Who, taking notice of the fountain, stopt,  
Alighted, drank, and, in remounting, dropt  
A purse of gold; but as the precious load  
Fell unsuspected, he pursu'd his road:  
Scarce had he gone, when a young lad came by,  
And, as the purse lay just before his eye,  
He took it up; and, foding its content,  
Secur'd the treasure; and away he went:  
Soon after him, a poor, infirm old man,  
With age, and travel, weary quite, and wan,  
Came to the spring, to quench his thirst, and  
drank,  
And then sat down, to rest him, on the bank:  
There while he sat, the soldier, on his track,  
Missing his gold, return'd directly back;

light off his horse, began to swear, and curse,  
 And ask'd the poor old fellow for his purse:  
 He solemnly protested, o'er and o'er,  
 With hands and eyes uplifted, to implore  
 Heaven's attestation to the truth, that he  
 Nor purse, nor gold, had ever chanc'd to see:  
 But all in vain; the man believ'd him not,  
 And drew his sword, and stab'd him on the spot.  
 Moses, with horreur and amazement seiz'd,  
 Fell on his face—the voice divine was pleas'd  
 To give the prophet's anxious mind relief,  
 And thus prevent expostulating grief—  
 "Be not surpris'd; nor ask how such a deed  
 The world's just Judge could suffer to succeed:  
 The child has caus'd the passion, it is true,  
 That made the soldier run the old man thro';  
 But know one fact, tho' never yet found out,  
 And judge how that would banish ev'ry doubt—  
 This same old man, thro' passion once as wild,  
 Murder'd the father of that very child."

ON THE AUTHOR'S COAT OF ARMS.

The hedge-hog for his arms, I would suppose,  
 Some sire of ours, beloved kinsfolk, chose,  
 With aim to hint instruction wise, and good,  
 To us descendants of his Byrum blood;  
 I would infer, if you be of this mind,  
 The very lesson, that our sire design'd.

He had observ'd that Nature gave a sense,  
 To ev'ry creature, of its own defence;  
 Down from the lion, with his tearing jaws,  
 To the poor cat, that scratches with her paws;  
 All show'd their force, when put upon the proof,  
 Wherein it lay, teeth, talons, horn, or hoof.

Pleas'd with the porcupine, whose native art  
 Is said to distance danger by his dart;  
 To rout his foes, before they come too near,  
 From ev'ry hurt of close encounter clear—  
 This, had not one thing bated of its price,  
 Had been our worthy ancestor's device.

A foe to none; hut ev'ry body's friend;  
 And loath, although offended, to offend;  
 He sought to find an instance, if it could,  
 By any creature's art, be understood,  
 That might betoken safety, when attack'd;  
 Yet where all hurt should be a foe's own act.

At last the hedge-hog came into his thought,  
 And gave the perfect emblem that he sought:  
 This little creature, all offence aside,  
 Rolls up itself in its own prickly hide,  
 When danger comes; and they that will abuse  
 Do it themselves, if their own hurt ensues.

Methinks I hear the venerable sage—  
 "Children! descendants all thro' ev'ry age!  
 Learn, from the prudent urebin in your arms,  
 How to secure yourselves from worldly harms:  
 Give no offence;—to you if others will,  
 Firmly wrapt up within yourselves, be still.

"This animal is giv'n for outward sign  
 Of inward, true security divine:  
 Sharp, on your minds, let pointed virtues grow,  
 That, without injuring, resist a foe;

VOL. XV.

Surround with these an honest, harmless heart,  
 And he, that dwells in it, will take your part.

"Whatever ill's your christian peace molest,  
 Turn to the source of grace, within your breast:  
 There lies your safety—O that all my kin  
 May ever seek it—where't is found—within!  
 That soul no ill's can ever long annoy,  
 Which makes its God the centre of its joy."

VERSES,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT THE  
 BREAKING UP OF THE FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL  
 IN MANCHESTER, IN THE YEAR 1748, WHEN  
 LAUDER'S CHARGE OF PLAGIARISM UPON MILTON  
 ENGAGED THE PUBLIC ATTENTION.

THE MASTER'S SPEECH.

OUR worthy founder, gentlemen, this day,  
 Orders the youth an hour's poetic play:  
 Me, on its annual return, to choose  
 One single subject for their various Muse:  
 That you may see how Fancy will create  
 Her different image in each youngster's pate.

Now, since our Milton, a renowned name,  
 Had been attack'd for stealing into fame;  
 I told 'em—"Lads, now be upon your guard;  
 Exert yourselves, and save your famous bard:  
 He's call'd a plagiary—'t is your's to show  
 The vain reproach, and silence Milton's foe.

"The point," said I, "at which ye now take  
 aim,  
 Remember, as ye rhyme, is Milton's fame;  
 Fame as a poet only, as attack'd  
 For plund'ring verses—ne'er contest the fact;  
 Defend your bard, tho' granted; and confine  
 To three times six, at most, your eager line."

Then lend a fav'ring ear, whilst they rehearse  
 Short, and almost extemporary verse:  
 A thought work'd up, that came into the mind,  
 With rhymes the first, and fittest, they could find,  
 Such was their task—the boys have done their best;  
 Take what you like, sirs,—and excuse the rest.

FIRST LAD.

MILTON pursu'd, in numbers more sublime,  
 Things unattempted yet in prose, or rhyme:  
 'T is said,—the bard did but pretend to soar,  
 For such—and such—attempted them before.

'T is now an age ago since Milton writ;  
 The rest—are sunk into Oblivion's pit:  
 A critic diving to their wrecks, perhaps,  
 Has, now and then, bro't up some loosen'd scraps.

We'll not dispute the value of them now—  
 But, say one thing which critics must allow;  
 Which all the nations round us will confess—  
 Milton alone—attempted with success.

SECOND LAD.

WHEN Milton's ghost into Elysium came,  
 To mix with claimants for poetic fame,  
 Some rose, the celebrated bard to meet;  
 Welcom'd, and laid their laurels at his feet.

"Immortal Shades," said he, "if aught be due  
To my attempts—'t is owing all to you:"  
Then took the laurels, fresh'ning from his hand,  
And crown'd the temples of the sacred band.

Others, in crowds, stood muttering behind,  
"Who is the guest?—He looks as he were  
blind—"

O! this is Milton, to be sure—the man  
That stole, from others, all his rhymeless plan;

"From those conceited gentlemen, perchance,  
That rush to hail him with such complaisance;  
Ay—that's the reason of this fawning fuss;  
I like him not—he never stole from us."

## THIRD LAD.

CRIME in a poet, sirs, to steal a thought?  
No, that 't is not; if it be good for aught:  
'T is lawful theft; 't is laudable to boot;  
'T is want of genius if he does not do 't:  
The fool admires—the man of sense alone  
Lights on a happy thought—and makes it all his  
own;

Flies, like a bee, along the Muses' field,  
Peeps in, and tastes what any flow'r can yield,  
Free, from the various blossom that he meets,  
To pick, and cull, and carry home the sweets;  
While, saunt'ring out, the heavy, stingless drone  
Amidst a thousand sweets—makes none of 'em  
his own.

## FOURTH LAD.

A CRITIC, once, to a Miltonian, made  
Of Milton's plagiarisms a long parade;  
To prove his work not owing to his genius,  
But to Adamus Exul, and Masenius;  
That he had stol'n the greater part, by much,  
Both of his plan, and matter, from the Dutch:

His Abdiel, his fine characters, he took,  
And heav'nly scenes, from such and such a book;  
His hellish too the same; from such a one  
He stole his Pandemonium,—and so on—  
Till Milton's friend cri'd out, at last, quite giddy,  
"Poh! hold thy tongue—he stole the Devil, did  
he?"

## FIFTH LAD.

WHEN Oxford saw, in her Radclivian dome,  
Greek skill, and Roman rival'd here at home;  
Wond'ring she stood; 'till one judicious spark  
Address'd the crowd, and made this sage re-  
mark—

"The most unlicens'd plagiarist—this Gibbs—  
Nothing in all his pile, but what he cribs.

"The ground he builds upon is not his own—  
I know the quarry whence he had his stone—  
The forest too where all his timber grow'd—  
The forge wherein his fused metals flow'd—  
In short, survey the edifice entire,  
'T is all a borrow'd work, from base to spire."

Thus, with our epic architect, he deals,  
Who says that Milton in his poem steals:  
Steals, if he will—but, without licence? no;  
Pedlars in verse, unmercifully, do so:  
Him Phœbus licens'd; and the Muses Nine  
Help'd the rare thief to raise up—a design.

## SIXTH LAD.

LAUDER,—thy authors Dutch, and German,  
There is no need to disinter, man:  
To search the mould'ring anecdote,  
For source of all that Milton wrote:  
We 'll own—from these, and many more,  
The bard enrich'd his ample store.

Phœbus himself could not escape  
The tricks of this poetic ape;  
For, to complete his daring vole',  
From his enliven'd wheels he stole,  
Prometheus-like, the solar ray,  
That animated all his clay.

Prometheus-like, then chain him down;  
Prey on his vitals of reason;  
With critic talons, and with beak,  
Upon his fame thy vengeance wreak:  
It grows again at ev'ry hour,  
Fast as the vulture can devour.

## SEVENTH LAD.

MILTONUM, vir, O facinus nefarium!  
Exagitavit tanquam plagiarium:  
Miramur, hanc qui protulisset thesin,  
Quid esse, Momus, crederet poesin.  
Nun, quæso, vult ut, hæc obstetricante,  
Dicendum sit quod nemo dixit ante?

O admirandam hominis versuti  
Calliditatem, quæ volebat uti!  
Dixisset ipse, nimium securus,  
Quod nemo dicit presens, aut futurus,  
Dum felis unguis persequitur murem,  
Miltonum, scilicet, fuisse furera.

Exulente ergo, (ejus ex effatis)  
Quicunque nomen usurparint vatis;  
Nullum vocemus, prorsus, ad examen  
Forum sensum, vitæ, aut modulaminis;  
Furantur omnes—habemus verum  
Poetam, exhibe, unicum Lauderum!

## A DIALOGUE ON CONTENTMENT.

J. WHAT ill, dear Phebe, would it not prevent,  
To learn this one short lesson—"be content!"  
No very hard prescription, in effect,  
This same content; and yet, thro' its neglect,  
What mighty evils do we human elves,  
As Prior calls us, bring upon ourselves!  
Evils that Nature never meant us for,  
The vacuums, that she really does abhor:  
Of all the ways of judging things amiss,  
No instance shows our weakness more than this,  
That men on Earth won't set their hearts at rest,  
When God in Heaven does all things for the best:  
What strange, absurd perverseness!—

P. Hold, good brother,  
Don't put yourself, I pray, in such a pother;  
'T is a fine thing to be content; why, true;  
'T is just, and right, we know, as well as you;  
And yet, to be so, after all this rout,  
Sometimes has puzzled you yourself, I doubt.

! From the French word *col*, signifying theft.

Falls in the vigour of their health, and strength,  
May rail at discontent, in words at length;  
Who yet, when disappointed of their wishes,  
Will put you off with surly humphs, and pishes;  
"Let's be content and easy;"—gen'ral stuff!  
Your happy people are content enough;  
If you would reason to the purpose, show,  
How they who are unhappy may be so;  
How they who are in sickness, want, or pain,  
May get their health, estate, and ease again:  
How they—

J. Nay, Phebe, don't go on so fast;  
You just rebuke now suits yourself at last;  
Methinks you wander widely from the fact—  
'Tis not how you, or I, or others act,  
That we are talking of, but how we shou'd—  
A rule, tho' ill observ'd, may still be good:  
Nor did I say that a contented will  
Wou'd hinder all, but many sorts of ill:  
This it will do; and, give me leave to say,  
Nash lessen such as it can't take away;  
You said yourself, 't was just, I think you did—

P. Yes, yes; I don't deny it—

J. Sense forbid  
That e'er you should; it's practice then, per-  
chance,  
Monstrous hard, in many a circumstance—

P. Monstrous? why monstrous? let that word  
be berr'd,  
And I shan't stick to say, I think it hard,  
And very hard, nay, I could almost add,  
That, in some cases, 't is not to be had—

J. Not to be had! content! it costs us nought;  
'Tis purchas'd only with a little thought;  
We need not fetch it from a distant clime,  
It may be found at home, at any time;  
Our very cares contribute to its growth,  
It knows no check, but voluntary sloth;  
None but ourselves can rob us of its fruit;  
It finds, whene'er we use it, fresh recruit;  
The more we gather, still the more it thrives,  
Fresh as our hopes, and lasting as our lives:  
Not to be had is wrong;—but I forgot,  
You did not say quite absolutely not,  
But could almost have said so; the almost,  
Perhaps, was meant against a florid boast  
Of such content as, when a trial came  
Severe enough, would hardly own its name—

P. Perhaps it was, and now your fire is spent,  
You can reflect, I s'pd, that this content,  
Which you are fond of celebrating so,  
Nay, now and then, be difficult to show,  
So difficult that—

J. Hold a bit—or ten  
To one the chance, that I shall fire again;  
'Tis just and right, you own, as well as me;  
Now, for my part, I rather choose to see  
The easiness of what is just and right,  
Which makes it more encouraging to sight,  
Than scaterrow hardships, that almost declare  
Content an un-come-at-able affair;  
And, consequently, tempt one to distrust,  
For difficulties, what is right and just:  
That I object to hardship; if you please,  
Show for what reason you object to ease—

P. Why, for this reason—tho' it should be true,  
That what is just and right, is easy too,  
Such ease is nothing of a talking kind,  
But of right will, that likes to be resign'd,  
And cherishes a grace which, with regard  
To the unpractic'd, may sometimes be hard:  
You treat content as if it were a weed,  
Of neither cost, nor culture; when indeed,  
It is as fine a flower as can be found  
Within the mind's best cultivated ground;  
Where, like a seed, it must have light and air  
To help its growth, according to the care  
That owners take, whose philosophic skill  
Will much depend upon the weather still; {bad  
Good should not make them careless, nor should  
Discourage—

J. Right, provided it be had,  
I'll not dispute; but own, what you have said  
Has hit the nail, directly, on the head:  
Easy or hard, all pains, within our pow'r,  
Are well bestow'd on such a charming flow'r.

## TOM THE PORTER.

As Tom the porter went up Ludgate-hill,  
A swinging show'r oblig'd him to stand still;  
So, in the right-hand passage thro' the gate,  
He pitch'd his burthen down, just by the grate,  
From whence the doleful accent sounds away,  
"Pity—the poor—and misery—debtors—pray."  
To the same garrison, from Paul's Church-  
yard,

A half-drown'd soldier ran to mount the guard;  
Now Tom, it seems, the Ludgateer, and he  
Were old acquaintance, formerly, all three;  
And as the coast was clear, by cloudy weather,  
They quickly fell into discourse together.

'T was in December, when the Highland clans  
Had got to Derbyshire from Preston Pans;  
And struck all London with a general panic—  
But mark the force of principles Britannic.

The soldier told 'em fresh the city news,  
Just piping hot from stockjobbers, and Jews;  
Of French fleets landing, and of Dutch neutrality;  
Of jealousies at court amongst the quality;  
Of Swarston-bridge, that never was pull'd down;  
Of all the rebels in full march to town;  
And of a hundred things beside, that made  
Lord may'r himself, and aldermen afraid;  
Painting with many an oath the case in view,  
And ask'd the porter—what he thought to do?

"Do!" says he, gravely—"what I did before;  
What I have done these thirty years, and more;  
Carry, as I am like to do, my pack,  
Glad to maintain my belly by my back;  
If that but hold, I care not; for my part,  
Come as come will, 't shall never break my heart;  
I don't see folks that fight about their thrones,  
Mind either soldiers' flesh, or porters' bones;  
Whoe'er gets better, when the battle's fought,  
Thy pay nor mine will be advanc'd a groat—  
—But to the purpose—now we are met here,  
I'll join, if t' will, for one fall mug of beer."

The soldier, touch'd a little with surprise  
To see his friend's indifference replies—  
"What you say, Tom, I own is very good,  
But—our religion!" (and he d—n'd his blood)



"What will become of our religion!"—"True!"  
Says the jail-bird—"and of our freedom too?  
If the Pretender" (rapt he out) "comes on,  
Our liberties and properties are gone!"

And so the soldier and the prisoner join'd  
To work up Tom into a better mind;  
He staring, dumb, with wonder struck and pity,  
Took up his load, and trudg'd into the city.

### AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,

ON THE ART OF ENGLISH POETRY.

THE art of English poetry, I find,  
At present, Jenkins, occupies your mind;  
You have a vast desire to it, you say,  
And want my help to put you in the way;  
Want me to tell what books you are to read;  
How to begin, at first, and how proceed—

Now, tho' in short-hand I may well pretend  
To give directions, my Salopian friend,  
As having had the honour to impart  
Its full perfection to that English art;  
Which you, and many a sagacious youth,  
By sure experience, know to be the truth;  
Yet how, in matters of poetic reach,  
Untaught myself, shall I pretend to teach?  
Well I remember that my younger breast  
The same desire, that reigns in yours, possess;  
Me, numbers flowing to a measur'd time,  
Me, sweetest grace of English verse, the rhyme,  
Choice epithet, and smooth descriptive line,  
Conspiring all to finish one design,  
Smit with delight, full negligent of prose,  
And, thro' mere liking, tempted to compose,  
To rate, according to my schoolboy schemes,  
Ten lines in verse worth half a hundred themes.

Without one living person to consult,  
The years went on, from tender to adult;  
And, as for poring to consult the dead,  
Truly, that never came into my head:  
Not Homer, Virgil, Horace! (if you ask)  
Why, yes, the rod would send me to the task;  
But all the commutation that came out  
Had its own end—to 'scape the whipping bout.  
Beside, if subject wanted to be sung,  
The Muse was question'd in the vulgar tongue;  
Who, if she could not answer well in that,  
Would hardly mend herself in Greek or Lat.

But poor encouragement for you to hope  
That my instructions will attain the scope:  
Yet since the help, which you are pleas'd to seek,  
Does not concern the Latin, or the Greek;  
In ancient classics, tho' but little read,  
I know and care as little what they said,  
In plain, familiar English, for your sake,  
This untry'd province I will undertake;  
And rules for verse as readily instill,  
As if ability had equal'd will:  
Fair stipulation, first, on either side,  
In form, and manner, here annex'd, imply'd—

Conditions are—that, if the Muse should err,  
You gave th' occasion, and must pardon her:  
If aught occur, on sitting down to try,  
That may deserve the casting of your eye;  
If hint arise, in any sort, to suit  
With your intent—you shall be welcome to't,

You may remember, when you first began  
To learn the truly tachygraphic plan,  
How tracing, step by step, the simplest line,  
We grounded, rais'd, and finish'd our design:  
How we examin'd language, and its power,  
And then adjusted ev'ry stroke to ours:  
Whilst the same method, follow'd, in the main,  
Made other matters more concisely plain;  
Made English, French, Italian—Hebrew too—  
Appear the clearest in a short-hand view;  
Which, in all points, where language was con-  
cern'd,

Explain'd how best, and soonest they were learn'd;  
Show'd where to end, as well as to commence,  
At that one central point of view—good sense.

There fix your eye then,—if you mean to write  
Verse that is fit to read, or to recite:  
A poet, slighting this initial rule,  
Is but, at best, an artificial fool;  
Of learning verse quite needless the expense,  
Plain prose might serve to show his want of sense.

But you, who have it, and would give to press  
The grace, that English poetry bestows,  
Consider how the short-hand scheme, in part,  
May be apply'd to the poetic art:  
To write, or read in that, you understood,  
There must be sense, and sense that must be  
good;

The more that words were proper and exact,  
In book, or speech, the more we could contract:  
The hand, you know, became a kind of test,  
In this respect, what writings were the best.  
If incorrect the language, or absurd,  
It cost the fuller noting of each word;  
But, when more apt, grammatical, and true,  
Full off a letter for a word would do.

Form to yourself, directly, the design  
Of so constructing a poetic line;  
That it may cost, in writing it our way,  
The least expense of ink, as one may say;  
That word, or phrase—in measure that you  
please,—

May come the nearest to prosaic ease:  
You'll see the cases from the rule exempt,  
Whilst it directs, in general, your attempt;  
How word, or sentence, you may oft transpose,  
And verse be, still, as natural as prose.

As natural—for, tho' we call it art,  
The worth in poetry is Nature's part:  
Here—*artis est celare artem*—here,  
Art must be hid that Nature may appear;  
So lie conceal'd behind the shining glass,  
That Nature's image may the best re-pass:  
All o'er, indeed, must quicksilver be spread,  
But all its useless motion must lie dead.

The art of swimming—next that comes to  
mind—

Perhaps may show you what is here design'd:  
A young beginner struggling, you may see,  
With all his might—'t was so at least with me—  
With all the splutter of his limbs to swim,  
And keep his brains, and breath, above the brim;  
Whilst, the more eager he to gain his art,  
The sooner ev'ry limb is thrown athwart;  
Till by degrees he learns, with less ado,  
And gentler stroke, the purpose to pursue;  
To Nature's motions poising he conforms,  
Nor puts th' unwilling element in storms;  
Taught, as the smoother wave shall yield, to yield,  
And rule the surface of the wat'ry field.

Soon as you can then, learn to lay aside  
 All wild endeavours against Nature's tide;  
 Which way she bends take notice, and comply;  
 The verse that will not, burn, or throw it by:  
 May be the subject does not suit your skill—  
 Dismiss, dismiss—till one comes up that will:  
 If sense, if Nature succour not the theme,  
 All art and skill is strife against the stream;  
 If they assist to waft your verses o'er,  
 Stretch forward, and possess the wish'd-for shore.

'T was from a certain native sense, and wit,  
 That came—Poets nascitur, non fit—  
 Adage forbidding any rhyming blade,  
 That was not born a poet, to be made:  
 For if to sing, (in music) or to hear,  
 Require a natural good voice, or ear;  
 If art and rule but awkwardly advance,  
 Without a previous, pliant shape, to dance,  
 Well may the Muse, before she can inspire,  
 Venial force of subtle wit require.

Of this if critics should demand a sign,  
 Strong inclination should be use of mine;  
 A fair desire is seldom known to spring,  
 But where there is some fitness for the thing:  
 Tho' by untoward circumstances check'd,  
 There lies a genius, but without effect;  
 Many a fine plant, uncultivated, dies;  
 And worse, with more encouragement, may rise:  
 Des Mecæneses—what had Maro been,  
 Had not Mecænes rais'd the Muse within?

Yours, honest pupil, when you are inclin'd,  
 May verify, according to your mind;  
 She has no reason, to no patron ty'd,  
 To prostitute her favours to a side;  
 Nor to false taste, if any such the age  
 Shall run into, to sacrifice her page;  
 Much less, with any vicious topic vile,  
 An art of chaster offspring to defile:  
 All verse unworthy of an English Muse,  
 Of short-hand race, she may, and must refuse.

Ancient and modern aptitude to run  
 Into some errors, which you ought to shun,  
 Will now and then occasion, I foresee,  
 In place, or out, a precept from me:  
 When this shall happen, never stand to try  
 The where of its appearance, but the why;  
 Lest, by authorities, or old, or new,  
 You should be tempted to incur them too;  
 Since the most celebrated names infer  
 No sort of privilege in you to err:  
 Far from it—even, where they may excel,  
 Barely to imitate is not so well;  
 Much less should their authority prevail,  
 Or warrant you to follow, where they fail.

'T is not to search for precedents alone,  
 But how to form a judgment of your own;  
 In writing verse that is your main affair,  
 Main end of all my monitory care,  
 Who bate servility to common law,  
 That keeps an equitable right in awe;  
 By use and custom justifies its lot,  
 Its modes, and fashions, whether right, or not;  
 Cramps the free genius, clips the Muse's wing,  
 And to one poet ties another's string;  
 Producing, from their hardy various lines,  
 So many copies, and so few designs.

By neither names, nor numbers, be deter'd;  
 Nor yield to mix amongst the servile herd:  
 Assert the liberty, which all allow,  
 Tho' slaves in practice—and begin just now,

Begin with me, and construe what I write,  
 Not to preclude your judgment, but excite;  
 Just as you once examin'd what I taught,  
 From first to last, with unadicted thought,  
 So while, at your request, I venture here  
 To play the master, see that all be clear;  
 Preserve the freedom, which you always took;  
 Nor, if it teach amiss, regard the book.

Thus, unencumber'd, let us move along,  
 As road shall lead us, to the mount of song;  
 Still keeping, so far by agreement ty'd,  
 Good verse in prospect, and good sense for guide.

SENSE presuppos'd, and resolute intent  
 To regulate thereby poetic bent,  
 Let us examine language once again,  
 As erst we did to regulate the pen;  
 And then observe how the peculiar frame  
 Of words, in English, may assist your aim.

The end of speech, vouchsaf'd to human kind,  
 Is to express conceptions of the mind:  
 By painted speech, or writing's wondrous aid,  
 The lines of thought are legibly display'd;  
 In any place, at any time appear,  
 And silent figure speaks to mental ear;  
 Surprising permanence of meaning, found  
 For distant voice, and momentary sound:  
 Whether by Heav'n, at first, the huge effect  
 Reveal'd, or by inventive wit—reflect  
 What good may follow, if a man exert  
 The talent right, what ill, if he pervert;  
 And to exertion, whether good, or bad,  
 What strength engaging poetry may add;  
 That, if successful in your present drift,  
 You may not risk to desecrate the gift.

You see, in speaking, or by sound, or ink,  
 The grand inceptive caution is—to think;  
 To measure, ponder, ruminatè, digest,  
 Or phrase whatever, that betokens best  
 A due attention to make art, and skill,  
 Turn all to good, or least of all to ill;  
 Never to give, on any warm pretence,  
 To just observers cause of just offence:  
 To truth, to good, undoubtedly, belong  
 The skill of poets, and the charms of song.

In verse, or prose, in nature, or in art,  
 The head begins the movement, or the heart;  
 If both unite, if both be clear and sound,  
 Then may perfection in a work be found;  
 Then does the preacher, then the poet shine,  
 And justly take the title of divine.  
 By common sense the world has been all led  
 To make distinction of the heart and head;  
 Distinction worthy of your keenest ken,  
 In passing judgment upon books, and men;  
 Upon yourself, before you shall submit  
 To other judges what yourself has writ.

The heart, the head, it may suffice to note,  
 Two different kinds of poetry promote;  
 One more sublime, more sacred, and severe,  
 That shines in Poetry's celestial sphere;  
 One of an useful, tho' a humbler birth,  
 That ornaments its lower globe of Earth;  
 These we shall here ascribe, if you think fit,  
 One to good sense, the other to good wit;  
 And grant that, whichever be display'd,  
 It must have something of the other's aid;  
 Without some wit solidity is dull,  
 As bad the sprightly nonsense, to the full.

To clothe them both in language, and by rule,  
 Let us again revise the short-hand school,  
 And trace the branching stamens of discourse  
 From their most plain and primævally resource.  
 Four parts of speech, you know, we us'd to make  
 The best arrangement, for inquiry's sake;  
 And how, spontaneous, to determine those,  
 The noun, and adnoun, verb, and adverb rose.  
 Occurring hints, but to no stiffness ty'd  
 Of formal method, let these four divide;  
 They do, in fact, partition out, you know,  
 The sense of words, as far as words can go;  
 For of a thing the clear ideal sense,  
 The properties that really spring from thence,  
 Actions, and modes of action that ensue,  
 Must all unite to make the language true;  
 If false, some one or other of these four  
 Unveils delusion en'ring at its door;  
 But—wonted lessons I shall here pass by,  
 Trusting to your remembrance—and apply.

The noun, the name, the substantive, the thing,  
 Let represent the subject that you sing:  
 The main, essential matter, whereupon  
 You mean to set the Muse at work anon:  
 E'er you begin the verse that you intend,  
 Respice finem—think upon its end;  
 One single point, on which you are to fix,  
 Must govern all that you shall intermix;  
 Before you quest for circumstances round,  
 Peg down, at first, the centre of your ground;  
 Each periodic incident when past,  
 Examine gently whether that be fast:  
 How can you help, if it should e'er come out,  
 Mistaking quite the point you are about?  
 How, with no tether fix'd to your designs,  
 Help incoherent, loose, unmeaning lines?

You need not ask of classic Rome, or Greece,  
 Whether your work should all be of a piece;  
 The thing is plain—and all that rule can tell  
 Is—Memorandum to observe it well;  
 To frame, whatever you shall intersperse  
 Of decoration, well connected verse;  
 That shall, whatever may across be spread,  
 From end to end, maintain an equal thread;  
 That botch, or patch, or clumsy, awkward seam  
 May not poetic unity of theme.

This theme, or subject, for your English Muse  
 Belongs, of right, to you and her to choose:  
 Your own unbiass'd inclinations beat  
 The freer topics for a verse suggest;  
 All, within bound of innocence, is free;  
 And you may range, without consulting me,  
 The just, delightful, and extensive sphere;  
 All else,—what need of caution to forbear?  
 None—if the bards, and some of them renown'd,  
 Had not transgress, and overleap'd the bound;  
 This may indeed bid you to have a care,  
 Me, to renew the warning, to beware;  
 While, unrestrain'd, you set yourself the task,  
 Let it be harmless, and 't is all I ask.

Some, to be sure, more excellent, and grand,  
 Your practis'd genius may in time demand;  
 To these in view, no doubt, you may, in will,  
 Devote, at present, your completer skill;  
 And whilst, in little essays, you express,  
 Or clothe a thought in versifying dress,  
 On fair ideas they may turn, and just,  
 And pave the way to something more august:  
 If well your earlier specimens intend,  
 From small beginnings you may greatly end;

Write what the good may praise, as they peruse,  
 And bless, with no unfruitful fame, the Muse.

A youthful Muse, a sprightly one, may crave  
 To intermix the cheerful with the grave—  
 Indulge her choice, nor stop the flowing stream,  
 Where verse adorns an inoffensive theme.  
 Unwill'd endeavour is the same as faint,  
 And brisk will languish if it feel constraint:  
 From task impos'd, from any kind of force,  
 A stiff, and starch'd production comes, of course;  
 Unless it suit, as it may chance to do,  
 The present humour of the Muse, and you:  
 Sooner, so ask'd, that willing numbers flow,  
 The more acceptable, and a-propos;  
 Tho' prompt, if proper the occasion rise,  
 Her stumbler aid no generous Muse denies;  
 But if a fair and friendly call invite,  
 Speeds on the verse to opportune delight;  
 Cuts all delays to satisfaction short,  
 When friends and seasons are in temper for't:  
 As, by this present writing, one may see,  
 Dear Muse of mine, is just the case with thee.

A generous Muse, I must again repeat,  
 Disdains the poor, poetical conceit  
 Of poaching verse, for personal repute,  
 And writing—only to be thought to do't;  
 Without regarding one of its chief ends,  
 At once to profit, and to pleasure friends.  
 Tho' to the bard she dictate first the line,  
 The reader's benefit is her design:  
 Mistaken poets seek for private fame;  
 'T is gen'ral use that sanctifies the name.

Be free, and choose what subject then you will,  
 But keep your readers in remembrance still,  
 Your future judges—tho' 't is in your choice  
 In what committees who shall have a voice:  
 Their satisfaction if the Muse prefers,  
 And their esteem, who justly merit hers,  
 They who do not, however prompt of throat,  
 Stand all excluded from the legal vote.  
 Verse any readers, for whom verse is writ,  
 May to the press, or to the flames commit:  
 A poet signs the judgment on his verse,  
 If readers, worthy to be pleas'd, rehearse;  
 But, when the blockheads meddle in the case,  
 Laughs at their blame, and smiles at their applause.

'T will add to future versifying ease  
 To think on judges, whom you ought to please;  
 To fancy some of your selected friends  
 Discussing points, to which a subject tends;  
 By whom you guess it would be well discuss'd,  
 And judgment form'd, that you might safely trust;  
 If you conceive them sitting on the bench,  
 Hints, what is fit to add, or to retrench,  
 Anticipating Fancy may supply,  
 And save the trouble to the real eye:  
 Judgment awaken'd may improve the theme  
 With righter verdict, tho' the court 's a dream.

#### ON INOCULATION.

WRITTEN WHEN IT FIRST BEGAN TO BE PRACTISED IN ENGLAND.

I HEARD two neighbours talk, the other night,  
 About this new distemper-giving plan,  
 Which some so w. w. g. and others think so right;  
 Short was the dialogue—and thus it ran.

"If I had twenty children of my own,  
I would inoculate them every one.—"  
"Ay, but should any of them die! what mean  
Would these be made, for vent'ring thereupon?"

"No; I should think that I had done the best;  
And be resign'd, whatever should befall.—"  
"But could you really be so, quite at rest?"  
"I could"—"Then why inoculate at all?"

"Since to resign a child to God, who gave,  
Is full as easy, and as just a part,  
When sick, and led by Nature to the grave,  
As when in health, and driv'n to it by Art."

### AN ANSWER TO SOME INQUIRIES,

CONCERNING THE AUTHOR'S OPINION OF A SER-  
MON PREACHED AT — UPON THE OPERATION  
OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

SAY to the sermon?—Why, you all were by,  
And heard its whole contents, as well as I—  
Without discussing what the preacher said,  
I'll tell you, sirs, what came into my head.

While he went on, and learnedly perplex  
The genuine meaning of his chosen text,  
I cut my eyes above him, and explor'd  
The dove-like form upon the sounding board.

That bird, thought I, was put there as a sign  
What kind of spirit guides a good divine:  
Such as, at first, taught preachers to impart  
The pure and simple gospel to the heart:

A perfect, plain, intelligible rule,  
Without the dark distinctions of the school;  
That, with a nice, sophistical disguise,  
Hide the clear precepts from the people's eyes.

Whatever doctrine in one age was true,  
Must needs be so in all succeeding too;  
Tho' circumstance may change—its inward aim,  
Thro' every outward state, is still the same.

No thinking Christian can be pleas'd to hear  
Men, who pretend to make the Scripture clear,  
With low remarks, upon the letter play,  
And take the spirit of it quite away.

Be time, or place, or person, or what will,  
Urg'd in support of such a wretched skill,  
It all amounts but to a vain pretence,  
That robs the Gospel of its real sense.

Taught by the Saviour, and by holy men,  
'Tis now the very same that it was then;  
Not to be alter'd by unhallow'd pains;  
The world may vary, but the truth remains.

Its consecrated phrases, one would think,  
That priests and pulpits were not made to sink;  
Prophaner wits can do it that disgrace—  
What need of *holy orders* in the case?

The modish critical haranguer, heard,  
May be admir'd; may be perhaps preferr'd;  
Who sinks the dictates of the sacred page  
Down to the maxims of the present age.

But o'er his sounding canopy, why bring  
The harmless dove to spread its hovering wing?  
How in the church by such a shape express  
Fullness of brain, and emptiness of breast?

Of heads so fatten'd, and of hearts so starv'd,  
A different emblem should, methinks, be carv'd;  
The owl of Athens, and not Sion's dove,  
The bird of learning—not the bird of love.

### REMARKS ON DR. BROWN'S ESTIMATE,

WRITTEN IN THE CHARACTER OF A LADY.

THE book appears to my perusing sight,  
So rambling, scumbling, florid, and polite,  
That tho' a manly skill may trace the clue,  
A simple female knows not what to do;  
Where to begin remark, or where to close,  
Lost in a thousand—beauties, I suppose.

One seeming proof of such a coalition  
Of num'rous beauties is—a fifth edition;  
As, reading authors, I have just now found  
In the Whitehall—price three and sixpence bound:  
Many a good book, but less of print concise,  
Less clean of margin, sells for half the price.

So that the nation grows in books, 'tis plain,  
"Luxurious, effeminate and vain":  
That is the purchasers—or, if I durst,  
I would have said the writers of 'em first;  
And the luxuriant framer of this plan,  
First of the first, should be the leading man.

Somewhere before the middle of the book,  
It seems the author, whom I really took  
But for a politician, was in fine,  
To my surprise, a protestant divine:  
A protestant divine! in whose high flight  
The question capital is—who shall fight?"

Not who shall pay—as some divines have plann'd,  
One has heard tell, the capital demand:  
Both needless questions when divines arose  
Who neither sa'd their friends nor fought their  
Now what more vain, effeminate, luxurious, [foes.  
Than parson's talk, so capitally furious?

Truly the works of distaff and of needle  
Are worth whole volumes of courageous Tweedle;  
With the sum total—"Britons! all be free;  
Take the brown musket up, and follow me;  
Let us be strong, be hardy, sturdy, rough;  
'Till we are all beatn'd in buff."

1 "We may with truth and candour conclude that  
the ruling character of the present times is that of  
a vain, luxurious, and selfish effeminacy." *Brown's  
Estimate.* Sect. 6.

2 "It hath been urged indeed as a proof that the  
natural spirit of defence is not yet extinguished,  
that we raised such large sums during the Rebel-  
lion, and still continue such plentiful supplies for  
the support of our fleets and armies. This is weak  
reasoning: for will not cowardice, at least as soon  
as courage, part with a shilling or a pound to  
avoid danger?—The capital question therefore  
still remains—Not who shall pay, but who shall  
fight?" Sect. 6.

With manners just the same, as we are told,  
Men are effeminate, and women bold:  
If aught like satire or like ridicule  
Should seem to rise, we must apply this rule  
To solve the case—and so I think we may—  
“It comes from folly's natural display.”

Person and dress is left us to apply,  
And little else, to know the sexes by:  
Characteristics formerly made out,  
Are now confounded by a present rout:  
All would be lost if, as the cassoc warm,  
With rage as just, the petticoat should arm.

But while men fight, both clergyfild and lay,  
Who left but women to cry—Let us pray!  
While men are marshalling in prose Pindaric  
Religion, Virtue, Warburton, and Garrick,  
Women must pray, that Heav'n would yet annex  
Some little grace to the talk-valiant sex.

Love of our country is the manly sound  
That clads in armour all the Virtues round:  
Where is this lovely country to be sought?  
Why 'tis Great Britain, in their little thought:  
And the two states which these divines advance,  
The Heav'n of England, and the Hell of France.

Women must pray—and, if divines can reach  
No higher a theology—must preach.  
This world—this sea bound spot of it—may seem  
The central Paradise in men's esteem,  
Who have great souls; but women who have none,  
Have other realms to fix their hearts upon.

If such there be—the only certain scheme  
To guard against each possible extreme,  
Is to put on, amidst the world's alarms,  
With a good heart, our *real* country's arms;  
Faith, hope, and patience, from the tow'rs above,  
All-bearing meekness, and all conqu'ring love.

#### REMARKS

ON A PAMPHLET, ENTITLED, EPISTLES TO THE  
GREAT, FROM ARISTIPPUS IN RETIREMENT.—  
IN A LETTER TO DR. S.—

DOCTOR, this new poetic species  
Some may do; but never *does*:

3 “The sexes have now little other apparent  
distinction beyond that of person and dress: their  
peculiar and characteristic manners are confound-  
ed and lost: the one sex having advanced into  
boldness, as the other have sunk into effeminacy.”  
Sect. 5.

4 “Thus we have attempted a simple delineation  
of the ruling manners of the times: if any thing  
like ridicule appears to mix itself with this review,  
it ariseth not from the aggravation, but the na-  
tural display of folly.” Sect. 5.

5 These Epistles were published in the year  
1757.—“The species of poetry,” says the edi-  
tor, “in which they are written has been used  
with great success among the French, by Chapelle,  
Chaulieu, La Farre, Gresset, madame Deshou-  
lières, and others.”—To quote from them all the

For a Chapelle, or a Chaulieu,  
The new devis'd conceit may do;  
In rambling rhymes, La Farre, and Gresset,  
And easy diction may express it;  
Or madam's muse, Deshoulières,  
Improve it farther still than theirs:  
But in the name of all the Nine,  
Will an epistolary line,  
In English verse and English sense,  
Admit to give them both offence,  
*The Gaulbreed insipiditee*  
Of this new fang'd melodee?  
Indeed it won't—if Gallic phrase  
Can bear with such enervate lays,  
Nor *pleasure* nor *pain-pinion'd hours*  
Can ever suffer them in ours;  
Or *ity'crown'd*, endure a theme  
*Silver'd* with *moonshine's maiden gleam*:  
Not tho' so *garlanded* and *flow'ry*,  
So *soft*, so *sweet*, so *myrtle-bow'ry*;  
So *balmy*, *palmy*—and so on—  
As is the theme here writ upon:  
Writ in a species that, if taking,  
Portends sad future verse unmaking:  
Brown's Estimate of times and manners,  
That paints effeminacy's banners,  
Has not a proof in its detail  
More plain than this, if this prevail;  
Forbid it sense, forbid it rhyme,  
Whether familiar or sublime;  
Whether ye guide the poet's hand  
To easy diction or to grand;  
Forbid the Gallic namby pamby  
Here to repeat its crazy crambe:  
One instance of such special stuff,  
To see the way on't is enough;  
Excus'd for once; if *Aristippus*  
Has any more within his *cippus*,  
Let him suppress;—or sing 'em he  
With *gentle Muse*, *sweet Euterpe*;  
Free to salute her, while they chirp,  
For easier rhyming—*sweet Euterpe*:  
It is allow'd that verse to please  
Should move along with perfect ease;  
But this coxcombically mingling  
Of rhymes, unrhyming, interjingling,  
For numbers genuinely British  
Is quite too finical and skittish;  
But for the masculiner *belles*,  
And the polite be *ma' maudelles*;  
Whom *Eryads*, *Nivoids*, *Nymphs*, and *Fauns*,  
*Meads*, *woods*, and *groves*, and *lakes*, and *lawn*,  
And *foxes*, and *doves*—and fifty more  
Such jaded terms, besprink'd o'er  
With compound epithets uncouth,  
Prompt to pronounce 'em verse, firsooth!  
Verse let 'em be; tho' I suppose  
Some verse as well might have been prose,  
That *England's common courtesy*  
*Politely calls good poetry*:  
For if the poetry be good,  
Accent at least is understood;  
Number of syllables alone,  
Without the proper stress of tone,

expressions alluded to in the following verses,  
would but swell out the notes to an unnecessary  
length. It is thought sufficient therefore to dis-  
tinguish such allusions by Italic characters.

Will make our metre fat and bare  
As Hebrew verse of bishop Hare:  
Add, that regard to rhyme is gone,  
And verse and prose will be all one;  
Or, what is worse, create a pothor  
By species neither one nor t'other:  
A case, which there is room to fear  
From dupes of Aristippus here—  
The fancied sage, in feign'd retreat,  
Laughs at the follies of the great  
With wit, invention, fancy, humour,  
Enough to gain the thing a rhyme;  
But if he writes resolv'd to shine  
In unconfin'd and motley line,  
Let him Pindario it away,  
And quit the lazy labour'd lay;  
Leave to *La Farre* and to *La France*,  
The warbling, soothing *sacchalesse*—  
When will our bards unlearn at last  
The puny style, and the bombast?  
Nor let the pitiful extremes  
Disgrace the verse of English themes;  
Matter, no more, in manner paint  
Poppish, affected, queer, and quaint;  
Nor bounce above Parnassian ground,  
To drop the sense, and catch the sound:  
Except—in writing for the stage,  
Where sound is best for bushin'd rage;  
Except—in operas, where sense  
Is but superfluous expense:  
Be then the bards of sounding pitch  
Consign'd to Garrick and to Rich;  
To *Tumblers* and *Tumblers*,  
The noisy singing *Euterpe*.

## EPILOGUE

TO HURLOTHRUMBO, OR THE SUPERNATURAL.

Enter *Hurlothrumbo*.

LADIES and gentlemen, my lord of Plame  
Has sent me here to thank you in his name;  
Proud of your smiles, he's mounted many a story  
Above the tip-top pinnacle of glory:  
Thence he defies the sons of clay, the critics;  
"Fellows," says he, "that are mere paralytica,  
With judgments lame, and intellects that halt,  
Because a man outruns them—they find fault."  
He is indeed, to speak my poor opinion,  
Out of the reach of critical dominion.

Enter *Critic*.

Ado! here's one of 'em.—

<sup>1</sup> This play was written by Mr. Samuel Johnson, a dancing master, of Cheshire, and performed in the year 1722, at the Little Theatre, in the Hay-market, where it had a run of above thirty nights. We must refer the reader to the piece itself, to give him a just idea of the humour and propriety of the following epilogue; which was written by our author, with a friendly intention to point out to Mr. Johnson the extravagance and absurdity of his play.—Mr. Johnson, however, so far from perceiving the ridicule, received it as a compliment, and had it both spoken and printed.

Cr. A strange odd play, sir;

Enter *Author*, pushes *Hurlothrumbo* aside.

Au. Let me come to him.—Pray, what's that you say, sir?

Cr. I say, sir, rules are not observ'd here.—

Au. Rules; Like clocks and watches, were all made for fools. Rules make a play? that is—

Cr. What, Mr. Singer?

Au. As if a knife and fork should make a finger.

Cr. Pray, sir, which is the *hero* of your play?

Au. Hero? why they're all heroes in their way.

Cr. But here's no plot! or none that's understood.

Au. There's a *rebellion* tho'; and that's as good.

Cr. No spirit nor genius in't.

Au. Why didn't here A spirit and a genius both appear?

Cr. Poh, 'tis all stuff and nonsense.—

Au. Lack-a-day!

Why that's the very essence of a play.  
Your old-house, new-house, opera and ball,  
'Tis nonsense, critic, that supports 'em all.  
As you yourselves ingeniously have shown,  
Whilst on their nonsense you have built your own.

Cr. Here wants—

Au. Wants what? why now, for all your cant—  
What one ingredient of a play is wanting? [iug,  
Music, love, war, death, madness without sham,  
Done to the life by persons of the dram:  
Scenes and machines, descending and arising;  
Thunder and lightning; ev'ry thing surprising!  
Cr. Play, farce, or opera, is't?

Au. No matter whether  
'Tis a rehearsal of 'em all together.  
But come, sir, come, troop off, old Blundermonger,  
And interrupt the Epilogue no longer.

[*Author* drives the *Critic* off the stage.*Hurlo*, proceed.—

*Hurlo*. Troth! he says true enough,  
The stage has given rise to wretched stuff:  
Critic or player; a Dennis or a Cibber,  
Vie only which shall make it go down glibber;  
A thousand murderous ways they cast about  
To stifle it—but murder like—'twill out.  
Our author fairly, without so much fuss,  
Shows it—in *puris naturalibus*;  
Pursues the point beyond its highest height,  
Then bids his men of fire, and ladies bright,  
Mark how it looks! when it is out of sight.  
So true a stage, so fair a play for laughter,  
There never was before, nor ever will come after:  
Never, no never; not while vital breath  
Defends ye from that *long-liv'd mortal*, Death.  
Death!—something hangs on my prophetic  
tongue,  
I'll give it utterance—be it right or wrong:  
Handel himself shall yield to Hurlothrumbo,  
And Bononcini too shall cry—"Succumbo."  
That's if the *ladies* condescend to smile;  
Their looks make sense or nonsense in our isle.

## REMARKS

ON DR. MIDDLETON'S EXAMINATION OF THE  
LORD BISHOP OF LONDON'S DISCOURSES CON-  
CERNING THE USE AND INTENT OF PROPHECY.

§ PETER i. 19.

"We have also a more sure word of prophecy;  
whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto  
a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day  
dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts."

THIS passage, sir, which has engag'd of late  
So many writers in such high debate  
About the nature of prophetic light  
Has not, I think, been understood aright:  
Nor does the critic Middleton's new tract  
Relate the meaning fairly, or the fact.

Peter, you know, sir, by his own account,  
Was with our Saviour in the holy Mount;  
Where he, and two apostles more, beheld  
The shechinah, or glory that excell'd; 10  
Saw that divine appearance of our lord,  
Which three of the evangelists record;  
His face a sun, and light his whole array,  
Prophetic glimpse of that eternal day,  
Wherein, the glance of Sun and Moon supplant,  
God shall himself enlighten all the blest;  
Shall from his temple, from the sacred shrine,  
Shine forth of human majesty divine.  
To this grand vision, which the chosen three  
Were call'd before they tasted death to see, 20  
Was added proof to the astonish'd ear,  
That made presential Deity appear;  
And by a voice from God the Father's throne,  
His well beloved Son was then made known.

Now search of mysteries the whole abyss,  
What more entire conviction, sir, than this?  
Of human reason search the wide pretence,  
What more miraculous, and plain to sense?  
But reason oft interprets past event  
Just as the human heart, and will is bent: 30  
The doctor, whom his own productions call  
No hearty friend to miracles at all,  
Disguises this to bring his point about,  
As if both sight and hearing left a doubt;  
Left some perplexity on Peter's mind,  
Quite against all that he himself defin'd.

"This wondrous apparition, sir, might leave  
Something too hard precisely to conceive;  
And circumstances raise within his soul  
Suspense about the nature of the whole!" 40

What kind of sauntering spirit could suggest  
Such groundless cavil to a Christian breast?  
What Christian priest, at least, would choose to  
His Saviour's glory in a light so faint?— [paint

"This wonderful apparition and heavenly voice  
might be accompanied with such circumstances  
as would naturally leave some doubt and per-  
plexity on the mind concerning the precise man-  
ner and nature of the whole transaction. For  
Peter, as we read, was in such a fright and  
amazement at what he saw and heard, that he  
knew not what he said: and both he and the two  
other apostles then with him, James and John,  
were so greatly terrified, that they fell upon their  
faces to the ground, and durst not so much as  
look up, till Jesus, when the vision was over,  
came to raise and encourage them."—Dr. Mid-  
dleton's Treatise, p. 55.

But let this suit the priesthood, if you will,  
Pray what foundation for his critic skill?  
For Peter's doubting what he saw and heard—  
For scruples—first imagin'd, then infer'd?

The reason here assign'd is "Fear and dread,  
So great that Peter knew not what he said; 50  
He, and his partners in the vision too,  
Fell on their faces at its awful view;  
Nor durst look up, till Jesus, at the last,  
Came to, and rais'd them, when 't was overpast."

O vain suggestion! could they see and hear  
Without an adoration? without fear?  
If they were struck with more than mortal awe,  
Their very fear was proof of what they saw;  
For strength to see, and weakness to sustain,  
Made, both alike, the heavenly vision plain: 60  
Nor has he once attempted to devise [prise  
What else should strike them with so great sur-

If, overcome with reverential dread,  
Th' amaz'd apostle wist not what he said,  
Unbias'd reason would itself confess  
A greater light diminishing its less.  
Thus in the sacred books, if we recall  
The first recorded presence since the fall,  
Themselves from God when our first parents hid,  
It might be said, they wist not what they did: 70  
Yet were they taught their comfortable creed,  
The promise of the woman's conqu'ring seed;  
As here, th' apostles were empower'd to see  
That Jesus, God's beloved Son, was he.

If, when God spake, each fell upon his face—  
How oft in ancient times was this the case?  
What prophet, sir, to whom he spake of yore,  
His voice, or vision, unsupported bore?  
Moses himself, when unawares he trod  
On holy ground and heard the voice of God, 80  
Tho' turn'd aside on purpose to inquire  
What kept the bush unburnt amidst the fire,  
Stop'd in his search by the divine rebuke,  
Straight hid his face, and was afraid to look.

Abram, the covenant'd sire of all,  
Who, in his faith, upon the Lord should call,  
When he receiv'd the seal of it, the sign  
Of circumcision, from the voice divine,  
Fell on his face—and must we then conceit  
His proofs, that God talk'd with him, incomplete? 90

Read how Isaiah thought himself undone  
When he had seen God's glory in his Son;  
Until the seraph, with a living coal  
From off the altar, purg'd the prophet's soul.  
Read how Ezekiel too, with like surprise,  
When Heav'n was open'd to his wond'ring eyes,  
Fell on his face, at the same glorious sight;  
Till, by God's spirit, made to stand upright,  
Thus Daniel prostrate, thus the great divine  
Who saw the apocalyptic scenes—in fine, 100  
Thus human strength alone could never stand,  
When God appear'd, unaided by his hand.  
To urge a reason then from fear, to doubt  
The glorious fact, that could not be without,  
Only befits a feeble, faithless mind,  
To heav'nly voice and vision deaf and blind.

The learned prelate, against whose Discourse  
This gentleman has aim'd bis present force,  
Thought it absurd in any one to make  
St. Peter, for his own conviction's sake, 110  
Say, that old prophecies should be prefer'd  
To God's immediate voice, which he had heard:  
Such a comparison, he thought, became  
No sober man—much less the saint—to frame;

Concluding it impossible from hence  
That this could ever be St. Peter's sense.  
Tho' "tis not only possible, it seems,  
But weak, moreover," as the doctor deems,  
"To doubt it—a comparison so just  
Peter not only might have made, but *must*—" 120.  
And then he cites rabbinical remarks,  
To prove the paradox from learned clerks:  
Not that he minds what any of them writes,  
But most despises whom he chiefly cites.  
Lightfoot's authority, to instance one,  
Is first, and last, and most insisted on;  
"The soundness of whose faith he interjects,  
And erudition nobody suspects:"  
Or if the reader wants a full display [way<sup>4</sup>  
Of these endowments,—“ Lightfoot shows the  
How, by assuming liberty to take 131  
For granted, straight, what premises we make;  
Whatever notions or opinions tend  
To favour that which we would recommend,  
We may demonstrate, by such arts as these,  
A doctrine true, divine, or what we please.”  
This, sir, is his description of sound faith—  
Let us now see what argument it hath:  
This trusty evidence, amongst the rest,  
Is call'd to prove a voice from Heav'n a jest; 140  
The Jews *bath-kol*, a cunning acted part,  
A fable, phantasy, or magic art;  
Voice of the devil, or of devilish elves,  
To cheat the people and promote themselves:

<sup>2</sup> P. 47. "Let us now return to the bishop's Discourses, in which he goes on to demonstrate the inconsistency of the author's (Collins) exposition, by telling us, that 'it makes Peter to say, in his own person, that the dark prophecies of the Old Testament were a sorer and more certain evidence to himself, than the immediate voice of God, which he had heard with his own ears. And is it possible,' adds he, 'that St. Peter, or any man in his wits, could make such a comparison?' To which question, so smartly and confidently put, I readily answer, that it is not only possible, that St. Peter might make such a comparison, but even weak to imagine that he could make any other."

<sup>3</sup> P. 52. "Doctor Lightfoot also, the soundness of whose faith and erudition is allowed by all, speaks more precisely to my present purpose, and says, that 'if we observe two things, first, that the Jewish nation, under the second temple, was given to magical arts beyond measures; we may safely suspect that those voices, which they thought to be from Heaven, and noted with the name of *bath-kol*, were either formed by the devil in the air, to deceive the people; or, by magicians with devilish art, to promote their own affairs.' From which he draws this inference, which I would recommend to the special consideration of this eminent prelate: 'Hence,' adds he, 'the apostle Peter saith with good reason, that the word of prophecy was surer than a voice from Heaven.'"

<sup>4</sup> F. 141. "Now by the same method of reasoning, and the liberty which his lordship every where assumes, of supposing whatever premises he wants, and taking every thing for granted, which tends to confirm his hypothesis, we may prove any doctrine to be true, or divine, or whatever we please to make of it. Dr. Lightfoot has shown us the way."

And hence th' apostle (is the inference drawn,  
"That claims the special notice of the law;"  
That comes to clear this famous prelate's sight)  
With reason good prefer'd prophetic light.  
So, introduce an Hebrew, foreign term;  
Take all for true that quoted lines affirm; 130  
And then assume that the apostle too  
Just thought and argued, as these critics do;  
And we may prove from Peter's own design,  
That God the Father's voice was not divine.  
But should the prelate think it mere grimace  
To talk of fable in St. Peter's case,  
Whose words exclude it, and expressly speak  
Of heav'nly truth; how frivolous and weak,  
In his more sober and sedate esteem,  
Must all this patch-work erudition seem! 160  
How will a Christian bishop too conceive  
Of what the doctor's margins interweave,  
Touching that scripture, where our Saviour  
And Heav'n the glorifying answer made! [pray'd,  
While from his note, sir, nothing can be learn'd  
But casual thunder, or bath-kol concern'd<sup>5</sup>.

Will he not ask—is it this author's aim,  
Under his bath-kol figments to disclaim  
All faith in voices of a heavenly kind?  
Is that the purpose of his doubting mind? 170  
You see th' apostle is extremely clear,  
That such a voice himself did really hear:  
He also had such wondrous proofs beside,  
That voice concurrent cannot be deny'd. [came  
And, when our Lord had been baptis'd, there  
A voice from Heav'n, in words the very same.  
Here, in his answer'd prayer, tho', by mistake,  
Some said it thunder'd, some, an angel spake,  
We have his own authority divine; [mine."  
"This voice," said he, "came for your sakes, not  
Would not the bishop rightly thus oppose 181  
Plain scripture facts to learning's empty shows?  
What signifies it then, upon the whole,  
How poor blind Jews have talk'd about bath-kol?  
What jarring critics of a later day,  
Or Lightfoot, here thrice ridicul'd, may say?  
Or Middleton himself—whose pious care  
For giftless churches prompts him to compare  
Voices from Heav'n, in his assuming page,  
To miracles beyond th' apostles age? 190  
Taking for granted, without more ado,  
His wild hypothesis about *them* too,  
Prodigious effort! see obstructed quite  
The Gospel promise, and the Christian right;

<sup>5</sup> P. 48. "N. D. Thus when Jesus, a little before his death, was addressing himself to the Father, in the midst of his disciples and people of Jerusalem, and saying: 'Father, save me from this hour; Father, glorify thy name.' There came a voice from Heaven, saying: 'I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again.' Upon which the people, that stood by and heard it, said that it thundered; others said, that an angel spake to him. (John xii. 28.) That is, part of the company believed it to be nothing more than an accidental clap of thunder; while others took it to be the bath-kol, or the voice of God, or of an angel, which was accompanied always with thunder."

<sup>6</sup> P. 142, 145, 171. P. 50. "The reality of this oracular voice (*bath-kol*) is attested, as I have said, by all the Jewish writers, after the cessation of prophecy, in the same positive manner as the miraculous gifts of the Christian church by the primitive fathers, after the days of the apostles."



Cut off at once miraculous supply;  
 All healing ceases when apostles die:  
 No tongue inspir'd, no demon dispossess;  
 With them the working spirit went to rest:  
 Forgot the prophecies that Christ had made, 200  
 And left believers without signal aid:  
 Although no limit, in what scripture saith,  
 Be put to miracles, but want of faith;  
 Although, without one, foolish to pretend  
 To know their nature, or to fix their end;  
 Yet if a daring genius advertise  
 That all but scripture miracles are lies,  
 What crowds embrace the new belief, and hope!  
 It suits their taste — and saves them from the pope.  
 Others contend that wondrous gifts survive  
 The first three centuries — or four — or five. — 210  
 Then, sir, they close their jealous, partial view,  
 And grudge diviner influence its due:  
 Take different stations in the doctor's track,  
 Blaming, and backing his more close attack;  
 All miracles, beyond his earlier fence,  
 Are want of honesty, or want of sense:  
 All faith in bishops, confessors, and saints,  
 Who witness facts, a Christian priest recants:  
 They must — he says they must — be fables all,  
 That pass the bounds of his gigantic wall. 220  
 Such strange delusion if a man embrace,  
 Without some voice, some miracle of grace,  
 It is in vain, to reasoners of his cast,  
 To urge the evidence of ages past:  
 With minds resolv'd to disbelieve, or doubt,  
 Small is the force of history throughout.  
 Freedom of thought exerted, and of will,  
 To claim the privilege of judging ill, —  
 Prophets, apostles, martyrs cannot move, 229  
 Nor holy church, throughout the world, disprove.  
 But to return — how does his first assault  
 On miracles defend a second fault!  
 Or rabbies, or rabbinical divines,  
 Help Lightfoot's comment, or his own designs!  
 Lightfoot, without detracting from his skill,  
 Wrote, in this instance, with a careless quill:  
 Such inference else had never been annex'd;  
 He must have seen that the apostles text  
 Could not, with reason either good or great,  
 Compare the prophets with a devilish cheat. 240  
 This learned writer, sir, did not attend  
 To Peter's meaning, or not apprehend;  
 Or, if excuse may for his haste atone,  
 He did not well, perhaps, express his own.  
 Since, by his present citer here, you see  
 How quite forgetful learned men may be:  
 For after all the scraps he had amass'd,  
 And this triumphant inference at last:  
 "The text," he says, "had, in St. Peter's views,  
 No reference to himself — but to the Jews?" 250

† P. 33. "Yet St. Peter's words, after all, as they are expounded by the freethinking author above mentioned, do not necessarily imply him to mean, that prophecy was a surer argument to himself, than the voice from Heaven, but to the Jewish converts in general, who did not hear that voice, but received it only from the reports of others. It was not his view in this epistle to declare what sort of arguments was the most convincing to himself, but to propose such as were most worthy of the attention of those to whom he was writing." — P. 54. "When St. Peter therefore says, we have a more sure word of prophecy:

Not, in his haste, aware that what he said  
 Knock'd all the bath-kol pedantry o' th' head;  
 That what, he thought, his borrow'd pages won,  
 His own gave up, as soon as he had done.  
 For if "St. Peter's words do not imply,  
 What he himself was most persuaded by;  
 But only show what arguments were fit  
 For their attention, sir, to whom he writ:"  
 The bishop's reasoning, which he strives to cloud,  
 Is not unanswer'd only, but allow'd: 260  
 The very thing pretended to be shown  
 Is, by his own confession, overthrow'd.

Do but observe the point in question, sir,  
 On which the doctor makes this learned stir;  
 How he, who talks of "its perpetual change"  
 By others," takes the liberty to range:

When a comparison was judg'd absurd,  
 Peter could make no other, was the word;  
 Then by a contradiction plain and flat,  
 Peter's comparison could not be that; 270  
 And then again, — supposing that it could,  
 Thus he attempts to make the matter good.

"Let Peter be himself assur'd," says he,  
 "As fully as 'twas possible to be,  
 Of every circumstance that past; he might  
 Have still prefer'd the old prophetic light:  
 This was a standing evidence, and lay  
 Open to cool deliberate reason's way;  
 A firmer argument, that brought along  
 Conviction, sir, more permanent and strong, 280

To men of sober senses, and sedate,  
 Than could the vision which his words relate?"  
 Set the perplex'd equivocation by  
 "That's here involv'd," how easy the reply  
 To reasons void, if we distinguish right  
 Betwixt a real, and reported sight:

For be the proof, that prophecies procure,  
 More to the Jews comparatively sure,  
 As oft the text is commented upon,  
 (Thro' a mistake, as will appear anon) 290  
 Yet his conviction vacates the pretence  
 Of reason, argument, and sober sense;  
 Because the prophets, here to be compar'd,  
 As evidences of what God declar'd,  
 Could but originally hear and see;  
 And be as fully satisfy'd as he.

The use of reason has, I apprehend,  
 When full assurance is attain'd, an end:  
 When we are certain that we see, and hear,  
 And every circumstance is plain, and clear, 300

the occasion of his words oblige us to interpret them, as spoken, not with any particular reference to himself, but to the general body of the Jewish converts."

‡ P. 69. "And thus the apostle's sense, as it is expounded by the author, (Collins) is clear and consistent, not liable to any exception but what flows from that perplexity, in which his lordship has involved it by his use of equivocal terms, and perpetual change of the point in question."

§ P. 52. "Let Peter be as perfectly assured, as we can suppose him to be of every circumstance, which passed in the Mount, he might still take prophecy, considered as a standing evidence, always lying open to the cool and deliberate examination of reason to be a firmer argument on the whole, and to carry a more permanent conviction with it to the sober senses of men, than the vision with which he here compares it."

What can examination teach, or learn?  
 By what criterion, sir, shall we discern,  
 When reason comes to be so deadly cool,  
 The sage deliberator from the fool?  
 Conceive St. Peter, if you can, entic'd  
 (Eye-witness of the majesty of Christ;  
 Of what the Father, in the Mount, had done  
 By showing forth the glory of the Son)  
 To disbelieve his senses, and to pore  
 Some ancient standing evidences o'er; 310  
 To see if that, which, on the holy spot,  
 He saw and heard, was seen and heard, or not:  
 Would such a cool deliberating plan  
 Have made him pass for a more sober man?  
 If so, then Middleton has hit the white;  
 Sherlock, if not, is thus far in the right;  
 And well may say that no man, in his wits,  
 Could be attack'd by such cold reasoning fits.  
 But thus the frigid argument is brought,  
 Why Peter might, in full persuaded thought, 320  
 Prefer predictions in the ancient law  
 To what himself most surely heard, and saw:  
 "For, after all the full convincing scene,  
 Which he had witness'd, how did he demean?—  
 With faith infirm, he shamefully deny'd  
 His Master, seen so greatly glorify'd."  
 Yes; so he did—and gave an humbling stroke  
 To human confidence in reason's cloak:  
 Enough to lay all syllogizing trust  
 In bare conclusions only in the dust; 330  
 An ample proof that, in a trying hour,  
 Ev'n demonstration loses all its pow'r;  
 That, without grace, and God's assisting hand,  
 In time of need, no evidence can stand.  
 Suppose a person of the clearest head,  
 In logic arts well grounded, and well read;  
 If, with a selfish love to truth, alone,  
 He arm himself with weapons all his own,  
 When a temptation comes—alas! how soon  
 The valiant reasoner turns a mere poltroon! 340  
 Peter, tho' void of learning, and of art,  
 Had a courageous, had an honest heart;  
 Had natural abilities, beyond  
 All those of which the critics are so fond:  
 Had hidden qualities, beyond their ken;  
 They fish for words—he was to fish for men.  
 His faith, in outward evidence, was such  
 That Peter trusted to himself too much:  
 When his denial plainly was foretold, [bold:  
 What should have humbled made him grow more  
 "Tho' all should be offended—yet not I—  
 Not death itself shall tempt me to deny."  
 We see in him, sir, what the utmost height  
 Of bosated reason, evidence, and light,  
 Of courage, honesty, and even love  
 Could do, without assistance from above:  
 It could to humbler thoughts resist the call;  
 It proudly could prefer itself to all:  
 It could, in short, upon conclusions true, 360  
 Do all that numbers upon false ones do;  
 Rest on itself, be confident and bounce;  
 And, when the call to suffering came—renounce.  
 As human resolution, courage, skill,  
 Conviction, evidence, or what you will,

<sup>2</sup> P. 56. "For after all the convictions which he himself had received from it, we know, that his faith was still so infirm, as to betray him into a shameful denial of his Master, whom he had seen so wonderfully glorified."

Can, in their nature, only reach so far  
 As things are subject to an human bar;  
 All these, tho' actuating Peter's zeal,  
 To Christian doctrine could not set the seal.  
 God-like humility—the sacred root  
 Whence ev'ry virtue branches into fruit, 370  
 Lays the foundation of the Christian life;  
 As reason governs that of human strife.  
 And, I appeal, sir, setting grace aside,  
 How oft is human reason human pride?  
 Human desire of victory, or fame?  
 A Babel tow'ring to procure a name?  
 A self assurance? an untutor'd boast?  
 'That can but form intention, at the most;  
 Which, tho' directed right, must humbly ask  
 Divine assistance to perform its task. 380  
 This Peter fail'd in—and a servant maid  
 Made him, with all his bold resolves, afraid;  
 With all his sure convictions, he began  
 To curse, and swear, and did not know the man.  
 'Till, for a lesson, wond'rously address  
 To sink full deep into his humbled breast,  
 The cock pronounc'd, by an awakening crew,  
 Peter the man, whom Peter did not know.  
 But how, sir, did his coward speech betray  
 Doubt of his Maker's glorious display? 390  
 By what account in hist'ry are we taught  
 That e'er it came into his frighted thought?  
 Or, since 't is certain that he did deny,  
 What prophecy did he prefer thereby?  
 'T is then a cold absurdity to draw,  
 From Peter's weakness, this pretended flaw;  
 To hint delusion in the god-like sight,  
 Because the man was put into a fright:  
 If, from distrust of evidence, his fears,  
 From whence his bitter penitential tears? 400  
 Whence was it that the holy prisoner shook  
 The soul of Peter, with one gracious look?  
 No glory then, to credit, or distrust;  
 And yet th' apostle's penitence was just;  
 And he himself but proof, upon the whole,  
 That grace alone can fortify a soul.  
 'T is urg'd that, "on the other hand, we find,  
 With faith confirm'd, and with enlighten'd mind,  
 After the mission of the Holy Ghost,  
 That argument which he appli'd the most 410  
 Was what he calls" (for so the doctor too,  
 Takes here a vulgar error to be true)  
 "This more sure word of prophecy, the chief  
 Of all his motives to enforce belief;  
 From whence he prov'd that Jesus was, of old,  
 Describ'd by all the prophets, and foretold."  
 Peter's condition, sir, is that of all  
 Who, from the heart, obey the Christian call:  
 They, by experience, have the triple sight  
 Of weakness, penitence, and heav'nly light; 420  
 While others wrangle about outward show;  
 Nature, and grace, and miracle they know:

<sup>2</sup> P. 56. We know on the other hand, that after our Lord's ascension, when his faith was more fully confirm'd, and his understanding enlighten'd by the mission of the Holy Ghost, the chief argument, which he applied in all his sermons, to evince the truth of the Gospel, was this more sure word of prophecy, as he calls it; from which he demonstrated to the Jews, how the character, doctrine, and mission of Jesus were foretold and described by the mouths of all their prophets.

Tho' not inspir'd, like Peter, and th' eleven;  
Or struck, like walking Paul, by voice from Heav'n,  
They meet, what others foolishly evade,  
The real mission of celestial aid:  
Of which, howe'er the tokens are perceiv'd,  
No faithful soul can ever be bereav'd.

What does the share of it that Peter had  
To all the doctor's forc'd refinements add? 430  
Might not the bishop, justly, give him back  
Some compliments bestow'd in his attack?  
Such as "the nothing but an empty strain  
Of rhet'ric, insignificant, and vain—  
The choosing not to see, of any theme,  
More than may suit his preadopted scheme—  
The passing over what he should confute,  
With matters foreign to the main dispute"—  
And such-like flow'rs, upon his pages thrown,  
That, full as well, become the doctor's own. 440

For, has the bishop, in his book, deny'd  
That prophecy was properly apply'd?  
No—but that Peter did a thing so odd,  
As to prefer it to the voice of God.  
This was the point requir'd to be explain'd,  
In contradiction to what he maintain'd;  
That which the doctor undertook to clear,  
And make the prefer'ence of the saint appear:  
But while we look'd what reasons he would bring  
For so incomprehensible a thing, 450  
As common sense must reckon an appeal  
From what th' Almighty should himself reveal,  
Shifting the circumstances, time, and place,  
In short, the question, to another case,  
He tells us—not of prophecy prefer'd  
To voice from Heav'n, which he had just averr'd,  
But—how the saint apply'd, in his discourse,  
Prophetic words, to give the Gospel force;  
How Peter argued from them, he relates,  
And proves full well—what nobody debates. 460

How gravely, sir, from fallacy so crude,  
He prompts th' amused reader to conclude  
"That any man, especially a Jew,  
(As Peter was) might think the prefer'ence due!  
And what himself had heard th' Almighty speak,  
Might be esteem'd, comparatively, weak!"

Under this millstone, oft, the struggling page  
Bettin itself, but cannot disengage.  
"At all events resolving to confute",  
(To use his logic) or at least dispute, 470

<sup>3</sup> P. 60. "Yet all this pomp of words, this solemn appeal to the whole college of the apostles and evangelists, is nothing else but an empty strain of rhetoric, without any argument or significancy in it whatsoever."—P. 34. "One would be apt to suspect, that his lordship never chooses to see more of any subject, than what may serve that particular hypothesis which he comes prepared to support." P. 39. "It is this alone, which the nature of the subject required him to confute, and what he had undertaken to confute; but instead, he changes the question upon us, and when we were expecting reasons, &c."

<sup>4</sup> P. 36. "I might now leave it to the reader to judge whether in contradiction to what the bishop maintains, a man in his wits, and especially a Jew, might not think prophecy a stronger argument in general, than a voice from Heaven, which he himself had heard."

<sup>5</sup> P. 29. "This was the ground of his lordship's resolution to confute, or at all events to contradict

Its author shows great spirit; and great art,  
And well performs the contradicting part;"  
But, in his subsequent remarks, we find  
How lamely confutation limps behind.

Fully resolv'd, and singly, to maintain  
A paradox, so quite against the grain,  
The learned antithaumastist must choose  
"Not to instruct his reader, but amuse";<sup>6</sup>  
Whene'er he touches a prophetic clause,  
"Not to illustrate, but perplex the cause," 480  
To speak some truth, that shows the favour'd side,  
And, that which gives the whole connection, hide.  
Why, else, a total silence on the head  
Of miracles, in what St. Peter said?  
How could recited prophecies, alone,  
Prove to the Jews that Jesus was foreshown?  
Had not there been that other previous proof,  
To every thoughtful Jew, in his behoof?  
Had not such wondrous facts struck up the light,  
That show'd their application to be right? 490

Trace the quotations, sir, that Peter made,  
"And see their force impartially display'd;  
See what solution stated fact supplies,  
Without contriv'd evasion, or disguise".<sup>7</sup>

The first occasion, which th' apostle took  
To cite a passage from a prophet's book,  
Was at that public, wonderful event,  
Upon the blessed Spirit's first descent:  
The faithful flock, that met, with one accord,  
To wait the gifts of their ascended Lord, 500  
Soon as the tokens of his presence came,  
The sound celestial, and the sacred flame,  
Began to speak, with holy ardour fir'd,  
In various hymns, by Heav'n itself inspir'd;  
This joyful voice, of a diviner lead,  
Was spread thro' all Jerusalem abroad;  
And pious Jews, from ev'ry distant clime  
Residing there, that providential time,  
Devout epitome of all mankind,  
Were drawn to witness that which God design'd:  
His wondrous works as Galileans song,  
All understood the spirit-utter'd tongue;  
Of language, then, was no confusion known;  
Each heard this one, and heard it as his own:  
God gave the word himself; and all the good  
Shar'd in the promis'd gift, and understood:  
Tho', then, astonish'd at the wondrous theme,  
Prepar'd to spread it to the world's extreme.

Others, insensible of grace divine,  
Mock'd at its influence, and talk'd of wine; 520  
Themselves intoxicated with that pride,  
By which the deaf in spirit still deride.  
'T was then that Peter, standing up to show  
Th' absurd reproach, gave all of them to know  
That, what these mockers call'd a drunken fit,  
Was God's performance of what Joel writ

them, (the free-thinker's words); which last part he has performed with great spirit, but how far he has succeeded in the first, will be seen in the following remarks."

<sup>6</sup> P. 4. "Proper rather (speaking of the bishop's works) to perplex than to illustrate the notion of prophecy; and to amuse rather than instruct an inquisitive reader."

<sup>7</sup> P. 159. "Instead of contriving any evasive expedients, or fanciful systems to elude the force of such objections, I thought it my duty to examine seriously and impartially, what solution of them the subject itself, when fairly stated, would supply."

Of days, then dawning, when he would impart  
His gospel gifts to ev'ry faithful heart;  
Pour out his heav'nly spirit, and refresh  
Not single nations only, but all flesh; 530  
All should partake, that would, of richer grace  
Now fully purchas'd for the human race.

For this was what St. Peter, then inspir'd,  
Went on to show, and argument requir'd;  
The Jews all knew, Messiah was to come;  
That this of all prediction gave the sum:  
The question was, if it had been fulfill'd  
In Jesus? whom their wicked hands had kill'd.

Now, to prove this, th' apostle first applies  
The miracles, perform'd before their eyes; 540  
God's approbation of him, he defines,  
Was manifest by wonders, and by signs,  
Done in the midst of them—see here the ground  
Prepar'd, before he offer'd to expound,  
By arguments of such immediate force,  
So plain, so striking, that they must, of course,  
Make, secondly, to such as should take heed,  
The word of prophecy more sure indeed.

And then he shows how the prophetic word  
With its exact accomplishment concurr'd: 550  
What David had prophetically said  
Jesus fulfill'd, in rising from the dead;  
Whereof we all are witnesses—here lay  
The strength of all that any words could say:  
When numbers present could the fact attest,  
Thousands of souls th' accomplished word confest;  
That this was he, the Lord, the Holy One,  
Whom David fix'd his heart and hopes upon;  
And so describ'd, as only could agree

To him, whose flesh should no corruption see. 560  
His resurrection, you perceive, it was  
That show'd the prophet's word now come to pass;  
That made th' apostle's intimation clear,  
"He shed forth this, which we now see, and hear."

Again; when Peter had restor'd the lame  
To perfect soundness, in our Saviour's name,  
He told the wond'ring throng, that they had slain  
The Prince of Life, whom God had rais'd again;  
"Whereof we are the witnesses," says he;  
Then shows how all the prophecies agree; 570  
All have successively foretold these days, [raise.  
And mark'd the prophet, whom the Lord should

So, when the priests and Sadducees, griev'd  
That such increasing multitudes believ'd,  
Ask'd by what pow'r he acted, Peter said,  
"By that of Jesus, risen from the dead;  
By him this healing miracle is wrought:"  
Then quotes—"The stone, which ye have set at  
nought,

On this, rejected by the builders' hands,  
As a sure basis, all salvation stands." 580  
No priest was then so impotently skill'd,  
As to suggest the passage unfulfill'd;  
All, by the wond'rous cure, were overcome;  
The living proof was there, and struck them dumb.

In vain, a council then, as well as now,  
To silence miracles, or disavow:  
Peter and John could neither be deterr'd;  
They needs must speak what they had seen, and  
heard:

Nor charge, nor chains, nor meditated death  
Could stop to God's commands th' obedient breath;  
His final argument, still, Peter brings,  
"We are his witnesses of all these things."

This, you may read, sir, was the real path  
That Peter trod, in his confirm'd faith;

That all the preachers of the gospel trod,  
When they explain'd the oracles of God:  
Preach'd what themselves, without a learned strife,  
"Saw, heard, and handled of the Word of Life;"  
When, in their days, so mightily it grew,  
And wrought such proofs that prophecy was true:  
Which, tho' it pointed to the future scene,  
And oft prefigur'd the Messiah's reign,  
Yet gave a light, comparatively dim,  
That ow'd its shining certainty to him.

Thus, sir—to come directly to the text,  
With which the critics are so much perplex'd;  
Whereof the real meaning, fairly trac'd,  
Lays heaps of paper, printed on it, waste;  
Had they adverted that St. Peter, still,  
From what he saw, upon the holy hill, 610  
Argues apostles not to have surmis'd,  
Or follow'd fables cunningly devis'd;  
But to have witness'd only what they knew,  
From their own sight, and hearing, to be true;  
And to have justly gathered, from thence,  
The sure completion of prophetic sense:  
To which the Jews did rightly attend,  
Till they themselves should see it in the end;  
Had they consider'd this, they would have found  
Of all their wide perplexities the ground; 620  
Have soon perceiv'd that, in the various brawl,  
A wrong translation was the cause of all.

Peter makes no comparison between  
Prophetic word, and what himself had seen;  
As if he thought the vision in the Mount  
Less sure to him, upon his own account.  
This is a stretch by which the doctor meant  
"Of public patience, sure, to try th' extent;"  
Or, (still to copy so polite a clown)  
"To try how far his nonsense would go down. 630  
To say the truth, his pages indeavour  
Have furnish'd matter of offence throughout;  
But here, from knowing what the world would  
bear,

Grown, without ceremony, quite severe;"  
He would oblige his readers to admit  
A thing, that shocks or plain, or critic wit;  
That dark old prophecy, in Peter's choice,  
Was held more sure than God's immediate voice:  
They must admit, or else they must be weak,  
Something more sure than truth itself could speak.

Nor does St. Peter, as the learned gloze,  
Speaking to Jewish converts, here suppose,  
That they would think comparative distrust  
Of an apostle's own experience just:

§ P. 8. "But to say the truth, I have never observed a stranger instance of the public patience and blind deference to the authority of a great name, than in the case of these very Discourses; which, though in all parts greatly exceptionable, and furnishing matter of offence in every page, have yet passed through many editions, not only without reproof, but with some degree even of approbation. And it was this experience perhaps of what the world would bear, which made his lordship resolve to withdraw his preface, and to treat us no longer with any ceremony; having seen that, notwithstanding the consciousness, which he had declared, of being in the wrong, the public was still disposed to think him in the right, and that his nonsense would go down with them, without giving him the trouble of making an excuse for it."

No true construction of the text can guide  
To such suspicion, sir, on either side.

His words import, directly, if you seek  
Their genuine meaning in the vulgate Greek,  
And mind the previously related scene;  
His words, I say, most evidently mean, 650  
"We saw the glory—heard the voice, and thus  
Have the prophetic word made sure to us;"  
Which ye do well to follow, as a spark  
That spreads a ray through places that are dark;  
'Till ye, with us, enjoy the perfect light,  
And want no prophecies to set you right.

An English reader may be led, indeed,  
To think, that, as th' apostle's words proceed  
With "we have also"—it was something more,  
Some surer proof than what had gone before: 660  
But "also," tho' without italics read,  
Is an addition to what Peter said:  
It only shows how our translation fail'd,  
And made the blunder, that has since prevail'd;  
Which, tho' sufficiently provok'd to mend,  
The learned still choose rather to defend.

A writer, whose freethinking schemes incite  
The bishop, and the doctor both to write;  
Who had, it seems, in prophecies, a rule  
First to extol, and then to ridicule, 670  
Took, sir, his stand on this corrupted place,  
From whence he both might heighten, and dis-  
grace:

One point the vulgar error gain'd, alone;  
While, for the other, he employ'd his own.  
Ingenious authors answer'd him apace,  
But got no triumph in this knotty place:  
Good sense oblig'd them wholly to reject  
St. Peter's preference, in his own respect;  
Collins himself th' absurdity forbore;  
That height was left for Middleton to soar. 680  
But still some other they suppos'd there was,  
Something that prophecy must needs surpass:  
What it was not, they easily could see;  
But what it was, scarce two of them agree:  
Intent some kind of preference to provide,  
Which "also" plainly, and "more sure" imply'd:  
All, by an error, which the simple thought  
Of constraining right had rectif'd, were caught.

In this mistake the bishop too has shar'd,  
"Asserting prophecy indeed compar'd, 690  
And, by St. Peter, to the voice prefer'd,  
Which he himself, upon the Mount, had heard:  
Yet not, says he, as that freethinker meant;  
The words relate but to that one event,  
That stands upon prophetic record,  
To wit, the glorious coming of our Lord."

But, one or all, to make a surer word  
Than heav'nly demonstration is absurd;

§ P. 92. "His lordship's exposition of the text is this: 'that the word of prophecy is compared, indeed and preferred here by St. Peter to the evidence of that heavenly voice, which he himself had heard in the Mount,' yet not, as that freethinking author imagines, on the account of its being a surer proof, or better argument for the general truth of the gospel; but only for the particular article of Christ's coming again in glory, to which case alone the comparison relates; for with regard to the truth of the gospel, Peter is so far from speaking of prophecy in this place, as the best evidence, that he manifestly speaks of it as not the best."

And glaring, in the instance that he chose,  
Because that coming, as the context shows, 700  
Was of such majesty, as Peter knew  
That Christ was really cloth'd with; in his view;  
And, therefore, could not possibly say, *We*  
Have also something surer than *to see*;  
*We* were eye-witnesses of what we preach,  
Yet think *more certain* what the prophets teach.

He contradicts, in spitting on the shelf  
Of our translation, Peter, and himself;  
The saint—by such restriction of his own,  
As was, by him, unthought of, and unknown; 710  
Himself—who says that Peter, in this place,  
Admitting gospel truth to be the case,  
Far from preferring the prophetic test,  
Has manifestly said 't was not the best.

And of all gospel truths, that you can name,  
This glorious coming is the one great aim;  
The sum, and substance, with respect to man,  
Of heav'nly purpose, since the world began:  
Divine intention could no more have been  
For Christ to suffer, than for man to sin; 720  
Tho', since that fatal accident befell,  
Incarnate love would save him from a bell.  
Whereas his glorious reign amongst mankind  
Might, from their first existence, be design'd:  
And since his sufferings, saving advent past,  
What sense of justice can deny the last?  
His reigning glory, were the prophets dumb,  
All things, in nature, cry aloud will come.

Besides, what better does the text afford,  
To any tolerable sense restor'd, 730  
Compare, prefer, or construe how you will,  
Than that divine appearance on the hill?  
That ascertaining, in a heav'nly light,  
Our Saviour's glory, by a present sight;  
That record, which the Father, thereupon,  
Gave of his Son to Peter, James, and John:  
So full of proofs that, let what will be chief,  
Doubt is too near akin to disbelief.

The doctor says, "It is surely no offence  
To tre religion, or to common sense, 740  
To think that, tracing circumstances out,  
Perplexed apostles might be left in doubt."  
Yet may a serious reader think it in,  
From one plain circumstance, and that is this;  
When they descended from the sacred place,  
After partaking of this heav'nly grace,  
Our Saviour charg'd them that they should not  
'To any man, the vision that befell; [tell,  
'Till he himself was risen from the dead:  
The vision them—if he knew what he said— 750  
Was true, and real; while, if you complete  
The doctor's hints of possible deceit,  
To give his rash reflections any force,  
Our Lord himself must be deceiv'd, or worse:  
Such things would follow—but the horrid train  
Is too offensive, even to explain. [make

In fine—these comments, which the learned  
On Peter's words, are owing to mistake:  
Those, which the doctor has been pleas'd to frame,  
Upon his whole behaviour, are the same. 760  
Nor is more learning needful in the case,  
Than to consult the untranslated place:  
The phrase, you'll see, asserts what I assert,  
And leaves no critic room to controvert.

§ P. 54. "It is no offence surely, either to reason or religion, to imagine that this wonderful apparition," &c. before quoted, line 37.

Grotius<sup>1</sup>, whose paraphrase the doctor quotes, gives it this meaning in his learned notes;  
 "The word of prophecy we all allow  
 To be of great authority, but now,  
 With us, much greater, who have seen th' event  
 So aptly correspond with its intent." 770

This paves the way to a becoming sense,  
 And overthrows our author's vain pretence;  
 "Vain art and pains, employ'd upon the theme,  
 To dress up an imaginary scheme,  
 Of which, the whole New Testament around,  
 Nor foot, nor footstep, sir, is to be found."<sup>2</sup>

Tradition—tho' of apostolic kind,  
 Such as was Enoch's prophecy—you find  
 Contemptuously call'd, "I know not what,"  
 Tho' by St. Jude so plainly pointed at:  
 Because, if Jude's authority be good,  
 Prophets existed long before the flood: 780

That glorious advent—set so oft in view,  
 Both in the ancient Scriptures, and the new—  
 Of him, who first was promis'd at the fall,  
 Hope of all ages, was foretold in all.  
 If Enoch and if Noah preach'd away,  
 Was Adam, think ye, silent in his day?  
 Had he no loss to tell his children then?  
 No saving righteousness to preach to men?  
 Did God ordain two Saviours, in the case  
 Of aite, and of post diluvian race? 790

Let oral mention, or let written fail,  
 If good, that is, if Christian sense prevail,  
 It never can permit us to reject  
 Consistency of truth, for their defect:  
 One God, one Saviour, and one Spirit still  
 Recurs, let bookworms reason as they will:  
 Whatever saves a man from being curst,  
 What man can say, God hid it from the first?  
 Or, if he does, and talks as if he knew,  
 Will want of writings prove that he says true? 800  
 With, or without them, fancy can take aim;  
 If wanting, triumph; or, if not, disclaim:  
 Let them abound, no miracles make out;  
 Let them be silent, make apostles doubt.

The two main pillars of his whole discourse,  
 Whereon the doctor seems to rest its force,  
 And begs the reader, sir, to recollect  
 In his conclusion, are to this effect:  
 "That gospel proofs on prophecies rely'd,  
 Singly, and independently apply'd; 810  
 And, that the first, from whom its presblers  
 draw

Their proof of Christ, is Moses in the law."<sup>3</sup>

Both which St. Peter's evidence, again,  
 Shows to be slips of his too hasty pen:  
 For when th' apostle, at the temple gate,  
 Restor'd the cripple to a perfect state;

<sup>1</sup> P. 32. "And Grotius paraphrases the same words, as if the apostle had said, 'The word of prophecy had always great authority with us, but now a much greater, after we have seen the events correspond so aptly with the predictions concerning the Messiah.'"

<sup>2</sup> P. 4. "I found much art and pains employed (by the bishop) to dress up an imaginary scheme, of which I had not discovered the least trace in any of the Four Gospels."

<sup>3</sup> P. 18. "Nor do they (the apostles) refer us, for the evidences of our faith, to I know not what prophecies of Enoch."

<sup>4</sup> See the quotation in the next column.

And took occasion, from the healed lame,  
 To preach the gospel, in our Saviour's name;  
 Thus he bespake the people that stood by,  
 "God, by the mouth—(observe the sacred tie)—  
 Of all his prophets hath foreshown his Son, 820  
 Jesus, by whom this miracle is done."

Which of them, singly then, did Peter cite?  
 What independency, where all unite?  
 Where all predicted, as one spirit bid,  
 That Christ should suffer, as he really did.

"And enter into glory"—for that next  
 The preacher speaks to, in the following text:  
 Where, in his exhortation to repent,  
 Jesus, he tells them, shall again be sent; 830  
 Heav'n's must receive mankind's appointed head,  
 'Till time hath done whatever God hath said  
 By all his prophets, since the world began—  
 For so the sense, without curtailing, ran;  
 Of which the doctor, quoting but a part,  
 Has yet dissolv'd the charm of all his art:  
 Since all the prophets—let the world begin  
 With Moses, if he will—are taken in;  
 And join'd together, must, whatever he thinks,  
 Produce a chain, however few the links. 840

'T is true, he afterwards begins to quote,  
 And, first, the prophet of whom Moses wrote:  
 Adding—"that all, who in succession came,  
 Had likewise spoken of the very same."  
 The same—(see how prophetic words conspire)  
 God's own predicted to the Jewish sire:  
 "And in thy seed," so Peter's words attest,  
 "Shall all the kindreds of the Earth be blest:"  
 Proofs of our Saviour Christ you see him draw  
 From in, from out, from before the law. 850

What can be said in answer, sir, to this?  
 The fact is plain, tho' Peter judg'd amiss;  
 For such defect, he scruples not to own,  
 "Collins against th' evangelist has shown:  
 The very gospels have some proofs assign'd  
 Of loose, precarious, and uncertain kind."<sup>4</sup>  
 This unbeliever (in the shocking terms,  
 In which his cause a clergyman confirms)  
 "Has arguments unanswerably strong,  
 To prove their manner of applying wrong: 860  
 Altho' whatever difficulties lie  
 Against the way, wherein they shall apply,  
 It is the best, which, of all other ways,  
 The case affords,"—so runs his rev'rend phrase.  
 So deist, and divine, but both in vain,  
 Seek to unfasten the prophetic chain.

Should the New Testament be treated so  
 By one, whose character we did not know,

<sup>4</sup> P. 151. "From these two observations, it follows, that whatever difficulties may be charged to the particular applications of prophecies, which are found in the New Testament, yet on the whole, that way of applying them must be esteemed by Christians, as the best which the case affords; and that the authority of the gospel, so far as it is grounded on prophecy, rests on those single and independent predictions, which are delivered occasionally, here and there, in the Law and the Prophets. It must be confessed, however, that the author, against whom the bishop's discourses are levelled, has alleged several strong and even unanswerable objections to some of them, which are cited by the evangelists in proof of the mission of Jesus, as being of too loose and precarious a nature to build any solid argument upon."

Might not the language miss its aim'd effect?  
 And rather tempt the reader to suspect  
 That some presumptuous mocker, and self-  
 will'd,

Had Enoch's, Jude's, and Peter's words fulfill'd!

To clear a tortur'd passage from abuse,  
 This good effect may, possibly, produce,  
 That when a writer, of the modern mode,  
 Shall cast reflections on the sacred code,  
 Men will not, merely upon sudden trust  
 In bold assertions, take them to be just;  
 Since it may be—that he has only made  
 Of great mistakes a critical parade;

Has only spoken evil of those things,  
 Of which he does not really know the springs;  
 Has met with matters high above his reach,  
 And, scorning to be taught, presu'd to teach:  
 Raising, about them, an affected cry,  
 That ends in nothing but a—who but I?

“Bare prophecy” the doctor has profest,  
 “Admits completion only for its test:  
 Th' event, foretold by it, must also be  
 What human prudence never could foresee;  
 Nor human power produce; or else no sign  
 Could, thence, appear of agency divine.”

Prophecy then, as his descriptions own,

Can be made sure by miracles alone:

It is, what he himself is pleas'd to call,  
 While unfulfill'd, no evidence at all.  
 How is it, then, in his repeated term,  
 Of standing evidence, more sure and firm?  
 How is this consonant to standing still  
 As none at all, till miracles fulfil!

If it has none till they are overpast,  
 Is not the evidence from them at last?  
 From them prophetic word, before obscure,  
 Becomes an evidence confirm'd, and sure;  
 Its truth is first demonstrated, and then,  
 Reflects its light on miracles again.

A hungry question, therefore, to inquire,  
 Of two great proofs, that actually conspire,  
 Which is the best; when, with upit light,  
 They both produce an evidence so bright.  
 But “the freethinker, with a crafty view,”  
 (If what his learn'd assistant says be true)  
 “Had rais'd prophetic credit to excess,  
 In order, more securely, to depress;  
 And, for this cause, his lordship undertook  
 To write, it seems, at all events, a book.”

<sup>7</sup> P. 40. “Whereas a bare prophecy, delivered as the proof of a divine character in any person or doctrine, is incapable of any persuasive force, or of giving any sort of conviction, until it be accomplished; the completion of it being the sole test, by which its veracity can be determined. The event likewise, foretold by it, must be of a kind, which neither human prudence could foresee, nor human power produce; for otherwise it could not give any assurance of a divine interposition.”

<sup>8</sup> P. 29. “As far as these words go, there is certainly nothing in them but what a sincere advocate of the gospel might freely allow and join issue upon; but they came from an enemy, who had a crafty view in extolling the credit of prophecy, in order to depress it afterwards the more effectually; and this was the ground of his lordship's resolution to confute, or, at all events, to contradict them, &c.” quoted p. 18.

This being, then, the motive which he had,  
 A reader asks—what is there in it had?  
 With what decorum does a priest accuse  
 A bishop, writing against crafty views?

Views of an enemy to gospel truth—  
 Is the defending of him less uncouth?  
 Does such defence, with such a rudeness writ,  
 The priest, the bishop, or the cause besift?  
 So interlard'd with that loose reproach,  
 Which want of argument is wont to broach;  
 So deeply ting'd the Ciceronian style  
 With, what the critics commonly call, bile;  
 That they, who thought it worth their while to  
 seek

The author's motive, judg'd it to be pique.  
 Soon as you enter on the work, you see  
 An instant sample what the whole will be:  
 First, “being jealous of the bishop's views,  
 His book, for years, he dar'd not to peruse;  
 Afraid to trust so eminent a guide,  
 For fear his judgment should be warp'd aside.”

Tho' quite secure—“for he had ever found  
 Authority to be a treach'rous ground;  
 And even this”—this capital affair,  
 That was to lead his judgment to a snare,  
 “He found—and just as he expected too—  
 Who fear'd before a bias from his view”

When graciously inclin'd to see it since,  
 “Quite of a kind that never can convince.”  
 Which, to be sure, afforded reason good  
 To write a book against it, lest it should  
 Had any other author, less polite,  
 With vulgar phrase attempted thus to write;

And, thus, begun so fine a scheme to spin;  
 “The reasoners of this world had broken in,  
 Rudely unravell'd all his fine-spun scheme.”  
 And sent him forth to seek another theme.

How suited this to any good design,  
 That should engage a Christian, a divine?  
 “But what are names—if not a single one  
 Be worth regard, for sixteen ages gone?  
 If to inquire what any of them say  
 Be, as he thinks, but wasting time away?”

<sup>9</sup> P. 2. “I knew his lordship also to be eminently qualified to dress up any subject into any form, which would best serve his own views, and was jealous of warping any judgment by some bias, which his authority might be apt to imprint: for so far as my experience had reached, I had ever found authority a treacherous guide to a searcher after truth.” P. 4. “Upon this task I soon after entered, and found this capital work of his lordship's to be just such as I expected, exhibiting a species of reasoning peculiar to himself, ever subtle and refined, yet never convincing.”

<sup>10</sup> P. 106. “But his lordship being apprehensive that the reasoners of this world might break in upon him, and rudely unravel his fine-spun scheme.”

<sup>11</sup> P. 3. “I thought it an idle curiosity and waste of time, to inquire what any modern divine had preached or written about it (viz. the nature of prophecy), because the whole that can be known authentically, concerning its relation to Christianity, must be learnt from those who first planted Christianity, and were instructed by the author of it, on what foundation it rested, and how far the argument of prophecy was useful to its propagation and support.”

Himself excepted in the modest creed,  
Unless he writes for nobody to read. 960

Sure, of all teach'rous guides, the greatest cheat  
Is that of wild, unchristian self-conceit:  
Possess'd by this domestic, inbred pride,  
The wise freethinkers srown the name of guide:  
Their own sufficiency, with eyes their own,  
Clearly beheld, they trust to that alone.  
Resolv'd no other maxims to imbibe,  
Than what their reason, and their sense prescribe;  
That is themselves—for what a man calls his,  
In such a case, is really what he is: 970

Choose how refin'd an egotist may be,  
His reason, judgment, mind, and sense is he.  
In such confinement if he sits enthral'd,  
No matter by what title he is call'd;  
Blind, as a Sadducee, to heav'nly light,  
He will believe his own conceptions right:  
No prophecy, to him, can seem more sure;  
Nor miracle attested work his cure.

That of conversion from his own dark mind  
Must first convince him, that he once was blind:  
Then may he see, with salutary grief, 981  
The dire effects of wretched unbelief;  
Looser, and looser from all sacred ties,  
To what strange heights a self-taught sophist flies.

Friendship to doctor Middleton, sincere,  
Met, if exerted, wish him to forbear  
A kind of writing on the Christian cause,  
That gains him no desirable applause:  
That, whether meant or not, may, unawares,  
Involve a reader in freethinking snares. 990  
Involve himself—if frequent the relapse,  
A teacher of divinity, perhaps.

May run the risque of being quite bereft;  
Of having nothing, but the habit, left.  
May that, which teaches rightly to divide  
The word of truth, be his petition'd guide!  
Or, if resolv'd, at present, to pursue,  
At future leisure, a mistaken clue;  
May future leisure—an uncertain date—  
If granted, find him in a better state! 1000

#### FOUR EPISTLES

TO THE REV. MR. J.—, LATE VICAR OF BOWDEN,  
UPON THE MIRACLE AT THE FEAST OF PENTECOST.

##### EPISTLE I.

Our folks, gone a visiting, reverend sir,  
Having left me at home here, less able to stir,  
I am thinking on matters, that lovingly past,  
Where the 'quire of the house, and I, visited last;  
At the vicar's of Bowden, old friend of us two,  
And a lover of learning, fair, honest, and true;  
Especially such, as shall make to appear  
Any passage of Scripture more easy, and clear.

The Scripture was writ, and is oft understood,  
By persons unlearned, but pious and good;  
Who have much better helps, than mere learning  
can yield,

Which may yet be of use, in it's own proper field;  
If it be but to mend its own faults in a brother;  
And correct, in one man, the mistakes of another;  
Or to combat our scruples, and fix a true thought,  
When the head shall confirm what the heart has  
been taught.

One thing, I remember, that fell in our way,  
Was the speaking in tongues, on the Pentecost  
day; [light,

Which our friend, the divine, had conceiv'd in a  
That, however so thought, does not seem to be  
right:

All the comments, 't is true, that one ever has met,  
Concur with his notions about it; but yet  
The mistake is so plain, that I wish, by some  
means,  
To obtain his review of those wonderful scenes.

It is not my thought; for I first was apprisd  
Of the thing by a Jacob, too greatly despisd;  
Dipping into whose writings, which little I knew,  
Some expression like this was presented to view—  
“All languages spoken by Peter in one—”  
A truth, which the moment I entered upon,  
All the force of simplicity, fitness, and fact,  
Extorted assent, that I could not retract.

If the honest old vicar, our visited friend,  
To St. Luke's own account will be pleas'd to at-  
tend,

I cannot but think, that the current conceit  
Will yield to solution, so clear, and complete,  
Of a number of difficult points, that arise  
Upon viewing the text with unprejudic'd eyes;  
If speakers were more than apostles; and spoken  
But to one in fifteen was a scapable token.

For the names to that number, if rightly I count  
By a Baguly Bible, of nations amount,  
Who all understood what a Peter, or John,  
Or whoever he will, was discoursing upon:  
And to all, at one time; for, how plain to be seen,  
That persons, nor place, could admit of fifteen?  
When Parthians, and Medes, Elamites—and the  
rest—  
Must be too intermix'd to be singly address'd.

“Are not these”—said the men (the devils) of  
each land, [stand?—”  
“Galileans, what speak? whom we all under-  
As much as to say—by what wonderful pow'rs  
Does the tongue Galilean become, to us, ours?  
While the good were so justly astonish'd, the bad,  
Whose hearts were unopen'd, cry'd out, they are  
Unaccountable charge, if we do not recall [mad:  
That, in one single tongue, the apostles speak all.

For separate speakers, and tongues, it is clear;  
Good and bad, without madness, might equally  
hear;

And surprise, in the bad, would be equally keen,  
How illiterate men could speak all the fifteen:  
But the miracle, wrought in the simplest of ways,  
In both good and bad, well accounts for amaze;  
One was sensibly touch'd with a gift so divine,  
One stupidly rais'd the reproach of new wine.

When St. Peter stood up, and, to all the whole  
throng,  
Show'd the truth, in a sermon so good, and so long,  
But to one-fifteenth part was it only then shown?  
To the worst, the Jerusalem scoffers alone? [word,  
Whilst all the good strangers, not knowing one  
Stood unconfid'd by? This is greatly absurd:  
God pour'd out his spirit—that answers all  
mock—

And spake, by St. Peter, to all his whole flock.



The vulgar objection, which commenting strain  
Has made to a thing so exceedingly plain,  
Is—the miracle then would not be in the speaker,  
It would be in the hearers—now what can be  
weaker?

For the gift, in this case, had a twofold respect,  
And must needs be in both, to produce its effect;  
To account for the fact, which the comments  
forgot, [not.]  
Why the pious could hear what the mockers could

It is no where affirm'd, that th' apostles acquir'd  
Any tongue but their own, tho' divinely inspir'd:  
St. Peter, St. John are soon mention'd again,  
And describ'd as unlearned, and ignorant men:  
—But enough—or too much—for the shortness of  
time [rhyme;]  
Gives a hint to set bounds to the extension of  
Our friend will acknowledge, tho' hasty the letter,  
This question's solution—or give us a better.

So I shall not, here, touch upon Hebrew, and  
Where a rabbi, so able, if minded to seek, [Greek,  
May observe other points, in which learning, that  
makes [takes:]  
Many things clear enough, has occasion'd mis-  
Whether this be one instance, I only desire,  
That a suitable leisure may prompt to inquire;  
For, to me, it appears, that the miracle done  
Was all by one language—as clear as the Sun.

Baguley, August 18, 1756.

#### EPISTOLEM.

MANY thanks have been order'd, this day, to at-  
tend

The receipt of your letter, dear vicar, and friend;  
Which, at first, being left to your leisure to frame,  
Was sure to be welcome, whenever it came:  
The point, which the Muse had a mind to propose  
In her free spoken rhymes, you have handled in  
prose;

All fair on both sides, because say it, or sing,  
Truth alone, in the case, is the principal thing.

But I cannot but marvel, that much better sight  
Than my own, should not see so meridian a light,  
As that of the speaking, at Pentecost time,  
By the Spirit of God, to the good of each clime,  
In one single tongue, by that Spirit inspir'd,  
Whose assistance did all, that could then be re-  
quir'd; [known,  
Whose power, it is certain, could make itself  
By a number of tongues, or by one tongue alone.

So needless the many, so simple the one,  
That I wonder what judgment can hesitate on,  
Or a learned inquiry, that finds, if it seek,  
That the tongue might be one, in construction of  
Greek:

Which as common takes place (as old Gregory said,  
Nazianzen I think) either way may be read;  
They speak in our tongues—or, as crystalline clear,  
The fact is, to my understanding—we hear.

I sent you some reasons, from Baguley, why  
The tongue was but one, which you choose to pass  
by; [way,  
And to comment St. Luke in a many-tongu'd  
That darkens the light, which I took to be day:

And say it is still—for account that you give,  
"So plain and so obvious" is water in sieve;  
Which seems to be something, at first-looking  
view, [through]  
But by holes plain, and obvious, it quickly run

"The tongues which appear'd, and which sit  
upon each,  
All cloven, and fiery, (you argue,) may teach,  
And, by notice symbolical, make it discern'd  
That they spake in such tongues, as they never  
had learn'd."

Need I tell an Hebrew, that tongue is the same,  
In relation to fire, as the English word flame?  
Which appears to be cloven, and proof that is  
spun [the pea]  
From the tongues, or the flames—has too much of

When you ask—"Pray, what reason can be  
be assign'd [wind]"  
For tongues?" I ask you—"Pray, what reason for  
Not to shun a fair question; but tongue being  
flame [sin:]

May have answer'd, already, your questioning  
I think that an air, that a flame from above,  
Both is, and betokens, the life, and the love,  
Which if Christians were blest with, one language  
would do; [he two]  
And their whole body fill'd with, there could not

But let them be symbols, the tongues, if you will,  
Of the grace which the Spirit was pleas'd to best;  
His gift is as good, if, in speaking their own,  
Men made the same truth, in all languages, known:  
This effect, you will grant, the good gift to intend;  
Now, supposing two ways of attaining one end,  
Is that explication less likely, or just,  
Which takes the more simple, more plainly meant?

Your account is quite new, in one thing that I  
meet, [street]  
That is—"That the speakers went into the  
Or went out of the house to the multitude met?"  
For of this going out I have never read yet;  
Or, if ever I did, have forgotten the book, [Luk,  
And can find nothing said in th' account of St.

"The cloven tongues like fire, which sat upon  
each of the persons mentioned (Acts i. 15.), were  
a plain symbolical notice, that by the Holy Ghost,  
with which they were then baptized, they should  
be endowed, for the propagation of the gospel in  
all nations, with diverse languages. If this is not  
the case, pray what reason can be assign'd why  
there should be an appearance of fiery tongues  
divided, and sitting upon each of the apostles and  
disciples?"—Mr. Lancaster's Letter to Dr. Byrom.

"The apostles and disciples, upon the rumor  
of what had happened being spread abroad by  
those of the house in which they were assembled,  
went out to the multitude, whom such a report  
had brought together; and then, in order, first  
one of them in one language, and then another  
of them in another, and so on, till all the languages  
of the nations specified were used, addressed the  
multitude; who hearing illiterate Galileans speak-  
ing after such a manner, to each different class  
amongst them, in their own proper language, in  
which they were born, were amazed and con-  
founded."—Mr. L.'s Letter.

But what should imply both profane, and devout  
Coming into the house; and not them to go out.

May one ask what authority, then, you have got  
For the access, and succession, which here you allot  
To the speaking disciples, in number fifteen,  
By an order well fancied, but, not to be seen  
In the Acts, or elsewhere, the New Testament  
through,

Now—what I shall just give a hint of to you—  
Will you find an apostle, not even a Paul,  
Is a tongue, not his own, ever preaching at all.

I agree that “the mockers, who mock’d with  
the throng,

Knew only their vulgar, Jerusalem tongue”<sup>3</sup>—  
But when you say, farther, what cannot but strike,  
“That the nations, too, all understood it alike”—  
Your order’d confusion of speaking a store  
To a crowd, out of doors—is more puzzling, and  
more! [light]

In the midst of such darkness, if you can see  
You need not complain of the want of eye-sight.

Thus, my dear old acquaintance, I run thro’ your  
Add defend my conviction, as well as I can, [plan,  
As to what a Bengelius, or Wesley<sup>3</sup>, may raise  
From twelve hundred and sixty prophetic days;  
As the book is not here, if it otherwise could,  
My skill in the German can do you no good;  
But the part, that you mention, my author foretells  
Will be put in our tongue, by a doctor at Wells.

So writes younger Wesley, who call’d here, and  
din’d,  
And to him I subscrib’d for it; tho’ in my mind,  
What prophets have written, it’s learning in vain,  
Without some prophetic gift, to explain;  
Nay, in points that are clear, beyond any fair doubt,  
It is false to one—that the learned are out.  
This ratio, I find, in one instance is true;  
Excuse the presumption—dear vicar, adieu.

November 30, 1756.

### EPISTLE III.

I HOPE that the vicar will pardon the haste  
With which an occasion, once more, is embrac’d  
Of getting some knowledge, in points that I seek,  
From one so well vers’d both in Hebrew and Greek;

<sup>3</sup> “The mockers appear to be such as understood  
the Jewish language. St. Peter’s speech (begin-  
ning Acts ii. 14.) is addressed to all the multitude;  
and as being so, is spoke in the Jewish language,  
which all of them, tho’ of different nations, under-  
stood.”—Mr. L.’s Letter.

“A much greater complaint than this I have to  
make, and that is want of eye-sight—for what  
appears to you as clear as the Sun, does not ap-  
pear to me clear at all.”—Mr. L.’s Letter.

<sup>3</sup> “The rev. Mr. John Wesley in his Explanation  
of the New Testament, this year published, says  
that the 1260 prophetic days in the Revelations  
are not, as some have supposed 1260, but 777  
common years; and that Bengelius in his German  
Introduction has shown this at large. You under-  
stand the German language, and therefore, if Ben-  
gelius be in your library, I desire in a few lines  
you will let me know how he makes this out.”

Mr. L.’s Letter.

In a question of fact, where a friendly pursuit  
Has the truth for its object, and not the dispute:  
Which, tho’ haste should encroach upon metrical  
leisure,

Will be sure, if it rise, to be kept within measure.

It would save much voluminous labour, some-  
times,  
If disputes were ty’d down to dispassionate rhymes,  
As well as to reasons—but, not to digress—  
Having weigh’d his responses both larger, and less;  
I resume the same subject, some freedom of pen,  
To entreat for some small satisfaction again,  
In relation to points, which, appearing absurd,  
Have extorted poetical favour the third.

Three things are laid down in prose favour  
the last, [them past;

And regard to his thoughts would have none of  
To his first it was paid, to his future shall be;  
But let veritas magis amica be free;

First,—“manage the comma,” says he, “how  
you will, [it still;”

Speak,—or hear—the same sense will result from  
Yes; the sense of the context—~~καταρτις ομοια~~  
While they speak in their tongue, we all hear in  
our own.

“The Hebrew word  $\text{לשון}$ , or tongue,” says he  
next,

“Whene’er it is us’d, by itself, in a text,  
Never signifies fire, never signifies flame”—  
And believing it true, I say also the same;  
But in joint  $\text{שון לשון}$ , tongue of fire, or a blaze,  
Foreign languages claim no symbolical phrase;  
Tho’ tongue may occasion mistake to befall,  
It has here no relation to language at all.

Short issue, he thinks, the dispute will admit,  
And desires me to answer this query, to-wit,  
“Were the tongues, the new tongues, which a  
promise was made [play’d,

That disciples should speak, as St. Mark has dis-  
New languages? (such as have never been got  
By learning, before-hand, to speak them) or not?”  
To which, for the present, till somebody show  
That it must have this meaning, my answer is—  
No.

Now this, if he can, I could wish he would do,  
And prove the construction—new languages—true  
In the sense that he means; for, when all under-  
stood

One person who spake, it was really as good  
As if numbers had spoken, or promised grace  
Were interpreted languages here in this place;  
The effect was the same, and may answer the  
pith

Of all that his second has favour’d me with.

<sup>1</sup> “You send me to Hebrew and Greek, and the  
result of my inquiry is, however the comma be  
managed in the verse you mean, (Acts ii. 13.)  
the sense is the same; and that  $\text{לשון}$ , when used  
by itself, never signifies fire or flame. And there-  
fore, to bring the dispute to a short issue, I desire  
your answer to the following query.

“Were the new tongues, which our Saviour (St.  
Mark xvi. 17.) promised his disciples should speak  
with, new languages, i. e. such as they had never  
learned—or not?”—Mr. L.’s Letter.

Still difficult then, if we carefully sift,  
Is the vulgar account of the Pentecost gift;  
Which the learned advance, and establish thereon  
What the vicar has built his ideas upon,  
With additions thereto, which, as far as I see,  
Not one of the learned has added, but he;  
For example—if some, very few I presume,  
Have describ'd the disciples as quitting the room.

But let them be many—what reason, what trace,  
Do we find of their leaving the sanctify'd place?  
Of a wind from above did they fear at the shake?  
And the house, thro', a doubt of its failing, forsake?  
Or did they go forth to the gathering quire, (fire?)  
Lest the many bright flames should have set it on  
If a thought could have enter'd of going away,  
What circumstance was not strong motive to stay?

Then again—that the foreigners, all of them,  
The language then us'd at Jerusalem too— (knew  
For the miracle's sake one would here have de-  
scrib'd,

Which is render'd so needless, improper, absurd,  
That Jerusalem mockers would really have had  
A pretence, to allege—that the pious were mad;  
For of speaking strange tongues what accountable  
aim, (same?)

Or of hearing fifteen—when they all knew the

Add to this—the disciples, the hundred and  
twenty, (like plenty;

Spoke, amongst one another, strange tongues, in  
"One by one," says the vicar, who very well saw  
What confusion would rise without some such a  
law, (gan

As the text has no hint of; which says—they be-  
To speak by the Spirit—not—man after man:  
Could time have suffic'd for so doing, yet why  
Speak the tongues of such men—as were none of  
them by?)

The vicar saw too, that this could not attract  
Any multitude thither—supposing it fact—  
And so he conceiv'd that a rumour was spread  
By the men of the house, of whom nothing is said,  
Now when men of his learning are forc'd to find  
Such unchronic'd salvos to dissipate doubt, (out  
One is apt to infer a well grounded suspense;  
And the more to look out for more natural sense.

I wish my old friend would consider the case,  
And how ill it consists with effusion of grace  
To speak Parthian, and Median, and so of the rest,  
To none but themselves being present address'd.  
Unless he can grant, on revolving the point,  
That indeed there is something not rightly in  
joint,

Or solve one's objections, or show one the way  
How to clear up the matter—what can a man say?

#### EPISTLE IV.

I HAVE with attention, dear vicar, repass'd  
Your obliging reply to the lines in my last;  
Am sorry 'tis final; yet cannot but say (way,  
That your patience to hear me has gone a great  
And extinguish'd all right to require any more,  
If I put you to prove two and two to make four<sup>1</sup>;

<sup>1</sup> "Your answer to the query—Were the tongues  
which our Saviour (St. Mark 16. 17.) promised his

Very difficult task, as one cannot deny, (It by  
When there's nothing more plain to demonstrate

But if—"two and two, four,"—I am thinking  
has claim  
To self-evident truth, has this comment the same?  
—"The new tongues, which are mention'd in pro-  
mising page

Are the old ones, subsisting for many an age?"—  
Is it really as plain, as that four is twice two,  
That in no other sense they could ever be new,  
But as new to the speaker, John, Peter, or Paul;  
While the tongues in themselves had no newness  
at all?

Were this a true thesis, and right to maintain,  
Yet—two halves are one whole—is however more  
plain;

Till the proof, which is wanted, shall make it ap-  
How the two propositions are equally clear:

This proof may be had from the chapter, you say,  
Which relates what was done on the Pentecost  
day—

The best of all proofs—but, to do the fair thing,  
Give me leave to examine what reasons you bring,

"That  $\gamma\lambda\omega\sigma\sigma\alpha\iota$  is languages oft, if you seek  
In the Septuagint, or the New Testament Greek,  
Acknowledge you must."—Yes; 'tis really the  
case—

" $\tau\alpha\upsilon\tau\alpha\ \delta\iota\lambda\epsilon\kappa\tau\eta\sigma\iota\varsigma\ \gamma\lambda\omega\sigma\sigma\alpha\iota$ —in this very place  
Must mean, in our languages; sense, you think  
Is the same as in— $\tau\alpha\ \delta\iota\lambda\epsilon\kappa\tau\eta\sigma\iota\varsigma\ \delta\iota\alpha\lambda\epsilon\kappa\tau\eta\sigma\iota\varsigma$ — (own  
In our languages, or in our dialect?"—Yes,  
Two and two making four is not plainer than this.

But how it flows hence, that in cited St. Mark  
It has no other meaning, I'm quite in the dark:  
Few words of a language are always confound  
To a meaning precisely of just the same kind:  
For the roots of the Hebrew, in Hutchinson's  
school,

I remember they had such a kind of a rule;  
But the reach of its proof has been out of my  
power, hour.  
Tho' I've talk'd with their master full many as

I believe, that by grace, which the Spirit in-  
still'd, (actly fulfill'd

"They shall speak with new tongues" was ex-  
In our Saviour's disciples; that, grace being got,  
They did so speak in tongues, as before they could  
not.

disciples they should speak with, such languages as  
they then knew not? is, No. This is doing things  
to the purpose—a bold Alexandrine stroke—and I  
am put upon the difficult task of showing, that  
two and two make four."—Mr. L's Letter.

"You cannot but own that the word  $\gamma\lambda\omega\sigma\sigma\alpha\iota$  in  
several places of the Old Testament, according to  
the seventy, and in many places of the New  
Testament, signifies languages. And that it does  
so in the above cited (St. Mark 16. 17.) may be  
fully proved from the very chapter (Acts 2) in  
which, what was done on the day of pentecost  
is related. In v. 11. the signification of— $\tau\alpha\upsilon\tau\alpha\ \delta\iota\lambda\epsilon\kappa\tau\eta\sigma\iota\varsigma\ \gamma\lambda\omega\sigma\sigma\alpha\iota$ —is evidently, in our language,  
the same as is otherwise expressed in v. 6. by—  
 $\tau\alpha\ \delta\iota\lambda\epsilon\kappa\tau\eta\sigma\iota\varsigma$ , and in v. 8. by  $\tau\alpha\ \delta\iota\lambda\epsilon\kappa\tau\eta\sigma\iota\varsigma\ \delta\iota\alpha\lambda\epsilon\kappa\tau\eta\sigma\iota\varsigma$ ."

Mr. L's Letter.

With respect to good strangers, partaking of  
grace;

For—"speak with new tongues"—with new lan-  
guages place,

And the promise fulfill'd we may very well call,  
By one spirit-form'd tongue, which instructed  
them all.

If the bold Alexandrian stroke of a *no* [so,  
Had been *yes*, in my last (and it would have been  
if the facts had requir'd it) what could it have  
shown,

Tho' the text had this meaning, if not this alone?  
For how do all languages, spoken in one,  
Disagree with the promise insisted upon?  
I allow it fulfill'd; let the vicar allow  
The fulfilling, *itself*, to determine the *how*.

God's wonderful works, when disciples display'd,  
And spake by the Spirit's omnipotent aid,  
Ev'ry one understood, in a language his own,  
Loquentibus illis—*ἀκούοντες αὐτῶν*— [good sense,  
While they spake—at the first; for good Greek, and  
Forbid us to form an unwritten pretence  
For dividing of tongues; when the Spirit's descent  
Gave at once both to speak, and to know what  
was meant.

But thus to interpret<sup>3</sup>, it seems you forbid,  
By placing the stop as old Gregory did;  
Who thought as you think; tho' you bring, I  
At least a more plausible reason than he; [agree,  
From a passage that suits with your meaning alone,  
Acts the 10th—for they heard—*αὐτοὶ ἤκουσαν  
ἀλλήλων λαλοῦντας*—them speaking (& *ἑκάστην*—in tongues,  
Where, indeed, to that Greek that construction  
belong.

By transposing two words the grammatical lot  
Shewn when they are absolute; when they are not;  
But be it—"them speaking" as you would collect,  
"In our languages"—still, it will never affect  
The force of those reasons, from which 'tis in-  
ferr'd, [heard;

That at once they were spoken, at once they were  
Not of those, which deny that tongues, quatenus  
Mean always precisely what languages do. [new,

That evidence, vicar, which here you have  
brought,

Cross examined, will certainly favour this thought;  
For Cornelius converted, and company too,  
Without intervention of languages new,  
How can any one think, but from prejudice bred.  
Tho' honest, from what he has often heard said,  
That then they were all on a sudden inspir'd  
To speak with strange tongues, when no reason  
requir'd?

But now being got to the end of a tether,  
Prescrib'd to your trouble—I leave to you, whether  
Tongues, any where else, in the sense you assert,  
Were spoken to purpose, that is to convert?

<sup>3</sup> "Let me observe that the words—*ἀκούοντες  
ἀλλήλων*—(v. 11.) are not as you would have them  
put absolutely, but are governed of *ἀκούω*; as  
*ἀκούοντες αὐτῶν* (v. 6.) are of *αὐτῶν* and as *ἀκούω  
ἀλλήλων ἑαυτοῦ*; are of the same verb (Acts 10.  
v. 46.)" Mr. L's Letter.

<sup>4</sup> See the last reference, where the vicar points  
to Acts 10. v. 46.

Or whether your patience can bear to excuse  
A reply to your hints on the sense that I choose?  
In the mean time I thank you for favours in hand;  
And speaking or silent—am

Yours to command.

### AN EPISTLE TO J. BL—K—N. ESQ.

OCCASIONED BY A DISPUTE CONCERNING THE  
FOOD OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

THE point, Mr. Bl—k—n, disputed upon, [John,  
Whether insects or herbs were the food of St.  
Is a singular proof how a learned pretence  
Can prevail with some folks over natural sense,  
So consistent with herbs, as you know was allow'd;  
But the dust that is rais'd by a critical crowd  
Has so blinded their eyes, that plain simple truth  
Is obscur'd by a posse of classics smooth!

Diodorus and Strabo, Solinus and *Æliab*,  
And authorities down from the Aristotelian,  
Have mention'd whole clans that were wont to  
subsist, —

In the East, upon locusts as big as your fist:  
Ergo, so did the Baptist—now were it all true  
That reporters affirm, but not one of them knew;  
What follows, but hearsay how savages eat?  
And how locusts sometimes are necessity's meat?

If, amongst their old tales, they had chanc'd to  
determine [vermin;  
That the Jews were accusom'd to feed on these  
It would have been something; or did they produce  
Any one single hermit that stor'd them for use,  
Having pick'd 'em, and dri'd 'em, and smok'd in  
the sun,  
(For this before eating they tell us was done;)  
The example were patter than any they bring,  
To support such an awkward improbable thing.

Hermitical food the poetical tribe  
Of classics have happen'd sometimes to describe;  
And their native descriptions are constantly found  
To relate in some shape to the fruits of the  
ground;

If exception occurs, one may venture to say,  
That the locust conceit never came in their way;  
Or let its defender declare if he knows  
Any one single instance in verse or in prose.

But the word which the text has made use of  
'tis said,

Means the animal locust, wherever 'tis read,  
Of a species which Jews were permitted to eat;  
There is therefore no need of a plantal conceit,  
Of tops, summits, or buds, pods, or berries of  
trees,

For to this, the sole proof is, no classic agrees;  
And the Latin locustæ came, only from want  
Of attention, to signify tops of a plant.

It would take up a volume to clear the mistakes,  
Which, in this single case, classic prejudice makes,  
Thro' attachment to writers, who pass a relation,  
Which others had sign'd without examination;  
As the authors have done, who have read and  
have writ,

That locusts are food, which the law did permit;

And the place, which they quote for a proof that it did,

Is one that will prove them expressly forbid.

I appeal to the Hebrew, and for the Greek word, To the twenty-third liad, where once it occur'd; And where the old prince of the classics one sees, Never once thought of insects, but branches of As the context evinces; tho' all to a man, (trees, Translators adopt the locustical plan: How the Latin locustæ should get a wrong sense Is their business to prove who object the pretence.

But the classical Greek, tho' it often confirm, Cannot always explain, a New Testament term, Any more than an Old one; and therefore to pass All authorities by of a paganish class, Let them ask the Greek fathers, who full as well know [is true?

Their own tongue, and the gospel, which meaning But for insects to find a plain proof in their Greek Will cut a librarian out work for a week.

For herbs here is one, which unless it is match'd, Ought to carry this question as fairly dispatch'd; Isidorus, Greek father of critical fame, Has a letter concerning this very Greek name, Dismissing the doubt, which a querist had got, If the Baptist did eat animalcules or not, "God forbid," says the father, "a thing so absurd!

The summits of plants is the sense of the word."

Such an ancient decision, so quite a propos, Disperses at once all the classical show Of a learning, that builds upon Africa's east, And the traunts, how wild people were fabled to feast

Upon fancied huge locusts, which never appear, Or huge, or unhuge, but five months in the year; To be board'd, and pick'd in salt and in smoke: How Saint John is employ'd by these critical folk!

Where the locust could feed such an abstinent saint,

Of food for his purpose, could never have want; If the desert was sandy, and made such a need, How account for the locusts descending to feed? In short, Mr. Bl—k—u, they cannot escape The charge of absurd, in all manner of shape; If they can, let them do it—mean while I conclude That St. John's was the plautal, not animal food.

Thus, sir, I have stated, as brief as I'm able, The friendly debate that we had at your table; Where the kind entertainer, I found, was inclin'd, And acknowledge the pleasure, to be of my mind: Having only to add, now I make my report, That how'er we may differ in points of this sort, Our reception at Orford, all pleas'd we review, And rejoice in the health of its master—Adieu.

### THREE EPISTLES TO G. LLOYD, ESQ.

ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN HOMER.

Ουρανός μιν πρώτον ἐπυχεῖτο, καὶ κύνες κίχνης,  
 Αὐτὰρ ἄπειρ' αὐτίκαι βίβλος ἑχέτοκος φθίσις  
 Βάλλ', οὐκ ἐπὶ κούρας τεκίονι καίτοιτο Σαρμῆσι.

Iliad, A. li. 50.

#### EPISTLE I.

THUS Homer, describing the pestilent lot That amongst the Greek forces Apollo had shot,

Tells how it began, and who suffer'd the first, When his ill-treated priest the whole army had curs'd:

Or rather what suffer'd; for custom computes That Apollo's first shafts fell amongst the poor brutes;

Instructing both critics to construe, and schools, Κύνες κίχνης the dogs—and κίχνης the mules.

Now, observing old Homer's poetical features, I would put in one word for the guiltless dumb creatures.

And the famous blind bard; for, as far as I see, The learn'd, in this case, are much blinder than be: At the mules, and the dogs, in his verify'd Greek, Nor Phœbus, nor priest, had conceiv'd any pique; And I doubt, notwithstanding the common consent, That the meaning is mist which Mæonides meant.

Why the brutes were first plagu'd, an Eustathius, and others, [pothers, Have made a great roat with their physical Of the nature, and causes, and progress of plague; And all, to the purpose, quite foreign and vague; But be medical symptous whatever they will, Such matters I leave to friend Heberden's skill, And propose a plain fact to all canninger ken—That the mules and the dogs, in this passage, are men.

Just then, as they rise, to explain my ideas— Let the lexicon tell what is meant by κίχνης; In plain, common sense, without physical roots, The Grecian outguards, the custodes, or scouts: The word may be mules too, for aught that I know, For my scapula says, 'tis, Ionic, so; And refers to the lines above quoted from Homer, Where mules, I conceive, is an arrant misnomer.

If a word has two meanings, to critical test, That which makes the sense better is certainly The plague is here plainly describ'd to begin (best; In the skirts of the camp, then to enter within; To rage, and occasion, what Iliad styles, Incensantly burning their funeral piles; [fools Which the Greeks, I conjecture, were hardly such As to burn or erect for the dogs and the mules.

The common Greek word, the Homeric too, For mules is κίχνης, where it will do; [coeres And there was, as it happened, no cause to its use in this place, for it suited the verse: Whereas a plain reason oblig'd to discard, If this was the point to be shown by the bard, That first to the parties about the main camp Apollo dispatch'd the vindicative damp.

Thus much for κίχνης—the meaning of κίχνης Is attended, I own, with a little more newness; For the sense, in this place, will oblige us to plant A meaning for κίχνης, which lexicons want: And if that be a reason for some to reject, [poet; 'Tis no more than correction, tho' just, may ex- But if it be just, the true critics will add, 'Tis a meaning that lexicons ought to have had.

Both canes in Latin, and κύνες in Greek, And the Hebrew word for them, if critics would seek, Should be rendered sometimes in prose writers or bards, By slaves or by servants, attendants, or guards:

οἰσὶν; and μῶναι have here, in my thought,  
Much a like kind of meaning, as really they ought,  
The difference, perhaps, that for camp preserva-  
tion, [tion.  
One mov'd, or patrol'd; while the other kept sta-

Agree, which is *μῆτις*, in the commonest sense,  
To describe the dogs here, has no sort of pretence;  
Nor here will the lexicons help a dead lift,  
That allow the odd choice too of *slow*, or of *swift*;  
If the dogs were demolish'd, 'twill certainly follow  
That *μῆτις*, *slow*, or *swift*, was all one to Apollo;  
Whose fam'd penetration was rather too deep  
Than to take dogs for soldiers, as Ajax did sheep.

Why them? or why mules? for description al-  
lows

That he shot at no horses, bulls, oxen, or cows;  
With a vengeance selecting, from all other classes,  
Four dogs of some sort, and impeccable half-asses;  
Now granting what poem shows plainly enough,  
That Homer abounds with nonsensical stuff,  
Yet it should, for his sake, if it can, be confin'd  
To the pagan, and not the poetical kind.

The mules and the dogs, being shot at, coheres  
No better with sense, than the bulls and the bears:  
To exculpate old Homer, my worthy friend, Lloyd,  
Some sort of correction should here be employ'd;  
And, for languages sake, in which matters are  
spread

Of a greater concern, if old writers are read,  
Where it seems to be wanting, the critics should  
To make out fair English for Latin or Greek. [seek

If the words have a meaning both human and  
brute,

Where Homer describes his Apollo to shoot,  
Tho' brute, in the Latin, possesses the letter,  
I take it for granted that human is better:  
Do you think this a fair postulatam?—"I do;  
But you only affirm that the human is true."—  
That's all that I want in this present epistle;  
In the next I shall prove it—as clear as a whistle,

#### EPISTLE II.

Youm consent, I made bold to suppose, in my  
To a fair postulatam had readily pass'd; [last,  
That a maulish distemper, or that a canine,  
Neither suited Apollo's, nor Homer's design,  
Like making the subjects, who felt its first shock;  
To be men like their masters, tho' baser of stock:  
Now proof, at the present, comes under the pen,  
That *αἰετῶν*; and *κύνων*, may signify men.

You'll draw the conclusion, so fair, and so just,  
That if they may do it, they certainly must;  
It would look with an unphilosophical face,  
And anti-Rawthmelian<sup>1</sup>, to question the case:  
Tho' the proofs of this point, which I formerly  
noted,

Have slipt my remembrance, and cannot be quoted;  
From Homer himself it may chance to appear,  
As I promis'd to make it, no whistle more clear.

That *αἰετῶν* are guards, in Iliad's lore,  
You may see in book Kappa, line eighty and four;

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to Rawthmel's coffee-house, where  
several members of the Royal Society usually  
spent their evenings.

Where the wise commentators confess in their  
rules,

That—here it is guards, not *ἄγροισι* mules:  
Being join'd with *ἄγροισι* companions, they know  
As *ἄγροισι* were men, that *αἰετῶν* were too:  
Now let us illustrate the combated place,  
As near as we can, by a parallel case.

Plain sense, as I take it, if once it is shown  
That Homer opposes to—being alone—  
Having two *κύνων* *αἰετῶν* along with an hero,  
Will call 'em companions, not dogs, in Homero:  
Turn then to his *Odyssey*, Beta, line ten,  
Where dogs, as they call 'em, are certainly men;  
Attended by whom (he will second who seeks)  
Telenachus went to a council of Greeks.

With his sword buckl'd on, and a spear in his  
hand, [band;  
He went (having summon'd) to meet the whole  
So bravely set forth, so equipt, and so shod,  
That, as Homer has phras'd it, he look'd like a  
god;

Not alone—to enhance the description of song,  
But he took with him two *κύνων* *αἰετῶν* along;  
Two swift footed dogs! yea—two puppies no  
doubt,  
That Apollo had sav'd from the general rout!

One can but reflect how we live in an age  
That scrapes the sense of all sensible page;  
Any kind of old nonsense more pleas'd to admit,  
If in Homer, or Virgil, or Horace, 'tis writ;  
But yet, to do justice to these, and the rest  
Of the poor pagan poets, it must be confess'd,  
That time, and transcribing, and critical note  
Have father'd much on them, which they never  
wrote.

This place is a proof how the critics made bold  
To foist their own sense into verses of old;  
For instead of two Greeks here, attending their  
master,  
And footing a pace neither slower nor faster;  
They have made in some places, to follow his  
track,  
Of their swift-footed dogs, an indefinite pack;  
The son of Ulysses unskillfully forcing  
To go to a council, as men go a coursing.

One *αἰετῶν*—*αἰετῶν*—for master and dame,  
Not alone—to interpret by Homer's true aim,  
These are places enou to evince that attendants  
Were men, or were maidens, were friends or de-  
pendants:

Thus Achilles—*αἰετῶν*—Omega rehearses,  
Had two *ἄγροισι*; both nam'd in the verses;  
Automedon—Alcimus—whom, it is said,  
He valued the most, for Patroclus was dead.

Penelope thus, in first *Odyssey* strain,  
Two *αἰετῶν* follow'd—two women, 'tis plain,  
When the dame was *αἰετῶν*—and mention'd anon,  
How they stood to attend her, on either side one.  
Had *αἰετῶν* signify'd cats in the Greek, [seek?  
Would not sense have oblig'd us new meaning to  
And two dogs as unfit as two cats, you will own,  
To describe man, or woman—not being alone.

To close the plain reasons, that rise in one's  
mind,  
Take an instance from Virgil of similar kind;

Where, in fair imitation of Homer, no doubt,  
He describes king Evander to dress, and march  
out;

And discern, by the help of his Mantuan pen,  
How custodes and canes were both the same men;  
Where canes are dogs, as all custom opines—  
See Virgil's eighth book—come I'll copy the  
lines—

Nec non et gemini custodes limine ab alto  
Procedunt, gressumque canes comitantur heri-  
lem.—

*Kuvaxov* in Homer were then in his view,  
When Virgil, in Latin, thus painted the two;  
And the canes in him are the very custodes,  
Most aptly repeated, dignissime sodes:  
Did ever verse yet, or prose ever, record  
Any literal dogs, that kept pace with their lord?  
Proceeding—attending—how plain the suggestion  
That dogs, in the case, are quite out of the ques-  
tion!

And now I appeal to all critical candour,  
If Homer's young hero, or senior Evander,  
Had dogs for companions, to honour their gressus,  
As translators in verse, and in prose, would pos-  
sibly be:

The moderns I think (tho' a lover of metre)  
Should manage with judgment a little dismeter,  
Than to gape and admire what old poets have  
sung, [tongue.  
If it will not make sense in their own mother

### EPISTLE III.

HAVING shown you the passage, one cannot  
avoid

An appendix so proper, kind visitant Lloyd,  
To the mules and the dogs, which a little while  
since [evince:

Were guards and piquets, as verse sought to  
Whether *κύνες*, attended, two footed, or four,  
Upon heroes or kings, let the critics explore;  
But *μῦλοι*, for mules, in old Homer's intent,  
I suspect that his rhapsodies never once meant.

The word is twice us'd in the twenty-third book,  
In the space of five lines; where I made you to  
look;

I'll refresh your attention—Achilles, know then,  
Had desir'd Agamemnon, the monarch of men,  
To exhort 'em to bring, when the morning ap-  
pear'd,  
And prepare proper wood, for a pile to be rear'd,  
For the purpose of burning, as custom instill'd,  
The remains of Patroclus, whom Hector had  
kill'd.

When the Morning appear'd, with her rosyfy'd  
fingers,

Agamemnon obey'd; and exhorted the bringers,  
The mules and the men;—as translation pre-  
sents—

Exhorted them all to come out of their tents:  
So the men and the mules lay amongst one an-  
other,

If this be the case, in some hammock or other;  
And the men, taking with 'em ropes, hatches,  
and tools, [mules.  
Were conducted, it seems, to the wood by the

For the mules went before 'em—the Latinist  
may— [vary:

Which, a man may presume, was to show 'em the  
Or, since there was danger, the mules going first  
Might, perhaps, be because the men none of 'em  
durst;

For they all were to pass, in their present employ,  
To the woods of mount Ida, belonging to Troy;  
And if Trojans fell on them, for stealing their fire,  
The men in the rear might the sooner retire.

However, both mulish, and well booted folk  
Came safe to the mountain, and cut down its oak;  
And, with more bulky pieces of timber cut out,  
They loaded such mules, as were mules without  
doubt:

When you found in the Latin, so certain a place,  
Where the loading description show'd mules in  
the case,

Your eyes to the left, I saw rolling, to seek  
If the word for these mules was *μῦλοι* in Greek.

And had they discover'd that really it was,  
Conjecture had come to more difficult pass;  
But since it was not, since *μῦλοι* came,  
What else but the meaning could vary the name?  
Why should Homer, so fond, as you very well  
noted, [quoted,  
Of repeating the words which his Muse had once  
Make so awkward a change, without any pretence  
Of a reason suggested by metre, or sense?

'*Μῦλοι*, mules, tho' a masculine ender,  
Is always in Greek of the feminine gender;  
But *κύνες*, you'll find, let it mean what it will,  
Never is of that gender, but masculine still;  
How ridiculous then, that *μῦλοι*, the Hees,  
Should become, by their loading *μῦλοι*, Shees!  
In a Latin description would poetry pass,  
That should call 'em *mulos*, and then load 'em  
mules?

Both the word, and the sense, which is really  
the bard's,

Show the masculine mules to be certainly guards:  
Any mules I desire any critic to name,  
If Jacks in the gender, that are not the same:  
One place, which I hinted at, over our tea,  
May be offer'd, perhaps, as a masculine plea;  
But if folks were unbiass'd, they quickly would find  
A mistake to be there of the very same kind.

The Trojans met Priam at one of their gates,  
With the corps of his Hector—Omega relates—  
Whom they would have lamented there, all the  
day long,

Hed not Priam, addressing himself to the throng,  
Made a speech—"Let me pass with the mules"—  
and so on— [upon:

For mules drew the hearse which the corps lay  
Now the words that he said, at the entrance of  
Were—*Οὐκ οὐκὸς διὰ δειμάτων εἴσεται μοῦ* [Troy,

Priam said to the people, still hurrying down—  
"Let me pass thro' the guards"—(to go into the  
town)

This is much better sense, by the leave of the  
schools,  
Than for Priam to say,—"Let me pass with the  
mules."—

For Idæus directed the mulish machine,  
While horses drew that in which Priam was seen;

Who thought of no males, but of reaching the dome,  
Where they all might lament over Hector, at

The mules had been nam'd very oft before,  
In the very same book, times a dozen, or more;  
And the proper term for 'em had always occur'd;  
It is only this once that we meet with this word:  
That it signifies guards, it is granted, some-  
times,

As I instanc'd, you know, in the Baguley rhymes;  
And will critics suppose that the poet would make  
Variation for mere ambiguity's sake?

That Apollo should plague, Agamemnon exhort,  
These irrational creatures is stupid, in short;  
Where no metamorphosis, fable, or fiction,  
Can defend such abuse of plain, narrative diction.  
Perchance, as a doctor, you'll think me unwise,  
For poring on Homer, with present sore eyes;  
But a glance, the most transient, may see in his  
That a mule is a mule, and a man is a man. [plan,

### CRITICAL REMARKS IN ENGLISH AND LATIN,

UPON SEVERAL PASSAGES IN HORACE.

#### AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

PROPOSING A CORRECTION IN THE FOLLOWING  
PASSAGE.

*Si non Acrisium Virginis abdite  
CUSTODEM PAVIDUM Jupiter et Venus  
Risitent— Lib. 3. ode 16.*

So then you think Acrisius really sold  
His daughter Danae, himself, for gold;  
When the whole story of the Grecian king  
Makes such a bargain so absurd a thing,  
That neither poetry nor sense could make  
The poet guilty of the vile mistake.  
No, sir; her father, here, was rich enough;  
Satire on him, for selling her, is stiff:  
Fear was his motive to a vast expense  
Of gates, and guards to keep her in a fence:  
But some dull blockhead happen'd to transcribe,  
When half asleep, has made him take the bribe,  
Which Jupiter and Venus, as the bard  
Had writ, made use of to corrupt the guard:  
All the remarks on avarice are just;  
But 'twas the keeper that betray'd his trust.

Passage from Virgil, which you here select us,  
How gold is cogent of mortale pectus;  
And from Euripides, that gold can ope  
Gates—unattempted even by the pope;  
Show money's force on subjects that are vicious;  
But what has this to do with king Acrisius?  
Who spend no money to secure his life,  
Lest, if his daughter once became a wife,  
He shut her up for fear of death—and then  
Sold her himself!—all stuff, I say again:  
Death was his dread; nor was it in the pow'r  
Of love's bewitchment, or of money'd show'r,  
Of Venus, Jupiter, or all the fry  
Of Homer's heav'n to hire the man to die,

Where is his avarice, of any kind,  
Noted in all the fables that you find?

Except in those of your inventing fashion  
That make him old, and avarice his passion?  
To hide the blunder of amanuenses,  
Who, writing words, full oft upwrit the sense;  
Fact, that in Horace, in a world of places,  
Appears by irrecoverable traces;  
On which the critics raise a learned dust,  
And still adjusting, never can adjust.  
Having but one of all the Roman lyrics  
To feed their taste for slavish panegyrics,  
The more absurd the manuscriptal letter,  
They paint, from thence, some fancy'd beauty bet-  
Hunting for all the colours round about, [ter:  
To make the nonsense beautifully out;  
Adorning richly, for the poet's sake,  
Some poor hallucinating scribe's mistake.

Now I would have a short-hand son of mine  
Be less obsequious to the classic line,  
Than, right or wrong, to yield his approbation,  
Because Homeric, or because Horatian;  
Or not to see, when it is fairly hinted,  
Either original defect, or printed,  
Not that it matters two-pence in regard  
Of either Grecian, or of Roman bard;  
If schools were wise enough to introduce  
Much better books for education's use;  
But since, by force of custom, or of lash, [trash,  
The boys must wade thro' so much traunt and  
To gain their Greek and Latin, they should learn  
True Greek, at least, and Latin to discern;  
Nor, for the sake of custom, to admit  
The faults of language, metre, sense, or wit:  
Because this blind attachment, by command,  
To what their masters do not understand,  
Makes reading servile, in the younger flock,  
Of rhyming Horace, down to prosing Lock;  
Knowledge is all mechanically known,  
And no innate ideas of their own.

But, while I'm rhyming to you what comes next,  
I shall forget th' Acrisius of the text—  
Your reasons then, why this *custodem pavidum*  
Should not be chang'd to *custodemque avidum*,  
Turn upon avarice; you think the father  
Fond of the bribe; I think the keeper rather,  
Who had no fear from Danae—the wife—  
Who could receive the gold, and lose no life,  
Must needs be he, and that, without the change,  
The verse is unpoetically strange:

You make Acrisius to have been the guard,  
And to be *pavidus*—extremely hard  
To make out either; for what other place  
Shows that the king was jailor in the case?  
And is not *pavidus a dictum gratis*?  
Was not his Danae—*munita satis*?  
Safe kept enough? If *pavidus* come after,  
The dear joy Horace must provoke one's laughter:  
Plain common sense suggesting all the while,  
—Not fear, but fancy'd safety gave the smile:  
Safe as Acrisius thought himself to be,  
The *custos avidus* would take a fee;  
A golden shower, they knew, would break his oath,  
And Jupiter and Venus laugh'd at both.

*Sume Mæcenas cyathos amici  
Sospitis cærum— Lib. 3. ode 8.*

#### A DIALOGUE.

WHAT! must Mæcenas, when he sups  
With Horace, drink a hundred cups?



A hundred cups Mæcenas drink!  
Where must be put them all d'ye think?  
Pray have the critics all so blunder'd,  
That none of 'em correct this hundred?

"Not that I know has any one  
Had any scruple thereupon:  
And for what reason pray should you?  
The reading, to be sure, is true;  
A hundred cups—that is to say—  
Mæcenas come and drink away."

If that was all the poet meant,  
It is express'd without the cent:  
Some Mæcenas cyathos—  
Does it full well without the dose,  
The monstrous dose in cup or can,  
That suits with neither hard nor man.

"Nay, why so monstrous? Is it told  
How much the cyathus would hold?  
You think perhaps it was a mug  
As round as any Jonian jug:  
Thy drunk all night: if small the glass,  
Would centum mount to such a mass?"

Small as you will, if 'twas a bumper,  
Centum for one would be a thumper:  
It's baik Horatian terms define,  
Vates attonitus<sup>1</sup> with nine;  
Gratia—forbidding more than three—  
They were no thimbles you may see.

"Not in that ode—in this they might  
Intend a more diminish'd plight;  
And then Mæcenas and the bard  
That night, I warrant ye, drank hard;  
'Perfer in lucem'—Horace cries;  
To what a pitch might numbers rise!"

A desperate long night! my friend,  
Before their hundred cups could end,  
Nor does the verse invite, throughout,  
Mæcenas to a drunken bout:  
Perfer in lucem comes in view  
With procul omnis clamor too.

"Was it no bout, because no noise  
Should interrupt their midnight joys?  
Horace, you read, with annual lap,  
Notes his escape from dire mishap:  
Must he, and friends conven'd, be sober,  
Because 'twas March, and not October?"

Sober or drunk is not the case,  
But word and meaning to replace,  
Both here demolish'd: did they, pray,  
Do nothing else but drink away?  
For friends conven'd had Horace got  
No entertainment, but to suit?

"Yes to be sure; he might rehearse  
Some new or entertaining verse;  
Might touch the lyre, invoke the Muse;  
Or twenty things that be might choose;  
No doubt but he would mix along  
With cup, and talk, the joyous song."

Doubtless he would; and that's the word,  
For which a centum so absurd

<sup>1</sup> Hor. lib. 3. ode 19. v. 14.

Has been inserted, by mistake  
Of his transcribers, scarce awake;  
Which, all the critics, when they keep,  
Are, quoad hoc, quite fast asleep.

"For that's the word"—"What word d'ye  
mean?  
For song does *cantum* intervene?  
Song would be—O, I take your hint,  
*Cantum*, not *centum*, you would print;  
*Sospitis cantum*—but the clause  
Can have no sense with such a pause."

Pause then at *sospitis*, nor strike  
The three *cæsuras* all alike;  
One coup of Helicon but quaff,  
The point is plain as a piko-staff;  
The wine, the song, the lustre's light—  
The verse, the pause, the sense is right.

"Stay, let me read the Sapphic out  
Both ways, and then resolve the doubt!"

"Some Mæcenas cyathos amici  
Sospitis centum—et vigiles lucernas  
Perfer in lucem—procul omnis esto  
Clamor et ira.

"Some Mæcenas cyathos amici  
Sospitis—cantum, et vigiles lucernas  
Perfer in lucem—procul omnis esto  
Clamor et ira."

"Well, I confess, now I have read,  
The thing is right that you have said;  
One vowel rectify'd, how plain  
Does Horace's intent remain!"

—NONUMQ. prematur in annum.

HOR. ART. POET. l. 388.

YE poets, and critics, and men of the schools,  
Who talk about Horace, and Horace's rules;  
Ye learned admirers, how comes it, I wonder,  
That none of you touch a most tangible blunder?  
I speak not to servile, and sturdy logicians,  
Who will, right or wrong, follow printed editions;  
But you, that are judges, come rub up your eyes,  
And unshackle your wits, and I'll show where it  
lies.

Amongst other rules, which your Horace has  
To make his young Piso for poetry fit, [with  
He tells him, that verses should not be purrd,  
When the Muse (or Minerva) was not in the mood;  
That whate'er he should write, "he should let it  
descend  
To the ears of his father, his master, his friend!,"  
And let it lie by him—now prick up your ears—  
Nonumque prematur in annum—nine years.

Nine years! I repeat—for the sound is enough,  
With the help of plain sense, to discover the stuff.  
If the rule had been new, what a figure would nine  
Have made with your Pisos, ye masters of mine!  
Must a youth of quick parts, for his verse's per-  
fection, [rection?  
Let it lie for nine years—in the House of Cor-

<sup>1</sup>—In Mettj descendat judicis aures,  
Et patris et nostras.—

Nine years if his verses must lie in the heaven,  
Take the young rogue himself, and transport him  
for seven.

To make this a maxim, that Horace infuses,  
Must provoke all the laughter of all the nine  
Muses.

How the wits of old Rome, in a case so facetious,  
Would have jok'd upon Horace, and Piso, and  
Metina,

If they all could not make a poetical line  
Ripe enough to be read, 'till the year had struck  
time!

Had the boy been possess'd of nine lives, like a cat,  
Yet surely he'd ne'er have submitted to that.

"Vah!" says an old critic, "indefinite number—  
To denote many years"—(which is just the same  
lumber)— touch?"

Quotes a length of Quintilian for "time to re-  
But wisely stops short at his blaming—too much.  
Some took many years, he can instance—in fine,  
Isocrates ten—poet Cinna just nine;  
Rare instance of taking, which, had he been cool,  
Tho' old critic had seen, never could be a rule.

"Indeed," says a young one, "nine years, I  
confess,

Is a desperate while for a youth to suppress;  
I can hardly think Horace would make it a point;  
The word, to be sure, must be out of its joint;  
Lie by with a nonum!—had I been his Piso, [so  
I'd have told little Flaccy, mine never should lie  
Had he said for nine months, I should think them  
enno;

This reading is false, sir—pray tell us the true."

"Why, you are not far off it, if present conjec-  
ture

May furnish the place with a probable lecture;  
For by copies, I doubt, either printed, or written,  
The hundreds of editors all have been bitten.  
Nine months you allow"—"Yes"—"Well, let us,  
for fear

Of affronting Quintilian, e'en make it a year:  
Give the critics their unumque, but as to their no—  
You have one in plain English more fit to be-  
row."

"I take the correction—unumque premar—  
Let it lie for one twelvemonth—ay, that may hold  
And time enough too for consulting about [water;  
Master Piso's performance, before it came out.  
What! would Horace insist, that a sketch of a boy  
Should take as much time, as the taking of Troy?  
They, that bind out the young one, say, when the  
old fellow

Took any time like it, to make a thing mellow;

"Tho' correct in his trifles"—"Young man you  
say right,

And to them that will see, it is plain, at first sight;  
But critics that will not, they hunt all around  
For something of sameness, in sense, or in sound;  
It is all one to them; so attach'd to the letter,  
That to make better sense makes it never the  
better: {own 'em;

Nay, the more sense in readings, the less they will  
You must leave to these sages their mumpsimus  
nonum.

\*Joint. Instit. Orat. lib. x. c. 4. de Emendatione.

"Do you think," they cry out, "that with so  
little wit

Such a world of great critics on Horace have writ?  
That the poets themselves, were the blunder so  
plain,

In a point of their art too, would let it remain?"

For you are to consider, these critical chaps  
Do not like to be snubb'd; you may venture,  
perhaps, [amias;

An amendment, where they can see somewhat  
But may raise their ill blood, if you circulate this."

"It will circulate, this, sir, as sure as their  
blood,

Or, if not, it will stand—as in Horace it stood.  
They may wrangle and jangle, unwilling to see;  
But the thing is as clear as a whistle to me.  
This nonum of theirs no defence will admit,  
Except—that a blot is no blot, till it's hit;  
And now you have hit it, if nonum content 'um,  
So would, if the verse had so had it, nongentum."

You'll say this is painting of characters—true;  
But, really, good sir, I have met with these two:  
The first, in all comments quite down to the  
Delphin,

A man, if he likes it, may look at himself in:  
The last, if you like, and, along with the youth,  
Prefer to nonumque poetical truth,  
Then blot out the blunder, now here it is hinted,  
And by all future printers unumque be printed.

Nunc et CAMPUS et AREÆ  
Lepesque sub noctem susurri  
Composita repetantur horæ.

HOR. lib. i. ode ix. v. 13.

By Campus, and by Areæ, my friends,  
The question is what Horace here intends?  
For such expression with the current style  
Of this whole ode is hard to reconcile:  
Nay, notwithstanding critical pretence,  
Or I mistake, or it can have no sense.

The ode, you find, proceeding to relate  
A winter's frost, in its severest state,  
Calls out for fire, and wine, and loves, and dance,  
And all that Horace rambles to enhance;  
But how can this fair weather phrase belong  
To such a wintry, Saturnalian song?

A learned Frenchman quotes these very lines  
As really difficult; and thus refines—  
"We use these words" (says monsieur Sanadon)  
"For nightly meetings, hors de la maison;  
But 'tis ridiculous in frost, and snow,  
Of keenest kind, that Horace should do so."

Right, monsieur, right; such incoherent stuff  
Is here, no doubt, ridiculous enough:  
The Campus Martius, and its active scenes,  
Which commentators say th' expression means,  
Have here no place; nor can they be akin  
To scenes, not laid without doors, but within.

"Nunc, must refer" (proceeds the French re-  
"To donec—puer—age of Talarque; [mark)  
Not to the frost; for which the bard, before,  
Design'd the two first strophes, and no more;  
As commentators rightly should have taught,  
Or inattentive readers else are caught."

Now inattentive critics too, I say,  
Are caught, sometimes, in their dogmatic way:  
United here, we must divide, forsooth,  
The time of winter from the time of youth;  
When all expressions of Horatian growth  
Do, in this ode, 't is plain, refer to both.

Youthful th' amusements, and for frosty week;  
From drinking—dancing—down to—hide and seek:  
But Campus comes, and Ares, between,  
By a mistake too big for any screen:  
And how nonsensically join'd with lispers,  
By assignment met, of nightly whisperers?

Strange, how interpreters retail the farce,  
That Campus, here, should mean the Field of  
Mars; When, in their task, they must have just read  
Contrast to this, the very Ode before;  
Where ev'ry manly exercise, disclow'd,  
To love's effeminacy stands oppos'd.

In this, no thought of any field on Earth,  
But warm fire-side, and Roman winter's mirth:  
No thought of any but domestic ring;  
Where all Decembrian customs took their swing:  
And where—but come—that matter we'll sup-  
press—  
There should be something for Cantabs to guess.

I'll ask anon—from what has now been said,  
If emendation pops into your head:  
Or if you'll teach me how to comprehend  
That all is right; and nothing here to mend.  
Come, sharpen up your Latin with a bit;  
What are they good for else—these Odes that  
Horace writ?

N.B. The emendation of which the author ap-  
proved was *cantus et alac*.

Cedes coemptis saltibus, et domo,  
Villâque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,  
Cedes; et EXTRACTIS IN ALTUM  
DIVITIIS potictar heres.

HOR. lib. ii. ode iii. v. 17.

THIS phrase of "riches built on high"  
Has something in it, at first sight,  
Which, if the Latin language try,  
Must needs appear not to be right:  
Produce an instance, where before  
'T was ever us'd, I'll say no more.

Talk not of "riches pil'd on heaps,"  
To justify the Latin phrase;  
For if you take such critic leaps,  
You jump into dog Latin days;  
And I shall answer to that trick  
In *meâ mente non est sic*.

That lands were here the poet's thought,  
And house along the river's side,  
And lofty villa built, or bought,  
Is much too pleis to be deny'd.  
These high extracted spires he writ  
That mortal Dellius must quit.

"Well, sir, supposing this the case,  
And structures what the poet meant;  
How will you fill the faulty place  
With phrase that suited his intent?"

Meaning and metre both strange,  
And small, if possible, the change?"

Smaller and better, to be sure,  
Into their place amendments fall:  
What first occurs will here secure  
Meaning and metre, change and all.  
May it not be that for divitiis  
Th' original had *no—divitiis*?

If you object that *sep'rate m*  
Makes in one word an odd division,  
Horace, I answer to that plea,  
Has more than once the like elision:  
In short, upon correction's plan,  
Give us a better, if ye can.

Non est meum, si mugiat Africa  
Malus procellis, ad miserâs proces  
Decurrere, et votis pacisci,  
Ne Cypris Tyrique merce

Addit avaro divitis mari;  
Tum me biremis presidio scaphæ  
Tutum per Ægeos tumulibus  
Aura *SÆMET* gemiosq. Pollux.

HOR. lib. iii. ode in. v. 57.

THIS passage, *sirs*, may put ye, one would  
think,

In mind of him, who, in a furious storm  
Told, that the vessel certainly would sink,  
Made a reply in the Horatian form;  
"Why let it sink then, if it will," quoth he,  
"I'm but a passenger, what is 't to me."

So, "non est meum," Horace here cries out,  
To purchase calm with wretched vows and  
pray'm;

Let them who freight the ship be thus devout,  
I'm not concern'd in any of its wares.  
May not one ask, if common sense will read,  
Was ever jest and earnest more agreed?

"Nay but you see the reason," 't is reply'd,  
"Why he rejects the bargaining of pray't;  
His little skiff will stem the raging tide  
With double Pollux, and with gentler air.  
This is his moral," say his under-pullers,  
"The poor and innocent are safe in sculliers."

Why so they may be, if they coast along,  
And shun the winds that make a mast to moan;  
But here, according to the critic throng,  
Horace was in the ship, tho' not his own.  
Suppose a sculler just contriv'd for him,  
When the ship sunk, would his biremis swim?

Can you by any construing pretence—  
If you suppose, as commentators do,  
Him in the ship—make tolerable sense  
Of his surviving all the sinking crew?  
With winds so boist'rous, by what cunning twist  
Can his clear stars, and gentle air resist?

The gifts of Fortune Horace had resign'd,  
And poor and honest, his just fancy'd case,  
Nothing to do had he with stormy wind,  
Nor in Ægean seas to seek a place.  
How is it likely then, that he should mean  
To paint himself in such an awkward scene?

"Why, but, can the blemish—must suppose,  
By this escaping, that he sure was in 't;  
And few too, that comes into the close,  
In all the books that we have here in print—"  
Both words are wrong tho', notwithstanding that,  
There should be *esse*, and *ferre* be *ferre*.

The sense, or moral if you please, is this,  
Henceforth be probity, tho' poor, my lot;  
The love of riches is but an abyss  
Of dangerous cares, that now concern me not.  
Caught in its storms, let avarice implore,  
I think my stars, I'm rowing safe to shore.

## HOR. Lib. iii. Ode xviii.

WHEREVER this Horace comes into one's hand,  
One meets with words full hard to understand:  
If one consult the critics thereupon,  
Some places have a note, some others none;  
And, when they take interpreting pains,  
Sometimes the difficulty still remains.

To you that see, good friends, where I am blind,  
Let me propose a case of either kind:  
Premising first, for both relate to weather,  
That Winter and December come together:  
The Romans too, as far as I remember,  
Have join'd together Winter and December.

In Book the Third of Horace, Ode Eighteen,  
Ad Faunum—these two Sapphics here are seen:

"Ludit herbato pecus omne campo,  
Cum tibi nonne redunt Decembris:  
Festus in pratis vacat otioso  
Cum bove pagus.

"Inter audaces lupus errat agnos;  
Sporgit agrestes tibi silva frondes;  
Gaudet rivosam pepulissae fossor  
Ter pede terram."

Now in December, if we reason close,  
Are fields poetically call'd *herbosae*?  
Is that the month, tho' *Faunus* kept the feld,  
For *daring lambs* to frisk about so bold?

Leaves I would add too—but the learn'd Dacier  
Has made this point elaborately clear;  
As one that artful Horace interweaves—  
"The trees in Italy then shed their leaves;  
And this the poet's artifice profound, [ground."  
The trees themselves for Faunus strow'd the

It is we'll say, a fine Horatian flight,  
But is the herbage, are the lambs so right?  
Is there in all the ode a single thing,  
That makes the Winter differ from the Spring?  
None of December are indeed hybernal,  
But all the rest is absolutely vernal.

"Luis incedis per aprica rura"—  
Does this begin like Winter?—but quid plura?  
Read how it all begins, goes on, or ends,  
Nothing but nouns is wintery, my friends;  
Neither in human, nor in brutal creatures,  
One trace observ'd of Winter's stormy features.

May not there be then, tho' the critics make  
No hesitation at it, a mistake?  
The diggers dancing too has somewhat spissy—  
"Gaudet inanis terram pepulissae."

He in revenge (say comments) beats the soil,  
Hated, because it gave him so much toil.

As oft the diggers, whom we chance to meet,  
Turn up the ground, and press it with their feet;  
Horace himself, perhaps we may admit,  
*Inversam terram*, not *invasam* writ;  
But this at present our demand postpones—  
Pray solve the doubt on these Decembrian nouns.

Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis  
Dormirem et URSA.

HOR. lib. iii. ode iv.

HORACE, an infant, here he interweaves,  
In rambling ode, where no design coheres,  
By fabled stock-doves cover'd up with leaves,  
Kept safe from *black skins'd vipers*, and from *bears*;  
But, passing by the incoherent ode,  
I ask the critics where the bears abode?

The leaves indeed, that stock-doves could convey,  
Would be but poor defence against the snakes,  
And sleeping boy be still an easy prey  
To black pervaders of the thorny brakes;  
The bears, I doubt too, would have smelt him out,  
If there had been such creatures thereabout.

The snakes were black, the bears, I guess, were  
white,

(Or what the vulgar commonly call bulls)  
Bears had there been; another word is right,  
That has escap'd the criticising skulls,  
Who suffer bears as quietly to pass,  
As if the hard had been of Lapland class.

A word, where sense and sound do so agree,  
That I shall spare to speak in its defence;  
And leave absurdity so plain to see,

With due correction, to your own good sense:  
'T is this in short, in these Horatian verses,  
For bears read goats—*pro uris, lege levis*.

Romæ, principis urbium  
Dignatur soboles inter AMABILIS  
Vatum ponere me choros.

HOR. lib. iv. ode iii.

THIS is one ode, and much the best of two,  
Fam'd above all for Scaliger's ado:  
"I rather would have writ so good a thing  
Than reign," quoth he, "an Arragonian king."  
Had he been king, and master of the vote,  
I doubt the monarch would have chang'd his note;  
And loading verses with an huge renown,  
Would still have kept his Arragonian crown.

This ode, however, tho' short of such a rout,  
He show'd some judgment, when he singled out;  
Compar'd with others, one is at a stand [band:  
To think how those should come from the same  
For if they did, 't is marvellous enough,  
That such a Muse with such a breath should puff;  
That such a delicate harmonious Muse  
Should catch the clouds, or sink into the stews.

But Fame has sold them to us in a lot,  
And all is Horace, whether his, or not,  
For his, or whose you will then, let them pass,  
What signifies it who the author was?

Dunghill of Ennius, as we are told  
By ancient proverb, might afford some gold;  
And that's the case of what this Horace sung,  
Some grains of gold with tinsel mix'd, and dung.

We'll say this ode, allowing for the age  
That Horace writ in, was a golden page;  
The words well chosen, easy, free, and pat,  
The lyric claim so manag'd—and all that—  
What I would note is, that no critic yet,  
Of them, I mean, whose notes my eyes have met,  
Has seen a blemish in this finish'd piece,  
Oudone, they say, by neither Rome nor Greece.

Yet there is one, which it is somewhat strange,  
That none of 'em should see a cause to change,  
But let a great indelicacy stand,  
As if it came from Horace's own hand:  
To *cantus choros* join'd *amabilis*,  
When, what he meant was *lovely soboles*.  
*Mæo periculo*, sirs, alter this,  
If taste be in you, read *amabilis*.

If ye refuse, I have no more to say,  
Keep to flat print, and read it your own way;  
Let fear to change a vowel's rote dispense  
With jingling sound, and unpoliter sense.  
I don't expect that critics, with their skill,  
Will take the hint—but all true poets will.  
Be it a test, at present, who has got  
The nicer taste of liquid verse, who not.

Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,  
Matronisq. Phrygum, classis Achillei;  
Post certas hyemes uret ACHAÏCUS  
IGNIS Iliacas domos. HOR. lib. i. ode xv.

SPONDEO a stabili, si numeros modo  
Observare velis, incipit ultimus  
Versus—non poterant carminis et pedem  
Legus ferre trochaicum.

Castigant pueros Archididascali,  
Pro longæ fuerit syllaba si brevis;  
Et credunt critici dicere Horatium  
—*Ignis Iliacas domos*?

Sunt, qui, cum penitus sensus abest metro,  
Pagnant, ac vitium mille modis tegunt;  
Euos vocum ratio dissona plurimos  
Fixis mentibus ingerit.

Verum, carminibus cum sua quantitas  
Desit, quam ratio metrica postulat,  
Num peccare velit, tam pueriliter,  
Romano fidicem lyrae?

Si demum parilis culpa notabitur  
Vatum, quam pariter corrigere est nefas,  
Defendat numerus; tu tamen, interim,  
Verum restitua metrum.

Voci, quæ legitur, litera deficit  
Prioceps, quam soliti pingere, formitan,  
Haud scripsere: legas—uret *Achaïcis*  
*Ignis Iliacas domos*.

—*Suis neget arduis*  
Pronos relabi posse rivos  
Montibus, et Tyberim reverti;  
Cum tu coemptos undique nobiles

Libros Panæti, Socraticam et domum  
MUTARE Ioricis Iberis,  
Pollicitus meliora, TENDIS.

HOR. lib. i. ode xix.

Non esse dicas, credo, poeticum  
Hoc *tendus*; et quod tenderet Iccius?  
Mutare libros?—at vicissim  
Non alios habuisse fertur.

Mutare, rursus, Socraticam domum—  
Hæc velle sectam linquere te docent:  
At secta Ioricis Iberas  
Nulla novo dederat clienti.

Dum vox *coemptas*, intuitu mero,  
Et quas sequuntur verba, prioribus  
Collata, cadent hic legendum  
Pollicitus meliora, *verbis*.

Libros coemptos vendidit Iccius,  
Miles futurus, virque scientiæ,  
Quam nolit hic libris tæteri,  
Flaccus nit, joculans, sed armis.

Tam discrepantis militiæ ducem  
Ironiarum plena redarguit  
Ode; sed extremum videtur  
Multa manus vitiasse carmen.

Sic ipsa Flacci pinxerat, antumo,  
Incertum amicum—*Suis neget arduis*  
Pronos relabi posse rivos  
Montibus, et Tyberim reverti;

Cum tu coemptos undique *nobiles*  
Libros Panæti, Socraticam et domum  
*Tætere* Ioricis Iberis,  
Pollicitus meliora, *verbis*.

HOR. Lib. ii. Ode xiv.

“ENEH! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,  
Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram  
Rugis, et instanti senectæ  
Afferet, indomitæque morti.”

“Non si *trecentis*, quotquot eunt dies,  
Amice, places illachrymabilem  
Plutona tauris”—Hem! *trecentis*?  
Nolumus hanc posuisse vocem,

Foxleie, Flaccum;—quotquot eunt dies,  
Tauris trecentis illachrymabilem  
Placare divum! immanis, ipso  
Intuitu, numerus pateat.

Quovis trecentis lumine, Posthumum  
Mactare taurus, si bene fuerit  
Vates, quot exactos, memento,  
Myriadas feriat per annos.

Hæc inter artes norma poetica,  
—“*Parnam sequi, vel convenientiam*”—  
Præscripta Flacco, quam *trecentis*  
Immodicè violata tauris!

Vult quando centum pocula sospitis,  
Codex, amici—tum sibi sapphicum  
Quid carmen exposcat volutans,  
Te, statuo, repente—cantum.

Idem in *trecentis* hæreo, suspicor;  
Et, non jocentem, simplicitas velim

Dirivæ vatem, (namque dici  
Simpliciter potuit) quod arguet.

Quod, nempe, mors et regibus imminet  
Æquæ ac colonis; mors—neque Posthumo  
Vitanda *terram* immolando  
Lux quæntis nitet orta, taurus.

Ni fallor, omnia victima Posthumo  
Duntaxat unum quoque die bovem  
Mactata Plutoni poposcit,  
Num valuit manas ipsa Flacci:

Qui scripsit, aut qui scribere debuit,  
(To sicut inquit, carmine supero;  
Quod tuus, pugnas, dum refellit,  
Hoc penitus tibi subdit ausum)

\* Non si . . . quotquot eunt dices,  
Amice, places illachrymabilem  
Pitoca tauris—quos opinor  
Sæ melius numerasæ carmen.

Si mens vox sit, ne moveas loco—  
Si non sit—amplis ingenio viris  
Immitte, dic quantum sodales  
(Ne tacito) replent hiatum?

—Thure placaris et hornâ  
Frugè lares avidaque porci.

HOR. lib. iii. ode xxiii.

Quæ mens sit hujus carminis, obsecro,  
Spectes:—monenda est rustica Phidyle,  
Vel thure, vel fructu, vel herbâ  
Raricolas placuisse divis.

Si pura mens sit, si manus innocens,  
Placare possint absque cruoribus;  
Præsertimque et extremam poetæ  
Fuis negat hoc voluisse versum?

Vix ergo poteras velle putarera,  
Urbane, Flaccum frugibus additam,  
Num thure, nam fruges, et omnem  
Sordida sua vitavit herbam.

Quid parva ludat numina, immens,  
Si porci tandem victima poscitur?  
Quid prosit immunitis manuvæ,  
Farre pium, saliensque mica?

Aut omnis ut res hæreat, indica,  
Aut vile mendam corripit profanus;  
Non multa mutabis legendo,  
—Frugè lares, avidaque porcus.

THE FORGOING CRITICISM, IN ENGLISH VERSE.

THE whole design of this Horatian strain  
Is so exceeding obvious and plain,  
That one would wonder how correcting eyes  
Could overlook a blot of such a size,  
As *avidaque porci*; when the line,  
So read, quite ruins Horace's design.

He, as the verse begins, and as it ends,  
This point to rustic Phydile commends,  
That innocence to gifts the gods prefer,  
And frugal offerings would suffice from her;  
That want of victims was in her no fault;  
She might present fruit, incense, cake, and salt.

VOL. XV.

With what connexion could he add to these  
A *greedy swine*? in order to appease  
Those very deities, whom Ode is meant  
To paint with cheap and bloodless gifts content,  
From pious hands receiv'd, tho' e'er so small—  
But *avidaque porci* spoils it all.

What moral meant, if they requir'd, in fine,  
From rustic Phydile, a great fat swine?  
Why little gods, and little matters nam'd,  
If such a sacrifice as this was claim'd?  
*Porci* is wrong, sirs, whether we regard  
The gods, the countrywoman, or the bard.

What must be done in such a case as this?  
One must amend, tho' one should 't amiss.  
I'll tell you the correction, frank and free,  
That upon reading first occur'd to me;  
And seem'd to suit the bard's intention better,  
With small mutation of the printed letter.

Tho' *avidaque porci* runs along  
With verb, and case, and measure of the song,  
Yet, if the poet is to be renown'd  
For something more than mere Italian sound,  
For life and sense, as well as shell and carcase,  
Read—*Frugè lares, avidaque porcus.*

Vile potabis medicis Sabinum

Cantharis, — HOR. lib. i. ode xx.

HAVE ye no scruple, sirs, when ye rehearse  
This hissing kind of an Horatian verse?  
To me, I own, at sight of triple—*is*,  
Suspicion said that something was amiss;  
And, when one reads the triple Sapphic thro',  
'T is plain that what suspicion said was true.

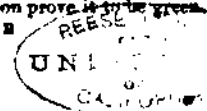
Critics, as custom goes, if one shall bring  
The plainest reason, for the plainest thing,  
Will stick to Horace, as he sticks to print,  
And say, sometimes, that there is nothing in 't.  
Or, here, mistake perhaps, may be try lot;  
Now tell me, neighbours, if 't is so, or not.

This ode, or (since apparently mishap  
Has lost the true beginning of it) scrap,  
Informs Mæcenæe that poor Sabine wine  
Shall be his drink, in Horace's design;  
Wine which the poet had incask'd, the day  
That people shouted for the knight away.

This is the first thing that it says—the next,  
Without one word of intervening text,  
Says, he shall drink (and in poetic shape  
Wine is describ'd) the very richest grape;  
My cups Falernian vintage, Formian hill  
(Is all that follows after) never fill.

These, and these only, in the printed code,  
Are the two periods of this pigmy ode:  
And how they stand, in contradiction flat,  
Who'er can construe Latin must see that.  
The critics saw it, but forsook their sight,  
And set their wits at work, to make it right.

How they have done it—such as have a mind  
To know their fetches, if they look, may find;  
And smile thereat; one ounce, that but coheres,  
Of mother wit, is worth a pound of theirs;  
Who having, by their dint of learning, seen  
That Moon is cheese, soon prove it to be green.



"T will be enough to give ye just a taste,  
From Delphia here, of criticising haste;  
"Mæcenas, setting on some journey out,  
Sent Horace word, before he took his route,  
As Cruquius, Lubin, Codex too pretend,  
That he would sup with his assured friend."

Horace writes back—and this, it seems, the  
ode—

"T is mighty kind to take me in your road;  
But you must be content with slender fare,  
Such as my poor tenuity can spare:  
*Vile potabis*—Sabine wine the best—"  
As learnedly Theod. Marcell. has guest.

So far, so good—but why should Horace, slap,  
Say you shall drink the wines of richest tap?  
That is, quoth margin of the Delphin tome,  
*Domi potabis*—you shall drink at home;  
*Hæc vina quidem bibes apud ta,*  
Says note, *non ita vero apud me.*

*Certe*, it adds, as Pliny understood,  
The knight's own wine was exquisitely good—  
Good, to be sure, tho' Pliny had been dumb;  
But how does all that has been said o'ercome  
The contradiction?—Why, with this assistance,  
"T is plain they supp'd together—at a distance.

One easy hint, without such awkward stia,  
Dissolves at once the difficulty, sirs:  
Let Horace drink himself of his own *vinum*—  
*Vile POTABO medicis Sabinum*  
*Cæth'ris*—and Mæcenas do so too—  
*Tu bibes Cæcubus*—and all is true.

No verbal hissing spoils poetic grace,  
Nor contradiction stares ye in the face;  
But verse intention, without farther tours:  
I'll drink my wine, Mæcenas,—and you yours.  
Should not all judges of Horatian letter  
Or take this reading, or propose a better?

#### MISCELLANEOUS PIECES:

CONSISTING OF THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,  
FRAGMENTS, EPIGRAMS, &c.

TIME that is past thou never can'st recall;  
Of time to come thou art not sure at all;  
Time present only is within thy pow'r; [hour.  
Now, now improve than, whilst thou canst, the

SET not the faults of other folks in view,  
But rather mind what thou thyself should'st do;  
For twenty errors of thy neighbour known  
Will tend but little to reform thy own.

SAFER to reconcile a foe, than make  
A conquest of him, for the conquest's sake;  
This tames his pow'r of doing present ill,  
But that disarms him of the very will.

To give reproof in anger, to be sure,  
Whate'er the fault, is not the way to cure;  
Would a wise doctor offer, dost thou think,  
The sick his potion, scalding hot to drink?

A GRACEFUL manner, and a friendly ease  
Will give a no, and not at all displease;  
And an ill-natur'd; or ungraceful yea,  
When it is giv'n, is taken much amiss.

BUT small the difference, if Tertullian's right,  
To do an injury, or to requite;  
"He is," said he, "who does it to the other,  
But somewhat sooner wicked than his brother."

MY reason is I, and your reason is you,  
And, if we shall differ, both cannot be true:  
If reason must judge, and we two must agree,  
Another third reason must give the decree,  
Superior to our's; and to which, it is fit,  
That both, being weaker, should freely submit:  
Now in reason, submitting, is plainly imply'd  
That it does not pretend, of itself, to decide.

IN truths that nobody can miss,  
It is the *quid* that makes the *quis*;  
In such as lie more deeply hid,  
It is the *quis* that makes the *quid*.

#### A QUERY.

SHOULD a good angel and a bad—between  
Th' Infirmary and Theatre be seen;  
One going to be present at the play,  
The other, where the sick and wounded lay;  
Quere—Were your conjecture to be had—  
Which would the good one go to, which the bad?

#### VERSES DESIGNED FOR A WATCH-CASE.

COULD but our tempers move like this machine,  
Not urg'd by passion, nor delay'd by spleen;  
But, true to Nature's regulating pow'r,  
By virtuous acts distinguish ev'ry hour;  
Then health and joy would follow, as they ought,  
The laws of motion, and the laws of thought;  
Sweet health; to pass the present moments o'er;  
And everlasting joy, when time shall be no more.

#### AN ADMONITION AGAINST SWEARING, ADDRESSED TO AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY.

O THAT the Muse might call, without offence,  
The gallant soldier back to his good sense!  
His tempt'ral field so cautious not to lose;  
So careless quite of his eternal foes.  
Soldier! so tender of thy prince's fame,  
Why so profuse of a superior name?  
For the king's sake the brunt of battles bear;  
But—for the King of King's sake—do not swear.

#### TO THE SAME, EXTEMPORE; INTENDED TO ALLAY THE VIOLENCE OF PARTY-SPRIT.

GOD bless the king, I mean the faith's defender;  
God bless—no harm in blessing—the pretender;  
But who pretender is, or who is king,  
God bless us all—that's quite another thing.

#### ON THE NATURALIZATION BILL.

COME all ye foreign strolling gentry,  
Into Great Britain make your entry;

Abjure the Pope, and take the oaths,  
And you shall have meat, drink, and clothes.

## ON THE SAME.

With languages dispers'd, men were not able  
To top the skies, and build the Tow'r of Babel;  
But if to Britain they shall cross the main,  
And meet by act of parliament again,  
Who knows, when all together shall repair,  
How high a castle may be built in air!

## ON THE SAME.

This act reminds me, gentlemen, under favour,  
Of old John Bull, the hair-merchant and shaver:  
John had a sign put up, whereof the writing  
Was strictly copied from his own inditing:  
Under the painted wigs both bob and full—  
—Moust munny pads for living here—

JOHN BULL.

## ADVERTISEMENT UPON THE SAME.

Now upon sale, a bankrupt island,  
To any stranger that will buy land—  
The birthright, note, for further satisfaction,  
is to be thrown in gratis.

## ON PRIOR'S SOLOMON, AN EPIGRAM.

Wise Solomon, with all his rambling doubts,  
Might talk two hours, I guess, or thereabouts;  
"And yet," quoth he, "my elders, to their shame,  
Kapt silence all, nor answer did they frame."  
Dear me! what else but silence should they keep?  
He, to be sure, had talk'd them all asleep.

## EPIGRAM ON THE FEUDS BETWEEN HANDEL AND BONONCINI.

SOME say, compar'd to Bononcini,  
That Myrbeer Handel's but a ninny;  
Others aver, that he to Handel  
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle:  
Arrange all this difference should be,  
T'wixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!

## AN ANECDOTE.

THE French ambassador had been to wait  
On James the First; in equipage of state:  
Bacon was by; to whom the king began—[man?]  
"Well now, my lord, what think you of the  
"He's a tall proper person, sir," said he—  
"Ay," said the king, "that any one may see;  
But what d'ye think of head-piece in the case?  
Is he a proper person for his place?"  
My lord, who thought he was not, I suppose,  
Gave him this answer, as the story goes—  
"Tall men are oft like houses that are tall;  
The upper rooms are furnish'd worst of all."

## A LETTER TO R. L. ESQ.

If Senesino do but rift  
O caro caro! that flat fifth!  
I'd hang if e're an opera witting  
Could tell Quaxoni from a kidding.

DEAR PETER, if thou canst descend  
From Rodelind to bear a friend,

<sup>1</sup> This has been attributed to Swift, by some of the compilers of his works. C.

And if those ravish'd ears of thine  
Can quit the shrill celestial whine  
Of gentle canuchs, and sustain  
Thy native English without pain,  
I would, if't en't too great a burden,  
Thy ravish'd ears intrude a word in.

To Richard's end to Tom's full oft  
Have I stept forth, O 'squire of Toft,  
In hopes that I might win, perchance,  
A sight of thy sweet countenance;  
Forth have I stept, but still, alas!  
Richard's, or Tom's, 't was all a case;  
Still met I with the same reply—  
"Saw you sir Peter?"—"No, not I."

Being at length no longer able  
To bear the dismal triasyllable,  
Home I retir'd in saunt'ring wise,  
And inward turning all my eyes,  
To seek thee in the friendly breast,  
Where thou hast made a kind of nest,  
The gentle Muse I 'gan invoke,  
And thus the neck of silence broke.

"Muse!" quoth I, treading on her toes,  
"Thou sweet companion of my woes,  
That whilom wont to ease my care,  
And get me now and then—a hare—  
Why am I thus depriv'd the right  
Both of the alderman and knight?  
Tell me, O tell me, gentle Muse,  
Where is sir Peter, where is Clowes?"

"Where your friend Joseph is, or goes,"  
Reply'd Melpomene, "Lord knows;  
And what place is the fairest bidder  
For the knight's presence—let's consider—  
Your wandering steps you must refer  
To Rehearsal, op'ra, or concerto;  
At one or other of the three  
You'll find him most undoubtedly."

Now Peter, if the Muse says true,  
To all my hopes I bid adieu;  
Adieu my hopes, if op'ramany  
Has seiz'd on Peter's pericranie.  
Drunk with Italian syren's cup!  
Nay then, in troth, I give him up:  
The man's a quack, who'er pretends he  
Can cure him of that fiddling phrenzy.

## THE POETASTER.

With a poet, as poetry goes now-a-days,  
Takes it into his head to put in for the boys,  
With an old book of rhymes, and a half pint of  
claret,  
To cherish his brain, mounted up to his garret,  
Down he sits with his pen, ink and paper before  
him,  
And labours as hard—as his mother that burs

Thus plac'd, on the candle he fixes his eyes,  
And upon the bright flame on't looks wonderful  
wise;

Then snuffing it close, he takes hold of his pen,  
And the subject not starting he snuffs it again;  
'Till perceiving at last that not one single thought,  
For all his wise looks, will come forth as it ought,



With a bumper of wine he emboldens his blood,  
And prepares to receive it, whenever it should.

Videlicet, first he invokes the nine Muses,  
Or some of their tribe for his patroness chooses;  
The girl, to be sure, that, of all the long nofline,  
Best suits with his rhyme—as for instance, Mel-  
pomene.

And what signifies then this old bard-heaten whim?  
What's he to the Muses, or th' Muses to him?  
Why, the bus'ness is this—the poor man, lack-a-  
day,

At first setting out, don't know well what to say.

Then he thinks of Parnassus, and Helicon  
streams,

And of old musty bards mumbles over the names;  
Talks much to himself of one Phœbus Apollo,  
And a parcel of folk that in 's retinue follow;  
Of a horse named Pegasus, that had two wings,  
Of mountains, and nymphs, and a hundred fine  
things;

Tho' with mountains and streams, and his nymphs  
The man, after all, is but just where he was.

=====

**TO HENRY WRIGHT, OF MOBBERLY, ESS.**  
ON BUYING THE PICTURE OF FATHER MALE-  
BRANCHE.

WELL, dear Mr. Wright, I must send you a line;  
The purchase is made, father Malebranche is mine.  
The adventure is past, which I lon'd to achieve,  
And I'm so overjoy'd, you will hardly believe.  
If you will have but patience, I'll tell you, dear  
friend,

The whole history out from beginning to end.  
Excuse the long tale: I could talk, Mr. Wright,  
About this same picture from morning till night.

The morning it lower'd like the morning in  
Cato,

And brought on, methought, as important a day  
But about ten o'clock it began to be clear:  
And the fate of our capital piece drawing near,  
Having suppd off to breakfast some common de-  
coction,

Away trudges I in all haste to the auction:  
Should have call'd upon you, but the weaver com-  
mittee

Forbad me that pleasure:—the more was the pity.

The clock struck eleven as I enter'd the room,  
Where Rembrandt and Guido stood waiting their  
doom,

With Holbein, and Rubens, Van Dyck, Tintoret,  
Jordano, Poussin, Carlo Dolce, et cetera,

When at length in the corner perceiving the Pere,  
"Ha," quoth I to his face, "my old friend, are  
you there?"

And methought the face smil'd, just as though it  
"What you're comin', Mr. Byron, to fetch me  
away."

Now before I had time to return it an answer,  
Comes a short-hander by, Jemmy Ord was the  
man, sir;

"So, doctor, good morrow:" "So, Jemmy, bon  
jour:

Some rare pictures here." "So there are to be

Shall we look at some of them?" "With all my  
heart, Jemmy;"

So I walk'd up and down, and my old pupil w' me,  
Making still such remarks as our wisdom thought  
proper,

Where things were hit off in wood, canvas, or  
When at length about noon Mr. Auctioneer Cox,  
With his book and his hammer, mounts into his  
box:

"Lot the first—number one"—then advanced his  
With Malebranche: so Atlas bore Heaven on his  
shoulder.

Then my heart, sir, it went pit-a-pat, in good  
To see the sweet face of the searcher of truth:

Ha, thought I to myself, if it cost me a million,  
"This right honest head shall then grace my pe-  
vilion."

Thus stood lot the first both in number and  
worth,

If pictures were priz'd for the men they set forth:  
I'm sure, to my thinking, compar'd to this number,  
Most lots in the room seem'd to be but mere lum-  
ber.

The head then appearing, Cox left us to see,  
And fell to discoursing concerning the feet,  
"So long and so broad—'tis a very fine head—  
Please to enter it, gentlemen"—was all that he  
said.

Had I been in his place, not a stroke of a ham-  
mer

Till the force had been tried both of rhetoric and  
"A very fine head"—had thy head been as fine,  
All the heads in the house had veil'd bonnets to  
thine:

Not a word whose it was—but in short 'twas as  
"Put it up what you please"—and so somebody  
said,

"Half a piece"—and so on—for three pounds and  
To sum up my good fortune, I fetch'd me him  
down.

There were three or four bidders, I cannot tell  
whether,

But they never could come two upon me together:  
For as soon as one spoke, then immediately pop  
I advanc'd something more, fear the hammer  
should drop.

I consider'd, should Cox take a whim of a sudden,  
What a hurry it would put a man's Lancashire  
blood in?

"Once—twice—three pound five"—so, nonise  
con.

Came an absolute rap—and thrice happy was  
John.

"Who bought it?" quoth Cox. "Here's the  
money," quoth I.

Still willing to make the securest reply.  
And the safest receipt that a body can trust  
For preventing disputes, is—down with your dust!  
So I bought it, and paid for't, and boldly I say,  
'T was the best purchase made at Cadogan's that  
day:

The works the man wrote are the finest in nature,  
And a most clever piece is his genuine portrait.

For the rest of the pictures and how they were  
To others there present, I leave to be told: [solt,

They seem'd to go off, as at most other sales,  
Just as folks, money, judgment, or fancy prevails:  
Some cheap, and some dear: such an image as this  
Comes a trifle to me: and an odd wooden Swiss  
Watch's bead, God knows who—forty-eight guineas—if her  
Grace of Marlborough likes it—so fancy will differ.

When the business was over, and the crowd  
somewhat gone,  
Whip into a coach I convey number one. {pin:"  
"Drive along, honest friend, fast as e'er you can  
So be did, and 'tis now safe and sound at Grays-  
inn:

Done at Paris, it says, from the life by one Oery,  
Who that was I can't tell, but I wish his heart  
merry: [birth  
Is the year ninety-eight; sixty just from the  
Of the greatest divine, that e'er liv'd upon Earth.

And now, if some evening, when you are at  
leisure,  
You'd come and rejoice with me over my treasure,  
With a friend or two with you, that will in free  
sort  
Let us mix metaphysics and short-hand and port;  
We'll talk of his book, or what else you've a mind,  
Take a glass, read or write, as we see we're inclin'd:  
Such friends and such freedom! what can be more  
Hazza! father Malebranche and Short-hand for  
ever.

### ON TWO LEAN MILLERS

AT MANCHESTER, WHO RIGOROUSLY ENFORCED  
THE CUSTOM OF OBLIGING ALL THE INHABITANTS  
TO HAVE THEIR CORN GROUND AT THEIR  
MILLS.

BONE and Skin,  
Two millers thin,  
Would starve the town, or near it:  
But he it known,  
To Skin and Bone,  
That flesh and blood can't bear it.

### EPITAPH,

WRITTEN IN CHALK ON THE GRAVE-STONE OF A  
PROFLIGATE SCHOOLMASTER.

HERE lies John Hill  
A man of skill,  
His age was five times ten:  
He ne'er did good,  
Nor ever would,  
Had he liv'd as long again<sup>1</sup>.

### AN EPISTLE

TO A GENTLEMAN OF THE TEMPLE.

Sir, upon casting an attentive look  
O'er your friend, the learned Sherlock's book,  
One thing occurs about the fall of man,  
That does not suit with the Mosaic plan;

<sup>1</sup> These two trifles are given on the authority  
of the Biographica Britannica. C.

Nor give us fairly, in its full extent,  
The scripture doctrine of that dire event.  
When tempted, Adam, yielding to deceit,  
Presum'd of the forbidden tree to eat,  
The bishop tells us, *that he did not die*:  
Pray will you ask him, sir, the reason why?  
Why he would contradict the sacred text,  
Where death to sin so surely is annex?  
"The day thou eatest"—are the words you know;  
And yet, by his account, it was not so:  
Death did not follow, tho' it surely wou'd:  
How will he make this hardy comment good?  
"Sentence," says he, "was respited."—But  
pray,

Where does the scripture such a saying say?  
What word that means to respite or revoke  
Appears in all that God or Moses spoke?

It will be said, perhaps, that it appears,  
That Adam liv'd above nine hundred years  
After his fall—True—but what life was that?  
The very death, sir, which his fall begat.  
The life, that Adam was created in,  
Was lost the day, the instant, of his sin,  
Just as the rebel angels, when they fell,  
Were dead to heav'n, altho' alive to Hell:  
So man, no longer breathing heav'nly breath,  
Fell to this life, and dy'd the scripture death.

While in the state of innocence he stood,  
He was all living, beautiful, and good:  
But when he fed on the forbidden fruit,  
Whereof corruption was the latent root,  
He dy'd to Paradise, and, by a birth [Earth;  
That should not have been rais'd, he liv'd to  
Fell into bestial flesh, and blood, and bones,  
Amongst the thorns and briars, rocks and stones,  
That which had cloth'd him, when a child of light,  
With all its lustre, was extinguish'd quite;  
Naked, sham'd, confounded, and amaz'd,  
With other eyes, on other scenes he gaz'd.  
All sensibility of heav'nly bliss  
Departing from him—what a death was this!

His soul, indeed, as an immortal fire,  
Could never die, could never not desire:  
But, sir, he had what glorious angels claim,  
An heav'nly spirit, and an heav'nly frame;  
Form'd in the likeness of the sacrd Three,  
He stood immortal, powerful, and free;  
Image of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The destin'd sire of a new heav'nly host;  
Partner of their communicated breath,  
A living soul, unsubjected to death.  
Since then he fell from this sublime estate,  
Could less than death have been his real fate?  
No; as in life he chose not to abide,  
It must be said, that *Adam surely dy'd*.

Say, that he dy'd not, as it was foretold,  
But when nine hundred years and thirty odd,  
And then, if death be sentence for a fall,  
How proves the bis' op that he dy'd at all?  
For if th' death he talks of be this last,  
How does that answer to the sentence past?  
Was his departure from this world the time  
That our first father suffer'd for his crime?  
One rather should believe, or hope at least,  
That (so be it!) his sufferings then ceas'd;  
And that the life, which had been lost at first,  
Was then regain'd, and he no longer curst.

If on the bishop's scutcheon, when he dies,  
(Long be the time deferr'd) the mourning eyes  
Should read *Mors Vite Innua*, in paint,  
What must they think him, sinner, then, or saint?

Must not these words direct them to suppose  
An end of all a Christian bishop's woes?  
Who, like to Adam, father of mankind,  
Had pass'd his time of penitence injoin'd;  
Who, like to Christ, the second Adam too,  
Had always had redemption in his view;  
Had taught himself and others to revive  
From dead in Adam to in Christ alive;  
Had been as true a shepherd to his flock,  
As the poor hind that really wears a frock;  
So trod this earthly passage, that, in sum,  
Death was to him the *gate of life* become.

Gate of *what* life? Undoubtedly the same  
That Adam fell from, when he first became  
A creature of this world; when first he fell,  
Thanks to divine foregoodness! not to Hell,  
But to this Earth—this state of time and place,  
Where, dead by nature, man revives by grace;  
Where, tho' his outward system must decay,  
His inward ripens to eternal day;  
Puts off th' old Adam, and puts on the new;  
And having found the first sad sentence true,  
Now finds the truth of what the second said,  
"The woman's seed shall bruise the serpent's head."

Again—to urge the instance that I gave,  
Attend we this good bishop to his grave:  
The priest comes forth to meet the sable hearer,  
And then repeats the well-appointed verse;  
—Verse, one would think, that might decide the  
"I am the resurrection and the life."— [strife:—

What life is that which Jesus is, and gives,  
In and by which the true believer lives?  
That of this world? Then were it most absurd  
To a dead bishop to apply the word.  
'Tis that which human nature had before;  
Which, being Christ's, Christ only can restore.  
What meaning is there, touching the deceas'd,  
Now from the "burthen of the flesh" releas'd,  
But that his soul is going to be clad  
With heav'nly flesh and blood; which Adam had,  
Before he enter'd into that which Paul  
"Body of death" might very justly call?  
A flesh and blood, that, as he hints elsewhere,  
Not born from Heav'n, can never enter there:  
Man of this world, whose kingdom Christ dis-  
The life whereof is but a life so nam'd; [claim'd,  
A life of animal and insect breath,  
That, in a man, is rightly styl'd a death.

Thus, sir, throughout the burial office run,  
You'll find that it proceeds as it began.  
Read any office,—baptism if you will—  
From first to last, you'll find the reason still,  
Why any, or why all of them are read;  
Reason of all that's either sung or said,  
Is by this one great solemn truth explain'd,  
Of life in Adam lost, in Christ regain'd:  
Lost at the fall—not at the end of years  
That Adam labour'd in this vale of tears,  
When death thro' Christ was happy, 'tis pre-  
sum'd,

And vanquish'd that to which he first was doom'd.  
Doom'd—not by any act of wrath in God;  
(A point wherein the bishop seems to nod)  
No death of pure, of tainted life no pain,  
Did his severe inflicting will ordain:  
He is all glory, goodness, light, and love,  
Life that from *his* no creature can remove;  
But from *itself* it may, as Adam did,  
If it will choose what light and love forbid:  
Truly forewarn'd of what would truly be,  
His life was poison'd by the mortal tree:

He eat—he fell—he dy'd—'Tis all the same;  
One loss of life under a triple name.

No test was made by positive command,  
Merely to try if he would fall or stand,  
Like that, the serpentine Satanic snare,  
Of which the man was bidden to beware.  
"Eat not thereof, or thou wilt surely die,"  
Was spoken to prevent, and not to try;  
To guard the man against his subtle foe, [know,  
Who sought to teach him what 't was death to

Death to his pristine, spirit-life divine,  
And separation from its sacred shrine;  
The pure, unmix'd, incorruptible throne,  
Wherein God's image first embody'd shone:  
Tho' form'd to rule the new created scene,  
Built from the chaos of a former reign;  
To bring the wonders of this world to view,  
And ancient glories to an orb renew;  
He also had, as being to command,  
See, and be seen, in this new-formed land,  
This intermediate temporary life,  
Where, only, good and evil are at strife,  
Outward corporeal form, whereby he saw,  
And heard, and spoke, and gave to all things law;  
They none to him.—His far superior mind  
Was, as he pleas'd, united or disjoint'd:  
So far united, that all good was gain'd;  
So far disjoint'd, that evil was restrain'd:  
It could not reach him—for, before his fall,  
Nothing could hurt this human lord of all,  
No more than Satan, or the Serpent, could,  
If in his first creation he had stood.

Such was his blest estate—wherein is found  
Of Adam's happy ignorance the ground.  
His outward body, and each outward thing,  
From whence alone both good and ill could

spring,  
Could not affect, while he was free from sin,  
The life of the celestial man within.  
Glorious condition! which, how'er imply'd,  
That man, at first plac'd in it, must be try'd:  
Not from God's will, or arbitrary voice;  
His trial follow'd from his pow'r of choice:  
God will'd him that, himself was to re-will,  
And the divine intentions to fulfil;  
To use his outward body as a means,  
Whereby to raise in time and place the scenes  
That should restore the once angelic orb,  
And all its evil introduc'd absorb.

Evil, that, prior to the fall of man,  
From him, whose name in Heav'n is lost, began  
Moses has plainly hinted at the end;  
Whose malice in a borrow'd shape was accus'd:  
Who, under reason's plausible disguise,  
Taught our first parents to be worldly wise:  
Succeeding lights have risen up to show  
Of God and man, more openly, the foe.

He, once a thron'd archangel, had the way  
Far as this orb of our created day;  
Where, then, no Sun was wanted to give light,  
No Moon to cheer yet undiscover'd night;  
Immensely luminous his total sphere,  
All glory, beauty, brightness, ev'ry where:  
Ocean of bliss, a limpid crystal sea,  
Whose height and depth its angels might survey;  
Call forth its wonders, and enjoy the trance  
Of joys perpetual thro' its whole expanse:  
Ravishing forms arising without end  
Would, in obedience to their wills, ascend;  
Change, and unfold fresh glories to their view,  
And tune the hallelujah song anew.

If, when we cast a thoughtful, thankful eye  
Towards the beauties of an evening sky,  
Calm we admire, thro' the ethereal field,  
The various scenes that even clouds can yield;  
What huge delight must Nature's fund afford,  
Where all the rich realities are stor'd,  
Which God produces from its vast abyss,  
To his own glory, and his creatures bliss?  
His glory, first, all nature must display,  
Else how to bliss could creatures know the way?  
Order, thro' all eternity, requires,  
That to his will they subject their desires;  
That, with all meekness, the created mind  
Be to the fountain of its life resign'd;  
Think, speak, and act, in all things for his sake:  
This is the true perfection of its make.

Both men and angels must have wills their own,  
Or God and Nature were to them unknown:  
'Tis their capacity of life and joy,  
Which none but they can ruin or destroy.  
God, in himself, was, is, and will be, good,  
And all around pour forth th' enriching flood.  
From him—('tis Nature's and Religion's creed)  
Nothing but good can possibly proceed,  
That creature only, whose recipient will  
Shuts itself up within itself, is ill:  
God cannot dwell in such an harden'd clay,  
But stagnates, and evaporates away.

Thus when the regent of th' angelic host,  
That fell, began within himself to boast;  
Began, endow'd with his Creator's pow'rs,  
That nothing could resist, to call them ours;  
To spread thro' his wide ranks the impious term,  
And they their leader's doctrine to confirm;  
Then self, then evil, then apostate war  
Rag'd thro' their hierarchy wide and far;  
Kindled to burn, what they esteem'd a rod,  
The meekness and subjection to a God.  
Resolv'd to pay no hymning homage more,  
Nor, in an orbit of their own, adore:  
All right of Heav'n's eternal King abjur'd,  
They thought one region to themselves secur'd;  
One out of Three, where majesty divine  
Shone in its glorious outbirth unitrine;  
Shone, and will shine eternally, altho'  
Angels or men the shining bliss forgo

Straight, with this proud imagination fir'd,  
To self-dominion strongly they aspir'd;  
But all their wills, irrevocably bent,  
To bring about their devilish intent.  
How ought we mortals to beware of pride,  
That such great angels could so far misguide!  
No sooner was this horrible attempt,  
From all obedience to remain exempt,  
Put forth to act, but instantly thereon  
Heav'n, in the swiftness of a thought, was gone:  
From Love's beatifying pow'r estrang'd, [chang'd].  
They found their life, their bliss, their glory,  
That state, wherein they were resolv'd to dwell,  
Sprung from their lusting, and became their Hell.

Thinking to rise above the God of all  
The wretches fell, with an eternal fall;  
In depths of slavery, without a shelf:  
There is no stop in self-tormenting self.  
Just as a wheel, that's running down a hill  
Which has no bottom, must keep running still:  
So down their own proclivity to wrong,  
Urg'd by impetuous pride, they whirl along,  
Their own dark, fiery, working spirits tend  
Farther from God, and farther to descend.

He made no Hell to place his angels in;  
They stirr'd the fire that burnt them, by their sin:  
The bounds of Nature, and of Order, broke,  
And all the wrath that follow'd them awoke:  
Their own disorder'd raging was their pain;  
Their own unbending harden'd strength, their chain:  
Renouncing God with their eternal might,  
They sunk their legions into endless night. [dwell,  
Mean-while the glorious kingdom, where they  
Th' effect of their rebellious workings felt:

Its clear materiality, and pure,  
Could not the force of raging fiends endure:  
Its elements, all heav'nly in their kind,  
In one harmonious system when combin'd,  
Were now disclos'd, divided, and opaque:  
Their glassy sea became a stormy lake:  
The height and depth of their angelic world  
Was nought but ruins upon ruins hurld:  
Chaos arose, and, with its gloomy sweep  
Of darkning horrors, overspread the deep:  
All was confusion, order all defac'd,  
Tohu, and Bohu, the deformed waste:  
Till the Almighty's gracious fiat came,  
And stop'd the spreading of the hellish flame;  
Put to each fighting principle the bar;  
And calm'd, by just degrees, th' intestine war.  
Light, at his word, th' abating tempest cheer'd;  
Earth, sea, and land, Sun, Moon, and stars, ap-  
Creatures of ev'ry kind, and food for each; [pear'd;  
And various beauties clos'd the various breach:  
Nature's six properties had each their day,  
Lost Heav'n, as far as might be, to display;  
And in the seventh, or body of them all,  
To rest from, what they yet must prove, a fall.

For had not this disorder'd chaos been;  
Had not these angels caus'd it by their sin;  
Nor had compacted earth, nor rock, nor stone,  
Nor gross materiality, been known:  
All that in fire, or water, earth, or air,  
May now their noxious qualities declare,  
Is as unknown in Heav'n as sin or crime,  
And only lasts for purifying time:  
Till the great end, for which we all came here,  
Till God's restoring goodness, shall appear:  
Then, as the rebel creatures' false desire  
Awak'd in nature the chaotic fire;  
So when redeeming Love has found a race  
Of creatures worthy of the heav'nly place,  
Then shall another fire enkindled rise,  
And purge from ill these temporary skies;  
Purge from the world its deadness, and its dross,  
And of lost Heav'n recover all the loss.

Why look we then with such a longing eye  
On what this world can give us, or deny:  
Of man and angel fall'n, the sad remains?  
It has its pleasures—but it has its pains.  
It has, what speaks it, would we but attend,  
Not our design'd felicity—an end.  
Sons of eternity, tho' born on Earth,  
There is within us a celestial birth;  
A life that waits the efforts of our mind,  
To raise itself within this outward hind.  
This husk of ours, this stately stalking clod,  
Is not the body that we have from God:  
Of good and evil 'tis the mortal crust;  
Fruit of Adamical and Eeval lust;  
By which the man, when heav'nly life was ceas'd,  
Became an helpless, naked, biped beast:  
Forc'd, on a cursed Earth, to sweat and toil;  
To brutes a native, him a foreign soil:

And, after all his years employ'd to know  
The satisfactions of a life so low,  
Nine hundred, or nine hundred thousand, past,  
Another death to come, and Hell, at last—  
—But for that new mysterious birth of life;  
That promis'd seed to Adam and his wife;  
That quick'ning spirit to a poor dead soul;  
Not part of scripture doctrine, but the whole;  
Which writers, figuring away, have left  
A mere dead letter, of all sense bereft;  
But for that *only* help of man forlorn,  
The incarnation of the Virgin-born.

This Serpent-bruiser, son of God and man,  
Who, from the first, his saving work began,  
Revers'd, in full maturity of time,  
In his own sacred person, Adam's crime;  
Brought human nature from its deadly fall,  
And made salvation possible for all.

Without acknowledging that Adam dy'd,  
Scripture throughout is, in effect, deny'd:  
All the whole process of redeeming love,  
Of life, of light, and spirit from above,  
Loses, by learning's piteous pretence  
Of modes, and metaphors, its real sense:  
All the glad tidings, in the gospel found,  
Are sunk in empty and unmeaning sound.

If, by the first man's sin, we understand  
Only some breach of absolute command  
Half-punish'd, half-remitted, by a grace  
Like that which takes in human acts a place;  
The more we write, the more we still expose  
The Christian doctrine to its reasoning foes:  
But, once convinc'd, that Adam, by his crime,  
Fell from eternal life to that of time;  
Stood on the brink of death eternal too,  
Unless created unto life anew,  
Then ev'ry reason teaches us to see  
How all the truths of sacred writ agree;  
How life restor'd arises from the grave;  
How man could perish, and how Christ could save.

Man perish'd by the deadly food he took,  
And needs must *lose* the life that he forsook,  
Not unadvic'd—the moment he inclin'd  
To this inferior life his nobler mind,  
God kindly warn'd him to continue fed  
With food of Paradise, with angels' bread;  
To shun the tree, the knowledge, whose sad leav'n  
Would quench in him the light and life of  
Strip him of that angelical array, [Heav'n;  
Which thro' his outward body spread the day;  
Kept it from ev'ry curse of sin and shame,  
From all those evils that had yet no name:  
That prov'd alas! when he would not refrain,  
The loss of Adam's proper life too plain.  
Who can suppose that God would e'er forbid  
To eat what would not hurt him, if he did?  
Fright his lov'd creature by a false alarm;  
Or make what, in itself, was harmless, harm?

O how much better he from whom I draw,  
Tho' deep, yet clear the system, master Law!  
Master, I call him; not that I incline  
To pin my faith on any one divine;  
But, man or woman, whoso'er it be,  
That speaks true doctrine, is a pope to me.  
Where truth alone is interest, and aim,  
Who would regard a person, or a name?  
Or, in the search of it impartial, scoff,  
Or scorn the meekest instrument thereof?

Pardon me, sir, for having dar'd to dwell  
Upon a truth already told so well:

Since different ways of telling may excite,  
In different minds, attention to what's right;  
And men (I measure by myself) sometimes,  
Averse to reason, may be taught by rhymes;  
If where one fails, they will not take offence,  
Nor quarrel with the words, but seek the sense.  
Life, death, and such like words, in scripture  
Have certainly an higher, deeper ground, [found,  
Than that of this poor perishable ball,  
Whereon men doat, as if it were their all;  
As if they were like Warburtonian Jews,  
Or, Christians nam'd, had still no higher views;  
As if their years had never taught them cease  
Beyond—it is all one a hundred hence.

'Twas of such worldings that our Saviour said  
To one of his disciples, "Let the dead  
Bury their dead: but do thou follow me."  
He makes no more distinction, sir, you see,  
But that, with reference to a life so brate,  
The speaking carcases interr'd the made.

Life, to conclude, was lost in Adam's fall,  
Which Christ, our resurrection, will recall:  
And, as death came into the world by sin,  
Where one begun, the other must begin.  
Why will the learned sages use their art,  
From scripture truth, so widely, to depart?  
But above all, a bishop, grave, and wise,  
Why will he shut, against plain text, his eyes?  
Not see that Heav'n's prediction never ly'd;  
That Adam fell by eating, sinn'd, and dy'd,  
A real death, as much as loss of sight  
Is death to ev'ry circumstance of light;  
Tho' a blind man may feel his way, and grope,  
Or for recover'd eyes be made to hope;  
We might as well set glasses on his nose,  
And sight, from common helps of sight, suppose,  
As say, when Adam's heav'nly life was kill'd,  
That sentence was not instantly fulfill'd.

Persuade your mitred friend, then, if you can,  
To re-consider, sir, the fall of man;  
To see, and own the depth of it; because,  
'Till that is done, we may as well pick straws,  
As talk of what, and who, the Serpent was  
That brought the fall, not understood, to pass.

One thing he was, sir, be what else he will:  
A critic, that employ'd his fatal skill  
To cavil upon words, and take away  
The sense of that which was as plain as day.  
And thus the world, at present, by his wiles,  
Tho' not in outward shape, he still beguiles;  
Seeking to turn, by comments low and lax,  
The word of God into a nose of wax;  
To take away the marrow, and the pith,  
Of all that scripture can present us with.  
May Heav'n deliver from his winding tours,  
The bishop, and us all! I am, sir, yours.

#### ENTHUSIASM:

A POLITICAL ESSAY, IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND  
IN TOWN.

DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE here sent you the verses which you desired a copy of. The book that gave occasion to them has treated the subject whereon they are made in such a brief, sensible, and lively manner,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Law's Appeal to all that doubt, &c. p. 305.

as might well excite one to an attempt of this nature. Just and improving sentiments deserve to be placed in any light that may either engage the attention of a reader, or assist his memory; and verse, as I have found by experience, does both: for which reason, when I first met with an account of Enthusiasm so quite satisfactory, I chose to give it the dress wherein it now appears before you.

Enthusiasm is grown into a fashionable term of reproach, that usually comes uppermost, when any thing of a deep and serious nature is mentioned. We apply it, through an indolent custom, to sober and considerate assertors of important truths, as readily as to wild and extravagant contemners about them. This indiscriminate use of the word has evidently a bad effect: it pushes the general indifference to matters of the highest concern into downright aversion. The best writers upon the best subjects are unattended to; and the benefit accruing from their love, and their labours, is not perceived by us; because we are hurried on, by the idleness of all prejudices, to condemn them without a reading, or to pronounce them to be unintelligible, upon such a slight one, as can hardly be called an endeavour to understand them. We have heard it said, and have seen it printed, that they are enthusiasts; and, to avoid the imputation of that character, we run into it at second hand, and adopt the rashness and injustice of impetuous originals: we take the stalest exclamations for the freshest proofs; and the affected retailing of madness, mysticism, Behmenism, and the like decisive outcries, contents us as if there were something of sense, wit, or demonstration in it.

When this low kind of enthusiasm is alert enough to gain its point, the writer of a good book may possibly lose the applause, which it is highly probable that he never sought for. But what does a reader get the while, by his tame resignation of the right of judging for himself to such incompetent authority? Men of superior fluency in expressing their own conceptions are not always so late enough to examine, or judicious enough to discover, the principles which might undeceive them. The first obstruction to their hypothesis may pass, with them, for an immediate confutation of any book whatsoever: they may show their learning, their zeal, or their contempt, and speak of an enthusiasm different from their own, as quickly as they please; but where the question is momentous, and the celebration of their fame quite foreign to it, what should induce any one, who is really desirous of information, to remit the freedom of inquiry after it for their dexterity?

How many pathetic accounts of living piety, how many excellent treatises composed for the advancement of it, are neglected, or unknown, because we are so easily prepossessed by popular hearsay, and wretched compilers? How many has the sourness of controversy, the bitterness of party, and the rotation of amusement, in a manner suppressed? The enthusiasm which is hence enkindled reigns and rages unsuspected, while that of a juster kind, the genuine effect of a true life and spirit, arising from what is lovely, harmonious, and substantial, is in danger of being extinguished by it; and, whenever it is so, the

variety of delusion with which a different spirit may then possess its votaries, will centre, properly speaking, in endemonism.

In short, there is a right enthusiasm, as well as a wrong one; and a man is free to admit which he pleases: but one he must have, as sure as he has a head; as sure as he has a heart that fondly pursues the object of its desire, whatever it be. If that be pointed right; if it reach after that godlike state and condition, to which all mankind were originally created; if it long to be freed from the disorders of its present state, to be restored again to that enduring rest, light, and liberty, which alone can accomplish and beautify it; how can it be too constant, or too vigorous?

If the desire be otherwise inclined, how little does it signify to the main purpose what ingenuity, parts, or learning, what natural, or what acquired talents, men may be possessed of? So long as they have only light enough to hate light, they may, upon the first glimpse of it, retire into their earthliness, and push out their works as thick as mole-hills: but, in reality, a single page, proceeding from a right spirit, whose enthusiasm they all despise, is worth a library of such a produce.

In such a spirit I take the Appeal, to which the following lines are owing, to be written; and am persuaded, that if any sober-minded deist, who is prejudiced against Christianity, because he does not really know what it is; that if any Christian so called, who has been led into mistakes about it, because he does not really know what it is not; in fine, that if any one, whose heart is so far converted as to desire conversion, should be disposed to read it through, he would find his account in it; he would be struck with, he would be edified by it.

There is, apparently, something so solid, and so animated, through the whole of it; such an impartial regard to truth, wherever it may be found; and such happy illustration of it, where it really has been found; that I had some thoughts of translating it for the use of foreigners, believing that such a service would be acceptable to the more searching and unbiased dispositions amongst them, and also help to fix many awakening and comfortable truths upon my own mind; which is the interest that I would propose to obtain by it. If I shall find myself capable of executing this design with justice to the original, you shall hear further from me. In the mean time I have transcribed for you these verses upon the incidental subject of Enthusiasm, as they were first composed for private recollection; and, as I can rely upon your judgment concerning them better than I can upon my own, they are wholly submitted to your correction and disposal. I am, yours, &c.

Manchester, Sept. 3, 1751.

J. R.

“FLY from Enthusiasm—it is the pest,  
Bane, poison, frenzy, fury—and the rest.”  
This is the cry that oft, when truth appears,  
Forbids attention to our listening ears;  
Checks our first entrance on the main concern,  
And, stunn'd with clamour, we forbear to learn;  
Mechanically catch the common cant,  
And fly from what we almost know we want;  
A deeper sense of something that should act  
The least at rest, that never has done yet;

Some simpler secret, that, yet unreveal'd,  
Amidst contending systems lies conceal'd.

A book, perhaps, beyond the vulgar page,  
Removes at once the lumber of an age;  
Truth is presented; strikes upon our eyes;  
We feel conviction, and we fear surprise:  
We gaze, admire, dispute, and then the law:—  
"Fly from Enthusiasm"—that answers all.  
Now, if my friend has patience to inquire,  
Let us awhile from noisy scenes retire;  
Let us examine sense, as well as sound,  
And search the truth, the nature, and the ground.

'T is will, imagination, and desire  
Of thinking life, that constitute the fire,  
The force, by which the strong volitions drive,  
And form the scenes to which we are alive.  
What! tho', unsprouted into outward shape,  
The points of thought our grosser sight escape?  
Nor bulky forms in prominent array  
Their secret cogitative cause betray?  
Once fix the will, and nature must begin  
To unfold its active rudiments within;  
Mind governs matter, and it must obey:  
To all its opening forms desire is key:  
Nor mind nor matter's properties are lost,  
As that shall mould, this must appear embost.  
Imagination, trifling as it seems,  
Big with effects, its own creation toems.  
We think our wishes and desires a play,  
And sport important faculties away:  
Edg'd are the tools with which we trife thus,  
And carve out deep realities for us.  
Intention, roving into Nature's field,  
Dwells in that system which it means to build,  
Itself the centre of its wish'd-for plan;  
For where the heart of man is—there is man.

Ev'ry created, understanding mind  
Moves as its own self-bias is inclin'd:  
From God's free spirit breathed forth to be,  
It must of all necessity be free;  
Must have the pow'r to kindle and inflame  
The subject-matter of its mental aim:  
Whither it bend the voluntary view,  
Realities, or fictions, to pursue:  
Whether it raise its nature, or degrade,  
To truth substantial, or to phantom shade,  
Falshood or truth accordingly obtains;  
That only which it wills to gain—it gains:  
Good—if the good be vigorously sought,  
And ill—if that be first resolv'd in thought.  
All is one good, that nothing can remove,  
While held in union, harmony, and love.  
But when a selfish separating pride  
Will break all bounds, and good from good divide,  
'T is then extinguish'd, like a distant spark,  
And pride self-doom'd into its joyless dark.  
The miscreant desire turns good to ill,  
In its own origin, the evil will:  
A fact, that fills all histories of old,  
That glares in proof, while conscious we behold  
The blim, bespoken by our Maker's voice,  
Fixt, or perverted by a man's own choice.

Now when the mind determines thus its force,  
The man becomes enthusiast of course.  
What is enthusiasm? What can it be,  
But thought enkindled to an high degree?  
That may, whatever be its ruling turn,  
Right, or not right, with equal ardour burn.  
It must be therefore various in its kind,  
As objects vary, that engage the mind:

When to religion we confine the word,  
What use of language can be more absurd?  
'T is just as true, that many words beside,  
As love, or zeal, are only thus apply'd:  
To ev'ry kind of life they all belong;  
Men may be eager, tho' their views be wrong:  
And hence the reason, why the greatest foes  
To true religious earnestness are those  
Who fire their wits upon a diff'rent theme,  
Deep in some false enthusiastic scheme.

One man politely, seiz'd with classic rage,  
Dotes on old Rome, and its Augustan age;  
On those great souls who then, or then about,  
Made in their state such riots and such routs.  
He fancies all magnificent and grand,  
Under this mistress of the world's command:  
Scarce can his breast the sad reverse abide,  
The dame despoil'd of all her glorious pride:  
Time, an old Goth, advancing to consume  
Immortal gods, and once eternal Rome;  
When the plain gospel spread its artless ray,  
And rude unsculptur'd fishermen had away;  
Who spar'd no idol, tho' divinely carv'd,  
Tho' Art, and Muse, and shrine-engraver, starv'd:  
Who say'd poor wretches, and destroy'd, alas!  
The vital marble, and the breathing brass.  
Where does all sense to him, and reason, shine?  
Behold—in Tully's rhetoric divine!  
Tully! enough—high o'er the Alps he's gone,  
To tread the ground that Tully trod upon;  
Happy to find his statue, or his bust,  
Or medal green'd with Ciceronian rust:  
Perchance the rostrum—yes, the very wood,  
Whereon this elevated genius stood;  
When forth on Catiline, as erst he spoke,  
The thunder of quousque tandem broke.

Well may this grand enthusiast deride  
The dulness of a pilgrim's humbler pride,  
Who paces to behold that part of Earth,  
Which to the Saviour of the world gave birth;  
To see the sepulchre from whence he rose;  
Or view the rocks that rent at his woes;  
Whom Pagan reliques have no force to charm,  
Yet e'en a modern crucifix can warm:  
The sacred signal who intent upon,  
Thinks on the sacrifice that hung thereon.  
Another's heated brain is painted o'er  
With ancient hieroglyphic marks of yore:  
He old Egyptian mummies can explain,  
And raise 'em up almost to life again;  
Can into deep antique recesses pry,  
And tell, of all, the wherefore and the why;  
How this philosopher, and that, has thought,  
Believ'd one thing, and quite another taught;  
Can rules, of Grecian sages long forgot,  
Clear up, as if they liv'd upon the spot.

What bounds to nostrum? Moses, and the Jews,  
Observ'd this learned legislator's views,  
While Israel's leader purposely conceal'd  
Truths, which his whole economy reveal'd;  
No heav'n disclos'd, but Canaan's fertile stage,  
And no for-ever—but a good old age;  
Whilst the well untaught people, kept in awe  
By meaningless types, and unexplained law,  
Pray'd to their local god to grant a while  
The future state, of corn, and wine, and oil;  
Till, by a late captivity set free,  
Their destin'd error they began to see;  
Dropt the Mosaic scheme, to teach their youth  
Dramatic Job, and Babylonish truth.

To soar aloft on obeliskal clouds;  
To dig down deep into the dark—for shrouds;  
To vex old matters, chronicled in Greek,  
While those of his own parish are to seek;  
What can come forth from such an antic taste,  
But a Clarissimus Enthusiast?  
Fraught with discoveries so quaint, so new,  
So deep, so smart, so ipse-dixit true,  
See arts and empires, ages, books, and men,  
Rising, and falling, as he points the pen:  
See frauds and forgeries, if ought surpass,  
Of nobler stretch, the limits of his class,  
Not found within that summary of laws,  
Conjecture, tinsel'd with its own applause.

Where erudition so unblest prevails,  
Saints, and their lives, are legendary taken;  
Christians, a brain-sick, visionary crew,  
That read the Bible with a Bible view,  
And thro' the letter humbly hope to trace  
The living word, the spirit, and the grace.

It matters not, whatever be the state  
That full-bent will and strong desires create;  
Where'er they fall, where'er they love to dwell,  
They kindle there their Heaven, or their Hell;  
The chosen scene surrounds them as their own,  
All else is dead, inapud, or unknown.  
However poor and empty be the sphere,  
'Tis all, if inclination centre there:  
In own enthusiasts each system knows,  
Down to lac'd fops, and powder-sprinkled beaps.  
Great wits, affecting, what they call, to think,  
That deep immers'd in speculation sink,  
Are great enthusiasts, howe'er refin'd,  
Whose brain-bred notions so inflame the mind,  
That, during the continuance of its heat,  
The summum bonum is—its own conceit:  
Critics, with all their learning reconдите,  
Poets, that severally be-mused write;  
The virtuoses, whether great or small;  
The connoisseurs, that know the worth of all;  
Philosophers, that dictate sentiments,  
And politicians, wiser than events;  
Such, and such-like, come under the same law,  
Altho' their heat be from a flame of straw;  
Altho' in one absurdity they chime,  
To make religious entheasms a crime.

Endless to say how many of their trade  
Ambition, pride, and self-conceit have made.  
If one, the chief of such a num'rous name,  
Let the great scholar justify his claim.  
Self-love, in short, wherever it is found,  
Tends to its own enthusiastic ground;  
With the same force that goodness mounts above,  
Snags, by its own enormous weight, self-love—  
By this the wav'ring libertine is prest,  
And the rank atheist totally possest:  
Atheists are dark enthusiasts indeed,  
Whose fire enkindles like the smoking weed:  
Lightless, and dull, the clouded fancy burns,  
Wild hopes, and fears, still flashing out by turns.  
Averse to Heav'n's, amid the horrid gleam  
They quest annihilation's monstrous theme,  
On gloomy depths of nothingness to pore,  
Till all be none, and being be no more.

The sprightlier infidel, as yet more gay,  
Fires off the next ideas in his way,  
The dry sag-cixils of ev'ry obvious doubt;  
And puffs and blows for fear they should go out.  
Dadly resolv'd, against conviction steel'd,  
Nor inward truth, nor outward fact, to yield;

Urg'd with a thousand proofs, he stands unmov'd  
Fast by himself, and scorns to be out-prov'd;  
To his own reason loudly he appeals,  
No saint more zealous for what God reveals.

Think not that you are no enthusiast then:  
All men are such, as sure as they are men.  
The thing itself is not at all to blame:  
'Tis in each state of human life the same.  
The fiery bent, the driving of the will,  
That gives the prevalence to good, or ill.  
You need not go to cloisters, or to cells,  
Monks, or field preachers, to see where it dwells:  
It dwells alike in balls and masquerades;  
Courts, camps, and 'Changes, it alike pervades.  
There be enthusiasts, who love to sit  
In coffee-houses, and cant out their wit.  
The first in most assemblies would you see,  
Mark out the first haranguer, and that's he:  
Nay 'tis what silent meetings cannot hide,  
It may be notic'd by its mere outside.  
Beaus and coquets would quit the magic dress,  
Did not this mutual instinct both possess.  
The mercer, taylor, bookseller, grows rich,  
Because fine clothes, fine writings can bewitch.  
A Cicero, a Shaftsbury, a Bayle,  
How quick would they diminish in their sale?  
Four fifths of all their beauties who would heed,  
Had they not keen enthusiasts to read?

That which concerns us therefore is to see  
What species of enthusiasts we be;  
On what materials the fiery source  
Of thinking life shall execute its force:  
Whether a man shall stir up love, or hate,  
From the mix'd medium of this present state;  
Shall choose with upright heart and mind to rise,  
And reconnoitre Heav'n's primeval skies;  
Or down to lust and rapine to descend,  
Brute for a time, and demon at its end.  
Neither perhaps, the wary sceptic cry,  
And wait till Nature's river shall run dry;  
With sage reserve not passing o'er to good,  
Of time, lost time, are borne along the flood;  
Content to think such thoughtless thinking right,  
And common sense enthusiastic flight.

"Fly from Enthusiasm?" Yes, fly from air,  
And breathe it more intensely for your care.  
Learn, that, whatever phantoms you embrace,  
Your own essential property takes place:  
Bend all your wits against it, 'tis in vain,  
It must exist, or sacred, or profane.  
For flesh, or spirit, wisdom from above,  
Or from this world, an anger, or a love,  
Must have its fire within the human soul:  
'Tis ours to spread the circle; or control;  
In clouds of sensual appetites to smoke,  
While smother'd lusts the rising conscience choke;  
Or, from ideal glimmerings, to raise,  
Showy and faint, a superficial blaze;  
Where subtle reasons, with their lambent flames,  
Untouch'd the things, creep round and round the  
Or—with a true celestial ardour fir'd, [namcs;  
Such as at first created man inspir'd,  
To will, and to persist to will, the light,  
The love, the joy, that makes an angel bright,  
That makes a man, in sight of God, to shine  
With all the lustre of a life divine.

When true religion kindles up the fire,  
Who can condemn the vigorous desire?  
That burns to reach the end for which 't was giv'n,  
To shine, and sparkle in its native Heav'n?



What else was our creating Father's view?  
His image lost why sought to be renew?  
Why all the scenes of love that Christians know,  
But to attract us from this poor below?  
To save us from the fatal choice of ill,  
And bless the free co-operating will?

Blame not enthusiasm, if rightly bent;  
Or blame of saints the holiest intent,  
The strong persuasion, the confirm'd belief,  
Of all the comforts of a soul the chief;  
That God's continual will, and work to save,  
Teach, and inspire, attend us to the grave:  
That they, who in his faith and love abide,  
Find in his spirit an immediate guide:  
This is no more a fancy, or a whim,  
Than that we live, and move, and are in him:  
Let Nature, or let Scripture, be the ground,  
Here is the seat of true religion found.  
An earthly life, as life itself explains,  
The air and spirit of this world maintains:  
As plainly does an heav'nly life declare,  
An heav'nly spirit, and an holy air.

What truth more plainly does the gospel teach,  
What doctrine all its missionaries preach,  
Than this, that ev'ry good desire and thought  
Is in us by the Holy Spirit wrought?  
For this the working faith prepares the mind;  
Hope is expectant, charity resign'd:  
From this blest guide the moment we depart,  
What is there left to sanctify the heart?  
Reason and morals? And where live they most?  
In Christian comfort, or in stoic boast?  
Reason may point unpractic'd truth exact,  
And morals rigidly maintain—no fact:  
This is the pow'r that raises them to worth,  
That calls their rip'n'g excellencies forth.  
Not ask for this?—May Heav'n forbid the vain,  
The sad repose!—What virtue can remain?  
What virtue wanting, if, within the breast,  
This faith, productive of all virtue, rest,  
That God is always present to impart  
His light and spirit to the willing heart?

He, who can say my willing heart began  
To learn this lesson, may be christen'd man;  
Before, a son of elements and earth;  
But now, a creature of another birth;  
Whose true regenerated soul revives,  
And life from him, that ever lives, derives;  
Freed by compendious faith from all the pangs  
Of long-fetch'd motives, and perplex'd harangues;  
One word of promise stedfastly embrac'd,  
His heart is fix'd, its whole dependence plac'd:  
The hope is rais'd, that cannot but succeed,  
And found infallibility indeed:  
Then flows the love that no distinction knows  
Of system, sect, or party, friends, or foes;  
Nor loves by halves; but, faithful to its call,  
Stretches its whole benevolence to all;  
It's universal wish, th' angelic scene,  
That God within the heart of man may reign;  
The true beginning to the final whole,  
Of Heav'n, and heav'nly life, within the soul.

This faith, and this dependence, once destroy'd,  
Man is made helpless, and the gospel void.  
He that is taught to seek elsewhere for aid,  
He who he will the teacher, is betray'd:  
Be what it will the system, he's enslav'd;  
Man by man's Maker only can be sav'd.  
In this one fountain of all help to trust,  
What is more easy, natural, and just?

Talk what we will of morals, and of bliss,  
Our safety has no other source but this:  
Led by this faith, when man forsakes his sin,  
The gate stands open to his God within:  
There, in the temple of his soul, is found,  
Of inward central life, the holy ground;  
The sacred scene of piety and peace,  
Where new-born Christians feel the life's increase;  
Blessing, and blest, revive to pristine youth,  
And worship God in spirit, and in truth.

Had not the soul this origin, this root,  
What else were man but a two-handed brute?  
What but a devil, had he not possess'd  
The seed of Heav'n, replanted in his breast?  
The spark of potency, the ray of light,  
His call, his help, his fitness to excite  
The strength and vigour of celestial air,  
Faith, and the breath of living Christians, pray'r:  
Not the lip-service, nor the mouthing waste  
Of heartless words, without an inward taste;  
But the true kindling of desirous love,  
That draws the willing graces from above;  
The thirst of good that naturally pants  
After that light and spirit which it wants;  
In whose blest union quickly coincide,  
To ask, and have, to want, and be supply'd.  
Then does the faithful suppliant discern  
More of true good, more of true nature learn,  
Than from a thousand volumes on the shelf,  
In one meek intercourse with truth itself.

All that the gospel ever could ordain,  
All that the church's daily rites maintain,  
Is to keep up, to strengthen, and employ,  
This lively faith, this principle of joy;  
This hope and this possession of the end,  
Which all her pious institutes intend;  
Fram'd to convey, when freed from wordy strife,  
The truth, and spirit, of an inward life;  
Wherein th' eternal Parent of all Good  
By his own influence is understood,  
That man may learn infallibly aright,  
Blest in his presence, seeing in his light,  
To gain the habit of a godlike mind,  
To seek his holy spirit, and to find.

In this enthusiasm, advanc'd thus high,  
T is a true Christian wish, to live, and die.

#### A PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father which art in Heaven—  
FATHER—to think of his paternal care  
Is a most sweet encouragement to pray'r.  
Our Father—all men's Father; to remind  
That we should love, as brethren, all mankind.  
Which art in Heaven—assures an heav'nly birth  
To all his loving children upon Earth.

Hallowed be thy name.

Name—is expressive of a real thing.  
With all the pow'rs of which it is the spring.  
Thy name—is therefore to be understood  
Thy blessed Self, thou Fountain of all Good.  
Be hallow'd—be lov'd, obey'd, ador'd,  
By inward pray'r habitually implor'd.

Thy kingdom come—

Kingdom—of grace, at present, seed and root  
Of future glory's everlasting fruit.

The kingdom—not the world's war-shifted scene,  
Of pomp and show, but love's all peaceful reign.  
Come—rule within our hearts, by grace divine,  
Till all the kingdoms of the world be thine.

Thy will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven.

Thy will—to every good that boundless pow'r  
Can raise, if we conform to it with ours.  
Be done in Earth—where doing of his will  
Promotes all good, and overcomes all ill.  
As 'tis in Heav'n—where all the blest above  
Bene, with one will, the living source of love.

Give us this day our daily bread.

Give us—implies dependence, whilst we live,  
Not on ourselves, but what he wills to give.  
This day—cuts off all covetous desire  
Of more, and more, than real wants require.  
Our daily bread—whatever we shall need,  
And rightly use, to make it ours indeed.

And forgive us our trespasses—

Forgive—betokens penitential sense,  
And hope for pardon, of confess'd offence.  
Us—takes in all, but hints the special part  
Of every one, to look to his own heart.  
Our trespasses—which the forgiving grace,  
By our sincere conversion, must efface.

As we forgive them that trespass against us.

As we forgive—because the fairest claim  
To mercy pray'd for is to show the same.  
And we who pray should all be minded thus,  
To pardon them, that trespass against us,  
Without forgiving, Christ was pleas'd to add,  
Our own forgiveness never can be had.

And lead us not into temptation.

Temptation rises in this world, the field  
Of good and evil, and incites to yield.  
Lead us not into it—becomes the voice  
Of all, who would not go to it by choice.  
Whose resignation, mix'd with meek distrust  
Of their own strength, is more securely just.

But deliver us from evil—

But—when temptation will, of course, arise,  
The Hand that leads can minister supplies.  
Deliver us—instructs the soul to place  
Its firm reliance on protecting Grace.  
From evil—from the greatest evil, sin;  
The only one not to be safely in.

For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory.

Thine is the kingdom—the essential right  
To sovereign rule, and majesty, and might.  
Thine is the pow'r—to bless, and to redeem;  
All else is weak whatever it may seem.  
Thine is the glory—manifestly found  
In all thy works, the whole creation round.

For ever and ever.

For ever—from an unbeginning source,  
Almighty Love pursues its endless course.  
Through all its scenes, Eternity displays  
New wonders to our heav'nly Father's praise.  
King, Father, Leader, Judge, his hallow'd name  
Was, is, and ever will be, still the same.

Amen.

Amen is truth, in Hebrew, and consent  
To truth received, by its long use, is meant.  
Jesus, himself the truth, the living way,  
The faithful witness, teaches thus to pray.  
Again should we be learning, and again,  
Till life becomes a practical amen.

### A DIVINE PASTORAL.

THE Lord is my shepherd, my guardian, and guide;

Whateoever I want he will kindly provide:  
Ever since I was born, it is he that hath crown'd  
The life that he gave me with blessings all round:  
While yet on the breast a poor infant I hung,  
E'er time had unloos'd the strings of my tongue,  
He gave me the help which I could not then ask;  
Now therefore to thank him shall be my tongue's task.

Thro' my tenderest years, with as tender a care,  
My soul, like a lamb, in his bosom he bare;  
To the brook he would lead me, where'er I had need,

And point out the pasture where best I might feed:  
No harm could approach me; for he was my shield  
From the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field;

The wolf, to devour me, would oftentimes prowl,  
But the Lord was my shepherd, and guarded my soul.

How oft in my youth have I wander'd astray?  
And still he hath brought me back to the right way!

When, lost in dark error, no path I could meet,  
His word, like a lantern, hath guided my feet:  
What wond'rous escapes to his kindness I owe!  
When, rash and unthinking, I sought my own woe:  
My soul had, long since, been gone down to the deep,  
If the Lord had not watched, when I was asleep.

Whensoever, at a distance, he sees me afraid,  
He skips o'er the mountain, and comes to my aid;  
Then leads me back gently, and bids me abide  
In the midst of his flock, and feed close by his side:  
How safe in his keeping, how happy and free,  
Could I always remain where he bids me to be!  
Yea blest are the people, and happy thrice told,  
That obey the Lord's voice, and abide in his fold.

The fold it is full, and the pasture is green;  
All is friendship and love, and no enemy seen:  
There the Lord dwells, amongst us, upon his own Hill;

With the flocks all around him awaiting his will:  
Himself, in the midst, with a provident eye  
Regarding our wants, and procuring supply;  
An abundance springs up of each nourishing bud,  
And we gather his gifts, and are filled with good.

At his voice, or example, we move, or we stay;  
For the Lord is himself both our leader and way:  
The hills smoke with incense where'er he hath trod,  
And a sacred perfume shows the footsteps of God.

While blest with his presence, the valleys beneath  
A sweet smelling savour incessantly breathes:  
The delight is renew'd of each sensible thing;  
And behold in their bloom all the beauty of spring.

Or, if a quite different scene be prepare,  
And we march thro' the wilderness, barren and bare;  
By his wonderful works we see plainly enough,  
That the Earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof:  
If we hunger, and thirst, and are ready to faint,  
A relief in due season prevents our complaint;  
The rain, at his word, brings us food from the sky,  
And rocks become rivers when we are dry.

From the fruitfulest hill to the barrenest rock,  
The Lord hath made all for the sake of his flock;  
And the flock, in return, the Lord always confess  
In plenty their joy, and their hope in distress:  
He beholds in our welfare his glory display'd,  
And we find ourselves blest in obedience repay'd;  
With a cheerful regard we attend to his ways;  
Our attention is pray'r, and our cheerfulness praise.

The Lord is my shepherd; what then shall I fear?  
What danger can frighten me whilst he is near?  
Not, when the time calls me to walk thro' the vale  
Of the Shadow of Death, shall my heart ever fail;  
Tho' afraid, of myself, to pursue the dark way,  
Thy rod, and thy staff, be my comfort and stay;  
For I know, by thy guidance, when once it is past,  
To a fountain of life it will bring me at last.

The Lord is become my salvation and song,  
His blessing shall follow me all my life long:  
Whatever condition he places me in,  
I am sure 'tis the best it could ever have been:  
For the Lord he is good, and his mercies are sure;  
He only afflicts us in order to cure:  
The Lord will I praise while I have any breath;  
Be content all my life, and resign'd at my death.

#### A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

O come let us sing to the Lord a new song,  
And praise him to whom all our praises belong;  
While we enter his temple, with gladness and joy,  
Let a psalm of thanksgiving our voices employ:  
O come, to his name, let us joyfully sing;  
For the Lord is a great and omnipotent king:  
By his word were the Heav'n's, and the host of them made, [said.  
And of all the round world the foundation he

He plac'd, in the centre, you beautiful Sun;  
And the orbs that, about him, due distances run;  
To receive, as they haste their vast rounds to complete,  
Of a lustre so dazzling, the light and the heat,  
What language of men can the brightness unfold  
Of his presence, whose creature they cannot behold?  
What a light is his light! of its infinite day  
The Sun, by his splendour, can paint but a ray.

The Sun, in the evening, is out of our sight,  
And the Moon is enlighten'd to govern the night:  
His power we behold, in you high arched roof,  
When the stars, in their order, shine forth in its proof: [see,

While the works, so immense, of thy fingers we  
And reflect on our littleness, Lord, what are we?  
Yet, while 'tis our glory thy Name to adore,  
Even angels of Heav'n cannot boast any more.

Praise the Lord, upon earth, all ye nations and lands,  
Ye seasons and times, that fulfil his commands;  
Let his works, in all places, his goodness proclaim,  
And the people, who see them, give thanks to his name: [brings  
For the good, which he wills to communicate,  
Into visible form his invisible things: [ordain,  
Their appearance may change, as his law shall  
But the goodness that forms will for ever remain.

What a world of good things does all nature produce, [use?  
Which the Lord, in his mercy, hath made for our  
The Earth, by his blessing bestow'd on its soil,  
By his rain, and his sunshine, gives corn, wine,  
and oil:  
Let men to adore him then thankfully join,  
When fill'd with his bread, or made glad by his wine;  
As in wealth, so in gratitude, let them abound,  
And the voice of his praise be heard all the world round.

They, that o'er the wide ocean their barbars pursue,  
Can tell to his wonders what praises are due:  
When tost, to and fro, by the huge swelling wave,  
They rise up to Heav'n, or sink down to the grave;  
Dismay'd with the tempest, that mocks at their skill,  
They cry to the Lord, and he maketh it still:  
His works in remembrance ye mariners keep,  
And praise him whose judgments are like the great deep.

He stilleth the waves of the boisterous sea;  
And the tumults of men, more outrageous than they:  
Thy goodness, O Lord, let the people confess,  
Whom wars do not waste, nor proud tyrants oppress;  
And devoutly contemplate thy wonderful ways,  
Thou that turnest the fierceness of men to thy praise: [crease,  
Then lands, in due season, shall yield their in-  
And the Lord give his people the blessings of peace.

The Lord he is high, far above all our thoughts—  
How then shall we worship him so as we ought?  
What tongue can express, or what words can show forth  
The praise which is due to his excellent worth?  
Ye righteous, and ye that in virtue excell,  
Begin the glad task which becomes you so well;  
The Lord shall be pleas'd when he heareth your voice,  
And in his own works shall th' Almighty rejoice.

The Lord hath his dwelling far out of our view,  
And yet humbleth himself to behold what we do;

To his works, all around him, his mercies extend,  
His works have no number, his mercies no end;  
He accepteth our thanks, if the heart do but pay;  
Tho' we never can reach him, by all we can say.  
How just is the duty! how pure the delight!  
Kneel whilst we give praises we honour him right.

Praise the Lord, O my soul! all the pow'rs of  
my mind, [kind!  
Praise the Lord, who hath been so exceedingly  
Who spareth my life, and forgiveth my sin,  
Still directeth the way that I ought to walk in:  
When I speak, let me thank him; whenever I write,  
The remembrance of him let the subject excite;  
Guide, Lord, to thy glory, my tongue, and my pen,  
Yes, let ev'ry thing praise thee—amen, and amen.

### AN HYMN ON THE OMNIPRESENCE.

O Lord! thou hast known me, and searched me  
out,  
Thou see'st, at all times, what I'm thinking about;  
When I rise up to labour, or lie down to rest,  
Thou markest each motion that works in my  
breast; [tell,  
My heart has no secrets, but what thou can'st  
Not a word in my tongue, but thou knowest it  
well;  
Thou see'st my intention before it is wrought,  
Long before I conceive it, thou knowest my  
thought.

Thou art always about me, go whither I will,  
All the paths that I take to, I meet with thee still;  
I go forth abroad, and am under thine eye,  
I retire to myself, and behold! thou art by;  
How is it that thou hast encompass'd me so  
That I cannot escape thee, wherever I go?  
Such knowledge as this is too high to attain,  
Tis a truth which I feel, tho' I cannot explain.

Whether then shall I flee from thy spirit, O  
Lord?  
What shelter can space from thy presence afford?  
If I climb up to Heav'n, 'tis there, is thy throne,  
If I go down to Hell, even there thou art known;  
If for wings I should mount on the Morning's  
swift ray,  
And remain in the uttermost parts of the sea,  
Even there; let the distance be ever so wide,  
Thy hand would support me, thy right hand would  
guide.

If I say, peradventure, the dark may conceal  
What distance, tho' boundless, is forc'd to reveal,  
Yet the dark, at thy presence, would vanish away,  
And my covering, the night, would be turn'd into  
day:

Is it I myself only who could not then see,  
Yes, the darkness, O Lord, is no darkness to thee:  
The night, and the day, are alike in thy sight,  
And the darkness, to thee, is as clear as the light.

### THE COLLECT FOR ADVENT SUNDAY.

ALMIGHTY God, thy heav'nly grace impart,  
And cast the works of darkness from our heart;

Send us thy light, and arm us for the strife  
Against all evils of this mortal life;  
O'er which our Saviour Jesus Christ, thy son,  
With great humility the conquest won:  
That when, in glory, our victorious Head  
Shall come to judge the living and the dead,  
We may, thro' him, to life immortal spring,  
Wherein he reigns, the everlasting King;  
The Father, Son, and Spirit may adore,  
One glorious God Triune, for evermore.

### HYMNS FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

On this auspicious, memorable morn,  
God and the Virgin's holy child was born;  
Offspring of Heav'n, whose undefiled birth  
Began the process of redeeming Earth;  
Of re-producing Paradise again,  
And God's lost image in the souls of men.

Adam, who kept not his first state of bliss,  
Red'rd himself incapable of this;  
Nor could he, with his outward helpmate Eve,  
This pure, angelic, virgin birth retrieve:  
This, in our nature, never could be done,  
Until a virgin should conceive a son.

Mary, prepar'd for such a chaste embrace,  
Was destin'd to this miracle of grace;  
In her unfolded the mysterious plan  
Of man's salvation, God's becoming man;  
His power, with her humility combin'd,  
Produc'd the sinless Saviour of mankind.

The height and depth of such amazing love  
Nor can we measure, nor the blest above;  
Its truth whoever reasons right will own,  
Man never could be sav'd by man alone:  
Salvation is, if rightly we define,  
Union of human nature with divine.

What way to this, unless it had been trod  
By the new birth of an incarnate God?  
Birth of a life, that triumphs over death,  
A life inspir'd by God's immortal breath;  
For which himself, to save us from the tomb,  
Did not abhor the Virgin Mother's womb.

O may this infant Saviour's birth inspire  
Of real life an humble, chaste desire!  
Raise it up in us! form it in our mind,  
Like the blest Virgin's, totally resign'd!  
A mortal life from Adam we derive;  
We are, in Christ, eternally alive.

### ON THE SAME.

CHRISTIANS awake, salute the happy morn,  
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;  
Rise, to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:  
With them the joyful tidings first begun  
Of God incarnate, and the Virgin's Son:  
Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard th' angelic herald's voice—"Behold!  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you, and all the nations upon Earth;  
This day hath God fulfill'd his promis'd word;  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ, the Lord:

In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find  
The long foretold Redeemer of mankind;  
Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the babe divine  
Lies in a manger; this shall be your sign.  
He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:  
The praises of redeeming love they sung,  
And Heav'n's whole orb with hallelujahs rung:  
God's highest glory was their anthem still;  
Peace upon Earth, and mutual good-will. [ran,  
To Bethlehem straight th' enlightened shepherds  
To see the wonder God had wrought for man;  
And found, with Joseph and the blessed maid,  
Her son, the Saviour, in a manger laid.  
Amaz'd, the wondrous story they proclaim;  
The first apostles of his infant fame:  
While Mary keeps, and ponders in her heart,  
The heav'nly vision, which the swains impart;  
They to their flocks, still praising God, return,  
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.

Let us, like these good shepherds then, employ  
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy:  
Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind  
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;  
Artless, and watchful, as these favour'd swains,  
While virgin meekness in the heart remains:  
Trace we the babe, who has retriev'd our loss,  
From his poor manger to his bitter cross;  
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,  
Till man's first heav'nly state again takes place:  
Then may we hope, th' angelic thrones among,  
To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal song:  
He that was born, upon this joyful day,  
Around us all, his glory shall display;  
Sav'd by his love, incessant we shall sing  
Of angels, and of angel-men, the King.

---

#### ON THE EPIPHANY.

Led by the guidance of a living star,  
The eastern sages travell'd from afar  
To seek the Saviour, by prophetic fame  
Describ'd to them as King of Jews by name;  
Whose birth, to gentiles worthy of his sight,  
Was now declar'd by this angelic light.

To its full height th' expectancy had grown  
Of what the learned foreigners made known;  
When at Jerusalem the sacred news  
Was spread by them to Herod, and the Jews;  
"Where is he born? For by his star," they said,  
"Thus far to worship him have we been led."

Herod, who had in his tyrannic mind  
No thought of empire, but of earthly kind,  
Jealous of this new king of Jewish tribes,  
In haste assembl'd all the priests, and scribes;  
Where Christ was to be born was his demand—  
"In Bethlehem," they said, "in Juda's land."

He call'd the magi, privately again,  
To learn from them the time, precisely, when  
The star, which had conducted them, appear'd:  
And, having all his wily questions clear'd,  
Bade them to seek the child, and from the view  
Come, and tell him, that he might worship too.

They journey'd on to the appointed place,  
Which Jewish priests from prophecy could trace:

Cheer'd by the star's appearance on the way,  
That pointed where the infant Saviour lay;  
Meekly they stepp'd into his humble shrine,  
And fell to worshipping the babe divine.

The Virgin mother saw them all prefer  
Their offerings, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh;  
But warn'd of God his Father, in a dream,  
They disappointed Herod's murderous scheme;  
And, having seen the object of their faith,  
Sought their own country by another path.

Does not reflection justly hence arise,  
That in the east, so famous for the wise,  
The truest learning, sapience, and skill,  
Was theirs, who sought, amidst the various ill  
Which they beheld, for that predicted scene,  
That should on Earth commence an heav'nly reign?

These true inquirers into Nature saw  
That Nature must have some superior law;  
Some righteous monarch, for the good of all,  
To rule with justice this disorder'd ball;  
Their humble sense of wants, o'erlook'd by pride,  
Made them so worthy of the starlike guide.

We read how, then, the very pagan school  
Was fill'd with rumours of a Jewish rule:  
Tho' Jews themselves, as at this present day,  
Dreamt of a worldly domineering sway;  
The truly wise, or Jew, or Gentile, sought  
A Christ, the object of a happier thought.

They best could understand prophetic page,  
Simple, or learn'd, the shepherd, or the sage:  
Their eyes could see, and follow a true light,  
That led them on from prophecy to sight:  
Could own the Son who, by the Father's will,  
Should reign a King on Zion's holy Hill.

Of treasures which the wise were mov'd to bring,  
If gold presented might confess the king,  
Incense to his divinity relate,  
And myrrh denote his bitter, suffering state,  
They offer'd types of the theandric plan  
Of our salvation, God's becoming man.

In this redeeming process all concurr'd  
To give sure proof of the prophetic word;  
Jesus, Emanuel, the inward light  
Of all mankind, who seek the truth aright,  
Forms in the heart of all the wise on Earth  
The true day-star, the token of his birth.

---

#### MEDITATIONS

FOR EVERY DAY IN PASSION WEEK.

MONDAY.

*God in Christ is all love.*

BEHOLD the tender love of God!—behold  
The Shepherd dying to redeem his fold!  
Who can declare it?—Worthy to be known—  
What tongue can speak it worthily?—His own:  
From his own sacred lips the theme began,  
The glorious gospel of God's love to man.

So great, so boundless was it, that he gave  
His only Son—and for what end?—To save;

Not to condemn; if men reject the light,  
They, of themselves, condemn themselves to night;  
God, in his Son, seeks only to display,  
In ev'ry heart, an everlasting day.

"God hath so shown his love to us," says Paul,  
"Even yet sinners, that Christ dy'd for all:"  
Peter, that God's all gracious aim is this,  
By Christ, to call us to eternal bliss:  
Of all th' inspir'd to understand the view  
Love is the text—and love the comment too;

The ground to build all faith and works upon;  
"For God is love"—says the beloved John—  
Short word—but meaning infinitely wide,  
Including all that can be said beside,  
Including all the joyful truths above  
The pow'r of eloquence—for—"God is love."

Think on the proof, that John from Jesus  
learn'd,  
In this was God's amazing love discern'd,  
Because he sent his Son to us; that we  
Might live thro' him—how plain it is to see  
That, if in this, in ev'ry other fact,  
Where God is agent, love is in the act.

Essential character, (whatever word  
Of different sound in scripture has occur'd)  
Of all that is ascrib'd to God; of all  
That can by his immediate will befall:  
The Sun's bright orb may lose its shining flame,  
But *love* remains unchangeably the same.

## TUESDAY.

*How Christ quenched the wrath of God in us.*

THE Saviour dy'd, according to our faith,  
To quench, atone, or pacify a wrath—  
But—"God is love"—he has no wrath his own;  
Nothing in him to quench, or to atone:  
Of all the wrath, that scripture has reveal'd,  
The poor fall'n creature wanted to be heal'd.

God, of his own pure love, was pleas'd to give  
The Lord of Life, that thro' him it might live;  
Thro' Christ; because none other could be found  
To heal the human nature of its wound:  
This great physician of the soul had, sure,  
In him, who gave him, no defect to cure.

He did, he suffer'd ev'ry thing, that we  
From wrath, by sin enkindl'd, might be free,  
The wrath of God, in us, that is, the fire  
Of burning life, without the love-desire;  
Without the light, which Jesus came to raise,  
And change the wrath into a joyful blaze.

The wrath is God's; but in himself unfeelt;  
As ice and frost are his, and pow'r to melt:  
Not even man could any wrath, as such,  
Till he had lost his first perfection, touch:  
God has but one immutable good will,  
To bless his creatures, and to save from ill.

Cordial, or bitter a physician's draught,  
The patient's health is in his ord'ring thought:  
God's mercies, or God's judgments be the name,  
Eternal health is his all-saving aim.  
"Vengeance belongs to God"—and so it should—  
For love alone can turn it all to good.

Vol. XV.

All that, in nature, by this act is done  
Is to give life; and life is in his Son:  
When his humility, his meekness finds  
Healing admission, into willing minds,  
All wrath disperses, like a gath'ring sore;  
Pain is its cure, and it exists no more.

## WEDNESDAY.

*Christ satisfieth the justice of God by fulfilling all righteousness.*

JUSTICE demandeth satisfaction—Yes;  
And ought to have it where injustice is:  
But—there is none in God—it cannot mean  
Demand of justice where it has full reign:  
To dwell in man it rightfully demands,  
Such as he came from his Creator's hands.

Man had departed from a righteous state,  
Which he, at first, must have, if God create:  
'Tis therefore call'd God's righteousness; and  
Be satisfy'd by man's becoming just: [must  
Must exercise good vengeance upon men,  
'Till it regain its rights in them again.

This was the justice, for which Christ became  
A man, to satisfy its righteous claim;  
Became Redeemer of the human race,  
That sin, in them, to justice might give place:  
To satisfy a just, and righteous will,  
Is neither more, nor less, than to fulfil.

It was, in God, the loving will that sought  
The joy of having man's salvation wrought:  
Hence, in his Son, so infinitely pleas'd  
With righteousness fulfill'd, and wrath appear'd:  
Not with mere suffer'ing, which be never wills,  
But with mere love, that triumph'd over ill.

'Twas tender mercy—by the church confess'd,  
Before she feeds the sacramental guest;  
Remembering him, who offer'd up his soul  
A sacrifice for sin, full, perfect, whole,  
Sufficient, satisfactory—and all  
That words (how short of merit!) can recall.

And when receiv'd his body, and his blood,  
The life enabling to be just, and good,  
Offering, available thro' him alone,  
Body, and soul, a sacrifice her own:  
From him, from his, so, justice has its due;  
Itself restor'd,—not any thing in lieu.

## THURSDAY.

*Christ the beginner and finisher of the new life in man.*

DEAD as men are, in trespasses and sins,  
Whence is it in them that new life begins?  
'Tis that, by God's great mercy, love and grace,  
The seed of Christ is in the human race;  
That inward, hidden man, that can revive,  
And, dead in Adam, rise in Christ alive.

Life natural, and life divine possess'd,  
Must needs unite, to make a creature bless'd:  
The first, a feeling hunger, and desire  
Of what it cannot of itself acquire;  
Wherein the second, entering to dwell,  
Makes all an Heav'n, that would be else as Hell.

As only light all darkness can expel,  
So was his conquest over death, and Hell,  
The only possible, effectual way  
To raise to life what Adam's sin could slay:  
Death by the falling, by the rising Man  
The resurrection of the dead began.

This heav'nly parent of the human race  
The steps, that Adam fell by, could retrace;  
Could bear the sufferings requisite to save;  
Could die, a man, and triumph o'er the grave:  
This, for our sakes, incarnate love could do;  
Great is the mystery—and greatly true.

Prophets, apostles, martyrs, and the choir  
Of holy virgin witnesses, conspire  
To animate a Christian to endure  
Whatever cross God gives him, for his cure:  
Looking to Jesus, who has led the way  
From death to life, from darkness into day.

Unmov'd by earthly good, or earthly ill,  
The man Christ Jesus wrought God's blessed will:  
Death, in the nature of the thing, that hour  
Wherein he dy'd, lost all its deadly pow'r:  
Then, then was open'd, by what he sustain'd,  
The gate of life, and Paradise regain'd.

## FRIDAY.

*How the sufferings and death of Christ are available to man's salvation.*

With hearts deep rooted in love's holy ground  
Should be ador'd this mystery profound  
Of God's Messiah, suff'ring in our frame;  
The Lamb Christ Jesus—blessed be his name!  
Dying, in this humanity of ours,  
To introduce his own life-giving pow'rs.

Herein is love! descending from his throne,  
The Father's bosom, for our sakes alone,  
What Earth, what Hell, could wrathfully unite  
Of ills, he vanquish'd with enduring might:  
Legions of angels ready at command,  
Singly he chose to bear, and to withstand.

To bear, intent upon mankind's relief,  
Ev'ry excess of ev'ry shame, and grief;  
Of inward anguish, past all thought severe;  
Such as pure innocence alone could bear:  
Dev'lish temptation, treachery, and rage,  
Naked, for us, did innocence engage.

Nail'd to a cross it suffer'd, and forgave;  
And show'd the penitent its pow'r to save:  
It's majesty confess'd by Nature's shock;  
Darkness—and earthquake—and the rent rock,  
And opening graves—the prelude to that pow'r,  
Which rose in suffer'ing Love's momentous hour.

No other pow'r could save, but Jesus can;  
The living God was in the dying man:  
Who, perfected by suff'ring, from the grave  
Rose in the fulness of all pow'r to save:  
With that one blessed life of God to fill  
The vacant soul, that yieldeth up its will.

To learn is ev'ry pious Christian's part,  
From his great master, this most holy art;  
This our high calling, privilege, and prize,  
With him to suffer, and with him to rise:  
To live—to die—meek, patient, and resign'd  
To God's good pleasure, with a Christ-like mind.

## SATURDAY.

*How Christ by his death overcome death.*

JESUS is crucify'd—the previous scene  
Of our salvation, and his glorious reign:  
Mysterious process! tho' by Nature's laws,  
Such an effect demanded such a cause:  
For none but he could form the grand design,  
And raise, anew, the human life divine.

No less a mystery can claim belief,  
That what belongs to our redeeming chief:  
Divine, and supernatural indeed  
The love that mov'd the Son of God to bleed;  
But what he was, and did, in each respect,  
Was real cause producing its effect.

Children of Adam needs must share his fall;  
Children of Christ can re-inherit all:  
This was the one, and therefore chosen way,  
For Love to manifest its full display:  
Aboard the thought of arbitrary plans;  
Nature's one, true religion this—and man's.

All that we know of God, and Nature too,  
Proves the salvation of the gospel true;  
Where all unites in one consistent whole,  
The life of God renew'd within the soul:  
Renew'd by Christ—he only could restore  
The heav'n in man to what it was before:

Could raise God's image, clos'd in death by sin,  
And raise himself, the light of life, therein:  
The one same light that makes angelic bliss;  
That spreads an heav'n thro' Nature's whole abyss:  
The light of Nature, and the light of men,  
That gives the dead his pow'r to live again.

"The way, the truth, the life"—whatever terms  
Preferr'd, 'tis him that ev'ry good affirms;  
The one true Saviour; all is dung and dross,  
In saving sense, but Jesus and his cross:  
All nature speaks; all scripture answers them—  
"Salvation is the life of Christ in us."

## EASTER COLLECT.

ALMIGHTY God! whose blessed will was done  
By Jesus Christ, our Lord, thine only Son;  
Death overcome, and open'd unto men  
The gate of everlasting life again;  
Grant us, baptiz'd into his death, to die  
To all affections, but to things on high;  
That when, by thy preventing grace, we find  
The good desires to rise within our mind,  
Our wills may tend as thine shall still direct,  
And bring the good desires to good effect;  
Thro' him, the one Redeemer from the fall,  
Who liv'd and dy'd, and rose again for all.

## EASTER DAY.

THE morning dawns, the third approaching day  
Can only show the place where Jesus lay:  
Angels descend—Remember what he said—  
"He is not here, but risen from the dead;  
Betray'd into the hands of sinful men,  
The Sun of man must die, and rise again."

So sang the prophets, ever since the fall;  
Of rites ordain'd the meaning this, thro' all:  
This, by the various sacrifice of old,  
Memorial type, and shadow, was foretold:  
Even false worship, careless what is meant,  
Gave to this truth an ignorant consent.

Christ is the sum, and substance of the whole  
That God has done, or said, to save a soul:  
To raise himself a church; when that is done,  
The world becomes the kingdom of his Son:  
As Heav'n restor'd to the redeem'd, the born  
Of him, who rose on this auspicious morn.

He that was dead, in order to restore,  
Behold! he is alive for evermore:  
An heavenly Adam, full impower'd to give  
The life, that men were first design'd to live:  
Fountain of life, come whosoever will  
To quench his thirst, and freely take his fill.

Mankind, in him, are life's predestin'd heirs;  
His rising glories the first-fruits of theirs:  
Hearts, that renounce the slavery to sin,  
Feel of his pow'r the living warmth within:  
Of strength'ning faith, of joyous hope possess'd,  
And heav'n-producing love, within the breast.

The breast—the temple of the Holy Ghost,  
When once enlivn'd by this heav'nly host:  
His resurrection, the sure proof of ours,  
Will there exert his death-destroying pow'rs;  
Till all his sons shall meet before his throne  
In glorious bodies, fashion'd like his own.

---

#### AN HYMN FOR EASTER DAY.

THE Lord is risen! He who came  
To suffer death, and conquer too,  
Is risen; let our song proclaim  
The praise to man's Redeemer true.

To him whom God, in tender love,  
Always, alike, to bless inclin'd,  
Sent to redeem us, from above;  
To save, to sanctify mankind.

#### CHORUS.

"Worthy of all pow'r and praise,  
He who dy'd and rose again;  
Lamb of God, and slain to raise  
Man, to life redeem'd—amen."

That life which Adam came'd to live,  
When to this world he turn'd his heart,  
And to his children could not give,  
The second Adam can impart.

We, on our earthly parent's side,  
Could but receive a life of earth;  
The Lord from Heaven, he liv'd, and died,  
And rose to give us heav'nly birth.

CHO. Worthy of all pow'r and praise, &c.

This mortal life, this living death,  
Shows that in Adam we all die;  
In Christ we have immortal breath,  
And life's unperishing supply:

He took our nature, and sustain'd  
The mis'ries of its sinful state;  
Sinless himself, for us regain'd  
To Paradise an open gate.

CHO. Worthy of all pow'r and praise, &c.

As Adam rais'd a life of sin,  
So Christ, the Serpent-braising seed,  
By God's appointment could begin  
The birth, in us, of life indeed:

He did begin; parental bead,  
As Adam fell, so Jesus stood;  
Fulfill'd all righteousness, and said  
" 'Tis finish'd!"—on the sacred wood.

CHO. Worthy of all pow'r and praise, &c.

Finish'd his work, to quench the wrath,  
That sin had brought on Adam's race;  
To pave the sole, and certain path  
From nature's life, to that of grace:

For joy of this, God's only Son  
Endur'd the cross, despi'd the shame,  
And gave the victory, so won,  
For imitating love to claim.

CHO. Worthy of all pow'r and praise, &c.

To tread the path that Jesus trod,  
Aided by him, be our employ;  
To die to sin, and live to God,  
And yield him the fair purchas'd joy:

To all the laws that Love has made  
Stedfast, unshaken to attend;  
He died, he rose, himself our aid,  
"Lo! I am with you to the end."

#### CHORUS.

Worthy of all pow'r and praise,  
He who died and rose again;  
Lamb of God, and slain to raise  
Man, to life redeem'd—Amen.

---

#### ON WHITSUNDAY.

Jesus, ascended into Heav'n again,  
Bestow'd this wond'rous gift upon good men,  
That various nations, by his spirit led,  
All understood what Galileans said:  
He gave the word, who form'd the list'ning ear,  
And truth became in ev'ry language clear.

One country's tongue, to his apostles known,  
To ev'ry pious soul became its own:  
The well dispos'd, from all the world around,  
With holy wonder, heard the gospel sound;  
Their hearts prepar'd to hear it—God's command  
No obstacle in nature could withstand.

Nature itself, if ev'ry heart was right,  
All jarring languages would soon unite:  
Her's is but one, intelligible guide;  
But tongues are numberless where hearts divide:  
The Babel projects bring them to their birth,  
And scatter discord o'er the face of Earth.

The prince of peace now sending, from above,  
His Holy Spirit of uniting love,



By its miraculous effusion, show'd  
How great a pow'r he promis'd, and bestow'd;  
Pow'r to reverse confusion, and impart  
One living word to ev'ry honest heart.

Deaf to its influence the wicked stood,  
And mock'd the just amazement of the good;  
For want of sense, ascribing to new wine  
Their joint acknowledgments of grace divine:  
The world's devout epitome was taught,  
And hid from pride the miracle, when wrought.

Known to the meek, but from the worldly wise,  
From scoffers hid, the wonderful supplies  
Of God's good spirit, now as near to men,  
Whose hearts are open to the truth, as then:  
Blest, in all climates, all conditions, they  
Who hear this inward teacher, and obey.

#### ON TRINITY SUNDAY.

CO-EQUAL Trinity was always taught  
By the divines most fam'd for pious thought:  
The men of learning shou'd, indeed, the page  
With dissonant disputes, from age to age;  
But with themselves, so far as one can read,  
About their schemes are not at all agreed;  
When they oppos'd, by reason, or by wrath,  
This grand foundation of the Christian faith.

For what more fundamental point, or grand,  
Than our ascending Saviour's own command?  
"Go and baptize all nations in the name"—  
Of whom, or what? (For thence the surest aim  
Of Christian doctrine must appear the most)  
—The name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—  
Our Lord's interpretation here we see,  
Of—"Thou shalt have no other gods but me"—

For can the phrase, so highly sacred, show  
The name of God to be omitted? No;  
By its essential Trinity express'd,  
It show'd what faith Christ wou'd to be profess'd:  
One God the Jews had own'd; and one Supreme,  
With others lower, was the pagan theme;  
How one was true, and how Supreme prophan'd,  
Our Lord's baptismal ordinance explain'd.

The one divinity of Father, Son,  
And Spirit, teaches Christian thought to shun  
Both pagan, and rabbinical mistake,  
And understand what holy prophets spake;  
Or in the ancient writings, or the new,  
To which this doctrine is the sacred clue;  
That so conducts us to the saving plan  
Of true religion, as no other can.

For, were the Son's divinity deny'd,  
The Father's must, of course, be set aside;  
Or be a dark one—How can it be bright,  
But by its own eternal, inborn light?  
The glory of the Father is the Son,  
Of all his powers begotten, or begun,  
From all eternity; take Son away,  
And what the Father can delight in, say.

The love, paternally divine, implies  
Its proper object, whence it must arise,  
That is, the Son: and so the filial too  
Implies paternal origin in view;

And hence the third distinctly glorious tho'  
Of love, which both are animated by:  
All is one God, but he contains divine,  
Living relations, evidently trias.

So far from hurting unity, that hence  
The fulness rises of its perfect sense;  
And ev'ry barren, spiritless dispute,  
Against its truth, is pluck'd up by the root:  
The faith is solid to repose upon,  
Father, Word, Spirit, undivided One;  
By whom mankind, of threefold life possess'd,  
Can live, and move, and have its being blest.

Not by three gods; or one supremely great,  
With two inferiors; or the wild conceit,  
God, Michael, Gabriel; or aught else, devis'd  
For Christians, in no creature's name baptiz'd;  
But of the whole inseparable Three,  
Whose fertile Oneness causes all to be;  
And makes an Heav'n thro' Nature's whole abyss,  
By its paternal, filial, spirit bliss.

#### ON THE SAME.

ONE God the Father—certainly this term  
Does not a barren deity affirm;  
Without the Son; without the native light,  
By which its fiery majesty is bright;  
Without the spirit of the fire, and flame  
Of life divine, eternally the same.

More one—than any thing beside can be,  
Because of its inseparable three;  
Which nothing can diminish, or divide,  
Tho' it should break all unity beside;  
For this, as self-begetting, self-begot,  
And to itself proceeding, it can not.

This total oneness of its threefold bliss,  
Life, light, and joy of Nature's vast abyss,  
No tongue so well can utter, but the mind,  
That seeks for somewhat to object, may find;  
No end of questions, if we must contest  
A truth, by saints, of ev'ry age, express'd.

The church did always, always will, agree  
In its one worship of the Holy three;  
As taught, by Christ, that unity divine  
Was full and perfect, that is, unitrine:  
He said,—“Baptize all nations, and proclaim  
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the name.”

The holy! holy! holy! of the host  
Of Heav'n is Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
Not holy—holier—and holiest—  
But one, triune, same holiness confest;  
One God, one loving, and beloved, Love;  
On Earth below ador'd, in Heav'n above.

One living fulness of all perfect good;  
Its own essential fountain, stream, and flood:  
And when, according to the Christian creed,  
Men worship God in spirit, word, and deed,  
Faith, hope, and love's triunity of grace,  
Will find, in their true, single heart, a place.

#### A CAUTION AGAINST DESPAIR.

DESPAIR is a cowardly thing,  
And the spirit suggesting it bad;  
In spite of my sins I will sing,  
That mercy is still to be had.

For he that has shown it so far,  
As to give me a sensible heart,  
How beinous soever they are,  
Delights in the merciful part.

By affliction, so heavy to bear,  
He searches the wound he would cure;  
'Tis his, to be kindly severe,  
'Tis mine, by his grace to endure.

O! comfort thyself in his love,  
Poor sinful and sorrowful soul,  
Who came, and still comes, from above,  
To the sick, that would fain be made whole.

Who said, and continues to say,  
In the deep of a penitent breast,  
"Come sinner, to me come away,  
I'll meet thee, and bring thee to rest."

A refusal to come is absurd;  
I'll put myself under his care;  
I'll believe his infallible word,  
And never, no never despair.

#### A PENITENTIAL SOLILOQUY.

WHAT! tho' no objects strike upon the sight!  
Thy sacred presence is an inward light!  
What! tho' no sounds shall penetrate the ear!  
To listening thought the voice of truth is clear!  
Sincere devotion needs no outward shrine;  
The centre of an humble soul is thine!

There may I worship! and there may'st thou place  
Thy seat of mercy, and thy throne of grace!  
Yea fit, if Christ my advocate appear,  
The dread tribunal of thy justice there:  
Let each vain thought, let each impure desire  
Meet, in thy wrath, with a consuming fire.

Whilst the kind rigours of a righteous doom  
All deadly filth of selfish pride consume,  
Thou, Lord! can'st raise, tho' punishing for sin,  
The joys of peaceful penitence within:  
Thy justice and thy mercy both are sweet,  
That make our sufferings and salvation meet.

Bethink me, then, whatever God shall please!  
His wounds are healing, and his griefs give ease:  
Be, like a true physician of the soul,  
Applies the medicine that may make it whole:  
I'll do, I'll suffer whatsoever he wills;  
I see his aim thro' all these transient ills.

'Tis to infuse a salutary grief,  
To fit the mind for absolute relief:  
That purg'd from ev'ry false and finite love,  
Dead to the world, alive to things above,  
The soul may rise, as in its first form'd youth,  
And worship God in spirit and in truth.

#### AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO EARNEST AND IMPORTUNATE PRAYER.

LUKE 18, 1. And he spake a parable unto them,  
to this end, that men ought always to pray, and  
not to faint.

A blessed truth for parable to paint,  
That men should always pray, and never faint!

Just the reverse of this would Satan say,  
That men should always faint, and never pray:  
He wants to drive poor sinners to despair;  
And Christ to save them by prevailing pray'r.

The judge, who feared neither God nor man,  
Despis'd the widow when she first began  
Her just request; but she, continuing on  
The same petition, wearied him anon;  
He could not bear to hear her praying still,  
And did her justice, tho' against his will.

Can perseverance force a man, unjust,  
To execute, however loth, his trust?  
And will not God, whose fatherly delight  
Is to save souls, so precious in his sight,  
Hear his own offspring's persevering call,  
And give the blessing which he has for all?

Yes, to be sure, he will; the lying no  
Is a downright temptation of the foe;  
Who first emboldens sinners to presume,  
As if a righteous judgment had no room;  
And, having led them into grievous faults,  
With the despair of mercy, then, assaults.

Dear soul, if thou hast listen'd to the lies  
Which, at the first, the tempter would devise,  
Let him not cheat thee with a second snare,  
And drag thee into darkness, by despair;  
Pray, against all his wiles, for God will hear,  
And will avenge thee of him, never fear.

He gives the grace to sorrow for thy sin,  
The sign of kindling penitence within;  
Let not the smoke disturb thee, for, no doubt,  
The light and flame will follow, and break out;  
And love arise to overcome restraint,  
That thou may'st always pray, and never faint.

#### A SOLILOQUY,

ON READING THE 5th AND 8th VERSES OF THE  
37th PSALM.

Leave off from wrath, and let go displeasure: Fret  
not thyself, else shalt thou be moved to do evil.  
V. 8.

IN Psalm, this evening order'd to be read,  
"Fret not thyself"—the royal psalmist said.  
His reason why, succeeding words impart;  
Or else, says he, "it will move thee to do ill."  
Now tho' I know that fretting does no good,  
its evil movement have I understood?

Move to do evil! then, dear soul of mine,  
Stir it not up, if that be its design:  
Its being vain is cause enough to shun;  
But if indulg'd, some evil must be done:  
And thou, according to the holy king,  
Must be the doer of this evil thing.

Men use thee ill—that fault is theirs alone;  
But if thou use thyself ill, that's thy own:  
Meekness and patience is much better treasure;  
Then leave off wrath, and let go all displeasure:  
Tho' thou art ever so ill treated—yet—  
Remember David, and forbear to fret.

Commit thy way unto the Lord, and put thy trust  
in him, and he will bring it to pass. V. 5.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord"—Resign  
Thyself entirely to the will divine:  
All real good, all remedy for ill,  
Lies in conforming to his blessed will:  
By all advice that holy books record,  
Thou must "commit thy way unto the Lord."

"And put thy trust in him"—all other trust,  
Plac'd out of him, is foolish and unjust:  
His loving kindness is the only ground,  
Where solid peace and comfort can be found:  
What other prospects either sink, or swim,  
Do thou stand firm, and "put thy trust in him."

"And he will bring thy way to pass"—the whole  
Of all that thou canst wish for to thy soul:  
He will to give it, and thy seeking mind,  
By faith and patience, cannot fail to find:  
To him, whatever good desire it has,  
Commit and trust, and he will bring to pass.

---

### AN EPISTLE

FROM THE AUTHOR TO HIS SISTER, WITH THE  
FOREGOING SOLILOQUY ENCLOSED.

DEAR SISTER,

If soliloquy conduce,  
(Meant, as the name declares, for private use)  
'To your contentment—if such kind of fruit  
Pleases your taste, you're very welcome to't:  
Tho' pluck'd, one day in April, from the ground,  
It keeps, in pickle, all the seasons round.

'Tis summer, now, and autumn comes anon;  
Winter succeeds, and spring when that is gone;  
But be it winter, summer, autumn, spring,  
To nurture fretting is a simple thing:  
A weed so useless, to the use of reason,  
Can, absolutely, never be in season.

Without much nursing, that the weed will grow,  
I wish I had some reason less to know;  
Some less to see, how folly, when it grew  
In my own ground, could cultivate it too:  
Could brdge it round, and cherish, and suppose  
That, being mine, the thistle was a rose.

You know the saying, of I know not whom,  
"Little misfortunes serve till greater come;"  
And saying, somewhere met with, I recall,  
"That 'tis the greatest to have none at all:"  
Rare case perhaps; they reach, we often see,  
All sorts of persons, him, her, you, or me.

"This being then," Experience says, "the case,  
What kind of conduct must a man embrace?"  
My 'pothecary, as you think, replies—  
"Pray take 'em quietly, if you be wise;  
Bitter they are, 'tis true, to flesh and blood;  
But if they were not—they would do no good."

One time, when 'pothecary Patience found  
That his persuasion got but little ground,  
He call'd to doctor Gratitude, to try  
If his advice could make me to comply;  
"I recommended patience, sir," said he,  
"Pray will you speak, for he regards not me."

"Patience! a mustard seed"—said Dr. Grat.  
"His case wants, plainly, something more than  
'Tis a good recipe—but cure is longer [that;  
Than it should be; we must have something  
stronger:

A creeping pulse!—bare patience will not do—  
To get him strength, he must be thankful too.

"He must consider"—and so on he went,  
To show thanksgiving's marvellous extent;  
And what a true catholicon it was;  
And what great cures it had but brought to pass;  
And how best fortunes, wanting it, were curst;  
And how it turn'd to good the very worst.

O what a deal he said!—and in the light,  
Wherein he plac'd it, all was really right:  
But like good doctrine, of some good divine,  
Which, while 'tis preach'd, is admirably fine,  
When doctor Gratitude had left the spot,  
All that he said was charming—and forgot.

Your doctor's potion, patience, and the bark,  
May hit both mental, and material mark;  
One serves to keep the ague from the mind,  
As t'other does, from its corporeal rind:  
There is, methinks, in their respective growth,  
A fair analogy betwixt 'em both.

For what the bark is to the growing tree,  
To human mind, that, patience seems to be;  
They hold the principles of growth together,  
And blunt the force of accident, and weather:  
Bar'd of its bark, a tree, we may compute,  
Will not remain much longer on its root.

And mind in mortals, that are wisely will'd,  
Will hardly bear to have its patience peev'd:  
Nothing, in fine, contributes more to living,  
Physic, or food, than patience and thanksgiving;  
Patience defends us from all outward hap;  
Of inward life thanksgiving is the sap.

---

### VERSES,

WRITTEN UNDER A PRINT, REPRESENTING THE  
SALUTATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

See represented here, in light and shade,  
The angel's visit to the blessed maid;  
To Mary, destin'd, when the time should come,  
To bear the Saviour in her virgin womb;  
Explaining to her the mysterious plan  
Of man's redemption—his becoming man.

When ev'ry previous wonder had been done,  
The Virgin then was to conceive a Son;  
And, to prepare her for the grand event,  
From God his Father Gabriel was sent,  
To hail the chosen organ of his birth  
Of God with us,—of Jesus upon Earth.

Unable to express celestial things  
Imagination adds expanded wings  
To human form exact, and besutecous face;  
Which angels have, but with angelic grace,  
Free from all grossness and defect; nor seem  
But with a pure chaste eye, divinely keen.

Such Mary's was, whose posture here design'd  
The most profound humility of mind;

Modestly asking how the thing could be;  
And saying, when inform'd of God's decree,  
"Behold the headmaid of the Lord! his will  
Let him, according to thy word, fulfill."

What fair instruction may the scene impart  
To them, who look beyond the painter's art!  
Who, in th' angelic message from above,  
See the revealing of God's gracious love  
To ev'ry soul, that yields itself to all  
That pleases him, whatever may befall!

Whatever circumstance of heav'nly grace  
Might be peculiar to the Virgin's case,  
That holy thing, that saves a soul from sin,  
Of God's good spirit must be born within:  
For all salvation is, upon the whole,  
The birth of Jesus in the human soul.

VERSES,

WRITTEN UNDER A PRINT, REPRESENTING CHRIST  
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DOCTORS.

Engag'd, amidst the doctors here, behold,  
In deep discourse, a child of twelve years old;  
Who show'd, whatever question they prefer'd,  
A wisdom that astonish'd all who heard,  
And found, in asking, or in answer'ing youth,  
Of age so tender, such a force of truth.

Observe his mild, but penetrating look;  
Those bearded sages poring o'er their book:  
That mock old priest, with placid face of joy;  
That pharisaic frowner at the boy:  
That pensive rabbi, seeming at a stand;  
That serious matron, lifting up her hand.

A group of heads, as painting Fancy taught,  
Hints at the various attitude of thought  
In different hearers, all intent upon  
The wondrous graces that in Jesus shon:  
Each aspect witnessing the same surprise,  
From whence his understanding should arise.

We know, at present, what the learned Jew,  
Disputing in the temple, little knew;  
That, thro' this child, in every answer made,  
God's own eternal wisdom was display'd;  
That their Messiah, then, the truths instill'd  
Which, grown to man, he perfectly fulfill'd.

We know that his corporeal presence then  
On Earth, as man, was requisite for men;  
That, by his spirit, he is present still,  
And always was, to men of upright will:  
To saving truth, whatever doctors say,  
His inward guidance must assure the way.

Whether his actions therefore be portray'd  
In printed letter, or in figur'd shade,  
The books, the pictures, that we read or see,  
Should raise reflection, in some due degree;  
And serve as memorandums, to recall  
The teacher Jesus, in the midst of all.

PASCAL'S CHARACTER OF HIMSELF.

I love and honour a poor humble state,  
Because my Saviour Jesus Christ was poor;  
And riches too, that help us to stoate  
The miseries, which other men endure.

I render back no injuries again;  
Because I wish the doer's case like mine;  
In which, nor good, nor evil, as from men  
Is minded much, but from an hand divine.

I aim, sincerely, to be just and true;  
For my good will to all mankind extends:  
A tenderness of heart, I think, is due,  
Where stricter ties unite me to my friends.

Whether in conversation, or alone,  
Still to my mind God's presence I recall:  
My actions wait the judgment of his throne,  
And 'tis to him I consecrate them all.

These are my thoughts, and briefly thus display'd;  
I thank my Saviour for them ev'ry day;  
Who, of a poor, weak, sinful man, has made  
A man exempt from vice's evil sway.

Such is the force of his inspiring grace!  
For all my good to that alone I owe;  
Since, if my own corrupted self I trace,  
I'm nothing else but misery and woe.

ARMELLE NICHOLAS'S ACCOUNT OF HER-  
SELF.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"To the God of my love, in the morning," said  
she,  
"Like a child to its parent, when waking I see;  
With a longing to serve him, and please him, I  
rise, [eyes]  
And before him kneel down, as if seen by these  
I resign up myself to his absolute will,  
Which I beg that in me he would always fulfil;  
That the pray'rs of the day, by whomsoever pre-  
fer'd,  
For the good of each soul, may be also thus heard.

"If, oblig'd to attend on some household affair,  
I have scarce so much time as to say the Lord's  
pray'r,  
This gives me no trouble: my dutiful part  
Is obedience to him, whom I love at my heart,  
As well at my work, as retiring to pray,  
And his love does not suffer in mine a decay;  
He has taught me himself, that a work, which I  
For his sake, is a pray'r very real and true. [do

"I dress in his presence, and learn to confess  
That his provident kindness supplies me with  
dress:

In the midst of all outward employment I find  
A conversing with him of an intimate kind:  
How sweet is the labour! his loving regard [hard;  
So supporting one's mind, that it thinks nothing  
While the limbs are at work, in the seeking to  
please  
So belov'd a companion, the mind is at ease.

"In his presence I eat and I drink; and reflect  
How food, of his gift, is the growing effect;  
How his love to my soul is so great, and so good,  
Just as if it were fed with his own flesh and blood:  
What a virtue this feeder, his meat, and his drink  
Has to kindle one's heart, I must leave you to  
think;

He alone can express it, no language of mine,  
Were my life spent in speaking, could ever define.

"When perhaps by hard usage, or weariness  
I myself am too apt to be fretful at best, (prest,  
Love shows me, forthwith, how I ought to take  
heed

Not to nurse the least anger, by word or by deed;  
And he sets such a watch at the door of my lips,  
That of hasty cross words there is nothing that  
slips;

Such irregular passions, as seek to surprise,  
Are crush'd, and are conquer'd, as soon as they  
rise.

"Or, if e'er I give place to an humour so bad,  
My mind has no rest till forgiveness be had;  
I confess all my faults, as if he had not known,  
And my peace is renew'd, by a goodness his own;  
In a manner so free, as if, after my sin,  
More strongly confirm'd than before it had been:  
By a mercy so tender my heart is reclaim'd,  
And the more to love him by its failing inflam'd.

"Sometimes I perceive that he hideth his face,  
And I seem like a person depriv'd of all grace;  
Then I say—'Tis no matter, altho' thou conceal  
Thyself as thou pleasest, I'll keep to my zeal;  
I'll love thee, and serve thee, however this rod  
May be sent to chastise, for I know thou art God;  
And with more circumspection I stand upon  
guard,  
Till of such a great blessing no longer deberr'd.

"But a suffer'g, so deep, having taught me to  
What I am in my selfhood, I learn to rely [try  
More firmly on him, who was pleas'd to endure  
The severest extremes, to make way for our cure:  
To conform to his pattern, as love shall see fit,  
My faith in the Saviour resolves to submit;  
For no more than myself (if the word may go free)  
Can I live without him, can he help loving me.

"Well assur'd of his goodness, I pass the whole  
day,  
And my work, hard or easy, is felt as a play;  
I am thankful in feelings, but, pleasure or smart,  
It is rather himself that I love in my heart.  
When they urge me to mirth, I think, O! were it  
known

How I meet the best company when I'm alone!  
To my dear fellow-creatures what ties me each hour,  
Is the love of my God, to the best of my pow'r.

"At the hour of the night, when I go to my rest,  
I repose on his love, like a child at the breast;  
And a sweet, peaceful silence invites me to keep  
Contemplating him, to my dropping asleep:  
Many times a good thought, by its gentle delight,  
Has with-held me from sleep, a good part of the  
In adoring his love, that continues to share (night,  
To a poor, wretched creature, so special a care.

"This—after my heart was converted at last,  
Is the life I have led for these twenty years past:  
My love has not chang'd, and my innermost  
peace,

Tho' it ever seem'd full, has gone on to increase:  
'Tis an infinite love that has fill'd me, and fed  
My still rising hunger to eat of its bread;  
So satisfy'd still, as if such an excess [possess?  
Could have nothing more added, than what I

## REFLECTIONS

## ON THE FOREGOING ACCOUNT.

How full of proof of Heaven's all-present aid  
Was good Armelle, a simple servant maid!  
A poor French girl, by parentage and birth  
Of low, and mean condition upon Earth;  
By education ignorant indeed,  
She, all her life, could neither write nor read.  
But she had ~~that~~ which all the force of art  
Could neither give, nor take away—an heart;  
An honest, humble, well disposed will,  
The true capacity for higher skill  
Than what the world, with all its learned din,  
Could teach—she learn'd her lesson from within:  
Plain, single lesson of essential kind,  
The love of God's pure presence in her mind.  
Her artless, innocent, attentive thought  
Was at the source of all true knowledge taught:  
There she could read the characters impress'd  
Upon the mind of ev'ry human breast;  
The native laws prescrib'd to ev'ry soul;  
And love, the one fulfiller of the whole.

This holy love to know, and practise well,  
Became the sole endeavour of Armelle:  
Of outward things, the management and rule,  
She wisely took from this internal school:  
In ev'ry work well done by such a hand,  
The work was servile, but the thing was grand.  
There was a dignity in all she did,  
Tho' from the world by meaner labours hid;  
If mean below, not so esteem'd above,  
Where all the grand of labour is the love:  
In vain to boast magnificence of scene;  
It is all meanness, if the love be mean.

## ST. CECILIA'S HYMN.

O! BORN of a Virgin, most lowly and meek,  
Thou sent of thy Father lost creatures to seek,  
Vouchsafe, in the manner that pleaseth thee best,  
To kindle thy love in my virginal breast;  
Let the words of my mouth, and the thoughts of  
my heart,  
Obey the sweet force, which thy grace shall in-  
part;  
Whilst angels assist me to offer my vows  
To the God of my life, my redeemer and spouse.

My life I esteem, O Creator divine,  
As a loving impression out flowing from thine;  
As an act of thy bounty, that gives us a part  
Of the light, love and glory, which thou thyself art:  
May I always as little thy pleasure oppose,  
As the pure simple nature from whence I arose;  
And by thee, and for thee, created, fulfill  
In thought, word, and deed, thy adorable will.

By this blessed will, howsoever made known,  
With a dutiful joy will I govern my own;  
And, deaf to all tempting enchantments of sin  
I will hearken to thee, my Redeemer within;  
Thy words will I ponder by night, and by day,  
And the light of thy gospel shall mark out my  
way:

Till at length I arrive at the honour I claim,  
To live like a virgin, baptis'd to thy name.

## A LETTER TO A LADY,

OCCASIONED BY HER DESIRING THE AUTHOR TO  
REVISE AND POLISH THE POEMS OF BISHOP  
KEN.

Your book again with thanks—of worthy men  
One of the worthiest was bishop Ken.  
Without offence to authors, far above  
Tis men of learning is one man of love:  
How many bishops, and divines renown'd,  
Time after time, the catechism expound!  
And which, of all, so help it to impart  
Th' essential doctrine, purity of heart?

His choice of poetry, when civil rage  
Overtur'd a throne, the last revolving age;  
When churches felt, as well as states, the shock  
That drove the pious pastor from his flock;  
His choice of subjects, not of party kind,  
But simply fit for ev'ry Christian mind,  
Are proofs of gen'rous virtue, and sublime,  
And high encomiums on the force of rhyme.

His rhymes, if those of Dryden, or of Pope,  
Excel on subjects of a different scope,  
It is because they only chose the mould  
Where ore shone brightest, whether lead, or gold:  
He, less concern'd for superficial glare,  
Made weight, and worth, his more especial care,  
They took the tinsel of the fabl'd Nine,  
He the substantial metal from the mine.

His phrase (sometimes same sentence may be  
past  
On theirs) might have more artificial cast;  
But, in the main, his pieces, as they stand,  
Could scarce be alter'd by a second hand:  
Patchwork improvements, in the modern style,  
Bestow'd upon some venerable pile,  
Do but deface it—Poems to revise  
That Ken has writ—another Ken must rise.

The dedication, where the case is shown  
Of a Greek saint, of old, so like his own;  
The preface, introduction, and the view  
To Jesus—point which all his works pursue—  
Arise to mind, and tempt to try the case  
Of representing the imperfect trace;  
To make, as memory can best recall  
Its leading thoughts, one preface out of all.

Imagine then the good old man reclin'd  
On couch, or chair, and musing in his mind,  
How to adjust the prefatory hint,  
To all the lines that he gave leave to print;  
Thinking on Gregory, whose former fate  
Bore each resemblance to his own of late;  
Thinking on Jesus, and oppress'd with pain,  
Lending thus th' apologizing strain.

"In all my pains I court the sacred Muse,  
Verse is the only Laudanum I use;  
Verse, and the name of Jesus, in the line,  
The Christian's universal anodyne;  
To hymn his saving love to all mankind  
Softens my grief, and recreates my mind;  
Thy glory, Jesu, while my songs intend,  
May thy good spirit bless them to that end!

\* Like destin'd Jonah cast into the deep,  
To save the vessel from the stormy sweep,

And, wafted providentially to shore,  
I risk the boist'rous element no more;  
But whilst alone I tread the distant strand,  
Safe o'er the waves that all may come to land,  
Whom once I call'd companions on the sea,  
I pray to Jesus, whom the winds obey.

"Thus Nazianzen Gregory, of old,  
Whom faction drove from his beloved fold,  
Could will a Jonah's lot, to be cast o'er,  
If his dismissal might the calm restore.  
However short of this illustrious saint,  
Yet I can find, from virtues that I want,  
A cause to pray that reigning feuds may cease,  
To hope in Jesus for a calming peace.

"The saint, expell'd by a tumultuous rage,  
Cheer'd with diviner songs his drooping age;  
With will resign'd, in his retir'd abode,  
On Christian themes compos'd the various ode:  
Thus, to my closet prompted to retire,  
Nothing on this side Heav'n do I require;  
Employ'd in hymns, tho' with unequal skill,  
To consecrate to Jesus all my will.

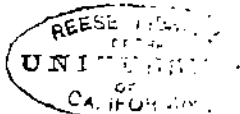
"With pain and sickness, when the saint was  
griev'd,  
His anxious mind a sacred song reliev'd;  
Oft, when oppress'd, the subject which he sang,  
Mix'd with devotion, sweeten'd ev'ry pang;  
So, being banish'd by unruly heat,  
With hymns I seek to solace my retreat;  
Be my confinement ever so extreme,  
The love of Jesus is a special theme.

"When the apostate Julian decreed  
That pagan poets Christians should not read,  
The saint, who knew the subtle edict's cause,  
Made verse to triumph o'er the tyrant's laws;  
May I, while poetry is unrestrain'd,  
Tho' more in these, than pagan times, pro-  
phes'd,  
Show, that what real charms it has belong  
To Jesus, founder of the Christian song.

"When Gregory was forc'd to leave his flock,  
He chose in verse the gospel to unlock;  
That flowing numbers might th' attention gain,  
So long forbidden to his preaching strain:  
My care for them, whom I was forc'd to leave,  
Taught, and untaught, what doctrine to receive,  
Would hint in rhymes, to all whom they shall  
reach,  
What Jesus only, in themselves, can teach.

"For sake of peace did Gregory withdraw,  
And wish'd more leaders to observe that law;  
By which resigners of dominion, here,  
Purchase much greater in the heav'nly sphere:  
In hopes of peace, more joyfully I shook  
Preferment off, than e'er I undertook;  
For all the flock, and banish'd head beside,  
My comfort is that Jesus can provide.

"When worldly politics, and lust of rule,  
Prevall'd against him in a Christian school,  
The saint retir'd, and labour'd to disperse  
Ungrateful discord by harmonious verse:  
Sharing his fate, I share in his desire  
Of discord drown'd, and of an hymning lyre  
To tune the hopes of peace; and in the name  
Of Jesus, rightly hop'd for, to proclaim.



"This prince of peace, this origine divine,  
Vouchsafe to aid the well intended line,  
To teach the reader's heart, and, by his grace,  
Make these poor labours useful in their place.  
O might they raise, in any single soul,  
One spark of love, one glimpse of the great whole,  
That will possess it, when by thee possess'd,  
Jesus! th' eternal song of all the bless'd."

#### A HINT TO CHRISTIAN POETS.

WHERE now the Jove, the Phœbus, and the Nine,  
Invok'd in aid of Greek, and Roman line;  
The verse-inspiring oracle, and stream,  
Delphos, and Helicon, and every theme  
Of charming fictions, which the poets sang,  
To show the beauties of a reigning tongue!

The wars of gods, and goddesses, and men,  
Employ'd an Homer's, and a Virgil's pen:  
An Epicurus taught, that, with this ball,  
The gods, at ease, had no concern at all:  
And a Lucretius follow'd, to rehearse  
His Greek impieties, in Latin verse.

Such were the bibles of the Pagan age,  
Sung at the feast, and acted on the stage;  
Transform'd to pompous, or to luscious ode,  
As Bacchus, Mars, or Venus was the mode:  
Dumb deities, at wit's profuse expense,  
Worshipp'd with sounds that echoed to no sense.

The Christian bard has, from a real spring  
Of inspiration, other themes to sing;  
No vain philosophy, no fabled rhyme,  
But sacred story, simple and sublime,  
By holy prophets told; to whom belong  
The subjects worthy of the pow'rs of song.

Shun then, ye born with talents that may grace  
The most important truths, their hapless case;  
From ranting, high, theatrical bombast,  
To low sing-song of meretricious cast:  
Shun ev'ry step, by which a Pagan Muse  
Could lead her clients to the stage, or stews.

Let no examples tempt you to profane  
The gift—abhorrent of all hurtful strain:  
Contemn the vicious, tho' prevailing fame,  
That gains, by prostituting verse, a name:  
Take the forbearing hint; and all the rest  
Will rise spontaneous in your purer breast.

#### ON THE DISPOSITION OF MIND,

REQUISITE FOR THE RIGHT USE AND UNDER-  
STANDING OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

To hear the words of scripture, or to read,  
With good effect, requires a threefold heed;  
If incomplete, it only can produce  
Hearings, and readings, of no sort of use.

The first, *intention*; or a fix'd design  
To learn the truth concerning things divine;  
If previous disposition be not good,  
How shall a serious point be understood?

The next, *attention*; not the outward part,  
But the fair listening of an honest heart:

Sound may, and figure, strike the ear and eye,  
But sense and meaning to the mind apply.

The last, *retention*; or the keeping pure,  
From hurtful mixtures, what is clear and sure:  
In vain the purpose, and the pains have been  
To gain a good, if not secur'd within.

Without intention truth no more can stay,  
Than seed can grow upon a public way;  
The more it is affecting, plain, and grand,  
The less will heedless persons understand.

Without attention 't will have no more fruit,  
Than seed on stony ground, for want of root;  
That makes a show with hasty shoots awhile,  
And then betrays the barrenness of soil.

Without retention all is lost at last,  
Like seed among the thorns and briars cast:  
So worldly cares, and worldly riches both,  
May mix with truth, and choke it in its growth.

As ground produces goodly crops of corn,  
If good, and free from footstep, stone, or thorn;  
That of good hearts has properties as plain—  
To seek the truth, receive it, and retain.

#### ON THE SAME SUBJECT, IN A LETTER TO MR. POUTHIEU.

WE ought to read, my worthy friend Pouthieu,  
All holy scriptures, with a scripture view:  
Write for our learning, as their aim and scope  
Is patience, comfort, and the blessed hope  
Of everlasting life, a reader's aim,  
To understand them right, should be the same.

The prosecution of this hapier quest  
If doubts and difficulties shall molest;  
And huge debates, on passages obscure,  
Be suffer'd to eclipse the plain and sure;  
The more he reads, the more this rambling art  
Will fill his head, but never touch his heart;  
With controversial circumstances fill,  
On which the learned have employ'd their skill,  
With such success, that scarce the plainest text  
Can be produc'd, but what they have perplex'd  
In such a manner, that, while all assign  
To scripture page authority divine,  
The compliment is rather paid, for sake  
Of such constructions as they please to make.

Down from the pope to the obscurest sect,  
Too many proofs are seen of this effect;  
Of making one same scripture a retreat  
For ev'ry party's opposite conceit:  
Profaner wits, observing this, mistook,  
And laid the fault upon the Bible book;  
Taking the same variety of ways,  
By fancied meanings for its ancient phrase,  
To cry it down, as sects were wont to use  
To cry it up, for their peculiar views.

As this excess, from age to age, has grown  
To such a monstrous height within our own,  
What a sincere, impartial, honest mind  
In search of truth, does it require, to find!  
What calm attention, what unfeign'd desire  
To hear its voice does truth itself require!  
In scripture phrase, what an unceasing pry?  
Should for its sacred influence prepare!  
Because, whatever comments we recall,  
The disposition of the mind is all.

'Tis in this point (undoubtedly the main)  
That sacred books do differ from profane:  
They do not ask, so much, for letter'd skill  
To understand them, as for simple will:  
For as a single, or clear-sighted eye  
Admits the light, like an unclouded sky,  
So is the truth, by scripture phrase design'd,  
Receiv'd into a well disposed mind;  
By the same spirit, ready to admit  
The written word, as they possess'd who writ;  
Who writ, if Christians do not vainly boast,  
By inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

In books to writ this great advantage lies,  
That the first author of them never dies;  
But is still present to instruct, and show,  
To them who seek him, what they need to know;  
Still, by his chosen servants, to unfold,  
As he sees fit, the mysteries of old;  
To re-confirm what any sacred pen  
Has writ, by proof within the hearts of men.

This is the true and solid reason, why  
No difficulties, now objected, lie  
Against the volumes writ so long ago,  
And in a language that few people know;  
Subject, as books, to errors and mistakes,  
Which oft transcribing, or translating makes;  
While manners, customs, usages of phrase  
Well known of old, but not so in our days,  
For many obvious reasons, must elude  
The utmost force of criticising feud:  
Still, all editions verbally contain  
The simple, necessary truths and plain,  
Of gospel doctrine; and the spirit's aid,  
Which is the chief, is not at all decay'd.

Nor can it hurt a reader to suspend  
His judgment, where he does not comprehend  
A darker text; however it appear,  
He knows it cannot contradict a clear:  
So that with all the helps, of ev'ry kind,  
The shortest, and the surest, is to mind  
When read, or heard, and inwardly digest  
The plainest texts, as rules to all the rest;  
To pray for that good spirit, which alone  
Can make its former inspirations known;  
The promise'd comforter, th' unerring guide,  
Who, by Christ's word, was always to abide  
Within his church, not only in the past,  
But in all ages, while the world should last;  
A church distinguish'd, in the sacred code,  
By his perpetual guidance and abode.

Such is the teacher whom our Saviour chose,  
And writ no books, as human learning knows;  
Loth as it is, of later years, to preach,  
That by this teacher he will always teach;  
Bliss all the means of learning, or the want,  
To them who after his instructions pant:  
Of reading helps, what holy men express'd,  
When mov'd to write, are certainly the best;  
But for the real, understanding part,  
The book of books is ev'ry man's own heart.

### A STRICTURE

ON THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER'S DOCTRINE OF GRACE.

WRITING, or scripture, sacred or profane,  
Can only render history more plain  
Of what was done, or said, by God or man,  
Since the creation of the world began:

Tho' ev'ry word in sacred page be true,  
To give account, is all that it can do.

Now an account of things, as done, or said,  
Is not a living letter, but a dead;  
A picture only, which may represent,  
But cannot give us what is really meant:  
He that has got a map into his hand  
May use the name, but knows it is not land.

So in the Bible when we come to look,  
(That is, by way of eminence, The Book)  
We must not fancy that it can bestow  
The things themselves, which we desire to know,  
It can but yield, however true and plain,  
Verbal directions how we may obtain.

Tho' a prescription be directly sure,  
Upon the patient's taking it, to cure,  
No one imagines that the worded bill  
Becomes, itself, the remedy for ill;  
The medicines taken, as the bill directs,  
Procure the salutiferous effects.

Who then can place in any written code  
The Holy Ghost's, the Comforter's abode?  
"Constant abode—supreme illumination—"  
What copy can be this, or what translation?  
The Spirit's dwelling, by th' attesting pen  
Of all th' inspir'd, is in the hearts of men.

Were books his constant residence indeed,  
What must the millions do who cannot read?  
When they, who can, so vary in their sense,  
What must distinguish true from false pretence?  
If they must follow where the learned guide,  
What different spirits in one book abide?

Genius for paradox, however bright,  
Can not well justify this oversight:  
Better to own the truth, for the truth's sake,  
Than to persist in such a gross mistake:  
Books are but books; th' illuminating part  
Depends on G. 's good spirit, in the heart.

"The comforter," Christ said, "will come unto  
Abide with, dwell in," (not your books, but) "you."  
Just as absurd an ink and paper throne  
For God's abode, as one of wood or stone:  
If to adore an image be idolatry,  
To deify a book is bibliolatry.

### ON THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

In Paul's conversion we discern the case  
Of human talents, wanting heavenly graces  
What persecutions, 'till he saw the light,  
Against the Christian church did he excite!  
By his own reason led into mistake,  
Amongst the flock what havoc did he make!  
Within himself when, verily, he thought,  
That, all the while, he did but what he ought.

"For though, according to the promise, his ordinary influence occasionally assists the faithful of all ages; yet his constant abode, and supreme illumination, is in the sacred scriptures of the New Testament."—P. 89. The Doctrine of Grace, &c. by the bishop of Gloucester.



His use of reason cannot be deny'd,  
Nor legal zeal, nor moral life beside;  
Blameless as any Jew, or Greek could claim,  
Who show'd aversion to the Christian name;  
His fund of learning some are pleas'd to add;  
And yet, with all th' endowments which he had,  
From place to place, with eager steps, he trod,  
To persecute the real church of God.

When to Damascus, for the like intent,  
With the high-priest's authority he went;  
Struck to the ground, by a diviner ray,  
The reasoning, legal, moral zealot lay;  
To the plain question put by Jesus—"why  
Persecute me?" had only to reply,  
"What shall I do?"—his reason, and his wrath  
Were both convinc'd, and he embrac'd the faith.

His outward lost, his inward sight renew'd,  
Truth in its native evidence he view'd;  
With three days fast he nourish'd his concern,  
And, a new conduct well prepar'd to learn,  
Good Ananias, whom he came to bind,  
Was sent to cure, and to baptise the blind;  
A destin'd martyr, to his Jewish zeal,  
Of Christian faith confers the sacred seal.

Of nobler use his reason, while it stood  
Without a conference with flesh and blood,  
Still, and submissive; when, within, begun  
The Father's revelation of the Son;  
Whom, 'till the Holy Spirit rise to show,  
No pow'r of thought can ever come to know;  
The saving mystery, obscur'd by sin,  
Itself must manifest itself, within.

Thus, taught of God, Paul saw the truth appear  
To his enlighten'd understanding clear:  
The pow'r of Christ himself, and nothing less,  
Could move its persecutor to profess:  
He learn'd, and told it from the real ground,  
And prov'd, to all the Christian world around,  
That true religion had its true foundation,  
Not in man's reason, but God's revelation.

### A CONTRAST

BETWEEN HUMAN REASON AND DIVINE ILLUMINATION, EXEMPLIFIED IN THREE DIFFERENT CHARACTERS.

AN humble Christian, to whose inward sight  
God shows the truth, and then inspires to write;  
Because of deeper certainties declar'd,  
Than what the mind perceives, when unprepar'd,  
From them, who measure all on which he treats,  
By the fix'd standard of their own conceits,  
Meets with contempt; and very few will own  
The real truths, which he has really shown.

A sharp philosopher, who thinks to find  
By his own reason, his own strength of mind,  
Sublimer things, that lie so far beyond  
The scenes to which such forces correspond;  
From them, who love to speculate like him,  
And think all light, but that of reason, dim,  
Meets with admirers; tho' he reasons wrong,  
And draws the dupes, if plausible, along.

Now, tho' a searcher should no more despise  
The use of reason, than he should of eyes;

Yet, if there be a still superior light,  
Than faculty of reason has, or sight;  
Which all religion seems to pre-suppose,  
That God on such, as rightly seek, bestows;  
In higher matters how should he decide,  
Who takes his reason, only, for his guide?

Such words as nature, reason, common sense,  
Furnish all writers with one same pretence;  
Altho', in many an acknowledg'd case,  
They must fall short, without superior grace:  
So that, in things of more momentous kind,  
Nature itself directs us not to mind,  
If sacred truth be heartily desir'd,  
The greatest reasoners, but the most inspir'd.

Whence comes the value for the scripture page,  
So justly due, so paid thro' ev'ry age?  
Not writ by men of learning, and of parts,  
But honest, humble, and enlighten'd hearts:  
Who, when they reason'd, reason'd very well;  
And how enabl'd, let their writings tell:  
Not one of all, but who ascribes the force  
Of truth discover'd to an higher source.

Take these three men, so different in their way,  
For instance, Behmen, Bolingbroke, and Hay:  
They all philosophize on sacred themes,  
And build on reason, the two last, their schemes:  
The first affirms, that his principis flow  
From what God's spirit gave him pow'r to know;  
As much a promis'd, as a certain guide,  
With Christ's disciples ever to abide.

If Bolingbroke's reason must prevail,  
All inspiration is an idle tale:  
Writers by that, from Moses down to Paul,  
I spare to mention how he treats them all:  
Now if he err'd, whence did that error spring?  
His reason told him there was no such thing;  
Foundress, in her philosophizing cast,  
Of all his first philosophy, and last.

Hay, better taught, and more ingenuous spirit,  
Gropes with his reason betwixt light and dark;  
Now, gentle glimmerings of truth displays;  
Now, lost in fancy's intricater maze,  
A motley mixture of such things has got,  
As reason could discover, and could not:  
Which all the builders on its boasted plan  
Prove to be just as manifold as man.

This Behmen knew; and, in his humble way,  
Became enlighten'd by a steadier ray;  
First taught himself, by what he heard and saw,  
Of grace and nature he explained the law;  
That sacred Spirit, from which both arose,  
Taught him, of both, the secrets to disclose  
To them, who, using eyes, and reason too,  
Were fit for truth in a diviner view.

He does not write from reason; nor appeals,  
Of course, to what that faculty reveals;  
Yet, if the common privilege be mine,  
Reason may see, that something more divine

<sup>1</sup> Religio Philosophi, or the Principles of Morality and Christianity, illustrated from a View of the Universe and of Man's Situation in it, by William Hay, Esq. a volume published in 1753, and not unjustly characterised by our poet. G.

Lies hid, in what the books of Behmen teach,  
Tho' it surpass its apprehensive reach;  
May see, from what it really apprehends,  
That all these reasoners Behmen far transcends.

Fond of his reason as a man may be,  
He should confess its limited degree;  
And, by its fair direction, seek to find  
A surer guide to things of deeper kind:  
The most sharp-sighted seek for other men,  
Who may have seen what lies beyond their ken;  
And, in religious matters, most appeals  
Are made by men to that, which God reveals.

How is it possible to judge, aright,  
Of heav'nly things, but by an heav'nly light?  
Content'd by Bolingbroke, by Hay confess'd,  
By Behmen, possibly at least, possess'd:  
Truly inspir'd, as pious minds have thought,  
Jacob was known to live as he had taught;  
And at his last departing moment cry'd,  
Now "I go hence to Paradise"—and dy'd.

---

#### SOCRATES'S REPLY,

##### CONCERNING HERACLITUS'S WRITINGS.

WHEN Socrates had read, as authors note,  
A certain book that Heraclitus wrote;  
Deep in its matter, and obscure beside;  
Ask'd his opinion of it, he reply'd,  
"All that I understand is good and true,  
And what I don't is, I believe, so too."

Thus answer'd Socrates, whom Greece confess  
The wisest of her sages, and the best;  
By justice mov'd, and candour, of a piece  
With that philosopher's repute in Greece:  
Worthy of imitation, to be sure,  
When a good writer is sometimes obscure.

All the haranguing, therefore, on the theme  
Of deep obscurity, in Jacob Behme,  
Is but itself obscure; for he might see  
Farther, 'tis possible, than you, or me:  
Meanwhile, the goodness of his plainer page  
Demands the answer of the Grecian sage.

The stuff and nonsense, labyrinth and maze,  
Madness, enthusiasm, and such like phrase,  
In quick bestowers are oblig'd to own,  
Ought not to move us, by its eager tone,  
More than they ought, in reason, to be mov'd,  
Should we so paint a work which they approv'd.

He, whom the fair Socratical remark  
Describes, was call'd *εστρωος*, or the *dark*;  
Yet his wise reader, from the good in view,  
Thought that his darker passages were true:  
He would not judge of what, as yet, lay hid,  
By what he did not see, but what he did.

The books of Behme, as none are tied to read,  
To blame unread they have as little need:  
As they who read them most, the most commend,  
Others, at least, may venture to suspend;  
Or think, with reference to such books as these,  
Of Heraclitus, and of Socrates.

#### THOUGHTS UPON HUMAN REASON,

##### OCCASIONED BY READING SOME EXTRAVAGANT DECLAMATIONS IN ITS FAVOUR.

YES, I have read them—but I cannot find  
Much depth of sense in writers of this kind:  
They all retail, as they proceed along,  
Or superficial sentiments, or wrong:  
Of reason! reason! they repeat the cries,  
And reason's use—which nobody denies.

All sharers in it follow, I suppose,  
Each one his reason, as he does his nose;  
When he intends to reach a certain spot,  
Whether he finds the road to it, or not:  
With equal sense a postulatium begs  
The use of reason, as the use of legs.

Full well these rational adepts declaim  
On points, at which their reason can take aim;  
But when they talk beyond them, what mistakes,  
Of various kind, their various reason makes!  
All are for one same rule; and in its use  
All singly clear, and mutually abstruse.

What plainer demonstration can be had,  
That their original pretence is bad;  
Who say—Their own, or human reason's, light  
Must needs direct them to determine right?  
What greater proof of a superior skill  
Needful to reasoners, reason how they will?

Sense to discern, and reason to compare,  
Are gifts that merit our improving care;  
But want an inward light, when all is done,  
As seeds, and plants do that of outward sun:  
Main help neglected, tasteless fruits arise;  
And wisdom grows insipid in the wise.

Tho' all these reason-worshippers profess  
To guard against fanatical excess,  
Enthusiastic heat—their favourite theme  
Draws their attention to the cold extreme;  
Their fears of torrid fervours freeze a soul;  
To shun the zone they send it to the pole.

The very sound of rational, and plain,  
Contents, where sense is neither of the twain,  
A world of readers; whose polite concern  
Is to be learned, without pains to learn:  
To please their palates, with a modish treat,  
Cheap is the cost—and here is the receipt—

"Let reason, first, imagination, passions,  
Be clean dress'd up in pretty-worded fashions;  
Then let imagination, passions, reason,  
Change places round, at each commodious season;  
'Till reason, passions, and imagination  
Have prov'd the point, by their complete rotation."

---

#### ON FAITH, REASON, AND SIGHT,

##### CONSIDERED AS THE THREE DISTINCT MEDIUMS OF HUMAN PERCEPTION.

THERE is a threefold correspondent light  
That shines to faith, to reason, and to sight:

The first, eternal; bringing into view  
Celestial objects, if the faith be true;  
The next, internal; which the reas'ning mind  
Consults in truths of an ideal kind;  
The third, external; and perceiv'd thereby  
All outward objects that affect the eye.

Each light is good within its destin'd sphere;  
Nor with each other do they interfere:  
Faith does not reason, reason does not see,  
Nor might extend beyond a fixt degree:  
Yet faith in light of a superior kind  
Cannot be call'd irrational, or blind;  
Because an higher certainty, display'd,  
Includes the force of all inferior aid.

As body, soul, and spirit make a man,  
Each has the help of its appointed plan;  
Sight, hearing, smell, and taste, and feeling sense,  
What the corporeal nature wants, dispense:  
Thinking, comparing, judging, and the whole  
Of reasoning faculties, assist the soul:  
Faith, and whatever else may be express'd  
By grace celestial, makes the spirit blest.

To heal defect, or to avoid excess,  
The greater light should still correct the less;  
And form, within the right obedient will,  
A seeing, reas'ning, and believing skill:  
While body moves as outward sense directs;  
And soul perceives what reason's light reflects;  
And spirit, fill'd with lustre from above,  
Obeys by faith, and operates by love.

A sober person, tho' his eyes are good,  
Sights not the truths by reason understood;  
Nor just conclusions, under the pretence  
Of contradiction to his seeing sense;  
Knowing the limits too that reason hath,  
He does not seek to quench the light of faith;  
But rationally grants, that it may teach  
What human stretch of reason cannot reach.

As sight to reason, in the things that lie  
Beyond the ken of the corporeal eye,  
Unhurt, uninjur'd, yields itself of course,  
So well-taught reason owns a higher force;  
By faith enlighten'd, it enjoys a rest  
In cleaver light to find its own supprest;  
Suffering no more, for want of its display,  
Than Moon and stars in full meridian day.

To make the reas'ning faculty of man  
Do more, or less to help him, than it can,  
Is equally absurd; but worse to slight,  
Or want the benefits of faith, than sight:  
If he who sees no outward light be blind,  
How dismal dark must be the faithless mind!  
The one is only natural defect,  
The other wilful, obstinate neglect.

Pretence of reason, for it is pretence  
Foolish and fatal, in the saddest sense;  
For reason cannot alter what is true,  
Or any more prevent, than eyes can do;  
Both, by the limits which they feel, proclaim  
The real want of a celestial flame:  
How is it possible to see, in fine,  
The things of God, without a light divine?

## A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN RUSTICUS, THEOPHILUS, AND ACADEMICUS, ON THE NATURE, POWER, AND USE OF HUMAN LEARNING, IN MATTERS OF RELIGION. FROM MR. LAW'S WAY TO DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.

## RUSTICUS.

YES, Academicus, you love to bear  
The words of Jacob Behmen made so clear;  
But the truth is, the fundamental good,  
At which he aims, you have not understood;  
Content with such good notions as befit  
Your learned reason, and your searching wit,  
To make a talk about, you gather still  
More ample matter for your hear-say skill:  
You know yourself, as well as I, that this  
Is all your joy in him; and hence it is  
That you are so impatient, ev'ry day,  
For more and more of what his pages say;  
So vex'd, and puzzl'd, if you cannot find  
Their meaning open'd, to your eager mind;  
Nor add new notions, and a stronger force,  
To heighten still your talent of discourse.

With all your value for his books, as yet,  
This disposition makes you to forget  
How oft they tell you, and how well they show,  
That this inordinate desire to know,  
This heaping up of notions, one by one,  
For subtle fancy to descant upon,  
While Babel, as you think, is overthrown,  
Is building up a new one of your own;  
Your Babylonish reason is the pow'r,  
That seeks materials to erect its tow'r:  
The very scriptures, under such a guide,  
Will only nourish your high-soaring pride;  
Nor will you penetrate, with all your art,  
Of Jacob's writings the substantial part.

The works of Behmen would you understand?  
Then, where he stood, see also that you stand;  
Begin where he began; direct your thought  
To seek the blessing only, that he sought;  
The heart of God; that, by a right true faith,  
He might be sav'd from sin, and Satan's wrath:  
While thus the humble seeker stood resign'd,  
The light of God broke in upon his mind:  
But you, devoted to the pow'r, alone,  
Of speculative reason, all your own,  
Would reach his ladder's top at once, nor try  
The pains of rising, step by step, so high—  
But, on this subject, by your looks, I see  
You'd rather hear Theophilus than me.

## THEOPHILUS.

Why really, Academicus, the main  
Of all that Rusticus, so bluntly plain,  
Has here been saying, tho' it seem so hard,  
Hints truth enough to put you on your guard:  
Much in the same mistake your mind has been,  
That many of my learned friends are in;  
Who, tho' admirers, to a great degree,  
Of truths in Jacob Behmen, which they see,  
Yet, of all people, have the least pretence  
To real benefit received from thence:  
Train'd up in controversy, and dispute;  
Accustom'd to maintain, or to refute,  
All propositions, only by the light  
Of their own reason, judging what is right,

They take this guide in truths of ev'ry kind,  
Both where it sees, and where it must be blind;  
So that in regions, where a light divine  
Demonstrates truth, and reason cannot shine,  
The real good is hidden from their view,  
And some such system rises up, in lieu,  
As birth or education, mode or place,  
Is course of life, has led them to embrace.

Thus with the learned papist, in his creed,  
The learned protestant is not agreed;  
Not that, to either, truth and light have taught  
To entertain so opposite a thought;  
But education's contrary supplies  
Have giv'n them protestant, and popish eyes;  
And reason being the accustom'd light  
Of both the parties, and of either sight,  
Decisions protestant, and popish too,  
Can find it work enough, and tools enoo,  
To shape opinions of a different growth,  
Whilst learning is an open field to both;  
And, of its harvest, the inur'd to reap  
With greater skill can show the greater heap.

## ACADEMICUS.

So then I must, as I perceive by you,  
Eroounce my learning, and my reason too,  
If I would gain the necessary lights  
To understand what Jacob Behmen writes:  
I cannot yield, as yet, to such advice;  
Nor make the purchase at so dear a price:  
I hope the study of the scripture text  
Will do for me; and leave me unperplex't  
With his deep matters—Little did I know  
That learning had, in you, so great a foe.

## THEOPHILUS.

Be not uneasy; learning has in me  
No foe at all, not in the least degree;  
No more than has the science, or the skill,  
To build an house to dwell in, or a mill  
For grinding corn—I think an useful art  
Of human things the noblest, for my part:  
Knowledge of books or languages, or ought  
That any person has been duly taught,  
I would not ask him to renounce, or say  
They might not all be useful, in their way:  
I would not blame, within its proper place,  
The art of throwing silk, or making lace;  
Or any art, confin'd to its own sphere;  
But then the measure of its use is there:  
Some we call liberal, and some we call  
Mechanic; now the circle of them all  
Does but show forth, in its most perfect plan,  
The natural abilities of man;  
The powers and faculties of human mind,  
Whether the man be well, or ill inclin'd:  
The most unjust, and wicked debaucher,  
Regarding neither God, nor man, may be,  
In any one, or more, of all the train,  
Of greater skill than others can obtain.

But now, redemption of the human race  
By Christ, with all its mysteries of grace,  
Is, in itself, as it has always been,  
Of quite another nature; nor akin  
To art, or science, which, for worldly views,  
The natural, or outward man, can see:  
It is an inward fitness to revive  
That heav'nly nature, which was once alive  
In Paradise; that blissful life within  
The human creature which was lost by sin:

It breathes a spark of life, to re-create  
The poor-fall'n man in his first happy state;  
By which, awaken'd into new desires,  
After his native country he inquires;  
How he may rise above this earthly den,  
And get into his father's house again.

This is redemption; or the life divine  
Offering itself, on one hand, with design  
That inward man, who lost it, to restore  
To all the bliss which he was in before;  
And, on the other, 'tis the man's desire,  
Will, faith, and hope, which earnestly aspire  
After that life; the hunger, thirst, and call  
To be deliver'd, by it, from the fall.

Now whether man, in this awaken'd strife,  
Breathe forth his longings after this good life,  
In Hebrew, Greek, or any English sound,  
Or none at all, but silent sigh profound,  
Can be of no significancy; He,  
That knows but one, or uses all the three,  
Neither to him, more distant, or more near,  
Will this redeeming life of God appear:  
Can you conceive it more to shine upon  
Men of more languages, than men of one?  
He who can make a grammar for High Dutch,  
Or Welch, or Greek, can you suppose, as such,  
In faith, and hope, and goodness, will excel  
A man, that scarce his mother tongue can spell?  
If this supposal, then, be too absurd;  
No hurt is done, no enmity incur'd,  
To learning, science, reason, critic wit,  
By giving them the places which they fit;  
Amongst the ornaments of life below,  
Which the most profligate as well may know,  
(One of the most abandon'd vicious will)  
As one who, fearing God, escheweth ill.

Therefore no truths, concerning this divine  
And heav'nly life, can come within the line  
Of all this learning; as exalted far  
Above the pow'r of trial at its bar;  
Where both the jury, and the judges too,  
Are born with eyes incapable to view;  
Living, and moving in this world's demence,  
They have their being in another scene;  
The life divine no abler to descry,  
Than into Heav'n can look an eagle's eye.

If you, well read in ancient books, my friend,  
To publish Homer's Iliad should intend,  
Or Caesar's Commentaries, and make out [doubt]  
Some things more plain—you have the skill, no  
As well provided for the work, perhaps,  
As one to make his baskets, one his traps;  
But if you think that skill in ancient Greek,  
And Latin, helps you, of itself, to seek,  
Find, and explain the spirit, and the sense  
Of what Christ said, it is a vain pretence,  
And quite unnatural; of equal kind  
With the endeavour of a man born blind,  
Who talks about exhibiting the sight  
Of different colours, beautifully bright.

Doctrines, wherein redemption is concern'd,  
No more belong to men as being learn'd,  
Than colours do to him, who never saw  
The light, that gives to all of them the law:  
From like unnatural attempt proceeds  
That huge variety of sects, and creeds,  
Which, from the same true scripture, can deduce  
What serves each different error, for its use:  
Papist, or protestant, Socinian class,  
Or Arian, can as easily amass

The texts of scripture, and by reason's ray,  
One as another, urge the endless fray;  
Retort absurdities, whenever prest,  
Prove its own system, and confute the rest;  
Just as blind men, in their disputes, can do  
Each others notions of red, green, or blue.

The light of the celestial inward man,  
That died in Paradise, when sin began,  
Is Jesus Christ; and consequently, men  
By him alone can rise to life again:  
He, in the heart of man, must sow the seed,  
That can awaken heav'nly life indeed:  
Nothing but this can possibly admit  
Return of life, or in the least be fit,  
Or capable, or sensible of pow'r  
From Jesus Christ, in his redeeming hour:  
The light, and life, which he intends to raise,  
Have no dependence upon word, and phrase;  
Life, in itself, be it of Heav'n, or Earth,  
Must have its whole procession from a birth:  
Would it not sound absurdly, in your mind,  
That, if a man be naturally blind,  
Care must be had to teach him grammar well,  
Or in the art of logic to excel;  
That he will best obtain, when this is done,  
Knowledge of light and colours from the Sun?  
Yet not one jot is it the less absurd  
To think that skill in Greek, or Hebrew word,  
Of man's redemption can explain the whole,  
Or let the light of God into his soul.

This matter, Academicus, if you  
Can set in a more proper light—pray do.

#### A POETICAL VERSION OF A LETTER

FROM THE EARL OF ESSEX TO THE EARL OF  
SOUTHAMPTON<sup>1</sup>.

My Lord,  
Untaught by nature or by art,  
To give the genuine dictates of my heart  
The gloss of compliment, I never less,  
Than now, should aim at that polite excess;  
Now, that my wand'ring thoughts are fix'd upon,  
Not Martha's many things, but Mary's one.

'Tis not from any ceremonious view,  
But to discharge a real, needful due  
From friend to friend in absence, that I write  
To mine, secluded from his wonted sight;  
By force oblig'd to give, and to receive  
A long—perhaps, a last departing leave;  
For small, by ev'ry test of human ken,  
The hopes of meeting, in this world, again.

Under such circumstances, I recall  
My friend, whose honour, person, fortune, all,  
So dear to me, make boon wish to swell,  
That he may always prosper, and do well;  
Where'er he goes, whate'er he takes in hand,  
Under the favour, service, and command  
Of his protecting providence, from whom  
All happiness, if truly such, must come.

<sup>1</sup> A copy of the original letter may be seen in Cogan's Collection of Tracts from Lord Somers's Library, Vol. 4, P. 139, under the title of "A precious and most divine Letter, from that famous and ever to be renown'd Earl of Essex, (Father to the now Lord General his Excellency) to the Earl of Southampton, in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's Reign."

My friend's abilities, and present state  
Of natural endowments how I rate;  
To God what glory, to himself what use,  
The best exertion of them might produce,  
I shall not here express; enough to note  
That, at such times as I was most remote  
From all dissembling, witnesses enow  
Can vouch my speaking what I thought was true.  
The truths, which love now prompts me to  
remind

Your lordship of, are of the following kind:  
First; that whatever talents you possess,  
They are God's gifts, whom you are bound to bless;  
Next; that you have them, not as things your own,  
Tho' for your use, yet not for yours alone;  
But as an human steward, or trust,  
Of which account is to be giv'n, and just:  
So that, in fine, if talents are apply'd  
To serve the spirit of the world, in pride,  
And vain delights, as he, who rules the scenes  
Of guilty joy, the prince of darkness, means,  
It is ingratitude, injustice too,  
Yea, 'tis perfidious treachery in you:  
For if a servant, of your own, should dare  
To use the goods, committed to his care,  
To the advantage of your greatest foe,  
What would you think of his behaving so?  
Yet how with God would you yourself do less,  
Having from him whatever you possess,  
And serving with it, in the donor's stead,  
That foe to him by whom the world is led?

A serious thought if you can ever lead  
To admonition, from your truest friend;  
If the regard due to your country sways;  
Which you may serve so many glorious ways;  
If an all-ruling, righteous Pow'r above  
Can raise your dread of justice, or your love;  
If you yourself will to yourself be true,  
And everlasting happiness pursue,  
Before the joys of any worldly scheme,  
The short delusions of a pleasing dream,  
Of which, whatever it may represent,  
The soul, soon wak'd, must bitterly repent;  
If these reflections, any of them, find  
Due estimation in your prudent mind;  
Take an account of what is done, and past,  
And what the future may demand, forecast:  
The leagues, whatever they import, repeal,  
To which good conscience has not set the seal:  
And fix your resolution firm, to serve  
Him, from whose will no loyal thought can swerve;  
That gracious God, from whom, in very deed,  
All your abilities and gifts proceed;  
Whether of bodily, or mental trace;  
Without, within; of nature, or of grace.

Then he, who cannot possibly deny  
Himself, or give his faithfulness the lie,  
Will honour his true servant, and impart  
That real peace of mind, that joy of heart,  
Of which until you are become possesser,  
Your heart, your mind, shall never be at rest;  
And when you are, by having well approv'd  
The one true way, it never shall be mov'd.

This, I foresee, your lordship may object,  
Is melancholy's vaporous effect;  
That I am got into a prisoner's style;  
Far enough from it all the jocund while  
That I was free like you, and other men;  
And, fetters gone, should be the same again.

To which I answer—say it tho' you should,  
 Yet cannot I distrust a God so good;  
 Or mercy failing me, so greatly shown,  
 Or grace forsaking, but by fault my own:  
 So deeply bound to him, my heart so burns  
 To make his merry suitable returns,  
 That not to try, of all th' apostate class  
 Worse should I be than any ever was:  
 I have with such repeated, solemn stress,  
 Arow'd the penitence which I profess;  
 From time to time so call'd on not a few,  
 To witness, and to watch, if it was true,  
 That of all hypocrites, if found to lie,  
 That e'er were born, the hollowest were I.

But should I perish in my sins, and draw  
 Upon myself my own damnation's law,  
 Will it not be your wisdom to embrace  
 God's offer'd mercy, of a saving grace?  
 To profit by example, if you see  
 The fearful case of miserable me?

A longer time was I a slave to sin,  
 And a corrupted world, than you have been;  
 Had many a too, too slowly answer'd call,  
 That made still harder my return from thrall:  
 To come to Christ was requisite, I knew,  
 But softer pace, I flatter'd me, would do;  
 The journey's end contented I remain'd  
 To see, and own, tho' still 'twas unattain'd:  
 Therefore the same good Providence that call'd,  
 With a kind violence, has pull'd and haul'd;  
 As public eye may, outwardly, at least,  
 Have seen, and drag'd me to the marriage feast.

Kind, in this world, affliction's heaviest load,  
 That, in another, bliss might be bestow'd;  
 Kind the repeated stripes, that should correct  
 Of too great knowledge, a too small effect:  
 God grant your lordship may, with less alloy,  
 Feel an unfeign'd conversion's inward joy,  
 As I do now; and find the happy way,  
 Without the torments of so long delay!

To the divines (and there were none beside  
 That nam'd conversion to me) I reply'd—  
 "Could my ambition enter, and possess  
 Your narrow hearts, your meekness would be less;  
 Were my delights, to which it gives the rise,  
 Tasted by you, you would be less precise:"  
 But you, my lord, have the momentous hint,  
 From one that knows the very utmost stint  
 Of all that can amuse you, whilst you live,  
 Of all contentments which the world can give.

Think then, dear earl, that I have stak'd and  
 buoy'd  
 The ways of pleasure, fatally enjoy'd,  
 And set them up, as marks at sea, for you  
 To keep true Virtue's channel in your view:  
 Think, tho' your eyes should long be shut, and  
 fast,

They must, they must be open'd at the last:  
 Truth will compel you to confess, like me,  
 That to the wicked peace can never be.  
 With my own soul, that Heav'n may deign to aid  
 My heart's address, this covenant is made;  
 My eyes shall never yield to sleep, at night,  
 Nor thoughts attend the bus'ness of the light,  
 Till I have pray'd my God, that you may take  
 This plain but faithful warning, for his sake,  
 With a believing profit—then, in you  
 Your friends, your country will be happy too;  
 And all your aims succeed—events so blest  
 Would fill with comfort, but to be express,

VOL. IV.

Your lordship's cousin and true friend—so ty'd  
 That worldly cause can never once divide—

FAULK.

## THE ITALIAN BISHOP.

AN ANECDOTE.

THERE is no kind of a fragmental note,  
 That pleases better than an anecdote;  
 Or fact unpublish'd; when it comes to rise,  
 And give the more agreeable surprise:  
 From long oblivion sav'd, an useful hint  
 Is doubly grateful, when reviv'd in print:  
 A late and striking instance of this kind  
 Delighted many an attentive mind;  
 This anecdote, my task is, to rehearse,  
 As highly fit to be consign'd to verse.

There liv'd a bishop, once upon a time,  
 Where is not said, but Italy the clime;  
 An honest, pious man, who understood  
 How to behave as a true bishop should;  
 But thro' an opposition, form'd to blast  
 His good designs, by men of different cast,  
 He had some tedious struggles, and a train  
 Of rude affronts, and insults to sustain;  
 And did sustain; with calm unruffled mind  
 He bore them all, and never once repin'd:  
 An intimate acquaintance, one who knew  
 What difficulties he had waded thro'  
 Time after time, and very much admir'd  
 A patience so provok'd, and so untrif'd,  
 Made bold to ask him, if he could impart,  
 Or teach the secret of his happy art;  
 "Yes," said the good old prelate, "that I can,  
 And 'tis a plain and practicable plan;  
 For all the secret, that I know of, lies  
 In making a right use of my own eyes."  
 Beg'd to explain himself, how that should be—  
 "Why, in whatever state I am," said he,  
 "I first look up to Heav'n; as well aware,  
 That to get thither is my main affair.  
 I then look down upon the Earth; and think,  
 In a short space of time, how small a think  
 I shall possess of its extensive ground;  
 And then I cast my seeing eyes around,  
 Where more distress appears, on ev'ry side,  
 Amongst mankind, than I myself abide.  
 So that, reflecting on my own concern,  
 First—where true happiness is plac'd, I learn:  
 Next—let the world, to what it will, pretend,  
 I see where all its good and ill must end.  
 Last—how unjust it is, as well as vain,  
 Upon a fair discernment, to complain.  
 Thus, looking up, and down, and round about,  
 Right use of eyes may find my secret out:  
 With Heav'n in view—his real home—in fine,  
 Nothing on Earth should make a man repine."

## ON RESIGNATION.

TO A FRIEND IN TROUBLE.

DEAR child, know this, that he, who gave thee  
 Almighty God, is Lord of life and death, (breath,  
 And all things that concern them, such as these,  
 Youth, health, or strength; age, weakness, or dis-  
 ease;

T

Wherefore, whatever thy affliction be,  
 Take it as coming from thy God to thee:  
 Whether to teach thee patience be its end,  
 Or to instruct such persons as attend,  
 That faith and meekness, try'd by sufferings past,  
 May yield increase of happiness at last:  
 Or whether it be sent for some defect,  
 Which he, who wants to bless thee, would correct—  
 Certain it is, that if thou dost repent, [rect;  
 And take thy cross up patiently, when sent,  
 Trusting in him, who sends it thee, to take  
 For Jesus Christ his Son, thy Saviour's sake,  
 Wholly submitting to his blessed will,  
 Whose visitation seeks thy profit still;  
 All that thou dost, or ever canst endure,  
 Will make thy everlasting joy more sure.

Take therefore what befalls thee in good part,  
 As a prescription of love's healing art;  
 "Whom the Lord loveth he chastiseth too,"  
 Saith Paul, "and scourgeth with a saving view;"  
 It is the mark, by which he owns a child,  
 Without it, not so honourably styl'd:  
 Fathers according to the flesh, when they  
 Correct them, children reverence, and obey;  
 How much more justly may that Father claim,  
 By whom we live eternally, the same?  
 They oft chastise thro' humour of their own,  
 He always for our greater good alone;  
 Chast'ning below, that we may rise above  
 Holy, and happy in our Father's love.

These things for comfort, and instruction fit,  
 In holy scripture, for our sakes, are writ,  
 That with a patient, and enduring mind,  
 In all conditions we may be resign'd;  
 And reverencing our father, and our friend,  
 Take what his goodness shall be pleas'd to send.  
 What greater good, considering the whole,  
 Than Christ's own likeness in a Christian soul  
 By patient suffering? Think what ills, before  
 He enter'd into joy, our Saviour bore;  
 What things he suffer'd, to retrieve our loss,  
 And make his way to glory, thro' the cross,  
 The way for us; he wanted none to make,  
 But for the poor lost human sinner's sake;  
 For them he suffer'd more than words can tell,  
 Or thought conceive; reflect upon it well,  
 Dear child! and whether life, or death remains,  
 Depend on him to sanctify thy pains;  
 To be himself thy strong defence, and tow'r,  
 To make thee know and feel his saving pow'r:  
 Still taught by him, repeat—*Thy will be done!*  
 And trust in God thro' his beloved Son.

#### A POETICAL VERSION OF A LETTER,

FROM JACOB BEHREN, TO A FRIEND, ON THE  
 SAME OCCASION.

DEAR brother in our Saviour, Christ—his grace  
 And love promis'd, in your afflictive case;  
 I have consider'd of it, and have brought  
 The whole, with Christian sympathetic thought,  
 Before the will of the most High, to see  
 What it would please him to make known to me.

And thereupon, I give you, sir, to know,  
 What a true insight he was pleas'd to show,  
 Into the cause and cure of all your grief,  
 And present trial; which I shall, in brief,

Set down for a memorial, and declare  
 For you to ponder with a serious care.

First then, the cause, to which we must assign  
 Your strong temptation, is the love divine;  
 The goodness supernatural, above  
 All utterance, flowing from the God of love;  
 Seeking the creaturely and human will,  
 To free it from captivity to ill:

And then, the struggle with so great a grace,  
 In human will, refusing to embrace;  
 Tho' tender'd to it with a love so pure,  
 It seeks itself, and strives against a cure;  
 From its own love to transitory things,  
 More than to God, the real evil springs.

'Tis man's own nature, which, in its own life,  
 Or centre, stands in enmity and strife,  
 And anxious, selfish, doing what it lists, [sists:  
 (Without God's love) that tempts him, and re-  
 The devil also shoots his fiery dart,  
 From grace and love to turn away the heart.

This is the greatest trial; 'tis the fight,  
 Which Christ, with his internal love and light,  
 Maintains within man's nature, to dispel  
 God's anger, Satan, sin, and death, and Hell;  
 The human self, or serpent to devour,  
 And raise an angel from it by his pow'r.

Now if God's love in Christ did not subdue,  
 In some degree, this selfishness in you,  
 You would have no such combat to endure;  
 The serpent then, triumphantly secure,  
 Would unoppos'd, exert its native right,  
 And no such conflict in your soul excite.

For all the huge temptation and distress  
 Rises in nature, tho' God seeks to bless;  
 The serpent feeling its tormenting state,  
 (Which, of itself, is a mere anxious hate)  
 When God's amazing love comes in, to fill,  
 And change the selfish to a god-like will.

Here Christ, the serpent-bruiser, stands in man,  
 Storming the devil's hellish, self-built plan;  
 And hence the strife within the human soul;  
 Satan's to kill, and Christ's to make it whole;  
 As by experience, in so great degree,  
 God, in his goodness, causes you to see.

Now, while the serpent's head is bruise'd, the  
 heel  
 Of Christ is stung; and the poor soul must feel  
 Trembling, and sadness, while the strikers cope,  
 And can do nothing, but stand still in hope;  
 Hardly be able to lift up its face,  
 For mere concern, and pray to God for grace.

The serpent, turning it another way,  
 Shows it the world's alluring, fine display;  
 Mocking its resolution to forego,  
 For a new nature, the engaging show;  
 And represents the taking its delight  
 In present scenes, as natural, and right.

Thus, in the wilderness with Christ alone,  
 The soul endures temptation of its own;  
 While all the glories of this world display'd,  
 Pleasures and pomps surround it, and persuade  
 Not to remain so humble, and so still,  
 But elevate itself in own self-will.

The next temptation, which befalls of course  
From Satan, and from nature's selfish force,  
Is when the soul has tasted of the love,  
And been illuminated from above;  
Still in its self-hood it would seek to shine,  
And, as its own, possess the light divine.

That is, the soulish nature, take it right,  
As much a serpent, if without God's light,  
As Lucifer, this nature still would claim  
For own propriety the heav'nly flame;  
And elevate its fire to a degree,  
Above the light's good pow'r, which cannot be.

This domineering self, this nature fire,  
Must be transmuted to a love desire:  
Now, when this change is to be undergone,  
It looks for some own pow'r, and finding none,  
Begins to doubt of grace, unwilling quite  
To yield up its self-willing nature's right.

It ever quakes for fear, and will not die  
In light divine, tho' to be blest thereby:  
The light of grace it thinks to be deceit,  
Because it worketh gently without heat:  
Mov'd too by outward reason, which is blind,  
And, of itself, sees nothing of this kind.

Who knows, it thinketh, whether it be true  
That God is in thee, and enlightens too?  
Is it not fancy? for thou dost not see  
Like other people, who, as well as thee,  
Hope for salvation, by the grace of God,  
Without such fear, and trembling at his rod.

Thus the poor soul, accounted for a fool,  
By all the reas'ners of a gayer school,  
By all the graver people, who embrace  
Merely verbal promises of future grace,  
Eggs from its deep internal ground, and pants  
For such enlight'ning comfort as it wants;

And vain would have; but nature can, alas!  
Do nothing, of itself, to bring to pass;  
And is, thro' its own impotence, afraid  
That God rejects it, and will give no aid;  
Which, with regard to the self-will, is true;  
For God rejects it, to implant a new.

The own self-will must die away, and shine,  
Rising thro' death, in saving will diving;  
And, from the opposition which it tries  
Against God's will, such great temptations rise:  
The devil too is loth to lose his prey,  
And see his fort cast down, if it obey.

For, if the life of Christ within arise,  
Self-lust, and false imagination dies;  
Wholly it cannot in this present life,  
But by the flesh maintains the daily strife;  
Dead, and yet lives; as they alone can tell,  
In whom Christ fights against the pow'rs of Hell.

The third temptation is in mind, and will,  
And flesh and blood, if Satan enter still;  
Where the false centres lie in man, the springs  
Of pride, and lust, and love of earthly things;  
And all the curses wish'd by other men,  
Which are occasion'd by this devil's den.

These in the astral spirit make a fort,  
Which all the sins concentre to support;

And human will, esteeming for its joy  
What Christ, to save it, combats to destroy,  
Will not resign the pride-erected tow'r,  
Nor live obedient to the Saviour's pow'r.

Thus I have giv'n you, loving sir, to know  
What our dear Saviour has been pleas'd to show  
To my consideration; now, on this,  
Examine well what your temptation is:  
"We must leave all, and follow him," he said,  
Right Christ-like poor, like our redeeming head.

Now, if self-lust stick yet upon your mind,  
Or love of earthly things, of any kind,  
Then, from those centres, in their working force,  
Such a temptation will rise up of course:  
If you will follow, when it does arise,  
My child-like counsel, hear what I advise.

Fix your whole thought upon the bitter woe,  
Which our dear Lord was pleas'd to undergo;  
Consider the reproach, contempt, and scorn,  
The worldly state so poor, and so forlorn,  
Which he was so content to bear; and then,  
His suffer'ing, dying for us sinful men.

And thereunto give up your whole desire,  
And mind, and will; and earnestly aspire  
To be as like him as you can; to bear,  
(And with a patience bent to persevere)  
All that is laid upon you; and to make  
His process your's, and purely for his sake;

For love of him, most freely to embrace  
Contempt, affliction, poverty, disgrace;  
All that can happen, so you may but gain  
His blessed love within you, and maintain;  
No longer willing with a self-desire,  
But such as Christ within you shall inspire.

Dear sir, I fear lest something still amiss,  
Averse to him, cause such a strife as this:  
He wills you, in his death, with him to die  
To your own will, and to arise thereby  
In his arising; and that life to live,  
Which he is striving in your soul to give.

Let go all earthly will, and be resign'd  
Wholly to him, with all your heart and mind:  
Be joy, or sorrow, comfort, or distress,  
Receiv'd alike, for he alike can bless,  
To gain the victory of Christian faith  
Over the world, and all Satanic wrath.

So shall you conquer death, and Hell, and sin;  
And find, at last, what Christ in you hath been:  
By sure experience will be understood,  
How all hath happen'd to you for your good:  
Of all his children this hath been the way;  
And Christian love here dictates what I say.

## ON BEARING THE CROSS.

## A DIALOGUE.

TAKE up the cross which thou hast got,  
For love of Christ, and bear it not  
As Simon of Cyrene did,  
Compell'd to do as he was bid.

"Pray, am not I, who cannot free  
Myself, compell'd as much as he?"



I cannot shun it, and, of course,  
Must bear this heavy cross by force."

What dost thou get then by distrust  
At bearing that, which bear thou must?  
Nothing abates the force of ill,  
Like a resign'd and patient will.

" 'Tis true; but how shall I obtain  
Such an abatement of my pain?  
Compulsion tempts me to repine  
At Simon's case becoming mine."

Look then at Jesus gone before;  
Reflect on what thy Saviour bore;  
Bore, tho' he could have been set free,  
Death on the cross, for love of thee.

" He did so—Lord! what shall I say?  
Do thou enable me to pray,  
If't is not possible to shun  
This bitter cross—thy will be done!"

### A SOLILOQUY

ON THE CAUSE AND CONSEQUENCE OF A DOUBT-  
ING MIND.

I MUSE, I doubt, I reason, and debate—  
Therefore, I am not in that perfect state,  
In which, when its creation first began,  
God plac'd his own beloved image, man;  
From whose high birth, at once design'd for all,  
This ever poring reason proves a fall.

Whilst Adam stood in that immortal life,  
Wherein pure truth excluded doubt and strife,  
He knew, he saw, by a diviner light,  
All that was good for knowledge, or for sight;  
But when the serpent-subtlety of Hell  
Brought him to doubt, and reason—then he fell.

Fell, by declining from an upright will,  
And sunk into a state of good and ill:  
The very state of such a world as this  
Became a death to his immortal bliss:  
Bliss, which his reason gave him not, before  
The loss ensu'd, nor after could restore.

From him descending, all the human race  
Must needs partake the nature of his case:  
Just as the trunk, the branches, or the fruit,  
Derive their substance from the parent root:  
What life, or death, into the father came,  
The sons, tho' guiltless, could not have the same.

If I am one, if ever I must live  
The blissful life, which God design'd to give;  
As reason dictates, or as some degree  
Of higher light enables one to see,  
It cannot rise from being born on Earth,  
Without a second, new, and heav'nly birth.

The gospel doctrine, which assures to men  
The joyful truth of being born again,  
Demands the free consent of ev'ry will,  
That seeks the good, and to escape the ill:  
In all the sav'd, right reason must allow  
Such birth effected, tho' it knows not how.

Such was the faith in life's redeeming seed,  
Of poor fall'n man the comfort, and the creed:

Such was the hope before, and since the flood,  
In ev'ry time and place, of all the good:  
Till the new birth of Jesus, from above,  
Reveal'd below the mystery of love.

His virgin birth, life, death, and re-ascend.  
Explain what all God's dispensations meant—  
God give me grace to shun the doubling crime!  
Since nothing follows intermediate time,  
But life, or death, eternally to rule  
A *blessed* Christian, or a *curst* fool.

### A PLAIN ACCOUNT

OF THE NATURE AND DESIGN OF TRUE RELIGION.

WHAT is religion?—Why it is a cure,  
Giv'n in the gospel, gratis, to the poor,  
By Jesus Christ, the healer of the soul;  
Which all who take are sure to be made whole;  
And they who will not, all the art of man  
May strive to cure them, but it never can.

Cure for what malady?—For that of sin,  
From whence all other maladies begin;  
It had its rise in Adam, first of all,  
And all his sons, partaking of his fall,  
Want a new Adam to beget them free  
From sin and death; and Jesus Christ is he.

How is it giv'n?—By raising a new birth  
Of heav'nly life, surviving that of Earth;  
Which may, at any time, at some it must,  
Return its mortal body to the dust;  
And then the born of God in Christ again  
Will rise immortal, true angelic men.

Why in the gospel?—Gospel is, indeed,  
In its true living sense, the holy seed,  
By God's great mercy, first, in Adam sown,  
And first, in Christ, to full perfection grown:  
Fullness, from which all holy souls derive,  
And bodies too, the pow'r to be alive.

Why gratis giv'n?—Because the love-desire  
Of God, in Christ, can never work for hire:  
Its nature is to love for loving's sake,  
To give itself to ev'ry will to take,  
To them it brings, amidst the darkest night,  
Its life and immortality to light.

Why to the poor?—Because they feel their  
Which trust in riches is so loth to grant: [want,  
The rich have something which they call their  
The poor have nothing, but to Christ alone [own;  
They owe themselves, and pay him what they  
And what religion is—they only know. {own,

ON THE TRUE MEANING OF THE SCRIPTURE TERM  
LIFE AND DEATH,

WHEN APPLIED TO MEN.

TRUE life, according to the scripture plan,  
Is God's own likeness in his image, man;  
This was the life that Adam ceas'd to live,  
Or lost by sin; and therefore could not give:  
So that his offspring, all the born on Earth,  
Want a new parent of this heav'nly birth.

This, Christ alone, God's image most express,  
The second Adam, gives them to possess;

Becoming man, reversing human fall,  
And rising up the first, true life in all;  
Healing our nature's deadly wound within,  
And quenching wrath, or death, or Hell, or sin.

For all such words describe one evil thing,  
Or want of good; that has one only spring.  
The love of God, in Christ, which form'd at first  
A blessed Adam, and redeem'd a curst  
By his own act—Good only was design'd  
For Adam, and, in him, for all mankind.

He fell from good, misusing his free will,  
Into this world, this life of good and ill:  
From whence, the willing to be sav'd revive  
Thro' faith and penitence, in Christ alive;  
A second death succeeds, if they refuse; [choice.  
For choosing creatures must have what they

Not bare existence, when we go from hence,  
Is immortality, its scripture sense;  
For thus, alike immortal, are confest  
The good, the bad; the ruin'd, and the blest;  
Whose inbred tempers hint the reason, why  
They live for ever, or for ever die.

God's likeness, light and spirit in the soul,  
Made, as at first, its blest immortal whole;  
Tis death to want them; vain is all dispute;  
The gospel only reaches to the root:  
All the inspir'd have understood it thus;  
Immortal life is that of Christ in us.

#### ON THE GROUND OF TRUE AND FALSE RELIGION.

EXPLAIN religion by a thousand schemes,  
Still God and self will be the two extremes;  
In him the one true good of it is found;  
In self, of all idolatry, the ground:  
False worship, paid at all its various shrines,  
One same departure from his love defines.

By love to him blest angels kept their state;  
Which the apostate lost by cursed hate;  
Setting up self in the Almighty's room,  
It sank them down into its dreadful gloom:  
On separation from his love, the source  
Of all felicity was lost of course.

By love to him, the first created man  
Was highly blest; 'till selfishness began,  
Tho' serpentine delusion, to arise,  
And tempt above God's wisdom to be wise;  
When he had chosen to prefer his own,  
The naked, miserable self was known.

Hence we inherit such a life as this,  
Dead, of itself, to paradisaic bliss:  
Hence all our hopes, of a diviner birth  
Depend on Christ, and his descent on Earth;  
Subduing self, as Adam should have done,  
And loving God thro' his beloved Son.

The Mediator betwixt God and men,  
Who brings their nature back to him again,  
Sav'd from all sinful self, or deadly wrath,  
Or bellish evil, by the pow'r of faith  
Working by love, of which it is the strength;  
And must attain the full true life at length.

Born of this holy, Virgin seed divine,  
To a new life within this mortal shrine,  
The faithful breathe a spirit from above,  
And make of self a sacrifice to love:  
By Christ redeem'd they rise from Adam's fall,  
From Earth to Heav'n, where God is all in all.

#### PETER'S DENIAL OF HIS MASTER.

"THO' all forsake thee, master, yet not I;  
I'll go to prison with thee, or to die,"  
Said Peter—yet how soon did he deny!

A striking proof, that, even to good will,  
The help of grace is necessary still,  
To save a soul from falling into ill.

His master told him how the case would be,  
But Peter could not see himself, not he;  
'Till grace withdrew, that he might come to see.

Peter, so valiant on a selfish plan,  
Quite frighted by a servant maid, began  
To curse, and swear, and did not know the man.

'Twas thus that Satan sifted him like wheat,  
And made him think his courage was so great;  
While Jesus pray'd that he might see the cheat.

High-minded in himself he fell—how low,  
The cock instructed him, foretold to crow:  
His real self then Peter came to know.

He that would die with him, tho' all forsook,  
Dissolv'd in tears, when Jesus gave a look;  
And learn'd humility by love's rebuke,

Lesson for us is plain from Peter's case,  
That real virtue is the work of grace,  
And of its height humility the base.

#### ON THE CAUSE, CONSEQUENCE, AND CURE OF SPIRITUAL PRIDE.

SUPPOSE an heater burning in the fire  
To be alive, to will, and to desire;  
To reason, feel, and have, upon the whole,  
What we will call an understanding soul;  
Conscious of pow'rful heat within its mould,  
And colour bright above the burnish'd gold.

Suppose that pride should catch this heater's  
And from the fire persuade it to depart; [heart,  
To show itself, and make it to be known,  
That it can raise a splendour of its own;  
An own rich colour, an own potent heat,  
Without dependence on the fire, complete.

It leaves, in prospect of so fine a show,  
The fiery bosom where it learnt to glow;  
Cools by degrees, till all its golden hue  
Is vanish'd, and its pow'r of heating too;  
Its own, once hidden, nature domineers,  
And the dark, cold, self-iron lump appears.

'Transfer this feign'd, imaginary pride,  
To that which really does, too oft, betide;  
When human souls, endu'd with grace divine,  
Become ambitious, of themselves, to shine;

Aud, proud of qualities which grace bestows,  
Forsake its bosom for self-shining shows.

And thence conceive the natural effects  
Of pride, in either single men, or sects;  
That for variety of selfish strife  
Forsake the one, true cause of all true life;  
The heav'nly spirit-fire of love, within  
Whose sacred bosom all their gifts begin.

From which, if reason, learning, wit, or parts,  
Tempt their ambition to withdraw their hearts,  
There must ensue, whatever they may mean,  
The disappearance of the glowing scene;  
From the most gifted vanishing of course,  
When disunited from its real source.

As only fire can possibly restore  
The heater's force, to what it was before;  
So that of love alone consumes the dross  
Of wrathful nature, and repairs its loss;  
It will again unite with all desire,  
That casts itself into the holy fire.

#### THE BEGGAR AND THE DIVINE.

In some good books one reads of a divine,  
Whose memorable case deserves a line;  
Who, to serve God the best, and shortest way,  
Pray'd, for eight years together, ev'ry day,  
That in the midst of doctrines and of rules,  
However taught and practis'd by the schools,  
He would be pleas'd to bring him to a man  
Prepar'd to teach him the compendious plan.

He was himself a doctor, and well read  
In all the points to which divines were bred;  
Nevertheless, he thought, that what concern'd  
The most illiterate, as well as learn'd,  
To know and practise, must be something still  
More independent on such kind of skill:  
True Christian worship had, within its root,  
Some simpler secret, clear of all dispute;  
Which, by a living proof that he might know,  
He pray'd for some practitioner to show.

One day, possess'd with an intense concern  
About the lesson which he sought to learn,  
He heard a voice that sounded in his ears—  
"Thou has been praying for a man eight years;  
Go to the porch of yonder church, and find  
A man prepar'd according to thy mind."

Away he went to the appointed ground;  
When, at the entrance of the church, he found  
A poor old beggar, with his feet full sore,  
And not worth two-pence all the clothes he wore.  
Surpris'd to see an object so forlorn—

"My friend," said he, "I wish thee a good morn."  
"Thank thee," reply'd the beggar, "but a bad  
I don't remember that I ever had."

Sure he mistakes, the doctor thought, the phrase—  
"Good fortune, friend, befall thee all thy days!"  
"Me," said the beggar, "many days befall,  
But none of them unfortunate at all!"

"God bless thee, answer plainly, I request?"—

"Why, plainly then, I never was unblest?"—

"Never? Thou speakest in a mystic strain,  
Which more at large I wish thee to explain."

"With all my heart—Thou first didst conde-  
scend

"To wish me kindly a good morning, friend;

And I reply'd, that I remember'd not  
A bad one ever to have been my lot:  
For, let the morning turn out how it will,  
I praise my God for ev'ry new one still:  
If I am pinch'd with hunger, or with cold,  
It does not make me to let go my hold;  
Still I praise God—hail, rain, or snow, I take  
This blessed cordial, which has pow'r to make  
The foulest morning, to my thinking, fair;  
For cold and hunger yield to praise and pray'r.  
Men pity me as wretched, or despise;  
But whilst I hold this noble exercise,  
It cheers my heart to such a due degree,  
That ev'ry morning is still good to me.

"Thou didst, moreover, wish me lucky days,  
And I, by reason of continual praise,  
Said that I had none else; for come what would  
On any day, I knew it must be good  
Because God sent it; sweet or bitter, joy  
Or grief, by this angelical employ,  
Of praising him, my heart was at its rest,  
And took whatever happen'd for the best;  
So that my own experience might say,  
It never knew of an unlucky day.

"Then didst thou pray—'God bless thee'—and  
'I never was unblest:' for being led [I said  
By the good spirit of imparted grace  
To praise his name, and ever to embrace  
His righteous will, regarding that alone,  
With total resignation of my own,  
I never could, in such a state as this,  
Complain for want of happiness or bliss;  
Resolv'd, in all things, that the will divine,  
The source of all true blessing, should be mine."

The doctor, learning from the beggar's case  
Such wond'rous instance of the pow'r of grace,  
Propos'd a question, with intent to try  
The happy mendicant's direct reply—

"What wouldst thou say," said he, "should God  
To cast thee down to the infernal pit?" [think it

"He cast me down? He send me into Hell!  
No—He loves me, and I love him too well:  
But put the case he should, I have two arms  
That will defend me from all hellish harms,  
The one, humility, the other, love;  
These I would throw below him, and above;  
One under his *humanity* I'd place,  
His *divinity* the other should embrace;  
With both together so to hold him fast,  
That he should go wherever he would cast,  
And then, whatever thou shalt call the sphere,  
Hell, if thou wilt, 'tis Heav'n if he be there."

Thus was a great divine, whom some have  
To be the justly fam'd Taulerius, taught [thought  
The holy art, for which he us'd to pray,  
That to serve God the most compendious way,  
Was to hold fast a living, humble mind,  
Still praising him, and to his will resign'd.

#### FRAGMENT OF AN HYMN,

##### ON THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

O goodness of God! more exceedingly great  
Than thought can conceive, or than words can re-  
Whatsoever we fix our conceptions upon [yet;  
It has some kind of bounds, but thy goodness has  
none:

## UNIVERSAL GOOD THE OBJECT OF THE DIVINE WILL, &c. 279

As it never began, so it never can end,  
But to all thy creation will always extend;  
All nature partakes of its proper degree,  
But the self-blinded will that refuses to see.

Whensoever new forms of creation began,  
Thy goodness adjusted the beautiful plan;  
Adjusted the beauties of body and soul,  
And plac'd in the centre the good of the whole;  
That shon, like a sun, the circumference round,  
To produce all the fruits of beatify'd ground;  
To display, in each possible shape and degree,  
A goodness eternal, essential to thee.

Blest orders of angels surrounded thy throne,  
Before any evil was heard of, or known;  
Till a self-seeking chief's unaccountable pride  
Thine immutable rectitude falsely bely'd; [bright,  
And despising the goodness that made him so  
Would become independent, and be his own light;  
And induc'd all his host to so monstrous a thing,  
As to act against Nature's omnipotent king.

Then did evil begin, or the absence of good,  
Which from thee could not come—from a crea-  
ture it could;  
Who, made in thy likeness, all happy and free,  
Could only be good, as an image of thee;  
When an angel prophan'd his angelical trust,  
And departed from order, most righteous and just;  
Self depriv'd of the light, that proceeds from thy  
throne,  
He fell to the darkness, by nature, his own.

For nature, itself, is a darkness express,  
If a splendour from thee does not fill it and bless;  
An abyss of the pow'rs of all creaturely life,  
Which are, in themselves, but an impotent strife,  
Of action, re-action, and whirling around, [found;  
Till the rays of thy light pierce the jarring pro-  
Till thy goodness compose the dark, natural  
storm,  
And kindles the bliss of light, order, and form.

Thy unchangeable goodness, when wrath was  
began,  
Soon as e'er it beheld what an angel had done,  
Erected itself in restoring anew,  
A celestial abode, and inhabitants too;  
Made a temporal world in the desolate place,  
And thy likeness, a man, to produce a new race;  
That the evil brought forth might in time be sup-  
press'd,  
And a new host of creatures succeed to be blest.

When the man, whom thy counsel design'd to  
Fall into this mixture of evil and good; [have stood,  
And, against thy kind warning, consented to taste  
Of the fruit, that would lay his own Paradise  
waste,

Thy mercy then sought his redemption from sin,  
And implanted the hope of a Saviour within;  
Of a man to be born, in the fullness of time,  
To supply his defect, and abolish his crime.

All the hopes of good men, since the ruin began,  
Were deriv'd from the grace of this wonderful  
man:

His life, in the promise, has secretly wrought  
Its intended effect, in their penitent thought,  
Who believ'd in thy word, in whatever degree  
They knew, or knew not, how his coming would be:

A true faith in a Saviour was one, and the same,  
Both before his blest coming, as after he came.

Patriarchal, Mosaic, prophetic views,  
The desire of all nations, or Gentiles, or Jews,  
Who obey'd, in the midst of their natural fall,  
The degree of his light, which enlighten'd them all,  
Still centr'd in him, the Messiah, the man  
Who should execute fully thy merciful plan;  
And impart the true life, which thy goodness de-  
sign'd,  
By creating a man, to descend to mankind.

When this Son of thy love was incarnate on  
Earth,  
And the Word was made flesh by a virginal birth,  
Thy angelical host usher'd in the great morn,  
With the tidings of joy, that a Saviour was born;  
Of joy to all people, who, round the whole ball,  
Should partake of the goodness, that came to save  
To erect, upon Earth, a true kingdom of grace, [all;  
And of glory to come, for whose'er would embrace.

### UNIVERSAL GOOD

THE OBJECT OF THE DIVINE WILL, AND EVIL  
THE NECESSARY EFFECT OF THE CREATURE'S  
OPPOSITION TO IT.

THE God of Love, delighting to bestow,  
Sends down his blessing to the world below:  
A grateful mind receives it, and above  
Sends up thanksgiving to the God of Love:  
This happy intercourse could never fail,  
Did not a false, perverted will prevail.

For love divine, as rightly understood,  
Is an unalterable will to good:  
Good is the object of his blessed will,  
Who never can concur to real ill;  
Much less decree, predestinate, ordain—  
Words oft employ'd to take his name in vain.

But he permits it to be done, say you—  
Plain then, I answer, that he does not do;  
That, having will'd created angels free,  
He still permits, or wills them so to be;  
Were his permission ask'd, before they did  
An evil action, he would soon forbid.

Before the doing he forbids indeed,  
But disobedient creatures take no heed:  
If he, according to your present plea,  
Withdraws his grace, and so they disobey,  
The fault is laid on him, not them at all;  
For who can stand whom he shall thus let fall?

Our own neglect must be the previous cause,  
When it is said the grace of God withdraws;  
In the same sense, as when the brightest dawn,  
If we will shut our windows, is withdrawn;  
Not that the Sun is ever the less bright,  
But that our choice is not to see the light.

Free to receive the grace, or to reject  
Receivers only can be God's elect;  
Rejecters of it reprobate alone,  
Not by divine decree, but by their own:  
His love to all, his willing none to sin,  
Is a decree that never could begin.

It is the order, the eternal law,  
The true free grace, that never can withdraw;  
Observance of it will, of course, be blest,  
And opposition to it self-distrest;  
To them, who love its gracious author, all  
Will work for good, according to St. Paul.

An easy key to each abstruser text,  
That modern disputants have so perplex;  
With arbitrary fancies on each side,  
From God's pure love, or man's freewill deny'd;  
Which, in the breast of saints, and sinners too,  
May both be found self-evidently true.

#### ON THE DISINTERESTED LOVE OF GOD.

THE love of God with genuine ray  
Inflam'd the breast of good Cambray;  
And banish'd from the prelate's mind  
All thoughts of interested kind:  
He saw, and writers of his class,  
(Of too neglected worth alas!)  
Disinterested love to be  
The gospel's very A B C.

When our redeeming Lord began  
To practice it himself, as man;  
And, for the joy then set before  
His loving view, such evils bore;  
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame—  
Had he an interested aim?  
Sorely the least examination  
Shows, that the joy was our salvation.

For us he suffer'd, to make known  
The love that seeketh not its own;  
Suffer'd, what nothing but so pure  
A love could possibly endure:  
No less a sacrifice than this  
Could bring poor sinners back to bliss;  
Or execute the saving plan  
Of uniting God and man.

This love was Abram's shield and guard;  
Was his exceeding great reward;  
This love the patriarchal eye,  
And that of Moses could decry;  
In this disinterested sense  
They sought reward, or recompense,  
City, or country, Heav'n above,  
The seat of purity and love.

This the high calling, this the prize,  
The mark of Paul's so steady eyes;  
For, with the self-forgetting Paul,  
Pure love of God in Christ was all:  
The text of the beloved John  
Has all, that words can say in one;  
For God is love—compendious whole  
Of all the blessings of a soul.

What helps to this a soul may want,  
Pure love is ready still to grant;  
But with a view to wean it still  
From selfish, mercenary will:  
Of all reward, all punishment,  
This is the end, in God's intent,  
To form, in offspring of his own,  
The bliss of loving his alone.

Sole rule of all affection due  
Both to ourselves, and others too;  
Meaning of ev'ry scripture text,  
By interested love perplex:  
Promise, or precept, gospel call,  
Or legal love, fulfils them all;  
From base arising up to spire,  
Superior both to fear and hire.

Love of disinterested kind,  
The man who thinks it too refin'd  
May, by ambiguous language, still  
Persist in metaphysic skill;  
Even the justly fam'd Cambray,  
In such a case, could only pray,  
That love itself would only dart  
Some feeling proof into his heart.

#### ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

I LOVE my God, and freely too,  
With the same love that he imparts;  
That he, to whom all love is due,  
Engraves upon pure loving hearts.

I love, but this celestial fire,  
Ye starry powers! ye do not raise:  
No wages, no reward's desire,  
Is in the purely shining blaze.

Me, nor the hopes of heav'nly bliss,  
Or paradisiac scenes excite;  
Nor terrors of the dark abyss,  
Of death's eternal den, affright.

No bought, and paid-for love be mine,  
I will have no demands to make;  
Disinterested, and divine  
Alone, that fear shall never shake.

Thou, my Redeemer, from above,  
Suffering to such immense degree,  
Thy heart has kindled mine to love,  
That burns for nothing but for thee.

Thy scourge, thy thorns, thy cross, thy wounds,  
Are ev'ry one of them a source,  
From whence the nourishment abounds  
Of endless Love's unfading force.

These sacred fires, with holy breath,  
Raise in my mind the gen'rous strife;  
While, by the ensigns of thy death  
Known, I adore the Lord of life.

Extinguish all celestial light,  
The fire of love will not go out;  
The flames of Hell extinguisht quite,  
Love will pursue its wonted rout.

Be there no hope if it persist—  
Persist it will, nor ever cease;  
No punishment if 'tis dismiss—  
What caus'd it not will not decrease.

Should'st thou give nothing for its pains,  
It claims not any thing as due;  
Should'st thou condemn me, it remains  
Unchang'd by any selfish view.

Let Heav'n be darken'd if it will,  
Let Hell with all its vengeance roar;  
My God alone remaining, still  
I'll love him, as I did before.

**ON THE MEANING OF THE WORD WRATH,  
AS APPLIED TO GOD IN SCRIPTURE.**

THAT God is love—is in the scripture said;  
That he is wrath—is no where to be read;  
From which, by literal expression free,  
"Fury" (he saith himself) "is not in me:"  
If scripture, therefore, must direct our faith,  
Love must be he, or in him; and not wrath.

And yet the wrath of God, in scripture phrase,  
Is oft express'd, and many different ways:  
His anger, fury, vengeance, are the terms,  
Which the plain letter of the text affirms;  
And plain, from two of the apostle's quire,  
That God is love—and a consuming fire.

If we consult the reasons that appear,  
To make the seeming difficulty clear,  
We must acknowledge, when we look above,  
That God, as God, is overflowing love:  
And wifful sinners, when we look below,  
Make (what is call'd) the wrath of God to flow.

"Wrath," as St. Paul saith, "is the treasure'd  
Of an impenitently harden'd heart:" [part  
When love reveals its own eternal life,  
Then wrath and anguish fall on evil strife;  
Then lovely justice, in itself all bright,  
Burning fire to such as hate the light.

If wrath and justice be indeed the same,  
No wrath in God—is liable to blame;  
If not; if righteous judges may, and must,  
Be free themselves from wrath, if they be just,  
Such kind of blaming may, with equal sense,  
Lay on a judge the criminal's offence.

God, in himself unchangeable, in fact,  
Is one, eternal light of love divine;  
"In him there is no darkness," saith St. John,  
In him no wrath—the meaning is all one:  
Tis our own darkness, wrath, sin, death, and Hell,  
Not to love him, who first lov'd us so well.

**THE FOREGOING SUBJECT MORE FULLY ILLUSTRATED IN A COMMENT ON THE FOLLOWING SCRIPTURE.**

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. St. John, iii, 16.

"God so loved the world!"—By how tender a phrase  
The design of his father our Saviour displays!  
Love, according to him, when the world was undone,  
Was the father's sole reason for giving his son.  
No wrath in the giver had Christ to atone,  
But to save a poor perishing world from it's own.  
A belief in the son carries with it a faith,  
That the motive paternal was love, and not wrath.

Ev'ry good, perfect gift, cometh down from above,

From the father of lights, thro' the son of his love:  
As in him there is no variation or change,  
Neither "shadow of turning," it well may seem strange

That, when scripture assures us so plainly, that he,  
His will, grace, or gift, is so perfectly free,  
Any word should be strain'd to inculcate a thought  
Of a wrath in his mind, or a change to be wrought.

All wrath is the product of creaturely sin;  
In immutable love it could never begin;  
Nor, indeed, in a creature, 'till opposite will [ill,  
To the love of its God had brought forth such an  
To the love that was pleas'd to communicate bliss  
In such endless degrees, thro' all Nature's abyss;  
Nor could wrath have been known, had not man  
left the state,  
In which Nature's God was pleas'd man to create.

He saw, when this world in its purity stood,  
Every thing he had made, and "behold! it was good;"

And the man, its one ruler, before his sad fall,  
As the image of God, had the goodness of all:  
When he fell, and awakened wrath, evil, and curse  
In himself and the world, was God become worse?  
Who so lov'd the world still, that, when wrath  
was begun,  
To redeem the lost creature, he gave his own son—

Freely gave him; not mov'd or incited thereto  
By a previous appeasing, or payment of due  
To his wrath, or his vengeance, or any such cause  
As should satisfy him for the breach of his laws:  
This language the Jew Nicodemus might use;  
But our Saviour's to him had more excellent views;  
"God so lov'd the world," (are his words,) "that  
he gave  
His only-begotten" in order to save.

Love's prior, unpurchas'd, unpaid-for intent  
Was the cause, why the only-begotten was sent,  
That thro' him we might live; and the cause why  
he came,  
Was to manifest love, ever one and the same;  
Full conquest of wrath ever striving to make,  
And blotting transgressions out for its own sake;  
Wanting no satisfaction itself, but to give  
Itself, that the world might receive it, and live—

Might believe on the son, and receive a new birth  
From the love, that in Christ was incarnate on  
Earth;

When a virgin brought forth, without help of a man,  
The restorer of God's true, original plan;  
The one quencher of wrath, the atoner of sin,  
And the "bringer of justice and righteousness in;"  
The renewer, in man, of a pow'r, and a will  
To satisfy justice—that is, to fulfil.

There is nothing that justice and righteousness  
bath  
More opposite to it, than anger and wrath;  
As repugnant to all that is equal and right,  
As falshood to truth, or as darkness to light.  
Of God, in himself, what the scripture affirms  
Is truth, light, and love—plain significant terms;  
In his deity, therefore, there cannot befall  
Any falshood, or darkness, or hatred at all.

Such defect can be found in that creature alone,  
Which against his good will seeks to set up it's own;  
Then, to God, and his justice, it giveth the lie,  
And it's darkness and wrath are discover'd thereby:  
What, before, was subservient to life, in due place,  
Then usurps the dominion, and death is the case;  
Which the son of God only could ever subdue,  
By doing all that which love gave him to do.

If the anger of God, fury, wrath, waxing hot,  
And the like human phrases that scripture has got,  
Be insisted upon, why not also the rest,  
Where God, in the language of men, is express  
In a manner, which, all are oblig'd to confess,  
No defect in his nature can mean to express?  
With a God, who is love, ev'ry word should agree;  
With a God, who hath said, "fury is not in me."

The disorders in Nature, for none are in God,  
Are entitled his vengeance, his wrath, or his rod,  
Like his ice, or his frost, his plague, famine, or  
sword—

That the love, which directs them, may still be  
ador'd:

Directs them, till justice, call'd his, or call'd ours,  
Shall regain, to our comfort, it's primitive pow'rs;  
The true, saving justice, that bids us endure  
What love shall prescribe, for effecting our cure.

By a process of love, from the crib to the cross,  
Did the only-begotten recover our loss:  
And show in us men how the father is pleas'd,  
When the wrath in our nature by love is appeas'd;  
When the birth of his Christ, being formed within,  
Dissolves the dark death of all selfhood and sin;  
Till the love that so lov'd us, becomes, once again,  
From the father and son, a life-spirit in men.

#### THE TRUE GROUNDS OF ETERNAL AND IMMUTABLE RECTITUDE.

TH' eternal mind, e'en Heathens understood,  
Was infinitely powerful, wise, and good:  
In their conceptions, who conceiv'd aright,  
These three essential attributes unite:  
They saw, that, wanting any of the three,  
Such an all-perfect being could not be.

For pow'r, from wisdom suffering a divorce,  
Would be a foolish, mad, and frantic force:  
If both were join'd, and wanted goodness still,  
They would concur to more pernicious ill:  
However nam'd, their action could but tend  
To weakness, folly, mischief without end.

Yet some of old, and some of present hour,  
Ascribe to God an arbitrary pow'r;  
An absolute decree; a mere command,  
Which nothing causes, nothing can withstand:  
Wisdom and goodness scarce appear in sight;  
But all is measur'd by resistless might.

The verbal question comes to this, in fine,  
Is good, or evil, made by will divine,  
Or such by nature? Does command enact  
What shall be right, and then 'tis so in fact?  
Or is it right, and therefore, we may draw  
From thence the reason of the righteous law?

Now, tho' 'tis proof, indisputably plain,  
That all is right, which God shall once ordain;  
Yet, if a thought shall intervene between  
Things and commands, 'tis evidently seen  
That good will be commanded: men divide  
Nature and laws which really coincide.

From the divine, eternal spirit springs  
Order, and rule, and rectitude of things;  
Thro' outward nature, his apparent throne,  
Visibly seen, intelligibly known:  
Proofs of a boundless pow'r, a wisdom's aid,  
By goodness us'd, eternal, and unmade.

Cudworth perceiv'd, that what divines advance  
For sov'reignty alone is fate, or chance:  
Fate, after pow'r had made its forcing laws;  
And chance, before, if made without a cause:  
Nothing stands firm, or certain, in a state  
Of fatal chance, or accidental fate.

Endless perfections, after all, conspire,  
And to adore, excite, and to admire;  
But to plain minds, the plainest pow'r above  
Is native goodness, to attract our love:  
Centre of all its various power, and skill,  
Is one divine, immutable good will.

#### ON THE NATURE AND REASON OF ALL OUTWARD LAW.

The sabbath was made for man; not man for  
the sabbath. Mark ii, 27.

FROM this true saying one may learn to draw  
The real nature of all outward law;  
In ev'ry instance, rightly understood,  
Its ground, and reason, is the human good:  
By all its changes, since the world began,  
Man was not made for law; but law for man.

"Thou shalt not eat" (the first command of all)  
"Of good and ill," was to prevent his fall:  
When he became unfit to be alone,  
Woman was form'd out of his flesh and bone:  
When both had sinn'd, then penitential grief,  
And sweating labour, was the law relief.

When all the world had sinn'd, save one good  
sire,  
Flood was the law that sav'd his orb from fire:  
When fire itself upon a Sodom fell,  
It was the law to stop a growing Hell:  
So on—the law with riches, or with ruds,  
Come as it will, is good, for it is God's.

Men who observe a law, or who abuse,  
For selfish pow'r, are blind as any Jews;  
On sabbath, constru'd by rabbinic will,  
God must not save, and men must seek to kill;  
Such zeal for law has pharisaic faith,  
Not as 'tis good, but as it worketh wrath.

Jesus, the perfect law-fulfiller, gave  
The victory that taught the law to save;  
Pluck'd out its sting, revers'd the cruel cry,  
—"We have a law by which he ought to die"—  
Dying for man, this conquest he could give,  
I have a law by which he ought to live.

Whilst in the flesh, how oft did he reveal  
His saving will, and god-like pow'r to heal!  
They whom defect, disease, or fiend possess'd,  
And pardon'd sinners by his word bad rest;  
He, on the sabbath, chose to heal, and teach;  
And law-proud Jews to slay him for its breach.

The sabbath, never so well kept before,  
My justify one observation more;  
Our Saviour heal'd, as pious authors say,  
So many sick upon the sabbath day,  
To show that rest, and quietness of soul,  
Is blest for one who wants to be made whole;

Not to indulge an eagerness too great,  
Of outward hurry, or of inward heat;  
But with an humble temper, and resign'd,  
To keep a sabbath in a hopeful mind;  
In peace, and patience, meekly to endure,  
Till the good Saviour's hour is come, to cure.

**DIVINE LOVE,**

THE ESSENTIAL CHARACTERISTIC OF TRUE RELIGION.

RELIGION'S meaning when I would recall,  
Love is to me the plainest word of all;  
Plainest; because that what I love, or hate,  
Shows me directly my internal state:  
By its own consciousness is best defin'd,  
Which way the heart within me stands inclin'd.

On what it lets its inclination rest,  
To that its real worship is address'd:  
What ever forms or ceremonies spring  
From custom's force, there lies the real thing:  
Jew, Turk, or Christian, be the lovers' name,  
If same the love, religion is the same.

Of all religions if we take a view,  
There is but one that ever can be true;  
One God, one Christ, one Spirit, none but he;  
All else is idol, whatsoever it be;  
A good that our imaginations make,  
Unless we love it purely for his sake.

Nothing but gross idolatry alone  
Can ever love it, merely, for its own:  
It may be good, that is, may make appear  
So much of God's one goodness to be clear;  
Thereby to raise a true, religious soul  
To love of him, the one eternal whole;

The one unbounded, undivided good,  
By all his creatures partly understood:  
If therefore sense of its apparent parts  
Raise not his love or worship in our hearts,  
Our selfish wills or notions we may feast,  
And have no more religion than a beast.

For brutal instinct can a good embrace,  
That leaves behind it no reflecting trace;  
But thinking man, whatever be his theme,  
Should worship goodness in the great supreme;  
By inward faith, more sure than outward sight,  
Should eye the source of all that's good, and right.

Religion then is love's celestial force,  
That penetrates thro' all to its true source;  
Loves all along, but with proportion'd bent,  
As creatures further the divine ascent;

Not to the skies or stars; but to the part  
That will be always uppermost—the heart.

There is the seat, as holy writings tell,  
Where the most High himself delights to dwell;  
Whither attracting the desirous will  
To its true rest, he saves it from all ill;  
Gives it to find, in his abyssal love,  
An Heaven within, in other words, above.

**ON WORKS OF MERCY AND COMPASSION,  
CONSIDERED AS THE PROOFS OF TRUE RELIGION.**

OF true religion, works of mercy seem  
To be the plainest proof, in Christ's esteem;  
Who has himself declar'd what he will say  
To all the nations, at the judgment day;  
Come, or depart, is the predicted lot  
Of brotherly compassion shown, or not.

Then, they who gave poor hungry people meat,  
And drink to quench the thirsty sufferers' heat;  
Who welcom'd in the stranger at the door,  
And with a garment cloth'd the naked poor;  
Who visited the sick to ease their grief,  
And went to pris'ners, or bestow'd relief—

These will be deem'd religious men, to whom  
Will sound—"Ye blessed of my father, come,  
Inherit ye the kingdom, and partake  
Of all the glories founded for your sake;  
Your love to others I was pleas'd to see,  
What you have done to them was done to me."

Then, they who gave the hungry poor no food;  
Who with no drink the parch'd with thirst be-  
dew'd;  
Who drove the helpless stranger from their fold,  
And let the naked perish in the cold;  
Who to the sick no friendly visit paid,  
Nor gave to pris'ners any useful aid—

These will be deem'd of irreligious mind;  
And hear the—"Go, ye men of cursed kind,  
To endless woes, which ev'ry harden'd heart  
For its own treasure has prepar'd—depart:  
Shown to a brother, of the least degree,  
Your merciless behaviour was to me."

Here, all ye learned, full of all dispute,  
Of true and false religion lies the root:  
The mind of Christ, when he became a man,  
With all its tempers, forms its real plan;  
The sheep from goats distinguishing full well—  
His love is Heav'n; and want of it is Hell.

**V E R S E S**

DESIGNED FOR AN INFIRMARY.

DEAR loving airs! behold, as ye pass by,  
The poor sick people with a pitying eye:  
Let pains, and wounds, and suff'rings of each kind,  
Raise up a just compassion in your mind;  
Indulge a gen'rous grief at such a sight,  
And then bestow your talent, or your mite.

Thus to bestow is really to obtain  
The surest blessing upon honest gain:



To help th' afflicted, in so great a need,  
By your supplies, is to be rich indeed:  
The good, the pleasure, the reward of wealth  
Is to procure your fellow-creatures health.

In other cases, men may form a doubt,  
Whether their aims be properly laid out;  
But in the objects, here, before your eyes,  
No such distrust can possibly arise;  
Too plain the miseries! which well may melt  
An heart, sincerely wishing them unfelt.

The wise consider this terrestrial ball,  
As Heav'n's design'd infirmary for all,  
Here came the great physician of the soul,  
To heal man's nature, and to make him whole:  
Still, by his spirit, present with all those,  
Who lend an aid to lessen human woes.

A godlike work; who forwards it is sure,  
That ev'ry step advances his own cure:  
Without benevolence, the view to self  
Makes worldly riches an unrighteous pelf;  
While blest thro' life, the giver, for his love,  
Dies to receive its huge reward above.

To them who tread the certain path to bliss,  
That leads thro' scenes of charity like this,  
Think what the Saviour of the world will say—  
"Ye blessed of my father, come your way:  
'Twas done to me, if done to the distress:  
Come, ye true friends, and be for ever blest."

#### AN HYMN TO JESUS.

COME, Saviour Jesus! from above, " "  
Assist me with thy heav'nly grace;  
Withdraw my heart from worldly love,  
And for thyself prepare the place.

Lord! let thy sacred presence fill,  
And set my longing spirit free;  
That pants to have no other will,  
But night and day to think on thee.

Where'er thou leadest, I 'll pursue,  
Thro' all retirements, or employes;  
But to the world I 'll bid adieu,  
And all its vain delusive joys.

That way with humble speed I 'll walk,  
Wherein my Saviour's footsteps shine;  
Nor will I hear, nor will I talk  
Of any other love but thine.

To thee my longing soul aspires;  
To thee I offer all my vows:  
Keep me from false and vain desires,  
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse!

Henceforth, let no profane delight  
Divide this consecrated soul!  
Possess it thou, who hast the right,  
As lord and master of the whole.

Wealth, honours, pleasures, or what else  
This short-enduring world can give,  
Tempt as they will, my heart repells,  
To thee alone resolv'd to live.

Thee one may love, and thee alone,  
With inward peace, and holy bliss;

And when thou tak'st us for thy own,  
Oh! what an happiness is this!

Nor Heav'n, nor Earth do I desire,  
Nor mysteries to be reveal'd;  
'Tis love that sets my heart on fire:  
Speak thou the word, and I am heal'd.

All other graces I resign;  
Pleas'd to receive, pleas'd to restore:  
Grace is thy gift, it shall be mine  
The giver only to adore.

#### AN HYMN ON SIMPLICITY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Jesu! teach this heart of mine  
True simplicity to find;  
Child-like, innocent, divine,  
Free from guile of every kind:  
And since, when amongst us vouchsafing to live,  
So pure an example it pleas'd thee to give;  
O! let me keep still the bright pattern in view,  
And be, after thy likeness, right simple and true.

When I read, or when I hear  
Truths that kindle good desires;  
How to act, and how to bear  
What Heav'n-instructed faith requires;  
Let no subtle fancies e'er lead me astray,  
Or teach me to comment thy doctrines away;  
No rear'nings of selfish corruption within,  
Nor slights by which Satan detudes us to sin.

Whilst I pray before thy face,  
Thou! who art my highest good!  
O! confirm to me the grace,  
Purchas'd by thy precious blood:  
That, with a true filial affection of heart,  
I may feel what a real redeemer thou art;  
And, thro' thy atonement to justice above,  
Be receiv'd, as a child, by the father of love.

Give me, with a child-like mind,  
Simply to believe thy word;  
And to do what'er I find  
Pleases best my dearest Lord:  
Resolving to practise thy gracious commands;  
To resign myself wholly up into thy hands:  
That, regarding thee simply in all my employ,  
I may cry, "Abba! Father!" with dutiful joy.

Nor within me, nor without,  
Let hypocrisy reside;  
But what'er I go about,  
Mere simplicity be guide:  
Simplicity guide me in word, and in will;  
Let me live—let me die—in simplicity still:  
Of an epitaph made me let this be the whole—  
Here lies a true child, that was simple of soul.

Jesu! now I fix my heart,  
Prince of life, and source of bliss;  
Never from thee to depart,  
'Till thy love shall grant me this:  
Then, then, shall my heart all its faculties raise,  
Both here, and hereafter, to sing to thy praise:  
O! joyful! my Saviour says, "So let it be!"  
Amen, to my soul,—Hallelujah! to thee!

## A FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

FROM THE FRENCH.

WORLD adieu, thou real cheat!  
 Oft have thy deceitful charms  
 Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,  
 Foolish hopes, and false alarms:  
 Now I see, as clear as day,  
 How thy follies pass away.

Vain thy entertaining sights;  
 False thy promises renew'd;  
 All the pomp of thy delights  
 Does but flatter and delude:  
 Thee I quit for Heav'n above,  
 Objects of the noblest love.

Farewell honour's empty pride!  
 Thy own nice, uncertain gust,  
 If the least mischance betide,  
 Lays thee lower than the dust:  
 Worldly honours end in gall,  
 Rise to day, to morrow fall.

Foolish vanity, farewell!  
 More inconstant than the wave;  
 Where thy soothing fancies dwell,  
 Purest tempers they deprave:  
 Ha, to whom I fly from thee,  
 Jesus Christ, shall set me free.

Never shall my wandering mind  
 Follow after fleeting toys;  
 Since in God alone I find  
 Solid and substantial joys:  
 Joys that, never overpast,  
 Thro' eternity shall last.

Lord, how happy is a heart,  
 After thee while it aspires!  
 True and faithful as thou art,  
 Thou shalt answer its desires:  
 It shall see the glorious scene  
 Of thy everlasting reign.

## AN HYMN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

How charming! to be thus confin'd  
 Within this lovely tow'r;  
 Where, with a calm, and quiet mind,  
 I pass the peaceful hour:  
 Stronger than chains of any kind  
 Is love's enduring pow'r.

These very ills are my delight;  
 My pleasures rise from pains;  
 The punishments, that most affright,  
 Become my wish'd-for gains:  
 Whatever torments they excite,  
 Pure sighing love remains.

Pain is no object of my fear,  
 Tho' help is not in view;  
 Sore as I am, from evils here,  
 That blessings will ensue:  
 To sov'reign beauty it is clear,  
 That sov'reign love is due.

I suffer; but along with smart  
 Is grace and virtue sent:

Presence of God, who takes my part,  
 So sweetens all event!  
 He is the patience of my heart,  
 The comfort, and content.

## THE SOUL'S TENDENCY TOWARDS ITS TRUE CENTRE.

STONES towards the earth descend;  
 Rivers to the ocean roll;  
 Every motion has some end:  
 What is thine, beloved soul?

" Mine is, where my Saviour is;  
 There with him I hope to dwell;  
 Jesu is the central bliss;  
 Love the force that doth impel."

Truly, thou hast answer'd right:  
 Now may Heav'n's attractive grace,  
 Tow'rd's the source of thy delight,  
 Speed along thy quick'ning pace!

" Thank thee for thy gen'rous care:  
 Heav'n, that did the wish inspire,  
 Through thy instrumental pray'r,  
 Plumes the wings of my desire.

" Now, methinks, aloft I fly:  
 Now, with angels bear a part:  
 Glory be to God on high!  
 Peace to ev'ry Christian heart!"

## THE DESPONDING SOUL'S WISH.

MY spirit longeth for thee,  
 Within my troubled breast;  
 Altho' I be unworthy  
 Of so divine a guest.

Of so divine a guest,  
 Unworthy tho' I be;  
 Yet has my heart no rest,  
 Unless it come from thee.

Unless it come from thee,  
 In vain I look around;  
 In all that I can see,  
 No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found,  
 But in thy bless'd love;  
 O! let my wish be crown'd,  
 And send it from above!

## THE ANSWER.

CHEER up, desponding soul;  
 Thy longing, pleas'd, I see;  
 'Tis part of that great whole,  
 Wherewith I long'd for thee.

Wherewith I long'd for thee,  
 And left my Father's throne;  
 From death to set thee free,  
 To claim thee for my own.

To claim thee for my own,  
I suffer'd on the cross:  
Oh! were my love but known,  
No soul could fear its loss.

No soul could fear its loss,  
But, fill'd with love divine,  
Would die on its own cross,  
And rise for ever mine.

---

AN HYMN TO JESUS

FROM THE LATIN OF ST. BERNARD.

Jesu! the soul that thinks on thee,  
How happy does it seem to be!  
What honey can such sweets impart,  
As does thy presence to the heart!

No sound can dwell upon the tongue,  
Nor ears be ravish'd with a song,  
Nor thought by pondering be won,  
Like that of God's beloved Son.

Jesu! the penitent's retreat,  
The wearied pilgrim's mercy seat:  
If they that seek thee are carest,  
How are the finders of thee blest!

Jesu! the source of life and light,  
That mak'st the mind so blest and bright;  
Fullness of joy thou dost inspire  
Beyond the stretch of all desire.

This can no tongue that ever spoke,  
Nor hand express by figur'd stroke:  
It is experience that must prove  
The pow'r of Jesus, and his love.

---

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE PRAYER, USED IN THE CHURCH LITURGY,  
FOR ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

It will bear the repeating again and again,  
Will the pray'r for all sorts and conditions of men;  
Not to this, or that place, name, or nation confin'd,  
But embracing, at once, the whole race of man—  
With a love universal instructing to call [kind;  
On the one great creating Preserver of all;  
That his way may be known upon Earth, and be  
found  
His true saving health, by the nations all round.

He, who willeth all men to be sav'd, and par-  
take [make;  
Of the bliss, which distinguish'd their primitive  
To arise to that life, by a second new birth,  
Which Adam had lost, at his fall upon Earth;  
Will accept ev'ry heart, whose unfeigned intent  
Is to pray for that blessing, which he himself  
meant, [will  
When he gave his own Son, for whoever should  
To escape, by his means, from the regions of ill.

But tho' all the whole world, in a sense that is  
good, [stood;  
To be God's house, or church, may be well under-

And the men who dwell on it, his children, for  
whom  
It has pleas'd him that Christ the Redeemer should  
come;

Yet his church must consist, in all saving respect,  
Of them who receive him, not them who reject;  
And his true, real children, or people, are they,  
Who, when call'd by the Saviour, believe and obey.

Now this excellent pray'r, in this sense of the  
phrase,

For the catholic church more especially prays;  
That it may be so constantly govern'd, and led  
By the Spirit of God, and of Jesus its head,  
That all such as are taught to acknowledge its  
creed,

And profess to be Christians, may be so indeed;  
May hold the one faith, in a peace without strife,  
And the proof of its truth, a right practical life.

No partial distinction is here to be sought;  
For the good of mankind still enlivens the thought;  
Since God, by the church, in its catholic sense,  
Salvation to all is so pleas'd to dispense, [crease,  
That the farther her faith, and her patience in-  
More hearts will be won to the gospel of peace;  
'Till the world shall come under truth's absolute  
sway, [day,  
And the nations, converted, bring on the great

Mean while, tho' eternity be her chief care,  
The suff'rers in time have a suitable share:  
She prays to the fatherly goodness of God,  
For all whom affliction has under its rod;  
That inward, or outward, the cause of their grief,  
Mind, body, estate, he would grant them relief,  
Due comfort, and patience, and finally bless  
With the most happy ending of all their distress.

The compassion, here taught, is unlimited too,  
And the whole of mankind the petitioning view:  
As none can foresee, whether Christian, or not,  
What afflictions may fall in this world to his lot;  
The church, which considers whose Providence  
sends,

Prays that all may obtain its beneficent ends;  
And whenever the suff'rings, here needful, are past,  
By repentance and faith, may be sav'd at the last.

The particular mention of such, as desire  
To be publicly pray'd for, as made in our quire,  
Infers to all others God's merciful grace; [care;  
Tho' we hear not their names, who are in the like  
It excites our attention to instances known,  
Of relations, or neighbours, or friends of our own;  
For the pray'r, in its nature, extends to all those,  
Who are in the same trouble, friends to us, or  
foes.

All which she entreats, for his sake, to be done,  
Who suffer'd to save them, Christ Jesus, his Son;  
In respect to the world, the Redeemer of all;  
To the church of the faithful, most chiefly, saith  
Paul;  
And to them, who shall suffer, whoever they be,  
In the spirit of Christ, in the highest degree:  
How ought such a goodness all minds to prepare,  
For an hearty amen to this catholic pray'r!

The church is indeed, in its real intent,  
An assembly, where nothing but friendship is  
meant;

And the utter extinction of foehship, and wrath,  
By the working of love, in the strength of its  
This gives it its holy, and catholic name, [faith:  
And truly confirms its apostolic claim; [been,  
Showing what the one Saviour's one mission had  
—"Go and teach all the world"—ev'ry creature  
therein.

In the praise ever due to the gospel of grace,  
Its universality holds the first place:  
When an angel proclaim'd its glad tidings, the  
morn

That the Son of the Virgin, the Saviour was born;  
"Which shall be to all people" was said to com-  
plete

The angelical message, so good, and so great;  
Full of glory to God, in the regions above,  
And of goodness to men, is so boundless a love.

This short supplication, or litany, read,  
When the longer with us is not wont to be said,  
Tho' brief in expression, as fully imports  
The will to all blessings, for men of all sorts;  
Same brotherly love, by which Christians are  
taught

To pray without ceasing, or limiting thought;  
That religion may flourish upon its true plan,  
Of glory to God, and salvation to man.

#### THE PRAYER OF RUSBROCHIOUS.

O WREATHFUL Lord! by the good which thou art,  
I beseech thee to raise a true love in my heart  
For thee, above all things; thee only; and then  
To extend to all sorts and conditions of men:  
Religious, or secular; kindred, or not;  
Or near, or far off, or whatever their lot;  
That be any man's state rich or poor, high or low,  
As myself I may love him, friend to me, or foe.

May I pay to all men a becoming respect,  
Not prone to condemn them for seeming defect;  
But to bear it, if true, with a patience exempt  
From the proud, surly vice of a scornful con-  
tempt:

If shown to myself, let me learn to endure,  
And obtain, by its aid, my own vanity's cure;  
Nor, however disdain'd, in the spitefullest shape,  
By a sinful return ever think to escape.

Let my pure, simple aim, in whatever it be,  
Thro' praise, or dispraise, be my duty to thee:  
With a fixt resolution, still eyeing that scope  
To admit of no other fear, be it, or hope,  
But the fear to offend thee, the hope to unite,  
In thy honour and praise, with all hearts that are  
right.

Wishing all the world well; but intent to fulfil,  
Be they pleas'd, or displeas'd, thy adorable will.

Preserve me, dear Lord, from presumption and  
pride, [side:

That upon my own actions would tempt to con-  
let me have no dependence on any but thine,  
With a right faith, and trust, in thy merits divine:  
Still ready prepar'd, in each requisite hour,  
Both to will, and to work, as thou givest the pow'r;  
But may only thy love flame thro' all my whole  
heart,  
And a false selfish fire not affect the least part.

To this end, let thine arrow pierce deeply  
within,

Letting out all the filth, and corruption of sin;  
All that in the most secret recesses may lurk,  
To prevent, or obstruct, thy intention or work:  
O! give me the knowledge, the feeling, and sense,  
Of thy all-blessing pow'r, wisdom, goodness im-  
mense!

(Of the weakness, the folly, the malice alone,  
That, resisting thy will, I should find in my own!

Never let me forget, never, while I draw breath,  
What thou hast done for me, thy passion, and  
death!

The wounds, and the griefs, of thy body, and soul,  
When assuming our nature thou madest it whole;  
Taughtest how to engage in thy conquering strife,  
And regain the access to its true divine life:  
Let the sense of such love kindle all my desire,  
To be thine my life thro'; thine to die and expire,

To hearts, in the bond of thy charity knit,  
Ev'ry thing becomes easy to do, or omit;  
The labour is pleasant, the sharpest degree  
Of suffering can find consolation in thee:  
That which nature affords, or an object terrene,  
When it does not divert from a perfecter scene,  
Is receiv'd with all thanks, if thou pleasest to  
grant,

By a mind, if thou pleasest, as willing to want.

The amusements, on which it once set such a  
store,

Are now as insipid, as grateful before;  
With a much greater comfort it gives up each toy,  
Than the fondest possessor could ever enjoy:  
If e'er I propos'd such unsuitable ends  
To the thought of religious, or secular friends,  
Expel the vain images, fancies of good,  
And in their heart, and mine, make thyself under-  
stood.

Extinguish, O Lord, let not any one take  
A complacency in me, which is not for thy sake;  
In me too root out the respect, of all kind,  
Which does not arise from thy love in my mind:  
No sorrow be sper'd, no affliction, no cross,  
'That may further this love, or recover its loss;  
This is always thy meaning; O let it be mine  
To confess myself guilty, repent, and resign.

With a real contempt of all self-seeking views,  
To embrace, for my choice, what thy wisdom  
shall choose;

Looking up still to thee, to receive all event  
Which it wills, or permits, with a thankful con-  
tent:

Not regarding what men shall do to me, or why,  
But the provident aim of thy all-seeing eye;  
Ever watchful o'er them who persist, in each place,  
To rely on its presence—O give me thy grace!

Tho' unworthy to ask it, poor sinner! I trust  
In the merits and death of a Saviour so just;  
Whom the Father, well pleas'd in his satisfy'd  
will,

The design to save sinners saw rightly fulfil:  
In me let thy grace, O Redeemer within,  
Re-establish his justice, and purge away sin;  
That freed from its evils, in me, may be shown  
The effect of thy all-saving merits alone.

May death, and its consequence, still in my eyes,  
So remind me to live, that it may not surprise:  
May the horrible torments excite a due dread,  
Which impatient sinners bring on their own head:  
May I never seek peace, never find a delight,  
But when I pursue what is good in thy sight:  
Whatever I do, suffer, feel to befall,  
Be thou the sole cause, the one reason of all!

---

### A PRAYER,

FROM MR. LAW'S SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

OH heav'nly Father! gracious God, above!  
Thou boundless depth of never-ceasing love!  
Save me from *self*, and cause me to depart  
From sinful works of a long harden'd heart;  
From all my great corruptions set me free;  
Give me an ear to hear, an eye to see,  
An heart and spirit to believe, and find  
Thy love in Christ, the Saviour of mankind.

Made for thyself, O God, and to display  
Thy goodness in me, manifest, I pray,  
By grace adapted to each wanting hour,  
Thy holy nature's life-conferring pow'r:  
Give me the faith, the hunger, and the thirst,  
After the life breath'd forth from thee, at first;  
Birth of thy holy Jesus in my soul;  
That I may turn, thro' life's succeeding whole,  
From ev'ry outward work, or inward thought,  
Which is not thee, or in thy spirit wrought.

---

### ON ATTENTION.

SACRED attention! true effectual prayer!  
Thou dost the soul for love of truth prepare.  
Blest is the man, who, from conjecture free,  
To future knowledge shall aspire by thee:  
Who in thy precepts seeks a sure repose,  
Stays till he sees, nor judges till he knows:  
Tho' firm, not rash; tho' eager, yet sedate;  
Intent on truth, can its instruction wait:  
Awd by thy powerful influence to appeal  
To Heaven, which only can itself reveal;  
The soul in humble silence to resign,  
And human will unite to the divine;  
Till fir'd at length by Heaven's enlivening beams,  
Pure, unconsum'd, the faithful victim flames.

---

### A PRAYER,

USED BY FRANCIS THE FIRST, WHEN HE WAS AT  
WAR WITH THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH.

ALMIGHTY Lord of Hosts, by whose commands  
The guardian angels rule their destin'd lands;  
And watchful, at thy word, to save or slay,  
Of peace or war administer the sway!  
Thou, who, against the great Goliath's rage  
Didst arm the stripling David to engage;  
When, with a sling, a small unarmed youth  
Smote a huge giant, in defence of truth;  
Hear us, we pray thee, if our cause be true,  
If sacred justice be our only view;

If right and duty, not the will to war,  
Have forc'd our armies to proceed thus far,  
Then turn the hearts of all our foes to peace,  
That war and bloodshed in the land may cease:  
Or, put to flight by providential dread,  
Let them lament their errors, not their dead.  
If some must die, protect the righteous all,  
And let the guilty, few as may be, fall.  
With pitying speed the victory decree  
To them, whose cause is best approv'd by thee;  
That sheath'd on all sides the devouring sword,  
And peace and justice to our land restor'd,  
We all together, with one heart, may sing  
Triumphant hymns to thee, th' eternal King.

---

### A COMMENT

ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE, IN THE GENERAL  
CONFESSION OF SIN, USED IN THE CHURCH-  
LITURGY.

—According to thy promises declared unto  
mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord.

“According to thy promises”—hereby,  
Since it is certain that God cannot lie,  
The truly penitent may all be sure  
That Grace admits them to its open door;  
And they, forsaking all their former sin,  
However great, will freely be let in.

“Declared”—by all the ministers of peace,  
God has assur'd repentance of release;  
An intervening penitence, we see,  
Could even change his positive decree;  
As in the Ninivites; if any soul  
Repent, the promise is the sure parole.

“Unto mankind”—not only to the Jews,  
Christians, or Turks, in writings which they use,  
Write on the tablet of each conscious heart,  
Repent,—from all iniquity depart—  
Not for no purpose; for the plain intent  
Is restoration, if a soul repent.

“In Christ”—by whom true scripture has as-  
Redeeming grace for penitents procur'd; [said  
The fainter hopes, which reason may suggest,  
Are deeply, by the gospel's aid, impress:  
'T was always hop'd for was the promis'd good,  
But, by his coming, clearly understood.

“Jesu”—Jehovah's manifested love,  
In Christ, th' anointed Saviour from above;  
The demonstration of the saving plan,  
For all mankind, is God's becoming man:  
No truth more firmly ascertain'd than this—  
Repent, be faithful, and restor'd to bliss.

“Our Lord”—our new, and true parental head;  
Our second Adam, in the first when dead;  
Who took our nature on him, that in men  
His Father's image might shine forth again:  
Sure of success may penitents implore  
What God, thro' him, rejoices to restore.

---

### FOR THE DUE IMPROVEMENT OF A FUNERAL SOLEMNITY.

AROUND the grave of a departed friend,  
If due concern has prompted to attend,

Deep, on our minds, let the affecting scenes  
 Inprint the lesson, which attendance means:  
 For who can tell how soon his own adieu  
 The solemn service may for him renew?

"He that believes on me" (what Christ had said  
 The priest proclaims) "shall live tho' he were  
 To ev'ry heart this is the gracious call, [dead:]  
 On which depends its everlasting all;  
 The ever hoping, loving, working faith,  
 That saves a soul from death's devouring wrath.

The patient Job, by such a faith within, [skin  
 Strengthening his heart, could say—"This mortal  
 Destroyed, I know that my Redeemer lives"—  
 In flesh and blood, which his redemption gives—  
 Job, from the dust, expected to arise,  
 And stand before his God with seeing eyes.

The royal Psalmist saw this life of man,  
 How vain, how short, at its most lengthen'd span:  
 Conscious in whom the human trust should be,  
 "Truly my hope," he said, "is ev'n in thee"—  
 And pray'd for its recover'd strength, before  
 He went from hence, here to be seen no more.

The mystic chapter is rebear'd, wherein  
 Paul sings the triumph over death, and sin;  
 The glorious body, freed from earthly leav'n,  
 Image and likeness of the Lord from Heav'n;  
 For such th' abounding in his work shall gain;  
 Labour, we know that never is in vain.

Hence comes the sure and certain hope, to rise  
 In Christ; tho' man, as born of woman, dies:  
 True life, which Adam dy'd to, at his fall,  
 And Christ, the sinless Adam, can recall,  
 By a new, heav'nly birth, from him, revives,  
 And breathes, again, God's holy breath of lives.

A voice from Heav'n had hearing John record,  
 "Blest are the dead, the dying in the Lord—"  
 In them, the pray'r, which man's Redeemer will'd  
 That men should pray, is perfectly fulfill'd:  
 This perfect sense the words, that we repeat,  
 Require to make the pay'd-for good complete.

Thanks then are due for all the faithful dead,  
 Departed hence, to be with Christ their head;  
 And pray'r, unfainting, for his—"Come, ye blest—  
 Come, ye true children, enter into rest;  
 Live in my Father's kingdom, and in mine,  
 In grace, and love, and fellowship divine."

## ON CHURCH COMMUNION,

IN SEVEN PARTS; FROM A LETTER OF MR.  
 LAW'S.

### PART FIRST.

RELIGION, church communion, or the way  
 Of public worship, that we ought to pay,  
 As it regards the body, and the mind,  
 Is of external, and internal kind;  
 The one consisting in the outward sign,  
 The other in the inward truth divine.

This inward truth intended to be shown,  
 So far as outward signs can make it known,  
 VOL. XV.

Is that which gives external modes a worth,  
 Just in proportion as they show it forth;  
 Just as they help, in any outward part,  
 The real, true religion of the heart.

Now what this is, exclusive of all strife,  
 Christians will own to be an inward life,  
 Spirit, and pow'r, a birth, to say the whole,  
 Of Christ himself, brought forth within the soul;  
 By this all true salvation is begun,  
 And carried on, however it be done.

Christianity, that has not Christ within,  
 Can by no means whatever save from sin;  
 Can bear no evidence of him—the end,  
 On which the value of all means depend:  
 Christian religion signifies, no doubt,  
 Like mind within, like show of it without.

The will of God, the saving of mankind,  
 Was all that Christ had in his inward mind;  
 All that produc'd his outward action too,  
 In church communion while a perfect Jew;  
 Like most of his disciples, till they came,  
 At Antioch, to have a Christian name.

If Christ has put an end to rites of old,  
 If new recall what was but then foretold,  
 The one true church, the real heavenly ground,  
 Wherein alone salvation can be found,  
 Is still the same; and, to its Saviour's praise,  
 His inward tempers outwardly displays.

By hearty love, and correspondent rites  
 Ordain'd, the members to the head unites,  
 And to each other—in all stated scenes,  
 The life of Christ is what a Christian means;  
 Tho' change of circumstance may alter those,  
 In this he places, and enjoys repose.

Church unity is held, and faith's increase,  
 By that of spirit, in the bond of peace,  
 And righteousness of life; without this tie  
 Forms are in vain prescrib'd to worship by,  
 Or temples model'd; hearts, as well as hands,  
 An holy church, and catholic demands.

### PART SECOND.

If once establish'd the essential part,  
 The inward church, the temple of the heart,  
 Or house of God, the substance, and the sum  
 Of what is pray'd for in—"Thy kingdom come—"  
 To make an outward correspondence true,  
 We must recur to Christ's example too.

Now, in his outward form of life, we find  
 Goodness demonstrated of ev'ry kind;  
 What he was born for, that he show'd throughout;  
 It was the business that he went about;  
 Love, kindness, and compassion to display  
 Tow'rd's ev'ry object coming in his way.

But love so high, humility so low,  
 And all the virtues which his actions show;  
 His doing good, and his enduring ill,  
 For man's salvation and God's holy will,  
 Exceed all terms—his inward, outward plan  
 Was love to God, express'd by love to man.

Mark of the church, which he establish'd, then,  
 Is the same love, some proof of it to men;

Without, let sects parade it how they list,  
Nor church, nor unity can e'er subsist;  
The name may be usurp'd, but want of pow'r  
Will show the Babel, high or low the tow'r.

And where the same behaviour shall appear  
In outward form, that was in Christ so clear,  
There is the very outward church that he  
Will'd all mankind to show, and all to see;  
Of which whoever shows it, from the heart,  
Is both an inward, and an outward part.

What excommunication can deprive  
A pious soul, that is in Christ alive,  
Of church communion? or cut off a limb  
That life and action both unite to him?  
For any circumstance of place, or time,  
Or mode, or custom, which infers no crime?

If he be that which his beloved John  
Calls him,—"The light enlight'ning ev'ry one  
That comes into the world"—will he exclude  
One from his church, whose mind he has renew'd  
To such degree, as to exert, in fact,  
Like inward temper, and like outward act?

Invisible, and visible effect,  
Of true church membership, in each respect,  
Let the one shepherd from above behold;  
The flocks, howe'er dispers'd, are his one fold;  
Seen by their hearts, and their behaviour too,  
They all stand present in his gracious view.

#### PART THIRD.

A LOCAL union, on the other hand,  
Tho' crowded numbers sbould together stand,  
Joining in que same form of pray'r, and praise,  
Or creed express'd in regulated phrase,  
Or aught beside—tho' it assume the name  
Of Christian church, may want the real claim.

For if it want the spirit, and the sign,  
That constitute all worship, as divine,  
The love within, the test of it without,  
In vain the union passes for devout;  
Heartless, and tokenless if it remain,  
It ought to pass, in strictness, for profane.

At first, an unity of heart and soul,  
A distribution of an outward dole,  
And ev'ry member of the body fed,  
As equally belonging to the head,  
With what it wanted, was, without suspense,  
True church communion, in full Christian sense.

Whether averse the many, or the few,  
To hold communion in this righteous view,  
Their thought commences heresy, their deed  
Schismatical, tho' they profess the creed;  
Ways of distributing, if new, should still  
Maintain the old communicative will;

Broken by ev'ry loveless, thankless thought,  
And not behaving as a Christian ought;  
By want of meekness, or a show of pride  
Tow'rds any soul for whom our Saviour dy'd;  
While this continues, men may pray, and preach  
In all their forms, but none will heal their breach.

Whatever helps an outward form may bring  
To church communion, it is not the thing;

Nor a society, as such, nor place,  
Nor any thing besides uniting grace:  
They are but accessories, at the most,  
To true communion of the Holy Ghost.

This is th' essential fellowship, the tie  
Which all true Christians are united by;  
No other union does them any good,  
But that which Christ cemented with his blood,  
As God and man; that, having lost it, men  
Might live in unity with God again.

What he came down to bring us from above  
Was grace and peace, and law-fulfilling love;  
True spirit-worship, which his father sought,  
Was the sole end of what he did, and taught;  
That God's own church and kingdom might begin,  
Which Moses and the prophets usher'd in.

#### PART FOURTH.

"THE church of Christ, as thus you represent,  
And all the world is of the same extent:  
Jews, Turks, or Pagans may be members too;  
This, some may call a dreadful mystic clove,  
A combination of the Quaker schemes  
With latitudinarian extremes."

They may; but names, so ready at the call  
Of such as want them, have no force at all  
To overthrow momentous truths, and plain;  
The very points of scripture, and the main;  
Such as distinguish, in the clearest view,  
Th' enlighten'd Christian from the half-blind Jew.

What did the sheet let down to Peter mean,  
Who call'd the Gentiles common, or, unclean?  
Let Peter answer—"God was pleas'd to show  
That I should call no man whatever so;  
In ev'ry nation he that serves him right  
Is clean, accepted, in his equal sight."

If Peter said so, who will question Paul?  
He, in a manner, made this point his all;  
The real sense of what has here been said  
In mystic Paul is plainly to be read;  
Nothing but obstinate dislike to terms  
Obscures what all the Testament affirms.

The Jews objected, to his gospel clue,  
A—"What advantage therefore hath the Jew?  
Or, of what use is to be circumcis'd?"  
So may some Christians say—to be baptis'd!—  
May form like questions, like conclusions draw,  
And urge the church, as they did, and the law.

Th' apostle's reasoning from the common want  
Of God's free grace, its universal grant  
By Jesus Christ, its reach to all mankind,  
For whom the same salvation was design'd,  
Shows that his church, as boundless as his grace,  
Extends itself to all the human race.

With pious Jews of old our king imply'd  
The one true king of all the Earth beside;  
Whose regal right, tho' he was pleas'd to call  
Jacob his lot, extended over all;  
Tho' Israel gloried in acknowledg'd light,  
It's virtue was not bounded by their sight.

So will a Christian piety confess  
A church of Christ, with boundaries no less;

Will speak, as ev'ry conscious witness ought,  
To what it knows, but scorn the partial thought  
Of grace, or truth, or righteousness confin'd  
To modes and customs of external kind.

## PART FIFTH.

THE church consider'd only as possesst  
Of England, Rome, Geneva—and the rest——  
Notion of church so popularly rife,  
Such cause of endless enmity and strife,  
Did but arise in a succeeding hour,  
When Christians came to have a worldly pow'r.

The first apostles spread, from place to place,  
The gospel saws of universal grace;  
Having all to enter, by belief,  
Into the church of their redeeming chief;  
Estrange accusable in ev'ry part,  
And shut to nothing but a faithless heart.

But when the princes of the world became,  
And kings, protectors of the Christian name,  
Pow'r made ambitious pastors, ease renais,  
And churches dwindl'd into that and this;  
The one, divided, came to want, of course,  
Supports quite foreign to its native force.

Contentions rose, all tending to create  
Still new alliances of church and state;  
Form'd, and reform'd, and turn'd, and overturn'd,  
As force prevail'd, and human passion burn'd;  
Old revolutions when new dissolv'd,  
Both church and state accordingly revolv'd.

Such is the mixture of an human sway,  
In all external churches at this day;  
To the same changes liable, anew,  
That forms of government are subject to;  
While the one church, in its true sense, in name  
And thing, remains unchangeably the same.

The private Christian, bearing Christ in mind,  
Whose kingdom was not of a worldly kind,  
Has little, or has no concern at all,  
With these external changes that befall;  
Let Providence permit them, or prevent,  
With truth and spirit he remains content.

Not that he thinks that evil, more or less,  
Is, in its nature, alter'd by success;  
The good is good, tho' suffer'g a defeat,  
The bad but worse, if its success be great;  
He measures neither by th' event that's past,  
For what they were at first they are at last.

But, by the spirit of the gospel, free,  
Whatever state of government it be,  
That God has plac'd him under, to submit,  
So in the church he thinks the freedom fit,  
Which on occasion of the outward part,  
He can present what God requires——an heart.

## PART SIXTH.

THE heart is what the God of it demands,  
Who dwelleth not in temples made with hands:  
When hands have made them, if no hearts are  
Dispos'd right to consecrate the ground, [found,

Vainly is worship said to be divine,  
While in the breast its object has no shrine.

But if it has, in that devoted breast,  
A right intention, surely, will be blest;  
Tho' forms, prescrib'd by pastors in the chair,  
Should be adjusted with less perfect care;  
Tho', in some points, the services assign'd  
Differ from those of apostolic kind.

What outward church, or form, shall we select,  
That is not chargeable with some defect?  
Each is prepar'd, in all the rest, to grant  
A superfluity, or else a want,  
Or both; a distance from perfection wide,  
Retorted on itself by all beside.

What safer remedy than pure intent  
To seek the good by any of them meant?  
Which he, who mindeth only what the heart  
Brings of its own, is ready to impart;  
No human pow'r, should it enjoin amiss  
A ceremonious rite, can hinder this.

Even in sacrament, what frequent storms  
Has superstition rais'd about the forms?  
In rites baptismal, which the true result?  
Immersion? sprinkling? infants? or th' adult?  
In the Lord's supper, does the celebration  
Make trans, or con, or non-substantiation?

These, and a world of controversies more  
Serve to enlarge the bibliotical store;  
While champions make antiquity their boast,  
And all pretend to imitate it most;  
Prone to neglect, for criticising pique,  
Essential truths eternally antique.

Thus inward worship lies in low estate,  
Opprest with endless volumes of debate  
About the outward; soon as old ones die,  
All undecided, comes a new supply  
Of needless doubts to a religious soul,  
Whose upright meaning dissipates the whole.

Clear of all worldly, interceded views,  
The one design of worship it pursues;  
Turns all to use that public form allows,  
By offer'g up its ever private vows  
For the success of all the good design'd  
By Christ, the common saviour of mankind.

## PART SEVENTH.

A CHRISTIAN, in so catholic a sense,  
Can give to none, but partial minds, offence:  
Fore'd to live under some divided part,  
He keeps entire the union of the heart;  
The sacred tie of love; by which alone,  
Christ said, that his disciples would be known.

He values no distinction, as profest  
By way of separation from the rest;  
Oblig'd in duty, and inclin'd by choice,  
In all the good of any to rejoice;  
From ev'ry evil, falshood, or mistake,  
To wish them free, for common comfort's sake.

Freedom, to which the most undoubted way  
Lies in obedience (where it always lay)



To Christ himself; who, with an inward call,  
Knocks at the door, that is, the heart of all;  
At the reception of this heav'nly guest,  
All good comes in, all evil quits the breast.

The free receiver, then, becomes content  
With what God orders, or does not prevent:  
To them that love him, all things, he is sure,  
Must work for good; tho' how may be obscure:  
Even successful wickedness, when past,  
Will bring, to them, some latent good at last.

Fall'n as divided churches are, and gone  
From the perfection of the Christian one,  
Respect is due to any, that contains  
The venerable, tho' but faint remains  
Of ancient rule, which had not, in its view,  
The letter only, but the spirit too.

When that variety of new-found ways  
Which people so run after, in our days,  
Has done its utmost—when "to here, to there,"  
Shall yield to inward seeking, and sincere;  
What was, at first, may come to be again  
The praise of church assemblies amongst men.

Mean while, in that to which we now belong,  
To mind in public lesson, pray'r, and song,  
Teaching, and preaching, what conduces best  
To true devotion in the private breast,  
Willing increase of good to ev'ry soul,  
Seems to be our concern upon the whole.

So God, and Christ, and holy angels stand  
Dispos'd to ev'ry church, in ev'ry land;  
The growth of good still helping to complete  
Whatever tares be sown amongst the wheat:  
Who would not wish to have, and to excite,  
A disposition so divinely right?

### A DYING SPEECH.

FROM MR. LAW.

In this unhappily divided state,  
That Christian churches have been in of late,  
One must, however catholic the heart,  
Join, and conform to some divided part:  
The church of England is the part, that I  
Have always liv'd in, and now choose to die;  
Trusting, that if I worship God with her,  
In spirit, and in truth, I shall not err;  
But as acceptable to him be found,  
As if, in times for one pure church renown'd,  
Born, I had also liv'd, in heart and soul,  
A faithful member of the unbroken whole.

As I am now, by God's good will, to go  
From this disorder'd state of things below;  
Into his hands as I am now to fall,  
Who is the great creator of us all;  
God of all churches that implore his aid,  
Lover of all the souls that he hath made;  
Whose kingdom, that of universal love,  
Must have its blest inhabitants above,  
From ev'ry class of men, from all the good,  
Howe'er descended from one human blood;  
So, in this loving spirit, I desire,  
As in the midst of all their sacred quire,  
With rites prescrib'd, and with a Christian view,  
Of all the world to take my last adieu;

Willing in heart and spirit to unite  
With ev'ry church, in what is just and right,  
Holy and good, and worthy, in its kind,  
Of God's acceptance from an honest mind:  
Praying, that ev'ry church may have its saints,  
And rise to that perfection which it waits.

Father! thy kingdom come! thy sacred will  
May all the tribes of human race fulfil!  
Thy name be prais'd by ev'ry living breath,  
Author of life, and vanquisher of Death!

### A COMMENT

ON THE FOLLOWING SCRIPTURE.

In the beginning was the Word.

John, 1st and 1st.

"In the beginning was the word"—saith John—  
The life, the light, the truth, for all are one;  
One all-creating pow'r, all-wise, all-good,  
In which, at first, the whole creation stood;  
Moving, and acting in the pow'r alone;  
How bright, how perfect, and no evil known!  
How blest was Nature's universal plan,  
And the fair image of his Maker, man!

The word, the pow'r, is Christ; th' Eternal Son  
Of God, by whom the Father's will is done;  
Each is the other's glory; and the love  
From both the bliss of all the blest above:  
Angels in Heav'n stand ready to obey,  
And, as the word directs them, so do they;  
So must we men, born here upon this Earth,  
If ever we regain the heav'nly birth;

Lost by poor Adam, in the fatal hour  
Of lusting after knowledge without pow'r;  
When, yielding to temptation, tho' forbid  
To eat what was not good for him, he did:  
The pow'r of life consenting to forego,  
For what was told him, would be death to know,  
He died to his celestial state, and then  
Could but convey an earthly one to men.

From which to rise, and in true life to live,  
What bot the word, wherein was life, could give?  
Ingrafted, as an holy seed within,  
And born to save the human soul from sin:  
The Word made man by virgin birth, and free  
From sin's dominion, Jesus Christ is he;  
Whom, of pure love, the Father sent to save,  
And finish man's redemption from the grave.

This second Adam, healer of the breach  
Made by the first, nor sin, nor death could reach;  
He conquer'd both; and, in the glorious strife,  
Became the parent of an endless life  
To all who ever did, or shall aspire  
To life, and spirit from this heav'nly sire;  
And cultivate the seed which he hath sown  
In ev'ry heart, till the new man be grown.

The old, we know, must die away to dust,  
And a new image rise amongst the just;  
When, at the end of temporary scene,  
Christ shall appear, eternally to reign  
In all his glory, human and divine,  
When all the born of God, in him, shall shine.

Rais'd to the life that was at first possess'd,  
And bow the knee to Jesus, and be blest.

Since then the cause of our eternal life  
Is Christ in us, what need of any strife  
In his religion? Of "lo here! lo there!"  
When to all hearts he is himself so near?  
With pow'r to save us from the cause of ill,  
A worldly, selfish, unbelieving will;  
To bless whatever tends to make the mind  
Meek, loving, humble, patient, and resign'd.

The mind to Christ so far as God shall draw  
By nature, scripture, reason, learning, law,  
Or ought beside, so far their use is right,  
Proclaiming him, and not themselves the light:  
From first to last his gospel is the same;  
And of all worship, that deserves a name,  
"The word of life by faith to apprehend  
That was in the beginning—is the end."

---

A MEMORIAL ABSTRACT

OF A SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV.  
MR. H——,

On Proverbs, C. 20, V. 27.

THE human spirit, when it burns and shines,  
Lamp of Jehovah Solomon defines—  
Now, as a vessel, to contain the whole,  
This lamp denotes the body, oil the soul;  
(As H—— observes) which, tho' itself be dark,  
Is capable of light's enkindling spark;  
But, as consider'd in it's own dark root,  
Still wants the unction, and the light's recruit.

Brighter than all, that now is look'd upon,  
This lamp of God, at it's creation shon;  
The body, purer than the finest gold,  
Had no defect in its material mould;  
The soul's enkindled oil was heav'nly bright,  
Till even mixture darken'd its good light;  
And hid the supernatural supply,  
That fed the glorious lamp of the most High.

That fatal poison quench'd, in human frame,  
The spirit flowing from the vital flame:  
Adam's free will consenting to such food,  
Death, as its natural effect, ensu'd;  
True life departing left him naked, blind,  
And spiritless, in body, soul, and mind;  
Dead to his paradisaic life, a birth  
From sin began his mortal life on Earth.

His faith, his spiritual discernment gone,  
He fell into a poring, reas'ning one;  
Into a state of ignorance he fell,  
Which brutal instincts very oft excel:  
What his self-seeking will would know was known,  
The light of this terrestrial orb alone;  
Dark, in comparison, when this was done,  
As moon, or starlight to meridian sun.

What help when lesser light should vanish too,  
And death discover a still darker view?  
Had not the Christ of God, sole help for sin,  
Rais'd up salvation as a seed within?  
That sprouting forth by penitence, and faith,  
Could pierce thro' death, and dissipate its wrath;

Till God's true image should again revive,  
And rise, thro' him, to its first life alive.

This parent Saviour, God's anointed son,  
Begets the life that Adam should have done;  
Reforms the lamp; renews the holy fire,  
And sends to Heav'n its flaming love-desire:  
'Tis he—the life that was the light of men—  
Who fits them to be lamps of God again;  
Restores the vessel, oil, and light, and all  
The spirit-life that vanish'd at the fall.

Reason has nothing to proceed upon,  
Without an unction from this holy one;  
Without a spirit, to dispel the damp  
Of nature's darkness, and light up the lamp:  
Nothing whatever, but the touch divine,  
Can make its highest faculties to shine;  
All just as helpless in their selfish use,  
As lamps their own enkindling to produce.

All true religion teaches them to trim  
The lamp, that must receive its light from him;  
From him, the quick'ning Spirit, to obtain  
The life that must for ever best remain:  
The life of Christ arising in the soul,  
This, this alone makes human nature whole;  
Makes ev'ry gift of grace to re-unite,  
And shine for ever in Jehovah's sight.

---

ON THE

UNION AND THREE-FOLD DISTINCTION  
OF GOD, NATURE, AND CREATURE.

PART FIRST.

ALL that comes under our imagination  
Is either God, or nature, or creation:  
God is the free eternal light, or love,  
Before, beyond all nature, and above;  
The one unchangeable, uncessing will  
To ev'ry good, and to no sort of ill.

Nature, without him, is th' abyssal dark,  
Void of the light's bestifying spark;  
Th' attraction of desire, by want repell'd,  
Whence circling rage proceeds, and wrath un-  
quell'd:

But by the light's all-joyous pow'r, th' abyss  
Becomes the groundwork of a three-fold bliss.

Creation is the gift of light, and life,  
To nature's contrariety and strife;  
For without nature, or desirous want,  
There would be nothing to receive the grant;  
Nor could a creature, or created scene  
Exist, did no such medium intervene.

Creation and God would be the same; the thought,  
Which books inform us that Spinoza taught,  
Would then be true; and we be forc'd to call  
Things good, or bad, the parts of the great All:  
In whatsoever state itself may be,  
Nature is his, but nature is not he.

Like as the dark, behind the shining glass,  
By hindring rays that of themselves would pass,  
Affords that glimpse of objects to the view,  
Which the transparent mirror could not do;

So does the life of nature, in its place,  
Reflect the glories of the life of grace.

Of ev'ry creature's happiness, the growth  
Depends upon the union of them both;  
And all that God proceeded to create,  
Came forth, at first, in this united state;  
No evil wrath, or darkness could begin  
To show itself, but by a creature's sin.

And were not nature separate, alone,  
Such a dark wrath, it could not have been shown:  
Its hidden properties are ground as good  
For life's support, as bones to flesh and blood:  
The false, unnatural, ungodly will,  
That lays them open, is sole cause of ill.

When it is caus'd, renouncing, to be sure,  
All such-like wills, contributes to the cure;  
That nature's wrathful forms may not appear,  
Nor what is made subservient domineer;  
But God's good will all evil ones subdue,  
And bless all nature, and all creature too.

#### PART SECOND.

THIS universal blessing to inspire  
Was God's eternal purpose, or desire;  
Desire, which never could be unfulfill'd;  
Love put it forth, and Heav'n was what it will'd;  
And the desire had, in itself, the means, [scenes.  
From whence the love could raise the heav'nly

Hence an eternal nature, to proclaim  
By outward, visible, majestic frame,  
The hidden Deity, the pow'r divine,  
By which th' innumerable beauties shine;  
That by succession without end, recall  
A God of love, a present all in all.

From love, thus manifested in the birth  
Of Nature, and the pow'rs of Heav'n and Earth,  
The various births of creatures, at the voice  
Of God, came forth to see, and to rejoice;  
To live within his kingdom, and partake  
Of ev'ry bliss, adapted to their make.

For as, before a creature came to see,  
No other life but that of God could be;  
No other place but Heav'n, no other state;  
So, when it pleas'd th' Almighty to create,  
From him must come the creature's life within;  
Its outward state from nature must begin.

Oh! what angelic orders! what divine,  
And heavenly creatures answer'd the design  
Of God's communicative goodness, shown  
By giving rise to offsprings of his own!  
With godlike spirits how was nature fill'd,  
And beautiful forms, as its great author will'd!

Thus in its full perfection then it stood,  
Seeking, receiving, manifesting good,  
By virtue of that union which it had  
With him, who made no creature to be bad;  
But highly blest; and with a potent will  
So to continue, and to know no ill.

Nature's united properties had none—  
Whence then the change that it has undergone?

But from the creature's striving to aspire  
Above the light, which their own dark desire  
Quench'd in themselves, and rais'd up all the  
Of nature's wrathful, separated forms. [storms

So Lucifer and his proud legions fell,  
And turn'd their heav'nly mansion to an Hell;  
To that dark, formless void, wherein the light  
Entr'ing again with nature to unite,  
The new creation of a world began,  
And God's own image lord of it—a man.

#### ON THE ORIGIN OF EVIL

EVIL, if rightly understood,  
Is but the skeleton of good,  
Divested of its flesh and blood.

While it remains, without divorce,  
Within its hidden, secret source,  
It is the good's own strength and force.

As bone has the supporting share,  
In human form divinely fair,  
Altho' an evil when laid bare;

As light and air are fed by fire,  
A shining good, while all conspire,  
But (separate) dark, raging ire;

As hope and love arise from faith,  
Which then admits no ill, nor hath;  
But, if alone, it would be wrath;

Or any instance thought upon,  
In which the evil can be none,  
Till unity of good is gone;

So, by abuse of thought and skill,  
The greatest good, to wit, free-will,  
Becomes the origin of ill.

Thus when rebellious angels fell,  
The very Heav'n where good ones dwell,  
Became th' apostate spirits Hell.

Seeking, against eternal right,  
A force without a love and light,  
They found, and felt its evil might.

Thus Adam biting at their bait,  
Of good and evil when he ate,  
Died to his first thrice happy state.

Fell to the evils of this ball,  
Which in harmonious union all,  
Were Paradise before his fall.

And when the life of Christ in men  
Revives its faded image, then,  
Will all be Paradise again.

#### A FRIENDLY EXPOSTULATION

WITH A CLERGYMAN, CONCERNING A PASSAGE  
IN HIS SERMON, RELATING TO THE REDEMPTION  
OF MANKIND.

'T WAS a good sermon; but a close review  
Would bear one passage to be alter'd too;

Because it did not, in the least, agree  
With the plain text (as it appear'd to me)  
Nor with your comment, on what God had done  
To save mankind, by his redeeming Son.

You did, if I remember right, admit  
That other means, if he had so thought fit,  
Might have obtain'd the salutary views,  
As well as those which he was pleas'd to choose;  
That it was too presumptuous to confine,  
To those alone, th' Omnipotence divine;  
As if a wisdom infinite could find  
No other method, how to save mankind;  
Tho' that, indeed, which had been fix'd upon,  
Was, in effect, become the only one.

Now this, however well design'd, to raise  
As awful sense, by its respectful phrase,  
As adoration of the boundless pow'rs  
Of the Almighty, when compar'd with ours;  
To sink in humble reverence, and profound,  
All human thoughts of fixing any bound  
To an unerring wisdom, which extends  
Beyond what finite reason comprehends;  
Yet, if examin'd by severer test,  
It is, at least, incautiously express;  
And leaves the subtlest of the gospel's foes,  
The Deists, this objection to propose,  
To which they have, and will have, a recourse,  
And still keep urging its unanswer'd force.

"If there was no necessity," they say,  
"For saving men in this mysterious way,  
What proof can the divines pretend to bring,  
(While they confess the nature of the thing  
Does not forbid) that the celestial scenes  
Will not be open'd by some other means?  
What else but book authority, at best,  
Asserts this way, exclusive of the rest,  
Of equal force, if the Almighty's will  
Had but appointed them to save from ill?  
This way, in which the Son of the most High  
Is, by his Father's pleasure, doom'd to die,  
For satisfaction of paternal ire;  
Which (when they make religion to require)  
Confounds all sense of justice, by a scheme  
The most unworthy of the great supreme:  
As other ways might have obtain'd the end,  
Nature and reason, force us to attend  
To huge absurdities which follow this,  
And, since it was not needful, to dismiss."

This is the *burden* of deistic song,  
Which rising volumes labour to prolong;  
Take this away, the rest would all remain  
As flat and trifling, as it is profane;  
But this remaining, hither they retreat,  
And lie secure from any full defeat.

But when the need, most absolute, is shown  
Of man's redemption, by the means alone,  
The birth, and life, and death, and re-ascend,  
Thro' which the one *the-andric* Saviour went,  
To quench the wrath of nature in the race  
Of men (not God, in whom it has no place)  
Then scripture, sense, and reason coincide,  
And all conspire to follow the one guide;  
Of possibilities to waive the talk  
In which it is impossible to walk;  
And raise the soul to seek, and find the good,  
By this one method, which no other could.

Then true religion, call it by the name  
Christian, or natural, is still the same;  
From Christ deriv'd, as healer of the soul,  
Or nature, made by his re-entrance whole;

Who is, in ev'ry man, th' enlightning ray,  
The faith, and hope, of Love's redeeming day;  
The only name, or pow'r, that can assure  
Nature's religion, that is, nature's cure:  
But if salvation might have been bestow'd  
By other means, than what the sacred code  
Declares throughout, the Deists will soon say,  
The means, that might be possible, still may;  
And, led to think that scripture is at odds  
With nature, take some other to be God's:  
Thus may a no-necessity, allow'd,  
Tend to increase the unbelieving crowd.

As Adam died, and in him all his race,  
Not to the life of nature, but of grace;  
There could be no new birth of it, or growth,  
But from a parent union of them both;  
Such as, in ev'ry possible respect,  
Jesus incarnate only could effect;  
From him alone, who had the life, could men  
Have it restor'd, renew'd, reviv'd again:  
But—I am trespassing too much I fear,  
And preaching when my province is to hear—

Millions of ways could we suppose beside,  
This, we are sure, which saving love has tried,  
Must be the best, must be the straightest line  
Of action, when consider'd as divine;  
This way alone then must as sure be gone,  
As that a line, if straight, can be but one.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT, WRITTEN UPON  
ANOTHER OCCASION.

MANKIND's redemption you are pleas'd to say,  
By Jesus Christ, was not the only way  
That could succeed; indefinitely more  
Th' Almighty's wisdom had within its store;  
By any chosen one of which, no doubt,  
The same redemption had been brought about.

For who shall dare, you argue, in this case,  
To limit the omnipotence of Grace?  
As if a finite understanding knew  
What the Almighty could, or could not do:  
Tho', since he chose this method, we must own,  
That our dependence is on this alone.

Now, sir, acknowledging his pow'r immense,  
Beyond the reach of all created sense;  
Does it not seem to follow, thereupon,  
That his true way must be directly one?  
To save the world he gave his only Son,  
Therefore—by him alone it could be done.

Variety of ways is the effect  
Of finite view, that sees not the direct;  
But the Almighty, having all in view,  
Must be suppos'd to see, and take it too;  
To see at once, tho' we are in the dark,  
The one straight line to the intended mark.

Saint Paul's assertion of—"no other name  
Given under Heav'n"—appears to be the same  
With this—no other name, or pow'r, could save  
But that of Jesus, which Jehovah gave:  
More sons, more saviours, as consistent seem  
As more effective methods to redeem.

"I am the way"—said Christ; there could not  
By just conclusion, any then, but he: (be,  
"I am the truth"—whence it appears anew,  
That no way else could possibly be true;  
"I am the life"—to which, as Adam died,  
Nothing could bring mankind again, beside.

### AN EXPOSTULATION WITH A ZEALOUS SECTARIST,

WHO INVIGHED IN BITTER TERMS AGAINST  
THE CLERGY AND CHURCH INSTITUTIONS.

No, sir; I cannot see to what good end  
Such bitter words against the clergy tend;  
Pour'd from a zeal so sharp, so unallay'd,  
That suffers no exception to be made;  
While the most mild persuasions to repress  
The bitter zeal still heighten its excess.

Its own relentless thought while it pursues,  
What unrestrain'd expressions it can use!  
Places of worship, which the people call  
Churches, are synagogues of Satan all;  
At all liturgic pray'r and praise it storms,  
As man's inventions, spirit-quenching forms;  
And, from baptismal down to burial rite,  
Sets ev'ry service in an odious light:  
All previous order, with regard to time,  
Place, or behaviour, passes for a crime.

Of pharisaic pride it cuts the marks,  
To represent the bishop and his *clarks*;  
Who are, if offer'd any gentler plea,  
The Devil's ministers, both he and they; [train  
Blind guides, false prophets, and a lengthen'd  
Of all hard words that chosen texts contain:  
These are the forms which, when it would object  
To those in use, it pleases to select;  
Repeated by its devotees, at once,  
As like to rote as any church response:  
Nor is a treatment of this easier kind  
To this, or that society confin'd,  
Sect, or profession.—no, no matter which,  
Leaders, or led, all "fall into the ditch;"  
None but its own severe adepts can claim  
Of truth and spirit-worshippers the name.  
In vain it seeks, by any sacred page,  
To justify this unexampled rage:  
Prophets of old, who spake against th' abuse  
Of outward forms, were none of them so loose  
As to condemn, abolish, or forbid  
The things prescrib'd, but what the people did;  
Who minded nothing but the mere outside,  
Neglecting wholly what it signified;  
At this neglect the prophets all exclaim'd;  
No pious rites has any of them blam'd;  
Their true intent was only to reduce  
All outward practice to its inward use.

The World's Redeemer, coming to fulfil  
All past predictions of prophetic quill,  
Who more, amidst the Jewish priestly pride,  
Than he, with all Mosaic rites compli'd?  
Say that the Christian priests are, now, as bad  
As those blind leaders which the Jews then had,  
Was Zachariah's, Simeon's, Anna's mind,  
Any good priest, or man, or woman blind,  
To offer incense, or to bear a part  
In temple service, with an upright heart?

Can then the faults of clergymen, or lay,  
Destroy heart-worship at this present day?

Will pray'r, in vain by Pharisees prefer'd,  
Not from repenting Publicans be heard?  
Will the devout amongst the Christian flock  
Not be accepted, tho' the priest should mock?  
If they do right in their appointed spheres,  
His want of truth and spirit is not theirs.

Our Lord's apostles, with an inward view  
To reconcile the Gentile and the Jew,  
To faith in him, made ev'ry outward care  
The most subservient to that main affair:  
'The greatest christian friend to freedom, Paul,  
Intent to save, was ev'ry thing to all;  
To keep whatever forms should rise, or cease,  
Union of spirit in the bond of peace;  
Th' effects of hasty, rash, condemning zeal  
He saw, and mourn'd, and labour'd to repeal.

Succeeding saints, when priest, or magistrate  
Became tyrannical in church, or state,  
Reprov'd their evil practices, but then  
Rever'd the office, tho' they blam'd the men:  
They gave no instance of untemper'd heat,  
That roots up all before it, tares or wheat;  
As if, by humanly invented care  
Of cultivation, wheat itself was rare:  
'Tis true, all sects are grown corrupt enough,  
But zeal so indiscriminately rough,  
May well give others reason to suspect  
Some want of knowledge in a novel sect,  
(If such there be) that seems to take a pride  
In satanizing all the world beside;  
Without the least authority, yet known,  
Or species of example, but its own,

One mischief is, that its unguarded terms  
Hurt many sober truths which it affirms;  
Worship in truth and spirit suffers too,  
By being plac'd in such an hostile view:  
"Oh! but all self-will worshipp'g is wrong"—  
True; but to whom does that defect belong?  
Is the obedience to a rule, or guide,  
For order's sake, fair proof of such a pride?  
If it be none at all for men to broach  
Rude, harsh, and undistinguishing reproach,  
With resolution to repeat it still,  
Pray by what marks are we to know self-will?

### THOUGHTS ON IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS,

OCCASIONED BY READING THE REV. MR. HERVEY'S  
DIALOGUES, BETWEEN THERON AND  
ASPASIO.

#### A FRAGMENT.

IMPUTED righteousness!—beloved friend,  
To what advantage can this doctrine tend?  
If, at the same time, a believer's breast  
Be not by *real* righteousness possess'd;  
And if it be, why volumes on it made  
With such a stress upon *imputed* laid?

Amongst the disputants of later days,  
This, in its turn, became a fav'rite phrase,  
When, much divided in religious schemes,  
Contending parties ran into extremes;  
And now it claims th' attention of the age,  
In Hervey's elegant and lively page:  
This his *Aspasio* labours to impress,  
With ev'ry turn of language and address;  
With all the flow of eloquence, that shines  
Thro' all his (full enough) embellish'd lines.

Tho' now so much exerting to confirm  
Its vast importance, and revive the term,  
He was himself, he lets his Tiberon know,  
Of different sentiments not long ago;  
And friends of yours, it has been thought, I find,  
Have brought Aspasio to his present mind.  
Now having read, but unconvinc'd, I own,  
What various reason for it he has shown,  
Or rather rhetoric—if it be true,  
Is any sense that has appear'd to you,  
I rest secure of giving no offence,  
By asking—how you understand the sense?  
By urging, in a manner frank and free,  
What reasons, as I read, occur to me,  
Why righteousness, for man to rest upon,  
Must be a *real*, not *imputed*, one.

To sham much novel sentiment, and nice,  
I take the thing from its apparent rise:  
It should seem then, as if imputed sin  
Had made imputed righteousness begin;  
The one suppos'd, the other to be sure,  
Would follow after—like disease and cure:  
Let us *examine* then imputed guilt,  
And see on what foundation it is built.

As our first parents lost an heavenly state,  
All their descendants share their hapless fate;  
Forewarn'd of God, when tempted, not to eat  
Of the forbidden tree's pernicious meat;  
Because incorporating mortal leaven  
Would kill, of course, in them, the life of Heav'n:  
They disobey'd, did Adam, and his wife,  
And died of course to their true heav'nly life:  
That life, thus lost the day they disobey'd,  
Could not by them be possibly convey'd;  
No other life could children have from them,  
But what could rise from the parental stem:  
That love of God, alone, which we adore,  
The life so lost, could possibly restore:  
Their children could not, being born to Earth,  
Be born to Heaven, but by an heavenly birth:  
God found a way, explain it how we will,  
To save the human race from endless ill;  
To save the very disobeying pair;  
And made their whole posterity his care.

Has this great goodness any thing akin  
To God's imputing our first parents sin  
To their unborn posterity?—What sense  
Is such a strange, and scriptureless pretence?  
For the men feel—so far we are agreed,  
The consequences of a sinful deed;  
Yet where ascrib'd, by any sacred pen,  
But to the doers, is the deed to men?  
Where to be found, in all the scripture thro',  
This imputation, thus advanc'd anew?

Adam and Eve, by Satan's wiles decoy'd,  
Did what the kind commandment said—avoid—  
To them, with justice therefore, you impute  
The sin of eating the forbidden fruit;  
And every imputation must in fact,  
If just, be built on some preceding act;  
Without the previous deed suppos'd, the word  
Becomes unjust, unnatural, absurd.

If, as you seem'd to think the other day,  
All Adam's race, in some mysterious way,  
Sinn'd when he sinn'd; consented to his fall;  
With justice then impute it to them all:  
But still it follows, that they all contract  
An imputation founded upon fact:  
And righteousness of Christ, in Christian heirs,  
Must be as deeply, and as truly theirs,

An heav'nly life in order to replace,  
As was the sin that made a guilty race:  
So that imputing either good, or ill,  
Must presuppose a correspondent will;  
Or else imputers certainly must make  
Thro' ignorance, or other cause, mistake.

Old Eli thus, not knowing what to think,  
Imputed Hannah's silent prayer to drink:  
Little supposing that it would prepare  
A successor to him, her silent pray'r.  
There may be other meanings of the phrase,  
To be accounted for in human ways;  
But God's imputing to the future child  
The sin, by which his parents were beguill'd,  
Seems to establish an unrighteous blame,  
That brings no honour to its Maker's name.

God's honour, glory, majesty, and grace,  
I grant, is your intention in the case;  
But wish revol'd in your impartial thought,  
How far the doctrine tends, when it is taught,  
To such an honest purpose; and how far  
Justice and truth may seem to be at war,  
If God impute to guiltless children crimes,  
Committed only in their parents' times.

Pious Aspasio, I imagine, too,  
Had God's resistless sovereignty in view;  
The charge of Puritan, or other name,  
He scorn'd aright, and making truth his aim,  
Found it, he thought, in eminent divines;  
Of whose opinion these are the outlines:  
They think, at least they seem to represent,  
That God, in honour, upon sin's ev'nt,  
Could not forgive the sinners that had stray'd,  
Without a proper satisfaction made  
To his offended justice; and because,  
Upon their breach of the Almighty's laws,  
None else was adequate to what was done,  
The vengeance fell on his beloved Son;  
Who gave himself to suffer in our stead,  
And thus to life again restor'd the dead;  
Because, consistently with justice, then  
God could bestow his mercy upon men:  
Man had contracted, in that fatal day,  
Debt so immense, that man could never pay;  
He who was God as well as Man, he could;  
And made the satisfaction thro' his blood;  
Paid all the just demand—imputed thus  
Our sin to him, his righteousness to us—  
This sets the doctrine, if I take aright  
Their words and meaning, in the plainest light.

Now since accounting for the truth amiss  
May give distaste, in such an age as this;  
And be a stumbling-block to them who might  
Receive an explanation, that was right;  
Not as a captious foe, but hearty friend,  
May one entreat such teachers to attend,  
And reconcile their system, if they can,  
To God's proceeding with his creature man;  
To that paternal, tender love and grace,  
Which at man's fall immediately took place;  
That inward, holy thing, inbreathed then,  
Which would re-ignite Heav'n in him again:  
Does wrath, or vengeance, or a want appear  
Of satisfaction, or of payment here,  
In man's creator? For mankind had he  
A purchas'd grace, which contradicts a free?  
Is it not plain, that an unalter'd love  
Sent help to poor fall'n creatures from above.  
Unbargain'd, unsolicited, unmov'd,  
But by itself, as its exertion prov'd;

No foreign promise; no imputed ease;  
But remedy as real as disease;  
That would, according to true nature's ground,  
Bring on the cure, and make the patient sound.

That Christ, that God's becoming man was it,  
Your friends, with highest gratitude, admit;  
Whose utmost talents are employ'd to show  
The obligations that to him we owe;  
To press the object of our faith and trust,  
Christ, all in all, the righteous, and the just;  
The true, redeeming life—essential this  
To ev'ry Christian who aspires to bliss;  
Why not subjoin—I cite the hero Paul,  
And make appeal to Christians—in *you all*  
*Form'd in you, dwelling in you, and within*  
Regenerating life, detroning sin;  
Working, in more and more resigned wills,  
The gradual conquest of all selfish ills;  
Till the true Christian to true life revive,  
Dead to the world, to God, thro' him alive.

What numerous texts from Paul, from ev'ry  
Might furnish out citations, did we want? [saint,  
And could not see, that righteousness, or sin,  
Arise not from without, but from within?  
That imputation, where they are not found,  
Can reach no farther than an empty sound;  
No farther than imputed health can reach  
The cure of sickness, tho' a man should preach  
With all the eloquence of zeal, and tell  
How health imputed makes a sick man well;  
Indeed, if sickness be imputed too,  
Imputed remedy, no doubt, may do;  
Words may pour forth their entertaining store,  
But things are just—as things were just before.

In so important a concern, as that  
Which good Aspasio's care is pointed at,  
A small mistake, which at the bottom lies,  
May sap the building that shall thence arise:  
Who would not wish that architect, so skill'd,  
On great mistake might not persist to build;  
But strictly search, and for sufficient while,  
If the foundation could support the pile?

This imputation, which he builds upon,  
Has been the source of more mistakes than one:  
Hence rose, to pass the intermediate train  
Of growing errors, and observe the main,  
That worse than pagan principle of fate,  
Predestination's partial love and hate;  
By which, not ty'd, like fancy'd Jove, to look  
In stronger Destiny's decreeing book,  
The God of Christians is support'd to will  
That some should come to good, and some to ill;  
And for no reason, but to show, in fine,  
Th' extent of goodness, and of wrath divine.

Whose doctrine this? I quote no less a man  
Than the renowned Calvin for the plan;  
Who having labour'd, with distinctions vain,  
Mere imputation, only, to maintain,  
Maintains, when speaking on another head,  
This horrid thought, to which the former led:  
"Predestination here I call," (says he  
Defining) "God's eternal, fix'd decree;  
Which, having sett'd in his will, he past,  
What ev'ry man should come to at the last;"  
And lest the terms should be conceiv'd to bear  
A meaning less than he propos'd, severe,  
"For all mankind" (he adds to definition)  
"Are not created on the same condition."  
*Pari-conditions*—is the phrase;  
If you can turn it any other ways;

"But life to some, eternal, is restrain'd,  
To some, damnation endless pre-ordain'd."

Calvin has push'd the principle, I guess,  
To what your friends would own to be excess;  
And probably Aspasio, less inclin'd  
To run directly into Calvin's mind,  
Would give imputing a more mod'rate sense,  
That no damnation might arise from thence:  
But how will mollifying terms confute  
The fam'd reformer's notion of *impute*?  
If it confer such arbitrary good,  
The dire reverse is quickly understood;  
So understood, that open eyes may see  
'Tis Calvin's fiction, and not God's decree:  
Not his, whose forming love, and ruling aid,  
Ceaseless extends to all that he hath made;  
Who gave the gift which he was pleas'd to give  
That *some* might perish, but that *all* might live,  
His only Son, in whom the light, that guides  
The born into the world to life, resides:  
A real life, that by a real birth  
Raises a life beyond the life of Earth,  
In all his children—But no more to you,  
Better than me, who know it to be true;  
And if Aspasio's really humbled soul  
Be by a touch of garment hem made whole,  
He might, as I should apprehend, be sure  
That imputation could not cause the cure:  
When the poor woman, in the gospel, found  
Touch of the Saviour's clothes to make her sound,  
We know the virtue did from him proceed,  
That, mix'd with faith, restor'd her, as we read:  
Gone out of him obliges to infer,  
That 'twas by faith attracted into her.

#### ON THE NATURE OF FREE GRACE,

#### AND THE CLAIM TO MERIT FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF GOOD WORKS.

GRACE to be sure is, in the last degree,  
The gift of God, divinely pure and free;  
Not bought, or paid for, merited, or claim'd,  
By any works of ours that can be nam'd.

What claim, or merit, or withall to pay,  
Could creatures have before creating day?  
Gift of existence is the gracious one,  
Which all the rest must needs depend upon.

All boasting then of mer't, all pretence  
Of claim from God, in a deserving sense,  
Is in one word excluded by St. Paul—  
"Whate'er thou hast, thou hast receiv'd it all."

But sure the use of any gracious pow'rs,  
Freely bestow'd, may properly be ours;  
Right application being ours to choose,  
Or, if we will be so absurd, refuse.

In this respect what need to controvert  
The sober sense of merit, or desert?  
Works, it is said, will have, and is it hard  
To say deserve, or merit their reward?

Grace is the real saving gift; but then,  
Good works are profitable unto men;  
God wants them not; but, if our neighbours do,  
Flowing from grace, they prove it to be true.

When human words ascribe to human spirit  
Worthy, unworthy, merit, or demerit,  
Why should disputes forbid the terras a place,  
Which are not meant to derogate from grace?

All comes from God, who gave us first to live,  
And all succeeding grace; 'tis ours to give  
To God alone the glory; and to man,  
Empow'rd by him, to do what good we can.

### A SOLILOQUY,

#### ON READING A DISPUTE ABOUT FAITH AND WORKS.

WHAT an excessive fondness for debate  
Does this dividing *faith* from *works* create!  
Some say, salvation is by faith alone—  
Or else, the gospel will be overthrown:  
Others, for that same reason, place the whole  
In *works*, which bring salvation to a soul.

Gospel of Christ, consistently apply'd,  
Unites together what they both divide:  
It is itself, indeed, the very faith  
That works by love, and saves a soul from wrath:  
A new dispute should some third party pave,  
Nor faith nor works, but love alone would save.

The *Soliphian* takes a test from Paul,  
And works are good for nothing, faith is all;  
Doctrine, which his antagonist disclaims,  
And shows how works must justify, from James;  
A third, in either, soon might find a place,  
Where love is plainly the exalted grace.

There is no end of jarring system found,  
In thus contending not for sense, but sound;  
For sound, by which th' inseparable three  
Are so distinguish'd, as to disagree;  
Altho' salvation, in its real spring,  
Faith, work, or love, be one and the same thing.

One pow'r of God, or life of Christ within,  
Or Holy Spirit washing away sin;  
Not by repentance only; or belief  
Only, that slights a penitential grief,  
And its sweet fruits, and justifies alone  
A full conceiv'd assurance of its own;

Nor by works only; nor, tho' Paul above  
Both faith and works have lifted it, can love  
Hurt, or desire to have, th' exclusive claim,  
In men's salvation, to this only fame;  
By all together souls are sav'd from ill,  
Where'er they yield an unresisting will.

God has a never-ceasing will to save,  
And men, by grace, may savingly behave:  
This would produce less fondness for a sect,  
And more concern about the main effect;  
Then faith alone might save them from the fall,  
As one good word, in use, that stood for all.

By native union, all the blessed pow'rs  
Of grace, that makes salvation to be ours,  
One in another, spring up in the breast,  
No soul is sav'd by one without the rest;  
Since then they all subsist in any one,  
Division ceases,—and dispute is gone.

### THOUGHTS ON PREDESTINATION AND REPROBATION.

#### A FRAGMENT.

FLATTER me not with your predestination,  
Nor sink my spirits with your reprobation:  
From all your high disputes I stand aloof,  
Your *pre's* and *re's*, your *decre's*, and your *proof*,  
And formal, Calvinistical pretence,  
That contradicts all gospel, and good sense.

When God declares, so often, that he wills  
All sort of blessings, and no sort of ill;  
That his severest purpose never meant  
A sinner's death, but that he should repent:  
For the whole world, when his beloved Son  
Is said to do whatever he has done,  
To become man, to suffer and to die,  
That all might live, as well as you and I;  
Shall rigid Calvin, after this, or you,  
Pretend to tell me that it is not true?  
But that eternal, absolute decree  
Has damn'd beforehand either you, or me,  
Or any body else? That God design'd,  
When he created, not to save mankind,  
But only *some*? The rest, this man maintain'd,  
Were to decreed damnation pre-ordain'd:  
No, sir; not all your metaphysic skill  
Can prove the doctrine, twist it as you will.

I cite the man for doctrine, so accurst,  
In book the third, and chapter twenty-first,  
Section the fifth—an horrid, impious lore,  
That one would hope was never taught before;  
How it came after to prevail away,  
Let them, who mince the damning matter, say;  
And others judge, if any Christian fruit  
Be like to spring from such a pagan root.

Pagan—said I—I must retract the word,  
For the poor pagans were not so absurd;  
Their Jupiter, of gods and men the king,  
Whenever he ordain'd an harmful thing,  
Did it because he was oblig'd to look,  
And act, as Fate had bid him, in a book:  
For gods and goddesses were subject, then,  
To dire necessity, as well as men;  
Compell'd to crush an hero, or a town,  
As Destiny had set the matter down.

But in your scheme, 'tis God that orders ill,  
With sov'reign pow'r, and with resistless will;  
He, in whose blessed name is understood  
The one eternal will to ev'ry good,  
Is represented, tho' unty'd by Fate,  
With a decree of damning, to create  
Such, as you term the vessels of his wrath,  
To show his pow'r, according to your faith:  
Just as if God, like some tyrannic man,  
Would plague the world, to show them that he came  
While others, (they, for instance, of your sect)  
Are mercy's vessels, precious and elect;  
Who think, God help them! to secure their bliss  
By such a partial, fond conceit as this.

Talk not to me of popery and Rome,  
Nor yet foretel its Babylonish doom;  
Nor canonize reforming saints of old,  
Because they held the doctrine that you hold;  
For if they did, altho' of saint-like stem,  
In this plain point we must reform from them:  
While freed from Rome, we are not tied, I hope,  
To what is wrong in a Geneva pope;  
Nor what is right should surname supersede  
Of Luther, Calvin, Bellarmine, or Bede.



Rome has been guilty of excess, 'tis true,  
And so have some of the reformers too;  
If in their zeal against the Roman seat,  
Plucking up tares they pluck'd up also wheat;  
Must we to children, for what they have said,  
Give this predestination stone for bread?

Sir, it is worse, is your predestination  
Ten thousand times than transubstantiation:  
Hard is the point, that papists have compil'd,  
With sense and reason to be reconcil'd;  
But yet it leaves to our conception, still,  
Goodness in God, and holiness of will;  
A just, impartial government of all;  
A saving love; a correspondent call  
To ev'ry man, and, in the fittest hour  
For him to hear, all offer'd grace and pow'r;  
Which he may want, and have, if he will crave  
From him who willeth nothing but to save.

Whereas, this reprobation doctrine, here,  
Not only sense and reason would cashier,  
But take, by its pretext of sov'reign sway,  
All goodness from the Deity away;  
Both Heav'n and Hell confounding with its cant,  
Virtue and vice, the sinner and the saint;  
Leaving (by irresistible decree,  
And purpose absolute, what man shall be,)  
Nothing, in sinners, to detest so much,  
As God's contrivance how to make them such.

That ever Christians, blest with revelation,  
Should think of his decreeing men's damnation;  
The God of love! the fountain of all good!  
"Who made," says Paul, "all nations of one blood  
To dwell on Earth; appointing time and place."  
And for what end this pre-ordaining grace?  
That they might seek, and feel after, and find  
The life in God, which God for man design'd.

"We are his offspring"—for, in that decree,  
The pagan poet and St. Paul agree:  
"We are his offspring"—Now, sir, put the case  
Of some great man, and his descending race;  
Conceive this common parent of them all,  
As willing some to stand, and some to fall:  
Master, suppose, of all their future lot,  
Decreeing some to happiness, some not;  
In some to bring his kindness into view;  
To show in others what his wrath can do;  
To lead the chosen children by the hand,  
And leave the rest to fall—who *could* stand.

I might proceed, but that the smallest sketch  
Shows an absurd and arbitrary wretch,  
Treating his offspring so, as to forbid  
To think, that ever God Almighty did;  
To think that creatures, who are said to be  
His offspring, should be hurt by his decree;  
Which had they always minded, good alone,  
And not a spark of evil, had been known:  
For his decree, appointment, order, will,  
Predestinating goodness, pow'r and skill,  
Is, of itself, the unbeginning good,  
The pouring forth of an un-ending flood  
Of overflowing bliss, which only rolls  
To fill his vessels, his created souls.

Happy himself, the true divine desire,  
The love that flames thro' that eternal fire,  
Which generates in him th' eternal light,  
Source of all blessing to created sight,  
Longs with an holy earnestness to spread  
The boundless glories of its fountain head;  
To raise the possibilities of life,  
Which rest, in him, into a joyful strife;

Into a feeling sense of him, from whom  
The various gifts of various blessings come.

To *bless* is his immutable decree,  
Such as could never have begun to be:  
Decree (if you will use the word decreed)  
Did from his love eternally proceed,  
To manifest the hidden pow'rs, that reign  
Through outward nature's universal scene;  
To raise up creatures from its vast abyss,  
Form'd to enjoy communicated bliss;  
Form'd, in their several orders, to extend  
Of God's great goodness wonders without end.

Who does not see that ill, of any kind,  
Could never come from an all-perfect mind?  
That its perception never could begin,  
But from a creature's voluntary sin,  
Made in its Maker's image, and impress'd  
With a free pow'r of being ever blest;  
From ev'ry evil, in itself, so free,  
That none could rise but by its *own* decree?  
By a volition, opposite to all  
That God could will, did evil first befall,  
And still befalls; for all the source of ill  
Is opposition to his blessed will;  
And union with it plainly understood  
To be the source of every real good.

To certain truths, which you can scarce deny,  
You bring St. Paul's expressions in reply;  
Some few obscurer sayings prove to choose,  
Where he was talking to the Roman Jews;  
You never heed the numerous texts, and plain,  
That will not suit with your *decreeing* strain,  
Confirming God's unalter'd will to bless,  
In words as clear as language can express:  
"Who willeth all men to be sav'd"—is one  
Too plain for comment to be made upon:  
So that, if *some* be not the same as *all*,  
You must directly contradict St. Paul,  
Whene'er you push to its dir. et extreme,  
Your wild, absurd predestination scheme.

Paul's open, generous, enlighten'd soul,  
Preach'd to mankind, a Saviour of the *whole*,  
Not part of human race; the blinded Jew  
Might boast himself in this conceited view;  
Boast of his father Abraham, and vent  
The carnal claims of family descent:  
But the whole family of Heav'n and Earth,  
Paul knew, if blest, must have another birth;  
That Jew and Gentile was in ev'ry place,  
Alike the object of a saving grace:  
Paul never tied salvation to a sect;  
All who love God, with him, are God's elect.

This plain, good maxim he himself preach'd  
To those fam'd chapters, which were so dignifi'd  
By studied comments of a later day;  
When words were prest to serve a partial fray;  
And scripture turn'd into a magazine  
Of arms, for sober, or for frantic spleen.

All who love God—how certain is the key!  
Whate'er disputed passages convey;  
In Paul's epistles if some things are read,  
"Hard to be understood," as Peter said,  
Must this be urg'd to prove in mens condition  
Their pre-election, and their preterition,  
Or predestination? for that monstrous word,  
Of all absurd decree the most absurd,  
Is into formal definition wrought  
By your divines—unstartl'd at the thought  
Of sov'reign pow'r decreeing to become  
The author of salvation but to *some*;

To some, resembling others, they admit,  
 Who are rejected—why? "He so thought fit:  
 Hath not the potter pow'r to make his clay  
 Just what he pleases?"—well, and tell me pray,  
 What kind of potter must we think a man,  
 Who does not make the best of it he can?  
 Who, making some fine vessels of his clay,  
 To show his pow'r, throws all the rest away,  
 Which, in itself, was equally as fine?  
 What an idea this of pow'r divine!  
 Happy for us, if under God's commands  
 We were as clay in the potter's hands;  
 Pliant, and yielding readily to take  
 The proper form, which he is pleas'd to make!  
 Happy for us that he has pow'r! because  
 An equal goodness executes its laws;  
 Rejecting none, but such as will behave  
 So, as that no omnipotence can save.  
 Who can conceive the infinitely Good  
 To show less kindness than he really could?  
 To pre-concert damnation, and confine,  
 Himself, his own beneficence divine?  
 An impotency this, in evil hour,  
 Ascrib'd to God's testifying pow'r,

By bitter logic, and the sour mistake,  
 Which overweening zeal is apt to make;  
 Describing sov'reignty as incomplete,  
 That does not show itself less good than great:  
 Tho' true in earthly monarchs it may be,  
 That majesty and love can scarce agree,  
 In his almighty will, who rules above,  
 The pow'r is grace, the majesty is love:  
 What best describes the giver of all bliss,  
 Glorious in all his attributes, is this;  
 The sov'reign Lord all creatures bow before,  
 But they, who love him most, the most adore.  
 From this one worship if a creature's heart,  
 Fixt on aught else, determines to depart,  
 There needs no pre-determining the case;  
 Idolatry ensues, and fall from grace;  
 Without, and contrary to God's intent,  
 Its own self-ruin is the sure event:  
 The love forsaken, which alone could bless,  
 It needs must feel wrath, anger, and distress;  
 The sensibilities that must arise,  
 If nature wants what sacred love supplies.  
 (Cætera desunt.)

THE POTTER AND HIS CLAY,

AN HYMN, ASCRIBED TO DR. WATTS.

BENOLD the potter and the clay,  
 He forms his vessels as he please;  
 Such is our God, and such are we,  
 The subjects of his high decrees.

Does not the workman's pow'r extend  
 O'er all the mass—which part to choose,  
 And mould it for a nobler end,  
 And which to leave for viler use?

May not the sov'reign Lord on high  
 Dispense his favours as he will?  
 Choose some to life, while others die,  
 And yet be just and gracious still?

What if, to make his terrour known,  
 He lets his patience long endure,  
 Suffering vile rebels to go on,  
 And seal their own destruction sure?

What if he means to show his grace,  
 And his electing love employs,  
 To mark out some of mortal race,  
 And form them fit for heav'nly joys.

Shall man reply against the Lord?  
 And call his Maker's ways unjust,  
 The thunder of whose dreadful word  
 Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

But, O my soul! if truth so bright  
 Should dazzle and confound thy sight,  
 Yet still his written will obey,  
 And wait the great decisive day.

Then shall he make his justice known,  
 And the whole world before his throne,  
 With joy, or terrour, shall confess  
 The glory of his righteousness.

THE CONTRAST.

BENOLD the potter and the clay,  
 He forms his vessels to his mind;  
 So did creating Love display  
 Itself in forming human kind.

Th' Almighty Workman's pow'r and skill  
 Could have no vile, but noble ends;  
 His one immutable good will  
 To all, that he hath made, extends.

This gracious sov'reign Lord on high,  
 By his eternal word and voice,  
 Chose all to live, and none to die,  
 Nor will he ever change his choice.

Not by his will, but by their own,  
 Vile rebels break his righteous laws;  
 And make the terrour to be known,  
 Of which they are themselves the cause.

His all-electing love employs  
 All means the human race to bless,  
 That mortals may his heav'nly joys,  
 By re-electing him, possess.

Shall man reply that God decreed  
 Fall'n Adam's race not to be blest?  
 That for a few his Son should bleed,  
 And Satan should have all the rest?

Do thou poor sinful soul of mine,  
 By faith and penitence, embrace  
 Of doubtless, boundless love divine,  
 The free, the universal grace.

Let God, within thy pliant soul,  
 Renew the image of his Son,  
 The likeness marr'd will then be whole,  
 And show what he, in Christ, has done.

## AN ARGUMENT.

FOR DAVID'S BELIEF OF A FUTURE STATE, INFERRED FROM BATHSHEBA'S LAST WORDS TO HIM, UPON HIS DEATH-BED.

If David knew not of a future life,  
How understood he Bathsheba his wife?  
Who, when he lay upon his death-bed, came  
To plead for Solomon's succeeding claim;  
And, having prosper'd in her own endeavour,  
Said—"Let my lord, king David, live for ever."

What real wish was Bathsheba's intent,  
If life hereafter was not what she meant?  
Say that—"for ever"—to a king in health,  
Meant a long life, prosperity, and wealth;  
To one, that lay a dying, you must own,  
'T would be a mere burlesque upon his throne.

If she had pray'd for David's mild release,  
Or—"Let my lord, the king, depart in peace"—  
(Tho', even then, 'twere difficult to stint  
Her utmost thought to so minute a hint) [teuce,  
The short-liv'd comment might have some pre-  
Bate—"live for ever"—has no sort of sense,

Unless we grant her meaning to extend  
To future life, that never has an end:  
Piety will, and reason must, confess,  
That her intention could be nothing less: [king'—  
"King live for ever"—and—"God save the  
Old, or new phrase, salvation is the thing.

No poor salvation to be quickly past,  
And with a deadly exit at the last;  
To which, when David was so near, what share  
Could he enjoy of live for ever's pray'r?  
Had he not known what Bathsheba design'd,  
A life to come, of everlasting kind.

Tho' numerous proofs might, readily, be brought  
That this was always holy David's thought;  
Yet since by learned, and long-winded ways,  
Men seek to break the force of ancient phrase,  
I single out this plain familiar one—  
Now give as plain an answer thereupon.

## ON THE FALL OF MAN:

OCCASIONED BY THE FOLLOWING REPRESENTATION OF THAT EVENT.

—"Neither can it seem strange, that God should lay stress on such outward actions, in their own nature neither good nor evil, when we consider, that in all his dispensations to mankind he has done the same. What was it he made the test of Adam's obedience in Paradise, but the eating of a fruit? An action in itself perfectly indifferent, and from which, if God had not forbidden it, it would have been superstition to have abstained." P. 28. of a *Persuasive to Conformity*, addressed to the Quakers by John Rogers, D. D.

Of man's obedience, while in Eden blest,  
What a mere trifle is here made the test!  
An outward action, in itself, design'd  
To be of perfectly indifferent kind;  
Which, but for God's forbidding threat severe,  
It had been superstition to forbear.

A strange account; that neither does nor can,  
Make any part of true religion's plan;  
But must expose it to the ridicule  
Of scoffers, judging by this crooked rule:  
Its friends, defending truth, as they suppose,  
Lay themselves open to acuter foes.

To say that action, neither good nor bad,  
From which no harm in nature could be had,  
Was chang'd, by positive, commanding will,  
Or threat forbidding, to a deadly ill,  
Charges, by consequence the most direct,  
On God himself that ill, and its effect.

Language had surely come to a poor pass,  
Before an author, of distinguish'd class  
For shining talents, could endure to make,  
In such a matter, such a gross mistake;  
Could thus derive death's origin, and root,  
From Adam's eating of an harmless fruit.

"From Adam's eating?—Did not God forbid  
The taste of it to Adam?"—Yes, he did—  
"And was it harmless, must we understand,  
To disobey God's positive command?"—  
No, by no means; but then the harm, we see,  
Came not from God's command, but from the tree.

If he command, the action must be good;  
If he forbid, some ill is understood:  
The tree, the fruit, had dreadful ills conceal'd,  
Not made by his forbidding, but reveal'd;  
That our first parents, by a true belief,  
Might know enough to shun the fatal grief.

The dire experience of a world of woe,  
Forbidding mercy will'd them not to know;  
Told them what ill was in the false desire,  
Which their free-wills were tempted to admire;  
That, of such fruit, the eating was—to die—  
Its harmless nature was the tempter's lie.

To urge it now and to impute the harm  
Of death, and evil, to the kind alarm  
Of God's command, so justly understood  
To will his creatures nothing else but good,  
Is, for a Babel fiction, to resign  
Right reason, scripture, and the love divine.

## A LETTER TO A FRIEND,

UPON THE MEANING OF ST. PAUL'S REPRESENTATION OF "SPEAKING WITH TONGUE." I CORINTH. 14.

If you remember, rev'rend sir, the talk  
That past betwixt us in the garden walk,  
The gift of tongues was mention'd; when I thought  
That notion wrong, which learned men had taught,  
And that this gift was not at all concern'd  
With that of speaking languages unlearn'd.

St. Paul, I said, in his Corinthian charge,  
Had treated on the subject more at large;  
From whose account one plainly might deduce  
The genuine gift, its nature, and its use;  
And make appear, from passages enow,  
The vulgar notion not to be the true:  
But that to speak in tongues, or speak in tongue,  
Was meant of hymns which the Corinthians sung;  
This is the gift which the apostle points,  
And lays its practice under due restraints.

You know the chapter—First then let us see  
How tongues do there with languages agree;  
Then how with hymns; and let which better suits  
Th' apostle's context regulate disputes. [known,

First; "he that speaketh in a tongue" (un-  
Translators add, for reasons of their own)  
"Speaketh to God," and speaketh "not to men"—  
Peculiar tokens of an hymn—again,

For "no man understandeth him"—from hence  
Tis plain, that languages was not the sense:  
Would he rise up, who had them at command,  
To speak in one, that none could understand?  
What can be more unlikely to suppose?

Yet thus the learned commentators glose;  
As their mistake about the gift imply'd  
The Christians guilty of this awkward pride:  
Such fact they make no scruple to advance,  
As would appear absurd in a romance:  
One in his softer, one his harsher terms,  
The same miraculous disgrace affirms:  
All, from the difficulty, try some shape,  
Whilst there is no escaping, to escape.

Whereas, to hymns all phrases correspond;  
Of them Corinthian converts were too fond;  
And Paul, who will'd them really to rejoice,  
But more with heart affected, than with voice,  
Authority, with reason mix'd, employ'd,  
Not to repress, but regulate their joys:  
The benefit of hymns he understood;  
But, most intent upon the church's good,  
The gift prophetic more expedient found,  
(That is, to preach the gospel, or expound) [Paul,  
Then to sing hymns—"the prophet speaks," says  
"To men; instructs, exhorts, and comforts all,"

Speaking in tongue, or hymning, to proceed,  
May edify the singer's self indeed;  
But prophecy the church; a private soul  
Should always yield the preference to the whole:  
Consistent all, if hymning he explains;  
If languages unknown, what sense remains?  
Would Paul affirm, that speaking might do good,  
In foreign languages, not understood,  
To a man's self? Would he so gently treat  
Such a suppos'd enormous self-conceit?  
Would he vouchsafe to pay, the chapter thro',  
Respect to tongues, if taken in this view?  
Would he allow, nay choose it?—for that next  
Is said of tongues in the succeeding text.

"I will you all to speak with tongues"—to sing  
Makes this a plain, intelligible thing;  
The other meaning, which they spread about,  
No commentators have, or can make out;  
That he should will them all to sing was just,  
And properly to use the gift, or trust;  
For his intention was not to reduce  
Singing itself, but its improper use:  
It was the good apostle's great concern,  
To preach the gospel so that most might learn:  
This was the gift, in which he rather will'd  
Such as had been converted to be skill'd.  
Speaking in tongue was good; but this, he knew,  
Was the more useful talent of the two:  
Greater its owner, but with an except,  
That shows the justice for an hymner kept;  
The matter sung, who, if he could express  
To edify the bearers, was not less;  
Interpretation render'd them alike;  
But does not this absurd supposal strike,  
That in plain speaking, on some Christian head,  
One should interpret what himself had said?

First use a language to the church unknown,  
Then, in another, for his fault atone?  
What reason, possible, can be assign'd?  
Why the known tongue should be at first declin'd?  
This difficulty, and so all the rest,

The nature of an hymn explains the best. [saint,  
"Now should I come amongst you," says the  
"Speaking with tongues" (should only come to  
"What shall it profit you, except I preach? [chant)  
Some revelation, knowledge, doctrine teach?"

And here the vulgar meaning of the word,  
For apostolic use, is too absurd;  
He scarce would if the speaking in a tongue,  
Unknown to Christians, whom he came among;  
Nor would a question find with him a place,  
About their profit, in so gross a case:  
He, plainly, hints a coming, not design'd  
To please their ear, but to instruct their mind:  
The real profit which he pointed at;  
And hymns themselves were useless without that.

That such a speaking, as is mentioned here,  
Was musical, is evidently clear

From the allusion, which he then propounds,  
To pipe, and harp, and instrumental sounds;  
Which none can urge, with reason, to belong  
So properly to language, as to song;  
Tho' it may serve for both, in some respect,  
Yet here one sees to which it must direct:  
"If pipe, or harp, be indistinctly heard,  
No tune, or meaning can be thence infer'd;  
If an uncertain sound the trumpet yield,  
How shall a man make ready for the field?"

Thus of dead instruments; of them that live,  
So ye, th' apostle adds, except ye give  
Words, by the tongue, that men can apprehend,  
Ye speak, but, as to hearers, to no end;  
And (what with hymning posture seems to square)  
Will be like men who speak into the air.

"So ye," to show how tune and song agree,  
"Except ye utter with the tongue," says he,  
"Words that are easy to be understood"  
(Which in a foreign tongue they never could)  
"How shall the thing be known to any one  
That ye have spoken (that is, sung) upon?"  
And, what with hymning posture seems to square,  
He adds, "for ye shall speak into the air."

Except ye utter with the tongue—unknown—  
Translators here thought fit to let alone;  
Unknown, and easy too to understand,  
That could not be—unknown they must disband.  
It was enough to show them their mistake,  
To see what incoherence it would make;  
Yet they not minding, just as they think fit,  
Sometimes insert it, and sometimes omit:  
But if the epithet, at first, be right,  
Why is it kept so often out of sight?  
Do not omissions carry, all along,  
Tacit confession of its being wrong?  
Tacit confession, which is open proof  
How little can be said in its behoof.

"They who shall speak in tongue, and they who  
Unless the meaning of the voice be clear," [hear,  
(The sense not being within mutual reach.)  
"Will be," says Paul, "barbarians each to each,"  
Or foreigners—and therefore, is his drift,  
"With all your fondness for the speaking gift,  
Have the whole church's benefit in view;  
Let him, who speaks in tongue, interpret too."

Can such concession, such allowance made,  
Suit with that inconspicuous parade,

And show of gift, which commentators vent,  
Giving a meaning that could scarce be meant?  
While zeal for hymns, a natural effect  
In novices, though wanting to be check'd,  
Accounts for checking, for allowing phrase,  
For ev'ry motive that St. Paul displays;  
His placid reasoning and his mild rebuke;  
For which no insolence of gift could look:  
No insolence, I say, of such a kind  
As commentators, rashly, have assign'd  
To the first Christians; which the latter now,  
Suppose it offer'd, never would allow.

"For if I pray in tongue," St. Paul pursues,  
"My spirit prayeth; but no fruit accrues  
To them, who do not understand my pray'rs—"  
And what the remedy which he prepares?  
Why, it is this—"I will so" (sing or) "pray,  
That all may understand what I shall say:"  
Plain the two phrases in the verse proclaim,  
That praying here, and singing is the same;  
That some Corinthians so display'd their art,  
That none but they themselves could bear a part:  
Hence to interpret hymns his words ordain,  
Or else to sing intelligibly plain;  
Praying, or praising—for, says he again,  
"How shall unlearned persons say amen  
To thy thanksgiving, if, when thou shalt bless,  
They understand not what thy words express?  
Thou verily hast given thanks, and well;  
But this, unedified, they cannot tell;"  
The common benefit is still his aim,  
True, real glory of the Christian name.

In languages unknown, was pray'r and praise  
Perform'd by Christians, in th' apostles days?  
Was that a time, or was the church a place,  
For gifted ostentation to disgrace?

(Cætera desunt.)

### FAMILIAR EPISTLES TO A FRIEND,

UPON A SERMON ENTITLED, THE OFFICE AND  
OPERATIONS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. BY THE  
REV. MR. WARBURTON.

#### LETTER I.

A STRANGE discourse, in all impartial views,  
This that you lent me, doctor, to peruse:  
Had you not ask'd—a subject of this sort  
Might, of itself, a few remarks extort,  
To show how much a very learned man  
Has been mistaken in his preaching plan.

Preaching (a talent of the gospel kind,  
By—preaching peace thro' Jesus Christ—defin'd  
Should, one would think, in order to increase  
The gospel good, confine itself to peace;  
Exert it's milder influence, and draw  
The list'ning crowds to love's uniting law:  
For should the greatest orator extend  
The pow'rs of sound to any other end;  
Regard to healing sentiments postpone,  
And battle all that differ from his own;  
Tho' he could boast of conquest, yet how far  
From peace, through Jesus, through himself is war!  
How widely wanders, from the true design  
Of preaching Christ, the bellicose divine!

If amongst them, who all profess belief  
In the same gospel, such a warlike chief

Should, in the pulpit, labour to erect  
His glaring trophies, over ev'ry sect  
That does not just fall in with his conceit,  
And raise new flourish upon each defeat;  
As if, by dint of his haranguing strain,  
So many foes had happily been slain;  
Tho' it were sure that what he said was right,  
Is he more likely, think you, to invite,  
To win th' erroneous over to his mind,  
By eloquence of such an hostile kind,  
Or to disgrace, by arts so strongly weak,  
The very truths that he may chance to speak?

Like thoughts to these would, naturally, rise  
Out of your own occasional surprise,  
When, purchasing the book, you dip't into't,  
And saw the preacher's manner of dispute;  
How man by man, and sect by sect display'd,  
He pass'd along from preaching to parade;  
Confuting all that came within his way,  
Tho' too far off to hear what he should say:  
Reason, methinks, why candour would not choose,  
Where no defence could follow, to accuse;  
Where gen'rous triumph no attacks can yield  
To the unquestion'd master of the field:  
Where names, tho' injur'd without reason why,  
Absent, or present, can make no reply  
To the most false, or disingenuous hint,  
Till time, perchance, produces it in print:  
When, we may take for granted, it is clad  
In its best fashion, tho' it be but bad.

This one discourse is printed, we are told,  
The main of several sermons to unfold:  
For one grand subject all of them were meant—  
The Holy Spirit, whom the Father sent;  
Th' indwelling Comforter, th' instructing Guide;  
Who was, Christ said, for ever to abide  
With, and in his disciples here below,  
And teach them all that they should want to know.

A glorious theme! a comfortable one!  
For preachers to exert themselves upon;  
First taught themselves, and fitted to impart  
God's truth and comfort to an honest heart:  
Some such, at least, imagine to have been  
Amongst the flock that came to Lincoln's Inn;  
With a sincere desire to hear, and learn  
That, which became a Christian's chief concern:  
Pleas'd with the preacher's text, with hopes that  
Might prove an instrument, in some degree, [he  
Of their perception of an holy aid,  
Fruit of that promise which the Saviour made;  
Might help them, more and more, to understand  
How near true help and comfort is at hand;  
How soon the Spirit moves upon the mind,  
When it is rightly humbled and resign'd:  
With what a love to ev'ry fellow-soul  
One member of the church regards the whole;  
Looks upon all mankind as friends, or shares  
To heartier enemies his heartier pray'rs.

I might go on; but you, I know, will grant,  
Such is the temper that we really want:  
And such, if preachers ever preach indeed,  
If pastors of a flock will really feed,  
They will endeavour solely to excite,  
And move divided Christians to unite;  
If not in outward forms, that but supply  
A loftier Babel without inward tie,  
Yet in a common friendliness of will,  
That wishes well to ev'ry creature still;  
That makes the centre of religion's plan  
A god-like love embracing ev'ry man.

## LETTER II.

No office seems more sacred, and august,  
Than that of preachers who fulfill their trust;  
Working with God, and helping men to find  
The Prince of life, the Saviour of mankind:  
Who came himself a preacher, from on high,  
Of peace to all; the distant and the nigh.

So said the saint, whose preaching was the same,  
To Jew, to Greek—salvation thro' his name—  
Who taught, thro' him, to preach immortal life,  
Avoiding questions that engender strife;  
Patient, and meek, and gentle unto all,  
Instructing even opposers without gall;  
If peradventure God might give them grace  
The truth, when kindly offer'd, to embrace.

If these conditions preaching may demand,  
What must we think of the discourse in hand?  
Which, when we read, is apter to suggest  
A different temper in the preacher's breast;  
A text perverted from its native scope;  
A disappointment of all *hearing* hope.  
Here is a long dispute, in his first head,  
About what doctor Middleton had said;  
That "when the gift of tongues was first bestow'd  
Twas but an instantaneous sign, that show'd  
The gospel's chosen minister; and then,  
That purpose signified, it ceas'd again:  
So was its type, the fiery tongue, a flash  
Of lightning quickly vanish'd"—and such trash—  
To which a minister, who knew the press,  
In chose the time, when preaching, to digress;  
To take a text affording, thro' the whole,  
Such grounds of comfort to a Christian-soul,  
And then neglect; to preach a poor debate,  
That could but shine at pamphleteering rate;  
That, from the pulpit, must disgust the pew  
Of sager bench, and sober students too.

You may, hereafter, if you choose it, see  
How they mistook, both Middleton and he,  
The gift of tongues; how little, quite throughout,  
They knew, tho' learned, what they were about:  
In present lines, I shall but just relate  
One instance of the, no uncommon, fate  
Of learned men, who, in deep points exact,  
Forget, sometimes, the most apparent fact.

The apostles, gifted by the Holy Ghost,  
Began to speak with tongues, at Pentecost;  
"But did not"—so the preacher says—"begin  
To speak, before the multitude came in."  
He urges roundly how, in this respect,  
"The learned Middleton did not reflect,  
That in a private room they all were met,  
And tongues not spoken, till the people met."

Now if you read the Pentecostal facts,  
As you will find them written in the Acts,  
From his reflection tho' the point lay hid,  
The text affirms, expressly, that they did  
No learning wanted to determine this;  
'Tis what a reading child could never miss:  
This very gift, it is exceeding clear,  
Was that which brought the multitude to hear:  
"Speaking with tongues" foregoing words proclaim;  
The next—"when this was nois'd abroad"—they  
came.

Scarcely to be thought that, studying the case,  
With formal purpose to explain a place,  
A man so learned, and acute, could make,  
Could preach, could publish, such a flat mistake:

VOL. IV.

But 'tis the fate of great, and eager wits,  
To trust their memory too much, by fits.

To prove that Middleton's dispute was wrong  
Takes up the pages, for a sermon long;  
Soon after this you'll see another start,  
To fill his first division's second part:  
For having touch'd upon the names of all  
The gifts enumerated by Saint Paul,  
Then, in what sense the scripture was inspir'd,  
Higher, or lower, comes to be inquir'd:  
The high he calls "organical;" the low  
"Partial;" and "true;" as he proceeds to show.

This is the summary of what is said,  
Touching the Holy Ghost, in his first head;  
As guide to truth, and aiding to excite,  
To clear, to give the understanding light.  
What makes it sermon is the text prefix,  
Tho' scarce a word of it is intermixt;  
Consistently enough, for it has none  
Which suit the topics that he dwells upon:  
Topics, without a dignity to grace  
Text, office, audience, person, time, or place.

But were this all, and did not what he spake  
Lead, by degrees, to serious mistake,  
Taking a text, for form sake, to prepare  
The church to hear some shop-renown'd affair,  
(Too oft the turn of the polite divine)  
Would hardly merit your regard, or mine;  
But, sir, it is not only misapp'ly'd,  
This glorious text, but in effect deny'd;  
Or misconceiv'd; and therefore cutting short,  
At present, errors of less fatal sort,  
Let us pursue this subject, in the next,  
And from the sermon vindicate the text.

## LETTER III.

You wonder'd much, why any man of parts  
Would use, in preaching, low, invective arts;  
By which the vain disputings, that infest  
The Christian world, have seldom been suppress't;  
But often heighten'd, and that use destroy'd  
For which fine talents ought to be employ'd

If one can judge from reading this divine,  
Whose parts and talents would be really fine,  
If juster notions of the heav'nly grace  
Taught but the earthly not to quit their place,  
If one can judge, I say, from stated laws,  
In his discourses, what should be the cause  
Of such perversion of a lively wit,  
In erudite possessors, this is it.

They think that, now, religion's sole defence  
Is learning, history, and critic sense;  
That with apostles, as a needful guide,  
The Holy Spirit did indeed abide;  
But, having dictated to them a rule  
Of faith, and manners, for the Christian school,  
Immediate revelation ceas'd, and men  
Must now be taught by apostolic pen:  
Canon of scripture is complete; and they  
May read, and know, what doctrine to obey:  
To look for inspiration is absurd;  
The Spirit's aid is in the written word:  
They who pretend to his immediate call,  
From pope to quaker, are fanatics all.

Thus, having prov'd, at large, to Christians met,  
What no one Christian ever doubted yet,  
That the New Testament was really writ  
By inspiration, which they all admit,

X

He then subjoins that—"this inspir'd record  
Fulfill'd the promise of our blessed Lord;"  
(Fulfill'd it "eminently," is the phrase)

"For tho' the faithful, in succeeding days,  
Occasionally find, in ev'ry place,  
The Spirit's ordinary help, and grace,  
His light supreme, his constant, fixt abode,  
Is in the scriptures of this sacred code."

This was the sense, not easy to explore,  
When, reckon'ing up the Spirit's fruits before,  
"Scripture," said he (which this account ex-  
plains)

"Does not record them only, but contains;"  
"CONTAINS," in capitals—as if he took  
The scriptures to be something more than book;  
Something alive, wherein the Spirit dwelt,  
That did not only tell his fruits, but felt.  
"The sure deposit of the Spirit's fruits  
In holy scripture," (he elsewhere computes)  
"Fulfill'd the Saviour's promise, in a sense  
Very sublime"—So it should seem, from hence,  
That eminently, and sublimely, thus  
The Holy Spirit should abide with us.

If I mistake him, or mis-represent,  
You'll show me where, for 'tis not with intent:  
I want, if possible, to understand  
A sentence coming from so fam'd a hand:  
Tho' plain the words, 'tis difficult to solve  
What Christian sense he meant them to involve:  
In ev'ry way that words, and sense agree,  
'Tis perfect bibliolatry to me:  
No image-worship can be more absurd,  
Than idolizing thus the written word;  
Which, they who wrote intended to excite  
Attention to our Lord's predicted light;  
To that same Spirit, leading human thought,  
By which themselves, and all the good were  
taught;

Preaching that word, which a diviner art,  
Which God himself had written on the heart.

How can the best of books (for 'tis confess'd  
That, of all books, the Bible is the best)  
Do any more than give us an account  
Of what was said, for instance, on the Mount?  
Of what was done, for instance, on the cross,  
In order to retrieve the human loss?  
What more than tell us of the Spirit's aid,  
Far as his fruits by words can be display'd?  
But words are only the recording part,  
The things contain'd must needs be in the heart;  
Spirit of God no more in books demands  
To dwell, himself, than temples made with hands.

"Fruits of the spirit," as St. Paul defin'd?  
"Are love, joy, peace"—the blessings of the mind;  
The proofs of his abiding—who can brook  
A meek, a gentle, good, long-suff'ring book?  
Or let true faith, and temperance, be sunk  
To faith in writings, that are never drunk?  
In fine, whatever pen and ink presents,  
Can but contain historical contents;  
Nor can the fruits of Spirit be in print,  
In any sense, but as recorded in't.

Plain as this is, and strange, as you may think,  
The learned worship paid to pen and ink,  
It is the main hypothesis, you'll find,  
On which are built discourses of this kind;  
Which yet can give us, for a scripture clue,  
What contradicts its very letter too:  
As this has done—be shown as we go on—  
By these important verses of St. John.

## LETTER IV.

THE gospel's simpler language being writ,  
Not for the sake of learning, or of wit,  
But to instruct the pious, and the meek;  
When its intent mere critics come to seek,  
We find, on plain intelligible text,  
The variorum comments most perplex.

Such is the text before us; and so plain  
The Saviour's promise, which the words contain,  
That men, for modern erudition's sake,  
Must read, and study to acquire mistake;  
Must first observe the notions that prevail,  
Amongst the famous in their church's pale;  
Firm in the prejudice, that all is right  
Which books, or persons, most in vogue, recite;  
Then seek, to find, how scripture coincides  
With each decision of their knowing guides.

Without some such preparatives as these,  
How could the forc'd interpretation please,  
That makes a sacred promise, to bestow  
Perpetual aid, exhausted long ago?  
In one short age?—for God's abiding guide  
Withdraw, it seems, when the apostles died;  
And left poor millions, ever since, to seek  
How dissonant divines had construd' Greek.

In graver writers one has often read  
What in excuse of bookworkship is said;  
"It is not ink, and letter, that we own  
To be divine, but scripture sense alone;  
We have the rule which the apostles made,  
And no occasion for immediate aid."—  
Suppose, for once, the gross delusion true;  
What must a plain and honest Christian do?  
The Spirit's aid how far must be extend,  
To bring his Saviour's promise to an end?

This he perceives discourse to dwell upon;  
And yet—"for ever to abide"—has none.  
He, for the sake of safety would be glad  
To have that spirit which apostles had;  
Not one of them has writ, but says, *as may*;  
That 'tis the bias for which he ought to pray:  
That God will grant it him, his Saviour said,  
Sooner than parents give their children bread.  
If reading scripture can improve a soul,  
This is the sum, and substance of the whole;  
And gives it value of such high degree:  
For tho' as sacred as a book can be,  
'Tis only so, because it best revives  
Thought of that good which animated lives;  
Because its authors were inspir'd to write,  
And saw the truth in it's own heav'nly light;  
Because it sends us to that promisd source  
Of light, and truth, which govern'd their discourse,  
The Holy Spirit's ever present aid,  
With us, and in us—so the Saviour pray'd—  
That, when he left the world, the Holy Ghost  
Might dwell with Christians, as an inward host;  
That teaching, truth, and comfort in the breast,  
Might be secur'd by this abiding guest.

"Yes; with apostles"—sunk, by such a thought,  
Th' inestimable treasure down to nought;  
An history of sunshine may, as soon,  
Make a blind man to see the shining noon,  
As writings only, without inward light,  
Can bring the World's redemption into sight:  
Je-us—the Christ—the very book has shown,  
Without the Holy Spirit none can own:  
In words they may, but what is plainly meant,  
They cannot give a real, heart consent.

What friend to scripture, then, sir, can displace  
This inward witness of redeeming grace?  
And rest the gospel on such outward view,  
As any Turk may rest his *Coran* too?  
Nay, he can own a written word, or work  
That Christians do, and yet continue Turk.

Why do the Christian disputants so fill  
The world with books, of a polemic skill,  
When 'tis the sacred, and acknowledg'd one  
That all their jarring systems build upon?  
But that the Spirit does not rule their wit,  
By which at first the sacred one was writ:  
Of whose support great scholars stand in need,  
As much as they who never learnt to read:  
Unhappy they! but for that living guide,  
Whom God himself has promis'd to provide!  
A guide, to quote the blessed text again,  
"For ever to abide, with Christian men."

Fond of its books, poor Learning is afraid;  
And higher guidance labours to evade:  
Books have the Spirit in supreme display!  
Men but in lower, ordinary way!  
This strange account of men and books is true,  
It seems, according to the promise too!

Such wild conceits all men have too much wit  
Or learned, or unlearned, to admit;  
But when some interest, or custom rules,  
And chains obsequious wills to different schools,  
The wisest, then, sir, will relinquish thought,  
And speak, like parrots, just as they are taught.  
What this should be, what spends in vain the fire  
Of briske tempers—let us next inquire.

## LETTER V.

WHEN Christians first receiv'd the joyful news—  
"Messiah come"—unmixt with worldly views;  
When the whole church with heav'nly grace was  
And (from the Spirit Comforter) possess'd [blest,  
One heart, one mind, one view to common good;  
Then was the real gospel understood.

Then was the time—to cite what you will find  
The preacher noting—"when the world combin'd  
Its pow'rs against it, but could not destroy;  
When holy martyrs, with enraptur'd joy,  
Encounter'd death; enabled to sustain  
Its utmost terror, and its utmost pain:  
At such a juncture, Heav'n's uncommon aid  
Soon forth, to help humanity display'd.

"But now"—his reason for abated grace,  
Difference of primitive and present case—  
"New—case, and honour" (mind the maxim,  
friend)

"On the profession of the faith attend:  
At first, establish'd by diviner means,  
On human testimony, now, it leans;  
Supports itself, as other facts must do,  
That rest on human testimony too;  
Sufficient strength is the conviction there,  
To make the present Christian persevere."

Here lies the secret—that may soon unfold  
Why modern Christians fall so short of old;  
Why they appear to have such different looks,  
The men of spirit, and the men of books:  
When racks and gibbets, torment and distress  
Attended them who ventur'd to confess,  
They had, indeed, a fixt, and firm belief,  
To die for one who suffered like a thief;

Stretch'd on the wheel, or burning in the flame,  
To preach a crucified Redeemer's name;  
Courage like this compendious proof supply'd  
Of Heav'n's true kingdom, into which they dy'd:  
Thus was the wisdom of the world struck dumb,  
And all the pow'rs of darkness overcome;  
Gospel prevail'd, by its internal light,  
And gave the subject for the pen to write.

But when the world, with a more fatal plan,  
To flatter, what it could not force, began;  
When ease, and honour, as the preacher saith,  
Attended the profession of the faith;  
Then wrought its mischief, in the too secure,  
The secret poison, stower, but more sure:  
Commodious maxims then began to spread,  
And set up learning in the Spirit's stead:  
The life diminish'd, as the books increas'd,  
'Till men found out that miracles were ceas'd;  
That, with respect to succours more sublime,  
The gospel promise was but for a time;  
That inspiration, amongst men of sense,  
Was all a mere fanatical pretence:  
And divers like discoveries, that grant  
To ease, and honour, just what faith they want.

Faith to profess that wondrous things of old  
Did really happen, as the books have told;  
But, with a caution, never to allow  
The possibility of happen'ing now:  
For, as the world went on, it might affect  
An honourable ease, in some respect,  
To own celestial comfort still inspir'd,  
And suffer'ing courage, as at first, requir'd;  
Quite proper then; but equally unfit,  
When once the sacred canon had been writ:  
For upon that (is gravely here averr'd)  
Part of the Spirit's office was transferr'd;  
Books once compos'd, th' illuminating part  
He ceas'd himself; and left to human art  
To find, within his scriptural abode,  
Th' enlight'ning grace that preservec once be-  
stow'd.

These suppositions, if a man suppose,  
You see th' immediate consequence that flows;  
That men, and churches afterwards attack'd,  
Are pre-demolish'd, by asserted fact;  
Which, once advanc'd may, with the greatest ease,  
Condemn whatever Christians he shall please:  
Owing to his forbearance, in some shape,  
If aught the extensive havoc shall escape.

With such a fund of learning, and a skill  
To make it serve what argument he will;  
With choice of words, for any chosen theme,  
With an alertness rulin'gly supreme;  
What, sir, can single persons, or a sect,  
When he is pleas'd to preach at 'em, expect?

Just what they meet with, in the present case—  
All the dogmatic censure, and disgrace,  
That a commanding genius can exert,  
When it becomes religiously alert;  
With narrow proofs, and consequences wide,  
Sets all opponents of its rote aside;  
The papists first, and then th' inferior fry,  
Fanatics; vanquish'd with a—who but I?  
These are the modish epithets that strike  
At true religion, and at false alike;  
Of these reproaches infidels are full;  
Their use in others verging down to dull:  
How one, who is no infidel, applies  
The hackney'd terms—may next salute your  
eyes.



## LETTER VI.

By reformation from the church of Rome  
We mean, from faults and errors, I presume;  
Against her truths to prosecute a war  
Is protestant aversion push'd too far:  
In them, should ease and honour not attend  
The fair profession, one should be her friend.

She thinks that Christ has given to his bride,  
His holy church, an ever present guide;  
By whose divine assistance she has thought,  
That miracles sometimes were really wrought;  
That, by the virtue which his gifts inspire,  
Great saints and martyrs have adorn'd her quire.  
Now say the worst, that ever can be said,  
Of that corruption which might overspread  
This church in general—cast at her the stone,  
They who possess perfection in their own;  
Yet, were instructive volumes to enlarge  
On bright exceptions to the general charge,  
They that love truth, wherever it is found,  
Would joy to see it, ev'n in Romish ground;  
Where if corruption grew to such a size,  
The more illustrious must examples rise  
Of life and manners—these, you will agree,  
Are true reformers, wheresoe'er they be.

Of all the churches, justly loth to claim  
Exclusive title to a sacred name,  
What one, I ask, has ever yet deny'd  
The inspiration of the promis'd guide?  
Our own—to which the defence that is due  
Forbids no just respect for others too—  
Believes, asserts, that what reform she made  
Was not without the Holy Spirit's aid:  
If to expect his gifts, however great,  
Be popish, and fanatical, deceit,  
She, in her offices of ev'ry kind,  
Has also been fanatically blind.  
What form, of her composing, can we trace  
Without a pray'r for his unstated grace?  
Taught, by the sacred volumes, to infer  
A Saviour's promise reaching down to her,  
Greatly she values the recording books;  
But, for fulfilling, in herself she looks.

That she may always think aright, and act,  
By God's good Spirit, is her pray'd for fact;  
Without his grace confessing, as she ought,  
Her inability of act, or thought:  
Nor does she fear fanatical pretence,  
When asking aid in a sublimer sense;  
Where she records, amongst the martyr'd host,  
"A Stephen—died with the Holy Ghost"—  
She prays for that same plenitude of aid,  
By which the martyr for his murderers pray'd;  
That she, like him, in what she undergoes,  
May love, and bless her persecuting foes.

Did but one spark of so supreme a grace  
Burn in the breast, when preaching is the case,  
How would a priest, unpersecuted, dare  
To treat, when mounted on a sacred chair,  
A church of Christ, or any single soul,  
By will enlisted on the Christian roll,  
With such a prompt, and contumelious ire,  
As love, nor blessing ever could inspire?

Altho' untouch'd with the celestial flame,  
How could an English priest mistake his aim?  
So far forget the maxims that appear,  
Throughout his church's liturgy, so clear?  
Wherein the Spirit's ever constant aid,  
Without a feign'd distinction, is display'd;

Without a rash attempting to explain,  
By limitations foolish and profane,  
When, and to whom, to what degree, and end,  
God's graces, gifts, and pow'rs were to extend;  
So far withdrawn—that Christians must allow  
Of nothing extra-ordinary, now:  
The vain distinction, which the world has found,  
To fix an unintelligible bound  
To gospel promise; equally sublime,  
Nor limited by any other time  
Than that, when want of faith, when earthly will,  
Shall hinder Heav'n's intentions to fulfill.

If, not confining any promis'd pow'rs,  
The Romish church be faulty, what is ours?  
Does our own church, in her ordaining day,  
Does any consecrating bishop say,  
When on the future priest his hand is laid,  
Receive the Spirit's ordinary aid?  
Do awful words—"Receive the Holy Ghost"—  
Imply that he abides in books the most?  
Books—which the Spirit who first rul'd the head,  
They say themselves, must teach to understand.

His inspiration, without limits too,  
All churches own, whatever preachers do:  
Not even miracles, tho' set aside  
In private books, has any church deny'd:  
How weak the proofs, which this discourse has  
To justify the fashionable thought, [brought,  
That gospel promises, of any kind,  
By spirit, or by scripture, are confin'd  
To apostolic, or to later times,  
May be the subject of succeeding rhymes.

## MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

CONSISTING OF THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,  
FRAGMENTS, EPIGRAMS, &c.

WITH peaceful mind thy race of duty run;  
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,  
But what thou wouldst thyself, if thou couldst see,  
Thro' all events of things, as well as be.

NATURAL knowledge is a moonshine light,  
And dreaming eyes still kept sleeping by't;  
But heav'nly wisdom, like the rising sun,  
Awakens nature, and good works are done.

LET thy repentance be without delay—  
If thou defer it to another day,  
Thou must repent for a day more of sin,  
While a day less remains to do it in.

To be religious something it will cost;  
Some riches, honours, pleasures will be lost;  
But if thou countest the sum total o'er,  
Not to be so will cost a great deal more.

HE that does good with an unwilling mind,  
Does that to which he is not well inclin'd:  
'Twill be reward sufficient for the fact,  
If God shall pardon his obedient act.

IF outward comforts, without real thought  
Of any inward holiness, are sought,

God disappoints us oft, and kindly too—  
To make us holy is his constant view.

THINK, and be careful what thou art within;  
For there is sin in the desire of sin:  
Think, and be thankful, in a different case;  
For there is grace in the desire of grace.

PRAY'R does not ask, or want the skill and art  
Of forming words, but a devoted heart:  
If thou art really in a mind to pray,  
God knows thy heart, and all that it would say.

COURAGE is better, all the wise will grant,  
Than any earthly good that thou canst want;  
And discontent, with which the foolish fill  
Their minds, is worse than any earthly ill.

Two Heav'ns a right contented man surround,  
One here, and one hereafter to be found:  
One, in his own meek bosom, here on Earth,  
And one, in Abraham's, at his future birth.

No faith towards God can e'er subsist with wrath  
Towards man, nor charity with want of faith;  
From the same root hath each of them it's growth;  
You have not either, if you have not both.

FAITH is the burning ardour of desire;  
Hope is the light arising from it's fire;  
Love is the spirit that, proceeding thence,  
Completes all virtue in a Christian sense.

Nor steel, nor flint alone produces fire;  
No spark arises till they both conspire:  
Nor faith alone, nor work without is right;  
Salvation rises, when they both unite.

ZEAL without meekness, like a ship at sea,  
To rising storms may soon become a prey;  
And meekness without zeal is like the same,  
When a dead calm stops every sailing aim.

If gold be offer'd thee, thou dost not say,  
To-morrow I will take it, not to-day:  
Salvation offer'd, why art thou so cool,  
To let thyself become to-morrow's fool?

AN heated fancy, or imagination,  
May be mistaken for an inspiration—  
True; but is this conclusion fair to make,  
That inspirations must be all mistake?  
A pebble stone is not a diamond—true;  
But must a diamond be a pebble too?

HYPOCRITES in religion form a plan  
That makes them hateful both to God and man;  
By seeming zeal they lose the world's esteem,  
And God's, because they are not what they seem.

AN humble man, tho' all the world assault  
To pull him down, yet God will still exalt;

Nor can a proud, by all the world's renown,  
Be lifted up, for God will pull him down.

HE is no fool, who charitably gives  
What he can only look at whilst he lives;  
Sure as he is to find, when hence he goes,  
A recompense which he can never lose.

IF giving to poor people be to lend  
Thy money to the Lord, who is their friend,  
The highest interest upon it's rest sure  
Is to let out thy money to the poor.

WHERE grief or joy shall press upon thee hard,  
Be then especially upon thy guard;  
Then is most danger of not acting right:  
A calmer state will give a surer light.

IF we mind nothing but the body's pride,  
We lose the body and the soul beside;  
If we have nothing but the Earth in view,  
We lose the Earth, and heav'nly riches too.

HE is a sinner, you are pleas'd to say,  
Then love him for the sake of Christ, I pray.  
If on his gracious words you place your trust,  
—"I came to call the sinners, not the just"—  
Second his call; which if you will not do,  
You'll be the greater sinner of the two.

PRAY'R and thanksgiving is the vital breath,  
That keeps the spirit of a man from death;  
For pray'r attracts into the living soul  
The life, that fills the universal whole;  
And giving thanks is breathing forth again  
The praise of him, who is the life of men.

To own a God who does not speak to men,  
Is first to own and then disown again;  
Of all idolatry the total sum  
Is having gods that are both deaf and dumb.

LOVE does the good which God commands to do;  
Fear shuns the ill which he prohibits too:  
They both describe, tho' by a different name,  
A disposition of the mind the same.

WHAT is more tender than a mother's love  
To the sweet infant fondling in her arms?  
What arguments need her compassion move  
To hear it's cries, and help it in it's harms?  
Now, if the tenderest mother were possess'd  
Of all the love, within her single breast,  
Of all the mothers since the world began,  
'Tis nothing to the love of God to man.

WHY should I be so eager to espy  
The mote that swims upon my brother's eye?  
And still forget, as if I had not known,  
The dark'ning beam that overspreads my own?

O! let me play the hypocrite no more!  
 But strive to cure my own obstructed sight!  
 Then shall I see, much clearer than before,  
 To set my undiscerning brother right.

---

*ON THE EPICUREAN, STOIC, AND  
 CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.*

THREE different schemes philosophers assign;  
 A Chance, a Fate, a Providence divine;  
 Which to embrace of these three several views,  
 Methinks it is not difficult to choose.

For first; what wisdom, or what sense, to cry  
 Things happen as they do—we know not why?  
 Or how are we advanc'd one jot, to know, [so?  
 When things once are—that they must needs be

To see such order, and yet own no laws;  
 Feel such effects, and yet confess no cause;  
 What can be more extravagant and odd?  
 He only reasons, who believes a God.

---

*ATHEISM THE ONLY GROUND OF  
 DISCONTENT.*

If reason does each private person bind,  
 To seek the public welfare of mankind;  
 If this be justice, and the sacred law,  
 That guards the good, and keeps the bad in awe,  
 If this great law but op'rates, to fulfil  
 One vast Almighty Being's righteous will;  
 And if he only, as we all maintain,  
 Does all things rule, and all events ordain;  
 Then reason binds each private man t'assent,  
 That none but atheists can be discontent.

---

*GOD THE ONLY TRUE TEACHER.*

THE Lord is my light; by his teaching I learn,  
 With a right understanding his works to discern:

While I dwell in his presence 'tis then that I live,  
 And enjoy a content which he only can give:

In all other things I have labour'd to find  
 That truth which might fill an intelligent mind;  
 But I labour'd in vain, for it is he alone  
 That can give me instruction, and make himself  
 known.

---

*AN EPIGRAM,*

*ON THE BLESSEDNESS OF DIVINE LOVE.*

FAITH, Hope, and Love, were question'd, what  
 they thought  
 Of future glory, which Religion taught:  
 Now Faith believ'd it, firmly, to be true;  
 And Hope expected so to find it too;  
 Love answer'd, smiling with a conscious glow,  
 "Believe? Expect? I know it to be so."

---

*A CONTRAST*

*BETWEEN TWO EMINENT DIVINES.*

Two different painters, artists in their way,  
 Have drawn religion in her full display;  
 To both she sat—One gaz'd at her all o'er;  
 The other fix'd upon her features more:  
 Hervey has figur'd her with ev'ry grace  
 That dress could give—but Law has hit her face.

---

*ON PREACHING.*

*AN EPIGRAM.*

THE specious sermons of a learned man  
 Are little else but flashes in the pan;  
 The more haranguing upon (what they call)  
 Morality is powder without ball;  
 But he, who preaches with a Christian grace,  
 Fires at our vices, and the shot takes place.

THE  
P O E M S  
OF  
*ROBERT DODSLEY.*



THE  
LIFE OF ROBERT DODSLEY.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

---

An account of Mr. Dodsley was added to the new edition of the *Biographia Britannica* by Dr. Kippis, but without much information from personal inquiry, which at that time must have been in the doctor's power; nor does he appear to have seen *The Muse in Livery*, which would have cleared up the doubts respecting the early condition of our author. In endeavouring to supply these defects, I have, perhaps, been in some measure successful; but after every inquiry, the life of Dodsley can be little more than a contribution to the general history of literature.

Robert Dodsley was born at Mansfield in Nottinghamshire, in the year 1703. His father is said to have kept the free school at Mansfield, a situation in which it is natural to suppose he could have bestowed some education on his children; yet it is not easy to reconcile this with the servile track of life into which they were obliged to enter. He is described as a little deformed man, who, after having a large family by his first wife, married at the age of seventy-five a young girl of only seventeen years, by whom he had a child.

Of his sons, Alvary lived many years, and died in the service of the late sir George Savile: Isaac was for some time gardener to Mr. Allen of Prior-park, and afterwards to lord Weymouth at Long-leat. In these two families he spent fifty-two years of his life, and has the credit of being the projector of some of the beautiful plantations at both those seats. He retired from Long-leat at the age of seventy-eight, and died about three years after. There was a third, John, whose name, with that of Alvary and of the father, I find among the subscribers to our poet's first publication. James, who was twenty-two years younger than Robert, will come to be mentioned hereafter, when he was taken into partnership. How he passed the preceding part of his time is not known.

Of Robert nothing is now remembered in his native town, but a traditional story that he was put apprentice to a stocking-weaver of that place, and that being almost starved, he ran away, and was hired by a lady, as her footman: this lady, it is added, observing that he employed his leisure hours in reading, gave him every encouragement, and soon after he wrote an entertainment which was shown to

Pope and others.<sup>1</sup> Part of this story is probable, but too much of his history is crowded into it. His first service was not that of a lady, nor was the entertainment (The Toy Shop) his first production.

Although he was probably not in many stations of the menial kind, it is certain that he was once footman to Charles Dartiquenave (or, as spelt by Swift) Dartineuf, esq. paymaster of the works, and the Darty who is noticed by Pope:

Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny  
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pye.

His gluttony, which was long proverbial, suggested to lord Lyttelton to introduce him in his *Dialogues of the Dead*, holding a conversation with Apicius. The story of the ham-pye, Dr. Warton assures us, was confirmed by Doddsley, who knew Dartineuf, and, as he candidly owned, had waited on him at dinner: or, as he said more explicitly to Dr. Johnson, "was his footman."

He served afterwards in the same humble station, in the family of the hon. Mr. Lowther, where his conduct procured him respect, and his abilities distinction. Several of his small poems were written while in this family, and being shown to his mistress and her visitors, he was encouraged to publish them by a very liberal subscription, including about two hundred names of considerable note. His volume had the very appropriate title of *The Muse in Livery, or The Footman's Miscellany*, a thin octavo, published in the year 1732.

In his preface he alludes very feelingly to his many disadvantages. "What can be expected from the pen of a footman, a character that expresses a want both of friends, fortune, and all the advantages of a liberal education or a polite converse?" He seeks no other excuse for his verses, "than the candour and good nature of his readers, when they recollect that the author lies under all the disadvantages of an uncultivated mind; nay even his natural genius depressed by the sense of his low condition: a condition from which he never hopes to rise, but by the goodness of Providence influencing some generous mind to support an honest and a grateful heart, which will ever be found in the breast of the author, R. D." In an emblematical frontispiece is a figure intended to represent himself, the right foot chained to despair, the right hand chained by poverty to misery, folly, and ignorance, the left hand winged and endeavouring in vain to reach happiness, virtue, and knowledge.

The volume contains the *Epistle to Stephen Duck*; *Kitty*, a pastoral; *The Petition*; *Rome's pardou*, under the title of the *Devil is a Dunce*; *Religion*, a simile; *The Epithalamium*, called here, an *Entertainment designed for the Wedding of Governor Lowther and Miss Pennington*; and the *Advice*. These were reprinted in his volume of *Trifles*; of the rest, the *Footman*, the verses to the hon. *Lady Howe*, and those to his friend *Mr. Wright*, are added to the present collection. The *Footman* exhibits, in smooth and easy rhymes, the manners of the age; and the verses to *lady Howe* contain, in the second stanza, a piece of condolence, of wonderful simplicity. The other compositions in this publication are chiefly compliments to his patrons, and may be omitted without injury to his memory as a poet. Those he reprinted; were carefully revised, and he made many alterations, which, however, are not worth specifying. The *Epistle to Stephen Duck* bestowed some

<sup>1</sup> Harrod's *History of Mansfield*. C.

extravagant compliments on that poor poetaster, of which Dodsley lived to be ashamed.

His next attempt was more successful than the publication of his poems, and considering the disadvantages of a life of servitude, more extraordinary. He wrote a dramatic piece, entitled *The Toy Shop*, the style of which discovers an improvement which to those who had just read *The Muse in Livery*, must have appeared wonderful. This the author determined to submit to Pope in manuscript. He tells us he had a great regard for that poet, before he had the honour of being known to him, and "it was a great mortification to him that he used to think himself too inconsiderable ever to merit his notice or esteem. However, some time after I had wrote the *Toy Shop*, hoping there was something in it which might recommend me to him in a moral capacity, at least, though not in a poetical one, I sent it to him, and desired his opinion of it, expressing some doubt that, though I designed it for the stage, yet unless its novelty would recommend it, I was afraid it would not bear a public representation, and therefore had not offered it to the actors."

Pope's answer to this application may appear in this place without impropriety, as it has escaped the collectors of his letters, and exhibits his kindness to unprotected genius in a very favourable light.

" SIR,

Feb. 5, 1732-3.

"I was very willing to read your piece, and do freely tell you, I like it, as far as my particular judgment goes. Whether it has action enough to please the stage, I doubt: but the morality and satire ought to be relished by the reader. I will do more than you ask me: I will recommend it to Mr. Rich. If he can join it to any play, with suitable representations, to make it an entertainment, I believe he will give you a benefit night; and I sincerely wish it may be turned any way to your advantage, or that I could show you my friendship in any instance.—I am &c."

Pope accordingly recommended it to Mr. Rich, and ever after bestowed "his favour and acquaintance" on the author. The hint of this excellent satire, for it scarcely deserves the name of drama, was taken from *Randolph's Muse's Looking Glass*. It was acted at *Covent Garden* theatre in 1735, and met with great success; but was yet more popular when printed, being indeed much better calculated for the closet than the stage. There is an ease and elegance in the style which raise our opinion of Dodsley's natural talents, and so many circumstances of public and private absurdities are brought together, as to afford a decisive proof that he had a mind far above his situation, and that with habits of attentive observation of life and manners, he cherished the justest moral feelings.

Such was his situation, however, that for some time he was supposed to be only the nominal author of the *Toy Shop*; but when he asserted his claim he became more noticed, and the theatre more easily accessible to his future dramatic attempts. The profits of his volume of poems, and of the *Toy Shop*, enabled him to set up in business, and with much judgment he chose that of a bookseller, which his friends might promote, and which might afford him leisure and opportunity to cultivate his talents. At what time he quitted service is not known, but he commenced the bookselling trade at a shop in *Pall Mall* in the year 1735, and by Pope's friendly



interest, and his own humble and prudent behaviour, soon drew into his little premises such a society of men of genius, taste and rank, as have seldom met. Many of these he afterwards had the honour of uniting together in more than one scheme of literary partnership.

In the mean time, the success of his first dramatic piece encouraged him to attempt another better adapted to stage rules. This was his farce of *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*, the plot of which is formed on a traditional story in the reign of Henry II. It was performed in 1736-7, and with applause scarcely inferior to that of *The Toy Shop*. In 1737-8 he produced *Sir John Cockle at Court*, intended as a sequel to *The King and the Miller*, but it had the usual fate of sequels, to suffer by comparison. His next dramatic performance was *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, a ballad farce, acted in 1741, but with little success. The songs, however, are now added to his poetical miscellanies, and are not unfavourable specimens of lyric simplicity.

Almost from the commencement of trade Dodsley became a speculator in various literary undertakings, either original or compiled. So rapid was his success, that before he had been three years in business he became a purchaser of copyrights, and it is among the most striking of those occurrences which diversify the lives of men of literary eminence, that in 1738 the truly illustrious Dr. Samuel Johnson was glad to sell his first original publication to humble Robert Dodsley, for the small sum of ten guineas. We find by Mr. Boswell's very interesting account of this transaction, that Dodsley was the first to discover the merits of Johnson's *London*, and was desirous to purchase an article of which, as a tradesman, he had not miscalculated the value. But before this time Dodsley's shop must have been in considerable reputation, as in April 1737 he published Pope's *Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*, and in the following month Pope assigned over to him the sole property of his *Letters*, and afterwards that of vols. 5 and 6 of his works, and some of his detached pieces. Not long after Young and Akenside published their works at his shop, and as early as March 1738-9 he became a partner with some of his brethren in the copyright of established authors\*.

The first of his literary schemes was a periodical journal, which appears to have escaped the researches of his biographers, entitled *The Public Register, or Weekly Magazine*, begun January 3, 1741, each number of which consisted of sixteen quarto pages, handsomely printed, and was sold for three pence. Although Dodsley appears to have lived on friendly terms with Cave the printer, who referred Johnson to him as a fit publisher of the *London*, yet this *Register* was undoubtedly one of the many attempts made at that time to rival the uncommon and much envied success of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and like them was soon obliged to yield to the superior popularity of that valuable miscellany. Dodsley and Cave abused one another a little, as rival projectors, but were probably reconciled

\* About this time he had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the house of lords by publishing Paul Whitehead's satire entitled *Manners*. Ben Victor was partly the means of saving him from the worst consequences of this affair, by requesting the earl of Essex (one of those libelled in the poem) to present an humble petition from Dodsley, which his lordship did with so much effect, that Dodsley was discharged on paying his fees, which came "to seventy odd pounds: a tolerable sum," *Whitehead adds*, "for one week's scurvy lodging in the Butcher-row." Victor's *Letters*, vol. 1. C.

when the cause was removed. The contents of Doddsley's *Public Register* were original letters and essays, in prose and verse; records of literature; the substance of the parliamentary debates, with news foreign and domestic, and advertisements relating to books. The original essays were contributed by his friends, and many of them probably by himself. It proceeded as far as the twenty-fourth number, when the editor thought proper to stop. He urges in his farewell address "the additional expense he was at in stamping it, and the ungenerous usage he met with from one of the proprietors of a certain monthly pamphlet, who prevailed with most of the common newspapers not to advertise it."

In 1745, he wrote a little poetical piece called *Rex et Pontifex*, which he meant as an attempt to introduce a new species of pantomime upon the stage. It was not, however, received by any of the theatres, and probably was considered only as a political effusion for a temporary purpose.

In 1746, he projected another periodical work, entitled, *The Museum, or The literary and historical Register*, published every fortnight, in an octavo size. Of this concern he had only a fourth share, the rest being the property of Messrs. Longman, Shewell, Hitch, and Rivington. It extended to three volumes, and contains a greater variety of original essays of real merit than any similar undertaking within our memory; nor will this be doubted, when it is added that among the contributors were Spence, Horace Walpole, the two Wartons, Akenside, Lowth, Smart, Gilbert Cooper, William Whitehead, Merrick, and Campbell. This last wrote those political papers which he afterwards collected, enlarged, and published under the title of *The present State of Europe*.

In 1748 our author published a work of yet greater popularity and acknowledged value in the instruction of youth, his *Preceptor*, to which some of the parties just mentioned contributed. Dr. Johnson furnished the preface, and the *Vision of Theodore the Hermit*. In the beginning of the following year Doddsley purchased Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wisbes*, for the small sum of fifteen guineas, but Johnson reserved the right of printing one edition. It is a better proof of Doddsley's enterprising spirit that he was the first who suggested the scheme of the *English Dictionary*, upon which Dr. Johnson was at this time employed: and is supposed to have procured some hints from Pope, among whose friends a scheme of this kind had been long entertained. Pope, however, did not live to see the excellent prospectus which Johnson published in 1747.

In 1748, Doddsley collected together in one volume his dramatic pieces, under the modest title of *Trifles*. On the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, he wrote *The Triumph of Peace*, a *Masque*, which was set to music by Dr. Arne, and performed at Drury-lane in 1748-9. Of this I have not been able to procure an entire copy.

In 1750, he published a small volume, unlike any of his former attempts, entitled "*The Economy of Human Life, translated from an Indian Manuscript, written by an ancient Bramin; to which is prefixed, an Account of the Manner in which the said Manuscript was discovered. In a Letter from an English Gentleman, now residing in China, to the Earl of \*\*\*\*\*.*" Whether from modesty, fear, or merely a trick of trade, Doddsley affected to be only the publisher of this work, and persisted in his disguise for some time. Conjecture gave it to the earl of Chesterfield, and not quite so absurdly as Mrs. Teresa Constantia

interest, and his own humble and prudent behaviour, soon drew into his little premises such a society of men of genius, taste and rank, as have seldom met. Many of these he afterwards had the honour of uniting together in more than one scheme of literary partnership.

In the mean time, the success of his first dramatic piece encouraged him to attempt another better adapted to stage rules. This was his farce of *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*, the plot of which is formed on a traditional story in the reign of Henry II. It was performed in 1736-7, and with applause scarcely inferior to that of the *Toy Shop*. In 1737-8 he produced *Sir John Cockle at Court*, intended as a sequel to *The King and the Miller*, but it had the usual fate of sequels, to suffer by comparison. His next dramatic performance was *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, a ballad farce, acted in 1741, but with little success. The songs, however, are now added to his poetical miscellanies, and are not unfavourable specimens of lyric simplicity.

Almost from the commencement of trade Dodsley became a speculator in various literary undertakings, either original or compiled. So rapid was his success, that before he had been three years in business he became a purchaser of copyrights, and it is among the most striking of those occurrences which diversify the lives of men of literary eminence, that in 1738 the truly illustrious Dr. Samuel Johnson was glad to sell his first original publication to humble Robert Dodsley, for the small sum of ten guineas. We find by Mr. Boswell's very interesting account of this transaction, that Dodsley was the first to discover the merits of Johnson's *London*, and was desirous to purchase an article of which, as a tradesman, he had not miscalculated the value. But before this time Dodsley's shop must have been in considerable reputation, as in April 1737 he published Pope's *Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*, and in the following month Pope assigned over to him the sole property of his *Letters*, and afterwards that of vols. 5 and 6 of his works, and some of his detached pieces. Not long after Young and Akenside published their works at his shop, and as early as March 1738-9 he became a partner with some of his brethren in the copyright of established authors<sup>2</sup>.

The first of his literary schemes was a periodical journal, which appears to have escaped the researches of his biographers, entitled *The Public Register, or Weekly Magazine*, begun January 3, 1741, each number of which consisted of sixteen quarto pages, handsomely printed, and was sold for three pence. Although Dodsley appears to have lived on friendly terms with Cave the printer, who referred Johnson to him as a fit publisher of the *London*, yet this *Register* was undoubtedly one of the many attempts made at that time to rival the uncommon and much envied success of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and like them was soon obliged to yield to the superior popularity of that valuable miscellany. Dodsley and Cave abused one another a little, as rival projectors, but were probably reconciled

<sup>2</sup> About this time he had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the house of lords by publishing Paul Whitehead's satire entitled *Manners*. Ben Victor was partly the means of saving him from the worst consequences of this affair, by requesting the earl of Essex (one of those libelled in the poem) to present an humble petition from Dodsley, which his lordship did with so much effect, that Dodsley was discharged on paying his fees, which came "to seventy odd pounds: a tolerable sum," Victor adds, "for one week's scurvy lodging in the Butcher-row." *Victor's Letters*, vol. I. C.

when the cause was removed. The contents of Dodsley's Public Register were original letters and essays, in prose and verse; records of literature; the substance of the parliamentary debates, with news foreign and domestic, and advertisements relating to books. The original essays were contributed by his friends, and many of them probably by himself. It proceeded as far as the twenty-fourth number, when the editor thought proper to stop. He urges in his farewell address "the additional expense he was at in stamping it, and the ungenerous usage he met with from one of the proprietors of a certain monthly pamphlet, who prevailed with most of the common newspapers not to advertise it."

In 1745, he wrote a little poetical piece called *Rex et Pontifex*, which he meant as an attempt to introduce a new species of pantomime upon the stage. It was not, however, received by any of the theatres, and probably was considered only as a political effusion for a temporary purpose.

In 1746, he projected another periodical work, entitled, *The Museum, or The literary and historical Register*, published every fortnight, in an octavo size. Of this concern he had only a fourth share, the rest being the property of Messrs. Longman, Shewell, Hitch, and Rivington. It extended to three volumes, and contains a greater variety of original essays, of real merit than any similar undertaking within our memory; nor will this be doubted, when it is added that among the contributors were Spence, Horace Walpole, the two Wartons, Akenside, Lowth, Smart, Gilbert Cooper, William Whitehead, Merrick, and Campbell. This last wrote those political papers which he afterwards collected, enlarged, and published under the title of *The present State of Europe*.

In 1748 our author published a work of yet greater popularity and acknowledged value in the instruction of youth, his *Preceptor*, to which some of the parties just mentioned contributed. Dr. Johnson furnished the preface, and the *Vision of Theodore the Hermit*. In the beginning of the following year Dodsley purchased Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, for the small sum of fifteen guineas, but Johnson reserved the right of printing one edition. It is a better proof of Dodsley's enterprising spirit that he was the first who suggested the scheme of the *English Dictionary*, upon which Dr. Johnson was at this time employed: and is supposed to have procured some hints from Pope, among whose friends a scheme of this kind had been long entertained. Pope, however, did not live to see the excellent prospectus which Johnson published in 1747.

In 1748, Dodsley collected together in one volume his dramatic pieces, under the modest title of *Trifles*. On the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, he wrote *The Triumph of Peace*, a *Masque*, which was set to music by Dr. Arne, and performed at Drury-lane in 1748-9. Of this I have not been able to procure an entire copy.

In 1750, he published a small volume, unlike any of his former attempts, entitled "The *Economy of Human Life*, translated from an *Indian Manuscript*, written by an ancient Bramin; to which is prefixed, an *Account of the Manner* in which the said *Manuscript* was discovered. In a *Letter from an English Gentleman*, now residing in *Cbina*, to the *Earl of \*\*\*\*\**." Whether from modesty, fear, or merely a trick of trade, Dodsley affected to be only the publisher of this work, and persisted in his disguise for some time. Conjecture gave it to the earl of *Chesterfield*, and not quite so absurdly as *Mrs. Teresa Constantia*

interest, and his own humble and prudent behaviour, soon drew into his little premises such a society of men of genius, taste and rank, as have seldom met. Many of these he afterwards had the honour of uniting together in more than one scheme of literary partnership.

In the mean time, the success of his first dramatic piece encouraged him to attempt another better adapted to stage rules. This was his farce of *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*, the plot of which is formed on a traditional story in the reign of Henry II. It was performed in 1736-7, and with applause scarcely inferior to that of the *Toy Shop*. In 1737-8 he produced *Sir John Cockle at Court*, intended as a sequel to *The King and the Miller*, but it had the usual fate of sequels, to suffer by comparison. His next dramatic performance was *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, a hallad farce, acted in 1741, but with little success. The songs, however, are now added to his poetical miscellanies, and are not unfavourable specimens of lyric simplicity.

Almost from the commencement of trade Dodsley became a speculator in various literary undertakings, either original or compiled. So rapid was his success, that before he had been three years in business he became a purchaser of copyrights, and it is among the most striking of those occurrences which diversify the lives of men of literary eminence, that in 1738 the truly illustrious Dr. Samuel Johnson was glad to sell his first original publication to humble Robert Dodsley, for the small sum of ten guineas. We find by Mr. Boswell's very interesting account of this transaction, that Dodsley was the first to discover the merits of Johnson's *London*, and was desirous to purchase an article of which, as a tradesman, he had not miscalculated the value. But before this time Dodsley's shop must have been in considerable reputation, as in April 1737 he published Pope's *Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*, and in the following month Pope assigned over to him the sole property of his *Letters*, and afterwards that of vols. 5 and 6 of his works, and some of his detached pieces. Not long after Young and Akeuside published their works at his shop, and as early as March 1738-9 he became a partner with some of his brethren in the copyright of established authors\*.

The first of his literary schemes was a periodical journal, which appears to have escaped the researches of his biographers, entitled *The Public Register, or Weekly Magazine*, begun January 3, 1741, each number of which consisted of sixteen quarto pages, handsomely printed, and was sold for three pence. Although Dodsley appears to have lived on friendly terms with Cave the printer, who referred Johnson to him as a fit publisher of the *London*, yet this *Register* was undoubtedly one of the many attempts made at that time to rival the uncommon and much envied success of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and like them was soon obliged to yield to the superior popularity of that valuable miscellany. Dodsley and Cave abused one another a little, as rival projectors, but were probably reconciled

\* About this time he had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the house of lords by publishing Paul Whitehead's satire entitled *Manners*. Ben Victor was partly the means of saving him from the worst consequences of this affair, by requesting the earl of Essex (one of those libelled in the poem) to present an humble petition from Dodsley, which his lordship did with so much effect, that Dodsley was discharged on paying his fees, which came "to seventy odd pounds: a tolerable sum," Victor adds, "for one week's scurvy lodging in the Butcher-row." *Victor's Letters*, vol. 1. C.

when the cause was removed. The contents of Dodsley's Public Register were original letters and essays, in prose and verse; records of literature; the substance of the parliamentary debates, with news foreign and domestic, and advertisements relating to books. The original essays were contributed by his friends, and many of them probably by himself. It proceeded as far as the twenty-fourth number, when the editor thought proper to stop. He urges in his farewell address "the additional expense he was at in stamping it, and the ungenerous usage he met with from one of the proprietors of a certain monthly pamphlet, who prevailed with most of the common newspapers not to advertise it."

In 1745, he wrote a little poetical piece called *Rex et Pontifex*, which he meant as an attempt to introduce a new species of pantomime upon the stage. It was not, however, received by any of the theatres, and probably was considered only as a political effusion for a temporary purpose.

In 1746, he projected another periodical work, entitled, *The Museum, or The literary and historical Register*, published every fortnight, in an octavo size. Of this concern he had only a fourth share, the rest being the property of Messrs. Longman, Shewell, Hitch, and Rivington. It extended to three volumes, and contains a greater variety of original essays of real merit than any similar undertaking within our memory; nor will this be doubted, when it is added that among the contributors were Spence, Horace Walpole, the two Wartons, Akenside, Lowth, Smart, Gilbert Cooper, William Whitehead, Merrick, and Campbell. This last wrote those political papers which he afterwards collected, enlarged, and published under the title of *The present State of Europe*.

In 1748 our author published a work of yet greater popularity and acknowledged value in the instruction of youth, his *Preceptor*, to which some of the parties just mentioned contributed. Dr. Johnson furnished the preface, and the *Vision of Theodore the Hermit*. In the beginning of the following year Dodsley purchased Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, for the small sum of fifteen guineas, but Johnson reserved the right of printing one edition. It is a better proof of Dodsley's enterprising spirit that he was the first who suggested the scheme of the *English Dictionary*, upon which Dr. Johnson was at this time employed: and is supposed to have procured some hints from Pope, among whose friends a scheme of this kind had been long entertained. Pope, however, did not live to see the excellent prospectus which Johnson published in 1747.

In 1748, Dodsley collected together in one volume his dramatic pieces, under the modest title of *Trifles*. On the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, he wrote *The Triumph of Peace, a Masque*, which was set to music by Dr. Arne, and performed at Drury-lane in 1748-9. Of this I have not been able to procure an entire copy.

In 1750, he published a small volume, unlike any of his former attempts, entitled "*The Economy of Human Life, translated from an Indian Manuscript, written by an ancient Bramin; to which is prefixed, an Account of the Manner in which the said Manuscript was discovered. In a Letter from an English Gentleman, now residing in China, to the Earl of \*\*\*\*.*" Whether from modesty, fear, or merely a trick of trade, Dodsley affected to be only the publisher of this work, and persisted in his disguise for some time. Conjecture gave it to the earl of Chesterfield, and not quite so absurdly as Mrs. Teresa Constantia

interest, and his own humble and prudent behaviour, soon drew into his little premises such a society of men of genius, taste and rank, as have seldom met. Many of these he afterwards had the honour of uniting together in more than one scheme of literary partnership.

In the mean time, the success of his first dramatic piece encouraged him to attempt another better adapted to stage rules. This was his farce of *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*, the plot of which is formed on a traditional story in the reign of Henry II. It was performed in 1736-7, and with applause scarcely inferior to that of the *Toy Shop*. In 1737-8 he produced *Sir John Cockle at Court*, intended as a sequel to *The King and the Miller*, but it had the usual fate of sequels, to suffer by comparison. His next dramatic performance was *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, a ballad farce, acted in 1741, but with little success. The songs, however, are now added to his poetical miscellanies, and are not unfavourable specimens of lyric simplicity.

Almost from the commencement of trade Dodsley became a speculator in various literary undertakings, either original or compiled. So rapid was his success, that before he had been three years in business he became a purchaser of copyrights, and it is among the most striking of those occurrences which diversify the lives of men of literary eminence, that in 1738 the truly illustrious Dr. Samuel Johnson was glad to sell his first original publication to humble Robert Dodsley, for the small sum of ten guineas. We find by Mr. Boswell's very interesting account of this transaction, that Dodsley was the first to discover the merits of Johnson's *London*, and was desirous to purchase an article of which, as a tradesman, he had not miscalculated the value. But before this time Dodsley's shop must have been in considerable reputation, as in April 1737 he published Pope's *Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*, and in the following month Pope assigned over to him the sole property of his *Letters*, and afterwards that of vols. 5 and 6 of his works, and some of his detached pieces. Not long after Young and Akenside published their works at his shop, and as early as March 1738-9 he became a partner with some of his brethren in the copyright of established authors\*.

The first of his literary schemes was a periodical journal, which appears to have escaped the researches of his biographers, entitled *The Public Register, or Weekly Magazine*, begun January 3, 1741, each number of which consisted of sixteen quarto pages, handsomely printed, and was sold for three pence. Although Dodsley appears to have lived on friendly terms with Cave the printer, who referred Johnson to him as a fit publisher of the *London*, yet this *Register* was undoubtedly one of the many attempts made at that time to rival the uncommon and much envied success of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and like them was soon obliged to yield to the superior popularity of that valuable miscellany. Dodsley and Cave abused one another a little, as rival projectors, but were probably reconciled

\* About this time he had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the house of lords by publishing Paul Whitehead's satire entitled *Manners*. Ben Victor was partly the means of saving him from the worst consequences of this affair, by requesting the earl of Essex (one of those libelled in the poem) to present an humble petition from Dodsley, which his lordship did with so much effect, that Dodsley was discharged on paying his fees, which came "to seventy odd pounds: a tolerable sum," Victor adds, "for one week's scurvy lodging in the Butcher-row." Victor's *Letters*, vol. 1. C.

when the cause was removed. The contents of Dodsley's Public Register were original letters and essays, in prose and verse; records of literature; the substance of the parliamentary debates, with news foreign and domestic, and advertisements relating to books. The original essays were contributed by his friends, and many of them probably by himself. It proceeded as far as the twenty-fourth number, when the editor thought proper to stop. He urges in his farewell address "the additional expense he was at in stamping it, and the ungenerous usage he met with from one of the proprietors of a certain monthly pamphlet, who prevailed with most of the common newspapers not to advertise it."

In 1745, he wrote a little poetical piece called *Rex et Pontifex*, which he meant as an attempt to introduce a new species of pantomime upon the stage. It was not, however, received by any of the theatres, and probably was considered only as a political effusion for a temporary purpose.

In 1746, he projected another periodical work, entitled, *The Museum, or The literary and historical Register*, published every fortnight, in an octavo size. Of this concern he had only a fourth share, the rest being the property of Messrs. Longman, Shewell, Hitch, and Rivington. It extended to three volumes, and contains a greater variety of original essays, of real merit than any similar undertaking within our memory; nor will this be doubted, when it is added that among the contributors were Spence, Horace Walpole, the two Wartons, Akenside, Lowth, Smart, Gilbert Cooper, William Whitehead, Merrick, and Campbell. This last wrote those political papers which he afterwards collected, enlarged, and published under the title of *The present State of Europe*.

In 1748 our author published a work of yet greater popularity and acknowledged value in the instruction of youth, his *Preceptor*, to which some of the parties just mentioned contributed. Dr. Johnson furnished the preface, and the *Vision of Theodore the Hermit*. In the beginning of the following year Dodsley purchased Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, for the small sum of fifteen guineas, but Johnson reserved the right of printing one edition. It is a better proof of Dodsley's enterprising spirit that he was the first who suggested the scheme of the *English Dictionary*, upon which Dr. Johnson was at this time employed: and is supposed to have procured some hints from Pope, among whose friends a scheme of this kind had been long entertained. Pope, however, did not live to see the excellent prospectus which Johnson published in 1747.

In 1748, Dodsley collected together in one volume his dramatic pieces, under the modest title of *Trifles*. On the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, he wrote *The Triumph of Peace*, a Masque, which was set to music by Dr. Arne, and performed at Drury-lane in 1748-9. Of this I have not been able to procure an entire copy.

In 1750, he published a small volume, unlike any of his former attempts, entitled "*The Economy of Human Life, translated from an Indian Manuscript, written by an ancient Bramin; to which is prefixed, an Account of the Manner in which the said Manuscript was discovered. In a Letter from an English Gentleman, now residing in China, to the Earl of \*\*\*\*\*.*" Whether from modesty, fear, or merely a trick of trade, Dodsley affected to be only the publisher of this work, and persisted in his disguise for some time. Conjecture gave it to the earl of Chesterfield, and not quite so absurdly as Mrs. Teresa Constantia



interest, and his own humble and prudent behaviour, soon drew into his little premises such a society of men of genius, taste and rank, as have seldom met. Many of these he afterwards had the honour of uniting together in more than one scheme of literary partnership.

In the mean time, the success of his first dramatic piece encouraged him to attempt another better adapted to stage rules. This was his farce of *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*, the plot of which is formed on a traditional story in the reign of Henry II. It was performed in 1736-7, and with applause scarcely inferior to that of *The Toy Shop*. In 1737-8 he produced *Sir John Cockle at Court*, intended as a sequel to *The King and the Miller*, but it had the usual fate of sequels, to suffer by comparison. His next dramatic performance was *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, a ballad farce, acted in 1741, but with little success. The songs, however, are now added to his poetical miscellanies, and are not unfavourable specimens of lyric simplicity.

Almost from the commencement of trade Dodsley became a speculator in various literary undertakings, either original or compiled. So rapid was his success, that before he had been three years in business he became a purchaser of copyrights, and it is among the most striking of those occurrences which diversify the lives of men of literary eminence, that in 1738 the truly illustrious Dr. Samuel Johnson was glad to sell his first original publication to humble Robert Dodsley, for the small sum of ten guineas. We find by Mr. Boswell's very interesting account of this transaction, that Dodsley was the first to discover the merits of Johnson's *London*, and was desirous to purchase an article of which, as a tradesman, he had not miscalculated the value. But before this time Dodsley's shop must have been in considerable reputation, as in April 1737 he published Pope's *Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*, and in the following month Pope assigned over to him the sole property of his *Letters*, and afterwards that of vols. 5 and 6 of his works, and some of his detached pieces. Not long after Young and Akenside published their works at his shop, and as early as March 1738-9 he became a partner with some of his brethren in the copyright of established authors<sup>2</sup>.

The first of his literary schemes was a periodical journal, which appears to have escaped the researches of his biographers, entitled *The Public Register, or Weekly Magazine*, begun January 3, 1741, each number of which consisted of sixteen quarto pages, handsomely printed, and was sold for three pence. Although Dodsley appears to have lived on friendly terms with Cave the printer, who referred Johnson to him as a fit publisher of the *London*, yet this *Register* was undoubtedly one of the many attempts made at that time to rival the uncommon and much envied success of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and like them was soon obliged to yield to the superior popularity of that valuable miscellany. Dodsley and Cave abused one another a little, as rival projectors, but were probably reconciled

<sup>2</sup> About this time he had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the house of lords by publishing Paul Whitehead's satire entitled *Manners*. Ben Victor was partly the means of saving him from the worst consequences of this affair, by requesting the earl of Essex (one of those libelled in the poem) to present an humble petition from Dodsley, which his lordship did with so much effect, that Dodsley was discharged on paying his fees, which came "to seventy odd pounds: a tolerable sum," Victor adds, "for one week's scurry lodging in the Butcher-row." Victor's *Letters*, vol. I. C.

when the cause was removed. The contents of Dodsley's Public Register were original letters and essays, in prose and verse; records of literature: the substance of the parliamentary debates, with news foreign and domestic, and advertisements relating to books. The original essays were contributed by his friends, and many of them probably by himself. It proceeded as far as the twenty-fourth number, when the editor thought proper to stop. He urges in his farewell address "the additional expense he was at in stamping it, and the ungenerous usage he met with from one of the proprietors of a certain monthly pamphlet, who prevailed with most of the common newspapers not to advertise it."

In 1745, he wrote a little poetical piece called *Rex et Pontifex*, which he meant as an attempt to introduce a new species of pantomime upon the stage. It was not, however, received by any of the theatres, and probably was considered only as a political effusion for a temporary purpose.

In 1746, he projected another periodical work, entitled, *The Museum, or The literary and historical Register*, published every fortnight, in an octavo size. Of this concern he had only a fourth share, the rest being the property of Messrs. Longman, Shewell, Hitch, and Rivington. It extended to three volumes, and contains a greater variety of original essays of real merit than any similar undertaking within our memory; nor will this be doubted, when it is added that among the contributors were Spence, Horace Walpole, the two Wartons, Akenside, Lowth, Smart, Gilbert Cooper, William Whitehead, Merrick, and Campbell. This last wrote those political papers which he afterwards collected, enlarged, and published under the title of *The present State of Europe*.

In 1748 our author published a work of yet greater popularity and acknowledged value in the instruction of youth, his *Preceptor*, to which some of the parties just mentioned contributed. Dr. Johnson furnished the preface, and the *Vision of Theodore the Hermit*. In the beginning of the following year Dodsley purchased Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, for the small sum of fifteen guineas, but Johnson reserved the right of printing one edition. It is a better proof of Dodsley's enterprising spirit that he was the first who suggested the scheme of the *English Dictionary*, upon which Dr. Johnson was at this time employed: and is supposed to have procured some hints from Pope, among whose friends a scheme of this kind had been long entertained. Pope, however, did not live to see the excellent prospectus which Johnson published in 1747.

In 1748, Dodsley collected together in one volume his dramatic pieces, under the modest title of *Trifles*. On the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, he wrote *The Triumph of Peace*, a Masque, which was set to music by Dr. Arne, and performed at Drury-lane in 1748-9. Of this I have not been able to procure an entire copy.

In 1750, he published a small volume, unlike any of his former attempts, entitled "*The Economy of Human Life, translated from an Indian Manuscript, written by an ancient Bramin; to which is prefixed, an Account of the Manner in which the said Manuscript was discovered. In a Letter from an English Gentleman, now residing in China, to the Earl of \*\*\*\*\*.*" Whether from modesty, fear, or merely a trick of trade, Dodsley affected to be only the publisher of this work, and persisted in his disguise for some time. Conjecture gave it to the earl of Chesterfield, and not quite so absurdly as Mrs. Teresa Constantia

Phillips complimented that nobleman on being author of the *Whole Duty of Man*. Chesterfield had a friendship for Dodsley, and would not contradict a report which rendered the sale of the *Economy* both rapid and extensive. The critics, however, in the *Monthly Review* and *Gentleman's Magazine*, were not to be deceived.

It would be unnecessary to say much on the merit of a piece which is so well known. During its early popularity it occasioned many imitations, the principal of which were, *The Second Part of the Economy of Human Life—The Economy of Female Life—The Economy of the Sexes*; and the *Economy of a Winter's Day*, an humorous burlesque; Dodsley's *Economy*, however, outlived these temporary efforts, and continued to be praised and read as the production of lord Chesterfield. The real author, although he might secretly appropriate this praise to himself, was perhaps not very well pleased to find that he seldom was suspected to have deserved it.

His next production appears to have occupied his thoughts and leisure hours for a considerable time. This was a poem, intended to be comprised in three books, treating of Agriculture, Commerce, and Arts. Of these, by way of experiment, he published the first, under the general title of *Public Virtue*, in 1754, but it did not meet with such encouragement as to induce him to complete his design. It is written in blank verse, to which his ear was not very well attuned; yet with many imperfections, this poem has likewise many beauties. He appears to have contemplated rural scenery with the eye of a poet. In the didactic part he fails as others have failed before him who wished to convey mechanical instruction with solemn pomp, and would invoke the heroic Muse to tell what an unlettered farmer knows better. To console himself for the cool reception of this work, he told Dr. Johnson that "*public virtue* was not a subject to interest the age."

About this time, he established, in conjunction with Moore, a periodical paper entitled *The World*, a name which Dodsley is allowed to have suggested after the other partners had perplexed themselves in vain for a proper one. Lord Lytton, although no contributor himself, used his influence with his friends for that purpose, and Dodsley procured papers from many of his friends and customers. One paper only, No. 32, is acknowledged to come from his own pen. By undertaking to pay Moore a stipulated sum for each paper, whether contributed by that writer, or sent by volunteers, Dodsley secured to himself the copyright, and was amply repaid, not only by its sale in single numbers, but by the many editions printed in volumes. When it was concluded in 1756, he obtained permission of the principal writers to insert their names, which gave it an additional interest with the public. A few chose, at that time, to remain concealed, who have since been discovered, and some are yet unknown. Chesterfield and Horace Walpole were known at the time of publication.

In 1758, Dodsley wrote *Melpomene, or the Regions of Terrou and Pity*, an Ode, but concealed his being the author, and employed Mrs. Cooper as his publisher. The consequence was that this ode, in which it is universally acknowledged that there are many sublime passages, was attributed to some promising young man, whom years and cultivation would lead to a high rank among poets. Mary Cooper, who was also the publisher of the *World*, lived in Paternoster-row, and appears to have been frequently employed in this capacity

by Dodaley and others, when they did not choose that their names should appear to the first edition of any work.

In the same year, Dodaley produced his tragedy of Cleone, at Covent-garden theatre. This is said to have been rejected by Garrick with some degree of contempt, principally because there was not a character in it adapted to the display of his talents: and when it was performed for the first time at the rival theatre, he endeavoured to diminish its attraction by appearing the same night in a new character at Drury-lane. The efforts of jealousy are sometimes so ridiculous, as to make it difficult to be believed that they are seriously intended. Garrick's more than ridiculous conduct on this occasion is thus related by Davies:

“ Mr. Garrick, though he had rejected Cleone with great marks of contempt, and termed it a cruel, bloody, and unnatural play; yet he was extremely apprehensive that the public would be of a different opinion, and he prepared to meet its first appearance at Covent-garden with all his strength. He had for some time applied himself to the study of Marplot in the Busy Body, and was determined to oppose this character (which he was sure the town would be eager to see) to the tragedy of Dodaley. When Cleone was advertised, Marplot was announced against it. The friends of the tragedy were alarmed, and deferred the representation by advertising it to a farther date. Mr. Garrick immediately postponed the Busy Body. However, after a few dodging manœuvres of this kind, Cleone and the Busy Body were acted on the same night: and though it was a kind of up-hill labour to bring the people of fashion to side against a new character of Mr. Garrick, yet there was a very handsome show of very fashionable folks at Cleone. The manager made a sort of merit of his not acting on Dodaley's benefit night: but it must be confessed by those who esteemed Garrick most, that his conduct in the whole dispute was unjustifiable, and that he treated a worthy man and an old acquaintance with severity and unkindness. Many reasons were assigned for his particular conduct on this occasion: it is possible that his judgment was really against the play. I remember to have heard Mr. Dodaley declare, that after Mr. Garrick had given beck his play with a positive refusal to act it, he afterwards sent for Cleone once more, with a full intention to give it a re-examination, and a solemn promise to act it, if the tragedy, on a further perusal, should appear to deserve it. However, the result of his critical attention to the real merit of the piece was a confirmed disapprobation.

“ It was conjectured, with some probability, that his obstinacy in persisting to reject this play was owing to the inferiority of the part assigned him, when compared with that of Cleone. Mrs. Cibber in that part would have certainly eclipsed all the other characters in the tragedy<sup>2</sup>.”

Notwithstanding this malicious opposition, Cleone was played with great success for many nights, although the company at Covent-garden, with the exception of Mrs. Bellamy, were in no reputation as tragedians. How powerfully the author has contrived to excite the passions of terror and pity, was lately seen, when this tragedy was revived by Mrs. Siddons. Its effect was so painful, and indignation at the rillany of Glanville and Ragozin approached so near to abhorrence, that the

<sup>2</sup> Davies' Life of Garrick, vol. 1, p. 214. C.

play could not be endured. There are, indeed, in this piece many highly-wrought scenes; and the madness of Cleone deserves to rank among the most pathetic attempts to convey an idea of the ruins of an amiable and innocent mind. For Garrick's opinion we can have little respect, and I am inclined to think he was not sincere in giving it. If the play was unfit for the stage, why should he oppose its having a trial where the performers were so inferior to his own company, that he might conclude they would accelerate its condemnation? But, independently of those secret motives, which Garrick poorly concealed, we find that at this time his accustomed knowledge of stage effect seems to have been totally suspended, for he rejected Murphy's *Orphan of China*, in which, when he was afterwards compelled to act, he appeared to the greatest advantage; and likewise the celebrated tragedy of *Douglas*, by which he lost one of the most popular plays of modern times, and was "obliged" to act two of the same author's tragedies, *Agis*, and the *Siege of Aquileia*, which are deservedly consigned to oblivion. In his ungenerous conduct towards Dodsley he had another mortification to encounter. His *Marplot* so little answered his own, or the public expectation, that he was soon under the necessity of discontinuing it.

The prologue to *Cleone* was written by Melmoth, and the epilogue by Shennstone. Dodsley omitted about thirty lines of the latter, and substituted twelve or fourteen of his own; but restored the epilogue as originally written, in the fourth edition, at which it arrived in less than a year. Such was the avidity of the public, occasioned probably, in a great measure, by the opposition given to the performance of the play, that two thousand copies were sold on the first day of publication.

It remains to be added, that Pope, when very young, had attempted a tragedy on the same subject, which he afterwards burnt, as he informed Dodsley when the latter sent him his *Cleone*, in its first state, requesting his advice. Pope encouraged him to bring it out, but wished he would extend the plan to the accustomed number of five acts. Dodsley acted with sufficient caution in keeping his piece rather more than "nine years," and then submitted it to lord Chesterfield, and other friends, who encouraged him to offer it to the stage, and supported it when produced. Dr. Johnson was likewise among those who praised its pathetic effect, and declared that "if Otway had written it, no other of his pieces would have been remembered." Dodsley, to whom this was told, said very justly, "that it was too much."

This was an important year (1755) to our author in another respect. He now published the first volume of the *Annual Register*, projected in concert with the illustrious Edmund Burke, who is supposed to have contributed very liberally to its success. This work was in all its departments so ably conducted, that although he printed a large impression, he and his successor were frequently obliged to reprint the early volumes. Its value as an useful and convenient record of public affairs was so universally felt, that every inquirer into the history of his country must wish it had been begun sooner. Dodsley, however, did not live to enjoy its highest state of popularity; but some years after his death it became irregular in its times of publication, and the general disappointment which such neglect occasioned gave rise, in the year 1760, to another work of the same kind, under the name of the *New Annual Register*. This for many years was a powerful rival,

until the unhappy era of the French revolution, when the principles adopted in the *New Register* gave disgust to those who had been accustomed to the old; and the mind, if not the hand of Burke, appearing again in the latter, it resumed, and still maintains, its former reputation, under the management of Messrs Rivingtons, who succeeded the late James Dodsley in the property.

In 1760, our author published his *Select Fables of Esop and other Fabulists*, in three books, which added very considerably to his reputation, although he was more indebted than has been generally supposed to his learned customers, many of whom seem to have taken a pleasure in promoting all his schemes. The *Essay on Fable*, prefixed to this collection, is ascribed to Dodsley by the author of his life in the *Biographia*. Dodsley probably drew the outline of the *Essay*, but Shenstone produced it in the shape we now find it. In Shenstone's *Cl. Letter to Mr. Greaves*; he says, "I could not understand by Mr. Dodsley's last letter to me that he had any sort of intention to publish his *Fables* this winter. Presuming upon this delay, and having neither had the leisure nor the frame of mind fit to take his *Preface* into consideration, I have hitherto deferred to do so. La Motte's discourse on *Fables* is a most excellent performance, containing, as appears to me, all that need be said upon the subject, and this expressed with all imaginable elegance and perspicuity. I believe I shall advise our friend (Dodsley) to make more ample use of this dissertation." But in letter *CIII.* he says more expressly, "Our friend Dodsley, I presume, has sent you a book of his *Fables* before this time. What merit I have there is in the *Essay*: in the *Original Fables*, although I can hardly claim a single fable as my own, and in the *Index*, which I caused to be thrown into the form of morals, and which are almost wholly mine." This account is confirmed by the correspondence between Dodsley and Shenstone, in *Hull's Select Letters*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1778.

When, after selling two thousand copies of this excellent collection within a few months, Dodsley was preparing a new edition, Shenstone informs us that Mr. Spence offered to write the life afresh; and Spence, Burke, Lowth, and Melmoth, advised him to discard Italics. Such particulars may appear so uninteresting as to require an apology; but they add something to the history of books, which is a study of importance as well as of pleasure, and they show the very high respect in which our author was held. Here we have Shenstone, Spence, Burke, Lowth, and Melmoth, clabbing their opinions to promote his interest, by improving the merit of a work, which, however unjustly, many persons of their established character would have thought beneath their notice<sup>4</sup>.

On the death of Shenstone, in the beginning of the year 1763, Dodsley endeavoured to repay the debt of gratitude, by publishing a very beautiful edition of the works of that poet, to which he prefixed a short account of his life and writings; a character, written with much affection; a *Description of the Leasowes*, &c.

<sup>4</sup> Among other of Dodsley's publications, may be enumerated his *Fugitive Pieces*, in two volumes, written by Spence, Lord Whitworth, Burke, Clabbe, Hay, Cooper, Hill, and others: London and its Environs, 6 vols. 8vo. in which he was assisted by Horace Walpole, who procured the lists of paintings: *England Illustrated*, 2 vols. 4to. His collection of *Poems*, in 6 vols. 8vo. the last edition of which was edited by Mr. Isaac Reed in 1782, with biographical notes; and his collection of *Old Plays*, in 12 vols. 8vo. a second edition of which was published in 1780 by the same editor. During the publication of his poems in separate volumes, he solicited and obtained original pieces from most of his literary friends. See *Hull's Select Letters*, *passim*. — C.

## LIFE OF DODSLEY.

He had now retired from the active part of his business, having realized a considerable fortune, and was succeeded by his brother James, whom he had previously admitted into partnership, and who continued the business until his death in 1797, but without his brother's spirit or intelligence.

During the latter years of our author's life he was much afflicted with the gout, and at length fell a martyr to it, while upon a visit to his learned and useful friend the Rev. Joseph Spence, at Durham. This event happened September 25, 1764, in the sixty-first year of his age. He was interred in the abbey church-yard of that city, and the following homely inscription was engraven on his tomb-stone.

If you have any respect  
for uncommon industry and merit,  
regard this place,  
in which are deposited the remains of  
MR. ROBERT DODSLEY:  
who, as an author, raised himself  
much above what could have been expected  
from one in his rank of life,  
and without a learned education:  
and who, as a man, was scarce  
exceeded by any in integrity of heart,  
and purity of manners and conversation.  
He left this life for a better  
Sept. 25. 1764,  
In the 61st year of his age.

In 1772, a second volume of his works was published, under the title of *Miscellanies*, viz. *Cleone*, *Melpomene*, *Agriculture*, and the *Economy of Human Life*. Two of his prose pieces, yet unnoticed, were inserted in the later editions of his first volume. The *Chronicle of the Kings of England*, in imitation of the language of scripture; and an ironical sermon, in which the right of mankind to do what they will is asserted. Neither of these has contributed much to his reputation.

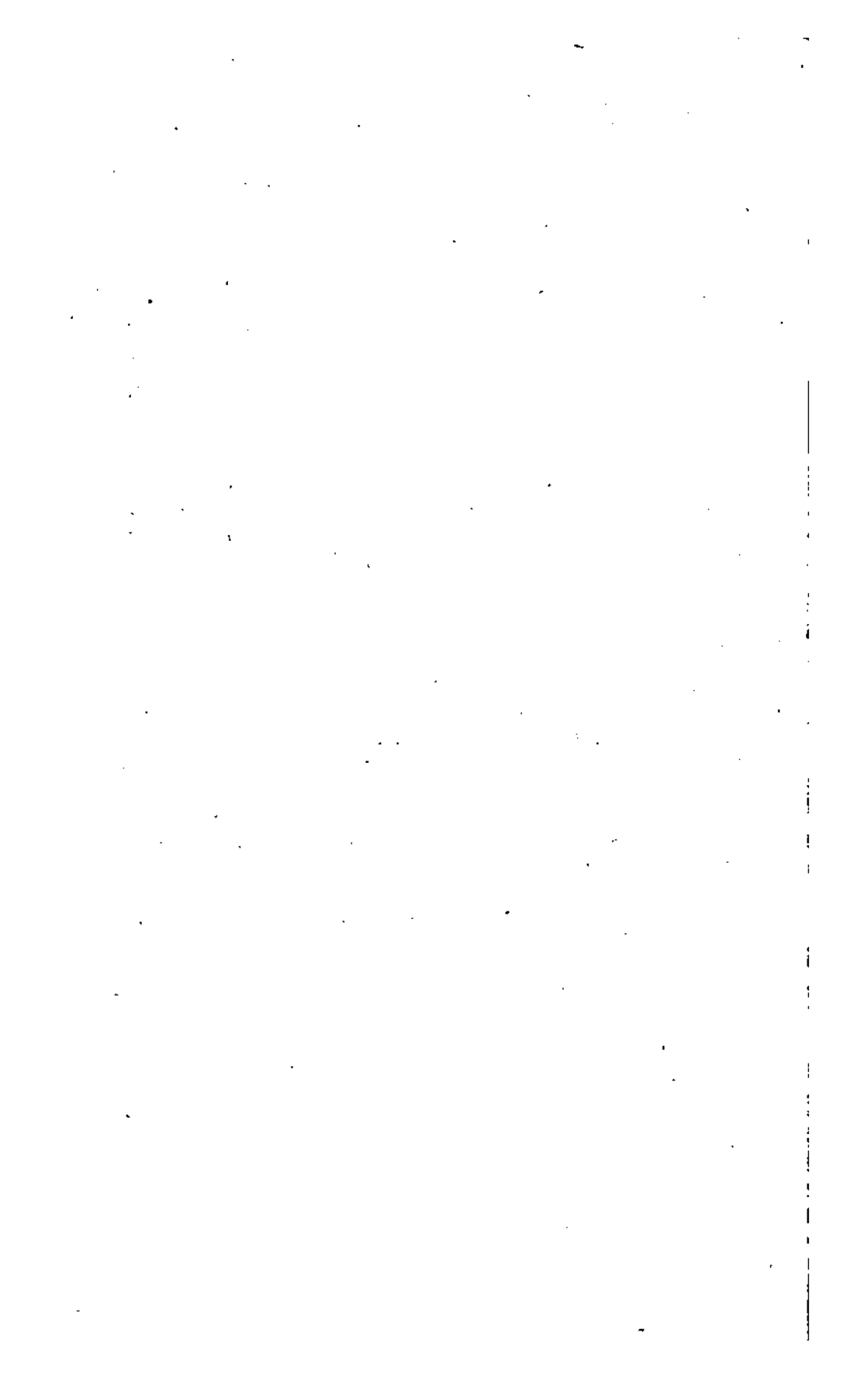
After the incidental notices taken of his different writings in this sketch of his life, little remains to be added as to their general character. If poets are classed by rigorous examination, he will not be able to maintain a very elevated rank. His *Agriculture* was probably intended as the concentration of his powers, but the subject had not been for many years of town-life very familiar to him; and had he been more conversant in rural economy, he could not give dignity to terms and precepts, which are neither intelligible nor just when translated from the homely language of the farm and the cottage. Commerce and the arts, had he pursued his plan, were more capable of poetical illustration, but it may be doubted whether they were not as much above his powers, as the other is beneath the flights of the heroic Muse. The *Art of Preaching* shows that he had not studied Pope's versification in vain. It is not, however, so strictly an imitation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, which I suspect he could not read, as of Pope's manner of modernizing satire. It teaches no art, but that which is despicable, the art of casting unmerited obloquy on the clergy.

In his lesser pieces, the *Cave of Pope*, *Pain and Patience*, and the *Epistle to Stephen Duck*, are many traits of poetical imagination; and in the *Melpomene*, the personifications are truly sublime. His collection of amatory poems, entitled *Colin's Kisses*, abound in epigrammatic beauties, and he has perhaps exhausted the play of words employed on borrowing, lending, ravishing and stealing kisses.

Upon the whole the general merit of his productions, and the connexions he formed with many of the most eminent literary characters of his time, have given such a cast of popularity to the name of Dodsley, that it was not thought proper to refuse him a place among his poetical friends; and his personal character may be an additional excuse. Although flattered for his early productions, and in a situation where flattery is most dangerous, he did not yield to the suggestions of vanity, nor considered his patrons as bound to raise him to independence, or as deserving to be insulted, if they refused to arrogant insolence what they were willing to grant to honest industry. With the fair profits of his first pieces he entered into business, and while he sought only such encouragement as his assiduity might merit, he endeavoured to cultivate his mind by useful, if not profound erudition. His whole life, indeed, affords an important lesson. Without exemption from some of the more harmless artifices of trade, he preserved the strictest integrity in all his dealings both with his brethren, and with such authors as confided to him the publication of their works; and he became a very considerable partner in those large undertakings which have done so much credit to the booksellers of London.

In his more private character Dodsley was a pleasing and intelligent companion. Few men had lived on more easy terms with authors of high rank, as well as genius; and his conversation abounded in that species of information which, unfortunately for biographers, is generally lost with those to whom it has been communicated. By his letters, some of which have been published, he appears to have written with ease and familiar pleasantry; and the general style of his writings affords no reason to remember that he was deprived of the advantages of education. So much may application, even with limited powers, effect; while those who trust to inspiration only too frequently are content to excite wonder and dispense with industry, mistaking the bounty-money of fame for its regular pay.





TO THE WORTHY  
PATRON AND ENCOURAGER OF ALL HUMAN PROJECTS AND  
DESIGNS,

*TO MORROW.*

GREAT SIR!

THE following pieces have most of them had the good fortune to be favourably received by some of your predecessors; how much of that honour I must place to the account of indulgence, and how little to that of merit, I doubt not but your great penetration will easily discover. You will however be so just, as to take into your consideration the author's want of that assistance and improvement which a liberal education bestows, and make such allowances for it as to your great wisdom and candour shall seem meet.

I shall perhaps be accused of presumption, in hoping that such sickly productions should live long enough to throw themselves at your feet, or feel the influence of that protection to which they aspire; but should they have the happiness to arrive at so distant a period, the utmost bounds of my ambition extend no farther than that they may be honoured with a favourable recommendation from you to your worthy son and successor, the NEXT DAY.

I am with great respect,

sir,

your most devoted

and obedient servant<sup>1</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> This dedication was originally prefixed to the first volume of Doddsley's poems published under the title of *Trifles*.—C.



# POEMS

OF

## ROBERT DODSLEY.

---

### THE FOOTMAN,

AN EPISTLE TO MY FRIEND MR. WRIGHT.

DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE I am now at leisure,  
And in the country taking pleasure,  
If it be worth your while to hear  
A silly footman's business there,  
I'll try to tell in easy rhyme,  
How I in London spent my time.

And first,

As soon as laziness will let me,  
I rise from bed, and down I sit me  
To cleaning glasses, knives, and plate,  
And such-like dirty work as that,  
Which (by the by) is what I hate.  
This done; with expeditious care,  
To dress myself I straight prepare;  
I clean my buckles, black my shoes,  
Powder my wig, and brush my clothes,  
Take off my beard, and wash my face,  
And then I'm ready for the chase.

Down comes my lady's woman straight;  
"Where's Robin?" here, "pray take your hat,  
And go—and go—and go—and go—  
And this—and that desire to know."

The charge receiv'd, away run I,  
And here, and there, and yonder fly,  
With services, and how-d'-ye-dos,  
Then home return full fraught with news.

Here some short time does interpose,  
Till warm effluvia greet my nose,  
Which from the spits and kettles fly,  
Declaring dinner-time is nigh.

To lay the cloth I now prepare,  
With uniformity and care;  
In order knives and forks are laid,  
With folded napkins, salt, and bread:  
The side-boards glittering too appear,  
With plate and glass, and china-ware.  
Then ale, and beer, and wine decanted,  
And all things ready which are wanted,

The smoking dishes enter in,  
To stomachs sharp a grateful scene:  
Which on the table being plac'd,  
And some few ceremonies past,  
They all sit down, and fall to eating,  
Whilst I behind stand silent waiting.

This is the only pleasant hour  
Which I have in the twenty-four;  
For whilst I unregarded stand,  
With ready salver in my hand,  
And seem to understand no more  
Than just what's call'd for out to pour:  
I hear and mark the courtly phrases,  
And all the elegance that passes;  
Disputes maintain'd without digression,  
With ready wit, and fine expression:  
The laws of true politeness stated,  
And what good-breeding is, debated:  
Where all unanimously exclude  
The vain coquet, the formal prude,  
The ceremonious and the rude;  
The flatt'ring, fawning, praising train;  
The fluttering, empty, noisy, vain;  
Detraction, smut, and what's profane.

This happy hour elaps'd and gone,  
The time of drinking tea comes on.  
The kettle fill'd, the water boil'd,  
The cream provided, biscuits pil'd,  
And lamp prepar'd: I straight engage  
The Lilliputian equipage  
Of dishes, saucers, spoons and tongs,  
And all th' *et cetera* which thereto belongs,  
Which, rang'd in order and decorum,  
I carry in, and set before 'em:  
Then pour or green or bohea out,  
And, as commanded, hand about.

This business over, presently  
The hour of visiting draws nigh:  
The chairmen straight prepare the chair,  
A lighted flambeau I prepare;  
And orders given where to go,  
We march along, and bustle thro'  
The parting crowds, who all stand off  
To give us room. O how you'd laugh!

To see me strut before a chair,  
And with a sturdy voice and air.  
Crying—"By your leave, sir! have a care!"  
From place to place with sprud we fly,  
And rat-ta-ta-lat the knockers cry,  
"Pray is your lady, sir, within?"  
If not, go on; if yes, we enter in.

Then to the hall I guide my steps,  
Amongst a crowd of brother skups,  
Drinking small-beer and talking smut,  
And this fool's nonsense putting that fool's out;  
Whilst oaths and peals of laughter meet,  
And he who 's loudest is the greatest wit.  
But here amongst us the chief trade is  
To rail against our lords, and ladies:  
To aggravate their smallest failings,  
T' expose their faults with saucy railings.  
For my part, as I hate the practice,  
And see in them how base and black 'tis,  
In some bye place I therefore creep,  
And sit me down, and feign to sleep:  
And could I with old Morpheus bargain,  
'T would save my ears much noise and jargon.  
But down my lady comes again,  
And I'm released from my pain.  
To some new place our steps we bend,  
The tedious evening out to spend:  
Sometimes, perhaps, to see the play,  
Assembly, or the Opera;  
Then home and sup, and thus we end the day.

#### TO THE HONOURABLE LADY HOWE,

UPON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, SIR RICHARD HOWE, BART. WHO DIED JULY 2, 1730, AFTER THEY HAD LIVED TOGETHER UPWARDS OF FIFTY YEARS.

He's gone! the great good man is gone!  
No power on Earth could save;  
The will of Heav'n at last is done;  
This night conveys him to the grave.

But let this thought alleviate  
The sorrows of your mind:  
He's gone—but he is gone so late  
You can't be long behind.

Heav'n saw your love; was very loath  
To part so blest a pair  
'Till it was time to take you both,  
That each might equal share

As well in Heaven, as on Earth  
The joys which each possess'd;  
Knowing that either, whilst alone,  
Would even in Heaven but half be bless'd.

#### TO MY FRIEND MR. WRIGHT,

UPON HIS COMMENCING SOMETHING I HAD WROTE.

SAY, was the real merit of my lays  
The happy motive of your gen'rous praise?  
Or did your partial friendship in each line  
Too much indulge the Muse because 'twas mine?  
Yes, yes, 'twas so; the first can ne'er be true;  
Tis hard to please a judge and critic too.

#### S O N G S

FROM SIR JOHN COCKLE AT COURT.  
O THE pleasing, pleasing joys  
Which in women we possess!  
O the raptures which arise!  
They alone have power to bless!

Beauty smiling,  
Wit beguiling,  
Kindness charming,  
Fancy warming;  
Kissing, toying,  
Melting, dying;  
O the raptures which arise!  
O the pleasing, pleasing joys!

TRIO' born in a country town,  
The beauties of London unknown,  
My heart is as tender,  
My waist is as slender,  
My skin is as white,  
My eyes are as bright  
As the best of them all,  
That twinkle or sparkle at court or ball.  
I can ogle and sigh,  
Then frown and be coy;  
False sorrow  
Now borrow,  
And rise in a rage;  
Then languish  
In anguish,  
And softly, and softly engage.

ADIEU to your cart and your plough;  
I scorn to milk your cow.  
Your turkeys and geese,  
Your butter and cheese,  
Are much below me now.  
If ever I wed,  
I'll hold up my head,  
And be a fine lady, I vow.

AL, luckless knight! I mourn thy case:  
Alas! what hast thou done?  
Poor Betty! thou hast lost thy place;  
Poor knight, thy sex is gone.

Learn henceforth, from this disaster,  
When for girls you lay your plots,  
That each miss expects a master  
In breeches, not in petticoats.

#### S O N G S

FROM THE BLIND BEGGAR OF NETHAL GREEN.

THE faithful stork behold,  
A duteous wing prepare,  
It's sire, grown weak and old,  
To feed with constant care.  
Should I my father leave,  
Grown old, and weak, and blind;  
To think on storks would grieve  
And shame my weaker mind.

Observe the fragrant blushing rose,  
Tho' in the humble vale it springs,  
It smells as sweet, as fair it blows,  
As in the garden of a king:

So calm content as oft is found complete  
In the low cot as in the lofty seat.

LET begging no more then be taunted,  
If honest and free from offence;  
Were each man to beg what he wanted,  
How many would beggars commence!  
Grave church-men might beg for more grace;  
Young soldiers for courage might call;  
And many that beg for a pension or place,  
Might beg for some merit withall.

THO' darkness still attends me,  
It aids internal sight;  
And from such scenes defends me,  
As blush to see the light.  
No villain's smile deceives me,  
No gilded fop offends,  
No weeping object grieves me,  
Kind darkness me befriends.

Henceforth no useless wailings,  
I find no reason why;  
Mankind to their own failings  
Are all as blind as I,  
Who painted vice desires,  
Is blind, whate'er he thinks;  
Who virtue not admires,  
Is either blind, or winks.

To keep my gentle *Hussy*,  
What labour would seem hard!  
Each toilsome task how easy!  
Her love the sweet reward.  
The bee thus uncomplaining,  
Esteems no toil severe,  
The sweet reward obtaining,  
Of honey all the year.

THE boy thus of a bird possess,  
At first how great his joys!  
He strokes it soft, and in his breast  
The little fav'rite lies:  
But soon as grown to riper age,  
The passion quits his mind,  
He hangs it up in some cold cage,  
Neglected and confin'd.

As death alone the marriage knot unties,  
So vows that lovers make  
Last until sleep, death's image, close their eyes,  
Dissolve when they awake;  
And that fond love which was to day their theme,  
Is thought to morrow but an idle dream.

BEMOED me on my bended knee,  
Think on my father's cries!  
O think the gushing tears you see  
Drop from his closed eyes!

Let this sad sight your soul possess,  
Let kind regret take place;  
And save my father from distress,  
His daughter from disgrace.

## D U B T.

HE.

THE man who in a dungeon lies for debt,  
Esteems not light and liberty so dear.

SHE.

The frighted bird just 'scap'd the fowler's net;  
Its heart not flutters more 'twixt joy and fear.

HE.

Come to my arms,  
And on my breast  
From all alarms  
Securely rest.

SHE.

In this kind heaven let me lie,  
In mutual pleasure live and die.

BOTH.

In mutual pleasure live and die.

## S O N G.

FROM THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

How happy a state does the miller possess!  
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less;  
On his mill and himself he depends for support,  
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,  
The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a bean;  
A clown in this dress may be honest far,  
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be  
The hands of his betters are not very clean; [seen,  
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;  
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,  
He cribs without scruple, from other mens sacks;  
In this of right noble examples he brags,  
Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,  
In this he would mimic the tools of the state;  
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,  
As all his concern's to bring grieve to his mill.

He cats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,  
And down when he's weary contented does lie;  
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing;  
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

## S O N G.

IN THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

BANISH'D to some less happy shore,  
The drum's harsh sound, the cannon's roar,  
Shall thunder far from home:  
The soldier, freed from war's alarms,  
Shall rest his consecrated arms  
In Honour's sacred dome.  
The Arts and Muses now shall smile,  
And in fair Freedom's fav'rite isle  
Shall fix their envy'd seat:  
The stone shall breathe, the canvas glow,  
And public works arise to show  
That Britain still is great.

## PROLOGUE

TO SIR JOHN COCKLE AT COURT.

As some poor orphan, at the friendly gate  
Where once reliev'd, again presumes to wait;  
So mov'd by former kindness to him shown,  
Our honest miller ventures up to town.  
He greets you all. His hearty thanks I bear  
To each kind friend. He hopes you're all so here.  
Hopes the same favour you'll continue still  
At court, which late you show'd him at the mill.  
Why should you not? If plain untutor'd sense  
Should speak blunt truths, who here will take of-  
fence?

For common right he pleads, no party's slave;  
A foe, on either side, to fool and knave.  
Free, as at Mansfield, he at court appears,  
Still uncorrupted by mean hopes and fears.  
Plainly his mind does to his prince impart,  
Alone embolden'd by an honest heart.  
These are his merits—on this plea I sue—  
But humbly he refers his cause to you. [cuse,  
"Small faults, we hope, with candour you'll ex-  
Nor harshly treat a self-convicted muse."  
If, after trial, he should mercy find,  
He'll own that mercy with a grateful mind;  
Or, by strict justice, if he's doom'd to death,  
Will then, without appeal, resign his breath.

## EPILOGUE

TO SIR JOHN COCKLE AT COURT.

LORD! what a stupid race these poets are!  
This tim'rous fool has made me mad, I swear:  
Here have I teas'd him every day this week  
To get an epilogue—'tis still to seek.  
"No, no," he cried: "I fear 'twill meet sad fate;  
And can one thank an audience after that?"  
"Well, Mr. What-d'-ye-call 't," said I, "suppose  
A merry epilogue might do it good." [it should;  
"Yes, madam," said he, and smil'd—"If I cou'd  
With humour, fit for you to speak, it might." [write  
'Twas very civil of the man, indeed— [heed."  
"Come, come," said I, "write something, never  
"Well—if it please," said he,—"on that condition,  
Pray make my compliments with due submission,  
The matter and the words I leave to you—"  
I thank'd him; and I'll try what I can do. [him,  
Our author thanks you for this favour shown  
The man is modest; that I must say on him.  
He says, 'tis your indulgence, not his merit—  
But, were I he, faith I'd pluck up a spirit;  
I think 'tis meanly giving up his cause,  
To claim no merit, when he's your applause,  
Were I to compliment you as I would,  
I'd say, you lik'd the thing, because 'twas good.  
But he must have his way—and so to you  
His grateful thanks I give, as justly due.

## EPILOGUE

TO THE TOY-SHOP.

WELL, Heav'n be prais'd, this dull, grave sermon's  
done;  
(For faith our author might have call'd it one.)

\* These two lines were added after the first  
night's performance, occasioned by some things  
which the audience very justly found fault with;  
and which, the second time, were left out, or al-  
tered as much as possible.

I wonder who the devil he thought to please!  
Is this a time o' day for things like these?  
Good sense and honest satire now offend;  
We're grown too wise to learn, too proud to mend,  
And so divinely wrapt in songs and tunes,  
The next wise age will all be—fiddlers' sons.  
And did he think plain truth wou'd favour find?  
Ah! 'tis a sign he little knows mankind!  
'To please, he ought to have a song or dance.  
The tune from Italy, the caper France! [sense!  
These, these might charm—But hope to do 't with  
Alas! alas! how vain is the pretence!  
But, tho' we told him,—"Faith, 'twill never do—"  
"Pho! never fear," he cried, "tho' grave, 'tis new:  
The whim perhaps may please, if not the wit,  
And, tho' they don't approve, they may permit.  
If neither this nor that will intercede,  
Submissive bend, and thus for pardon plead,  
"Ye gen'rous few, to you our author sues,  
His first essay with candour to excuse.  
'T has faults, he owns, but if they are but small,  
He hopes your kind applause will hide them all"

## REX ET PONTIFEX,

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO INTRODUCE UPON THE  
STAGE A NEW SPECIES OF PANTOMIME.

## PERSONS.

FAGAN, Jewish, Roman, and Mahometan Priest  
properly habited,  
Tyranny, in a coat of mail, a Gothic crown on his  
head, and chains in his hand.  
Imposture, a phantom dress'd up by the priest  
with a cloak, mask, &c.  
Truth, a beautiful woman dress'd in white, with  
great plainness and simplicity.  
Liberty, dress'd in her hair, with a flowing robe, a  
wand, &c.  
Zeal, has a fool's cap on his head painted with  
flames, a book in his hand, which he seems to  
read now and then, casting up his eyes to Heav-  
en, and beating his breast with great violence.  
Persecution, has an axe in one hand and a lighted  
firebrand in the other.  
Ambition, has a magnificent dress with stars, ribbons,  
coronets, and other ensigns of civil honour, eye-  
ing them often.  
Corruption, has a large bag of money in one hand,  
and a serpent in the other.  
Philosophers in Grecian habits.  
The Arts and the Muses from antiquity.

## REX ET PONTIFEX.\*

*The curtain rise: to solemn music, but something loud  
and dissonant, and discovers a magnificent temple;  
where a cabal of Egyptian priests, Jewish rabbins,  
Mahometan mullahs, a pope, a cardinal, janiz, and  
capuchin seem in close combination, and are all earnestly*

\* In Mr. Doddsley's Muse in Livery, is an  
entertainment designed for her majesty's birth-  
day, the scenery of which very much resembles  
this, but the poetical part is of inferior merit. C

embodied in dressing up the figure of Imposture. After a while they seem by their whispering, nodding, winking and sneering amongst themselves, to have adjusted matters very much to their own satisfaction. A large cloak is thrown over the shoulders of the figure, to hide its deformities; a mask of a fine composed grace is clapt upon its ugly visage; and several others, curiously delineated for all occasions, are cunningly disposed of beneath the cloak: which done, the priests withdraw. Then enters a band of ancient philosophers, properly habited; who examining the figure of Imposture with great care, seem to debate amongst themselves with calmness and moderation; and at length, having pulled off its cloak and mask, and discovered and exposed its strange features and monstrous deformities, they are just upon the point of demolishing the figure, when the priests re-enter, leading in Tyranny, with all the ensigns and officers of civil power attending him; by the assistance of whom, the philosophers are driven off the stage, and Imposture is again invested with its cloak and mask. The priests making obeisance to the civil power, seem to beg the continuance of his protection, and the chief of them addresses himself to Tyranny, in the following manner.

RELATIVE.

THEU, regal power! viceregent of the skies!  
Supreme on Earth, and substitute of Heaven!  
O stretch thy powerful arm, protect and save  
In sacred ministers! nor let bold man,  
With his presumptuous reason, dare to mock  
Our holy myst'ries, or dispute our rights.

AIR.

Kings the rights of priests defending,  
More securely hold their own;  
Priests to kings assistance lending,  
Merit succour from the throne:  
Then give us supreme dominion  
Over conscience and the soul!  
You shall rule (by our opinion)  
Lives and goods without controul.

RECITATIVE.

TYRANNY.

Most reverend fathers! delegates to men  
From Heaven's high king! ambassadors divine!  
Be it as you have said. Teach you mankind  
That power unlimited belongs to kings,  
That subjects have no rights but to obey;  
Then shall the arm of civil power protect  
Your highest claims of reverence; and enforce  
Assent to every tenet you shall judge  
Conducive to establish priestly rule  
O'er mind and conscience.

AIR.

Thus in fetters doubly binding,  
Souls enslaving, bodies grinding,  
We the stupid herd shall sway;  
And, supreme in wealth and grandeur,  
Silence every bold withstander  
That shall dare to disobey.

PRIEST.

But in this grand affair, this high attempt,  
To blind, enslave, and fleece a bubbled world;  
What instruments, what tools shall we employ?

TYRANNY.

Ambition and Corruption be my tools  
PRIEST.

Be mine blind Zeal and furious Persecution.

Enter to the Priests, at one door, Zeal and Persecution; and to the Civil Power, at the other, Ambition and Corruption, properly distinguished.

TYRANNY.

Go forth, ye instruments of our high aims,  
And in our cause possess the sons of men.  
Cramp and intimidate th' inquiring mind;  
With base affections taint the human heart:  
And tame the generous spirit that breathes in man,  
And prompts him to resist and brave oppression:  
So shall that head-strong beast, the multitude,  
Yield to the bit, and crouch beneath its burthen.

Zeal, leading Persecution, goes out one way; and Corruption, leading Ambition, the other. Then enter the Muses and the liberal Arts, with proper habits and ensigns, who seem to beg protection of the Priests and the Civil Power; but being commanded to fall down and worship the figure of Imposture, they refuse; upon which they are immediately chained and fettered, and cast down bound before it.

And now the Civil and Ecclesiastical Powers seem perfectly secure; they shake hands, they embrace, and after a formal solemn dance, in which they alternately bow and reverence each other, they are walking off the stage, when they meet with the goddess of Liberty, who leads in the Philosophers, walks boldly up to the figure of Imposture, and striking it with her sword, speaks as follows:

Hence, Delusion, hence, away;  
Nor in Britain dare to stay:  
To some foreign land retire,  
Where dull Ign'rance may admire:  
Here, amongst the brave and free,  
Truth shall rise, and dwell with me.

Then waving her sword, Imposture immediately sinks; and the goddess of Truth, arrayed in robes of white, yet dressed with the greatest plainness and simplicity, arises in its room, whom Liberty addresses in the following

AIR:

Fairest daughter of the skies,  
Hither turn thy radiant eyes;  
Thou hast lovers here shall trace,  
Every charm and every grace:  
Sons of wisdom, who admire,  
Sons of freedom, all on fire;  
Hither, goddess, hither turn;  
Britons for thy beauties burn.

And now the Arts and Muses seem rejoiced, they rise gradually upon their feet, their chains are taken off by Liberty, who leads up a dance, in which the Philosophers join with the Muses, all of them in the dance making frequent obeisance to the goddess of Truth.

During all this, the powers of Tyranny and Priestcraft are in great dread and confusion. Tyranny threatens with his sword, and the Priest wields a thunder-bolt; but ineffectual and in vain; for at the end of the dance, Truth and Liberty advancing fearless to their opposites, they drop their weapons and submit. After which, Liberty, addressing herself to them, speaks as follows:



O why, ye powers, that rule the race of man,  
And you that should instruct him to be wise  
And good; why will ye join, O why, in league  
Unnatural, to blind and to enslave!  
When to reform his morals, and protect  
His native rights, are your sole provinces,  
From which perform'd, your safety, glory, all  
That make kings great, and priests rever'd arise.

## AIR.

He whose heart with social fire  
Burns to do what good he can;  
Sure, by the celestial Sire,  
Will be deem'd the worthiest man:  
So the patriot warmly prest  
In his country's sacred cause,  
Of all subjects is the best,  
Best deserves his king's applause.

## TRUTH.

Princes, give ear; give ear, ye reverend seers;  
And let the words of Truth make deep impression.  
Man was not made for kings, but kings for man.  
And that proud tyrant who invades the rights  
His hand was scepter'd to defend, becomes  
A sovereign rebel. As that priest, who for  
The oracles of Heaven gives human creeds,  
And, wrapt in mysteries, sneering moral worth,  
Delights to puzzle and confound the mind,  
Which 'tis his sacred office to enlighten,  
Falls from Heaven's minister to that of Hell;  
And for man's teacher under God, becomes,  
Under the devil, deputy seducer.

## AIR.

Yet how sacred! how divine!  
Kings and priests have power to be!  
At the throne, or at the shrine,  
Man might bow, and still be free:  
Let the prelate virtue bring,  
Let the prince with goodness sway;  
To the priest and to the king,  
All will due obedience pay.

## CHORUS.

Power and goodness, when they join,  
Make kings sacred, priests divine.

## THE ART OF PREACHING:

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

<sup>1</sup> SHOULD some strange poet, in his piece, affect  
Pope's nervous style, with Cibber's jokes bedeck'd;  
Prink Milton's true sublime with Cowley's wit;  
And garish Blackmore's Job with Swift's conceit;  
Would you not laugh? Trust me, that priest's as  
bad,

Who in a style now grave, now raving mad,

<sup>2</sup> Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Jungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas  
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
Desinat in pascem mulier formosa superne;  
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?  
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae fore librum  
Persimilem.

Gives the wild whims of dreaming schoolmen vent,  
Whilst drowsy congregations nod assent.

<sup>3</sup> Painters and priests, 'tis true, great licence claim,  
And by bold strokes have often rose to fame:

But whales in woods, or elephants in air,  
Serve only to make fools and children stare;

And in religion's name if priests dispense  
Flat contradictions to all common sense;

Tho' gaping bigots wonder and believe,  
The wise 'tis not so easy to deceive.

<sup>4</sup> Some take a text sublime, and fraught with  
sense,

But quickly fall into impertinence.

On trifles eloquent, with great delight  
They flourish out on some strange mystic rite;

Clear up the darkness of some useless text,  
Or make some crabbed passage more perplex:

But to subdue the passions, or direct,  
And all life's moral duties, they neglect.

<sup>5</sup> Most preachers err (except the wiser few)  
Thinking establish'd doctrines, therefore true:

<sup>6</sup> Others, too fond of novelty and schemes,  
Amuse the world with airy idle dreams:

<sup>7</sup> Thus too much faith, or too presuming wit,  
Are rocks where bigots, or free-thinkers split.

<sup>8</sup> The very meanest dabbler at Whitehall  
Can rail at papists, or poor quakers usaul;

But when of some great truth he aims to preach,  
Alas, he finds it far beyond his reach. [And

<sup>9</sup> Young deacons, try your strength, and strive to  
A subject suited to your turn of mind;

Method and words are easily your own,  
Or should they fail you—steal from Tillotson.

<sup>10</sup> Much of its beauty, usefulness, and force,  
Depends on rightly timing a discourse.

Before the leads or c—m—ns—far from  
nice,

Say boldly—brib'ry is a dirty vice—

But quickly check yourself—and with a sneer—  
Of which this honourable house is clear.

<sup>11</sup> Great is the work, and worthy of the gown,  
To bring forth hidden truths and make them known:

Yet in all new opinions, have a care,  
Truth is too strong for some weak minds to bear:

<sup>12</sup> And are new doctrines taught, or old reviv'd,  
Let them from scripture plainly be deriv'd.

—————Pictoribus atque poetis  
Quilibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas—

Sed non ut placidis coeant immitis— [feras—

<sup>3</sup> Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna pro-  
<sup>4</sup> Maxima pars vatium—  
Decipimur specie recti—

<sup>5</sup> Qui variare capit rem prodigialiter unam,  
Delphinum silvis oppingit, fluctibus aprum.

<sup>6</sup> In vitium ducit culpos fuga, si caret arte.  
<sup>7</sup> Emiliam circa ludom faber imus & ungo.

Expriimet, & molles imitabitur aere capillos;  
Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum

Nesciet—  
<sup>8</sup> Sumite materiam vestra, qui scribitis, aequas  
Viribus—

<sup>9</sup> Ordinis haec virtus erit, & Venus, aut ego fallor,  
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debeatis dici

Pleraque differat; et praesens in tempus omittat—

<sup>10</sup> In verbis otium tenuis cantuque serendis—  
<sup>11</sup> Et nova fictaque nuper habebant verba fidem,  
Graeco fonte cadant, parca detorta.

<sup>11</sup> Barclay or Baxter, wherefore do we blame  
For innovations, yet approve the same  
In Wickliffe and in Luther? Why are these  
Call'd wise reformers, those mad sectaries!  
Tis most unjust: <sup>12</sup> Men always had a right,  
And ever will, to think, to speak, to write  
Their various minds; yet sacred ought to be  
The public peace, as private liberty.

<sup>13</sup> Opinions are like leaves, which every year  
Now flourish green, now fall and disappear.  
Once the pope's bulls could terrify his foes,  
And kneeling princes kiss'd his sacred toes,  
Now he may damn, or curse, or what he will,  
There's not a prince in Christendom will kneel.  
Reason now reigns, and by her aid we hope  
Truth may revive, and sickening error droop:  
She the sole judge, the rule, the gracious light  
Kind Heaven has lent to guide our minds aright.

<sup>14</sup> States to embroil, and faction to display,  
In wild harangues, Sacheverel show'd the way.

<sup>15</sup> The funeral sermon, when it first began,  
Was us'd to weep the loss of some good man;  
Now any wretch, for one small piece of gold,  
Shall have fine praises from the pulpit sold:  
But whence this custom rose, who can decide?  
From priestly av'rice? or from human pride?

<sup>17</sup> Truth, moral virtue, piety, and peace,  
Are noble subjects, and the pulpit grace:  
But zeal for trifles d'm'd imperious Laud,  
His power and cruelty the nation aw'd.

<sup>18</sup> Why was he honour'd with the name of priest,  
And greatest made, unworthy to be least,  
Whose zeal was fury, whose devotion pride,  
Power his great god, and interest his sole guide?

<sup>19</sup> To touch the passions, let your style be plain;

The praise of virtue asks a higher strain:  
Yet sometimes the pathetic may receive  
The utmost force that eloquence can give;  
As sometimes, in elogiums, 'tis the art,  
With plain simplicity to win the heart.

<sup>20</sup> 'Tis not enough that what you say is true,  
To make us feel it, you must feel it too: [part  
Show your self warm'd, and that will warmth in-  
To every hearer's sympathizing heart.

Does generous Foster virtue's laws enforce?  
All give attention to the warm discourse:  
But who a cold, dull, lifeless drawing keeps,  
One half his audience laughs, the other sleeps.

<sup>21</sup> ————*Suid autem  
Caelio Ptaoquo dabit Romanus, ademptum  
Virgilio Variouque?*

<sup>22</sup> ————*Licuit, semperque licebit,  
Signatum presentis nota procedere nomen.*

<sup>23</sup> *Ut sylve foliis pronos mutantur in annos—  
Res geste regumque ducumque, et tristia bella,  
Suo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.*

<sup>24</sup> *Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,  
Fuit etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.*

<sup>25</sup> *Quis tamen exiguis elegos emisit auctor,  
Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.*

<sup>26</sup> *Musa dedit sedibus divos, poerosque deorum—  
Archilocum proprio rabies armavit iambo.*

<sup>27</sup> *Cor ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?  
Cor uacire—quam discere malo?*

<sup>28</sup> *Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult—  
Interdum tamen & vocem comedia tollit—  
Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.*

<sup>29</sup> *Non satis est pulchra esse poemata—  
—male si mandata loqueris,  
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.*

<sup>21</sup> In censuring vice, be earnest and severe;  
In stating dubious points, concise and clear;  
Anger requires stern looks and threatening style;  
But paint the charms of virtue with a smile.

These different changes common sense will teach,  
And we expect them from you if you preach;  
For should your manner differ from your theme,  
Or in quite different subjects be the same,  
Despis'd and laugh'd at, you may travel down,  
And hide such talents in some country town.

<sup>22</sup> It much concerns a preacher first to learn  
The genius of his audience, and their turn.

Amongst the citizens be grave and slow;  
Before the nobles let fine periods flow;  
The Temple Church asks Sherlock's sense and  
skill;

Beyond the Tower—no matter—what you will.

<sup>23</sup> In facts or notions drawn from sacred writ,  
Be orthodox, nor cavil to show wit;

Let Adam lose a rib to gain a wife,  
Let Noah's ark contain all things with life,  
Let Moses work strange wonders with his rod,  
And let the Sun stand still at Joshua's nod,  
Let Solomon be wise, and Sampson strong,  
Give Saul a witch, and Balaam's ass a tongue.

<sup>24</sup> But if your daring genius is so bold  
To teach new doctrines, or to censure old,  
With care proceed, you tread a dangerous path;  
Error establish'd grows establish'd faith.

'Tis easier much, and much the safer rule  
To teach in pulpit what you learnt at school;  
With zeal defend whatever the church believes,  
If you expect to thrive or wear lawn sleeves,

<sup>25</sup> Some loudly bluster, and consign to Hell  
All who dare doubt one word or syllable  
Of what they call the faith; and which extends  
To whims and trifles without use or ends:

<sup>26</sup> Sure 'tis much nobler, and more like divine,  
To enlarge the path to Heaven, than to confine:  
Insist alone on useful points, or plain;  
And know, God cannot hate a virtuous man.

<sup>27</sup> If you expect or hope that we should stay  
Your whole discourse, nor strive to slink away;  
Some common faults there are you must avoid,  
To every age and circumstance ally'd.

<sup>28</sup> A pert young student just from college brought,  
With many little pedantries is fraught:  
Reasons with syllogism, persuades with wit,  
Quotes scraps of Greek instead of sacred writ;  
Or deep immers'd in politic debate,  
Reforms the church, and guides the tottering state.

<sup>29</sup> ————*Tristia moestum  
Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum;  
Indentem, lasciva; severum, seria dictu.  
Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem  
Fortunarum habitum:—*

<sup>30</sup> *Intererit multum Davuane loquator an heros—  
31 Famam sequere—*

<sup>32</sup> *Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audeo  
Personam formare novam;—*

<sup>33</sup> ————*tuque  
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus—*

<sup>34</sup> *Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim—  
35 Quanto rectius hic—*

<sup>36</sup> *Tu, quidego & populus mecum desideret, audi.  
Si plausoris egos aulea manentis, & usque  
Suffuri donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat;  
Ætatis ejusque notandi sunt tibi mores—*

<sup>37</sup> *Roddere qui voces jam scit puer—*

29 These trifles with maturer age forgot,  
Now some good benefice employs his thought;  
He seeks a patron, and will soon incline  
To all his notions civil or divine;  
Studies his principles both night and day,  
And as that scripture guides, must preach and pray.

30 A'rice and age creep on: his reverend mind  
Begins to grow right reverently inclin'd,  
Power and preferment still so sweetly call,  
The voice of Heaven is never heard at all:  
Set but a tempting bishopric in view,  
He's strictly orthodox and loyal too;  
With equal zeal defends the church and state,  
And infidels and rebels share his hate.

31 Some things are plain, we can't misunderstand;  
Some still obscure, tho' thousands have explain'd:  
Those influence more which reason can conceive,  
Than such as we thro' faith alone believe;  
In those we judge, in these you may deceive:  
But what too deep in mystery is thrown,  
The wisest preachers choose to let alone.  
How Adam's fault affects all human kind;  
How three is one, and one is three combin'd;  
How certain prescience checks not future will;  
And why Almighty Goodness suffers ill;  
Such points as these lie far too deep for man,  
Were never well explain'd, nor ever can.

32 If pastors more than thrice five minutes  
preach,  
Their sleepy flocks begin to yawn and stretch.

33 Never presume the name of God to bring  
As sacred sanction to a trifling thing.

34 Before, or after sermon, hymns of praise  
Exalt the soul, and true devotion raise.  
In songs of wonder celebrate his name,  
Who spread the skies, and built the starry frame:  
Or thence descending view this globe below,  
And praise the source of every bliss we know.

35 In ancient times, when Heaven was to be  
Our humble ancestors their voices rais'd, [prais'd,  
And hymns of thanks from grateful bosoms flow'd,  
For ills prevented, or for good bestow'd;  
But as the church increas'd in power and pride,  
The pomp of sound the want of sense supply'd;  
Majestic organs then were taught to blow,  
And plain religion grew a rare-show:

36 *Conversis studiis, ætas animusque virilis  
Querit opes & amicitias—*

37 *Multa senem circumveniunt—  
Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur:  
Signis irritant animos demissa per aures,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ  
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.—*

—in avem Frogne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem;  
Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

38 *Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu  
Fabula.—*

39 *Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit:—*

40 *Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile  
Defendat.—*

41 *Tibia non, ut nunc orichalco vincta, tu-  
Æmula; sed tenuis simplexque— [hæcque  
Postquam cepit agros extendere victor, & urbem  
Latior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno  
Placari genius festis impune diebus;  
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.  
Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum,  
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?*

Strange ceremonious whims, a numerous race,  
Were introduc'd, in truth's and virtue's place.  
Mysterious turnpikes block up Heaven's highway,  
And for a ticket, we our reason pay.

42 These superstitions quickly introduce  
Contempt, neglect, wild satire, and abuse;  
Religion and its priests, by every fool  
Were thought a jest, and turn'd to ridicule.  
Some few indeed found where the medium lay,  
And kept the coat, but tore the fringe away.

43 Of preaching well if you expect the fame,  
Let truth and virtue be your first great aim.  
Your sacred function often call to mind,  
And think how great the trust, to teach mankind!  
'Tis yours in useful sermons to explain,  
Both what we owe to God, and what to man.  
'Tis yours the charms of liberty to paint,  
His country's love in every breast to plant;  
Yours every social virtue to improve,  
Justice, forbearance, charity, and love;  
Yours too the private virtues to augment,  
Of prudence, temperance, modesty, content:  
When such the man, how amiable the priest;  
Of all mankind the worthiest, and the best.

44 Ticklish the point, I grant, and hard to find,  
To please the various tempers of mankind.  
Some love you should the crabbed points explain,  
Where texts with texts a dreadful war maintain:

Some love a new, and some the beaten path,  
Morals please some, and others points of faith:  
But he's the man, he's the admir'd divine,  
In whose discourses truth and virtue join:  
These are the sermons which will ever live,  
By these our Tomsons and our Knaptons thrive;  
How such are read, and prais'd, and how they  
sell,

Let Barrow's, Clarke's, and Butler's sermons tell.  
45 Preachers should either make us good or  
wise,

Him that does neither, who but must despise?  
If all your rules are useful, short and plain,  
We soon shall learn them, and shall long retain:  
But if on trifles you harangue, away  
We turn our heads, and laugh at all you say.

46 But priests are men, and men are prone to err,  
On common failings none should be severe;  
All are not masters of the name good sense,  
Nor blest with equal powers of eloquence.  
'Tis true: and errors with an honest mind,  
Will meet with easy pardon from mankind;  
But who persists in wrong with stubborn pride,  
Him all must censure, many will deride.

47 Yet few are judges of a fine discourse,  
Can see its beauties, or can feel its force;

48 *Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, & asper  
Incolam gravitate jocum tentavit—*

49 *Scribendi rectè, sapere est & principium &  
fons.*

50 *Sui didicit patrie quid debeat, & quid amica.*

51 *Pick Martin in the Tale of a Tub.*

52 *Centurium seniore[m] sgitant expertia fragis;  
Celsi prætereunt auctora poemata Rhames.  
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,  
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.—*

53 *Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ—*

54 *Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse vi-  
mus—*

55 *Non quivis vilet isomodolecta poemata judex*

With equal pleasure some attentive sit,  
To sober reasoning, and to shallow wit.  
What then? Because your audience most are fools,  
Will you neglect all method, and all rules?  
Or since the pulpit is a sacred place,  
Where none dare contradict you to your face,  
Will you presume to tell a thousand lies?  
If so, we may forgive, but must despise.

<sup>41</sup> In jingling Beveridge if I chance to see  
One word of sense, I prize the rarity:  
But in Hooker, Sprat, or Tillotson,  
A thought unworthy of themselves is shown,  
I grieve to see it, but 'tis no surprise,  
The greatest men are not at all times wise.

<sup>42</sup> Sermons, like plays, some please us at the ear,  
But never will a serious reading bear;  
Some in the closet edify enough,  
That from the pulpit seem'd but sorry stuff.  
'Tis thus: there are, who by ill preaching spoil  
Young's pointed sense, or Atterbury's style;  
Whilst others by the force of eloquence, [sense.  
Make that seem fine, which scarce is common

<sup>43</sup> In every science, they that hope to rise,  
Set great examples still before their eyes.  
Young lawyers copy Murray where they can;  
Physicians Mead, and surgeons Cheselden;  
But all will preach, without the least pretence  
To virtue, learning, art, or eloquence.

Why not? you cry: they plainly see, no doubt,  
A priest may grow right-reverend without.

<sup>44</sup> Preachers and preaching were at first de-  
For common benefit to all mankind. [sign'd  
Public and private virtues they explain'd,  
To goodness courted, and from vice restrain'd:  
Love, peace, and union breath'd in each discourse,  
And their examples gave their precepts force.  
From these good men, the priests and all their  
Were honour'd with the title of *doctors*. [line  
But soon their proud successors left this path,  
Forsook plain morals for dark points of faith;  
Till creeds on creeds the warring world inflam'd,  
And all mankind, by different priests, were damn'd.

<sup>45</sup> Some ask which is th' essential of a priest,  
Virtue or learning? what they ask 's a jest:

We daily see dull loads of reverend fat,  
Without pretence to either this or that,  
But who'd like Herring, or like Hoadly shine,  
Must with great learning real virtue join.

<sup>46</sup> Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Chorilus ille,  
Sum bis terre bonum, cum risu miror; & idem  
Indigno, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.  
Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

<sup>47</sup> Ut picturæ, poësis erit: quæ, si propius stes,  
Te capiet magis; & quædam, si longius abstes.

<sup>48</sup> Lodere qui nescit, compestribus abstinet ar-  
mis—

<sup>49</sup> Sui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. Quid ni?

<sup>50</sup> —Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,  
Publicæ privatis serærenere, sacra profanis:  
Comobitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis;  
Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno—  
—Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque  
Carminebus venit—

Post hos —  
—Animos in tristia bella  
Veribus exauit.

<sup>51</sup> Natura feret laudabile carmen, an arte,  
Scæditum est.

<sup>52</sup> He who by preaching hopes to raise a name,  
To no small excellence directs his aim.  
On every noted preacher he must wait;  
The voice, the look, the action imitate:  
And when complete in style, and eloquence,  
Must then crown all with learning and good sense.  
But some with lazy pride disgrace the gown,  
And never preach one sermon of their own;  
'Tis easier to transcribe than to compose,  
So all the week they eat, and drink, and doze.

<sup>53</sup> As quacks with lying puffs the papers fill,  
Or hand their own praise in a pocky bill,  
Where empty boasts of much superior sense,  
Draw from the cheated crowd their idle pence;  
So the great Henley \* hires for half-a-crown  
A quack advertisement, to tell the town  
Of some strange point to be disputed on:  
Where all who love the science of debate,  
May hear themselves, or other coxcombs prate.

<sup>54</sup> When dukes or noble lords a chaplain hire,  
They first of his capacities inquire.  
If stoutly qualify'd to drink and smoke,  
If not too nice to bear an impious joke,  
If tame enough to be the common jest,  
This is a chaplain to his lordship's taste.

<sup>55</sup> If bards to Popè indifferent verses show,  
He is too honest not to tell them so.  
This is obscure, he cries, and this too rough,  
'These trifling, or superfluous; strike them off,  
How useful every word from such a friend!

But parsons are too proud their works to mend,  
And every fault with arrogance defend:  
Think them too sacred to be critic'd,  
And rather choose to let them be despis'd.

<sup>56</sup> He that is wise will not presume to laugh  
At priests, or church-affairs; it is not safe.  
Think there exists, and let it check your sport,  
That dreadful monster call'd a spiritual court.  
Into whose cruel jaws if once you fall,  
In vain, alas! in vain for aid you call;  
Clerks, proctors, priests, voracious round you ply,  
Like leeches sticking, till they've suck'd you dry.

## AN EPISTLE TO MR. POPE,

OCCASIONED BY HIS ESSAY ON MAN.

GREAT bard! in whom united we admire,  
The sage's wisdom, and the poet's fire:  
In whom at once, the great and good command  
The fine companion, and the useful friend:—

<sup>57</sup> Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,  
Multa tulit facitque puer; sudavit et aërit—

<sup>58</sup> Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emen-  
das—

<sup>59</sup> Reges dicuntur multis urgere calulis,  
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant,  
An sit amicitia dignus;—

<sup>60</sup> Vir bonus & prudens versus reprehendet  
—ambitiosa recidet [inertes—  
Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget.

<sup>61</sup> Orator Henley.  
<sup>62</sup> Ut, mala quem scabies aut morbus regius  
Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana, [urget,  
Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam,  
Qui sapient:—

Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,  
Non missura autem nisi plene cruoris hirudo.

'Twas thus the Muse her eager flight began,  
Ardent to sing the poet and the man:  
But truth in verse is clad too like a lie,  
And you, at least, would think it flattery;  
Hating the thought, I check my forward strain,  
I change my style, and thus begin again:

As when some student first with curious eye,  
Thro' Nature's wond'rous frame attempts to pry;  
His doubtful reason seeming faults surprise,  
He asks if *this* be just? if *that* he wise?  
Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue in distress,  
And vice unpunish'd, with strange thoughts op-  
Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees, [press:  
His mind is open'd, fair is all he sees; [pight,  
Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue's ragged  
And vice's triumph, all are just and right:  
Beauty is found, and order, and design,  
And the whole scheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at first I view'd thy wond'rous plan,  
Leading thro' all the winding maze of man;  
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue,  
My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.  
This false, that ill-exprest, this thought not good,  
And all was wrong which I misunderstood.  
But reading more attentive, soon I found,  
The diction nervous, and the doctrine sound.  
Saw man a part of that stupendous whole,  
"Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."  
Saw in the scale of things his middle state,  
And all his powers adapted just to that.  
Saw reason, passion, weakness, how of use,  
How all to good, to happiness conduce.  
Saw my own weakness, thy superior pow'r,  
And still the more I read, admire the more.

This simile drawn out, I now began  
To think of forming some design or plan,  
To aid my Muse, and guide her wand'ring lay,  
When sudden to my mind came honest Gay.  
For form or method I no more contend,  
But strive to copy that ingenious friend:  
Like him to catch my thoughts just as they rose—  
And thus I caught them, laughing at thy foes.

"Where are ye now?"—ye critics, shall I say?  
Or owls, who sicken at this god of day?  
"What! mighty scribblers, will you let him go  
Uncensur'd, unabus'd, unhonour'd so?  
Step forth, some great distinguish'd daring dunce,  
Write but one page, you silence him at once:  
Write without fear; you will, you must succeed;  
He cannot answer—for he will not read."

Here paus'd the Muse—alas! the jade is bit,  
She fain would copy Gay, but wants his wit.  
She paus'd, indeed—broke off as he had done,  
Wrote four unmeaning lines, and then went on:

"Ye wits and fools; ye libertines and saints,  
Come pour upon the foe your joint complaints.  
First, you who oft, with wisdom too refin'd,  
Can censure and direct th' Eternal Mind,  
Ingenious wits, who modestly pretend  
This bungling frame, the universe, to mend;  
How can you bear, in your great reason's spight,  
To hear him prove, 'Whatever is, is right?'"

Alas! how easy to confute the song!  
If all is right, how came your heads so wrong?

"And come, ye solemn fools, a numerous band,  
Who read, and read, but never understand,  
Pronounce it nonsense—Can't you prove it too?  
Good faith, my friends, it may be so—to you."

In his first Epistle.

"Come too, ye libertines, who lust for pow'r,  
Or wealth, or fame, or greatness, or a whore;  
All who true sensual happiness adhere to,  
And laugh him out of this old fashion'd virtue;  
Virtue, where he has whimsically plac'd  
Your only bliss—How odd is some men's taste!  
"And come, ye rigid saints, with looks demur-  
Who boast yourselves right holy, just, and pure.  
Come, and with pious zeal the lines decry,  
Which give your proud hypocrisy the lie:  
Which own the best have failings, not a few;  
And prove the worst, sometimes, as good as you."  
"What! shall he taint such perfect souls with  
ill?"

Shall nots not place their bliss in what they will?  
Nor fools be fools? Nor wits sublime descend  
In charity to Heav'n its works to mend? [plain,  
Laughs he at these?—"Tis monstrous. To be  
I'd have ye write—He can but laugh again."

Here lifting up my head, surpris'd, I see  
Close at my elbow, gattering Vanity.  
From her soft whispers soon I found it came,  
That I suppos'd myself not one of them.  
Alas! how easily ourselves we sooth!  
I fear, in justice, he must laugh at both.

For Vanity abash'd, up to my ear  
Steps honest Truth, and these sharp words I hear;  
"Forbear, vain bard, like them forbear thy lays;  
Alike to *Pope* such censure and such praise.  
Nor that can sink, nor this exalt his name,  
Who owes to virtue, and himself, his fame."

## ON GOOD AND ILL-NATURE.

TO MR. POPE.

In virtue's cause to draw a daring pen,  
Defend the good, encounter wicked men:  
Freely to praise the virtues of the few,  
And boldly censure the degenerate crew:  
To scorn, with equal justice, to deride [pride;  
The poor man's worth, or soothe the great one's  
All this was once good-nature thought, not ill;  
Nay, some there are so odd to think so still.  
Old-fashion'd souls! your men of modern taste,  
Are with new virtue, new politeness grac'd.  
Good-nature now has chang'd her honest face,  
For smiling flattery, compliment, grimace:  
Fool grins at fool, each coxcomb owns his brother,  
And thieves and sharpers compliment each other.  
To such extent good-nature now is spread,  
To be sincere is monstrously ill-bred:  
An equal brow to all is now the vogue,  
And complaisance goes round from rogue to rogue.  
If this be good—'tis gloriously true,  
The most ill-natur'd man alive, is you.

## THE CAVE OF POPE.

A PROPHECY.

When dark Oblivion, in her sable cloak  
Shall wrap the names of heroes and of kings;  
And their high deeds, submitting to the stroke  
Of Time, shall fall amongst forgotten things:

Then (for the Muse that distant day can see)  
On Thames's bank the stranger shall arrive,  
With curious wish thy sacred grot to see,  
Thy sacred grot shall with thy name survive.

Grateful posterity, from age to age,  
With pious hand the ruin shall repair:  
Some good old man, to each inquiring sage [there,  
Pointing the place, shall cry, "The bard liv'd

"Whose song was music to the listening ear,  
Yet taught audacious vice and folly, shame;  
Easy his manners, but his life severe;  
His word alone gave infamy or fame.

"Sequester'd from the fool, and conceit-wit,  
Beneath this silent roof the Muse he found;  
'Twas here he slept inspir'd, or sat and writ,  
Here with his friends the social glass went round."

With awful veneration shall they trace  
The steps which thou so long before hast trod;  
With reverend wonder view the solemn place,  
From whence thy genius soar'd to Nature's  
God.

Thee, some small fern, or moss, or shining ore,  
Departing, each shall pilfer, in fond hope  
To please their friends, on every distant shore,  
Boasting a relic from the Cave of Pope.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

Come, ye whose souls harmonious sounds inspire,  
Friends to the Muse, and judges of her song;  
Who, catching from the bard his heavenly fire,  
Soar as he soars, sublimely rapt along;  
Mourn, mourn your loss: he's gone who had the  
art, [the heart,  
With sounds to soothe the ear, with sense to warm

Who now shall dare to lift the sacred rod, [law?  
Truth's faithful guard, where vice escapes the  
Who now, high-soaring to the throne of God,  
In Nature's moral cause his pen shall draw?  
Let none pretend! he's gone, who had the art,  
With sounds to soothe the ear, with sense to warm  
the heart.

Vice now, secure, her blushless front shall raise,  
And all her triumph be thro' Britain borne;  
Whose worthless sons from guilt shall purchase  
praise,  
Nor dread the hand that pointed them to scorn;  
No check remains; he's gone, who had the art,  
With sounds to soothe the ear, with sense to warm  
the heart.

Ye tasteless bards, now tire each venal quill,  
And from the public gather idle pence;  
Ye tasteless peers, now build and plant your fill,  
Tho' splendor borrows not one ray from sense:  
Fear no rebuke; he's gone, who had the art,  
With sounds to soothe the ear, with sense to warm  
the heart.

But, come, ye chosen, ye selected few,  
Ye next in genius, as in friendship, join'd,  
The social virtues of his heart who knew,  
And tasted all the beauties of his mind;

VOL. XV.

Drop, drop a tear; he's gone, who had the art,  
With sounds to charm the ear, with sense to warm  
the heart.

And, O great shade! permit thy humblest friend  
His sigh to waft, his grateful tear to pay  
Thy honour'd memory; and condescend [lay,  
To hear, well-pleas'd, the weak yet well-meant  
Lamenting thus; he's gone, who had the art,  
With sounds to soothe the ear, with sense to warm  
the heart.

MODERN REASONING.

AN EPISTLE.

WHENCE comes it, L—, that ev'ry fool,  
In reason's spite, in spite of ridicule,  
Fondly his own wild whims for truth maintains,  
And all the blind deluded world disdains;  
Himself the only person blest with sight,  
And his opinion the great rule of right?

'Tis strange from folly this conceit should rise,  
That what of sense should make us think we're  
Yet so it is. The most egregious elf [wise:  
Thinks none so wise or witty as himself.  
Who nothing knows, will all things comprehend;  
And who can least confute, will most contend.

I love the man, I love him from my soul, [trol;  
Whom neither weakness blinds, nor whims con-  
With learning blest, with solid reason fraught,  
Who slowly thinks, and ponders every thought:  
Yet conscious to himself how apt to err,  
Suggests his notions with a modest fear;  
Hears every reason, every passion hides,  
Debates with calmness, and with care decides;  
More pleas'd to learn, than eager to confute,  
Not victory, but truth his sole pursuit,

But these are very rare. How happy he  
Who tastes such converse, L—, with thee!  
Each social hour is spent in joys sublime, [climb;  
Whilst hand in hand o'er learning's Alps you  
Thro' reason's paths in search of Truth proceed,  
And clear the flow'ry way from every weed;  
Till from her ancient cavern rais'd to light,  
The beauteous stranger stands reveal'd to sight.

How far from this the furious noisy crew,  
Who, what they once assert, with zeal pursue?  
Their greater right infer from louder tongues;  
And strength of argument from strength of lungs,  
Instead of sense, who stun your ears with sound,  
And think they conquer, when they but confound.  
Taurus, a bellowing champion, storms and swears,  
And drives his argument thro' both your ears;  
And whether truth or falsehood, right or wrong,  
'Tis still maintain'd, and prov'd by dint-of-tongue.  
In all disputes he bravely wins the day,  
No wonder—for he hears not what you say.

But tho' to tire the ear's sufficient curse,  
To tire one's patience is a plague still worse.  
Prato, a formal sage, debates with care,  
A strong opponent, take him up who dare.  
His words are grave, deliberate, and cool,  
He looks so wise—'tis pity he's a fool.  
If he asserts, tho' what no man can doubt,  
He'll bring ten thousand proofs to make it out.  
This, this, and this—is so, and so, and so; [know,  
And therefore, therefore,—that, and that, you  
Circles no angles have; a square has four:  
A square's no circle therefore—to be sure.

The sum of Plato's wood'ron wisdom is,  
This is not that, and therefore, that not this.

Oppos'd to him, but much the greater dance,  
Is he who throws all knowledge off at once.  
The first, for every trifle will contend;  
But this has no opinions to defend.  
In fire no heat, no sweetness in the rose;  
The man's impos'd on by his very nose;  
Nor light nor colour charms his doubting eye,  
The world's a dream, and all his senses lie.  
He thinks, yet doubts if he's possess'd of thought;  
Nay, even doubts his very pow'r to doubt.  
Ask him if he's a man, or beast, or bird?  
He cannot tell upon his honest word.  
'Tis strange, so plain a point's so hard to prove;  
I'll tell you what you are—a fool, by Jove.

Another class of disputants there are,  
More num'rous than the doubting tribe by far.  
These are your wanderers, who from the point  
Run wild in loose harangues, all out of joint.  
Vagarious, and confute him if you can,  
Will hold debate with any mortal man,  
He roves from Genesis to Revelations,  
And quite confounds you with divine quotations.  
Should you affirm that Adam knew his wife,  
And by that knowledge lost the tree of life;  
He contradicts you, and in half an hour  
Most plainly proves—pope Joan the scarlet whore,  
Nor head nor tail his argument affords,  
A jumbling, incoherent mass of words;  
Most of them true, but so together lost  
Without connection, that their sense is lost.

But leaving these to rove, and those to doubt,  
Another clan alarms us; face about:  
See, arm'd with grave authority they come,  
And with great names and numbers, strike us  
With these an error vulnerable appears, [dumb.  
For having been believ'd three thousand years.  
Reason, nay common sense, to names must fall,  
And strength of argument's no strength at all.  
But on, my Muse, tho' multitudes oppose us,  
Alas! truth is not prov'd by counting noses:  
Nor fear, tho' ancient sages are subjoin'd;  
A lie's a lie, tho' told by all mankind.  
'Tis true, I love the ancients—but what then?  
Plato and Aristotle were but men.  
I grant 'em wise—the wisest disagree,  
And therefore no sufficient guides for me.  
An error, tho' by half the world espous'd,  
Is still an error, and may be oppos'd;  
And truth, tho' much from mortal eyes conceal'd,  
Is still the truth, and may be more reveal'd.  
How foolish then will look your mighty wise,  
Should half their *ipsa verba* prove plain lies!

But on, my Muse, another tribe demands  
Thy censure yet; nor should they 'scape thy  
Those are the passionate; who in dispute, [hands.  
Demand submission, monarchs absolute.  
Bols justices, in their own conceit, of wit,  
They damn all those for fools that won't submit.  
Sir Testy (thwart sir Testy if you dare)  
Swears there's inhabitants in every star.  
If you presume to say this mayn't be true,  
"You lie, sir, you're a fool and blockhead too."  
What he asserts, if any disbelieve,  
How folks can be so dull he can't conceive.  
He knows he's right; he knows his judgment's  
But men are so perverse they will not hear. [clear;  
With him, Swift treads a dull trite beaten way;  
In Young no wit, no humour smiles in Gay;

Nor truth, nor virtue, Pope, adorns thy page;  
And Thompson's Liberty corrupts the age.  
This to deny, if any dare presume,  
"Fool, coxcomb, sot, and puppy," fill the room.  
Hillario, who full well this humour knows,  
Resolv'd one day his folly to expose,  
Kindly invites him with some friends to dine,  
And entertains 'em with a roast sir-loin:  
Of this he knew sir Testy could not eat,  
And purposely prepar'd it for his treat.  
The rest begin—"Sir Testy, pray fall to—  
You love roast beef, sir, come—I know you do."  
"Excuse me, sir, 'tis what I never eat."  
"How, sir! not love roast beef! the king of meat!"  
"Tis true indeed." "Indeed it is not true;  
I love it, sir, and you must love it too."  
"I can't upon my word." "Then you're a fool,  
And don't know what's good eating, by my soul.  
Not love roast beef!—come, come, sir, all his  
I'll make him love it—Sir, G—d—ye, eat." [plate,  
Sir Testy finding what it was they meant,  
Rose in a passion, and away he went.

## RELIGION.

### A SIMILE.

I'm often drawn to make a stop,  
And gaze upon a picture shop.  
There have I seen (as who that carries  
Has not the same?) a head that varies;  
And as in different views expos'd,  
A different figure is discover'd.  
This way a fool's head is express'd,  
Whose very count'nance is a jest;  
Such as were formerly at court,  
Kept to make wiser people sport.  
Turn it another way, you'll have  
A face ridiculously grave,  
Something betwixt the fool and knave.  
Again, but alter the position,  
You're frighted with the apparition:  
A hideous threatening Gorgon head  
Appears, enough to fright the dead,  
But place it in its proper light,  
A lovely face accosts the sight;  
Our eyes are charm'd with every feature,  
We own the whole a beauteous creature.

Thus true religion fares, For when  
By silly or designing men,  
In false or foolish lights 'tis plac'd,  
'Tis made a bugbear, or a jest.  
Here by a set of men 'tis thought  
A scheme, by politicians wrought,  
To strengthen and enforce the law,  
And keep the vulgar more in awe:  
And these, to show sublimer parts,  
Cast all religion from their hearts;  
Brand all its votaries as the tools  
Of priests, and politicians' fools.

Some view it in another light,  
Less wicked, but as foolish quite:  
And these are such as blindly place it  
In superstitions that disgrace it;  
And think the essence of it lies  
In ceremonious fooleries:  
In points of faith and speculation,  
Which tend to nothing but vexation.  
With these it is a heinous crime  
To cough or spit in sermon-time:

'Tis worse to whistle on a Sunday,  
Than cheat their neighbours on a Monday:  
To dine without first saying grace, is  
Enough to lose in Heaven their places;  
But goodness, honesty and virtue,  
Are what they've not the least regard to.

Others there are, and not a few,  
Who place it in the bugbear view!  
Think it consists in strange severities:  
In fastings, weepings, and austerities.  
False notions their weak minds possess,  
Of faith, and grace, and holiness:  
And as the Lord's of purer eyes  
Than to behold iniquities:  
They think, unless they're pure and spotless,  
All their endeavours will be hootless;  
And dreadful Furies in eternum,  
In unconsuming fires will burn 'em.

But, oh how happy are the few,  
Who place it in its proper view!  
To these it shines divinely bright,  
No clouds obscure its native light;  
Truth stamps conviction in the mind,  
All doubts and fears are left behind,  
And peace and joy at once an entrance find.

## PAIN AND PATIENCE.

## AN ODE.

To scourge the riot and intemperate lust,  
Or check the self-sufficient pride of man,  
Offended Heaven sent forth, in vengeance just,  
The dire inexorable fury, Pain;  
Beneath whose gripping hand, when she assails,  
The firmest spirits sink, the strongest reasoning  
fails.

Near to the confines of th' infernal den,  
Deep in a hollow cave's profound recess,  
Her courts she holds; and to the sons of men  
Sends out the ministers of dire distress:  
Repentance, Shame, Despair, each acts her part;  
What's the vindictive steel, and aggravates the  
smart.

He whose luxurious palate daily rang'd  
Earth, air, and ocean to supply his board;  
And to high-relish'd poisons madly chang'd  
The wholesome gifts of Nature's bounteous  
Lord;  
Shall find sick nauseous surfeit taint his blood;  
And his abus'd pall'd stomach loathe the daintiest  
food.

The midnight reveller's intemperate bowl,  
To rage and riot fires his furious brain;  
Erenewed ecstasies, and agony of soul,  
His future life condemn'd to ceaseless pain:  
Gout, fever, stone, to mad excess heighten grief;  
And temperance, call'd too late, affords him no  
relief.

He whose hot blood excites to dangerous joy,  
And headlong drives to seek the lewd em-  
brace,  
Started at length, shall in his face deary  
The mark indelible of foul disgrace:  
Ulcers obscene corrode his aching bones;  
And his high raptures change to deep-felt sighs  
and groans.

The wild extravagant, whose thoughtless bands  
With lavish tasteless pride, commits expense;  
Ruin'd, perceives his waning age demand  
Sad reparation for his youth's offence:  
Upbraiding riot points to follies past,  
Presenting hollow want, fit successor to waste.

He too, whose high presuming health defies  
Th' almighty hand of Heaven to pull him  
down;  
Who slights the care and caution of the wise,  
Nor fears hot Summer's rage, nor Winter's  
frown:  
Some trifling ail shall seize this mighty man;  
Blast all his boasted strength, rack every nerve  
with pain.

Thus Nature's God inflicts, by Nature's law,  
On every crime its proper punishment;  
Creating pain to keep mankind in awe,  
And moral ills by physical prevent:  
In wrath still gracious; claiming still our praise,  
E'en in those very groans our chastisements shall  
raise.

But lest the feeble heart of suffering man  
Too low should sink beneath the keen distress;  
Lest fell Despair, in league with cruel Pain,  
Should drive him desperate in their wild ex-  
cess;  
Kind Hope her daughter Patience sent from high,  
To ease the labouring breast, and wipe the trick-  
ling eye.

Hail, mild divinity! calm Patience, hail!  
Soft-handed, meek-ey'd maid, yet whose firm  
breath,  
And strong persuasive eloquence prevail  
Against the rage of Pain, the fear of Death:  
Come, lenient Beauty, spread thy healing wing,  
And smooth my restless couch, whilst I thy praises  
sing.

In all this toilsome round of weary life,  
Where dullness leaves, or pert noise assails;  
Where trifling follies end in serious strife,  
And money purchases where merit fails;  
What honest spirit would not rise in rage,  
If Patience lent not aid his passion to assuage?

No state of life but must to Patience bow: [bill]  
The tradesman must have patience who to law will go,  
He must have patience who to law will go,  
And should he lose his right, more patience  
Yes, to prevent or heal full many a strife, [still]  
How oft, how long must man have patience with  
his wife?

But Heav'n grant patience to the wretched  
wight, [sail]  
Whom pills, and draughts, and bolusses as-  
Which he must swallow down with all his might;  
E'en then when health, and strength, and  
spirits fail.

Dear doctors, find some gentler ways to kill; [bill]  
Lighen this load of drugs, contract you length of

When the dull, prating, loud, long-winded dame,  
Her tedious, vague, unmeaning tale repeats;  
Perplex'd and wand'ring round and round her  
theme,

Till lost and puzzled, she all theme forgets;  
Yet still talks on with unabating speed; [indeed]  
Good gods! who hears her out, must patience have



So when some grave, deep-learn'd, sound divine  
Ascends the pulpit, and unfolds his text:  
Dark and more dark grows what he would define,  
And every sentence more and more perplex;  
Yet still he blunders on the same blind course,  
Teaching his weary'd hearers patience upon force.

Without firm patience who could ever bear  
The great man's levee, watching for a smile?  
Then, with a whisper'd promise in his ear,  
Wait its accomplishment a long, long while;  
Yet thro' the bounds of patience if he hurst,  
Daniel's long weeks of years may be accomplish'd  
first.

O Patience! guardian of the temper'd breast,  
Against the insolence of pride and power;  
Against the wit's keen sneer, the fool's dull jest;  
Against the boaster's lie, told o'er and o'er;  
To thee this tributary lay I bring,  
By whose firm aid empower'd, in raging pain I sing.

---

### K I T T Y.

#### A PASTORAL.

BENEATH a cool shade, by the side of a stream,  
Thus breath'd a fond shepherd, his Kitty his  
theme:

"Thy beauties comparing, my dearest," said he,  
"There's nothing in Nature so lovely as thee.

"Tho' distance divides us, I view thy dear face,  
And wander in transport o'er every grace;  
Now, now I behold thee, sweet-smiling and pretty,  
O gods! you've made nothing so fair as my Kitty!

"Come, lovely idea, come fill my fond arms,  
And whilst in soft rapture I gaze on thy charms,  
The beautiful objects which round me arise,  
Shall yield to those beauties that live in thine eyes.

"Now Flora the meads and the groves does adorn,  
With flowers and blossoms on every thorn;  
But look on my Kitty!—there sweetly does blow,  
A spring of more beauties than Flora can show.

"See, see how that rose there adorns the gay bush,  
And proud of its colour, would vie with her blush.  
Vain boaster! thy beauties shall quickly decay,  
She blushes—and see how it withers away.

"Observe that fair lily, the pride of the vale,  
In whiteness unrival'd, now droop and look pale;  
It sickens, and changes its beautiful hue,  
And bows down its head in submission to you.

"The Zephyrs that fan me beneath the cool shade,  
When panting with heat on the ground I am laid,  
Are less grateful and sweet than the heavenly air  
That breathes from her lips when she whispers—  
'My dear.'

"I hear the gay lark, as she mounts in the skies,  
How sweet are her notes! how delightful her  
Go dwell in the air, little warbler, go! [voice!  
I have music enough while my Kitty's below.

"With pleasure I watch the industrious bee,  
Extracting her sweets from each flower and tree:  
Ah fools! thus to labour, to keep you alive;  
Fly, fly to her lips, and at once fill your hive.

"See there, on the top of that oak, how the  
doves

Sit brooding each other, and cooing their loves:  
Our loves are thus tender, thus mutual our joy,  
When folded on each other's bosom we lie.

"It glads me to see how the pretty young lambs  
Are fuddled and cherish'd, and lov'd by their  
dams:

The lambs are less pretty, my dearest, than thee;  
Their dams are less fond, nor so tender as me.

"As I gaze on the river that smoothly glides by,  
Thus even and sweet is her temper, I cry;  
Thus clear is her mind, thus calm and serene,  
And virtues, like gems, at the bottom are seen.

"Here various flowers still paint the gay scene,  
And as some fade and die, others bud and look  
green;

The charms of my Kitty are constant as they;  
Her virtues will bloom as her beauties decay.

"But in vain I compare her, here's nothing so  
bright,

And darkness approaches to hinder my sight:  
To bed I will hasten, and there all her charms,  
In softer ideas, I'll bring to my arms."

---

### COLIN'S KISSES.

#### SONG I. THE TUTOR.

COME, my fairest, learn of me,  
Learn to give and take the bliss;  
Come, my love, here's none but we,  
I'll instruct thee how to kiss.  
Why turn from me that dear face?  
Why that blush, and down-cast eye?  
Come, come, meet my fond embrace,  
And the mutual rapture try.

Throw thy lovely twining arms  
Round my neck, or round my waist;  
And whilst I devour thy charms,  
Let me closely be embrac'd:  
Then when soft ideas rise,  
And the gay desires grow strong;  
Let them sparkle in thy eyes,  
Let them murmur from thy tongue.

To my breast with rapture cling,  
Look with transport on my face,  
Kiss me, press me, every thing  
To endear the fond embrace.  
Every tender name of love,  
In soft whispers let me hear;  
And let speaking nature prove  
Every ecstasy sincere.

---

#### SONG II. THE IMAGINARY KISS.

WHEN Fanny I saw as she tript o'er the green,  
Fair, blooming, soft, artless and kind;  
Fond love in her eyes, wit and sense in her mien,  
And warmth with modesty join'd:  
Transported with sudden amazement I stood,  
Fast rivetted down to the place;  
Her delicate shape, easy motion, I view'd,  
And wander'd o'er every grace.

"Ye gods! what luxuriance of beauty," I cry,  
 "What raptures must dwell in her arms!  
 On her lips I could feast, on her breast I could die,  
 O Fanny, how sweet are thy charms!"  
 Whilst thus in ideas my passion I fed,  
 Soft transport my senses invade, [fled,  
 Young Damon stepp'd up, with the substance he  
 And left me to kiss the dear shade.

## SONG III. THE FEAST.

POLLY, when your lips you join,  
 Lovely ruby lips, to mine;  
 To the bee the flow'ry field  
 Such a banquet does not yield;  
 Not the dewy morning-rose  
 So much sweetness does enclose;  
 Not the gods such nectar sip,  
 As Colin from thy balmy lip:  
 Kiss me then, with rapture kiss,  
 We'll surpass the gods in bliss.

## SONG IV. THE STOLEN KISS.

ON a mossy bank reclin'd,  
 Beauteous Chloe lay reposing,  
 O'er her breast each am'rous wind  
 Wanton play'd, its sweets disclosing:  
 Tempted with the swelling charms,  
 Colin, happy swain, drew nigh her,  
 Softly stole into her arms,  
 Laid his scrip and sheep-book by her.

O'er her downy panting breast  
 His delighted fingers roving;  
 To her lips his lips he prest,  
 In the extasy of loving:  
 Chloe, waken'd with his kiss,  
 Pleas'd, yet frowning to conceal it,  
 Cry'd, "true lovers share the bliss;  
 Why then, Colin, would you steal it?"

## SONG V. THE MEETING KISS.

LET me fly into thy arms;  
 Let me taste again thy charms;  
 Kiss me, press me to thy breast  
 In raptures not to be express.

Let me clasp thy lovely waist;  
 Throw thy arms around my neck:  
 Thus embracing and embrac'd,  
 Nothing shall our raptures check.

Hearts with mutual pleasure glowing;  
 Lips with lips together growing;  
 Eyes with tears of gladness flowing;  
 Eyes, and lips, and hearts shall show,  
 Th' excess of joy that meeting lovers know.

## SONG VI. THE PARTING KISS.

ONE kind kiss before we part,  
 Drop a tear, and bid adieu;  
 Tho' we sever, my fond heart  
 Till we meet shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,  
 Let me kiss that falling tear,  
 Tho' my body must remove,  
 All my soul will still be here,

All my soul and all my heart,  
 And every wish shall pant for you;  
 One kind kiss then e'er we part,  
 Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

## SONG VII. THE BORROWED KISS.

SHE, I languish, see, I faint,  
 I must borrow, beg, or steal;  
 Can you see a soul in want,  
 And no kind compassion feel?  
 Give, or lend, or let me take  
 One sweet kiss, I ask no more;  
 One sweet kiss, for pity's sake,  
 I'll repay it o'er and o'er.

Chloe heard, and with a smile,  
 Kind, compassionate and sweet,  
 "Colin, it's a sin to steal,  
 And for me to give's not meet:  
 But I'll lend a kiss, or twain,  
 To poor Colin in distress;  
 Not that I'd be paid again,  
 Colin, I mean nothing less."

## SONG VIII. THE KISS REPAID.

CHLOE, by that borrow'd kiss,  
 I, alas! am quite undone;  
 'T was so sweet, so fraught with bliss,  
 Thousands will not pay that one.  
 "Lest the debt should break your heart,"  
 Raguish Chloe smiling cries,  
 "Come, a hundred then in part,  
 For the present shall suffice."

## SONG IX. THE SECRET KISS.

AT the silent evening hour,  
 Two fond lovers in a bower  
 Sought their mutual bliss;  
 Tho' her heart was just relenting,  
 Tho' her eyes seem'd just consenting,  
 Yet she fear'd to kiss.

"Since this secret shade," he cry'd,  
 "Will those rosy blushes hide,  
 Why will you resist?  
 When no tall-tale spy is near us,  
 Eye not sees, nor ear can hear us,  
 Who would not be kiss'd?"

Molly hearing what he said,  
 Blushing lifted up her head,  
 Her breast soft wishes fill;  
 "Since," she cry'd, "no spy is near us,  
 Eye not sees, nor ear can hear us,  
 Kiss—or what you will."

## SONG X. THE RAPTURE.

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,  
 Callia, who can speak my bliss?  
 Who the raptures I'm enjoying,  
 When thy balmy lips I kiss?  
 Every look with love inspires me,  
 Every touch my bosom warms,  
 Every melting murmur fires me,  
 Every joy is in thy arms.

Those dear eyes, bow soft they languish!  
 Feel my heart with rapture beat!  
 Pleasure turns almost to anguish,  
 When the transport is so sweet.

Look not so divinely on me,  
 Cælia, I shall die with blies;  
 Yet, yet turn those eyes upon me,  
 Who'd not die a death like this?

## SONG XI. THE RECONCILING KISS.

"WHY that sadness on thy brow?  
 Why that starting crystal tear?  
 Dearest Polly, let me know,  
 For thy grief I cannot bear."  
 Polly with a sigh reply'd,  
 "What need I the cause impart?  
 Did you not this moment chide?  
 And you know it breaks my heart."

Colin, melting as she spoke,  
 Caught the fair one in his arms;  
 "Oh my dear! that tender look,  
 Every passion quite disarms:  
 By this dear relenting kiss,  
 I'd no anger in my thought;  
 Come, my love, by this, and this,  
 Let our quarrel be forgot."

As when sudden stormy rain  
 Every drooping flow'ret spoils;  
 When the Sun shines out again,  
 All the face of Nature smiles:  
 Polly, so reviv'd and cheer'd  
 By her Colin's kind embrace,  
 Her declining head up-rear'd,  
 Sweetly smiling in his face.

## SONG XIII. THE MUTUAL KISS.

"CÆLIA, by those smiling graces  
 Which my panting bosom warm;  
 By the heaven of thy embraces,  
 By thy wondrous power to charm;  
 By those soft bewitching glances,  
 Which my inmost bosom move;  
 By those lips, whose kiss entrances,  
 Thee, and thee alone I love."

"By thy god-like art of loving,"  
 Cælia, with a blush, replies;  
 "By thy heavenly power of moving,  
 All my soul to sympathize;  
 By thy eager fond caresses,  
 By those arms around me thrown;  
 By that look, which truth expresses,  
 My fond heart is all thy own."

Thus, with glowing inclination,  
 They indulge the tender bliss;  
 And to bind the lasting passion,  
 Seal it with a mutual kiss:  
 Close, in fond embraces, lying,  
 They together seem to grow;  
 Such supreme delight enjoying,  
 As true lovers only know.

## THE WIFE.

## A FRAGMENT.

THE virtues that endear and sweeten life,  
 And form that soft companion, call'd a wife,  
 Demand my song. Thou who didst first inspire  
 The tender theme, to thee I tune the lyre.  
 Hail, lovely Woman! Nature's blessing, hail!  
 Whose charms o'er all the powers of man prevail:

Thou healing balm of life, which bounteous  
 Heaven,

To pour on all our woes, has kindly given!  
 What were mankind without thee? or what joy,  
 Like thy soft converse, can his hours employ?  
 The dry, dull, drowsy bachelor surveys,  
 Alternate joyless nights and lonesome days;  
 No tender transports wake his sullen breast,  
 No soft endearments lull his cares to rest:  
 Stupidly free from Nature's tenderest ties,  
 Lost in his own sad self he lives and dies.  
 Not so the man, to whom indulgent Heav'n  
 That tender bosom-friend, a wife, has given:  
 Him, blest in her kind arms, no fears dismay,  
 No secret checks of guilt his joys allay:  
 No husband wrong'd, no virgin honour spoil'd,  
 No anxious parent weeps his ruin'd child!  
 No fell disease, no false embrace is here,  
 The joys are safe, the raptures are sincere.  
 Does Fortune smile? How grateful must it prove  
 To tread life's pleasing round with one we love!  
 Or does she frown? The fair, with softening art,  
 Will soothe our woes, or bear a willing part.  
 "But are all women of the soothing kind?  
 In choosing wives no hazard shall we find?  
 Will spleen, nor vapours, pride, nor prate molest?  
 And is all fear of cuckoldom a jest?"

Grant some are bad: yet surely some remain,  
 Good without show, and lovely without stain;  
 Warm without lowliness; virtuous without pride;  
 Content to follow, yet with sense to guide.  
 Such is Fidelity, fairest, fondest wife;  
 Observe the picture, for I draw from life.

Near that fam'd hill, from whose enchanting bow  
 Such various scenes enrich the vales below;  
 While gentle Thames meandering glides along,  
 Meads, flocks, and groves, and rising towers  
 Fidelity dwelt: fair as the fairest scene (among  
 Of smiling Nature, when the sky's serene.  
 Full sixteen summers had adorn'd her face,  
 Warm'd every sense, and waken'd every grace;  
 Her eye look'd sweetness, gently heav'd her breast,  
 Her shape, her motion, graceful ease express'd.  
 And to this fair, this finish'd form, were join'd  
 The softest passions, and the purest mind.

Among the neighbouring youths who strove to  
 gain Fidelity's heart, Lysander made his address.  
 He was a younger brother, of a good family, but  
 small fortune. His person was handsome and  
 genteel, his manners easy and engaging. With  
 these advantages he soon obtained a place in young  
 Fidelity's heart; and, as her fortune, which was  
 very considerable, was in her own dispose, there  
 was no obstacle to their happiness; with all the  
 eloquence of a lover, he pressed the consummation  
 of his wishes, a tender softness pleas'd within her  
 breast, she yields to the force of his persuasion,  
 and they are married.

Who can express the pleasures which they  
 now enjoy? To make her happy seem'd the scope  
 of all his actions, and such a growing fondness  
 warm'd her heart, that every day endear'd him  
 more and more. The fortune which she brought  
 he managed with prudence and discretion; and  
 the pleasure which he found in her sweet be-  
 haviour, and enchanting beauties, repaid his cares  
 with interest. Thus flew the hours, wing'd with  
 delight; the day pass'd not without some new  
 endearment; and the night felt nameless raptures,  
 or serene repose.

Before the end of two years their loves were crowned with a smiling boy. If any thing could increase their fondness of each other it was this engaging pledge of their affection. But, alas! how variable is the heart of man! how easily are his passions inflamed! how soon his best affections altered! and reason, which should be his guide, is but as the light of a candle, which the least gust of passion can puff out, and quite extinguish. Of this unhappy truth, Lysander soon became a fatal instance.

It happened at this time, whether by accident or design I know not, that a creature of exquisite beauty, but of infamous character, came to lodge exactly over against the house of this, till then, most happy pair. As Lysander was not only possessor of a handsome person, but now also of an ample fortune, immediately a thousand arts were tried by this inveigling harlot, to attract his observation, and if possible to ensnare his heart. At her window, in his sight, she would appear in a loose and tempting dishabille. Now in a seeming negligence discover her white naked breasts, then with a leering smile pretend to hide them from his sight. Her wanton eyes, all sparkling with delight, she now would fix with eagerness upon him; then in a soft and languishing air by slow degrees withdraw, yet looking back as loath to leave the place.

As Lysander had too much experience of the world, not to understand this amorous language, so his heart was too susceptible of the tender passion not to feel its force. And unable to withstand the daily repetition of these provoking temptations, he at last determined to go over privately one evening and make her a visit. It will be needless to say he was kindly received, how kindly, will be better imagined than expressed. Here had he stopped, this one transgression might have been forgiven: but such was his infatuation, that from this time his visits became frequent: he was so intoxicated with her charms (for indeed she was handsome) and so bewitched with her alluring blandishments, that the modest beauty of his fair and virtuous wife became at once neglected, and at length despised.

Poor Fidelity! who can express the agonies of her heart when first the fatal secret she discovered? Conscious on how many accounts she merited his love, pride and resentment for some time struggled with her affection; but such was the softness of her nature, such the tenderness of her passion, that she was not able to reproach him any other way than by a silent grief. Alone she pined, and like a lily in the secret vale drooped her fair head, unfriended and unseen. O! what must be his heart, that such endearing softness could not melt, that such engaging virtue shamed not into goodness! But such is the nature of vice, that it hardens the heart to all humane and generous impressions. At first, perhaps, his virtue made some efforts in her favour; but the trouble it cost him to suppress them when the rage of his new-kindled flame returned, made him by degrees unwilling to indulge them. Thus endeavouring to smother all remains of gratitude or compassion, he became at length as insensible to her grief as to her wrongs.

Barbarian! how canst thou lavish on abandoned wretches that wealth, which love and unsuspect-

ing virtue trusted to thy hand! how canst thou leave that angel-sweetness, that untainted rose, for paint, polluted charms, and prostitution! how canst thou see thy tender innocent babe suck with its milk those grief-distilling drops that fall incessant on her snowy breast, for thy unkind neglect! Unfeeling wretch! But what is man not capable to do, when blind with passion, hardened with his guilt? Alas! this is but the beginning of her woes; and nothing to the grief this hapless fair one is ordained to suffer. Indifference is soon succeeded by ill nature and ill usage. He now no longer makes a secret of his base intrigue. Whole days and nights are spent in her lewd chambers, shameless and open in the sight of the world, and in the very face of his insulted, injured, unoffending wife.

But this was not enough. Home, and the sight of this affronted, yet still patient virtue, became uneasy and disgustful. He is therefore determined to remove her from him. But the means of bringing this about were as infamous, as the desire of doing it was cruel. His valet de chambre, whose name was Craven, had lived with him some years, and was a man whom he found to be capable of any villany he should think fit to employ him in. This man he prevailed with, by large gifts and many promises, to conceal himself in Fidelity's bed-chamber, "and confine there," said he to him, "till after she is in bed; when I will come in and pretend to surprise you with her: and in the confusion which will follow, do you slip out of the room, and make your escape." This detestable scheme was no sooner concerted, than it was put in execution. He that very evening found means to hide himself in the chamber of this innocent lady, who at her usual hour repaired to rest. After committing herself to Heaven, and with a shower of tears bewailing her hard fate, she closed her eyes in sleep. Protect her, Heaven, support her in this hour, when he who should protect her and support, is basely undermining and betraying her!

Sleep had no sooner closed her grief-swollen eyes, than her husband rushed into the chamber, and with feign'd rage and frightful imprecations demanded the adulterer. Surprised with terror and astonishment she started from her sleep, and in a trembling voice desired to know the occasion of his anger. He gave no answer to her entreaties, but continuing his pretended rage, sought every corner of the room; and from beneath the bed at length pulled out the hidden traitor. This unexpected sight, and the appearance of so shocking a discovery, so terrified the poor amazed Fidelity, that, for a time, her senses seemed suspended. While thus her husband: "Is this, madam, the truth, the purity which you so much pretended! Is this your innocence! Is this the secret idol of your false devotion! Dissembling harlot! I long indeed have had suspicions what you were, at last I have pulled off the mask, and my pretended saint is now detected." "O Heaven and Earth!" cried out Fidelity, "do you then believe me guilty? do you believe I know aught of this vile man! that I encouraged, or that I concealed him! Suspected what I am! Good Heaven, what am I? Am I not your wife? would God I were not! O Lysander, there needed not this; my heart before was broke, why

would you murder too my innocence?" "Your innocence!" returned the brute: "and have you the assurance after this to talk of innocence? No, no, madam, I will not murder your innocence, the law shall do you justice." Saying this, he turned from her and was going to leave the room; when falling on her knees, and catching hold of his coat, in broken accents and a flood of tears, she thus address him: "O Lysander, O my dear husband! if yet it is permitted me to call you by that name, let me entreat, nay beg upon my knees, you will not thus expose my yet untainted name to public infamy, nor let the leprous blast of scandal-bearing tongues make foul my spotless honour. I shall not long stand in the way of your pleasures; my bursting heart can hold but a very little while; O let me leave the world unblemished! then shall I die in peace, and my last parting breath shall bless and call you kind. But if I must not, as I sadly fear I must not stay; O let me in some friendly darksome night, when not an eye can see me, steal from your house, my infant in my arms, and wandering to some lonely hut, or distant village, die there unknown in silent grief, for I will never complain, and save you the reproach of having used me thus."

This last proposal was the very thing he wished; so turning to her with a scornful look, he told her she might take her brat and go whither she would as soon as she pleased; then breaking rudely from her, left her on the floor. What language can express the agonies she felt at this hard usage! she arose from the floor where his barbarity had left her, and putting on the meanest clothes she had, went to the bed where lay her sleeping babe, kissed and wept over it for some time, then took it in her arms, and laying it to her breast, departed from her house that very night.

Here for the present let us leave this poor unhappy wanderer, with Providence her sole guide, and innocence her comfort; and turn to see what punishment will be prepared for her perfidious and inhuman husband. Now unrestrained he lived with his lewd paramour in all the heights of luxury and extravagance, and every pleasure for a while appeared to wait on his command. But soon her wanton waste and boundless riot brought him to distress.

• • • • •  
• • • • •

Cætera desunt.

### ROME'S PARDON.

A TALE.

If Rome can pardon sin, as Romans bold;  
And if those pardons may be bought and sold,  
It were no sin t' adore and worship gold.

Rochester.

It happen'd on a certain time,  
Two seigniors, who had spent the prime  
Of youth in every wickedness,  
Came to his holiness to confess;  
Of which, the one had riches store,  
The other (wicked wretch!) was poor.  
But both grown old, had now a mind  
To die in peace with all mankind;

And go to Heaven a nearer way  
Than those who all their life-time pray:  
Which may effected be, they hope,  
By buying pardon of the pope.  
So calling fresh to mind their sins,  
The rich offender thus begins:

"Most holy father, I have been,  
I must confess, in many a sin.  
All laws divine I've thought a joke;  
All human laws for interest broke.  
And to increase my ill-got store,  
Thought it no crime to oppress the poor,  
To cheat the rich, betray my friends,  
Or any thing to gain my ends.  
But now grown old, and near to die,  
I do repent me heartily.

Of all my vile offences past,  
And in particular the last,  
By which I wickedly beguil'd  
A dead friend's son, my guardian child,  
Of all his dear paternal store,  
Which was ten thousand pounds or more;  
Who since is starv'd to death by want,  
And now sincerely I repent:  
Which that your holiness may see,  
One half the sum I've brought with me,  
And thus I cast it at your feet,  
Dispose of it as you think meet,  
To pious uses, or your own,  
I hope 'twill all my faults atone."

"Friend," quoth the pope, "I'm glad to see  
Such true repentance wrought in thee;  
But as your sins are very great,  
You have but half repented yet:  
Nor can your pardon be obtain'd,  
Unless the whole which thus you've gain'd  
To pious uses be ordain'd."

"Ah!" cry'd the man, "I thought that half  
Had been a pretty price enough."

"Nay," quoth the pope, "sir, if you ban  
And haw at parting with the sum,  
Go, keep it, do; and, damn your soul:  
I tell you I must have the whole,  
'Tis not a little thing procures  
A pardon for such sins as yours."  
Well—rather than be doom'd to go,  
To dwell with everlasting woe,  
One would give any thing, you know:  
So th' other half was thrown down to't,  
And then he soon obtain'd his suit;  
A pardon for his sins was given,  
And home he went assur'd of Heaven.

And now the poor man bends his knee;  
"Most holy father, pardou me,  
A poor and humble penitent  
Who all my substance vilely spent  
In every wanton, youthful pleasure;  
But now I suffer out of measure;  
With dire diseases being fraught  
And eke so poor not worth a groat."

"Poor!" quoth the pope, "then cease your suit,  
Indeed you may as well be mute;  
Forbear your now too late contrition,  
You're in a reprobate condition.  
What! spend your wealth, and from the whole  
Not save one souer to save your soul?  
Oh, you're a sinner, and a hard one,  
I wonder you can ask a pardon:  
Friend, they're not had, unless you buy 'em,  
You're therefore damn'd, as sure I am—

Viceregent to the King of Heaven:  
No, no, such sins can't be forgiven.  
I cannot save you if I won'd,  
Nor would I do it if I cou'd."

Home goes the man in deep despair,  
And died soon after he came there;  
And went, 'tis said, to Hell: but sure  
He was not damn'd for being poor!  
But long he had not been below,  
Before he saw his friend come too;  
At this he was in great surprise,  
And scarcely could believe his eyes:  
"What, friend," said he, "are you come too?  
I thought the pope had pardon'd you."  
"Yes," quoth the man, "I thought so too;  
But I was by the pope trepann'd—  
The devil could not read his hand."

AN EPISTLE TO STEPHEN DUCK,  
AT HIS FIRST COMING TO COURT.

FORGIVE me, Duck, that such a Muse as mine,  
Brings her weak aid to the support of thine;  
In lines, which if the world should chance to see,  
They'd find I pleaded for myself—in thee.

Yet some indulgence sure they ought to shew  
An infant poet, and unlearn'd as you;  
Unskill'd in art, unexercis'd to sing;  
I've just but tasted the Pierian spring:  
But tho' my stock of learning yet is low;  
Tho' yet my numbers don't harmonious flow,  
I fain would hope it won't be always so.  
The morning Sun emits a stronger ray,  
Still as he rises tow'rd's meridian day:  
Large hills at first obstruct the oblique beam,  
And dark'ning shadows shoot along the gleam;  
Impending mists yet hover in the air,  
And distant objects undistinct appear.  
But as he rises in the eastern sky,  
The shadows shrink, the conquer'd vapours fly;  
Objects their proper forms and colours gain;  
In all her various beauties shines th' enlighten'd plain.

So when the dawn of thought peeps out in man,  
Mountains of ign'rance shade at first his brain:  
A gleam of reason by degrees appears,  
Which brightens and increases with his years;  
And as the rays of thought gain strength in youth,  
Dark mists of error melt and brighten into truth.

Thus asking ign'rance will to knowledge grow;  
Conceited fools alone continue so.

On then, my friend, nor doubt but that in time  
Our tender Muses, learning now to climb,  
May reach perfectior's top, and grow sublime.  
The Iliad scarce was Homer's first essay;  
Virgil wrote not his *Æneid* in a day;  
Nor is't impossible a time might be,  
When Pope and Prior wrote like you and me.  
'Tis true, more learning might their works adorn,  
They wrote not from a *penalty* nor a *barne*:  
Yet they, as well as we, by slow degrees  
Must reach perfection, and to write with ease.  
Have you not seen? yea, oft you must have seen,  
When vernal suns adorn the woods with green,  
And genial warmth, enkindling wanton love,  
Fills with a various progeny the grove,  
The lim'rous young, just ventur'd from the nest,  
First in low bushes hop, and often rest;

From twig to twig their tender wings they try,  
Yet only flutter when they seem to fly.  
But as their strength and feathers more increase,  
Short flights thy take, and fly with greater ease:  
Experienc'd soon, they boldly venture higher,  
Foraake the hedge, to lofty trees aspire;  
Transported thence, with strong and steady wing  
They mount the skies, and soar aloft, and sing.

So you and I, just naked from the shell,  
In chirping notes our future singing tell;  
Unfeather'd yet, in judgment, thought, or skill,  
Hop round the basis of Parnassus' hill:  
Our flights are low, and want of art and strength  
Forbids to carry us to the wish'd-for length.  
But flog'd, and cherish'd with a kindly spring,  
We'll mount the summit, and melodious sing.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE lie the remains of Caroline,  
Queen consort of Great Britain.

Whose virtues  
Her friends, when living, knew and enjoy'd;  
Now dead, her foes confess and admire.  
Her ambition aspir'd to wisdom,  
And attain'd it;  
To knowledge,  
And it fill'd her mind.

Patroness of the wise,  
And a friend of learning yet;  
She look'd, and modest merit rais'd its head;  
She smil'd, and weeping woe grew glad.

Religion, plain and simple,  
Dignify'd her mind,  
Despising forms and useless pageantry.

Morals, clear and refin'd,  
Dwelt in her heart,

And guided all her actions.  
Virtue she lov'd, beneath her smile it flourish'd;  
She frown'd on vice, and it was put to shame.

In fine,  
Her life was a public blessing;  
Her death is an universal loss.  
O reader! if thou doubtest of these things,  
Ask the cries of the fatherless, they shall tell thee,  
And the tears of the widow shall confirm their truths:  
The sons of wisdom shall testify for her,  
And the daughters of virtue bear her witness;  
The voice of the nation shall applaud her,  
And the heart of the king shall sigh her praise.

ON RICHES.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. . . .

To succour all whom grief or cares oppress,  
To raise neglected merit from distress,  
The dying arts t' encourage and revive,  
And independent of mankind to live;  
This, this is riches' grand prerogative,  
These all the wise and good with joy pursue,  
And thousands feel, and bless their power in you,  
But stay, my Muse, nor rashly urge thy theme.  
Examine well thy candidates for fame;  
Thy verse is praise. Consider—very few  
Can justly say one single line's their due:

Scorn thou with generous freedom to record,  
Without his just credentials, duke or lord:  
An honest line prefer to a polite,  
So shall thy praise no conscious blush excite.

But as to paint a lovely female face,  
With every charm adorn'd, and every grace,  
Requires a finer hand, and greater care,  
Than the rough features of a H——r;  
So praise than satire asks a nicer touch;  
But finish well, there's nothing charms so much.  
A shining character when drawn with art,  
Like beauty, whilst it pleases, wins the heart,

Mecenas first the noble list shall grace,  
Learning's great patron merits the first place.  
O dear to every muse! to every art!

Virtue's chief friend, supporter of desert!  
Is there a man, tho' poor, despis'd, oppos'd,  
Yet whose superior genius shines contest;  
Whether the useful arts his soul inspire,  
Or the politer Muse's sacred fire,  
Learning and arts t'encourage and extend?  
In thee he finds a patron and a friend.

Wealth thus bestow'd returns in lasting fame,  
A grateful tribute to the donor's name.

Next him from whom true virtue meets reward,  
Is he who shows to want a kind regard.

Carus, tho' blest with plenty, ease, and health,  
His every want supply'd from boundless wealth,  
Yet feels humanity: his soul o'erflows  
To see, or hear, or think on others' woes.

Is there a wretch with pinching want oppress'd?  
His pain, till eas'd, is felt in Carus' breast.

Does any languish under dire disease?  
Carus prescribes, or pays the doctor's fees.

Has sad misfortune fatal ruin thrown,  
And some expiring family undone?

Carus repairs, and makes the loss his own.

To hear the widow's or the orphan's cries,  
His soul in pity melts into his eyes:

O manly tenderness! good-natur'd grief,  
To feel, to sympathize, and give relief.

Sure gods are Carus' debtors. Gold thus given,  
Lies out at interest in the bank of Heaven.

But where's th' advantage then, will Corvus say,  
If wealth is only lent to give away?

Corvus, were that the sole prerogative,  
How great, how godlike is the power to give!

Thou canst not feel it: True, 'tis too divine  
For such a selfish narrow soul as thine.

Comes is rich, belov'd by all mankind,  
To cheerful hospitality inclin'd;

His ponds with fish, with fowl his woods are stor'd,  
Inviting plenty smiles upon his board:

Easy and free, his friends his fortune share,  
Er'n travelling strangers find a welcome there;

Neighbours, domestics, all enjoy their parts,  
He in return possesses all their hearts.

Who, foolish Corvus, who but thee will say,  
That Comes idly throws his wealth away?

Is then the noble privilege to give,  
The sole advantage we from wealth receive!

Whilst others' wants or merits we supply,  
Have we ourselves no title to enjoy?

Doubtless you have. A thousand different ways  
Wealth may be self-enjoy'd, and all with praise.

Whom truth and reason guides, or genius fires,  
Never need fear indulging his desires.

But shou'd pretending coxcombs, from this  
rule,

Plead equal privilege to play the fool;

The Muse forbids. She only gives to cease

The dangerous province to contrive expense.

Marcus in sumptuous buildings takes delight,  
His house, his gardens charm the ravish'd sight:

With beauty use, with grandeur neatness joins,  
And order with magnificence combines.

'Tis costly: true, but who can blame the expense,  
"Where splendor borrows all her rays from sense?"

Sylvio retirement loves; smooth crystal floods,  
Green meadows, hills and dales, and verdant woods

Delight his eye; the warbling birds to hear,  
With rapture fills his soul, and charms his ear.

In shady walks, in groves, in secret bowers,  
Plann'd by himself, he spends the peaceful hours;

Here serious thought pursues her thread serene,  
No interrupting follies intervene;

Propitious silence aids th' attentive mind,  
The God of Nature in his works to find.

If this t' enjoy affords him most delight,  
Who says that Sylvio is not in the right?

Publius in curious paintings wealth consumes,  
The best, the finest hands adorn his rooms;

Various designs, from each callen'd wall, [all  
Meet the pleas'd eyes, and something charms in

Here well-drawn landscapes to the mind convey  
A smiling country, or a stormy sea;

Towns, houses, trees, diversify the plain,  
And ships in danger fright us from the main.

There the past actions of illustrious men,  
In strong description charm the world agen:

Love, anger, grief, in different scenes are wrought,  
All its just passions animate the draught.

But see new charms break in a flood of day,  
See Loves and Graces on the canvass play;

Beauty's imagin'd smiles our bosom warm,  
And light and shade retains the power to charm.

Who censures Publius, or condemns his cost,  
Must wish the nobler art of painting lost.

Whilst Publius thus his taste in painting shows,  
Critus admires her sister art, the Muse.

Homer and Virgil, Horace and Boileau  
Teach in his breast poetic warmth to glow.

From these instructed, and from these inspir'd,  
Critus for taste and judgment is admir'd.

Poets before him lay the work of years,  
And from his sentence draw their hopes and fears.

Hail, judge impartial! noble critic, hail!  
In this thy day, good writing must prevail:

Our bards from you will hence be what they  
shou'd,

Please and improve us, make us wise and good.  
Thus bleas'd with wealth, his genius each

pursues,  
In building, planting, painting, or the Muse.

O envy'd power!—But you'll object and say,  
"How few employ it in this envied way?"

With all his heaps did Chre.  $\rightarrow$ s e'er do good?†  
No: But they give him power, if once he wou'd:

'Tis not in riches to create the will,  
Misers, in spite of wealth, are misers still.

Is it for gold the lawless villain spoils?  
'Tis for the same the honest labourer toils.

Does wealth to sloth, to luxury pervert?  
Wealth too excites to industry, to art:

Many, no doubt, thro' power of wealth oppress,  
But some, whom Heaven reward, delight to bless!

Then blame not gold, that men are proud or vain,  
Slothful or covetous; but blame the man.

When right affections rule a generous heart,  
Gold may refine, but seldom will pervert.

## THE PETITION.

THE various suppliants which address  
Their pray'rs to Heaven on banded knees,  
All hope alike for happiness,  
Yet each petition disagrees.  
Fancy, not judgment, constitutes their bliss;  
The wise, no doubt, will say the same of this.

Ye gods, if you remember right,  
Some eighteen years ago,  
A firm was made divinely bright,  
And sent for us t' admire below:  
I first distinguish'd her from all the rest,  
And hope you'll therefore think my title best.

I ask not heaps of shining gold,  
No, if the gods vouchsafe  
My longing arms may her unfold,  
I'm rich, I'm rich enough!  
Riches at best can hardly give content;  
But having her, what is there I can want?

I ask not, with a pompous train  
Of honours, all th' world t' outbrave;  
The title I would wish to gain,  
Is,—Her most favourite slave:  
To bow to her, a greater bliss wou'd be  
Than kings and princes bowing down to me.

To rule the world with power supreme,  
Let meaner souls aspire;  
To gain the sov'reignty from them  
I stoop not to desire:  
Give me to reign sole monarch in her breast,  
Let petty princes for the world contest.

Let libertines, who take delight  
In riot and excess,  
Thus waste the day, thus spend the night,  
Whilst I to joys sublimer press:  
Casp'd in her snowy arms such bliss I'd prove,  
As never yet was found, or felt in love.

In short, I ask you not to live  
A tedious length of days;  
Old age can little pleasure give,  
When health and strength decays:  
Let but what time I have be spent with her's,  
Each moment will be worth a thousand years.

## AN EPITHALAMIUM.

HENCE, hence all dull cares,  
All quarrels and jars,  
Ye fustious disturbers of pleasure, avoid!  
Content, love, and joy,  
Shall their powers employ,  
To bless the glad bridegroom and beautiful bride.  
Anger shall ne'er presume  
To come within this room;  
No doubt nor anxious fear,  
Nor jealous thought shall enter here.  
Ill-nature, ill-manners, contention, and pride,  
Shall never, shall never the union divide.  
O the pleasing, pleasing raptures,  
Read in Hymen's nuptial chapters!

Love commencing,  
Joys dispensing;  
Beauty smiling,  
Wit beguiling;  
Kindness charming,  
Fancy warming;  
Kissing, toying,  
Melting, dying;  
O the pleasing, pleasing raptures!

## THE ADVICE.

DOES thou, my friend, desire to rise  
To honour, wealth, and dignities?  
Virtue's paths, though trod by few,  
With constant steps do thou pursue.  
For as the coward-soul admires  
That courage which the brave inspires,  
And his own quarrels to defend,  
Gladly makes such a one his friend;  
So in a world which rogues infest,  
How is an honest man carest'd!  
The villains from each other fly,  
And on his virtue safe rely!

## A LAMENTABLE CASE.

SUBMITTED TO THE BATH PHYSICIANS.

YE fam'd physicians of this place,  
Hear Strephon's and poor Chloe's case,  
Nor think that I am joking;  
When she wou'd, he cannot comply,  
When he wou'd drink, she's not a-dry;  
And is not this provoking?

At night, when Strephon comes to rest,  
Chloe receives him on her breast,  
With fondly folding arms:  
Down, down he hangs his drooping head,  
Falls fast asleep, and lies as dead,  
Neglecting all her charms.

Reviving when the morn returns,  
With rising flames young Strephon burns,  
And fain, wou'd fain be doing:  
But Chloe now, asleep or sick,  
Has no great reliah for the trick,  
And sudy baulks his wooing.

O cruel and disastrous case,  
When in the critical embrace  
That only one is burning!  
Dear doctors, set this matter right,  
Give Strephon spirits over night,  
Or Chloe in the morning.

## A LADY'S SALUTATION

TO HER GARDEN IN THE COUNTRY.

WELCOME, fair scene; welcome, thou lov'd retreat,  
From the vain hurry of the bustling great.

<sup>1</sup> This is only the first few verses of a very long and dull poem in *The Muse in Livery*, which the author did not think proper to republish.—C.



Here let me walk, or in this fragrant bower,  
Whipp'd in calm thought improve each fleeting  
hour.

My soul, while Nature's beauties feast mine eyes,  
To Nature's God contemplative shall rise.

What are ye now, ye glittering, vain delights,  
Which waste our days, and rob us of our nights?  
What your allurements? what your fancy'd joys?  
Dress, equipage, and show, and pomp, and noise.  
Aias! how tasteless these, how low, how mean,  
To the calm pleasures of this rural scene?

Come then, ye shades, beneath your bending  
arms

Enclose the fond admirer of your charms;  
Come then, ye bowers, receive your joyful guest,  
Glad to retire, and in retirement blest;  
Come, ye fair flowers, and open ev'ry sweet;  
Come, little birds, your warbling songs repeat,  
And od descend to sweeten all the rest,  
Soft smiling peace, in white-rob'd virtue drest;  
Content unenvious, ease with freedom join'd,  
And contemplation calm, with truth refin'd:  
Deign but in this fair scene with me to dwell,  
All noise and nonsense, pomp and show, farewell.

And see! oh see! the heav'n-born train appear!  
Fix thee, my heart; thy happiness is here.

#### THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

BENEATH the myrtle's secret shade,  
When Delia blest my eyes;  
At first I view'd the lovely maid  
In silent soft surprise.

With trembling voice, and anxious mind,  
I softly whisper'd love;  
She blush'd a smile so sweetly kind,  
Did a l my fears remove.

Her lovely yielding form I prest,  
Sweet maddening kisses stole;  
And soon her swimming eyes confess  
The wishes of her soul:

In wild tumultuous bliss, I cry,  
"O Delia, now be kind!"

She prest'd me close, and with a sigh,  
To melting joys resign'd.

#### SONG.

MAN'S a poor deluded bubble,  
Wand'ring in a mist of lies,  
Seeing false, or seeing double,  
Who would't trust to such weak eyes?  
Yet presuming on his senses,  
On he goes most wondrous wise;  
Doubts of truth, believes pretences;  
Lost in error, lives and dies.

#### AN EPIGRAM,

OCCASIONED BY THE WORD "ONE PRIOR," IN  
THE SECOND VOLUME OF BISHOP BURNET'S  
HISTORY.

ONE PRIOR!—and is this, this all the fame  
The post from th' historian can claim!  
No; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,  
When 'tis forgot *our* Burnet ever wrote.

#### AN EPIGRAM.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend dean,  
"What reason can be given,  
Since marriage is a holy thing,  
That there are none in Heaven?"

"There are no women," he reply'd;  
She quick returns the jest—  
"Women there are, but I'm afraid  
They cannot find a priest."

#### THE KINGS OF EUROPE.

##### A JEET.

WHY pray, of late, do Europe's kings  
No jester in their courts admit?  
They're grown such stately solemn things,  
To bear a joke they think not fit.

But tho' each court a jester lacks,  
To laugh at monarchs to their face:  
All mankind behind their backs  
Supply the honest jester's place.

#### MELPOMENE:

OR THE REGIONS OF TERROR AND PITY.

##### AN ODE.

QUEEN of the human heart! at whose command  
The swelling tides of mighty passion rise;  
Melpomene, support my vent'rous hand,  
And aid thy suppliant in his bold empire;  
From the gay scenes of pride  
Do thou his footsteps guide  
To Nature's awful courts, where nurs'd of yore,  
Young Shakespeare, Fancy's child, was taught his  
various lore.

So may his favour'd eye explore the source,  
To few reveal'd, whence human sorrow  
charts:

So may his numbers, with pathetic force,  
Bid terror shake us, or compassion warm,  
As different strains control

The movements of the soul;  
Adjust its passions, harmonize its tone;  
To feel for other's woe, or nobly bear its own.

Deep in the covert of a shadowy grove, [play;  
'Mid broken rocks where dashing currents  
Dear to the pensive pleasures, dear to love,  
And Damon's Muse, that breathes her melt-  
This ardent prayer was made: (ing lay,  
When lo! the secret shade,

As conscious of some heavenly presence, shook-  
Strength, firmness, reason, all—m' astonished  
soul forsook.

Ah! whither goddess! whither am I borne?  
To what wild region's necromantic shore?  
These ponics whence? and why my bosom torn  
With sudden terrors never felt before?  
Darkness inwraps me round;  
While from the vast profound

Emerging spectres dreadful shapes assume,  
And gleaming on my sight, add horror to the  
gloom.

Ha! what is he whose fierce indignant eye,  
Denouncing vengeance, kindles into flame?  
Whose boisterous fury blows a storm so high,  
As with its thunder shakes his lab'ring frame.  
What can such rage provoke?  
His words their passage choke:  
His eager steps nor time nor truce allow,  
And dreadful dangers wait the menace of his brow.

Protect me, goddess! whence that fearful shriek  
Of consternation? as grim Death had laid  
His icy fingers on some guilty cheek, [may'd:  
And all the powers of manhood shrunk dis-  
Ah see! beamur'd with gore  
Revenge stands threatening o'er  
A pale delinquent, whose retorted eyes  
In vain for pity call—the wretched victim dies.

Not long the space—abandon'd to despair,  
With eyes aghast, or hopeless fix'd on earth,  
This slave of passion reads his scatter'd hair,  
Beats his sad breast, and execrates his birth:  
While torn within he feels  
The pangs of whips and wheels;  
And sora, or faeries, all the fiends below,  
Beckoning his frighted soul to realms of endless  
woe.

Before my wondering sense new phantoms dance,  
And stamp their horrid shapes upon my brain—  
A wretch with jealous brow, and eyes askance,  
Feeds all in secret on his bosom pain.  
Fond love, fierce hate assail;  
Alternate they prevail: [conspire,  
While conscious pride and shame with rage  
And urge the latent sparks to flames of torturing  
fire.

The storm proceeds—his changeful visage trace:  
From rage to madness every feature breaks.  
A growing phrenzy grins upon his face,  
And in his frightful stare distraction speaks:  
His straw-invested head  
Proclaims all reason fled;  
And not a tear bedews those vacant eyes—  
But songs and shouts succeed, and laughter-ming-  
led sighs.

Yet, yet again!—a murderer's hand appears  
Grasping a pointed dagger stain'd with blood!  
His look malignant chills with boding fears,  
That check the current of life's ebbing flood,  
In midnight's darkest clouds  
The dreary miscreant shrouds  
His felon step—as 'twere to darkness given  
To dim the watchful eye of all-pervading Heaven.

And hark! ah mercy! whence that hollow  
sound? [hair?  
Why with strange horror starts my bristling  
Earth opens wide, and from unhallow'd ground  
A pallid ghost slow-rising steals on air.  
To where a mangled corpse  
Expos'd without remorse  
Lies shroudless, unentomb'd, he points the  
away—  
Points to the prowling wolf exultant o'er his prey.

"Was it for this," he cries, "with kindly shower  
Of daily gifts the traitor I carew'd?  
For this, array'd him in the robe of power,  
And lodg'd my royal secrets in his breast?  
O kindness ill repaid!  
To bare the murdering blade  
Against my life!—may Heav'n his guilt explore,  
And to my suffering race their splendid rights re-  
store."

He said, and stalk'd away.—Ah, goddess! cease  
Thus with terrific forms to rack my brain;  
These horrid phantoms shake the throne of  
peace,  
And reason calls her boasted powers in vain:  
Then change thy magic wand,  
Thy dreadful troops disband,  
And gentler shapes, and softer scenes disclose,  
To melt the feeling heart, yet soothe its tenderest  
woes.

The fervent prayer was heard.—With hideous  
Her ebon gates of darkness open flew; [sound,  
A dawning twilight cheers the dread profound;  
The train of terror vanishes from view.  
More mild enchantments rise;  
New scenes salute my eyes,  
Groves, fountains, bowers, and temples grace  
the plain, [plain.  
And turtles coo around, and nightingales coun-

And every myrtle bower and cypress grove,  
And every solemn temple teems with life;  
Here glows the scene with fond but hapless love,  
There with the deeper woes of human strife.  
In groups around the lawn,  
By fresh disasters drawn,  
The sad spectators seem transfix'd in woe;  
And pitying sighs are heard, and heart-felt sorrows  
flow.

Behold that beauteous maid! her languid head  
Bends like a drooping lily charg'd with rain;  
With floods of tears she bathes a lover dead,  
In brave assertion of her honour slain.  
Her bosom heaves with sighs;  
To Heaven she lifts her eyes,  
With grief beyond the power of words oppress,  
Sinks on the lifeless corse, and dies upon his breast.

How strong the bands of friendship? yet, alas!  
Behind you mouldering tower with ivy crown'd,  
Of two, the foremost in her sacred class,  
One, from his friend, receives the fatal wound!  
What could such fury move!  
Ah what, but ill-starr'd love?  
The same fair object each fond heart enthalls,  
And he, the favour'd youth, her hapless victim  
falls.

Can ought so deeply sway the generous mind  
To mutual truth, as female trust in love?  
Then what relief shall you fair mourner find,  
Scorn'd by the man who should her plaints  
remove?  
By fair, but false pretence,  
She lost her innocence;  
And that sweet babe, the fruit of treacherous art,  
Claspt in her arms expires, and breaks the pa-  
rent's heart.

Ah! who to power or grandeur would aspire?  
Kings are not rais'd above misfortune's frown:  
That form so graceful even in mean attire,  
Sway'd once a sceptre, once sustain'd a crown.  
From filial rage and strife,  
To screen his closing life,  
He quits his throne, a father's sorrow feels,  
And in the lap of want his patient head conceals.

More yet remain'd—but lo! the pensive queen  
Appears confest before my dazzled sight;  
Grace in her steps, and softness in her mien,  
The face of sorrow mingled with delight.  
Not such her nobler frame,  
When kindling into flame,  
And bold in virtue's cause, her zeal aspires  
To waken guilty pang, or breathe the heroic fires.

Aw'd into silence, my rapt soul attends—  
The power, with eyes complacent, saw my  
And, as with grief ineffable she bends, [fear;  
These accents vibrate on my listening ear.

“Aspiring son of art,  
Know, tho' thy feeling heart  
Glow with these wonders to thy fancy shown,  
Still may the Delian god thy powerless toils dis-  
own.

“A thousand tender scenes of soft distress  
May swell thy breast with sympathetic woes;  
A thousand such dread forms on fancy press,  
As from my dreary realms of darkness rose;  
Whence Shakspeare's chilling fears,  
Whence Otway's melting tears—  
That awful gloom, this melancholy plain,  
The types of every theme that suits the tragic  
strain.

“But dost thou worship Nature night and morn,  
And all due honour to her precepts pay?  
Canst thou the lure of affectation scorn,  
Pleas'd in the simpler paths of truth to stray?  
Hast thou the Graces fair  
Invok'd with ardent prayer?  
'Tis they attire, as Nature must impart,  
The sentiment sublime, the language of the heart.

“Then, if creative Genius pour his ray,  
Warm with inspiring influence on thy breast;  
Taste, judgment, fancy, if thou canst display,  
And the deep source of passion stand confest:  
Then may the listening train,  
Affected, feel thy strain;  
Feel grief or terror, rage or pity move;  
Change with the varying scenes, and every scene  
approve.”

Humbled before her sight, and bending low,  
I kiss'd the borders of her crimson vest;  
Eager to speak, I felt my bosom glow,  
But fear upon my lip her seal impress.  
While awe-struck thus I stood,  
The bowers, the lawn, the wood,  
The form celestial, fading on my sight,  
Dissolv'd in liquid air, and fleeting gleams of light.

ON HIS FIRST ARRIVAL AT THE  
LEASOWS, 1754.

“How shall I fix my wand'ring eye? where find  
The source of this enchantment? Dwells it in

The woods? or waves there not a magic wind  
O'er the translucent waters? Sure, unseen,  
Some favouring power directs the happy lines  
That sketch these beauties; swells the rising hills,  
And scoops the dales to Nature's finest forms,  
Vague, undetermin'd, infinite: untaught  
By line or compass, yet supremely fair.”  
So spoke Philemon, as with raptur'd gaze  
He travers'd Damon's farm. From distant plains  
He sought his friend's abode; nor had the fame  
Of that new-form'd Arcadia reach'd his ear.  
And thus the swain, as o'er each hill and dale,  
Thro' lawn or thicket he pursued his way:  
“What is it gilds the verdure of these meads  
With lines more bright than fancy paints the flowers  
Of Paradise? what Naiad's guiding hand  
Leads, thro' the broider'd vale, these lucid rills,  
That murmuring as they flow, bear melody  
Along their banks; and thro' the vocal shades,  
Improve the music of the woodland choir?  
What pensive Dryad rais'd you solemn grove,  
Where minds contemplative, at close of day  
Retiring, muse o'er Nature's various works,  
Her wonders venerate, or her sweets enjoy?—  
What room for doubt? some rural deity,  
Presiding, scatters o'er th' unequal laws,  
In beautiful wildness, you fair-spreading trees:  
And mingling woods and waters, hills and dales,  
And herds and bleating flocks, domestic fow,  
And those that swim the lake, sees rising round  
More pleasing landscapes than in Tempe's vale  
Pentus watered. Yes, some sylvan god  
Spreads wide the varied prospect; waves the woods,  
Lifts the proud hills, and clears the shining lakes:  
While, from the congregated waters pour'd,  
The bursting torrent tumbles down the steep  
In foaming fury; fierce, irregular,  
Wild, interrupted, cross'd with rocks and roots  
And interwoven trees; till, soon absorb'd,  
An open cavern all its rage entombs.  
So vanish human glories! such the pomp  
Of swelling warriors, of ambitious kings,  
Who fret and strut their hour upon the stage  
Of busy life, and then are heard no more!

“Yes, 'tis enchantment all—and see, the spells,  
The powerful incantations, magic verse,  
Inscrib'd on every tree, alcove, or urn—  
Spells!—incantations!—ah, my tuneful friend!  
Thine are the numbers! thine the wond'rous work!  
Yes, great magician! now I read thee right,  
And lightly weigh all sorcery, but thine.  
No Naiad's leading step conducts the rills  
Nor sylvan god presiding skirts the lawn  
In beautiful wildness, with fair spreading trees;  
Nor magic wand has circumscrib'd the scene.  
'Tis thine own taste, thy genius, that presides,  
Nor needs there other deity, nor needs [swain,  
More potent spells than they.”—No more the  
For lo, his Damon, o'er the tufted lawn  
Advancing, leads him to the social dome.

AGRICULTURE.

A POEM.

To his royal highness the prince of Wales,  
this attempt to delineate such objects of public

virtue, as best may deserve the attention of a British prince, is, with the profoundest respect, most humbly inscribed, by his royal highness's most devoted, most obedient, and most humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

If the writer of the following piece could hope to produce any thing in poetry, worthy the public attention; it would give him particular pleasure to lay the foundation of his claim to such a distinction in the happy execution of this work. But he fears it will be thought, that the projected building is too great for the abilities of the architect; and that he is not furnished with a variety of materials sufficient for the proper finishing and embellishment of such a structure. And when it is further confessed, that he hath entered on this design without the assistances of learning, and that his time for the execution of it was either snatched from the hours of business, or stolen from those of rest; the mind in either case not likely to be in the happiest disposition for poetry; his prospect of success will grow still more clouded, and the presumption against him must gather additional strength.

Under these and many other disadvantages, which he feels and laments; conscious of all his deficiencies, and how unequal he is to the task of executing this plan, even up to his own ideas; what shall be plead in excuse for his temerity in persisting thus far to prosecute the attempt? All he can say is, that he hath taken some pains to furnish himself with materials for the work; that he hath consulted men as well as books, for the knowledge of his subjects, in which he hopes he hath not been guilty of many mistakes; that it hath not been an hasty performance; nor is it at last obtruded on the public, without the approbations of several persons, whose judgments, were it not probable they may have received a bias from the partiality of friendship, he could have no reason to doubt. But that he may know with certainty whether this is not the case, to the public he submits it; willing to receive from thence his determination to prosecute or suppress the remainder of his plan<sup>1</sup>. If he here receives a check, he will quietly acquiesce in the general opinion; and most submit to be included among those who have mistaken their talent. But as the difficulties he had to struggle with would in case of success have increased his reputation, he hopes if he hath failed they will soften his disgrace.

<sup>1</sup> The author's original design was to have written a poem, intitled, Public Virtue, in three books, 1. Agriculture. 2. Commerce. 3. Arts. The first book was all he ever executed.

CANTO THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

The proposition. Address to the prince of Wales. Invitation to the Genius of Britain. Hus-

bandry to be encouraged, as it is the source of wealth and plenty. Advice to landlords not to oppress the farmer. The farmer's three great virtues. His instruments of husbandry. His servants. Description of a country statute. Episode of the fair milkmaid. The farm-yard described. The pleasures of a rural life. Address to the great to study Agriculture. An allegory, attempting to explain the theory of vegetation.

Of culture, and the various fruits of earth;  
Of social commerce; of the nobler arts,  
Which polish and adorn the life of man:  
Objects demanding the supreme regard  
Of that exalted monarch, who sustains  
The sceptre of command o'er Britain's sons;  
The Muse, disdainful of idle themes, attempts  
To sing. O thou, Britannia's rising hope!  
The favourite of her wishes! thou, O prince,  
On whom her fondest expectations wait,  
Accept the verse; and, to the humblest voice  
That sings of public virtue, lend an ear.

Genius of Britain! pure Intelligence!  
Guardian, appointed by the One Supreme,  
With influential energy benign,  
To guide the weal of this distinguish'd isle;  
Oh wake the breast of her aspiring son,  
Inform his numbers, aid his bold design,  
Who, in a daring fight, presumes to mark  
The glorious track her monarchs should pursue.

From cultivation, from the useful toils  
Of the laborious hind, the streams of wealth  
And plenty flow. Deign then, illustrious youth!  
To bring th' observing eye, the liberal hand,  
And with a spirit congenial to your birth,  
Regard his various labours thro' the year:  
So shall the labourer smile, and you improve  
The happy country you are born to rule.

The year declining, now hath left the fields  
Divested of their honours: the strong globe,  
Exhausted, waits the culture of the plough,  
To renovate her powers. 'Tis now, intent  
On honest gain, the cautious husbandman  
Surveys the country round, solicitous  
To fix his habitation on a soil  
Propitious to his hopes, and to his cares.

O ye, whom Fortune in her silken robe  
Inwraps benign; whom Plenty's bounteous hand  
Hath favour'd with distinction: Oh look down,  
With smiles indulgent, on his new designs;  
Assist his useful works, facilitate  
His honest aims, nor in exaction's gripe [toils  
Enthral th' endeavouring swain. Think not his  
Were meant alone to foster you in ease  
And pamper'd indolence: nor grudge the meed,  
Which Heaven in mercy gives to cheer the band,  
The labouring hand of useful industry.  
Be yours the joy to propagate content;  
With bounteous Heav'n co-operate, and reward  
The poor man's toil, whence all your riches spring,  
As in a garden, the enlivening air  
Is fill'd with odours, drawn from those fair flowers  
Which by its influence rise: so in his breast  
Benevolent who gives the seeds to thrive,  
Reflected live the joys his virtues lent.

But come, young farmer, though by fortune fix'd  
On fields luxuriant, where the fruitful soil  
Gives labour hope; where sheltering shades arise,  
Thick fences guard, and babbling fountains flow;

Where arable and pasture duly mix;  
 Yet, ere thy toils begin, attend the Muse,  
 And catch the moral lessons of her song.  
 Be frugal and be blest; frugality  
 Will give thee competence; thy gains are small,  
 Too small to bear profusion's wasteful hand.  
 Make temperance thy companion, so shall health  
 Sit on thy brow, invigorating thy frame  
 To every useful work. And if to these  
 Thou happily shalt join one virtue more,  
 The love of industry, the glowing joy  
 Felt from each new improvement; then fair Peace,  
 With modest Neatness, in her decent garb,  
 Shall walk around thy dwelling: while the great,  
 Tir'd with the vast fatigue of indolence,  
 Fill'd with disease by luxury and sloth,  
 Impatient curse the dilatory day,  
 And look with envy on thy happier state.

Prepar'd with these plain virtues, now the swain  
 With courage enters on his rural works.  
 First he provides the needful implements.  
 Of these, the honour'd plough claims chief regard.  
 Hence bread to man, who heretofore on mast  
 Fed with his fellow-brute, in woods and wilds,  
 Himself uncultur'd as the soil he trod.  
 The spiked harrow next, to break the clods,  
 And spread the surface of the new-plough'd field:  
 Nor is the roller's friendly aid unsought,  
 Whose he provides, with various arms prepar'd,  
 To encounter all the numerous host of weeds,  
 Which rise malignant, menacing his hopes.  
 The sweeping scythe's keen edge he whets for grass,  
 And turns the crooked sickle for his corn.  
 The fork to spread, the gathering rake to save  
 With providential care he treasures up.  
 His strong capacious wain, the dull slow ox  
 Draws on, deep laden, grinding the rough ruts:  
 While with his lighter team, the sprightly horse  
 Moves to the music of his tinkling bells.  
 Nor will his foresight lack the whirling flail,  
 Whose battering strokes force from the loosen'd  
 sheaves

Their hidden stores profuse; which now demand  
 The quick rotation of the winnowing fan,  
 With blasts successive, wafting far away  
 The worthless chaff, to clear the golden grain.

And now compell'd to hire assistant strength,  
 Away he hastens to some neighbouring town,  
 Where willing Servitude, for mutual wants  
 Of hand and farmer, holds her annual feast.<sup>1</sup>  
 'Tis here the toiling hand of industry  
 Employment seeks. The skilful ploughman, lord  
 And leader of the rustic band; who claims  
 His boy attendant, conscious of his worth  
 And dignity superior; boasting skill  
 To guide with steadiness the sliding share,  
 To scatter with an equal hand the seed,  
 And with a master scythe to head the train  
 When the rip meadow asks the mower's hand.  
 Here too the thresher, brandishing his flail,  
 Bespeaks a master, whose full barns demand  
 A labouring arm, now ready to give up  
 Their treasure, and exchange their hoarded grain  
 For heaps of gold, the meed of honest toil.  
 The sun-burnt shepherd too, his slouching hat

<sup>1</sup> This is called in the country a statute; and is held annually at most market towns in England, where servants of all kinds resort in quest of places and employment.

Distinguish'd well with sleeky locks, expects  
 Observance; skill'd in wool, and lesson'd deep  
 In all diseases of the bleating flock.  
 Mixt with the rustic throng, see ruddy maids,  
 Some taught with dextrous hand to twirl the wheel,  
 Or stroke the swelling udder; some expert  
 To raise from leaven'd wheat the kneaded loaf;  
 To mash the malted barley, and extract  
 Its flavou'r'd strength; or with a housewife's care,  
 To keep the decent habitation neat.  
 But now let loose to revelry and sport,  
 In clamorous mirth, indelicate and rude, [vols  
 The boisterous swains, and hoyden nymphs, pro-  
 Outrageous merriment.—Yet not alike  
 Is every swain, nor every sylvan maid;  
 As Verulam the pleasing tale records.  
 When Patty, lovely Patty, grac'd the crowd,  
 Pride of the neighbouring plains. Who hath not

heard  
 Of Patty, the fair milkmaid? Beautiful  
 As an Arcadian nymph, upon her brow  
 Sat virgin Modesty, while in her eyes  
 Young Sensibility began to play  
 With Innocence. Her waving locks fell down  
 On either side her face in careless curls,  
 Shading the tender blushes in her cheek.  
 Her breath was sweeter than the morning gale,  
 Stolen from the rose or violet's dewy leaves.  
 Her ivory teeth appear'd in even rows,  
 Thro' tips of living coral. When she spoke  
 Her features wore intelligence: her words  
 Were soft, with such a smile accompany'd,  
 As lighted in her face resistless charms.  
 Her polish'd neck rose rounding from her breast,  
 With pleasing elegance:—That lovely breast!—  
 Ah! Fancy, dwell not there, lest gay Desire,  
 Who smiling hovers o'er th' enchanting place,  
 Tempt thy wild thoughts to dangerous extasy.  
 Her shape was moulded by the hand of Bae;  
 Exact proportion harmoniz'd her frame;  
 While Grace, following her steps, with secret art  
 Stole into all her motions. Thus she walk'd  
 In sweet simplicity; a snow-white pail  
 Hung on her arm, the symbol of her skill  
 In that fair province of the rural state,  
 The dairy; source of more delicious bowls  
 Than Bacchus from his choicest vintage boasts.  
 How great the power of beauty! The rude

swains  
 Grew civil at her sight; and gaping crowds  
 Wrapt in astonishment, with transport gaze,  
 Whispering her praises in each other's ear.  
 As when a gentle breeze, borne thro' the grove,  
 With quick vibration shakes the trembling leaves,  
 And hushing murmurs run from tree to tree;  
 So ran a spreading whisper thro' the crowd.  
 Young Thyrus hearing, turn'd aside his head,  
 And soon the pleasing wonder caught his eye.  
 Full in the prime of youth, the joyful heir  
 Of numerous acres, a large freehold farm,  
 Thyrus as yet from beauty felt no pain,  
 Had seen no virgin he could wish to make  
 His wedded partner. Now his beating heart  
 Feels new emotion; now his fixed eye  
 With fervent rapture dwelling on her charms,  
 Drinks in delicious draughts of new-born love.  
 No rest the night, no peace the following day  
 Brought to his struggling heart: her beauties  
 Her fair perfections playing on his mind, [form,  
 With pleasing anguish torture him. In vain

He strives to tear her image from his breast;  
 Each little grace, each dear bewitching look,  
 Returns triumphant, breaking his resolves,  
 And binding all his soul a slave to love.  
 Ah! little did he know, alas, the while,  
 Poor Patty's tender heart, in mutual pain,  
 Long, long for him had heard the secret sigh.  
 For him she drest, for him the pleasing arts  
 She studied, and for him she wish'd to live.  
 But her low fortunes, nursing sad despair,  
 Check'd the young hope; nor durst her modest  
 eyes  
 Indulge the smallest glances of her flame,  
 Lest curious malice, like a watchful spy,  
 Should catch the secret, and with taunts reveal.  
 Judge then the sweet surprise when she at  
 length  
 Beheld him, all irresolute, approach;  
 And gently taking her fair trembling hand,  
 Breathe these soft words into her listening ear:  
 "O Patty! dearest maid! whose beauteous form  
 Dwells in my breast, and charms my soul to love,  
 Accept my vows; accept a faithful heart,  
 Which from this hour devotes itself to thee:  
 Wealth has no relish, life can give no joy,  
 If you forbid my hopes to call you mine."  
 Ah! who the sudden tumult can describe  
 Of struggling passions rising in her breast?  
 Hope, fear, confusion, modesty, and love  
 Oppress her labouring soul:—She strove to speak,  
 But the faint accents died upon her tongue:  
 Her fears prevented utterance.—At length—  
 "Can Thyras mock my poverty? can he  
 Be so unkind? O no! yet I, alas,  
 Too humble even to hope!"—No more she said;  
 But gently, as if half unwilling, stole  
 Her hand from his; and, with sweet modesty,  
 Casting a look of diffidence and fear,  
 To hide her blushes, silently withdrew.  
 But Thyras read, with rapture, in her eyes  
 The language of her soul. He follow'd, woo'd,  
 And won her for his wife. His loving herds  
 Soon call her mistress; soon their milky streams  
 Coagulated, rise in circling piles  
 Of barden'd curd; and all the dairies round,  
 To her sweet butter yield superior praise.  
 But turn, my Muse, nor let th' alluring form  
 Of beauty lead too far thy devious steps.  
 See where the farmer, with a master's eye,  
 Surveys his little kingdom, and exults  
 In sov'reign independence. At a word,  
 His feathery subjects in obedience flock  
 Around his feeding hand, who in return  
 Yield a delicious tribute to his board,  
 And o'er his couch their downy plumage spread.  
 The peacock here expands his eye-fal plumes,  
 A glittering pageant, to the mid-day Sun:  
 In the stiff awkwardness of foolish pride,  
 The swelling turkey apes his stately step,  
 And calls the bristling feathers round his head.  
 There the loud herald of the morning struts  
 Before his cackling dames, the passive slaves  
 Of his promiscuous pleasure. O'er the pond,  
 See the grey gander, with his female train,  
 Bending their lofty necks; and gabbling ducks,  
 Rejoicing on the surface, clap their wings;  
 Whilst wheeling round, in airy wanton flights,  
 The glossy pigeons chase their sportive loves,  
 Or in soft cooings tell their amorous tale.  
 Here stacks of hay, there pyramids of corn,

Promise the future market large supplies:  
 While with an eye of triumph he surveys  
 His piles of wood, and laughs at Winter's frown.  
 In silent rumination, see the kine,  
 Beneath the walnut's shade, patiently wait  
 To pour into his pails their milky stores.  
 While pent from mischief, far from sight remov'd,  
 The bristly herd, within their fatt'ning styes,  
 Remind him to prepare, in many a row,  
 The gaily-blooming pea, the fragrant bean,  
 And broad-leav'd cabbage, for the ploughman's  
 feast.

These his amusements, his employment these;  
 Which still arising in successive change,  
 Give to each varied hour a new delight.  
 Peace and contentment with their guardian wings  
 Enclose his nightly slumbers. Rosy health,  
 When the gay lark's sweet matin wakes the morn,  
 Treads in his dewy foot-steps round the field;  
 And cheerfulness attends his closing day.  
 No racking jealousy, nor sullen hate,  
 Nor fear, nor envy, discompose his breast.  
 His only enemies the prowling fox,  
 Whose nightly murders thin the bleating fold;  
 The bardy badger; the rapacious kite,  
 With eye malignant on the little brood,  
 Sailing around portentous; the rank stote  
 Thirsting, ah, savage thirst! for harmless blood;  
 The corn-devouring partridge; timorous hare;  
 Th' amphibious otter bold; the weasel sly,  
 Pilfering the yolk from its enclosing sheit;  
 And moles, a dirty undermining race.  
 These all his foes, and these, alas, compar'd  
 With man to man, an inoffensive train.  
 'Gainst these, assisted by th' entangling net,  
 Th' explosive thunder of the level'd tube,  
 Or toils unweary'd of his social friend  
 The faithful dog, he wages rural war,  
 And health and pleasure in the sportive field  
 Obtaining, he forgives their venial crimes.

O happy he! happiest of mortal men!  
 Who far remov'd from slavery as from pride,  
 Fears no man's frown, nor cringing waits to catch  
 The gracious nothing of a great man's nod:  
 Where the lac'd beggar bustles for a bribe,  
 The purchase of his honour; where deceit,  
 And fraud, and circumvention, drest in smiles,  
 Hold shameful commerce; and beneath the mask  
 Of friendship and sincerity, betray.  
 Him, nor the stately mansion's gilded pride,  
 Rich with whate'er the imitative arts,  
 Painting or sculpture, yield to charm the eye;  
 Nor shining heaps of massy plate, enwrought  
 With curious, costly workmanship, allure.  
 Tempted nor with the pride nor pomp of power,  
 Nor pageants of ambition, nor the mines  
 Of grasping avarice, nor the poison'd sweets  
 Of pamper'd luxury, he plants his foot  
 With firmness on his old paternal fields,  
 And stands unshaken. There sweet prospects rise  
 Of meadows smiling in their flow'ry pride,  
 Green hills and dales, and cottages embower'd,  
 The scenes of innocence and ca'm delight.  
 There the wild melody of warbling birds,  
 And cool refreshing groves, and murmuring  
 springs,

Invite to sacred thought, and lift the mind  
 From low pursuits to meditate the God!  
 Turn then, at length, O turn, ye sons of wealth,  
 And ye who seek, thro' life's bewildering maze,

To tread the paths of happiness, O turn!  
 And trace her footsteps in the rural walk;  
 In those fair scenes of wonder and delight,  
 Where, to the human eye, Omnipotence  
 Unfolds the map of Nature, and displays  
 The matchless beauty of created things.  
 Turn to the arts, the useful pleasing arts  
 Of cultivation; and those fields improve  
 Your erring fathers have too long despis'd.  
 Leave not to ignorance, and low-bred hinds,  
 That noblest science, which in ancient time  
 The minds of sages and of kings employ'd,  
 Solicitous to learn the ways of God,  
 And read his works in Agriculture's school.

Then hear the Muse, now entering, hand in hand  
 With sweet Philosophy, the secret bowers  
 Of deep mysterious Nature; there 't explore  
 The causes of fecundity, and how  
 The various elements, earth, water, air,  
 And fire united; the enlivening ray  
 Diurnal; the prolific dews of night;  
 With all the rolling seasons of the year;  
 In vegetation's work their power combine.

Whither, O whither dost thou lead my steps,  
 Divine Philosophy? What scenes are these,  
 Which strike my wondering senses? Lo! enthron'd  
 Upon a solid rock great Nature sits;  
 Her eyes to Heaven directed, as from thence  
 Receiving inspiration. Round her head  
 A mingled wreath of fruits and flowers entwines.  
 Her robe, with every motion changing hue,  
 Flows down in plenteous foldings, and conceals  
 Her secret footsteps from the eyes of men.  
 List! list! what harmony, what heavenly sounds  
 Enchant my ravish'd ear? 'Tis ancient Pan,<sup>3</sup>  
 Who on his seven-fold pipe, to the rapt soul  
 Conveys the fancied music of the spheres.  
 See by his strains the elements inspir'd,  
 Join in mysterious work; their motions led  
 By active fire<sup>4</sup>, in windings intricate,  
 But not perplex, nor vague. And who are they?  
 What pair obeying in alternate rounds  
 The tuneful melody? Majestic one,  
 And grave, lifting her awful forehead, moves  
 In shadowy silence, borne on raven wings,  
 Which, waving to the measur'd sounds, beat time  
 A veil obscures her face; a sable stole,  
 Bedeck'd with sparkling gems, conceals her form;  
 And wreaths of bending poppy crown her brow.  
 The other, rais'd on swan-like spreading plumes,  
 Glides gayly on; a milk-white robe invests  
 His frame transparent; in his azure eyes  
 Dwells brightness; while around his radiant head,  
 A shining glory paints his flying robe,  
 With all the colours of the wat'ry bow.

Proceeding now, in more majestic steps,  
 The varying Seasons join the mystic train.

\* Mythologists have thought the universal nature of things to be signified by this god; and that his pipe, composed of seven reeds, was the symbol of the seven planets, which they say make the harmony of the spheres.

<sup>4</sup> According to Dr. Boerhaave and other modern philosophers, all the motion in nature arises from fire; and taking that away all things would become fixt and immovable: fluids would become solid; a man would harden into a statue; and the very air would cohere into a firm and rigid mass.

In all the blooming hues of florid youth,  
 Gay Spring advances smiling; on her head  
 A flow'ry chaplet, mixt with verdant buds,  
 Sheds aromatic fragrance thro' the air;  
 While little Zephyrs, breathing wanton gales,  
 Before her flutter, turning back to gaze,  
 With looks enamour'd, on her lovely face.  
 Summer succeeds, crown'd with the bearded ear  
 Of ripening harvest; in her hand she bears  
 A shining sickle; on her glowing cheek  
 The fervent heat paints deep a rosy blush:  
 Her thin light garment, waving with the wind,  
 Flows loosely from her bosom, and reveals  
 To the pleas'd eye the beauties of her form.  
 Then follows Autumn, bearing in her lap  
 The blushing fruits, which Summer's sultry broth  
 Had mellow'd to her hand. A clustering wreath  
 Of purple grapes, half hid with spreading leaves,  
 Adorns her brow. Her dew-besprinkled locks  
 Begin to fall, her bending shoulders sink,  
 And active vigour leaves her sober steps.  
 Winter creeps on, shrivell'd with chilling cold;  
 Bald his white crown, upon his silver beard  
 Shines the hoar frost, and icicles depend.  
 Rigid and stern his melancholy face;  
 Shivering he walks, his joints benumm'd and stiff;  
 And wraps in northern furs his wither'd trunk.

And now, great Nature, pointing to the train  
 Her Heaven-directed hand, they all combine,  
 In measur'd figures, and mysterious rounds,  
 To weave the mazy dance; while to the sound  
 Of Pan's immortal pipe, the goddess join'd  
 Her voice harmonious; and the listening Muse,  
 Admiring, caught the wonders of her theme.

" To God, Supreme Creator! great and good!  
 All-wise, almighty Parent of the World!  
 In choral symphonies of praise and love,  
 Let all the powers of Nature raise the song!

<sup>5</sup> The wat'ry signs forsaking, see, the Sun,  
 Great father of the vegetable tribes,  
 Darts from the Ham his all-enlivening ray.  
 When now the genial warmth Earth's yielding  
 breast

Unfolds. Her latent salts, sulphureous oils,  
 And air, and water mixt; attract, repel,  
 And raise prolific ferment. Lo! at length  
 The vital principle begins to wake:  
 Th' emulgent fibres, stretching round the root,  
 Seek their terrestrial nurture; which, convey'd  
 In limpid currents thro' th' ascending tubes,  
 And strain'd and filter'd in their secret cells;  
 To its own nature every different plant  
 Assimilating, changes. Awful Heaven!  
 How wondrous is thy work! To thee! to thee!  
 Mysterious power belongs! Summer's fierce heat  
 Increasing, rarifies the ductile juice.  
 See, from the root, and from the bark imbiv'd,  
 Th' elastic air impels the rising sap,  
 Swift thro' the stem, thro' every branching arm,  
 And smaller shoot, the vivid moisture flows,  
 Protruding from their buds the opening leaves:  
 Whence, as ordain'd, th' expiring air flows out  
 In copious exhalations; and from whence  
 Its noblest principles the plant inhales.

<sup>5</sup> The philosophy of this hymn is built on that experimental foundation, laid by the learned and ingenious Dr. Hales, in his Vegetable Statics.

“See! see! the shooting verdure spreads around!  
Ye sons of men, with rapture view the scene!  
On hill and dale, on meadow, field, and grove,  
Cloth'd in soft-mingling shades from light to dark,  
The wandering eye delighted roves untir'd.  
The hawthorn's whitening bush, Pomona's blooms,  
And Flora's pencil o'er the enamell'd green,  
The varying scenes enrich. Hence every gale  
Breathes odours, every Zephyr from his wings  
Wafting new fragrance; borne from trees, from  
shrubs,

Borne from the yellow cowslip, violet blue,  
From deep carnations, from the blushing rose,  
From every flower and aromatic herb  
Is grateful mixtures. Hence ambrosial fruits  
Yield their delicious flavours. The sweet grape,  
The mulberry's cooling juice, the luscious plum,  
The healthful apple, the dissolving peach,  
And thy rich nectar, many-flavour'd pine.  
These are the gracious gifts, O favour'd man;  
These, these, to thee the gracious gifts of Heav'n,  
A world of beauty, wonder, and delight!  
“To God, Supreme Creator! great and good!  
All-wise, almighty Parent of the World!  
In choral symphonies of praise and love,  
Let all the powers of Nature close the strain.”

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Of different soils, and their culture. Mr. Tull's principles and practice. Of the principles and practice of the Middlesex gardeners. Of various manures, and other methods of improving lands. Of hedging and ditching. Of planting timber trees. Of draining wet, and flooding, dry lands. Of gardening, and the gardens of Epicurus.

DESCENDING now from these superior themes, O Muse, in notes familiar, teach the swain The hidden properties of every glebe, And what the different culture each requires. The naturalist, to sand, or loam, or clay, Reduces all the varying soils, which clothe The bosom of this earth with beauty. Sand, Hot, open, loose, admits the genial ray With freedom, and with greediness imbibes The falling moisture: hence the embryo seeds, Lodg'd in its fiery womb, push into life With early haste, and hurry'd to their prime, (Their vital juices spent) too soon decay. Correct this error of the ardent soil, With cool manure: let stiff cohesive clay Give the loose glebe consistence, and firm strength: So shall thy labouring steers, when harvest calls, Bending their patient shoulders to the yoke, Drag home in copious loads the yellow grain.

Has fortune fix'd thy lot to toil in clay? Despair not, nor repine: the stubborn soil Shall yield to cultivation, and reward The hand of diligence. Here give the plough No rest. Break, pound the clods, and with warm Relieve the sterile coldness of the ground, [dungs Child'd with obstructed water. Add to these The sharpest sand, to open and unbind The close-cohering mass; so shall new pores Admit the solar beam's enlivening heat, The nitrous particles of air receive, And yield a passage to the soaking rain. Hence fermentation, hence prolific power,

And hence the fibrous roots in quest of food, Find unobstructed entrance, room to spread, And richer juices feed the swelling shoots: So the strong field shall to the reaper's hand Produce a plenteous crop of waving wheat. But blest with ease, in plenty shall he live, Whom Heav'n's kind hand, indulgent to his wish, Hath plac'd upon a loamy soil. He views All products of the teeming earth arise In plenteous crops, nor scarce the useful aid Of culture deigns to ask. Him, nor the fears Of scorching heat, nor deluges of rain Alarm. His kindly fields sustain all change Of seasons, and support a healthy seed, In vigour thro' the perils of the year. [learn?

But new improvements curious would'st thou Hear then the lore of fair Berkeria's<sup>1</sup> son, Whose precepts, drawn from sage experience, claim Regard. The pasture, and the food of plants, First let the young agriculturist be taught: Then how to sow, and raise the embryo seeds Of every different species. Nitre, fire, Air, water, earth, their various powers combine In vegetation; but the genuine food Of every plant is earth: hence their increase, Their strength, and substance. Nitre first prepares And separates the concreted parts; which then The watery vehicle assumes, and thro' Th' ascending tubes, impell'd by subtle air, Which gives it motion, and that motion heat, The fine terrestrial aliment conveys.

Is earth the food of plants? their pasture then Is earth's inverted surface. This the swain, By ceaseless tillage, or the use of dung, Must or ferment, or pulverize, to fit For due reception of the fibrous roots: But from the streams of ordure, from the stench Of putrefaction, from stercoreous fumes Of rottenness and silt, can sweetness spring? Or grateful, or salubrious food to man? As well might virgin innocence preserve Her purity from taint amid the stews. Defile not then the freshness of thy field With dung's polluting touch; but let the plough, The hoe, the harrow, and the roller, lend Their better powers, to fructify the soil; Turn it to catch the Sun's prolific ray, Th' enlivening breath of air, the genial dews, And every influence of indulgent Heaven. These shall enrich and fertilize the glebe, And toil's unceasing hand full well supply The dunghill's sordid and extraneous aid.

Thus taught the Shalborne swain; who first with skill Led through the fields the many-coulter'd plough; Who first his seed committed to the ground. Shad from the drill by slow revolving wheels, In just proportion and in even rows; Leaving 'twixt each a spacious interval, To introduce with ease, while yet the grain Expanding crown'd the intermediate ridge, His new machine<sup>2</sup>; form'd to exterminate The weedy race, (intruders who devour, But nothing pay) to pulverize the soil, Enlarge and change the pasture of the roots,

<sup>1</sup> The late Mr. Tull, of Shalborne in Berkshire, in his *Horse-hoeing Husbandry*; or an *Essay on the Principles of Vegetation and Tillage*.

<sup>2</sup> The hoe-plough.



And to its last perfection raise the crop.  
He taught, alas, but practis'd ill the lore  
Of his own precepts. Fell disease, or sloth  
Relax'd the hand of industry: his farm,  
His own philosophy disgracing, brought  
Discredit on the doctrines he enforc'd.

Then banish from thy fields the loiterer sloth;  
Nor listen to the voice of thoughtless ease.  
Him sordidness and penury surround,  
Beneath whose lazy hand the fern runs wild;  
Whose heart nor feels the joy improvement gives,  
Nor leaden eye the beauties that arise  
From labour sees. Accumulated filth  
Annoys his crowded steps; even at his door  
A yellow mucus from the dunghill stands  
In squalid pools; his buildings unrepair'd,  
To ruin rash precipitate; his fields  
Disorder governs, and licentious weeds  
Spring up uncheck'd: the nettle and the dock,  
Wormwood and thistles, in their seasons rise,  
And deadly nightshade spreads his poison round.  
Ah! wretched he! if chance his wandering child,  
By hunger prompted, pluck th' alluring fruit!  
Benumbing stupor creeps upon his brain;  
Wild grinning laughter soon to this succeeds;  
Strange madness then, and death in hideous form.  
Mysterious Providence! ah, why conceal'd  
In such a tempting form, should poisons lurk;  
Ah, why so near the path of innocents, [wise.

Should spring their bane? But thou alone art  
Thus hath the faithful Muse his lore pursu'd,  
Who, trusting to the culture of his plough,  
Refus'd the dunghill's aid. Yet listen not  
To doubtful precepts, with implicit faith:  
Experience to experience oft oppos'd  
Leaves truth uncertain. See, what various crops,  
In quick succession, crown the garden'd fields  
On Thame's prolific bank. On culture's hand  
Alone do these horticulturalists rely?  
Or do they owe to London's rich manure  
Those products which its crowded markets fill?  
Both lend their aid: and both with art improv'd,  
Have spread the glory of their gardens wide,  
A theme of wonder to the distant swain.  
Hence the piazza'd square<sup>4</sup>, where'er, embower'd  
In solemn sloth, good Martin's lazy monks  
Dron'd out their useless lives in pamper'd ease;  
Now boasts, from industry's rough hand supply'd,  
Each various esculent the teeming earth  
In every changing season can produce.

Join then with culture the prolific strength  
Of such manure as best inclines to aid  
Thy failing glebe. Let oily marle appoint  
Its unctuous moisture, or the crumbling tan<sup>4</sup>  
Its glowing heat. Nor from the gazing herds,  
Nor bristly swine obscene, disdain to heap  
Their cooling ordure. Nor the warmer dungs  
Of fiery pigeons, of the stabled horse,  
Or folded flock, neglect. From sprinkled soot,  
From ashes strew'd around, let the damp soil  
Their nit'rous salts imbibe. Scour the deep ditch  
From its black sediment; and from the street

<sup>3</sup> Covent-Garden, which is now a market for greens, roots, &c. was formerly a garden belonging to the monks of St. Martin's convent.

<sup>4</sup> The bark of oak, after it hath been used by the tanner. It is frequently made use of for hot-beds, particularly for raising pine-apples; and is called by the gardeners, tan.

Its trampled mixtures rake. Green standing pools,  
Large lakes, or meadows rank, in rotted heaps  
Of unripe weeds<sup>5</sup>, afford a cool manure.  
From ocean's verge, if not too far remov'd,  
Its shelly sands convey a warm compost,  
From land and wave commixt, with richness fraught  
This the sour glebe shall sweeten, and for years,  
Thro' chilly clay, its vigorous heat shall glow.  
But if nor oily marle, nor crumbling tan,  
Nor dung of cattle, nor the trampled street,  
Nor weed, nor ocean's sand, can lend its aid,  
Then, farmer, raise immediate from their seeds,  
The juicy stalks of largely-spreading pole,  
Beans, buck-wheat, spurry, or the climbing vetch;  
These early reap, and bury'd in the soil,  
Enrich the parent womb from whence they sprout.  
Or sow the bulbous turnip; this shall yield  
Sweet pasture to the flocks or lowing herds,  
And well prepare thy land for future crops.

Yet not alone to raise, but to secure  
Thy products from invasion, and divide  
For various use th' appropriated fields,  
Disdain not thou to learn. For this, the doe,  
The furze, the holly, to thy hand present  
Their branches, and their different merits boast.  
But from the nursery thou with care select  
Quick hawthorn sets, well rooted, smooth and  
straight:

Then low as sinks thy ditch on either side,  
Let rise in height the sloping bank: there plant  
Thy future fence, at intervals a foot  
From each to each, in beds of richest mould.  
Nor ends the labour here; but to defend  
Thy infant shoots from depredation deep,  
At proper distance drive stiff osken stakes;  
Which interwove with boughs and flexile twigs,  
Frustrate the nibbling stock, or browsing herd.  
Thus, if from weeds, that rob them of their food,  
Or choke, by covering from the vital air,  
The hoe's neat culture keep thy thickening shoots,  
Soon shall they rise, and to the field afford  
A beautiful, strong, impenetrable fence.  
The linnet, goldfinch, nightingale, and thrush,  
Here, by security invited, build  
Their little nests, and all thy labours cheer  
With melody; the hand of lovely May  
Here strews her sweetest blossoms; and if mixt  
With stocks of knotted crab, ingrafted fruits,  
When Autumn crowns the year, shall smile around.

But from low shrubs, if thy ambition rise  
To cultivate the larger tree, attend.

From seeds, or suckers, layers, or sets, arise  
Their various tribes; for now exploded stands  
The vulgar fable of spontaneous birth,  
To plant or animal. He then, who, pleas'd,  
In fancy's eye beholds his future race  
Rejoicing in the shades their grandsire gave;  
Or he whose patriot views extend to raise,  
In distant ages, Britain's naval power;  
Must first prepare, inclining to the south,  
A shelter'd nursery; well from weeds, from shrubs,  
Clear'd by the previous culture of the plough,  
From cattle fenc'd, and every peeling tooth.  
Then from the summit of the fairest tree  
His seed selected ripe, and sow'd in rills

<sup>5</sup> If weeds are suffered to stand till they are ripe before they are made this use of, their seeds will fill the ground, and it will be difficult to get them out again.

On Nature's fruitful lap: the harrow's care  
 Indolgent covers from keen frosts that pierce,  
 Or vermin who devour. The wintry months  
 In embryo close the future forest lies,  
 And waits for germination: but in spring,  
 When their green heads first rise above the earth,  
 And ask thy fostering hand; then to their roots  
 The light soil gently move, and strew around  
 Old leaves or litter'd straw, to screen from heat  
 The tender infants. Leave not to vile weeds  
 This friendly office; whose false kindness chokes,  
 Or starves the nurslings they pretend to shade.

When now four summers have beheld their youth  
 Attended in the nursery, then transplant,  
 The soil prepar'd, to where thy future grove  
 Is destin'd to uprear its leafy head.  
 Avoid the error of impatience. He  
 Who, eager to enjoy the cooling shade  
 His hands shall raise, removes at vast expense  
 Tall trees, with envy and regret shall see  
 His neighbour's infant plants soon, soon outstrip  
 The tardy loiterers of his dwindling copse.

But if thy emulation's generous pride  
 Would boast the largest timber straight and strong!  
 Thick let the seedlings in their native beds  
 Stand unremov'd; so shall each lateral branch,  
 Obstructed, send its nourishment to raise  
 The towering stem: and they whose vigorous  
 Exalts above the rest their lofty heads, [health  
 Aspiring still, shall spread their powerful arms,  
 While the weak puny race, obscur'd below,  
 Sicken, die off, and leave their victors room.

Nor small the praise the skilful planter claims  
 From his befriended country. Various arts  
 Borrow from him materials. The soft beech,  
 And close-grain'd box, employ the turner's wheel,  
 And with a thousand implements supply  
 Mechanic skill. Their beauteous veins the yew  
 And phyllera lend, to surface o'er  
 The cabinet. Smooth linden best obeys  
 The carver's chisel; best his curious work  
 Displays in all its nicest touches. Birch—  
 Ah, why should birch supply the chair? since oft  
 Its cruel twigs compel the smarting youth  
 To dread the hateful seat. Tough-bending ash  
 Gives to the humble swain his useful plough,  
 And for the peer his prouder chariot builds.  
 To weave our baskets the soft osier lends  
 His pliant twigs: staves that nor shrink nor swell,  
 The cooper's close-wrought cask to chesnut owes.  
 The sweet-leav'd walnut's undulated grain,  
 Polish'd with care, adds to the workman's art  
 Its varying beauties. The tall towering elm,  
 Scoop'd into hollow tubes, in secret streams  
 Conveys for many a mile the limpid wave;  
 Or from its height when humbled to the ground,  
 Conveys the pride of mortal man to dust,  
 And last the oak, king of Britannia's woods,  
 And guardian of her isle! whose sons robust,  
 The best supporters of incumbent weight,  
 Their beams and pillars to the builder give,  
 Of strength immense: or in the bounding deep  
 The loose foundations lay of floating walls,  
 Impregnable secure. But sunk, but fallen  
 From all your ancient grandeur, O ye groves!  
 Beneath whose lofty venerable boughs  
 The Druid erst his solemn rites perform'd,  
 And taught to distant realms his sacred lore,  
 Where are your beauties fled? Wherebut to serve  
 Your thankless country, who unblushing sees  
 Her naked forests longing for your shade.

The task, the glorious task, for thee remains,  
 O prince below'd! for thee, more nobly born  
 Than for thyself alone, the patriot work  
 Yet unattempted waits. O let not pass  
 The fair occasion to remotest time  
 Thy name with praise, with honour to transmit!  
 So shall thy country's rising seats to thee  
 Owe future triumphs; so her naval strength,  
 Supported from within, shall fix thy claim  
 To ocean's sovereignty; and to thy ports,  
 In every climate of the peopled Earth,  
 Bear commerce; fearless, unresisted, safe.  
 Let then the great ambition fire thy breast,  
 For this, thy native land; replace the lost  
 Inhabitants of her deserted plains.  
 Let Thame once more on Windsor's lofty hills  
 Survey young forests planted by thy hand.  
 Let fair Sabrina's flood again behold  
 The Spaniard's terror rise renew'd. And Trent  
 From Sherwood's ample plains, with pride convey  
 The bulwarks of her country to the main.

O native Sherwood! happy were thy bard,  
 Might these his rural notes, to future time  
 Boast of tall groves, that, nodding o'er thy plain,  
 Rose to their tuneful melody. But, ah!  
 Beneath the feeble efforts of a Muse  
 Untutor'd by the lore of Greece or Rome;  
 A stranger to the fair Castalian springs,  
 Whence happier poets inspiration draw,  
 And the sweet magic of persuasive song,  
 The weak presumption, the fond hope expires.  
 Yet sure some sacred impulse stirs my breast!  
 I feel, I feel, an heavenly guest within!

And all-obedient to the ruling god,  
 The pleasing task which he inspires, pursue.  
 And hence, disdain low and trivial things,  
 Why should I tell of him whose obvious art,  
 To drain the low damp meadow, sloping sinks  
 A hollow trench, which, arch'd at half its depth,  
 Cover'd with filtering brush-wood, fern, or broom,  
 And surfac'd o'er with earth, in secret streams  
 Draws its collected moisture from the globe?  
 Or why of him, who o'er his sandy fields,  
 Too dry to bear the Sun's meridian beam,  
 Calls from the neighbouring hills obsequious  
 springs,

Which, led in winding currents thro' the mead,  
 Cool the hot soil, refresh the thirsty plain,  
 While wither'd plants reviving smile around?  
 But sing, O Muse! the swain, the happy swain,  
 Whom taste and nature leading o'er his fields,  
 Conduct to every rural beauty. See!  
 Before his footsteps winds the waving walk,  
 Here gently rising, there descending slow  
 Thro' the tall grove, or near the water's brink,  
 Where flowers besprinkled paint the shelving bank,  
 And weeping willows bend to kiss the stream.  
 Now wandering o'er the lawn he roves, and now  
 Beneath the hawthorn's secret shade reclines:  
 Where purple violets hang their bashful heads,  
 Where yellow cowslips, and the blushing pink,  
 Their mingled sweets, and lovely hues combine.

Here, shelter'd from the north, his ripening fruits  
 Display their sweet temptations from the wall,  
 Or from the gay espalier: while below,

<sup>6</sup> The officers on board the Spanish fleet in 1588, called the Invincible Armada, had it in their orders, if they could not subdue the island, at least to destroy the forest of Dean, which is in the neighbourhood of the river Severn.

His various esculents, from glowing beds  
Give the fair promise of delicious feasts.

There from his forming hand new scenes arise,  
The fair creation of his fancy's eye.  
Lo! bosom'd in the solemn shady grove,  
Whose reverend branches wave on yonder hill,  
He views the moss-grown temple's ruin'd tower,  
Cover'd with creeping ivy's cluster'd leaves;  
The mansion seeming of some rural god,  
Whom Nature's choristers, in untaught hymns  
Of wild yet sweetest harmony, adore.  
From the bold brow of that aspiring steep,  
Where hang the nibbling flocks, and view below  
Their downward shadows in the glassy wave,  
What pleasing landscapes spread before his eye!  
Of scatter'd villages, and winding streams,  
And meadows green, and woods, and distant spires,  
Seeming, above the blue horizon's bound,  
To prop the canopy of Heaven. Now lost  
Amidst a glooming wilderness of shrubs,  
The golden orange, arbuté ever green,  
The early-blooming almond, feathery pine,  
Fair opulus<sup>1</sup>, to Spring, to Autumn dear,  
And the sweet shades of varying verdure, caught  
From soft acacia's gently-waving branch,  
Heedless he wanders: while the grateful scents  
Of sweet-briar, roses, honeysuckles wild,  
Regale the smell; and to th' enchanted eye  
Mezereon's purple, laurustinus' white,  
And pale laburnum's pendent flowers display  
Their different beauties. O'er the smooth-shorn grass  
His lingering footsteps leisurely proceed,  
In meditation deep:—When, hark! the sound  
Of distant water steals upon his ear;  
And sudden opens to his pausing eye  
The rapid rough cascade, from the rude rock  
Down dashing in a stream of lucid foam:  
Then glides away, meandering o'er the lawn,  
A liquid surface; shining seen afar,  
At intervals, beneath the shadowy trees;  
Till lost and buried in the distant grove.  
Wrapt into sacred musing, he reclines  
Beneath the covert of embowering shades;  
And, painting to his mind the bustling scenes  
Of pride and bold ambition, pities kings.

Genius of gardens; Nature's fairest child!  
Thou, who, inspir'd by the directing mind  
Of Heaven, didst plan the scenes of Paradise;  
Thou at whose bidding rose th' Hesperian bowers  
Of ancient fame, the fair Aonian mount,  
Castalian springs, and all th' enchanting groves  
Of Tempo's vale: Oh where hast thou been hid?  
For ages where have stray'd thy steps unknown?  
Welcome at length, thrice welcome to the shore  
Of Britain's beauteous isle; where verdant plains,  
Where hills and dales, and woods and waters join  
To aid thy pencil, favour thy designs,  
And give thy varying landscapes every charm.  
Drive then Batavia's<sup>2</sup> monsters from our shades;  
Nor let unhallow'd shears profane the form,  
Which Heaven's own hand, with symmetry divine,  
Hath given to all the vegetable tribes.  
Banish the regular deformity  
Of plans by line and compass, rules abhorrd  
In Nature's free plantations; and restore  
Its pleasing wildness to the garden walk;

<sup>1</sup> The Gelder rose.

<sup>2</sup> The taste for straight lines, regular platforms, and clipped trees, was imported from Holland at the Revolution.

The calm serene recess of thoughtful man;  
In meditation's silent sacred hour.

And lo! the progress of thy steps appears  
In fair improvements scatter'd round the land.  
Earliest in Chiswick's beauteous model seen:  
There thy first favourite, in the happy shade  
To Nature introduc'd, the goddess woo'd,  
And in sweet rapture there enjoy'd her charms.  
In Richmond's venerable woods and wilds,  
The calm retreat, where wearied majesty,  
Unbending from his cares for Britain's peace,  
Steals a few moments to indulge his own.  
On Otland's brow, where grandeur sits enthron'd,  
Smiling on beauty. In the lovely vale  
Of Esher, where the mole glides lingering, loth  
To leave such scenes of sweet simplicity.  
In Woburn's<sup>3</sup> ornamented fields, where gay  
Variety, where mingled lights and shades, [break,  
Where lawns and groves, and opening prospects  
With sweet surprise, upon the wandering eye.  
On Hagley's hills, irregular and wild,  
Where thro' romantic scenes of hanging woods,  
And valleys green, and rocks, and hollow dales,  
While echo talks, and nymphs and dryads play,  
Thou ro'at enamour'd; leading by the hand  
Its master, who, inspir'd with all thy art,  
Adds beauties to what Nature plans'd so fair.

Hail, sweet retirement! wisdom's peaceful seat!  
Where lifted from the crowd, and calmly plac'd  
Beyond the deafening roar of human strife,  
Th' Athenian<sup>4</sup> sage his happy followers taught,  
That pleasure sprang from virtue. Gracious  
How worthy thy divine beneficence, [Heaven!  
This fair establish'd truth! ye blissful bowers,  
Ye vocal groves whose echoes caught his lore,  
O might I hear, thro' time's long tract convey'd,  
The moral lessons taught beneath your shades!  
And lo, transported to the sacred scenes,  
Such the divine enchantment of the Muse,  
I see the sage; I hear, I hear his voice.  
"The end of life is happiness; the means  
That end to gain, fair virtue gives alone.  
From the vain phantoms of delusive fear,  
Or strong desire's intemp'rance, spring the woes  
Which human life embitter. Oh, my sons, [far  
From error's darkening clouds, from groundless  
Enfeebling all her powers, with early skill,  
Clear the bewilder'd mind. Let fortitude  
Establish in your breasts her steadfast throne;  
So shall the stings of evil fix no wound:  
Nor dread of poverty, nor pain, nor grief,  
Nor life's disasters, nor the fear of death,  
Shake the just purpose of your steady souls.  
The golden curb of temperance next prepare,  
To rein th' impetuous sallies of desire.  
He who the kindling sparks of anger checks,  
Shall ne'er with fruitless tears in vain lament  
Its flame's destructive rage. Who from the vale  
Ambition's dangerous pinnacle surveys;  
Safe from the blast which shakes the towering pile,  
Enjoys secure repose, nor dreads the storm  
When public clamours rise. Who cautious turns  
From low temptation smiling in the eye  
Of wantonness, hath burst the golden bands  
Of future anguish; hath redeem'd his frame  
From early feebleness, and dire disease.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Southcote's.

<sup>4</sup> Epicurus; who on account of teaching in his garden, was called the Garden Philosopher; and his disciples, the Philosophers of the Garden.

Who lets the gripping hand of avarice pinch  
To narrow selfishness the social heart;  
Excludes fair friendship, charity, and love,  
From their divine exertions in his breast.  
And see, my friends, this garden's little bound,  
So small the wants of nature, well supplies  
Our board with plenty; roots, or wholesome pulse,  
Or herbs, or flavour'd fruits: and from the stream  
The hand of moderation fills a cup,  
To thirst delicious. Hence nor fevers rise,  
Nor surfeits, nor the boiling blood, inflam'd  
With turbid violence, the veins distend.  
Hear then, and weigh the moment of my words.  
Who thus the sensual appetites restrain,  
Enjoy the heavenly Venus<sup>11</sup> of these shades,  
Celestial pleasure; tranquil and secure,  
From pain, disease, and anxious troubles free.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

Of hay-making. A method of preserving hay from being mow-burnt, or taking fire. Of harvest, and the harvest-home. The praises of England with regard to its various products. Apples. Hops. Hemp. Flax. Coals. Fullers-earth. Stone. Lead. Tin. Iron. Dyers herbs. Euculents. Medicinals. Transitions from the cultivation of the earth to the care of sheep, cattle and horses. Of feeding sheep. Of their diseases. Sheep-shearing. Of improving the breed. Of the dairy and its products. Of horses. The draught-horse—road-horse—hunter—race-horse—and war-horse. Concluding with an address to the prince to prefer the arts of peace to those of war.

WHILE thus at ease, beneath embellish'd shades,  
We rove delighted; lo! the ripening mead  
Calls forth the labouring hinds. In slanting rows,  
With still-approaching step, and level'd stroke,  
The early mower, bending o'er his scythe,  
Lays low the slender grass; emblem of man,  
Falling beneath the ruthless hand of Time.  
Then follows blithe, equipt with fork and rake,  
In light array, the train of nymphs and swains.  
Wide o'er the field, their labour seeming sport,  
They toss the withering herbage. Light it flies,  
Borne on the wings of Zephyr; whose soft gale,  
Now while th' ascending Sun's bright beam exhales  
The grateful sweetness of the new-mown hay,  
Breathing refreshment, fans the toiling swain.  
And soon, the jocund dale and echoing hill  
Resound with merriment. The simple jest,  
The village tale of scandal, and the taunts  
Of rude unpolish'd wit, raise sudden bursts  
Of laughter from beneath the spreading oak,  
Where thrown at ease, and shelter'd from the Sun,  
The plain repast, and wholesome bev'rage cheer  
Their spirits. Light as air they spring, renew'd,  
To social labour: soon the ponderous wain  
Moves slowly onward with its fragrant load,  
And swells the barn capacious: or, to crown  
Their toil, large tapering pyramids they build,  
The magazines of plenty, to ensure  
From Winter's want the flocks, and lowing herds.  
But do the threat'ning clouds precipitate

<sup>11</sup> He placed in his garden a statue of the Venus Celenis, which probably he might intend should be symbolical of his doctrine.

Thy work, and hurry to the field thy team,  
Ere the Sun's heat, or penetrating wind,  
Hath drawn its moisture from the fading grass?  
Or hath the bursting shower thy labours drench'd?  
With sudden inundation? Ah, with care  
Accumulate thy load, or in the mow,  
Or on the rising rick. The smother'd damps,  
Fermenting, glow within; and latent sparks  
At length engender'd, kindle by degrees,  
Till, wide and wider spreading, they admit  
The fatal blast, which instantly consumes,  
In flames resistless, thy collected store.  
This dire disaster to avoid, prepare  
A hollow basket, or the concave round  
Of some capacious vessel; to its sides  
Affix a triple cord: then let the swains,  
Full in the centre of thy purpos'd heap,  
Place the obtrusive barrier; rising still  
As they advance, by its untied bands,  
The wide machine. Thus leaving in the midst  
An empty space, the cooling air draws in,  
And from the flame, or from offensive taints  
Pernicious to thy cattle, saves their food.

And now the ruler of the golden day,  
From the fierce Lion glows with heat intense;  
While Ceres on the ripening field looks down  
In smiles benign. Now with enraptur'd eye,  
The end of all his toil, and its reward,  
The farmer views. Ah, gracious Heaven! attend  
His fervent prayer; restrain the tempest's rage,  
The dreadful blight disarm; nor in one blast  
The products of the labouring year destroy!  
Yet vain is Heaven's indulgence; for when now  
In ready ranks th' impatient reapers stand,  
Arm'd with the scythe or sickle:—scooes shrill  
Of winding horns, the shouts and hallooings loud  
Of huntmen, and the cry of opening bounds,  
Float in the gale melodious, but invade  
His frighted sense with dread. Near and more near  
Th' unwelcome sounds approach; and sudden o'er  
His fence the tall stag bounds: in close pursuit  
The hunter train, on many a noble steed,  
Undaunted follow; while the eager pack  
Burst unresist'd thro' the yielding hedge.  
In vain, unheerd, the wretched hind exclaims:  
The ruin of his crop in vain laments:  
Deaf to his cries, they traverse the ripe field  
In cruel exultation; trampling down  
Beneath their feet, in one short moment's sport,  
The peace, the comfort of his future year.  
Unfeeling wealth! ah, when wilt thou forbear  
Thy insults, thy injustice to the poor?  
When taste the bliss of nursing in thy breast  
The sweet sensations of humanity?

Yet all are not destroyers: some unspoil'd  
By fortune still preserve a feeling heart.  
And see the yellow fields, with labourers spread,  
Resign their treasures to the reaper's hand.  
Here stands in comely order on the plain,  
And cluster'd sheaves, the king of golden corn,  
Unbearded wheat, support of human life:  
There rises in round heaps the maltster's hope,  
Grain which the reaper's care solicits best.  
By tempting promises of potent beer,  
The joy, the meed of thirst-creating toil:  
The poor man's clammy fare! the sickle reaps;

<sup>1</sup> Rye, of which is made a coarse clammy kind of bread, used by the poorer people in many parts of England on account of its cheapness.

The steed's light provender obeys the scythe.  
Labour and mirth united, glow beneath  
The mid-day Sun; the laughing hinds rejoice;  
Their master's heart is open'd, and his eye  
Looks with indulgence on the gleaming poor.  
At length, adorn'd with boughs and garlands gay,  
Nods the last load along the shouting field.  
Now to the God of harvest in a song  
The grateful farmer pays accepted thanks,  
With joy unfeign'd: while to his ravish'd ear  
The gratulations of assisting swains  
Are music. His exulting soul expand;  
He presses every aiding hand; he bids  
The piteous feast, beneath some spreading tree  
Load the large board; and circulates the bowl,  
The copious bowl, unmeasur'd, unrestrain'd,  
A free libation to th' immortal gods,  
Who crown with plenty the prolific soil.

Hail, favour'd island! happy region, hail!  
Whose temperate skies, mild air, and genial dews,  
Enrich the fertile globe; blessing thy sons  
With various products, to the life of man  
Indulgent. Thine Pomona's choicest gift,  
The tasteful apple, rich with racy juice,  
Theme of thy envy'd song, Silurian bard;  
Affording to the swains, in sparkling cups,  
Delicious beverage. Thine on Cantium's hills,  
The flow'ry hop, whose tendrils climbing round  
The tall aspiring pole, bear their light heads  
Aloft, in pendent clusters; which in malt's  
Fermenting tuns infus'd, to mellow age  
Preserves the potent draught. Thine too the plant,  
To whose tough stringy stalks thy num'rous fleets  
Owe their strong cordage: with her sister stem,  
Her fairer sister, whence Minerva's<sup>2</sup> tribe,  
T' unfold in softness beauty's lovely limbs,  
Present their woven texture; and from whence,  
A second birth, grows the papyrus leaf<sup>3</sup>,  
A tablet firm, on which the painter-bard  
Delineates thought, and to the wondering eye  
Embodies vocal air, and groups the sound.

With various blessings teems thy fruitful  
womb.

Lo! from the depth of many a yawning mine  
Thy fossil treasures rise. The blazing hearths,  
From deep sulphureous pits, consumeless stores  
Of fuel boast. Thy oil-imbibing earth<sup>4</sup>,  
The fuller's mill assisting, safe defies  
All foreign rivals in the clothier's art.  
The builder's stone thy numerous quarries hide;  
With lime, its close concomitant. The hills,  
The barren hills of Derby's wildest peak,  
In lead abound; soft, fusile, malleable;  
Whose ample sheets thy venerable domes,  
From rough inclement storms of wind and rain,  
In safety clothe. Devon's ancient mines,  
Whose treasures tempted first Phœnicia's sons  
To court thy commerce, still exhaustless, yield  
The valued ore, from whence, Britannia, thou

<sup>2</sup> Minerva is said to have invented the art of weaving.

<sup>3</sup> The leaf of the Egyptian plant, papyrus, was anciently used for writing upon; from whence is derived the present name of our material called paper.

<sup>4</sup> Fullers earth is found in no other country; and as it is of so great use in the manufacturing of cloth, the exportation of it is prohibited. Dr. Woodward says this fossil is of more value to England than the mines of Peru would be.

Thine honour'd name<sup>5</sup> deriv'd. Nor wast'nt thou  
Of that all-useful metal, the support  
Of every art mechanic. Hence arise  
In Dean's large forest numerous glowing kilns,  
The rough rude ore calcining; whence convey'd  
To the fierce furnace, its intenser heat  
Melts the hard mass; which flows, an iron stream,  
On sandy beds below: and stiffening there,  
A ponderous lump, but to the hammer tam'd,  
Takes from the forge, in bars, its final form.

But the glad Muse, from subterranean caves  
Emerging, views with wonder and delight,  
What numerous products still remain unsung.  
With fish abound thy streams; thy sheltering  
woods

To fowl give friendly covert; and thy plains  
The cloven-footed race, in various herds,  
Range undisturb'd. Fair Flora's sweetest buds  
Blow on thy begauteous bosom; and her fruits  
Pomona pours in plenty on thy lap.

Thou to the dyer's tinging cauldron giv'st  
The yellow-staining weed, luteola<sup>6</sup>;  
The glastum brown<sup>7</sup>, with which thy naked sons  
In ancient time their hairy limbs distain'd;  
Nor the rich rubia<sup>8</sup> does thine hand withhold.

Grateful and salutary spring the plants  
Which crown thy numerous gardens, and invite  
To health and temperance, in the simple meal,  
Unstain'd with murder, uncuttil'd with blood,  
Unpoison'd with rich sauces, to provoke  
Th' unwilling appetite to gluttony.  
For this, the bulbous esculents their roots  
With sweetness fill; for this, with cooling juice  
The green herb spreads its leaves; and opening  
buds,

And flowers, and seeds, with various flavours tempt  
Th' ensanguin'd palate from its savage feast.

Nor hath the god of physic and of day  
Forgot to shed kind influence on thy plants  
Medicinal. Lo! from his beaming rays  
Their various energies to every herb  
Imparted flow. He the salubrious leaf  
Of cordial sage, the purple-flowering head  
Of fragrant lavender, enlivening mint,  
Valerian's fetid smell, endows benign  
With their cephalic virtues. He the root  
Of broad angelica, and tufted flower  
Of creeping chamomile, impregnates deep

<sup>5</sup> The learned antiquary, Bochart, is of opinion that the Phœnicians, coming to buy tin in the island of Albion, gave it the name of Barat-Anac, that is, the land or country of tin: which being softened by the Greeks into Britannia, was adopted by the Romans. This etymology seems to be confirmed by the Grecians calling the isles of Scilly, Cassiterides, which signifies in Greek, the same as Barat-Anac in Phœnician. Rapa.

<sup>6</sup> Weld, commonly called dyer's weed.

<sup>7</sup> Wood.

<sup>8</sup> Madder, which is used by the dyers for making the most solid and richest red; and as Moffatt observes, was thought so valuable in King Charles the First's time, that it was made a patent commodity. But the cultivation of it hath since been so strangely neglected, that we now purchase from the Dutch the greatest part of what we use, to the amount, as Mr. Millar, in his Gardener's Dictionary, says he hath been informed, of near thirty thousand pounds a year.

With powers carminative. In every brake  
Wormwood and centaury, their bitter juice,  
To aid digestion's sickly powers, refine.  
The smooth althaea<sup>9</sup> its balsamic wave  
Indulgent pours. Fryngo's strengthening root  
Surrounds thy sea-girt isle, restorative,  
Fair queen of love, to thy enfeebled sons,  
Hypericum<sup>10</sup>, beneath each shell'ring bush,  
Its healing virtue modestly conceals.  
Thy friendly soil to liquorice imparts  
Its dulcet moisture, whence the labouring lungs  
Of panting asthma find a sure relief.  
The scarlet poppy, on thy painted fields,  
Bows his somniferous head, inviting soon  
To peaceful slumber the disorder'd mind.  
Lo, from thy baum's exhilarating leaf,  
The moping flead, black Melancholy, flies;  
And burning Febris, with its lenient flood  
Cools her hot entrails; or embathes her limbs  
In sudorific streams, that cleansing flow [boast  
From saffron's friendly spring. Thou too can'st  
The blessed thistle<sup>11</sup>, whose rejective power  
Relieves the loaded viscera; and to thee  
The rose, the violet, their emollient leaves  
On every bush, on every bank, display.

These are thy products, fair Britannia, these  
The copious blessings, which thy envied sons,  
Divided and distinguish'd from the world,  
Secure and free, beneath just laws, enjoy.  
Nor dread the ravage of destructive war;  
Nor black contagion's pestilential breath; [towns,  
Nor rending Earth's convulsions,—fields, flocks,  
Swallow'd abrupt, in ruin's frightful jaws;  
Nor worse, far worse than all, the iron hand  
Of lawless power, stretch'd o'er precarious wealth,  
Leads, liberty, and life, the wanton prey  
Of its enormous unresisting gripe.

But further now in vegetation's paths,  
Thro' cultur'd fields, and woods, and waving crops,  
The waried Muse forbears to wind her walk.  
To flocks and herds her future strains aspire,  
And let the listening birds instructed hear  
The closing precepts of her labour'd song.

Lo! on the side of yonder slanting hill,  
Beneath a spreading oak's broad foliage, sits  
The shepherd swain, and patient by his side  
His watchful dog; while round the nibbling flocks  
Spread their wide fleeces o'er the verdant slope,  
A landscape pleasing to the painter's eye.  
Mark his maternal care. The tender race,  
Of heat impatient, as of pinching cold  
Afraid, he shelters from the rising Sun,  
Beneath the mountain's western side; and when  
The evening beam shoots eastward, turning seeks  
Th' alternate umbrage. Now to the sweetest food  
Of fellow fields he leads, and nightly folds,  
To enrich th' exhausted soil: defending safe  
From murd'rous thieves, and from the prowling fox,  
Their helpless innocence. His skillful eye  
Studios explores the latent hills which prey  
Upon the bleating nation. The foul mange  
Infectious, their impatient foot, by oft  
Repeated scratchings, will betray. This calls  
For his immediate aid, the spreading taint  
To stop. Tobacco, in the briny wave  
Infus'd, affords a wash of sovereign use

<sup>9</sup> Marsh-mallows.

<sup>10</sup> St. John's wort.

<sup>11</sup> Carduus, called by physical writers carduus benedictus.

To heal the dire disease. The wriggling tail  
Sure indication gives, that, bred beneath,  
Devouring vermin lurk: these, or with dust  
Or deaden'd lime besprinkled thick, fall off  
In smother'd crowds. Diseases numerous  
Assault the harmless race; but chief the fond  
Which taints with rottenness their inward frame,  
And sweeps them from the plain in putrid heaps,  
A nuisance to the smell. This, this demands  
His watchful care. If he perceives the fleeces  
In patches lost; if the dejected eye  
Looks pale and languid; if the rosy gums  
Change to a yellow foulness; and the breath,  
Panting and short, emits a sickly stench;  
Warn'd by the fatal symptoms, he removes  
To rising grounds and dry, the tainted flock;  
The best expedient to restore that health  
Which the full pasture, or the low damp moor  
Endanger'd. But if bare and barren hills,  
Or dry and sandy plains, too far remov'd,  
Deny their aid, he speedily prepares  
Rue's bitter juice, with brine and brimstone mixt,  
A powerful remedy; which from an horn  
Injected, stops the dangerous malady.

Refulgent summer now his hot domain  
Hath carried to the tropic, and begins  
His backward journey. Now beneath the Sun  
Mellowing their fleeces for th' impending shears,  
The woolly people in full clothing sweat:  
When the smooth current of a limpid brook  
The shepherd seeks, and plunging in its waves  
The frighted innocents, their whitening robes  
In the clear stream grow pure. Emerging hence,  
On litter'd straw the bleating flocks recline;  
Till glowing heat shall dry, and breathing dews  
Perspiring soft, again thro' all the fleeces  
Diffuse their oily fatness. Then the swain  
Prepares th' elastic shears, and gently down  
The patient creature lays; divesting soon  
Its lighten'd limbs of their encumbering load.

O more than mines of gold, than diamonds far  
More precious, more important is the fleece!  
This, this the solid base on which the sons  
Of commerce build, exalted to the sky,  
The structure of their grandeur, wealth, and power!  
Hence in the earliest childhood of her state,  
Ere yet her merchants spread the British sail,  
To Earth descending in a radiant cloud,  
Britannia seiz'd th' invaluable spoil.  
To ocean's verge exulting swift she flew;  
There, on the bosom of the bounding wave,  
Rais'd on her pearly car, fair Commerce rode  
Sublime, the goddess of the watry world,  
On every coast, in every clime ador'd.  
High waving in her hand the woolly prize,  
Britannia hail'd and beckon'd to her shore  
The power benign. Invited by the fleece,  
From whence her penetrating eyes foresaw  
What mighty honours to her name should rise,  
She beam'd a gracious smile. Th' obedient winds,  
Rein'd by her hand, conducted to the beach  
Her sumptuous car. But more convenient place  
The Muse shall find, to sing the friendly league,  
Which here commenc'd, to times remotest age,  
Shall bear the glory of the British sail.

Cautious and fearful some in early spring  
Recruit their flocks; as then the wintry storms  
Their tender frame hath prov'd. But he whose aim  
Ambitious should aspire to mend the breed,  
In fruitful autumn stocks the bleating field

With baxom ewes, that, to their soft desires  
Indulgent, he may give the noblest rams.  
Yet not too early to the genial sport  
Invite the modest ewe; let Michael's feast  
Commemorate the deed, lest the cold hand  
Of Winter pinch too hard the new-year'd lamb.

How nice, how delicate appears his choice,  
When fixing on the aire to raise his flock?  
His shape, his marks, how curious he surveys?  
His body large and deep, his buttocks broad  
Give indication of internal strength:  
Be short his legs, yet active; small his head;  
So shall Lucina's pains less pungent prove,  
And less the hazard of the teeming owe:  
Long be his tail, and large his wool-grown car;  
Thick, shining, white, his fleece; his hazel eye  
Large, bold, and cheerful; and his horns, if horns  
You choose, not straight, but curving round and  
round

On either side his head. These the sole arms  
His inoffensive mildness bears; not made  
For shedding blood, nor hostile war: yet these,  
When love, all-powerful, swells his breast, and pours  
Into his heart new courage, these he aims  
With meditated fury at his foe.

In glowing colours, here the tempted Muse  
Might paint the rushing conflict, when provok'd,  
The rival rams, opposing front to front,  
Spring forth with desperate madness to the fight.  
But as deterr'd by the superior bard,  
Whose steps, at awful distance, I reverse,  
Nor dare to tread; so by the thundering strife  
Of his majestic fathers of the herd,  
My feebler combatant's appall'd retreat.

At leisure now; O let me once again  
Once, ere I leave the cultivated fields,  
My favourite Patty, in her dairy's pride,  
Revisit; and the generous steeds which grace  
The pastures of her swain, well-pleas'd, survey.  
The lowing kine, see, at their custom'd hour,  
Wait the returning pail. The rosy maid,  
Crouching beneath their side, in copious streams  
Exhausts the swelling udder. Vessels large  
And broad, by the sweet hand of neatness clean'd,  
Mean while, in decent order rang'd appear,  
The milky treasure, strain'd thro' filtering laws,  
intended to receive. At early day,  
Sweet slumber shaken from her opening lids,  
My lovely Patty to her dairy hies:

There from the surface of expanded bowls  
She skims the floating cream, and to her churn  
Commits the rich consistence; nor disdains,  
Though soft her hand, tho' delicate her frame,  
To urge the rural toil; fond to obtain  
The country-housewife's humble name and praise.  
Continu'd agitation separates soon  
The unctuous particles; with gentler strokes  
And artful, soon they conalesce: at length,  
Cool water pouring from the limpid spring  
Into a smooth-glaz'd vessel, deep and wide,  
She gathers the loose fragments to a heap;  
Which in the cleansing wave well-wrought, and  
To one consistent golden mass, receives [press'd  
The sprinkled seasoning, and of pats, or pounds,  
The fait impression, the neat shape assumes.

Is cheese her care? warm from the treat she pours  
The milky flood. An acid juice infus'd,  
From the dried stomach drawn of suckling calf,  
Coagulates the whole. Immediate now  
Her spreading hands bear down the gathering curd,

Which hard and harder grows; till, clear and thin,  
The green whey rises separate. Happy swain!  
O how I envy ye the luscious draught,  
The soft salubrious beverage! To a vat,  
The size and fashion which her taste approves,  
She bears the snow-white heaps, her future cheese;  
And the strong press establishes its form.

But nicer cates, her dairy's boasted fare,  
The jelly'd cream or custard, daintiest food,  
Or cheesecake, or the cooling syllabub,  
For Thyrsis she prepares; who from the field  
Returning, with the kiss of love sincere,  
Salutes her rosy lip. A tender look,  
Meantime, and cheerful smiles, his welcome speak  
Down to their frugal board contentment sit,  
And calls it feasting. Prattling infants dear  
Engage their fond regard, and closer tie  
The band of nuptial love. They, happy, feel  
Each other's bliss, and both in different spheres  
Employ'd, nor seek nor wish that cheating charm,  
Variety, which idlers to their aid  
Call in, to make the length of lazy life  
Drag on less heavily. Domestic cares,  
Her children and her dairy, well divide  
Th' appropriated hours, and duty makes  
Employment pleasure. He, delighted, gives  
Each busy season of the rolling year,  
To raise, to feed, t' improve the generous horn,  
And fit for various use his strength or speed.

Dull, patient, heavy, of large limbs robust,  
Whom neither beauty marks, nor spirits fire;  
Him, to the servile toil of dragging slow  
The burthen'd carriage; or to drudge beneath  
A ponderous load impos'd, his justice dooms.  
Yet, straining in th' enormous cars which crowd  
Thy bustling streets, Augusta, queen of trade,  
What noble beasts are seen? sweating beneath  
Their toil, and trembling at the driver's whip,  
Urg'd with malicious fury on the parts  
Where feeling lives most sensible of pain.  
Fell tyrants, hold! forbear your hell-born rage!  
See ye not every sinew, every nerve [Must  
Stretch'd even to bursting? Villains!—but the  
Quick from the savage ruffians turns her eye,  
Frowning indignant. Steeds of harder kind,  
And cool, tho' sprightly, to the travell'd road  
He destines; sure of foot, of steady pace,  
Active, and persevering, uncompell'd,  
The tedious length of many a beaten mile.

But not alone to these inferior tribes  
Th' ambitious swain confines his generous breed.  
Hark! in his fields, when now the distant sounds  
Of winding horns, and dogs, and huntsmen's shout,  
Awake the sense, his kindling hunter neighs:  
Quick start his ears erect, his beating heart  
Exults, his light limbs bound, he bears aloft,  
Rais'd by tumultuous joy, his tossing head;  
And all impatient for the well-known sport,  
Leaps the tall fence, and listening to the cry,  
Pursues with voluntary speed the chase.  
See! o'er the plain he sweeps, nor hedge nor ditch  
Obstructs his eager flight; nor straining hills,  
Nor headlong steepes deter the vigorous steed:  
Till join'd at length, associate of the sport,  
He mingles with the train, stops as they stop,  
Pursues as they pursue, and all the wild  
Enlivening raptures of the field enjoys.

Easy in motion, perfect in his form,  
His boast'd lineage drawn from steeds of blood,  
He the fleet courser, too, exulting shows,

And points with pride his beauties. Neatly set  
His lively head, and glowing in his eye  
True spirit lives. His nostril wide, inhales  
With ease the ambient air. His body firm  
And round, upright his joints, his horny hoofs  
Small, shining, light; and large his ample reach.  
His limbs, tho' slender, brac'd with sinewy strength,  
Declare his winged speed. His temper mild,  
Yet high his mettled heart. Hence in the race,  
All emulous, he hears the clashing whips,  
He feels the animating shouts; exerts  
With eagerness his utmost powers; and strains,  
And springs, and flies, to reach the destin'd goal.

But lo! the boast, the glory of his stalls,  
His warrior steed appears. What comely pride,  
What dignity, what grace, attend on all  
His motions? See! exulting in his strength.  
He paws the ground impatient. On his brow  
Courage enthroned sits, and animates  
His fearless eye. He bends his arched crest;  
His mane, loose-flowing, ruffles in the wind,  
Clothing his chest with fury. Proud, he snorts,  
Champs on the foaming bit, and prancing high,  
Disdainful seems to tread the sordid earth,  
Yet bears he and obeys his master's voice,  
All gentleness, and feels, with conscious pride,  
His dappled neck clapp'd with a cheering hand:  
But when the battle's martial sounds invade  
His ear, when drums and trumpets loud proclaim  
The rushing onset; when thick smoke, when fire  
Burst thundering from the cannon's awful mouth;  
Then all-inspir'd he kindles into flame!  
Intrepid, neighs aloud; and, panting, seems

Impatient to express his swelling joys  
Unutterable. On danger's brink he stands,  
And mocks at fear. Then springing with delight,  
Plunges into the wild confusion. Terror flies  
Before his dreadful front; and in his rear  
Destruction marks her bloody progress. Such,  
Such was the steed thou, Cumberland, bestrodest,  
When black Rebellion fell beneath thy hand,  
Rome and her papal tyranny subdu'd,  
On great Culloden's memorable field.  
Such thine, unconquer'd Marlborough, when the  
throne

Of Lewis totter'd, and thy glittering steel  
On Blenheim's plain immortal trophies reap'd,  
And such, O prince! great patron of my theme,  
Should e'er insidious France again presume  
On Europe's freedom, such, tho' all averse  
To slaughtering war, thy country shall present  
To bear her hero to the martial plain,  
Arm'd with the sword of justice. Other cause  
Ne'er shall ambition's sophistry persuade  
Thine honour to espouse. Britannia's peace;  
Her sacred rights; her just, her equal laws;  
These, these alone, to cherish or defend,  
Shall raise thy youthful arm, and wake to war,  
To dreadful war, the British lion's rage.

But milder stars on thy illustrious birth  
Their kindest influence shed. Beneath the smile  
Of thy indulgence, the protected arts  
Lifting their graceful heads; her empy'd soil  
Fair commerce apreading to remotest climes;  
And plenty rising from th' encourag'd plough;  
Shall feed, enrich, adorn, the happy land.





THE  
P O E M S  
OF  
*THOMAS CHATTERTON.*



THE

# LIFE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

*Highly unfair.*  

---

THIS extraordinary young man was born on the 20th of November 1752. His father was originally a writing usher to a school in Bristol, afterwards a singing man in the cathedral, and lastly master of the free-school in Pyle-street in the same city. He died about three months before this son was born.—It is not quite unimportant, although in any other case it might seem ridiculous, to add that our poet was descended from a long line of ancestors who held the office of *sexton* of St. Mary Redcliffe: for it was in the muniment room of this church that the materials were found from which he constructed that system of imposture which has rendered his name celebrated, and his history interesting.

At five years of age he was sent to the school in Pyle-street, then superintended by a Mr. Love, but here he improved so little that his mother took him back. While under his care his childish attention is said to have been engaged by the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript in French, which circumstance encouraged her to initiate him in the alphabet, and she afterward taught him to read from an old black-letter Testament or Bible. That a person of her rank in life should be able to read the black-letter is somewhat extraordinary, but the fact rests upon her authority, and has been considered as an introduction to that fondness for antiquities for which he was afterwards distinguished<sup>1</sup>.

His next remove was to Colston's charity school, at the age of eight years, where he was taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, at the daily rate of nine hours in summer and seven in winter. Such at least was the prescribed discipline of the school, although far more tedious than a boy of his capacity required. One of his masters, Phillips, whom he has celebrated in an elegy, was a frequent writer of verses in the magazines, and was the mean of exciting a degree of poetical emulation among his scholars, but to this Chatterton appeared for some time quite indifferent. About his tenth year he began to read from inclination, sometimes hiring his books from a circulating library, and sometimes borrowing them from his friends; and before he was twelve, had gone through about seventy

<sup>1</sup> Lord Orford derives his taste from an incident somewhat later: "I firmly believe that the first impression made on so warm and fertile an imagination was the sight of some old parchments at Bristol." Orford's Works, vol. iv. p. 252.

volumes, principally history and divinity. Before this time he had composed some verses, particularly those intitled *Apostate Will*, which although they bear no comparison with what he afterwards produced, discover at that early age a disposition to personal satire, and a consciousness of superior sense. It would be more remarkable, were it true, that while at this school he is said to have shown to his master Phillips one of those manuscripts which he pretended had been found in a chest in Redcliffe church, but as neither Phillips nor another person to whom this treasure was exhibited, could read it, the commencement of his Rowlesian impostures must be postponed to a future period.

At school he had gathered some knowledge of music, drawing, and arithmetic, and with this stock he was bound apprentice July 1767, to Mr. John Lambert, an attorney at Bristol, for seven years. His apprenticeship seems to have been of the lower order, and his situation more resembling that of a servant than a pupil. His chief employment was to copy precedents, which frequently did not require more than two hours in a day. The rest of his time was probably filled up by the desultory course of reading which he had begun at school, and which terminated chiefly in the study of the old English phraseology, heraldry, and miscellaneous antiquities: of the two last he acquired, not a profound knowledge, but enough to enable him to create fictions capable of deceiving those who had less. His general conduct during his apprenticeship was decent and regular. On one occasion only Mr. Lambert thought him deserving of correction for writing an abusive letter in a feigned hand to his old schoolmaster. So soon did this young man learn the art of deceit, which he was now preparing to practise upon a more extensive scale.

In the beginning of October 1768, the completion of the new bridge at Bristol suggested to him a fit opportunity for playing off the first of his public deceptions. This was an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, said to be taken from an ancient manuscript, a copy of which he sent to Farley's *Bristol Journal*, in a short letter signed *Dunhelmus Bristoliensis*. Such a memoir, at so critical a time, naturally excited attention; and Farley, who was called upon to give up the author, after much inquiry, discovered that Chatterton had sent it. Chatterton was consequently interrogated, probably without much ceremony, where he had obtained it. And here his unhappy disposition showed itself in a manner highly affecting in one so young, for he had not yet reached his sixteenth year, and according to all that can be gathered, had not been corrupted either by precept or example. "To the threats," we are told, "of those who treated him (agreeably to his appearance) as a child; he returned nothing but haughtiness, and a refusal to give any account. By milder usage he was somewhat softened, and appeared inclined to give all the information in his power."

The effect, however, of this mild usage was, that instead of all or any part of the information in his power, he tried two different falsehoods: the first, "that he was employed to transcribe the contents of certain ancient manuscripts by a gentleman, who had also engaged him to furnish complimentary verses inscribed to a lady with whom that gentleman was in love." But as this story was to rest on proofs which he could not produce, he next asserted, "that he had received the paper in question, together with many other manuscripts, from his father, who had found them in a large chest in the upper room over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe church."

As this last story is the foundation of the whole controversy respecting Chatterton, it will be necessary to give the circumstances as related in his life, written for the *Biographia Britannica*, and prefixed to the recent edition of his works.

“Over the north porch of St. Mary Redcliffe church, which was founded, or at least rebuilt, by Mr. W. Canynge, (an eminent merchant of Bristol in the fifteenth century, and in the reign of Edward the Fourth) there is a kind of muniment room, in which were deposited six or seven chests, one of which in particular was called Mr. Canynge's *coffre*; this chest, it is said, was secured by six keys, two of which were intrusted to the minister and procurator of the church, two to the mayor, and one to each of the church-wardens. In process of time, however, the six keys appear to have been lost: and about the year 1727, a notion prevailed that some title deeds, and other writings of value, were contained in Mr. Canynge's *coffre*. In consequence of this opinion, an order of vestry was made, that the chest should be opened under the inspection of an attorney: and that those writings which appeared of consequence should be removed to the south porch of the church. The locks were therefore forced, and not only the principal chest, but the others, which were also supposed to contain writings, were all broke open. The deeds immediately relating to the church were removed, and the other manuscripts were left exposed as of no value. Considerable depredations had, from time to time, been committed upon them, by different persons: but the most insatiate of these plunderers was the father of Chatterton. His uncle being sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe gave him free access to the church. He carried off, from time to time, parcels of the parchments, and one time alone, with the assistance of his boys, is known to have filled a large basket with them. They were deposited in a cupboard in the school, and employed for different purposes, such as the covering of copy-books, &c. in particular Mr. Gibbs, the minister of the parish, having presented the boys with twenty Bibles, Mr. Chatterton, in order to preserve these books from being damaged, covered them with some of the parchments. At his death, the widow being under a necessity of removing, carried the remainder of them to her own habitation. Of the discovery of their value by the younger Chatterton, the account of Mr. Smith, a very intimate acquaintance, which he gave to Dr. Glynn of Cambridge, is too interesting to be omitted. When young Chatterton was first articled to Mr. Lambert, he used frequently to come home to his mother, by way of a short visit. There, one day, his eye was caught by one of these parchments, which had been converted into a thread-paper. He found not only the writing to be very old, the characters very different from common characters, but that the subject therein treated was different from common subjects. Being naturally of an inquisitive and curious turn, he was very much struck with their appearance, and, as might be expected, began to question his mother what those thread-papers were, how she got them, and whence they came. Upon further inquiry, he was led to a full discovery of all the parchments which remained: the bulk of them consisted of poetical and other compositions, by Mr. Canynge, and a particular friend of his, Thomas Rowley, whom Chatterton at first called a monk, and afterwards a secular priest of the fifteenth century. Such, at least, appears to be the account which Chatter-

son thought proper to give, and which he wished to be believed. It is, indeed, confirmed by the testimony of his mother and sister. Mrs. Chatterton informed a friend of the dean of Exeter (Dr. Milles) that on her removal from Pyle-street, she emptied the cupboard of its contents, partly into a large long deal box, where her husband used to keep his clothes, and partly into a square oak box of a smaller size: carrying both with their contents to her lodgings, where, according to her account, they continued neglected and undisturbed, till her son first discovered their value: who having examined their contents, told his mother 'that he had found a treasure, and was so glad nothing could be like it.' That he then removed all these parchments out of the large long deal box, in which his father used to keep his clothes, into the square oak box: that he was perpetually ransacking every corner of the house for more parchments, and, from time to time, carried away those he had already found by pockets full: that one day happening to see Clarke's History of the Bible covered with one of those parchments, he swore a great oath, and stripping the book, put the cover into his pocket, and carried it away: at the same time stripping a common little Bible, but finding no writing upon the cover, replaced it again very leisurely. Upon being informed of the manner in which his father had procured the parchments, he went himself to the place, and picked up four more."

Such is the story of the discovery of the poems attributed to Rowley, which Chatterton evidently made up from the credulity of his mother and other friends, who could not read the parchments on which he affected to set so high a value, and which he afterwards endeavoured to render of public importance by producing these wonderful treasures of Canynge's coffre. In his attempt, already related, respecting the old bridge, he had not been eminently successful, owing to his prevarication. He now imparted some of these manuscripts to George Catcot, a pewterer of Bristol, who had heard of the discovery, and desired to be introduced to Chatterton. The latter very readily gave him the *Bristowe Tragedy*, Rowley's Epitaph on Canynge's Ancestor, and some smaller pieces. These Catcot communicated to Mr. Barret, a surgeon, who was writing a history of Bristol, and would naturally be glad to add to its honours that of having produced such a poet as Rowley. In his conversations with Barret and Catcot he appears to have been driven to many prevarications, sometimes owning that he had destroyed several of these valuable manuscripts; and at other times asserting that he was in possession of others which he could not produce. These contradictions must have entirely destroyed his evidence in any other case, in the opinion of thinking and impartial judges: but the historian of Bristol could not forego the hopes of enriching his book by originals of so great importance; and having obtained from Chatterton several fragments, some of considerable length, he actually printed them as authentic in his history, long after the controversy ceased which had convinced the learned world that he had been egregiously duped.

In return for these contributions, Barret and Catcot supplied Chatterton occasionally with money, and introduced him into company. At his request, too, Mr. Barret lent our poet some medical authors, and gave him a few instructions in surgery; but still his favourite studies were heraldry and English antiquities, which he pursued with as much success as could be expected from one who

knew no language but his own. Camden's *Britannia* appears to have been a favourite book: and he copied the glossaries of Chaucer and others with indefatigable perseverance, storing his memory with antiquated words. Even Bailey's *Dictionary* has been proved to have afforded him many of those words which the advocates for Rowley thought could be known only to a writer of his pretended age.

During all these various pursuits, he employed his pen in essays, in prose and verse, chiefly of the satirical kind. He appears to have read the party pamphlets of the day, and imbibed much of their abusive spirit. In 1769, we find him a very considerable contributor to the *Town and Country Magazine*, which began about that time. His ambition seems to have been to rise to eminence entirely by the efforts of his genius, either in his own character or that of some of the heroes of the Redcliffe cheat, in which he was perpetually discovering a most convenient variety of treasure, with which to reward his admirers and secure their patronage. Mr. Burgum, another pewterer, maintains the authenticity of Rowley's poems. Chatterton rewards him with a pedigree from the time of William the conqueror, allying him to some of the most ancient families in the kingdom, and presents him with the *Romaunt of the Cnyghte*, a poem, written by John de Bergham, one of his own ancestors, about four hundred and fifty years before. In order to obtain the good opinion of his relation Mr. Stephens of Salisbury, he informs him that he is descended from Fitzstephen, grandson of the venerable Od, earl of Blois, and lord of Holderness, who flourished about the year 1095.\* In this manner Chatterton contrived to impose on men who had no means of appreciating the value of what he communicated, and were willing to believe what, for one reason or other, they wished to be true.

But the most remarkable of his pretended discoveries issued in an application to one who was not so easily to be deceived. This was the celebrated Horace Walpole, the late lord Orford, who had not long before completed his *Anecdotes of Painters*. In March 1769, Chatterton, with his usual attention to the wants or prejudices of the persons on whom he wished to impose, sent to Mr. Walpole a letter, offering to furnish him with accounts of a series of great painters who had flourished at Bristol, and remitted also a small specimen of poems of the same remote era. Mr. Walpole, although he could not, as he informs us, very readily swallow "a series of great painters at Bristol," appears to have been in some measure pleased with the offer, and discovered beauties in the verses sent. He therefore returned a polite and thankful letter, desiring further information. From this letter Chatterton appears to have thought he had made a conquest, and, in his answer, thought proper to come to the direct purpose of his application. He informed his correspondent that he was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with great difficulty; that he was an apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste for more elegant studies; he affirmed that great treasures of ancient poetry had been discovered at Bristol, and were in the hands of a person who had lent him the specimen already transmitted, as well as a pastoral (*Elinoure and Juga*) which accompanied this second letter. He hinted also a wish that Mr. Walpole would assist him in emerging from so dull

\*See an ingenious summary of his various forgeries, drawn up by Mr. Cottle, in the edition of Chatterton's works lately published, vol. i. p. 309. C.



a profession, by procuring some place, in which he might pursue the natural bias of his genius.

Mr. Walpole immediately submitted the poems to Gray and Mason, who at first sight pronounced them forgeries; on which he returned Chatterton an answer, advising him to apply to the duties of his profession, as more certain means of attaining the independence and leisure of which he was desirous. This produced a peevish letter from Chatterton, desiring the manuscripts back, as they were the property of another; and after some delay, owing to Mr. Walpole's taking a trip to Paris, the poems were returned in a blank cover. This affront, as Chatterton considered it, he never forgave, and at this no man need wonder who reflects how difficult it must ever be for an impostor to forgive those who have attempted to detect him.

The only remarkable consequence of this correspondence was the censure Mr. Walpole incurred from the admirers of Chatterton, who, upon no other authority than the circumstances now related, persisted in accusing him of barbarous neglect of an extraordinary genius who solicited his protection, and finally of being the cause of his shocking end. Mr. Walpole, when he found this calumny transmitted from hand to hand, and probably believed by those who did not take the trouble to inquire into the facts, drew up a candid narrative of the whole correspondence, which, he proved, was broken off nearly two years before Chatterton died, during which two years the latter had resided, with every encouragement, in London, and according to his own account, was within the prospect of ease and independence without the aid of Mr. Walpole's patronage. Of this Mr. Walpole's accusers could not be ignorant, if they knew any thing of Chatterton's history. They must have known that Chatterton did not apply to Walpole, as a poet, but merely as a young man who was transmitting the property of another, and who had no claims of his own, except that he was tired of a dull profession, and wished for a place in which he might indulge his taste in what was more lively. A patron must have had many places in his gift, and few applicants, if he could spare one to a person who professed no other merit than an inclination to exchange labour for ease. Yet Walpole has been held forth to public indignation as the cause of Chatterton's death. "But is it not hard that a man on whom a forgery has been tried unsuccessfully, should for that single reason be held out to the world as the assassin of genius? If a banker to whom a forged note should be presented, should refuse to accept it, and the ingenious fabricator should afterwards fall a victim to his own slight of hand, would you accuse the poor banker to the public, and urge that his caution had deprived the world of some supposititious deed of settlement, that would have deceived the whole court of chancery, and deprived some great family of its estate?"

About this time (1769) we are told that Chatterton became an infidel, but whether this was in consequence of any course of reading into which he had fallen, or that he found it convenient to get rid of the obligations which stood in the way of his past or future schemes, it is not very material to inquire. Yet, although one of his advocates, the foremost to accuse Mr. Walpole of neglecting him, asserts that "his profligacy was at least as conspicuous as his abilities," it does not appear that he was more profligate in the indulgence of the grosser passions than other young

men who venture on the gayeties of life at an early age. While at Bristol he had not mixed with improper company; his few associates of the female sex were persons of character. In London the case might have been otherwise, but of this we have no direct proof, and he practised at least one rule which is no inconsiderable preservative; he was remarkably temperate in his diet. In his writings, indeed, we find some passages that are more licentious than could have been expected from a young man unhacknied in the ways of vice, but not more so than might be expected in one who was premature in every thing, and had exhausted the stock of human folly at an age when it is usually found unbroken. All his deceptions, his prevarications, his political tergiversation, &c. were such as we should have looked for in men of an advanced age, hardened by evil associations, and soured by disappointed pride or avarice.

One effect of his infidelity, we are told, was to render the idea of suicide familiar. This he had cherished before he left Bristol, and when he could not fairly complain of the world's neglect, as he had preferred no higher pretensions than those of a man who has by accident discovered a treasure which he knows not how to make current. Beside repeatedly intimating to Mr. Lambert's servants that he intended to put an end to his life, he left a paper in sight of some of the family, specifying the day on which he meant to carry this purpose into execution. The reason assigned for this appointment was the refusal of a gentleman whom he had occasionally complimented in his poems, to supply him with money. It has since been supposed to be merely an artifice to get rid of his apprenticeship, and this certainly was the consequence, as Mr. Lambert did not choose that his house should be honoured by such an act of heroism. He had now served this gentleman about two years and ten months, during which he learned so little of law as to be unable to draw up the necessary document respecting the dissolution of his apprenticeship. We have seen how differently his time was employed, and there is reason to think that he had fabricated the whole of his Rowleian poetry and antique manuscripts during his apprenticeship, and before he left Bristol.

His object now was to go to London, where he had full confidence that his talents would be duly honoured. He had written letters to several booksellers of that city, who encouraged him to reside among them. Some literary adventurers would have entered on such a plan with diffidence; and of many who have become authors by profession, the greater part may plead the excuse that they neither foresee nor understood the many mortifications and difficulties that are to be surmounted. Chatterton, on the contrary, set out with the confidence of a man who has laid his plans in such deep wisdom that he thinks it impossible they should fail. He boasted to his correspondents of three distinct resources, one at least of which was unfortunately in his own power. He first meant to employ his pen; then to turn methodist preacher; and if both should fail, to shoot himself. As his friends do not appear to have taken any steps to rectify his notions on these schemes, it is probable that they either did not consider him as serious, or had given him up, as one above all advice, and curable only by a little experience, which they were not sorry he should acquire in his own way, and at his own expence.

His first literary attempts by which he was to realize the dreams of presumption, were of the political kind, chiefly satires against the members and friends of administration. In March 1770 he wrote a poem called *Kew Gardens*, part of which

only has been published, but enough to show that he had been supplied by some patriotic preceptor with the floating scandal of the day against the Princess dowager of Wales, lord Bute, and other statesmen. It is highly improbable that a boy who had spent the greater part of his time since he left school, in fabricating, or deciphering the poetry, heraldry, and topography of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, should on a sudden become intimately acquainted with the intrigues of political men and their families. In all this, his materials must have been supplied by some persons who lived by propagating the calumnies of personal and political history, and who would rejoice in the dauntless spirit of their new associate. Another poem of the same description was intitled the Whore of Babylon. Of both these the reader may find specimens in the present collection; it does not appear that the whole of them were printed.

On his arrival in London, near the end of April, he received, according to his own account, the most flattering encouragement, and various employment was recommended: Among other schemes was a history of London, which if he had lived to complete it, must have been a suitable companion to Mr. Barrett's history of Bristol. In the mean time he wrote for many of the magazines and newspapers; his principal contributions appeared in the Freeholder's Magazine, the Town and Country, the Court and City, the Political Register, and the Gospel Magazine<sup>4</sup>. He wrote songs also for the public gardens, and for some time got so much money that he thought himself comparatively affluent, and able to provide for his mother and sister, whose hearts he gladdened by frequent intimations of his progress.

During this career he became acquainted with Wilkes, and with Beckford who was then lord mayor. These patriots, however, he soon discovered were not so ready with their money as with their praise; and as the former appears to have been his only object, he had some thoughts of writing for the ministerial party. After Beckford's death, which he affected to lament as his ruin, he addressed a letter to lord North, signed Moderator, complimenting administration for rejecting the city remonstrance, and one of the same date signed Probus, abusing administration for the same measure. While this unprincipled young man was thus demonstrating how unsafe it would be for any party to trust him, his letters to all his friends continued to be full of the brightest prospects of honours and wealth. But about the month of July some revolution appears to have taken place in his mind or his affairs which speedily put an end to all his hopes.

Of what nature this was remains yet a secret. About the time mentioned, he removed from a house in Shoreditch, where he had hitherto lived, to the house of a Mrs. Angel, a sack-maker in Brook-street, Holborn, where he became poor and unhappy, abandoning his literary pursuits, and projecting to go out to Africa as a naval surgeon's mate: he had picked up some knowledge of surgery from Mr. Barret, and now requested that gentleman's recommendation, which Mr. Barret, who knew his versatile turn, and how unfit in other respects he was for the situa-

<sup>4</sup> "They print the Gospel Magazine here. For a whim I write in it. I believe there are not any sent to Bristol: they are hardly worth the carriage, methodistical and unmeaning." Letter to his sister, May 30, 1770: I have not been able to discover a magazine of this title earlier than 1774; but there was one in Chatterton's time called The Christian Magazine, which may probably be meant. G

tion, thought proper to refuse. If this was the immediate cause of his catastrophe, what are we to think of his lofty spirit? It is certain, however, that he no longer employed his pen, and that the short remainder of his days was spent in a conflict between pride and poverty. On the day preceding his death, he refused, with indignation, a kind offer from Mrs. Angel to partake of her dinner, assuring her that he was not hungry, although he had not eaten any thing for two or three days. On the 25th of August, 1770, he was found dead, in consequence, as is supposed, of having swallowed arsenic in water, or some preparation of opium. He was buried in a shell in the burying ground belonging to Shoe-lane workhouse. Previous to this rash act he appears to have destroyed all his manuscripts, as the room, when broken open, was found covered with little scraps of paper.

It has been regretted that we know very little of the life of this extraordinary young man, whose writings have since become an object of so much curiosity; and great surprise has been expressed that, from the many with whom he appears to have been acquainted, such scanty information has been obtained. For this, however, various reasons may be assigned which will lessen the wonder. In the first place his fame, using that word in its most common application, was confined principally to his native city, and there it appears that his friends undervalued his talents, because they considered him in no better light than that of an unprincipled young man, who had accidentally become possessed of certain ancient manuscripts, some of which he had given up, some he had mutilated, and the rest he had destroyed. He was with them an illiterate charity-boy, the runaway apprentice or hackney-writer of an attorney; and after he came to London, they appear to have made very few inquiries after him, congratulating themselves that they had got rid of a rash, impetuous, headstrong boy, who would do some mischief, and disgrace himself and his relations. Again, in London, notwithstanding of his boasting letters to his mother and sister, he rose to no high rank among the reputable writers of the day, his productions being confined to publications of the lower order, all of which are now forgotten. But there cannot be a more decisive proof of the little regard he attracted in London, than the secrecy and silence which accompanied his death. This event, although so extraordinary, for young suicides are surely not common, is not even mentioned in any shape in the Gentleman's Magazine, the London Magazine, the Annual Register, the St. James's or London Chronicles, nor in any of the respectable publications of the day. He died, a coroner's jury sat upon the body, and he was buried among paupers, so long before his acquaintance heard of these circumstances, that it was with some difficulty they could be traced with any degree of authenticity. And, lastly, it does not appear that any inquiries were made into his early history for nearly seven years after his death, when the Poems of Rowley were first published<sup>1</sup>, and led the way to a very acute and long-protracted discussion on their merits. It may be added, too, that they who contended for the authenticity of the poems were for sinking every circumstance that could prove the genius of Chatterton, until Mr. Thomas Warton, and some others, took the opposite side of the question, brought the poems to the

<sup>1</sup> "The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin" preceded this by some years, but does not appear to have attracted much notice. Mr. Cole, a very acute antiquary, suspected this poem to be a forgery, from the hero's name being Charles, a name unknown in the times of Henry VI. and Edward IV. Cole's MSS. in Brit. Mus.—C.

internal evidence, and discovered, that however *extraordinary* it was for Chatterton to produce them in the eighteenth century, it was *impossible* that Rowley could have written them in the fifteenth.

When public attention was at length called to Chatterton's history<sup>1</sup>, his admirers took every step to excite compassion in his favour. It became the fashion to report that he was starved by an insensible age, or suffered by the neglect of patrons to perish in want of the common necessaries of life. But of this there is no satisfactory evidence. On the contrary he appears to have been fully employed by his literary friends almost up to the day of his death, and from one of them he solicited money a very little before that catastrophe, and received it with an assurance that he should have more if he wanted it. This benefactor was the late Mr. Hamilton, senior, the proprietor of the *Critical Review*, a man of well-known liberality both of mind and purse. One who knew him well, when in London, and who wrote under the inspection of Mr. Hamilton, gives it as a probable conjecture, that "he wished to seal his secret with his death. He knew that he and Rowley were suspected to be the same; his London friends spoke of it with little scruple, and he neither confessed nor denied it. He might fear somewhat from himself; might dread the effects of increasing obligations, and be struck with horror at the thought of a public detection. He sometimes seemed wild, abstracted, and incoherent: at others he had a settled gloominess in his countenance, the sure presage of his fatal resolution. In short this was the very temperament and constitution from which we should, in similar circumstances, expect the same event. He was one of those irregular meteors which astonish the universe for a moment, and then disappear for ever<sup>2</sup>." This is at least plausible, but the immediate cause of his death must perhaps yet remain a mystery. He had written so recently to his Bristol friends (about a month before) without a syllable indicating discontent or despair, that it was wholly unexpected on their part; but suicide, at one time or other, his biographers have proved, was his fixed purpose, and the execution of it was probably to depend on his disappointment in whatever wild or impracticable scheme he might meditate. He got enough in London, by his literary labours, to supply the decent necessaries of life, but his dreams of affluence were over, and had probably left that frightful void in his mind at which despair and disappointed pride entered.

The person of Chatterton is said to have been, like his genius, "premature; he had a manliness and dignity beyond his years, and there was a something about him uncommonly prepossessing. His most remarkable feature was his eyes, which, though grey, were uncommonly piercing; when he warmed in argument, or otherwise, they sparkled with fire; and one eye, it is said, was still more remarkable than the other<sup>3</sup>."

As to his genius, it must ever be the subject of admiration, whether he was or was not the author of the poems ascribed to Rowley. If we look at the poems avowedly his own, together with his productions in prose, where shall

<sup>1</sup> Sir Herbert Croft, in a miscellaneous publication, intitled *Love and Madness*, was among the first who brought the particulars of Chatterton's Life into notice. See his *Letters* on this subject in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXX. pp. 99, &c.—C.

<sup>2</sup> *Critical Review*, Vol. LIII. p. 494.—C.

<sup>3</sup> *Life*, by Dr. Gregory.—C.

we find such various and indubitable proofs of genius at so early an age, struggling against so many difficulties? Let us contemplate him as a young man, without classical education, and who knew nothing of literary society but during the few months of his residence in London; and if to this we add, what has been most decidedly proved, that he was not only the author of the poems attributed to Rowley, but consumed his early days in the laborious task of disguising them in the garb of antiquity, perpetually harassed by suspicion, and fearfull of discovery: if likewise we reflect that the whole of his career closed before he had completed his eighteenth year, we must surely allow that he was one of the most extraordinary young men of modern times, and deserves to be placed high among those instances of premature talents recorded by Kleferus in his *Bibliotheca Ernditorum Præcocium*, and by Baillet in his *Essais Célèbres*.

Still our admiration should be chastened by confining it to the single point of Chatterton's extreme youth. If we go farther, and consider Rowley's poems as the most perfect productions of any age; if, with Dean Milles, we prefer him to Homer, Virgil, Spenser and Shakespeare, we go beyond all bounds of sober criticism, or rather we defy its laws. Wonderful as those poems are, when considered as the productions of a boy, many heavy deductions must be made from them, if we consider them as the productions of a man, of one who had bestowed labour as well as contributed genius, and who had learned to polish and correct; who would not have admitted such a number of palpable imitations and plagiarisms, and would have altered or expunged a multitude of tame, prosaic, and bald lines and metres.

The general character of his works has been so fairly and elegantly appreciated by lord Orford, that I shall make no apology for introducing his remarks, especially as they occur only in the last edition of his works. "His life," says this critic, "should be compared with the powers of his mind, the perfection of his poetry, his knowledge of the world, which, though in some respects erroneous, spoke quick intuition; his humour, his vein of satire, and, above all, the amazing number of books he must have looked into, though chained down to a laborious and almost incessant service, and confined to Bristol, except, at most, for the last five months of his life; the rapidity with which he seized all the topics of conversation then in vogue, whether of politics, literature or fashion; and when added to all this mass of reflection, it is remembered that his youthful passions were indulged to excess, faith in such a prodigy may well be suspended, and we should look for some secret agent behind the curtain, if it were not as difficult to believe that any man possessed such a vein of genuine poetry would have submitted to lie concealed while he actuated a puppet; or would have stooped to prostitute his muse to so many unworthy functions. But nothing in Chatterton can be separated from Chatterton. His noblest flights, his sweetest strains, his grossest ribaldry, and his most common-place imitations of the productions of magazines, were all the effervescences of the same ungovernable impulse, which,ameleon-like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on. It was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollet, or Junius—and if it failed most in what it most affected to be, a poet of the fifteenth century, it was because it could not imitate what had not existed."

The facts already related are principally taken from the account drawn up originally for the *Biographia Britannica*, and at the distance of eighteen years, prefixed to a late edition of his works, without any addition or alteration. Something yet remains to be said of his virtues, which, if the poetical eulogiums that have appeared deserve any credit, were many. Except his temperance, however, already noticed, we find only that he preserved an affectionate attachment for his mother and sister, and even concerning this it would appear that more has been said than is consistent. It has been asserted that he sent presents to them from London, when in want himself; but it is evident from his letters that these were unnecessary articles for persons in their situation, and were not sent when he was in want<sup>9</sup>. Six weeks after, when he felt himself in that state, he committed an act, which affection for his relations, since he despised all higher considerations, ought to have retarded. His last letter to his sister and mother, dated July 20, is full of high-spirited hopes, and contains a promise to visit them before the first of January, but not a word that can imply discontent, far less an intention to put an end to his life. What must have been their feelings, when the melancholy event reached them! But how little these poor women were capable of appreciating his character, appears from the very singular evidence of his sister, who affirmed that he was "a lover of truth from the earliest dawn of reason." The affectionate prejudices of a fond relation may be pardoned; but it was surely inconsistent to introduce this in a life, every part of which proves his utter contempt for truth at an age when we are taught to expect a disposition open, ingenuous, and candid.

With regard to the controversy occasioned by the publications attributed to Rowley, it is unnecessary to enter upon it in this sketch, which was intended merely to preserve the few particulars of his history that can be depended on. Whether the object of this controversy was not disproportioned to the warmth it excited, and the length of time it consumed, the reader may judge from a perusal of the whole of Chatterton's productions. The principal advocates for the existence of Rowley, and the authenticity of his poems, were Mr. Bryant, Dean Milles, Dr. Glynne, Mr. Henley<sup>10</sup>, Dr. Langhorn (in the *Monthly Review*), and Mr. James Harris. Their opponents were Mr. Tyrwhitt, Horace Walpole, the two Wartons, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Steevens, Dr. Percy<sup>10</sup> (bishop of Dromore), Mr. Gibbon, Mr. Jones, Dr. Farmer, Mr. Colman, Mr. Sheridan<sup>10</sup>, Dr. Lort, Mr. Astle, Mr. (sir Herbert) Croft<sup>10</sup>, Mr. Hayley<sup>10</sup>, Lord Camden, Mr. Gough<sup>10</sup>, Mr. Mason, the writer of the *Critical Review*, Mr. Badcock (in the *Monthly Review*), the Reviewers in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and various correspondents in the same miscellany. To these may be added Mr. Malone<sup>10</sup>, who has lived to detect another forgery by a very young impostor, in the history of which the reader will probably recollect many corresponding circumstances, but will be inclined to prefer the *stomach* of Chatterton, fatal as it was, to the unblushing impudence and unnatural fraud of one who brought disgrace and ruin on a parent.

In the year 1803, an edition of Chatterton's works, far more complete than

<sup>9</sup> See a note in the *Biog. Britannica*, vol. iv. p. 588, signed O, written by Dr. Lort, but omitted in the life lately published.—C.

<sup>10</sup> These gentlemen only are the survivors (1807) of this celebrated dispute.—C.

any that had yet appeared, was published under the care of Messrs. Southey and Cottle, for the benefit of Mrs. Newton, Chatterton's sister, (since dead) and of her daughter. This edition has been followed in the present collection, but the coldness with which it was received by the public is perhaps a proof that it will not be possible to perpetuate the fame of an author, who has concealed his best productions under the garb of a barbarous language, which few will be at the trouble of learning. The controversy is no longer interesting, and perhaps the warmth with which so many great names engaged in it may hereafter be reckoned as surprising as the object itself.





# POEMS

OF

## THOMAS CHATTERTON.

### ECLOGUES.

The three first Eclogues are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. with the following title in the first page: Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations by Thomas Chatterton. There is only one other poem in this book, viz. the fragment of Godwyn, a Tragedie.

The fourth Eclogue is reprinted from the Town and Country Magazine for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, Elinoure and Juga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, secular priest. And it has the following subscription: D. B. Bristol, May 1769. Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the magazine.

### ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

ROBERTE AND RAUFE.

WHANNE Englonde, smeehyng from her le-  
thal wounde, [awaie,  
From her galled necke dyd twytte the chayne  
Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,  
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas honoure ledde the fraie,)  
Thanne inne a dale, bis eve's dark surcote graie,  
Twayne lonellie shepsterres dyd abrodden flie  
(The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie,)  
And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;  
First Roberte Neatherde hys sore boesom stroke,  
Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke.

ROBERTE.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do commealonge,  
Gif thos wee sic in chase of farther woe,  
Oure fote wylle fayle, abyttie wee bea stronge,  
Ne wylle oure pace swefts as our danger go.  
To our grete wronges wee have eneped moe,  
The baronnes warre! oh! woo and well-a-daie!  
I haveth lyff, bott have escaped noe  
That lyff, ytse! mis senses doe affraie  
Oh Raufe, comme lyste, and hear mie dernie  
tale, [dale.  
Come heare the balefull dome of Robynns of the

RAUFE.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne this woe in myne;  
Oh! I've a tale that Sabalus mote telle.

Swote Bourstis, mantled meadows, forestes  
dygne;  
Oravots far-head arounde the ermiets cell;  
The swote ribble dyning yn the dell;  
Thejoyous daunceyng yon the hoastrie courts;  
Eke the highe songs and everych joie farewell,  
Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte:  
Impestering trobble onn mie heade doe cosme,  
Ne on kynde seyacts to warde the aye encras-  
yng dome.

ROBERTE.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kyng-coppo-docked  
mees,  
Mie spreedyng flockes of shepe of lillie white,  
Mie tendre applynges<sup>1</sup>, and embodyde trees,  
Mie parker's grange, far spreedyng to the  
syghte, [fyghte,  
Mie cuyen kyne, mie bullockes stringe ya  
Mie gorne emblancheth with the comfres  
plante, [lyghte,  
Mie floure Seyncte Marie shottetyng wythe the  
Mie store of all the blessynges Heaven can grant.  
I amn duresed unto sorrowes blowe, [flowe.  
Thantend to the peyne, will lette be salts teure

RAUFE.

Here I wille obaie<sup>2</sup> untylle dothe doe 'pore,  
Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathe tree,  
Whyche sleseth everichout that cometh nere,  
Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gra.  
I to bement haveth moe cause than thes;  
Sleene in the warre mie bookis fadre lies;  
Oh! joieous I hys northerer would slea,  
And bie hys syde for aie enclose myne eies.  
Calked<sup>3</sup> from evrych joie, heere wylle I blode;  
Fell ys the Cullys-yatts of mie hartes carle steda.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Tyrwhitt asserts that this word is not to be found elsewhere.

<sup>2</sup> This word is explained, as Chatterton has interpreted it, by Kersey and Speght. But the compiler of Gloss. Ur. has observed, that *obay*, in the single passage of Chaucer, in which it occurs C. T. ver. 12094 is a misprint, and should be *obey*, as it is printed in the last edition from the best MSS. The inference is plain enough, from whence the author of the poems got his word *obay*, with its interpretation. Tyrwhitt.

<sup>3</sup> This word appears to have been formed upon a misapprehension of the following article in Skinner: "Calked, exp. cast, credo cast up." Chat-

## ROBERTE.

Our woes alyche, alyche our dome shal bee.  
 Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn<sup>4</sup>, ystorven ys;  
 Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee;  
 A lyff lyche myne a bordes ys ywis.  
 Now from een logges fledden is adynnes,  
 Mysterres alleyn can boaste the hallie seyncte;  
 Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse<sup>5</sup>  
 And wyth her championnes gore her face de-  
 peyncte;  
 Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode,  
 And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments stepned  
 with bloude.

## ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

## NYGELLE.

SPRYTES of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,  
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gou,  
 Uponne the bredde sea doe the banners glime,  
 The ameneued nationnes be aston,  
 To ken syke large a fiete, syke fyne, syke breme.  
 The barkh hesfods coupe the lymed streme;  
 Oundes synkeynge nundes upon the hard ake  
 rise;

The water slughornes wythe a swotye cleme  
 Conteke the dynnyng ayre, and reche the skies.  
 Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn troncs astedde,  
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The gale depeyncted bares from the black tyde,  
 Decorn with founes rare, doe shemyng ryse;  
 Upswalyngt doe heie shewe ynne drierie pryde,  
 Lyche gore red estels in the eve merk skyes;  
 The nome-depeyncted shields, the speres aryse,  
 Alyche talle ruses on the water syde; [eyes;  
 Alonge from bark to bark the bryght sheenc  
 Sweft-kerr'd delighthes doe on the water glyde.  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Sarazen loke owte: he doethe feere,  
 That Englonde's brondeous sonnes do cotte the  
 waie. [there;  
 Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth here and  
 Onknowlchyngge inne whatte place to obaie.

terton did not attend to the difference between casting out, and casting up, i. e. casting up figures in calculation. That the letter was Skinner's meaning may be collected from his next article. "Calcked for calculated. Ch. the Frankeleynes tale." It is probable too, I think, that in both articles Skinner refers, by mistake, to a line of the Frankeleynes Tale, which in the common editions stands thus:—"Full subtelly he had calked al this," where *calked* is a mere misprint for *calculated*, the reading of the MSS. Tyrwhitt.

<sup>4</sup> Alone is never used for only; *solus* for *unicus*; and for *unigue*. The distinction I believe subsists in most languages. If the learned persons do not yet apprehend it, I would advise them in the following passage of Shakespeare, "Ah! no—it is my only son"—to substitute *my son alone*, and to judge for themselves whether the difference in the idea suggested arises merely from the different position of the words. Tyrwhitt.

<sup>5</sup> When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask.

Shakespeare, *Henry IV.* p. 1.

The banner glesters on the borne of daie;  
 The mittee crosse Jerusalem ys scene;  
 Dhereof the ryghte yer courage doe affraie,  
 In barefull dole their faces be ywreene.  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The boikengers and cottes, soe swyfte yn fyghte,  
 Upon the sydes of everich bark appere  
 Foorthe to his office lepethe everych knyghte,  
 Eftsoones bys aquyer, with his shield and  
 apere. [glare;

The jyaunge shields doe shemre and mola  
 The dosbeyng oare doe make gemoted dynne;  
 The reynyng foemen, thynckeynge gif to dare,  
 Boun the merk swerde, these seche to fraie,  
 theise blyn.

Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Now count the warryage Sarasyns to fyghte;  
 Kyng Rychard, lyche a lyoncel of warre,  
 In sheenyng goulde, lyke feerie groufers',  
 dyghte,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Bryant has a curious remark upon this word. "It is here said to be derived from *grus*, a *fen*, and *fer*, a corruption of *fire*. Hence we may perceive that it is taken for a common *ignis fatuus*; the same which the country people style a *Will of the wisp* and *Jack-a-lantern*. On this account the expostor has been induced to derive it from *grus* a *fen*. But there is nothing in an *ignis fatuus* which agrees with the description here given. This meteor, the *ignis fatuus*, is represented as a vague, playful and innocent light, in which there is nothing terrible or alarming. Besides a *ground-fire* is plainly a *ground-fire* from *grus*\* and *grus*, *solus*. See Otai Verelii Lexicon Sævo. Outhic. It was expressed A. S. 3200. *solus*. *fer*. *grus*. *solus*. *grus*. *solus*. See Lye's Etymolog. Ang. Moreover from the comparison it is evident, that something is alluded to, which was of a very fearful nature, and of an uncommon appearance. Whatever it may have been, we find it again referred to, though in different terms—

Lyche a battently low mie swerde shall brend.  
 Goddwyn. 50.

Now what have we similar by which these descriptions can be explained? Nothing that I am apprised of, now a days. But I think that there were of old some phenomena, mentioned by the more early historians of this country, which will illustrate the point greatly. In the Saxon Chronicle we read, that in the year 1039, there were earthquakes in many parts of this kingdom; and that a sad mortality ensued; and what is very particular, there were seen fires of an uncommon appearance, such as were never seen before. They broke out of the earth in different places and did a great deal of mischief. Simon Duchesne takes notice of earthquakes happening, and of a like fire appearing a few years after, anno 1046. He speaks of it as breaking out in Derbyshire and

\* *Grus* signifies undoubtedly a marshy place: but also solid ground.

† P. 134. See also Roger de Hoveden, p. 440. Hence we may perceive that the artificial fire called *wild fire* at this day, took its name from the similitude it bore to these *battently lowes* and *ground-fires*, which broke out in the times specified.

Shaketh aloft his honde, and scene afarre  
 Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre  
 Amenge the drybblett ons to sheene fulle  
 byrghat;

Syke sunnys wayns wyth amayl'd beames doe  
 barr

The blanchie mone or estells to gev lyghte.  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and evrich seyncte ydedde,  
 Pourt owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Distraughte affraie, wytbe lockes of blodde-red  
 die,

Terroure, embarled yn the thonders rage,  
 Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugsomane fle,  
 Eachsynge cahone champyonne war to wage.  
 Spere<sup>2</sup> beryle<sup>2</sup> speres; swerdes upon swerdes  
 engage;

some neighbouring counties, and being of an alarming nature; and he concludes with saying, "vilas et segetes multas ustulavit." Hist. Ang. Script. Decem. p. 183. It is recorded by John Brompton nearly in the same manner. He mentions the mortality which then prevailed; and the mischief which was done by these fires. Ibid. p. 359. l. 48. The like phenomenon is said to have appeared in the next century, according to Hollinshead, as well as other writers. He mentions in the reign of Henry the First, that there were earthquakes similar to the former; and that fires came out of the earth with great violence, which could not be water, nor by any means be subdued. V. 2. p. 44. Fires of this nature must have had a very formidable appearance. And it was not any fenny meteor, but undoubtedly these groundfires, to which the poet alluded. It is remarkable that the first appearance of them was anno 1032, and the second, if not a continuation of the same phenomenon, was anno 1046; both in the days of earl Godwin, from whom the tragedy has its name. So that the comparison there made, agrees very well with the times, and with the event by which they were distinguished. The last instance of such fires, was not indeed in the days of king Richard<sup>1</sup>, who is the person concerned in the Second Eclogue, yet not so far removed, but that there might have been persons living by whom they were seen. The memory of them could not have been soon effaced. Hence it was natural for persons, who were treating of those times, to introduce those circumstances, which so particularly marked them. For the justice of these comparisons was very apparent in those days: which fitness and propriety is lost if they are introduced at a later season, and by another hand. It is from such remote and secret references that I am induced to think that some of these poems are of a greater antiquity than has generally been attributed to them. As to the person who has attempted to explain them, it is manifest that he proceeded merely by surmise and conjecture. He was not acquainted with the latent purport of these references; and the conclusion which necessarily follows, is, I think, very plain.

\* See an account of a similar phenomenon in Germany mentioned by Tacitus.  
 † They happened anno 1155, in the last year of Henry the First. See Polydore Virgil, p. 126.

Armoire on armooredryms, shioldie upon shioldie;  
 No dethe of thousandes can the warr sarunge,  
 Botte falleynge pombers sable all the fesside,  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and evrych seyncte ydedde,  
 Pourt owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde; the cross reles hys;  
 Steyned ynne goere, the bartle of warre ys seen;  
 Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope doth  
 fle,

And beerth meynthe of Tarkes onto the greene;  
 Bie hymn the floure of Asies menn is alone;  
 The waytynge mone doth fade before hys soone;  
 Bie hymn hys knyghtes bee formed to actions  
 deene,

Doeynge syke marvtis, strongers be aston.  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and evrych seyncte ydedde,  
 Pourt owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte is woune; kyng Rycharde master  
 The Englonde bannerr kisseth the his ayre; [is;  
 Full of pure joie the armie is weys,  
 And evrych one haveth it omne his bayre;  
 Agayne to Englonde comme, and worscheped  
 there,

Twyghte into lorynge armes, and feasted oft;  
 In evrych eyne aredyngne nets of wyere,  
 Of all remembrance of past peyne berefte.

Sprytes of the bleste, and evrych seyncte ydedde,  
 Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel sed, whan from the bluie sea  
 The upswol sayle dyd daunce before his eyre;  
 Swette as the wishe, hee toe the beechie dyd floe,  
 And founde his fadre steppeynge from the  
 bryne. [loove,

Lette thysson<sup>4</sup> menne, who haveth sprite of  
 Bethyncke untoe themselves how moote the meet-  
 ynge proove.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

MANNE. WOMANNE. SIR ROGERRE.

WOULDST thou kenn Nature in her better parte?  
 Goe, seeche the logges and bordels<sup>1</sup> of the  
 hynde;  
 Oiff theie have anie, litte ys roughe-made arte,  
 Inne hem you see the blakied<sup>2</sup> forme of kynde.

<sup>1</sup> Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet  
 clos'd,  
 To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd.

\*\*\*\*\*

Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,  
 Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.  
 Pope's Homer.

<sup>2</sup> The idea of *breaking*, which is quite foreign from *beryls*, might perhaps have been suggested by the following passage in Kersey: "Bevilc (in heraldry) broken or open, like a hevel, or carpenter's rule." Tyrwhitt.

<sup>3</sup> *Thyssen*. This word is not to be found in any other writer: *thison* or *thizen* is used by the cultiers about Bristol.

<sup>1</sup> *Bordel*, in very old French signifies a *cottage*, and *bordeler*, a cottager. Chaucer uses the first for a *brothel*, and the second for a keeper of such a house.

<sup>2</sup> To explain this strange word, *blake*, as occurring Æ. 173.

Whanne Autumpoe Make and sonne-brente doe  
 appeere.

Haveth your mynde a lycheynge of a mynde?  
 Woulde it kenne everich thyng, as it mote bee?  
 Woulde yte here phrase of vulgar from the  
 hynde,  
 Withoute wissegger wordes and knowische free?  
 Gyf soe, rede thys, whyche icha dysportynge  
 pende; [mendie.  
 Gif nate besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte com-

## MANNE.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goo?  
 O where do ye bende yer waie?  
 I wille knowe whether yer goo,  
 I wylle not bee asaked naie.

## WOMANNE.

To Robin and Nell, all downe in the delle,  
 To hele hem at makeynge of baie.

## MANNE.

Syr Rogerre, the parson, have hyred mee there,  
 Comme, comme lett us tryppe ytte awaie,  
 We'lle wurke and we'lle synge, and weylla  
 drenche of stronge beer  
 As longe as the merrie sommers daie.

## WOMANNE.

How hardie ys mie dome to wurch!  
 Moke is mie woe.  
 Dame Agnes, whos lies ynne the chyrche  
 With birlette golde,  
 Wythe gelten aumeres stronge ontolde,  
 What was shee moe than me, to be soe?

## MANNE.

I kenne syr Roger from afar  
 Tryppynge over the lea;  
 Ich ask whis the loversd son,  
 Is moe than mee.

## SYR ROGERRE.

The sweltrie sonne dothe hie apece hys wayne,  
 From everich beme a seme of lyffe doe falle;  
 Swythyn scille oppe the haie uppoune the  
 playne;  
 Methynckes the cocken begynneth to gre talke.  
 Thys ys alyche oure doome; the great, the  
 smalle, [darte.  
 Moote wythe and bee forwyued by deathis  
 See! the swote-flourette hathe noe swote at alle:  
 Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth ewalle parte.  
 The cravent, warrioure, and the wyse be blente,  
 Alyche to drie awaie wythe those theie dyd be-  
 mente.

## MANNE.

All-a-boon<sup>3</sup>, syr priest, all-a-boon.

And again 407.

*Blake* stondeth future doome, and joie doth mee  
 alyse,  
 is explained *open, exposed*; and *blaised* is made the  
 participle from an imaginary verb, to *make*, sig-  
 nifying to *open*.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Tyrwhitt says, "the only passage, I be-  
 lieve, in which these eight letters are to be found  
 together in the same order, is in Chaucer, C.  
 Tales, v. 9492.

"And alderfirst he bade hem all a boon."

This the dean of Exeter considers as authority,  
 arguing that the words in Chaucer should be  
 connected: but *a* is there evidently an adjective  
 connected with the pronoun *hem*.

Bye yer preestachypse nowe mye thito mite;  
 Syr Gaufrid the knyghte, who lyveth hardy  
 Whie shoulde he than mee [bie,  
 Bee moe greate,  
 Lure honoure, knyghtehood and estate?

## SYR ROGERRE.

Attourne thy eyne arounde thys haied mee,  
 Tentyfye loke arounde the chaper delfe;  
 An answer to thie barganette here see,  
 Thys welked flourette wylle a leson telle;  
 Arist it b'ew, itte florished, and dyd well,  
 Lokeynge ascaunce upon the naighbour greene;  
 Yet with the deigned greene yttes rennoone felle,  
 Eftsoones ytte shronke upon the daie-breant  
 playne,  
 Didde nette yttes loke, whilset ytte there dyd  
 stonde,  
 To croppe ytte in the bodde moove somme dred  
 honde.

Syke ys the waie of lyffe; the loversd ente  
 Mooveth the robber hym therfor to slea;  
 Gyf thou has ethe, the shadowe of content,  
 Belsive the trothe, theres none moe haile yan  
 thee. [bee?  
 Thou wurchest; wellie, canne thatte a trobble  
 Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest  
 daie.  
 Couldest thou the kiverced of sougblis see,  
 Thou wouldest eftsoones see trothe yan whatts  
 I saie; [thence  
 Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and  
 Heere thou from me the lyffe of odher menne.

## MANNE.

I ryas wyth the sonne,  
 Lyche hym to dryve the wayne,  
 And eere mie wurch is don  
 I synge a songe or twayne.  
 I followe the plough-tayle,  
 Wythe a longe jubb of aie.  
 Botte of the maydens, oh!  
 Itte lacketh notte to telle;  
 Syr preeste mote notte crie woe,  
 Cukde hys bull do as wellie.  
 I dancke the beste beiedeegnes,  
 And foile the wysect feyenes.  
 On everych seyunct hie daie  
 Wythe the mynstrelle am I seene,  
 All a footeynge it awaie,  
 Wythe the maydens on the greene.  
 But oh! I wyshe to be moe greate,  
 In rennoone, tenure and estate.

## SYR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne seene a tree uppoune a hylle,  
 Whose unliste braunces rechen far toe syghte;  
 Whan fuired unwers doe the Heaven fyllie,  
 Itte shaketh doere yn dote and moke asfryghte.  
 Whykest the congeon flourette abessie<sup>4</sup> dyghte,  
 Stonde the unhurte, unquaced bie the storme:  
 Syke is a picte of lyffe: the manne of myghte  
 Is tempest-chast, hys woe greate as hys forme;  
 Thieswife a flourette of a small accounte,  
 Wouldest harder felle the wynde, as hygher than  
 dydste mounte.

<sup>4</sup> Evidently from the French *abaisier*, but cor-  
 ruptly and indeed unintelligibly formed. It is  
 used by no other writer. Tyrwhitt.

## ELOGUE THE FOURTH.

## ELINOURE AND JUGA.

ONE Ruddeborne<sup>1</sup> bank twa pyuynge maydens  
 saie, [cleere;  
 Their teares faste dryppeyne to the waterre  
 Echone bementynge for her absente mate,  
 Who atte Seyncte Albons shouke the northynge  
 speare.

The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga sayre [eyne,  
 Dyde speke acroole<sup>2</sup>, wythe languishment of  
 Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed the quyvryng  
 brine.

## ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie plainte,  
 To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte in etele;  
 O mai ne sanguen steins the whyte rose peyncte,  
 Mai good Seyncte Cuthberte watche Syrr Ro-  
 berte wele.

Make moe than ne deatlie in phantasia I feele;  
 See! see! upon the grounde he bleedynge lies;  
 Inbild some joice of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.

## JUGA.

Systers in sorrowe on thys daise-ey'd banke,  
 Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente;  
 Bewete wythe mornyng dewe and evene danke;  
 Lyche levynde okes in ech the othe bente,  
 Or lyche foreletenn<sup>3</sup> halles of merriemente,  
 Whose gastlie mitchesholde the traine of fyghte,  
 Where lethale ravens bark, and owlets wake the  
 nyghte.

## ELINOURE.

No moe the miskynette shall wake the morn<sup>4</sup>,  
 The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and moryoe  
 plaie;

No moe the ambylynge palfrie and the borne  
 Shall from the leasel rouze the foxe awaite;  
 I'll seke the forreste alle the lyve-longe daie;  
 Alle nete amenge the grave chyrche glebe wyll  
 goe,  
 And to the passante spryghtes lecture mie tale of  
 woe.

## JUGA.

Whan mokie cloudis do hange upon the leme  
 Of loken Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte;  
 The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreame  
 Of selyness, whyche flyeth wythe the nyghte;

<sup>1</sup> Ruddeborne, *rudborne* (in Saxon, *red-water*); a river near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the houses of Lancaster and York.

<sup>2</sup> Unauthorized. The imitative verb *croole*, or something like it, is said to have denoted the sound made by the dove.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Bowles has introduced this line in his *Monody*, written at Matlock.

Whilut hush'd, and by the mace of ruin rent,  
 Sitst the forsaken hall of merriment.

<sup>4</sup> The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twittering from her straw-built  
 shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly  
 bed. Gray.

Thenne (botte the seynctes forbydde!) gif to a  
 spryte [traughte  
 Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dys-  
 Hys bledeynge claie-cokke const, and die echs hale  
 ynn thoughte.

## ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can  
 shewe!

Thou lymed ryver, on this linche maie bleede  
 Champyons, whose blouda wyll wythe this  
 waterres flowe, [deode!

And Rudborne stroeme be Rudborne stroeme in-  
 Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytt oere the meade,  
 To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,  
 Or wythe oore fallen knyghtes be mengod onne the  
 plain.

So sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,  
 Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormle  
 rayne;

Theie moved gentle oore the dewie mees,  
 To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes re-  
 mayne. [were slayne,

Theie dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes  
 Distraughte theie wandered to swolleu Rudbornes  
 syde, [and dyde.  
 Yelled theyre lothalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves,

## THE PARLYAMENTE OF SPRYTES.

[From Barrett's History of Bristol. The original  
 in Chatterton's hand-writing is in the British  
 Museum. It was among the most early commu-  
 nications of Chatterton to Mr. Barrett.]

## A MOST MERRIE ENTVELUDE,

Plaid bie the Carmelyte Preeres at Maastr Can-  
 nynges hys greete hows, before Maastr Can-  
 nynges and Byshoppe Carpenterre<sup>1</sup>, on dedi-  
 catyng the chyrche of Oure Ladie of Radcliffe,  
 hight the Parlyamente of Sprytea. Wroten bie  
 T. Rowleio and J. Iscaume<sup>2</sup>.

Introduction bis Sacus Mabbie.  
(His Iscaume.)

Whan from the crthe the sonnes hulestred,  
 Than from the flourcis straughte<sup>3</sup> with dewe;  
 Mie leege menne makos yet awbaped,  
 And wythes theyre wytchenref doe.

<sup>1</sup> John Carpenter, bishop of Worcester, who in conjunction with Mr. Canynge, founded the abbey at Westbury.

<sup>2</sup> John Iscaume, according to Rowley, was a canon of the monastery of Saint Augustine in Bristol. He wrote a dramatic piece called *The Pleasant Discourses of Lanyngeton*; also at the desire of Mr. Canynge (Rowley being then collecting of drawings for Mr. Canynge) he translated a Latin piece called *Miles Brystoli* into English metre. The place of his birth is not known.

<sup>3</sup> Straughte, *stretched*. I think this line is borrowed from a much better one of Rowley's, viz. Like kynge cuppes brasteyng wythe the mornyng dew. The reason why I think Iscaume guilty of the plagiarism is, that the Songe to Ella, from whence the above line is taken, was wrote when Rowley was in London collecting of drawings for Mr. Canynge to build the church, and Iscaume

Then ryse the sprytes ugsome and rou,  
 And take theyre walke the letten throwe.  
 Than do the sprytes of valourous menne,  
 Aglome along the barbed halle;  
 Pleasaunte the moultrynge banners keane,  
 Or sytte arounde yn honoure stalle.  
 Oure sprytes atourne theyr eyone to nyghte,  
 And looke on Canynge hys chyrche bryghte.  
 In sothe yn alle mie bismarde rounde,  
 Troolie the thynges must he bewryen:  
 Inne stone or woden worke ne founde,  
 Nete no bieleroyle to myne eyne,  
 As ys goode Canynge hys chyrche of stone,  
 Whych blatauntlie wylle shewe his prayse alone.

To Johannes Carpentierre Byshoppe of Worcesterre.  
 (Bis Rowleie.)

To you goode Byshoppe, I address mie saie,  
 To you who honoureth the clothe you weare;  
 Lyke pretious bighes ynne golde of best alliaie  
 Echone dothe make the other seeme more fayre:  
 Other than you<sup>5</sup> where coulede a manne be founde  
 So fytt to make a place bee holie grounde.

The mainetes yune stones so netelic carveded,  
 Theie scantlie are whatte theyr ensembe to be;  
 Bie ferrente praier of yours myghte rear theyre  
 heade,  
 And chaunte owte masses to oure Vyrgyne.  
 Was everie prelate lyke a Carpentierre, [terre.  
 The chyrche woude ne blushe at a Wynches.

Learned as Beauclerke, as the Confessour  
 Holie yune lyfe, lyke Canynge charitable,  
 Busie in holie chyrche as Vavasour, [staple,  
 Slacke yn thynges evylle, yn alle goode thynges  
 Honest as Saxonne was, from whence thou'rt  
 sprunge,

Tho boddie weak this soule for ever younge.

Thou knowest welle this conscience free from  
 steyne,

This soule her rode<sup>6</sup> no sable hatements have;  
 Yelenchde or wythe vyrtues beste adaygne,  
 A daic aeterne this mynde does sie adave.  
 Ne spoyled widowes, orphans dystreste,  
 Ne starvynge preetes ycrase this nyghtlie resta.

Here then to thee let me for one and alle  
 Give lawde to Carpentierre and commendatyon,  
 For hys grete vyrtues but alas! too smalle  
 Is mie poore skylle to shewe you hys juste blatyon,  
 Or to blaze forthe hys publicke goode alone,  
 And alle his pryvate goode to Godde and hym ys  
 knowe.

Spryte of Nymrodde speaketh.  
 (Bis Icomme.)

Soon as the morne but newlie wake,  
 Spyd nyghte ystorven lye;  
 On herre corse dyd dew dropes shake,  
 Then fore the Sonne upgotten was I.

wrote the above a little before the finishing of the church.

<sup>5</sup> "Other than you," &c. Carpenter dedicated the church, as appears by a poem written by Rowley.

<sup>6</sup> Rode, complexion. I take the meaning of this line to be, "The complexion of my soul is free from the black marks of sin."

The rampynge lyon, felle tygere,  
 The bocke that skypes from place to place,  
 The olyphaunte<sup>7</sup> and rhynocere,  
 Before mee throughthe the greene woode I dyd chace.  
 Nymrodde as acryptures hyght mie name,  
 Baalle as jetted stories saie;  
 For rearynge Babelle of groete fame,  
 Mie name and renome shaalle lyven for aie:  
 But here I spie a fyner rearynge,  
 Geust whych the clowdes dothe not fyghte,  
 Onne whych the starres doe sytte to appearunge:  
 Weeke menne thynke yue reache the kyngdom  
 of lyghte.

O where ys the manne that brylde the name,  
 Dyspendynge worldlie store so welle;  
 Fays woude I change wyth hym mie name,  
 And stande yune hys chauce no to goe to Helle.

Spryte of Axyrius speaketh.

Whan toe theyre caves aeterne abeste<sup>8</sup>,  
 The waters ne moe han dystreste  
 The worlde so large;  
 Butte dyde dyscharge  
 Themselves ynto theyre bedde of reste,

Then menne besprenged alle abroad,  
 Ne moe dyde worshyppe the true Godde;  
 Butte dyd create  
 Hie temples greate  
 Unto the image of Nymrodde.

But now the Worde of Godde is come,  
 Borne of Maide Marie toe brynge hame  
 Mankynde hys shepe,  
 Theme for to keepe  
 In the folde of hys beavenlie kyngdom.

Thys chyrche whych Canynge he dyd rear,  
 To be dispente in prayse and prayer,  
 Mennes soules to save,  
 From rowrynge grave,  
 Ande purifye them heaven were<sup>9</sup>.

Sprytes of Elle, Bythrycke, Fyts-hardynge, Franke,  
 Gaxtes, Segowen, Lawngaton, Kayghtes Tapest,  
 and Byrtwene.

(Bis Rowleie.)

Spryte of Bythrycke speaketh.

Elle, thie Brystowe is thie onlie care,  
 Thou arte lyke dragonne vyllant of yis gode;  
 Ne lovyng daines toe kyode moe love can bear,  
 Ne Lombardes over golde moe vyllant broode.

<sup>7</sup> Olyphaunt, elephant. So an ancient anonymous author:

The olyphaunt of beastes is  
 The wisest I wis,  
 For bee alwaie dothe eat  
 Lyttle store of meat.

<sup>8</sup> Abeste, according to Rowley, *hauled or brought down*. And Rowleie saies "the pryde wylle be abeste." Introductyon to the Excyhude of the Apostate.

<sup>9</sup> Heaven were, *Acconemard*, so Rowley:  
 Not goude or bighes will bring thee beaven wert,  
 Ne kyne or mylkie flockes upon the playne,  
 Ne manours ryche nor banners brave and sayre,  
 Ne wife the sweetest of the erthlie trayne.  
 Introductyon to the Enterlude of the Apostate.

*Spryte of Elle speaketh.*

Swythyn, yee sprytes, forsake the bollen boude,  
 And browke a syghte wyth mee, a syghte enfyne;  
 Welle have I vealed myne for Danysh bloude,  
 Syth thys greete structure greete mie whaped eyne.  
 Yee that have buylden on the Radcliffe syde,  
 Tourne there your eyne and see your workes out-  
 vyde.

*Spryte of Byllyricke speaketh.*

What wondrous monurneate! what pyle ys thys!  
 That byndes in wond'ers chayne entedementes!  
 That dothe aloof the ayrie skyen kyas,  
 And seemeth mountaynes joined bie cemente,  
 From Goddo hys greete and wondrous storehouse  
 sente.  
 Folke welle myne eyne arede ytte canne ne bee,  
 That manne could reare of thylke agreete ex-  
 tente,  
 A chyrche so bausyn fetive as wee see:  
 The flamed cloudes disparted from it file,  
 Twylle bee, I wis, to alle eteruityte.

*Elle's spryte speaketh.*

Were I once moe caste yn a mortalle frame,  
 To heare the chauntrie songe sounde ynne myne  
 To heare the masses to owre holie dame, [eare,  
 To rieve the cross yles and the arches fayre!  
 Through the halfe halstred sylver twynklynge  
 glare  
 Of yon bryghte Moone in foggie mantles drete,  
 I mast contente the buyldynge to aspere,  
 Whytate ishad cloudes the hallie syghte arrete.  
 Tyl as the nyghtes growe wayle I file the lyghte,  
 Owere I manne agen to see the syghte!  
 There sytte the canons; clothe of sable hue  
 Adorne the boddies of them everie one;  
 The chaunters whyte with scarfes of wuden blew,  
 And crymson chappeaus for them toe put onne,  
 Wythe golden tassyls glyttrynge ynne the Sunne;  
 The dames ynne kyrtyles alle of Lyncolne greene,  
 And knotted shoone pykes of brave coloures done:  
 A fynere syghte yn sothe was never seen.

*Byrtorne's spryte speaketh.*

Inne tytes and turnies was mie dear delyghte,  
 For manne and Godde hys warfare han renoume;  
 At everyche tyltyng yarde mie name was hyghte,  
 I heare the belle awaie whereer I come.  
 Of Radcliffe chyrche the buyldynge newe I done,  
 And dyd fulle manie holie place endowe,  
 Of Maries house made the foundacyon,  
 And gave a threescore markes to Johnes hys toe.  
 Then clost myne eyne on Erthe to ope no moe,  
 Whyt syx moneths mynde upon mie grave was  
 doe.  
 Full gladde am I mie chyrche was pyghten down,  
 Syth thys brave structure doth agreete myne eye.  
 Thys reason buyldynge limestd of the towne,  
 Like to the donours soule, shalle never die;  
 But if percase Tyme, of hys dyre envie, [stone;  
 Shalle beate ytte to rude wallies and throokes of  
 The faytour traveller that passes bie  
 Wylle see yttes royend auntyaunte splendoure  
 shewne  
 Inne the crasd arches and the carvellynge,  
 And pylars theyre greene heades to Heaven rear-  
 ynge.

*Spryte of Segowen speaketh.*

Bestoykyngs golde was once myne onlie toie,  
 Wyth ytte mie soule wythynne the coffer laie;  
 Itte dyd the mastrie of mie lyfe emploie,  
 Bie nyghte mie leman and mie jubbe bie daye.  
 Once as I dosynge yn the wyth bowre laie,  
 Thynkyng howe to beayn the orphyans breadde,  
 And from the redeless take theyre goodes awaie,  
 I from the skien heare a voyce, which said,  
 "Thou sleepest, but loe Sathan is awake;" [take.  
 Some deede thats holie doe, or hee this soule wylle

I swythyn was upryst wyth feere astounde;  
 Methoughte yn merke was plaien devyllies felle:  
 Strayte dyd I nomber twentie aves rounde,  
 Thoughten full soone for to go to Helle. [teile,  
 In the morne mie case to a goode preests dyd  
 Who dyd areede mee to ybuild that daie  
 The chyrche of Thomas, thenne to pieces felle.  
 Mie heart dispaned into Heaven laie:  
 Soon was the sylver to the workmenne given,—  
 Twas beste astowde, a karynte gave to Heaven.

But welle, I wote, thie causalles were not soe,  
 Twas love of Godde that set thee on the rearyng  
 Of this fayre chyrch, O Canynge, for to doe  
 Thys lymed buyldynge of so fyne apparynge:  
 Thys chyrch owre lesser buyldynge all owt-dary-  
 ynge,  
 Lyke to the Moone wythe starres of lyttle lyghte;  
 And after tymes the feetyve pyle reverynge,  
 The prynee of chyrches buylders thee shall hyghte;  
 Greete was the cause, but greeter was the effecte,  
 So alle wyll saie who doe thys place prospect.

*Spryte of Fyts Hardynge speaketh.*

From royal parentes dyd I have retaynyng,  
 The redde-hayrede Dane confeste to be mie syre;  
 The Dane who often throwe thys kyngdom drayn-  
 ynge,  
 Would mark theyre waie athrough wythe bloude  
 and fyre.  
 As stopped ryvers alwaies ryse moe bygher,  
 And rammed stones bie opposures strunger bee;  
 So thie whan vanquyshed dyd prove moe dyre,  
 And for one peysan theye dyd threescore slie.  
 From them of Deumarques royalle bloude came I,  
 Welle myghte I boaste of mie gentylytie.

The pytes maie sounde and hubble forth mie  
 And tellen what on Radcliffe syde I dyd: [name,  
 Trinytie Colledge ne agrutoche mie fame,  
 The fayreat place in Bystowe ybuild.  
 The royalle bloude that thorow mie waynes slydde  
 Dyd tyncte mie harte wythe manie a noble  
 thoughte;

Lyke to mie mynde the mynster yreared,  
 Wythe noble carvel workmanshyppes wroughte.  
 Hie at the deys, lyke to a kyng on's throne,  
 Dyd I take place and was myself alone.

But thou, the buylder of this swote place,  
 Where alle the aayntes in sweete a junctyon stande,  
 A verie Heaven for yttes fetive grace,  
 The glorie and the wonder of the laude, [haude,  
 That shewes the buylders mynde and fourmiers  
 To bee the beste that on the Erthe remaynes;  
 At once for wonder and delyghte commaunde,  
 Shewynge howe muche bee of the godde retaynes,



Canyng the great, the charytable, and good,  
Noble as kynges, if not of kynges bloude.

*Spyte of Framptone speeketh.*

Brystowe shali speake mie name, and Redcliffe  
toe,  
For here mie deeds were goddiye everychone;  
As Owdens mynster bie the gate wyll shewe,  
And Johnes at Brystowe what mie workes han done.  
Besydes anere howe that I han begonne;  
Butte myne comparde to thysen ys a groffe:  
Nets to bee mencioned or looked upon,  
A verie pannelstre or verie scoffe;  
Canyng, thie name shall liven bee for ale,  
Thie name ne wyth the chyrche shall waste awaie.

*Spyte of Gaults speeketh.*

I dyd fulle manie reparatyons give,  
And the bonne Hommes dyd fulle ryche endowe;  
As touyngs to mie Godde on Erthe dyd lye,  
So alle the Brystowe chronycles wyll shewe.  
But all my dedes wyll bee as nothyng nowe  
Syth Canyng have thys buyldyng fynshed,  
Whych seemeth to be the pryde of Brystowe,  
And bie ne buyldeyng to bee overmatched:  
Whychie nie shall laste and bee the prayse of  
And onlie in the wrecks of nature falle. [alle,

*A Knightes Templars spyte speeketh.*

In hallie land where Saracins defyle  
The groundes wheroun oure Savyour dyd goe,  
And Chryste hys temple make to moschyes vyle,  
Wordies of despyte genst oure Savyour throwe.  
There twas that we dyd our warfarage doe,  
Guardyng the pylgryms of the Chrystyan faie;  
And dyd owre holie armes in bloude embrue,  
Movyng lyke thonder boultis yn deare arraie.  
Oure strokes lyke leryn tareyng the tall tree  
Oure Godde owre arme wyth lethalle force dyd  
dree. [walthe,  
Maint tenures fayre, ende mannoures of greete  
Greene woodes, and brookiettes runnyng throughe  
the lee,  
Dyd menne us gyve for theyre deare soule her  
helthe,  
Gave erthlie ryches for goodes heavenlie,  
Ne dyd we lette our ryches untyle bee,  
But dyd ybuilde the Temple chyrche soe fyne,  
The whyche ys wroughte abowt so bismarcie;  
Itte seemeth camoys to the wondryng eyne;  
And ever and anon when belles rynged,  
From place to place ytte moveth yttes his heade:  
Butte Canyng from the sweate of hys owne  
browes,  
Dyd gette hys golde and rayns thys letyve howe.

*Lanyngstonnes spyte speeketh.*

Lette alle mie faultes bee buried ynne the grave;  
Alle obloquyes be rotted wythe mie duste;  
Lette him fyrst carpen that no womans have:  
'Tys paste mannes nature for to be sie juste.  
But yet in sothen to rejoyce I muste,  
That I dyd not immeddle for to buyde;  
Sythe thys quaintained place so glosyous,  
Seemeyng alle chyrcches joynd yn one guilde,  
Has nowe supplid for what I had dooe,  
Whych toe mie cierge is a glorious soune.

*Elle's spyte speeketh.*

Then let us alle do jynstelic recerrence here,  
The beste of menne and byshoppes bare doestande:  
Who are Goddes shepsteres and do take good  
care,  
Of the goods shepe bee putteth yn theyre hand;  
Ne one is losse butte alle in well likande  
Awayte to heare the Generalle Byshoppes calle,  
When Mychaels trompe shall sound to ynmoste  
Affryghte the wycked and awaken alle: [lande,  
Then Canyng ryset to eternal reste,  
And fyndes bee chose on Erthe a lyfe the beste.

THE TOURNAMENT.

AN INTERLUDE.

[This poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Calcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to "oure Ladie," in the place where the church of St. Mary Redcliffe now stands. The following account is transcribed from one of the parchment manuscripts produced by Chatterton:—

"Symonne de Byrtonne eldest sonne of syrre Baldwynus de Byrtonne, was born on the eve of the annunciation m.c.c.xxxxv. hee was desyrable of aspect, and in hys yowthe much yeres to toumeyng, and m.c.c.xxxxxx at Wynchestre yule games won myckle honoure, he abstaynyd from marryage, he was myckle learned, and ybuided a house in the Yle of Wyghte after fashyon of a pallyse royaul, goodye to be boulted, wyth carvellyd pylars on whych was thys ryme wroten:

Fullle nobille is thys kyngelic howe  
And eke fulle nobille thee,  
Echone is for the other fyte  
As saynctes for Heaven bee.

"Hee ever was fullen of almescdes and was of the poore beloved: in m.c.lxxxv kynges Edwarde kepte hys Chyrstmasse at Bryghtstowe and proceeded agaynst the Welchmenne ebronghtene many stronge and doughtie knyghts, amongst whom were syrre Ferrars Nevylle, Geoffrois Freeman, Clymar Percie, Heldebrand Gournie, Ralph Mohun, syr Lyster Percie, and Edgare Knyvet, knyghtes of renowne, who established a three days jouste on sayncte Maryes Hylle: syrre Ferrars Nevylle appeared dyghte in ruddy armoure, bearyn, a rampeunte lyon gutte de sangue, agaynst hym came syr Gerrayne Teysdylle, who bearyd a launce isayngne proper, but was quycklie overthrowen: then appeared Leonarde Ramsay, who had a bonde isuante holdyng a bloudie swerde peercyng a couronne wyth a sheelde peasenne with sylver, he ranne twayne tyltes, but Neville throwen hym on the thyde rencountre: then dyd the above-sayd syrre Symonne de Byrtonne avow that if he overthrowen syrre Ferrars Neville, he would

<sup>1</sup> This circumstance is proved by our old chronicles under the year 1285. Rex Edw. I per Walliam progrediens occidentalem intravit Glamorganiam, que ad Comitum Glouernie noscitur pertinere: rex dein Bristolium veniens festum Dominicæ natiuitatis eo anno ibi tenuit.—Barrett.

there erecte and builde a chyrche to owre Ladye:  
allgate there stode augh Lamyngtonnes Ladies  
chamber: hee then encountered vigorously, and  
bore syre Ferrars horse and man to the grounde,  
remaynyng konyge, victors knyght of the  
jousts, ande settinge atte the ryghte bonde of  
k. Edwarde. Inne m.c.c.lxxxix hee performed  
hys wovyn ybuiden a godelye chyrche from a  
pattern of St. Oswaldes abybes chyrche, and the  
day of our Lordes natyvyty m.c.c.c.i. Gylbert  
de Sainte Leonhardoe byshope of Chychestre dyd  
dedicate it to the Holie Vyrgynne Marye moder  
of Godde."]

Entr on HERAWE.

THE tournament begynnes; the hammers sounde;  
The coursers lyse about the measuredd feilde;  
The ahemyng armour throwes the sheene  
arounds;

Quayntysed fons depicted onn eche sheelde,  
The ferrie bealmetts, wythe the wreathes amields,  
Supportes the rampyng lyoncell orr beare,  
Wythe straunge depyctures, nature maie nott  
Unseemlie to all orderr doe appere, . . . [ysekle,  
Yett yattie to menne, who thyncke and have a spryte,  
Makes kuowen thatt the phantasies unryghte.  
I, sonne of honnoure, spencer of her joies,  
Muste swythen goe to yeve the speeres aronde;  
Wythe advantayle<sup>1</sup> and borne<sup>2</sup> I meynte emploie,

<sup>1</sup> In the notes *advantayle* is interpreted *armour*,  
and *borne* *burnish*. In this passage there seem to  
be several mistakes. The transcriber has expressed  
the former word with a d, *advantayle* and *advan-  
tayle*: in which, if there be any propriety, he was,  
I believe, little aware of it. The true spelling is  
supposed to be *aventayle*, from the French *aventail*. It  
was some part of a suit of armour which projected;  
and this might have been known from Skinner.  
*Aventails*: credo a Franco—Gallico jam obsoleto,  
*aventail*; *prætentiva ferrea: apocrypha*: ab ad-  
verbio *avent*. A like account is afforded by Du  
Cange; but neither of them define precisely what  
piece of armour it was. However from the ac-  
counts which are uniformly given of it, we may  
be assured that it was something which stood for-  
ward; and is therefore supposed by Du Cange to  
be *anterior armatura pars*. In the MSS. of Wil-  
liam and the Werwolf, mention is made of the  
hero seizing upon a person with whom he is en-  
gaged in fight, which circumstance is thus de-  
scribed:

William thant with by the aventayle him beate,  
To have with his sword swappd of his beade.

P. 54.

We find that he laid hold of a particular part of  
the armour, such as most facilitated his cutting off  
the head of the enemy. This therefore must have  
been part of the helmet; and that part especially  
which was most prominent and liable to be seized  
upon; and this I take to have been the beaver.  
There were several sorts of helmets of different  
denominations; and I imagine that one of them  
was styled *aventail* or *adventail*, from a moveable  
beaver, which was made to slide up and down.  
The name was given from its affording, when the  
beaver was up, an opening to the air for respira-  
tion; and seems to have been derived, not from

Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde,  
Soe the tall caks the ivie twysteth rounde;  
Soe the neshe flower grees ynn the wood-land  
shade.

The worlde bie diffrance ys ynne orderr founde;  
Wydhoue unlikenesse nothyng could bee made,

As ynn the bowke nete alleyn cann bee donne,  
Syke ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes  
of onne.

*avent* but from *ad* and *ventus*, or *ventilo*; from whence  
was formed the French word *aventail*. Du Cange  
quotes from Rymer's Fœd. an order tom 8. p. 384.  
*Tredicim loricas, quinque aventails, quadraginta  
arcus, &c.* The beaver of an helmet projected be-  
yond the helm, and stood hollow; so that it gave  
an opportunity for a person to lay hold of it and  
to force the head of his enemy downward. From  
hence I am induced to think, that an *adventail* was  
properly that fore part of the helmet, the beaver,  
but which often gave name to the whole. When  
this beaver, was put up, it afforded an opening to  
breathe more freely, and to receive fresh air; which  
opening was from thence styled a *ventail* from *ven-  
tilo*. When *Æneas* was healed of his wound by  
*Iapis*, and was returning completely armed to  
battle, he embraced his son who stood by his side,  
and kissed him; which is thus described by Gavin  
Douglas.

Ascanus zoung tendrily the ilk place  
With all his harness belappit dyd embrace,  
And thro his helms *ventail* a tyell we  
Him kissit.

P. 425, l. 18.

It is expressed after the same manner in an an-  
cient poem quoted by Mr. Warton. Hist. of Eng.  
Poetry v. l. p. 169.

Upon his shoulders a shelde of steele,  
With the lybarde painted wele,  
And helme he had of ryche ventayle,  
Trusty and trewe was his ventayle.

From His. of Richard Coeur de Lion.

There is a passage in the interlude of *Ellis*, where  
the *adventail* is mentioned in conjunction with  
the helmet.

Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle  
And tore the bealmetts from heads of myckle  
myghte.

v. 469.

*Ventale* or *ventail*, a vent-hole and breathing part  
of a helmet: a Fr. *ventaille*. Gloss. to Gavin  
Douglas. Hence I imagine that the beaver and  
the helmet itself had the name of *adventail* and  
*aventail* from being constructed in such a manner  
as to afford occasionally such an opening.

<sup>2</sup> *Borne*. By this word is signified a kind of gorget  
or breast-plate expressed more commonly *burn* and  
*byrn*; from the *byrna* of the Saxons. *Byrns*,  
*lorica*. Sax. Dict. In the laws of K. Athelstan  
mention is made of a person having a *burn* and  
helm. c. 78. In the laws also of k. Ina, a *burn*  
and sword are spoken of, c. 85. It was sometimes  
expressed *byrne* and *brynis*. *Brynis*, *kriza*, *hringa*  
*brynis*, *lorica armalis ferrea concatenata*. Olaf Ve-  
relilii. Lex Sæco-Goth. It is taken notice of by  
Du Cange as it is differently exhibited. *Brunca*,

## Enter SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Heraude, bie Heavenne these tyllers stae too longe  
 Mie phantasie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.  
 The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrd warr  
 songe, [syghte.  
 Yett notte a speere of hemm bath grete mie  
 I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte.  
 I lack a Guid<sup>3</sup>, a Wyllyamm to entylte.  
 To reine anente a fele emboydiedd knyghte,  
 Ytt gettes ne renome gyff hys blodde bee spylte.  
 Bie Heavenne and Marieytt ys tyme they're here;  
 I lyche nott unthylle thus to wiede the speare.

## HERAUDE.

Methynckes I heare yer slughornes dynn fromm  
 farre.

## BOURTONNE.

Ah! swythenn mie shielde aud tylytunge launce  
 bee bounde.  
 Eftsoones beheste mie squyerr to the warre.  
 I flie before to clayme a challenge grownde.

[Goeth oute.

brunia, bronis, lorica. Gloss. Lat. Theotice. thorax,  
*militare ornamentum, lorica.* He also expresses it  
 byrnan and byrn. Turnus is described in the  
 Scottish version of the *Æneis*, as arming himself in  
 the following manner.

He clethis him with his scheild and sermysbald,  
 He claspis his gilt babirihone thriufald,  
 He in his breistplait strang, and his birage,  
 Ane souir swerd betis law down by his the.

P. 230, l. 42.

Among the English it seems to have been called  
 burn; and in the poem from whence I have quoted  
 the passage it appears to have denoted *militare  
 ornamentum*, probably something like a gorget;  
 with which the heralds presented the knights at  
 the same time that they gave them their helmets  
 and spears.

I, somme of honour, spencer of her joyes  
 Must sythen goe to yeve the speeres arounde,  
 Wyth adventayle and borne. I meyne emploie,  
 Who without me would fall unto the ground.

So it should be stopt. After the herald had men-  
 tioned that he was to present to the knights what  
 belonged to them, he magnifies his own office, and  
 speaks of himself as the dispenser of all honour.  
 'I,' says he 'employ many, who without me  
 would sink to nothing.' In short he intimates,  
 that all honours and badges of honour come  
 through the hands of the herald; which seems to  
 have been not at all understood by the transcriber.  
 Such, I imagine, is the purport of the two words in  
 question *adventayle* and *borne*. By the former of  
 these is meant an helmet with a sliding beaver;  
 by the other a kind of cuirass or gorget: which  
 two by the transcriber have been interpreted arm-  
 our and burnish."—Bryant.

This is the strongest argument that has been ad-  
 duced for the authenticity of the poems. Chatter-  
 ton translates *borne*, after Kersey, *burnished*; this  
 makes the passage unintelligible, the real meaning  
 of the word explains it.

<sup>3</sup> Guid, Guie de Sancto Egidio, the most famous  
 titer of his age.

## HERAUDE.

This valourous acts woulde meinte of menne as-  
 tounde;  
 Harde bee yer shappe encontrynge thee ynn fyghte;  
 Anent alle menne thou berest to the grounde,  
 Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall rochet pyghte.  
 As whanne the moraynge Some ydronks the dew,  
 Syche doute this valourous actes drocke eche  
 knyghte's hue.

The lyrics. The Kyng. Syr Symonne de Bour-  
 tonne, Syr Hugo Ferraris, Syr Ranulph Ne-  
 ville, Syr Lodovick de Clynton, Syr Johan de  
 Berghamme, and other knyghtes, heraude,  
 mynstrelles, and servytours.

## RYNGE.

The barganette; yee mynstrelles, tane the  
 stryngs, [syngs.  
 Somme actyonn dyre of aantyaute kynges now

## MYNSTRELLES.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes flour, botte Eag-  
 londes thorne, [knite,  
 The manne whose myghte delievretie hadd  
 Snett oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde  
 aborne 4,  
 Beheateynge all hys hominageres to fyghte.  
 Goe, rouze the lyonn from hys hytten deume,  
 Lett thie fies drenche the blodde of anie thyng  
 bott menne.

Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appare;  
 Wyllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe cayroun'd  
 plies;  
 Louds dynn the arrowe ynn the wolffyn's care;  
 He ryseth hattent, roares, he panctes, hee dyes.  
 Forslagenn att thie feete let wolffyns bee,  
 Lett thie fies drenche the tyre blodde, bott do as  
 bredrenn siea.

Throve the merke shade of twistyde trees hee  
 rydes;  
 The flemedowlett flappshere eve-speckte wyngs;  
 The lordyng toad ynn all hys passes bides;  
 The berten neders att hymm darte the styngs;  
 Styll, styll, he passes onn hys stede astrodde,  
 Nee bedes the dangerous waie gyff leadyng  
 wote bloode.

The lyoncel, from the swettrie countries braughte,  
 Coacheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,  
 Att comyng dynn doth rayse himself dis-  
 traughte,  
 Hee loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.  
 Goe, stycke the lyonn to hys hytten deume,  
 Lett thie fies drenche the blood of anie thyng  
 bott menne.

Wythe pascant steppe the lyonn mowth akent;  
 Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,  
 Wythe myghte alyche the roghtyng theuder  
 stronge;  
 The lyonn ynna roare bys spryte foor the sende.  
 Goe, siea the lion ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denoe,  
 Botte bee thie takelle drie fromm blodde of other  
 menne.

<sup>4</sup> An unauthorized word, formed from Kersey's  
 blunder.

Sweete fromm the thyokest starks the stagge  
The couraciers as sweete doe afterr fle. [swaie;  
Hee kepeth hie, hee stonds, hee kepeth att baie,  
Botte metes the arrowe, and eftsoones dothe die.  
Forslagenn att thie foto lette wyldre beastes bee,  
Lette thie fies dreache yer blodde, yest do ne  
bredrenn slee.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee aleynges hys howe  
alyne.<sup>5</sup> [flowers.

The stagge ys ouch'd<sup>6</sup> wyth crownes of lillie  
Arounde theire heaulmes theire greene verte doe  
entwyne;

Joying and rev'rous ynn the grene wode bowerra.  
Forslagenn wyth thie floe lett wyldre beastes bee,  
Fecete thes upponne theire fleshe, do ne thie bred-  
renn slee.

## RYNGE.

Nowe to the tourneis; who wylle fyrst affraie?

## HERAULDE.

Nevylle, a baronne, hee yatte honnoure thync.

## BOURTONNE.

I clayme the passage.

## NEVYLLE.

I contake thie waie.

## BOURTONNE.

Thenn there's mie gauntlett on mie gaberdyne.

## HERHAULDE.

A legreful challenge, knyghtes and champyons  
dyng.

A begeful challenge! ette the sluggborne sounde.  
[Syr Symonne and Nevylle tyle.

Nevylle ys goeyng, manne and horse, to  
grounde, [Nevylle falls.

Loverdes, bow doughtilie the tylleers joyne!  
Yee champyons, heere Symonne de Bourtonne  
fyghtes, [knyghtes.

Onne bee hatho quacedd, assayis hymm, yee

## FERRARIS.

I wylle anente hymm goe; mie squierr, mie  
shields;

Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle scethe  
Before I doe departe the lissedd feldde,  
Mieselfe orr Bourtonne bereuppon wyll blethe.  
Mie shields!

## BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, and fitte thie tylte-launce ethe.  
Whanne Bourtonne fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie  
foe. [Thie tyle. Ferraris falleth.

Hee falleth; nowe bie Heavenne thie woundes doe  
smethe;

I fecere mee, I have wroughte thes myckle woe.

## HERAULDE.

Bourtonne hys second besereth to the fealde.  
Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wyne the hon-  
nour'd sheeld.

## BERGHAMME.

I take the challenge; squyre, mie launce and  
stede.

I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; forr mee stae.  
<sup>5</sup> Unauthorized and unintelligible.

<sup>6</sup> Ouch'd, garlands of flowers being put round the  
neck of the game, it was said to be ouch'd, from ouch,  
a chain worn by ears round their necks.

Botte gyff thou fyghteste mee thou shalt have  
mede;

Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie;  
Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie posses the  
daie,

Thenn I schalle bee a foemanne forr thie spere.  
Herehawde, toe the bankes of knyghtys saie,  
De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

## CLINTON.

Botte longe thou shalte ne tende; I doe thee fle.  
Lyche forreyng levyng schalie mie tylte-launce  
fle.

[Berghamme and Clinton tyle. Clinton falleth.

## BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, syrr knyghte, attoure thie beeveredd  
eye.

I have borne downe, and este doe gauntlette thee.  
Swythenne begynne, and wyne thie shappe orr  
myne;

Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblic bee.  
[Bourtonne and Burghamm tyleth. Berghamme falls.

## HERAULDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe thre,  
And bie the thyrd hatho honnoure of a fourtha.  
Lett hymm bee sett a syde, tylle hee dothe see  
A tyltyng forr a knyghte of gentile wourthe.

Heere commethe straunge knyghtes; gyff corte-  
ous heie,

Ytt welle besies to yeve hemm ryghte of fraie.

## FIRST KNYGHTE.

Straungers wee bee, and hombie doe wee clayme  
The rennome ynn thys tourneie forr to tylte;  
Dherbie to prove fromm cravents owre goods  
name,

Bewrynynges thatt wee gentile blodde have spyte;

## HERHAULDE.

Yee knyghtes of cortisie, these straungers, mie,  
Bee you fulle wyllyng forr to yeve hymm fraie?

[Fyre knyghtes tyleth wythe the straunge knyghte, and ben  
overthone overthrome.

## BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the feldde  
Ycrasedd speres and helmets bee besprente,  
Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houde a piercedd  
sheeld, [stente,

Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde bee  
Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente.

Annodherr launce, marshalle, anodherr launce.  
Albeytt hee wythe lowes of fyre ybrente,

Yett Bourtonne woude agenste hys val advance.  
Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe hys speere,

Botte hee shalle bee the next thatt falleth heere.  
Die thee, seyncte Marie, and thy sonne I swaere,

Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyght shall  
fall

Anethe the stronge push of mie straight out speere,  
Theree schalle aryse a hallie chyryche walle,  
The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye calle,  
Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hygh and  
rounde.

And thys I faifullie wylle stonde to all,  
Gyff youderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.

Straungerr, bee honne; I champyonn you to warre.  
Sounde, sounde the slighborne, to be heardd fromm  
farre.

[Bourtonne and the straungerr tyle. Straungerr falleth.

## RYNOE.

The mornynge tyttes now cease.

## HERAWDE.

Bourtoone ys kynge,  
Dysplaie the Englyshe hannorre oon the tente;  
Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, songs of achments  
synge;

Yee herawdes, gatherr upp the speeres besprente;  
To kynge of Tournay-tylte bee all knees bente.  
Damesfaire and gentle, forr youre loves heefoughte;  
Forr you the longe tylte-lance, the swerde hee  
shente;

Hee joustedd, alleine barynge you ynn thoughte.  
Comme, mynstrelles, sound the strynge, goe onn  
eche syde,

Whylest hee untoe the kynge ynn state doe ryde.

## MYNSTRELLES.

Whann battayle, smethynge wythe dew quick-  
enn'd gore, [hedde,

Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloodie droppynge  
Dydd the merke wood of cthe and rest explore,  
Seekeynge to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,

Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode,  
Wreathedd wythe floures of aightline,  
Fromm hys vysage washedd the bloude,  
Hyte hys swerde and gaberdyne.

Wythe syke an eyne she swotelie hymm dydd view  
Dydd soe ycorven everrie shape to joie,  
Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,  
Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughtsemplou.

All dellyghtsomme and contente,  
Fyre enshotynge fromm hys eyne,  
Yon hys armes hee dydd herr hente,  
Lyche the merk-plantie doe entwene.

Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,  
Onknowlacheynge ynn whatt place bert to fynde,  
Thys rule yspende, and ynn this mynde retayne;  
Seeke honnoure fyrste, and pleasauncelies behynde.

## BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:

## OR THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

[This poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The person here celebrated under the name of syr Charles Bawdin was probably sir Baldewyn Fulford, knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of attainder, 1 Edw. IV. but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of Sprotti Chronica, p. 289, says only, "(1 Edw. IV.) was taken sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid at Bristow." But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of Thomas Fulford, knt. eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, knt. Rot. Pat. 8 Edw. IV. p. 1. m. 13. The pre-

Advance our waving colours on the walls!  
Shakspeare, Henry 6, part 1.

amble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edw. IV. goes on thus: "And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry erle of Essex, William Hastyngs, of Hastyngs, knt. Richard Chock, William Canyng, maire of the said towne of Bristowe, and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directes to here and determine all treasons, &c. doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the 7th day of September the first yere of your said reign, was attempt of dyvers treasons by him doon ayenst your highnes, &c." If the commission sat soon after the 7th of September, as is most probable, king Edward might very possibly be at Bristol at the time of sir Baldewyn's execution; for in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416.) by the South coast in the West, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster window, as described in the poem. In an old account of the procurators of St. Ewin's church, which was then the minster, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following article, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.

"Item for washyng the church payven [...] ageyns Kynge Edwarde 4th is comynge." [ujjda.]"

The feathered songster chaunticleer  
Han wounde hys bugle horne,  
And tolde the earlie villager  
The comynge of the morne:

Kynge Edwarde sawe the ruddie streakes  
Of lyghte colypas the greie;  
And herde the raven's crokyage throte  
Prociayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryghte," quod hee, "for, by the Godde  
That syltes enthrob'd on hyghe!  
Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,  
To daie shall surelie die."

Thenne wythe a juggle of nappy ale  
Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;  
"Goe tell the trayntour, thatt to-daie  
Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr Canterlon' thenne bodedd lowe,  
Wythe harte brymm fulle of woe;  
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,  
And to syr Charles dydd goe.

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,  
And eke hys lovyng wyfe,  
Wythe brinie teares dydd wet the floore,  
For goode syr Charleses lyfe.

It appears by a MSS. (Rich posses me) that Henry VI. was taken in disguised apparel at the Abbey of Salley in Yorkshire, by one Cantelow, in 1465. This is a proof that k. Edward IV. had such a person as sir Cantelow much in his interest and at his command, and affords some additional proof of the authenticity of the poem.

Barron.

"O good syr Charles!" sayd Canterlone,  
 "Badde tydyngs I doe bryng."
   
"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave syr Charles,  
 "Whaite says this traytor kynge?"

"I greeve to telle, before yonne Sonne  
 Does fromme the welkinn flye,  
 Hee hathe uponne hys honour sworne,  
 Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

"Wee all must die," quod brave syr Charles;  
 "Of thatte I 'm not affearde;  
 Whaite bootes to lyve a litle space?  
 Thanke Jesu, I 'm prepar'd:

"Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's got,  
 I'de sooner dig to daie  
 Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,  
 Tho' I should lyve for aie."

Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,  
 To tell the maior straitte  
 To gett all thynges in readynesse  
 For goodde syr Charleses fate.

Thenne maisterr Canyngc maughte the kynge,  
 And felle downe oune hys knee;  
 "I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace  
 To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, "Yours tale speke out,  
 You have been much oure friende;  
 Whatever youre request may bee,  
 Wee wylle to ytte attende."

"My noble leige! alle my request  
 Ys for a noble knyghte,  
 Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge,  
 Hee thoughte ytt styll was ryghte:

"He has a spouse and children twaine,  
 Alle rewyn'd are for aie;  
 Yff that you are resolv'd to lett  
 Charles Bawdin die to daie."

"Speke nott of such a traytour vile,"  
 The kynge ynne furie sayde;

"Before the evening starre doth abscene,  
 Bawdin shall loose hys heade:

"Justice does loudlie for hym calle,  
 And hee shalle have hys meede:  
 Speke, maister Canyngc! whaite thyngs else  
 Att present doe you neede?"

"My noble leige!" goodde Canyngc sayde,  
 "Leave justice to our Godde,  
 And laye the yroune rule asyde;  
 Be thynne the olyve rodde."

"Was Godde to serche our hertes and ruines,  
 The bests were synners grete;  
 Christ's ryccarr only knowes us synne,  
 Ynne all thys mortall state."

"Lette mercie rule thynne infante reigne,  
 Twylle faste thy crowne felle sure;  
 From rice to rice thy fawtlesse  
 Alle no'reigne shalle ensue:

"Bot yff wythe bloods and slaughter thou  
 Begiane thy infante reigne,  
 Thy crowne uponne thy childhennes browe  
 Wylle never long remayne."

"Canyngc, awaie! thys traytoure vile  
 Has scor'd my power and mee;  
 Howe canst thou theme for such a manne  
 Entreate my clemencye?"

"Mie noble leige! the traitie brave  
 Wylle val'rous actions prize,  
 Respect a brave and noble maynde,  
 Altho' ynne enemies."

"Canyngc, awaie! By Godde yan Heav'n  
 That dydd mee beinge gyve,  
 I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade  
 Whilst thys syr Charles dothe lyve."

"Bie Marie, and alle seinctes in Heav'n,  
 Thys Sonne shall be hys laste."  
 Thenne Canyngc dropt a brinie teare,  
 And from the presence paste.

Wyth herte brym-fulle of gawwyngs grief,  
 Hee to syr Charles dydd goe,  
 And satt hymm downe uponne a stooke,  
 And teares beganne to flowe.

"Wee all must die," quod brave syr Charles;  
 "Whaite bootes ytte howe or whenne;  
 Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate  
 Of all we mortall manne."

"Saye, why, my friend, this honest soul  
 Runns overr at thynne eye;  
 Is ytt for my most welcome doome  
 Thatt thou doste child-lyke crye?"

Quod godlie Canyngc, "I doe weepe,  
 Thatt thou so soon must dye,  
 And leave thy sonnes and heilless wyfe;  
 'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

"Thenne drie the teare thatt out thynne eye  
 From godlie fountaines spryng;  
 Dethe I despise, and alle the power  
 Of Edwarde, traytor kynge."

"Whan throug the tyrant's welcom means  
 I shall resigne my lyfe,  
 The Godde I serve wylle soon provyde  
 For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe."

"Before I sawe the lyghtsome Sonne,  
 Thys was appointed mee:  
 Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge  
 What Godde ordelynes to bee?"

"Howe oft ynne battaile have I stode,  
 Whan thousands dy'd arounde;  
 Whan smokyngc stremes of crimson bloodde  
 Iubrew'd the fatten'd groundde:

"Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,  
 Thatt cutte the aire wiae,  
 Myghte nott fynde passagge toe my harte,  
 And close myne eyes for aie?"

"And all I nowe, forr feere of dethe,  
 Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?  
 Ne! fromm my herte fle childyshe feere,  
 Bee alle the manne display'd."

"Ah, goddelyke Henric! Godde foretode,  
 And garde thee and thys sonne,  
 Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis sort,  
 Why thenne hys wylle bee donee."

" My honest friende, my faulte has benee  
To serve Godde and mye prynce;  
And thatt I no tyme-server am,  
My dethe wyll soone conyvence.

" Yune Londonne citye was I borne,  
Of parents of grete note;  
My fadre dydd a nobile armes  
Emblazon onne hys cote:

" I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone  
Where soone I hope to goe;  
Where wee for ever shall bee blast,  
From oute the reech of woe:

" Hee taughte mee justice and the laws  
Wyth pitie to unite;  
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe  
The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:

" Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande  
To feede the hungrie poore,  
Ne lette my servants dryve awaie  
The hungrie fromme my doore:

" And none can saye, but alle mye lyfe  
I have hys wordys kept;  
And summ'd the actyouns of the daie  
Eche nyghte before I slept.

" I have a spouse, goe aske of her,  
Yff I defyl'd her bedde?  
I have a kyng, and none can laie  
Blacke treason onne my bedde.

" Yune Lent, and onne the holic eve,  
Fromme fleshe I dydd refrayne;  
Whie should I thenne appear dismay'd  
To leave thys worlde of payne?

" Ne! hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,  
I shall ne see thye dethe;  
Morte willynglie ynne thye just cause  
Doe I resign my breathe.

" Oh fickle people! rewyn'd londe!  
Thou wytt kenne peace ne moe;  
Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,  
Thye brookes wythe bloude wyll flowe.

" Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,  
And godlie Henrie's reigne,  
Thatt you dydd choppe your easie daies  
Forr those of bloude and peyne?

" Whatte thu' I orme a sledde bee drawne,  
And mangled by a hynde,  
I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,  
Hee can ne harm my mynde;

" Whatte thu' uphoisted onne a pole,  
Mye lymbes shall rotte ynn ayre,  
And ne ryche monument of brasse  
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

" Yett ynne the holic booke above,  
Whyche tyme can't cate awaie,  
There wythe the servants of the Lorde  
Mie name shall lyve for aie.

" Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne  
I leave thys mortall lyfe:  
Farewell, vayne world, and alle that's deare,  
Mie sonnes and lovynge wyfe;

" Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,  
As e'er the moneth of Maie;  
Nor woulde I even wyabe to lyve,  
Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod Canynge, " Tys a goodlie thyng  
To bee prepar'd to die;  
And from thys world of peyne and grete  
To Godde ynne Heav'n to fie."

And nowe the bell begonne to tolle,  
And claryonnes to sounde;  
Syr Charles hee berde the horses feete  
A prauncyng onne the grounde.

And just before the officers,  
His lovynge wyfe came ynne,  
Weepyng unfeigned teares of woe,  
Wythe loude and dysmallie dynne.

" Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,  
Ynne quiet lett mee die;  
Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule  
Mays looke onne dethe as I.

" Sweet Florence! why these brinie teares!  
They washe my soule awaie,  
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,  
Wythe thee, sweete dame, to staie.

" Tys butt a journie I shalle goe  
Untoe the lande of blyss;  
Nowe, as a prooffe of husbande's love,  
Receiv thys holic kisse."

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her maie,  
Tremblyng these wordyes spoke,  
" Ah, cruete Edward! bloude kyng!  
Mie herte ys weile nyghte broke:

" Ah, sweete syr Charles! why wytt thou goe,  
Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe?  
The cruete axe thatt cuttes thye necke,  
Ytte eke shall ende my lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne  
To bryng syr Charles awaie,  
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovynge wyfe,  
And thus to her dydd saie:

" I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;  
Trust thou ynne Godde above,  
And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,  
And yune theyre bertes hym love:

" Teache them to runne the nobile race  
Thatt I theyre fader runne:  
Florence! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu!  
Yee officers lead onne."

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,  
And dydd her tresses tere;

" Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!  
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

" Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyng lorde,  
Shed fallen onne the flore;  
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,  
And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde bee mounted thenne,  
Wythe lookes full brave and swete;  
Lookes, thatt enshone ne more concern  
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne,  
Ynne scarlett robes and golde,  
And tassels spanglyngs ynne the Sunne,  
Muche glorious to beholde:

The freers of seincte Augustyne next  
Appared to the syghte,  
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett woode,  
Of godlie monkysch plyghte:

Ynne diffrant partes a godlie psalme  
Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunte;  
Behynde theyre backs six mynstrelles came,  
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;  
Echone the bowe dydd hende,  
From rescue of kynge Henrie's friends  
Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came syr Charles,  
Drawne oune a clothe-layde stedde,  
Bye two blacke stodes six trappynge white,  
Wyth plumes uponne theyre heide:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe  
Of archers strunge and stoute,  
Wyth bended bowe echone ynn hande,  
Marched ynne goodlie route;

Seincte Jameses freers marched next,  
Echone hys parte dydd chaunte;  
Behynde theyre backs six mynstrelles came,  
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eidermenne,  
Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;  
And theyre attendynge menne echone,  
Lyke easterne princes trickt:

And after them, a multitude  
Of citizenns dydd thronge;  
The wyndowes were all full of heddes,  
As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,  
Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,  
"O thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,  
Washe mie soule clean thys daie!"

At the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat  
The kynge ynne mycle state,  
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge  
To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,  
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte beare,  
The hawe syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,  
And thus hys wordes declare:

"Thou seest me, Edwarde! traytour vile!  
Expos'd to infamie;  
Butt be assur'd, disloyall manne!  
I'm greater nowe thanne thee.

"Bye foule procedynge, murdre, bloude,  
Thou wearest nowe a crowne;  
And hast appoynted mee to dye,  
By power noit thine owne.

"Thou thynkest I shall die to-dai;  
I have been dede 'till sowe,  
And soon shall lyve to wear a crowne  
For sie uponne my browe:

"Whylat thou, perhaps, for som few years,  
Shalt rule thys tickle lande,  
To lett them knowe bowe wyde the rule  
Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

"Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!  
Shall falle oune thye owne hedde!"—  
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge  
Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge Edwarde's soul rush'd to hys face,  
Hee turnd hys hedde awaie,  
And to hys broder Gloucester  
Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

"To hym that soe-much-dreaded dathe  
Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,  
Beholde the manne! he spake the truthe,  
Hee's greater thanne a kynge!"

"Soe lett hym die!" Duke Richarde sayde;  
And maye echone our fore  
Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,  
And fede the carryon crows."

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe  
Syr Charles uppo the hyghe bylle;  
The axe dydd elystrer ynne the Sunne,  
Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the scaffolde goe,  
As uppe a gilded carre  
Of victorie, hys val'rous chiefs  
Gayn'd yone the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dydd sai,  
"Beholde you see mee dye,  
For servinge loyally mye kynge,  
Mye kynge most rightfullie.

"As longe as Edwarde rules thys land,  
Ne quiet you wyll knowe;  
Youre sonnes and husbandes shall bee slayne,  
And brookes wythe bloude shall flowe.

"You leave youre goode and lawfull kyng,  
Whenn ynne adversity;  
Lyke mee, the true the cause stycke,  
And for the true cause dye."

Then hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,  
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,  
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe  
Hys partyng soule to take.

Thenne, kneelyngs downe, bee layd hys hedde  
Most seem'le oune the blocke;  
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at ones  
The able heddes-manne stroke;

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,  
And rounde the scaffolde tryne;  
And tear, enowe to wash 't awaie,  
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre  
Ynnto foure parties cutte;  
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hadde,  
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte oune Kyuwulph-hylle,  
Oue oune the mynster-tower,  
And one from off the castle-gate  
The crowen dydd devoure;



The other onne Seyncte Fowle's goodde gate,  
A dreery spectacle;  
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the byghe crosse,  
Ynne hygne-stroete most noble.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:  
Godde prosper longe oure kyngde,  
And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's soule,  
Ynne Heav'n Godd's mercie synge!

### ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCH.

[From a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.]

As onn a hylle one eve sittynge,  
At oure Ladie's chyrche mouche wonderynge,  
The counynge handiwerke so fynne,  
Han well nyghe dazeled mine eyne;  
Quod I; "Some counynge fairie haande  
Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;  
Fulle well I wote so fynne a syghte  
Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte."  
Quod Trouthe; "Thou lackest knowlshynge;  
Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thynge.  
A rev'rend fadre, William Canynge hight,  
Yreered uppe this cha; elle brighte;  
And eke another in the towne,  
Where glassie bubblyngne Trymme doth roun."  
Quod I; "Ne doute for all he's given  
His soule will certes goe to Heaven.  
"Yea," quod Trouthe; "than goe thou home,  
And see thou doe as hee hath donne."  
Quod I; "I doute, that can ne bee;  
I have ne gotten markes three." [dedes see;  
Quod Trouthe; "As thou hast got, give almes-  
Canynge and Gaunts culde doe ne moe."

### ON THE SAME.

[From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, A Discourse on Bristowe, by Thomas Rowley.]

STAY, curyous traveller, and pass not bye,  
Until this fetive pile astounde thine eye.  
Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd surveie,  
And okes with okes entrained disposed lie.  
This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at haie,  
Fyre-terryn and the mokie storme defie,  
That shootes aloofe into the resurmes of dnice,  
Shall be the record of the buylders fame for aie.

Thou seest this maystrle of a human hand,  
The pride of Bryatowe and the westerne lande,  
Yet is the buylders vertues much moe greate,  
Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be scande.  
Thou seest the saynctes and kynges in stonen  
state, [pande,  
That seemd with breath and human soule dis-  
As payrde to us ensem these men of slate,  
Such is greate Canynge's mynde when payrd to  
Gnd elate.

Well maist thou be astounde, but view it well;  
Goe not from hence before thou see thy fill,

And learn the buylder's vertues and his name;  
Of this tall spyre in every countye tell,  
And with thy tale the lazynge ryche men shame;  
Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;  
How hee good man a friend for kynges became,  
And gloryous paved at once the way to Heaven and  
fame.

### ON THE DEDICATION OF OUR LADIE'S CHURCH.

[This poem was given by Chatterton in a note to the Parlyamente of Sprytes. The lines are here divided into the ballad length.]

SOONER as bryght Sunne alonge the skyne,  
Han sente hys raddie lyghte;  
And fayryes byd ynne Oalyppe cuppes,  
Tylle wysh'd approche of nyghte,  
The mattyn beile wyth shryllie sounde,  
Reeckode throwe the ayre;  
A troop of holie freeres dyd,  
Fos Jesus masse prepare.  
Arounde the hight unsaynted chyrche  
Wythe holie relyqnes wente;  
And every doore and poste aboute  
Wythe godlie thynge besprent  
Then Carpenter yn scarlette dreeste,  
And mytred holytie;  
From Mastre Canynge hys greate howse  
Wyth rosarie dyd bie.  
Before hym wente a throug of freeres  
Who dyd the masse song synge,  
Behynde hym Mastre Canynge came,  
Tryckd lyke a barbed kyngde.  
And then a rowe of holie freeres  
Who dyd the masse songe sound;  
The procurators and chyrche reeves  
Next press'd upon the ground.  
And when unto the chyrche theye came  
A holie masse was sange,  
So lowdlie was theyr swotte voyce,  
The Heven so hie it range.  
Then Carpenter dyd purysse  
The chyrche to Godde for aie,  
Wythe holie masses and good psalmes  
Whyche hee dyd therryn saie.  
Then was a sermon preeched soon  
Bie Carpynter holie,  
And after that another one  
Yprechen was bie mee:  
Then alle dyd goe to Canynge's house  
An enterlude to playe,  
And drynk bys wyne and ale so goode  
And praie for him for aie.

### ON THE MYNSTER.

[This poem is reprinted from Barrett's History of Bristol. It is said by Chatterton to be translated by Rowley, 4 as nie as Englyshe wyll serve, from the original, written by Abbot John, who was yndectyd 20 yeres, and dyd act as abbatt 9 yeres before bys inductyon for Phillip thien abbatt: he dyed yn M.CC.XV. beynge buried in his albe in the mynster.]

Wrxn <sup>Daivie</sup> <sup>stap</sup> Rellygon, dyghte in graie,  
 Her face of doleful base, [waie,  
 Swyfte as a takel thro'we bryghte Heav'n tooke her  
 And ofte and ere anon dyd saie  
 "Aie! mee! what shall I doe;  
 " See Brysloe citie, wyche I nowe doe kenne,  
 Arysnyge to mie view,  
 " Thycke throug'd wythe soldyers and wythe  
 Rutte saynctes I seen few." [traffickyemen;e;  
 Fytz-Hardyngs rose;—he rose lyke bryghte soone  
 in the morne,  
 " Faire dame adryne thein eyne,  
 " Let alle thie greefe bee myne,  
 For I wythe rere thee uppe a mynster hie;  
 " The toppe wherof shall reach ynto the skie;  
 " And wythe a monke be shorne;"  
 Theane dyd the dame repie,  
 " I shall ne be forelourne;  
 Here wyll I take a cherysaunied reste,  
 And spend mie daies upon Fytz-Hardynges  
 breast."

ON HAPPINESSE.

BY WILLIAM CANYNGE.

[This, and the two following poems, attributed to Mr. Canynge, are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies.]

MAIE Selynesse on Erthes boundes bee hadde?  
 Maie yt adyghte yn human shape be found?  
 Wote yee, yt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,  
 Or quite erased from the scaunce-layd grounde,  
 Whan from the secret foutes the waterres dyd  
 abounde?  
 Does yt agressed stran the bodyed waulke,  
 Lyve to ytself and to yttes echhoie taulke?  
 All hayle, Contente, thou mayd of turtle-eyne,  
 As thie behoulders thynke thou arte i'wrewe,  
 To ope the dore to Selynesse ys thyme,  
 And Chrystis glorie doth appoune thee shoene,  
 Doer of the foule thynge ne hath thee seene;  
 In caves, ynn wodes, ynn wot, and dole distresse,  
 Whoure hath thee hath gotten Selynesse.

ONN JOHNNH A DALBENIE.

BY THE SAME.

John makes a jarre boite Lancaster and Yorke;  
 Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie  
 worke.

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM.

BY THE SAME.

Mix boodie entes adieu! ne moe the syghts  
 Of guilden merke shall mete mie joious eyne,  
 Ne moe the sylver noble theenyng bryghte  
 Schall fyll mie bonde with weight to speke ytt  
 fyne;

<sup>1</sup> *Daivie*, perhaps *haivie*, or *haif*, hasty, from the French *hâté*, hasty.

Ne moe, ne moe, alas! I call you myne:  
 Whydder must you, ah! whydder must I goe?  
 I kenn not either; 'ah mie onners dygne,  
 To parte wyth you wyll warcke mee myckle  
 woe;  
 I muste be gonne, botte where I dare ne telle;  
 O stortha, unto mie mynde! I goe to Helle.  
 Soone as the morne dyddyghte the roddie Sunne,  
 A shade of thewes echie streaks of lyght dyd  
 seeme; [runn,  
 Whan ynn the Heava full half hys course was  
 Eche stirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte afleme:  
 Thye loss, or quayck or slepe, was aie mie  
 dreame;  
 For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrease;  
 For thee, I gotten or bie wiles or breame;  
 Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;  
 Botte nowe to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,  
 I kenns notte botte for thee I to the quede must  
 goe.

THE ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGES FRASE.

BY THE SAME.

[This poem is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge, mentioned in the last line, the name of Kowley is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. Iscann appears as an actor in the tragedy of *Ella*, and in that of *Goddwyn*; and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled, *The Merry Tricks of Laymington*, is inserted in the *Discourse of Bristow*. Sir Theobald Gorges was a knight of an ancient family seated at *Wraxhall*, within a few miles of *Bristol*. (See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. a. 28. *Leland's Itin.* vol. VII. p. 98.) He has also appeared as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the mynstralles songs in *Ella*. His connection with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20th October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of 500l. to the church of *St. Mary Redcliffe*, "certain jewels of sir Theobald Gorges, knyght," which had been pawned to him for 160l.]

Therows the hallo the bulle knn sounds;  
 Byelecoyle doe the grave besome;  
 The ealdermenne doe sytte aounde,  
 And snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.  
 Lyche asses wyld ynn dearte waste  
 Swotelye the morneyng syre doe taste.  
 Syke keeme thie ate; the minstrels plaine,  
 The dyne of angelles doe theie keepe;  
 Heie styll the gueses ha ne to saie,  
 Butte nodde yer thankes and falls aslaie.  
 Thus echone daie bee I to deene, [scena.  
 Gyf Rowley, Iscann, or Tyb. Gorges be us

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

[This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.]

THIS mornyng starre of Radcleves rysyng rale,  
 A true man goode of mynde and Canynghe lyghte,  
 Benethe thys stone lies moltryng ynto clais,  
 Untyle the darke tombe sheene an eterne lyghte.  
 Jhyrde from hys loynes the present Canynghe  
 Houton are wordes for to telle his doe; [came;  
 For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,  
 Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shall bee no moe;  
 Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall sounde to rise  
 the solle, [hys dolle.  
 He'll wyng to Heaven with kynne, and happy be

#### THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

[The first 34 lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett. The remainder is printed from another copy, furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of painters, carvers, poets, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own.

It may be proper just to remark here, that Mr. Canynghe's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, who was lord mayor of London in 1456, is called Thomas, by Stowe, in his List of Mayors, &c. The transaction alluded to in the last stanza is related at large in some prose memoirs of Rowley. It is there said that Mr. Canynghe went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by king Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the register of the bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynghe was ordained Acolythe by bishop Carpenter on 19 September, 1467, and received the higher orders of subdeacon, deacon, and priest, on the 12th of March, 1467, O. S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively.]

AWENT a brooklette as I laie reclynd,  
 Listeyng to heare the water glyde alonge,  
 Myndeuyng how throwe the greene mecs yt  
 twynd,

Awhilst the cavyrs respons'd yts motting songe,  
 At dystaunt rysyng Avonne to be sped,  
 Amenged wyth rysyng hylles dyd shewe yts bead;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of omyer weedes  
 And wryates of alders of a bercie scent,  
 And stickeyng out wyth clowde ageded reedes,  
 The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente,  
 Whylest blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,  
 Rores semie o'er the sandes that sho hepde.

These cymegears swythyn bringethe to my thoughte  
 Of hardie champpions knowne to the fionde,  
 How oune the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughthe,  
 Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,  
 Warden of Bristowe towne and castel stede,  
 Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte such doughtie menn must have a  
 sprighte

Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore,  
 Whan he wyth Satan kyng of Helle dyd fyghte,  
 And Earthe was drented yn a mers of gore;

Orr, soone as theire dyd see the worldis lyghte,  
 Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to  
 fyghte.

"Ælle," I sayd, or els my mynde dyd saie,  
 "Whie ys thy actyons left so spare yn storie?  
 Were I toe dispoone, there should lyven aie  
 Inn Erthe and Hevenis rolles the tale of glorie;  
 Thie actes soe doughtie should for aie abyde,  
 And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde."

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,  
 As fayre a sayncte as anie towne can boaste,  
 Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,  
 I see hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste:  
 Fitz-Hardyng, Bitrickus, and twentie moe  
 Ynn visyonn fore mie phantassie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandryng faytour thynkynge  
 strayde, [mynde,  
 And eche dygne buyder dequac'd oum m  
 Whan from the distaunt streeme arose a mayde,  
 Whose gentle tresces mov'd not to the wynde;  
 Lyche to the syver Moore yn frostie nete,  
 The damoiselle dyd come soe blythe and sweete.

Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,  
 Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbandegewe,  
 Ne costlie paraments of woden blue,  
 Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd shew weare;  
 Naked shew was and loked swete of yooth,  
 All dyd bewryen that her name was Trouthe.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne bayre  
 What ne a manne shoulde see dyd swotele hyde,  
 Whych on her milk-white bodykia so fayre  
 Dyd showe lyke browne streames fuwlyng the  
 white tyde.

Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,  
 Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

Astounded mickle there I sylente laie,  
 Still scauncing wondrous at the walkyng syghte,  
 Mie senses forgarde ne coulde reyn aspie;  
 But was ne forstraughte whan she dyd alyghte  
 Anie to mee, drepte up yn naked viewe,  
 Whyche mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes  
 abrewe.

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte:  
 For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,  
 And yn mie pockete han a crouchee broughte,  
 Whych yn the blossom woulde such sins anete;  
 I lok'd wyth eyes as pure as angelles doe,  
 And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eachere.

Wyth sweet semblate and an angel's grace  
 She gan to lecture from her gentle breste;  
 For Trouthis worles ys her myndes face,  
 False oratoryes she dyd aie deteste:  
 Sweetnesse was yn eche worde she dyd ywrewe,  
 Tho shew strove not to make that sweetness  
 shewe.

<sup>1</sup> Unauthorized. *Dann Miller* says it is the old English word *nete* or *nought*, with the prefix; to which corresponds the old French verb *annetiser* (annihilated) used by Chaucer. But there is no proof, that the word *nete* has ever been used as a verb, even if it exists.

Shee said; "Mie manner of appereyng here  
Mie name and sleight myndbruch maie thee  
telle;

Im Trowth, that dyd descende fromm heaven-  
Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee wellie;  
This inmoste thoughtes, this labryng brayne I  
sawe,

And from this gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

"Foll manie champyons and menne of lore,  
Payneters and earvellers have gaine good name,  
But there's a Canyng, to encrease the store,  
A Canyng, who shall buie uppe all theyre fame.  
Take thou mie power, and see yn chyld and  
manne

What trouble noblenesse yn Canyng ranne."

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde,  
Ty'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweetrie daie,  
Yn slepis bosom laieyth hys deff headdie,  
So, senses souke to rest, my hoddie laie;  
Eftsoons mie sprighte, from ertylie bandes un-  
tyde,

Immengde yn flanchd ayre wyth Trouthe asyde.

Straye was I carryd back to tymes of yore,  
Whylst Canyng swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,  
And saw all actyons whych han been before,  
And all the scroll of Fate unravelled;  
And when the fate-mark'd babe come to sygthe,  
I saw hym eager gaspyng after lyghte.

In all hys shepen gambols and chyldes plaie,  
In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,  
I kerd a perpled lyghte of wysdom's raie;  
He ate downe learyng wyth the wastle cake.  
As wise as anie of the eldermenne,  
Hed wytte enow to make a mayre at tennie.

As the dulce downie harbe beganne to gre,  
So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore;  
Eche daie enchedeyng mockler for to bee,  
Greete yn hys counsel for the daies he bore.  
All tongues, all carols dyd unto hym syng,  
Waulryng at one soe wyse, and yet soe ying.

Increaseyng yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,  
And hasteyng to hys journie ynto Heaven  
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheere a wyfe,  
And use the sexes for the purpose gevne.  
Hen then was yothie of comelie semelikeede,  
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jesus rest his soule!)  
Who loved money, as hys charie joie;  
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole!)  
Yn mynde and hoddie, hys owne fadre's boie;  
What then could Canyng wissen as a parte  
To gyve to her woe had made chop of hearte?

But landes and castie tenures, golde and hignes,  
And hoardes of sylver rosted yn the ent,  
Canyng and hys fayre sweets dyd that despyme,  
To change of trouble love was theyre content;  
Theie ly'd togeder yn a house adygne,  
Of goode sendaument commilie and fynne.

But soon hys broder and hys syre dyd die,  
And left to Willyam states and renteyng rolles,  
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne supplie.  
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre soules;

And put hys broder ynto ryke a trade, [made.  
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was

Eftsoons hys mornyng tourned to gloomie nyghte;  
Hys dame, hys seconde selfe, give upp her brethe,  
Seekyng for eterne lyfe and endle as lyghte,  
And sleed good Canyng; sad mystake of dethe!  
So have I seen a flower yn sommer tyme  
Trodded downe and broke and widded yn ytt  
pyme.

Next Radcleve chyrche (oh worke of hande of  
Heav'n,

Whare Canyng sheweth as an instrumente.)  
Was to my bismarde eyne-sygthe newlie giv'n;  
'Tis paste to blazonne ytt to good contente.  
You that woulde fayn the fettyve buydyng see  
Repayre to Radcleve, and contented bee.

I sawe the myndbruch of hys nobillie soule  
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe;  
I sawe what Pherions yn hys mynde dyd rolle;  
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preeste for  
lyfe.

Thys ys the manne of menne, the vision spoke;  
Thou belle for even-songe mie senses woke.

## HERAUDYN.

### A FRAGMENT.

[From a MSS. by Chatterton in the British  
Museum.]

YNGE Heraudyn al bie the grene wode late,  
Hereyng the swote Chelandrie ande the Ouse,  
Seeinge the kenspecked amayde flourettes nete,  
Envyngyng to the birds hys love songe true.  
Syre preeste camme bie ande forthe his bede-rolle  
drew,

Fyve Aves ande on Pater moste he seide;  
Twayne songe, the on hys songe of Willowe Rue  
The other one ———

## FRAGMENT,

BY JOHN, SECOND ABBATTE OF SEVRES AND  
TWINN MYSTERRE.

[From Barrett's History of Bristol. It was sent  
by Chatterton to Horace Walpole, as a note to  
Rowley's Historie of Peyncters. "This John,"  
he says, "was inducted abbot in the year 1186,  
and sat in the dies 99 years. He was the  
greatest poet of the age in which he lived; he  
understood the learned languages. Take a spec-  
imen of his poetry on King Richard 1st."]

HARTE of lyone! shake this sword,  
Bare thie mortheyng steined honde:  
Suace whole armies to the queede,  
Worke thie wylle yn barlie broode.  
Barons here on bankers-browded,  
Fyghte yn furres gaynste the caie;  
Whilist thou ynn thonderyng armes  
Warriketh whole cyttes bale.  
Harte of lyon! sound the beme!  
Sounde ytte ynto inner londe,  
Freare flies sportine ynn the cleeme,  
Inne thie banner terror stonde.

## WARRE.

BY THE SAME.

[From Barrett's History of Bristol. Chatterton says, "As you approve of the small specimen of his poetry, I have sent you a larger, which though admirable is still (in my opinion) inferior to Rowley's, whose works when I have leisure I will fairly copy and send you.]

Of warres glumme plesaunce doe I chaunte mie  
laie, [the lyne,  
Trouthe tips the poyncelle, wysdomme skemps  
Whylyste hoare experiance tellet what toe saie,  
And forwyned hosbandrie wyth beaerie eyne,  
Stondeth and woe bements; the trecklynge bryne  
Rounnyng adone hys cheekes which doeth shewe  
Lyke hys unfrutefulle fieldes, longe straungers to  
the ploughe.

Saie, Glowster, whanne besprenged on evrich syde,  
The gentle hyndlette and the vylleyn falle;  
Whanne smetheyunge sauge dyd flowe lyke to a  
tyde,  
And sprytes were damned for the lacke of knelle,  
Diddest thou kenne ne lykenesse to an Helle,  
Where all were misleades doeyng lyche unwise,  
Where hope unbarred and deathe eftsoones dyd  
shote theyre eyes.

Ye shepater waynes who the ribible kenne,  
Ende the thyghte daunce, ne loke uponne the  
spere: [menne,  
In upommesse ware moste hee dyghte toe  
Unseliness attendethe honouwere;  
Quaffe your swote vernage and strected beere.

## A CHRONYCALLE OF BRYSTOWE.

WROTE BIE RAUPE CHEDDER. CHAPPMANNE.  
1556.

[From a MSS. by Chatterton in the British  
Museum.]

YNNE whilomme daies, as Stowe saies,  
Ynne famous Brystowe towne  
There lyved knyghtes doghtie yn fyghtes  
Of marvellous renowne.  
A Saxonie bouldre renowned of oulde  
For dethe and dernie dede,  
Maint Tanmen slone the Brugge uponne  
Icausyng hem to blede.  
Baldwynne hys name, Rolles saie the same  
And yev bynne rennome grate,  
Hee lyved nere the Ellynteire  
Al bie Seyncte Lenardes yate.  
A mansion hee, made boamoriele,  
Was reered bie hys bonde,  
Whanne he ysterve, hys name unkerve  
Inne Baldwynne streete doe stonde.  
On Ellie then of Mercynn menne  
As meynthe of Pentells blas,  
Inne Castle-stede made dofull dede  
And dydde the Dans wase.

<sup>1</sup> None of Rowley's pieces were ever made public, being till the year 1691 shut up in an iron chest in Redcliff church.

One Loefwyns of kyngelic Lyne  
Inne Brystowe towne dyd leve,  
And toe the samme for hys gode name  
The Ackmanne Yate dyd gev.  
Hammon a lorde of his accorde  
Was ynne the strete oempte brede;  
So greate hys myghte, soe stryngre yn fyghte,  
Onne Byker hee dyd fede.  
Fitz Lapous digne of gentle lyne  
Onne Radclyve made hys Baie,  
Inn moddie Gronne the whyche uponne  
Botte reittes and roshes laie.  
Than Radclyve Strete of mansyounes moete  
In semelic gure doe stonde,  
And Canyngre grete of fayre estate  
Bryngeth to tradyngre londe.  
Hardyngre dydde comme from longe kyngddomme,  
Inne Knyvcsmythe strete to lyne,  
Roberte hys soune, sooche goda thynges dome  
As abbattes doe blasynne.  
Roberte the erle, ne cockered curll  
In castle stede dyd fraie  
Yyngre Henrie to ynn Brystowe true  
As Hyddelle dyd obaie.  
A maioure dheewe bee and Jamne hee  
Botte anne ungentle wyghte,  
Seyncte Marie tende eche ammie frende  
Bie hallie taper lyghte.

## THE FREERE OF ORDERYS WHYTE.

[From a MSS. by Chatterton in the British Museum. There is also the beginning of a poem called the Freere of Orderys Black, which is unfit for publication.]

THERE was a broder of orderys whyta  
Hee songe hys masses yn the wyghte  
Ave Maria, Jesu Maria,  
The nonnes of slepeyngre yn the dortoure  
Thoughte hym of al syngeyngre freerers the flour,  
Ave Maria, Jesu Maria.  
Suster Agnes looved his syngeyngre well  
And songe with hem toe the sothen to tell,  
Ave Maria, &c.  
But he ytte ne sed bie elde or yyngre  
That ever dheye odorayse dyd syngre  
Then Ave Maria, &c.  
This broder was called evrich where  
To Kenshamm and to Bristol nonnere,  
Ave Maria, &c.  
Botte seyngre of masses dyd wurch hym so king  
Above hys skynne hys bonys did growe,  
Ave Maria, &c.  
He eaten beefe ande dyshes of mowse  
And hontend everych knyghtys house,  
With Ave Maria, &c.  
And beyngre aucte moe .n gode tyken  
He songe to the nonnes and was porra agn  
With Ave Maria, &c.

## DIALOGUE

BETWEEN MASTER PHILPOT AND WALWORTH,  
COCKNRIES.

[From dean Milles's edition of Rowley. It contains, says the dean, a variety of evidence,

tending to confirm the authenticity of these poems. In the first place, this sort of macaronic verse of mixed languages is a style used in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Dante has some of these amongst his Rhymer, (p. 226. vol. 9d. Venice 1741) which are composed of French, Italian, and Latin, and conclude thus:

Namque locutus sum in lingua tria.

Skelton, who lived not long after Rowley, has also poems in the same kind of verse. Secondly, the correctness of the Latin, and the propriety of the answers in English, show it to have been written at least by a better scholar than Chatterton. Thirdly, the low humour of the dialogue, although suited to the taste of that early and illiterate age, could be no object of imitation to a modern poet. But it is a most remarkable circumstance, that he has introduced his two Cockneies under the names of two most respectable aldermen of the city of London, who lived about the year 1380, sir William Walworth and sir John Philpot; men of such distinguished reputation, not only in their own city, but also in the whole kingdom, that the first parliament of Richard the Second, in granting a subsidy to that king, made it subject to the controul and management of these two citizens. (Walsingham, p. 200. Rapin, vol. i. p. 454 and 458.)

PHILPOT.

God ye god den<sup>1</sup>, my good naighbour, howe d'ye ayle?

How does your wyfe, man! what never assole?  
Cum decitate vivas, verborum mala ne cures.

WALWORTH.

Ah, Maste Phyllepot, evil tongues do saie,  
That my wyfe will lyen down to daie:  
Tis twelwe moneths syth shee was myne for aie.

PHILPOT.

Animum submittare noli rebus in adversis,  
Nolito quosdam referentis semper credere,  
But I pity you naighbour, is it so?

<sup>1</sup> This salutation, which should be written *God ye god den*, is more than once used by Shakespear: in *Love's Labour Lost*, the clown says,

God dig you den all. Act iv. Sc. 1.

That is to say, *God give you a good evening*; for *dig* is undoubtedly a mistake for *give*.

So in the dialogue between the Nurse and Mercutio, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 5. the former says,

God ye good morrow gentlemen;  
to which the latter replies,

God ye good den, fair gentlewoman,  
And in the *Exmoor Courtship*,

Good den, good den;

which the glossarist on that pamphlet properly explains by the wish of a *good evening*; and Mr. Steevens observes on the passage in *Love's Labour Lost*, that this contraction is not unusual in our ancient comic writers, and quotes the play called the *Northern Lass*, by R. Brome, 1633, for the following phrase:

God ye good even.

VOL. XV.

WALWORTH.

Ruse requirit misericordiam mala causa est.  
Alack, alack, a sad dome misse in fay,  
But oft with cityzens it is the case;  
Honesta turpitude pro bona  
Causa mori, as auncient pensmen sayse.

THE MERRIE TRICKS OF  
LAMYNGETOWNE.

BY MAYSTRE JOHN A. ISCAM.

[From Dean Milles's edition.]

A RYGOUROUS doome is myne, upon mie faie:  
Before the parent starre, the lyghtsome Sonne,  
Hath three tymes lyghted up the cheerful daie,  
To other realmes must Laymyngtonne be gonne,  
Or else my flymsie thredde of lyfe is spunne;  
And shall I hearken to a cowarts reede,  
And from so vain a shade, as lyfe is, runne?  
No! sie all thoughtes of runyng to the queed:  
No! here I'll staie, and let the Cockneies see,  
That Laymyntone the brave, will Laymyngetonne still be.

To fyght, and not to flee, my subatans  
I'll don, and girth my swerde unto my syde;  
I'll go to ship, but not to foreyne landes,  
But act the pyrate, rob in every tyde;  
With Cockneies bloude Thamysis shall be dyde,  
Theire goodes in Bristowe markette shall be solde.  
My bark the laved of the waters ryde,  
Her sayles of scarlette and her stee of golde;  
My men the Saxones, I the Hengyst bee,  
And in my shyppes combyne the force of all their three.

Go to my trustie menne in Selwoods chase,  
That through the lesse hunt the burled boare,  
Tell them how standes with me the present case,  
And bydde them revel down at Watchets shore,  
And saunt about in hawikes and woods no more;  
Let every auntrous kuyghte his armour braise,  
Theire meats be mans fleshe, and theyre beverage

gore,  
Hancele, or hanceled, from the human race;  
Bid them, like mee theyre leeder, shape theyre mynde  
To be a bloudie foe in armes, gaynst all man-  
[kynde.]

RALPH.

I go my boon companions for to fynde.  
[Ralph goes out.]

LAMYNGETOWNE.

Unfaifull Cockneies dogs! your god is gayne.  
When in your towne I spent my greete estate,  
What crowdes of citta came fluckyng to my  
traine,  
What shoals of tradesmenne eaten from my plate,  
My name was alwaies Laymyngeton the greate;  
But whan my wealth was gone, ye keend me not,  
I stode in ward ye laughed at mie fate,  
Nor car'd if Laymyngeton the great did rutte;  
But know ye, curriedowes, ye shall soon feele,  
I've got experience now, altho I bought it weale.

D B

You let me know that all the worlde are knaves,  
That lordes and cits are robbers in disguise;  
I and my men, the Cockneies of the waves,  
Will profite by youre lessons and bee wise;  
Make you give back the harvest of youre lies;  
From deep fraught barques Ple take the myser  
Make all the wealth of every <sup>1</sup> my prize, [soul,  
And cheating Londons pryde to dygner Bristowe  
rolle.

SONGE OF SEYNCTE BALDYWYNNE.

[From Dean Milles's edition. According to Chatterton, this and the following poem were sung when the bridge at Bristol was completed in 1247.]

WHANNE Norrus and hys menne of myghte,  
Uponne thys brydge darde all to fyghte,  
Forlagenn manie warriours iaie,  
And Dacyanns well nie wounne the daie.  
Whanne doughty Baldwious arose,  
And scatterthe deathe amonge hys foes,  
Fromme out the brydge the purlinge bloode  
Embolled hie the runnyng floude.  
Dethe dydd uponne hys anlace hange,  
And all hys arms were gutte de sangus<sup>2</sup>.  
His doughtinesse wrought thilk dismaye,  
The foreign warriours ranne awaie,  
Erle Baldwynus regardeld well,  
How manie menn furslaggen fell;  
To Heaven lyft oppe hys holie eye,  
And thanked Godd for victorye;  
Thenne threw hys anlace ynn the tyde,  
Lyvdd ynn a cell, and hermytte died.

SONGE OF SEYNCTE WARBURGHE.

[From Dean Milles's edition.]

WHANNE kynge Kynghill<sup>3</sup> ynn hys honde  
Helde the sceptre of thys loode,  
Sheenyng starre of Chrystes lyghte,  
The merkie mysts of pagann nyghte  
Gan to scatter farr and wyde:  
Thanne Seyncte Warburghe hee arose,  
Doffed hys honores and fyne clothes;  
Preechyng hys Lorde Jesus name,  
Toe the lande of West Sexx came,  
Whare blaek Severn rolls hys tyde.

Stronge ynn faithfullness, be trudde  
Ovver the waters lyke a godde,  
Till he gaynde the distaunt hecke,  
Ynn whose bankes hys staffe dydd steck,  
Witnessse to the myrracle;  
Thenne he preechedd nyghte and daie,  
And set manee ynn ryghte waie.  
Thys goode staffe greet wondrous wroughte  
Moe than guesse bie mortalle thoughte,  
Orr thann mortali tonge can tell.

Then the foule a brydge dydd make  
Ovver the streame utoe the hecke,

<sup>1</sup> The word one, or mon, must be here supplied, in order to complete the sense and the verse.

<sup>2</sup> Gutte de sangue, drops of blood; an heraldic allusion, suitable to the genius of that age.

<sup>3</sup> King Kynghill, king Coenwulf.

All of wode eke longe and wyde,  
Pryde and glorie of thee tyde;  
Whych ynn tyme dydd falle awaie:  
Then erle Leaf he bespedde  
Thys grete ryver fromme hys bedde,  
Round hys castle for to runne,  
'T was in trothe ann ancyaute omne,  
But warre and tyme wyll all decaie.

Now agayne, wythe breemie force,  
Severn ynn hys aynciant course  
Rolls hys rappyd stroeme alonge,  
With a sable swifte and stronge,  
Moreying<sup>4</sup> manie ann okie wood:  
Wee the menne of Brystowe towne  
Have yreerd thys brydge of stone,  
Wyshyng echone that ytt maie laste  
Till the date of daies be past,  
Standynge where the other stode.

SANCTE WARBUR.

[From the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies. It is there entitled Imitation of our Old Poets. On oure Ladyes Church. 1769.]

In auintent dayes, when Kenewalchyn king  
Of all the borders of the sea did reigne,  
Whos cutting celes<sup>5</sup>, as the bardyes syng,  
Cut strakyng furrowes in the foamie mayne,  
Sancte Warbur cast aside his earles estate,  
As great as good, and eke as good as great.  
Tho blest with what us men accounts as store,  
Saw something further, and saw something more.

Where smokyng Wasker scours the claiy bank,  
And gilded fishes wanton in the sunne,  
Emtytynge to the feelds a dewie dank,  
As in the twynng path-waye he doth runne;  
Here stood a house, that in the ryver smile  
Since valorous Urse first wonne Bryttayn ile;  
The stones in one as firm as rock unite,  
And it defyde the greatest warriours myghte.

Around about the lofty elemens hie  
Proud as their planter reerde their greemie crest,  
Bent out their heads, whene'er the windes came  
In amorous dalliaunce the flete cloudes kest. [bic.  
Attendynge squires dreste in trickyng brighte,  
To each tenth squier an attendynge knyghte,  
The hallie hung with pendants to the flore,  
A coat of nobil armes upon the doore;

Horses and dogges to hunt the fallowe deere,  
Of pastures many, wide extent of wode,  
Faulkonnes in mewes, and, little birds to tear,  
The sparrow hawke, and manie hawkies gode.  
Just in the prime of life, when others court  
Some swottie nymph, to gain their tender hand,  
Greet with the kynge and breddie greet with the  
And as aforesed nickle much of land, [court

\*\*\*\*\*

<sup>4</sup> Moreying, rooting up, so explained in the glossary to Robert Gloucester.—Mored, i. e. digged, grubbed. The roots of trees are ayn called mores in Devonshire.

<sup>5</sup> Celes, most probably from the ancient word *ceolis*; which, in the Saxon, is *ships*. From whence *ceoler*, we find in Drampton, are used for large ships.

## THE WORLDE.

[From Barrett's History of Bristol.]

FADRE, SONNE, and MYNSTRELLES.

## FADRE.

To the worlde newe and ytta bestoykenyng waie  
Thys coistrelle sonne of myne ys all mie care,  
Yes mynstrelles warne hymme how wyth rede he  
straie [snare,  
Where guyded vyce dothe spredde bys mascul'd  
To gettyng wealth I woulde hee shoulde bee  
bradde, [shulds hedde,  
And courounes of rudde goulde ne glorie rounde

## FIRST MYNSTREL.

Mie name is Interesse, tis I  
Dothe yntoe alle bosoms fie,  
Eche one hylten secret's myne,  
None so wordie, goode, and dygne,  
Butte wyll fynde ytte to theyr cost,  
Intereste wyll rule the roaste.  
I to everichone gyve lawes,  
Selve ys fyrst yu everich cause.

## SECOND MYNSTREL.

I amme u faytour flane  
Of leumies melancholi,  
Love somme behyghte mie name,  
Some doe anemp me Follie;  
Inne sprytes of melynge mold  
I sette mie burneyng sele;  
To mee a goulers goulde  
Doeth netz a pyne avele;  
I pre upon the helthe,  
And from gode redeyng flee,  
The maane who woulde gette wealth  
Muste never thynke of mee.

## THIRD MYNSTREL.

I be the queede of Pryde, mie spyryng heade  
More reche the cloudes and styll be rysyng he,  
Too lytll is the Earthe to be mie bedde,  
Too bannow for mie brestheyng place the skie;  
Daysons I see the worlde bineth me lie  
Botte to mie betterres, I see lytll gree,  
Aenithe a shadow of a shade I be,  
Tys to the smalle alleyn that I canne multiplye.

## FOURTH MYNSTREL.

I am the queed of goulers; look arounde  
The ayr aboute me thievers doe represente,  
Bloodsteyned robbers spryng from oute the  
grounde,  
And aire vrysons swarme around mie ente;  
O save mie monies, ytte ys theyre entente  
To synnme the redde godde of mie fremded  
sprighte,  
Whatte joie canne goulers have or daie or nyghte!

## FIFTH MYNSTREL.

Vice be I byghte onne golde fulle ofte I ryde,  
Fulle fayre unto the syghte for aie I seeme;  
Mie ugness wythe goldenne veyles I hyde,  
Laknyng mie lovers yune a sylkenne dreame;  
Botte whan mie untre pleasaunce have hyo  
tryde,  
Thanne doe I showe alle horronnesse and row,  
And those I have yune netz woulde feyne mie  
grype sockes.

## SIXTH MYNSTREL.

I bee grete Dethe, alle ken mee bie the name,  
Botte none can saie howe I doe loose the  
spryghte, [blame,  
Goode menne mie tardyng delais doothe  
Botte mooste ryche goulerrres from mee take a  
lyghte;  
Myckle of wealth I see whereere I came,  
Doothe mie ghastrness mockle multiplye  
And maketh bea afryde to lyve or die.

## FADRE.

Howe, villoyn mynstrelles, and is this your rede,  
Awaie: awaie: I wyll no geve a curse, [bede,  
Mie sonne, mie sonne, Of mie speeche take  
Nothyng ys goode thatts bryngeth not to  
purs.

ONE CANTO OF AN ANCIENT POEM, CALLED  
THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT, OR THE  
TOURNAMENT.

[From the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanea. "He offered this as a sample, having two more cantos. The author unknown." 1769.]

The matten belle han sounded long,  
The cocks han sang their morning songs,  
When lo! the tuneful clarions sound,  
(Wherein all other noise was drown'd)  
Did echo to the rooms around,  
And greet the ears of champyons stronge;  
Arise, arise from downie bedde,  
For Sunne doth gin to shew his hedde!  
Then each did don in seemlie gear,  
What armour eche he seem'd to wear,  
And on each sheelde devices shone,  
Of wounded hearts and battles won,  
All curious and nice echon;  
With manie a tassild spear;  
And mounted echeone on a steed  
Unwote made ladies hearts to blede.

Heralds eche side the clarions wound,  
The horses started at the sound;  
The knyghtes echeone did poynt the launce,  
And to the combattes did advance;  
From Hyberne, Scotland, eke from Fraunce;  
Thyre prancyng homes tare the ground;  
All strove to recbe the place of fyghte,  
The first to exercise their myghte—

O'Rocke upon his courser fleet,  
Swift as lightning were his feet,  
First gain'd the lists and gatte him fame;  
From west Hybernee isle he came,  
His myghte depictur'd in his name.  
All dreded such an olf to meet;  
Bold as a mountan in one he sto-d,  
Upon his awerde sat grim dethe and bloude,

But when he threwe downe his asseglave,  
Next came in syr Botelier bold and brave,  
The dethe of manie a Saracoon;  
Thei thought him a devil from Hells black den,

<sup>1</sup> Probably alluding to the word rock.



Ne thinking that anie of mortalle menne  
 Could send so manie to the grave.  
 For his life to John Rumsce he rader'd his thanks,  
 Descended from Godred the king of the Manka.

Within his sure rest he settled his speare,  
 And ran at O'Rocke in full career;  
 Their launces with the furious stroke  
 Into a thousand shivers broke,  
 Even as the thunder tears the oak,  
 And scatters splinters here and there;  
 So great the shock, their senses did depart,  
 The bloude all ran to strengthen up the harte.

Syr Botelier Rumsce first came from his traunce,  
 And from the marshall toke the launce;  
 O'Rocke eke chose another speere,  
 And ran at syr Botelier full career;  
 His prancyng stede the ground did tare;  
 In haste he made a false advance;  
 Syr Botelier seeing, with myghte amain  
 Felde him down upon the playne.

Syr Pigotte Novlin at the clarions sound,  
 On a milk-white stede with gold trappings around,  
 He couchde in his rest his silver-poynt speere,  
 And ferslie ranne up in full career;  
 But for his appearance he payed full deare,  
 In the first course laid on the ground;  
 Besmeer'd in the dust with his silver and gold,  
 No longer a glorious sight to behold.

Syr Botelier then having conquer'd his twayne,  
 Rode conqueror off the tourneyng playne,  
 Receivying a garland from Alice's hand,  
 The fayrest ladye in the lande.  
 Syr Pigotte this viewd, and furious did stand,  
 Tormented in mind and bodily peyne,  
 Syr Botelier crown'd, most galantlie stode,  
 As some tall oak within the thicke wode.

Awhite the shrill clarions sounded the word;  
 Next rode in syr John, of Adderleigh lord,  
 Who over his back his thicke shield did bryng,  
 In checke of redde and silver sheeninge,  
 With stede and gold trappings beseeing a king,  
 A guilded sine adder twyned round his swerde.  
 De Bretville advanced, a man of great myghte  
 And couchd his launce in his rest for the fyghte.

Ferse as the falling waters of the lough,  
 That tumble headlonge from the mountains browe,  
 Ev'n so they met in drierie sound,  
 De Bretville fel upon the ground,  
 The bloude from inward braised wound,  
 Did out his stained helmet flowe;  
 As some tall bark upon the foamie main,  
 So laie De Bretville on the plain.

Syr John of the Dale or Compton hight,  
 Advanced next in lists of fyght,  
 He knew the tricks of tourneyng full well,  
 In running race ne manne culd him excell,  
 Or how to wicdle a sworde better tel,  
 And eke he was a manne of might:  
 On a black stede with silver trappynge dyght  
 He darde the dangers of the tourneyd fyghte.

Within their rests their speeres they set,  
 So furiously ech other met,  
 That Compton's well intended speere  
 Syr John his shield in pieces tare,

And wound his hand in furious geir;  
 Syr Johns stele assenglave was wetter;  
 Syr John then to the marshal turn'd,  
 His breast with meekle furie burn'd.  
 The tenders of the feedle came in,  
 And bade the champyons not begyn;  
 Eche tourney but one hour should last,  
 And then one hour was gone and past.

### THE ROMAUNTE OF THE CNYGHTE.

BY JOHN DE BERGRAME.

[From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, in the possession of Mr. Cotter.]

THE Sunne onto Vyrgyne was gotten,  
 The floureys al arounde onspryngede,  
 The woddie graase blanchd the fenne  
 The quenis Ermyne arised fro bedde;  
 Syr knyghte dyd ymounte opon a stede  
 Ne rounce ne drybbette of make  
 Thanne asterte for dur'sie dede  
 Wythe Morglaie hys foomeene to make blode  
 Eke swythyn as wynde, trees, theyre barty to  
 Al doune in a delle a merke dernie delle (shale  
 Wheere coppers eke thighe trees there bee,  
 There dyd hee perchaunce I see  
 A damoselle askede for ayde on her kne  
 An cnyghte uncourteous dydde bie her stode  
 Hee hollyd herr faeste bie her honde,  
 Discourteous cnyghte, I doe prairie nowe thou tzie  
 Whirst doeste thou bee so to thee damselic,  
 The knyghte hym assoled eftsoones,  
 Lite beethe ne mattere of thyne.  
 Begon for I wayte notte thye boones.

The knyghte sed I proove on this gaberdyne.  
 Alyche boars enchafted to fyghte beie flies.  
 The discourteous knyghte bee stryge botte  
 strynger the righte,  
 The dynne bee herde a'myle for faire in the  
 Tyl thee false knyghte yfallethe and dyes.

Damoyssel, quod the knyghte, now comme thou  
 wi me,

Y wotte welle quod shee I nede thee ne ferre,  
 The knyghte yfallen badd wolde ischulde bee,  
 Butte loe he ys dedde maie itte spede Heaven-  
 were.

### THE ROMANCE OF THE KNIGHT.

MODERNISED BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

[From a MS. of Chatterton's in the possession of Mr. Cotter.]

THE pleasing sweets of spring and summer past,  
 The falling leaf flies in the sultry blast,  
 The fields resign their spangling orbs of gold,  
 The wrinkled grass its silver joys unfold  
 Mantling the spreading moor in heavenly white,  
 Meeting from every hill the rarish'd sight.  
 The yellow flag appears its spotted head,  
 Hanging regardant o'er its wat'ry bed:  
 The worthy knight ascends his foaming steed,  
 Of size uncommon, and no common breed.

His sword of giant make hanga from his belt,  
Whose piercing edge his daring foes had felt.  
To seek for glory and renown, he goes  
To scatter death among his trembling foes;  
Unserv'd by fear they trembled at his stroke;  
So cutting blasts shake the tall mountain oak.

Down in a dark and solitary vale  
Where the curst screech-owl sings her fatal tale,  
Where copse and brambles interwoven lie,  
Where trees intertwining arch the azure sky,  
Thither the fate-mark'd champion bent his way,  
By purling streams to lose the heat of day:  
A sudden cry assaults his list'ning ear,  
His soul's too noble to admit of fear.—  
The cry re-echoes: with his bounding steed  
He gropes the way from whence the cries proceed.  
The arching trees above obscur'd the light,  
Here 'twas all evening, there eternal night.

And now the rustling leaves and strengthened cry  
Bespeaks the cause of the confusion nigh;  
Thro' the thick brake the astonish'd champion  
A weeping damsel beading on her knees; [sees  
A ruffian knight would force her to the ground,  
But still some small resisting strength she found,  
(Women and cats, if you compulsion use  
The pleasure which they die for, will refuse.)  
The champion thus: "Desist, discourteous knight,  
Why dost thou shamefully misuse thy might."  
With eye contemptuous thus the knight replied,  
"Begone! whoever dares my fury die."  
Down to the ground the champion's gauntlet flew,  
"I dare thy fury, and I'll prove it too."

Like two fierce mountain-boars enraged they fly,  
The prancing steeds make echo rend the sky,  
Like a fierce tempest is the bloody fight, [knight  
Dead from his lofty steed falls the proud ruffian  
The victor, sadly pleas'd, accosts the dame,  
"I will convey you hence to whence you came."  
With look of gratitude the fair replied,  
"Content: I in your virtue may confide.  
But," said the fair, as mournful she survey'd  
The breathless corpse upon the meadow laid,  
"May all thy sins from Heaven forgiveness find!  
May not thy body's crimes affect thy mind!"

#### TO JOHN LADGATE.

(SENT WITH THE FOLLOWING SONGE TO *ELLA*.)

[This and the two following poems are printed from  
a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing.]

WELL thanne, goode Johnne, sythe ytt must  
needes be soe,

Thatt thou and I a bowtyng matche muste have,  
Letts ytt be breakyng of oulde friendshyppe bee,  
Thys ys the onelic all-a-boone I crave.

Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,  
Who whanne John Clarkyng, one of myckle lore,  
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to  
fghte, [nesse more.  
Hee showd smalle wytte, and showd hys weak-

Thys ys mie fornaunce, whyche I nowe have  
wrytte,  
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte.

#### SONGE TO *ELLA*,

LONDE OF THE CARTEL OF BRISTOWE  
YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

Oh thou, orr what remaines of thee,  
*ELLA*, the darlyng of futurity,  
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thys courage be,  
As everlastyng to posteritye.

Whanne Dacy's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude  
redde hue

Lyche kyng-cuppes brastyng wythe the morn-  
Arraung'd ynne dreare armaie, [ing due,  
Upponne the lethale daie,  
Speerde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;  
Than dyddst thou furiose stande,  
And bie thie valyaante hande  
Beesprengedd all the meca wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyde anlaced felle,  
Downe to the depthe of Helle  
Thousandes of Dacyans went;  
Brystowaunes, meane of myghte,  
Ydar'd the blouddie fyghte,  
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou wherere (thie bones att rest)  
Thye spryng to haunte delyghteth best,  
Whether upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,  
Orr where thou kennst froman farre  
The dysmall crye of warre, [sleyne;  
Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of  
Orr seest the hatched stede,  
Yppraunceyng o'er the mede,  
And neighe to be amenged the poyntedd speeres;  
Orr ynne blacke armoure stanke arounde  
Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,  
And glowe ardurous onn the castle steeres;

Orr ferye round the mynsterr glare;  
Lette Brystowe styll be made thie care;  
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne and conunaryng  
fyre;  
Lyche Avones streme ensyrke ytt rounde,  
Ne lette a flame enharmoe the grounde,  
Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

#### THE UNDERWRITTEN LINES

WERE COMPOSED BY JOHN LADGATE, A PRIEST  
IN LONDON,

And sent to Rowlie, as an answer to the preceding  
Songe of *ELLA*.

HAVYNGE wythe mouche attentyon redde  
Whatt you dydd too mee sende,  
Admyre the varses mouche I dyd,  
And thus an answer leade.

Amonga the Greeces Homer was  
A poett mouche renownde,  
Amonga the Latyns Vyrgilius  
Was beste of poets founde.

The Brytish Mertyn offenne hande  
The gyfte of inspyration,  
And Aled to the Sexonne menne  
Dydd synge wythe elocation.

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and  
Goode Chaucer dydd exelle,

Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmelyte,  
Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie dayes  
Lendes owte hys sheenynghe lyghtos,  
And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves  
Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

Mr. Tyrwhitt compared the copy of this and the two preceding poems, supplied by Mr. Catcott, with one made by Mr. Barrett, from the piece of vellum which Chatterton gave to him as the original MS. These are the variations of importance, exclusive of many in the spelling.

*Verses to Ladgate.*

In the title, for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate*.

ver. 2. r. *Thad I and there*.

3. for *bee*, r. *goe*.

7. for *fyghis*, r. *wryte*.

*Songe to Ella.*

The title in the vellum MS. was simply *Songe to Ella*, with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—*Lord of the castelle of Brytayne ynne daies of yore*. It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there writen like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.

ver. 6. for *bradyng*, r. *berdyng*.

11. for *natyante*, r. *burle*.

23. for *dymall*, r. *honore*.

*Ladgate's Answer.*

No title in the vellum MS.

ver. 3. for *owtes*, r. *penes*.

antep. for *Lendes r. Sendes*.

ult. for *lyne*, r. *thyng*.

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these poems by Chatterton, which differed from that, which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others:

In the title of the *Verses to Ladgate*.

Orig. *Lydgate*. — Chat. *Ladgate*.

ver. 3. Orig. *goe*. — Chat. *doe*.

7. Orig. *wryte*. — Chat. *fyghis*.

*Songe to Ella.*

ver. 5. Orig. *Daryne*. — Chat. *Darye's*.

Orig. *whose lookes*. — Chat. *whose hayres*.

11. Orig. *burle*. — Chat. *brondel*.

22. Orig. *havens*. — Chat. *hears*.

23. Orig. *honore*. — Chat. *dymall*.

26. Orig. *Ypococryng*. — Chat. *Ypocryng*.

30. Orig. *glace*. — Chat. *glare*.

E L L A,

A TRASYCAL INTERLUDE, OR DIMOORRYNGE  
TRAGEDIE,

WRITTEN BY THOMAS ROWLESE, PLAIEDD BEFORE  
MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE HYS HOWSE  
HEMPTE THE RODDE LODGE: ALSO BEFORE  
THE DUKE OF NORFOLKE, JOHAN HOWARD.

[This poem, with the Epistle, Letter, and Introduction, is printed from a folio MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, "Chatterton's transcript, 1769."]

The whole transcript is of Chatterton's hand writing.]

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON ELLA.

'Tys songe bie mynstralles, thatts yn muntyned tym,

Whan Reason hylt herse'fe in cloudes of nyghte,

The preest delyvered alle the lege yn rhym;

Lyche peyncted tyltynges speares to please the syght,

The whyche yn yles felle use doe make mokes  
Syke dyd their suncyante les defille delyghte the care.

Perchaunce yn vyrtues gare rhym mots les thenne,

Butte este nowe flyeth to the odher syde;

In hallie preeste apperes the rboades penne,

Inne lithie moncke apperes the barrounes pryde:

But rhym wythe somme, as undere without teethe,

Make pleasaunce to the sense, botte maie de

Syr John, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore,

Kenns Latyn att fyrst syghte from Frenche or Greke,

Fyghte the hys knowlchynge ten yeres or more,

To ryng upon the Latynne worde to speke.

Whoever spekethe Englysch ys despyed,

The Englysch hym to please moste fyrste is latynized.

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem synge;

Can preache so welc, eche bynde hys menynges knowes;

Aibeytte these gode knyghts awaie he synge,

Beeyng as badde yn vearne as good yn prou,

Hee synge of seyntes who dyed for yer Godde,

Everych wynter nyghte afroche he sheddeth theyr blodde.

To maydens; huswyfes, and unloved dames,

Hee redes hys tales of merrymnt and woo.

Loughe loudlie dyneth from the dolteadranes';

He swelles on laudes of foolles, tho' kennes hem soe

Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and synge,

At merrie yaped fage somme hard-drayned wait bryng.

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, behynde hys lynes

Geofroie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware;

Wordes wythoute sense full groffyngelys he

Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheert;

Waytes<sup>2</sup> monthes on nothyng, and hys storie donne,

Ne moe you from ytte kean, than gyf you seem

Enowe of odhers; of micselle to write,

Requyryng what I doe notte nowe passen,

To you I leave the taske; I kenne your myght

Wyll make mie faultes, maie moeynte of faultes, be les.

ELLA wythe thys I sende, and hope that you

Wyll from ytte cast awaie, whaitte lynes maie be ontrue.

Plays made from ballie tales I holde unswetes;  
Lette somme greate storie of a manne be song;

<sup>1</sup> Unauthorized. There is however the adjective *advancing*, *charlish*. <sup>2</sup> Perhaps *trayles*.

Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jerus  
treats, [wronge  
In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde  
Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie<sup>3</sup> mote  
ne beare,  
placed yn the same. Adieu untyle anere.  
Be THOMAS ROWLEIE

LETTER

TO THE DYGNE MASTRE CANYNGE.

STRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of  
Nete butte a bare recytalle can hay place; [ouere,  
Nowe shapelic poesie has loste ytta powers,  
And pyaunt hystorie ys onlie grace;  
Hese pycke up wolsome weedes, ynstedds of  
flowers,  
And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theis trace;  
Nowe poesie canne meete wythe na regrate,  
Whyste prose, and herehaughtrie, rusc yn estate.

Lette kynges, and rulers, whan beie gayne a  
throne, [sieres bore,  
Shew whatt theyre grandaieres, and great grand-  
Emarchalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre  
owne.

Nowe rang'd wythe what yoir fadres han before;  
Lette trades, and tounce folck, lett syke thynges  
Ne fyghte for sable yn a fielde of aure; [alone,  
Seldom, or never, are armes vyrtues made,  
Shew allyngs to take myckle aie dotte hede<sup>4</sup>.

A man ascaunse uppon a piece maye looke,  
And shake hys heddes to styrre hys rede aboute;  
Ead he, gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,  
Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wyth-  
Eke, gyf ynto a vew percase I tooke [oute;  
The longe beade-rolle of al the wrytyngs route,  
Asmerin, Ingolpufus, Torgotte, Beide,  
Thowen hem al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

Pardon, yee graicharbes, gyf I saie, onwise  
Yee are to stycke so close and bysmarelle  
To hystorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,  
Whyche amensued thoughtes of poesie; [alyse<sup>6</sup>,  
Somme drybblette share you shoulde to yatte  
Nott makynge everyche thyng beie hystorie;

<sup>3</sup> Droorie. Strange perversion of words! droorie in its ancient signification stood for modesty\*.

\* This is an error of Chatterton.

Schyr Jhone Webetown thar was slayne;  
And quben he dede wis, as ye her,  
Thai faad intill hys coffer  
A lettyr that hym send a lady  
That he luffyt per drowery.  
That said quben he had yemyt a yer  
In wer, as a good batchiller.  
Tha awenters castell off Dowglas  
That to kep us peralous was,  
Than mycht he weill ask a lady  
Hyr amours and hyr drowery.

The Bruce. B. 5. 488.

Mr. Pinkerton adds per drowery is not in a way of marriage: the term is old French.

<sup>4</sup> Probably *sele*.

<sup>5</sup> Sidrophel in Hudibras.

Who having three times shook his head,  
To stir his wit up, thus he said.

Instedde of mountynge on a wynged horse,  
You can a rouney dryve yun dolefull course.

Canyng and I from common course dysente;  
Wee ryde the stede, botte yev to hym the reene;  
Ne wyll betweens crased molteryng booke be-  
pente, [sheene;  
Botte soare on hyghe, and yn the sonne-bemes  
And where wee kenn somme ishad floures be-  
sprente, [cleane;  
We take ytte, and from oulde route doe ytta  
Wee wyll ne cheynedd to one pasture bee,  
Botte sometymes soare 'bove trouthe of hystorie.

Saie, Canyng, whatt was wearse yn daies of  
yore?

Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetylvic bewryen  
Notte syke as doe annoie thys age so sore,  
A keppened poyntelle restyng at eche lynne.  
Wearse maie be goode, hotte poesie wantes more,  
An onlist lecturn, and a songe adyng;  
Accordyng to the rule I have thys wroughte,  
Gyff yit please Canyng, I care notte a groate.

The thyng ytte moste bee yttes owne defense;  
Som metre maie notte please a womannes ear.  
Canyng looks notte for poesie, botte sense;  
And dygne, and wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.  
Canyng, adieu! I do you grette from hence;  
Full soone I hope to taste of your good choere;  
Goode byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie,  
Hese wysche you healtie aud wellnesse for aie.

T. ROWLEIE.

ENTRODUCTIONNE.

Somme chrisaunei cys to gentle mynde,  
Whan beie have chevoyed theyre loude from  
bayne, [hynde,  
Whan theis ar dadd, theis leave yer name be-  
And theyre goode deedes doe on the Earthe re-  
mayne;

Downe yn the grave wee yubyme everych steyne,  
Whylest al her gentleness ys made to sheene,  
Lyche fetylve baubels gessounne to be scene.

Ælla, the wardenne of thys castell stede,  
Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptre swaie,  
Who made whole troopes of Daeyan men to biede,  
Then seel'd hys cyne, and secl'd hys eyne for aie,  
Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,  
To saie what he, as clergyond, canne kenne,  
And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

ÆLLA.

Persones representedd.

Ælla, bie Thomas Rowleie, Proeste, the Ave-  
thoure.

Celmonde, Johan Incaun, Proeste.

Hurra, Syrr Thybbotte Gorgee, Knyghte.

Birtha, Mastre Edwarde Canyng.

Odherr partes bie Knyghtes Mynstrelles.

CELMONDE, at Brystowe.

BEFORE yuone roddie Sonne has droove hys  
wayne [goulde,  
Throwe half his joornie, dyghts yn gites of

<sup>6</sup> This word is loosely made from the Saxon verb *afrean*, to *loosen*, to set free.

Mee, happelless me, bes wylle a wretche be-  
houde, [chaunces chayne.  
Mieselfe, and al that's myne, bounde yune mys-  
Ah! Birtha, whie did Nature frame thee fayre?  
Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle canne be-  
wreene?

Whie art thou nott as coarre as odhers are?—  
Botte thenn thie soughle woulde throwe thy vysage  
sheene,

Yait shemres on thie comclie semlykeene,  
Lyche nottebrowne cloude, whann bie the  
Sonne made redde,

Orr scarlette, wyth waylde lynnyn clothe  
ywræne, [spreadde.

Syke woulde thie spryte uppon thie vysage  
Thys daie brave *Ælla* dothe thynne honde and  
harte [moste parte.

Clayne as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys  
And cann I lyve to see herr wythe anere!  
Ytte cannotte, muste notte, daie, ytt shalle not  
bee. [beere.

Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poysson ynn the  
And hymn, herr, and myselfe, attenes wyll siea.  
Assyst mee Helle! lette derylles rounde mee  
tende, [friende.

To siea mieselfe, mie love, and eke mie doughtie

*ÆLLA, BIRTHA*

*ÆLLA.*

Notte, whanne the hallie prieste dyd make me  
knyghte,  
Blessyng the weaponne, tellyng the future dede,  
Howe bic mie honde the prevyd Dans shoulde  
blede, [fyghte;

Howe I schulde often bee, and often wynne yune

Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous  
hue, [softer soule;  
Whyche strooke mie mynde, and rouzed my  
Nott, whann from the barbed horse yu fyghte  
dyd viewe

The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,  
Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete  
dole,

Dydd I fele joie wyth syke reddoure as nowe,  
Whann hallie preest, the lechemanne of the  
soule,

Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytsnede vowe:  
Nowe hallie *Ælla*'s selynesse ys grate;

Shap haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate.

*BIRTHA.*

Mie lorde, and husbände, syke a joie is myne;  
Botte mayden modestie moste no soe saie,  
Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt yune myne eyne,  
Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalste be for  
aie;

Inne sothe, I have botte meeded oute thie faie;  
For twelve tymes twelve the mone hath biu  
yblente,

As manie tymes hath veyed the godde of daie,  
And on the grasse her lemes of sylverr sente,  
Sythethou dydst cheese mee for thie swote to bee,  
Enactyng ynn the same moste faifullie to mee.

Ofte have I semee thee atte the none-daie feaste,  
Whenne deysde bie thieselfe, for wante of  
pheeres,

Is she not more than painting can express?  
Fair Patient.

Awhylist thie merryemen dydde laughe and jeate,  
Oun mee thou semest all eyne, to me all care.  
Thou wardest mee as gyff yan hundred feesse,  
Alest a daygnous looke to thee be sente,  
And offeendes made mee, moe thann yie com-  
pheeres,

Ofte scarpes of scarlette, and fyne paramente,  
All thie yntente to please was lynned to mee,  
I saie ytt, I moste streve thatt you amede be.

*ÆLLA.*

Mie llytle kyndnesses whych I dydd doe,  
Thie gentleness doth corven them soe grete,  
Lyche bawyn olyphauntes mie gnattz do  
shewe;

Thou doest mie thoughtes of paying love amale.  
Botte hann mie actyonns straughte the role of  
fate, [down to thee,

Pyghte thee from Hell, or brought Heaves  
Layde the whol worlde a falldstole atte thie feete,  
On smyle would be sufficyll wode for mee.  
I amn loves borro'r, and canne never part.  
Botte he hys borrowe styll, and thyn, mie  
swete, for aie.

*BIRTHA.*

Love, doe notte rate your a chevments soe smalle;  
As I to you, syke love untoe mee beere;  
For nothyng parte will Birtha ever call,  
Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.  
As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesh wylle  
Syke, and ne fardber I expecte of you; [spere,  
He notte the slack yn love, ne oterdeare; [true.  
A smalle fyre, yan a loud flame, proves more

*ÆLLA.*

Thie gentle wordis toe thie volunde keene  
To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyrts of  
mebbe.

*ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYNSTRILL.*

*CELMONDE.*

Alle blessynges showre on gentle *Ælla*'s hedde;  
OR maie the Moone, yu syverr shemyngt  
lyghte,

Inne varied chaunges vavyed blessynges shodde,  
Besprengyng far abroad mischaunces byghte;  
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre dame, so  
bryghte, [pearl,

Long mayest thou wyth *Ælla* fynde much  
Wythe selynesse as wyth a robe, be dyghte,  
Wyth everych chaungyng mone new jowes ea-  
I, as a token of mie love to speake, [cress!  
Have brought you jubbes of aie, at nyghte your  
brayne to breake.

*ÆLLA.*

Whan soppes paste we'lle drench the your ale  
Tyde lyfe, tyde death. [soe strongt,

*CELMONDE.*

Ye mynstrilles, chaunt your soogt!

*Mynstrilles Songe bis a Marne and Womanne.*

*MARNE.*

Tourne thee to thie shepaterr wayne;  
Bryghte Sonne has ne droncke the dewe  
From the floures of yellowe hae;  
Tourne thee, Alyce, hake agayne.

*WOMANNE.*

No, bestoikerre, I wylle go,  
Softlie tryppynge o're the moss,

Lycbe the sylver-footed doe,  
Seekyng sheitern yn grene trees.

MANNE.

Sec the moss-growne daisy'd banke,  
Percyng ynne the strene belowe;  
Here we'lle sytte, yn dewie danke;  
Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

WOMANNE.

I've hearde erste mie grandame saie,  
Yonge damoysselles schulde ne bee,  
Inne the swote moonthe of Maie,  
Wythe yonge manne bie the grene wode tree.

MANNE.

Sytte thee, Alyce, sytte, and harte,  
Howe the ouzle chauntes bys noate,  
The chelandree, greie more lark,  
Chauntyng from theyre lyttel throate;

WOMANNE.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,  
Chauntyng owte so blatauntlie,  
Tellyng lecturnes to mee,  
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh.

MANNE.

See alonge the mees so grene  
Pied daisies, kyng-coppes swote;  
Alle wee see, bie non bee scene,  
Note botte shepe settes here a fole.

WOMANNE.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratche,  
Out uponne ye! lette me goe.  
Leave mee swythe, or I'lle slatche.  
Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe,

MANNE.

See! the crokyng brionie  
Rounde the popler twyste bys sprais;  
Rounde the oake the greene ivie  
Florryschetbe and lyveth aie.

Latte us wate us bie thys tree,  
Laughe, and syng to lovyng ayres;  
Comme, and doe notte coven bee;  
Nature made all thynges bie payres,  
Drooried cattles wyll after kynde;  
Gentle doves wyll kyss and coe;

WOMANNE.

Botte manne, bee inoste bee ywrynde,  
Tyll syr preeste make on of two.

Tempte mee ne to the foule thyng;  
I wyll no mannes icmanne be;  
Tyll syr preeste hys songe doethe syng;  
Thou shalt neere fynde aught of mee.

MANNE.

Bie oure ladie her yborne,  
To morrowe, soone as ytte ys daie,  
I'll make thee wyfe, ne bee forsworne,  
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

WOMANNE.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatie nowe  
Wee attenes, thos honde yn honde,  
Unto divinistre goe,  
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke honde?

? Unauthorized.

MANNE.

I agree, and thus I plyghte  
Honde, and harte, and all that's myde;  
Goode syr Rogerr, do us ryghte,  
Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

BOTHE.

Wee wyll ynn a bordelle lyve,  
Hailie, thoughte of no estate;  
Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;  
Wee ynn goodnesse wyll bee greate.

ELLA.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckie wall;  
And there ys monie for yer syngyne nowe;  
Butte have you noose thatt marriage-blessynges  
telle?

CELMONDE.

In marriage, blessynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

MYNSTRELLES.

Laverde, we have; and, gyff you please, wille  
syng, [mytte.  
As well as owre chooghe-voyses wyll per-

ELLA.

Comme then, and see you swotelie tune the  
stryng,  
And stret, and engyne all the human wytte,  
Toe please mie dame.

MYNSTRELLE.

We'lle strayne owre wytte and syng,  
*Myntrelles Songe.*

FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE.

The boddynge bourettes blashes att the lyghte;  
The mees be sprengeled wyth the yellowe hue;  
Ynn daiseyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;  
The nash yonge coweslepe hendethe wyth the  
dewe;  
The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne straughte,  
Whenn gentie wyndes doo blowe, to wheatlyng  
dynne ys broughta.

The evenyng commes, and brynges the dewe  
alonge;

The roddie welkyne sheeneth to the eyue;  
Arounde the sleestake mynstrelis syng the  
songe;

Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwyne;  
I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wyllie,  
Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethyng  
style.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, yn Paradyse,  
All Heavenn and Erthe dyd honnunge to hys  
mynde;  
Ynn woman alleyne mannes pleasaunce lyes;  
As instrumentes of joie were made the kynde.  
Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see  
Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charma  
for thee.

THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne hlake and sonne-brent doo  
appere,

Wyth hys goulde honde gylteyng the fall-  
eyng lefe,

Bryngesynge oppe Wynter to follylle the yere,  
Beeryng uponne hys backe the riped shewe;

Whan al the hyls wythe woddie seds ys whyte;  
Whanne levynone-fyres and lemes do mete from  
far the syghte;  
Whann the fayre apple, ruddy as even skie,  
Do benche the tree unto the fructylie grounde;  
When joide peres, and berries of blacke die,  
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;  
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,  
Meethynkes mie bartys joie ys steynced wyth  
somme care.

## SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

Angelles bee wrogte to bee of neidher kynde;  
Angelles alleyne fromme chaft desyre bee free;  
Dheere ys a somwhatte erere yn the mynde,  
Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot styllde bee,  
Ne seyncte yn celles, botte, havyng blodde  
and tere, [fayre:  
Do fynde the spryte to joie on syghte of wommanne

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselfs botte  
manne,  
Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;  
Fromme an ynutylle membre fyrste beganne,  
Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttele fyre;  
Therefore theie seke the fyre of love, to hets  
The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselfs  
complete.

Albeyt, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres  
To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to sien,  
Botte wommenne ofte the spryghte of peace to  
cheres,  
Tochelod yn angel joie heie angeles bee;  
Go, take thee swythyn to thie bedde a wyfe,  
Bee barte or blessed hic yn proovynge marryage  
lyfe.

*Another Mynstrelles Songe, be Syr Thibbot Gorges.*

As Elynour hie the green leselle was syttinge,  
As from the Sones hets she harried,  
She sayde, as herr whytts honden whyte hosen was  
knytynges,

"Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!

"Mie husbande, lorde Thomas, a forrester boude,  
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,  
Does no cherysauncys from Elynour houde,  
I have ytte as soone as I aake ytte.

"Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie  
Cloud-Dell,  
Tho' twas at my liefe to mynde spynnyng,  
I stytle wanted somethynge, botte whattie ne  
coulede telle, [nyng.  
Mie lorde fadres barbed<sup>2</sup> haulle han ne wyn-

"Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie may-  
dennes, [bleachynge,  
Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme  
Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,  
Thann swythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

"Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me wel,  
And nothynge unto mee was nedeynge,  
Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,  
In sothan twoulde bee wythoute redeynge."

<sup>2</sup> Barbed, barbed or trapped, as a great horse  
*Bardes*, barbes or trappings for horses of service or  
of show. Cotgrave. The word is peculiarly appro-  
priated to horses, and therefore misapplied here.

Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the sea,  
As hec the fatte dorkynnes was chacyng, [shee;  
Shee putte uppe her knittynge, and to hym wende  
So wee leave ham bothe kyndie embracyng.

## ELLA.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;  
Wee wylle permytte yon antecedente bee;  
There swotelie syng eche carolle, and yppel  
jeaste;  
And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee;  
Comme, gentle love, we wylle toe spouse-feaste  
goe, [everych woe,  
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyned

ELLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGER,  
MESSENGER.

ELLA, the Danes ar thondryng on our coaste;  
Lyche scoles of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,  
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoaste,  
Are raying, to be quansed bie none botte thee;  
Haste, swyfte as levynne to these royners see;  
Thie dogges alleyne can tame thys raying  
bulle.  
Haste swytbyn, fore aniege the towne thee bee,  
And Wedecesterre rolle of dome bee free.  
Haste, haste, O ELLA, to the byker sie,  
For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne  
maie die.

## ELLA.

Beshrew thee for thie newes! I mooste be gus,  
Was ever lockles dome so hard as mys!  
Thou from dysportymente to warr to run,  
To change the selke veste for the gaberdyne!

## BIRTHA.

O! lyche a nedars, lette me rounde thee tryne,  
And hylte thie boddie from the schafte of  
warre. [ryne,  
Thou shalt notte, must not, from thie Birtha  
Botte kenn the dynne of slughternes from afire.

## ELLA.

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treat,  
Then groffyshe to forbydde thie hongered guesst  
to cats?

O mie upswayng harte, what words can saie  
The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule  
ybrente?

Thos to bee torne uponne mie spouses daie,  
O! 't ys a peyne beyond ententement.  
Yee mychtie goddes, and is yor favoures sente  
As thous faste dented to a load of peyne?  
Mooste wee aie holde yn chace the shade content,  
And for a bodykyn<sup>4</sup> a swartbe oteyne?  
O! whie, yee seynctes, oppress yee thos mie  
soule? [dreerie dole!

How shalle I speke mie woe, mie frende, mie

## CELMONDE.

Sometime the wyseste lacketh pore mans rede.  
Reasonne and counynge wytte ofte flees awie.  
Thanne, loverde lette me saie, wyth homaged  
drede,  
(Bieneth your fote yskyn) mie counselle saie;  
Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethien laie,

<sup>4</sup> This diminutive never was used as a mere  
synonym of its original word. Dean Miles ad-  
duces *God's bodilins*. This oath cannot be re-  
ceived in evidence.

The foemen, everych honda-poynte, getteth  
foe.

Mie loverds, lett the speere-menne, dyghte for  
And all the sabbatners goo aboute. [fraie,  
I speke, mie loverde, alleyne to upryse [alyse.  
Youre wyttis from marvell, and the warrior to

ÆLLA.

Ah! nowe thou pottest takells yn mie harte;  
Mie soughs dothe nowe begyane to see her-  
selle;

I wylle upryse mie myghte, and doe mie parte,  
To slea the foemenne yn mie furie felde. [telle,  
Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie  
Whyche ryseth from mie love to Birtha fayre?  
Ne coude the queede, and alle the myghte of  
Helle,

Poudeout implacsaunce of syke blacke ageare.  
Yette I wylle bee myselfe, and rouze mie spryte  
For acie wythe renouns, and goo meet the bloddie  
fyghte.

BIRTHA.

No, thou schalte never leave this Birtha's syde:  
As schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne;  
I, lyche a nedere, wylle unto thee byde;  
Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, tyde shall behoulde us  
twayne.

I have mie parte of drierie dole and peyne;  
Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtred eyne;  
Yane tydes of teares mie swarthyng spryte wyll  
dryne,  
Gyff drierie dole ys thine, tys twa tymes myne.  
Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe this Birtha staie;  
For wyth this seemlyheed mie spryte wyll goo  
awake.

ÆLLA.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;  
Yett I muste bee myselfe; with valoures gear  
Pfe dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes  
yn stele,  
And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spore.

BIRTHA.

Can Ælla from hys breaste bys Birtha teare?  
Is shee so rou and ugsomme to hys syghte?  
Entrykeynge wyght! ys leathball warre so deare?  
Thou prysest mee belowe the joies of fyghte.  
Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the arthe  
Hoag pendaunte bie thy swerde, and craved for  
thy morthie.

ÆLLA.

Dydest thou keene howe mie woes, as starres  
ybrunte,  
Headed bie these thie wordes doe onn mee falle,  
Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contenta,  
Wakyng mie alepyng mynde to honnourscale.  
Of selynesse I pryze thee moe yan all [quyre,  
Heaven can mee senda, or counyng wytt ac-  
ytte I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,  
Retournyng to thie eyne with double fyre.

BIRTHA.

Moste Birtha boon requests and bes denyd?  
Receyve attanes a darte yn selynesse and pryde?  
Doe staie, att leaste tulle sorrowes soune ap-  
perce.

ÆLLA.

Thou kenpest welte the Dacyannes myttos  
powere; [ycares;  
Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for  
Theie undoe requimes wythyn a syngle hower.  
Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure  
Thie bledsyng countrie, whych for hastie dede  
Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughtie power,  
To royn yttes royners, make yttes foemennes  
blode.

BIRTHA.

Rouze all thie love; false and entrykyng wyghte!  
Ne leave thie Birtha thus uponne pretence of  
fyghte.

Thou nedest notte goo, untyll thou haste com-  
mand

Under the sygnette of oure lord the kyng.

ÆLLA.

And wouldest thou make me then a recreande  
Hollie seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the  
thyng!

Heere, Birtha, thou has potte a double styng,  
Owe for this love, another for thie mynde.

BIRTHA.

Agyted Ælla, thie abredynge blyng.  
Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywrynde.  
Yette heere mie supplicate, to mee attende,  
Heere from mie groted harte the lover and the  
friende.

Lette Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte;  
And yn thie stand unto the battle goo; [frighte,  
Thie name alleyne wylle patte the Danes to  
The syre thatt beares ytt woulde presce downe  
the foe.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, yn wayne thou wouldeste mee recreande  
doe;

I moste, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,  
And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, sweflie goo,  
Telle mie Bystowans to [be] dyghte yn stele;  
Tall hem I scorne to kenne hem from afar,  
Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of  
warre.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

And thou wyllt goo: O mie agroted<sup>3</sup> harte!

ÆLLA.

Mie countrie waites mie marche; I muste awake;  
Albeytte I schulde go to mete the darte  
Of certen dethe, yette here I woulde notte staie.  
Botte thou to leave thee, Birtha, dothe aswaie<sup>4</sup>  
Moe torturyng peynes yanne canne be sedde  
bie tyngue. [dale,  
Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the  
Whan rounds aboute mee soung of warre heie  
syng.

O Birtha, strev mie agreeme to accaie,  
And joyous see mie armes, dyghte cute yna  
warre arraie.

<sup>3</sup> G. Sick, quasi agroted or agroted.

<sup>4</sup> Unknown and unintelligible.



## BIRTHA.

Difficile ys the penaunce, yette I'me strev  
 To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breste.  
 Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev,  
 Lyche thee, I'llie strev to sette mie mynde attē  
 reste,  
 Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dystreste;  
 Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odber swaie.  
 Juste as I was wythe Ælla to be bleate,  
 Shappe 7 foullie thos hathe snatched hym awaie.  
 It was a tene too doughtie to be borne,  
 Wydthout an oonde of teares and breste wythe  
 syghes ylorne.

## ÆLLA.

This mynde ys now thieselfe; why wylte thou  
 bee  
 All blanche, al kyngellie, all soe wyse yn mynde,  
 Alleyne to lett powe wretched Ælla see,  
 Whatte wondrous bighes he nowe muste leave  
 behynde? [wynde,  
 O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commyng  
 On everych wynde I wylle a token sende:  
 Onn mie longe shilde ycome this name thout 7  
 fynde. [and friende,  
 Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte

## ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE speaking.

This Bystowe knyghtes for this forth-comyng  
 lyng [shield dothe slyng.  
 Echone athwarte bys backe bys longe warre-

## ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

## BIRTHA.

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staie.  
 Engyne mee notte wyth syke a drierie woe.

## ÆLLA.

I muste, I wylle; tys honnoure calls awaie.

## BIRTHA.

O mie agroted harte, braste, braste ynn twaie.  
 Ælla, for honnoure, fyea awaie from mee.

## ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; I maie notte here obsaie.  
 I'm flyyng from mieselfe yn flying thee.

## BIRTHA.

O Ælla, housband, friend, and loverde, staie.  
 He's gon, he's gone, alas! percase he's gone for  
 aie.

## CELMONDE.

Hope, halie suster, sweepeyng thro' the skie,  
 In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte,  
 Whyche farre abrode ynne gentle ayre doe flie,  
 Meetyng from dystaunce the enjoyous syghte,  
 Albeytte este thou takest thie hie flyghte  
 Hecket ynne a myste, and wyth thyne eyne  
 yblynte, lyghte;  
 Nowe commest thou to mee wythe starrie  
 Ontoe this reste the rodde some ys adente;  
 The sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,  
 Depyete wythe skylledd bonde upponne thie wyde  
 aumere<sup>s</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> 2y. Hap?

<sup>s</sup> *Aumere*. The word does not occur in any of  
 our ancient poets, except in Chaucer's *Romaunt of*  
*the Rose*. v. 2271.

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,  
 Awhaped attē the fetyness of daie;  
 Ælla, bie nete moe thann bys myndbruchawed,  
 Is gone, and I moste follows, toe the fraie.  
 Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.  
 Dothe warre begyune? there's Celmonde yn the  
 place [staie.  
 Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll baie  
 The reste from nethe tymes masque must aw  
 yttes face.  
 I see onnombred joies arounde mee ryse;  
 Blake stonde the future doume, and joie dothe mee  
 alyse.

Weare streighte gloves with *aumere*  
 Of silk.

The French original stands thus

De gans et de bourse de soye,  
 Et de sainture te cointoye.

Skinner, who probably did not think of committing  
 the original, supposes *aumere* to be something be-  
 longing to *gloves*, and so at a venture expounded it  
*fimbria, instilla; a fringe or border*. It seemed, and  
 still seems most probable to me, that *aumere* of silk  
 is Chaucer's translation of *bourse de soye*; and con-  
 sequently that *aumere* was sometimes equivalent  
 to a purse. But the dean, if I understand him  
 rightly, differs from us both, and thinks that *au-*  
*mere* is a translation of *ceinture*, a girdle. "The  
*ceinture*, or girdle," says he, "has escaped the no-  
 tice of the learned editor, though, as a principal  
 ornament in ancient dress, it was more likely to be  
 mentioned by the poet, than the purse." Which  
 was more likely to be mentioned by the poet, is  
 not the question, but which is mentioned; and if  
 the girdle escaped the notice of Chaucer, I do not  
 see that I was bound to take any notice of it. In  
 short *aumere*, upon the face of this passage,  
 must probably signify, either *something belong-*  
*ing to gloves, or a purse, or a girdle*; and I think I  
 might safely trust the intelligent reader with the  
 determination, in which of these three senses it is  
 used by Chaucer. But I have also referred to  
 another passage of the same poem R. R. ver. 2087.  
 in which he uses *aumere* in this same sense of a  
 purse.

Then from his *aumere* he drough  
 A little key fetise enough.

The original is

Adonc de sa bourse il traict  
 Un petit clef bien fait.

Where *aumere* is undoubtedly the translation of  
*bourse*. I must observe further, that in what I  
 take to be the most accurate and authentic edition  
 of the French *Roman de la Rose*, (Paris 1737) these  
 two lines are thus written, v. 2038.

Lors a de P' *aumere* traicte  
 Une petite clef bien faicte.

Which, I apprehend, adds no small strength to my  
 conjecture, that both *aumere* and *aumere* are de-  
 rivatives from the French *aumoniere*. If so, it be-  
 comes still clearer, that the proper signification  
 of *aumere* is a *purse*; a signification which will not  
 suit any one of the passages, in which the word  
 occurs in these poems.—Tyrwhitt.

O honnoure, honnoure, what ys bie thee hanne?  
 Haillie the robber and the bordeler,  
 Who kens de thee, or ys to thee bestanne,  
 And nothyng does this myckle gartners fere.  
 Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme alle thee  
 tare.

Thou there dysperpellest this levynne-bronde;  
 Whylest mie soulgh's forwyned, thou art the  
 gare;

Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde;  
 As soume talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake  
 the ground, [wounde.

Itte kerueth all abroad, bie hrasteynge hyltren  
 Honnoure, whatt beeytte? tys a shadowes shade,  
 A thyng of wycheucreaf, an idle dreme;  
 On of the fonnis<sup>9</sup> whych the clerche have made  
 Menne wydhoute sprytes, and wommen for to  
 seme; [beme,

Knyghtes, who este keune the loude dynne of the  
 Schulde be forgarde to syke enfeeblyng waies,  
 Make everych acte, alyche theyrsoules be breme,  
 And for theyre chyualrie alleynne have prayse.

O thou, whatt'er this name,  
 Or Zabalus or Zueed,  
 Comme, steel mie sable spryte,  
 For fremde and doleful dede.

MAGNUS, HURRA, AND HIE PREESTE, WYTH  
 THE ARMIE now Watchette.

MAGNUS.

Swythe lette the offrandes to the goddes begynne,  
 To knowe of hern the issue of the fyghte.  
 Polle the blode-steyned sword and pavyes ynne;  
 Spreade swythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

HIE PREESTE *ryngeth*.

Yee, who bie yn mokie ayre  
 Delethe seasonnes foule or fayre.  
 Yee, who, whanne yee were agguylt,  
 The mone yn bloddie gyttelles hylte,  
 Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde  
 Everyche barriere to the wynde;  
 Whanne the oundyng waves dystroste,  
 Stroven to be overest,  
 Sockeynge yn the spyre-gyrte towne,  
 Swolteryng wole natyones dawe,  
 Sendyng deth on plagues astrodde,  
 Moovyng lyke the erihys godde;  
 To mee send your heste dyvne,  
 Lyghte elatten all myne eyne,  
 Thatt I maie now undevyse  
 All the actyones of th' empprize.

*falleth downe and este rysethe.*

Thus sayethe the goddes; goe, yssue to the playne;  
 Forr there shall meynle of mytte menne beeslayne.

MAGNUS.

Whie, see there evere was, whanne Magnus  
 foughte.

Efte have I treynted noyance throughethe hoaste,  
 Athorowe swerdes, alyche the queed dystraughte,  
 Have Magnus pressaynge wroghte hys foemen  
 loaste,

As whanne a tempeste vexe the soare the coaste,  
 The dyngeyng ounle the sandeie stronde doe  
 So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne taste, [tare,  
 Full meynle a champonnes breaste received  
 mie spear.

<sup>9</sup> A word of unknown origin.

Mie sbeelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke  
 Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-myldet oka.

HURRA.

This wordes are greate, full hyghe of sound, and  
 eeke [rayne.

Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no  
 ltre lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke;  
 Thecocke saiethe dreffe, ytt armed ys he alleynne.  
 Certis this wordes maie, thou motest have sayne  
 Of mee, and meynle of moe, who eke canne  
 fyghte,

Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,  
 And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle  
 myghte.

Sythence syke myghte ys placed yn this honde,  
 Lette blowe this actyons speeke, and bie this cor-  
 rage stonde.

MAGNUS.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatt I kenne,  
 And myckle famel for thie handie dede.  
 Thou fyghtest anente maydens and ne menne,  
 Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.  
 Efte I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,  
 Haveth thee seene binette mee yn the fyghte,  
 Wythe cornes I investyng everyche mede,  
 And thou astou, and wondryng at mie myghte.  
 Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie re-  
 nome, [dome.  
 Albeytie thou wouldest roynne awaie from bloddie

HURRA.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne  
 aryghte

Bothethee and thyne maie nebee wordhys peene.  
 Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte;  
 Thanne to the souldyers all thou wythe bewreene,  
 I'll prove mie courage onne the buried greene;  
 Tys there alleynne I'll telle thee whatte I bee.  
 Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphare adeene,  
 Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee.  
 Thysmiedented shielde, thys mie warre-speare,  
 Schalle telle the falleynge for gyf Hurra's harte  
 can feare.

MAGNUS.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatt hys noble  
 spryte [saie.

Dothe see enrage, he knowes notte whatte to  
 He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blode he'd  
 wryte,

And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie.  
 Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldest stae.  
 Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;  
 Lest I in furrie shulde mie armes dysplaie,  
 Whych to thie boddie wythe wurchen myckle woe.  
 Oh! I bee madde, dystraughte wyth breudryng  
 rage; [asswage.

Ne seas of synthyng gore wythe mie chafed harte

HURRA.

I kenne thee, Magnus, well; a wyghte thou art  
 That doest aslee<sup>10</sup> alonge ynn doled dystresse,  
 Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte,  
 I almost wysche thie prowes were made lease.  
 Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn usomness  
 To thee and recrcandes) thundered on the playne,  
 Howe dydste thou thorowe fyrste of feers presse!  
 Swefter thanne federed takele dydste thou reyne.

<sup>10</sup> An unknown word.

A ronnyng pryze on seynete daie to ordayne,  
Magnus, and none botte bee, the ronnyngs pryze  
wylie gayne.

MAGNUS.

Eternalle plagos devour this baned tynque!  
Myriades of neders pre upponne this spryte!  
Maieest thou fele al the peynes of age whylist  
yyngge,

Unmanned, uneyoed, excludod sie the lyghte,  
Thiesenses, lyche thieselfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,  
A scoff to foemen, and to beastes a pheere!  
Maie furched levynne onne this head alyghte,  
Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere:

Fen vapours blast the everiche manie powere,  
Maie this bante boddie quycke the wolsome peenes  
devoure. (tyngue

Faygne woulde I curse thee further, botte mie  
Denies mie harte the favoure soe toe doe.

MURRA.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, and Welkyns  
kyngge,

Wythe fburie, as thou dydste begynne, persue;  
Calle onne mie heade all tortures that be rou,  
Bane onne, tylle this owne tongue this curses  
fele. (yune blewe,

Sende onne mie heade the blyghteyngge lev-  
The thonder loude, the swellynge azure rose,  
This wordes be hie of dynne, botte nets besyde;  
Bane on, good chiefstayn, fyghte wythe wordes of  
myckle pryde. (come,

Botte doe notte waste this breath, lest *Aëlla*

MAGNUS.

*Aëlla* and thee togyder synke toe Helle!

Bee youre names blasted from the rolls of  
dome!

I feere noe *Aëlla*, thatte thou kenneest well.  
Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle?  
\*Ty: knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to  
myne, (felle;

Bothe sente, as troopes of wolven, to slete;  
Botte nowe thou lackest hem to be all yune.

Nowe, bie the goddes yatte roale the Dacyanne  
state, (dysregate,

Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wylt thee

MURRA.

I pryze this threalties joste as I doe this banes,  
The sece of maicye and recondeize al.

Thou art a steyne unto the name of Danes;  
Thou alleyn to thie tynque for prooffe canst  
cale.

Thou beest a worne so grosse and so smal,  
I wythe this bloude woulde scorne to foui mie  
sworde, (falle,

Botte wythe this weaponnes wonde upon thee  
Alyche thie owne feare, alee thee wythe a worde.  
I Hurra amme miesel, and aie wylie bee,  
As greate yn valourous actes, and yn commande  
as thee.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE, and MESSENGERE.

MESSENGERE.

" Blynde your contekions, chiefs; for, as I stode

" These nine lines, and the speech of the second messenger afterwards, are in blank verse; a metre first practised in England by Surrey.

Uponne mie watche, I spiede an armie com-  
myngge,

Notte lyche ann handfulle of a frended foe,  
Botte blacke wythe armoure, moryngge uppon-  
lie, (dunge

Lyche a blacke fulle clouds, thatte dotte go  
To droppe yn hayle, and hale the thonder  
storme.

MAGNUS.

Ar there meyns of them?

MESSENGERE.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's noon,  
Seemyngge as tho' theie styngge as persants too.

MURRA.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes sette our warr-  
arraie. (pave;

Go, sounde the beme, lette championns pre-  
Ne doubtyngge, we wylie styngge as faste as bee.  
Whatte? doest forgard this blodde? yn yie ir  
feare?

Wouldest thou gayne the towne, and cast-  
stere,

And yette ne byker wythe the soldyer guards!  
Go, hyde thee yn mie tente amethe the lew,  
I of thie boddie wylt keepe watch and ward.

MAGNUS.

Oure goddes of Denmarke knowe mie harte yn  
goode.

MURRA.

For nets uppon the erthe, botte to be choogles  
foode.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE, SECONDE  
MESSENGERE.

SECONDE MESSENGERE.

As from mie towre I kende the comyngge foe,  
I spied the crossed shielde, and bloddie merk,  
The furyous *Aëlla's* banner; wythynne keene  
The armie ys. Dysorder throughe our hoste  
Is fleynge, horne onne wynges of *Aëlla's* saunt;  
Styr, styr, mie lordes!

MAGNUS.

What? *Aëlla's*? and soe near?

Thenne Denmarques roicend; oh mie ryttyng  
feare!

MURRA.

What doeste thou mene? thys *Aëlla's* botte  
manne.

Nowe bie mie sworde, thou arte a verie beme.  
Of late I dyd thie creand valoure scanne,  
Whanne thou dydst boasts so moche of aytch  
derne.

Botte I toe warr mie doeynges nanne stinne,  
To cheere the abbataneres to deere dede.

MAGNUS.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche syde wylt  
burne,

Telleynge 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;  
Sythe shame or deathe onne eider syde wylt  
bee,

Mie harte I wylie wpryae, and inne the botte aie

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, and ARMIE near  
Walchette.

ÆLLA.

Now havyng done oure mattynes and oure  
vowes,  
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune,  
And everyebe champyone potts the joyous  
croune [browe].  
Of certane masterschyppe upon hys glestreyng

As for mie harte, I owne ytte ys, as ere  
Itte has beene yane the sommer-sheene of fate,  
Unknown to the ugsomme gratche of fere;  
Mie blodde embollen, wythe masterie elate,  
Boyles yane mie veynes, and rolles yna rappyd  
state,  
Impatyente forr to mete the persaute stele,  
And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as  
greate, [weale].  
As anie knyghte who foughto for Englonde  
Friend, kynne, and soldyerres, yune blacke ar-  
more dreere,  
Mie actyons ymytate, mie presente redyng here.

There ys ne house, athrow thys shap-scurged  
isle,  
Thatte has ne loste a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,  
Fate blodde has sorfected the hongerde soyle,  
And towne enlowed lemed oppe the nyghties.  
Inne dyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie  
dyghtes; [gore];  
Oure sonnes lie storven yune theyre smethyng  
Oppe bie the routes oure tree of lyfe dheie  
pyghtes,  
Vezyng oure coaste, as byflowes doe the shore.  
Yee menne, gyf ys are menne, displaie yor  
name, [flame].  
Yrende yer tropes, alyche the roaryng tempest

Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name;  
These roynneres of our hallie houses slea;  
Braste, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come  
the flame,  
Lyche torrentes, gushyng downe the moun-  
taines, bee. [dec].  
And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons  
Sweite as the rodde for-weltryng levyn-broude,  
Yatte hautes the flyng mortherer oere the  
lea,  
See flie oponne these roynners of the londe.  
Lette those yatte are unto yer battayles fledde,  
Take slepe eterne oponne a feric lowyng bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne see herte towne on fyre,  
And strev wythe goulde to staine the roynners  
bonde, [hygher].  
Ælla and Brystowe havethe thoughtes thatte  
Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, but all the  
londe.

As Severnes hyer Iyghethe banckes of sonde,  
Presyng ytte downe binethe the reynyng  
streme, [stronde].  
Wythe dreerie dyan enswolters the hyghe  
Beeryng the rockes alonge yun thurye breme,  
See wyll wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,  
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the  
champon croune,

Gyf yon thys battelle loekt ne wayte oure gare,  
To Brystowe dheie wyllie tourne yeyre fharie  
dyre; [ayre].

Brystowe, and alle her joies, wyllie synke toe  
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenbantende fyre,  
Thenne lette oure safetie double moove oure ire,  
Lyche wolfyns, rovyng for the evyng pre,  
See [ing] the lambe and shepsterr nere the brire,  
Doth th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre slea;  
Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the  
playne, [slayne].

Oh! lette ytte bee the knelie to myghtie Dacyanne

Lyche a rodde gronfer, shalle mie anlance sheens,  
Lyche a stryng lyoncelle I'lle bee yune fyghte,  
Lyche fallyng leaves the Dacyannes shall bee  
sleens. [myghte].

Lyche [a] loud dynnyng streeme scalle be mie  
Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of  
knyghte, [wepete].

Lette bloddie teares bie all your payes be,  
To commyng tymes no poyntelle shalle ywrite,  
Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow  
slepte. [crie].

Yourselfe, youre chyldren, and youre fellowes  
Go, fyghte yun rennomes gare, be brave, and  
wynne or die.

I saie ne moe; youre spryte the reste wyllie mie;  
Your spryte wyllie wryne, thatte Brystow ys  
yer place; [waie].

To honoures bouse I nede notte marcke the  
Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foot-  
pathe trace. [space].

Twente shappe and us there ys bottle lytelie  
The tyme ys now to proove yourselfe be  
menne; [grace].

Drawe forthe the bornyshed bylle wythe fetvye  
Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys  
denne.

Thus I enrone mie anlance; go thou shethe;  
I'lle potte ytt ne yun place, tyll ytte ys sycke  
wythe deathe.

SOLDYERS.

Onn, Ælla, onn; we longe for bloddie fraie;  
Wee longe to here the raven syng yn vayne;  
Onn, Ælla onn; we certys gayne the daie,  
Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal  
playne.

CELMONDE.

This speche, O loverde, fyrethe the whole  
trayne; [breathe];  
These pancte for war, as honted wolves for  
Go, and sytte crowned on cornes of the slayne;  
Go, and ywicldie the massie swardes of deathe.

SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes;  
Echone yn phantasie do lede the Danes yune  
chaynes.

ÆLLA.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble  
sprytes

Speke yn youre eyne, and doe yer master telle.  
Sweite as the rayne-storme toe the erthe  
alyghtes,

See wyll we fall upon these roynners felle.  
Oure mowynge swardes shalle plonge hem  
downe to Helle;

Theyre throngynge corses shall onlyghte the  
starres; [swelle,  
The barrowen brastyng wythe the sleene schall  
Brynnynge to comynge tymes our famous  
warres;  
Ione everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,  
Sheenyng abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre yane the  
nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles of oure famons fyghte shall  
asie,  
Echone wylle marvclie atte the dernie dede,  
Echone wylle wysssen hee haunc<sup>12</sup> scene the daie,  
And bravele holped to make the foemenn blede;  
Botte for yerholpe our battelle wylle notte nede;  
Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre  
houde;  
Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,  
Oer corses of the foemen of the londe.  
Nowe to the warre lette all, the slushornes  
sounde, [grounde.  
The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder risyng  
Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

DANES *flyinge, neare Watchette.*

FYRSTE DANE.

Fly, fly, ye Danes; Magnus, the chiefe, ys  
sleue; [heade;  
The Saxones come wythe Ælla atte theyre  
Lette's strev to gette awaie to yinder greene;  
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the  
deadde.

SECONDE DANE.

O goddes! hava thousandes bie mie anlacc  
bledde,  
And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie?  
See! farre sprenged alle oure troopes are  
spreade,  
Yette I wylle synglie dare the bloddie fraie.  
Botte ne; I'lle flie, and morther yn retrate;  
Deathie, blodde, and fyre, scale mark the goeyng  
of my foete.

THYRDE DANE.

Enlightheyng forr to scape the brondeyng  
foe,  
As nere unto the byllowd beche I came,  
Farr offe I spied a syghte of myckle woe,  
Oure spyryng batayles wrapte ynn sayles of  
saunc.  
The hauled Dacyannes, who were yane the same,  
Fro syde to syde flede the pursuete of deathe;

<sup>12</sup> The capital blunder which runs through all these poems, and would alone be sufficient to destroy their credit, is the termination of verbs in the singular number in *an*; *han* is in twenty-six instances used in these poems, for the present or past time singular of the verb *have*. But *han*, being an abbreviation of *haves*, is never used by any ancient writer except in the present time plural, and the infinitive mood.—Tyrwhitt.

In opposition to this conclusive remark Anonymus produced twelve passages, of which only one is in the least to his purpose. "Ieh han bitten this wax"—an old rhyme of nobody knows whom. Mr. Bryant and the dean of Exeter have both failed in attempting to answer the objection.

The swelleyng fyre yer corrage doe enflame,  
Theie lepe ynto the sea, and bobbiyng<sup>13</sup> yield yer  
breathe;

Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie  
playne, [battle alayne.  
Wee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the

HURRA.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous  
knyghte,  
Bie craveunte havyoure havethe don oure woe,  
Despdyng all the talle menne yn the fyghte,  
And placeyng valourous menne where draffs  
mote goe.  
Sythence oure fourtunie havethe tourned soe,  
Gader the souldyers lefte to future shappe,  
To somme new place for safetie we wylle goe,  
Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.  
Sounde the loude slughorne for a quicke for-  
loyne; [joyne.  
Lette all the Dacyannes swythe unto oure banner

Throwe hamlettes wee wylle spreng saddle dethe  
and dole,  
Bathe yn hotte gore, and wasch ourselves there-  
ynne; [role.  
Goddes! here the Saxones lyeche a byllow  
I heere the anlacc detested dyane.  
Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;  
Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte  
agenne:

CELMONDE, near Watchette.

O forr a spryte al feere! to telle the daie,  
The daie whyche scal astoude the herers rede,  
Makeyng oure foemennes envyyng hertes to  
blede,  
Yberreyng thro the worlda oure rennomde name  
for aie.

Bryghte Sonne han ynn hys roddie robes bys  
dyghte, [trayne,  
From the rodde easte he flytted wythe bys  
The howers<sup>14</sup> drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,  
Her sable tapistrie was rente yn twayne.  
The dauncyng strens bedecked heavens  
playne, [sic,  
And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe sheemyng  
Lyeche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke er-  
moure steyne,  
Sheenyng upon the borne whyche stoneth bie;  
The souldyers stood uponne the hillis syde,  
Lyeche yonge enclafed trees whyche yn a forrest  
byde.

Ælla rose lyeche the tree besette wythe brizes;  
Hys talle speere sheenyng as the starres at  
nyghte,  
Hys eyne enameyng as a lowe of fyre;  
Whanne hee encheered everie manne to fyghte,

<sup>13</sup> Then plunged into the stream with deep despair,  
And her last sighs came bubbling up in air.

Dryden's *Virgil*.

<sup>14</sup> Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,  
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours  
Commissioned in alternate watch they stand.  
The Sun's bright portals and the skies command,  
Close or unfold the eternal gates of day,  
Bar Heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away.

Pope's *Homer*.

Hys gentle wordes dyd mouve eche valourous knyghte;  
 Ine moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelles;  
 In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte;  
 Eche warringe harte for prayse and rennothe swelles;  
 Lyche slowelic dynnyng of the croucheynge strene [armic seme.  
 Eche dyd the mormyng sounde of the whol  
 Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte; oh! thenne to saie  
 How Ella loket, and lokyng dyd encheere,  
 Moorynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie;  
 Whanne a lowde whyrtevynde doe yttes boe-  
 somme tare  
 To telle howe everie loke wuld banyshe feere,  
 Woulde aske an angelles poyntell or hys tyngue.  
 Lyche a taile rocke yatte ryseth heaven-were,  
 Lyche a yonge wolffynne brondeous and strynke,  
 Soe dydde he goe, and myghtie warriours heidle  
 Wythe gore-depycted wyoges masterie arounde  
 hym fledde.  
 The battelle jyned; swerdes ipponne swerdes  
 dyd ryng; [nee;  
 Ella was chafed as lyonna maddet bee;  
 Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn  
 flyng;  
 Hys myghtie antace mightie menne dyd slea;  
 Where he dydde comme, the flemed foe dydde  
 fle,  
 Or alle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,  
 Wythe sythea shuyrie heddyde onn 'hemm dree,  
 Bytles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the  
 playne; [nee;  
 Ella, thou arte—botte staie, my tyng; saie  
 Howe grete I hymme maye make, styll greater  
 bee wyllie bee.  
 Nor dydde hys soulyctres see hys actes yn  
 vayne. [felle;  
 Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheers  
 Heere lorde and byndlette sonke uponne the  
 playne;  
 Heere soune and fadre trembled ynto helle,  
 Chief Magnus sought hys waie, and, shame to  
 telle! [speere  
 Hee soughte hys waie for flyghte; botte Ella's  
 Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes schoulder felle,  
 Quyte throwe hys boddie, and hys harte ytte  
 tare,  
 He groned, and sonke uponne the gorie greene,  
 And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Da-  
 cyannes sleene.  
 Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyashe cham-  
 pyons stonde,  
 Lyche bulles, whose strengthe and wondrous  
 myghte ys fledde;  
 Ella, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,  
 Flies to the thronge, and doomes two Dacy-  
 annes deadde.  
 After hys acte, the armie all yspedde;  
 Fromm everich on unmysyng javlynnes flewe;  
 Theie straughte yer doughtie swerdes; the foe-  
 menn bledde; [slewe;  
 Fulla three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie  
 The Danes, wythe terroure rulyngs att their  
 head, [ravenne fledde.  
 These downe theyr bannere taile, and lyche a  
 VOL. XV.

The soldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,  
 Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stoute-ete hartes  
 affraie. [annes fle; [annes fle;  
 Swefte, as yer shyppet, the vanquyshed Dacy  
 Swefte, as the rayne ipponne an Apryle daie,  
 Pressynge behynde; the Englyashe soldyerres  
 slaie. [mayne;  
 Botte halfe the tythes of Danyashe menne re-  
 Ella commundes 'heie shoulde the sletre  
 staie; [playne.  
 Botte bynde 'hem prissoners on the bloddie  
 The fyghtyng beyng done, I came awaie,  
 In other fieldes to fyghte a moe unequale fraie.  
 Mie servant squyre!

CELMONDE, SERVITOUR.

CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing horse,  
 Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lichte  
 the wynde, [yn course,  
 Whoe wylie outestreppe the mornynge lyghte  
 Leavyng the gytelles of the merke behynde.  
 Somme hyltres matters doe mie presence fynde.  
 Gyv owte to alle yatte I was sleene ynne fyghte.  
 Gyff ynne thys gare thoudoest mie order mynde,  
 Whanne I returne, thou shalt be made a  
 knyghte;  
 Flee, fle, be gon; an bowerre ys a daie;  
 Duycke dyghte my beste of stedes, and bryngs  
 hymm heere—awaie!

CELMONDE. [Schui]

Ella ys woundedd sore, and ynae the tounne  
 He waytethe, tyll hys woundes be broghte to  
 ethe. [croune,  
 And shall I from hys browes plocke off the  
 Makyngs the victore yn hys victorie blethe?  
 O no! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde  
 smethe,  
 Fullt soonere woulde I tortured beq toe deathe;  
 Botte—Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were  
 ethe [breathe;  
 To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of  
 Botte thanne rennome eterne—ytte ys botte  
 ayre; [there.  
 Bredde ynae the phantasie, and alleyn lyvynge  
 Albeytte everyche thyng yn lyfe conspyre  
 To telle me of the faulte I now schulde doe,  
 Yette woulde I battentlie assuage mie fyre,  
 And the same mones, as I scall now, pursue.  
 The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,  
 Were blodde, and morthor masterie, and warre;  
 This I wyll holde to now, and hede me moe  
 A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie scarre.  
 Nowe, Ella, nowe lme plantyng of a thorne,  
 Bis whyche thie peace, thie love, and glorie shalle  
 be torne.

BRYSTOWE.

BIRTHA, EGWINA.

BIRTHA.

Gentle Egwina, do notte preche me joie;  
 I cannotte joie ynne anie thyngs botte warre,

Oh! yatte aughte schulde ours sellynesse de-  
stroie,  
Floddyng the face wythe woe, and brynne teare!

EGWINA.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere  
Youre harte unto somme cherisannid<sup>13</sup> reste.  
Youre loverds from the battell wythe appere,  
Yone honoure, and a greater love, be drete;  
Botte I wyllie call the mynstrelles roundelaie;  
Perchance the swote sounde maie chase your  
wiere awaie.

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O! syngt untoe mie roundelaie,  
O! droppe the brynne teare wythe mee,  
Daunce no moe atte ballie daie,  
Lycke a reynunge ryver bee;  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,  
Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,  
Rode hys face as the mornynge lyghte,  
Cale he lyes ynn the grave-belowe;  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throottes note,  
Ruycke yon daunce as thoughte canne bee,  
Defte hys taboure, cogello stote,  
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,  
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Hark! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,  
In the briered delle belowe;  
Hark! the dethe-owle loude dothe synges,  
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;  
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;  
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,  
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,  
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,  
Nee one ballie seyncte to save  
Al the celnesse of a maye.  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,  
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie bondes I'lle dente the brieres  
Rounde his ballie corse to gre,  
Ouphante fairie, lyghte yzoure fyres,  
Heere mie boddie styllie schalle bee.

<sup>13</sup> By an error of the press, cherisannid is printed in Kersey instead of cherisaunce. Chatterton has copied the blunder in three places.

Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,  
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;  
Lyfe and all yttes goode I acorne,  
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.  
Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys death-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wythes, crownde wythe reyles,  
Bere mee to yer leatballe tyde.  
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.  
Thos the damelle spake and dyed.

BIRTHA.

Thys syngyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte  
please;  
Butte mie uncourtlye shappe benymmes mee of all

ELLA, *alle* Watchette.

Curse onne mie lardie woundes! bryngt mee a  
stede!  
I wyllie awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;  
Albeytte for mie woundes mie soule doe blede,  
I wyllie awaie, and die wythynne ber syghte.  
Bryngt me a stede, wythe engle-wynges for  
syghte;  
Swefte as mie wyshe, and, as mie love ys,  
The Daus have wroughte mee inyckle woeyne  
fyghte,  
Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe.  
O! whatte a done was myne, sythe masterie  
Cannas yere ne pleasaunce, nor mie loundes goode  
leme myne eie!

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!  
Sometymes the samme thyngt wyllie bothe base,  
and blesse;  
On tyme encasde, yanne hie the same thyngt  
Estroughte foorth, and yanne ybrogten lea.  
Tys Birtha's loss whyche doe mie thoughtes  
possesse;  
I wyllie, I muste awaie: whis staies mie stede?  
Mie buscartes, byther haste; prepare a drewe,  
Whyche couracyers yn bastie journies nede.  
O heavens! I muste awaie to Byrtha eyne,  
For yn her lookes I fynde mie beyngt dot  
twyne.

CELMONDE, *alle* Brystowe.

The wolde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes  
are styllie;  
Fayntelle the mone her palyde lyghte makes  
The upryste sprytes the sylente letten fylle,  
Wythe ouphaut faeryes joynyn yanne the drewe;  
The forreste sheeneth wythe the sylver leme;  
Nowe maie mie love be eated yn yttes treat;  
Uponne the lynche of somme swefte reynys  
strewe,  
At the swote banquette I wyllie swotelie ente.  
Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, swythyngt appere.

CELMONDE, SERVITTOURE.

CELMONDE.

Go telle to Birtha straÿte, a straunger wayteth here.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde! yee seynetes! I hope thou haste goode newes.

CELMONDE.

The hope ys loate; for beavie newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Ælla well?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyves; and stytle maie use The behylte blessinges of a future yere.

BIRTHA.

Whate heavie tydynges thenne have I to feare? Of whate mischaunce dydste thou so latelle saie?

CELMONDE.

For beavie tydynges swythyn nowe prepare. Ælla sore wounded ys, yn hykerous fraie; In Wakecester's wallid toune he lyes.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted breast!

CELMONDE.

Wythoute your syghte, he dyen.

BIRTHA.

Wylle Birtha's presence ethe herr Ælla's payoe? I sie; new wynges doe from mie schoulders spryng.

CELMONDE.

Mie stede wydhoute wylle deftelie beere us twayne.

BIRTHA.

Oh! I wylle sie as wynde, and no waie lunge: Sweetlie caparions for rydyng bryng; I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploom. O Ælla, Ælla! dydste thou kenne the stynge, The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome, Thou wouldste see playne thieselfe the gare to Ælle, uponne this love, and sie to meeten me.

CELMONDE.

The stede, on whyche I came, ys swette as ayre; Mie serytours doe wayte mee nere the wode; Swythynne wythe mee unto the place repayre; To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode. Your eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle stanche hys bloode, Holpe oppe hys woundes, and gev hys harte Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode; You doe hys spryte, and alle hys pleasaunce here.

Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte yte ys moke, Ytte love wille be a tove to tourne to feere nyghtes smoke.

BIRTHA.

Albeytte unweas dyd the welkynn rende, Rtyoe alyche fallyngs syvera, dyd ferse bee,

Erthe wythe the ayre enchaſed dyd contende, Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd

Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde see; Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe ensem, Owlettes, wythe scrychyng, shakeyng ave-ryche tree,

And water-neders wrygglyng yn eche strema, Yette woulde I sie, be under coverte staie, Botte seke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde, leade the waie.

-A WODE.

HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

Heere ynn yis forreste lette us wathe for proe, Bewreckeyng on oure foemenne oure ylle warre;

Whateverre schalle be Englysch wee wylle Spreddyng our agomme rennome to afarre. Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee are,

Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle for yee bee; On everich breaste yn gorie letteres scarre, Whatt sprytes you have, aod howe those sprytes maie dree.

And gyff yee gette awaie to Denmarke's shore, Eftsoones we will retourne, and wanquished bee ne moere.

The battelle loste, a battelle was yndede; Note queedes hemselfes culde stonde so harde a fraie;

Oure verie amourre, and oure beaulmes dyd blede,

The Dacyannes sprytes, lyche dewe dropez, Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie; Ynn spyte of foemaune, I moete saie hys myghte;

Botte we ynn bynd-lettes blodde the loss will Brynnyng, thatte we knowe howe to wyane yn fyghte;

Wee wylle, lyke wyfles enloosed from charynes, Oure amourres—wynter nyghte shotte oute the daie of joie.

Whene swette-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,

Somme barnette scalle onto oure shuyrie Brastyng alyche a rocke, or mountayne stronge, The talle chyrche-spyre upon the grene shalle bende;

Wee wylle the walles, and auntyante tourrettes Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere, Downe to the goddes the ownerra thereof sende, Besprengyng alle abroade sadde warre and bloodie weere.

Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wylle sie; And thence wylle yssue owte onne all yatte com- metb bie.

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merkness doe affraie mie wommens breaste.



Howe sable ys the spreddyng skie arrayde<sup>10</sup>!  
 Hailie the bordeleire, who lyses to reste,  
 Ne ys att nyghtys flemyng hoe dysmayde;  
 The starres doe scantillie the sable brayde;  
 Wyde ys the sylver lemes of comforte weve;  
 Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte  
 afrayde?

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the sifter tyde for love.

BIRTHA.

Saigest thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.  
 Faygne would I see once moe the roddie lemes of  
 daie.

CELMONDE.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte  
 here.

BIRTHA.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

CELMONDE.

Thys Celmonde metes,  
 No leme, no eyne, no mortalle manne appere,  
 Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;  
 Nete in thys forreste, botte thys tore, dothe  
 sheene, [nyghte;  
 The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn  
 See! howe the brauncyng trees doe here en-  
 twyne, [syghte;  
 Makeyng thys bower so pleasynge to the  
 Thys was for love fyrste made, and heere ytt  
 stondes, [loves bondes.  
 Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlycke yn true

BIRTHA.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou menest, or also  
 mie thoughtes  
 Perchance maie robbe this honestie so fayre.

CELMONDE.

Then here, and knowe, hereto I have you  
 broughte,  
 Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

BIRTHA.

Oh Heaven and Earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe  
 heere?  
 Am I betraite? Where ys mie Zella, saie!

CELMONDE.

O! do note nowe to Zella syke love here,  
 Botte geven some onse Celmondes hedde.

BIRTHA.

Awaie!  
 I wylle be gone, and groape mie passage oute,  
 Albeytte neders stynge mie legs do twyne aboute.

CELMONDE.

Nowe bie the seynctes I wylle notte lette thee  
 goe,  
 Ontyllie thou doeste mie brendyng love amate.  
 Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,  
 Yenne lette yer smyte fyrst take hym yn regrate.  
 O! didst thou see mie breastis troublous state,  
 There love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!

<sup>10</sup> All is hush'd and still as death! — 'tis dreadful!  
 How reverend is the face of this tall pile!  
 Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice.  
 Mourning Bride.

I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fale,  
 Gyff Birtha styke wylle make mie harte-veynes  
 bletche,  
 Softe as the sommer flowrcets, Birtha, looke,  
 Fulla ylle I canne this frownes and harde dysple-  
 sauce brooke.

BIRTHA.

This love ys fofle; I woulde bee deafe for aie,  
 Radher thanne heere syche deslavrative scode.  
 Swythynne fle from mee, and ne further mie;  
 Radher thanne heere this love, I woulde bee  
 dead. [bedde,  
 Yee seynctes; and shal I wronge mie Zella's  
 And wouldest thou, Celmonde, tempte me to  
 the thyng?

Lette mee be gone—allie curmes onne this bedde!  
 Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message bryng!  
 Lette mee be gone, thou manne of sable harte!  
 Or welkyn and her starres wyl take a maydens  
 parte.

CELMONDE.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie sulte awie,  
 Mie love wylle have yllis joie, altho wythe  
 gylte; [ste;  
 Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte strynge as  
 The merkye seasonne wylle your bloskes byth.

BIRTHA.

Holpe, holpe, yee seynctes! oh thatt is  
 blodde was spylte!

CELMONDE.

The seynctes att distaunce stonde yn tyme of  
 nede. [thou wylle  
 Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, ytt  
 Unto mig wyache bee kinde, and nete alreke.

BIRTHA.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle reade the syn,  
 Tyllie dethe do stae mie dyne, or some lynis  
 roder heere.  
 Holpe! holpe! oh Godde!

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANZ.

HURRA.

Ah! thatt is a wommanne crye!  
 I kenn hem; saie who are you, yatte be therr!

CELMONDE.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yer  
 dies.

HURRA.

This wordes wylle ne mie hartis sete affere.

BIRTHA.

Save mee, oh! save from me thys roynes heere!

HURRA.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe saie this name and  
 londe;  
 Or swythynne schall mie swerde this boddicure

CELMONDE.

Bothe I wylle above thee bie mie broad  
 honde.

HURRA.

Resette hym rounde, yee Danz.

CELMONDE.

Comme onne, and see  
Gyff mie stryngre anlace maie bewryen whatte I  
bee.

[*Fights at armate Celmonde, seyntes Danes he  
death, and salet to Hurra.*]

CELMONDE.

Oh! I forslagen be! ye Danes, now keene,  
I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,  
Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forlege youre  
menne; [nyghte;  
I fele myne eyne to swymme yn sterne  
To her be kynde. [Dink

HURRA.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte.  
Saie, who bee you?

BIRTHA.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

HURRA.

Ah!

BIRTHA.

Gyff aneste hym yon harboore foule despyte,  
Nowe wythe the icthal anlace take mie lyfe,  
Mie thankes I ever onne you wylle bestowe,  
From ewryce you mee pyghte, the worste of mortal  
woe.

HURRA.

I wylle; ytte scalle beg see: yee Dacyans,  
here.

Thys Ælla havethe been oare foe for aie.  
Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brundeage teare,  
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;  
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie,  
Rorslagen Magnus, all our schippes ybrente;  
Be his felle arme wee now are made to straie;  
The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces sbente;  
Whanne bantoned barckes unto our londe dyd  
comme,

Ella the gure dbeis sed, and wysched hym bytter  
dome.

BIRTHA.

Mercie!

HURRA.

Bee stylla.

Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre;  
Whanne wee are spente, he soundethe the for-  
loyne;

The captyves chayne he tosseth ynne the ayre,  
Cheered the wpunded bothe wythe hreddle and  
wyne;

Has hee notte untoe somme of you hymn  
dygne? [Selle,

You woulde have smethd onne Wedcestrian  
Botte heg behylte the slughorne for to cleyne,  
Throwyng onne his wyde backe, his wyder  
spreddyng shielde.

Whanne you, as captynsed, yn fiede dyd bee,  
Be cathed you to be stylla, and strayte didd sette  
you free.

Scalle wee forelege hys wyfe, because he's  
brave?

Birrus hee fyghteth for hys countryes gare?

Wylle hee, who havith byane yis Ælla's slave,

Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere?  
Or scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appere,  
Doeyng hym favoure for hys favoure donne,  
Sweete to hys pallace thys damoiselle bere,  
Bewryne oure case, and to oure waie be geome?  
The last you do approve; so lette ytte bee;  
Damoysselle, comme awaie; you safe scalle bee  
wythe mee.

BIRTHA.

All blesmynges maie the seyntes unto yee gyve!  
All pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughte lyy-  
ynges bee!

Ælla, whanne knowyng thatte bie you I lyre,  
Wylle thyncke too smalla a guyfte the londe  
and sea.

O Celmonde! I maie deflie rede by thee,  
Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde;  
Maie ne thie cross-stone of thie cryme bewree!  
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie  
mynde!

Soldyer! for syke thou arte ynu noble fraje,  
I wylle thie goinges 'tende, and doe thou lede the  
waie.

HURRA.

The mornyng 'gyns alonge the easte to sheene;  
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie;  
The feynte rodde leme slowe creepeth oere the  
greene,

Toe chape the merkynds of nyghte awaie;  
Swifts flies the bowers thatte wylle bryng oute  
the daie;

The softe, dewe falleth onne the greayng grasse;  
The shepeter mayden, dyghtyng her arraie,  
Scante sees her vysage yu the wavie glasse;  
Bie the fulle daylighte woe scalle Ælla see,  
Or Bristowes wallyd towne; damoysselle, followe  
mee.

AT BRYSTOWE.

ÆLLA and SERVITOURES.

ÆLLA.

Tys nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laste  
nyghte [love;

To have been heere; mie stede ban notte mie  
Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,  
Whylste I goe oppe, and wake mie slepeyng  
dove.

Staic here, mie hyndettes; I shal goe above.  
Nowe, Birtha, wyl! thie luke ehelo mie spryte,  
Thie smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylle  
proove;

Mie ledanne boddie wylle bee sette aryghte.  
Egwina, haste, and ope the portalle doore,  
Varte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of warrp  
ne more.

ÆLLA, EGWINA.

EGWINA,

Oh Ælla!

ÆLLA,

Ah! that seemmykeens to mee.  
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

EGWINA.

Birtha is—

ÆLLA.  
What? where? how? Saie, whatte'of shee?

EGWINA.  
Gone—

ÆLLA.  
Gone! ye goddess!

EGWINA.  
Alas! ytte ys toe true.  
Yee seynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe!  
Ælla! whatt? Ælla! Oh! hee lyves agen!

ÆLLA.  
Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymne ne moe.  
Where ys shee gon awaie? Ah! speake! How?  
When?

EGWINA.  
I will

ÆLLA.  
Caparyson a score of stedes; fie, fie!  
Where ys shee? Swythynne speeke, or instante  
thou shalt die.

EGWINA.  
Stylle thie loud rage, and here thou whatte I  
knowe.

ÆLLA.  
Oh! speek

EGWINA.  
Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie  
rayne. [wiere,  
Laste nyghte I leste her, droopynge with her  
Her love the gare, thatte gave her harte syke  
peyne—

ÆLLA.  
Har love! to whomme?

EGWINA.  
To thee, her spouse, alleyne.  
As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,  
I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn  
twayne,  
Bolte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;  
Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd seere,  
Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie  
where.

ÆLLA.  
Thou lyst, foul hagge! thou lyst; thou art her  
ayde [bee.  
To chere ber louste;—botte noe; ytte cannotte

EGWINA.  
Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have  
ayde, [sien.  
Drawe forthe thie anlace swythyn, thanne mee

ÆLLA.  
Botte yette ytte muste, ytte must bee soe; I  
see,  
Shee wythe somme loustie paramoure ys gone;  
lste moete be soe—oh! howe ytte wracketh mee!  
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;  
Now rage, and brondeous storm, and tempeste  
comme;  
Nets lvyngge upon erthe can now enwote mie  
domme.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.  
SERVYTOURE.  
Loverde! I am aboute the trouthe to saie.

Laste nyghte, full late I dydde retourne to rest.  
As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,  
To Birtha onne hys name and place address;  
Downe to hymn camme shee; bolte thereof the  
reste  
I ken ne matter; so, mie homage made—

ÆLLA.  
O! speake ne moe; mie harte flames ys ytte  
beste;  
I once was Ælla; nowe bee notte ytte shude.  
Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle  
Fallen onn mie bened headde I hanne been Ælla  
style.

Thys alleyn was unharied of alle mie spryte:  
Mie honnoyre, honnoyre, frownd on the dolce  
wynde,  
Thatte steeked on ytte; nowe wyth rage in  
pyghte;  
A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mysde.  
Mie honneur yette somme drybblet joie main  
fynde,  
To the Danes woundes I wylle another yere;  
Whanne thos mie rennome and mie peace ys  
rynde,  
lste were a recrandize to thyncke toe lyve;  
Mie huscarles, untoe everie arker telle,  
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noble Ælla felle.  
[Stabberth hys brist.

SERVYTOURE.  
Ælla ys sleene; the flower of Englonde's marde!

ÆLLA.  
Be stylle; stythe lette the chyrches ryngge mie  
knelle.  
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde  
Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wylle doe welle.  
[Kettle ryngedi.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.  
ÆLLA.  
Thee I ordeyne the warde; so alle maie telle.  
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;  
Mie lethal tale, alyche a lethalle belle,  
Dynde yn the eares of her I wyachd mie wyfe!  
Botte, ah! shee maie bee fayre.

EGWINA.  
Yatte shee moete bee.

ÆLLA.  
Ah! saie notte soe; yatte worde woulde Ælla  
dobblic slec.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE,  
BIRTHA, HURRA.  
ÆLLA.  
Ah! Birtha here!

BIRTHA.  
Whatte dynne ys thys? Whatte menes yis leath  
alle knelle? [bee!  
Where ys mie Ælla? Speeke; where? Howe ys  
Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and welle!

ÆLLA.  
I lyve yndeed; hotte doe notte lyve for thee.

BIRTHA.  
Whatte menes mie Æll ?

ÆLLA.

Here mie meneynge set.  
This foulness urged mie honde to gyve thys  
wounde,  
Yte mee unsprytes.

BIRTHA.

Yte hathe unsprytet mee.

ÆLLA.

Ah, Heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!  
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wyllie bee.

HUERA.

Ella! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to  
thee.

Thys damoyelle I founde wythynne a woode,  
Stryunge fulle harde anenste a buried wayne:  
I sente hym myrynge yanne mie compheeres  
blodde,

Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge  
trayne.

Ys damoyelle soughte to be here agayne;  
The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wyllie;  
So here wee broughte her wythe you to re-  
moyne.

COERNIKE.

Yee nobyllie Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you  
fylle.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! Oh! she ys fayre.  
Whate faultes coulde Birtha have; whate faultes  
coulde Ælla feare?

BIRTHA.

Am I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie  
feere.

Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste;  
I wyllie to thee bewryen the woofulte gare.

Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reste,  
Wordeynge for mee to sie, att your requeste,  
To Watchette towne, where you deceasyng  
laie;

I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke wode we  
Where hee soule love unto mie eares dyd saie:  
The Danes—

ÆLLA.

Oh! I die contente— [Dyeth.

BIRTHA.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?

Oh! I wyll make hys grave mie vyrgyn spousal  
bedde.

[Birtha synneth.

COERNIKE.

Whatte? Ælla dedde! and Birtha dyyng toe!  
Soe fallie the fayrest flourettes of the playne.  
Who canne unplyte the wurchys Heaven can  
doe,

Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne?  
Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne;  
For yette, thie pleasaunce, and thie joie was  
koste,

This countrymen shall rere thee on the playne,  
A pile of carnes, as anie grave can boaste:

Further, a just amede to thee to bee,  
Inne Heaven thou syng of Godde, on Erthe we'lle  
syng of thee.

GODDWYN;

A TRAGEDIE, BY THOMAS ROWLEIE.

[Transcribed by Mr. Catcott from a poem in  
Chatterton's hand writing.]

PROLOGUE,

MADE BIE MAISTRE WILLIAM CANYNGE.

WHYLOMME bie pensmenne make ungentle  
name

Have upon Goddwynne erle of Kente bin layde,  
Dherebie benymmyng hymme of faie and  
Unliart divinites haveth saide, [fame;  
Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie wurchie;  
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne the  
churche.

The aucthoore of the piece whiche we enacte,  
Albeytte a clerygon, trouthe wyll wrytte.  
Inne drawyng of hys menne no wyte ys lackte;  
Entyn a kyng mote bee full pleased to nyghte,  
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be  
done;

Wee better for toe doe do champion<sup>1</sup> anie onne.

Persons represented.

Harolde, bie T. Rowleie, the Aucthoore.  
Goddwyn, Johan de Incenne.  
Edwarde, Syrr Theobol Gorges.  
Alrian, Syrr Alan de Vers.  
Kyng Edwarde, Maistre William Canynge.

Others bie Kuyghtes Mynstralles.

GODDWYN and HAROLDE.

GODDWYN.

HAROLDE!

HAROLDE.

Mie loverde!

GODDWYN.

O! I weepe to thyncke,  
What foemen ryseth to ifrete the londe.  
Theie batten onne her fleshe, her hartes bloude  
dryncke,

And all ys graunted from the roial bonde.

HAROLDE.

Lette notte thie agrame blyn, ne sledge<sup>2</sup> stonde;  
Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore:  
Am I betrayed, syke shulde mie burle bronde  
Depeyncte the wronges on hym from whom I  
bore.

GODDWYN.

I ken thie spryte ful welle; gentle thou art,  
Stringe, ugsomme, rou, as smethynge armyes  
seeme;

Yett este, I feare, thie chefes toe grete a parte,  
And that thie rede bee este borne downe bie  
What tydynges from the kyng? [brewe.

<sup>1</sup> No instance of this verb has yet been adduced  
from a writer earlier than Shakspere.

<sup>2</sup> Unintelligible. Mr. Bryant supposed it to  
have been written *odelege*, which he says is analo-  
gous to the Saxon adverb *pedelech*, and corresponds  
to Chatterton's interpretation.

HAROLDE.

His Normans know.  
I make noe comphere of the shamyrng trayne.

GODDWYN.

Ah, Harolde! tis a syghte of myckle woe,  
To-kenne these Normannes everich rennome  
What tydyng; withe the foulke? [gayne.

HAROLDE.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer shap, stylla too the  
kyng  
Theire rolle theire troubles, lyche a sorgie sea.  
Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a  
stygge? [bae?  
Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted

GODDWYN.

Awayte the tyme whanne Goddis wylle sende us  
ayde.

HAROLDE.

No, we muste streve to ayde oureselves wyth  
powre. [prayde.  
Whan Godde wylle sende us ayde! tis fetelle  
Moste we those calke awaie the hye-louge  
howre?

Thos croche oure armes, and ne toe lyve  
Unburied, undelievre, unespryte? [darrygne,  
Far fro mie harte be fed thyk thoughte of peyne,  
He kee mie countrie, or Ille die yn fyghte.

GODDWYN.

Botte lette us wayte untylle somme season fytt.  
Mie Kentysmen, this Summertons shall ryse;  
Adented prowess to the gite of witte,  
Agayne the argent horse shall daunce yn skie.  
Oh Harolde, heere forstraughteynge wanhope  
lies.

Englonde, oh Englonde, tis for thee I blethe.  
Whylate Edwarde to this sonnes wylle nete alyse,  
Shulde anie of this sonnes fele aughte of ethe?  
Upponna the trone I sette thee, helde this  
croune; [downe.

Botte oh! thew homaage nowe to pyghte thee  
Thou arte all preeste, and notheynge of the  
kyng.

Thou arte alle Norman, notheynge of mie blodde.  
Know, yttebesies thee notte amasse to synge;  
Serynge this leegfolcke thou arte seryng  
Godde.

HAROLDE.

Thenne Ille doe Heaven a servyce. To the  
The daille contokes of the loude asconde. [skyes  
The wyddowe, fahdresse, and bondemennes  
cries

Acheke the mokie aire and Heaven astende.  
On us the ralers doe the folcke depende;  
Hancelled from Erthe these Normanne byndes  
shalle bee;

Lyche a battently low, mie swerde shalle brende.  
Lyche fallynge softe rayne droppe, I wylle hem  
slea; [fayte;

Wee wayte too longe; oure purpose wylle de-  
bounne the hyge empyrre, and rouze the cham-  
pyones straye.

GODDWYN.

This enter—

‡ Unauthorized.

HAROLDE.

Aye, I knowe, shee is his queene,  
Altheyte, dyd shee speeke her foeene layre,  
I wulde dequace her comie semlykeene,  
And fouldie mie bloddie anlace yn her hayre.

GODDWYN.

Thys shuir blyn,

HAROLDE.

No, bydde the leathal more,  
Upriste withe hiltrene wyndes and cano us-  
Beheste it to be lete; so twylle appeare, (kand,  
Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his countrie  
friende.

The gule-steynct brygandyn, the adventyr,  
The ferrie anlace brede shal make mie gart pre-  
vayle.

GODDWYN.

Harolde, what wuldest doe?

HAROLDE.

Bethyncke thet what.  
Here llethe Englonde, all her drites unfree,  
Here liethe Normans coupynge her bie lotte,  
Calfsynng everich native plant to gre,

Whatte woulde I doe? I bfondeous wulde bea  
slee; [bruse;

Tare owte theyre sable harte bie ryghtchille  
Theyre draathe a menes untoc mie lyfe shulde  
bee,

Mie spryte shulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde  
strene.

Eftsoones I wylle bewryne mie ragefalle ire,  
And Goddis anlace weilde yn furie dyre.

GODDWYN.

Whatto wouldest thou wythe the kyng?

HAROLDE.

Take offe hys croune;  
The ruler of somme mynster hym ordelyne;  
Sette uppe som dygnr than I hae pyghte  
downe;

And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd agayne.

GODDWYN.

No, lette the super-hallie seyncte kyng reyne,  
Ande somme moe reded rule the uncoyf  
resulme;

Kyng Edwarde, yn hys cortesie, wylle deyne  
To yielde the spottes, and alleyn were the  
heaulme;

Botte fro mie harte bea everych thoughte of  
gayne,

Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordelyne.

HAROLDE.

Tell me the meenes, I wylle bounte yt straye;  
Betw mee to slea mie selfe, ytte shal be done.

GODDWYN.

To thee I wylle swythynne the meenes wplyt,  
Bie whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be prerd  
mie sonne.

I haue longe seen whatte peynes were undergon,  
Whatte agrames braunce out from the genral  
tree;

The tyme ys comynge, whan the mollock gon  
Drented of alle yts swolynge owndes shalle ber;  
Mie remedie is goode; our meene shall ryse;  
Eftsoones the Normans and owre agrama fies.

## HAROLDE.

I will to the West, and gemote alle mie knyghtes,  
Wythe byttes that panct for blodde, and  
sheldes as brede [dyghtes  
As the ybroched Moon, when blaunch she  
The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede;  
Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the  
doughtiest blede,  
Who ofte have kni-te upon forslagen foes,  
Whoe wythe yer fote orrests a castle-stede,  
Who dare on kynges for to bewreke yiere woes;  
Nowe wythe the manne of Englonde haile the  
daie, [fraie.

Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle  
GODDWYN.

Botte frste we'll call the loverdes of the West,  
The erles of Merca, Conventrie and all;  
The moe wes gayne, the gare wythe prosper  
Wythe syke a nomber wee can never fall. [beste,

## HAROLDE.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,  
And alle attenes the spreddyng kyngedomme  
bynde. [feygne  
No crouched champyone<sup>4</sup> wythe an harte moe  
Dyd ysue owte the hallie swerde to fynde,  
Than I nowe strev to ryd mie londe of peyne.  
Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wyll  
enhepe!

I'll ryse mie friendes unto the bloddie plaync;  
I'll wake the honoure thatte ys uowe aslepe.  
Whan wythe the chiefes mete atte this feative  
halle, [calle?

That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em

## GODDWYN.

Next eve, my soune.

## HAROLDE.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,  
Whan thee or thie felle foemens causemoste die.  
The geason wronges bee ryous ynto theyre  
pryme;  
Now wythe thie sonnes unto thie succoure fle.  
Alyche a storm egederinge yn the skie,  
Tys falle ande brasteth on the chaper grounde;  
Sycke shall mie thuirye on the Normans fle,  
And alle theyre mittee manne besicene aounde.  
Nowe, now, wythe Harolde or oppressionne  
falle, [calle.

Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for hele shal

KYNGE EDWARDE and the QUEENE.

## QUEENE.

Botte, loverde, whie so manie Normannes here?  
Moe thyckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe  
lunde.

These browded<sup>5</sup> straungers alwaie doe appere,  
Theire parte yor trone, and sete at your ryghte  
honde,

## KYNGE.

Go to, goe to, you doe na understonde:  
Theire yeave mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie kepe;  
Theire dyd mee foeste, and did embowre me  
groonde; [stepe.

To trete hem ylle walde-lette mie kyndnesse

<sup>4</sup> Crouched champyone, one who takes up the cross  
in order to fight against the Saracens.

<sup>5</sup> Browded, embroidered; it is conjectured em-  
broidery was not used in England till Henry II.

## QUEENE.

Mancas<sup>6</sup> you have yn store, and to them parte;  
Youre leege-fotcke make moke dole, you have  
theyr worthe swerte.

## KYNGE.

I beste no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.  
Hallie theis are, fulle ready mee to beie.  
Theyre volundes are ystorven to self endes;  
No denwere yn mie breste I of them fele:  
I muste to prayers; goe yn, and you do welo;  
I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie;  
Go inne go ynne, ande viewe the azure reie,  
Fulle welo I wote you have noe mynde too  
prae.

## QUEENE.

I leeve youe to doe hommage heaven-were;  
To serve yor loege-folcke toe is dueyng hommage  
there.

KYNGE and Syr HUGH.

## KYNGE.

Mie friende, syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges  
thes here?

## HUGH.

There is no manas yn mie loverdes ente;  
The hus dyspenas unpaied doe appere;  
The laste receivure ys estoones dispente.

## KYNGE.

Thenne guyde the Weste.

## HUGH.

Mie loverde, I dyd spake  
Untoe the mitte erle Harolde of the thynges;  
He raysed hys hande, and smote me onne the  
cheke, [kyng.  
Saieyng, go beare thatte message to the

## KYNGE.

Arae hym of hys powers; bie Goddis worde,  
Ne moe thatte Harolde shall ywield the erles  
swerde.

## HUGH.

Atte season fythe, mie loverde, lette itt bee;  
Botte nowe the folcke doe soe enaie hys name,  
Inne strevyng to ales hymme, ourselves we  
les;  
Syke ys the doughtyness of hys gretto fame.

## KYNGE.

Hughe, I bethyncke, thie rede ys notte to blame.  
Botte thou maieat fynde fulle store of marches  
yn Kent.

## HUGH.

Mie noble loverde, Goddwyn ys the same; [ont.  
He sweeres be wythe notte swelle the Normans

## KYNGE.

Ab traytours! botte mie rage I wythe com-  
maunde. [maunde.  
Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a straunger to the

Thou kenneste howe these Englyshe erls doe  
Such stedness in the yll andevyll thynges, [bare  
Botte atte the goode theie bover yn denwere,  
Onknowlacheyng gif thereunto to clyng.

<sup>6</sup> Mancas were small Saxon coins.

<sup>7</sup> Unintelligible.

## MUGHE.

Onwordie syke a maruelle of a kynge!  
O Edwarde, thou deservest purer leege;  
To thee heie shudden al their mancas drynge;  
This nodde should save menne, and thie glomb  
forslege.  
I amme no carriedowe, I lacke no wite,  
I speke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all see  
is ryghte.

## RYNGE.

Thou arte a nallie maane, I doe thee pryze.  
Comme, comme, and here and helc mee ynn mie  
Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alise, [prairea.  
And twayne of hamlettes to thee and thie  
beyres.  
Soe shallie all Normannes from mie londe be fed,  
Theie alleyn have syke love as to acquyra yer  
bredde.

## CHORUS,

## TO GODDWYN, A TRAGEDIE.

When Freedom, drete yn blodde-steyned veste,  
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,  
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spreddo;  
A gorie anlace bye her honge.  
She daunced oune the heathe;  
She hearde the voice of deathe;  
Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,  
In vayne assayed her bosomme to acale;  
She hearde onfemed the shriekynge voice of woe,  
And sadnesse ynn the owlette shake the dale.  
She shooke the burled speere,  
On hie she jeste her sheelde,  
Her foemen all appere,  
And sizze alonge the feelede.  
Power, wythe his beafod straught ynto the skyes,  
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a  
starre,  
Alyche twaie brendeyngt gronfyres rolls hys eyes,  
Chafes with hys yronne fete and soundes to war.  
She syttes upon a rocke,  
She bendes before hys speere,  
She ryses from the shooke,  
Wieldynge her owne yn ayre.  
Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,  
Wyte scillye wymped gies ytte to hys crowne,  
Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddyng sheelde  
ys gon,  
He felles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.  
War, goare-faced-war, bie envie burd arist,  
Hys feerie beaulme noddynge to the ayre,  
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynn bys streynynge  
fyste—

## ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS.

BIZ T. ROWLEIE.

BÖÖKE 1st<sup>1</sup>.

[This poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.]

WHANNE Scythames, salvage as the wolves  
theie chacke,

Feyncted in horrowe formes bie nature dyghte,

<sup>1</sup> Book 1st. I will endeavour to get the remainder of these poems. (Chatterton.)

Hekked yn beastkyns, slepte uponne the waste,  
And wyth the mornynge rouzed the wufe to  
fyghte,

Sweete as descendeynge lemes of roddie lyghte  
Plonged to the hulstred bedde of laveynge seas,  
Gerde the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets  
twighte,

And ranne yn thoughts alonge the azure moss,  
Whose eyne dyd feerie sheene, like blue-hayred  
deff,

That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblanchbed cleff.

Soft boundeynge over swellynge azure reles  
The salvage natyves sawe a shyppo appere;  
An uncouthe denwre to theire bosomme steles,  
Theyre myghte ys knopped ynn the froste of  
fere.

The headed javlyn lisseth here and there;  
Theie stonde, theie ronne, theie lokc wyth eger  
eyne;

The shyppes sayle, boleynge wythe the kyndeis  
Ronnetth to harbour from the beatynge bryue;  
Theie dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to the stonde  
A buried Trojan lepes, wythe morgaiaen sweerde yn  
houde.

Hymne followede eftsoones hys compbeeres,  
whose swerdes

Glested lyke gledeynge starres yn frostie nete,  
Hayleynge theyre captayne in chirckynge wordes  
Kynge of the lande, whereon theie set theyre fete.  
The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym  
greete,

Prepared for battle, mareschalled the fyghte;  
Theie urged the warre, the natyves flocke, as  
flete

As fleaynge cloudes that swymme before the  
Tyll tyred wythe battles, for to cease the fraie,  
Theie uncted Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojans  
swaie.

Twayne of twelve years han lemed up the  
myndes,

Leggende the salvage unthewes of theire breast,  
Improved in mysterk warre, and lymmed theyre  
kyndes,

Whenne Brute from Brutons sonke to sternes  
Eftsoons the gentle Locryne was possess

Of swaie, and vested yn the paramente;  
Halfeld the bykrous Huns, who dyd infeste

Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente;  
As hys broad swerde oer Homberres heade was  
honge,

He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled

He wedded Gendolyne of roical sede, [sprande;  
Upon whose countenance rodde healtie was  
Bloushing, alyche the scarlette of her wede,

She sonke to pleassunce on the marrynge bedde.  
Eftsoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fellede;

Elstrid smetten with the kynge Locryne;  
Unnumbered beauties were upon her shede,  
Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendo-  
lyne;

The mornynge tyngs, the rose, the lillie floure,  
In ever nonnyng race on ber dyd peyncte theyre  
powere.

The gentle suyte of Locryne gayned her love;  
Theie lyved soft momentes to a swote age;  
Eft wandringe yn the coppinge, delle, and grove,  
Where ne one eyne mote theyre disporte enage;

There dydde theis tell the merrie lovyng fage,  
Croppre the pryngrosen floure to decks theyre  
headdes;

The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage  
Gemoted warriors to bewreck her bedde;  
Theire rose; ynne battle was greet Loeryne  
sleene;

The faire Elatrida fledde from the enchafed queene.

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne, [daie,  
Whose boddeyng morneyng shewed a fayre  
Her fadre Loeryne, once an bailie manne.

Wyth the fayre dawter dydde she haste awaie,  
To where the Western mittes pyles of claie  
Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere;  
There dyd Elatrida and Sabryna staie;  
The fyrste tryckle out a whyle yn warryours  
gratch and gear,

Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soonn fate  
Soute deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn  
regrate.

The queene Gendolyne sente a gyaunte knyghte,  
Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmerteyng  
skies,

To slea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte,  
Eke everychaue who shulde her ele emprize.  
Swete as the roareyng wyndes the gyaunte flies,  
Stayde the loude wyndes, and shade realmes  
yn nyghte,

Stepte over cytties, on meint acres lies, [lighte;  
Meestyng the herchaughtes of morneyng  
Tyll mooveyng to the Weste, mychaunce hys  
eye,

Hethorowe warriours gratch fayre Elatrid did espie.

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,  
Harried uppe noddyng forrests to the skie,  
Thanne wythe a fairie, mote the erthe astonde,  
To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne fle.

The flying wolffynnes sente a yellieyng crie;  
Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount;  
To lyve aternalle dyd theire estoones die;  
Thorowe the sandie grave boyled up the purple  
founte,

On a broad grassie playne was layde the hylle,  
Baieyng the rounyng course of meint a limmed  
rylle.

The goddes, who kened the actyons of the  
wyghte,

To leggen the saddis bappe of twayue so fayre,  
Hooton dyd make the mountaine bie theire  
myghte.

Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,  
Roaryng and rolleyng on yn course bysinnare;  
From female Vyncentie shotte a ridge of stones,  
Eche syde the ryver rasyng heavenwere;

Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elstryda bones.  
So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde  
Can telle, that Severnes streame bie Vyncentes  
rocke's ywrynde.

The bawyn gyaunt, hee who dyd them slea,  
To telle Gendolyne quycklie was yped;  
Whanne, as he strod alonge the shakeyng lee,  
The roddie lerynne glesterrd on hys headdie:  
Into hys hearte the azure vapoures spreade;  
He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie payne;  
Whanne from his lyfe-blood the rodde lemes  
were fed,

He felle an hope of ashes on the playne:

Styile does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,  
A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte  
hyghte.

## AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE.

AS WRITTEN BIE THE GODE PRIESTE THOMAS  
ROWLEY<sup>1</sup>, 1464.

[This poem is printed from a single sheet in Chat-  
terton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr.  
Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.]

IN Virgyne the sweltrie Sun gan shaene,  
And hotte upon the moes did caste his raie;  
The apple rudded from its palie greene,  
And the mole peare did bende the leafy sprai;  
The peede chelandri sunge the lyvelong daie;  
<sup>1</sup>Twas nowe the pryde, the manhode of the yeaere,  
And eke the grounde was dighte in its moss defte  
aunere.

The Sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,  
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken blue,  
When from the sea arist in drear arraie  
A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen huc,  
The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,  
Hiltring attenes the Sunnis feteye face,  
And the blacke tempeste swoine and gatherd  
up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,  
Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent<sup>2</sup>  
A hapless pilgrim moneyng dyd abide, [lede,  
Pore in his viewe, ungentle in his weede,  
Longe bretful of the miseries of neede,  
Wherefrom the hail-stone coude the almer<sup>3</sup> fle?  
He had no housen there, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed<sup>4</sup> face, his sprighte there  
seanne;  
Howe woe-be-gone, howe withered, forwynd,  
deade! {manne!  
Haste to this church-glebe-house, ashrewed  
Haste to this kiste, this onlie dortoure bedde,  
Cate, as the claie which will gre on this hodde,  
Is charitie and love aminge highe elves;  
Knightis and barous live for pleasure and them-  
selves.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton  
Mal-reward, in Somersetshire, educated at the  
convent of St. Kenna, at Keynesham, and died at  
Westbury in Gloucestershire.

<sup>2</sup> *Seyncte Godwine's Covent*. It would have been  
charitable, if the author had not pointed at personal  
characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbott  
of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this  
was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the  
Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist.

<sup>3</sup> Unauthorized, and contrary to analogy.

<sup>4</sup> *Glommed*, clouded, dejected. A person of some  
note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum*  
and *glum* are modern cant words; and from this  
circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's  
Manuscripts. *Glumung* in the Saxon signifies  
twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern  
word *glumy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*.



The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops  
 falle; [raine;  
 The forswat meadows smethe, and drenche the  
 The comyng ghasstnes do the cattle pail,  
 And the full flockes are drivynge oer the plaine;  
 Dashde from the cloudes the waters flout againe;  
 The welkin opes; the yellow levynne flies;  
 And the hot ferie smothe in the wide lowings dies.

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymyng  
 sound  
 Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,  
 Shakes the hiespyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,  
 Still on the gallard<sup>5</sup> care of terrour hangs;  
 The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges;  
 Agayn the levynne and the thunder poures,  
 And the full cloudes are braste attenes in stopen  
 showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watric plaine,  
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente  
 came;  
 His chapournette<sup>6</sup> was drented with the reine,  
 And his pencke gyrdle met with mickle shame;  
 He aynewarde told his bederoll<sup>7</sup> at the same;  
 The storme encrease, and he drew aside, [bide.  
 With the mist almes craver neere to the holme to

His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,  
 With a gold hutton fasten'd neere his chynne;  
 His autremete was edged with golden twynne;  
 And his shoonepyke aloverds might have binne;  
 Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sunne:  
 The trammels of the palfry please his sighte,  
 For the horse-millanare<sup>8</sup> his head with rosesighte.

<sup>5</sup> Gallied is still used in this sense in the coun-  
 try about Bristol.

<sup>6</sup> *Chapournette*, a small round hat, not unlike the  
 shapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by eccle-  
 siastics and lawyers.

<sup>7</sup> *He aynewarde tolde his bederoll*, he told his beads  
 backwards; a figurative expression to signify  
 cursing.

<sup>8</sup> *Horse-millanare*, I believe this trade is still in  
 being, though but seldom employed.

Mr. Steevens has left a curious note upon this  
 word. "One morning, while Mr. Tyrwhitt and I  
 were at Bristol, in 1776, we had not proceeded far  
 from our lodging, before he found he had left on  
 his table a memorandum book which it was neces-  
 sary he should have about him. He therefore re-  
 turned to fetch it, while I stood still in the very  
 place we parted at, looking on the objects about  
 me. By this spot, as I was subsequently assured,  
 the young Chatterton would naturally pass to the  
 charity school on St. Augustine's-Back, where he  
 was educated. But whether this circumstance be  
 correctly stated or not, is immaterial to the gen-  
 eral tendency of the following remark. On the spot  
 however where I was standing, our retentive ob-  
 server had picked up an idea which afterwards  
 found its way into his Excelente Balade of Cha-  
 rities, as wroten bie the gode prieste Thomas Row-  
 leie. 1464.

For the horse-millanare his head with roses  
 dighte.

The considerate reader must obviously have stared  
 on being informed that such a term and such a

An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim  
 saide,  
 O! let me waite within your covente dore,  
 Till the Sonne sheueth hie above our heade,  
 And the loud tempeste of the aire is oer;  
 Helpless and ould am I alas! and poor;  
 No house, ne friend, ne monie in my pouche;  
 All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche;

Variet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your diene;  
 This is no season almes and prayers to give;  
 Mic porter never lets a faitour in;  
 None touch mie ryng who not in honour live.  
 And now the Sonne with the blacke cloudes did  
 stryve,

And shettyng on the grounde his glairie raie,  
 The Abbatte spurde his steede, and etoones  
 roadde awaie.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde,  
 Faste reynynge oer the plaine a prieste was  
 seen;

Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;  
 His cope and jape<sup>9</sup> were graie, and eke were  
 A Limitoure he was of order seene; [clese;  
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,  
 Where the pore almer laie bmethe the bolmen tree.

An almes, sir priest! the droppynge pilgrim  
 sayde,

For sweete seyncte Marie and your oder sake.  
 The Limitoure then loosend his pouche threade,  
 And did theroute a groate of sylver take;  
 The mister pilgrim dyd for hallise shake.  
 Here take this silver, it maie cathe this care;  
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne  
 bare.

But ah! unhalie pilgrim, lerne of me,  
 Seathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.  
 Here take my somecope, thou arte bare I see;  
 Tis thyne; the seynctes, will give me mie re-  
 warde.

He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.  
 Vyrgyne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn gloure,  
 Or give the mittee will, or give the gode man  
 powcr.

#### BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[In printing the first of these poems two copies  
 have been made use of, both taken from copies  
 of Chatterton's handwriting, the one by Mr. Cal-

trade had been extant in 1464; but his wonder  
 would have ceased, had he been convinced as I am,  
 that, in a public part of Bristol, full in sight of  
 every passer by, was a Sealer's shop, over which  
 was inscribed A or B (no matter which) Hawk-  
 Milliner. On the outside of one of the windows  
 of the same operator, stood (and I suppose yet  
 stands) a wooden horse dressed out with ribbons,  
 to explain the nature of horse-millinery. We have  
 here, perhaps, the history of this modern image,  
 which was impressed by Chatterton into his de-  
 scription of an Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes Co-  
 vente."

<sup>9</sup> *Jape*, a short surplice, worn by friars of an in-  
 ferior class, and secular priests.

sott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 550, which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It should be observed, that the poem marked No. 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton with the following title: "Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowley, parish prestre of St. John's in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465.—The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with." Being afterwards prest by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley; and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked No. 2, as far as ver. 550 incl. with the following title; "Battle of Hastings by Turgotus, translated by Roulis for W. Canyng Esq." The lines from ver. 551 incl. were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem.]

## (No. 1.)

O **CHRISTE**, it is a grief for me to telle,  
How manie a nobil erle and valourous knyghte  
In fyghtyng for kynge Harrold noble fell,  
Al sleyn in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.  
O sea! our teeming donore, ban thy soude,  
Han anie fructuous entement, (bloude,  
Thou wouldest have rose and sank wyth tydes of  
Before duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went;  
Whose coward arrows manie cries sleyne,  
And broed the feeld wyth bloude as season  
rayne.

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,  
All passing bie, of mickle myghte echone,  
Whose poyntant arrowes, typp'd with destynie,  
Cam'd manie wydowes to make myckle moue.  
Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are,  
From out of hearyngs quicklie now departe;  
Full well I wote, to syng of bloudie warre  
Will greue your tenderie and mayden harte.  
Go, do the weakie woman inn man's gearre,  
And wond your mansion if grymm war come  
there.

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,  
And Sonne was come to byd us all good dale,  
Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,  
Prepar'd for fyghte in championn arraie.

As when two bulles, destryde for Hocktide fyghte,  
Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,  
Theie rend tie erthe, and travellrys affryghte,  
Lackyng to gage the sportive bloudie warre;

Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,  
The Normans lacked for to wiede their bowes.

Kynge Harroldes turnyng to hys leegemen spake;  
My merrie men, be not cast downe in mynde;

Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,  
Before yon Sunne has donde his welke you'll fynde,  
Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the londe  
Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,  
Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,  
Unless with honde and harte you plaie the manne.  
Cheer up youre hartes, chase sorrowe farre awaie,  
Godde and seyncte Cuthbert be the words to  
daie.

And thesse duke Wythiam to his knyghtes did  
saie;

My merrie menne, be brave lie everieoh;e;  
Gif I do gavn the honore of the daie,  
Ech one of you I wyll make myckle richa.  
Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte;  
Lordshippes and honores echone shall possessa;  
Be this the words to daie, God and my ryghte;  
Ne doute but God will oure true cause blessa.

The clarions then sounded sharpe and shrille;  
Deathdoeyng blades were out intent to kille.

And brave kyng Harrold had nowe donde his saie;  
He threw wythe myghte amayue hys shorte horse-  
spear.

The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,  
And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.  
His cristede beaver dyd him smalle aboude;  
The cruel spear went thorough all his bede;  
The purpel bloude came goushyng to the grounde,  
And at duke Wyllyam's feet he tumbled wende:  
So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenus  
it felte the furie of the Danish menne.

O **Assem**, son of Cuthbert, holie sayncte,  
Come ayde thy freend, and shewe duke Wyllyams  
payne;

Take up thy pencyl, all his features paincte;  
Thy coloryng excells a synger strayne.  
Duke Wyllyam sawe his freende sleyne pitcoulsie,  
His lovyng freende whome he muche honored,  
For he han lov'd hym from puerlitye,  
And theie together bothe han bin ybrod:

O! in duke Wyllyam's harte it raysde a flame,  
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame.

He tooke a brazen crosse-bowe in his honde,  
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte ameip,  
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe  
Han by his soundyng arrowe-lede<sup>1</sup> bene sleyne.  
Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive,  
Bye comlie forme knowtached from the rest;  
But nowe his destind howre dyd arye,  
The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breste:  
So have I seen a ladie-smock soe white,  
Blown in the moornyng, and mowd downe at  
night.

With thilk a force it dyd his boddie gore,  
That in his tender guttas it entered,  
In veritee a full clothe yarde or more,  
And downe with flaiten noyse he sunken dede.  
Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse,  
Was smeed all over withe the gorie duste,

<sup>1</sup> One commentator supposes that this means the path of the arrow, from the Saxon *lade*, iter, proactiv. Dean Milles, that it may mean an arrow headed with lead, or that it is misspelled for arrow-hede. Either of these latter conjectures is probable.

And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,  
That Alured coulde not trymself aluste.

The standing Normans drew theyr bowe  
echone, [downe.  
And broght full manie Englysh champions

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce styll,  
The Englysh nste but short horse-spears could  
welde;

The Englysh manie dethe-sure dartes did kille,  
And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.  
Kyngs Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke,  
And marched furious o'er the bloodie pleyne,  
In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;  
Their sheelds rebounded arrowes back agaynne.

The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede the same,  
Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of  
they came.

Duke Wyllyam drewe agen hys arrowe stryng,  
An arrowe withe a ryver-hede drewe he;  
The arrowe dauncyng in the ayre dyd syng,  
And bytt the horse Toselyn on the knee.  
At this brave Toselyn throwe his short horse-  
speare;

Duke Wyllyam stooped to avoyde the blowe;  
The yrone weapon hummed in his care,  
And hitte sir Doullie Nabor on the prow:  
Upon his helme soe furious was the stroke,  
It splete his heaver, and the ryvets broke.

Downe fell the heaver by Toselyn splete in twaine,  
And onn his hede expos'd a panie wounde,  
But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameine,  
And fell'd the champion to the bloudie grounde.  
Then Doullie myghte his bowestryng drewe,  
Enthoughte to gyve brave Toselyn bloudie wounde,  
But Fiarolde's assenglave<sup>1</sup> stopp'd it as it flew,  
And it fell bootless on the bloudie grounde.

Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge thustroke,  
Death-doyng blade from out the scabard toke.

And nowe the battail close on everych syde,  
And face to face appeard the knyghtes full brave;  
They lifted up there bylles with myckle pryde,  
And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.  
So have I sene two weirs at once give grounde,  
White fomyng hygh to roryng combat runne;  
In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking sounde,  
Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the sunne;  
And when their myghte in burstyng waves is fled,  
Like cowards, stele alonge there ozy bede.

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelic meia,  
Affynd unto the kyng of Dynefarre,  
At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,  
And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;  
He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth myckle  
Ageinste the brest of sieur de Bonohoe; [myghte  
He grond and sunken on the place of fyghte,  
O Chryste! to fele hys wounde, hys harte was woe.  
Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his  
mynde,  
Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Bryant and Mr. Tyrwhitt agree that this word has been put by a mistake of Chatterton's for *ajuste*.

<sup>2</sup> This word is not known; it occurs again in this poem, l. 423. Chatterton has used it in *The Unknown Knight*.

He dy'd and kessed wyfe and chyldren twaine,  
Whom he wythe cherymment did dearie love;  
In England's court, in goode kyng Edward's  
regne,

Hewonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove;  
And thence unto the place where he was borne,  
Together with hys welthe and better wyfe,  
To Normandie he dyd perdie retourne,  
In peace and quietcease to lead his lyfe;  
And now with sovrayn Wyllyam he came,  
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame.

Then, swete as lyghtnyng, Egelredus set  
Ageynst du Barlie of the mounten head;  
In his dere hartesbloude his longe launce was wet,  
And from his courser downe he tumbled dede.  
So have I sene a mountayne oak that longe  
Has caste his shadowe to the mounlayne eyde,  
Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge,  
And view the briers belowe with self-laught pride;  
But, when throwe downe by mightie thunder  
stroke,  
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke.

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie  
Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,  
And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,  
And at his pole the spear came out agayne.  
Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe bedde  
Wyth myckle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,  
And at hys syde the arrowe entered,  
And out the crymson streame of bloude gan flowe;  
In purple stokes it dyd hys armer staine,  
And smok'd in puddles on the dostie plaine.

But Egelred, before he sunken downe,  
With all his myghte ameine his spear besped,  
It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,  
And bothe together quicklie sunken dede.  
So have I sene a rocke o'er others hange,  
Who strongie plac'd laughde at his slippy  
state,

But when he falls with beaven-peercyng lunge  
That he the sleeve unravels all there fate,  
And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,  
The stronge and firme should not defame the  
weake.

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,  
Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,  
And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,  
And in the battel he much goode han done;  
Unto kyng Harold he foughte myckle near,  
For he was yeoman of the bodie guard<sup>4</sup>;  
And with a taryt and a fyghtyng spear,  
He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward:  
True as a shadow to a substant thyng,  
So true he guarded Harold hys good kyng.

But when Egelred tumbled to the grounde,  
He from kyng Haroldes quicklie dyd advance,

<sup>4</sup> The author of the Examination, printed at Sherborne, remarks thus upon this passage. Howel is called in the above lines "yeoman of the body guard." Now that office was unknown in the days of Turgot, and did not subsist even in 1465, at which time the poem is said to have been translated. King Henry 7 was the first that set up the band of pensioners. The yeomen of the guard were instituted afterwards.

And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,  
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce,  
And then retreated for to guarde hys kyng,  
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;  
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's stryng,  
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie;

The grey-goose<sup>3</sup> pynion, that thereon was sett,  
Eftsoons wyth smokyng crymsonbloude was wett.

His blonde at this was waxen flaminge hotte,  
Without adoe he turned once agayne,  
And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,  
Mangre hys helme, he splets his hede in twayne.  
This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde,  
Whose featilist bowty ladden in his face;  
His chance in warr he ne before han tryde,  
But lyy'd in love and Rosaline's embrace;  
And like a useless weede amonge the haie  
Awounge the sleine warriors Griel laie.

Kyng Harold then he put his yeomen bie,  
And ferslie ryd into the bloudie fyghte;  
Eric Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,  
Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,  
Etheiwin, Etheibert, and Edwin too,  
Elfred the famous, and erie Ethelwarde,  
Kyng Harold's kegemenn, erlies hie and true,  
Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde;

The reste of erlies, fyghtyng other wheres,  
Stained with Norman blonde their fyghtyng  
spores.

As when some ryver with the season raynes  
White fomyng hie dothe breke the bridges oft,  
Oerturnes the hamelet and all contene,  
And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft;  
So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes,  
And layde the greates and small upon the grounde,  
And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,  
Full manie a Normanne fell by hym dede wounde;  
So who he be that ouphant fairies strike,  
Their soules will wander to kyng Offa's dyke.

Fitz Salarville, duke William's favourite knyghte,  
To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yelde; [myghte,  
With hys tylte-launce hee stroke with thilke a  
The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.  
Old Salarville beheld hys son lie ded,  
Against erie Edelwarde his bowe-stryng drewe;  
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;  
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.

So was the hope of all the issue gone,  
And in one battle fell the sire and son.

De Aubignee rod fiercely thro' the fyghte,  
To where the boddie of Salarville laie;  
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?  
I'll be revenged, or die for thee this daie.  
Die then thou shalt, erie Ethelward he said;  
I am a cunynge erie, and that can tell;  
Then drewe hys swerde, and ghashtie cut hys hede,  
And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,  
Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God fore-  
It be the fate of no such trusty freende!

Then Egwin sieur Fikeny dyd attaque;  
He turned aboute and vitley soutein fle;  
But Egwin cutt so deepe into his becke,  
He rolled on the grounde and soon dyd die.

<sup>3</sup>The grey goose wing that was thereon  
in his heart's blood was wet.

His distant some, sire Romara di Biere,  
Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,  
But soone erie Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear  
Stucke in his harte, and btayd his speed, God wote.  
He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman's syde,  
Myngle their stremes of purplebloude, and dy'd.

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote  
Into erie Cuthbert's harte eftsoones dyd fle;  
Who dying sayd; ah me! how hard my lote!  
Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.  
So have I seen a leafe elm of yore  
Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;  
But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,  
It falls begetie the axe of some rude swaine;  
And like the oke, the sovran of the wood,  
Its fallen boddie tells you how it stode.

When Edelward percevd erie Cuthbert die,  
On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,  
As wolfs when hungred on the cattel fle,  
So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.  
With thilk a force he hyt hym to the grounde;  
And was demaung howe to take his life,  
When he behynde received a ghashtie wounde  
Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;  
Base trecherous Normannes, if such acts you  
The conquer'd mai claime victorie of you. [doe,

The erie felte de Torcie's trecherous knyfe  
Han made his crymson bloude and spirits fle;  
And Knowlachyng he soon must quyt this lyfe,  
Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.  
He held hys trustie sward against his breste,  
And down he fell, and peere'd him to the harte;  
And both together then did take their reste,  
Their soules from corpes unaknell'd depart;  
And both together soughte the unknown shore,  
Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before.

Kyng Harold Torcie's trechery dyd spie,  
And hie alofe his temper'd swerde dyd welde,  
Cut offe hys arme, and made the bloude to fle,  
His proofe steel armoure did him littel sheelde;  
And not content he splete his hede in twaine,  
And down he tumbled on the bloudie grounde;  
Mean while the other erlies on the playne  
Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,  
Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,  
But manie knyghtes were women in men's gear.

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,  
Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stode;  
Where Druids<sup>6</sup>, auncient preests dyd ryghtee or-  
daine,

And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;  
Where auncient bardi dyd their verses syng,  
Of Cæsar conquer'd and his mighty hoste,  
And how old Tynyan, necromancing kyng,  
Wreck'd all hys shyping on the British coaste,

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Warton argues that this opinion concern-  
ing Stonehenge did not exist in the days of Turgot.  
"The construction of this stupendous pile by the  
Druids, as a place of worship, was a discovery reserved  
for the sagacity of a wiser age, and the laborious  
discussion of modern antiquaries." Dean Milles  
controversy this in a long note without effect. It  
only appears that he and the poet, with the same  
ignorance, confound the Celtic and Teutonic di-  
vinities.

And made hym in his tatter'd harks to flie,  
Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity.

To make it more renom'd than before,  
(I, tho a Saxon, yet the trufbe will telle)  
The Saxonnes steynd the place wyth Britthis gore,  
Where nete but blood of sacrifices felle.  
Tho' Chrystians styllt they thoughte mouche of  
the pile,  
And here theire mett when causes dyd it neede;  
Twas here the auncient elders of the isle  
Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede;  
O Hengist! han thie cause bin good and true,  
Thou wouldest such murderous acts as these  
eschew.

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,  
And han that daie full manie Normannes sleine;  
Three Norman champyons of hie degree  
He leftt to smoke upon the bloudie pleine:  
The sier Fitzbotwilleine did then advance,  
And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede;  
Who estoons gored hym with his tyltynge lance,  
And at his horses feet he tumbled dede:  
His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude  
Of soddayne roushyng mouche lov'd pourple  
bloude.

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,  
An arrow drewe with all his myghte ameine;  
The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,  
A punie wounde, that caus'd but littel peine.  
So have I scene a dolthead place a stone,  
Entoughte to staie a driving rivers course;  
But better han it bin to lett alone,  
It onlie drives it on with mickle force;  
The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,  
Ray'd furyous doynge in his noble mynde.

The sier Chatillion, yonger of that name,  
Advanced next before the erlie's syghte;  
His fader was a manne of mickle fame,  
And he renom'd and valorous in fyghte;  
Chatillion his trustie sword forth drewe,  
The erlie drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;  
And at eche other vengouslie they flew,  
As mastie dogs at Hocktide set to fyghte;  
Bothe scord to yeelde, and bothe abhor'de to  
flie,  
Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolv'd to die.

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,  
That splytte estoons his cristed helm in twayne;  
Whiche he perforce withe target covered,  
And to the battel went with myghte ameine.  
The erlie hytte Chatillion thilike a blowe  
Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see;  
He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,  
And in dethe panges he sez'd the recer's knee:  
Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,  
So faste he dying gryp'd the racer's<sup>7</sup>lymbe.

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,  
And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde;  
The erlie's squire then a swerde did sticke  
Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde;  
And downe he felle upon the crymsan pleine,  
Upon Chatillion's soulless corse of claie;

<sup>7</sup>This is a modern word. Dean Milles justifies  
it from the antiquity and universality of horse  
races.

A puddie streame of bloude flow'd out ameine;  
Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he bin;  
As some tall oke fell'd from the greene pleine,  
To live a second time upon the main.

The erlie nowe an horse and bever han,  
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;  
And many a mickle knyghte and mightie manne  
To his dethe-doyng swerd his life did yeld;  
When sier de Broque an arrowe longe let flie,  
Intending Herewaldus to have sleyne;  
It miss'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,  
And at his pole came out with horrid payoe.  
Edardus felle upon the bloudie gronnde,  
Hisnoble soule came roushyng from the wounde.

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire  
He on the sier de Broque with furie came;  
Quod he, thou 'st slaughtred my beloved squier,  
But I will be revenged for the same.  
Into his bowels then bi' launce he thruste.  
And drew thereout a steemie dreie lode;  
Quod he, these offals are for ever curd, [foode  
Shall serve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes for  
Then on the pleine the steemie lode bec throwde,  
Smokynge wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymsan  
bloude.

Fitz Broque, who saw his fader kille lie,  
Ah me! sayde he; what woeful syghte I see!  
But now I muste do somethyng more than sghte;  
And then an arrowe from the bowe drew be.  
Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte;  
Fitz Broque on foote han drawes it from the bowe;  
And upwards went into the ealie's harte,  
And out the crymsan streame of bloude gan flowe,  
As froum a hatch, drawne with a vehement gear,  
Whiterush the burstyng waves, and roar along  
the weir.

The erlie with one honde grasped the recer's mayne,  
And with the other he his lance besped;  
And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie pleine.  
His lance it hytt Fitz Broque upon the hede;  
Upon his hede it made a wounde full slyghte,  
But peere'd his shoulder, ghastlie wounde inferne,  
Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,  
Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleeps eterne,  
The noble erlie than, withote a grone,  
Took slyghte, to fynde the regions unknowne.

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horse  
Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore;  
And nowe elette on another horse,  
Estoons he withe his lance did manie gore.  
The coward Norman knyghtes before hym dedde,  
And from a distance sent their arrowe keene;  
But no such destinie awaits bis hedde,  
As to be siegen by a wighte so meane.  
Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,  
Tys moe than hynden can do, to move the rock.

Upon Du Chatelet he ferselie sett,  
And peere'd his bodie with a force full gret;  
The asenglave of his tylt-lance was wet,  
The rollynge bloude alonge the lance did flet.  
Advancynge, as a mastie at a bull,  
He rann his lance into Fitz Warren's harte;  
From Partais bowe, a wight unmercifull,  
Within his own he felt a cruel darte;  
Close by the Norman champyons he han sleine,  
He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon  
the pleine.

Erle Ethelbert then hove, and with climie juste,  
A lance, that stroke Partais upon the thighe,  
And pin'd him downe unto the gorie duste;  
Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie shalt die.  
With that his lance he enterd at his throte;  
He scritch'd and screem'd in melancholie mood;  
And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,  
And after it a crymson streame of bloude:  
In agonie and peine he there did lie,  
While life and dethe strove for marterrie.

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring lance,  
And in a grone he left this mortal lyfe.  
Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did advance,  
Behoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;  
But Eward, who perceevd his fowle intent,  
Eftsoons his trustie swerde he forthwyth drew,  
And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,  
That soule and boddie's bloude at one gate flew.  
Thilke deede do all deserve, whose deede so fowle  
Will blacke their earthlie name, if not their  
soule.

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris bonde,  
Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;  
And slewe the noble flower of Powyslonde,  
Hewel ap Jerah, who cleyphed the stronge.  
When he the first mischaunce received han,  
With horsemans haste he from the armie roide;  
And did repaire unto the cunnynge manne,  
Who sange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode;  
Then praid sayncte Cuthbert, and our holie  
dame,  
To blesse his labour, and to heal the same.

Then drew the arrowe, and the wounde did seck,  
And putt the teiut of holie herbies on;  
And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck;  
And then did say; go, champion, get agone.  
And now was comynge Harrold to defend,  
And metten by Walleris cruel darte;  
His sheelde of wolf-skin did him not attend,  
The arrow pierced into his noble harte;  
As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,  
Falls to the pleine; so fell the warriour dede.

His countriman, brave Mervyn ap Tendor,  
Who love of hym hau from his country gone,  
When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,  
As furious as a mountayn wolf he ranne. [bryghte,  
As onphant faieries, when the Moone abeenes  
In littel circles daunce upon the greene,  
All living creatures fie far from their syghte,  
Ne by the race of destinie be seen;  
For what he be that onphant faieries stryke,  
Their soules will wander to kyng Offa's dyke <sup>8</sup>.

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave  
The Normans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste;  
And lefte behynde their bowe and asenglave,  
For fear of hym, in thilke a cowart haste.  
His garb sufficient were to move affryghte;  
A wolf skin girded round his myddle was;  
A bear skin, from Norwegian wari in fyghte,  
Was tytend round his shoulder by the claws:  
So Hercules, 'tis sunge <sup>9</sup> much like to him,  
Upon his shoulder wore a lyon's skin.

<sup>8</sup> This couplet has occurred before, line 229 of this poem.

<sup>9</sup> And then about his shoulders broad he threw  
A hoary hide of some wild beast, whom he  
VOL. XV.

Upon his thyghes and harte-swefte legges he wore  
A hugie goat skyn, all of one grete peice;  
A boar skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore;  
His gauntlets were the skynn of harte of Greece.  
They fledde; he followed close upon their heels,  
Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;  
And siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;  
He pearc'd hys backe, and oute the bloude ytt  
rann. [arme,  
His bloude went downe the swerde unto his  
in springing rivulet, alive and warme.

His swerde was shorte, and broad, and myckle  
keene, [waie;  
And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe it;  
The Norman's harte in partes two cutt cleane,  
He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd his eyne for aie.  
Then with his swerde he sett on Fitz du Valle,  
A knyghte mouch famous for to rume at tylte;  
With thilke a furie on hym he dyd falle,  
Into his neck he ran the swerde and hytte;  
As myghtie lyghtenyng often has been founde,  
To dryve an oke into unfallow'd gronde.

And with the swerde, that in his neck yet stoke,  
The Norman fell unto the bloudie gronde;  
And with the fall ap Tewdore's swerde he broke,  
And bloude afreshe came trickling from the  
wounde.

As when the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe,  
Flie from his pawe, and angrie vysage grym;  
But when he falls into the pittie golphe,  
They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym;  
And cause he fryghted them so muche before,  
Lyke cowart hyndes, they hattone hym the more.

So, when they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft  
Of his keen swerde, thatt wroughte thilke great dis-  
They turned about, eftsoons upon hym lept, [maie,  
And full a score engag'd in the fraie.  
Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragynge as a bear,  
Seiz'd on the beaver of the sier de Laque;  
And wring'd his hedde with such a rebent gier,  
His visage was turned round unto his backe.  
Backe to his harte retr'y'd the useless gore,  
And felle upon the pleine to rise no more.

Then on the mightie siere Fitz Pieros he flew,  
And broke his helm and seiz'd hym by the throte:  
Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,  
That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.  
In dying pangs he gryp'd his throte more stronge,  
And from their sockets started out his eyes;  
And from his mouthe came out his blameles tonge:  
And bothe in peyne and anguish eftsoon dies.  
As some rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,  
Stretch'd on the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore  
laie.

And now erle Ethelbert and Eward came  
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to assist;  
A myghtie siere, Fitz Chawlet his name,  
An arrowe drew that dyd them littel hat.

In salvage Forrest by adventure slew,  
And left the spoil his ornament to be;

Which spreading all his back with dreadfull  
Made all that him so horrible did see [view,  
Think him Alcides in a lion's skin,  
When the Nemean conquest he did win.  
Spenser. Muisapotmet.

Erle Edward points his lance at Chatulet,  
 And Ethelbert at Walleris set his;  
 And Edward dyd the siere a hard blowe hytt,  
 But Ethelbert by a mischaunce dyd miss:  
 Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,  
 He ne deserved a death from erlies hande.

Betwyx the ribbes of sire Fitz Chatelet  
 The poynted lance of Edward dyd ypass:  
 The distant syde thereof was ruddie wet,  
 And he fell breathless on the bloudie grass.  
 As coward Walleris lais on the grounde,  
 The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,  
 And hytt the squier thilke a lethal wounde,  
 Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead:  
 Oh shame to Norman armes! A lord a slave,  
 A captiue villeyne than a lorde more brave!

From Chatelet hys lance erle Edward drew,  
 And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek;  
 Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two:  
 There, knyghte, quod he, let that thy actions  
 speak—

## (No. 2.)

OF Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,  
 Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,  
 Teach me, fayre sainte! thy passyng worth  
 to pryze,  
 To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.  
 The fickle Moone, bedeckt wyth the sylver rays,  
 Leadynge a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,  
 With look adigne the worlde belowe survies,  
 The world, that wotted not it could be nyghte;  
 Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,  
 Shee sees kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands  
 curse and pryde.

With ale and vernage drunk his souldiers lay;  
 Here was an hynde, anie an erlie sprede;  
 Sad keepynge of their leaders natat date!  
 This even in drinke, to-morrow with the dead!  
 Thro' everie troope disorder reerd her hedde;  
 Dancynge and heideignes was the onlie theme;  
 Sad dome was theirs, who left this easie bedde,  
 And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.  
 Duke Williams meune of coming dethe afraide,  
 All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd  
 and praied!

Thus Harolde to his wites that stode arounde;  
 "Goe! Gyrtbe and Eilward, take hills half a  
 score: [bound;  
 And search how farre oure foeman's campe dothe  
 Yourself have rede; I nede to saie ne mora.  
 My brother beat belov'd of anie ore,  
 My Leofwinus, go to everich wite,  
 Tell them to range the battle to the grove,  
 And wraite tyll I sende the best for fyghte."  
 He saide; the loial broders left the place,  
 Success and cheerfulness depicted on ech face.

Slowelie brave Gyrtbe and Eilward dyd ad-  
 vance,  
 And markd wyth care the armies dystant syde,

<sup>1</sup> The Englishmen spent the whole night in drinking, singing and dauncing, not sleeping one wike: on the other side the Normans gave themselves to acknowledging their sinnes, and to prayer all the night, and in the morning they communicated the Lord's body.—Stowe.

When the dyre clatteryng of the shilde and  
 lance  
 Made them to be by Hughe Fitzhugh espyd.  
 He lyfted up his voice, and loudlie cryd;  
 Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell;  
 Gyrtbe drew hys swerde, and cut hys buried  
 hyde;  
 The proto-slene manne of the felde he felle;  
 Out streamd the bloude, and ran in smokynge  
 curles,  
 Reflected hie the Moone seemd rubies mixt wyth  
 pearles.

A troope of Normannes from the mass-woode  
 came,  
 Rousd from their praiers by the floting crye;  
 Though Gyrtbe and Eilwardus percev'd the  
 same,  
 Not once theie stode abas'd, or thoughte to lie.  
 He seizd a bill, to conquer or to die;  
 Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,  
 That makes a vallie wheresoe're it lie;  
 Fierce as a ryver hurstynge from the borne;  
 So Gercelie Gyrtbe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,  
 And on the verdaunt playne he layde the cham-  
 pyone lowe.

Tancarville thus; Alle peace in Williams name;  
 Let none edraw his arcublaste bowe."  
 Gyrtbe cas'd his weppone, as he bankt the  
 same,  
 And vengynge Normannes staid the flyng foe.  
 The sire wente onne; Ye meane, what mean  
 ye so  
 Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte;  
 Quod Gyrtbe; Oure meanyng we ne care to  
 shoue,  
 Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;  
 Here single onlie these to all this crewe  
 Shall shewe what Englysh bandes and heartes can  
 doe.

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme re-  
 plyd, [brought;  
 Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen most de-  
 In peace and mercy is a Chrystians pryde:  
 He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.  
 And now the news was to duke William  
 brought,  
 That men of Haroldes armie taken were;  
 For theyre good cheere all casties were ce-  
 thoughte, [cheer'd.  
 And Gyrtbe and Eilwardus enioyd gode  
 Quod Willyam; Thus shall Willyam be founde  
 A friend to everie manne that treads on Eng-  
 lysh ground.

Erle Leofwinus throughb the campe ypassd,  
 And sawe bothe men and erlies on the ground;

<sup>2</sup> In Turgott's tyme Holenwell brast of erlie so fierce that it threw a stonemall carrying the same awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowyge this lufe out o line.

<sup>3</sup> He sent out before them that should spy, and view the number and force of the enemies, which when they were perceived to be among the dukes tents, duke William caused them to be led about the tents, and then made them good cheere, commanding them to be sent home to their lod safe without harme.—Stowe.

They slepte, as though they woulde have  
 slepte theyr last,  
 And hadd alreahie felte theyr fatale wounde.  
 He started backe, and was wyth shame astound;  
 Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth  
 rage; [dyd sound,  
 When throughe the hollow tentes these wordes  
 Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age!  
 Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?  
 Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the  
 dead.

As when the shepeter in the shadie bowre  
 In jindle slumbers chase the heat of daie,  
 Hears doublyng echoe wiod the wolfin rore,  
 That neare hys flocke is watchyng for a prairie,  
 Hestremblunge for his sheep drives dreeme awaie,  
 Gripes faste hys burlid croke, and sore adradde  
 Wyth flecting strides he hastens to the fraie,  
 And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell lad;  
 With trustie talbots to the battel flies, [skies.  
 And yell of men and dogs and wolfin tear the  
 sack was the dire confusion of eche wite,  
 That rose from sleep and walsome power of  
 wine;  
 These thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte  
 Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the  
 line; [byllypear shime;  
 Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and  
 Throwte the campe a wild confusionne spredde;  
 Eche braced bys armlace siker ne dosyngne,  
 The created helmet nodded on the hedde;  
 Some caught a slughorne, and an onsett wounde;  
 Kyng Harold hearde the charge, and wondred  
 at the sounde.

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in stele;  
 Was litte for thys Norwegia's stubborn seds  
 Through the black armoure dyd the unlance  
 fle,  
 And rythes of solid brasse were made to bleede?  
 Whilst yet the worlde was wondryng at the  
 dedde.  
 You soldiars, that shoulde stand with byll in  
 Get full of wine, devoid of any rede. [hand,  
 O shame! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande!  
 He sayde; and shame on everie visage spredde,  
 No sawe the cries face, but addawd hung their  
 head.

Thus he; Rowze yee, and forme the hoddie  
 tyghte. [renownd,  
 The Kentysch menne in fronte, for strenght  
 Next the Bristowans dare the bloudie fyghte,  
 And last the nunerous crows shall proase the  
 grounde.  
 I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde;  
 Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Bristowe bande;  
 And Bertrams sonne, the manne of glorious  
 wounde,  
 Lead in the rear the menged of the lande;  
 And let the Londoners and Sumers plie  
 Be Herewardes meunine and the lighte skyrts anie.  
 He saide; and as a packe of bounds belent,  
 When that the trackyng of the hare is gone;  
 If one perchance shall hit upon the scent,  
 With twa redubblid shuir the slans run;  
 So stynd the valiante Saxons everich one;  
 Some linked man to man the champyones  
 stode;

To 'tome for their bewrate so soone 'twas done,  
 And lyfted bylls ensemd' an yron woode;  
 Here glorious Alfwold tow'd above the wites,  
 And seem'd to brave the fair of twa ten thousand  
 fights.

Thus Leofwine; To day will Englandes dome  
 Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;  
 This sunnes aurtare be felt for years to come;  
 Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of  
 date.

Thinke of brave Alfridus, yclept the grete,  
 From porte to porte the red-baird Dane he  
 cham, [mate,  
 The Danes, with whomme not lyoncel's could  
 Who made of peopled realms a barren waste;  
 Thinke how at once by your Norwegia bled,  
 Whilste dethe and victorie for magystric bested.

Meanwhile dyd Gyrthe unto kyng Harold  
 ride,  
 And tolde howe he dyd with duke Willyam fare.  
 Brave Harold lookd askaunte, and thus replyd;  
 And can this fay be bowght wyth drunken  
 cheer? [giare;  
 Gyrthe waxen botte; shuir in his eyne did  
 And thus he saide; Oh brother, friend, and  
 kyng,  
 Have I deserred this fremed speche to heare?  
 Be Goddes his hallidome ne thoughte the  
 thyng.  
 When Tostus sent me golde and sylver store,  
 I scornd hys present vile, and scorn'd hys treason  
 more.

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave kyng Harold  
 cryd;  
 Who can I trust, if brothers are not true?  
 I think of Tostus, once my joie and pride.  
 Gyrthe saide, with looks adigne; My lord, I doe.  
 But what our foemen are, quod Gyrthe, I'll  
 shewe;  
 Be Gods his hallidome they preestes are.  
 Do not, quod Harold, Gyrthe, mystell them so,  
 For theis are everich one brave men at warre.  
 Quod Gyrthe; Why will ye then provoke theyr  
 hate? [grete.  
 Quod Harold; great the foe, so is the glorie

And nowe duke Willyam mareschalled his  
 band,  
 And stretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe,  
 First did a ranke of arcublastries stande, [flo,  
 Next those on horsebacke drew the ascendyng  
 Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe,  
 Theyr ascnclave across thei horses ty'd,  
 Or with the loveris squier behinde dyd goe,  
 Or waited squier lyke at the horses syde.

\* Harold asked them what tydings they brought,  
 and they with long commendation extolled the  
 clemencie of the duke, and in good sadnesse declar-  
 ed that all the host almost did seeme to be priests.  
 —The king laughing at their folly said, "they  
 bee no priests, but men of warre, valiant in armes  
 and stout of courage." Gyrthe his brother took  
 the word out of his mouth and said, "for as much  
 as the Normans bee of such great force, we  
 thinketh it were not wisely done of you to joyne  
 battle with them."—Stowe.



When thus duke Wyllyam to a monke dyd  
 saie, [awaie,  
 Prepare thyself wyth spede, to Haroldde haste

Telle hym from me one of these three to take;  
 That bee to mee do homage for thys lande,  
 Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,  
 Or to the judgment of Chrysta vicar stande.  
 He saide; the monke departyd out of haude,  
 And to kyng Haroldde dyd this message bear;  
 Who said; Tell thou the duke, at his likand  
 If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.  
 He said, and drove the monke out of hys  
 syghte,<sup>3</sup> [fyghte,  
 And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie

A standarde made of sylke and jewells rare,  
 Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in  
 bighes, [thereof,  
 An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doyng:  
 Under this mutte, He conquers or he dies.  
 This standarde ryche, endazzlyng mortal eyes,  
 Was borne neare Haroldde at the Kenters heade,  
 Who chargd hys broders for the grete empyrre  
 That strait the best for battie should be  
 sprede.

To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,  
 And cries a *gaurre* and slughornes shake the vault-  
 ed Heaven.

As when the Erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,  
 In realmes of darkness hid from human syghte,  
 The warring force of water, air, and fyre,  
 Braut from the regions of eternal nyghte,  
 Thro the darke caverns seekte the realmes of  
 lyght;  
 Some loftie mountayne, by its fury torne,  
 Dreadfully moven, and causes grete affryght;  
 Nowe here, now there, majestic nodds the  
 bourne, [force,  
 And awfule shakes, mov'd by the almighty  
 Whole woodes and forests nod, and ryvers change  
 theyr course.

So did the men of war at once advance,  
 Linkd man to man, enseedd one boddie light;  
 Above a wood, yform'd of bill and lance,  
 That noddyd in the ayre most strange to syght.  
 Harde as the iron were the meene of mighte,  
 Ne neede of slughornes to enrowse theyr  
 minde;  
 Eche shootyng speere yreaden for the fyghte,  
 Moore ferce than fallyng rocks, more swette  
 than wynd;  
 With solemne step, by echos made more dyre,  
 One single boddie all theise marchd, theyr eyen on  
 fyre.

<sup>3</sup> And with the same indiscreetness he drave  
 away a monke that was duke William's ambassa-  
 dor. The monke broughte three offers, to wit,  
 that either Harold should, upon certain condi-  
 tions, give over the kingdom, or to be king under  
 duke William, or if Harold would denie this, he  
 offered to stande to the judgement of the see apo-  
 stolic.—Stowe.

<sup>6</sup> The king himself stood foote by the standarde,  
 which was made after the shape and fashion of a  
 man fighting, wrought by sumptuous art, with  
 gold and precious stones.—Stowe.

And now the greie-eyd morne with vlycks drest,  
 Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,  
 Flew with her rosie radiance to the west:  
 Forth from the easterne gatte the fyrie steedes  
 Of the bright Sunne awaytynge spirits leedes:  
 The Sunne, in fierie pompe enthroned on hie,  
 Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie chies,  
 Andscatters nyghtes remaines from oute the skie:  
 He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,  
 And stopt his driving steedes, and hid his lyght-  
 some raye.

Kyng Haroldde hie in ayre majestic rayd  
 His mightie arme, deckt with a manchys rare;  
 With even hande a mighty javlyn paynde,  
 Then furyouse sent it whistlyng thro the ayre.  
 It struck the helmet of the sieur de Boer;  
 In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie;  
 Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tan,  
 Peercyng quite thro, before it dyd alleie;  
 He tumbled, scritchynng wyth hys horrid payre;  
 His hollow cushes rang upon the bloudie playre.

This Wyllyam saw, and soundyng Rowlands  
 He bent his yron interwoven bowe, [ump  
 Makyng bothe endes to meet with nyght  
 full stronge,  
 From out of mortals syght shot up the foe;  
 Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earth belowe  
 It alaunted down on Alfwoldes paynted shilde;  
 Quite thro the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,  
 Nor loste its force, but stuck into the feilde;  
 The Normannes, like theyr sorrie, dyd prepar,  
 And shotte ten thousande flos uprysyng in the  
 aire<sup>7</sup>.

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their way  
 In householde armies thro the flanchd skie,  
 Alike the cause, or companie or prey,  
 If that perchance some boggie fense is se,  
 Soon as the muddie natyon theise espie,  
 Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth do  
 scende;  
 Ferce as the fallyng thunderbolte they fie;  
 In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend:  
 So proue to heavie blowe the arrowes fell,  
 And peered thro brasse, and sente manie to He-  
 ven or Helle.

Alan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,  
 Felte a dire arrowe burnyng in his breste;  
 Before he dyd, he sent hys spear awaie,  
 Thenne sunke to glorie and eternal reste.  
 Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste,  
 Throw the jointe cuishe dyd the javlyn fel,  
 As he on horsebacke for the fyghte addressd,  
 And sawe hys bloude come smokynge oute the  
 steele;  
 He sente the avengyng foe into the ayre,  
 And turnd hys horses hedde, and did to leech w  
 payre.

And now the javelyns, barbd with deathly  
 wynges,  
 Hurld from the Englysh handes by force aflowe,

<sup>7</sup> Duke William commanded his men that some  
 of them should shoote directly forward, and other  
 some upward, by reason whereof, the arrowes shot  
 upward destroyed the Englishmen as they stooped,  
 and the arrowes shot directly aforeward smadd  
 them that stood upright.—Stowe.

Whyze dreare alonge, and songes of terror  
 rynges,  
 Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne,  
 Harid by such strength along the ayre theie  
 burne, [bloude;  
 Not to be quenched hitte ynn Normannes  
 Whereer theie came they were of lyfe forlorne,  
 And alwaies followed by a purple floude;  
 Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did de-  
 scend, [end.

Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd  
 Nor, Loofwynus, dydst thou still estande;  
 Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire;  
 The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande  
 Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer;  
 Its whyzard a ghastlie dyune in Normannes ear,  
 Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave alyghte,  
 Pierce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,  
 He closd hys eyne in everlastyng nyghte;  
 Ah! what avayld the tyons on his creste!  
 His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde  
 was prest.

Wyllam ngayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,  
 And hic in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,  
 Descendyng like a shafte of thunder floete,  
 Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,  
 Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd assaie,  
 There throghe dyd peerce, and stycke in thro  
 his groine;

In grypyng-torments on the felde he laie,  
 Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd hiseyne;  
 Distort with peyne he laie upon the borne,  
 Lyke sturdie elms by stormes in uncothe wry-  
 thynges torne.

Atric his brotber, when he this perceevd,  
 He drew his swerde, his lefte hande helde a  
 speere, [steede,  
 Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng  
 And to the Godde of Heaven he sent a prayre;  
 Then sent his lethal javlyn in the ayre,  
 On Hae de Beaumontes backe the javlyn came,  
 Tho his rotte armour to hys harte it tare,  
 He felle and thondred on the place of fame;  
 Next with his swerde he 'sayld the sieur De Roe,  
 And braste his sylver helme so furyous was the  
 blowe.

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowess great,  
 And feared muche how farre his bronde might  
 goe,  
 Tooke a stronge arblaster, and bigge with fate  
 From twangyng iron sente the flectyng floe.  
 As Atric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe,  
 Which, ban it came, had been Du Roecs laste,  
 The swyfte-wynged messenger from Willyams  
 bowe

Swite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste;  
 His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng starre at  
 nyghte, [fyghte,  
 He grypd his swerde, and felle upon the place of

O Alfwolde, saie; howe shalle I synge of thee,  
 Or telle howe manie dyd benethe thee falle;  
 Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes  
 did slee,

Not Haroldes self did for more praises call;  
 How shall a penne like myne then shew it all?  
 Lyke thee, their leader, eche Brystowyanne  
 foughte;

Lyke thee their blaze must be canonical,  
 Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewroke  
 yroughte:  
 Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,  
 Full half a score from thee and theie receive their  
 fatale wounde.

First Fytz Chivalloys felt thie direful force;  
 Nete did hys helde out hazen sheelde availe;  
 Eftsoones throwe that thie dryvynge speare did  
 peerce,

Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle;  
 Into his breaste it quicklie did assaile;  
 Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde;  
 With purple stayned all hys adventaile;  
 In scarlet was his cuisie of sylver dyde;  
 Upon the bloudie carnage house he laie,  
 Whylst hys long sheelde dyd gleem with the Sun's  
 rysyng ray.

Next Fescampe felle; O Christie, how harde his  
 fate  
 To die the lekedst knyghte of all the thronge;  
 His sprite was made of malice deslavate,  
 Ne shoulde find a place in anie songe.  
 The hrech'd keene javlyn hurid from bonde so  
 stronge

As thine came thundryng on his crysted beave;  
 Ah! neete avayld the brass or iron thonge,  
 With mightie force his skulle in twee dyd cleave,  
 Fallyng he shooke out his smokyng braine,  
 As wither'd okes orelmes are bewne from off the  
 playne.

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle  
 lore [speere;  
 Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's  
 Couidate thou not kenne, moost skylld After-  
 la-gour<sup>4</sup>,

How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?  
 When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlyng in the ayre,  
 From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,  
 Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes blood bear,  
 It gave thee death and everlastyng fame;  
 Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde  
 arme, [harme.  
 As diamoudes onlie can its fellow diamonds

Next sire Du Mouline fell upon the grounde,  
 Quite throughte his throte the lethal javlyn  
 preste, [wounde;  
 His soule and bloude came roushyng from the  
 He closd his eyen, and opd them with the blest.  
 It can ne be I shoulde behight the rest,  
 That by the myghtie arme of Alfwold felle,  
 Paste his a penne to be coante or expreste,

<sup>4</sup> The word *antrologer* used sometimes to be expressed *asterlagour*; and so it seems to have occurred in this line. Chatterton was so ignorant as to read it *Afterlagour*; and has absolutely disjointed the constituent parts, and taken it for a proper name; the name of a Norman of some consequence. He accordingly forgets the real person spoken of, and addresses this *After-la-gour* as a person of science—"moost skylld After-la-gour." He thought it was analogous to Delacoure, Delamere, and other compounded French names. So puerile are the mistakes of the person who is supposed to have been the author of these excellent poems.—Bryant.

Howe manie Alfwolde sent to Heaven or Helle;  
As leaves from trees shook by demer Autumnus  
hand, [strand.

So laie the Normannes slain by Alfwold on the

As when a drove of wolves with dreary yelles  
Assayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,  
Besprenge destructione oer the woodes and  
delles; [ment;

The shepster swaynes in vayne theyr leca le-

So foughte the Brystowe menne; ne one crevent,

Ne onne abashed outhoughten for to flee;

With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,

And lyke theyr leaders every man did alee;

In vayne on every syde the arrowes fled;

The Brystowe menne styl ragd, for Alfwold was

not dead.

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,

And Leafwyne and Gyrthe encreasd the slayne;

'Twould take a Nestor's age to syng them all,

Or telle how manie Normannes preste the

playne;

But of the erles, whom record nete hath slayne,

O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate

That, thow they're deade, theyr names may

lyve agayne,

And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate;

So after-ages maie theyr actions see,

And like to them eternal awaie stryve to be.

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless sire

For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,

Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre,

And een onn erthe he myghte be calld dyvine;

To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes resygne,

And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes

knyghte;

His son the saincte behelde with looke adigne,

Made him in gemot wyse, and great in fyghte;

Saincte Cuthberts dyd him ayde in all hys

deedes, [bleedes.

His friends be letz to lyve, and all his foemen

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,

The fynest dame the Sun or Moon adave;

She was the mightie Aderedus heyre,

Who was alreadye hastyng to the grave;

As the blue Bruton, rysinge from the wave,

Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,

And rounde aboute the risynge waters lave,

And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,

Such majestic was in her porte displaid,

To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial

maid.

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,

Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,

Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,

Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes com-

bine, [skyne,

Her lippes more redde than summer evonyng

Or Phœbus rysinge in a frostie morne,

Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that

lyene,

Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,

Sweetyng like bubbles in a boillyng welle,

Or new-braste brooklettes gently whyspringe in

the delle.

Proune as the fylberte droppynge from the shelle

Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,

So browne the crokyde rynges, that fensle fell  
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.

Greie as the morne before the raddie flame

Of Phœbus charyotte rollynge thro the skie;

Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Coayan make

tame,

So greie appeard her feetly sparklyng eye;

Those eyne, that did oft nickle pleased look

On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtuous doomsday

book.

Majestic as the grove of okes that stood

Before the abbie buyit by Oswald kyng;

Majestic as Hyberniaes holie woodes, [syng;

Where saintes and soules departed ~~mann~~

Such awe from her sweete looke forthe isyng;

At once for reverence and love did calle;

Sweet as the voice of throslarks in the spring,

So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did

falle;

None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;

Her wordies did displaie her great entedement.

Tapre as candelis layde at Cuthberts shryne,

Tapre as elmes that Goodricke abbie shrow;

Tapre as silver chalices for wine,

So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.

As skylful mynemente by the stones above

Can ken what metalle is yslach'd belowe,

So Kennewalcha's face ymade, for love,

The lovlie ymage of her soule did shewe;

Thus was she outward forw'd; the Son her mind

Did guide, her mortal shape and all her chawes

refind.

What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayne,

What doughtie Homere shall hys praises syng,

That lefte the bosome of so fayre a dame

Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kyng?

To his fayre shrine goodes subjects oughte to

bringe

The armes, the helme, all the spoyles of warre,

Throwe everie reaulm the poets blazethe thyng,

And travelling merchants sprede hys name to

farre;

The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felt,

And now among his foes dethe-doyng bloues he

dete.

As when a wolfyng gettyng in the meedes

He rageth sore, and doth about hym sie,

Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,

And alle the grasse with clotted gore doth stee;

As when a rivlette rolls impetuouslie, [straye,

And breakes the bankes that would its force re-

Alouge the playne in fomyng rynges doth see,

Gaynate walles and hedges doth its course ma-

tyng;

As when a manne doth in a corne-field mow,

With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laid

lowe.

So manie, with such force, and with such eue,

Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloodie playne;

Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude leane,

Ofttymes he foughte on towres of unolyng

slayne.

Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne;

He cut hym with his swerde athur the breaste;

Out ran the blouste, and did hys armour stoyne;

He clos'd hig eyen in eternal reste;

Lyke a tall oke by tempeste borne awaie,  
Stretcht in the armes of dethe upon the plaine  
he laie.

Next thro the ayre he sent his javlyn force,  
That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,  
Thro the vaste orbe the sharpe pheone did  
peerce,

Rang on his coate of mayle and spente its  
But soon another wingd its aery flyghte,  
The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;  
He felte, and ground upon the place of fighte,  
Whilst lyfe and bloude came issuynge from the  
blowe.

Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,  
So fell the mightie sire and mingled with the slaine.

Hue de Longoville, a force doughtre mere,  
Advancyd forward to provoke the darte,  
When soon he founde that Adhelmes poynted  
speere

Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.  
He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe artate,  
Then felldown breathlesse to encrease the corse;  
But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,  
So it came down upon Troyvillais horses; [floe;  
Deep thro hys hatchments wente the pointed  
Now here, now there, with rage bleedynge he rounde  
doth goe.

Nor does he hede his mastres known commaunde,  
Tyll, grown furiose by his bloudie wounde,  
Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,  
And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.  
Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie astounde,  
Besprengd his arrowes, loosend hys sheelde,  
Thro his redde armoure, as he laie ensound,  
He peercd his swerde, and out upon the feelede  
The Normannes bowels steemd, a deadlie syghte!  
He opd and closd his eye in everlastynge nyghte.

Caved, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,  
A mann well skilld in swerde and soundynge  
strynge.

Who led his country for a crime enstrote,  
For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kynge,  
He at erle Adhelme with grete force did flynge  
An hevie javyn, made for bloudie wounde,  
Alonge his sheelde askaunte the same did ringe,  
Peercd thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde,  
So when the thonder rattles in the skie, [flie.

Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis

Then Adhelm hurld a croched javyn strouge,  
With mighte that none but such grete champi-  
ones know;

Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,  
And hylte the Scot most furiclie on the prow;e;  
His helmet brasted at the thoudring blowe,  
Into his brain the tremblin javlyn steck;  
From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,  
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;  
Down fell the warrior on the lethal strande,

Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande.

CONTINUED.

Where fruytless heathes and meadows cladde  
in greis, [ble heade,

Gave where derne hawthornes rear the byr hum-  
The hungrie traveller upon his waie  
Sees a huge desarte aile arounde hym spreide,  
The distaunte citie scantlie to be spedde,  
The curlynge force of smoke he sees in vayne,

Tis to far distaunte, and his onlie bedde  
Iwimpld in hys cloke ys on the playne,  
Whylate rattlynge thonder forrey oer his hedde,  
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouth-  
lie bedde.

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,  
Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,  
It ne could be the worke of human bandes,  
It ne was reared up bie menns of claie.  
Here did the Brutons adoration paye  
To the false god whom they did Tauran name,  
Dightynge hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,  
Roastyng the thyrr vycualle round aboute the  
flame,

'Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons slee,  
As they were mette in council for to bee.

Necre on a loftie hylle a citie standes,  
That lyftes yts scheafed heade ynto the skies,  
And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,  
And the longe browne playne that before itte  
lie.

Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wysc,  
Within thys vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,  
A blessinge to the Erthe sente from the skies,  
In anie kyngdum nee could fynde his peer;  
Now rybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,  
And sweepes whole armies to the realme of nyghte.

So when derne Autumne wyth hys sallowe bande  
Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,  
The leaves besprenged on the yellow strande  
Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;  
Alle the whole fieelde a carnage-bowse he sees,  
And sowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;  
From place to place on either hand he sees,  
And sweepes alle nere hym lyke a brondded  
foude;  
Dethe honge upon his arme; he sleed so maynt,  
Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte.

Bryghte Sonne in haste han drove hys fierie  
wayne

A three howes course alonge the whited skyen,  
Vewynge the swarthles bodies on the playne,  
And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.  
For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne  
Did siew the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,  
The wolsorame vapours rounde hys lockes did  
And dyd disfigure all hys seemlikeen; [twyne,  
Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,  
In hyssynge ocean to make glair hys browes.

Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman  
knyghte,

That beer wur-token in a shilde so fyne,  
Should onward goe, and dare to closer fyltite  
The Saxonne warrior, that dyd so entwine,  
Lyke the neshe bryon and the eglantine,  
Orre Cornysh wrestlers at a Hocktyde game.  
The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lye,  
To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnnes came;  
There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a paire  
Dyd know that Saxonnnes were the sonnes of warre.

Oh Turgotte, wheresoer this spryte dothe  
haunte,

Whither wyth this lovd Adhelme by thie syde,  
Whare thou mayste heare the swotic nyghte  
larke chaunte, [gide,  
Orre wyth some mokyng hrooklette swatelic

Or rowle in fersellie wythe ferns Severnes tyde,  
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleeme  
Wyth such greet thoughts as dyd with thee  
abyde,

Thou sonne, of whom I oft have caught a beeme,  
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,  
That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wryte.

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advance,  
Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;  
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,  
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.  
Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel  
steere;

Campynon famous for his stature highe,  
Fyre wythe brasse, bewethe a-shyrte of lere,  
In cloudie daie he reechd into the saie;  
Neere to kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,  
And drewe hys steele Morglauen sworde so stronge.

Thryce rounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace  
wyde,

On whyche the Summe his visage did agleeme,  
Then straynyng, as hys membres would dy-  
vyde,

Hee stroke on Haroldes sheelde in manner breme;  
Alonge the felde it made an horrid oleembe,  
Coupeynge kyng Harolds payncted sheeld in  
twayne,

Then yn the bloude the fierie sworde dyd steeme,  
And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;  
So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,  
Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the  
grounde.

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente  
A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes eyde;  
Upon the playne the broken brasse besprente  
Dyd ne hys bodie from deth-doeynge hyde;  
Hee tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde;  
With straught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did  
goe,

Threwe downe the Normannes, did their ranks  
To save himselfe lefte them unto the foe;  
So olyphantes, in kingdome of the Summe,  
When once provok'd doth threwe their owne  
troopes runne.

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armie staie,  
Nedeynge the rede of generall so wyse,  
Ryd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,  
As thro the armie ayenwarde hee hies,  
Swyfte as a feather'd take! Alfwoulde flies,  
The steele bylle blushyng oer wyth lukewarm  
bloude;

Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize  
Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,  
Who ayenwardewent, whylste everie Normanne  
knyghte

Dyd blash to see their champyon put to flyghte.

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfin wyde,  
When ytis cale and blustryng wyndes do blowe,  
Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chyld,  
And wyth his bloude bestreyns the lillie snowe,  
Hee thouroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe,  
Threwe the quyk torrent of the bollen ave,  
Threwe Severne rollynge oer the sandes belowe  
Hee skym alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,  
Ne stynts, ne laggess the chace, tyll for hys eyne  
In peecies hee the morthering theef doth chyne.

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste;  
Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne;  
Hee fled, as wolven when bie the talbots chard,  
To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclayne.  
Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne,  
And said; Campynon, is it thee I see?  
Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so beeryen,  
Now poortie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee?  
Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,  
Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the barte.

Betweene erle Alfwoulde and duke Wyllyam's  
bronde

Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coude  
Seezd a huge swerde Morglauen yn his honde,  
Mottrynge a prair to the Vyrgyne;  
So hunted deere the dryvynge houndes will see,  
When theise dyscover they cannot escape;  
And fearful lambkyns, when theise hunted bee,  
Theyre yufante hunters doe theise ofte whape;  
Thus stode Campynon, greate but bertime  
knyghte,

When feere of deth made hym for deathe to

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,  
Meanewhyle hys meune on everie eyde dyd see,  
Whan on hys lyfted sheelde wythe aie hys  
myghte

Campynon's swerde in burlic-brande dyd dre;  
Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee;  
Hys Bystowe menne came in hys for to ave;  
Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,  
And dyd agayne the touring Norman brase;  
Hee graapd hys bylle in ayke a deare arais,  
Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys prais.

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle  
Thee thondryng bill of mightie Alfwould came;  
It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle;  
Fromme rattlyng weepens shotte a spark-  
lyng flame;

Eftsoons agayne the thondryng bill yonne,  
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lere;  
A tyde of purple gore came wyth the same,  
As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;  
Campynon felle, as when some cittle-walle  
Ine dolefulle terrours on its mynours felle.

Hee felle, and dyd the Norman ranks dryde;  
So when an oke<sup>s</sup>, that shoulde ynto the aie,  
Frees the broad axes peccryngs his broad eyde,  
Slowly hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,  
Pressynge all downe that is with hym nyghte,  
And stoppyng wearie travellers on the waye;  
So straught upon the playne the Normas his

Bled, gron'd and dyed: the Normanne knyghtes  
astound

To see the bawsin champyon preste upon the  
grounde.

As when the hygra of the Severne roars,  
And thunders usom on the sandes below,

9 As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,  
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,  
Groans to the oft-heaved axe with many a  
wound,

Then spreads a length of ruin on the ground.  
Poppe's Homer.

The cleembe reboundes to Wedecesters shore,  
And sweeps the black sande rounde its horie  
prowe;  
So bremie Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe;  
Hys Kenters and Brystowans slew ech ayde,  
Betreinted all alonge with bloodles foe,  
And seemd so swymun alonge with blondie tyde;  
Fromme place to place besmeard with blood  
they went, [sprente.  
And rounde aboute them swarthless corse be-

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,  
Of skylle in bow, in tylte, and handesworde  
fyghte,  
That daie yn feelde hau manie Saxons sleene,  
Forre he in sothen was a manne of myghte;  
Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte,  
As he on horsebock was, and peerd hys gryne,  
Then upward wente: in everlastyng nyghte  
Hee clod hys rolling and dymseyghted eyne.  
Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,  
Be various causes sunken to the dead.

But now to Alfwoulde he opposynge went,  
To whom compar'd hee was a man of stre,  
And wyth bothe bondes a myghtie blowe be  
sente

At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree;  
But on hys payncted sheelde so bismarlie  
Aslaunte his swerde did go ynto the grounde;  
Ther Alfwould hym attack'd most furyouslie,  
Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him woude,  
Then soone agayne hys swerde hee dyd upryne,  
And clove his creste and split hym to the syne.

GLOSSARY<sup>1</sup>.

## A.

ABESSIE, *humility*. C.  
Abest, *humbled, or brought down*.  
Aborne, *barrished*. C.  
Abounde, *do service, or benefi*.  
Ahoune, *make ready*. C.  
Abredynge, *upbraiding*. C.  
Abrew, *brew*.  
Abrodden, *abruptly*. C.  
Acale, *freeze*. C.  
Accaie, *assuage*. C.  
Aebek, *choke*. C.  
Achevements, *services*. C.  
Achments, *achievements*. C.  
Acome, *come*.  
Acrool, *faintly*. C.  
Adave, *damned upon*.  
Adawe, *awake*.  
Adeene, *worthily*.  
Adente, *fastened*. C.  
Adented, *fastened, covered*. C.  
Adented, *indented, braced*.  
Aderna, *cruel, fierce*.  
Adigne, *noble, worthy*.  
Adoe, *delay*.  
Adruble, *affraid*.  
Adrames, *charls*. C.  
Adrew, *dree*.

<sup>1</sup> Those words, whose significations were given by Chatterton, have the letter C affixed to them.

Adventaile, *armour*. C.  
Adygne, *nervous; worthy of praise*. C.  
Aetern, *eternal*.  
AHere, *to affright or terrify*.  
Afraie, *affright*. C.  
Afraie, *to fight, or engage in a fray*. C.  
Afynd, *relucted by marriage*.  
Afeine, *as flame; to drive away, to affright*.  
After la goure, *should probably be astragour; astrologer*.  
Agedst, *heaped up*.  
Arguyte, *offended*.  
Agleme, *to shine upon*.  
Agrame, *grievance*. C.  
Agreme, *torture*. C.  
Agreme, *grievance*. C.  
Agrowed, *agreed; terrified*.  
Agroted, *See groted*.  
Agyted, *offended*. C.  
Aidons, *aidance*.  
Aiglintine, *sweet-brier*.  
Ake, *oak*. C.  
Alans, *hounds*.  
Alatche, *accus*.  
Aledge, *idly*.  
Alenge, *along*.  
Alest, *lest*.  
Alestake, *a may-pole*.  
All a boon, *a manner of asking a favour*. C.  
Allaie, *was allayed or stopped*. *Allaie used as a verb nenter*.  
Alleyn, *only*. C.  
Almer, *begger*. C.  
Alofe, *aloft*.  
Alse, *else*.  
Alyche, *like*. C.  
Alyne, *across his shoulders*. C.  
Alyne, *allow*. C.  
Amate, *destroy*. C.  
Amayld, *enameld*. C.  
Amede, *recompense*.  
Ameded, *rewarded*. C.  
Amenged, *as merged, mixed*.  
Armenused, *diminished*. C.  
Armetten, *met with*.  
Amield, *ornamented, enamelled*. C.  
Aminge, *among*.  
Aneighe, *near*.  
Aneste, *against*.  
Anente, *against*. C.  
Anere, *another*. C.  
Anete, *annihilate*.  
Anie, *as nie, nigh*.  
Anlace, *an ancient sword*. C.  
Annethe, *beneath*. C.  
Antecedent, *going before*.  
Applyngen, *grafted trees*. C. *apple trees*.  
Arace, *arise*. C.  
Arblastar, *a cross-bow*.  
Arcublastar, *a cross-bow*.  
Arcublastries, *cross-bowmen*.  
Ardurous, *burning*.  
Aredynge, *thinking, reading*. qu.  
Argenthorse, *the arms of Kent*. C.  
Arist, *arise*. C.  
Armlace, *accoutrement for the arms*.  
Armourbrace, *a suit of armour*.  
Arrow-lede, *path of the arrow*.  
Ascaunce, *distainfully*. C.  
Ascaunse, *obliquely*.  
Asenglave, *a lance*.

Ashante, *obliquely*.  
 Ashaunted, *glanced*.  
 Ashape, *asleep*.  
 Aslaunte, *slanting*.  
 Aslec, *sides or cramp*.  
 Assaile, *oppose*.  
 Assied, *answered*. C.  
 Asshrewed, *accursed, unfortunate*. C.  
 Asswaie, *to assay, put to trial*.  
 Astarte, *started from, or afraid of*. Neglected. qu.  
 Astedde, *seated*. C.  
 Astend, *astomish*. C.  
 Asterte, *neglected*. C.  
 Astoon, *astonished*. C.  
 Astounde, *astomish*. C.  
 Astounded, *astomish*.  
 Astrodde, *astride, mounted*.  
 Aayde, *perhaps astyde; ascended*.  
 Athrowe, *through*.  
 Athur, *as though; through, athwart*.  
 Attenee, *at once*. C.  
 Attoure, *turn*. C.  
 Attoure, *around*.  
 Attoure, *to turn*.  
 Aucthoore, *author*.  
 Ave, *for eau, Fr. Water*.  
 Avele, *prevail*.  
 Aumere, *a loose robe or mantle*. C.  
 Aumeres, *borders of gold and silver, &c.* C.  
 Aunture, *an adventure; adventure*.  
 Aure, *Or, the colour of gold in heraldry*.  
 Autremere, *a loose white robe, worn by priests*. C.  
 Awshaped, *astomish*. C.  
 Aye, *ever, always*.  
 Aynwarde, *backwards*. C.

## B

Balefull, *woeful, lamentable*. C.  
 Bane, *hurt, damage*.  
 Bane, *curse*.  
 Banned, *curled*.  
 Bankes, *benches*.  
 Bante, *carved*.  
 Barb'd, *armed*.  
 Barbe haulle, *hall being round with armour*.  
 Barbe, *beard*.  
 Barbed horse, *covered with armour*.  
 Baren, *for barren*.  
 Barganette, *a song or ballad*. C.  
 Barriere, *confine or boundary*.  
 Barrowes, *tombs, mounds of earth*.  
 Bataunt, *a stringed instrument, played on with a plectrum*. qu.  
 Battayles, *boats, ships, Fr.*  
 Batten, *fallen*. C.  
 Battent, *loudly*. C.  
 Battenily, *loud roaring*. C.  
 Battone, *beat with sticks, Fr.*  
 Baubels, *jewels*. C.  
 Bawsin, *large*. C.  
 Bayne, *rain*. C.  
 Bayre, *bram*. C.  
 Beaver, *beaver, or visor*.  
 Beer, *beer*.  
 Beverredd, *beaver'd*. C.  
 Bebeste, *command*. C.  
 Bebesterynge, *commanding*. C.  
 Behight, *name*.  
 Behylte, *promised*. C.  
 Behylte, *farback*.  
 Behyitren, *hidden*.

Belent, *stopped, at a fault, or stand*.  
 Beme, *tramp*.  
 Bemente, *lament*. C.  
 Benned, *curled, torment*. C.  
 Benymmyng, *berroaving*. C.  
 Berne, *child*. C.  
 Berten, *consonant*. C.  
 Bescies, *becomes*. C.  
 Besprunte, *scattered*. C.  
 Bestoiker, *deceiver*. C.  
 Bete, *bid*. C.  
 Betrased, *deceived, imposed on*. C.  
 Betraite, *betrayed*. C.  
 Bevyte, *break, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting*. C.  
 Bewrecke, *revange*. C.  
 Bewreen, *express*. C.  
 Bewryen, *declared, expressed*. C.  
 Bewryne, *declare*. C.  
 Bewryning, *declaring*. C.  
 Bigges, *jewels*. C.  
 Birlette, *a hood, or covering for the back part of the head*. C.  
 Blake, *naked*. C.  
 Blakied, *naked, original*. C.  
 Blanche, *white, pure*.  
 Blaunchie, *white*. C.  
 Blataunthe, *loudly*. C.  
 Blente, *ceased, dead*. C.  
 Blethe, *bleed*. C.  
 Blynge, *cease*. C.  
 Blyn, *cease, stand still*. C.  
 Boddekin, *body, substance*. C.  
 Boleynge, *swelling*. C.  
 Bollengers and Cottes, *different kinds of boats*. C.  
 Boolie, *beloved*. C.  
 Bordel, *cottage*. C.  
 Bordelier, *collager*.  
 Borpe, *burnish*. C.  
 Boun, *make ready*. C.  
 Bounde, *ready*. C.  
 Bourne, *boundary, promontory*.  
 Bourne, *bounded, limited*.  
 Bowke, *Bowkie, body*. C.  
 Bowting matche, *contest*.  
 Bismarelle, *curiously*. C.  
 Braste, *burst*.  
 Brasteth, *bursteth*. C.  
 Brasteynge, *bursting*.  
 Braunce, *branch*. C.  
 Braunces, *branches*. C.  
 Brauncyng, *branching*.  
 Brayd, *displayed*. C.  
 Brayde, *embroider*.  
 Brayne, *brain, care*.  
 Brede, *broad*. C.  
 Brodren, *brethren*.  
 Breme, *strength*. C.  
 Breme, *strong*. C.  
 Bremeie, *furious*.  
 Brende, *barn, coarse*. C.  
 Brenderynge, *flaming*. C.  
 Bretful, *filled with*. C.  
 Briunie, *briony, or mild vine*.  
 Broched, *pointed*.  
 Bronde, *flory, or sword*.  
 Brondeynge, *furious*.  
 Brondeous, *furious*. C.  
 Brooklette, *rivulet*.  
 Browded, *embroidered*. C.  
 Brued, *embrued*.

Brutylle, *brittle, frail*.  
 Brygandyne, *part of armour*. C.  
 Brynnyng, *declaring*. C.  
 Buriel, *armed*. C.  
 Burie bronde,  *fury, anger*. C.  
 Bylecoyle, *bell acueil*, Fr. the name of a personage in the *Romant de la Rose*, which Chaucer has rendered *fair welcoming*.  
 Byker, *battle*.  
 Bykrous, *warring*. C.  
 Byamare, *besieged, curiosa*. C.

C.

Cale, *cold*.  
 Calke, *east*. C.  
 Calked, *east out*. C.  
 Callynyng, *forbidding*. C.  
 Carnes, *rocks, stones*, Brit.  
 Castle-stede, *a castle*. C.  
 Castle-stere, *the hold of a castle*.  
 Calies, *cases*.  
 Caytynede, *binding, enforcing*. C.  
 Celness, *coldness*.  
 Chafe, *hot*. C.  
 Chafres, *beats, stamps*. C.  
 Champion, *challenge*. C.  
 Chaper, *dry, sun-burnt*. C.  
 Chapournette, *a small round hat*. C.  
 Charie, *dear*.  
 Chetse, *choose*.  
 Chete, *heat, rashness*. C.  
 Cheladree, *goldfinch*. C.  
 Cherisaunce, *comfort*. C.  
 Chersaunied, *comfortable*.  
 Cheres, *success*. C.  
 Cherysal, *preserved*. C.  
 Cherynedd, *chained, restricted*.  
 Chirkyng, *a confused noise*. C.  
 Chop, *an exchange*.  
 Choppe, *to exchange*.  
 Choughe, *choughs, jackdaws*.  
 Church-glebe-hous, *grave*. C.  
 Chyrebe-glebe, *church-yard*.  
 Clang, *sounds loud*.  
 Cleme, *round*. C.  
 Cleere, *famous*.  
 Cleft, *chiff*.  
 Cleped, *named*.  
 Clerche, *clergy*.  
 Clergyan, *clerk or clergyman*. C.  
 Clergyon'd, *taught*. C.  
 Clevis, *cleft of a rock*.  
 Cleyne, *sound*.  
 Cluie, *declination of the body*.  
 Clymyng, *noisy*. C.  
 Compheeres, *companions*. C.  
 Congeon, *dwarf*. C.  
 Contake, *dispute*. C.  
 Contains, *for contents*.  
 Conteke, *confuse; contend with*. C.  
 Contekions, *contentions*. C.  
 Cope, *a cloak*. C.  
 Corteous, *worthy*. C.  
 Corven, *See yorven*.  
 Cotte, *cut*.  
 Cottes, *See bollengurs*.  
 Cottaynge, *cutting*.  
 Covent, *chamber*.  
 Coupe, *cut*. C.  
 Coupyng, *cutting, mangling*.

Couraciers, *horse-coarriers*. C.  
 Coyen, *cog*.  
 Crased, *broken*.  
 Cravent, *conard*. C.  
 Crend, *as recreand*.  
 Cristede, *crested*.  
 Croche, *cross*. C.  
 Crokyng, *beading*.  
 Croched, *perhaps broched*.  
 Crokyng, *beading*.  
 Cross-stone, *monument*. C.  
 Cryne, *hair*. C.  
 Cuarr, *quarry*.  
 Cuishe, *armour for the thigh*.  
 Cullis-yatte, *portcullis-gate*. C.  
 Currielowe, *flatterer*. C.  
 Cuyen kine, *tender cover*. C.

D.

Dacya, *Denmark*.  
 Daie brente, *burnt*. C.  
 Daise eyed, *devised*.  
 Damosyelles, *damsels*.  
 Danke, *stamp*.  
 Dareyne, *attempt, endeavour*. C.  
 Darklinge, *dark*.  
 Daygnous, *disdainful*. C.  
 Deathdoeryng, *murdering*.  
 Declynie, *declination*.  
 Decorn, *carved*. C.  
 Deerne, *glorious, worthy*. C.  
 Deere, *dire*. C.  
 Dais, *vapours, meteors*. C.  
 Defayte, *decoy*. C.  
 Diffe, *neat, ornamental*. C.  
 Deigued, *disdained*. C.  
 Delievretie, *activity*. C.  
 Dente, *See adente*.  
 Dented, *See adented*.  
 Denwere, *doubt*. C.  
 Denwere, *tremour*. C.  
 Depeyncte, *paint, display*. C.  
 Depicted, *painted, or displayed*. C.  
 Depyctures, *drawings, paintings*. C.  
 Dequace, *mangle, destroy*. C.  
 Dequaced, *sunk, quashed*.  
 Dere, *hurt, damage*. C.  
 Derne, *melancholy, terrible*.  
 Derkyunes, *young deer*.  
 Dernic, *woful, lamentable*.  
 Dernic, *cruel*. C.  
 Deslavatie, *disloyal, unfaithful*.  
 Deslavatie, *lechery*. C.  
 Detratours, *traitors*.  
 Deysde, *seated on a deis*.  
 Dheie; *they*.  
 Dhere, *there*.  
 Dhereof, *thereof*.  
 Difficile, *difficult*. C.  
 Dighte, *direct, arranged*. C.  
 Diauaide, *expanded*.  
 Dispente, *expended*.  
 Dispone, *dispose*.  
 Divinistre, *drone*. C.  
 Dulce, *soft, gentle*. C.  
 Dole, *lamentation*. C.  
 Dolte, *foolish*. C.  
 Douore, *This line should probably be written thus; O sen-<sup>d</sup>esteeming Uoor!*  
 Dortoure, *a sleeping-room*. C.



Dote, perhaps as *digitis*.  
 Doughtre mere, *d'outré mere*, Fr. From beyond sea.  
 Draffs, the refuse, or what is cast away.  
 Dreare, dreary.  
 Dree, *drum*, or *drisot*.  
 Dreerie, dreary, terrible.  
 Drefte, least. C.  
 Drenche, drink. C.  
 Drented, drained. C.  
 Dreyucted, dreamed. C.  
 Dribblete, small, insignificant. C.  
 Drierie, terrible.  
 Drites, rights, liberties. C.  
 Droke, dry.  
 Drocke, drink. C.  
 Drocke, drunk.  
 Droorie, courtship, gallantry. C.  
 Drooried, courted.  
 Dulce, as *dolce*.  
 Duresed, hardened. C.  
 Durrie, from *duress*, hardship, signifying hardy.  
 Dyd, should probably be *dyght*.  
 Dyghte, as *dyght*.  
 Dyghtyng, as *dyghtyng*.  
 Dygne, worthy. C.  
 Dygner, more worthy. C.  
 Dynning, sounding. C.  
 Dyspendyng, expending.  
 Dyspense, expense. C.  
 Dysperpellot, scatterit. C.  
 Dysporte, pleasure. C.  
 Dysporteyng, sporting. C.  
 Dysportisement, as *dyports*.  
 Dyaregate, to break connection or fellowship. To *dis-*  
*grak*. qu.

## E

Edraw, for *gubra*; Draw.  
 Eeke, amplification, exaggeration.  
 Este, often, again. C.  
 Estroones, quickly. C.  
 Egederinge, assembling, gathering. C.  
 Eke, also. C.  
 Ele, help. C.  
 Kletten, enlighten. C.  
 Elmen, class.  
 Elocation, elocution.  
 Elves, personages, people.  
 Emarschalled, arranged.  
 Emblaunched, whitened. C.  
 Embodyde, thick, stout. C.  
 Embowre, lodge. C.  
 Embollen, swelled, strengthened. C.  
 Emburled, armed. C.  
 Emumate, lessen, decrease. C.  
 Emumertleyng, glittering. C.  
 Emumers, coined money.  
 Emprize, adventure. C.  
 Emprize, enterprize. C.  
 Enactyng, acting.  
 Enalse, embrace. C.  
 Encaled, frozen, cold. C.  
 Eachafed, heated, enraged. C.  
 Encheere, encourage.  
 Encountryng, encountering.  
 Enfouled, visited, polluted.  
 Engarlanded, wearing a garland.  
 Engyne, torture.  
 Engyned, tortured.  
 Enharme, to do harm to.

Enhoedyng, taking heed.  
 Enbele, heal.  
 Enhope, add. C.  
 Enteted, full of leaves.  
 Enleme, enlighten.  
 Enhwood, flamed, fired. C.  
 Enrone, washout.  
 Enseme, to make seams in.  
 Eusemeyng, as *sewing*.  
 Enshone, showed.  
 Enshoting, shooting, darting. C.  
 Enstrote, decreasing punishment.  
 Enswolters, swallows, sucks in. C.  
 Enswote, sweeten.  
 Ensyryke, encircle.  
 Ent, a purse or bag. C.  
 Entendement, understanding.  
 Enthoghte, thinking.  
 Enthoghte, thought of.  
 Enthoghteyng, thinking.  
 Entremed, intermixed.  
 Entrykeyng, tricking.  
 Entyn, even. C.  
 Enyroonde, worked with iron. C.  
 Eraced, banished, erased.  
 Erie, earl.  
 Ermietts, hermits. C.  
 Erste, formerly.  
 Estande, for *stande*, stand.  
 Estrels, A corruption of *estrole*, Fr. A star. C.  
 Estroughted, stretched out.  
 Etthe, ease. C.  
 Ethie, easy.  
 Evalle, equal. C.  
 Eve-merk, dark evening.  
 Evespeckt, marked with evening dew. C.  
 Everichone, every one. C.  
 Everyche, every.  
 Ewbrice, adultery. C.  
 Ewbricious, lascivious.  
 Eyne-gears, objects of the eyes.  
 Eyne syghte, eye-sight.

## F

Fadre, father.  
 Fage, tale, jest. C.  
 Faie, faith.  
 Faifully, faithfully. C.  
 Faitour, a beggar or vagabond. C.  
 Faldstole, a folding stool, or seat. See Du Cange in  
*v. Fulchatorium*.  
 Far-kend, far seen. C.  
 Fayre, clear, innocent.  
 Featliest, most beautiful.  
 Federed, feathered.  
 Foere, fire.  
 Feerie, flaming. C.  
 Fele, feeble. C.  
 Felle, cruel, bad.  
 Fellen, fell *pa. t. sing. qu.*  
 Ferse, violent, force.  
 Ferselic, fiercely.  
 Fetelic, nobly. C.  
 Fetive, as *festive*.  
 Fetyve, elegant, beautiful.  
 Fetyvelie, elegantly. C.  
 Fetyveness, festiveness.  
 Feygne, smiling.  
 Feygues, A corruption of *saints*. C.  
 Fhuir, fury. C.

Fic, *defy*. C.  
 Flaiten, *horrible, or undulating*, qu.  
 Flatched, *arched*.  
 Fleets, *flats, ramways*.  
 Fleeting, *flying, passing*.  
 Fleme, *to terrify*.  
 Flemed, *frighted*. C.  
 Flemie, *frightfully*.  
 Fleweyng, *terrifying*.  
 Fleurs, *flowers*.  
 Flizze, *fly*. C.  
 Floe, *arrow*. C.  
 Florryschethe, *blooms, flourishes*.  
 Flott, *float*. C.  
 Plotting, *floating or undulating*.  
 Floore Seyncte Mary, *marrygold*. C.  
 Flourette, *flower*. C.  
 Plytted, *fed*.  
 Foile, *beffa*. C.  
 Fous, *Fonnes, deices*. C.  
 Fore, *before*.  
 Forefend, *forbid*.  
 Forgard, *lose*. C.  
 Forletten, *forsoaken*. C.  
 Forloyne, *retreat*. C.  
 Forroy, *destroy*.  
 Forreyng, *destroying*. C.  
 Forsiaxen, *slain*. C.  
 Forwlege, *slay*. C.  
 Forstraughte, *distracted*.  
 Forstraughteyng, *distracting*. C.  
 Forswat, *sun-burnt*. C.  
 Forweltring, *blasting*. C.  
 Forwyned, *dried*. C.  
 Foulke, *people*.  
 Foury,  *fury*.  
 Fowlyng, *defiling*.  
 Fraie, *fight*. C.  
 Fremde, *strange*. C.  
 Fremded, *frighted*. C.  
 Fractile, *fruitful*.  
 Faired, *ferocious*.  
 Furched, *forked*.

G.

Gaberdyne, *a piece of armour*. C. A cloak.  
 Gallard, *frighted*. C.  
 Gare, *course*. C.  
 Gastneus, *ghastliness*.  
 Gauntlette, *glove*. C.  
 Gauntlette, *challenging*.  
 Geare, *apparel, accoutrement*.  
 Geasonne, *rare, extraordinary, strange*. C.  
 Gear, *dress*.  
 Gerte, *As gite*.  
 Gelten, *gilded*. C.  
 Gemot, *council*.  
 Gemote, *assembled*.  
 Gerd, *broke, rent*.  
 Gies, *goals*. C.  
 Gier, *a turn or twist*. C.  
 Gif, *if*. C.  
 Gites, *robes, mantles*. C.  
 Glair, *shining, clear*.  
 Glairic, *clear, shining*.  
 Glare, *glitter*. C.  
 Glodes, *glides*.  
 Gledweyng, *lead*. C.  
 Glome, *shine, glimmer*. C.  
 Gleston, *to shine*.

Glestreyng, *shining, glittering*.  
 Glomb, *from*. C.  
 Glommed, *clouded, dejected*. C.  
 Gloure, *glory*. C.  
 Glows, *shine, gleam*.  
 Glytted, *shown, or gilded*. qu.  
 Gore-depycted, *painted with blood*.  
 Gore-red, *red as blood*.  
 Gorne, *garden*. C.  
 Gottes, *draps*.  
 Gouler, *weaver*.  
 Goushyng, *gushing*.  
 Graiebarbes, *grey-beards*. C.  
 Orange, *liberty of pasture*. C.  
 Gratche, *apparel*. C.  
 Grave, *chief magistrate, mayor, epithet given to the aldermen*. qu.  
 Gravois, *groves*. C.  
 Gre, *grove*. C.  
 Greave, *a part of armour*.  
 Grece, *grove*. C.  
 Greeyng, *growing*.  
 Grete, *greeted, saluted*.  
 Groffle, *grovelling, mean*.  
 Groffyngelye, *foolishly, ungenerally, abjectly*.  
 Groffyshe, *usurial, rude*.  
 Gron, *a fen, moor*. C.  
 Gronfer, *a meator, from groen, a fen, and fer, a corruption of fire*. C.  
 Gronfyres, *meadows*. C.  
 Groted, *moulden*. C.  
 Gryue, *grota*.  
 Grypped, *grasped*.  
 Gule depycted, *red painted*. C.  
 Gule steynct, *red stained*. C.  
 Guyfts, *gifts, talents*.  
 Guykde, *asses, tax*.  
 Guytweyng, *gilding*.  
 Gye, *a guide*. C.  
 Gyte, *as gite*.  
 Gytalles, *mantles*. C.

## H.

Habergeon, *coat of mail*.  
 Haille, *happy*. C.  
 Haille, *as haile*.  
 Halceld, *defeated*. C.  
 Hallidome, *holy church*. qu.  
 Hallie, *holy*. C.  
 Haille, *wholly*.  
 Halline, *joy*. C.  
 Hamlettes, *manors*. C.  
 Han, *hath*. qu. *had*.  
 Hancelled, *cut off, destroyed*. C.  
 Handesword, *back-sword*.  
 Hantoned, *accustomed*. qu.  
 Harrie, *harass*. qu.  
 Harried, *lost*. C.  
 Harte of Greece, *a stag*.  
 Hatchedd, *covered with hatchments*.  
 Hatchments, *achievements, coat armour*.  
 Haveth, *have, hath*.  
 Havyoure, *behaviour*.  
 Heafod, *head*. C.  
 Heavenwens, *heavenward*. C.  
 Heaulme, *helmet, crown*.  
 Hecket, *wrapped, closely covered*. C.  
 Heckled, *wrapped*.  
 Hedes, *regards, attends to*.  
 Heie, *they*. C.

Heideynges, a country dance, still practised in the North. C.  
 Hele, help. C.  
 Hem, a contraction of them. C.  
 Hendie stroke, hand stroke, close fighting.  
 Hente, grasp, hold. C.  
 Hentylle, custom.  
 Her, for their.  
 Herehaughtes, heralds.  
 Herehaughtrie, heraldry. C.  
 Herselle, herself.  
 Heste, require, ask. C.  
 Heste, a command.  
 Hete, promised.  
 Hight, named, called.  
 Hiltrene, hidden. C.  
 Hiltring, hiding. C.  
 Hoastrie, inn, or a public house. C.  
 Hoistes, lifts up.  
 Hollie, holy.  
 Holtred, hidden. qu.  
 Hommageres, servants. C.  
 Hommeur, honour, humour. qu.  
 Honde poyncte, index of a clock, marking hour or minute.  
 Honourwere, the place or residence of honour.  
 Hopelen, hopelessness.  
 Harrowe, unseemly, disagreeable. C.  
 Hove, lifted up, threm.  
 Houton, hollow. C.  
 Hulstred, hidden, secret. C.  
 Hua, house.  
 Huscarles, house servants.  
 Hyger, the Rowing of the tide in the Severn was anciently called the Hygra.  
 Hyghte, named, called.  
 Hylle fyre, a beacon.  
 Hylte, hid, secreted, hide. C.  
 Hylted, hidden. C.  
 Hyltren, hidden.  
 Hynde, peasant. C.  
 Hyndettes, servants.

## I.

Jade, to render languid, fatigue.  
 Jape, a short surprise, &c. C.  
 Jernie, journey.  
 Jeste, hoisted, raised. C.  
 Jfcte, devour, destroy. C.  
 Jhanend, accustomed. C.  
 Jintle, for gentle.  
 Immengde, mixed, mingle.  
 Impestoring, annoying. C.  
 Impleasaunce, unpleasantness.  
 Inbild, infuse. C.  
 Investynge, clothing.  
 Joice, juice. C.  
 Joicc, juicy.  
 Joustekd, justed.  
 Ishad, broken. C. shed.  
 Ithink, think.  
 Jubb, a bottle. C.  
 Iwreene, disclosed.  
 Iwimpled, wrapped up.  
 Jwys, certainly. C.  
 Jyned, joined.  
 Jynynge, joining.

## K.

Ken, see, discover, know. C.

Kenna, knows. C.  
 Kenne, know.  
 Kepe, to take care of.  
 Kepponed, careful.  
 Kerveth, cutteth, destroyeth. qu.  
 Kiste, coffin. C.  
 Kivercled, the hidden or secret part. C.  
 Knite, joined.  
 Knopped, fastened, chained, congealed. C.  
 Knowiache, knowledge. C.  
 Knowiached, known, distinguished.  
 Knowlachynge, knowledge. C.  
 Kynde, nature. C.  
 Kyngecoppes, butterflowers.

## L.

Labrynge, labouring, agitated.  
 Ladden, lay.  
 Lare, leather.  
 Laverde, lord. C.  
 Lea, field or pasture.  
 Lease, lose.  
 Leathal, deadly. C.  
 Lechemanne, physician.  
 Lockedst, most despicable.  
 Lecture, relate. C.  
 Lecturn, subject. C.  
 Lecturnyes, lectures. C.  
 Leden, decreasing. C.  
 Leeche, physician.  
 Leege, homage, obsequence. C.  
 Leegeholcke, subjects. C.  
 Leefefull, lawful. C.  
 Lergemen, subjects.  
 Leflod, left.  
 Lege, law. C.  
 Leggen, lessen, alloy. C.  
 Leggende, alloyed. C.  
 Lemstene, mistress.  
 Leme, lighted up.  
 Lemed, lighted, glistered. C.  
 Lemes, lights, rays. C.  
 Lere, leather.  
 Lessel, a bush, or hedge. C.  
 Lete, still. C.  
 Lethalle, deadly, or death-boding. C.  
 Lethlen, still, dead. C.  
 Letten, church-yard. C.  
 Levyn-blasted, struck with lightning.  
 Levyn-mylted, lightning-meltd. qu.  
 Levyn-plome, feathered lightning.  
 Levynde, blasted. C.  
 Levynne, lightning. C.  
 Levynne bronde, flash of lightning.  
 Liefe, choice.  
 Liff, leaf.  
 Likand, fishing.  
 Limed, glassy. C.  
 Limitoure, a licensed begging friar.  
 Limmed, glassy, reflecting. C.  
 Lissedd, bounded. C.  
 Lisseth, boundeth. C.  
 List, concern, cause to care.  
 Listeynge, listening.  
 Lithie, humble. C.  
 Loaste, loss.  
 Locke, luck, good fortune.  
 Lockless, luckless, unfortunate.  
 Lode, load.  
 Lode, praise, honour. qu.

Logges, cottages. C.  
 Longe straughte, far extended, lengthened.  
 Lordynge, standing on their hind legs. C.  
 Lore, learning. C.  
 Lote, lot, fortune.  
 Loverde, lord. C.  
 Loughe, laugh. C.  
 Loustie, lusty, lustful.  
 Low, flame of fire. C.  
 Lowes, flames. C.  
 Lowings, flames. C.  
 Lowyng, flaming, burning.  
 Lardanes, lord Danes.  
 Lycheyng, liking. C.  
 Lyene, lye.  
 Lygethe, lodgeth.  
 Lymmed, polished. C.  
 Lyoche, bank. C.  
 Lyoge, stay, finger.  
 Lyoncelle, young lion. C.  
 Lyped, linked, united. qu.  
 Lyse, sport, or play. C.  
 Lysed, bounded. C.  
 Lyvelyhode, life. C.

## M.

Magystric, mastery, victory.  
 Marvelle, wonder. C.  
 Mancas, marks. C. mancases.  
 Machyn, a sieve. Fr.  
 Masterschyppe, mastery, victory.  
 Mate, match.  
 Maugrie, notwithstanding, in spite of.  
 Maynt, many.  
 Mede, reward. C.  
 Mee, meadows. C.  
 Meeded, rewarded.  
 Melancholych, melancholy.  
 Menuine, mercie-men, attendants.  
 Menged, mixed, the many.  
 Miniced, menaced. qu.  
 Mennys, men.  
 Meusaredd, bounded, or measured. C.  
 Menyng, meaning.  
 Mere, lake. C.  
 Merke, dark, and gloomy.  
 Merke-plant, nightshade. C.  
 Merker, darker.  
 Merkucas, darkness.  
 Merkyc, dark.  
 Merv, more.  
 Meyrie, many, great numbers. C.  
 Mical, much, mighty.  
 Miesel, myself.  
 Miskynette, a small bagpipe. C.  
 Mix, poor, needy. C.  
 Mitches, rains. C.  
 Mitte, a contraction of mighty. C.  
 Mitze, mighty. C.  
 Mockler, more, greater, mightier.  
 Moke, much. C.  
 Mokie, black. C.  
 Mokyng, mocking, murmuring. qu.  
 Mole, soft. C.  
 Mollock, wet, moist. C.  
 Molteryng, mouldy, mouldering.  
 Mone, moon.  
 Moneynge, lamenting, moaning.  
 Moric, marshy.  
 Morthe, death, murder.

Morthyng, murdering.  
 Mose, most.  
 Moote, must.  
 Mote, might. C.  
 Motte, word, or motto.  
 Mottring, muttering, murmuring.  
 Myckle, much. C.  
 Mychte, mighty.  
 Myghte aemaine, main force.  
 Myndbruche, firmness of mind, sense of honour. qu.  
 Mynneonne, miners.  
 Mynsterr, monastery. C.  
 Mynstrelle, a minstrel is a musician. C.  
 Myryng, wallowing.  
 Mystell, miscall.  
 Mysterk, myrtic. C.

## N.

Ne, Le. nat. C.  
 Ne, no, or, none.  
 Ne, nigh, or nearly.  
 Nedere, adder. C.  
 Neete, night.  
 Nesh, weak, tender. C.  
 Nete, nothing. C.  
 Nete, night.  
 Nethe, beneath.  
 Nillyng, unwilling. C.  
 Nome-depynted, rebus'd shields, &c. C.  
 Notte, knot, fasten.  
 Notte browne, nut brown.  
 Noyance, annoyance.

## O.

Oares, wherries,  
 Oathed, bound upon oath.  
 Obaie, abide. C.  
 Offrendes, presents, offerings. C.  
 Olyphauntes, elephants. C.  
 Onflemed, undismayed. C.  
 Onknowlachyng, ignorant, unknowing. C.  
 Onlist, boundless. C.  
 Onlyghte, darken. qu.  
 Ontylle, until.  
 Onwordie, unworthy.  
 Oppe, up.  
 Optics, eyes.  
 Orreats, oversets. C.  
 Overcat, uppermost.  
 Ounde, wave.  
 Oundyng, undulating, swelling. qu.  
 Ouphante, euphen, elos.  
 Oort, oort, Fr. open. qu.  
 Ouzle, black bird. C.  
 Owlett, owl. C.  
 Owndes, wants. C.

## P.

Faizde, poised.  
 Pall, contraction from appall, to fright. C.  
 Paramente, robes of scarlet. C. a princely robe. C.  
 Parker, park-keeper.  
 Passente, passing.  
 Passent, walking leisurely. C.  
 Paves, shields.  
 Pavyes, shields.  
 Payrde, compared.  
 Peede, pied. C.  
 Peene, pain.  
 Pencte, painted. C.  
 Penne, mountain.

Penstrenne, *writers, historians.* C.  
 Percease, *perchance.* C.  
 Purdie, *for a certainty.*  
 Pere, *pear.*  
 Pere, *appear.* C.  
 Pereynge, *appearing, peeping.*  
 Perforce, *of necessity.*  
 Perpled, *purple, qu. scattered, diffused.* qu.  
 Persant, *piercing.*  
 Pete, *beat, pluck.* qu.  
 Peyntedil, *painted.* C.  
 Pheeres, *fallows, equals.* C.  
 Pheon, *in heraldry, the barbed head of a dart.*  
 Pictre, *picture.* C.  
 Piercedd, *broken, or pierced through with darts.* C.  
 Pittie golphe, *hollow of the pit.*  
 Pleasaunce, *pleasure, blessing.*  
 Plies, *sounds.* C.  
 Plonce, *plunge.*  
 Pote, *the crown of the head.*  
 Pouche, *purse.*  
 Poyntelle, *a pen, &c.* C.  
 Pre, *prey.*  
 Pre, *to pray.*  
 Preche, *preach, exhort, recommend.*  
 Preestachyppe, *priesthood.*  
 Prevyd, *hardy, valorous.* C.  
 Proto-sleme, *first slain.*  
 Prowe, *forehead.*  
 Prowes, *might, power.* C.  
 Puerilitie, *childhood.*  
 Pyghte, *pitched, or bent down, settled.* C.  
 Pyghte, *plucks, or tortures.* C.  
 Pynant, *languid, insipid, pining, meagre.*

## Q.

Quacedd, *quashed.* C.  
 Quansed, *stilled, quenched.* C.  
 Quasyntysed, *curiously devised.*  
 Queode, *the evil one, the devil.*  
 Quent, *quaint, strange.*

## R.

Rampynge, *ferocious.*  
 Receivure, *receipt.*  
 Recendize, *for recendize, cowardice.*  
 Recer, *for racer.*  
 Reddoure, *violence.* C.  
 Rede, *wisdom.* C.  
 Reded, *counselled.* C.  
 Redeynge, *advice.*  
 Regrate, *esteem, favour.* C.  
 Reine, *run.* C.  
 Rele, *wave.* C.  
 Reles, *waves.* C.  
 Rennowde, *honoured, renowned.*  
 Rennome, *honour, glory.* C.  
 Requiem, *a service used over the dead.* C.  
 Responsed, *answered.*  
 Rewynde, *ruined.* -  
 Reyne, *run.* C.  
 Rynnyng, *running.* C.  
 Reytes, *water-fogs.* C.  
 Ribaude, *rake, lewd person.*  
 Ribbaude greere, *ornaments of ribbands.*  
 Ribible, *violin.* C.  
 Riess, *rise.*  
 Riped, *ripened.*  
 Rodded, *reddened.* C.  
 Roddie, *red.*  
 Roddie kyvane, *red lightning.* C.

Rode, *complexion.* C.  
 Roder, *sider, traveller.*  
 Rodeynge, *riding.*  
 Roghlyng, *rolling.* C.  
 Rostlyng, *rustling.*  
 Rou, *horrid, grim.* C.  
 Rouncey, *cart-horse.* C.  
 Royn, *rain.*  
 Royner, *ruiner.*  
 Rynde, *ruined.*  
 Ryne, *run.*

## S.

Sabalus, *the devil.* C.  
 Sabbatners, *booted soldiers.*  
 Sable, *black, in heraldry.*  
 Sable, *blacken.* C.  
 Sable, *darken.*  
 Sable, *black.*  
 Sai, *sagum, military cloak.*  
 Sangurn, *bloody.*  
 Sartin's plain, *Salisbury plain.*  
 Sayld, *sailed.*  
 Scalle, *shall.* C.  
 Scante, *scarce.* C.  
 Scantillie, *scarcely, sparingly.* C.  
 Scarpen, *scarfs.* C.  
 Scarre, *mark.*  
 Scethe, *hurt, damage.* C.  
 Scethe, *scarce.*  
 Scanne-layd, *waeren.*  
 Scanning, *glancing, or looking obliquely.*  
 Scethe, *damage, mischief.* C.  
 Schaften, *shafts, arrows.*  
 Scheafted, *adorned with turrets.*  
 Scille, *gather.* C.  
 Scillye, *closely.* C.  
 Scolles, *sholes.*  
 Sock, *suck.*  
 Seeled, *closed.* C.  
 Seere, *search.* C.  
 Selke, *silk.*  
 Seynesse, *happiness.* C.  
 Semblamente, *appearance.*  
 Semblate, *appearance.*  
 Seme, *seed.* C.  
 Semecope, *a short under cloak.* C.  
 Semlykeene, *countenance, beauty.* C.  
 Semmykeed, *countenance.*  
 Sendaument, *appearance.*  
 Sete, *seat.*  
 Shap, *fate.* C.  
 Shap scurged, *fate-scurged.* C.  
 Sheene, *lustre, shine.*  
 Sheen, *to shine.*  
 Shemres, *shine.*  
 Shemryng, *glimmering.* C.  
 Shente, *broke, destroyed.* C.  
 Shepen, *innocent.* qu.  
 Shepaterr, *shepherd.* C.  
 Shettyng, *shooting.*  
 Shoone pykes, *shoes with piked toes, the length of the pikes was restrained to two inches by J. Edw. 4. c. 5.*  
 Shotte, *shot.*  
 Shotteyng, *closing, shutting.*  
 Shrove, *shrouded.*  
 Siker, *sure.*  
 Skyne, *sky.*  
 Sles, *slay.* C.  
 Sleath, *destroyeth, killeth.* C.

Blodde, sledge, hurdle.  
 Bloo, day.  
 Blooe, slain. C.  
 Bloore, clue of thread.  
 Bloete, daughter.  
 Bloeyhted, slighted.  
 Bloeynges, slings.  
 Blughorne, a musical instrument, not unlike a haut-  
 boy, a kind of clarion. C.  
 Bloethe, smoke. C.  
 Bloething, smoking. C.  
 Bloote, beameared.  
 Bloothe, steam, or vapour. C.  
 Bloett, bent, snatched up. C.  
 Bloelle, sauff up.  
 Bloekynge, sucking.  
 Blole, soul.  
 Blofeted, ruffed.  
 Blothe, truth.  
 Blothen, tooth. qu.  
 Bloghle, soul.  
 Bloghlys, sou's. C.  
 Blouten, for wrought.  
 Bloute, a wooden bar, or enclosure.  
 Bloide, reached, attained. qu.  
 Bloucer, dispenser. C.  
 Bloere, allow. qu.  
 Bloere, spear.  
 Bloete, cleaved, split.  
 Bloeynged, sprinkled.  
 Bloeytes, spirite, wash. C.  
 Bloeytynge, towering.  
 Bloie, support, prop.  
 Bloie, fastening.  
 Bloke, stalks.  
 Bloek, stuch.  
 Bloemes, firmness, stedfastness. C.  
 Bloende, reeked, steamed.  
 Bloemie, steaming.  
 Bloetes, stairs.  
 Bloent, stained. C.  
 Bloeynced, alloyed, or stained. qu.  
 Bloeyne, stain, blot, disgrace.  
 Bloke, stuch.  
 Blothe, death.  
 Bloven, dead. C.  
 Bloven, for stroke. qu.  
 Blove, place, city.  
 Bloughte, stretched. C.  
 Blore, strom.  
 Blore, streu.  
 Bloet, stretch. C.  
 Blove, strive.  
 Blounge, strong. C.  
 Bloynt, stop.  
 Blostant, substantial.  
 Blofficyll, sufficient.  
 Bloper-hallie, over righteous. C.  
 Blorote, a cloak or mantle which hid all the other  
 drea. C.  
 Bloster, sister.  
 Bloanges, towe to mad fra.  
 Bloarthe, spirit, ghost.  
 Bloartheless, dead, expired.  
 Bloarthyng, expiring.  
 Bloet-kerr'd, short liv'd. C.  
 Bloetrie, satry. C.  
 Bloeteryng, overwhelming. qu.  
 Bloolyng, swelling.  
 Bloote, sweat. C.  
 VOL. XV.

Swotelie, sweetly. C.  
 Swote, sweet. C.  
 Swythe, quickly. C.  
 Swythen, quickly. C.  
 Swythyn, quickly. C.  
 Syke, such, so. C.  
 Sythe, since.  
 Sythence, since then.  
 T.  
 Takells, arrows. C.  
 Talbots, a species of dogs.  
 Tempest-chaff, tempest-beaten. C.  
 Tende, attend, or wait. C.  
 Tene, sorrow.  
 Tentyfle, carefully. C.  
 Thight, consolidated, closed.  
 Thilk, that, or such.  
 Thoughteune, thought.  
 Thrastarke, thrasher.  
 Throste, thrush.  
 Thyk, such. C.  
 Tore, torch. C.  
 Tournie, tournament. C.  
 Trechit, treget, deceit.  
 Trone, throne, C.  
 Trothe, truth. C.  
 Troulie, true, trullie.  
 Twaie, two.  
 Twayne, two. C.  
 T. lighte, plucked, pulled. C.  
 Twyte, pluck, or pull. C.  
 Tyng, tongue.  
 Tytend, tightened, fastened.  
 V. U.  
 Val, helm. C.  
 Vengoulic, revengefully.  
 Ugsomme, terrible. C.  
 Ugsomness, terror. C.  
 Villeyne, casual, arrows.  
 Unburied, unarm'd. C.  
 Uncouthe, unknown. C.  
 Undevyse, explain.  
 Unliart, unforgiving. C.  
 Unseliness, unhappiness.  
 Unolydgefulle, rebellious.  
 Unwote, unknown.  
 Upryne, raise up.  
 Vyed, viewed.  
 W.  
 Walsome, loathsome.  
 Whanhope, despair. C.  
 Wastle-cake, cake of white bread.  
 Waylde, choice, selected.  
 Waylyng, decrearing.  
 Whestlyng, whistling.  
 Woden blue, dyed blue with wood.  
 Woe-be-mentyng, woe-bemailing.  
 Wychencref, witchcraft.  
 Wysche, wish.  
 Y.  
 Yan, than.  
 Yaped, laughable. C.  
 Yatte, that.  
 Ybereyng, bearing.  
 Yborne, son.  
 Ybrende, burn.  
 Yborne, engraved, carved.

Ycorrenn, *to should*. C.  
 Ydeyd, *died*.  
 Ydruks, *drinks*.  
 Yer, *your, their*.  
 Yeyre, *their*. C.  
 Yie, *thy*.  
 Ygrove, *groven, or formed*.  
 Yinder, *yonder*.  
 Yis, *this*.  
 Ylectid, *enclased, shut up*.

Ynhyme, *inter*. C.  
 Ynutyle, *unrest*.  
 Yreuden, *made ready*.  
 Yreerde, *reared, raised*.  
 Yspende, *consider*. C.  
 Ystorven, *dead*. C.  
 Ytorn, *tor*.  
 Ytsel, *itself*.

Zabalou, *the devil*. Z.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### IN THE MODERN STYLE.

#### SLY DICK.

[From a copy in the hand writing of sir Herbert Croft, in the volume of Chatterton's works purchased by Mr. Waldron at the sale of sir Herbert's library. He says "this was written by Chatterton at about eleven: as well as the following hymn."] ]

SHARP was the frost, the wind was high  
 And sparkling stars bedeck't the sky,  
 Sly Dick, in arts of cunning skill'd,  
 Whose rapine all his pockets fill'd,  
 Had laid him down to take his rest  
 And soothe with sleep his anxious breast.  
 'Twas thus a dark infernal sprite  
 A native of the blackest night,  
 Portending mischief to devise  
 Upon Sly Dick he cast his eyes;  
 Then straight descends the infernal sprites,  
 And in his chamber does slight:  
 In visions he before him stands,  
 And his attention he commands.  
 Thus spake the sprite—"Hearken, my friend:  
 And to my counsels now attend.  
 Within the garret's spacious dome  
 There lies a well stor'd wealthy room,  
 Well stor'd with cloth and stockings too,  
 Which I suppose will do for you.  
 First from the cloth take thou a purse,  
 For thee it will not be the worse,  
 A noble purse rewards thy pains,  
 A purse to hold thy filching gains;  
 Then for the stockings let them receive  
 And put a scrap behind thee leave,  
 Five bundles for a penny sell  
 And pence to thee will come pell mell;  
 See it be done with speed and care:"  
 Thus spake the sprite and sunk in air.  
 When in the morn with thoughts erect  
 Sly Dick did on his dream reflect,  
 "Why faith," thinks he, "'tis something too,  
 It might—perhaps—it might—be true,  
 I'll go and see"—away he hies,  
 And to the garret quick he flies,  
 Enters the room, cuts up the clothes,  
 And after that reeves up the hose;  
 Then of the cloth he purses made,  
 Purses to hold his filching trade.

• • • *Centura decant.* • • •

#### A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

[From a copy by sir Herbert Croft, in the same volume.] ]

ALMIGHTY framer of the skies!  
 O let our pure devotion rise,  
 Like incense in thy sight!  
 Wrapt in impenetrable shade  
 The texture of our souls were made  
 Till thy command gave light.

The Sun of Glory gleam'd the ray,  
 Redn'd the darkness into day,  
 And bid the vapours fly:  
 Impell'd by his eternal love  
 He left his palaces above  
 To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,  
 When God appeared in mortal clay,  
 The mark of worldly scorn;  
 When the archangel's heavenly lays  
 Attempted the Redeemer's praise,  
 And hail'd salvation's scorn!

A humble form the Godhead wore,  
 The pains of poverty he bore,  
 To gaudy pomp unknown:  
 Tho' in a human walk he trod,  
 Still was the Man Almighty God,  
 In glory all his own.

Despis'd, oppress'd, the Godhead bore  
 The torments of this vale of tears;  
 Nor bad his vengeance rise;  
 He saw the creatures he had made  
 Revile his power, his peace invade;  
 He saw with mercy's eyes.

How shall we celebrate his name,  
 Who groan'd beneath a life of shame  
 In all afflictions try'd;  
 The soul is raptur'd to conceive  
 A truth, which being must believe,  
 The God Eternal dy'd.

My soul, exert thy powers, adore  
 Upon devotion's plumage soar  
 To celebrate the day:  
 The God from whom creation sprang  
 Shall animate my grateful tongue;  
 From him I'll catch the lay!

X Y.

APOSTATE WILL.

[From Love and Madness.]

[It is transcribed, says sir Herbert Croft, from an old pocket-book in his mother's possession. It appears to be his first, perhaps his only, copy of it; and is evidently his hand writing. By the date he was eleven years and almost five months old.

This poem appears to have been aimed at somebody, who had formerly been a Methodist, and was lately promoted (to the dignity, perhaps, of opening a pew or a grave; for Chatterton was the sexton's son) in the established church.]

In days of old, when Wesley's power  
Gather'd new strength by every hour;  
Apostate Will, just sunk in trade,  
Resolv'd his bargain should be made;  
Then straight to Wesley he repairs,  
And puts on grave and solemn airs;  
Then thus the pious man address'd:  
" Good sir, I think your doctrine best;  
Your servant will a Wesley be,  
Therefore the principles teach me."  
The preacher then instructions gave,  
How he in this world should behave:  
He hears, assents, and gives a nod,  
Says every word's the word of God.  
Then lifting his dissembling eyes,  
" How blessed is the sect!" he cries;  
" Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet,  
Shall make me from this sect retreat."  
He then his circumstance declar'd,  
How hardly with him matters far'd,  
Begg'd him next morning for to make  
A small collection for his sake.  
The preacher said, " Do not repine,  
The whole collection shall be thine."  
With looks demure and cringing bows,  
About his business straight he goes.  
His outward acts were grave and prim,  
The Methodist appear'd in him.  
But, be his outward what it will,  
His heart was an apostate's still.  
He'd oft profess an hallow'd flame,  
And every where preach'd Wesley's name;  
He was a preacher, and what not,  
As long as money could be got;  
He'd oft profess, with holy fire,  
The labourer's worthy of his hire.

It happen'd once upon a time,  
When all his works were in their prime,  
A noble place appear'd in view;  
Then—to the Methodists, adieu.  
A Methodist no more he'll be,  
The Protestants serve best for he.  
Then to the curate straight he ran,  
And thus address'd the rev'rend man:  
" I was a Methodist, 'tis true;  
With penitence I turn to you.  
O that it were your bounteous will  
That I the vacant place might fill!  
With justice I'd myself acquit,  
Do every thing that's right and fit."  
The curate straightway gave consent—  
To take the place he quickly went.  
Accordingly he took the place,  
And keeps it with dissembled grace.

April 14th, 1764.

NARVA AND MORED,

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

[This and the following poems are printed from the Miscellanies.]

" Recurve the loves of Narva and Mored,"  
The priest of Chalma's triple idol said. [sprung,  
High from the ground the youthful warriors  
Loud on the concave shell the lances rung:  
In all the mystic mazes of the dance,  
The youths of Banny's burning sands advance,  
Whilst the soft virgin, panting, looks behind,  
And rides upon the pinions of the wind:  
Ascends the mountains' brow, and incaures round  
The steepy cliffs of Chalma's sacred ground;  
Chalma, the god whose noisy thunders fly  
Thro' the dark covering of the midnight sky,  
Whose arm directs the close-embattled host,  
And sinks the labouring vessels on the coast;  
Chalma, whose excellence is known from far,  
From Lupa's rocky hill to Calabar.  
The guardian god of Afric and the isles,  
Where Nature in her strongest vigour smiles;  
Where the blue blossom of the forky thorn,  
Bends with the nectar of the op'ning morn:  
Where ginger's aromatic, matted root,  
Creeps through the mead, and up the mountains  
shoot.

Three times the virgin, swimming on the breeze,  
Danc'd in the shadow of the mystic trees:  
When, like a dark cloud spreading to the view,  
The first-born sons of war and blood pursue;  
Swift as the elk they pour along the plain;  
Swift as the flying clouds distilling rain.  
Swift as the boundings of the youthful roe,  
They course around, and lengthen as they go.  
Like the long chain of rocks, whose summits rise,  
Far in the sacred regions of the skies;  
Upon whose top the black'ning tempest lours,  
Whilst down its side the gushing torrent pours,  
Like the long cliffy mountains which extend  
From Lorbar's cave, to where the nations end,  
Which sink in darkness, thick'ning and obscure,  
Impenetrable, mystic, and impure;  
The flying terrors of the war advance,  
And round the sacred oak, repeat the dance.  
Furious they twist around the gloomy trees,  
Like leaves in autumn, twirling with the breeze.  
So when the splendour of the dying day  
Darts the red lustre of the wat'ry way;  
Sudden beneath Toddida's whistling brink,  
The circling billows in wild eddies sink,  
Whirl furious round, and the loud bursting wave  
Sinks down to Chalma's sacerdotal cave,  
Explores the palaces on Zira's coast, [ghost;  
Where howls the war-song of the chieftain's  
Where the artificer in realms below,  
Gilds the rich lance, or beautifies the bow;  
From the young palm-tree spins the useful twine,  
Or makes the teeth of elephants divine.  
Where the pale children of the feeble Sun,  
In search of gold, thro' every climate run:  
From burning heat to freezing torments go,  
And live in all vicissitudes of woe.  
Like the loud eddies of Toddida's sea,  
The warriors circle the mysterious tree:  
Till spent with exercise they spread around  
Upon the op'ning blossoms of the ground.



The priestess rising, sings the sacred tale,  
And the loud chorus echoes thro' the dale.

## PRIESTESS.

Far from the burning sands of Calabar;  
Far from the lustre of the morning star;  
Far from the pleasure of the holy mora;  
Far from the blessedness of Chaima's horn:  
Now rest the souls of Narva and Mored,  
Laid in the dust, and number'd with the dead.  
Dear are their memories to us, and long,  
Long shall their attributes be known in song.  
Their lives were transient as the meadow flow'r  
Ripen'd in aces, wither'd in an hour,  
Chaima rewards them in his gloomy cave,  
And opens all the prisons of the grave.  
Bred to the service of the godhead's throne,  
And living but to serve his God alone,  
Narva was beautiful as the opening day  
When on the sparkling waves the sun-beams play,  
When the Mackaw, ascending to the sky,  
Views the bright splendour with a steady eye.  
Tall, as the house of Chaima's dark retreat;  
Compact and firm, as Rhadal Yuca's fleet,  
Completely beautiful as a summer's Sun,  
Was Narva, by his excellence undone.  
When the soft Togla creeps along the meads,  
Thro' scented Calamus and fragrant reeds;  
Where the sweet Zinea spreads its matted bed  
Liv'd the still sweeter flow'r, the young Mored;  
Black was her face, as Togla's hidden celt;  
Soft as the moss where hissing adders dwell.  
As to the sacred court she brought a fawn,  
The sportive tenant of the spicy lawn,  
She saw and lov'd! and Narva too forgot  
His sacred vestment and his mystic lot.  
Long had the mutual sigh, the mutual tear,  
Rurst from the breast and secur'd confinement  
Existence was a torment! O my breast! {there.  
Can I find accents to unfold the rest!  
Lock'd in each others arms, from Hyga's cave,  
They plung'd relentless to a wat'ry grave,  
And falling murmur'd to the pow'rs above,  
"Gnd's! take our lives, unless we live to love."  
Shoreditch, May 2, 1770. C.

## THE DEATH OF NICOU.

## AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

ON Tiber's banks, Tiber, whose waters glide  
In slow meanders down to Gaigra's side;  
And circling all the horrid mountain round,  
Rushes impetuous to the deep profound;  
Rolls o'er the ragged rocks with hideous yell;  
Collects its waves beneath the earth's vast shell;  
There for a while in loud confusion hur'd,  
It crumbles mountains down and shakes the  
Till borne upon the pinions of the air, [world;  
Through the rent earth the bursting waves appear;  
Piercely propel'd the whiten'd billows rise,  
Break from the cavern, and ascend the skies:  
Then lost and conquer'd by superior force,  
Through hot Arabia holds its rapid course;  
On Tiber's banks where scarlet jasmines bloom,  
And purple aloes shed a rich perfume;  
Where, when the Sun is melting in his heat,  
The rocking tigers find a cool retreat;

Back in the sedges, lose the wat'ry beam,  
And wanton with their shadows in the stream;  
On Tiber's banks, by sacred priests rever'd,  
Where in the days of old a god appear'd:  
'Twas in the dead of night, at Chaima's foot,  
The tribe of Aira slept around the priest.  
He spoke; as evening thunders bursting near,  
His horrid accents broke upon the ear;  
"Attend, Alraddas, with your sacred priest!  
This day the Sun is rising in the east;  
The Sun, which shall illumine all the Earth,  
Now, now is rising, in a mortal birth."  
He vanish'd like a vapour of the night,  
And sunk away in a faint blaze of light.  
Swift from the branches of the holy oak,  
Horror, confusion, fear, and torment broke:  
And still when midnight trims her mazy lamp,  
They take their way thro' Tiber's wat'ry swamp.  
On Tiber's banks, close rank'd, a warring train,  
Stretch'd to the distant edge of Galca's plain:  
So when arriv'd at Gaigra's highest steep,  
We view the wide expansion of the deep;  
See in the gliding of her wat'ry robe,  
The quick declension of the circling globe;  
From the blue sea a chain of mountains rise,  
Blended at once with water and with skies:  
Beyond our sight in vast extension curl'd,  
The check of waves, the guardians of the world.  
Strong were the warriors, as the ghost of Cava,  
Who threw the Hill-of-archers to the lawn:  
When the soft earth at his appearance fed;  
And rising billows play'd around his head:  
When a strong tempest rising from the main,  
Dash'd the full clouds, unbroken on the plain.  
Nicou, immortal in the sacred song,  
Held the red sword of war, and led the strong  
From his own tribe the sable warriors came,  
Well try'd in battle, and well known in fame.  
Nicou, descended from the god of war,  
Who liv'd coeval with the morning star:  
Narada was his name; who cannot tell,  
How all the world thro' great Narada fell!  
Vichon, the god who rol'd above the skies,  
Look'd on Narada, but with envious eyes:  
The warrior dar'd him, ridicul'd his might,  
Bent his white bow, and sommo'r'd him to fight.  
Vichon, disdainful, bade his lightnings fly,  
And scatter'd burning arrows in the sky;  
Threw down a star the armour of his feet,  
To burn the air with supernatural heat;  
Bid a loud tempest roar beneath the ground;  
Lifted the sea, and all the earth was drown'd.  
Narada still escap'd; a sacred tree  
Lifted him up, and bore him thro' the sea.  
The waters still ascending fierce and high,  
He tower'd into the chambers of the sky:  
There Vichon sat, his armour on his bed,  
He thought Narada with the mighty dead.  
Before his seat the heavenly warrior stands,  
The lightning quiv'ring in his yellow bands.  
The god, astonish'd, dropt; hur'd from the stars,  
He dropt to torments, and to rise no more.  
Head-long he falls; 'tis his own arms comp'd,  
Condemn'd in ever-burning fires to dwell.  
From this Narada, mighty Nicou sprung;  
The mighty Nicou, furious, wild and young,  
Who led th' embattled archers to the field,  
And bore a thunderbolt upon his shield:  
That shield his glorious father died to gain,  
When the white warriors fed along the plain.

When the full sails could not provoke the flood,  
Till Nicou came and swell'd the seas with blood.  
Slow at the end of his robust array,  
The mighty warrior pensive took his way:  
Against the son of Nair, the young Rorest,  
Once the companion of his youthful breast,  
Strong were the passions of the son of Nair,  
Strong as the tempest of the evening air.  
Insatiate in desire; fierce as the boar;  
Firm in resolve as Cannie's rocky shore,  
Long had the gods endeavour'd to destroy  
All Nicou's friendship, happiness, and joy:  
They sought in vain, till Vicat, Vicou's son,  
Never in feats of wickedness outdone,  
Saw Nica, sister to the mountain king,  
Drest beautiful, with all the flowers of spring:  
He saw, and scatter'd poison in her eyes;  
From limb to limb in varied forms he flies;  
Dwelt on her crimson lip, and added grace  
To every glossy feature of her face.  
Rorest was fir'd with passion at the sight;  
Friendship and honour sunk to Vicat's right:  
He saw, he lov'd, and burning with desire,  
Bore the soft maid from brother, sister, sire,  
Pining with sorrow, Nica faded, died,  
Like a fair aloe in its morning pride.  
This brought the warrior to the bloody mead,  
And sent to young Rorest the threatening deed.  
He drew his army forth: oh! need I tell!  
That Nicou conquer'd, and the lover fell:  
His breathless army mantled all the plain;  
And Death sat smiling on the heaps of slain.  
The battle ended, with his racking dart,  
The pensive Nicou pierc'd his beating heart:  
And to his mourning valiant warriors cry'd,  
"I and my sister's ghost are satisfy'd."  
Brook-street, June 12.

## ELEGY,

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. THOMAS PHILIPS, OF  
FAIRFORD.

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam;  
No more the wonders of the view I sing:  
Friendship requires a melancholy theme;  
At her command the awful lyre I string.

Now as I wander thro' this leafless grove,  
Where the dark vapours of the evening rise,  
How shall I teach the chorded shell to move;  
Or stay the gushing torrents from my eyes?

Philips, great master of the boundless lyre,  
Thee would the grateful Muse attempt to paint;  
Give me a double portion of thy fire,  
Or all the powers of language are too faint.

Say what bold number, what immortal line  
The image of thy genius can reflect;  
O, lend my pen what animated thine,  
To show thee in thy native glories deckt.

The joyous charms of Spring delighted saw,  
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay:  
Nothing was Spring which Philips did not draw,  
And ev'ry image of his Muse was May.

So rose the regal hyacinth's star;  
So shone the pensive rustic daisy bed;

So seem'd the woodlands lessening from afar;  
You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic Summer's blooming flow'ry pride  
Next claim'd the honour of his nervous song;  
He taught the streams in hollow trills to glide,  
And lead the glories of the year along.

When golden Autumn, wreath'd in ripen'd corn,  
From purple clusters press'd the foamy wine,  
Thy genius did his fallow brows adorn,  
And made the beauties of the season thine.

Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his tread,  
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;  
His eyes, a dusky light, congel'd and dead;  
His robe, a tinge of bright ethereal blue;

His train, a motley'd, sanguine, sable cloud,  
He limps along the russet dreary moor;  
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,  
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Nor were his pleasures unimprov'd by thee:  
Pleasures he has, tho' horribly deform'd:  
The silver'd hill, the polish'd lake, we see,  
Is by thy genius fix'd, preserv'd, and warm'd.

The rough November has his pleasures too;  
But I'm insensible to every joy:  
Farewell the laurel, now I grasp the yew,  
And all my little powers in grief employ.

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,  
Thy mind was honour, and thy soul divine:  
With thee did ev'ry pow'r of genius dwell:  
Thou wert the Helicon of all the Nine.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctur'd vest,  
Was ever changing to a different hue:  
Her head, with varied bays and flow'rets drest,  
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew.

In dancing attitude she swept thy string,  
And now she soars, and now again descends;  
And now reclining on the zephyr's wing,  
Unto the velvet-vested mead she bends.

Peace, deck'd in all the softness of the dove,  
Over thy passions spread a silver plume.  
The rosy vale of harmony and love,  
Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentlest, softest of the virtues, spread  
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,  
Upon her best distinguish'd poet's head,  
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Temperance, with health and beauty in her train,  
And massy-muscl'd strength in all her pride,  
Pointed at scarlet luxury and pain,  
And did at every cheerful feast preside.

Content, who smiles at all the frowns of fate,  
Fann'd from idea ev'ry seeming ill;  
In thy own virtue, and thy genius great,  
The happy Muse laid anxious troubles still.

But see! the sick'ned glare of day retires,  
And the meek evening shades the dusky grey:  
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,  
And, like thy life, O Philips, dies away.

Here, stretch'd upon this heaven-ascending hill,  
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night;

I'll imitate the gently-plaintive rill,  
And by the glare of lambent vapours write.

Wet with the dew, the yellow'd hawthorns bow;  
The loud winds whistle thro' the echoing dell;  
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,  
And the shrill shriekings of the screech-owl swell.

With rustling sound the dusky foliage flies,  
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirrs,  
The gurgling riv'let to the valley hies,  
And lost to sight in dying murmurs curls.

Now as the mantle of the evening swells  
Upon my mind, I feel a thick'ning gloom!  
Ah! could I charm, by friendship's potent spells,  
The soul of Philips from the deathby tomb!

Then would we wander thro' the dark'ned vale,  
In converse such as heav'nly spirits use,  
And born upon the plumage of the gale,  
Hymn the Creator, and exhort the Muse.

But horror to reflection! Now no more  
Will Philips sing, the wonder of the plain,  
When doubting whether they might not adore,  
Admiring mortals heard the nervous strain.

A madd'ning darkness reigns thro' all the lawn,  
Nought but a doleful hell of death is heard,  
Save where into an hoary oak withdrawn,  
The scream proclaims the curst nocturnal bird.

Now rest, my Muse, but only rest to weep  
A friend made dear by ev'ry sacred tie!  
Unknown to me be comfort, peace, or sleep,  
Philips is dead! 'tis pleasure then to die!

---

### FEBRUARY.

#### AN ELEGY.

BEGIN, my Muse, the imitative lay,  
Aonian doxies sound the thrumming string;  
Attempt no number of the plaintive Gay,  
Let me like midnight cats, or Collins sing.

If in the trammels of the doleful line  
The bounding hail, or drilling rain descend;  
Come, brooding Melancholy, pow'r divine,  
And ev'ry uniform'd mass of words amend.

Now the rough goat withdraws his curling horns,  
And the cold wat'rer twirls his circling mop:  
Swift sudden anguish darts thro' a'ring corns,  
And the spruce mercoer trembles in his shop.

Now infant authors, madd'ning for renown,  
Extend the plume, and hum about the stage,  
Procure a benefit, amuse the town,  
And proudly glitter in a title page.

Now, wrapt in ninefold fat, his aqueamish grace  
Defies the fury of the howling storm;  
And whilst the tempest whistles round his face,  
Exults to find his mantled carcase warm.

Now rumbling coaches furious drive along,  
Full of the majesty of city dames,  
Whose jewels sparkling in the gaudy throng,  
Raise strange emotions and invidious flames.

Now Merit, happy in the calm of place,  
To mortals as a Highlander appears,  
And conscious of the excellence of lace,  
With spreading frogs and gleaming spangled garters:

Whilst Envy, on a tripod seated nigh,  
In form a shoe-boy, daubs the valu'd fruit,  
And darting lightnings from his venefal eye,  
Raves about Wilkes, and politics, and Bute.

Now Barry, taller than a grenadier,  
Dwindles into a stripling of eighteen:  
Or sabled in Othello breaks the ear,  
Exerts his voice, and totters to the scene.

Now Foote, a looking-glass for all mankind,  
Applies his wax to personal defects;  
But leaves untouched the image of the mind,  
His art no mental quality reflects.

Now Drury's potent king extorts applause,  
And pit, box, gallery, echo, "How divine!"  
Whilst vers'd in all the drama's mystic laws,  
His graceful action saves the wooden line.

Now—But what further can the Muses sing?  
Now dropping particles of water fall;  
Now vapours riding on the north wind's wing,  
With transitory darkness shadow all.

Alas! how joyless the descriptive theme,  
When sorrow on the writer's quiet preys;  
And like a mouse in Cheshire cheese supreme,  
Devours the substance of the less'ning bays.

Come, February, lend thy darkest sky,  
Thine teach the winter'd Muse with clouds to weep;  
Come, February, lift the number high;  
Let the sharp strain like wind thro' alleys row.

Ye channels, wand'ring thro' the spacious street,  
In hollow murmurs roll the dirt along,  
With inundations wet the sabled feet,  
Whilst gouts responsive, join th' elegiac song.

Ye damsels fair, whose silver voices shrill  
Sound thro' mead'ring folds of Echo's born;  
Let the sweet cry of liberty be still,  
No more let smoking cakes awake the morn.

O, Winter! put away thy snowy pride;  
O, Spring! neglect the cowslip and the bell;  
O, Summer! throw thy pearls and ptarmis aside;  
O, Autumn! bid the grape with poison swell.

The pension'd Muse of Johnson is no more!  
Drown'd in a butt of wine his genius lies: (poor,  
Earth! Ocean! Heav'n! the word'rous loss de-  
The dregs of Nature with her glory dies!

What iron stoic can suppress the tear;  
What sour reviewer read with vacant eye;  
What bard but decks his literary bier!  
Alas! I cannot sing—I howl—I cry—!

Bristol, Feb. 19.

D.

---

### ELEGY.

ON W. BECKFORD, ESQ.

WEEP on, ye Britons—give your gen'ral tear;  
But hence, ye venal—hence each titled squire;  
An honest pang should wait on Beckford's bier,  
And patriot anguish mark the patriot's grave.

When like the Roman to his field retir'd,  
 'Twas you (surrounded by unnumber'd foes)  
 Who call'd him forth, his services requir'd,  
 And took from age the blessing of repose.

With soul impell'd by virtue's sacred flame,  
 To stem the torrent of corruption's tide,  
 He came, heav'n-fraught with liberty! He came,  
 And nobly in his country's service died.

In the last awful, the departing hour,  
 When life's poor lamp more faint and fainter grew;  
 As mem'ry feebly exercis'd her pow'r,  
 He only felt for liberty and you.

He view'd Death's arrow with a Christian eye,  
 With firmness only to a Christian known;  
 And nobly gave your miseries that sigh  
 With which he never gratified his own.

Thou, breathing Sculpture, celebrate his fame,  
 And give his laurel everlasting bloom;  
 Receive his worth while gratitude has name,  
 And teach succeeding ages from his tomb.

The sword of justice cautiously he sway'd,  
 His hand for ever held the balance right;  
 Each venial fault with pity he survey'd,  
 But murder found no mercy in his sight.

He knew when flatterers besiege a throne,  
 Truth seldom reaches to a monarch's ear;  
 Knew, if oppress'd a loyal people groan,  
 'Tis not the courtier's interest he should bear.

Hence, honest to his prince, his manly tongue  
 The public wrong and loyalty convey'd,  
 While titled tremblers, ev'ry nerve unstrung,  
 Look'd all around, confounded and dismay'd.

Look'd all around, astonish'd to behold,  
 (Train'd up to fast'ry from their early youth)  
 An artless, fearless citizen, unfold  
 To royal ears, a mortifying truth.

Titles to him no pleasure could impart,  
 No bribes his rigid virtue could control;  
 The star could never gain upon his heart,  
 Nor turn the tide of honour in his soul.

For this his name our hist'ry shall adorn,  
 Shall soar on fame's wide pinions all sublime;  
 Till Heaven's own bright and never dying morn  
 Absorb our little particle of time.

---

ELGUY.

HASTE, haste, ye solemn messengers of night,  
 Spread the black mantle on the shrinking plain;  
 But, ah! my torments still survive the light,  
 The changing seasons alter not my pain.

Ye variegated children of the spring;  
 Ye blossoms blushing with the pearly dew;  
 Ye birds that sweetly in the hawthorn sing;  
 Ye flow'ry meadows, lawns of verdant hue,

Faint are your colours; harsh your love-notes shrill,  
 To me no pleasure nature now can yield;  
 Alike the barren rock and woody hill,  
 The dark-brown blasted heath, and fruitful field.

Ye spouting cataracts, ye silver streams;  
 Ye spacious rivers, whom the willow shrouds;  
 Ascend the bright-crown'd Sun's far-shining beams,  
 To aid the mournful tear-distilling clouds.

Ye noxious vapours, fall upon my head;  
 Ye writhing adders, round my feet entwine;  
 Ye toads, your venom in my foot-path spread;  
 Ye blasting meteors, upon me shine.

Ye circling seasons, intercept the year;  
 Forbid the beauties of the spring to rise;  
 Let not the life-preserving grain appear;  
 Let howling tempests harrow up the skies.

Ye cloud-girt, moss-grown turrets, look no more  
 Into the palace of the god of day:  
 Ye loud tempestuous billows, cease to roar,  
 In plaintive numbers thro' the valleys stray.

Ye verdant-vested trees, forget to grow,  
 Cast off the yellow foliage of your pride:  
 Ye softly-tinkling riv'lets, cease to flow,  
 Or swell'd with certain death and poison glide.

Ye solemn warblers of the gloomy night,  
 That rest in lightning-blasted oaks the day,  
 Thro' the black mantles take your slow-pac'd flight,  
 Repling the silent wood with shrieking lay.

Ye snow-crown'd mountains, lost to mortal eyes,  
 Down to the valleys bend your hoary head;  
 Ye livid comets, fire the peopled skies—  
 For—lady Betty's tabby cat is dead!

---

TO MR. HOLLAND,  
 THE TRAGEDIAN.

WHAT numbers, Holland, can the Muses find,  
 To sing thy merit in each varied part;  
 When action, eloquence, and ease combin'd,  
 Make nature but a copy of thy art.

Majestic as the eagle on the wind,  
 Or the young aky-helm'd mountain-rooted tree;  
 Pleasing as meadows blushing with the spring,  
 Loud as the surges of the Severn sea.

In terror's strain, as clanging armies drear!  
 In love, as Jove, too great for mortal praise,  
 In pity, gentle as the falling tear,  
 In all superior to my feeble lays.

Black anger's sudden rise, extatic pain,  
 Tormenting jealousy's self-cank'ring sting;  
 Consuming envy with her yelling train,  
 Fraud closely shrouded with the turtle's wing;

Whatever passions gull the human breast,  
 Play in thy features, and await thy nod;  
 In thee by art, the demon stands confest,  
 But nature on thy soul has stamp'd the god.

So just thy action with thy part agrees,  
 Each feature does the office of a tongue;  
 Such is thy native elegance and ease,  
 By thee the harsh line smoothly glides along.

At thy feign'd woe we're really distress'd,  
 At thy feign'd tears we let the real fall;  
 By every judge of nature 'us confest,  
 No single part is thine, thou'rt all in all.

Bristol, July 31.

D. B.

## ON MR. ALCOCK OF BRISTOL.

AN EXCELLENT MINIATURE PAINTER.

YE Nine, awake the chorded shell,  
 Whilst I the praise of Alcock tell  
 In truth-dictated lays:  
 On wings of genius take thy flight,  
 O Muse! above the Olympick height,  
 Make Echoing his praise.

Nature in all her glory drest,  
 Her flow'ry crown, her verdant vest,  
 Her zone ethereal blue,  
 Receives new charms from Alcock's hand:  
 The eye surveys, at his command,  
 Whole kingdoms at a view.

His beauties seem to roll the eye,  
 And bid the real arrows fly,  
 To wound the gazer's mind;  
 So taking are his men display'd;  
 That oft th' unguarded wounded maid,  
 Hath wish'd the painter blind.

His pictures like to nature show,  
 The silver fountains seem to flow;  
 The hoary woods to nod:  
 The curling hair, the flowing dress,  
 The speaking attitude, confess  
 The fancy-forming god.

Ye classic Roman-loving fools,  
 Say, could the painters of the schools  
 With Alcock's pencil vie?  
 He paints the passions of mankind,  
 And in the face displays the mind,  
 Charming the heart and eye.

Thrice happy artist! rouse thy powers,  
 And send, in wonder-giving shows,  
 Thy beauteous works to view:  
 Envy shall sicken at thy name,  
 Italians leave the chair of fame,  
 And own the seat thy due.

Bristol, Jan. 29, 1769. ANAPHORICAL.

## TO MISS B———SH, OF BRISTOL.

BEFORE I seek the dreary shore,  
 Where Gambia's rapid billows roar,  
 And foaming pour along;  
 To you I urge the plaintive strain,  
 And tho' a lover sings in vain,  
 Yet you shall hear the song.

Ungrateful, cruel, lovely maid!  
 Since all my torments were repaid  
 With frowns or languid sneers;  
 With assiduities no more  
 Your captive will your health implore,  
 Or tease you with his tears.

Now to the regions where the Sun  
 Does his hot course of glory run,  
 And parches up the ground:  
 Where o'er the burning cleaving plains,  
 A long eternal dog-star reigns,  
 And splendour flames around,

There will I go, yet not to find  
 A fire intenser than my mind,  
 Which burns a constant flame:  
 There will I lose thy heavenly form,  
 Nor shall remembrance, raptur'd, warm,  
 Draw shadows of thy frame.

In the rough element, the sea,  
 I'll drown the softer subject, thee,  
 And sink each lovely charm:  
 No more my bosom shall be torn;  
 No more by wild ideas borne,  
 I'll cherish the alarm.

Yet, Polly, could thy heart be kind,  
 Soon would my feeble purpose find  
 Thy sway within my breast:  
 But hence, soft scenes of painted woe,  
 Spite of the dear delight I'll go,  
 Forget her, and be blest.

D. ECLORIMOS.

## THE ADVICE,

ADDRESSED TO MISS M———R———, OF BRISTOL.

REVOLVING in their destin'd sphere,  
 The hours begin another year  
 As rapidly to fly;  
 Ah! think, Maria, (e'er in gray  
 Those auburn tresses fade away;)   
 So youth and beauty die.

Tho' now the captivated throng  
 Adore with flattery and song,  
 And all before you bow;  
 Whilst unattentive to the strain,  
 You hear the humble Muse complain,  
 Or wreath your frowning brow.

Tho' poor Pitheoleon's feeble line,  
 In opposition to the Nine,  
 Still violates your name:  
 Tho' tales of passion meanly told,  
 As dull as Cumberland, as cold,  
 Strive to confess a flame.

Yet, when that bloom, and dancing fire,  
 In silver'd reverence shall expire,  
 Ag'd, wrinkled, and defac'd:  
 To keep one lover's flame alive,  
 Requires the genius of a Clive,  
 With Walpole's mental taste.

Tho' rapture wantons in your air,  
 Tho' beyond simile you're fair;  
 Free, affable, serene:  
 Yet still one attribute divine  
 Should in your composition shine;  
 Sincerity, I mean.

Tho' num'rous swains before you fall;  
 'Tis empty admiration all,  
 'Tis all that you require:  
 How momentary are their chains!  
 Like you, how unsincere the strains  
 Of those, who but admire!

Accept, for once, advice from me,  
 And let the eye of censure see

Maria can be true:

No more for foul or empty boxes,  
Heav'n's representatives disclose,  
Or butterflies pursue.

Fly to your worthiest lover's arms,  
To him resign your sweeting charms,  
And meet his gen'rous breast:  
Or if Pitholeon suits your taste,  
His Muse with tatter'd fragments grac'd,  
Shall read your cares to rest.

D.

### THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

THE Sun revolving on his axis turns,  
And with creative fire intensely burns;  
Impell'd the forcive air, our Earth supreme,  
Rolls with the planets round the solar gleam;  
First Mercury completes his transient year,  
Growing, refugent, with reflected glare;  
Bright Venus occupies a wider way,  
The early harbinger of night and day;  
More distant still our globe terraqueous turns,  
Nor chills intense, nor fiercely heated burns;  
Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,  
Trailing her silver glories through the night:  
On the Earth's orbit see the various signs,  
Mark where the Sun, our year completing, shines;  
First the bright Ram his languid ray improves;  
Next glaring wat'ry thro' the Bull he moves;  
The am'rous Twins admit his genial ray;  
Now burning, thro' the Crab he takes his way;  
The Lion, flaming, bears the solar power;  
The Virgin faints beneath the sultry shower.

Now the just Balance weighs his equal force,  
The sly Serpent sweaters in his course;  
The sable Archer clouds his languid face;  
The Goat, with tempests, urges on his race;  
Now in the water his faint beams appear,  
And the cold Fishes end the circling year.  
Beyond our globe the sanguine Mars displays  
A strong reflection of primeval rays;  
Next belted Jupiter far distant gleams,  
Scarcely enlight'ned with the solar beams;  
With four unfix'd receptacles of light,  
He tours majestic thro' the spacious height:  
But farther yet the tardy Saturn lags,  
And five attendant luminaries drags,  
Investing with a double ring his pace,  
He circles thro' immensity of space.

These are thy wond'rous works, first Source of  
good!

Now more admir'd in being understood.

Bristol, Dec. 23.

D.B.

### THE CONSULIAD.

AN HEROIC POEM.

OF warring senators, and battles dire,  
Of quails uneaten, Muse, awake the lyre,  
Where C—pb—ll's chimneys overlook the square,  
And N—t—n's future prospects hang in air!  
Where counsellors dispute, and cockers match,  
And Caledonian carls in concert scratch;

A group of heroes occupied the round,  
Long in the rolls of infamy renowned.  
Circling the table all in silence sat,  
Now tearing bloody lean, now champing fat;  
Now picking ortolans, and chicken steaks,  
To form the whimsies of an à-la-reine;  
Now storming castles of the newest taste,  
And granting articles to forts of paste;  
Now swallowing bitter draughts of Prussian beer;  
Now sucking tallow of salubrious deer.  
The god of cabinets and senates saw  
His sons, like asses, to one centre draw.  
Inflated Discord heard, and left her cell,  
With all the horrors of her native Hell:  
She, on the soaring wings of genius fled,  
And wav'd the pen of Junius round her head.  
Beneath the table, veil'd from sight, she sprung,  
And sat astride on noisy Twitcher's tongue:  
Twitcher, superior to the venal pack  
Of Bloomsbury's notorious monarch, Jack:  
Twitcher, a rotten branch of mighty stock,  
Whose interest winds his conscience as his clock;  
Whose attributes detestable have long  
Been evident, and infamous in song.  
A toast's demanded; Madoc swift arose,  
Pactolian gravy trickling down his clothes:  
His sanguine fork a murder'd pigeon prest,  
His knife with deep incision sought the breast.  
Upon his lips the quivering accents hung,  
And too much expedition chain'd his tongue.  
When thus he sputter'd: "All the glasses fill,  
And toast the great Pendragon of the hill:  
Mab-Uther Owen, a long train of kings,  
From whom the royal blood of Madoc springs.  
Madoc, undoubtedly of Arthur's race,  
You see the mighty monarch in his face:  
Madoc, in bagnios and in courts ador'd,  
Demands this proper homage of the board." [beers  
"Monarchs!" said Twitcher, setting down his  
His muscles wreathing a contemptuous sneer:  
"Monarchs of mote-hills, oyster-beds, a rock!  
These are the grafters of your royal stock:  
My pony Scrub can sire more valiant trace—"  
The mangled pigeon thunders on his face;  
His opening mouth the melted butter fills,  
And dropping from his nose and chin distils.  
Furious he started, rage his bosom warms;  
Loud as his lordship's morning dun he storms.  
"Thou vulgar imitator of the great,  
Grown wanton with the excursions of state:  
This to thy head notorious Twitcher sends."  
His shadow body to the table bends:  
His straining arms uprears a loin of veal,  
In these degenerate days, for three a meal:  
In antient times, as various writers say,  
An alderman or priest eat three a day. [plies  
With godlike strength, the grinning Twitcher  
His stretching muscles, and the mountain flea.  
Swift, as a cloud that shadows o'er the plain,  
It flew and scatter'd drops of oily rain.  
In opposition to extended knives,  
On royal Madoc's spreading chest it drives:  
Senseless he falls upon the sandy ground,  
Prest with the steamy load that ooz'd around.  
And now confusion spread her ghastly plume,  
And faction separates the noisy room.  
Balanturn, exercis'd in every vice  
That opens to a courtier's paradise,  
With D—s—n trammell'd, scruples not to draw  
Injustice up the rocky bill of law:

From whose humanity the laurels sprung,  
Which will in Geor, e's-Fields be ever young.  
The vile Balluntan, starting from his chair,  
To Fortune thus address'd his private prayer:  
" Goddess of fate's roundness, assist  
With thought-wings'd victory my untry'd fist:  
If I the grinning Twitcher overturn,  
Six Russian frigates at thy shrine shall burn;  
Nine rioters shall bled beneath thy feet;  
And hanging cutters decorate each street."  
The goddess smil'd, or rather smooth'd her frown,  
And shook the triple feathers of her crown:  
Instill'd a private pension in his soul.  
With rage inspir'd he seiz'd a Gallic roll:  
His bursting arm the missive weapon threw,  
High o'er his rival's head it whistling flew.  
Curraras, for his Jewish soul renown'd,  
Receiv'd it on his ear and kist the ground.  
Curraras, vers'd in every little art,  
To play the minister's or felon's part:  
Grown hoary in the villanies of state,  
A title made him infamously great.  
A slave to venal slaves; a tool to tools:  
The representative to knaves and fools.  
Bet see! commercial Bristol's genius sit,  
Her shield a turtle-shell, her lance a spit.  
See, whilst her nodding aldermen are spread,  
In all the branching honours of the head:  
Curraras, ever faithful to the cause,  
With beef and ven'son their attention draws:  
They drink, they eat, then sign the mean address;  
Say, could their humble gratitude do less?  
By disappointment vex'd, Balluntan flies;  
Red lightnings flashing in his dancing eyes.  
Firm as his virtue, mighty Twitcher stands,  
And elevates for furious fight his hands:  
One pointed fist, his shadow'd corps defends,  
The other on Balluntan's eyes descends:  
A darkling, shaking light his optics view,  
Circled with livid tinges red and blue.  
Now fir'd with anguish, and inflam'd by pride,  
He thunders on his adversary's side.  
With patt'ring blows prolongs th' unequal fight;  
Twitcher retreats before the man of might.  
But Fortune, (or some higher power, or god)  
Oblique extended forth a sable rod:  
As Twitcher retrograde maintain'd the fray,  
The harden'd serpent intercepts his way:  
He fell, and falling with a lordly air,  
Crush'd into atoms the judicial chair.  
Curraras, for his Jewish soul renown'd,  
Arose; but deafen'd with a singing sound,  
A cloud of discontent o'erspread his brows;  
Revenge in every bloody feature glows.  
Around his heel a roasted gander whirls,  
Dropping Manilla saucers on his curls:  
Swift to the vile Balluntan's face it flies,  
The burning pepper sparkles in his eyes:  
His India waistcoat reeking with the oil,  
Glow's brighter red, the glory of the spoil.  
The fight is gen'ral; fowl repulses fowl.  
Stars, garters, all the implements of show,  
That deck'd the pow'rs above, disgrac'd below.  
Nor swords, nor mightier weapons did they draw,  
For all were well acquainted with the law.  
Let Drap--r to improve his action fight;  
Our heroes, like lord George, could scold and write.  
Gogmagog early of the jocky club;  
Empty as C--br--ke's oratorical tub:

A rusty link of ministerial chain,  
A living glory of the present reign,  
Vers'd in the arts of ammunition bread,  
He wav'd a red wheat manchet round his head:  
David-up-Howel, furious, wild, and young,  
From the same line as royal Madoc sprung,  
Occur'd, the object of his bursting ire,  
And on his nose receiv'd the weapon dire:  
A double river of congealing blood,  
O'erflows his garter with a purple flood.  
Mad as a bull by daring mastiffs tore,  
When ladies scream and greasy butchers roar;  
Mad as B--rg--e when groping through the park,  
He kiss'd his own dear lady in the dark;  
The lineal representative of kings,  
A carving weapon seiz'd, and up he springs:  
A weapon long in cruel murders stain'd,  
For mauling captive carcasses ordain'd.  
But Fortune, Providence, or what you will,  
To lay the rising scenes of horror still;  
In Fero's person seiz'd a shining pot,  
Where bubbled scrips, and contracts flaming hot  
In the fierce Cambrian's breeches drains it dry,  
The chapel totters with the shrieking cry,  
Loud as the mob's reiterated yell,  
When Sawney rose, and mighty Chatham fell.  
Flaccus, the glory of a masquerade;  
Whose every action is of trifles made:  
At Graft--n's well-stor'd table ever found;  
Like G--n too for every vice renown'd:  
G--n to whose immortal sense we owe,  
The blood which will from civil discord flow:  
Who swells each grievance, lengthens every tax,  
Blind to the rip'ning vengeance of the axe!  
Flaccus, the youthful, degagé and gay,  
With eye of pity, saw the decay'd fray:  
Amidst the greasy horrors of the fight,  
He trembled for his suit of virgin white.  
Fond of his eloquence, and easy flow  
Of talk verbose, whose meaning none can know:  
He mounts the table, but thro' eager haste,  
His foot upon a smoking court-pie plac'd:  
The burning liquid penetrates his shoe,  
Swift from the rostrum the declaimer flew,  
But learnedly heroic he disdains,  
To spoil his pretty countenance with strains.  
Remounted on the table, now he stands,  
Waves his high-powder'd head and ruffled bands.  
" Friends! let this clank of hostile fury cease,  
Ill it becomes the plenipos of peace:  
Shall olios, for internal battle dress,  
Like bullets outward perforate the breast;  
Shall jar'in bottles blood ethereal spill;  
Shall lascious turtle without surfeit kill?"  
More had he said: when, from Doglostock flung,  
A custard pudding trembled on his tongue:  
And, ah! misfortunes seldom come alone,  
Great Twitcher rising seiz'd a polish'd bone;  
Upon his breast the oily weapon clangs;  
Headlong he falls, propell'd by thick'ning bangs.  
The prince of trimmers, for his magic fam'd,  
Quarlandorgongos by infernal nam'd:  
By mortals Alavat in common sty'd;  
Nur'd in a furnace, Nox and Neptune's child;  
Bursting with rage, a weighty bottle caught,  
With crimson blood and weighty spirits fraught;  
To Doro's head the gurgling woe he sends,  
Doro made mighty in his mighty friends.  
Upon his front the stubborn vessel sounds,  
Back from his heady front the bottle-booms!

He fell. The royal Madoc rising up,  
 Reposed him weary on his painful crup;  
 The head of Doxo, first projecting down,  
 Thunders upon the kingly Cambrian's crown:  
 The sanguine tumour swells; again he falls;  
 On his broad chest the bulky Doxo sprawls.  
 Tyro, the sage, the sensible, the strong,  
 As yet unnotic'd in the muse-taught song.  
 Tyro, for necromancy far renown'd,  
 A greater adept than Agrippa found;  
 Oft as his phantom reasons interven'd,  
 De Viris pension'd, the defaulter screen'd;  
 Another C—r—t remains in C—;  
 In F—tho—r fifty Jefferies appear;  
 Tyro stood neuter, till the champions tir'd,  
 In languid attitudes a truce desir'd.  
 Long was the bloody fight; confusion dire  
 Has hid some circumstances from the lyre:  
 Suffice it, that each hero kiss'd the ground,  
 Tyro excepted, for old laws renown'd;  
 Who, stretching his authoritative hand,  
 Loudly thus man'd forth his dread command:  
 "Peace, wrangling senators, and placemen, peace,  
 In the king's name, let hostile vengeance cease!"  
 Aghast the champions hear the furious sound,  
 The fallen unmolested leave the ground.  
 "What fury, nobles, occupies your breast;  
 What, patriot spirits, has your minds possess'd?  
 Nor honorary gifts, nor pensions, please,  
 Say, are you Covent-Garden patentees!  
 How? wist you not what ancient sages said,  
 The council quarrels, and the poor have bread.  
 See this court-pie with twenty-thousand drest;  
 Be every thought of enmity at rest:  
 Divide it and be friends again," he said:  
 The council god return'd; and Discord fled.

Bristol, Jan. 4, 1770.

C.

### ELEGY.

Joyless I seek the solitary shade,  
 Where dusky contemplation veils the scene,  
 The dark retreat (of leafless branches made)  
 Where sick'ning sorrow wets the yellow'd green.  
 The darksome ruins of some sacred cell,  
 Where erst the sons of superstition trod,  
 Tottering upon the mossy meadow, tell  
 We better know, but less adore our God.  
 Now, as I mournful tread the gloomy cave,  
 Thro' the wide window (once with mystic  
 light)  
 The distant forest, and the dark'ned wave  
 Of the swain Avon rushes my sight.  
 But see the thick'ning veil of evening's drawn,  
 The azure changes to a sable blue;  
 The rapt'ring prospects fly the leav'ning lawn,  
 And nature seems to mourn the dying view.  
 Self-sprighted fear creeps silent thro' the gloom,  
 Starts at the rustling leaf, and rolls his eyes;  
 Aghast with horror, when he views the tomb,  
 With every torment of a hell he flies.  
 The bubbling brooks in plaintive murmurs roll,  
 The bird of omen, with incessant scream,  
 To melancholy thoughts awakes the soul,  
 And hurls the mind to contemplation's dream.

A dreary stillness broods o'er all the vale,  
 The clouded Moon emits a feeble glare;  
 Joyless I seek the darkling hill and dale;  
 Where'er I wander sorrow still is there.  
 Bristol, Nov. 17, 1769.

### THE PROPHECY.

When times are at the worst they will certainly mend.

THIS truth of old was sorrow's friend,  
 "Times at the worst will surely mend,"  
 The difficulty's then to know,  
 How long oppression's clock can go;  
 When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,  
 And hope that their redemption's nigh.

When vice exalted takes the lead,  
 And vengeance hangs but by a thread;  
 Gay peaseaces turn'd out o' doors;  
 Whoremasters peers, and sons of whores;  
 Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,  
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

When vile corruption's brazen face  
 At council-board shall take her place;  
 And lords-commissioners resort  
 To welcome her at Britain's court;  
 Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,  
 For your redemption draweth nigh.  
 See Pension's harbour large and clear,  
 Defended by St. Stephen's pier!  
 The entrance safe, by current led,  
 Tiding round G—'s jetty head;  
 Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,  
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

When civil power shall snore at ease,  
 While soldiers fire—to keep the peace;  
 When murders sanctuary find,  
 And petticoats can justice blind;  
 Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,  
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

Commerce o'er bondage will prevail,  
 Free as the wind that fills her sail.  
 When she complains of vile restraint;  
 And power is deaf to her complaint;  
 Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,  
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

When raw projectors shall begin  
 Oppression's hedge, to keep her in;  
 She in disdain will take her flight,  
 And bid the Gotham fools good night;  
 Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,  
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

When tax is laid, to save debate,  
 By prudent ministers of state;  
 And, what the people did not give,  
 Is levied by prerogative;  
 Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,  
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

When popish bishops dare to claim  
 Authority in George's name;  
 By treason's hand set up, in spite  
 Of George's title, William's right;  
 Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,  
 For your redemption draweth nigh.

When popish priest a pension draws  
 From star'd exchequer, for the cause  
 Commission'd, proselytes to make  
 In British realms, for Britain's sake;



Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,  
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When snug in power, sly recusants  
Make laws for British Protestants;  
And d—g William's revolution,  
As justices claim execution;  
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,  
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When soldiers, paid for our defence,  
In wanton pride slay innocence;  
Blood from the ground for vengeance reeks,  
Till Heaven the inquisition makes;  
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,  
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When at Bute's feet poor freedom lies,  
Mark'd by the priest for sacrifice,  
And doom'd a victim for the sins  
Of half the out, and all the ins;  
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,  
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When Stewards pass a boot account,  
And credit for the gross amount;  
Then, to replace exhausted store,  
Mortgage the land to borrow more;  
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,  
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When scrutineers, for private ends,  
Against the vote declare their friends;  
Or judge, as you stand there alive,  
That five is more than forty-five;  
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,  
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When George shall condescend to hear  
The modest suit, the humble prayer;  
A prince, to purpled pride unknown!  
No favourites disgrace the throne!  
Look up, ye Britons! sigh no more,  
For your redemption's at the door.

When time shall bring your wish about,  
Or seven-years lease, you sold, is out;  
No future contract to fulfil;  
Your tenants holding at your will;  
Raise up your heads! your right demand!  
For your redemption's in your hand.

Then is your time to strike the blow,  
And let the slaves of Mammon know,  
Briton's true sons a bribe can scorn,  
And die as free as they were born.  
Virtue again shall take her seat,  
And your redemption stand complete.

---

### A S O N G.

ADDRESSED

TO MISS C—AM OF BRISTOL.

As Spring now approaches with all his gay train,  
And scatters his beauties around the green plain,  
Come then, my dear charmer, all scruples remove,  
Accept of my passion, allow me to love.

Without the soft transports which love must inspire,

Without the sweet torment of fear and desire,  
Our thoughts and ideas are never refin'd,  
And nothing but winter can reign in the mind,

But love is the blossom, the spring of the soul,  
The frosts of our judgments may check, not  
control,

In spite of each hind'rance, the spring will return,  
And nature with transports refining will burn.

This passion celestial by Heav'n was design'd,  
The only fix'd means of improving the mind.  
When it beams on the senses, they quickly dis-  
play,  
How great and prolific, how pleasing the ray.

Then come, my dear charmer, since love is a flame  
Which polishes nature, and angels your frame,  
Permit the soft passion to rise in your breast,  
I leave your good nature to grant me the rest.

Shall the beautiful flow'rets all blossom around,  
Shall Flora's gay mantle enamel the ground,  
Shall the red blushing blossom be sown on the tree,  
Without the least pleasure or rapture for me?

And yet, if my charmer should frown when I sing,  
Ah! what are the beauties, the glories of spring!  
The flowers will be faded, all happiness fly,  
And clouds veil the azure of every bright sky.  
London, May 4, 1770. C

---

### TO A FRIEND.

[This and the following poems are reprinted from  
the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies.]

March 6th, 1768.

Dear Friend,

I HAVE received both your favours—The Muse  
alone must tell my joy.

O'ERWHELM'D with pleasure at the joyful news,  
I strung the chord'd shell, and woke the Muse.  
Begin, O servant of the sacred Nine!  
And echo joy through ev'ry nervous line:  
Bring down th' ethereal choir to aid the song;  
Let boundless raptures smoothly glide along.  
My Baker's well! oh words of sweet delight!  
Now! now! my Muse, soar up th' Olympic height,  
What wond'rous numbers can the goddess find  
To paint th' extatic raptures of my mind?  
I leave it to a goddess more divine,  
Theauteous Hoyland shall employ my line.

---

### TO THE BEAUTEOUS MISS HOYLAND.

FAR distant from Britannia's lofty isle,  
What shall I find to make the genius smile?  
The bubbling fountains lose the power to please,  
The rocky cataracts, the shady trees,  
The juicy fruitage of enchanting hue,  
Whose luscious virtues England never knew:  
The variegat'd daughters of the land,  
Whose numbers Flora strews with bounteous hand;  
The verdant vesture of the smiling fields,  
All the rich pleasures Nature's store-house yields,  
Have all their powers to wake the chord'd string:  
But still they're subjects that the Muse can sing.  
Hoyland, moreauteous than the god of day,  
Her name can quicken and awake the lay;  
Rouse the soft Muse from indolence and ease;  
To live, to love, and rouse her powers to please.

In vain would Phoebus, did not Hoyland rise;  
 'Tis her bright eyes that gilds the eastern skies;  
 'Tis she alone derives us of the light;  
 And when she stumbers then indeed 'tis night.  
 To tell the separate beauties of her face  
 Would stretch eternity's remotest space,  
 And want a more than man to pen the line;  
 I rest; let this suffice, dear Hoyland's all divine!

## ODE TO MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

Amidst the wild and dreary dells,  
 The distant echo-giving bells,  
 The bending mountain's head;  
 Whilst evening, moving thro' the sky,  
 Over the object and the eye,  
 Her pitchy robes doth spread.

There gently moving thro' the vale,  
 Bending before the blustering gale,  
 Fell apparitions glide;  
 Whilst roaring rivers echo round,  
 The drear reverberating sound  
 Runs through the mountain side:

Then steal I softly to the grove,  
 And singing of the nymph I love,  
 Sigh out my sad complaint;  
 To paint the tortures of my mind,  
 Where can the Muses numbers find?  
 Ah! numbers are too faint!

Ah! Hoyland, empress of my heart!  
 When will thy breast admit the dart,  
 And own a mutual flame?  
 When, wand'ring in the myrtle groves,  
 Shall mutual pleasures seal our loves,  
 Pleasures without a name?

Thou greatest beauty of the sex,  
 When will the little god perplex  
 The mansions of thy breast!  
 When wilt thou own a flame as pure,  
 As that seraphic souls endure,  
 And make thy Baker blest?

O! haste to give my passion ease,  
 And bid the perturbation cease,  
 That barrows up my soul!  
 The joy such happiness to find,  
 Would make the functions of my mind  
 In peace and love to roll.

## ACROSTIC ON MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

ENCHANTING is the mighty power of love;  
 Life stript of amorous joys would irksome prove;  
 Ev'n Heaven's great thund'r'er wore th' easy chain;  
 And over all the world Love keeps his reign.  
 No human heart can bear the piercing blade,  
 Or I than others am more tender made.  
 Right through my heart a burning arrow drove,

Hoyland's bright eyes were made the bows of Love,  
 Oh! torture, inexpressibly severe!  
 You are the pleasing author of my care;  
 Look down, fair angel, on a swain distress,  
 A gracious smile from you would make me blest.

Nothing but that blest favour stills my grief,  
 Death, that dauid, will quickly give relief.

## ACROSTIC ON MISS CLARKE. 1768.

SERAPHIC virgins of the tuneful choir,  
 Assist me to prepare the sounding lyre!  
 Like her I sing, soft, sensible, and fair,  
 Let the smooth numbers warble in the air;  
 Yet prudes, coquets, and all the misled throng,  
 Can beauty, virtue, sense, demand the song;  
 Look then on Clarke, and see them all unite;  
 A beauteous pattern to the always-right.  
 Rest here, my Muse, not soar above thy sphere,  
 Kings might pay adoration to the fair,  
 Enchanting, full of joy, peerless in face and air.

## TO MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

ONCE more the Muse to beauteous Hoyland sings;  
 Her grateful tribute of harsh numbers brings  
 To Hoyland! Nature's richest, sweetest store,  
 She made an Hoyland, and can make no more.  
 Nor all the beauties of the world's vast round  
 United, will as sweet as her be found.  
 Description sickens to rehearse her praise,  
 Her worth alone will deify my days.  
 Enchanting creature! Charms so great as thine  
 May all the beauties of the day outshine.  
 Thy eyes to every gazer send a dart,  
 Thy taking graces captivate the heart.  
 O for a Muse that shall ascend the skies,  
 And like the subject of the Epode rise;  
 To sing the sparkling eye, the portly grace,  
 The thousand beauties that adorn the face  
 Of my seraphic maid; whose beauteous charms  
 Might court the world to rush at once to arms.  
 Whilst the fair goddess, native of the skies,  
 Shall sit above and be the victor's prize.  
 O now, whilst yet I sound the tuneful lyre,  
 I feel the thrilling joy her hauds inspire;  
 When the soft tender touch awakes my blood,  
 And rolls my passions with the purple flood.  
 My pulse beats high: my throbbing breast's on fire  
 In sad variety of wild desire.  
 O Hoyland! heavenly goddess! angel, saint,  
 Words are too weak thy mighty worth to paint;  
 Thou best, completest work that nature made,  
 Thou art my substance, and I am thy shade.  
 Possess'd of thee, I joyfully would go  
 Thro' the loud tempest, and the depth of woe.  
 From thee alone my being I derive,  
 One beauteous smile from thee makes all my  
 hopes alive.

## TO MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

SINCE short the busy scene of life will prove,  
 Let us, my Hoyland, learn to live and love;  
 To love, with passions pure as morning light,  
 Whose saffron beams, unscullied by the night  
 With rosy mantles do the Heavens streak,  
 Faint imitators of my Hoyland's cheek.

The joys of Nature in her ruin'd state  
 Have little pleasure, tho' the pains are great.  
 Virtue and love, when sacred hands unite,  
 'Tis then that Nature leads to true delight.  
 Oft as I wander thro' the myrtle grove,  
 Bearing the beauteous burden of my love,  
 A secret terror, lest I should offend  
 The charming maid on whom my joys depend,  
 Informs my soul, that virtuous minds alone  
 Can give a pleasure to the vile unknown.  
 But when the body charming, and the mind,  
 To ev'ry virtuous christian act inclin'd,  
 Meet in one person, maid and angel join;  
 Who must it be, but Hoyland the divine?  
 What worth intrinsic will that man possess,  
 Whom the dear charmer condescends to bless?  
 Swift will the minutes roll, the flying hours,  
 And blessings overtake the pair by showers.  
 Each moment will improve upon the past,  
 And every day be better than the last.  
 Love, means an unadulterated flame,  
 Tho' lust too oft usurps the sacred name;  
 Such passion as in Hoyland's breast can move,  
 'Tis that alone deserves the name of love.  
 Oh, was my merit great enough to find  
 A favour'd station in my Hoyland's mind;  
 Then would my happiness be quite complete,  
 And all revolving joys as in a centre meet.

TO MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

TELL me, god of soft desires,  
 Little Cupid, wanton boy,  
 How thou kindest up thy fires!  
 Giving pleasing pain and joy.

Hoyland's beauty is thy bow,  
 Striking glances are thy darts;  
 Making conquests never slow,  
 Ever gaining conquer'd hearts.

Heaven is seated in her smile,  
 Juno's in her portly air;  
 Not Britannia's fav'rite isle  
 Can produce a nymph so fair.

In a desert vast and drear,  
 Where disorder springs around,  
 If the lovely fair is there,  
 'Tis a pleasure-giving ground.

Oh my Hoyland! blest with thee,  
 I'd the raging storm defy,  
 In thy smiles I live, am free;  
 When thou frownest, I must die.

TO MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

WITH A PRESENT.

ACCEPT, fair nymph, this token of my love,  
 Nor look disdainful on the prostrate swain;  
 By ev'ry sacred oath, I'll constant prove,  
 And act as worthy for to wear your chain,

Not with more constant ardour shall the Sun  
 Chase the faint shadows of the night away;  
 Nor shall he on his course more constant run,  
 And cheer the universe with coming day,

Than I in pleasing chains of conquest bound,  
 Adore the charming author of my smart;—  
 For ever will I thy sweet charms resound,  
 And paint the fair possessor of my heart.

TO MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

COUNT all the flow'rs that deck the meadow's  
 side,

When Flora flourishes in new-born pride;  
 Count all the sparkling orbits in the sky;  
 Count all the birds that thro' the ether fly;  
 Count all the foliage of the lofty trees,  
 That fly before the bleak autumnal breeze;  
 Count all the dewy blades of verdant grass;  
 Count all the drops of rain that softly pass  
 Thro' the blue ether, or tempestuous roar;  
 Count all the sands upon the breaking shore;  
 Count all the minutes since the world began;  
 Count all the troubles of the life of man;  
 Count all the torments of the d—g'd in Hell,  
 More are the beauteous charms that make my  
 nymph excel.

TO MISS CLARKE. 1768.

To sing of Clarke my Muse aspires,  
 A theme by charms made quite divine;  
 Ye tuneful virgins, sound your lyres,  
 Apollo, aid the feeble line;  
 If truth and virtue, wit, and charms,  
 May for a fix'd attention call:  
 The darts of love and wounding arms  
 The beauteous Clarke shall hold o'er all.  
 'Tis not the tincture of a skin,  
 The rosy lip, the charming eye;  
 No, 'tis a greater power within,  
 That bids the passion never die:  
 These Clarke possesses, and much more,  
 All beauty in her glances sport,  
 She is the goddess all adore,  
 In country, city, and at court.

EPISTLE TO THE REVEREND  
 MR. CATCOTT.

December 6th, 1768.

WHAT strange infatinations rule mankind!  
 How narrow are our prospects, how confin'd!  
 With universal vanity possess,  
 We fondly think our own ideas best;  
 Our tot'ring arguments are, ever strong;  
 We're always self-sufficient in the wrong.  
 What philosophic sage of pride austere  
 Can lend conviction an attentive ear;  
 What pattern of humility and truth  
 Can bear the jeering ridicule of youth;  
 What blushing author ever rank'd his Muse  
 With Fowler's poet-laureat of the Stews?  
 Dull Penny, nodding o'er his wooden lyre,  
 Conceits the vapours of Geneva fire.  
 All in the language of apoftles cry,  
 If angels contradict me, angels lie;

As all have intervals of ease and pain,  
So all have intervals of being vain;  
But some of folly never shift the scene,  
Or let one lucid moment intervene;  
Dull single acts of many-footed prose  
Their tragi-comedies of life compose;  
Incessant madding for a system toy,  
The greatest of creation's blessings cloy;  
Their senses dosing a continual dream,  
They hang enraptur'd o'er the hideous scheme:  
So virgins tott'ring into ripe three-score,  
Their greatest likeness in baboons adore.

When you advance new systems, first unfold  
The various imperfections of the old;  
Prove Nature hitherto a gloomy night,  
You the first focus of primal light,  
'Tis not enough you think your system true,  
The busy world wou'd have you prove it too:  
Then, rising on the ruins of the rest,  
Painly demonstrate your ideas best.  
Many are best; one only can be right,  
Tho' all had inspiration to indite.

Some this unwelcome truth perhaps would tell,  
Where Clogher stumbled, Catcott fairly fell.  
Writers on rolls of science long renown'd  
In one fell page are tumbled to the ground.  
We see their systems unconfuted still;  
But Catcott can confute them—if he will.  
Wou'd you the honour of a priest mistrust  
An excommunication proves him just.

Could Catcott from his better sense be drawn  
To bow the knee to Baa's sacred lawn?  
A mitredascal to his long-eard flocks  
Gives ill example, to his wh—s, the p-x.  
Yet we must reverence sacerdotal black,  
And saddle all his faults on Nature's back:  
But hold, there's solid reason to revere;  
His lordship has six thousand pounds a year;  
In gaming solitude he spends the nights,  
He fasts at Arthur's and he prays at White's;  
Rolls o'er the pavement with his Swiss-tail'd six,  
At White's the Athanasian creed for tricks.  
Whilst the poor curate in his rusty gown  
Trudges unnoticed thro' the dirty town.

If God made order, order never made  
These nice distinctions in the preaching trade.  
The servants of the Devil are rever'd,  
And bishops pull the fathers by the beard.  
Yet in these horrid forms salvation lives,  
These are religion's representatives;  
Yet to these idols must we bow the knee—  
Excuse me, Broughton, when I bow to thee.  
But sure religion can produce at least,  
One minister of God—one honest priest.

Search Nature o'er, procure me, if you can,  
The fancy'd character, an honest man  
(A man of sense, not honest by constraint,  
For fools are canvass, living but in paint):  
To Mammon or to Superstition slaves,  
All orders of mankind are fools, or knaves:  
In the first attribute by none surpast,  
Taylor endeavours to obtain the last.

Imagination may be too confin'd;  
Few see too far; how many are half blind!  
How are your feeble arguments perplex'd  
To find out meaning in a senseless text!  
You rack each metaphor upon the wheel,  
And words can philosophic truths conceal.  
What Paracelsus honour'd as a jest,  
You realize to prove your system best, ...

Might we not, Catcott, then infer from hence,  
Your zeal for scripture hath devour'd your sense;  
Apply the glass of reason to your sight,  
See Nature marshal oozy atoms right;  
Think for yourself, for all mankind are free;  
We need not inspiration how to see.  
If scripture contradictory you find,  
Be orthodox, and own your senses blind.

How blinded are their optics, who aver,  
What inspiration dictates cannot err.  
Whence is this boasted inspiration sent,  
Which makes us utter truths, we never meant?  
Which couches systems in a single word,  
At once deprav'd, abstruse, sublime, absurd.  
What Moses tells us might perhaps be true,  
As he was learn'd in all the Egyptians knew.  
But to assert that inspiration's giv'n,  
The copy of philosophy in Heav'n,  
Strikes at religion's root, and fairly fell  
The awful terrors of ten thousand Hells.  
Attentive search the scriptures, and you'll find  
What vulgar errors are with truths combin'd.  
Your tortur'd truths, which Moses seem'd to know,  
He could not unto inspiration owe;  
But if from God one error you admit,  
How dubious is the rest of Holy Writ?

What knotty difficulties fancy solves?  
The Heav'n's irradiate, and the Earth revolves;  
But here imagination is allow'd  
To clear this voucher from its mantling cloud:  
From the same word we different meanings quote,  
As David wears a many colour'd coat.  
O Inspiration, ever hid in night,  
Reflecting various each adjacent light!  
If Moses caught thee in the parted flood;  
If David found thee in a sea of blood;  
If Mahomet with slaughter drench'd thy soil,  
On loaded asses bearing off thy spoil;  
If thou hast favour'd Pagan, Turk, or Jew,  
Say had not Broughton inspiration too?  
Such rank absurdities debase his line,  
I almost could have sworn he copied thine.

Confute with candour, where you can confute,  
Reason and arrogance but poorly suit.  
Yourself may fall before some abler pen,  
Infallibility is not for men.  
With modest diffidence new schemes indite,  
Be not too positive, tho' in the right.  
What man of sense would value vulgar praise,  
Or rise on Penny's prose, or duller lays?  
Tho' pointed fingers mark the man of fame,  
And literary grocers chaunt your name;  
Tho' in each tailor's book-case Catcott shines,  
With ornamental flow'rs and gilded lines;  
Tho' youthful ladies, who by instinct scan  
The natural philosophy of man,  
Can ev'ry reason of your work repeat,  
As sands in Africa retain the heat:  
Yet check your flowing pride: will all allow  
To wreath the labour'd laurel round your brow?  
Some may with seeming arguments dispense,  
Tickling your vanity to wound your sense:  
But Clayfield censures, and demonstrates too,  
Your theory is certainly untrue;  
On reason and Newtonian rules he proves,  
How distant your machine from either moves.  
But my objections may be reckon'd weak,  
As nothing but my mother tongue I speak;  
Else would I ask; by what immortal pow'r  
All nature was dissolv'd as in an hour?

How, when the earth acquir'd a solid state,  
 And rising mountains saw the waves abate,  
 Each particle of matter souzht its kind,  
 All in a strata regular combin'd?  
 When instantaneously the liquid heap  
 Harden'd to rocks, the barriers of the deep,  
 Why did not earth unite a slopy mass;  
 Since stony filaments thro' all must pass?  
 If on the wings of air the planets run,  
 Why are they not impell'd into the Sun?  
 Philosophy, nay common sense, will prove  
 All passives with their active agents move.  
 If the diurnal motion of the air,  
 Revolves the planets in their destin'd sphere;  
 How are the secondary orbs impell'd?  
 How are the moons from falling headlong held?

"'Twas the Eternal's fiat" you reply;  
 "And who will give Eternity the lie?"  
 I own the awful truth, that God made all,  
 And by his fiat worlds and systems fall.  
 But study Nature; not an atom there  
 Will unassisted by her powers appear;  
 The fiat, without agents, is, at best,  
 For priestcraft or for ignorance a vest.

Some fancy God is what we Nature call,  
 Being itself material, all in all.  
 The fragments of the Deity we own,  
 Is vulgarly as various matter known.  
 No agents could assist creation's birth:  
 We trample on our God; for God is earth.  
 'Tis past the pow'r of language to confute  
 This latitudinary attribute.

How lofty must imagination soar,  
 To reach absurdities unknown before! (brought  
 Thanks to thy pinions, Broughton, thou hast  
 From the Moon's orb a novelty of thought.  
 Restrain, O Muse, thy unaccomplish'd lines,  
 Fling not thy saucy satire at divines;  
 This single truth thy brother bards must tell;  
 Thou hast one excellence, of railing well.  
 But disputations are befitting those  
 Who settle Hebrew points, and scold in prose.

O Learning, where are all thy fancied joys,  
 Thy empty pleasures and thy solemn toys?  
 Proud of thy own importance, tho' we see  
 We've little reason to be proud of thee:  
 Thou putrid fetus of a barren brain,  
 Thou offspring illegitimate of pain.

Tell me, sententious mortals, tell me whence  
 You claim the preference to men of sense!  
 — wants learning; see the letter'd throng  
 Banter his English in a Latin song.  
 Oxonian sages hesitate to speak  
 Their native language, but declaim in Greek.  
 If in his jests a discord should appear,  
 A dull lampoon is innocently clear.  
 Ye classic dunces, self-sufficient fools,  
 Is this the boasted justice of your schools?

— has parts; parts which would set aside  
 The labour'd acquisitions of your pride;  
 Uncultivated now his genius lies,  
 Instruction sees his latent beauties rise;  
 His gold is bullion, yours debase'd with brass,  
 Imprest with Polly's head to make it pass.

But — swears so loud, so indiscreet,  
 His thunders rattle thro' the list'ning street:  
 Ye rigid Christians, formally severe,  
 Blind to his charities, his oaths you hear;  
 Observe his virtues: calumny must own  
 A noble soul is in his actions shown;

Tho' dark this bright original you paint,  
 I'd rather be a — than a saint.  
 Excuse me, Catcott, if from you I stray,  
 The Muse will go where merit leads the way;  
 The owls of learning may admire the night,  
 But — shines with reason's glowing light.

Still admonition presses to my pen,  
 The infant Muse would give advice to men.  
 But what avails it, since the man I blame  
 Owns no superior in the paths of fame?  
 In springs, in mountains, stratas, mines, and rocks,  
 Catcott is every notion orthodox.  
 If to think otherwise you claim pretence,  
 You're a detested heretic in sense<sup>1</sup>,  
 But oh! how lofty your ideas roar,  
 In showing wood'ring cits the fossile store!  
 The ladies are quite ravish'd, as he tells  
 The short adventures of the pretty shells;  
 Miss Biddy sickens to indulge her touch,  
 Madams more prudent thinks 'twould seem too  
 much;

The doors fly open, instantly he draws  
 The sparry lood, and wonders of applause;  
 The full dress'd lady sees with envying eye  
 The sparkle of her diamond pendants die;  
 Sage natural philosophers adore  
 The fossil whimsies of the numerous store.  
 But see! the purple stream begins to play,  
 To show how fountains climb the hilly way.  
 Hark what a murmur echoes thro' the throng,  
 Gods! that the pretty trifle should be wrong!  
 Experience in the voice of reason tells  
 Above its surface water never swells.

Where is the priestly soul of Catcott now!  
 See what a triumph sits upon his brow:  
 And can the poor applause of things like these,  
 Whose souls and sentiments are all disease,  
 Raise little triumphs in a man like you,  
 Catcott, the foremost of the judging few?  
 So at Llewelin's your great brother sits,  
 The laughter of his tributary wits;  
 Ruling the noisy multitude with ease,  
 Empties his pint and sputters his decrees.

Dec. 20th, 1762.

Mr. Catcott will be pleased to observe that I  
 admire many things in his learned remarks. This  
 poem is an innocent effort of poetical vengeance,  
 as Mr. Catcott has done me the honour to criti-  
 cise my trifles. I have taken great poetical li-  
 berties, and what I dislike in verse possibly de-  
 serves my approbation in the plain prose of truth.  
 —The many admirers of Mr. Catcott may on  
 perusal of this rank me as an enemy: but I am  
 indifferent in all things, I value neither the praise  
 or the censure of the multitude.

SENTIMENT. 1769.

SINCE we can die but once, what matters it,  
 If rope or garter, poison, pistol, sword,

<sup>1</sup> Renounce is written over the two first words  
 of this line. Which is the true meaning is uncer-  
 tain, both being in his own hand-writing, and un-  
 cancelled.

Slow-wasting sickness, or the sudden burst  
Of valve arterial in the noble parts,  
Curtail the miseries of human life?  
Tho' varied is the cause, the effect's the same;  
All to one common dissolution tends.

## THE DEFENCE.

Dec. 25th, 1769.

No more, dear Smith, the hackney'd tale renew;  
I own their censure, I approve it too.  
For how can idiots, destitute of thought,  
Conceive, or estimate, but as they're taught?  
Say, can the satirizing pen of Shears,  
Exalt his name or mutilate his ears?  
None, but a Lawrence, can adorn his lays,  
Who in a quart of claret drinks his praise.  
T— repeats, what Catcott told before,  
But lying T— is believ'd no more,  
If in myself I think my notion just,  
The church and all her arguments are dust.  
Religion's but opinion's bastard son,  
A perfect mystery, more than three in one.  
'Tis fancy all, distempers of the mind;  
As education taught us, we're inclin'd.  
Happy the man, whose reason bids him see  
Mankind are by the state of nature free;  
Who, thinking for himself, despises those,  
That would upon his better sense impose;  
Is to himself the minister of God,  
Nor dreads the path where Athanasius trod.  
Happy (if mortals can be) is the man,  
Who, not by priest, but reason rules his span;  
Reason, to its possessor a sure guide,  
Reason, a thorn in revelation's side.  
If reason fails, incapable to tread  
Thro' gloomy revelation's thick'ning bed,  
On what authority the church we own?  
How shall we worship deities unknown?  
Can the Eternal Justice pleas'd receive  
The prayers of those, who, ignorant, believe?  
Search the thick multitudes of ev'ry sect,  
The church supreme, with Whitfield's new elect,  
No individual can their God define,  
No, not great Penny, in his nervous line,  
But why must Chatterton selected sit,  
The butt of ev'ry critic's little wit?  
Am I alone for ever in a crime;  
Nonsense in prose, or blasphemy in rhyme!  
All monosyllables a line appears?  
Is it not very often so in Shears?  
See gen'rous Eccas, length'ning out my praise  
Inruptur'd with the music of my lays;  
In all the arts of panegyric grac'd,  
The cream of modern literary taste.  
Why, to be sure, the metaphorical line  
Has something sentimental, tender, fine;  
But then how hobbling are the other two;  
There are some beauties, but they're very few.  
Besides the author, 'faith 'tis something odd,  
Commends a reverential awe of God.  
Read but another fancy of his brain;  
He's atheistical in every strain.  
Fallacious is the charge: 'tis all a lie,  
As to my reason I can testify.  
I own a God, immortal, boundless, wise,  
Who bid our glories of creation rise;

VOL. IV.

Who form'd his varied likeness in mankind,  
Centring his many wonders in the mind;  
Who saw religion, a fantastic night,  
But gave us reason to obtain the light;  
Indulgent Whitfield scruples not to say,  
He only can direct to Heaven's high-way.  
While bishops, with as much vehemence tell,  
All sects ' heterodox are food for Hell.  
Why then, dear Smith, since doctors disagree,  
Their notions are not oracles to me:  
What I think right I ever will pursue,  
And leave you liberty to do so too.

## SONG

TO MR. G. CATCOTT. 1769.

Ah blame me not, Catcott, if from the right way  
My notions and actions run far.  
How can my ideas do other but stray,  
Depriv'd of the ruling north-star?

Ah blame me not, Broderip, if mounted aloft,  
I chatter and spoil the dull air;  
How can I imagine thy foppery soft,  
When discord's the voice of my fair?

If Turner remitted my bluster and rhymes,  
If Harding was girlish and cold,  
If never an ogle was met from Miss Grimes,  
If Flavia was blasted and old;

I chose without liking, and left without pain,  
Nor welcom'd the frown with a sigh;  
I scorn'd, like a monkey, to dangle my chain,  
And point them new charms with a lie.

Once Cotton was handsome; I flam'd, and I burn'd,  
I died to obtain the bright queen;  
But when I beheld my epistle return'd,  
By Jesu it alter'd the scene.

"She's damnable ugly," my vanity cried,  
"You lie," says my conscience, "you lie;"  
Resolving to follow the dictates of pride,  
I'd view her a hag to my eye.

But should she regain her bright lustre again,  
And shine in her natural charms,  
'Tis but to accept of the works of my pen,  
And permit me to use my own arm.

## HECCAR AND GAIRA,

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

Jan. 3, 1770.

WHERE the rough Caigra rolls the surgy wave,  
Urging his thunders thro' the <sup>1</sup> echoing cave;  
Where the sharp rocks, in distant horror seen,  
Drive the white currents thro' the spreading green;  
Where the loud tiger, pawing in his rage,  
Bids the black archers of the wilds engage;

<sup>1</sup> Sorbs is written under sects. Both in the author's hand-writing, and uncancelled.

<sup>2</sup> Distant is written under echoing in the MSS.

Stretch'd on the sand, two panting warriors lay,  
In all the burning torments of the day;  
Their bloody jav'lins reek'd one living steam,  
Their bows were broken at the roaring stream;  
Heccar the chief of Jarra's fruitful hill,  
Where the dark vapours nightly dews distil,  
Saw Gaira, the companion of his soul,  
Extended where loud Caigra's billows roll;  
Gaira, the king of warring archers found,  
Where daily lightnings plough the sandy ground,  
Where brooding tempests howl along the sky,  
Where rising deserts whirl'd in circles fly.

## HECCAR.

Gaira, 'tis useless to attempt the chase,  
Swifter than hunted wolves they urge the race;  
Their lessening forms elude the straining eye,  
Upon the plumage of macaws they fly.  
Let us return, and strip the reeking slain,  
Leaving the bodies on the burning plain.

## GAIRA.

Heccar, my vengeance still exclaims for blood,  
'Twould drink a wider stream than Caigra's flood.  
This jav'lin, oft in nobler quarrels try'd,  
Put the loud thunder of their arms aside.  
Fast as the streaming rain, I pour'd the dart,  
Hurling a whirlwind thro' the trembling heart:  
But now my ling'ring feet revenge denies,  
O could I throw my jav'lin from my eyes!

## HECCAR.

When Gaira the united armies broke, {stroke.  
Death wing'd the arrow; Death impell'd the  
See, pil'd in mountains, on the sanguine sand  
The blasted of the lightnings of thy hand,  
Search the brown desert, and the glossy green;  
There are the trophies of thy valour scen.  
The scatter'd bones mantled in silver white,  
Once animated, dared the force<sup>2</sup> in fight.  
The children of the wave, whose pallid race,  
Views the faint Sun display a languid face,  
From the red fury of thy justice fled,  
Swifter than torrents from their rocky bed.  
Fear with a sicken'd silver ting'd their hue:  
The guilty fear, when vengeance is their due.

## GAIRA.

Rouse not remembrance from her shadowy cell,  
Nor of those bloody sons of mischief tell.  
Cawna, O Cawna! deck'd in sable charms,  
What distant region holds thee from my arms?  
Cawna, the pride of Afric's sultry vales,  
Soft as the cooling murmur of the gales,  
Majestic as the many-colour'd snake,  
Trailing his glories thro' the blossom'd brake:  
Black as the glossy rocks, where Eascal roars,  
Foaming thro' sandy wastes to Jaghirs shores;  
Swift as the arrow, hasting to the breast,  
Was Cawna, the companion of my rest.  
The Sun sat frowning in the western sky,  
The swelling tempest spread around the eye;  
Upon my Cawna's bosom I reclin'd,  
Catching the breathing whispers of the wind:  
Swift from the wood a prowling tiger came;  
Dreadful his voice, his eyes a glowing flame;  
I bent the bow, th' never-erring dart  
Pierc'd his rough armour, but escap'd his heart;

¶ Query, whether not intended for does?

He fled, tho' wounded, to a distant waste,  
I urg'd the furious flight with fatal haste;  
He fell, he dy'd—spent in the fiery toil,  
I stripp'd his carcase of the furry spoil,  
And as the varied spangles met my eye,  
"On this," I cried, "shall my lov'd Cawna lie."  
The dusky midnight bung the skies in grey;  
Impell'd by love, I wing'd the airy way;  
In the deep valley and the mossy plain,  
I sought my Cawna, but I sought in vain;  
The pallid shadows of the azure waves  
Had made my Cawna and my children slaves.  
Reflection maddens, to recall the hour,  
The gods had given me to the demon's power.  
The dusk slow vaush'd from the hated lawn,  
I gain'd a mountain glaring with the dawn.  
There the full sails, expanded to the wind,  
Struck horror and distraction in my mind;  
There Cawna, mingled with a worthless train,  
In common slav'ry drags the hated chain.  
Now judge, my Heccar, have I cause for rage?  
Should aught the thunder of my arm message?  
In ever-reeking blood this jav'lin dy'd  
With vengeance shall be never satisfied;  
I'll strew the beaches with the mighty dead,  
And tinge the lily of their features red.

## HECCAR.

When the loud shriekings of the hostile cry  
Roughly salute my ear, enrag'd I'll fly;  
Send the sharp arrow quivering thro' the heart;  
Chill the hot vitals with the venom'd dart;  
Nor heed the shining steel or noisy smoke,  
Gaira and vengeance shall inspire the stroke.

## THE METHODIST.

May 1770.

SAYS Tom to Jack, "'Tis very odd,  
These representatives of God,  
In colour, way of life and evil,  
Should be so very like the Devil."  
Jack, understand, was one of those,  
Who mould religion in the nose,  
A red hot Methodist; his face  
Was full of puritanic grace,  
His loose lank hair, his low gradation,  
Declar'd a late regeneration;  
Among the daughters long renown'd,  
For standing upon holy ground;  
Never in carnal battle beat,  
Tho' sometimes forc'd to a retreat.  
But C——t, hero as he is,  
Knight of incomparable phiz,  
When pious Doxy seems to yield,  
Courageously forsakes the field.  
Jack, or to write more gravely, John,  
Thro' hills of Wesley's works had gone;  
Could sing one hundred hymns by rote;  
Hymns which will sanctify the throat;  
But some indeed compos'd so oddly,  
You'd swear 'twas bawdy songs made godly.

## COLIN INSTRUCTED. 1770.

YOUNG Colin was as stout a boy  
As ever gave a maiden joy;

But long in vain he told his tale,  
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

"Ah why," the whining shepherd cried,  
"Am I alone your smiles denied,  
I only tell in vain my tale  
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale."

"True, Colin," said the laughing dame,  
"You only whimper out your flame,  
Others do more than sigh their tale  
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale."

He took the hint, &c.

### A BURLESQUE CANTATA. 1770.

#### RECITATIVE.

MOURNED aloft in Bristol's narrow streets,  
Where pride and luxury with meanness meets,  
A sturdy collier preat the empty sack,  
A troop of thousands swarming on his back;  
When sudden to his rapt extatic view  
Rose the brown beauties of his red-hair'd Sue.  
Music spontaneous echoed from his tongue,  
And thus the lover rather bawl'd, than sung.

#### AIR.

Zounds! Prithee, pretty Zue, is it thee,  
Odlookers I mun have a kiss.  
A sweetheart should always be free,  
I whope you wunt take it amiss.

Thy peepers are blacker than caul,  
Thy carcass is sound as a sack,  
Thy visage is whiter than ball,  
Odlookers I mun have a smack.

#### RECITATIVE.

The swain descending, in his raptur'd arms  
Held fast the goddess, and despoil'd her charms.  
Whilst lock'd in Cupid's amorous embrace,  
His jetty skinnis met her red bronz'd face;  
It seem'd the Sun when labouring in eclipse.  
And on her nose he stamp't bis sable lips,  
Pleas'd ———

### S O N G.

#### FANNY OF THE HILL'. 1770.

If gentle love's immortal fire  
Could animate the quill,  
Soon should the rapture-speaking lyre  
Sing Fanny of the Hill.

My panting heart incessant moves,  
No interval 'tis still;  
And all my ravish'd nature loves  
Sweet Fanny of the Hill.

Her dying soft expressive eye,  
Her elegance must kill,  
Ye gods! how many thousands die  
For Fanny of the Hill.

? Miss F. B. ———, on Radcliff-hill, Bristol.

A love-taught tongue, angelic air,  
A sentiment, a skill  
In all the graces of the fair,  
Mark Fanny of the Hill.

Thou mighty power, eternal fate,  
My happiness to fill,  
O! bless a wretched lover's fate,  
With 'Fanny of the Hill.

### HAPPINESS. 1770.

[From *Love and Madness*. Corrected from Mr. Catcott's copy.]

SINCE happiness was not ordain'd for man,  
Let's make ourselves as easy as we can;  
Possess with fame or fortune, friend or w——e,  
But think a happiness——we want no more.  
Hail Revelation! sphere-envelop'd dame,  
To some divinity, to most a name,  
Reason's dark-lantern, superstition's sun,  
Whose cause mysterious and effect are one——  
From thee, ideal bliss we only trace,  
Fair as ambition's dream, or beauty's face,  
But, in reality, as shadowy found  
As seeming truth in twisted mysteries bound.  
What little rest from over-anxious care  
The lords of nature are design'd to share,  
To waupon whim and prejudice we owe.  
Opinion is the only god we know.  
Our furthest wish, the Deity we fear  
In different subjects, differently appear.  
Where's the foundation of religion plac'd?  
On every individual's tickle taste  
The narrow way the priest-rid mortals tread,  
By superstitious prejudice misled.—  
This passage leads to Heaven—yet, strange to tell!  
Another's conscience finds it lead to Hell.  
Conscience, the soul-camellion's varying hue,  
Reflects all notions, to no notion true.—  
The bloody son of Jesse, when he saw  
The mystic priesthood kept the Jews in awe,  
He made himself an ephod to his mind,  
And sought the Lord, and always found him kild  
in murder, horrid cruelty, and lust,  
The Lord was with him, and his actions just.  
Priestcraft, thou universal blind of all,  
Thou idol, at whose feet all nations fall.  
Father of misery, origin of sin,  
Whose first existence did with fear begin;  
Still sparing deal thy seeming blessings out,  
Veil thy Elysium with a cloud of doubt—  
Since present blessings in possession cloy,  
Bid hope in future worlds expect the joy—  
Or, if thy sons the airy phantoms slight,  
And dawning reason would direct their right,  
Some glittering trifle to their optics bold;  
Perhaps they'll think the glaring spangle gold,  
And, madd'd in the search of coins and toys,  
Eager pursue the momentary joys.  
Mercator worships mammon, and adores  
No other deity but gold and w——es.

' The name of *Fanny*, which was first written, was afterwards cancelled, and that of *Betsy* substituted in its stead: but for what reason was best known to the author.



Catcott is very fond of talk and fame;  
 His wish a perpetuity of name;  
 Which to procure, a pewter altar's made,  
 To bear his name, and signify his trade,  
 In pomp burlesqu'd the rising spire to head,  
 To tell futurity a pewterer's dead.  
 Incomparable Catcott, still pursue  
 The seeming happiness thou hast in view:  
 Unfinish'd chimneys, gaping spires complete,  
 Eternal fame on oval dishes beat:  
 Ride four-inch bridges, clouded turrets climb,  
 And bravely die—to live in after-time.  
 Horrid idea! if on rolls of fame  
 The twentieth century only find thy name.  
 Unnotic'd this in prose or tagging flower,  
 He left his dinner to ascend the tower.  
 Then, what avails thy anxious spitting pain?  
 Thy laugh-provoking labours are in vain.  
 On matrimonial pewter set thy hand;  
 Hammer with ev'ry power thou canst command;  
 Stamp thy whole self, original as 'tis,  
 To propagate thy whimsies, name and phys—  
 Then, when the tottering spires or chimneys fall,  
 A Catcott shall remain admir'd by all.

Eudo, who has some trifling couplets writ,  
 Is only happy when he's thought a wit— (views,  
 Thinks I've more judgment than the whole Re-  
 Because I always compliment his Muse.

If any mildly would reprove his faults,  
 They're critics envy-sicken'd at his thoughts.  
 To me he flies, his best-beloved friend,  
 Reads me asleep, then wakes me to commend.

Say, sages—if not sleep-charm'd by the rhyme,  
 Is flattery, much-lov'd flattery, any crime?  
 Shall dragon satire exercise his sting,  
 And not insinuating flattery sing?  
 Is it more noble to torment than please?  
 How ill that thought with rectitude agrees!

Come to my pen, companion of the lay,  
 And speak of worth where merit cannot say;  
 Let lazy Barton undistinguish'd snore,  
 Nor lash his generosity to Hoare;  
 Praise him for sermons of his curate bought,  
 His easy flow of words, his depth of thought;  
 His active spirit, ever in display,  
 His great devotion when he draws to pray;  
 His sainted soul distinguishably seen,  
 With all the virtues of a modern dean.

Varo, a genius of peculiar taste,  
 His misery in his happiness is plac'd;  
 When in soft calm the waves of fortune roll,  
 A tempest of reflection storms the soul;  
 But what would make another man distress,  
 Gives him tranquillity and thoughtless rest:  
 No disappointment can his peace invade,  
 Superior to all troubles not self-made—  
 This character let grey Oxonians scan,  
 And tell me of what species he's a man.  
 Or be it by young Yeatman criticized,  
 Who damns good English if not Latinized,  
 In Aristotle's scale the Muse he weighs,  
 And damps her little fire with copied lays!  
 Vers'd in the mystic learning of the schools,  
 He rings bob-majors by Leibnitzian rules.

Pulvis, whose knowledge centres in degrees,  
 Is never happy but when taking fees.  
 Blest with a bushy wig and solemn grace,  
 Catcott admires him for a fossile face.  
 When first his farce of countenance began,  
 Ere the soft down had mark'd him almost man,

A solemn dullness occupied his eyes,  
 And the fond mother thought him wood'root wise:  
 —But little had she read in Nature's book,  
 That fools assume a philosophic look.

O Education, ever in the wrong,  
 To thee the curses of mankind belong;  
 Thou first great author of our future state,  
 Chief source of our religion, passions, fate:  
 On every atom of the doctor's frame  
 Nature has stamp'd the pedant with his name;  
 But thou hast made him (ever wast thou blind)  
 A licens'd butcher of the human kind.  
 —Mould'ring in dust the fair Lavinia lies,  
 Death and our doctor clos'd her sparkling eyes.  
 O all ye powers, the guardians of the world!  
 Where is the useless bolt of vengeance hurl'd?  
 Say, shall this leaden sword of plague prevail,  
 And kill the mighty where the mighty fail!  
 Let the red bolus tremble o'er his head,  
 And with his cordial julep strike him dead.

But to return—in this wide sea of thought,  
 How shall we steer our notions as we ought?  
 Content is happiness, as sages say—  
 But what's content? The trifle of a day.  
 Then, friend, let inclination be thy guide,  
 Nor be by superstition led aside.  
 The saint and sinner, fool and wise attain  
 An equal share of easiness and pain.

### THE RESIGNATION.

FROM LOVE AND MADNESS.

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky;  
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys;  
 To thee, my only rock, I fly,  
 Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,  
 The shadows of celestial light,  
 Are past the power of human skill—  
 But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,  
 When anguish swells the dewy tear,  
 To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,  
 Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee  
 Incroaching sought a boundless sway,  
 Omniscience could the danger see,  
 And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?  
 Why drooping seek the dark recess?  
 Shake off the melancholy chain,  
 For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;  
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,  
 My languid vitals' feeble rill,  
 The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,  
 I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;  
 Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,  
 Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,  
 Which on my sinking spirit steals,  
 Will vanish at the morning light,  
 Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

## CLIFTON.

[From a copy in Chatterton's hand-writing deposited by Dr. Glyn in the British Museum.]

CLIFTON, sweet village! now demands the lay,  
The lov'd retreat of all the rich and gay;  
The darling spot which pining maidens seek  
To give health's roses to the pallid cheek.  
Warm from its font the holy water pours,  
And lures the sick to Clifton's neighbouring  
bowers.

Let bright Hygeia her glad reign resume,  
And o'er each sickly form renew her bloom.  
Me, whom no fell disease this hour compels  
To visit Bristol's celebrated Wells,  
For other motives prompt my eager view;  
My heart can here its fav'rite bent pursue,  
Here can I gaze, and pause, and muse between,  
And draw some moral truth from ev'ry scene.  
You dusky rocks, that from the stream arise  
In rude rough grandeur, threat the distant  
skies,

Seem as if Nature in a painful throe,  
With dire convulsions, lab'ring to and fro,  
(To give the boiling waves a ready vent)  
At one dread stroke the solid mountain rent;  
The huge cleft rocks transmit to distant fane  
The sacred gilding of a good saint's name.  
Now round the varied scene attention turns  
Her ready eye—my soul with ardour burns;  
For on that spot my glowing fancy dwells,  
Where cenotaph its mournful story tells—  
How Briton's heroes, true to honour's laws,  
Fell, bravely fighting in their country's cause.  
But tho' in distant fields your limbs are laid,  
In fame's long list your glories ne'er will fade;  
But blooming still beyond the gripe of death,  
Fear not the blast of time's including breath.  
Your generous leader rais'd this stone to say,  
You follow'd still where honour led the way;  
And by this tribute, which his pity pays,  
Twines his own virtues with his soldiers' praise.  
Now Brandon's cliffs my wand'ring gazes meet,  
Whose craggy surface mocks the ling'ring feet;  
Queen Bess's gift, (so ancient legends say)  
To Bristol's fair; where to the Sun's warm ray  
On the rough bush the linen white they spread,  
Or deck with russet leaves the mossy bed.

Here as I musing take my pensive stand,  
Whilst evening shadows lengthen o'er the land,  
O'er the wide landscape cast the circling eye,  
How ardent mem'ry prompts the fervid sigh;  
O'er the historic page my fancy runs,  
Of Britain's fortunes—of her valiant sons.  
You castle, erst of Saxon standard's proud,  
Its neighbouring meadows dy'd with Danish blood.  
Then of its later fate a view I take:  
Here the sad monarch lost his hope's last stake;  
When Rupert bold, of well-achiev'd renown,  
Stain'd all the fame his former prowess won.  
But for its ancient use no more employ'd,  
Its walls all moulder'd and its gates destroy'd;  
In hist'ry's roll it still a shade retains,  
Tho' of the fortress scarce a stone remains.  
Eager at length I strain each aching limb,  
And breathless now the mountain's summit climb.  
Here does attention bor' fixt gaze renew,  
And of the city takes a nearer view.  
The yellow Avon, creeping at my side,  
In silken billows rolls a muddy tide;

No sportive Naiads on her streams are seen,  
No cheerful partimes deck the gloomy scene;  
Fixt in a stupor by the cheerless plain,  
For fairy flights the fancy toils in vain:  
For tho' her waves, by commerce richly blest,  
Roll to her shores the treasures of the West,  
Tho' her broad banks trade's busy aspect wears,  
She seems unconscious of the wealth she bears.  
Near to her banks, and under Brandon's hill,  
There wanders Jacob's ever-murm'ring rill,  
That, pouring forth a never-failing stream,  
To the dim eye restores the steady beam.  
Here too (alas! tho' tott'ring now with age)  
Stands our deserted, solitary stage,  
Where oft our Powell, Nature's genuine son,  
With tragic tones the fix'd attention won:  
Fierce from his lips his angry accents fly,  
Fierce as the blast that tears the northern sky;  
Like snows that trickle down hot Ætna's steep,  
His passion melts the soul, and makes us weep:  
But O! how soft his tender accents move—  
Soft as the cooings of the turtle's love—  
Soft as the breath of morn in bloom of spring,  
Dropping a lucid tear on Zephyr's wing:  
O'er Shakespear's varied scenes he wandered wide,  
In Macbeth's form all human pow'r defy'd;  
In shapeless Richard's dark and fierce disguise,  
In dreams he saw the murder'd train arise;  
Then what convulsions shook his trembling breast,  
And strew'd with pointed thorns his bed of rest!  
But fate has snatch'd thee—early was thy doom,  
How soon enclos'd within the silent tomb!  
No more our raptur'd eyes shall meet thy form,  
No more thy melting tones our bosoms warm.  
Without thy pow'rful aid, the languid stage  
No more can please at once and mend the age.  
Yes, thou art gone! and thy below'd remains  
Yon sacred old cathedral wall contains;  
There does the muffled bell our grief reveal,  
And solemn organs swell the mournful peal;  
Whilst hallow'd dirges fill the holy shrine,  
Deserved tribute to such worth as thine.  
No more at Clifton's scenes my strains o'erflow,  
For the Muse, drooping at this tale of woe,  
Slackens the strings of her enamour'd lyre,  
The flood of gushing grief puts out her fire:  
Else would she sing the deeds of other times,  
Of saints and heroes sung in monkish rhymes;  
Else would her soaring fancy burn to stray,  
And thro' the cloister'd aisle would take her way,  
Where sleep (ah! mingling with the common dust)  
The sacred bodies of the brave and just.  
But vain th' attempt to scan that holy lore,  
These soft'ning sighs forbid the Muse to soar.  
So treading back the steps I just now trod,  
Mournful and sad I seek my lone abode.

## TO MISS HOYLAND.

[From a MS. of Chatterton's in the British Museum.]

SWEET are thy charming smiles, my lovely maid,  
Sweet as the flow'rs in bloom of spring array'd;  
Those charming smiles thy beauteous face adorn,  
As May's white blossoms gaily deck the thorn.  
Then why, when mild good-nature basking lies  
Midst the soft radiance of thy melting eyes,

When my fond tongue would strive thy heart to  
 move,  
 And tune its tones to every note of love;  
 Why do those smiles their native soil disown,  
 And (chang'd their movements) kill mein a frown!  
 Yet, is it true, or is it dark despair,  
 That fears you're cruel whilst it owns you fair?  
 O speak, dear Hoyland! speak my certain fate,  
 Thy love enrapt'ring, or thy constant hate.  
 If death's dire sentence hangs upon thy tongue,  
 E'en death were better than suspense so long.

---

TO MR. POWELL

[From a MS. of Chatterton's, in the British  
 Museum.]

WHAT language, Powell! can thy merits tell,  
 By Nature form'd in every path t' excel:  
 To strike the feeling soul with magic skill,  
 When every passion bends beneath thy will.  
 Loud as the howlings of the northern wind  
 Thy scenes of anger harrow up the mind;  
 But most thy softer tones our bosoms move,  
 When Juliet listens to her Romeo's love.  
 How sweet thy gentle movements then to see—  
 Each melting heart must sympathize with thee.  
 Yet, though design'd in every walk to shine,  
 Thine is the furious, and the tender thine;  
 Though thy strong feelings and thy native fire  
 Still force the willing gazers to admire,  
 Though great thy praises for thy scenic art,  
 We love thee for the virtues of thy heart.

---

TO MISS C.

ON HEARING HER PLAY ON THE HARPSICORD.  
 [From a MS. of Chatterton's, in the British  
 Museum.]

HAD Israel's Monarch, when misfortune's dart  
 Pierc'd to its deepest cure his heaving breast,  
 Heard but thy dulcet tones, his sorrowing heart  
 At such soft tones, had sooth'd itself to rest.

Yes, sweeter far than Jesse's son's thy strains,  
 Yet what avail if sorrow they disarm;  
 Love's sharper sting within the soul remains,  
 The melting movements wound us as they charm.

---

THE ART OF PUFFING,

BY A BOOKSELLER'S JOURNEYMAN.

[Copied from a MS. of Chatterton.]

VERS'D by experience in the subtle art,  
 The myst'ries of a title I impart:  
 Teach the young author how to please the town,  
 And make the heavy drug of rhyme go down.  
 Since Curl, immortal, never-dying name!  
 A Double Pica in the book of Fame,  
 By various arts did various dunces prop,  
 And tickled every fancy to his shop:  
 Who can, like Pottinger, ensure a book?  
 Who judges with the solid taste of Cooke?  
 Villains exalted in the midway sky,  
 Shall live again to drain your purses dry:

Nor yet unrival'd they: see Baldwin comes,  
 Rich in inventions, patents, cuts, and hums:  
 The honourable Boswell writes, 'tis true,  
 What else can Paoli's supporter do.  
 The trading wits endeavour to attain,  
 Like booksellers, the world's first idol, gain:  
 For this they puff the heavy Goldsmith's line,  
 And hail his sentiment, tho' trite, divine;  
 For this, the patriotic bard complains,  
 And Bingley binds poor Liberty in chains:  
 For this was every reader's faith deceiv'd,  
 And Edmunds swore what nobody believ'd:  
 For this the wits in close disguises fight;  
 For this the varying politicians write;  
 For this each month new magazines are sold,  
 With dullness fill'd and transcripts of the old.  
 The Town and Country struck a lucky hit,  
 Was novel, sentimental, full of wit:  
 Aping her-walk the same success to find,  
 The Court and City hobbles far behind:  
 Sons of Apollo learn; merit's no more  
 Than a good frontispiece to grace the door.  
 The author who invents a title well,  
 Will always find his cover'd dullness sell;  
 Flexney and every bookseller will buy,  
 Bound in neat calf, the work will never die.

July 22, 1770.

PAR.

---

COPY OF VERSES WRITTEN BY  
 CHATTERTON,

TO A LADY IN BRISTOL

[From a copy given by Chatterton to Mr. H.  
 Kater, of Bristol.]

To use a worn out simile,  
 From flow'r to flow'r the busy bee  
 With anxious labour flies,  
 Alike from scents which give distaste,  
 By fancy as disgusting plac'd,  
 Repletes his useful thighs.

Nor does his vicious taste prefer  
 The fopling of some gay parterre,  
 The mimicry of art!  
 But round the meadow—Violet dwells,  
 Nature replenishing his cells,  
 Does ampler stores impart.

So I, a humble dumble drone,  
 Anxious and restless when alone  
 Seek comfort in the fair,  
 And featur'd up in tenfold brass,  
 A rhyming, staring, am'rous ass,  
 To you address my pray'r.

But ever in my love-lorn flights  
 Nature untouch'd by art delights,  
 Art ever gives disgust.  
 Why, says some priest of mystic thought,  
 The bard alone by nature taught,  
 Is to that nature just.

But ask your orthodox divine  
 If ye perchance should read this line  
 Which fancy now inspires:  
 Will all his sermons, preaching, pray'rs,  
 His Hell, his Heaven, his solemn airs,  
 Quench nature's rising fires?

In natural religion free,  
I to no other bow the knee,  
Nature's the God I own:  
Let priests of future torments tell,  
You anger is the only Hell,  
No other Hell is known.

I, steel'd by destiny, was born  
Well fenc'd against a woman's scorn,  
Regardless of that Hell.  
I br'd by burning planets came  
From flaming hearts to catch a flame,  
And bid the bosom swell.

Then catch the shadow of a heart,  
I will not with the substance part,  
Although that substance burn,  
Till as a hostage you remit  
Your heart, your sentiment, your wit,  
To make a safe return.

A reverend cully molly puff  
May call this letter odious stuff,  
With no Greek motto grac'd;  
Whilst you, despising the poor strain;  
"The dog's unsufferably vain  
To think to please my taste!"

'Tis vanity, 'tis impudence,  
Is all the merit, all the sense  
Thro' which to fame I trod,  
These (by the Trinity 'tis true)  
Procure me friends and notice too,  
And shall gain you by G—d.

## THE WHORE OF BABYLON,

### BOOK THE FIRST.

[From the original, copied by Mr. Catcott.]

Newton<sup>1</sup>, accept the tribute of a line  
From one whose humble genius honours thine.  
Mysterious shall thy mazy numbers seem,  
To give thee matter for a future dream.  
Thy happy talents, meanings to untie,  
My vacancy of meaning may supply;  
And where the Muse is witty in a dash  
Thy explanations may enforce the lash:  
How shall the line grow servile in respect,  
To North or Sandwich infamy direct.  
Unless a wise ellipsis intervene,  
How shall I satyrize the sleepy dean?  
Perhaps the Muse might fortunately strike  
An highly finish'd picture, very like,  
But deans are all so lazy, dull and fat,  
None could be certain worthy Barton sat.  
Come then, my Newton, leave the musty lines  
Where revelation's farthing candle shines,  
In search of hidden truths let others go,  
Be thou the fiddle to my puppet-show:  
What are these hidden truths but secret lies,  
Which from diseas'd imaginations rise;  
What if our politicians should succeed  
In setting up the ministerial creed,  
Who could such golden arguments refuse  
Which melts and proselytes the harden'd Jews.

Dr. Newton, then bishop of Bristol.  
Mr. Barton, dean of Bristol.

When universal reformation bribes  
With words and wealthy metaphors the tribes,  
To empty pews the brawny chaplain swears,  
Whilst none but trembling superstition hears.  
When ministers with sacerdotal hands  
Baptise the flock in streams of golden sands,  
Thro' ev'ry town conversion wings her way,  
And conscience is a prostitute for pay.  
Faith removes mountains, like a modern dean;  
Faith can see virtues which were never seen.  
Our pious ministry this sentence quote,  
To prove their instrument's superior vote,  
Whilst Luttrell, happy in his lordship's voice,  
Bids faith persuade us 'tis the people's choice.  
This mountain of objections to remove,  
This knotty, rotten argument to prove,  
Faith insufficient, Newton caught the pen,  
And show'd by demonstration, one was ten.  
What boots it if he reason'd right or no,  
'Twas orthodox, the Thane<sup>2</sup> would have it so.  
And who shall doubt and false conclusions draw  
Against the inquisitions of the law;  
With gaolers, chains, and pillories must plead,  
And Mansfield's conscience settle right his creed:  
"Is Mansfield's conscience then," will reason cry,  
"A standard block to dress our notions by.  
Why what a blunder has the fool let fall,  
That Mansfield has no conscience, none at all."  
Pardon me, freedom! this and something more  
The knowing writer might have known before;  
But bred in Bristol's mercenary cell,  
Compell'd in scenes of avarice to dwell,  
What gen'rous passion can refine my breast?  
What besides interest has my mind possess?  
And should a gabbling truth like this be told  
By me 'instructed here to slave for gold,  
My prudent neighbours, (who can read,) would see  
Another Savage to be starv'd in me.  
Faith is a powerful virtue ev'ry where:  
By this once Bristol dress, for Cato, Clare;  
But now the blockheads grumble, Nugent's made  
Lord of their choice, he being lord of trade.  
They bawl'd for Clare when little in their eyes,  
But cannot to the titled villain rise.  
This state credulity, a bait for fools,  
Employs his lordship's literary tools.  
Murphy, a bishop of the chosen sect,  
A ruling pastor, of the Lord's elect,  
Keeps journals, posts, and magazines in awe,  
And parcels out his daily statute law.  
Would you the bard's veracity dispute?  
He borrows persecution's scourge from Bute,  
An excommunication-satire writes,  
And the slow mischief trifles till it bites.  
This faith, a subject for a longer theme,  
Is not the substance of a waking dream;  
Tho' blind and dubious to behold the right,  
Its optics mourn a fixt Egyptian night.  
Yet things unseen, are seen so very clear,  
She knew fresh mustar must begin the year;  
She knows that North, by Bute and conscience led,  
Will hold his honours till his favour's dead;  
She knows that Martin, ere he can be great,  
Must practice at the target of the state:  
If then his erring pistol should not kill,  
Why Martin must remain a traitor still.  
His gracious mistress, gen'rous to the brave,  
Will not neglect the necessary knave,

<sup>2</sup> Lord Bute.

Since pious Ch—d—gh is become her grace,  
 Martin turns rump, to occupy her place.  
 Say, Rigby, in the honours of the door  
 How properly a knave succeeds a whore.  
 She knows the subject almost slept my quill,  
 Lost in that pistol of a woman's will;  
 She knows when Bute would exercise his rod,  
 The worthiest of the worthy sons of God.  
 But (say the critics) this is saying much,  
 The Scriptures tell us peace-makers are such.  
 Who can dispute his title, who deny  
 What taxes and oppression justify?  
 Who of the Thane's beatitude can doubt?  
 On! was but North as sure of being out.  
 And, (as I end whatever I begin.)  
 Was Chatham but as sure of being in.  
 But foster child of fate, dear to a dame,  
 Whom satire freely would, but dare not name.  
 Ye plodding barristers who hunt a flaw,  
 What mischief would you from the sentence draw.  
 Tremble and stand attentive as a deap,  
 Know, royal favour is the thing I mean.  
 To sport with royalty the Muse forbears,  
 And kindly takes compassion on my ears.  
 When once Shebbeare in glorious triumph stood  
 Upon a rostrum of distinguish'd wood,  
 Who then withheld his guinea or his praise,  
 Or envy'd him his crown of English bays?  
 But m— Modestus, true to the cause,  
 Assists the pioneers who sap the laws,  
 Wreaths infamy around a sinking pen,  
 Who could withhold the pillory again.  
 But lifted into not ee, by the eyes  
 Of one whose optics always set to rise,  
 Porgive a pun, ye rationals, forgive  
 A flighty youth as yet unlearn't to live.  
 When I have count'd each sage's musty rule,  
 I may with greater reason play the fool.  
 Burgum and I, in ancient lore untaught,  
 Are always, with our nature, in a fault:  
 Tho' C——n would instruct us in the part,  
 Our stubborn morals would not err by art.  
 Having in various starts from order stray'd,  
 We'll call imagination to our aid.  
 See Bute astride upon a wrinkled bag,  
 His hand replenish'd with an open'd bag,  
 Whence fly the ghosts of taxes and supplies,  
 The sales of places, and the last excise.  
 Upon the ground in seemly order laid  
 The Stuarts stretch'd the majesty of plaid.  
 Rich with the peer, dependance bow'd the head,  
 And saw their hopes arising from the dead,  
 His countrymen were muster'd into place,  
 And a Scotch piper was above his grace.  
 But say, astrologers, could this be strange,  
 The lord of the ascendant rul'd the change,  
 And music, whether bagpipes, fiddles, drums,  
 All which is sense as meaning overcome.  
 So now this universal favourite Scot  
 His former native poverty forgot,  
 The highest member of the car of state,  
 When well he plays at blindman's buff with fate:  
 If fortune condescends to bless his play,  
 And drop a rich Havannah in his way,  
 He keeps it with intention to release  
 All conquests at the general day of peace.  
 When first and foremost to divide the spoil,  
 Some millions down might satisfy his toil:  
 To guide the car of war he fancied not  
 Where honour, and not money, could be got.

The Scots have tender honours to a man;  
 Honour's the tie that bundles up the clan.  
 They want one requisite to be divine,  
 One requisite in which all others shine.  
 They're very poor; then who can blame the hand  
 Who polishes by wealth his native land.  
 And to complete the worth possess'd before  
 Gives ev'ry Scotchman one perfection more,  
 Nobly bestows the infamy of place,  
 And C—mpb—ll struts about in doubled lace.  
 Who says Bute barbers place, and nobly sold  
 His king, his union'd countrymen, for gold?  
 When ministerial hirelings proofs defy,  
 If Mugrave cannot prove it, how can I?  
 No facts unwarranted shall soil my quill,  
 Suffice it, there's a strong suspicion still.  
 When Bute the iron rod of favour shook,  
 And bore his haughty passions in his look,  
 Nor yet contented with his boundless sway,  
 Which all perforce must outwardly obey,  
 He sought to throw his chain upon the mind,  
 Nor would he leave conjectures unconfin'd;  
 We saw his measures wrong, and yet in spite  
 Of reason we must think these measures right:  
 Whilst curb'd and check'd by his imperious will,  
 We must be satisfied, and not complain.  
 Complaints are libels, as the present age  
 Are all instructed by a law-wise sage,  
 Who, happy in his eloquence and fees,  
 Advances to preferment by degrees,  
 Trembles to think of such a daring step,  
 As from a tool to chancellor to leap.  
 But lest his prudence should the law diagrams,  
 He keeps a longing eye upon the mace.  
 Whilst Bute was suffer'd to pursue his plan,  
 And ruin freedom as he rais'd his clan,  
 Could not his pride, his universal pride,  
 With working undisturb'd be satisfied?  
 But when we saw the villany and fraud,  
 What conscience but a Scotchman's could applaud?  
 But yet 'twas nothing cheating in our right,  
 We should have humm'd ourselves and thought them  
 This faith, established by the mighty Thase,  
 Will long outlive that system of the Dase:  
 This faith—but now the number must be tried,  
 All human things are center'd in belief;  
 And, (or the philosophic sages dream,)   
 Nothing is really so as it may seem.  
 Faith is a glass to rectify our sight,  
 And teach us to distinguish wrong from right:  
 By this corrected Bute appears a Pitt, <sup>(wit)</sup>  
 And candour marks the lines which Murphy  
 Then let this faith support our ruin'd cause,  
 And give us back our liberties and laws.  
 No more complain of favourites made by lust,  
 No more think Chatham's patriot reasons just,  
 But let the Babylonish harlot see,  
 You to her Baal bow the humble knee.  
 Lost in the praises of the favourite Scot,  
 My better theme, my Newton, was forgot,  
 Blest with a pregnant wit, and never known  
 To boast of one impertinence his own,  
 He warp'd his vanity to serve his God,  
 And in the paths of pious fathers trod:  
 Tho' genius might have started something new,  
 He honour'd lawn, and prov'd his scripture true;  
 No literary worth presum'd upon,  
 He wrote the understrapper of St. John,  
 Unravell'd every mystic simile,  
 Rich in the faith, and fanciful as me.

Full'd revelation's sacred robes aside,  
 And saw what priestly modesty should hide;  
 Then seiz'd the pen, and with a good intent,  
 Discover'd hidden meanings never meant.  
 The reader, who in carnal notions bred,  
 Hates Athanasius without rev'rence read;  
 Will make a scurvy kind of Lenten-feast  
 Upon the tortur'd offals of the breast;  
 But if, in happy superstition taught,  
 He never once presum'd to doubt in thought,  
 Like C——, lost in prejudice and pride,  
 He takes the literal meaning for his guide,  
 Let him read Newton, and his bill of fare.  
 What prophecies unpropheciated are there!  
 In explanations he's so justly skill'd,  
 The pseudo prophet's myst'ries are fulfill'd;  
 No superficial reasons have disgrac'd  
 The worthy prelate's sacerdotal taste;  
 No flaming arguments he holds in view,  
 Like C—— he affirms it, and 'tis true. [scrutch,  
 Faith, Newton, is the tott'ring churchman's  
 On which our blest religion builds so much;  
 Thy fame would feel the loss of this support,  
 As much as Sawney's instruments at court:  
 For secret services, without a name,  
 And myst'ries in religion are the same.  
 But, to return to state, from whence the Muse  
 In wild digression smaller themes pursues,  
 And rambling from his grace's magic rod,  
 Descends to lash the ministers of God.  
 Both are adventures perilous and hard,  
 And often bring destruction on the bard;  
 For pocrats and hirelings, ministers of state,  
 Are priests in love, infernals in their hate.  
 The church, no theme for satire, scorns the lash,  
 And will not suffer scandal in a dash,  
 Not Bute, so tender in his spotless fame;  
 Not Bute, so careful of his lady's name.  
 Has sable lost its virtue? will the bell  
 No longer send a straying sprite to Hell?  
 Since souls, when animate with life, are sold  
 For benefices, bishoprics, and gold;  
 Since mitres, nightly laid upon the breast,  
 Can charm the nightman, conscience, into rest,  
 And learn'd exorcists very lately made  
 Greater improvements in the living trade;  
 Since Warburton (of whom in future rhymes)  
 Has settled reformation on the times,  
 Whilst from the teeming press his numbers fly,  
 And, like his reasons, just exist and die;  
 Since in the steps of clerical degree  
 All thro' the telescope of fancy see:  
 Tho' fancy under reason's lash may fall,  
 Yet fancy in religion's all in all.  
 Amongst the cassock'd worthies is there one  
 Who has the conscience to be freedom's son?  
 Horn, patriotic Horn, will join the cause,  
 And tread on mitres to procure applause.  
 Prepare thy book, and sacerdotal dress,  
 To lay a walking spirit of the press,  
 Who knocks at midnight at his lordship's door,  
 And roars in hollow voice, "An hundred more!"  
 "A hundred more"—his rising lordship cries,  
 Astonishment and terror in his eyes:  
 "A hundred more—By G—d, I wo'nt comply!"  
 "Give," quoth the voice, "I'll raise a hue and cry:  
 In a wrong scent the leading beagle's gone,  
 Your interrupted measures may go on;  
 Grant what I ask, I'll witness to the Thane  
 I'm not another Fanny of Cock-lane."

"Enough," says Mungo, "resume the quill,  
 And what I can afford to give, I will!"  
 When Bute the ministry and people's head  
 With royal favour pension'd Johnson dead,  
 The Muse in undeserv'd oblivion sunk,  
 Was read no longer, and the man was drunk.  
 Some blockhead, ever envious of his fame,  
 Massacred Shakespear, in the doctor's name:  
 The pulpit saw the cheat, and wonder'd not,  
 Death is of all mortality the lot.  
 Kenrick had wrote his Elegy, and penn'd  
 A piece of decent praise for such a friend;  
 And universal catcalls testified  
 How mourn'd the critics when the genius dy'd.  
 But now, tho' strange the fact to deists seem,  
 His ghost is risen in a venal theme!  
 And emulation madden'd all the Row,  
 To catch the strains which from a spectre flow,  
 And print the reasons of a bard deceas'd,  
 Who once gave all the town a weekly feast.  
 As beer to ev'ry drinking purpose dead,  
 Is to a wondrous metamorphose led,  
 And open'd to the action of the winds,  
 In vinegar a resurrection finds,  
 His genius dead, and decently interr'd,  
 The clam'rous noise of duns sonorous heard,  
 Tourn'd into life, assum'd the heavy pen,  
 And saw existence for an hour again,  
 Scatter'd his thoughts spontaneous from his brain,  
 And prov'd we had no reason to complain;  
 Whilst from his fancy, figures budded out,  
 As hair on humid carcases will sprout.  
 Horn set this restless shallow spirit still,  
 And from his venal fingers snatch'd the quill.  
 If in defiance of the priestly word  
 He still will scribble learnedly absurd,  
 North is superior in a potent charm,  
 To lay the terrors of a false alarm.  
 Another hundred added to his five  
 No longer is the stumbling-block alive,  
 Fix'd in his chair, contented and at home,  
 The busy Rambler will no longer roam,  
 Release'd from servitude, (such 'tis to think,)  
 He'll prove it perfect happiness to drink,  
 Once, (let the lovers of Irene weep,)  
 He thought it perfect happiness to sleep:  
 Irene, perfect composition, came  
 To give us happiness, the author fame;  
 A snore was much more grateful than a clap,  
 And box, pit, gallery, own'd it in a nap.  
 Hail, Johnson, chief of bards, thy rigid laws  
 Bestow'd due praise, and critics snar'd applause  
 If from the humblest station in a place,  
 By writers fix'd eternal in disgrace,  
 Long in the literary world unknown,  
 To all but scribbling blockheads of thy own,  
 Then only introduc'd (unhappy fate)  
 The subject of a satire's deadly hate;  
 Whilst equally the butt of ridicule,  
 The town was dirty, and the bard a fool:  
 If from this place where catamites are found  
 To swarm like Scotchmen Sawney's shade around,  
 I may presume to exercise the pen,  
 And write a greeting to the best of men;  
 Health is the ruling minister I send,  
 Nor has the minister a better friend:  
 Greater perhaps in titles, pensions, place,  
 He inconsiderately prefers his grace.  
 Ah! North! a humbler bard is better far;  
 Friendship was never found near Grafton's star;

Bishops are not by office orthodox;  
 Who'd wear a title when they'd titled Fox;  
 Nor does the honorary shame stop here,  
 Have we not Weymouth, Barrington, and Clare.  
 If noble murders, as in tale we're told,  
 Made heroes of the ministers of old;  
 If noble murders, Barrington's divine,  
 His merit claims the laureated line;  
 Let officers of train-bands wisely try  
 To save the blood of citizens and fly.  
 When some bold urchin beats his drum in sport,  
 Our tragic trumpets entertain the court,  
 The captain flies thro' every street in town,  
 And safe from dangers wears his civic crown:  
 Our noble secretary scorn'd to run,  
 But with his magic wand discharg'd his gun;  
 I leave him to the comforts of his breast,  
 And midnight ghosts to howl him into rest.  
 Health to the instruments of Bute the tool,  
 Who with the little vulgar seems to rule;  
 But since the wiser maxims of the age  
 Marks for a Neddy Ptolemy the sage,  
 Since Newton and Copernicus have taught  
 Our blundering senses are alone in fault,  
 The wise look further, and the wise can see  
 The hand of Sawney actuating thee;  
 The clock-work of thy conscience turns about,  
 Just as his mandates wind thee in and out.  
 By his political machine my rhimes  
 Conceive an estimation of the times,  
 And as the wheels of state in measures move,  
 See how time passes in the world above,  
 While tott'ring on the slipp'ry age of doubt  
 Sir Fletcher sees his train-bands flying out,  
 Thinks the minority, acquiring state,  
 Will undergo a change, and soon be great.  
 North issues out his hundred to the crew,  
 Who catch the atoms of the golden dew.  
 The etiquettes of wise sir Robert takes  
 The doubtful, stand resolv'd, and one forsakes.  
 He shackles ev'ry vote in golden chains,  
 And Johnson in his list of slaves maintains:  
 Rest, Johnson, hapless spirit, rest and drink,  
 No more deft a thy claret-glass with ink,  
 In quiet sleep repose thy heavy head,  
 Kenrick disdains to p—s upon the dead;  
 Administration will defend thy fame,  
 And pensions add importance to thy name.  
 When sovereign judgment owns thy work divine,  
 And ev'ry writer of reviews is thine,  
 Let busy Kenrick vent his little spleen,  
 And spit his venom in a magazine.  
 Health to the minister, nor will I dare  
 To pour out flattery in his noble ear:  
 His virtues, stoically great, disdains  
 Smooth adulation's entertaining strains,  
 And, red with virgin modesty, withdraws  
 From wondering crowds and murmurs of applause.  
 Here let no disappointed rhymers say,  
 Because his virtue shuns the glare of day,  
 And, like the conscience of a Bristol dean,  
 Is never by the subtlest optic seen,  
 That virtue is with North a priestish jest  
 By which a mere nonentity's express.  
 No—North is strictly virtuous, pious, wise,  
 As ev'ry pension'd Johnson testifies.  
 But, reader, I had rather you should see  
 His virtues in another than in me.  
 Bear witness, Bristol, nobly prove that I  
 From thee or North, was never paid to lie.

Health to the minister; his vices known,  
 (As ev'ry lord has vices of his own,  
 And all who wear a title think to shine,  
 In forging follies foreign to his line)  
 His vices shall employ my ablest pen,  
 And mark him out a miracle of men.  
 Then let the Muse the lashing strain begin,  
 And mark repentance upon ev'ry sin.  
 Why this recoil? and will the dauntless Muse  
 To lash a minister of state refuse?  
 What! is his soul so black thou canst not find  
 Aught like a human virtue in his mind?  
 Then draw him so, and to the public tell  
 Who owns this representative of Hell.  
 Administration lifts her iron chain,  
 And truth must vindicate her lawful strain.  
 O Prudence! if by friends or council sway'd  
 I had thy saving institutes obey'd,  
 And, lost to ev'ry love but love of self,  
 A wretch like H——— a living but in self,  
 Then bappy in a coach or turtle-feast,  
 I might have been an alderman at least.  
 Sage are the arguments by which I'm taught  
 To curb the wild excursive flights of thought.  
 Let H——— wear his self-sufficient air,  
 Nor dare remark, for H——— is a mayor.  
 If C———'s flimsy system can't be prov'd,  
 Let it alone, C———'s much below'd.  
 If B———y bought a Bacon for a Strange,  
 The man has credit, and is great on Change.  
 If C——— ungrammatically spoke,  
 'Tis dang'rous on such men to pass a joke.  
 If you from satire can withhold the line,  
 At ev'ry public ball perhaps you'll dine.  
 "I must confess," rejoins the prudent sage,  
 "You're really something clever for your age.  
 Your lines have sentiment, and now and then  
 A lash of satire stumbles from your pen.  
 But ah! that satire is a dangerous thing,  
 And often wounds the writer with its sting:  
 Your infant Muse should sport with other toys,  
 Men will not bear the ridicule of boys.  
 Some of the aldermen (for some indeed  
 For want of education, cannot read,  
 And those who can, when they aloud rehearse  
 What Fowler, happy genius, titles verse,  
 To spin the strains, sonorous thro' the poem,  
 The reader cannot call it verse or prose)  
 Some of the aldermen may take offence  
 At my maintaining them devoid of sense;  
 And if you touch their aldermanic pride,  
 Bid dark reflection tell how Savage died.  
 Besides the town, the sober honest town,  
 Gives virtue her desert, and vice her frown.  
 Byle's censure brand with infamy your name,  
 I, even I, must think you are to blame  
 Is there a street within this spacious place  
 That boasts the happiness of one fair face,  
 Where conversation does not turn on you,  
 Blaming your wild amours, your morals too:  
 Oaths, sacred and tremendous, oaths you swear,  
 Oaths, that might shock a Luttrell's soul to  
 hear;  
 These very oaths, as if a thing of joke,  
 Made to betray, intended to be broke,  
 Whilst the too tender and believing maid,  
 (Remember pretty \* \*) is betray'd.

\* Some of the subsequent lines will appear in the Extract from Kew Gardens.

Then your religion, ah! beware, beware,  
 Altho' a deist is no monster here,  
 Yet bide your tenets, priests are powerful foes,  
 And priesthood fetters justice by the nose.  
 Think not the merit of a jingling song  
 Can countenance the author's acting wrong;  
 Reform your manners, and with solemn air  
 Hear C——t bray and R—— squeak in pray'r.  
 Honour the scarlet robe, and let the quill  
 Be silent when his worship eats his fill.  
 Regard thy int'rest, ever love thyself;  
 Rise into notice, as you rise in self;  
 The Muses have no credit here, and fame  
 Confines itself to the mercantile name;  
 Then clip imagination's wing, be wise,  
 And great in wealth, (to real greatness rise;)  
 Or, if you must persist to sing and dream,  
 Let only panegyric be your theme:  
 Make North a Chatham, canonize his grace,  
 And get a pension, or procure a place."

Damn'd narrow notions! tending to disgrace  
 The boasted reason of the human race.  
 Briatol may keep her prudent maxims still,  
 But know, my saving friends, I never will.  
 The composition of my soul is made  
 Too great for servile, avaricious trade:  
 When raving in the lunacy of ink  
 I catch the pen, and publish what I think,  
 North is a creature, and the king's misled;  
 Mansfield and Norton came as justice fled:  
 Few of our ministers are over wise:  
 Old Harpagon's a cheat, and Taylor lies.  
 When cooler judgment actuates my brain,  
 My cooler judgment still approves the strain;  
 And if a horrid picture greets your view,  
 There it continues still, if copied true.  
 Tho' in the double infamy of lawn  
 The future bishopric of Barton's drawn.  
 Protect me, fair ones, if I durst engage  
 To serve ye in this catamithish age,  
 To exercise a passion banish'd hence,  
 And summon satire in to your defence.  
 Woman, of ev'ry happiness the best,  
 Is all my Heaven; religion is a jest.  
 Nor shall the Muse in any future book  
 With awe upon the chains of favour look:  
 North shall in all his vices be display'd,  
 And Warburton in lively pride array'd;  
 Sandwich shall undergo the healing lash,  
 And read his character without a dash:  
 Mansfield, surrounded by his dogs of law,  
 Shall see his picture drawn in ev'ry law;  
 Luttrell, (if satire can descend so low)  
 Shall all his native little vices show:  
 And Grafton, tho' prudentially resign'd,  
 Shall view a striking copy of his mind.  
 Whilst iron Justice, lifting up her scales,  
 Shall weigh the princess dowager of Wales.

*Finis. Book the first.*

### ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN TANDEY, SENR.

A sincere Christian friend. He died 5th January,  
 1769, aged 76.

[From the original, copied by Mr. Catcott.]

Ye virgins of the sacred choir  
 Awake the soul-dissolving lyre,

Begin the mournful strain;  
 To deck the much-lov'd Tandey's urn,  
 Let the poetic genius burn,  
 And all Parnassus drain.

Ye ghosts! that leave the silent tomb,  
 To wander in the midnight gloom,  
 Unseen by mortal eye:  
 Garlands of yew and cyprus bring,  
 Adorn his tomb, his praises sing,  
 And swell the general sigh.

Ye wretches, who could scarcely save  
 Your starving offspring from the grave,  
 By God afflicted sore;  
 Vent the big tear, the soul-felt sigh,  
 And swell your meagre infant's cry,  
 For Tandey is no more.

To you his charity he dealt,  
 His melting soul your mis'ries felt,  
 And made your woes his own:  
 A common friend to all mankind;  
 His face the index of his mind,  
 Where all the saint was shown.

In him the social virtues join'd,  
 His judgment sound, his sense refin'd,  
 His actions ever just—

Who can suppress the rising sigh,  
 To think such saint-like men must die,  
 And mix with common dust,

Had virtue pow'r from death to save,  
 The good man ne'er would see the grave,  
 But live immortal here:  
 Hawksworth and Tandey<sup>1</sup> are no more;  
 Lament, ye virtuous and ye poor,  
 And drop the unfeigned tear.

### TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS INTENDED MARRIAGE.

[From the original, copied by Mr. Catcott.]

MARRIAGE, dear M——, is a serious thing;  
 'Tis proper every man should think it so:  
 'Twill either ev'ry human blessing bring,  
 Or load thee with a settlement of woe.

Sometimes indeed it is a middle state,  
 Neither supremely blest nor deeply curst;  
 A stagnant pool of life; a dream of fate:  
 In my opinion, of all states the worst.

Observe the partner of thy future state:  
 If no strong vice is stamp'd upon her mind,  
 Take her; and let her ease thy am'rous pains:  
 A little error, proves her human-kind.

What we call vices are not always such;  
 Some virtues scarce deserve the sacred name:  
 Thy wife may love, as well as pray too much,  
 And to another stretch her rising flame.

<sup>1</sup> The above-mentioned gentleman was a man of unblemished character; and father-in-law to Mr. William Barrett, author of the History of Bristol; and lies interred in Redcliff church, in the same vault with Mr. Barrett's wife.—The Elegy would have been inserted in one of the Bristol journals, but was suppressed at the particular request of Mr. Tandy's eldest son.



Choose no religionist; whose every day  
Is lost to thee and thine, to none a friend:  
Know too, when pleasure calls the heart astray,  
The warmest zealot is the blackest fiend.

Let not the fortune first engross thy care,  
Let it a second estimation hold:  
A Smithfield marriage is of pleasures bare,  
And love, without the purse, will soon grow cold.

Marry no letter'd damsel, whose wise head  
May prove it just to graft the horns on thine:  
Marry no idiot, keep her from thy bed;  
What the brains want, will often elsewhere shine.

A disposition good, a judgment sound,  
Will bring substantial pleasures in a wife:  
Whilst love and tenderness in thee are found,  
Happy and calm will be the married life.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

### ON THOMAS PHILLIPS'S DEATH.

[From the original, copied by Mr. Catcott.]

To Clayfield, long renown'd the Muses' friend,  
Presuming on his goodness this I send:  
Unknown to you, tranquillity and fame,  
In this address perhaps I am to blame.  
This rudeness let necessity excuse,  
And anxious friendship for a much-lov'd Muse.  
Twice have the circling hours unveil'd the east  
Since horror found me and all pleasure ceas'd;  
Since ev'ry number tended to deplore;  
Since Fame asserted, Phillips was no more.

Say, is he mansion'd in his native spheres,  
Or isn't a vapour that exhales in tears!  
Swift as idea rid me of my pain,  
And let my dubious wretchedness be plain.  
It is too true: the awful lyre is strung,  
His elegy the sister Muses sung.  
O may he live, and useless be the strain!  
Fly generous Clayfield, rid me of my pain.  
Forgive my boldness, think the urgent cause,  
And who can bind necessity with laws:  
I wait the admirer of your noble parts,  
You, friend to genius, sciences, and arts.

### FABLES FOR THE COURT,

ADDRESSED TO MR. MICHAEL CLAYFIELD, OF  
BRISTOL.

[Transcribed by Mr. Catcott, October 19, 1796,  
from Chatterton's MS.]

#### THE SHEPHERDS.

MORALS, as critics must allow,  
Are almost out of fashion now,  
And if we credit Dodsley's word,  
All applications are absurd.  
What has the author to be vain in,  
Who knows his fable wants explaining,  
And substitutes a second scene,  
To publish what the first should mean:

Besides, it amply reflects  
Upon the reader's intellects.  
When arm'd in metaphors and dashes,  
The bard some noble villain lashes,  
'Tis a direct affront, no doubt,  
To think he cannot find it out.  
The sing-song trifles of the stage,  
The happy fav'rites of the age,  
Without a meaning crawl along,  
And, for a moral, give a song,  
The tragic Muse, once pure and chaste,  
Is turn'd a whore, debauch'd by taste:  
Poor Juliet never claims the tear  
'Till borne triumphant on the bier,  
And Ammon's son is never great  
'Till seated in his chair of state;  
And yet the harlot scarce goes down,  
She's been so long upon the town,  
Her morals never can be seen.  
Not rigid Johnson seems to mean,  
A tittering epilogue contains  
The cobweb of a poet's brains.  
If what the Muse prepares to write  
To entertain the public sight,  
Should in its characters be known,  
The knowledge is the reader's own.  
When villany and vices shine,  
You won't find Sandwich in the line;  
When little rascals rise to fame,  
Sir Fletcher cannot read his name;  
Nor will the Muse digressive run,  
To call the king his mother's son,  
But plodding on the beaten way,  
With benest North prepares the lay,  
And should the meaning figures please  
The dull reviews of laughing ease,  
No politician can dispute  
My knowledge of the carl of Bute.

A flock of sheep, no matter where,  
Was all an aged shepherd's care;  
His dogs were watchful, and he took  
Upon himself the ruling crook:  
His boys who waddled in the fold  
Were never bought and never sold.  
'Tis true, by strange affection led,  
He visited a tórnip bed;  
And, fearful of a winter storm,  
Employ'd his wool to keep it warm;  
But that comparatively set  
Against the present heavy debt,  
Was but a trifling piece of state,  
And hardly made a villain great.  
The shepherd died—the dreadful toll  
Entreated masses for his soul.  
The pious bosom and the back  
Shone in the farce of courtly black.  
The weeping laureat's ready pen  
Lamented o'er the best of men:  
And Oxford sent her load of rhyme  
In all varieties of chime,  
Administering due consolation,  
Well season'd with congratulation.  
Cambridge her ancient lumber wrote,  
And what could Cambridge do but quote,  
All sung, tho' very few could read,  
And none but mercers mourn'd indeed,  
The younger shepherd caught the crook,  
And was a monarch in his look.  
The flock rejoic'd, and could no less  
Than pay their duty and address;

And Edinburgh was heard to sing  
 "Now Heaven be prais'd for such a king."  
 All join'd in joy and expectation,  
 And union echoed thro' the nation,  
 A council call'd—

---

EXTRACT FROM KEW GARDENS

[From a manuscript of Chatterton in the possession of Dr. Halifax.]

How commendable this, to turn at once  
 To good account the vintner and the dunce;  
 And by a very hocus pocus hit  
 Dispose of damag'd claret and bad wit.  
 Search through the ragged tribe that drink small  
 beer,

And sweetly echo in his worship's ear,  
 What are the wages of the tuneful Nine?  
 What are their pleasures when compared to mine?  
 Happy I eat, and tell my numerous pence,  
 Free from the servitude of rhyme and sense.  
 Tho' sing-song Whitehead ushers in the year,  
 With joy to Britain's king and sovereign dear;  
 And, in compliance with an ancient mode,  
 Measures his syllables into an ode:  
 Yet such the scawny merit of his Muse,  
 He bows to deans, and licks his lordship's shoes.  
 Then leave the wicked barren way of rhyme,  
 Fly far from poverty, be wise in time;  
 Regard the office more, Parnassus less;  
 Put your religion in a decent dress:  
 Then may your interest in the town advance,  
 Above the reach of Muses or romance.  
 Beside the town, a sober, honest town,  
 Which smiles on virtue, and gives vice a frown,  
 Bids censure brand with infamy your name,  
 I, even I, must think you are to blame.  
 Is there a street within this spacious place,  
 That boasts the happiness of one fair face,  
 Where conversation does not turn on you,  
 Blaming your wild amours, your morals too?  
 Oaths, sacred and tremendous oaths, you swear,  
 Oaths that might shock a Luttrell's soul to hear:  
 Those very oaths, as if a thing of joke,  
 Made to betray, intended to be broke;  
 Whilst the too tender and believing maid  
 Remembers pretty \* \* is betray'd.  
 Then your religion, Ah! beware! beware!  
 Altho' a deist is no monster here,  
 Yet hide your tenets, priests are pow'ful foes,  
 And priesthood fetters Justice by the nose.  
 Think not the merit of a jingling song  
 Can countenance the author's acting wrong.  
 Reform your manners, and with solemn air  
 Hear C—t bray, and R—s squeak in prayer.  
 R—, a reverend cully-mully puff,  
 Who thinks all germous but his own are stuff;  
 When harping on the dull unmeaning text,  
 By disquisitions he's so sore perplext,  
 He stammers, instantaneously is drawn  
 A border'd piece of inspiration lawn;  
 Which being thrice unto his nose apply'd,  
 Into his pineal gland the vapours glide;  
 And now we hear the jumping doctor roar  
 On subjects he dissected thrice before.  
 Honour the scarlet robe, and let the quill  
 Be silent when old Isaac puts his fill.

Regard thy interest, ever love thy-self;  
 Rise into notice as you rise in self:  
 The Muses have no credit here, and fame  
 Confines itself to the mercantile name;  
 Then clip imagination's wing, be wise,  
 And, great in wealth, to real greatness rise:  
 Or, if you must persist to sing and dream,  
 Let only panegyric be your theme;  
 With pulpit adulation tickle Cutts,  
 And wreath with ivy garlands, tavern butler  
 Find sentiment in Dampier's empty look;  
 Genius in Collins; harmony in Rooke:  
 Swear Broderip's horrid noise the tuneful spheres;  
 And rescue Pindar from the songs of Shears.  
 Would you still further raise the fairy ground,  
 Praise Broughton for his eloquence profound,  
 His generosity, his sentiment,  
 His active fancy, and his thoughts on Lent.  
 Make North or Chatbam canonize his grace;  
 And beg a pension, or procure a place."

Damn'd narrow notions! notions which disgrace  
 The boasted reason of the human race.  
 Bristol may keep her prudent maxims still:  
 I scorn her prudence, and I ever will.  
 Since all my vices magnified are here,  
 He cannot paint me worse than I appear,  
 When, raving in the lunacy of ink,  
 I catch the pen and publish what I think."

---

FRAGMENT.

[Transcribed from a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting.]

INTEREST, thou universal God of men,  
 Wait on the couplet and reprove the pen:  
 If aught unwelcome to thy ears shall rise,  
 Hold jails and famine to the poet's eyes,  
 Bid satire sheath her sharp avenging steel,  
 And lose a number rather than a meal.  
 Nay, prithee, Honour, do not make us mad,  
 When I am hungry something must be had:  
 Can honest consciousness of doing right  
 Provide a dinner or a bed at night?  
 What tho' Astrea decks my soul in gold,  
 My mortal lumber trembles with the cold,  
 Then, curst tormentor of my peace, be gone!  
 Flattery's a cloak, and I will put it on.

In a low cottage shaking with the wind,  
 A door in front, a span of light behind,  
 Tervon's lungs their mystic play began,  
 And Nature in the infant mark'd the man.

<sup>1</sup>The general sense of this extract seems to intimate that it consists of the supposed advice of some friend of Chatterton, who concludes his speech with apostrophes (?); when Chatterton represents himself as replying.

Every effort has been made to obtain the remainder of this poem, but without success. The last possessor who can be traced was the late Dr. Lort. His executor, Dr. Halifax, has obligingly communicated the preceding fragment, but the remainder of the poem never came into his possession. Many lines in the Extract from Kew Gardens will appear in the Whore of Babylon, but differently arranged.

Six times the youth of morn, the golden Sun,  
Thro' the twelve stages of his course had run,  
Tervono rose, the merchant of the plain,  
His soul was traffic, his elixium gain;  
The ragged chapman found his word a law,  
And lost in barter every fav'rite law.

Thro' various scenes Tervono still ascends,  
And still is making, still forgetting friends:  
Fall of this maxim, often heard in trade,  
Friendship with none but equals should be made.  
His soul is all the merchant. None can find  
The shadow of a virtue in his mind.  
Nor are his vices reason misapplied;  
Mean as his spirit, sneaking as his pride.  
At city dinner, or a turtle feast,  
As expeditious as a hungry priest;  
No foe to Bacchanalian brutal rites,  
In vile confusion dozing off the nights.

Tervono would be flatter'd; shall I then  
In stigmatizing satire shake the pen?  
Muse, for his brow, the laurel wreath prepare,  
Tho' soon 'twill wither when 'tis planted there.  
Come panegyric: adulation haste,  
And sing this wonder of mercantile taste;  
And whilst his virtue rises in his lines,  
The patron's happy, and the poet dines.  
Some, philosophically cas'd in steel,  
Can neither poverty or hunger feel;  
But that is not my case: the Muses know  
What water-gruel stuff from Phœbus flow.  
Then if the rage of satire seize my brain,  
May none but brother poets meet the strain:  
May bulky aldermen nor vicars rise,  
Hung in terror to their brother's eyes,  
When lost in trance by gospel or by law,  
In to their inward room the senses draw,  
There as they snore in consultation deep,  
Are by the vulgar reckon'd fast asleep.

### ELEGY,

WRITTEN AT STANTON-DREW.

[Transcribed from a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing.]

Joyless I hail the solemn gloom,  
Joyless I view the pillars vast and rude,  
Where erst the fool of superstition trod,  
In smoking blood imbrued,  
And rising from the tomb,  
Mistaken homage to an unknown God.  
Fancy whither dost thou stray,  
Whither dost thou wing thy way,  
Check the rising wild delight,  
Ah! what avails this awful sight  
MARIA is no more!  
Why, curst remembrance, wilt thou haunt my mind,  
The blessings past are mis'ry now,  
Upon her lovely brow  
Her lovelier soul she wore,  
Soft as the evening gale [vale,  
When breathing perfumes thro' the rose-bodg'd  
She was my joy, my happiness refin'd.  
All hail, ye solemn horrors of this scene,  
The blasted oak, the dusky grove.  
Ye dreary altars by whose side  
The druid priest in crimson dyed,  
The solemn dirges sung,  
And drove the golden knife  
Into the palpitating seat of life.

When rent with horrid shouts the distant valleys  
The bleeding body bends, [rag,  
The glowing purple stream ascends,  
Whilst the troubled spirit near  
Hovers in the steamy air,  
Again the sacred dirge they sing,  
Again the distant hill and coppice valley ring.  
Soul of my dear Maria haste,  
Whilst my languid spirits waste,  
When from this my prison free,  
Catch my soul, it flies to thee;  
Death had doubly arm'd his dart,  
In piercing thee it pierc'd my heart.

### FRAGMENT.

[Transcribed from a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing.]

FAR from the reach of critics and reviews,  
Brush up thy pinions and ascend, my Muse;  
Of conversation sing an ample theme,  
And drink the tea of Heliconian stream.  
Hail, matchless linguist! prating Delia, hail!  
When scandal's best materials hackney'd fail,  
Thy quick invention lends a quick supply,  
And all thy talk is one continued lie.  
Know, thou eternal babbler, that my song  
Could show a line as venom'd as thy tongue.  
In pity to thy sex I cease to write  
Of London journeys and the marriage-night.  
The conversation which in taverna ring  
Descends below my satire's soaring sting:  
Upon his elbow throne great Maro sits,  
Revered at Forster's by the would-be-wits;  
Deliberately the studied jest he breaks,  
And long and loud the polish'd table shakes,  
Retail'd in every brothel-house in town,  
Each dancing booby vents it as his own:  
Upon the empty'd jelly-glass reclin'd,  
The laughing Maro gathers up his wad;  
The tail-bud 'prentice rubs his hands and grin,  
Ready to laugh before the tale begins:  
To talk of freedom, politics, and Botes,  
And knotty arguments in law confutes,  
I leave to blockheads, for such things design'd,  
Be it my task divine to ease the mind.  
"To-morrow" says a church-of-England priest,  
"Is of good St. Epiphany the feast.  
It nothing matters whether he or she,  
But be all servants from their labour free."  
The laugh begins with Maro, and goes round,  
And the dry jest is very witty found;  
In every corner of the room are seen  
Round sitters covered with eternal green,  
Piled high with offerings to the goddess Fame,  
Which mortals, chronicles and journals name;  
Where in strange jumble flesh and spirit lie,  
And illustration sees a jest-book nigh:  
Anti-venereal medicine cheek-by-jowl  
With Whitfield's famous physic for the soul,  
The patriot Wilkes's ever-fam'd Essay,  
With Bute and justice in the self-same lay;  
Which of the two deserved (ye casuists tell)  
The confagurations of a hangman's hell?  
The clock strikes eight; the taper duly shines;  
Farewell my Muse, nor think of further lines:  
Nine leaves, and in two hours, or something odd,  
Shut up the book; it is enough by G—d.

28th Oct.

Sage Gloucester's bishop sits supine between  
His dery floggers, and a cure for spleen;  
The son of Baine, enthusiastic law,  
Displays his bigot blade, and thunders draw,  
Unconscious of his neighbours, some vile plays  
Directing-posts to Beelzebub's highways;  
Fools are philosophers in Jones's line,  
And, bound in gold and scarlet, Dudseys shine;  
These are the various offerings fame requires,  
For ever rising to her shrines in spires;  
Hence all Avaro's politics are drain'd,  
And Evelina's general scandal's gain'd.  
Where Satan's temple rears its lofty head,  
And muddy torrents wash their shrinking bed;  
Where the stupendous sons of commerce meet  
Sometimes to scold indeed, but oft to eat;  
Where frugal Cambria all her poultry gives,  
And where th' insatiate Messalina lives,  
A mighty fabric opens to the sight;  
With four large columns, five large windows dight;  
With four small portals, 'tis with much ado  
A common-council lady can pass through:  
Here, Here first teaches supple limbs to bend,  
And faults of nature never fails to mend.  
Here conversation takes a nobler flight,  
For nature leads the theme, and all is right;  
The little god of love improves discourse,  
And sage discretion finds his thunder hoarse;  
About the flame the gilded trifles play,  
Till, lost in forge unknown, they melt away,  
And, cherishing the passion in the mind,  
Their each idea's brighten'd and refin'd.  
Ye painted guardians of the lovely fair,  
Who spread the saffron bloom, and tinge the hair;  
Whose deep invention first found out the art  
Of making rapture glow in every part;  
Of wounding by each varied attitude,  
Sure 'twas a thought divinity eadued.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PHILLIPS'.

Corrected from the old edition, by a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing.]

**ASUR** me, powers of Heaven! what do I hear?  
Surprise and horror check the burning tear.  
Is Phillips dead, and is my friend no more!  
Gone like the sand divested from the shore!  
And is he gone?—Can then the Nine refuse  
To sing with gratitude a favour'd Muse.

ELEGY.

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam,  
No more the wonders of the view I sing;  
Friendship requires a melancholy theme,  
At her command the awful lyre I string.

<sup>1</sup> After the Elegy to Thomas Phillips had been printed (page 453) a more correct copy came into the possession of the editor (through the medium of T. Hill, esq.) in the hand-writing of Chatterton. As this latter Elegy contained seven or eight new stanzas, besides many verbal alterations, instead of cancelling the old, it was deemed proper to let it remain, and to print the corrected copy also, by which the reader will be pleased in tracing Chatterton's various emendations.

Now as I wander thro' this leafless grove,  
Where tempests howl, and blasts eternal rise;  
How shall I teach the chorded shell to move,  
Or stay the gushing torrent from my eyes?

Phillips! great master of the boundless lyre,  
Thou would'st my soul-rack'd Muse attempt to paint;  
Give me a double portion of thy fire,  
Or all the powers of language are too faint.

Say, soul unallied by the filth of vice,  
Say, meek-eyed spirit, where's thy tuneful shell,  
Which when the silver stream was lock'd with ice,  
Was wont to cheer the tempest-ravag'd dell?

Off as the flimsy veil of evening drew  
The thick'ning shade upon the vivid green;  
Thou, lost in transport, at the dying view,  
Bid'st the ascending Muse display the scene.

When golden Autumn wreath'd in rip'n'd corn,  
From purple clusters prest the foamy wine,  
Thy genius did his sallow brows adorn,  
And made the beauties of the season thine.

With rustling sound the yellow foliage flies,  
And wanton with the wind in rapid whirls,  
The gurgling riv'let to the valleys hies,  
Whilst on its bank the spangled serpent curls.

The joyous charms of Spring delighted saw  
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay;  
Nothing was spring which Phillips did not draw,  
And every image of his Muse was May.

So rose the regal hyacinth's star,  
So shone the verdure of the daisied bed,  
So seem'd the forest glimmering from a-far,  
You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic Summer's blooming flow'ry pride,  
Next claim'd the honour of his nervous song;  
He taught the stream in hollow trills to glide,  
And led the glories of the year along.

Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his tread,  
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;  
His eyes, a dusky light congeal'd and dead  
His robe, a tinge of bright ethereal blue.

His train a motley'd sanguine sable cloud,  
He limps along the russet dreary moor,  
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting keen and loud,  
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Nor were his pleasures unimproved by thee;  
Pleasures he has, tho' horridly deform'd;  
The polished lake, the silver'd hill we see,  
Is by thy genius fir'd, preserv'd and warm'd.

The rough October has his pleasures too;  
But I'm insensible to every joy:  
Farewell the laurel! now I grasp the yew,  
And all my little powers in grief employ.

Immortal shadow of my much-lov'd friend  
Cloth'd in thy native virtue meet my soul,  
When on the fatal bed, my passions bend,  
And curb my floods of anguish as they roll.

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,  
Thy mind was honour and thy soul divine;  
With thee did every god of genius dwell,  
Thou wast the Helicon of all the Nine.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctur'd vest  
Was ever changing to a different hue;  
Her head with varied bays and flowrets drest,  
Her eyes two spangles of the morning dew.

With dancing attitude she swept thy string;  
And now she soars, and now again descends;  
And now reclining on the Zephyr's wing,  
Unto the velvet-vested mead she bends.

Peace, deckt in all the softness of the dove,  
Over thy passions spread her silver plume;  
The rosy veil of harmony and love,  
Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentlest, softest of the virtues, spread  
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,  
Upon her best distinguish'd poet's head,  
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Temp'rance, with health and beauty in her train  
And massy-muscl'd strength in graceful pride,  
Pointed at scarlet luxury and pain,  
And did at every frugal feast preside.

Black melancholy stealing to the shade,  
With raging madness, frantic loud and dire,  
Whose bloody hand displays the reeking blade,  
Were strangers to thy heaven-directed lyre.

Content, who smiles in every frown of fate,  
Wreath'd thy pacific brow and sooth'd thy ill;  
In thy own virtues and thy genius great,  
The happy Muse laid every trouble still.

But see the sickening lamp of day retires,  
And the meek evening shakes the dusky grey;  
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,  
And like thy life, O Phillips! flies away.

Here, stretch'd upon this Heaven-ascending hill,  
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night,  
I'll imitate the gently-plaintive rill;  
And by the glare of lambent vapours write.

<sup>2</sup> Wet with the dew the yellow hawthorns bow;  
The rustic whistles thro' the echoing cave;  
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,  
And the full Avon lifts the darken'd wave.

Now as the mantle of the evening swells  
Upon my mind, I feel a thick'ning plume;  
Ah could I charm by necromantic spells,  
The soul of Phillips, from the deathly tomb!

Then would we wander thro' this darken'd vale;  
In converse such as beauteous spirits use,  
And, borne upon the pinions of the gale,  
Hymn the Creator, and exert the Muse.

But, horror to reflection! now no more,  
Will Phillips sing, the wonder of the plain!  
When, doubting whether they might not adore,  
Admiring mortals heard his nervous strain.

See! see! the pithy vapour hides the lawn,  
Nought but a doleful bell of death is heard,  
Have where into a blasted oak withdrawn  
The scream proclaims the curst nocturnal bird.

<sup>2</sup> Note on this verse by Chatterton, "Expunged as too flowery for grief."

Now rest, my Muse, but only rest to weep,  
A friend made dear by every sacred tie;  
Unknown to me be comfort, peace, or sleep;  
Phillips is dead! 'tis pleasure then to die.

Few are the pleasures Chatterton e'er knew,  
Short were the moments of his transient peace;  
But melancholy robb'd him of those few,  
And this bath bid all future comfort cease.

And can the Muse be silent, Phillips gone!  
And am I still alive? My soul, arise!  
The robe of immortality put on,  
And meet thy Phillips in his native skies.

#### TO THE READER.

Observe in favour of an hobbling strain,  
Neat as exported from the parent brain,  
And each and every couplet I have penn'd,  
But little labour'd, and I never mend.

T. C.

#### SUNDAY,

#### A FRAGMENT.

{Transcribed from a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting.}

HEAVENS, harping on the hackney'd text!  
By disquisitions is so sore perplex'd,  
He stammers, instantaneously is drawn,  
A border'd piece of inspiration lawn,  
Which being thrice unto his nose apply'd,  
Into his pineal gland the vapours glide;  
And now again we hear the doctor roar  
On subjects he dissected thrice before;  
I own at church I very seldom pray,  
For vicars, strangers to devotion, bray,  
Sermons, tho' flowing from the sacred lawn,  
Are flimsy wires from reason's ingot drawn;  
And to confess the truth, another cause  
My every prayer and adoration draws;  
In all the glaring tinctures of the bow,  
The ladies front me in celestial row;  
(Tho' when black melancholy damps my joys,  
I call them Nature's trifles, airy toys;  
Yet when the goddess Reason guides the strain,  
I think them, what they are, a heavenly train.)  
The amorous rolling, the black sparkling eye,  
The gentle hazel, and the optic sly;  
The easy shape, the peating semi-globes,  
The frankness which each latest charm directs;  
The melting passions, and the sweet sever,  
The easy amble, the majestic air;  
The tap'ring waste, the silver-mantled arm,  
All is one vast variety of charms.  
Say, who but sages stretch'd beyond their span,  
Italian singers, or an unman'd man,  
Can see Elysium spread upon their brow,  
And to a drowsy curate's sermon bow.  
If (but 'tis seldom) no fair female face  
Attracts my notice by some glowing grace,

<sup>1</sup> These lines occur in the Extract from *Kew Gardens*, p. 477.

Around the monuments I cast my eyes,  
 And see absurdities and nonsense rise.  
 Here rueful-visag'd angels seem to tell  
 With weeping eyes, a soul is gone to Hell;  
 There a child's head supported by duck's wings,  
 With toothless mouth a hallelujah sings:  
 In funeral pile eternal marble burns,  
 And a good Christian seems to sleep in urns.  
 A self-drawn curtain bids the reader see  
 An honorable Welchman's pedigree;  
 A rock of porphyry darkens half the place,  
 And virtues blubber with no awkward grace;  
 Yet, strange to tell, in all the dreary gloom  
 That makes the sacred honours of the tomb,  
 No quarter'd coats above the bed appear,  
 No better'd arms, or golden corsets there.

---



---

THE REVENGE,

AN OPERETTA; ACTED AT MARYBONE GARDENS,  
 1770. WITH ADDITIONAL SONGS.

[This drama, with the songs, was printed separately in the year 1795, from a MS. of Chatterton in the possession of Mr. Atterbury.]

---

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Jupiter,	Mr. Reinhold.
Bacchus,	Mr. Bannister.
Cupid,	Master Cheney.
Juno,	Mrs. Thompson.

---

Act I. Scene I.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

I SWEAR by Styx, this usage is past bearing;  
 My lady Juno ranting, tearing, swearing!  
 Why, what the devil will my godship do,  
 If blows and thunder cannot tame a shrew?

AIR.

Tho' the loud thunder rumbles,  
 Tho' storms rend the sky;  
 Yet louder she grumbles,  
 And swells the sharp cry.

Her jealousy teasing,  
 Disgusting her form:  
 Her music as pleasing  
 As pigs in a storm.

I fly her embraces,  
 To wench as mere fais;  
 And leave her wry faces,  
 Cold sighs and despair.

RECITATIVE.

And oh! ye tedious minutes, steal away;  
 Come evening, close the folding doors of day;  
 Night, spread thy sable petticoat around,  
 And sow thy poppies on the slumbering ground;  
 Then, raving into love, and drunk with charms,  
 I'll lose my Juno's tongue in Maia's arms.

VOL. XV.

AIR.

Sighing,  
 Dying,  
 Lying,  
 Frying,

In the furnace of desire;  
 Creeping,  
 Steeping,

Oh! how slow the hours retire!

When the busy heart is beating,  
 When the bosom's all on fire,  
 Oh! how welcome is the meeting!  
 Oh! how slow the hours retire!

RECITATIVE.

But see—my fury comes; by Styx I tremble;  
 I'll creep aside—'tis folly to dissemble.

SCENE II.

JUNO, JUPITER.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

See, see, my good man steals aside!  
 In spite of his thunder,  
 I make him knock under,  
 And own the superior right of a bride.

AIR.

How happy the life  
 Of a governing wife,  
 How charming, how easy, the swift minutes pass;  
 Let her do what she will,  
 The husband is still,  
 And but for his horns you would think him an ass.

How happy the spouse  
 In his dignify'd brows;  
 How worthy with heroes and monarchs to class:  
 Both 'above and below,  
 Experience will show,  
 But take off the horns, and each husband's an ass.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE. [*aside*,

Zounds, I'll take heart of grace, and brave her clapper;  
 And, if my courage holds, egad I'll strap her:  
 Thro' all Olympus shall the thunders roll,  
 And Earth shall echo to the mustard bowl,  
 Should she prove sturdy, by the Lord I'll leave  
 hence, [*ance*].  
 Down to some brandy-shop, this noisy griev-

AIR.

What means this horrid rattle?  
 And must that tongue of riot  
 Wage one eternal battle  
 With happiness and quiet?

JUNO.

AIR CONTINUED.

What means your stony question?  
 D'ye think I mind your bluster?

11

Your godship's always best in  
Words, thunder, noise and fluster.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

Hence, thou eternal tempest, from our regions,  
And yell in concert with infernal legions:  
Hence, or be calm—our will is fate—away hence,  
Or on the lightning's wings you 'll find conveyance.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

Brave your vengeance—

JUPITER.

Oh! 'tis most provoking!

JUNO.

Should not my spirit better my condition,  
I've one way left—Remonstrance and petition  
To all the gods in senate: 'tis no joking—

AIR.

I will never tamely bear  
All my wrongs and slights, sir;  
Heav'n and all the gods shall hear  
How you spend your nights, sir:  
Drinking, swearing,  
Roaring, tearing,  
Wenching, roving ev'ry where;  
Whilst poor I  
At home must lie,  
Wishing, scheming,  
Sighing, dreaming,  
Grasping nothing but the air.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

O how shall I escape the swelling clatter—  
I'll slit her tongue, and make short work o' th'  
matter.

AIR.

Fury, cease,  
Give me peace,  
Still your racket,  
Or your jacket  
I'll be drubbing,  
For your snubbing;  
By the gods, you shall knock under.  
Must you ever  
Thus endeavour  
Rumbling,  
Grumbling,  
Rowling,  
Growling,  
To outsound the noisy thunder.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

Ab! I'm quite out here—plaguily mistaken—  
The man 's in earnest—I must save my bacon:  
Since scolding but provokes him,

A method I'll pursue,  
I'll sooth him, tickle, coax him,  
Then I shall have my due.

AIR.

Ah, cruel, cruel Jove,  
And is it thus a love  
So pure, so chaste, so strong as mine,  
Is slighted, disrespected,  
Unnotic'd and neglected,  
Return'd with such a love as thine?

JUPITER.

AIR.

Did the foolish passion tease ye,  
Would you have a husband please ye,  
Suppliant, pliant, am'rous, easy;  
Never rate him like a Rury:  
By experience I'll assure ye,  
Kindness, and not rage, must cure ye.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

He 's in the right on 't—hits it to a tittle—  
But Juno must display her tongue a little.

AIR.

I own my error, I repent;  
Let thy sparkling eyes behold me,  
Let thy lovely arms unfold me;  
Let thy stubborn heart relent.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

Egad, why this is more than I desire,  
'Tis from the frying pan to meet the fire;  
Zounds, I have no stomach to the marriage bed;  
But something must be either sung or said.

AIR.

What is love? the wise despise it;  
'Tis a bubble blown for boys:  
Gods and heroes should not prize it,  
Jove aspires to greater joys.

JUNO.

AIR CONTINUED.

What is love? 'tis Nature's treasure,  
'Tis the storehouse of her joys;  
'Tis the highest Heav'n of pleasure,  
'Tis a bliss which never cloy.

JUPITER.

AIR CONTINUED.

What is love? an air-blown bubble,  
Only silly fools receive it:  
'Tis a magazine of trouble;  
'Tis but folly—thus I leave it.

[Jupiter runs off.]

SCENE III.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

Well; he is gone, and I may curse my fate,  
That link'd my gentle love to such a mate;

He neither fills my freezing bed, my heart, nor  
My vainly-fading arms: Oh! such a partner!

AIR.

When a woman's ty'd down  
To a spiritless log;  
Let her fondle or frown,  
Yet still be 's a clog.

Let her please her own mind,  
Abroad let her roam;  
Abroad she may find,  
What she can't find at home.

SCENE IV.

JUNO, CUPID.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

Ho! mistress Juno—here 's a storm a brewing—  
Your devil of a spouse is always doing—  
Pray step aside—This evening, I protest,  
Jove and miss Maia—you may guess the rest—

JUNO.

How! What! When! Where! Nay, prithee now  
unfold it.

CUPID.

'Gad—so I will; for faith I cannot hold it.  
His mighty godsip in a fiery hurry,  
Met me just now—Confusion to his hurry!  
I stopt his way, forsooth, and, with a thwack,  
He laid a thunderbolt across my back:  
Bless me! I feel it now—my short ribs ache yet—  
I vow'd revenge, and now by Styx I'll take it.  
Miss Maia, in her chamber, after nine,  
Receives the thund'rer, in his robes divine;  
I undermin'd it all; see, here 's the letter:  
Could dukes spell worse, whose tutors spelt no  
better?

You know false-spelling now is much the fashion—

JUNO.

Lend me your drops—Oh! I shall swoon with  
passion! [gle!  
I'll tear her eyes out! Oh! I'll stab—I'll strangle—  
And worse than lover's English, her I'll mangle.

CUPID.

Nay, pray be calm; I've hit of an expedient  
To do you right—

JUNO.

Sweet Cupid, your obedient—

CUPID.

The Maia by the leg; steal in her stead,  
Into the smuggled raptures of her bed;  
When the god enters, let him take possession.

JUNO.

An excellent scheme! My joy 's beyond expres-  
sion!

CUPID.

Nay, never stay; delaying may confute it.

JUNO.

Oh happy thought! I fly to execute it.

[Exit Juno.]

SCENE V.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

See how she flies, whilst warring passions shake  
her,  
Nor thought nor light'ning now can overtake her.

AIR.

How often in the marriage state,  
The wise, the sensible, the great,  
Find misery and woe:  
Though, should we dive in Nature's laws,  
To trace the first primeval cause,  
The wretch is self-made so.

AIR CHANGES.

Love 's a pleasure, solid, real,  
Nothing fanciful, ideal,  
'Tis the bliss of humankind;  
All the other passions move,  
In subjection under love,  
'Tis the tyrant of the mind.

SCENE VI.

CUPID, BACCHUS with a bowl.

BACCHUS.

RECITATIVE.

Odsniggers, t'other draught, 'tis dev'lish beady,  
Olympus turns about; (*stagger*) steady, boys,  
steady.

AIR.

If Jove should pretend that he governs the skies,  
I swear by this liquor his thundership lies;  
A slave to his bottle, he governs by wine,  
And all must confess he 's a servant of mine.

AIR CHANGES.

Rosy, sparkling, powerful wine,  
All the joys of life are thine;  
Search the drinking world around,  
Bacchus ev'ry where sits crown'd:  
Whilst we lift the flowing bowl,  
Unregard'd thunders roll.

AIR CHANGES.

Since man, as says each bearded sage,  
Is but a piece of clay,  
Whose mystic moisture lost by age,  
To dust it falls away.  
'Tis orthodox beyond a doubt,  
That drought will only fret it:  
To make the brittle stuff hold out,  
Is thus to drink and wet it.

RECITATIVE.

Ah! master Cupid, 'alife I did not s'ye,  
'Tis excellent Champagne, and so here 's t'ye:  
I brought it to these gardens as imported,  
'Tis hiddy strong, you need not twice be courted.  
Come drink, my boy—

CUPID.

Hence, monster, hence! I scorn thy flowing bowl  
It prostitutes the sense, degenerates the soul.

BACCHUS.

Gadso, methinks the youngster's woundy moral!  
He plays with ethics like a bell and coral.



AIR.

'Tis madness to think,  
To judge ere you drink,  
The bottom all wisdom contains:  
Then let you and I  
Now drink the bowl dry,  
We both shall grow wise for our pains.

CUPID.

Pray, keep your distance, beast, and cease your  
hawling,  
Or with this dart, I'll send you catterwauling.

AIR.

The charms of wine cannot compare  
With the soft raptures of the fair;  
Can drunken pleasures ever find  
A place with love and woman-kind?

Can the full bowl pretend to vie  
With the soft languish of the eye?  
Can the mad roar our passions move,  
Like gentle breathing sighs of love?

BACCHUS.

Go whine and complain  
To the girls of the plain,  
And sigh out your soul ere she come to the mind;  
My mistress is here,  
And faith I don't fear;  
I always am happy, she always is kind.

AIR CHANGES.

A pox o' your lassies,  
A shot of my glasses  
Your arrow surpasses;  
For nothing but asses  
Will draw in your team:  
Whilst thus I am drinking,  
My misery sinking,  
The cannikin clinking,  
I'm lost to all thinking,  
And care is a dream.

CUPID.

Provoking insolence!

BACCHUS.

What words it utters!  
Alas! poor little creature, how it sputters!

CUPID.

Away, you drunken wild—

BACCHUS.

Away, you silly child—

CUPID.

Fly, or else I'll wound thy soul,

BACCHUS.

Zounds! I'll drown thee in the bowl,

CUPID.

You rascally broacher,  
You hogthead of liquor;

BACCHUS.

You shadow, you poacher;  
Aha!—bring me a stick here—  
I'll give you a trimmer,  
You bladder of air—

CUPID.

You soul of a brimmer—

BACCHUS.

You tool of the fair—

CUPID.

You moveable tun,  
You tippler, you sot—

BACCHUS.

Nay, then the work's done,  
My arrow is shot.

[Bacchus throws the contents of the bowl in Cupid's face,  
and runs off.]

SCENE VII.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

Kind usage this—it sorely shall befall him—  
Here's my best arrow, and by Heav'n I'll send  
him. [Exit  
Revenge! Revenge! Oh, how I long to wound  
Now all the pangs of slighted love confound him.

AIR.

No more in the bowl  
His brutalized soul  
Shall find a retreat from the lass:  
I'll pay him,  
And slay him,  
His love shall be dry as his glass.

[Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

BACCHUS, with his bowl on his head.

AIR.

Alas! alas! how fast  
I feel my spirits sinking;  
The joys of life are past,  
I've lost the power of drinking:  
Egad, I find at last,  
The heav'nly charm of tinkling,  
And in the sound I cast  
The miseries of thinking.

RECITATIVE.

I'm plaguy ill—in dev'lish bad condition—  
What shall I do—I'll send for a physician:  
But then the horrid fees—aye, there's the question—  
'Tis losing all a man's estate in jesting;  
Whilst nurses and apothecaries partake— [Exit.  
Zounds, this will never do, 'twill make my heart  
Come then, ye fiddlers, play up t'other bout,  
I've a new nostrum, and I'll sing it out.

AIR.

Escape, ye fiddlers, tinkle, tinkle,  
Music makes my twinklers twinkle;  
Humming,  
Thrumming,  
Groaning,  
Toning,  
Squeaking,  
Shrieking,  
Bawling,  
Squalling,

O the sweet charms of tinkle, tinkle!

RECITATIVE.

But this is trifling with the hot disease,  
Nor wine, nor brandy now can give me ease.

AIR.

When a jolly toper ails,  
And his nectar bottle fails,  
He's in a most heavenly condition:  
Unless he can drink,  
To the grave he must sink,  
And death be his only physician.

RECITATIVE.

Zounds, can't I guess the cause—hum—could I  
say a

short prayer or two, with pretty mistress Maia.  
Ah! there it is! why I was wounded stupid!  
Faith, this is all the handy work of Cupid.

Since I'm in love then, over ears and head in,  
'Tis time to look about for bed and bedding:  
But first uncovering, in this magic helmet,  
I'll show the god that love and wine are well met.

AIR.

Fill the bowl, and fill it high,  
Vast as the extended sky;  
Since the dire disease is found,  
Wine's a balm to cure the wound;  
O the rapturous delights!  
When with women wine unites.

RECITATIVE.

O here, my satyr, fill the mighty cup,  
Haste, fly, begone, I'm dying for a sup.

AIR.

I'll fly to her arms,  
And ride her charms,  
In kisses and compliments heaviest;  
When heated by wine,  
If she should not incline,  
I'll try all my courage, and ravish.

SCENE II.

A dark room.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

Now, master Jupiter, I'll catch you napping—  
Gad, you'll be finely hamper'd your own trap in.  
Would ev'ry husband follow your example,  
And take upon himself his own adorning,  
No more would wives upon their trammels trample;  
No more would stand the ancient trade of burning.

AIR.

What wife but, like me,  
Her husband would see,  
A rakebelly fellow, a ranter, a rover:  
If mistaking her charms,  
He should die in her arms,  
And lose the cold spouse in the warmth of the lover.

RECITATIVE.

Impatiently I wait—

AIR.

Hark! hark! the god approaches,  
He longs to ease his pain;  
Oh, how this love incroaches,  
Thro' ev'ry trembling vein.

Oh, how my passion's rising,  
And thumping in my breast;  
'Tis something most surprising,  
I shall be doubly blest.

RECITATIVE.

He's here—Now prosper, Love, my undertaking.  
I'll steal aside—I'm in a piteous quaking.

SCENE III.

JUNO, BACCHUS.

BACCHUS.

RECITATIVE.

Now, pretty mistress Maia, I'm your humble—  
But faith, I'd better look before I tumble;  
For should the little gipsy make resistance,  
And call in witnesses to her assistance;  
Then, Bacchus, should your friends or sister fail ye,  
You'll look confounded queer at the Old Bailey—

AIR.

The man that has no friend at court,  
Must make the laws confine his sport;  
But he that has, by dint of flaws,  
May make his sport confine the laws.

RECITATIVE.

Zounds! I've a project, and a fine one too;  
What will not passion and invention do?  
I'll imitate the voice and sound of Jove,  
The girl's ambition won't withstand his love:  
But should she squall, and cry a rape, and scream  
on't, [on't—  
Presto, I'm gone, and Jove will bear the blame  
The farce begins, the prologue's wond'rous teasing,  
Pray Cupid, the catastrophe be pleasing.

AIR.

Oh! where is my Maia? O say  
What shadow conceals the fair maid;  
Bring hither the lantern of day,  
And show me where Maia is laid.

Envious vapours, fly away;  
Come ye streaming lights, discover,  
To an ardent, dying lover,  
Maia and the charms of day.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

I have you fast—by all my wrongs I'll fit ye,  
Wise as you are, perhaps I may outwit ye.

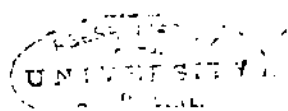
AIR.

Here thy longing Maia lies,  
Passion flaming in her eyes;  
Whit' her heart  
Is thumping, beating,  
All in a heat, in  
Every part:  
Like the ocean,  
All commotion,  
Through her veins the billows roll,  
And the soft tempest ruffles all her soul.

BACCHUS.

RECITATIVE.

Gods! I have struck upon the very minute;  
I shall be happy, or the devil's in it:



It seems some assignation was intended,  
I'd pump it—but least said is soonest mended.

AIR.

Happy, happy, happy hour!  
Cupid now exalts his power;  
In my breast the passion raging,  
All my trembling frame engaging,  
Sets my every sense on fire:  
Let us, Maia, now retire.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

But say, should I resign my virgin charms,  
Would you be ever constant to my arms?  
Would not your Juno rob me of your kindness?  
Must you not truckle to her royal highness?

BACCHUS.

No! by the dirty waves of Styx I swear it,  
My love is your's, my wife shall never share it.

JUNO.

'Tis a sad compliment, but I must bear it.

BACCHUS.

AIR.

Then let's away,  
And never delay,  
'Tis folly to stay  
From rapture and love;  
I sicken, I die;  
O come let us fly,  
From the blue vaulted sky  
To the Paphian Grove.

JUNO.

Then away,  
I obey

Love and nature;

BACCHUS.

Since 'tis so,  
Let us go,  
Dearest creators!

SCENE IV.

JUNO, BACCHUS, JUPITER.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

I heard a voice within, or else I'm tipsy—  
Maia, where are you? Come, you little gipsy.

BACCHUS.

Maia's with me, sir; who the devil are ye?  
Sirrah, be gone; I'll trim you if you tarry.

JUPITER.

Fine lingo this to Jupiter!—Why truly  
I'm Jove the thund'ra—

JUNO.

Out, you rascal, you lie—

BACCHUS.

'Tis I am Jupiter, I wield the thunder!  
Zounds, I'll sneak off before they find the blunder.

JUPITER.

Breaking from above, below  
Flow, ye gleams of morning, flow:

Rise, ye glories of the day,  
Rise at once with strengthen'd ray—  
[Sudden light, all extinguish'd]

BACCHUS.

Zounds, what can this mean!

JUNO.

I am all confusion!

JUPITER.

Your pardon, Juno, for this rude intrusion.  
Insatiate monster! I may now be jealous;  
If I've my mistress, you have your fellow:  
I'm now a very husband without doubt,  
I feel the honours of my forehead sprout.

AIR.

Was it for this, from morning to night  
Tempests and hurricanes dwelt on your tongue;  
Ever complaining of coldness and slight,  
And the same peal was eternally rung?  
Was it for this I was stinted of joy,  
Pleasure and happiness banish'd my breast,  
Poison'd with fondness which ever must cloy,  
Pinn'd to your sleeve, and deny'd to be blest?

RECITATIVE.

I swear by Styx, and that's an horrid oath,  
I'll have revenge, and that upon you both.

JUNO.

Nay, hear me, Jove, by all that's serious too,  
I swear I took the drunken dog for you.

BACCHUS.

And with as safe a conscience, I can say, as  
I now stand here, I thought the chamber Maid's.

JUPITER.

It cannot be——

AIR.

I'll not be cheated,  
Nor be treated  
Like the plaything of your will.

JUNO.

I'll not be slighted,  
I'll be righted,  
And I'll keep my spirits still.

JUPITER.

[To Bacchus.]

You pitiful cully——

JUNO and BACCHUS.

[To Jupiter.]

You rakebally hully,  
Your blustering,  
Clustering,  
Flustering,  
Spattering,  
Thundering,  
Rundering,  
I defy.

JUPITER.

Go mind your toping,  
Never come groping  
Into my quarters, I desire, sir:  
Here you come howning,  
And adorning——

JUNO.

You are a liar, sir.

BACCHUS.

You lie, sir, you lie.

SCENE V.

JUNO, BACCHUS, JUPITER, CUPID.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

Here are the lovers all at clapper-clawing;  
A very pretty scene for Collett's drawing.  
Oho, immortals, why this caterwauling?  
Through all Olympus I have heard your bawling.

JUNO.

Ah! Cupid, your fine plotting, with a pox,  
Has set all in the wrong box.  
Unravel quickly, for the thund'rer swears  
To pull creation down about our ears.

CUPID.

AIR.

Attend! Attend! Attend!  
God, demi-god, and fiend,  
Mortals and immortals see,  
Hither turn your wond'ring eyes,  
See the rulers of the skies  
Conquer'd all, and slaves to me.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

Fox o' your bawling! haste, unriddle quickly,  
Or by the thunder of my power I'll tickle ye.

CUPID.

You, Jove, as punctual to your assignation,  
Came here with Maia to be very happy;  
But Juno, out of a fond inclination,  
Stept in her room, of all your love to trap ye.  
Struck by my power, which the slave dar'd despise,  
Bacchus was wounded too by Maia's eyes,  
And hither stealing to appease his love,  
Thought Juno Maia; she thought Bacchus Jove.  
Here rests the matter:—are you all contented?

JUNO.

No! No! not I—

BACCHUS.

I'm glad I was prevented.

JUPITER.

[Aside.]

A lucky disappointment, on my life,  
All love is thrown away upon a wife:  
How sad! my interruption could not please her.  
She moves my pity—

CUPID.

Softens, Jove, and ease her.

JUPITER.

Juno, thy hand, the girls no more I'll drive at,  
I will be ever thine—or wench more private. [Aside.]

AIR.

Smooth the furrows of thy brow,  
Jove is all the lover now;  
Others he'll no more puzzle,  
But be ever fix'd to you.

JUNO.

Then contented I resign  
My prerogative of scolding;  
Quiet when thy love is mine,  
When my arms with thine are folding.

CUPID.

Then, jolly Bacchus, why should we stand out,  
If we have quarrelled, zounds we'll drink about.

AIR.

Love and wine uniting,  
Rule without control,  
Are to the sense delighting,  
And captivate the soul.

Love and wine uniting,  
Are every where ador'd;  
Their pleasures are inviting,  
All Heav'n they can afford.

BACCHUS.

Zounds, I agree, 'tis folly to oppose it:  
Let's pay our duty here, and then we'll close it.

AIR.

[To the audience.]

To you, ye brave, ye fair, ye gay,  
Permit me from myself to say,  
The juicy grape for you shall rise,  
In all the colours of the skies;  
For you the vine's delicious fruit  
Shall on the lofty mountains shoot;  
And ev'ry wine to Bacchus dear  
Shall sparkle in perfection here.

CUPID.

For you, ye fair, whose heavenly charms  
Make all my arrows useless arms;  
For you shall Handel's lofty flight  
Clash on the list'ning ear of night,  
And the soft melting sinking lay  
In gentle accents die away:  
And not a whisper shall appear,  
Which modesty would blush to hear.

JUNO.

Ye brave, the pillars of the state,  
In valour and in conduct great,  
For you the rushing clang of arms,  
The yell of battle and alarms,  
Shall from the martial trumpets fly,  
And echo through the mantling sky.

JUPITER.

From you, ye glories of mankind,  
We hope a firm support to find;  
All that our humble powers can do  
Shall be displayed to pleasure you;  
On you we build a wish'd success,  
'Tis yours, like deities to bless.  
Your smiles will better every scene,  
And clothe our barren waste in green.

CHORUS.

So when along the eastern skies,  
The glories of the morning rise,  
The humble flower which slept the night,  
Expands its beauties to the light,  
Glow in its glossy new array,  
And shines amidst the shining day.

End of the Revenge.

## SONGS.

## A BACCHANALIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BRINMOLD.

BACCHUS, ever smiling power,  
 Patron of the festive hour!  
 Here thy genuine nectar roll  
 To the wide capacious bowl,  
 While gentility and glee  
 Make these gardens worthy thee.

Bacchus, ever mirth and joy,  
 Laughing, wanton, happy boy!  
 Here advance thy clustered crown,  
 Send thy purple blessings down;  
 With the Nine to please conspire,  
 Wreath the ivy round the lyre.

## THE INVITATION.

TO BE SUNG BY MRS. BARTHELEMON AND  
MASTER CRANEY.

AWAY to the woodlands, away!  
 The shepherds are forming a ring  
 To dance to the honour of May,  
 And welcome the pleasures of Spring.  
 The shepherdless labours a grace,  
 And shines in her Sunday's array,  
 And bears in the bloom of her face  
 The charms and the beauties of May.  
 Away to the woodlands, away!  
 The shepherds are forming a ring, &c.

Away to the woodlands, away!  
 And join with the amorous train:  
 'Tis treason to labour to day,  
 Now Bacchus and Cupid must reign.  
 With garlands of primroses made,  
 And crown'd with the sweet blooming spray,  
 Thro' woodland, and meadow, and shade,  
 We'll dance to the honour of May.  
 Away to the, &c.

## A BACCHANALIAN.

WHAT is war and all its joys?  
 Useless mischief, empty noise.  
 What are arms and trophies won?  
 Spangles glittering in the sun.  
 Kory Bacchus, give me wine;  
 Happiness is only thine!

What is love without the bow?  
 'Tis a languor of the soul:  
 Crown'd with ivy, Venus charms,  
 Ivy courts me to her arms.  
 Bacchus, give me love and wine;  
 Happiness is only thine!

## THE VIRGIN'S CHOICE.

YOUNG Strephon is as fair a swain,  
 As e'er a shepherd of the plain  
 In all the hundred round;  
 But Ralph has tempting shoulders, true,  
 And will as quickly buckle to  
 As any to be found.

Young Colin has a curly face,  
 And cudgels with an active grace,  
 In every thing complete;  
 But Hobbinol can dance divine,  
 Gods! how his manly beauties shine,  
 When jiggng with his feet.

Roger is very stout and strong,  
 And Thyrsis sings a heavenly song,  
 Soft Giles is brisk and small.  
 Who shall I choose? who shall I shun?  
 Why must I be confin'd to one?  
 Why can't I have them all!

## THE HAPPY PAIR.

STREPHON.

LUCY, since the knot was ty'd,  
 Which confirm'd thee Strephon's bride,  
 All is pleasure, all is joy,  
 Married love can never cloy;  
 Learn, ye rovers, learn from this,  
 Marriage is the road to bliss.

LUCY.

Whilst thy kindness ev'ry hour  
 Gathers pleasure with its power,  
 Love and tenderness in thee  
 Must be happiness to me.  
 Learn, ye rovers, learn from this,  
 Marriage is substantial bliss.

BOTH.

Godlike Hymen, ever reign,  
 Ruler of the happy train,  
 Lift thy flaming torch above,  
 All the flights of wanton love,  
 Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,  
 Triumph in the married scene.

STREPHON.

Blest with thee, the sultry day  
 Flies on wings of down away,  
 Lab'ring o'er the yellow plain,  
 Open to the sun and rain,  
 All my painful labours fly,  
 When I think my Lucy's sigh.

LUCY.

O my Strephon, could my heart  
 Happiness to thee impart,  
 Joy should ring away the hour,  
 Love should ev'ry pleasure show'r,  
 Search my faithful breast, and see,  
 I am blest in loving thee.

BOTH.

Godlike Hymen, ever reign,  
 Ruler of the happy train,  
 Lift thy flaming torch above  
 All the flights of wanton love,  
 Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,  
 Triumph in the married scene.

## RESIGNATION.

[Copied from a poem in Chatterton's hand-writing  
 in the British Museum.]

HAIL Resignation, hail ambiguous doom,  
 Thou Parthian archer in the flight of doom!

When thou hast drawn the mystic veil between,  
 'Tis the poor minister's concluding scene.  
 Sheltered beneath thy pinions he withdraws,  
 And tells us his integrity's the cause.  
 Soaking to solitude he rails at state,  
 And rather would be virtuous than be great,  
 Laments the impotence of those who guide,  
 And wishes public clamours may subside.  
 But while such rogues as North or Sandwich steer,  
 Our grievances will never disappear.

Hail Resignation! 'tis from thee we trace  
 The various villainies of power and place,  
 When rascals, once but infamy and rage,  
 Rich with a nation's ruin, swell their bags,  
 Purchase a title and a royal smile,  
 And pay to be distinguishably vile.  
 When big with self importance 'till they shine,  
 Contented with their gleanings they resign.  
 When ministers, unable to preside,  
 The tottering vehicle no longer guide,  
 The powerful Thane prepares to kick his grace  
 From all his glorious dignities of place,  
 But still the honour of the action's thine,  
 And Grafton's tender conscience can resign.  
 Lament not Grafton that thy hasty fall  
 Turns out a public happiness to all,  
 Still by your emptiness of look appear  
 The rains of a man who used to steer,  
 Still wear that insignificance of face  
 Which dignifies you more than power or place.

Whilst now the constitution tottering stands  
 And needs the firm support of able hands,  
 Your grace stood foremost in the glorious cause  
 To shake the very basis of our laws,  
 But thanks to Camden, and a noble few,  
 They stemm'd oppression's tide and conquer'd  
 you.

How can your prudence be completely praise'd  
 In flying from the storm yourself had rais'd,  
 When the black clouds of discord veil'd the sky,  
 'Twas more than prudence in your grace to fly,  
 For had the thunders burst upon your head  
 Soon had you mingled with the headless dead.  
 Not Bute tho' here, the deputy of fate,  
 Could save so vile a minister of state.

Oft has the Carlton sybil prophesied  
 How long each minister of state should guide,  
 And from the dark recesses of her cell,  
 When Bute was absent, would to Stuart tell  
 The secret fates of senators and peers,  
 What lord's exalted but to lose his ears,  
 What future plans the junco have design'd,  
 What writers' are with Rockingham combin'd,  
 Who should accept a privy seal or rod,  
 Who's lord lieutenant of the Land of Nod,  
 What pension'd nobleman should hold his post,  
 What poor dependant scor'd without his host,  
 What patriot big with popular applause  
 Should join the ministry and prop the cause,  
 With many secrets of a like import,  
 The daily tittle tattle of a court,  
 By common fame retail'd as office news  
 In coffee-houses, taverns, cellars, stews.  
 Oft from her secret casket would she draw  
 A knotty plan to undermine the law,  
 But tho' the council sat upon the scheme,  
 Time has discovered that 'tis all a dream.

\* A pen drawn through these words.

† Eucry, wretches!

Long had she known the date of Grafton's power,  
 And in her tablet mark'd his flying hour,  
 Rumour reports, a message from her cell  
 Arrived but just three hours before he fell.  
 Well knew the subtle minister of state  
 Her knowledge in the mysteries of fate,  
 And catching every pension he could find,  
 Obey'd the fatal summons and resign'd.

Far in the north amidst whose dreary hills  
 None bear the pleasant murm'ring sound of rills,  
 Where no soft gale in dying raptures blows,  
 Or ought which bears the look of verdure grows,  
 Save where the north wind cuts the solemn yew  
 And russet rushes drink the noxious dew,  
 Dank exhalations drawn from stagnant moors,  
 The morning dress of Caledonia's shores.  
 Upon a bleak and solitary plain  
 Expos'd to every storm of wind and rain,  
 A humble cottage rear'd its lowly head,  
 Its roof with matted reeds and rushes spread,  
 The walls were osiers daub'd with slimy clay,  
 One narrow entrance open'd to the day;  
 Here liv'd a laird the ruler of his clan,  
 Whose fame thro' every northern mountain ran;  
 Great was his learning, for he long had been  
 A student at the town of Aberdeen,  
 Professor of all languages at once,  
 To him some reckoned *Chappelow* a dunce.  
 With happy fluency he learn'd to speak  
 Syriac or Latin, Arabic or Greek.  
 Not any tongue in which Oxonians sing  
 When they rejoice, or blubber with the king,  
 To him appear'd unknown: with sapient look  
 He taught the Highland meaning of each crook.  
 But often when to pastimes he inclin'd,  
 To give some relaxation to his mind,  
 He laid his books aside; forgot to read  
 To hunt wild goslings down the river Tweed,  
 To chase a starving weazel from her bed,  
 And wear the spoil triumphant on his head.  
 'Tis true his rent roll just maintain'd his state,  
 But some in spite of poverty are great.  
 Tho' Famine sunk her impress on his face,  
 Still you might there his haughty temper trace,  
 Descended from a catalogue of kings  
 Whose warlike arms Mac Pherson sweetly sings;  
 He bore the majesty of monarchs past,  
 Like a tall pine rent with the winter's blast,  
 Whose spreading trunk and withered branches show  
 How glorious once the lordly tree might grow.

Of all the warring passions in his breast  
 Ambition still presid'd o'er the rest,  
 This is the spur which actuates us all,  
 The visionary height whence thousands fall,  
 The author's hobby-horse, the soldier's steed,  
 Which aids him in each military deed,  
 The lady's dresser, looking glass and paint,  
 The warm devotion of the seeming saint.

Sawpey, the nobler ruler of the clan,  
 Had number'd o'er the riper years of man,  
 Graceful in stature, ravishing his mien,  
 To make a conquest was but to be seen.  
 Fir'd by ambition, he resolv'd to roam  
 Far from the famine of his native home,  
 To seek the warmer climate of the south,  
 And at one banquet feast his eyes and mouth,  
 In vain the am'rous Highland lass complain'd,  
 The son of monarchs would not be restrain'd,  
 Clad in his native many-colour'd suit  
 Forth struts the walking majesty of Bute.

His spacious sword, to a large wallet strung,  
 Across his broad capacious shoulders hung:  
 As from the hills the Land of Promise rose  
 A secret transport in his bosom glows,  
 A joy prophetic until then unknown  
 Amur'd him all he view'd would be his own.  
 New scenes of pleasure recreate his sight,  
 He views the fertile meadows with delight,  
 Still in soliloquy he prais'd the view,  
 Nor more was pleas'd with future scenes at Kew.  
 His wonder broke in murmurs from his tongue,  
 No more the praise of Highland hills he sung,  
 Till now a stranger to the cheerful green,  
 Where springing flowers diversify the scene,  
 The lofty elm, the oak of lordly look,  
 The willow shadowing the bubbling brook,  
 The hedges blooming with the sweets of May  
 With double pleasure mark'd his gladsome way.  
 Having thro' varying rural prospects past,  
 He reach'd the great metropolis at last.  
 Here Fate beheld him as he trudg'd the street,  
 Bare was his buttocks and unshod his feet,  
 A lengthening train of boys displayed him great,  
 He seem'd already minister of state.  
 The Carlton sybil saw his graceful mien,  
 And straight forgot her hopes of being queen.

She sigh'd, she wish'd, swift virtuous Chudleigh flew  
 To bring the Caledonian swain to Kew,  
 Then introduced him to her secret cell;  
 What further can the modest numbers tell?

None rid the broomstaff with so good a grace,  
 Or pleas'd her with such majesty of face,  
 Enraptur'd with her incubus she sought  
 How to reward his merit as she ought,  
 Resolved to make him greatest of the great  
 She led him to her hidden cave of state,  
 There spurs and coronets were placed around  
 And privy seals were scatter'd on the ground,  
 Here piles of honorary truncheons lay  
 And gleaming stars —<sup>3</sup> artificial day,  
 With mystic rods whose magic power is such  
 They metamorphose parties with a touch.  
 Here hung the princely —<sup>4</sup> of garter'd blue  
 With flags of all varieties of hue.

"These," said the sybil, "from this present hour  
 Are thine, with every dignity of power.  
 No statesman shall be titular great,  
 None shall obtain an office in the state  
 But such whose principles and manners suit  
 The virtuous temper of the earl of Bute,  
 All shall pursue thy interest, none shall guide  
 But such as you repute are qualify'd.  
 No more on Scotland's melancholy plain  
 Your starving countrymen shall drink the rain,  
 But hither hasting on their naked feet  
 Procure a place, forget themselves, and eat.  
 No southern patriot shall oppose my will,  
 If not my look, my treasurer can kill,  
 His pistol never fails in time of need,  
 And who dares contradict my power shall bleed.  
 A future Barrington will also rise  
 With blood and death to entertain my eyes.  
 But this forestalls futurity and fate,  
 I'll chuse the present hour to make thee great."  
 He bow'd submission, and with eager view  
 Gaz'd on the wither'd oracle of Kew.

<sup>3</sup> Illegible.<sup>4</sup> Illegible.

She seiz'd a pendant garter and began  
 To elevate the ruler of the clan,  
 Girt round his leg the honour'd trifle shone  
 And gather'd double lustre from the throne,  
 With native dignity he fill'd the stall,  
 The wonder, jest, and enmity of all.  
 Not yet content with honorary grace  
 The sybil, busy for the sweets of place,  
 Kick'd out a minister, the people's pride,  
 And lifted Sawney in his place to guide.  
 The leader of the treasury be rose,  
 Whilst Fate mark'd down the nation's future  
 woes.

Mad with ambition, his imperious hand  
 Scatter'd oppression thro' a groaning land,  
 Still taxes followed taxes, grants supplies,  
 With ev'ry ill resulting from excise.  
 Not satisfied with this unjust increase,  
 He struck a bolder stroke and sold the peace.  
 The Gallic millions so convinced his mind  
 On honourable terms the treaty's sign'd.

But who his private character can blame,  
 Or brand his titles with a villain's name.  
 Upon an estimation of the gain  
 He stoop'd beneath himself to take the reins,  
 A good economist, he serv'd the crown  
 And made his master's interest his own,  
 His starving friends and countrymen apply'd,  
 To share the ministry, assist to guide,  
 Nor ask'd in vain:—his charitable hand  
 Made plenty smile in Scotland's barren land,  
 Her wandering sons for poverty renown'd  
 Places and pensions, bribes or titles found.  
 Far from the south was humble merit fled  
 And on the northern mountains rear'd her head,  
 And genius having rang'd beyond the Tweed  
 Sat brooding upon bards who could not read,  
 Whilst courage boasting of his Highland might  
 Mentions not Culloden's inglorious fight.  
 But whilst his lordship fills the honour'd stall  
 Ample provision satisfies them all.  
 The genius sings his praise, the soldier swears  
 To mutilate each murr'ring catiff's ears,  
 The father of his country they adore,  
 And live in elegance unknown before.

Around this mystic Sun of liquid gold  
 A swarm of planetary statesmen roll'd,  
 Tho' some have since as ministers been known  
 They shone with borrow'd lustre, not their own.  
 In ev'ry revolution day and night  
 From Bute they caught each particle of light,  
 He destin'd out the circles they fulfil,  
 Hung on the bulky nothing of his will.

How shall I brand with infamy a name  
 Which bids defiance to all sense of shame?  
 How shall I touch his iron soul with pain,  
 Who hears unmov'd a multitude complain?  
 A multitude made wretched by his hand,  
 The common curse and nuisance of the land.  
 Holland, of thee I sing: infernal wretch,  
 Say, can thy power of mischief further stretch?  
 Is there no other army to be sold,  
 No town to be destroy'd for bribes and gold?  
 Or wilt thou rather sit contented down,  
 And starve the subject to enrich the crown?  
 That when the treasury can boast supplies  
 Thy pilfering genius may have exercise,  
 Whilst unaccounted millions pay thy toil  
 Thou art secure if Bute divides the spoil.

Catching his influence from the best of kings,  
 Vice broods beneath the shadow of his wings,  
 The vengeance of a nation is defy'd  
 And liberty and justice set aside.  
 Distinguish'd robber of the public, say,  
 What urg'd thy timid spirit's hasty way?  
 She — in the protection of a king,  
 Did recollection paint the fate of Byng?  
 Did conscience hold that mirror to thy sight,  
 Or Ayliffe's ghost accompany thy flight?  
 Is Bute more powerful than the sceptred hand,  
 Or art thou safer in a foreign land?  
 In vain the scene relinquish'd now you grieve,  
 Cursing the moment you were forced to leave  
 Thy ruins on the isle of Thanet built,  
 The fruits of plunder, villany and guilt.  
 When you presume on English ground to tread,  
 Justice will lift her weapon at your head.  
 Contented with the author of your state,  
 Maintain the conversation of the great.  
 Be busy in confederacy and plot,  
 And settle what shall be on what is not,  
 Display the statesman in some wild design,  
 Foretell when North will tumble and resign,  
 How long the busy Sandwich, mad for rule,  
 Will lose his labour and remain a fool.  
 But your accounts, the subject of debate,  
 Are sunk beneath the notice of the great,  
 Let brib'd exchequer tellers find 'em just,  
 While on the penalty of place they must,  
 Before you're seen your honesty is clear,  
 And all will evidently right appear.

When as a minister you had your day,  
 And gather'd light from Bute's superior ray,  
 His striking representative you shone,  
 And seem'd to glimmer in yourself alone.  
 The lives of thousands barter'd for a bribe,  
 With villainies too shocking to describe,  
 Your system of oppression testify'd  
 None but the conscientious Fox could guide.  
 As Bute is fix'd eternal in his sphere  
 And ministers revolve around in air,  
 Your infamy with such a lasting ray  
 Glow'd thro' your orb in one continued day,  
 Still ablest politicians hold dispute,  
 Whether you gave, or borrow'd light from Bute.  
 Lost in the blaze of his superior parts,  
 We often have describ'd your little arts.  
 But at a proper distance from his sphere  
 We saw the little villain disappear,  
 When dress in titles, the burlesque of place  
 A more illustrious rascal show'd his face,  
 Your destin'd sphere of ministry now run,  
 You dropt like others in the parent Sun,  
 There as a spot you purpose to remain,  
 And seek protection in the sybil's swain.  
 Grafton his planetary life began,  
 Tho' foreign to the system of the clan,  
 Slowly he roll'd around the fount of light,  
 Long was his day, but longer was his night.  
 Irregular, unequal in his course,  
 Now languid he revolves, now rolls with force,  
 His scarce-collected light obliquely bur'd  
 Was scatter'd ere it reach'd his frozen world.  
 Thro' all his under offices of place,  
 All had conspir'd to represent his grace,  
 Lifelaps and dull the wheels of state were driv'n,  
 Slow as a courier on his road to Heaven,  
 If expedition urg'd the dull machine  
 We knew so little of the golden mean,

Swift hurry and confusion wild began  
 To discompose the Thane's determin'd plan.  
 Error, his secretary, lent his aid  
 To undermine each plot his cunning laid;  
 He wrote dispatches in his grace's name,  
 And ruin'd every project North could frame.  
 Yet as he blunder'd thro' the lengthen'd night  
 He seriously protested all was right.

Since dissipation is thy only joy,  
 Go, Grafton, join the dance and act the boy;  
 'Tis not for fops in cabinets to shine,  
 And justice must confess that title's thine.  
 Dress to excess and powder into fame,  
 In drums and hurricanes exalt your name.  
 There you may glitter, there your worth may rise  
 Above the little reach of vulgar eyes.  
 But in the high departments of the state  
 Your talents are too trifling to be great.  
 There all your imperfections rise to view,  
 Not Sandwich so contemptible as you.  
 Bute from the summit of his power descri'd  
 Your glaring inability to guide,  
 And mustering every rascal in his gang,  
 Who might for merit all together hang,  
 From the black catalogue and worthy crew,  
 The jesuitical and scheming few,  
 Selected by the leader of the clan,  
 Received instructions for their future plan,  
 And after proper adoration paid  
 Were to their destin'd sphere of state convey'd,  
 To shine the minister's satellites,  
 Collect his light, and give his lordship ease,  
 Reform his crooked politics and draw  
 A more severe attack upon the law,  
 Settle his erring revolutions right,  
 And give in just proportion day and night.

Alas! the force of Scottish pride in such  
 These mushrooms of a day presum'd too much.  
 Conscious of cunning and superior arts  
 They scorn'd the minister's too trifling parts,  
 Grafton resents a treatment so unjust,  
 And damns the Carlton sybil's fiery lust,  
 By which a scoundrel Scot oppress the realm,  
 And rogues below contempt disgrac'd the helm.  
 Swift scandal caught the accents as they fell,  
 And bore them to the sybil's secret cell.  
 Enrag'd she wing'd a messenger to Bute,  
 Some minister more able to depute;  
 Her character and virtue was a jest,  
 Whilst Grafton was of useless power possess.  
 This done, her just desire of vengeance warm,  
 She gave him notice of the bursting storm;  
 Timid and dubious Grafton faced about,  
 And trembled at the thoughts of being out.  
 But as no laws the sybil's power confin'd,  
 He dropp'd his blushing honours and resign'd.

Step forward, North! and let the doubtful sea  
 Wonders and miracles reviv'd in thee.  
 Did not the living witness haunt the court,  
 What ear had given faith to my reports?  
 Amidst the rout of ministerial slaves  
 Rogues who want genius to refine to knaves,  
 Who could imagine that the wretch more base  
 Should fill the highest infamy of place?  
 That North the vile domestic of a peer,  
 Whose name an Englishman detests to hear,  
 Should leave his trivial share of Bedford's gains,  
 Become a minister and take the reins,  
 And from the meanest of the gang ascend  
 Above his worthy governor and friend!



This wondrous metamorphose of an hour,  
Sufficiently evinc'd the sybil's power,  
To ruin nations, little rogues to raise,  
A virtue supernatural displays,  
What but a power infernal or divine  
Could honour North, or make his grace resign.

Some superficial politicians tell  
When Grafton from his gilded turret fell,  
The sybil substituted North a blank,  
A mustered faggot to complete the rank,  
Without the distant thought that such a tool  
Would change its being and aspire to rule:  
But such the humble North's indulgent fate,  
When striding in the saddle of the state  
He caught by inspiration statesmanship,  
And drove the slow machine and smack'd his whip;  
Whilst Bedford wondering at his sudden skill  
With reverence view'd the packhorse of his will.

His majesty (the buttons thrown aside)  
Declar'd his fix'd intention to preside.  
No longer sacrific'd to every knave  
He'd show himself discreet as well as brave;  
In every cabinet and council cause  
He'd be dictator and enforce the laws.  
Whilst North should in his present office stand  
As understrapper to direct his hand.

Now Expectation, now extend thy wing!  
Happy the land whose minister's a king,  
Happy the king who ruling each debate  
Can peep through every roguery of state.  
See Hope array'd in robes of virgin white,  
Trailing an arch'd variety of light,  
Comes showering blessings on a ruin'd realm,  
And shows the crown'd director of the helm.  
Return, fair goddess, till some future day;  
The king has seen the error of his way;  
And by his smarting shoulders seems to feel  
The wheel of state is not a Catharine wheel.  
Wise by experience, general nurse of fools,  
He leaves the ministry to venal tools,  
And finds his happy talents better suit  
The making buttons for his favouritè Bute,  
In countenancing the unlawful views  
Which North, the delegate of Bute, pursues,  
In glossing with authority a train  
Whose names are infamy, and objects gain.

Hail, filial duty! great if rightly us'd,  
How little, when mistaken and abus'd;  
View'd from one point, how glorious art thou seen,  
From others, how degenerate and mean.  
A seraph or an idiot's head we see:  
Oft on the latter stands the type of thee,  
And bowing at his parent's knee is drest  
In a long hood of many-colour'd vest.

The scepter'd king who dignifies a throne,  
Should be in private life himself alone,  
No friend or mother should his conscience scan,  
Or with the nation's head confound the man.  
Like juggling Melchi Zadok's priestly plea,  
Collected in himself a king should be.  
But truths may be unwelcome, and the lay  
Which shall to royal ears such truths convey,  
The confagurations of the hangman's ire  
May roast and execute with foreign fire.  
The Muse who values safety shall return,  
And sing of subjects where she cannot burn.  
Continue North thy vile beseege of power,  
And reap the harvest of the present hour,  
Collect and fill thy coffers with the spoil  
And let thy gatherings recompense thy toil.

Whilst the rogues out revile the rascals in,  
Repeat the proverb, "let those laugh that win."  
Fleeting and transitory is the date  
Of subinary ministers of state,  
Then whilst thy summer lasts, prepare the hay,  
Nor trust to autumn and a future day.

I leave thee now, but with intent to trace  
The villains and the honest men of place.  
The first are still assisting in thy train  
To aid the pillage and divide the gain.  
The last of known integrity of mind  
Forsook a venal party and resign'd.

Come Satire! aid me to display the first,  
Of every honest Englishman accurst,  
Come Truth, assist me to prepare the lays,  
Where worth demands, and give the latter praise.  
Ingenious Sandwich, whither dost thou fly  
To shun the censure of the public eye?  
Dost thou want matter for another speech,  
Or other works of genius to impeach?  
Or would thy insignificance and pride  
Presume above thyself and seek to guide?  
Pursue thy ignis-fatuus of power,  
And call to thy assistance virtuous Gower,  
Set Rigby's happy countenance in play,  
To vindicate whatever you can say.

Then when you totter into place and fame,  
With double infamy you brand your name.  
Say, Sandwich, in the winter of your date,  
Can you ascend the hobby-horse of state,  
Do titles echo grateful in your ear,  
Or is it mockery to call you peer?

In ——— silver'd age to play the fool,  
And ——— with rascals infamous a tool;  
Plainly denote your judgment is no more,  
Your honour was extinguish'd long before.

Say, if reflection ever blest thy mind;  
Hast thou one real friend among mankind?  
Thou hadst one once, free, generous and sincere,  
Too good a senator for such a peer,  
Him thou hast offer'd as a sacrifice  
To lewdness, immorality and vice,  
Your \* \* \* scoundrel set the gin,  
And friendship was the bait to draw him in.  
What honourable villain could they find  
Of Sandwich's istudinary mind?

Tho' intimacy seem'd to stop the way,  
You they employ'd to tempt him and betray  
Full well you executed their commands,  
Well you deserv'd the pension at their hands.  
For you in hours of trifling he compil'd  
A dissertation blasphemous and wild.  
Be it recorded too, at your desire,  
He called for demons to assist his lyre,  
Relying on your friendship soon he found  
How dangerous the support of rotten ground,  
In your infernal attributes array'd,  
You seiz'd the wish'd-for poem and betray'd.

Hail mighty Twitcher! can my feeble line  
Give thee reward to merit such as thine?  
Not Churchill's keenest satire ever reach'd  
The conscience of the rascal who impeach'd.  
My feeble numbers and untutor'd lay  
On such an harden'd wretch is thrown away  
I leave thee to the impotent delight  
Of visiting the harlots of the night,  
Go bear thy nightingale's enchanting strain,  
My satire shall not dart a sting in vain.

There you may boast one reason entertain'd,  
Tho' age prevent your other losses pain'd,  
Go, Sandwich, if thy fire of seas compel,  
Regale at Harrington's religious cell,

[*allegable.*]

Exert your poor endeavours as you please,  
The jest and babble of the harlot crew,  
What entertain'd your youth, in age pursue.  
When Grafton shook oppression's iron rod,  
Like Egypt's lice, the instrument of God,  
When Camden, driven from his office, saw  
The last weak efforts of expiring law,  
When Bute, the regulator of the state  
Preferr'd the vicious, to transplant<sup>6</sup> the great,  
When rank corruption thro' all orders ran  
And infamy united Sawney's clan,  
When every office was with rogues disgrac'd,  
And the Scotch dialect became the taste—  
Could Beaufort with such creatures stay behind?  
No, Beaufort was a Briton, and resign'd.  
Thy resignation, Somerset, shall shine  
When time hath bury'd the recording line,  
And proudly glaring in the rolls of fame,  
With more than titles decorat'd thy name.  
Amidst the gather'd rascals of the age,  
Who murder noble parts, the court their stage,  
One nobleman of honesty remains,  
Who scorns to draw in ministerial chains,  
Who honours virtue and his country's peace,  
And sees with pity grievances increase.  
Who bravely left all sordid views of place,  
And lives the honour of the Beaufort race.

Deep in the secret, Barrington and Gower,  
Rais'd upon villany, aspire to power,  
Big with importance they presume to rise  
Above a minister they must despise,  
Whilst Barrington as secretary shows  
How many passions paid his blood and blows.  
And Gower, the number creature of the two,  
Has only future prospects in his view.  
But North requires assistance from the great  
To work another baton in the state,  
That Weymouth may complete the birthday suit,  
Full trimm'd by Twitcher and cut out by Bute.  
So many worthy schemers must produce  
A statesman's coat of universal use;  
Some system of economy to save  
Another million for another knave.  
Some plan to make a duty, large before,  
Additionally great, to grind the poor.  
For 'tis a maxim with the guiding wise,  
Just as the commons sink the rich arise.

If ministers and privy council knaves  
Would rest contented with their being slaves,  
And not with anxious infamy pursue  
Those measures which will fetter others too,  
The swelling cry of liberty would rest,  
Nor Englishmen complain, nor knaves protest.  
But courtiers have a littleness of mind,  
And once enslaved would fetter all mankind.  
'Tis to this narrowness of soul we owe  
What further ills our liberties shall know,  
'Tis from this principle our fouds began,  
Fomented by the Scots, ignoble clan,  
Strange, that such little creatures of a tool,  
By lust and not by merit rais'd to rule,  
Should sow contention in a noble land,  
And scatter thunders from a venal hand.

<sup>6</sup> *Strong, Supplant.*

Gods! that these fly-blows of a stallion's day,  
Warm'd into being by the sybil's ray,  
Should shake the constitution, rights and laws,  
And prosecute the man of freedom's cause!  
Whilst Wilkes to every Briton's right appeal'd  
With loss of liberty that right he seal'd.  
Imprison'd and oppress'd he persever'd,  
Nor Sawney or his powerful sybil fear'd.  
The hag replete with malice from above,  
Shot poison on the screech owl of her love,  
Unfortunately to his pen<sup>7</sup> it fell,  
And flow'd in double rancour to her cell,  
Madly she cov'd to ease her tortur'd mind,  
The object of her hatred is ocean's<sup>8</sup> find:  
But he, supported by his country's laws,  
Bid her defiance, for 'twas freedom's cause.  
Her treasurer and Talbot fought in vain,  
Tho' each attain'd his favourite object, gain.  
She sat as usual when a project fails,  
Damn'd Chandleigh's phyz, and din'd upon her nails.

Unhappy land! whose govern'd monarch sees  
Thro' glasses and perspective such as these,  
When juggling to deceive his untry'd sight,  
He views the ministry all trammell'd right,  
Whilst to his eye the other glass apply'd,  
His subjects' failings are all magnified.  
Unheeded the petitions are receiv'd,  
Nor one report of grievances believ'd;  
'Tis but the voice of faction in disguise  
That blinds with liberty the people's eyes;  
'Tis riot and licentiousness pursue  
Some disappointed placeman's private view.<sup>9</sup>  
And shall such venal creatures steer the helm,  
Waving oppression's banners round the realm?  
Shall Britons to the vile detested troop,  
Forgetting ancient honour, meanly stoop?  
Shall we our rights and liberties resign,  
To lay those jewels at a woman's shrine?  
No: let us still be Britons: be it known,  
The favours we solicit are our own.  
Engage, ye Britons, in the glorious task,  
And stronger still enforce the things you ask.  
Assert your rights, remonstrate with the throne,  
Insist on liberty, and that alone.

Alas! America, thy ——— cause  
Displays the ministry's contempt of laws.  
Unrepresented thou art tax'd, excis'd,  
By creatures much too vile to be despis'd,  
The outcast of an outed gang are sent,  
To bless thy commerce, with ——— government.  
Whilst pity rises to behold thy fate,  
We see thee in this worst of troubles great,  
Whilst anxious for thy wavering dubious cause,  
We give thy proper spirit due applause.  
If virtuous Grafton's sentimental taste,  
Is in his measures or his mistress plac'd;  
In either 'tis originally rare,  
One shows the midnight cully, one the peat.  
Review him, Britons, with a proper pride,  
Was this a statesman qualify'd to guide?  
Was this the minister whose mighty hand  
Has scatter'd civil discord thro' the land?  
Since smallest tribes, when ordain'd by fate,  
Rise into power and counteract the great,  
What shall we call thee, Grafton? Fortune's whip?  
Or rather the burlesque of statesmanship,  
When daring in thy insolence of place,  
Bald in an empty majesty of face.

<sup>7</sup> Doubtful. <sup>8</sup> Left out, but right, by rhymor

We saw thee exercise thy magic rod  
 And form a titled villain with a nod,  
 Turn out the virtuous, airily advance  
 The members of the council in a dance,  
 And honouring Sandwich with a serious air,  
 Commend the fancy of his solitaire:  
 These were thy actions worthy of record,  
 Worthy the bubbled wretch and venal lord.  
 Since villany is meritorious grown,  
 Step forward, for thy merit's not unknown.  
 What Mansfield's conscience shudder'd to receive,  
 Thy mercenary temper cannot leave.  
 Reversions, pensions, bribes and ——— [Illegible].  
 What mortal scoundrel can such things refuse?  
 If Dunning's nice integrity of mind  
 Will not in pales of interest be confid'd;  
 Let his uncommon honesty resign,  
 And boast the empty pension of the Nine;  
 A Thurlow grasping every offer'd straw,  
 Shines his successor, and degrades the law.  
 How like the ministry who link'd his chains,  
 His measures tend incessantly to gains.  
 If Weymouth dresses to the height of taste,  
 At once with ——— ——— places lac'd,  
 Can such a summer insect of the state  
 Be otherwise than in externals great?  
 Thou bustling marplot of each hidden plan,  
 How wilt thou answer to the sybil's man?  
 Did thy own shallow politics direct,  
 To treat the mayor with purpos'd disrespect,  
 Or did it come in orders from above,  
 From her who sacrificed her soul to love?  
 Rigby whose conscience is a perfect dice,  
 A just epitome of every vice,  
 Replete with what accomplishments support  
 The empty admiration of a court,  
 Yet wants a barony to grace record,  
 And hopes to lose the rascal in the lord.  
 His wish is granted, and the king prepares  
 A title of renown to brand his heirs.  
 When vice creates the patent for a peer,  
 What lord so nominally great as Clare?  
 Whilst Chatham from his coroneted oak  
 Unheeded shook the senate with his croak;  
 The minister too powerful to be right,  
 Laugh'd at his prophecy and second sight,  
 Since mother Shipton's oracle of state  
 Forestall'd the future incidents of fate.  
 Grafton might shake his elbows, dance and dream,  
 'Twere labour lost to strive against the stream.  
 If Grafton in his juggling statesman's game  
 Bubbled for interest, betted but for fame,  
 The leader of the treasury could pay  
 For every loss in politics and play.  
 Sir Fletcher's noisy eloquence of tongue  
 Is on such pliant oily hinges hung,  
 Turn'd to all points of politics and doubt,  
 But tho' for ever worsted, never out.  
 Can such a wretched creature take the chair  
 And exercise his new made power with air?  
 This worthy speaker of a worthy crew  
 Can write long speeches and repeat them too,  
 A practis'd lawyer in the venal court,  
 From higher powers he borrows his report;  
 Above the scandalous aspersion tool,  
 He only squares his conscience by a rule.  
 Granby too great to join the heated cause,  
 Throws down his useless truncheon and withdraws,

9 Omitted.

Whilst unrenowned for military deeds,  
 A youthful branch of royalty succeeds.

Let Coventry, Yonge, Palmerston and Burt  
 With resignation pay the crown a debt;  
 If in return for offices of trust,  
 The ministry expect you'll prove unjust,  
 What soul that values freedom could with ease  
 Stoop under obligations such as these.  
 If you a Briton, every virtue dead,  
 That would upon your dying freedom tread,  
 List in the gang and piously procure,  
 To make your calling and election sure;  
 Go flatter Sawney for his jockeyship,  
 Assist in each long shuffle, hedge and slip,  
 Thus rising on the stilts of favour see  
 What Grafton was, and future dukes will be.  
 How Rigby, Weymouth, Barrington bogus  
 To juggle into fame and play the man.

Amidst this general rage of turning out,  
 What officer will stand, remains a doubt,  
 If virtue's an objection at the board,  
 With what propriety the council's stor'd;  
 Where could the Caledonian minion find  
 Such striking copies of his venal mind?  
 Search thro' the winding labyrinths of place,  
 See all alike politically base.  
 If virtues, foreign to the office, shine,  
 How fast the prodigies of state resign!  
 Still as they drop, the rising race begin  
 To boast the infamy of being in.  
 And generous Bristol, constant to his friend,  
 Employs his lifted crutches to ascend.  
 Look round thee, North! see what a glorious scene—  
 O let no thought of vengeance intervene:  
 Throw thy own insignificance aside,  
 And swell in self-importance, power and pride.  
 See Holland easy with his pilfer'd store,  
 See Bute intriguing how to pilfer more,  
 See Grafton's coffers boast the wealth of place,  
 A provident reserve to hedge a race.  
 New to oppression and the servile chain,  
 Hark how the wrong'd Americans complain.  
 Whilst unregarded the petitions lie,  
 And Liberty unnoticed swells her cry;  
 Yet, yet reflect, thou despicable thing,  
 How wavering is the favour of a king;  
 Think, since that feeble fence and Bute is all,  
 How soon thy humbug farce of state may fall.  
 Then catch the present moment while 'tis thine  
 Implore a noble pension and resign.

JOURNAL 6th, Saturday, Sept. 30, 1769.

[Copied from a poem in Chatterton's hand-writing  
 in the British Museum.]

'Tis mystery all, in every sect  
 You find this palpable defect,  
 The axis of the dark machine  
 Is enigmatic and unseen.  
 Opinion is the only guide  
 By which our senses are supply'd,  
 Mere grief's conjecture, fancy's whim,  
 Can make our reason side with him.  
 But this discourse perhaps will be  
 As little lik'd by you as me;  
 I'll change the subject for a better,  
 And leave the doctor, and his letter.

A priest whose sanctimonious face  
 Became a sermon, or a grace,  
 Could take an orthodox repast,  
 And left the knighted loin the last;  
 To fasting very little bent,  
 He'd pray indeed till breath was spent.  
 Shrill was his treble as a cat,  
 His organs being choked with fat;  
 In college quite as graceful seen  
 As Camplin or the lazy dean,  
 (Who sold the ancient cross to Hoare  
 For one church dinner, nothing more,  
 The dean who sleeping on the book  
 Dreams he is swearing at his cook.)  
 This animated hill of oil  
 Was to another dean the foil.  
 They seem'd two beasts of different kind,  
 Contra in politics and mind,  
 The only sympathy they knew,  
 They both lov'd turtle a-la-stew.  
 The dean was empty, thin and long,  
 As Fowler's back or head or song.  
 He met the rector in the street,  
 Sinking a canal with his feet.  
 "Sir," quoth the dean, with solemn nod,  
 "You are a minister of God;  
 And, as I apprehend, should be  
 About such holy works as me.  
 But, cry your mercy, at a feast  
 You only show yourself a priest,  
 No sermon politic you preach,  
 No doctrine damnable you teach.  
 Did not we few maintain the fight,  
 Myst'ry might sink and all be light.  
 From house to house your appetite  
 In daily sojourn paints ye right.  
 Nor lies true orthodox you carry,  
 You hardly ever hang or marry.  
 Good Mr. Rector, let me tell ye  
 You've too much tallow in this belly.  
 Fast, and repent of ev'ry sin,  
 And grow, like me, upright and thin;  
 Be active, and assist your mother,  
 And then I'll own ye for a brother."  
 "Sir," quoth the rector in a buff,  
 "True, you're diminutive enough,  
 And let me tell ye, Mr. Dean,  
 You are as worthless too as lean;  
 This mountain strutting to my face  
 Is an undoubted sign of grace.  
 Grace, tho' you ne'er on turtle sup,  
 Will like a bladder blow you up,  
 A tun of claret swells your case  
 Less than a single ounce of grace."  
 "You're wrong," the bursting dean reply'd,  
 "Your logic's on the rough cast side;  
 The minor's right, the major falls,  
 Weak as his modern honour's walls.  
 A spreading trunk, with rotten skin,  
 Shows very little's kept within;  
 But when the casket's neat, not large,  
 We guess th' importance of the charge."  
 "Sir," quoth the rector, "I've a story  
 Quite apropos to lay before ye.  
 A sage philosopher to try  
 What pupil saw with reason's eye,  
 Prepar'd three boxes, gold, lead, stone,  
 And bid three youngsters claim each one.  
 The first, a Bristol merchant's heir,  
 Lov'd self above the charming fair;

So 'tis not difficult to say  
 Which box the dolthead took away.  
 The next, as sensible as me,  
 Desir'd the pebbled one, d'ye see.  
 The other, having scratch'd his head,  
 Consider'd tho' the third was lead,  
 'Twas metal still surpassing stone,  
 So claim'd the leaden box his own.  
 Now to unclose they all prepare,  
 And hope alternate laughs at fear.  
 The golden case does ashes hold,  
 The leaden shines with sparkling gold,  
 But in the outcast stone they see  
 A jewel,—such pray fancy me."  
 "Sir," quoth the dean, "I truly say  
 You tell a tale a pretty way;  
 But the conclusion to allow—  
 'Fors gad, I scarcely can tell how.  
 A jewel! Fancy must be strong  
 To think you keep your water long.  
 I preach, thank gracious Heaven! as clear  
 As any pulpit stander here,  
 But may the devil claw my face  
 If e'er I pray'd for puffing grace,  
 To be a mountain, and to carry  
 Such a vile heap—I'd rather marry!  
 Each day to sweat three gallons full  
 And span a furlong on my scull.  
 Lost to the melting joys of love—  
 Not to be borne—like justice move."  
 And here the dean was running on,  
 Thro' half a couplet having gone;  
 Quoth rector peevish, "I sha'n't stay  
 To throw my precious time away,  
 The generous Burgum having sent  
 A ticket as a compliment,  
 I think myself in duty bound  
 Six pounds of turtle to confound."  
 "That man you mention," answers dean,  
 "Creates in priests of sense the spleen;  
 His soul's as open as his hand,  
 Virtue distress may both command;  
 That ragged Virtue is a whore,  
 I always beat her from my door,  
 But Burgum gives, and giving shows  
 His honour leads him by the nose.  
 Ah! how unlike the church divine,  
 Whose feeble lights on mountains shine,  
 And being plac'd so near the sky,  
 Are lost to every human eye.  
 His luminaries shine around  
 Like stars in the cimmerian ground."  
 "Invidious slanderer!" quoth priest,  
 "O may I never scent a feat,  
 If thy curst conscience is as pure  
 As underlings in Whitefield's cure.  
 The church, as thy display has shows,  
 Is turn'd a bawd to lustful town;  
 But what against the church you've said  
 Shall soon fall heavy on your head.  
 Is Burgum's virtue then a fault?  
 Ven'son and Heaven forbid the thought!  
 He gives, and never eyes return;  
 O may paste altars to him burn!  
 But whilst I talk with worthless you,  
 Perhaps the dinner waits — adieu."  
 This said, the rector trudg'd along  
 As heavy as Fowlerian song.  
 The hollow dean with fairy feet,  
 Stept lightly thro' the dirty street.

At last, arriv'd at destin'd place,  
 The bulky doctor squeaks the grace.  
 "Lord bless the many-savour'd meat,  
 And grant us strength enough to eat!  
 May all and every mother's son  
 Be drunk before the dinner's done.  
 When we give thanks for dining well, oh!  
 May each grunt out in ritornello!"  
 Amen! resounds to distant tide,  
 And weapons clang on every side,  
 The oily river burns around,  
 And gnashing teeth make doleful sound.  
 Now is the busy president  
 In his own fated element,  
 In every look and action great,  
 His presence doubly fills the plate.  
 Nobly invited to the feast,  
 They all contribute gold at least.  
 The duke and president collected,  
 Alike beloved, alike respected.

[This poem immediately follows the other. It has no title, and is written upon the same paper, a whole sheet, folded into four columns. The line "Alike beloved, alike respected," ends one column, with a little scrawl at the end; the next begins thus.]

SAY, Baker, if experience hoar  
 Has yet unbolted wisdom's door,  
 What is this phantom of the mind,  
 This love, when sifted and refin'd?  
 When the poor lover fancy-frighted  
 Is with shadowy joys delighted,  
 A frown shall throw him in despair;  
 A smile shall brighten up his air.  
 Jealous without a seeming cause  
 From flatt'ring smiles he misery draws;  
 Again without his reason's aid,  
 His bosom's still, the Devil's laid.  
 If this is love, my callous heart  
 Has never felt the rankling dart.  
 Oft have I seen the wounded swain,  
 Upon the rack of pleasing pain,  
 Full of his flame, upon his tongue  
 The quivering declaration hung,  
 When, lost to courage, sense and reason,  
 He talk'd of weather and the season.  
 Such tremors never coward me,  
 I'm flattering, impudent and free,  
 Unmov'd by frowns and low'ring eyes,  
 'Tis smiles I only ask and prize,  
 And when the smile is freely given,  
 You're in the highway road to Heaven.  
 These coward lovers seldom find  
 That whining makes the ladies kind.  
 They laugh at silly silent swains  
 Who're fit for nothing but their chains.  
 'Tis an affrontery, and tongue  
 On very oily hinges hung,  
 Must win the blooming melting fair  
 And show the joys of Heaven here.  
 A rake, I take it, is a creature  
 Who winds thro' all the folds of nature,  
 Who sees the passions, and can tell  
 How the soft beating heart shall swell,  
 Who when he ravishes the joy,  
 Defies the torments of the boy.

Who with the soul the body gains,  
 And shares Love's pleasures, not his pains.  
 Who holds his charmer's reputation  
 Above a tavern veneration,  
 And when a love repeat he makes,  
 Not even prying Fame partakes.  
 Who looks above a prostitute, he  
 Thinks love the only price of beauty,  
 And she that can be basely sold,  
 Is much beneath or love or gold.  
 Who thinks the almost dearest part  
 In all the body is the heart:  
 Without it rapture cannot rise,  
 Nor pleasure wanton in the eyes,  
 The sacred joy of love is dead,  
 Witness the sleeping marriage bed.  
 This is the picture of a rake,  
 Show it the ladies—wont it take?  
 A buck's a beast of th' other side,  
 And real but in hoofs and hide.  
 To nature and the passions dead,  
 A brothel is his house and bed;  
 To fan the flame of warm desire  
 And after wanton in the fire,  
 He thinks a labour, and his pains  
 Were not design'd to conquer hearts.  
 Serene with bottle, pox, and whom,  
 He's happy, and requires no more.  
 The girls of virtue when he views,  
 Dead to all converse but the stews,  
 Silent as death, he's nought to say,  
 But sheepish steals himself away.  
 This is a buck to life display'd,  
 A character to charm each maid.  
 Now prithee, friend, a choice to make,  
 Wouldst choose the buck before the rake?  
 The buck as brutal as the name  
 Envenoms every charmer's fame.  
 And tho' he never touch'd her hand  
 Protests he had her at command,  
 The rake in gratitude for pleasure  
 Keeps reputation dear as treasure.

[After these asterisks, follows without title.]  
 But Hudibrastics may be found  
 To tire ye with repeated sound,  
 So changing for a Shandeyan style  
 I ask your favour and your smile.

### ELEGY.

[This poem is taken from the *Town and Country Magazine* for February, 1770.]

WHY blooms the radiance of the morning sky?  
 Why springs the beauties of the season round?  
 Why buds the blossom with the glossy die?  
 Ah! why does nature beautify the ground?  
 Whilst softly floating on the Zephyr's wing,  
 The melting accents of the thrushes rise;  
 And all the heav'nly music of the spring,  
 Steal on the sense, and harmonize the strain.  
 When the rack'd soul is not attend'd to joy,  
 When sorrow an internal monarch reigns;  
 In vain the choristers their powers employ,  
 'Tis hateful music, and discordant strain.

The velvet mantle of the skirted mead,  
The rich varieties of Flora's pride,  
Till the full bosom is from trouble freed,  
Disgusts the eye, and bids the big tear glide.

Once, ere the gold-hair'd Sun shot the new ray,  
Through the grey twilight of the dubious morn,  
To woodlands, lawns, and hills, I took my way,  
And listen'd to the echoes of the horn;

Dwelt on the prospect, sought the varied view,  
Trac'd the meanders of the bubbling stream;  
From joy to joy, uninterrupted flew,  
And thought existence but a fairy dream.

Now thro' the gloomy cloister's length'ning way,  
Thro' all the terrour superstition frames,  
I lose the minutes of the ling'ring day,  
And view the night light up her pointed flames.

I dare the danger of the mould'ring wall,  
Nor heed the arch that totters o'er my head:  
O! quickly may the friendly ruin fall,  
Release me of my love, and strike me dead.

M\*\*\*! cruel, sweet, inexorable fair,  
O! must I unregard'd seek the grave!  
Must I from all my bosom holds, repair,  
When one indulgent smile from thee, would save.

Let mercy plead my cause; and think! O! think!  
A love like mine but ill deserves thy hate:  
Remember, I am tott'ring on the brink,  
Thy smile or censure seals my final fate.

*Skewditch, May 20.*

C.

---

HQR. LIB. 1, OD. 19.

[The following two translations from Horace were made by Chatterton, from Watson's literal version; a book which his friend Mr. Edward Gardner lent him for the express purpose; and from which gentleman the editor received them.]

Yes! I am caught, my melting soul  
To Venus bends without controul,  
I pour th' empasioned sigh,  
Ye Gods! what throbs my bosom more,  
Responsive to the glance of love,  
That beams from Stella's eye.

O how divinely fair that face,  
And what a sweet resistless grace  
On every feature dwells;  
And on those features all the while,  
The softness of each frequent smile,  
Her sweet good nature tells.

O Love! I'm thine, no more I sing  
Heroic deeds—the sounding string  
Forgets its wonted strains;  
For ought but love the lyre's unstrung,  
Love melts and trembles on my tongue  
And thrills in every vein.

VOL. IV.

Invoking the propitious skies,  
The green-sad altar let us raise;  
Let holy incense smoke.  
And if we pour the sparkling wine  
Sweet gentle peace may still be mine;  
This dreadful chain be broke.

D. B.

---

HQR. LIB. 1, OD. 5.

What gentle youth, my lovely fair-one say,  
With sweets perfum'd, now courts thee to the  
bow'r,  
Where glows with lustre red the rose of May,  
To form thy couch in love's enchant'ng hour!

By Zephyrs wav'd, why does thy loose hair sweep,  
In simple curls around thy polish'd brow?  
The wretch that loves thee now too soon shall  
weep,  
Thy faithless beauty and thy broken vow.

Though soft the beams of thy delusive eyes,  
As the smooth surface of th' untroubled stream,  
Yet, ah! too soon th' ecstatic vision flies,  
Flies like the fairy paintings of a dream.

Unhappy youth, O shun the warm embrace,  
Nor trust too much affection's flattering smile;  
Dark poison lurks beneath that charming face,  
Those melting eyes but languish to beguile.

Thank Heav'n, I've broke the sweet but galling  
chain,  
Worse than the borrowrs of the stormy main.

D. B.

---

TO MISS HOYLAND.

[From the original, in the possession of Mr. Gardner.]

Go, gentle Muse! and to my fair-one say,  
My ardent passion mocks the feeble lay;  
That love's pure flame my panting breast inspires,  
And friendship warms me with her chaster fires.  
Yes, more my fond esteem, my matchless love,  
Than the soft turtle's cooing in the grove;  
More than the lark delights to mount the sky,  
Then sinking on the green-sward soft to lie;  
More than the bird of eve at close of day  
To pour in solemn solitude her lay; [note,  
More than grave Camplin<sup>1</sup> with his deep-ton'd  
To mouth the sacred service got by rote;  
More than sage Catcott<sup>2</sup> does his storm of rain,  
Sprung from th' abyss of his eccentric brain,  
Or than his wild-antique, and spott'ring brother  
Loves in his ale-house chair to drink and pother;

<sup>1</sup> John Camplin, M. A. preceptor of Bristol.

<sup>2</sup> The reverend Mr. Catcott wrote a book on the deluge.

More than soft Lewis<sup>3</sup>, that sweet pretty thing,  
Loves in the pulpit to display his ring;  
More than frail mortals love a brother sinner,  
And more than Bristol aldermen their dancer,  
(When full four pounds of the well-fatten'd  
haunch

n twenty mouthfuls fill the greedy paunch.)<sup>1</sup>

If these true strains can thy dear bosom move,  
Let thy soft blushes speak a mutual love;  
But if thy purpose settles in disdain,  
Speak my dread fate, and bless thy fav'rite swain.

D. D.

### ELEGY,

ON MR. WILLIAM SMITH<sup>1</sup>.

[From the original in the British Museum.]

Ascend my Muse on sorrow's sable plume,  
Let the soft number meet the swelling sigh;  
With laureated chaplets deck the tomb,  
The bloodstain'd tomb where Smith and comfort  
lie.

I lov'd him with a brother's ardent love,  
Beyond the love which tenderest brothers bear;  
Tho' savage kindred bosoms cannot move,  
Friendship shall deck his urn and pay the tear.

Despised, an alien to thy father's breast,  
Thy ready services repaid with hate;  
By brother, father, sisters, all distress,  
They push'd thee on to death, they urg'd thy fate.

Ye callous breasted brutes in human form,  
Have you not often boldly wish'd him dead?  
He's gone, ere yet his fire of man was wane,  
O may his crying blood be on your head!<sup>2</sup>

### ELEANORA AND JUGA,

MODERNISED BY S. W. A. AGED SIXTEEN.

[From the Town and Country Magazine for June  
1769.]

WHERE Rudborn's waves in clear meanders flow,  
While skies reflected in its bosom glow;

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lewis was a dissenting preacher of note, then in Bristol. Chatterton calls him in one of his letters a "pulpit pop."

<sup>2</sup> Happily mistaken, having since heard, from good authority, it is Peter.

<sup>3</sup> Three other poems, ascribed by Dr. Glynn to Chatterton, are preserved in the British Museum; but they are so destitute of sense, and exhibit such flagrant violations of metre, that it is impossible they should have been the compositions of Chatterton. Notice is taken of these poems, that they might not in any shape hereafter be published as genuise. There is this further evidence against them, that they are not in Chatterton's hand-writing. Their titles are,

1. On Mercy.  
2. Love and Beauty, a Dialogue.  
3. To a Young Lady.

Beneath a willow's solitary shade,  
Two weeping virgins on its bank were laid;  
And while the tears dropp'd fast from either eye,  
The dimpled waters broke in circles by:  
Well skill'd to aim the dart, or guide the car,  
Their absent lovers join'd the civil war.

Where two proud houses' sought Britannia's  
throne,

Their int'rest different, but their views were one.  
While frequent sighs the fault'ring accents broke,  
To Juga thus young Eleanora spoke.

ELEANORA.

O Juga! this my sad complaint attend,  
And join in sympathy your hapless friend;  
Curs'd be the quarrel, curs'd the dread alarms,  
That tears sir Robert from my constant arms,  
To fight for York. O free from every stain!  
May Ebor's<sup>2</sup> rose her ancient white retain;  
But fancy ranging far without controul,  
With horrors worse than death o'ercomes my soul.  
Methinks I see him gasping on the ground,  
The life-warm blood still rushing from the wound:  
Cold, pale, and weak, upon the plain he lies,  
Assist him, Heav'n! assist him, or be dies!

JUGA.

In sorrow's walks, and woe's deserted seats,  
In pensive melancholy's dark retreats,  
At morn, or eve, when chilling blasts descend,  
Incessant mourners we our griefs will blend.  
As wither'd oaks their frost-wip'd arms entwine,  
I'll pour my tears, and thou shalt mingle thine:  
Unfit for joy, like ruin'd tow'rs we'll lay,  
Where erst the foot of joy was wont to stray.  
Amidst whose desert walls and mould'ring cells,  
Pale giant fear, with screaming horror dwells;  
Where oft the dismal gloom of night is broke,  
By boding owls, and ravens' fun'ral croak.

The deep-mouth'd opening pack, the winding  
horn,

No more shall wake to joy the blushing morn:  
In haunted groves I'll trace the loneliest way,  
To hide my sorrows from the face of day;  
Or thro' the church-way path forlorn I'll go,  
With restless ghosts, companions of my woe.

When the pale Moon scarce sheds her waning  
light,

But faintly glimmers thro' the murky night,  
Fantastic fairies form the vain array  
Of happiness that flies th' approach of day:  
Then if the blood of life, congeal'd and froze,  
No more within sir Robert's bosom glows,  
Frantic I'll clasp his clay devoid of breath,  
And racking thought shall torture worse than  
death.

ELEANORA.

O fairest stream! who with thy glossy wave  
These flow'ry meads on either hand dost lave;  
Perhaps with thee our champions' bodies glide,  
And heroes' blood augments thy fatal tide:  
Perhaps—but come, my gentle Juga, haste!  
Nor anxious hours in vain surmises waste:  
Let's seek our heroes o'er the bloody plain,  
Perhaps to meet with doubled bliss again!

<sup>1</sup> York and Lancaster.    <sup>2</sup> York.

If not, to them despairing let us go, [below.  
 And join their shades 'midst constant ghosts  
 This said, like two fair trees whose leafy store  
 The east has blighted, or the lightning tore;  
 Or as two clouds, o'ercharg'd with wintry show'rs,  
 When in the sky the howling tempest low'rs,  
 Slowly they mov'd.—But Death's remorseless dart  
 They found had pierc'd each darling hero's heart.

Distracted then, with hasty steps they go,  
 To where ere while they told the tale of woe:  
 There hand in hand they view'd the stream awhile,  
 Each gently sigh'd, and forc'd a parting smile:  
 Then plung'd beneath the stream, the parting  
 wave  
 Receiv'd th' afflicted pair, and prov'd a friendly  
 grave.





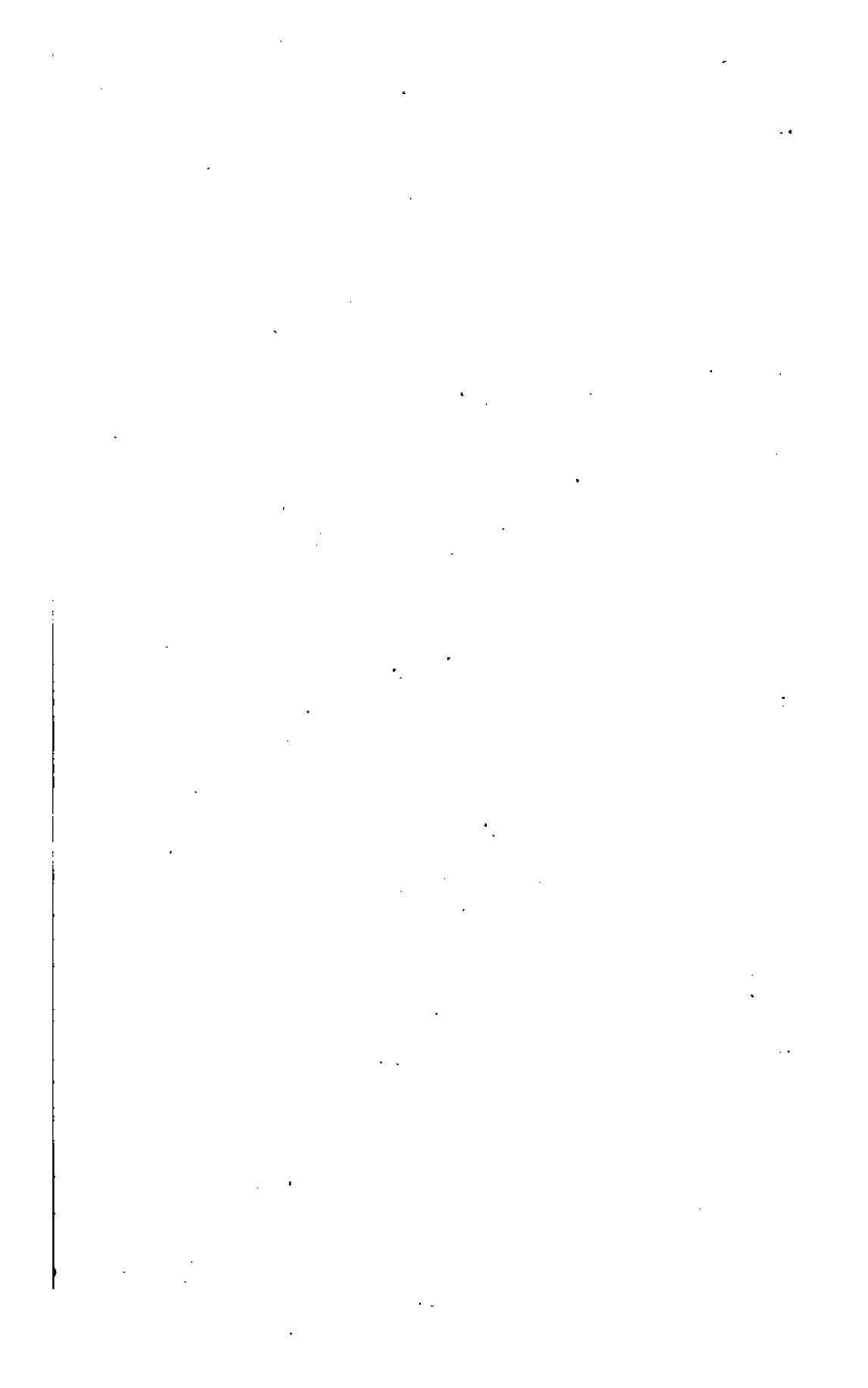
THE  
P O E M S  
OF  
*JOHN GILBERT COOPER.*

---

---

*Nec inuisse pudet; sed non incidere ludam.*

7  
HOR.



THE

# LIFE OF JOHN GILBERT COOPER.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

---

MR. COOPER was born in 1723. He descended, according to the account of his life in the *Biographia Britannica*, from an ancient family in Nottinghamshire, impoverished on account of its loyalty during the rebellion in Charles 1st's time. Thurgaton Priory, in that county, was granted to one of his ancestors by Henry VIII. and after some interruption became the residence of our poet's father, and still continues in the family. I know not, however, how to reconcile this pedigree<sup>1</sup> with a memorandum now before me, which states that the family name was Gilbert, and that in 1736 John Gilbert, esq. obtained leave to use the surname and arms of Cooper, pursuant to the will of John Cooper of Thurgaton, esq.

He was educated at Westminster-school under Dr. John Nichols, and in 1743 became a fellow-commoner of Trinity college, Cambridge, where he resided two or three years, without taking a degree, but not without a due attention to his studies. With some tincture of foppery, he was a young man of very lively parts, and attached to classical learning, which it is only to be regretted he did not pursue with judgment. He quitted the university on his marriage with Susanna<sup>2</sup>, the grand-daughter of sir Nathan Wright, lord keeper, a man whom party raised to that situation, and whose inferiority of talents might have escaped observation, if he had not been preceded by Somers, and followed by Cowper.

In 1745, our author published *The Power of Harmony*, in two books, in which he endeavoured to recommend a constant attention to what is perfect and beautiful in nature, as the means of harmonizing the soul to a responsive regularity and sympathetic order. This imitation of the language of the Shaftesbury school was not affectation. He had studied the works of that nobleman with enthusiasm, and seems entirely to have regulated his conduct by the maxims of the ancient and modern academics. The poem brought him into notice with the public, but he appears not at this time to have courted the fame of authorship. When Dodsley began to publish his *Museum*, he invited the

<sup>1</sup>Thoroton's Nottinghamshire, p. 305. and new edit. by Throsby. C.

<sup>2</sup>She died Nov. 10, 1751, aged 27. C.

aid of Mr. Cooper among others who were friendly to him, and received a greater portion of assistance from our author's pen than from that of any other individual. His contributions, with only one or two exceptions, were prose essays on subjects of common life and manners, in which he discovers a very happy talent for chaste humour and sprightly observation. His papers were signed, not *Philalctes*, as mentioned in the *Biographia Britannica*, but *Philaretus*.

In 1749, he exhibited a curious specimen of *sentimental* grief in a long Latin epitaph on his first son, who died the day after his birth. It is now added to his works, with a translation which appeared some years ago in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and is precisely such a translation as so ridiculous an original deserves. He afterwards, although it does not appear at what period, gave another instance of that romantic feeling which is apart from truth and nature, and which yet is far more frequent than is generally supposed among the sons of imagination, who seldom remember that

Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,  
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Mr. Fitzherbert, the father of the late lord St. Helens, found Cooper one morning apparently in such violent agitation, on account of the indisposition of his second son, as to seem beyond the power of comfort. At length, however, he exclaimed, "I'll write an elegy." Mr. Fitzherbert, being satisfied by this of the sincerity of his emotions, shyly said, "Had you not better take a post-chaise, and go and see him?"

In 1749, he published with his name *The Life of Socrates*, collected from all the ancient authorities; in this work he received many learned notes from the sturdy antagonist of Warburton, the reverend John Jackson of Leicester, a controversial divine of considerable fame in his day. These notes were principally levelled at Warburton, and in language not very respectful. Warburton, who knew Jackson, but probably little of Cooper, retorted by a note, in his edition of Pope's works, on the *Essay on Criticism*, in which he accused the author of the *Life of Socrates* of impudent abuse and slander, the offspring of ignorance joined with vanity. Cooper's vanity, it must be confessed, is amply displayed in this work, and it is impossible to justify his affected contempt for writers of established reputation. Warburton's rebuke, however, was very coarse, and appears to have alarmed him; for he was not naturally of an abusive turn, but on the contrary rather prided himself on a mind superior to personal animosities. In his defence, therefore, he published *Remarks on Warburton's Edition of Pope*, in which he professes that he had attacked him as an author and not as a man, and did not, as a fair antagonist, deserve to be called an impudent slanderer. He next examines a few of Warburton's notes on Pope, and endeavours to prove his incapacity as a commentator. He betrays, however, that the real cause of his introducing Warburton's name into the *Life of Socrates* was his want of veneration for Mr. Cooper's favourite philosophers, Shaftesbury, Hutcheson, &c. The whole is written with much acrimony, but with a very considerable display of learning. In the former, at least, there is reason to think, he was assisted by Jackson: but the *Life of Socrates* brought very little reputation to its author; and after some years, Warburton's angry note was omitted from the editions of Pope.

In 1754, he appeared to more advantage as the author of *Letters on Taste*, a small volume, which soon passed through three or four editions. Taste had not at this time

<sup>3</sup> Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol. iii. 164. C.

been treated in a philosophical manner; and as the author set out with liberal professions, his readers were induced to take for granted that he had thrown much new light on the subject. He is, however, original only in the manner in which he has contrived to throw a charm over a few acknowledged truths and common-place opinions. Instead of beginning by definition, and proceeding gradually to analyze the pleasure resulting from what are generally considered as the objects of true taste, he lets loose his imagination, invites his reader into fairy-land, and delights him by excursive remarks and allegorical details, but in a style which even Johnson, who had no great opinion of Cooper, allowed to be splendid and spirited.

In 1755, he published the *Tomb of Shakspeare*, a vision; and when the *World was set up* by Dodsley and Moore, he contributed two papers, which, with those he published in the *Museum*, afford a proof that in this species of writing he might have attained considerable fame, if he had avowed his productions. In 1756, he appears to have caught the alarm very general at that time among the enemies of administration, lest the Hessian troops, brought into the country to defend the kingdom from invasion, should be instrumental in subverting its liberties. Mr. Cooper was no politician, but he was a poet, and he determined to contribute his share of warning, in a poem entitled, *The Genius of Britain*, addressed to Mr. Pitt.

In 1755, he published *Epistles to the Great*, from Aristippus in Retirement, and soon after *The Call of Aristippus*, addressed to Dr. Akenside, in a style of adulation pardonable only to the warmest feelings of friendship. Between him and Dr. Akenside all this might subsist: there was at least a perfect cordiality of sentiment in philosophy and politics. Both hated the ruling government as much as they admired the school of Shaftesbury. But their fate was different. Akenside had to make his way to practice through all the obstacles of party and prejudice. Cooper was a gentleman of easy fortune, enamoured of retirement, and who appears to have had no inducement to conceal what he thought, or retract what he had said.

Some other of his lesser pieces were published about this time; and in 1759, his translation of Gresset's *Ver Vert*, a mock heroic poem, in four cantos. In 1764, all these, with the exception of the *Ver Vert* and *The Estimate of Life*, which are now added, were published in one volume by Dodsley, whom he allowed to take that liberty, and who informs us, that they were originally written for the author's amusement, and afterwards published for the bookseller's profit.

If this has the appearance of vanity, it may at least be pardoned for its liberality. It does not appear that he ever sold any of his works, and during the publication of the *Museum* he was an indefatigable contributor. At this time, he had probably taken leave of the Muses, and was applying himself to the active and useful duties of a magistrate. He resided, however, occasionally in London, and was a constant attendant and frequent speaker at the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. Of this he had unsuccessfully endeavoured to become a vice-president, and felt his disappointment so keenly as to retire in disgust. He died at his house in May-Fair, after a long and excruciating illness, occasioned by the stone, April 14, 1769, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

Dr. Kippis, who knew him personally, informs us that he was a gentleman of polite address and accomplishments; and, if the general tenour of his works may be credited, he possessed an amiable and affectionate heart. His chief foible was vanity; but this

is more discoverable in his writings than it probably was in his life. Vanity, however, in an author is a foible to which the world cannot be easily reconciled; and the slighting opinion that has been sometimes passed on his poems may, I think, be as much attributed to the disgust of the critic, as to the demerit of the author. There are few of the minor poets who have higher claims to originality. The Epistles to Aristippus, his Songs, and the Father's Advice to his Son, although of unequal merit, contain many passages that are truly poetical. His veneration for some of the French poets, particularly Gresset, induced him to attempt a mode of versification in the Epistles, to which the English ear cannot easily become familiar, and which is not to be justified from any defect in the manliness or copiousness of the English language. Yet this study of the French writers, of no use in other respects, has rendered his translation of the *Ver Ver* almost a perfect copy of the original, and far superior to the coarse version since published by the late Dr. Goddes. Of his other pieces, the *Theagenes* to *Sylvia* is a faint imitation, although servilely intended, of Pope's *Eloisa*; *The Power of Harmony*, designed as a philosophical illustration of the principles of Shaftesbury, will probably obtain few readers. The prevailing fault in all his pieces, and which he learned from adopting the careless versification borrowed from the French, is a licentious use of the elision, as in the words *om'sous*, *fol'wing*, and many others: his rhymes also are frequently defective. Why the *Estimate of Life* was omitted from Dodsley's edition of his works, I know not. It contains more true poetry than half the volume. It was originally published in the *Museum*, and afterwards in Dodsley's *Collection of Miscellaneous Poems*.

## THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

---

**T**HE following poems having been very favourably received by the public when they first appeared, at different times, in detached pieces, the author has been prevailed upon to permit me to collect them into this small volume.

When I requested him to give me a preface, he replied, "that to those whom such trifles afforded pleasure, a formal introduction would be unnecessary; that he wrote most of them, when he was very young, for his own amusement, and published them afterwards for my profit; and, as they had once answered both those ends, was very little solicitous what would be the fate of them for the future."

ROBERT DODSLEY.





# POEMS

OF

## JOHN GILBERT COOPER.

### EPISTLES TO HIS FRIENDS IN TOWN,

FROM ARISTIPPUS IN RETIREMENT.

The species of poetry, in which the following epistles are written, has been used, with great success, among the French, by Chapelle, Chaulieu, La Fare, Gresset, Madame Deshoulières, and others; but I do not remember to have seen it before in the English language. The unconfined return of the rhymes, and easiness of the diction, seem peculiarly adapted to epistolary compositions. The author professedly imitates the general manner of the above-mentioned writers, but he is more particularly obliged to Gresset, for two or three hints in his performance, which he has acknowledged in the marginal notes. The reader will not forget, that these four epistles were written originally under a fictitious character.

#### THE RETREAT OF ARISTIPPUS.

EPISTLE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF \*\*\*\*\*

Je vous livre ma rêverie  
Sur quelques vérités hardies,  
Viennent librement mêlanger.

GRESSET.

**S**EL'D with the rage of being great  
In courts, my lord, let others lead  
(Exchanging happiness for state)  
The crowd of tinsel'd slaves, who tread  
The mire ministerial road  
To modern Honour's dark abode,

Where dwell th' high vulgar of the town,  
Which England's common courtesy,  
To make bad fellowship go down,  
Politely calls good company.  
Remote from politics and strife,  
From the dull sons of business free,  
Unfetter'd by domestic life,  
To letter'd ease a votary,  
I spend alternately my hours  
'Twixt Epicurus' myrtle bow'rs  
And Academus' palmy grove,  
Happy, from Seine's meandering shores,  
Where polish'd pleasures ever rove,  
The first to bring the Thespian maids,  
To play to Science and to Love  
On Cyprian pipes in British shades.  
No levées here attend his grace,  
My-lording ev'ry morn an ass,  
Nor office-clerks with busy face,  
To make fools wonder as they pass,  
Whisper dull nothings in his ear,  
'Bout some rogue borough-monger there.  
The well-bred insipidity  
Of town assemblies ne'er is heard,  
And candidates for prelacy,  
That sable, supple, bowing herd,  
This silent territory fly;  
For bishoprics are seldom found  
In realms of scientific ground.  
No doctor's medicinal wig,  
No titled beggar's suppliant knee,  
No alderman with knighthood big  
And newly purchas'd pedigree,  
No vultures of the buzzard race  
From Temple or from Lincoln's-Inn,  
No pseudo-patriot out of place,

Nor venal senator that's in,  
Disturb this amiable retreat:  
Only a Muse, a Love, or Grace,  
In this calm senate have a seat.  
Such representatives are free,  
No Muse has lately been at court,  
Nor are the Graces better for't;  
Nor have the Loves septennially,  
A borough-int'rest to support,  
Mortgag'd their healths or property.

Led by unerring Nature's voice,  
I haunt retirement's silent shade,  
Contentment's humble lot and choice,  
Where on the mossy sofa laid,  
I see, thro' contemplation's eye,  
The white-wing'd cherub innocence,  
Each blessing of her native sky  
To sympathetic hearts dispense.  
Here, undebauch'd by spurious art,  
Great Nature reigns in ev'ry part,  
Both when refulgent Titan's beam  
In high meridian splendour glows,  
And when pale Cynthia's maiden gleam  
O'er night a silver mantle throws.  
The natives of the neighb'ring grove  
Their nuptials chaunt on vernal sprays;  
Untaught by Ovid how to love,  
True passion modulates their lays.  
From no Propertius' polish'd strain,  
The linnet forms her temperate note;  
From no Tibullus learns to plain  
The widow'd turtle's faithful throat.  
Each feather'd libertine of air,  
Gay as Catullus, loves and sings;  
Free as the Teian sage from care,  
The goldfinch claps his gilded wings,  
And wooes his female to repair  
To shady groves and crystal springs.  
Here bless'd with freedom and content,  
Untaught by devious thought to stray  
Thro' fancy's visionary way,  
These silvan bards of sentiment  
Warble the dictates of the heart  
Uninterrupted as they flow,  
Unmeasur'd by the rules of art,  
Now strongly high, now sweetly low.

Such scenes the good have ever lov'd,  
The great have sought, the wise approv'd:  
Here legislators plann'd of old  
The pandects of immortal laws;  
And mighty chiefs and heroes bold,  
Withdrawn from popular applause,  
First having left their countries free  
From savage and from human pests,  
Gain'd a more glorious victory  
O'er the fierce tyrants of their breasts.

Metinks, I hear some courtier say,  
"Such charms ideal ill agree  
With moderniz'd gentility;  
For now the witty, great, and gay,  
Think what so charms your rural sense,  
Only a clown's fit residence.  
In former days a country life,  
For so time-honour'd poets sing,  
Free from anxiety and strife,  
Was blandish'd by perpetual spring.  
There the sweet Graces kept their court,  
The Nymphs, the Fauns, and Dryads play'd,  
Thither the N. uses would resort,  
Apollo lov'd the silvan shade,

The gods and heroes own'd a passion  
For wives and daughters of the swains,  
And heroines, whilst 'twas the fashion,  
Ridotto'd on the rural plains.  
The 'squires were then of heav'nly race,  
The parsons fashionable too,  
Young Hermes had at court a place,  
Venus and Mars were folks o'er know.  
But long long since those times are o'er,  
No goddess trips it o'er the lea,  
The gods and heroes are no more,  
Who danc'd to rural minstrelsy.  
Detested are these sad abodes  
By modern dames of mortal make,  
And peers, who rank not with such gods,  
Their solitary seats forsake.  
For now 'tis quite another case,  
The country wears a diff'rent face.  
When sometimes, (oh! the cruel Lent!)  
Thither her ladyship is sent,  
As Sul thro' Taurus mounts the sky,  
Or George prorogues his parliament,  
Her beauteous bosom heaves a sigh,  
Five months in rustic banishment.  
Thither, alas! no viscounts rove,  
Nor heart-bewitching col'nels come,  
Dull is the music of the grove,  
Unheeded fades the meadow's bloom.  
The verdant copse may take the birds,  
The breath of morn and evening's dew  
To bleating flocks and lowing herds:  
Be pleasant and be wholesome too;  
But how can these ('tis out of nature)  
Have charms for any human creature!"

Such are the sentiments, I own,  
Of all that lazy loitering race,  
From daily ushers to his grace,  
Who never leave the guilty town;  
But in the purlieus of the court,  
By knaves are spanie'd up and down,  
To fetch and carry each report.

Far other images arise  
To those who inward turn their eyes  
To view th' inhabitants of mind;  
Where solitude's calm vot'ries find  
Of knowledge th' inexhausted prize;  
And truth, immortal truth bestows,  
Clad in ethereal robes of light,  
Pure as the flakes of falling snows,  
Unenvied unprov'd delight.

On me, my lord, on humble me  
The intellectual train attends;  
Science oft seeks my company,  
And Fancy's children are my friends.  
Here bless'd with independent ease,  
I look with pity on the great,  
For who, that with enjoyment sees  
The Laughs and Graces at his gate,  
And little Loves attending night,  
Or fondly hov'ring o'er his head,  
To wing his orders thro' the sky,  
Whilst warbling Muses round him shed  
Sweet flow'rs, which on Parnassus blow,  
Would wish those thorny paths to tread,  
Which slaves and courtiers only know.

Thanks to my ancestors and Heav'n,  
To me the happier lot is giv'n,  
In calm retreat my time to spend  
With far far better company,  
Than those who on the court attend

In honourable drudgery.  
 Warriors and statesmen of old Rome  
 Duly observe my levée-day,  
 And wits from polish'd Athens come,  
 Occasional devoirs to pay.  
 With me great Plato often holds  
 Discourse upon immortal pow'rs,  
 And Attic Xenophon unfolds  
 Rich honey from Lycium flow'rs;  
 Cæsar and Tully often dine,  
 Anacron rambles in my grove,  
 Sweet Horace drinks Falernian wine,  
 Catullus makes on haycocks love.  
 With these, and some a-kin to these,  
 The living few who grace our days,  
 I live in literary ease,  
 My chief delight their taste to please  
 With soft and unaffected lays.  
 Thus, to each vot'ry's wish, kind fate  
 Divides the world with equal line,  
 She bids ambition, care, and state,  
 Be the high portion of the great,  
 Peace, friendship, love, and bliss be mine.

## THE TEMPER OF ARISTIPPUS.

## EPISTLE II.

## TO LADY \*\*\*\*\*

Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor hospes.

HORAT.

I've oft, Melissa, heard you say,  
 "The world observes I never wear  
 An aspect gloomy or severe,  
 That, constitutionally gay,  
 Whether dark clouds obscure the sky,  
 Or Phoebus gilds the face of day,  
 In pleasure's true philosophy  
 I pass the winged years away."  
 In most, 'tis true, the human sense  
 Is subjected to smiles, or tears,  
 To swelling pride, or trembling fears,  
 "By ev'ry skyey influence."  
 Camelon-like their souls agree  
 With all they hear and all they see,  
 Or, as one instrument resounds  
 Another's unison of sounds,  
 Their mutable complexions carry  
 The looks of anger, hope, and joy;  
 Just as the scenes around 'em vary,  
 Pleasures delight, or pains annoy.  
 But I, by philosophic mood,  
 Let the wise call it happy folly,  
 Educe from ev'ry evil good,  
 And rapture e'en from melancholy.  
 When in the silent midnight grove,  
 Sweet Philomela swells her throat  
 With tremulous and plaintive note,  
 Expressive of disastrous love,  
 I with the pensive Pleasures dwell,  
 And in their calm sequester'd cell  
 Listen with rapturous delight  
 To the soft songster of the night.  
 Here Echo, in her mossy cave,  
 Symphonious to the love-lorn song,  
 Warbles the vocal rocks among,  
 Whilst gently-trickling waters lave

The oak-fring'd mountain's hoary brow,  
 Whose streams, united in the vale,  
 O'er pebbled beds loquacious flow,  
 Tun'd to the sad melodious tale  
 In murmurs querulously slow.  
 And, whilst trammers'd in thought I lie,  
 From ages past and realms unseen,  
 There moves before the mental eye  
 The pleasing melancholy scene  
 Of nymphs and youths unfortunate,  
 Whose fame shall spread from shore to shore,  
 Preserv'd by bards from death and fate,  
 Till time itself shall be no more.

Thus, not by black melancholy  
 Impell'd, to caves or rocks I fly;  
 But when, by chance or humour led,  
 My wand'ring feet those regions tread,  
 Taught by philosophy so sweet  
 To shun the fellowship of care,  
 Far from the world I go to meet  
 Such pleasures as inhabit there.

With rebel-will I ne'er oppose  
 The current of my destiny,  
 But, pliant as the torrent flows,  
 Receive my course implicitly.  
 As, from some shaded river's side  
 If chance a tender osier's blown,  
 Subject to the controuling tide,  
 Th' obedient shrub is carried down,  
 Awhile it floats upon the streams,  
 By whirlpools now is forc'd below,  
 Then mounts again where Titan's beams  
 Upon the shining waters glow.  
 Sweet flow'ry vales it passes by,  
 Cities, and solitudes by turns,  
 Or where a dreary desert burns  
 In sorrowful obscurity.  
 For many a league the wand'rer's borne,  
 By forest, wood, mead, mountain, plain,  
 Till, carried never to return,  
 'Tis buried in the boundless main.  
 Thus Aristippus forms his plan;  
 To ev'ry change of times and fates  
 His temper he accommodates;  
 Not where he will, but where he can,  
 A daily bliss he celebrates.  
 An osier on the stream of time,  
 This philosophic wanderer  
 Floating thro' ev'ry place and clime,  
 Finds some peculiar blessing there.  
 Where e'er the winding current strays  
 By prosp'rous mount or adverse plain,  
 He'll sport, till all his jocund days  
 Are lost in life's eternal main.

Let worldlings hunt for happiness  
 With pain, anxiety and strife,  
 Thro' ev'ry thorny path of life,  
 And ne'er th' ideal fair possess!  
 For who, alas! their passions send  
 The fleeting image to pursue,  
 Themselves their own designs undo,  
 And in the means destroy the end!  
 But I a surer clime have found,  
 To guide me o'er the mazy ground;  
 For knowing that this deity  
 Must ever rove at liberty

<sup>1</sup> See the Chartreuse of Gresset, from whence this passage is imitated; but the subsequent particular application to Aristippus is this author's.

Thro' Fancy's visionary road,  
I never wisdom's schemes employ  
To find her in one fix'd abode,  
But where I meet her I enjoy;  
And being free from strife and care,  
Am sure to meet her ev'ry where.

THE APOLOGY OF ARISTIPPUS.

EPICURE III.

TO \*\*\*\*\* ESS.

D'autres font des vers par étude  
J'en fais pour me desennuyer.

CRANSET.

SHOULD supercilious censors say  
"His youth is waning, 'tis not time  
For Aristippus now with rhyme  
To white the useless hours away,"  
I might reply, I do no more  
Than what my betters did before;  
That what at first my fancy led  
This idle business to pursue,  
Still makes me prosecute the trade,  
Because I've nothing else to do;  
But to the candid, Tom, and you,  
A better reason I could give,  
To whom a better reason's due,  
That in these measures I convey  
My gentle precepts, how to live,  
Clearer than any other way.  
For in the pow'rs of poetry,  
Wit, truth, and pleasure blended lie.  
As, in Italia's fertile vales,  
On the same tree, whilst blossoms blow,  
The ripen'd fruits nectareous grow,  
Fed by warm suns and fresh'ning gales.  
Divinest art to mortals giv'n!  
By thee, the brave, the good, the wise,  
The fair, the learn'd, and witty, rise  
From earth's dull sod, and people heav'n.  
Nor be't to thee imputed blame,  
That ever-barking calumny,  
And filthy-mouth'd obscenity,  
Have oft usurp'd thy injur'd name!  
Alas! the drops which Morning sheds  
With dewy fingers on the meads,  
The pink's and violet's tubes to fill,  
Alike the noxious juices feed  
Of deadly hemlock's pois'nous weed,  
And give 'em fatal pow'r to kill!  
Imagination loves to trace  
Reason's immortal lineaments  
In Fiction's necromantic face,  
When Probability assents.  
The fairest features Fiction wears,  
When most like Truth th' enchantress looks,  
As sweet Narcissa's shade appears,  
In silent lakes and crystal brooks,  
So like the life, we scarcely know  
Where last to fix our wav'ring love,  
Whether upon the form below,  
Or on the real nymph above.  
In each we see an angel's face,  
Tho' for the substance breathe our sighs,  
Whilst we the shadowy image trace  
In the clear wave with longing eyes.

But should you ask me, why I choose,  
Of all the laurel'd sisterhood  
Th' inhabitants of Pindus' wood,  
The least considerable Muse.  
The violets round the mountain's foot,  
Whose humble gems unheeded blow,  
Are to the shepherd's smell more sweet  
Than lofty cedars on its brow.  
Let the loud Epic sound th' alarms  
Of dreadful war, and heroes sprung  
From some immortal ancestry,  
Clad in impenetrable arms  
By Vulcan forg'd, my lyre is strung  
With softer chords, my Muse: more free  
Wanders thro' Pindus' humbler ways  
In amiable simplicity:  
Unstudy'd are her artless lays,  
She asks no laurel for her brows;  
Careless of censure or of praise,  
She haunts where tender myrtle grows;  
Fonder of happiness than fame,  
To the proud bay prefers the rose,  
Nor barter's pleasure for a name.  
On Nature's lap, reclin'd at ease,  
I listen to her heav'nly tongue,  
From her derive the pow'r to please,  
From her receive th' harmonious time,  
And what the goddess makes my song  
In unpremeditated rhyme  
Mellifluous flows, whilst young Desire,  
Cull'd from th' elysian bloom of spring,  
Strews flow'rs immortal round my lyre,  
And Fancy's sportive children bring,  
From blossom'd grove and lily'd mead,  
Fresh fragrant chaplets for my head.  
The most, tho' softest of the Nine,  
Euterpe, muse of gaiety  
Queen of heart-soft'ning melody,  
Allures my ear with notes divine.  
In my retreat Euterpe plays,  
Where Science, garlanded with flow'rs,  
Ecstasied listens to her lays  
Beneath the shade of myrtle bow'rs.  
This pleasing territory lies  
Unvisited by common eyes,  
Far from the prude's affected spleen,  
Or bigot's surly godliness,  
Where no coquettes, no jilts are seen,  
Nor folly-fetter'd fops of dress;  
Far from the vulgar high and low,  
The pension'd great man's littleness;  
Or those, who, prone to slav'ry, grow  
Fit tools of others' tyranny,  
And, with a blind devotion, bow  
To wooden blocks of quality;  
Far from the land of Argument,  
Where deep within their murky cells,  
Figures and bloated Tropes are pent,  
And three-legg'd Syllogism dwells;  
Far from the bubble-blowing race,  
The school-men subtle and refin'd,  
Who fill the thick skull's brainless space,  
With puffs of theologic wind;  
And all the grave pedantic train,  
Which fairy Genius longs to bind  
Hard with a comment's iron chain.  
But, whilst such drones are driv'n away,  
In my belov'd retreat remain  
The fair, the witty, and the gay.

\* See *Les Ombres of Cranset*.

Here the soft patriarch of the Loves,  
 One'd Anacreon, with the doves  
 Of Venus flurr'ring o'er his head,  
 Whilst ivy-crowned Hours around  
 He laughter-loving Graces lead  
 In sportive ringlets to the sound  
 Of Paphian flutes) the Muse invites  
 To festive days and am'rous nights,  
 Here tender Moscus loves to rove  
 Along the meadow's daisied side,  
 Under a cool and silent grove  
 Where brooks of dimpling waters glide.  
 Apt in celestial ecstasy  
 Apollo, whom all the Nine inspire,  
 Loves her am'rous melody,  
 The chords of whose Idalian lyre,  
 As changeful passions ebb or flow,  
 Track with bold hand now vibrate high,  
 Low, modulated to a sigh,  
 Remble most languishingly low.  
 Hence, mild sage, refin'd with ease,  
 Whose precepts whilst they counsel, please,  
 Without the jargon of the schools  
 And fur-gown'd pedant's bookish rules,  
 Here keeps his lov'd academy;  
 His art so nicely he conceals,  
 That wisdom on the bosom steals,  
 And men grow good insensibly.  
 From cool Valchusa's lilled meads  
 Of Petrarch and his Laura come,  
 And even great Tasso sometimes treads  
 These bow'ry walks, and culls the bloom  
 Of rural groves, where heretofore  
 Each Muse, each Grace, beneath the shade  
 Of myrtle bow'rs, in secret play'd  
 With an Idalian paramour.  
 From silver Seine's transparent streams,  
 With roses and with lilies crown'd,  
 Breathing the same heart-easing themes,  
 And tun'd in amicable sound,  
 Sweet bards, of kindred spirit, blow  
 Of Lydian notes on Gallic reeds,  
 Whose songs instruct us how to know  
 Yeth's flow'rs from affectation's weeds.  
 Bepelle leads up the festive band;  
 A Parre and Chauvieu, hand in hand,  
 Close follow their poetic sire,  
 Lot with the Teian grape and fire.  
 But hark! as sweet as western wind  
 Breathes from the violet's fragrant beds,  
 When balmy dews Anrora sheds,  
 In sweet's clear pipe, distinct behind,  
 Symphoniously combines in one  
 Each former bard's mellifluent tone.  
 In sweet! in whose harmonious verse  
 The Indian bird shall never die,  
 Whose death may perch on Ver-Vert's bourse,  
 Whose tongue immortal shall rehearse  
 His variable loquacity.  
 Nor wanting are these bards of Thames,  
 In rural reed young Surry plays,  
 And Waller wooes the courtly dames  
 With gay and unaffected lays,  
 His careless limbs supinely laid  
 Beneath the plantane's leafy shade.  
 Prior his easy pipe applies  
 To sooth his jealous Cloe's breast,  
 And even Sacharissa's eyes  
 To brighter Cloe's yield the prize  
 Of Venus' soul bewitching cest.

Than these much greater bards, I wren,  
 Whenever they will condescend  
 Th' inferior Muses to attend,  
 Immobilize this humble scene:  
 Shakespear's and Drayton's Fairy crews  
 In midnight revels gambol round,  
 And Pope's light Syphids sprinkle dew  
 Refreshing on the magic ground.  
 Nor 'adsius the Dryad train of yore,  
 And green-hair'd Naiads of the flood,  
 To join with Fancy's younger brood,  
 Which brood the sweet enchantress bore  
 To British bards in after-times,  
 Whose fame shall bloom in deathless rhymes,  
 When Greece and Britain are no more.  
 Whilst such the feasts of fancy give,  
 Careless of what dull sages know,  
 Amidst their banquets I will live,  
 And pitying, look on pow'r below.  
 If still the cynic censor says,  
 That Aristippus' useless days  
 Pass in melodious foolery,  
 This is my last apology:  
 "Whatever has the pow'r to bless,  
 By living having learnt to prize,  
 Since wisdom will afford me less  
 Than what from harmless follies rise,  
 I cannot spare from happiness  
 A single moment to be wise."

## THE CALL OF ARISTIPPUS.

## EPISTLE IV.

TO MARK AKENSIDE, M. D.  
 ΑΥΑΡΙC ΔΕ ΤΙC ΗΕΡΩΚΙC  
 ΜΕΓΕΤΩ ΗΟΙΗΜΑ

ODE MENE. STEPHAN.

O THEOC, for whom the British bays  
 Bloom in these unpoetic days,  
 Whose early genius glow'd to follow  
 The arts thro' Nature's ancient ways,  
 Twofold disciple of Apollo!  
 Shall Aristippus' easy lays,  
 Trifles of philosophic pleasure  
 Compos'd in literary leisure,  
 Aspire to gain thy deathless praise?  
 If thy nice ear attends the strains  
 This careless bard of Nature breathes  
 On Cyprian flute in Albion's plains,  
 By future poets myrtle wreaths  
 Shall long be scatter'd o'er his urn  
 In annual solemnity,  
 And marble Cupids, as they mourn,  
 Point where his kindred ashes lie.  
 Whilst thro' the tracks of endless day  
 Thy Muse shall, like the bird of Jove,  
 Wing to the source of light her way  
 And bring from cloudless realms above,  
 Where Truth's seraphic daughters glow,  
 Another Promothéan ray  
 To this benighted globe below,  
 Mine, like soft Cytherea's dove,  
 Contented with her native grove,  
 Shall fondly sooth th' attentive ears  
 Of life's way-wearied travellers,

And, from the paths of fancied woes,  
Lead 'em to the serene abode  
Where real bliss and real good  
In sweet security repose;  
Or, as the lark with matin notes,  
To youth's new voyagers, in spring,  
As o'er head in air she floats,  
Attendant on unruffled wing,  
Warbles inartificial joy.  
My Muse in tender strains shall sing  
The feats of Venus' winged boy,  
Or how the nimble-footed Hours,  
With the three Graces knit in dance,  
Follow the goddess Elegance  
To Hebe's court in Paphian bow'ns.

Nor let the supercilious wise  
And gloomy sons of melancholy  
These unaffected lays despise  
As day-dreams of melodious folly.  
Reason a lovelier aspect wears  
The Smiles and Muses when between,  
Than in the stoic's rigid mien  
With beard philosophiz'd by years;  
And Virtue moans not in the cell  
Where cloister'd Pride and Penance dwell,  
But, in the chariot of the Loves,  
She triumphs innocently gay,  
Drawn by the yoke'd Italian doves,  
Whilst young Affections lead the way  
To the warm regions of the heart,  
Whence selfish fiends of Vice depart,  
Like spectres at th' approach of day.

Should any infidel demand,  
Who sneers at our poetic Hear'n,  
Whether from ordination given  
By prelates of the Thespian land,  
Or inspiration from above,  
(As modern methodists derive  
Their light from no divine alive)  
I hold the great prerogative  
To interpret sage Anacreon's writ,  
Or gloss upon Catullus' wit,  
Prophets that heretofore were sent,  
And finally require to see  
Credentials of my embassy,  
Before his faith could yield assent,  
Convincing reasons I would give  
From a short tale scarce credible,  
But yet as true and plausible,  
As some which catholics believe,  
That I was call'd by Jove's behest  
A Paphian and a Delphian priest.

Once when by Trent's pellucid streams,  
In days of prattling infancy,  
Led by young wond'ring Ecstasy,  
To view the Sun's refulgent beams  
As on the sportive waves they play'd  
Too far I negligently stray'd,  
The god of day his lamp withdrew,  
Evening her dusky mantle spread,  
And from her moisten'd tresses shed  
Refreshing drops of pearly dew.  
Close by the borders of a wood,  
Where an old ruin'd abbey stood,  
Far from a fondling mother's sight,  
With toil of childish sport oppress'd  
My tender limbs sunk down to rest  
Midst the dark borrows of the night.  
As Horace erst by fabled doves  
With spring's first leaves was mantled o'er

A wand'rer from his native groves,  
A like regard the British Loves  
To me their future poet bore,  
Nor left me guardianless alone,  
For tho' no Nymph or Faun appear'd,  
Nor piping Satyr was there heard,  
And here the Dryads are unknown;  
Yet, natives true of English ground,  
Sweet Elves and Fays in mantles green,  
By shepherds oft in moonlight seen,  
And dapper Fairies danc'd around.  
The nightingale, her love-lorn lay  
Neglecting on the neighb'ring spray,  
Strew'd with fresh flow'rs my turf bed,  
And, at the first approach of morn,  
The red-breast stript the fragrant thorn  
On roses wild to lay my head.  
Thus, as the wond'ring rustics say,  
In smiling sleep they found me laid  
Beneath a blossom'd hawthorn's shade,  
Whilst sportive bees, in mystic play,  
With honey fill'd my little lips  
Blent with each sweet that Zephyr sips  
From flow'ry cups in balmy May.

From that bless'd hour my bosom glow'd  
Ere vanity or fame inspir'd,  
With unaffected transports fir'd,  
And from my tongue untutor'd flow'd,  
In childhood's inattentive days,  
The hissing notes of artless lays.  
Nor have those dear enchantments ceas'd,  
For what in innocence began  
Still with increasing years increas'd,  
And youth's warm joys now charm the man.  
Perhaps this fondly-foster'd flame,  
E'en when in dust my body's laid,  
Will o'er the tomb preserve its fame,  
And glow within my future shade.  
If thus, as poets have agreed,  
The soul, when from the body freed,  
In t' other world confines her bliss  
To the same joys she lov'd in this,  
Thine, when she's pass'd the Stygian flood,  
Shall, 'midst the patriot chiefs of old,  
The wise, the valiant, and the good,  
(Great names in deathless archives roll'd!)  
Strike with a master's mighty hand  
Thy golden lyre's profoundest chords,  
And fascinate the kindred band  
With magic of poetic words.  
Ravish'd with thy mellifluous lay  
Plato and Virgil shall entwine  
Of olive and the Mantuan bay  
A never-fading crown for thee,  
And learn'd Lucretius shall resign,  
Among the foll'wers of the Nine,  
His philosophic dignity.  
For tho' his faithful pencil drew  
Nature's external symmetry,  
Yet to the mind's capacious view,  
That unconfin'd expatiates  
O'er mighty Nature's wond'rous whole,  
Thy nicer stroke delineates  
The finer features of the soul.  
And, whilst the Theban bard to thee  
Shall yield the heart-elating lyre,  
Horace shall hear attentively  
Thy finger touch his softer wire  
To more familiar harmony.  
Mean while thy Aristippus' shade

Shall seek where sweet Anacreon plays,  
Where Chapellet spends his festive days,  
Where lies the vine-impurpled glade  
By tuneful Chaulieu vocal made,  
Or where our Shenstone's mossy cell,  
Or where the fair Deshoulières strays,  
Or Hammond and Pavillon dwell,  
And Gresset's gentle spirit roves  
Surrounded by a group of Loves  
With roses crown'd and asphodel.

Let the furr'd pedants of the schools,  
In learning's formidable show,  
Full of wise saws and bookish rules,  
The meagre dopes of misery grow,  
A lovelier doctrine I profess  
Than their dull science can avow;  
All that belongs to happiness  
Their *hands* are welcome still to *know*,  
My *heart's* contented to *possess*.  
For in soft elegance and ease,  
Secure of living whilst I live,  
Each momentary bliss I seize,  
Ere these warm faculties decay,  
The fleeting moments to deceive  
Of human life's allotted day.  
And when th' invidious hand of Time  
By stealth shall silver o'er my head,  
Still Pleasure's rosy walks I'll tread,  
Still with the jocund Muses rhyme,  
And haunt the green Idalian bow'r,  
Whilst wanton boys of Paphos' court  
In myrtles hide my staff for sport,  
And coif me, where I'm bald, with flow'rs.

Thus to each happy habit true,  
Preferring happiness to pow'r,  
Will Aristippus e'en pursue  
Life's comforts to the latest hour,  
Till age (the only malady  
Which thou and medicine cannot cure,  
Yet what all covet to endure)  
This innocent voluptu'ry  
Shall, from the Laughs and Graces here,  
With late and lenient change remove,  
To regions of Elysian air,  
Where shades of mortal pleasures rove,  
Destin'd, without alloy, to share  
Eternal joys of mutual love,  
Which *transitory* were above.

## A S O N G.

DEAR Chloe what means this disdain,  
Which blasts each endeavour to please?  
Tho' forty, I'm free from all pain,  
Save love, I am free from disease.

No Graces my mansion have fled,  
No Muses have broken my lyre;  
The Loves frolic still round my bed,  
And Laughter is cheer'd at my fire.

To none have I ever been cold,  
All beauties in vogue I'm among;  
I've appetite e'en for the old,  
And spirit enough for the young.

Believe me, sweet girl, I speak true,  
Or else put my love to the test;

Some others have doubted like you,  
Like them do you bless and be blest.

## AN EPISTLE

FROM THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE. 1776.

CROYEZ que si j'étois, Voltaire,  
Particulier aujourd'hui,  
Me contentant du nécessaire,  
Je verrois envoler la Fortune légère,  
Et m'en moquerois comme lui.  
Je connois l'ennui des grandeurs,  
Le fardeau des devoirs, le jargon des flatteurs,  
Et tout l'amas des petitesesses,  
Et leurs genres et leurs especes,  
Dont il faut s'occuper dans le sein des honneurs.  
Je meprise la vaine gloire,  
Quoique poète et souverain,  
Quand du cieuen fatal retranchant mon destin  
Atropos m'aura tu plonge dans la nuit noire,  
Que m'importe l'honneur incertain  
De vivre après ma mort au temple de memoire:  
Un instant de bonheur vaut mille ans dans l'his-  
toire. Nos destins sont ils donc si beaux?  
Le doux plaisir et la mollesse,  
La vive et naïve allegresse [sceaux,  
Ont toujours fui des grands, la pompe, et les fai-  
nes pour la liberté leurs troupes enchantresses  
Preferent l'aimable paresse  
Aux austeres devoirs guides de nos travaux.  
Aussi la Fortune volage  
N'a jamais causé mes ennuis,  
Soit qu'elle m'agace, ou qu'elle m'outrage.  
Je dormirai toutes les nuits  
En lui refusant mon hommage.  
Mais notre état nous fait loi,  
Il nous oblige, il nous engage  
A mesurer notre courage,  
Sur ce qu'exige notre emploi.  
Voltaire dans son hermitage  
Dans un pais dont l'heritage  
Est son antique bonne foi,  
Peut s'addonner en paix à la vertu du sage  
Dont Platon nous marque la loi;  
Pour moi menacé du naufrage,  
Je dois, en affrontant l'orage,  
Penser, vivre, et mourir en roi.

## THE SAME TRANSLATED.

VOLTAIRE, believe me, were I now  
In private life's calm station plac'd,  
Let Heav'n for nature's wants allow,  
With cold indifference would I view  
Departing Fortune's winged haste,  
And laugh at her caprice like you.  
Th' insipid farce of tedious state,  
Imperial duty's real weight,  
The faithless courtier's supple bow,  
The fickle multitude's caress,  
And the great vulgar's littleness,  
By long experience well I know;  
And, tho' a prince and poet born,  
Vain blandishments of glory scorn.  
For when the ruthless shears of fate  
Have cut my life's precarious thread,  
And rank'd me with th' unconscious dead,



What will't avail that I was great,  
Or that th' uncertain tongue of fame  
In mem'ry's temple chaunts my name?  
One blissful moment whilst we live  
Weighs more than ages of renown;  
What then do potentates receive  
Of good, peculiarly their own?  
Sweet ease and unaffected joy,  
Domestic peace, and sportive pleasure,  
The regal throne and palace fly,  
And, born for liberty, prefer  
Soft silent scenes of lovely leisure,  
To, what we monarchs buy so dear,  
The thorny pomp of scepter'd care.  
My pain or bliss shall ne'er depend  
On fickle Fortune's casual sight,  
For, whether she's my foe or friend,  
In calm repose I'll pass the night;  
And ne'er by watchful homage own  
I court her smile, or fear her frown.  
But from our stations we derive  
Unerring precepts how to live,  
And certain deeds each rank calls forth,  
By which is measur'd human worth.  
Voltaire, within his private cell  
In realms where ancient honesty  
Is patrimonial property,  
And sacred freedom loves to dwell,  
May give up all his peaceful mind,  
Guided by Plato's deathless page,  
In silent solitude resign'd  
To the mild virtues of a sage;  
But I, 'gainst whom wild whirlwinds wage  
Fierce war with wreck-denouncing wing,  
Must be, to face the tempest's rage,  
In thought, in life, in death, a king.

### A HYMN TO HEALTH,

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

SWEET as the fragrant breath of genial May,  
Come, fair Hygieia, goddess heav'nly born,  
More lovely than the Sun's returning ray,  
To northern regions, at the half year's morn.

Where shall I seek thee? in the wholesome grot,  
Where Temperance her scanty meal enjoys?  
Or Peace, contented with her humble lot,  
Beneath her thatch th' inclement blast defies?

Swept from each flow'r that sips the morning dew,  
Thy wing besprinkles all the scenes around;  
Where e'er thou fly'st the blossoms blush anew,  
And purple violets paint the hallow'd ground.

Thy presence renovated nature shows,  
By thee each shrub with varied hue is dy'd,  
Each tulip with redonbl'd lustre glows,  
And all creation smiles with flow'ry pride.

But in thy absence joy is felt no more,  
The landscape wither'd e'en in spring appears,  
The morn low'rs om'nous o'er the dusky shore,  
And evening suns set half extinct in tears.

Ruthless Disease ascends, when thou art gone  
From the dark regions of th' abyss below,  
With Pestilence, the guardian of her throne,  
Breathing contagion from the realms of woe.

In vain her citron groves Italia boasts,  
Or Po the balsam of his weeping trees;  
In vain Arabia's aromatic coasts  
Perfume the pinions of the passing breeze.

No wholesome scents impregn the western gale,  
But noxious arches exhal'd by scorching heat,  
Where gasping swains the pois'nous air inhale  
That once diffus'd a medicinal sweet.

Me, abject me, with pale disease oppress'd,  
Heal with the balm of thy prolific breath;  
Rekindle life within my clay-cold breast, [death  
And shield my youth from canker-worms of

Then on the verdant turf, thy fav'rite shrine,  
Restor'd to thee a votary I'll come,  
Grateful to offer to thy pow'r divine  
Each herb that grows round Æsculapius' tomb.

### A SONG.

THE nymph that I lov'd was as cheerful as day,  
And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in May;  
Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove,  
And her face was as fair as the mother's of love.

Tho' mild as the pleasantest zephyr that steals,  
And receives gentle odours from violet beds,  
Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon, [Moon,  
And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the

Her mind was unsullied as new-fallen snow,  
Yet as lively as tints of young Iris's bow,  
As firm as the rock, and as calm as the flood,  
Where the peace-loving halcyon deposits her brood.

The sweets that each virtue or grace had in store,  
She cull'd as the bee would the bloom of each flow'r;  
Which treasure'd for me, O! how happy was I,  
For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy.

### THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

AN LAMBIIC ODE. ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT  
HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT.

Ἄνεμος γὰρ ἐν τῇ πόλει τῶν ἀγαθῶν καταπύει τοὺς  
λαμπρῶν, οὐκ ἔστι δὲ ἀπονοήτως μάλιστα αὐτῶν; οὐκ  
καὶ κατὰ τὴν χάριν αὐτοῦ, ἄνεμος.

Diodor. Sicul. Histor. Lib. 1.

Written in the year 1756.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM  
PITT.

O THOU, ordain'd at length by pitying fate  
To save from ruin a declining state;  
Adorn'd with all the scientific store  
Which bloom'd on Roman or Athenian shore;  
At whose command our passions fall or rise,  
Breathe anger's menaces, or pity's sighs,  
Whose breast (O never let the flame expire!)  
Glow's ardent with the patriot's sacred fire;  
Attend the bard, who scorns the venal lays,  
Which servile flattery spurious greatness pays;  
Whose British spirit emulating thine,  
Could ne'er burn incense at corruption's shrine;

Who far from courts maintains superior state,  
And thinks that to be free is to be great;  
Careless of pride's imperial smile or frown,  
A friend to all mankind, but slave to none;  
Above temptation, and unaw'd by pow'r,  
Pleas'd with his present lot, nor wishes more,  
Save that kind Heaven would one bless'd boon  
bestow,

Which monarchs cannot grant, or courtiers know,  
From each low view of selfish faction free,  
To think, to speak, to live, O Pitt, like thee.

## THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

As late o'er Britain's chalky coasts  
The Oenius of the island flew,  
The venal swarm of foreign hosts'  
Inglorious basking in his view,  
Deep in his breast he felt the new disgrace,  
And honest blushes warm'd his godlike face.

Quick flash'd the lightning of his spear  
Which blasted France on Cressy's field,  
He wheel'd the blazing sword in air,  
And on his shoulders spread the shield,  
As when o'er Agincourt's blood-purple'd lands,  
Pale Terror stalk'd thro' all the Gallic bands.

Soon as he cast his eyes below,  
Deep heav'd the sympathetic sigh,  
Sudden the tears of anguish flow,  
For sore he felt th' indignity;  
Discordant passions shook his heavenly frame,  
Now horror's damp, now indignation's flame,

"Ah! what avails," he cry'd, "the blood  
Shed by each patriot band of yore,  
When Freedom's unpaid legions stood  
Protectors of this sea-girt shore,  
When ancient wisdom deem'd each British sword  
From hostile pow'r could guard its valiant lord.

"What tho' the Danish raven spread  
Awhile his wings o'er English ground,  
The bird of prey Amercal fled  
When Alfred call'd his peers around,  
Whose fleets triumphant riding on the flood,  
Deep stain'd each chalky cliff with Denmark's blood.

"Alfred on natives could depend,  
And scorn'd a foreign force t' employ,  
He thought, who dar'd not to defend  
Were never worthy to enjoy;  
The realm's and monarch's int'rest deem'd but one,  
And arm'd his subjects to maintain their own.

"What tho' weak John's divided reign  
The Gallic legions tempted o'er,  
When Henry's barons join'd again,  
Those feather'd warriors left the shore;  
Learn, Britons, hence, you want no foreign friends,  
The lion's safety on himself depends.

"Reflect on Edward's glorious name;  
On my fifth Henry's martial deeds;  
Think on those peers of deathless fame  
Who met their king on Thames's meads,  
When sov'reign might acknowledg'd reason's plea,  
That Heav'n created man for liberty.

<sup>1</sup> Six thousand Hessians imported to protect  
this island!!!!

"Tho' Rome's fell star malignant shone,  
When great Eliza rul'd this state,  
On English hearts she plac'd her throne,  
And in their happiness her fate,  
While blacker than the tempests of the north,  
The papal tyrant sent his curses forth.

"Lo! where my Thames's waters glide  
At great Augusta's regal feet,  
Bearing on each returning tide  
From distant realms a golden fleet,  
Which homeward wafts the fruits of ev'ry zone,  
And makes the wealth of all the world your own.

"Shall on his silver waves be borne  
Of armed slaves a venal crew?  
Lo! the old god denotes his scorn,  
And shudders at th' unusual view,  
Down to his deepest cave retires to mourn,  
And tears indignant bathe his crystal urn.

"O! how can vassals born to bear  
The galling weight of slavery's chain,  
A patriot's noble ardour share,  
Or freedom's sacred cause maintain?  
Britons exert your own unconquer'd might,  
A freeman best defends a freeman's right.

"Look back on every deathless deed  
For which your sires recorded stand;  
To battle let your nobles lead  
The sons of toil, a hardy band;  
The sword on each rough peasant's thigh be worn,  
And war's green wreath the shepherd's front adorn.

"But see, upon his utmost shores  
America's sad genius lies,  
Each wasted province he deplora,  
And casts on me his languid eyes,  
Bless'd with Heav'n's fav'rite ordinance I fly,  
To raise th' oppress'd, and humble tyranny."

This said, the vision westward fled,  
His wrinkled brow denouncing war;  
The way fire-mantled Vengeance led,  
And Justice drove his airy car;  
Behind firm-footed Peace her olive bore,  
And Plenty's horn pour'd blessings on the shore.

## THEAGENES TO SYLVIA.

First printed in Dodaley's Museum.

## ARGUMENT.

Theagenes, son of Hieron, the priest of Pan, having fallen in love, at an annual festival in the temple of that god, with Sylvia, a votress to Diana, finds means to seduce her. After some time, the nymph being struck with horror at her guilt, in the utmost despair and contrition makes a vow that she would endeavour to expiate her offence by a life of religious solitude: upon which occasion Theagenes writes the following epistle.

N.B. Several hints in the following epistle were taken from the celebrated lord Gray's Love-letters.

SAY, dearest object of my broken heart,  
Must we for e'er, like soul and body, part?

Must I be doom'd whole ages to deplore,  
And think of transports I must taste no more?  
O dreadful thought! whose endless view contains  
Grief follow'g grief, and pains succeeding pains!  
Each joy is blasted, and each comfort fled!  
Ye dreary sisters, cut the fatal thread!

Ah! whither fly'st thou? to some dreary plain,  
Where frozen Chastity and Horror reign;  
And Melancholy, daughter of Despair,  
With pale Contrition, and with gloomy Care;  
To spend thy youth in superstitious fears,  
In needless penance, penitence, and tears!  
Let those dwell there whose bosoms guilt reprove,  
But thou hast none, if 'tis no sin to love.  
For what is deem'd a half extorted vow  
Too dull for lovers, and forgotten now?  
Religious cheat! impos'd by fear on man,  
And patients continue what the fool began.

O stay, for absence never can destroy,  
No distance quell my visionary joy;  
In vain you still endeavour to remove  
The beautiful cause of my unhappy love:  
Imagination follow close behind,  
Presents afresh past pleasures to my mind;  
The retic'd mind forbidden passion knows,  
With welcome flames the guilty bosom glows,  
Again th' ecstatic soul dissolves away,  
In brightest visions of eternal day;  
There sees thy fatal form, or seems to see,  
For Heav'n it loses, when it loses thee.

Worn by my sorrows, see this wretched frame;  
Innocent object of thy fatal flame!

See! round my lips a deadly paleness spread;  
Where roses bloom'd, the canker grief has fed;  
From my cold cheeks the with'ring lily flies,  
And light extinguish'd leaves my weeping eyes.

O count again the pleasures we have prov'd,  
Promoting mutual what the other lov'd;  
Recall in thought each am'rous moment gone,  
Think each soft circumstance, and still think on;  
But chief that day destructive to my rest,  
For ever fatal, yet for ever blest,  
When I, as-hating, at the sacred shrine,  
My aged father in the rights divine,  
Beheld thee first, celestial as thou art,  
And felt thy image sink into my heart;  
Ere I could think I found myself undone,  
For but to see thee and to love are one.  
No more the pomp and oleagn splendour pleas'd,  
Devotion's flames within my bosom ceas'd;  
Thy fairer form expell'd the Deity,  
And all the mighty space was fill'd with thee.

I fear'd 'twas error, and to Wisdom fled  
To call her rigid doctrine to my aid:  
But such the passion, Wisdom must approve,  
She saw the object, and she bade me love.

The pleasing path of Venus I retrud,  
No more a mortal, but an am'rous god.  
O powerful weakness of th' ecstatic mind!  
Celestial gleams to human failings join'd!  
Love waits our thoughts, when fancy spreads her  
sails,

To lands of Paradise with gentle gales,  
Love makes the sister soul for ever even;  
Love can do all, for love itself is Heav'n.

The tedious business of the day was done;  
Our offerings ended with the parting Sun;  
The night advanc'd, the shepherds homeward  
sped

To the sweet comforts of the nuptial bed;

But me, alas! far other cares employ,  
To reap the harvest of unlawful joy;  
Pensive I wander'd on the lonely shore,  
Where breaking billows at a distance roar;  
The sighs that issued from my lab'ring breast,  
Woke Echo from her inmost cave of rest;  
On thee I thought, on thee I call'd alone,  
The soften'd rocks re-echo'd to my moan,  
The sympathizing streams ran mournful by,  
And tun'd their plaintive bubblings to my cry.

Thrice had the Moon her silver mantle spread,  
As oft I wander'd from my sleepless bed;  
As oft I travers'd o'er the neighb'ring plain,  
As oft I sought thee, but I sought in vain;  
At last arriv'd the long-expected hour,  
I found thee musing in a lonely bow'r;  
The time and place invited to impart  
The faithful language of my love-sick heart;  
With agonizing sighs I gain'd belief,  
And each pathetic circumstance of grief;  
A war unequal in thy breast ensu'd,  
Stern duty fail'd, and gentle pity woo'd,  
Pity admitted, all disdain remov'd,  
And soon what mercy spard, the woman lov'd.  
A crimson blush o'er all thy face was spread,  
Then lilies pale, and all the roses fled;  
Each look more faithful, to thy heart reveal'd  
The fatal secret that thy tongue conceal'd.

The happy omen of success I view'd,  
Embra'd th' advantage, and th' attack purchas'd  
Honour's first guard of wakeful scruples o'er,  
Love found a breach, and fears contend no more;  
Each other's arms each other's body prest,  
We spoke much pleasure, and we felt the rest;  
The rest, which only can the faithful feel;  
The rest, which none had ever pow'r to tell;  
The rest, which feels unutterably sweet,  
In the first intercourse when lovers meet;  
The modest diffidence, and bold desires,  
Soft thrilling cold, and quick-returning fires,  
The glowing blushes, and the joyful tears,  
The fitt'ring wishes, and th' alarming fears,  
The gentle breathings, and the mutual sighs,  
And all the silent eloquence of eyes.

Pleas'd with the first delight, my raptures run  
To seize at once the last recess of love;  
Till flying swiftly on from joy to joy,  
I sunk at last in heav'nly ecstasy.

The secret progress thus we first began,  
Then soon round pleasure's flow'ry circle ran;  
How oft we met, dull reason frown'd in vain,  
How oft we parted but to meet again!  
O blessed moments, and divinest dreams!  
Enchanting transports, and celestial gleams!  
Fly quick, my fancy, bring 'em back to view,  
In retrospection let me love anew;  
And once in thought enjoy the bliss again,  
Even cheaply purchas'd by an age of pain.

O sacred queen of silent night, advance,  
And cast thy sable mantle o'er th' expense,  
Come, gentle Sleep, and close my wearied eyes,  
Give to my arms what hateful day denies,  
For vain, alas! those dulcet wishes roll,  
When sov'reign reason awes the wakeful soul;  
Sleep sets it free to all its native fires,  
And gives a grateful loose to soft desires.  
At that calm hour, when Peace her requies sings,  
And pleasing slumbers spread their airy wings;  
Thy beautiful image comes before my sight:  
(My theme by day, my constant dream by night.)

Fancy not fairer paints those Heav'n-born maids,  
In fair Elysium under myrtle shades,  
Who ever blooming, ever young appear,  
To drive from happy shades intruding fear.  
My ravish'd thoughts on plumes angelic soar,  
And feel within a Heav'n, or somewhat more,  
Straight on thy oft repeated name I call,  
Then wake, and sigh, and find it vanish'd all.  
Thus erst when Orpheus from the Stygian shore  
Had won his youthful bride by music's pow'r,  
Impatient to behold her, ere he past  
The pool Cocytus, and th' infernal waste,  
Headless he cast forbidden looks behind;  
The fleeting shadow vanish'd like the wind,  
And all his joys wing'd their eternal flight  
With her, like frighted doves, to realms of night.

Again I close my sleep-deluded eyes,  
Around my soul black swans of demon rise,  
Pale spectres grin, and angry furies howl,  
Quick light'nings flash, and horrid thunders roll;  
Again the frighted wand'rer hastes away  
Back to the living horrors of the day,  
There counts the visionary mis'ry o'er,  
And realizes what was dreamt before.

Ye dreary pow'rs, that hover o'er the plains  
Where sorrows reign, and everlasting pains,  
Bear me to places suited to my woe,  
Where noxious herbs and deadly poisons grow,  
Whilst wintry winds howl fiercely round my  
head,

The flint my pillow, sharpen'd rocks my bed;  
And ghosts of wretches once who dy'd for love,  
Round their unburied bodies nightly rove,  
Which hang half moulder'd on some blasted  
tree,

And by their sad example counsel me.  
What now avail the joyous moments past,  
Or what will all the wretched few that last?  
In them I dying will our loves proclaim,  
With faint'ring accents call upon thy name,  
And whilst I bless thee with my parting breath,  
Enjoy the raptures of my life in death.  
Then spare thy curses, and forget th' offence  
Of him who robb'd thee of thy innocence;  
Or if not quite forget, forgive at least,  
And sooth the dying penitent to rest.

Oh! may to thee the pitying gods bestow  
Eternal peace, and happiness below;  
Yet when thy mortal frame, as once it must,  
Returns and mingles with its native dust;  
May the same urn our mingled ashes have,  
And find a lasting union in the grave!

If you ere long my bleeding corse should see  
Beneath the covert of yon conscious tree,  
This last request I make for all my fears,  
For all my sleepless minutes spent in tears,  
For all those struggles of my parting breath,  
And all the agonies in one, my death;  
Think on the raptures which we ravish'd there,  
Then breathe a sigh, and drop th' indebted tear.  
This empty tribute's to the mem'ry due,  
Of one, who liv'd and dy'd in love of you.  
My ghost, thus sooth'd, shall seek the Stygian  
shore,  
Mix with the happy crowd, and grieve no more,  
But eager wait till thou at last art giv'n,  
To raise each blessing of th' Elysian Heav'n,  
Where uncontrol'd in amorous sports we'll  
play,

And love a whole eternity away.

## THE POWER OF HARMONY:

A POEM, IN TWO BOOKS.

## THE DESIGN.

It is observable, that whatever is true, just, and harmonious, whether in nature or morals, gives an instantaneous pleasure to the mind, exclusive of reflection. For the great Creator of all things, infinitely wise and good, ordained a perpetual agreement between the faculties of moral perception, the powers of fancy, and the organs of bodily sensation, when they are free and undisturbed. From hence is deducible the most comfortable, as well as the most true philosophy that ever adorned the world; namely a constant admiration of the beauty of the creation, terminating in the adoration of the First Cause, which naturally leads mankind cheerfully to co-operate with his grand design for the promotion of universal happiness.

From hence our author was led to draw that analogy between natural and moral beauty: since the same faculties, which render us susceptible of pleasure from the perfection of the creation, and the excellence of the arts, afford us delight in the contemplation of dignity and justice in characters and manners. For what is virtue, but a just regulation of our affections and appetites, to make them correspond to the peace and welfare of society? so that good and beauty are inseparable.\*

From this true relish of the soul, this harmonious association of ideas, the ancient philosophers, and their disciples among the moderns, have enlivened their imaginations and writings in this amicable intercourse of adding moral epithets to natural objects, and illustrating their observations upon the conduct of life, by metaphors drawn from the external scenes of the world. So we know, that by a beautiful action, or consonant behaviour, is meant the generous resignation of private advantage by some individual, to submit and adapt his single being to the whole community, or some part of it. And in like manner, when we read of a solemn grove, where horror and melancholy reign, we entertain an idea of a place that creates such thoughts in the mind, by reason of its solitary situation, want of light, or any other circumstances analogous to those dispositions, so termed, in human nature.

This then is the design of the poem, to show that a constant attention to what is perfect and beautiful in nature will by degrees harmonize the soul to a responsive regularity and sympathetic order.

From what has been premised, it would be needless to explain the comprehensive meaning of the word harmony. For an explanation or a proof of the relation of the imitative arts to moral philosophy, the reader is referred to the dialogues of Plato, and the other philosophers of the academic school; to lord Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, their great disciples among the moderns.

THE ARGUMENT  
TO THE FIRST BOOK.

The subject proposed. Invocation to Venus alle-

gorically. Invocation to quit superstition, and adore the Creator of all things. Chaos originally reduced to harmony. A fictitious account of the music of the spheres. The notes of music taken from the number of planets. Its effect on the human mind in despair—in sorrow—in rage—on distempered bodies—on brutes and irrational beings. The seat of Art described, and her attendants: to what end are her labours: either to excite voluptuousness, or the contrary, just as made use of. Commendation of the use of art to raise in us sentiments of justice and temperance. The excellence of art as great in representing monstrous objects as the most regular, as far as relates to imitation. Why a just resemblance gives us pleasure. Passions may be represented by outward forms, but moral beauty can never be full enough expressed by them: that province belongs to the Muse. The conclusion of the first book.

THE HARMONY OF MUSIC, POETRY, AND THE  
IMITATIVE ARTS.

OF Harmony, and her celestial pow'r  
O'er the responsive soul, and whence arise  
Those sweet sensations, whether from the lays  
Of melting music, and impassion'd verse,  
From mimic scenes of cumulative art,  
Or nature's beauteous objects, which affect  
The moral pow'rs with sympathetic charms,  
The Muse congenial sings.—Descend, ye Nine,  
Who guard th' Aonian mount, whilst I unfold  
The deep recesses of your tuneful haunts,  
And from your inmost bow'rs select a bay  
To deck the fav'rite theme. Do thou attend,  
Thou, whom Lucretius to his great design  
Invok'd; and with thee bring thy darling son,  
Who tun'd Anacreon's lyre, to guide my hand,  
Advent'rous rais'd to sweep harmonious chords.

Come all ye sons of liberty, who wake  
From dreams of superstition, where the soul  
Thro' mists of forc'd belief, but dimly views  
Its own great Maker; come, and I will guide,  
Uninterrupted by the jargon shrill  
Of peevish priests, your footsteps to the throne  
Where pleasure reigns with reason, to behold  
His majesty celestial, and adore  
Him thro' each object of proportion fair,  
The source of virtue, harmony, and bliss!

Ere this delightful face of things adorn'd  
The great expanse of day, dark Chaos reign'd,  
And elemental Discord; in the womb  
Of ancient Night, the war of atoms rag'd  
Incessant; Anarchy, Confusion wild,  
Harsh Dissonance, and Uproar fill'd the whole;  
Till that Eternal One, who from the first  
Existed, sent his plastic word abroad  
Throughout the vast abyss: created worlds  
Fill'd the sweet impulse, and obedient fled  
To stations ascertain'd; there to perform  
Their various motions, corresponding all  
To one harmonious plan, which fabled feign  
The mystic music of the distant spheres.

All this the Samian sage<sup>1</sup> had seen at large,

<sup>1</sup> It is very evident that Pythagoras, who is justly esteem'd in one respect the inventor of music, had a clear notion of the present astronomical system, though the honour of the discovery was

From Ida's cloud-topp'd summit, or the cave  
With Epimenides, where he survey'd,  
Higher on wings of contemplation borne,  
The mighty maze of nature; whence he learnt,  
From that celestial number, how to form  
The lyre heart-melting, and the vocal shell.

Thus all the pow'r of music from the spheres  
Descends to wake the tardy soul of man  
From dreams terrestrial; ever to its charms  
Obsequious, ever by its dulcet strains  
Smooth'd from the passions of tempestuous life,  
And taught to pre-enjoy its native Heav'n.

Whilst thro' this vale of error we pursue  
Ideal joys, where Fancy leads us on  
Thro' scenes of paradise in fairy forms  
Of ease, of pleasure, or extensive pow'r;  
And when we think full fairly we possess  
The promis'd Heav'n, Disease, or wrinkled Care,  
Fill with their loath'd embrace our eager grasp,  
And leave us in a wilderness of woe  
To weep at large; where shall we seek relief,  
Where ease th' oppressive anguish of the mind,  
When Retrospection glows with conscious shame  
By grey Experience in the wholesome school  
Of Sorrow tutor'd? Whether shall we fly?  
To wilds and woods, and leave the busy world  
For solitude? Ah! thither still pursue  
Th' intruding fiends, attend our creasing walk,  
Breathe in each breeze, and murmur in each rill;  
Where Peace, protected by the turtle wing  
Of Innocence, expands the lovely bloom  
Of gay Content, no more to be enjoy'd,  
But lost for ever! Yet benignant Heav'n,  
Correcting with parental pity, sent  
This friendly siren from the groves of Joy,  
To temper with mellifluous strains the voice  
Of mental Anguish, and attune the groans  
Of young Impatience, to the softer sound  
Of grateful Paeans to its Maker's praise.

Alike, if ill's external, made our own,  
Mix in the cup of life the bitter drop  
Of sorrow; when the childless father sighs  
From the remembrance of his dying son;  
When Death has sever'd, with a long farewell,  
The lover from the object of desire,  
In the full bloom of youth, and leaves the wretch,  
To sooth affliction in the well-known scenes  
Of blameless rapture once; uncouth Advice  
In vain intrudes with sacerdotal frown,  
And Superstition's jargon, to expel  
The sweet diatess; the gen'rous soul disdains,  
Deaf to such monkish precepts, all constraint,  
And gives a loose to grief; but straight apply  
The lenient force of numbers, they'll assuage  
By calm degrees the sympathetic pain,  
Till lull'd at length, the intellectual pow'r

reserved for Copernicus so many ages after. Nor was this sentiment of his unknown to the rest of the philosophers: for the Stagyrice, in the 15th chapter of the 2d book *de Cœlo*, speaks of it in these terms: "Those philosophers, who are called Pythagoreans, affirm, that the Sun is in the middle; and that the Earth, like the rest of the planets, rolls round it upon its own axis, and so forms the day and night."

<sup>2</sup> The number of the planets.

Παντες δ' ἐπιπαινοῦσι λυριε φθογῶνας οὐρανίας  
Ἀρμονίαν ὑπερπυρρῶς διακταν; ἀλλὰ αὐτ' ἀλλῶν.  
Alex. Ephes. apud Heraci. de Hom.

Sink to divine repose, and rage no more.  
So when descended rains from Alpine rocks  
Burst forth in diff'rent torrents, down they rush  
Precipitate, and o'er the craggy steep  
Hoarse roaring bear the parted soil away;  
Anon, collected on the smoother plains,  
Glide to the channel of some ancient flood,  
And flow one silent stream. This oft I felt,  
When, wand'ring thro' the unfrequented woods,  
Mourning for poor Ardelia's hapless fate,  
Thee, my belov'd Melodius, I have heard  
In silent rapture all the live-long day.  
Tho' black Despair sate brooding o'er my thoughts  
Pregnant with horror, thy Platonic lay  
Dispell'd th' unmanly sorrows, and again  
Led forth my vagrant fancy thro' the plan  
Of Nature, studious to explore with thee  
Each beauteous scene of musical delight,  
Which bears fraternal likeness to the soul.

Is there a passion<sup>3</sup>, whose impetuous force  
Disturbs the human breast, and breaking forth  
With sad eruptions, deals destruction round,  
Like flames convulsive from th' Etnean mole,  
But by the magic strains of some soft air  
Is harmoniz'd to peace? As tempests cease  
Their elemental fury, when the queen  
Of Heav'n, descending on a Zephyr's plume,  
Smiles on th' enamel'd landscape of the spring.  
Say, at that solemn hour, the noon of night,  
When nought but plaintive Philomela wakes,  
Say, whilst she warbles forth her tragic tale,  
Whilst grief melodious charms the Sylvan pow'rs,  
And Echo from her inmost cave of rest  
Joins in her wailing, dost not thou partake  
A melancholy pleasure? And tho' rage  
Did lead thee forth beneath the silent gloom  
To meditate on horror and revenge,  
Thy soften'd soul is gently sooth'd within,  
And, humaniz'd again by Pity's voice,  
Becomes as tender as the gall-less dove.

Nor is the tuneful blessing here confin'd  
To cure distemper'd passions, and allay  
By its persuasive notes convulsive throbs  
Of soul alone; but (strange!) with subtle pow'r  
Acts on the grosser matter of the frame  
By riot shatter'd, or the casual lot  
Of sickness wither'd. When th' harmonious plan  
Of inward beauty ceases, oft the lute,  
By soft vibrations on responsive nerves,  
Has reconcil'd, by medicinal sounds,  
Corporeal Chaos to its pristine form.  
Such is the fabled charm Italians boast  
To cure that insect's venom, which bertombs  
By fatal touch the frozen veins, and lulls  
The senses in oblivion: when the harp,  
Sonorous, thro' the patient's bosom pours  
Its antidotal notes, the flood of life,  
Flows'd at its source by tepefying strains,  
Looks like some frozen silver stream unthaw'd  
At a warm zephyr of the genial spring.

Doubt you those charms of music o'er the soul  
Of man? Behold! e'en brute creation feels  
Its pow'r divine! For when the liquid flute

<sup>3</sup> Spirto ha' ben dissonante, anima sorda,  
Cha dal concerto universal discorda.

<sup>4</sup> See the surprising effects of music related  
by Plato, Aristotle, Theophrastus, Polybius, and  
other ancient authors.

Breathes am'rous airs, touch'd by the love-sick swain,  
Mute in each hill and dale; the list'ning herds  
Express their joy irrational (as erst  
When Fauns and Dryads follow'd ancient Pan  
In festive dance.) Ask you, from whence arise  
These grateful signs of pleasure in the gaze  
Of list'ning flocks at music's dulcet lore?  
From whence, but from responsive notes within  
Of Harmony celestial, which inspires  
Each animal, thro' all the spacious tracts  
Of earth, and air, and water, from the large  
Unwieldy elephant, to th' unseen mote,  
That flutters in the Sun's meridian beam,  
See! round that fragrant rose, whose sweets perfume  
The tinctur'd pinions of the passing breeze,  
How bees laborious gather! from each hive  
The dusky myriads swarm, to taste the dew,  
Just sprinkled from Aurora's golden plumes,  
Ambrosializ'd within its dulcet leaves,  
And sweets distilling like Arabian gums  
From medicinal groves—homeward they bear  
The liquid spoil, exulting, all intent  
To curich the waxen empire; till anon  
Luxurious plenty sows the fatal seed  
Of dire dissection; sudden rage ensues,  
And fight domestic; to the fields of air  
The winged hosts resort; the signals sound,  
And civil slaughter strews the plains below  
With many a little corpse. But e'en amidst  
The thickest war, let but the tuneful rod  
On brazen cymbal strike, the lenient strains,  
Quick undulating thro' the silent air,  
Recal harmonious love and gentle peace  
Back to their ancient seats; the friendly swarms  
Sudden in reunited clusters join,  
Pendent on neighb'ring willows; nought is heard  
But notes reciprocal of bliss sincere,  
Soft breathing thro' each amicable live.

Now to the Muse sublimer objects turn;  
For mind alone can feel th' effect divine  
Of emulative art, where human skill  
Steals with a Promethéan hand the fire  
Of Heav'n, to imitate celestial pow'r.

Deep in the vale of Solitude, where Peace  
Breathes o'er the soul diviner airs than those  
By Grecian fablers sung, which from the banks  
Of fam'd Elysium waft on happy shades  
Their grateful influence, in sequester'd bow'rs  
The pow'r of Art resides: Reflection firm,  
And vagrant Fancy at her sov'reign nod  
Attendant wait; behind th' ideal train  
Of Memory, with retrospective eye  
Supports her throne, whilst Contemplation guides  
Her trophied car. Thro' Nature's various paths,  
Alike, where glows the blossom'd pride of May,  
Or where bleak Winter from the widow'd shrubs  
Strips the gay verdure, and invests the boughs  
With snowy burrough; where delicious streams  
Thro' flow'ry meadows seek their wanton course;  
Or where on Afric's unfrequented coasts  
The dreary desert burns; where e'er the ray  
Of beauty gilds the scene, or where the cloud  
Of horror casts its shade; she unrestrain'd  
Explores, and in her faithful mirror bears  
The sweet resemblance, to revive the soul,  
When absence from the sight for ever tears

<sup>5</sup> For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, *See*  
Shakesp. Merchant of Venice

The source of rapture. Hence the tablet glows  
With charms exotic; hence the sculptur'd bust,  
As o'er the rock the plastic chissel moves,  
Breathes by degrees, till straight returns afresh  
The lov'd idea to the ravish'd eye,  
And calls up every passion from its source.

Is love the object of thy glowing thoughts?  
Or dream'st thou of a bliss exceeding far  
Elysian pleasures? Would'st thou taste again  
The heart-enslaving transports, when the soul,  
Big with celestial triumph, thro' the vales  
Of am'rous Fancy led the sportive Hours  
To soft Italian airs, whilst wanton Loves  
Strew'd round thee roses of eternal bloom,  
And fann'd the sultry breeze with golden plumes?  
See! where, beneath a myrtle bow'r reclina'd,  
Which on the canvas casts its cooling shade,  
Encircled in each other's arms, yon beauteous pair  
In dulcet dalliance lie; the rigid frown  
Of Care ne'er low'rs, but ever cheerful smiles  
Effuse, like vernal suns, their genial beams  
To warm their mutual hearts; whilst rapt'rous sighs,  
Sweeter than aromatic winds which blow  
O'er spicy groves in intermingled gales,  
Are wafted to th' impending queen of love.

But burns thy heart with more refin'd delight?  
And would'st thou thro' the faithful colours view  
Calm Chastity and Justice blend their charms  
Like gleams of opening Heav'n? Yon radiant throne  
Presents great Cyrus, as the Magi foign'd  
The snowy-vested Mithras, from the east  
Descending in effulgent rays of light,  
To guide the virtuous to th' ethereal plains,  
Where joy for ever dwells. Before him stands  
A trembling captive, with dejected looks,  
As conscious of her form: upon her cheeks  
The rose of beauty fades, with paler hue  
The lily sickens, and each flow'r declines  
Its drooping head. But see! how he revivcs  
With unexpected hopes her tortur'd breast,  
And joy's soft blush appears! So the bless'd wings  
Of western zephyrs, o'er Arabian coasts  
Sprinkle their heav'nly dew; the wither'd plants  
Incline their sun-parch'd bosoms to imbibe  
The renovating moisture, till anon  
The pristine bloom thro' vegetative pores  
Returning, smiles in ev'ry flow'rly vale,  
And decks the neighb'ring hills with verdant pride.

Such groups as these instruct th' unbiass'd mind  
With real wisdom, when with Beauty's garb  
Virtue invested, and ne'er fading charms,  
Fills with desire the soul; here Art employs  
To worthy ends her pencil as of old,  
And calls the hero to receive the wreath  
Of public honour, whilst his sacred bust  
Is still preserv'd for nations yet unborn  
To view with adoration; every breast  
Feels emulative spirits burn within,  
And longs to join the honour'd list of fame.

Yet still her influence is not less conf'ess'd  
In other forms, to raise abhorrence fierce,  
To paint in hideous shapes the crew of Vice,  
And all her train of sure-attending woes.  
These objects have their diff'rent graces too,  
And glow, if faithful, thro' the mimic scenes  
With charms peculiar. For perfection sits,

As the known imitation shall succeed,  
With equal lustre on a tyrant's frown,  
As on the dimple of Pancaete's cheek,  
Or Delia's iv'ry neck. The melting tear  
Drops from th' afflicted parent's joyless eye,  
Not less delightful to th' attentive gaze  
Of fixt examination, than the smiles  
Of infant Cupids sporting thro' the groves,  
Where Venus sleeping lies. From nature form'd,  
The just resemblance from consenting thought  
Applause demands; and Fancy's ravish'd eye  
Sports o'er the painted surge, whose billows roll  
Tempestuous to the sky, with equal bliss,  
As o'er the marble surface of the deep,  
When mild Favonius from the western isles,  
With youthful Spring flies glad some o'er the main,  
To seek his gentle May; while Proteus rests  
Deep in his oozy bed, and halcyons call,  
Secure of peace, their new-fledg'd young abroad.

External matter thus by art is wrought,  
Or with the pencil or the chissel's touch,  
To give us back the image of the mind,  
Which smiles to find its own conceptions there.  
But can she draw the tenderness of thought?  
Can she depict the beauty of the soul,  
And all th' internal train of sweet distress,  
When friendship o'er the recent grave declines  
Its sick'ning head, as ev'ry action dear,  
And ev'ry circumstance of mutual love  
Returns afresh; while from the streaming eyes  
Bursts forth a flood of unavailing tears,  
Of parting tears, ere yet they close the tomb?  
Or, can she from the colours that adorn  
The wat'ry bow; from all the splendid store  
That Flora lavishes in vernal hours  
On wanton Zephyr; from the blazing mine  
Where Pluto reigns; can she select a bloom  
To emulate the patriot's bosom, when the wealth  
Of nations, all imperial pomp is scorn'd,  
And tyrants frown in vain, yet to the last  
He breathes the social sigh, and even in death  
With blessing on his native country calls!—  
That only to the Muse belongs, to show  
How charms each moral beauty, how the scene  
Of goodness pleases the responsive soul,  
And sooths within the intellectual pow'rs  
With sympathetic order. For at first,  
This emanation of the source of life  
Unsuilied glows, till o'er th' ethereal rays  
Opinion casts a tincture, and infects  
The mental optics with a jaundice hue;  
Then, like the dunes beneath a wizard's wand,  
Each object, as the hellish artist wills,  
A shape fallacious wears.—O throng, ye youth,  
Around the poet's song, whose sacred lays  
Breathe no infectious vapours from the coasts,  
Where Indolence supinely nods at ease,  
And offers to the passing crowd her couch  
Of down, whilst infant vices lull the mind  
To fatal slumbers; other themes invite  
My faithful hand to strike the votive lyre.  
Lo! Virtue comes in more effulgent pomp,  
Than what the great impostor promis'd oft  
To cheated crowds of Mussulmen, beside  
The winey rivers and refreshing shades  
Of Paradise; and lo! the dastard train  
Of pleasure disappears. So fleet the shades,

6 See the reason in Aristotle assigned, why the mind is so much delighted with aptness of description to excite the image, as with the image in de-

scription. Arist. de Poet. cap. 4. So Plutarch de Aud. Poet. See his Symp. lib. 5.

That wander in the dreary gloom of night,  
When from the eastern hills Aurora pours  
Her flood of glory, and relumes the world.  
Be she my great protectress, she my guide  
Thro' lofty Pindus, and the laurel grove,  
Whilst I thro' unfrequented paths pursue  
The steps of Grecian sages, and display  
The just similitude of moral charms,  
Of Harmony and Joy, with this fair frame  
Of outward things, which thro' untainted sense  
With a fraternal goodness fires the soul.

## BOOK II.

## ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the moral train of harmony: external objects analogous to them. The seats of rural beauty. Every kind of beauty charms, exclusive of any secondary motive. The annual renovation of nature. The complicated charms of various objects. The great, the wonderful, the fair: the contrast to the same harmonious, when united to the universal plan of nature. Abstracted objects, how they work upon the mind: with gaiety: with horror: with sorrow, admiration, &c. Moral beauty superior to natural, a view of the universe: the harmony of the whole: what to be deduced from it. Contemplation on beauty and proportion in external objects, harmonizes the soul to a sympathetic order. The conclusion.

## THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

COME all ye moral Genii, who attend  
The train of Rural Beauty, bring your gifts,  
Your fragrant chaplets, and your purple wreaths,  
To crown your poet's brow; come all ye pow'rs,  
Who haunt the sylvan shades, where Solitude  
Nurses sweet Contemplation; come ye band  
Of Graces, gentle Peace, Contentment fair,  
Sweet Innocence, and snowy-winged Hope,  
Who sport with young Simplicity beneath  
Her mossy roof; around my faithful lays  
Lead forth in festive pomp your paramours  
Of nature<sup>7</sup>, deck'd in Spring's Elysian bloom,  
Or Autumn's purple robes; whilst I relate  
In sounds congenial your untainted bliss,  
And their unfading lustre. Nor be thou  
Far from my lyre, O Liberty! sweet nymph,  
Who roam'st at large thro' unfrequented groves,  
Swift as the mountain hind; or eastern winds  
O'er Asia's kingdoms.—To each nat'ral scene  
A moral power belongs; as erst the woods,  
Inspir'd by Dryads, wav'd their awful heads  
With sacred horror, and the crystal streams  
Flow'd unpolluted by revering swains  
From urus celestial, whilst the mystic sounds  
Of sportive nymphs were heard in bubbling springs.

Ye fields and woods, and silver-winding streams,  
Ye lilled valleys, and resounding rocks,  
Where faithful Echo dwells; ye mansions blest  
Where Nature reigns throughout the wide expanse,  
In majesty serene of opening Heav'n;

<sup>7</sup> Natural objects, which produce in the mind such images.

Or, humbler seated, in the blushing rose,  
The virgin violet, or the creeping moss,  
Or winding round the mould'ring ruin's top,  
With no unpleasing horror sit array'd  
In venerable ivy: hail, thrice hail,  
Ye solitary seats, where Wisdom seeks  
Beauty and Good, th' unseparable pair,  
Sweet offspring of the sky, those emblems fair  
Of the celestial Cause, whose tuneful word  
From discord and from chaos rais'd this globe,  
And all the wide effulgence of the day.

From him begins this beam of gay delight,  
When aught harmonious strikes th' attentive mind;  
In him shall end; for be attun'd the frame  
Of passive organs with internal sense,  
To feel an instantaneous glow of joy<sup>8</sup>,  
When Beauty from her native seat of Heav'n,  
Cloth'd in ethereal mildness, on our plains  
Descends, ere Reason with her tardy eye  
Can view the form divine; and thro' the world  
The heav'nly boon to ev'ry being flows.  
Why, when the genial Spring with chaplets crown'd  
Of daisies, pinks, and violets, wakes the morn  
With placid whispers, do the turtles coo,  
And call their consorts from the neighbour'g groves  
With softer music? why exalts the lark  
His matin warbling with redoubled lays?  
Why stand th' admiring herds with joyful gaze  
Facing the dawn of day, or frisking bound  
O'er the soft surface of the verdant meads,  
With unaccustom'd transport? 'Tis the ray  
Of beauty, beaming its benignant warmth  
Thro' all the brute creation: hence arise  
Spontaneous off'ings of unfeigned love  
In silent praises. And shall man alone,  
Shall man with blind ingratitude neglect  
His Maker's bounty? Shall the lap of Sloth,  
With soft insensibility compose  
His useless soul, whilst unregarded blooms  
The renovated lustre of the world?

See! how eternal Hebe onward leads  
The blushing Morn, and o'er the smiling globe,  
With Flora join'd, flies glad some to the bow'r,  
Where with the Graces, and Idalian Loves,  
Her sister Beauty dwells. The gates expand  
The blossom'd fragrance of their new-blown pride,  
With gay profusion; and the flow'ry lawns  
Breathe forth ambrosial odours; whilst behind,  
The Muse in never-dying hymns of praise  
Pursues the triumph, and responsive airs  
Symphonious warble thro' the vocal groves,  
Till playful Echo, in each hill and dale,  
Joins the glad chorus, and improves the lay.

First o'er you complicated landscape cast  
Th' enraptur'd eye, where, thro' the subject plains,  
Slow with majestic pride a spacious flood  
Devolves his lordly stream; with many a turn  
Seeking along his serpentine way,  
And in the grateful intricacies feels  
With fruitful waves those ever-smiling shores,

<sup>8</sup> Whatever is true, just, and harmonious, whether in nature or morals, gives an immediate pleasure, exclusive of reflection: nor, as beauty is not vague and unsettled, but fixt to a proper criterion, are we left indifferent; but led naturally to embrace it, by that propensity the divine Author of all things implanted in us. See the Characteristics, and An Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue.



Which in the floating mirror view their charms  
 With conscious glory; from the neigh'ring urns  
 Th' inferior rivers swell his regal pomp  
 With tributary off'ings. Some afar  
 Thro' silent osiers, and the sullen green  
 Of mournful willows, melancholy flow:  
 Some o'er the rattling pebbles, to the Sun  
 'Obvious, with colour'd rays refracted, shine  
 Like gems which sparkle on th' exalted crowns  
 Of kings barbaric: others headlong fall  
 From a high precipice, whose awful brow,  
 Fring'd with a sable wood, nods dreadful o'er  
 The deep below, which spreads its wat'ry lap  
 To catch the gushing houghe, then proceeds  
 With richer waves than those Paeolus erst  
 Poor'd o'er his golden sands; or yellow Po,  
 Ting'd with the tears of aromatic trees.  
 Then at a distance, thro' the parted cliffs  
 In unconfin'd perspective send thy gaze,  
 Disdaining limit, o'er the green expanse  
 Of ocean, swelling his caperulean tide,  
 Whilst on th' unruffled bosom of the deep  
 A haleyon stillness reigns; the boist'rous winds,  
 Husht in Æolian caves, are lull'd to rest,  
 And leave the placid main without a wave.  
 E'en western Zephyrs, like unfrighted doves,  
 Skim gently o'er with reverential awe,  
 Nor move their silent plumes. At such a time  
 Sweet Amphitrite, with her azure train  
 Of marine nymphs, emerging from the flood,  
 Whilst ev'ry Triton tun'd his vocal shell  
 To hymeneal sounds, from Nervus' court  
 Came to espouse the monarch of the main,  
 In nuptial pomp attir'd... Now change the scene,  
 Nor less admire those things, which view'd apart  
 Unconth appear, or horrid; ridges black  
 Of shagged rocks, which hang tremendous o'er  
 Some barren heath; the congregated clouds  
 Which spread their sable skirts, and wait the wind  
 To burst th' embosom'd storm; a leafless wood,  
 A mould'ring ruin, lightning-beasted fields,  
 Nay, e'en the seat where Desolation reigns  
 In brownest horror, by familiar thought  
 Connected to this universal frame,  
 With equal beauty charms the tasteful soul,  
 As the gold landscapes of the happy isles  
 Crown'd with Hesperian fruit: for Nature form'd  
 One plan entire, and made each seprate some  
 Co-op'rate with the gen'ral force of all  
 In that harmonious contrast. Hence the fair,  
 The wonderful, the great, from diff'rent forms  
 Owe their superior excellence. The light,  
 Not intermingled with opposing shades,  
 Had shone unworship'd by the Persian priest  
 With undistinguish'd rays.—Yet still the hue  
 Of separated objects tinge the sight  
 With their own likeness; the responsive soul,  
 Cameleon like, a just resemblance bears,  
 And faithful, as the silent mirror, shows  
 In its true bosom, whether from without  
 A blooming Paradise smiles round the land,  
 Or Stygian darkness blots the realms of day.  
 Say, when the smiling face of youthful May  
 Invites soft Zephyr to her fragrant lap,  
 And Phoebus waltzes on the glitt'ring streams,  
 Glows not thy blood with unaccustom'd joy,  
 And love unfelt before? Methinks the train  
 Of fair Euphrosyné, heart-easing Smiles,  
 Hope, and her brother Love, and young Delight,  
 Come to invite me to ambrosial feasts,

Where Youth administers the sprightly bowl  
 Of care-beguiling Mirth; and hark! the sound  
 Of sportive Laughter, to the native crew  
 Of silent Night, with all her meagre crew  
 Chances abhorred Grief. Prepare the songs  
 Of mental triumph; let the jocund harp  
 In correspondent notes deceive the hours,  
 And Merriment with Love shall sport around.  
 But what perceive we in those dusky groves,  
 Where cypress with funeral horror shades  
 Some ruin'd tomb; where deadly hemlock chills  
 Th' unfruitful glebe, and sweating yew distil  
 Immedicable poison? In those plains,  
 Black Melancholy dwells with silent Fear,  
 And Superstition fierce, the foulest fiend  
 That ever sullied light. Here frantic Woes  
 Tears her dishevell'd hair; here pale Disease  
 Hangs down her sickly head; and Death, behind,  
 With sable curtains of eternal night,  
 Closes the ghastly prospect.—From the good  
 Far be this horrid group! the foot of Peace  
 And Innocence should tread the bless'd retreat  
 Of pleasant Tempe, or the flow'ry field  
 Of Enna, glowing with unfading bloom,  
 Responsive to the moral charms within.  
 Those horrid realms let guilty villains haunt,  
 Who rob the orphan, or the sacred trust  
 Of friendship break; the wretch who never felt  
 Stream from his eye the comfortable balm,  
 Which social Sorrow mixes with her tears;  
 Such suit their minds. There let the tyrant howl,  
 And Hierarchy, mistress abhor'd  
 Of Pow'r illicit, bound with iron chains  
 She made for Liberty and Justice, gnash  
 Her foaming teeth, and bite the scourge in vain.  
 ——— Or when the stillness of the grey-ey'd Eve,  
 Brok'n only by the beetle's drowsy hum,  
 Invites us forth to solitary vales,  
 Where awful ruins on their mossy roofs  
 Denote the flight of Time; the pausing eye  
 Slow round the gloomy regions casts its glance,  
 Whilst from within the intellectual pow'rs,  
 With melancholy pleasure on the brow  
 Of thoughtful admiration fix the sign  
 Of guiltless transport; not with frantic noise,  
 Nor the rude laughter of an idiot's joy;  
 But with the smiles that Wisdom, temp'ring oft  
 With sweet Content, effuses. Here the mind,  
 Lull'd by the sacred silence of the place,  
 Dreams with enchanted rapture of the groves  
 Of Academus, and the solemn walks,  
 As erst frequented by the god-like band  
 Of Grecian sages; to the list'ning ear  
 Socratic sounds are heard, and Plato's self

9 The ancients, who had always this analogy  
 between natural and moral objects in view, im-  
 agined every gloomy place like this to be inhabited  
 by such personages. Creon, in the *Œdipus* of  
 Seneca, after he has described—*procul ab urbe*  
*lucus illicibus niger*, goes on to relate what he saw  
 there by the power of necromancy.

——— *caecus furor*  
 Horrorque, & una quidquid interas oreant  
 Celantque tenebrae; luctus evellens cotnam,  
 Æqueque lassum sustinent morbos caput,  
 Gravis senectus sibi met, & pendens metus.  
 And to objects of a different nature, we give the  
 moral epithets of gay, lively, cheerful, &c. be-  
 cause the mind is so affected.

Seems half emerging from his olive bow'r  
To gather round him all th' Athenian sons  
Of Wisdom.—Hither throng, ye studious youth;  
Here thro' the mental eye enamour'd view  
The charms of Moral Beauty, to the soul  
More grateful, than when Titan's golden beam  
First dawns upon the new-recover'd sight  
Of one long fated to the dreary gloom  
Of darkness. How, to undistemper'd thought,  
Does Virtue in mild majesty appear  
Delightful, when the sympathetic heart  
Feels for another's woes! Was any scene  
So beauteous, in the wide-extended pomp  
And golden splendour of the Persian camp,  
When all the riches of the east were spread  
Beneath the tyrant's feet; did aught appear  
So lovely<sup>10</sup> and so great, as when the call  
Of curs'd ambition ceas'd in Xerxes' breast,  
And from the social eye Compassion pour'd  
The tender flood of heart-ennobling tears?

Thus the chief scenes of Nature view'd apart,  
Which with a just similitude affect  
Th' attentive mind, now thro' the tuneful whole  
Let the swift wing of Fancy bear us on  
Beyond the ken of knowledge, where, unseen  
To us inhabitants of this small spot,  
Ten thousand worlds in regions unconfin'd,  
Progressive and obedient to the source  
Of light eternal, gild the vast expanse:  
Or, should we stop th' aspiring flight to view,  
Led by the hand of Science and of Truth,  
Where in the midst the glorious Sun expands  
His flame, and with perennial beams supplies  
The distant planets as they roll around;  
What Harmony divine for ever reigns!  
How these in tuneful order<sup>11</sup> thro' the void  
Their diff'rent stations keep, their pow'rs distinct  
Observe, and in each other's friendly sphere  
Their kindest influence blend, till all unite  
To form the plan of the all-rolling Mind,  
And, thro' the whole, celestial bias diffuse!

Hence let the worse than atheist, the fond fool  
Who falsely dotes in superstition's gloom,  
And blindfold led by easy Faith, denies  
The guide of Reason, obstinately bent  
To seek the cause of universal good,  
And source of beauty in the demon's cave,  
And, shudd'ring, fancies he at distance bears  
The howls of ghosts, created to endure  
Eternal torments. Let this impious wretch  
Look round this fair creation, where, impell'd  
By that great Author, every atom tends  
To Universal Harmony; where joy,  
As with a parent's fondness, to behold  
Her own soft image in her child impress'd,  
Smiles on the beauteous offspring, and illumines  
Responsive signs of pleasure; like the beams  
Of Titan sporting on the lucid waves  
Whence Venus rose of old: let him then say,  
If Nature meant this goodly frame to cheat  
Deceiv'd mortals? Did an idiot's scheme

<sup>10</sup> The superiority of moral beauty to natural has been universally allowed by all authors both ancient and modern. And that sentence of Seneca's may be understood figuratively: *Nullum ornamentum principis fastigio dignius pulchritudine est, quam illa corona, ob civem servata.* Senec. de olea. lib. 1.

<sup>11</sup> Vide sir Isaac Newton, Book III. p. 345.

Upraise this wondrous fabric? Say, was man  
Forth from the dark abyss of Chaos call'd  
In vain to breathe celestial air, in vain  
To view the bloom of Beauty, not to feel  
Th' effect divine soft thrilling thro' his soul,  
And wak'ing ev'ry pow'r which sleeps within  
To gaze amazement? Did the Lord of all  
Attune our finer organs to the charms  
Of things external, only to ensnare  
This image of himself? To the tuneful breast  
Of virtuous Wisdom, such discordant thoughts  
Are far excluded; other themes employ  
The studious sage's hours; his kindred soul  
Triumphs on Contemplation's eagle wings  
Thro' yon ethereal plains, where distant worlds  
Roll thro' the vast abyss; there unconfin'd  
Pursues the fiery tract where comets glow;  
Or in the sable bosom of the night,  
Sweeps headlong to o'ertake the rapid flight  
Of exhalations, from ideal stars  
Shot wildly down; nor 'dains he to behold  
In Nature's humbler walks the sweet recess,  
Where Beauty on the splendid rose exulta  
As conscious of her form, or mildly veils  
Her maiden blushes in the chaster pink,  
Or on the margin of the crystal brook  
In soft Narcissus blows. For him the choir  
Of feather'd songsters breathe their vocal airs;  
For him the stillness of th' autumnal grove  
In pleasing sadness reigns; for him the sheaf  
Of Ceres spreads its yellow pride; the horn  
Of ripe Pomona pours its off'rings forth;  
Winter presents his free domestic bowl  
Of social joy; and Spring's Elysian bloom,  
Whilst Flora wantons in her Zephyr's arms,  
Invites the Graces forth to join the Hours  
In festive dance. His tasteful mind enjoys  
Alike the complicated charms, which glow  
Thro' the wide landscape, where enamell'd meads,  
Unfruitful rocks, brown woods, and glittering streams,  
The daisy-laughing lawns, the verdant plains,  
And hanging mountains, strike at once the sight  
With varied pleasure; as th' abstracted ray,  
Which soft effuses from Eudocia's eye  
The opening dawn of love. He looks thro' all  
The plan of Nature with congenial love,  
Where the great social link of mutual aid  
Through ev'ry being twines; where all conspire  
To form one system of eternal good,  
Of harmony and bias, in forms distinct,  
Of natures various, as th' effulgent Sun,  
Which pours abroad the mighty flood of day,  
To the pale glow-worm in the midnight shade.

From these sweet meditations on the charms  
Of things external; on the genuine forms  
Which blossom in creation; on the scene  
Where mimic Art with emulative hue  
Usurps the throne of Nature unreprov'd;  
Or the just concord of mellifluous sounds;  
The soul, and all the intellectual train  
Of fond desires, gay hopes, or threaten'g fears,  
Through this habitual intercourse of sense  
Is harmoniz'd within, till all is fair  
And perfect; till each moral pow'r perceives  
Its own resemblance, with fraternal joy,  
In ev'ry form complete, and smiling feels  
Beauty and Good the same<sup>12</sup>. Thus the first man

<sup>12</sup> See Plato's Dialogues, Xenophon's Memorabilia, &c. whom the ingenious author of the *Traité*

Fresh from creation rising, in the flood  
A godlike image saw; with fixt amaze  
He gaz'd; th' attentive figure from below  
Gaz'd with responsive wonder: did he smile?  
The shad'wy features dimpled in the waves  
Not less delighted; till at length he found  
From his own form th' external object flow'd,  
And mov'd to his its correspondent charms.

### A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON:

AN ELEGY. IN IMITATION OF THE OLD SONG TO WINIFREDA. WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1738.

aspice vultus

Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posses  
Insere, et patrias intus dependere curas.

Ovid Metam.

DEEP in a grove by cypress shaded,  
Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,  
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,  
Save some afflicted Muse's moan,

A swain t'wards full-ag'd manhood wending  
Sat sorrowing at the close of day,  
At whose food side a boy attending  
Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,  
But on the smiling prattler hung,  
Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,  
These accents trembled from his tongue.

"My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,  
My prettling innocent attend,  
Nor fear rebuke or sour displeasure,  
A father's loveliest name is, friend.

"Some truths, from long experience flowing,  
Worth more than royal grants receive,  
For truths are wealth of Heav'n's bestowing,  
Which kings have seldom power to give.

"Since from an ancient race descended  
You boast an unattain'd blood,  
By yours be their fair fame attended,  
And claim by birth-right to be good.

"In love for ev'ry fellow creature,  
Superior rise above the crowd,  
What most ennobles human nature  
Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

"Be thine the gen'rous heart that borrows  
From others' joys a friendly glow,  
And for each hapless neighbour's sorrows  
Thru's with a sympathetic woe.

"This is the temper most endearing;  
Tho' wide proud pomp her banners spreads,  
A heav'nlier pow'r good-nature bearing  
Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

du Beau follows. Si la félicité des hommes est nécessairement liée avec la pratique de la vertu, il faut reconnoître que la vertu est essentiellement belle, puis que le beau consiste dans le rapport des choses avec nôtre destination.

"Taste not from fame's uncertain fountain  
The peace-destroying streams that flow,  
Nor from ambition's dang'rous mountain  
Look down upon the world below,

"The princely pine on hills exalted,  
Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,  
By winds, long brav'd, at last assaltd,  
Is headlong whir'd in dust to lie;

"Whilst the mild rose more safely growing  
Low in its un aspiring vale,  
Amidst retirement's shelter blowing  
Exchanges sweets with ev'ry gale.

"Wish not for beauty's darling features  
Moulded by nature's fondling pow'r,  
For fairest forms 'mong human creatures  
Shine but the pageants of an hour.

"I saw, the pride of all the meadow,  
At noon, a gay narcissus blow  
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow  
Bloom'd in the silver waves below;

"By noon-tide's heat its youth was wasted,  
The waters, as they pass'd, complain'd,  
At eve its glories all were blasted,  
And not one former tint remain'd.

"Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory  
Lead you from wisdom's path astray;  
What genius lives renow'd in story  
To happiness who found the way?

"In yonder mead behold that vapour  
Whose vivid beams illusive play,  
Far off it seems a friendly taper  
To guide the traveller on his way;

"But should some hapless wretch pursuing  
Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,  
He'd find, too late his rashness rueing,  
That fatal quicksands lurk below.

"In life such bubbles ought admiring  
Gilt with false light and fill'd with air,  
Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,  
To peace in virtue's cot repair;

"There seek the never-wasted treasure,  
Which mutual love and friendship give,  
Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,  
And bless'd and blessing you will live.

"If Heav'n with children crowns your dwelling,  
As mine its bounty does with you,  
In fondness fatherly excelling  
Th' example you have felt pursue."

He paus'd—for tenderly caressing  
The darling of his wounded heart,  
Looks had means only of expressing  
Thoughts language never could impart.

Now night her mournful mantle spreading  
Had rob'd with black th' horizon round,  
And dank dews from her tresses shedding  
With genial moisture bath'd the ground;

When back to city follies flying  
'Midst custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd,  
His face, array'd in smiles, denying  
The true complexion of his mind;

For seriously around surveying  
Each character, in youth and age,  
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,  
That play'd upon this human stage,

(Peaceful himself and undesigning)  
He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,  
And felt each secret wish inclining  
To leave this fretful face of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated  
Obediently he bow'd his soul,  
For, what all-bounteous Heav'n created,  
He thought Heav'n only should control.

### THE TOMB OF SHAKESPEAR.

#### A VISION.

WHAT time the jocund rosy-bosom'd Hours  
Led forth the train of Phoebus and the Spring,  
And Zephyr mild profusely scatter'd flowers  
On Earth's green mantle from his musky wing,

The Morn unbarr'd th' ambrosial gates of light,  
Westward the raven pinion'd Darkness flew,  
The landscape smil'd in vernal beauty bright,  
And to their graves the sullen ghosts withdrew:

The nightingale no longer swell'd her throat  
With love-lorn plainings tremulous and slow,  
And on the wings of Silence coast'd to float  
The gargling notes of her melodious woe:

The god of sleep mysterious visions led  
In gay procession 'fore the mental eye,  
And my free'd soul awhile her mission fled,  
To try her plumes for immortality.

Thro' fields of air, methought I took my flight,  
Thro' ev'ry clime o'er ev'ry region pass'd;  
No paradise or ruin 'scap'd my sight,  
Hesperian garden, or Cimmerian waste.

On Avon's banks I lit, whose streams appear  
To wind with eddies fond around Shakespear's tomb,  
The year's first feath'ry soogsters warble near,  
And violets breathe, and earliest roses bloom.

Here Fancy sat, (her dewy fingers cold  
Decking with flow'rets fresh th' unswell'd sod,)  
And bath'd with tears the sad sepulchral mould,  
Her favourite offspring's long and last abode.

"Ah! what avails," she cry'd, "a poet's name?  
Ah! what avails th' immortalizing breath  
To snatch from dumb oblivion others' fame?  
My darling child here lies a prey to death!

"Let gentle Otway, white-rob'd Pity's priest,  
From grief domestic teach the tears to flow,  
Or Southern captivate th' impassion'd breast  
With heart-felt sighs and sympathy of woe.

"For not to these his genius was confin'd,  
Nature and I each tuneful pow'r had given,  
Poetic transports of the madd'ning mind,  
And the wing'd words that waft the soul to Heaven.

"The fiery glance of th' intellectual eye,  
Piercing all objects of creation's store,  
Which on this world's extended surface lie;  
And plastic thought that still created more."

"O grant," with eager rapture I reply'd,  
"Grant me, great goddess of the changeful eye,  
To view each being in poetic pride,  
To whom thy son gave immortality."

Sweet Fancy smil'd, and wav'd her mystic rod,  
When straight these visions felt her pow'rful arm,  
And one by one succeeded at her nod,  
As vassal sprites obey the wizard's charm.

First a celestial form<sup>1</sup> (of azure hue  
Whose mantle, bound with brede ethereal, flow'd  
To each soft breeze its balmy breath that drew)  
Swift down the sea-beams of the noon-tide rode.

Obedient to the necromantic sway  
Of an old sage to solitude resign'd,  
With fenny vapours he obscur'd the day,  
Launch'd the long lightning, and let loose the wind.

He whirl'd the tempest thro' the howling air,  
Rattled the dreadful thunderclap on high,  
And rais'd a roaring elemental war  
Betwixt the sea-green waves and azure sky.

Then like Heav'n's mild ambassador of love  
To man repentant, bade the tumult cease,  
Smooth'd the blue bosom of the realms above,  
And hush'd the rebel elements to peace.

Unlike to this in spirit or in mien  
Another form<sup>2</sup> succeeded to my view;  
A two-legg'd brute which Nature made in spleen,  
Or from the loathing womb unfinish'd drew.

Scarce cou'd he syllable the curse he thought,  
Frons were his eyes to earth, his mind to evil,  
A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,  
The mongrel offspring of a witch and devil.

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient forest's bound,  
The flow'ry margin<sup>3</sup> of a silent stream,  
O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,  
And gilt by silver Cynthia's maiden beam.

On the green carpet of th' unbended grass,  
A dapper train of female fairies play'd,  
And ey'd their gambols in the wat'ry glass,  
That smoothly stole along the shady glade.

Thro' these the queen Titania pass'd ador'd,  
Mounted aloft in her imperial car,  
Journeying to see great Oberon her lord  
Wage the mock battles of a sportive war.

Arm'd cap-a-pee forth march'd the fairy king,  
A stout warrior never took the field,  
His threat'ning lance a hornet's horrid sting,  
The sharded beetle's scale his sable shield.

Around their chief the elfin host appear'd,  
Each little helmet sparkling like a star,  
And their sharp spears a pierceless phalanx rear'd,  
A grove of thistles, glittering in the air.

<sup>1</sup> Ariel in the Tempest.

<sup>2</sup> Caliban in the Tempest.

<sup>3</sup> Fairy-land from the Midsummer-night's Dream.

The scene then chang'd, from this romantic land,  
To a bleak waste by bound'ry unconfind,  
Where three swart sisters \* of the weird band  
Were muttering curses to the troublous wind.

Pale Want had wither'd every furrow'd face,  
Bow'd was each carcass with the weight of years,  
And each sunk eye-ball from its hollow case  
Distill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Horn'd on three staves they posted to the bourn  
Of a drear island, where the pendent brow  
Of a rough rock, shagg'd horribly with thorn,  
Frown'd on the boisterous waves which rag'd below.

Deep in a gloomy grot remote from day,  
Where smiling Comfort never show'd her face,  
Where light ne'er enter'd, save one rueful ray  
Discovering all the terrors of the place.

They held damn'd myst'ries with infernal state,  
Whilst ghastly goblins glided slowly by,  
The screech-owl scream'd the dying call of fate,  
And ravens croak'd their horrid augury.

No human footstep cheer'd the dread abode,  
Nor sign of living creature could be seen,  
Save where the reptile snake, or sullen toad,  
The murky floor had soil'd with venom green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow sound,  
Each weird sister vanish'd into smoke.  
Now a dire yell of spirits under ground  
Thro' troubled earth's wide yawning surface broke;

When lo! each injur'd apparition rose;  
Aghast the murder'er started from his bed;  
Guilt's trembling breath his heart's red current froze,  
And horror's dew-drops bath'd his frantic head.

More had I seen—but now the god of day  
O'er Earth's broad breast his flood of light had  
spread,

When Morpheus call'd his fickle train away,  
And on their wings each bright illusion fled.

Yet still the dear enchantress of the brain  
My wakeful eyes with wishful wand'rings sought,  
Whose magic will controls th' ideal train,  
The ever-restless progeny of Thought.

"Sweet pow'r," said I, "for others gild the ray  
Of wealth, or honour's fully-feather'd crown,  
Or lead the madd'ning multitude astray  
To grasp at air-blown bubbles of renown.

"Me (humbler lot!) let blameless bliss engage,  
Free from the noble mob's ambitious strife,  
Free from the muck-worm miser's lucrous rage,  
In calm Contentment's cottag'd vale of life.

"If frailties there (for who from them is free?)  
Thro' error's maze my devious footsteps lead,  
Let them be frailties of humanity,  
And my heart plead the pardon of my head.

"Let not my reason impiously require  
What Heav'n has plac'd beyond its narrow span,  
But teach me to subdue each fierce desire,  
Which wars within this little empire, man.

\* The witches in Macbeth.

‡ Ghosts in Macbeth, Richard III. &c.

"Teach me, what all believe, but few possess,  
That life's best science is ourselves to know,  
The first of human blessings is to bless,  
And happiest he who feels another's woe.

"Thus cheaply wise, and innocently great,  
While Time's smooth sand shall regularly pass,  
Each destin'd atom's quiet course I'll wait,  
Nor rashly shake, nor wish to stop the glass.

"And when in death my peaceful ashes lie,  
If e'er some tongue congenial speaks my name,  
Friendship shall never blush to breathe a sigh,  
And great ones envy such an honest fame."

### VER-VERT; OR, THE NUNNERY PARROT.

A HEROIC POEM IN FOUR CANTOS.

INSCRIBED TO THE ARMS OF D<sup>ROUJON</sup>.

Translated from the French of Monsieur Gresset.  
First printed in 1759.

#### CANTO I.

O YOU, round whom, at Virtue's shrine,  
The solitary Graces shine,  
With native charms all hearts engage,  
And reign without religious rage;  
You, whose congenial soul by Heaven  
A pleasing guide to Truth was given,  
Uniting, with the family  
Of rigid duties, harmless Mirth,  
Daughter of social Liberty,  
Twin-born with Humour at a birth,  
And every other power to please,  
Taste, Fancy, Elegance, and Ease;  
O! since you bid your bard relate  
A noble bird's disastrous fate  
In notes of sympathetic woe,  
Be you my Muse, my soul inspire,  
And teach my numbers how to flow  
Like those which trembled from your lyre  
In soft and sorrow-soothing sound,  
Whilst listening Cupids wept around,  
When dear Sultana's spirit fled,  
In youthful vigour's vernal bloom,  
To the dark mansions of the dead:  
Then for my hero's hapless doom  
Such tears might once again be shed.  
One might, upon his virtues cross'd  
By adverse Fortune's envious rage,  
And wanderings over many a coast,  
Swell out the soporific page,  
And other Odysseys compose  
To lull the reader to repose:  
One might the gods and devils raise  
Of superannuated lies,  
Spin out the deeds of forty days  
To volumes of dull histories,  
And with a pompous tediousness  
Sublimely heavy moralize  
Upon a bird, in epic dress,  
Who as *Æneas* self was great,

! A lap-dog.

As famous too for godliness,  
 And each way more unfortunate;  
 But follies are, in verse, excess,  
 Which the sweet Muses most abhor;  
 For they are sportive bees of spring,  
 Who dwell not long on any flower,  
 But, lightly wandering on the wing,  
 Collect the bloom from flower to flower,  
 And, when one fragrant blossom's dry,  
 To other sweets unridled fly.  
 This truth my observation drew  
 From faultless Nature and from you;  
 And may these lines, I copy, prove  
 I'm govern'd by the laws I love!  
 Should I, too faithfully portraying  
 Some cloyster'd characters, reveal  
 The convent arts themselves, arraying  
 In pomp, with hieroglyphic skill,  
 Each weighty business of the great,  
 Each serious nothing's mystic face,  
 Each trife swell'd with holy state;  
 Your native humour, whilst I trace  
 The comic semblance, will forbear  
 To blame the strokes you cannot fear;  
 You may despise, from folly free,  
 What dulness is oblig'd to wear,  
 The formal mask of gravity.  
 Illusion's meteors never shine  
 To lead astray such souls as thine.  
 All holy arts Heaven values less  
 Than amiable cheerfulness.  
 Should Virtue her own image show  
 To ravish'd mortals here below,  
 With features fierce she'd not appear  
 Nor Superstition's holy leer,  
 But, like the Graces, or like you,  
 She'd come to claim her altar's due.  
 In many an author of renown  
 I've read this curious observation,  
 That, by much wandering up and down,  
 Men catch the faults of every nation,  
 And lose the virtues of their own.  
 'Tis better, e'en where scanty fare is,  
 Our homely hearths and hours watching,  
 Under protection of our Lares,  
 A calm domestic life to wed,  
 Than run about infection catching  
 Wherever chance and error tread:  
 The youth too soon who goes abroad  
 Will half a foreigner become,  
 And bring his wondering friends a load  
 Of strange exotic vices home.

This truth the hero of my tale  
 Exemplifies in tarnish'd glory;  
 Should sceptic wits the truth assail,  
 I call for witness to my story  
 Each cloister'd echo now that dwells  
 In Nevers' consecrated cells.

At Nevers, but few years ago,  
 Among the nuns o' th' Visitation,  
 There dwelt a parrot, though a beau,  
 For sense of wondrous reputation;  
 Whose virtues, and genteel address,  
 Whose figure, and whose noble soul,  
 Would have secur'd him from distress  
 Could wit and beauty fate control.  
 Ver-Vert (for so the nuns agreed  
 To call this noble personage)  
 The hopes of an illustrious breed,

VOL. XV.

To India ow'd his parentage,  
 By an old missionary sent  
 To this said convent for his good,  
 He yet was young and innocent,  
 And nothing worldly understood.  
 Beauceous he was, and debonnaire,  
 Light, spruce, inconstant, gay, and free,  
 And unreserv'd, as youngsters are,  
 Ere age brings on hypocrisy.  
 In short, a bird, from prattling merit,  
 Worthy a convent to inherit.

The tender cares I need not tell  
 Of all the sisterhood devout,  
 Nothing, 'tis said, each lov'd so well,  
 Leave but her ghostly father out,  
 Nay in some hearts, not void of grace,  
 One plain historion makes no doubt  
 The parrot of the priest took place.  
 He shar'd in this serene abode  
 Whate'er was lov'd by the profession;  
 On him such dainties were bestow'd  
 As nuns prepare against confession,  
 And for the sacred entrails hoard  
 Of holy fathers in the Lord.  
 Sole licens'd male to be belov'd,  
 Ver-Vert was bless'd without control,  
 Caressing and caress'd he rov'd  
 Of all the monastery the soul,  
 Except some antiquated dames,  
 Whose hearts to pleasure callous grown,  
 Remark'd with jealous eyes the flames  
 Of bosoms younger than their own.  
 At years of reason not arriv'd  
 A life of privilege he liv'd,  
 He said and did whate'er he wou'd,  
 And what he said or did was good.  
 He'd peck the nuns in wanton play  
 To wile their plain-work hours away;  
 No party ever was approv'd  
 Without his favourite company;  
 In him they found what females lov'd,  
 That life of bliss variety:  
 He'd strut a beau in sportive rings  
 Uttering pert sentences by rote,  
 Mimic the butterfly's light wings  
 Or nightingale's complaining note;  
 He'd laugh, sing, whistle, joke, and leer,  
 And frolic, but discreetly so,  
 With a prudential cautious fear,  
 As nuns probationary do.

Question'd at once by many a tongue  
 Incessantly inquisitive,  
 He could discordant sounds among,  
 To each a proper answer give;  
 This power from Cæsar's nothing varies,  
 Who did at once great plans conceive  
 And dictate to four secretaries.

If chronicles may be believ'd,  
 So lov'd the pampart gallant liv'd,  
 That with the nuns he always din'd  
 On rarities of every kind;  
 Then hoards, occasionally varied,  
 Of biscuits, sweet-meats, nuts, and fruit,  
 Each sister in her pocket carried,  
 Subordinately to recruit,  
 At leisure times, when not at table,  
 His stomach indefatigable.  
 The little Cares, with tender faces,  
 And fond Attentions, as they say,

M M

Are natives of these holy places,  
As Ver-Vert witness'd every day.  
No human parrot of the court  
Was fondled half so much as he;  
In majesty conceal'd, and sport,  
His hours roll'd on delightfully:  
Each banquet that he fancied best  
Was his the dormitory round,  
And where at eve he chose to rest,  
Honour'd, thrice honour'd, was the ground,  
And much the lucky nun was bless'd!  
But a gift he very seldom pass'd,  
With those whom years and prudence bless'd,  
The plain neat room was more his taste  
Of some young damsel not profess'd;  
This sweetly at board and bed  
Shew'd he was nobly born and bred.  
When the young female anchorite,  
Whom all the rest with envy view'd,  
Had fix'd him for the coming night,  
Perch'd on her Agnus box he stood,  
Silent in undisturb'd repose  
Till Venus' warning-star arose:  
And when at morn the pious maid  
Her toilette's mysteries display'd,  
He freely saw what'er was done;  
I say the toilette, for I've read,  
But speak it in a lower tone,  
That virgins, in a cloyster bred,  
Their looks and languishings review  
In mirrors to their eyes as true  
As those, that serve to show the faces  
Of dames who flaunt in gems and laces.  
For, as in city or at court  
Some certain taste or mode prevails,  
There is among the godly sort  
A taste in putting on their veils;  
There is an art to fold with grace,  
Round a young vestal's blooming face,  
Plain crape or other simple stuff,  
With happy negligence enough.  
Often the sportive Loves in swarms,  
Which to the monasteries repair,  
Spread o'er the holy fillets charms  
And tie them with a killing air;  
In short, the nuns are never seen  
In parlour or at grate below,  
Ere at the looking-glass they've been,  
To steal a decent glance or so.  
This softly whisper'd, friends between,  
Farther digression we adjourn,  
And to our hero now return.  
Safe in this unmolested scene  
Ver-Vert, amidst a life of bliss,  
Unrivall'd reign'd on every part;  
Her slighted sparrows took amiss  
This change in sister Thecla's heart;  
Four finches through mere rage expir'd  
At his advancement mortified,  
And two Grimalkins late admir'd,  
With envy languish'd, droop'd and died.  
In days like these of joy and love,  
Who would have thought such tender cares  
To form his youthful mind, should prove,  
Through Fortune's spite, destructive snares?  
Or that an adverse time should come  
When this same idol of their hearts  
Should stand the mark, by cruel doom,  
Of horrour's most envenom'd darts?  
But stop, my Muse, forbid to flow

The tears arising from the sight  
Of such an unexpected woe,  
Too bitter fruit, alas! to grow  
From the soft root of dear delight!

## CANTO II.

IF such a school, a bird of sense  
Would soon acquire, it is confess'd,  
The gift of copious eloquence;  
For, save his meals and hours of rest,  
His tongue was always occupied:  
And no good treatise could excel,  
In phrases ready cut and dried,  
His doctrines about living well.  
He was not like those parrots rude  
Whom daunting in a public cage  
The common manners of the age  
Have render'd conversably lewd;  
Who, doctor'd by the worldly tribe,  
With frail concupiscence endued,  
Each human vanity describe.  
Our Ver-Vert was a saint in grain,  
A soul with innocency fraught,  
Who never utter'd word profane,  
Who never had immodest thought.  
But in the room of ribbald wit  
Each mystic colloquy he knew,  
And many a text in holy writ  
With prayers and collects not a few;  
Could psalms and canticles repeat  
And benedictio complete;  
He could petition Heaven for grace  
With sanctimonious voice and eyes,  
And at a proper time and place  
Religiously soliloquise.  
Each help he had in this learn'd college  
That could conduce to sacred knowledge.  
For many virgins had retreated  
Through grace to this religious fold,  
Who, word for word, by rote repeated  
Each Christmas carol, new and old.  
From frequent lessons every day  
The scholar grew as learn'd as they;  
Their very tone of speaking too  
In pious drawlings he express'd,  
The same religious sighs he drew  
Deep heaving from the godly breast,  
And languid notes in which these doves  
Mourningfully chant their mystic loves.  
In short, the bird perform'd his part  
In all the psalmodising art.  
Such merit could not be confin'd  
Within a cloyster's narrow bound,  
But flew, for Fame is swift as wind,  
The neighbouring territories round;  
Through Nevers' town from morn to night,  
Scarce any other talk was heard,  
But of discourses exquisite  
Betwixt the nuns and Indian bird:  
And e'en from Moulins numbers came  
To witness to the truth of Fame.  
Ver-Vert, the parlour's boasted glory,  
Whilst all that came were told his story,  
Perch'd proud upon his favourite stand,  
Sister Melania's ivory hand,  
Who pointed out each excellence

Of mind or body he possess'd,  
 His sweet mild temper, polish'd sense,  
 And various colours on his breast,  
 When his engaging aspect won  
 Each visiter he look'd upon;  
 But beauty the most exquisite  
 Was, in our tender proelyte,  
 The least his qualities among,  
 For all forgot his feathery pride  
 And every outward charm beside  
 The moment that they heard his tongue.  
 With various righteous graces fill'd,  
 By the good sisterhood instill'd,  
 Th' illustrious bird his speech began,  
 At every turn allusions new,  
 Conceptions fine, and doctrines true,  
 In streams of honey'd language ran.  
 But what was singularly new,  
 In this uncommon gift of speech,  
 And scarce will be reputed true,  
 Not any whilst they heard him preach  
 Did ever feel (his powers were such)  
 Ecclesiastic lethargy,  
 From soporific sanctity;  
 What orator can boast as much?  
 Much was he prais'd and much carress'd,  
 Whilst he, familiaris'd to fame,  
 Convinc'd 'twas only a mere name,  
 His head on his projected breast  
 With priestly gentleness reclin'd,  
 And always modestly express'd  
 The inward triumph of his mind.  
 When he had utter'd to the crowd  
 His treasur'd scientific store,  
 He mutter'd something not aloud,  
 And sunk in cadence more and more,  
 Till, with an aspect sanctified,  
 At last in silence down he sat,  
 And left his audience edified  
 On what had pass'd to ruminate.  
 These eloquent harangues would flow  
 With choice of sweetest phrases fraught,  
 Except a trifling word or so,  
 Which accidentally he caught,  
 Of scandal, at the grate below,  
 Or some small syllable of haste,  
 Which gentle nuns will, by the by,  
 At one another sometimes cast,  
 When none but holy ears are nigh.  
 Thus liv'd in this delightful cage,  
 As saint, as master, or as sage,  
 Good father Ver-Vert, dear to more  
 Than of veil'd Hebes half a score,  
 As any cloyster'd monk as fat,  
 As reverend too in holy state,  
 Learn'd as an abbe town-approv'd,  
 And fair as youths by brides carress'd,  
 For lovely he was always lov'd,  
 Perfum'd, well-bred, in fashion dress'd;  
 In short, had he not hapless rovd  
 To see the world, completely bless'd.  
 But soon the fatal moments came  
 Of ever-mournful memory,  
 Destructive to our hero's fame.  
 Voyage of crimes and misery,  
 Of sad remorse, and endless shame!  
 Would foresight in a former age  
 Had torn it from th' historic page!  
 Ah! what a dangerous good at best

Is the possession of reason!  
 Obscurity is sooner blest,  
 From his sad fate it will be shown;  
 Too much success and brilliant parts  
 Have often ruin'd virtuous hearts.  
 Thy talents, Ver-Vert, and thy name,  
 To these lone walls were not confin'd;  
 As far as Nants the voice of fame  
 Proclaim'd th' endowments of thy mind.  
 At Nants, 'tis known, the Visitation  
 Of reverend sisters has a fold,  
 Who there, as elsewhere through the nation,  
 Know first whate'er by Fame is told.  
 With other nuns, each holy dame,  
 This parrot's merit having heard,  
 Had longings to behold the bird.  
 A lay-maid's wish is like a flame;  
 But, when a nun has such desire,  
 'Tis fifty times a fiercer fire.  
 Their curious hearts already burn'd,  
 Their thoughts to distant Nevres flew,  
 And many a holy head was turn'd,  
 The feather'd prodigy to view.  
 Immediately upon the spot  
 To the good abbess of the place  
 A female secretary wrote,  
 Beseeching her to have the grace  
 To Nants, by water down the Loire,  
 To send the bird so fam'd for sense,  
 That all the female Nantine choir  
 Might hear and see his excellence.  
 The letter goes: all question, when  
 The bearer will return again?  
 'Twill be eleven days at least,  
 An age to any female breast!  
 They send each day fresh invitation,  
 Depriv'd of sleep through expectation.  
 Howe'er at length to Nevres came  
 This letter of importance great.  
 At once the convent's in a flame,  
 And the whole chapter's summon'd straight.  
 "Lose Ver-Vert? Heaven! send rather death!  
 What comfort will with us be left,  
 These solitary towers beneath,  
 When of the darling bird bereft?"  
 Thus spoke the nuns of blooming years,  
 Whose hearts, fatigu'd with holy leisure,  
 Prefer'd to penance and to tears  
 Soft sentiments of harmless pleasure.  
 In truth, a holy flock, at least,  
 So close confin'd, might fairly claim  
 To be by one poor bird carress'd,  
 Since there no other parrot came  
 Fledg'd or unfledg'd to cheer their nest.  
 Yet 'twas th' opinion of the dames  
 Who, by their age superior, sat  
 Rulers in senatorial state,  
 Whose hearts resisted passion's flames,  
 That, for a fortnight's space or so,  
 Their dear disciple straight should go;  
 For, prudence overweighing love,  
 Th' infatuated state decreed  
 A stubborn negative might prove  
 The cause of mutual hate, and breed  
 For ever after much bad blood  
 'Twixt them and Nants's sisterhood.  
 Soon as the ladies, in conclusion,  
 O' th' upper house the bill had pass'd,  
 The commons were in great confusion;



Are natives of these holy places,  
 As Ver-Vert witness'd every day.  
 No human parrot of the court  
 Was fondled half so much as he;  
 In indolence genteel, and sport,  
 His hours roll'd on delightfully:  
 Each chamber that he fancied best  
 Was his the dormitory round,  
 And, where at eve he chose to rest,  
 Honour'd, thrice honour'd, was the ground,  
 And much the lucky nun was bless'd!  
 But nights he very seldom pass'd,  
 With those whom years and prudence bless'd,  
 The plain neat room was more his taste  
 Of some young damsel not profess'd;  
 This nicety at board and bed  
 Show'd he was nobly born and bred.  
 When the young female anchorite,  
 Whom all the rest with envy view'd,  
 Had fix'd him for the coming night,  
 Perch'd on her Agnus box he stood,  
 Silent in undisturb'd repose  
 Till Venus' warning-star arose:  
 And when at morn the pious maid  
 Her toilette's mysteries display'd,  
 He freely saw what'er was done;  
 I say the toilette, for I've read,  
 But speak it in a lower tone,  
 That virgins, in a cloyster bred,  
 Their looks and languishings review  
 In mirrors to their eyes as true  
 As those, that serve to show the faces  
 Of dames who flaunt in gems and laces.  
 For, as in city or at court  
 Some certain taste or mode prevails,  
 There is among the godly sort  
 A taste in putting on their veils;  
 There is an art to fold with grace,  
 Round a young vestal's blooming face,  
 Plain crape or other simple stuff,  
 With happy negligence enough.  
 Often the sportive Loves in swarms,  
 Which to the monasteries repair,  
 Spread o'er the holy sillets charms  
 And tie them with a killing air;  
 In short, the nuns are never seen  
 In parlour or at grate below,  
 Ere at the looking-glass they've been,  
 To steal a decent glance or so.  
 This softly whisper'd, friends between,  
 Farther digression we adjourn,  
 And to our hero now return.  
 Safe in this unmolested scene  
 Ver-Vert, amidst a life of bliss,  
 Unrivall'd reign'd on every part;  
 Her slighted sparrows took amiss  
 This change in sister Thecla's heart;  
 Four finches through mere rage expir'd  
 At his advancement mortified,  
 And two Grimalkins late admir'd,  
 With envy languish'd, droop'd and died.  
 In days like these of joy and love,  
 Who would have thought such tender cares  
 To form his youthful mind, should prove,  
 Through Fortune's spite, destructive sources?  
 Or that an adverse time should come  
 When this same idol of their hearts  
 Should stand the mark, by cruel doom,  
 Of horror's most evenom'd darts?  
 But stop, my Muse, forbid to flow

The tears arising from the sight  
 Of such an unexpected woe,  
 Too bitter fruit, alas! to grow  
 From the soft root of dear delight!

## CANTO II.

In such a school, a bird of sense  
 Would soon acquire, it is confess'd,  
 The gift of copious eloquence;  
 For, save his meals and hours of rest,  
 His tongue was always occupied:  
 And no good treatise could excel,  
 In phrases ready cut and dried,  
 His doctrines about living well.  
 He was not like those parrots rude  
 Whom dangling in a public cage  
 The common manners of the age  
 Have render'd conversably lewd;  
 Who, doctor'd by the worldly tribe,  
 With frail concupiscence endued,  
 Each human vanity describe.  
 Our Ver-Vert was a saint in grain,  
 A soul with innocency fraught,  
 Who never utter'd word profane,  
 Who never had immodest thought.  
 But in the room of ribbald wit  
 Each mystic colloquy he knew,  
 And many a text in holy writ  
 With prayers and collects not a few,  
 Could psalms and canticles repeat  
 And benedictio complete;  
 He could petition Heaven for grace  
 With sanctimonious voice and eyes,  
 And at a proper time and place  
 Religiously soliloquise.  
 Each help he had in this learn'd college  
 That could conduce to sacred knowledge.  
 For many virgins had retreated  
 Through grace to this religious fold,  
 Who, word for word, by rote repeated  
 Each Christmas carol, new and old,  
 From frequent lessons every day  
 The scholar grew as learn'd as they;  
 Their very tone of speaking too  
 In pious drawlings he express'd,  
 The same religious sighs he drew  
 Deep heaving from the godly breast,  
 And languid notes in which these doves  
 Mourningly chant their mystic loves.  
 In short, the bird perform'd his part  
 In all the psalmodising art.  
 Such merit could not be confin'd  
 Within a cloyster's narrow bound,  
 But flew, for Fame is swift as wind,  
 The neighbouring territories round;  
 Through Nevvers' town from morn to night,  
 Scarce any other talk was heard,  
 But of discourses exquisite  
 Betwixt the nuns and Indian bird:  
 And e'en from Moulins numbers came  
 To witness to the truth of Fame.  
 Ver-Vert, the parlour's boasted glory,  
 Whilst all that came were told his story,  
 Perch'd proud upon his favourite stand,  
 Sister Melania's ivory hand,  
 Who pointed out each excellence

Of mind or body he possess'd,  
 His sweet mild temper, polish'd sense,  
 And various colours on his breast,  
 When his engaging aspect won  
 Each visiter he look'd upon;  
 But beauty the most exquisite  
 Was, in our tender promelyte,  
 The least his qualities among,  
 For all forgot his feathery pride  
 And every outward charm beside  
 The moment that they heard his tongue.  
 With various righteous graces fill'd,  
 By the good sisterhood instill'd,  
 Th' illustrious bird his speech began,  
 At every turn allusions new,  
 Conceptions fine, and doctrines true,  
 In streams of honey'd language ran.  
 But what was singularly new,  
 In this uncommon gift of speech,  
 And scarce will be repeated true,  
 Not any whilst they heard him preach  
 Did ever feel (his powers were such)  
 Ecclesiastic lethargy,  
 From soporific sanctity;  
 What orator can boast as much?  
 Much was he prais'd and much caress'd,  
 Whilst he, familiar'd to fame,  
 Convinc'd 'twas only a mere name,  
 His head on his projected breast  
 With priestly gentleness reclin'd,  
 And always modestly express'd  
 The inward triumph of his mind.  
 When he had utter'd to the crowd  
 His treasur'd scientific store,  
 He mutter'd something not aloud,  
 And sunk in cadence more and more,  
 Till, with an aspect sanctified,  
 At last in silence down he sat,  
 And left his audience edified  
 On what had pass'd to ruminate.  
 These eloquent harangues would flow  
 With choice of sweetest phrases fraught,  
 Except a trifling word or so,  
 Which accidentally he caught,  
 Of scandal, at the grate below,  
 Or some small syllable of haste,  
 Which gentle nuns will, by the by,  
 At one another sometimes cast,  
 When none but holy ears are nigh.  
 Thus liv'd in this delightful cage,  
 As saint, as martyr, or as sage,  
 Good father Ver-Vert, dear to more  
 Than of veil'd Hebes half a score,  
 As any cloyster'd monk as fat,  
 As reverend too in holy state,  
 Learn'd as an abbe town-approv'd,  
 And fair as youths by brides caress'd,  
 For lovely he was always lov'd,  
 Perfum'd, well-bred, in fashion dress'd;  
 In short, had he not hapless rovd'  
 To see the world, completely bless'd.  
 But soon the fatal moments came  
 Of ever-mournful memory,  
 Destructive to our hero's fame.  
 Voyage of crimes and misery,  
 Of sad remorse, and endless shame!  
 Would foresight in a former age  
 Had torn it from th' historic page!  
 Ah! what a dangerous good at best

Is the possession of renown!  
 Obscurity is sooner blest,  
 From his sad fate it will be shown;  
 Too much success and brilliant parts  
 Have often ruin'd virtuous hearts.  
 Thy talents, Ver-Vert, and thy name,  
 To these lone walls were not confin'd;  
 As far as Nants the voice of fame  
 Proclaim'd th' endowments of thy mind.  
 At Nants, 'tis known, the Visitation  
 Of reverend sisters has a fold,  
 Who there, as elsewhere through the nation,  
 Know first what'er by Fame is told.  
 With other news, each holy dame,  
 This parrot's merit having heard,  
 Had longings to behold the bird.  
 A lay-maid's wish is like a flame;  
 But, when a nun has such desire,  
 'Tis fifty times a fiercer fire.  
 Their curious hearts already burn'd,  
 Their thoughts to distant Nevers flew,  
 And many a holy head was turn'd,  
 The feather'd prodigy to view.  
 Immediately upon the spot  
 To the good abbess of the place  
 A female secretary wrote,  
 Beseeching her to have the grace  
 To Nants, by water down the Loire,  
 To send the bird so fam'd for sense,  
 That all the female Nantine choir  
 Might hear and see his excellence.  
 The letter goes: all question, when  
 The bearer will return again?  
 'Twill be eleven days at least,  
 An age to any female breast!  
 They send each day fresh invitation,  
 Depriv'd of sleep through expectation.  
 How'er at length to Nevers came  
 This letter of importance great.  
 At once the convent's in a flame,  
 And the whole chapter's summon'd straight.  
 "Lose Ver-Vert? Heaven! send rather death!  
 What comfort will with us be left,  
 These solitary towers beneath,  
 When of the darling bird bereft?"  
 Thus spoke the nuns of blooming years,  
 Whose hearts, fatigu'd with holy leisure,  
 Preferr'd to penance and to tears  
 Soft sentiments of harmless pleasure.  
 In truth, a holy flock, at least,  
 So close confin'd, might fairly claim  
 To be by one poor bird caress'd,  
 Since there no other parrot came  
 Pledg'd or unpledg'd to cheer their nest.  
 Yet 'twas th' opinion of the dames  
 Who, by their age superior, sat  
 Rulers in senatorial state,  
 Whose hearts resisted passion's flames,  
 That, for a fortnight's space or so,  
 Their dear disciple straight should go;  
 For, prudence overweighing love,  
 Th' infatuated state decreed  
 A stubborn negative might prove  
 The cause of mutual hate, and bread  
 For ever after much bad blood  
 'Twixt theirs and Nants's sisterhood.  
 Soon as the ladies, in conclusion,  
 O' th' upper house the bill had pass'd,  
 The commons were in great confusion;

Are natives of these holy places,  
 As Ver-Vert witness'd every day.  
 No human parrot of the court  
 Was fondled half so much as he;  
 In indolence genteel, and sport,  
 His hours roll'd on delightfully:  
 Each chamber that he fancied best  
 Was his the dormitory round,  
 And, where at eve he chose to rest,  
 Honour'd, thrice honour'd, was the ground,  
 And much the lucky nun was bless'd!  
 But nights he very seldom pass'd,  
 With those whom years and prudence bless'd,  
 The plain neat room was more his taste  
 Of some young damsel not profess'd;  
 This nicety at board and bed  
 Show'd he was nobly born and bred.  
 When the young female anchorite,  
 Whom all the rest with envy view'd,  
 Had fix'd him for the coming night,  
 Perch'd on her Agnus box he stood,  
 Silent in undisturb'd repose  
 Till Venus' warning-star arose:  
 And when at morn the pious maid  
 Her toilette's mysteries display'd,  
 He freely saw what'er was done;  
 I say the toilette, for I've read,  
 But speak it in a lower tone,  
 That virgins, in a cloyster bred,  
 Their looks and languishings review  
 In mirrors to their eyes as true  
 As those, that serve to show the faces  
 Of dames who flaunt in gems and laces.  
 For, as in city or at court  
 Some certain taste or mode prevails,  
 There is among the godly sort  
 A taste in putting on their veils;  
 There is an art to fold with grace,  
 Round a young vestal's blooming face,  
 Plain crape or other simple stuff,  
 With happy negligence enough.  
 Often the sportive Loves in swarms,  
 Which to the monasteries repair,  
 Spread o'er the holy filets charms  
 And tie them with a killing air;  
 In short, the nuns are never seen  
 In parlour or at grate below,  
 Ere at the looking-glass they've been,  
 To steal a decent glance or so.  
 This softly whisper'd, friends between,  
 Farther digression we adjourn,  
 And to our hero now return.  
 Safe in this unmolested scene  
 Ver-Vert, amidst a life of bliss,  
 Unrivall'd reign'd on every part;  
 Her slighted sparrows took amiss  
 This change in sister Thecla's heart;  
 Four flashes through mere rage expir'd  
 At his advancement mortified,  
 And two Grimalkins late admir'd,  
 With envy languish'd, droop'd and died.  
 In days like these of joy and love,  
 Who would have thought such tender cares  
 To form his youthful mind, should prove,  
 Through Fortune's spite, destructive snares?  
 Or that an adverse time should come  
 When this same idol of their hearts  
 Should stand the mark, by cruel doom,  
 Of horror's most evenom'd darts?  
 But stop, my Muse, forbid to flow

The tears arising from the sight  
 Of such an unexpected woe,  
 Too bitter fruit, alas! to grow  
 From the soft root of dear delight!

## CANTO II.

IN such a school, a bird of sense  
 Would soon acquire, it is confess'd,  
 The gift of copious eloquence;  
 For, save his meals and hours of rest,  
 His tongue was always occupied;  
 And no good treatise could excel,  
 In phrases ready cut and dried,  
 His doctrines about living well.  
 He was not like those parrots rude  
 Whom dangling in a public cage  
 The common manners of the age  
 Have render'd conversably lewd;  
 Who, doctor'd by the worldly tribe,  
 With frail concupisence endued,  
 Each human vanity describe.  
 Our Ver-Vert was a saint in grain,  
 A soul with innocence fraught,  
 Who never utter'd word profane,  
 Who never had immodest thought.  
 But in the room of ribbald wit  
 Each mystic colloquy he knew,  
 And many a text in holy writ  
 With prayers and collects not a few;  
 Could psalms and canticles repeat  
 And benedictic complete;  
 He could petition Heaven for grace  
 With sanctimonious voice and eyes,  
 And at a proper time and place  
 Religiously soliloquise.  
 Each help he had in this learn'd college  
 That could conduce to sacred knowledge.  
 For many virgins had retreated  
 Through grace to this religious fold,  
 Who, word for word, by rote repeated  
 Each Christmas carol, new and old,  
 From frequent lessons every day  
 The scholar grew as learn'd as they;  
 Their very tone of speaking too  
 In pious drawings he express'd,  
 The same religious sighs he drew  
 Deep heaving from the godly breast,  
 And languid notes in which these doves  
 Mournfully chant their mystic loves.  
 In short, the bird perform'd his part  
 In all the psalmodising art.  
 Such merit could not be confin'd  
 Within a cloyster's narrow bound,  
 But flew, for Fame is swift as wind,  
 The neighbouring territories round;  
 Through Nevers' town from morn to night,  
 Scarce any other talk was heard,  
 But of discourses exquisite  
 Betwixt the nuns and Indian bird:  
 And e'en from Maulins numbers came  
 To witness to the truth of Fame.  
 Ver-Vert, the parlour's boasted glory,  
 Whilst all that came were told his story,  
 Perch'd proud upon his favourite stand,  
 Sister Melania's ivory hand,  
 Who pointed out each excellence

Of mind or body he possess'd,  
 His sweet mild temper, polish'd sense,  
 And various colours on his breast,  
 When his engaging aspect won  
 Each visiter he look'd upon;  
 But beauty the most exquisite  
 Was, in our tender proselyte,  
 The least his qualities among,  
 For all forgot his feathery pride  
 And every outward charm beside  
 The moment that they heard his tongue.  
 With various righteous graces fill'd,  
 By the good sisterhood instill'd,  
 Th' illustrious bird his speech began,  
 At every turn allusions new,  
 Conceptions fine, and doctrines true,  
 In streams of honey'd language ran.  
 But what was singularly new,  
 In this uncommon gift of speech,  
 And scarce will be reputed true,  
 Not any whilst he heard him preach  
 Did ever feel (his powers were such)  
 Ecclesiastic lethargy,  
 From soporific sanctity;  
 What orator can boast as much?  
 Much was he prais'd and much caress'd,  
 Whilst he, familiar'd to fame,  
 Convinc'd 'twas only a mere name,  
 His head on his projected breast  
 With priestly gentleness reclin'd,  
 And always modestly express'd  
 The inward triumph of his mind.  
 When he had utter'd to the crowd  
 His treasure'd scientific store,  
 He mutter'd something not aloud,  
 And sunk in cadence more and more,  
 Till, with an aspect sanctified,  
 At last in silence down he sat,  
 And left his audience edified  
 On what had pass'd to ruminate.  
 These eloquent harangues would flow  
 With choice of sweetest phrases fraught,  
 Except a trifling word or so,  
 Which accidentally he caught,  
 Of scandal, at the grate below,  
 Or some small syllable of haste,  
 Which gentle nuns will, by the by,  
 At one another sometimes cast,  
 When none but holy ears are nigh.  
 Thus liv'd in this delightful cage,  
 As saint, as master, or as sage,  
 Good father Ver-Vert, dear to more  
 Than of veil'd Hebes half a score,  
 As any cloyster'd monk as fat,  
 As reverend too in holy state,  
 Learn'd as an abbe town-approv'd,  
 And fair as youths by brides caress'd,  
 For lovely he was always lov'd,  
 Perfum'd, well-bred, in fashion dress'd;  
 In short, had he not hapless roiv'd  
 To see the world, completely bless'd.  
 But soon the fatal moments came  
 Of ever-mournful memory,  
 Destructive to our hero's fame.  
 Voyage of crimes and misery,  
 Of sad remorse, and endless shame!  
 Would foresight in a former age  
 Had torn it from th' historic page!  
 Ah! what a dangerous good at best

Is the possession of renown!  
 Obscurity is sooner blest,  
 From his sad fate it will be shown;  
 Too much success and brilliant parts  
 Have often ruin'd virtuous hearts.  
 Thy talents, Ver-Vert, and thy name,  
 To these lone walls were not confin'd;  
 As far as Nants the voice of fame  
 Proclaim'd th' endowments of thy mind.  
 At Nants, 'tis known, the Visitation  
 Of reverend sisters has a fold,  
 Who there, as elsewhere through the nation,  
 Know first what'er by Fame is told.  
 With other news, each holy dame,  
 This parrot's merit having heard,  
 Had longings to behold the bird.  
 A lay-maid's wish is like a flame;  
 But, when a sun has such desire,  
 'Tis fifty times a fiercer fire.  
 Their curious hearts already burn'd,  
 Their thoughts to distant Nevers flew,  
 And many a holy head was turn'd,  
 The feather'd prodigy to view.  
 Immediately upon the spot  
 To the good abbes of the place  
 A female secretary wrote,  
 Beseeching her to have the grace  
 To Nants, by water down the Loire,  
 To send the bird so fam'd for sense,  
 That all the female Nantine choir  
 Might hear and see his excellence.  
 The letter goes: all question, when  
 The bearer will return again?  
 'Twill be eleven days at least,  
 An age to any female breast!  
 They send each day fresh invitation,  
 Depriv'd of sleep through expectation.  
 Howe'er at length to Nevers came  
 This letter of importance great.  
 At once the convent's in a flame,  
 And the whole chapter's summon'd straight.  
 "Lose Ver-Vert! Heaven! send rather death!  
 What comfort will with us be left,  
 These solitary towers beneath,  
 When of the darling bird bereft?"  
 Thus spoke the nuns of blooming years,  
 Whose hearts, fatigu'd with holy leisure,  
 Preferr'd to penance and to tears  
 Soft sentiments of harmless pleasure.  
 In truth, a holy flock, at least,  
 So close confin'd, might fairly claim  
 To be by one poor bird caress'd,  
 Since there no other parrot came  
 Fledg'd or unfledg'd to cheer their nest.  
 Yet 'twas th' opinion of the dames  
 Who, by their age superior, sat  
 Rulers in senatorial state,  
 Whose hearts resisted passion's flames,  
 That, for a fortnight's space or so,  
 Their dear disciple straight should go;  
 For, prudence overweighing love,  
 Th' infatuated state decreed  
 A stubborn negative might prove  
 The cause of mutual hate, and breed  
 For ever after much bad blood  
 'Twixt theirs and Nante's sisterhood.  
 Soon as the ladies, in conclusion,  
 O' th' upper house the bill had pass'd,  
 The commons were in great confusion;

Are natives of these holy places,  
 As Ver-Vert witness'd every day.  
 No human parrot of the court  
 Was fondled half so much as he;  
 In indolence genteel, and sport,  
 His hours roll'd on delightfully:  
 Each chamber that he fancied best  
 Was his the dormitory round,  
 And, where at eve he chose to rest,  
 Honour'd, thrice honour'd, was the ground,  
 And much the lucky nun was bless'd!  
 But nights he very seldom pass'd,  
 With those whom years and prudence bless'd,  
 The plain neat room was more his taste  
 Of some young damsel not profess'd;  
 This nicety at board and bed  
 Show'd he was nobly born and bred.  
 When the young female anchorite,  
 Whom all the rest with envy view'd,  
 Had fix'd him for the coming night,  
 Perch'd on her Agnus box he stood,  
 Silent in undisturb'd repose  
 Till Venus' warning-star arose:  
 And when at morn the pious maid  
 Her toilette's mysteries display'd,  
 He freely saw what'er was done;  
 I say the toilette, for I've read,  
 But speak it in a lower tone,  
 That virgins, in a cloyster bred,  
 Their looks and languishings review  
 In mirrors to their eyes as true  
 As those, that serve to show the faces  
 Of dames who flaunt in gems and laces.  
 For, as in city or at court  
 Some certain taste or mode prevails,  
 There is among the godly sort  
 A taste in putting on their veils;  
 There is an art to fold with grace,  
 Round a young vestal's blooming face,  
 Plain crape or other simple stuff,  
 With happy negligence enough.  
 Often the sportive Loves in swarms,  
 Which to the monasteries repair,  
 Spread o'er the holy fillets charms  
 And tie them with a killing air;  
 In short, the nuns are never seen  
 In parlour or at grate below,  
 Ere at the looking-glass they've been,  
 To steal a decent glance or so.  
 'Tis softly whisper'd, friends between,  
 Farther digression we adjourn,  
 And to our hero now return.  
 Safe in this unmolested scene  
 Ver-Vert, amidst a life of bliss,  
 Unrival'd reign'd on every part;  
 Her slighted sparrows took amiss  
 This change in sister Thecla's heart;  
 Four flinches through mere rage expir'd  
 At his advancement mortified,  
 And two Grimalkins late admir'd,  
 With envy languish'd, droop'd and died.  
 In days like these of joy and love,  
 Who would have thought such tender cares  
 To form his youthful mind, should prove,  
 Through Fortune's spite, destructive snares?  
 Or that an adverse time should come  
 When this same idol of their hearts  
 Should stand the mark, by cruel doom,  
 Of horror's most venom'd darts?  
 But stop, my Muse, forbid to flow

The tears arising from the sight  
 Of such an unexpected woe,  
 Too bitter fruit, alas! to grow  
 From the soft root of dear delight!

## CANTO II.

In such a school, a bird of sense  
 Would soon acquire, it is confess'd,  
 The gift of copious eloquence;  
 For, save his meals and hours of rest,  
 His tongue was always occupied:  
 And no good treatise could excel,  
 In phrases ready cut and dried,  
 His doctrines about living well.  
 He was not like those parrots rude  
 Whom dangling in a public cage  
 The common manners of the age  
 Have render'd conversably lewd;  
 Who, doctor'd by the worldly tribe,  
 With frail conceit and enud, and  
 Each human vanity describe,  
 Our Ver-Vert was a saint in grain,  
 A soul with innocence fraught,  
 Who never utter'd word profane,  
 Who never had immodest thought.  
 But in the room of ribbald wit  
 Each mystic colloquy he knew,  
 And many a text in holy writ  
 With prayers and collects not a few;  
 Could psalms and canticles repeat  
 And benedictio complete;  
 He could petition Heaven for grace  
 With sanctimonious voice and eyes,  
 And at a proper time and place  
 Religiously soliloquise.  
 Each help he had in this learn'd college  
 That could conduce to sacred knowledge.  
 For many virgins had retreated  
 Through grace to this religious fold,  
 Who, word for word, by rote repeated  
 Each Christmas carol, new and old.  
 From frequent lessons every day  
 The scholar grew as learn'd as they;  
 Their very tone of speaking too  
 In pious drawings he express'd,  
 The same religious sighs he drew  
 Deep heaving from the godly breast,  
 And languid notes in which these doves  
 Mournfully chant their mystic loves.  
 In short, the bird perform'd his part  
 In all the psalmodising art.  
 Such merit could not be couin'd  
 Within a cloyster's narrow bound,  
 But flew, for Fame is swift as wind,  
 The neighbouring territories round;  
 Through Nevvers' town from morn to night,  
 Scarce any other talk was heard,  
 But of discourses exquisite  
 Betwixt the nun and Indian bird:  
 And e'en from Moulins numbers came  
 To witness to the truth of Fame.  
 Ver-Vert, the parlour's boasted glory,  
 Whilst all that came were told his story,  
 Perch'd proud upon his favourite stand,  
 Sister Melania's ivory hand,  
 Who pointed out each excellence

Of mind or body he possess'd,  
 His sweet mild temper, polish'd sense,  
 And various colours on his breast,  
 When his engaging aspect won  
 Each visiter he look'd upon;  
 But beauty the most exquisite  
 Was, in our tender proselyte,  
 The least his qualities among,  
 For all forgot his feathery pride  
 And every outward charm beside  
 The moment that they heard his tongue.  
 With various righteous graces fill'd,  
 By the good sisterhood instill'd,  
 Th' illustrious bird his speech began,  
 At every turn allusions new,  
 Conceptions fine, and doctrines true,  
 In streams of honey'd language ran.  
 But what was singularly new,  
 In this uncommon gift of speech,  
 And scarce will be reputed true,  
 Not any whilst they heard him preach  
 Did ever feel (his powers were such)  
 Ecclesiastic lethargy,  
 From soporific sanctity;  
 What orator can boast as much?  
 Much was he prais'd and much caress'd,  
 Whilst he, familiari'd to fame,  
 Convinc'd 'twas only a mere name,  
 His head on his projected breast  
 With priestly gentleness reclin'd,  
 And always modestly express'd  
 The inward triumph of his mind.  
 When he had utter'd to the crowd  
 His treasur'd scientific store,  
 He mutter'd something not aloud,  
 And sunk in cadence more and more,  
 Till, with an aspect sanctified,  
 At last in silence down he sat,  
 And left his audience edified  
 On what had pass'd to ruminate.  
 These eloquent harangues would flow  
 With choice of sweetest phrases fraught,  
 Except a trifling word or so,  
 Which accidentally he caught,  
 Of scandal, at the grate below,  
 Or some small syllable of haste,  
 Which gentle nuns will, by the by,  
 At one another sometimes cast,  
 When none but holy ears are nigh.  
 Thus liv'd in this delightful cage,  
 As saint, as master, or as sage,  
 Good father Ver-Vert, dear to more  
 Than of veild Hebes half a score,  
 As any cloyster'd monk as fat,  
 As reverend too in holy state,  
 Learn'd as an abbe town-approv'd,  
 And fair as youths by brides caress'd,  
 For lovely he was always lov'd,  
 Perfum'd, well-bred, in fashion dress'd;  
 In short, had he not hapless rov'd  
 To see the world, completely bless'd.  
 But soon the fatal moments came  
 Of ever-mournful memory,  
 Destructive to our hero's fame.  
 Voyage of crimes and misery,  
 Of sad remorse, and endless shame!  
 Would foresight in a former age  
 Had torn it from th' historic page!  
 Ah! what a dangerous good at best

Is the possession of renown!  
 Obscurity is sooner blest,  
 From his sad fate it will be shown;  
 Too much success and brilliant parts  
 Have often ruin'd virtuous hearts.  
 Thy talents, Ver-Vert, and thy name,  
 To these lone walls were not confin'd;  
 As far as Nants the voice of fame  
 Proclaim'd th' endowments of thy mind.  
 At Nants, 'tis known, the Visitation  
 Of reverend sisters has a fold,  
 Who there, as elsewhere through the nation,  
 Know first whate'er by Fame is told.  
 With other news, each holy dame,  
 This parrot's merit having heard,  
 Had longings to behold the bird.  
 A lay-maid's wish is like a flame;  
 But, when a nun has such desire,  
 'Tis fifty times a fiercer fire.  
 Their curious hearts already burn'd,  
 Their thoughts to distant Nevers flew,  
 And many a holy head was turn'd,  
 The feather'd prodigy to view.  
 Immediately upon the spot  
 To the good abbess of the place  
 A female secretary wrote,  
 Beseeching her to have the grace  
 To Nants, by water down the Loire,  
 To send the bird so fam'd for sense,  
 That all the female Nantine choir  
 Might hear and see his excellence.  
 The letter goes: all question, when  
 The bearer will return again?  
 'Twill be eleven days at least,  
 An age to any female breast!  
 They send each day fresh invitation,  
 Depriv'd of sleep through expectation.  
 Howe'er at length to Nevers came  
 This letter of importance great.  
 At once the convent's in a flame,  
 And the whole chapter's summon'd straight.  
 "Lose Ver-Vert? Heaven! send rather death!  
 What comfort will with us be left,  
 These solitary towers beneath,  
 When of the darling bird bereft?"  
 Thus spoke the nuns of blooming years,  
 Whose hearts, fatigu'd with holy leisure,  
 Preferr'd to penance and to tears  
 Soft sentiments of harmless pleasure.  
 In truth, a holy flock, at least,  
 So close confin'd, might fairly claim  
 To be by one poor bird caress'd,  
 Since there no other parrot came  
 Fledg'd or unfledg'd to cheer their nest.  
 Yet 'twas th' opinion of the dames  
 Who, by their age superior, sat  
 Rulers in senatorial state,  
 Whose hearts resisted passion's flames,  
 That, for a fortnight's space or so,  
 Their dear disciple straight should go;  
 For, prudence overweighing love,  
 Th' infatuated state decreed  
 A stubborn negative might prove  
 The cause of mutual hate, and breed  
 For ever after much bad blood  
 'Twixt theirs and Nante's sisterhood.  
 Soon as the ladies, in conclusion,  
 O' th' upper house the bill had pass'd,  
 The commons were in great confusion;

Are natives of these holy places,  
 As Ver-Vert witness'd every day.  
 No human parrot of the court  
 Was fondled half so much as he;  
 In indolence genteel, and sport,  
 His hours roll'd on delightfully:  
 Each chamber that he fancied best  
 Was his the dormitory round,  
 And, where at eve he chose to rest,  
 Honour'd, thrice honour'd, was the ground,  
 And much the lucky nun was bless'd!  
 But nights he very seldom pass'd,  
 With those whom years and prudence bless'd,  
 The plain neat room was more his taste  
 Of some young damsel not profess'd;  
 This nicety at board and bed  
 Show'd he was nobly born and bred.  
 When the young female anchorite,  
 Whom all the rest with envy view'd,  
 Had fix'd him for the coming night,  
 Perch'd on her Agnus box he stood,  
 Silent in undisturb'd repose  
 Till Venus' warning-star arose:  
 And when at morn the pious maid  
 Her toilette's mysteries display'd,  
 He freely saw what'er was done;  
 I say the toilette, for I've read,  
 But speak it in a lower tone,  
 That virgins, in a cloyster bred,  
 Their looks and languishings review  
 In mirrors to their eyes as true  
 As those, that scree to show the faces  
 Of dames who flaunt in gems and laces.  
 For, as in city or at court  
 Some certain taste or mode prevails,  
 There is among the godly sort  
 A taste in putting on their veils;  
 There is an art to fold with grace,  
 Round a young vestal's blooming face,  
 Plain crape or other simple stuff,  
 With happy negligence enough.  
 Often the sportive Loves in swarms,  
 Which to the monasteries repair,  
 Spread o'er the holy fillets charms  
 And tie them with a killing air;  
 In short, the nuns are never seen  
 In parlour or at grate below,  
 Ere at the looking-glass they've been,  
 To steal a decent glance or so.  
 This softly whisper'd, friends between,  
 Farther digression we adjourn,  
 And to our hero now return.  
 Safe in this unmolested scene  
 Ver-Vert, amidst a life of bliss,  
 Unrivall'd reign'd on every part;  
 Her slighted sparrows took amiss  
 This change in sister Thecla's heart;  
 Four finches through mere rage expir'd  
 At his advancement mortified,  
 And two Orimalkins late admir'd,  
 With envy languish'd, droop'd and died.  
 In days like these of joy and love,  
 Who would have thought such tender cares  
 To form his youthful mind, should prove,  
 Through Fortune's spite, destructive snares?  
 Or that an adverse time should come  
 When this same idol of their hearts  
 Should stand the mark, by cruel doom,  
 Of horror's most envenom'd darts?  
 But stop, my Muse, forbid to flow

The tears arising from the sight  
 Of such an unexpected woe,  
 Too bitter fruit, alas! to grow  
 From the soft root of dear delight!

## CANTO II.

In such a school, a bird of sense  
 Would soon acquire, it is confess'd,  
 The gift of copious eloquence;  
 For, save his meals and hours of rest,  
 His tongue was always occupied:  
 And no good treatise could excel,  
 In phrases ready cut and dried,  
 His doctrines about living well.  
 He was not like those parrots rude  
 Whom dangling in a public cage  
 The common manners of the age  
 Have render'd conversably low;  
 Who, doctor'd by the worldly tribe,  
 With frail concupiscent endued,  
 Each human vanity describe.  
 Our Ver-Vert was a saint in grain,  
 A soul with innocency fraught,  
 Who never utter'd word profane,  
 Who never had immodest thought.  
 But in the room of ribbald wit  
 Each mystic colloquy he knew,  
 And many a text in holy writ  
 With prayer and collects not a few;  
 Could psalms and canticles repeat  
 And *hæcicæ* complete;  
 He could petition Heaven for grace  
 With sanctimonious voice and eyes,  
 And at a proper time and place  
 Religiously soliloquise.  
 Each help he had in this learn'd college  
 That could conduce to sacred knowledge.  
 For many virgins had retreated  
 Through grace to this religious fold,  
 Who, word for word, by rote repeated  
 Each Christmas carol, new and old.  
 From frequent lessons every day  
 The scholar grew as learn'd as they;  
 Their very tone of speaking too  
 In pious drawlings he express'd,  
 The same religious sighs he drew  
 Deep heaving from the godly breast,  
 And languid notes in which these doves  
 Mournfully chant their mystic loves.  
 In short, the bird perform'd his part  
 In all the psalmodising art.  
 Such merit could not be confin'd  
 Within a cloyster's narrow bound,  
 But flew, for Fame is swift as wind,  
 The neighbouring territories round;  
 Through Nevers' town from morn to night,  
 Scarce any other talk was heard,  
 But of discourses exquisite  
 Betwixt the nuns and Indian bird:  
 And e'en from Moulins numbers came  
 To witness to the truth of Fame.  
 Ver-Vert, the parlour's boasted glory,  
 Whilst all that came were told his story,  
 Perch'd proud upon his favourite stand,  
 Sister Melania's ivory hand,  
 Who pointed out each excellence

Of mind or body be possess'd,  
 His sweet mild temper, polish'd sense,  
 And various colours on his breast,  
 When his engaging aspect won  
 Each visiter he look'd upon;  
 But beauty the most exquisite  
 Was, in our tender prociety,  
 The least his qualities among,  
 For all forgot his feathery pride  
 And every outward charm beside  
 The moment that they heard his tongue,  
 With various righteous graces fill'd,  
 By the good sisterhood instill'd,  
 Th' illustrious bird his speech began,  
 At every turn allusions new,  
 Conceptions fine, and doctrines true,  
 In streams of honey'd language ran.  
 But what was singularly new,  
 In this uncommon gift of speech,  
 And scarce will be repeated true,  
 Not any whilst they heard him preach  
 Did ever feel (his powers were such)  
 Ecclesiastic lethargy,  
 From soporific sanctity;  
 What orator can boast as much?  
 Much was he prais'd and much caress'd,  
 Whilst he, familiaris'd to fame,  
 Convinced 'twas only a mere name,  
 His head on his projected breast  
 With priestly gentleness reclin'd,  
 And always modestly express'd  
 The inward triumph of his mind.  
 When he had utter'd to the crowd  
 His treasur'd scientific store,  
 He mutter'd something not aloud,  
 And sunk in cadence more and more,  
 Till, with an aspect sanctified,  
 At last in silence down he sat,  
 And left his audience edified  
 On what had pass'd to ruminate.  
 These eloquent harangues would flow  
 With choice of sweetest phrases fraught,  
 Except a trifling word or so,  
 Which accidentally he caught,  
 Of scandal, at the grate below,  
 Or some small syllable of haste,  
 Which gentle nuns will, by the by,  
 At one another sometimes cast,  
 When none but holy ears are nigh.  
 Thus liv'd in this delightful cage,  
 As saint, as master, or as sage,  
 Good father Ver-Vert, dear to more  
 Than of veild Hebes half a score,  
 As any cloyster'd monk as fat,  
 As reverend too in holy state,  
 Learn'd as an abbe town-approv'd,  
 And fair as youths by brides caress'd,  
 For lovely he was always lov'd,  
 Perfum'd, well-bred, in fashion dress'd;  
 In short, had he not hapless rov'd  
 To see the world, completely bless'd.  
 But soon the fatal moments came  
 Of ever-mournful memory,  
 Destructive to our hero's fame.  
 Voyage of crimes and misery,  
 Of sad remorse, and endless shame!  
 Would foresight in a former age  
 Had torn it from th' historic page!  
 Ah! what a dangerous good at best

Is the possession of renown!  
 Obscurity is sooner blest,  
 From his sad fate it will be shown;  
 Too much success and brilliant parts  
 Have often ruin'd virtuous hearts.  
 Thy talents, Ver-Vert, and thy name,  
 To these lone walls were not confin'd;  
 As far as Nants the voice of fame  
 Proclaim'd th' endowments of thy mind.  
 At Nants, 'tis known, the Visitation  
 Of reverend sisters has a fold,  
 Who there, as elsewhere through the nation,  
 Know first what'er by Fame is told.  
 With other news, each holy dame,  
 This parrot's merit having heard,  
 Had longings to behold the bird.  
 A lay-maid's wish is like a flame;  
 But, when a nun has such desire,  
 'Tis fifty times a fiercer fire.  
 Their curious hearts already burn'd,  
 Their thoughts to distant Nevres flew,  
 And many a holy head was turn'd,  
 The feather'd prodigy to view.  
 Immediately upon the spot  
 To the good abbess of the place  
 A female secretary wrote,  
 Beseeching her to have the grace  
 To Nants, by water down the Loire,  
 To send the bird so fam'd for sense,  
 That all the female Nantine choir  
 Might hear and see his excellence.  
 The letter goes: all question, when  
 The bearer will return again?  
 'Twill be eleven days at least,  
 An age to any female breast!  
 They send each lay fresh invitation,  
 Depriv'd of sleep through expectation.  
 Howe'er at length to Nevres came  
 This letter of importance great.  
 At once the convent's in a flame,  
 And the whole chapter's summon'd straight.  
 "Lose Ver-Vert? Heaven! send rather death!  
 What comfort will with us be left,  
 These solitary towers beneath,  
 When of the darling bird bereft?"  
 Thus spoke the nuns of blooming years,  
 Whose hearts, fatigu'd with holy leisure,  
 Preferr'd to penance and to tears  
 Soft sentiments of harmless pleasure.  
 In truth, a holy flock, at least,  
 So close confin'd, might fairly claim  
 To be by one poor bird caress'd,  
 Since there no other parrot came  
 Fledg'd or unfledg'd to cheer their nest.  
 Yet 'twas th' opinion of the dames  
 Who, by their age superior, sat  
 Rulers in senatorial state,  
 Whose hearts resisted passion's flames,  
 That, for a fortnight's space or so,  
 Their dear disciple straight should go;  
 For, prudence overweighing love,  
 Th' infatuated state decreed  
 A stubborn negative might prove  
 The cause of mutual hate, and breed  
 For ever after much bad blood  
 'Twixt them and Nante's sisterhood.  
 Soon as the ladies, in conclusion,  
 O' th' upper house the bill had pass'd,  
 The commons were in great confusion;



Are natives of these holy places,  
 As Ver-Vert witness'd every day.  
 No human parrot of the court  
 Was fondled half so much as he;  
 In indolence genteel, and sport,  
 His hours roll'd on delightfully:  
 Each chamber that he fancied best  
 Was his the dormitory round,  
 And, where at eve he chose to rest,  
 Honour'd, thrice honour'd, was the ground,  
 And much the lucky nun was bless'd!  
 But nights he very seldom pass'd,  
 With those whom years and prudence bless'd,  
 The plain neat room was more his taste  
 Of some young damsel not profess'd;  
 This nicety at board and bed  
 Show'd he was nobly born and bred.  
 When the young female anchorite,  
 Whom all the rest with envy view'd,  
 Had fix'd him for the coming night,  
 Perch'd on her Agnus box he stood,  
 Silent in undisturb'd repose  
 Till Venus' warning-star arose:  
 And when at morn the pious maid  
 Her toilette's mysteries display'd,  
 He freely saw what'er was done;  
 I say the toilette, for I've read,  
 But speak it in a lower tone,  
 That virgins, in a cloyster bred,  
 Their looks and languishings review  
 In mirrors to their eyes as true  
 As those, that serve to show the faces  
 Of dames who flaunt in gems and laces.  
 For, as in city or at court  
 Some certain taste or mode prevails,  
 There is among the godly sort  
 A taste in putting on their veils;  
 There is an art to fold with grace,  
 Round a young vestal's blooming face,  
 Plain crape or other simple stuff,  
 With happy negligence enough.  
 Often the sportive Loves in swarms,  
 Which to the monasteries repair,  
 Spread o'er the holy filets charms  
 And tie them with a killing air;  
 In short, the nuns are never seen  
 In parlour or at grate below,  
 Ere at the looking-glass they've been,  
 To steal a decent glance or so.  
 This softly whisper'd, friends between,  
 Farther digression we adjourn,  
 And to our hern now return.  
 Safe in this unmolested scene  
 Ver-Vert, amidst a life of bliss,  
 Unrival'd reign'd on every part;  
 Her slighted sparrows took amiss  
 This change in sister Thue's heart;  
 Four fitches through mere rage expir'd  
 At his advancement mortified,  
 And two Grimalkins late admir'd,  
 With envy languish'd, droop'd and died.  
 In days like these of joy and love,  
 Who would have thought such tender cares  
 To form his youthful mind, should prove,  
 Through Fortune's spite, destructive snares?  
 Or that an adverse time should come  
 When this same idol of their hearts  
 Should stand the mark, by cruel doom,  
 Of horror's most evenom'd darts?  
 But stop, my Muse, forbid to bow

The tears arising from the sight:  
 Of such an unexpected woe,  
 Too bitter fruit, alas! to grow  
 From the soft root of dear delight!

## CANTO II.

In such a school, a bird of sense  
 Would soon acquire, it is confess'd,  
 The gift of copious eloquence;  
 For, save his meals and hours of rest,  
 His tongue was always occupied:  
 And no good treatise could excel,  
 In phrases ready cut and dried,  
 His doctrines about living well.  
 He was not like those parrots rude  
 Whom dangling in a public cage  
 The common manners of the age  
 Have render'd conversably lewd;  
 Who, doctor'd by the worldly tribe,  
 With frail concupiscence endued,  
 Each human vanity describe.  
 Our Ver-Vert was a saint in grain,  
 A soul with innocence fraught,  
 Who never utter'd word profane,  
 Who never had immodest thought.  
 But in the room of ribbald wit  
 Each mystic colloquy he knew,  
 And many a text in holy writ  
 With prayers and collects not a few;  
 Could psalms and canticles repeat  
 And *benedictio* complete;  
 He could petition Heaven for grace  
 With sanctimonious voice and eyes,  
 And at a proper time and place  
 Religiously soliloquise.  
 Each help he had in this learn'd college  
 That could conduce to sacred knowledge.  
 For many virgins had recited  
 Through grace to this religious fold,  
 Who, word for word, by rote repeated  
 Each Christmas carol, new and old.  
 From frequent lessons every day  
 The scholar grew as learn'd as they;  
 Their very tone of speaking too  
 In pious drawlings he express'd,  
 The same religious sighs he drew  
 Deep heaving from the godly breast,  
 And languid notes in which these doves  
 Mournfully chant their mystic loves.  
 In short, the bird perform'd his part  
 In all the psalmodising art.  
 Such merit could not be confin'd  
 Within a cloyster's narrow bound,  
 But flew, for Fame in swift as wind,  
 The neighbouring territories round;  
 Through Nevers' town from morn to night,  
 Scarce any other talk was heard,  
 But of discourses exquisite  
 Betwixt the nuns and Indian bird:  
 And e'en from Moulins numbers came  
 To witness to the truth of Fame.  
 Ver-Vert, the parlour's boasted glory,  
 Whilst all that came were told his story,  
 Perch'd proud upon his favourite stand,  
 Sister Melania's ivory hand,  
 Who pointed out each excellence

f mind or body be possess'd,  
 his sweet mild temper, polish'd sense,  
 and various colours on his breast,  
 When his engaging aspect won  
 each visiter he look'd upon;  
 at beauty the most exquisite  
 Was, in our tender proselyte,  
 he least his qualities among,  
 or all forgot his feathery pride  
 and every outward charm beside  
 the moment that they heard his tongue.  
 With various righteous graces fill'd,  
 by the good sisterhood instill'd,  
 his illustrious bird his speech began,  
 at every turn allusions new,  
 conceptions fine, and doctrines true,  
 a streams of honey'd language ran.  
 but what was singularly new,  
 a this uncommon gift of speech,  
 and scarce will be reputed true,  
 let any whilst they heard him preach  
 had ever feel (his powers were such)  
 eclesiastic lethargy,  
 from soporific sanctity;  
 What orator can boast as much?  
 such was he prais'd and much caress'd,  
 whilst he, familiaris'd to fame,  
 having d' twas only a mere name,  
 his head on his projected breast  
 with priestly gentleness reclin'd,  
 and always modestly express'd  
 the inward triumph of his mind.  
 When he had utter'd to the crowd  
 his treasur'd scientific store,  
 he mutter'd something not aloud,  
 and sank in cadence more and more,  
 still, with an aspect sanctified,  
 at last in silence down he sat,  
 and left his audience edified  
 in what had pass'd to ruminate.  
 these eloquent harangues would flow  
 with choice of sweetest phrases fraught,  
 except a trifling word or so,  
 which accidentally he caught,  
 if scandal, at the grate below,  
 by some small syllable of baste,  
 which gentle nuns will, by the by,  
 at one another sometimes cast,  
 when none but holy ears are nigh.  
 Thus liv'd in this delightful cage,  
 as saint, as master, or as sage,  
 good father Ver-Vert, dear to more  
 than of veil'd Hebes half a score,  
 as any cloyster'd monk as fat,  
 as reverend too in holy state,  
 earn'd as an abbe town-approv'd,  
 and fair as youths by brides caress'd,  
 or lovely he was always lov'd,  
 perfum'd, well-bred, in fashion dress'd;  
 so short, had he not hapless rovd  
 to see the world, completely bless'd.  
 But soon the fatal moments came  
 of ever-mournful memory,  
 destructive to our hero's fame.  
 'oyage of crimes and misery,  
 if sad remorse, and endless shame!  
 would foresight in a former age  
 had torn it from th' historic page!  
 ah! what a dangerous good at best

Is the possession of renown!  
 Obscurity is sooner blest,  
 From his sad fate it will be shown;  
 Too much success and brilliant parts  
 Have often ruin'd virtuous hearts.  
 Thy talents, Ver-Vert, and thy name,  
 To these lone walls were not confin'd;  
 As far as Nants the voice of fame  
 Proclaim'd th' endowments of thy mind.  
 At Nants, 'tis known, the Visitation  
 Of reverend sisters has a fold,  
 Who there, as elsewhere through the nation,  
 Know first whate'er by Fame is told.  
 With other nuns, each holy dame,  
 This parrot's merit having heard,  
 Had longings to behold the bird.  
 A lay-maid's wish is like a flame;  
 But, when a nun has such desire,  
 'Tis fifty times a fiercer fire.  
 Their curious hearts already burn'd,  
 Their thoughts to distant Nevers flew,  
 And many a holy head was turn'd,  
 The feather'd prodigy to view.  
 Immediately upon the spot  
 To the good abbess of the place  
 A female secretary wrote,  
 Beseeching her to have the grace  
 To Nants, by water down the Loire,  
 To send the bird so fam'd for sense,  
 That all the female Nantine choir  
 Might hear and see his excellence.  
 The letter goes: all question, when  
 The bearer will return again?  
 'Twill be eleven days at least,  
 An age to any female breast!  
 They send each day fresh invitation,  
 Depriv'd of sleep through expectation.  
 Howe'er at length to Nevers came  
 This letter of importance great.  
 At once the convent's in a flame,  
 And the whole chapter's summon'd straight.  
 "Lose Ver-Vert? Heaven! send rather death!  
 What comfort will with us be left,  
 These solitary towers beneath,  
 When of the darling bird bereft?"  
 Thus spoke the nuns of blooming years,  
 Whose hearts, fatigu'd with holy leisure,  
 Preferr'd to penance and to tears  
 Soft sentiments of harmless pleasure.  
 In truth, a holy flock, at least,  
 So close confin'd, might fairly claim  
 To be by one poor bird caress'd,  
 Since there no other parrot came  
 Fledg'd or unfledg'd to cheer their nest.  
 Yet 'twas th' opinion of the dames  
 Who, by their age superior, sat  
 Rulers in senatorial state,  
 Whose hearts resisted passion's flames,  
 That, for a fortnight's space or so,  
 Their dear disciple straight should go;  
 For, prudence overweighing love,  
 Th' infatuated state decreed  
 A stubborn negative might prove  
 The cause of mutual hate, and breed  
 For ever after much bad blood  
 'Twixt theirs and Nants's sisterhood.  
 Soon as the ladies, in conclusion,  
 O' th' upper house the bill had pass'd,  
 The commons were in great confusion;

Young Seraphina cry'd in haste,  
 " Ah! what a sacrifice they make!  
 And is it true consent they give?  
 Fate from us nothing more can take;  
 How, Ver-Vert leave us, and we live!"  
 Another, though reputed sage,  
 Grew pale at what she heard them say;  
 No council could her grief assuage,  
 She trembled, wept, and swoon'd away.  
 All mourn'd departing Ver-Vert's fate,  
 Presaging, from I know not what,  
 This tour would prove unfortunate.  
 In horrid dreams the night they spent,  
 The morn redoubled horrors sent.  
 Too vain regret! the mournful hour  
 Already 's come, within their view  
 The boat is waiting at the shore,  
 The Fates command to bid adieu,  
 And to his absence, for a while,  
 Their throbbing bosoms reconcile.  
 Already every sister pin'd  
 Like the soft turtle of the grove,  
 To grief before-hand self-resign'd  
 For the lone hours of widow'd love,  
 What tender kisses were bestow'd  
 On Ver-Vert leaving this abode!  
 What briny streams of sorrow flow'd!  
 The nearer his departure drew  
 They doted on him more and more,  
 And found each moment genius new  
 And beauties never seen before.  
 At length he leaves their wishful eyes,  
 Love with him from the convent flies,  
 " Ah! go, my child; my dearest, haste,  
 Where honour calls thee from my arms;  
 But, O! return, thy exile past,  
 For ever true, and full of charms!  
 May Zephyrs with their airy plumes  
 Waft thee securely on thy way!  
 Whilst I, amidst these dreary tombs,  
 In anguish waste the tardy day,  
 And sadly, solitary mourn  
 Uncomforted till thy return.  
 O Ver-Vert, dearest soul! adieu;  
 And, whilst thy journey happy proves,  
 May all, thy beautiful form who view,  
 Think thee the eldest of the Loves!"  
 Such were the words and parting scene  
 Of one young lately-veiled fair,  
 Who oft, to dissipate chagrin,  
 In bed made many a fervent prayer,  
 Learnt from the manual of Racine;  
 And who with all her heart, no doubt,  
 Would, for sweet Ver-Vert's company,  
 Have left the holy monastery,  
 And follow'd him the world throughout.  
 But now the droll is put on board,  
 At present virtuous and sincere,  
 And modest too in deed and word:  
 O! may his bosom every where,  
 By prudence guarded, still retain  
 That worth, and bring it home again!  
 Be that however, as it may,  
 The boat's already on its way;  
 The noise of waves beneath the prow  
 Re-echoes in the air above;  
 The Zephyrs favourably blow,  
 And Nevers backward seems to move.

## CANTO III.

In the same passage-boat, that bore  
 This bird of holiness from shore,  
 There happen'd the same time to sail  
 Two nymphs of constitution frail,  
 A nurse loquacious, two gascoons,  
 A vagrant monk, and three dragoons,  
 Which, for a youth of piety,  
 Was worshipful society!  
 Ver-Vert, unpractis'd in their ways,  
 As folks in foreign countries do,  
 Stood silently in fix'd amaze;  
 Their thoughts and language both were new,  
 The style he did not understand;  
 It was not, like the Scriptures, phras'd  
 In dialect of holy land,  
 With sacred eastern figures rais'd;  
 Nor that, in which the vestal band  
 Of nuns their Maker pray'd and prais'd;  
 But full of, what the bird surpris'd,  
 Big words not over Christianis'd;  
 For the dragoons, a wordy race,  
 Not burthen'd with religious grace,  
 Spoke fluently the sutler's tongue,  
 Saint Bacchus only they ador'd,  
 To whom libations oft they pour'd  
 For pastime as they sail'd along;  
 The gascoons and the female three  
 Convers'd in idioms which belong  
 To Venus's great mystery;  
 On t' other hand the sailors swore,  
 Curs'd and blasphem'd each heavenly power,  
 Whose voices, not in flowers of speech,  
 But words sonorous, us'd to deal,  
 Roundly articulated each,  
 Nor lost the smallest, syllable.  
 In this variety of sound  
 And unintelligible prate,  
 Ver-Vert, surpris'd at all around,  
 Sad, silent, and embarrass'd fate;  
 He fear'd his ignorance to betray,  
 And knew not what to think or say.  
 The monk, to satisfy the crowd,  
 Who long'd to hear his thoughts aloud,  
 To talk the peevish stranger press'd;  
 The girls in words too debonnaire,  
 Unus'd at penance, or in prayer,  
 The melancholy bird caress'd:  
 Here by the sex he low'd address'd  
 The Parrot (whilst his look benign  
 With usual light religious glisters)  
 In sacred sighs and nunnery whine  
 Answers, " God save you, holy sisters!"  
 At this " God save you," we'll suppose,  
 An universal laugh arose:  
 In ridicule the words aloud  
 Were echo'd through the noisy crowd,  
 Thus mock'd, abash'd the novice stood,  
 And inly chew'd the mental cud.  
 He found what he had said was wrong,  
 And saw 'twas needful to endeavour  
 To speak the language of the throng,  
 If e'er he hop'd to gain their favour:  
 His heart, by nature, fond of praise,  
 Which had been pourish'd all his days,  
 Till then, with flattery's incense full,

Now could, alas! sustain no more  
 Of constancy the modest power  
 Against th' assaults of ridicule;  
 Here first, by sour impatience cross'd,  
 Ver-Vert his innocency lost.  
 From thence he pour'd ungrateful curses  
 Against the nuns his former nurses,  
 Who never had adorn'd his mind,  
 Careless of literary merit,  
 With language copious and refin'd,  
 Replete with elegance and spirit.  
 To acquire this great accomplishment  
 Each earnest faculty he bent,  
 And though his prudent tongue lay still,  
 His soul of thinking had its fill.  
 But first the bird resolv'd, in poet,  
 All the old gew-gaws to forget  
 Which hitherto compos'd his creed,  
 That new ideas might succeed.  
 In two days by strict computation,  
 All former knowledge he expell'd;  
 So much the present conversation  
 The convent dialect excell'd.  
 This first step made, within a trice,  
 The truly docile animal  
 (Young minds too soon are skill'd in vice!)  
 In ribaldry was clerical,  
 And quickly learn'd to curse and swear,  
 As fast as an old devil would chatter,  
 Bound down by chains of mystic prayer,  
 Beneath a pot of holy water.  
 His practice contradicted plain  
 A maxim which old books maintain,  
 That none to heinous crimes can leap  
 At first, but progress step by step;  
 For he at once without degree  
 Was doctor in iniquity.  
 He learnt by heart the alphabet  
 Of watermen, the Loire along,  
 And when, in any stormy fit,  
 An oath escap'd a sailor's tongue;  
 Ver-Vert, emphatically plain,  
 Re-echo'd "Damn you" back again.  
 On this, applauded by the crew,  
 Proudly content with what had past,  
 Solicitous he daily grew,  
 The shameful honour to pursue  
 Of pleasing their corrupted taste;  
 And, soon degrading to their bent,  
 His generous organ of discourse,  
 Became profanely eloquent.  
 Ah! why should he examples force  
 A youthful heart, born free from evils,  
 From Heaven's allegiance to the Devil's?  
 Ye nymphs of Nevers' convent chaste,  
 What did you in your cloister'd cells,  
 Where pensive Melancholy dwells,  
 Whilst these unlucky moments pass'd?  
 In that sad interval, no doubt,  
 Nine days you spent in prayers devout,  
 Petitioning kind Heaven to give  
 A happy journey home again  
 To the most thankless soul alive,  
 Who, quite regardless of your pain,  
 Abroad engag'd in pleasures new,  
 Spent not a single thought on you.  
 The yawning band of Tediumness  
 The convent round besieg'd each gate;  
 And Spleen, in fanciful distress,

Sate sullen at the gloomy grate;  
 Nay, what the sex shuns every where,  
 Silence herself came almost there.  
 Ah! cease your vows, for Ver-Vert's grown  
 Unworthy of your lavish loves;  
 Ver-Vert no longer will be known  
 By heart as spotless as the dove's,  
 By temper softer than the down,  
 By fervency of soul in prayer;  
 Oh! must the Muse the truth declare?  
 A very wretched profligate,  
 A scoffer of his ancient home,  
 Blasphemer of your holy state,  
 And loose apostate he's become;  
 What you such care and labour cost,  
 Among the winds and waves is lost.  
 Then, fair-ones, fondly boast no more  
 His science and his docile soul,  
 Genius is vain, and learning's store,  
 If virtue governs not the whole.  
 Forget him quite; the shameful wretch  
 His heart has tainted with pollution,  
 And given up all those powers of speech  
 And mighty parts to prostitution.

But now to Nants, the boat's last station,  
 Our hero and his friends draw nigh,  
 Where through impatient expectation  
 The holy sisters almost die:  
 For their desires the rising Sun  
 Begins his daily course too late;  
 Too slow his fiery coursers run,  
 To gain at eve the western gate.  
 The flatterer Hope, in this suspense,  
 For ever artful to deceive,  
 Promis'd a prodigy to give  
 Of genius, dignity, and sense;  
 A parrot highly-born and bred,  
 Possess'd of noble sentiments,  
 Persuasive tongue, discerning head;  
 In short with all accomplishments:  
 But O! I mention it with pain,  
 These expectations all were vain!

At length the vessel reaches land,  
 Where an old solemn sister sate,  
 Commission'd by the sacred band  
 Th' arrival of the bird to wait;  
 Who, on that errand daily sent,  
 Ere since the first epistle went,  
 At first approach of rising day  
 Her wandering eyes impatient cast,  
 Which seem'd, along the watery waste,  
 To waft our hero on his way.  
 The sly bird had no sooner seen  
 The nun, near whom he disembark'd,  
 But straight he knew her by the mien  
 And eyes with holy prudery mark'd,  
 By the white gloves and languid tone,  
 The veil, and linsey-woolsey vest,  
 And, what would have suffic'd alone,  
 The little cross upon her breast.  
 He shudder'd at th' approaching evil,  
 And, soldier-like, we may conclude,  
 Sincerely wish'd her at the devil;  
 Preferring much the brotherhood  
 Of the dragoons who spoke out plain,  
 Whose dialect he understood,  
 Than to return to learn again  
 Prayers stuff'd with many a holy natius,  
 And ceremonials of devotion:

But the vex'd droll, by force, was fated  
To be conducted where he bated.  
The careful carrier held her prize  
In spite of all his rueful cries;  
Though much he bit her, by the way,  
Upon her arms, her neck, and face,  
And in his anger, as they say,  
Would not have scrupled any place.  
At last how'er, with much ado,  
She brought him safe to sacred ground;  
Ver-Vert's announc'd: the rumour flew  
Swift as the wind the convent round.  
The bell proclaims the welcome morn;  
Straight from the choir each sister springs,  
And to the common parlour's borne  
On expectation's eager wings.  
All crowd this wonder to behold  
With longings truly female fir'd;  
Nay, e'en the feeble and the old  
With youth's warm thoughts are re-inspir'd;  
Whilst each, regardless of her years,  
For speed forgets the load she bears;  
And mother Agnes, near fourscore,  
Now runs, who never ran before.

## CANTO IV.

At length expos'd to public view,  
His figure was by all admir'd;  
Charm'd with a sight so fair and new,  
Their eager eyes were never tir'd;  
Their taste beyond dispute was true;  
For though the rogue had swerv'd from duty,  
He had not lost one jot of beauty,  
And the camp mien and rakish stare  
Improv'd it with an easy air.  
Why, Heaven, should charms attractive glow,  
Brilliant around a son of sin?  
Rather deformity should show  
The badness of the heart within.  
To praise his looks and lovely feather  
Our sisters babbled so together,  
Unheard, it would have been no wonder,  
If Heaven had roll'd its loudest thunder:  
Mean while unmov'd th' apostate bird  
Deign'd not to speak one pious word,  
But, like a lusty Carmelite,  
Roll'd his lascivious eyes about.  
This gave offence: so lewd a sight  
Was shocking to the band devout.  
Next, when the mother abbess came,  
With an authoritative look,  
The feather'd libertine to blame,  
Contemptuously his tail he shook;  
And, not maturely having weigh'd  
The horror of the words he said,  
Reply'd, in military phrase,  
"What damn'd fools nuns are now-a-days!"  
Our history notes, that on the way  
These words he'd heard the sailors say.  
At this, with looks demure, another,  
The holy sisterhood among,  
(Willing to make him hold his tongue),  
Cry'd, "Fie! for shame, my dearest brother!"  
For thanks this dearest brother swore,  
And us'd, sagaciously enough,  
One syllable that rhimes to more,

'Gainst which few female ears are proof.  
"Jesu! good mother," she exclaim'd,  
"This is some wicked witch, 'tis clear;  
And not the bird of Nevvers fam'd,  
To friends of our religion dear!"  
Here, sutler-like, he cry'd aloud,  
"The devil seize this noisy crowd!"  
By turns each sister did essay  
To curb the feather'd grenadier;  
And each as fast was sent away  
With something buzzing in her ear;  
For, laughing at the younger tribe,  
He mimick'd their loquacious rage;  
And, still more freely to describe  
The dull grimace of scolding age,  
He ridicul'd the dying closes  
Of precepts snuffed through their noses.  
But, what was worse than all the rest,  
By these dull sermons much oppress'd,  
And with unvented choler swelling,  
He thunder'd out each horrid word,  
The very tars in noise excelling,  
Which on the river he had heard;  
Cursing and swearing all along,  
Invoking every power of Hell,  
Whilst b's redundant from his tongue,  
And f's emphatically fell.  
The sense of what they heard him speak  
The younger sisters could not tell;  
For they believ'd his language Greek:  
Next he came out with "blood! and wounds!  
Damnation,—brimstone,—fire,—and thunder!"  
The grate, at these terrific sounds  
Trembling, is almost split asunder;  
And the good nuns in speechless fright,  
Crossing their throbbing bosoms, fly  
Each to her cell remote from light,  
Thinking the day of judgment nigh,  
Wide opening her sepulchral jaws,  
One ancient sister whines, "What evil  
Have we design'd, good Heaven, that draws  
Upon us this incarnate devil?  
By what incentive is he mov'd  
So like the damn'd below to swear?  
Is this that Ver-Vert so approv'd?  
Are these his faculties so rare?  
But let us without farther pain  
Send back the profligate again."  
"Mother of God!" another cries,  
"What horrors are before our eyes!  
In Nevvers' consecrated dome  
Is this the language vestals speak?  
Is all their youth taught thus at home?  
Home with the hateful heretic!  
For, if he enters, we shall dwell  
In league with all the fiends of Hell."  
In fine, his freedom Ver-Vert lost;  
And 'twas resolv'd, without delay,  
To send the wretch cag'd-up away.  
This end our pilgrim wish'd the most:  
How'er, in form, he's cited first,  
Arraign'd, detestable declar'd,  
Convicted by the court, account,  
And from each charity debar'd,  
For having wickedly assail'd  
The virtue of the sister's veil'd.  
All sign the sentence, yet bescan  
The object it's inflicted on;  
For pity 'tis, ere full-age blooms,

To find depravity so foul,  
 Or that, beneath such beauteous plumes,  
 A debauchée's corrupted soul,  
 The pagan manners of a Turk,  
 And tongue of infidel, should lurk.  
 In short his old conductress bore  
 The banished culprit to the port;  
 But in returning, as before,  
 He never bit our sister for 't;  
 For joyfully he left the shore,  
 And in a tilt-boat home return'd,  
 Where Nevers' nuns his absence mourn'd.  
 Such was the Iliad of his woes!  
 But, ah! what unexpected mourning,  
 What clamour and despair arose,  
 When, to his former friends returning,  
 He shock'd them with a repetition  
 Of his late verbal acquisition!  
 What could th' afflicted sisters do?  
 With eyes in tears, and hearts in trouble,  
 Nine venerable nuns, for woe  
 Each in a veil funereal double,  
 Into the seat of judgment go,  
 Who, in their wrinkled fronts, resembled  
 Nine Ages in a court assembled.  
 There without hopes of happy ending,  
 Depriv'd of all to plead his cause  
 On whom there was the least depending,  
 Poor Ver-Vert sat, unskill'd in laws,  
 Chain'd to his cage, in open court,  
 And stripp'd of glory and support.  
 To condemnation they proceed:  
 Two Sibyls sentence him to bleed;  
 'Twas voted by two sisters more,  
 Not so religiously inhuman,  
 To send him to that Indian shore,  
 Unknown to any Christian woman,  
 That conscience might his bosom gore,  
 And yield him up a prey to death,  
 Where first, with Brachmen, he drew breath.  
 But the five others all according  
 In lesser punishments awarding,  
 For penance, two long months conclude  
 That he should pass in abstinence,  
 Three more in dismal solitude,  
 And four in speechless penitence;  
 During which season they preclude  
 Biscuits and fruits, the toilette's treasures,  
 Alcoves and walks, those convent-pleasures.  
 Nor was this all; for, to complete  
 His miserable situation,  
 They gave him, in his sad retreat,  
 For gaoler, guard, and conversation,  
 A stale lay-sister, or much rather  
 An old veild ape, all skin and bone,  
 Or, cover'd o'er with wrinkled leather,  
 A walking female skeleton,  
 An object proper to fall'n glory,  
 To cry aloud, *memento mori*.  
 Spite of this dragon's watchful soul,  
 The younger nuns would often go,  
 With looks of pity to condole;  
 Which e'en in exile soften'd woe.  
 Nay some, from morning prayers returning,  
 With nuts and candied almonds came;  
 But to a wretch in prison mourning  
 Weeds and ambrosia were the same.  
 Taught by misfortune's sound tuition,  
 Cloth'd with disgrace, and stung with pain,  
 Or sick of that old scare-crow vision,

The bird became in pure contrition  
 Acquainted with himself again:  
 Forgetting his belov'd dragoons,  
 And quite according with the nuns  
 In one continued unison  
 Of air, of manners, and of tone;  
 No sleek prebendal priest could be  
 More thoroughly devout than he.  
 When this conversion was related,  
 The grey divan at once awarded  
 His banishment should be abated,  
 And farther vengeance quite discarded.  
 There the best day of his recall  
 Is annually a festival,  
 Whose silken moments, white and even,  
 Spun by the hands of smiling Love,  
 Whilst all th' attendant Fates approve,  
 To soft delights are ever given.  
 How short's the date of human pleasure!  
 How false of happiness the measure!  
 The dormitory, strew'd with flowers,  
 Short prayer, rejoicing, song, and feast,  
 Sweet tumult, freedom, thoughtless hours,  
 Their amiable zeal express'd,  
 And not a single sign of sorrow  
 The woes predicted of to-morrow.  
 But, O! what favours misapplied  
 Our holy sisterhood bestow'd!  
 From abstinence's shallow tide  
 Into a stream that overflow'd  
 With sweets, so long debar'd from tasting,  
 Poor Ver-Vert too abruptly hasting  
 (His skin with sugar being wadded,  
 With liquid fires his entrails burn'd,)  
 Beheld at once his roses faded,  
 And to funereal cypress turn'd.  
 The nuns endeavour'd, but in vain,  
 His fleeting spirit to detain;  
 But sweet excess had hasten'd fate;  
 And, whilst around the fair-ones cry'd,  
 Of love a victim fortunate  
 In pleasure's downy breast he died.  
 His dying words their bosoms fir'd,  
 And will for ever be admir'd.  
 Venus herself his eye-lids clos'd,  
 And in Elysium plac'd his shade,  
 Where hero parrots safe repos'd  
 In almond-groves that never fade,  
 Near him, whose fate and fluent tongue,  
 Corinna's lover wept and sung.  
 What tongue sufficiently can tell  
 How much bemoan'd our hero fell!  
 The nun, whose office 'twas, invited  
 The bearers to the illustrious dead;  
 And letters circular indited,  
 In which this mournful tale I read.  
 But, to transmit his image down  
 To generations yet unknown,  
 A painter, who each beauty knew,  
 His portraiture from nature drew;  
 And many a hand, guided by Love,  
 O'er the stretch'd sampler's canvass plain,  
 In broidery's various colours strove  
 To raise his form to life again;  
 Whilst Grief, to assist each artist, came  
 And painted tears around the frame.  
 All rites funereal they bestow'd,  
 Which erst to birds of high renown  
 The band of Helicon allow'd,  
 When from the body life was flown.

Beneath a verdant myrtle's shade,  
Which o'er the mausoleum spread,  
A small sarcophagus was laid,  
To keep the ashes of the dead.  
On porphyry grav'd in characters  
Of gold, with sculptur'd garlands grac'd,  
These lines, exciting Pity's tears,  
Our convent Artemisia plac'd.

"Ye novice nuns, who to this grove repair,  
To chat by stealth, unaw'd by Age's frown;  
Your tongues one moment, if you can, forbear,  
Till the sad tale of our affliction's known.  
If 'tis too much that organ to restrain,  
Use it to speak what anguish death imparts:  
One line this cause for sorrow will explain;  
Here Ver-Vert lies; and here lie all our hearts."

'Tis said however (to pursue  
My story but a word or two)  
The soul of Ver-Vert is not pent  
Within th' aforesaid monument,  
But, by permission of the Fates,  
Some holy sister animates;  
And will, in transmigration, run  
From time to time, from nun to nun,  
Transmitting to all ages hence  
In them his deathless eloquence.

### THE ESTIMATE OF LIFE,

IN THREE PARTS.

#### PART I.

##### MELPOMENE; OR, THE MELANCHOLY.

—Reason thus with life;  
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,  
That none but fools would weep.  
Shaksp. *Meas. for Meas.*

**OFFSPRING** of folly and of noise,  
Fantastic train of airy joys,  
Cease, cease your vain delusive lore,  
And tempt my serious thoughts no more,  
Ye horrid forms, ye gloomy throng,  
Who hear the bird of midnight's song,  
Thou too, Despair, pale spectre, come,  
From the self-murderer's haunted tomb,  
While sad Melpomene relates,  
How we're afflicted by the fates.

What's all this wish'd-for empire, life?  
A scene of misery, care, and strife;  
And make the most, that's all we have  
Betwixt the cradle and the grave.  
The being is not worth the charge:  
Behold the estimate at large,  
Our youth is silly, idle, vain;  
Our age is full of care and pain;  
From wealth accrues anxiety;  
Contempt and want from poverty;  
What trouble business has in store!  
How idleness fatigues us more;  
To reason, th' ignorant are blind;  
The learned's eyes are too refin'd;  
Each wit deems every wit his foe,  
Each fool is naturally so;  
And every rank and every station  
Meet justly with disapprobation.

Say, man, is this the boasted state,  
Where all is pleasant, all is great?  
Alas! another face you'll see,  
Take off the veil of vanity.  
Is aught in pleasure, aught in pow'r,  
Has wisdom any gift in store,  
To make thee stay a single hour?

Tell me, ye youthful, who approve  
Th' intoxicating sweets of love,  
What endless nameless throbs arise,  
What heart-felt anguish and what sighs,  
When jealousy has gnaw'd the root,  
Whence love's united branches shoot?  
Or grant that Hymen lights his torch,  
To lead you to the nuptial porch,  
Behold! the long'd-for rapture o'er!  
Desire begins to lose its pow'r,  
Then cold indifference takes place,  
Fruition alters quite the case;  
And what before was ecstasy,  
Is scarcely now civility.

Your children bring a second care;  
If childless then you want an heir;  
So that in both alike you find  
The same perplexity of mind.

Do pow'r or wealth more comfort own?  
Behold yon pageant on a throne,  
Where silken swarms of flattery  
Obsequious wait his asking eye.  
But view within his tortur'd breast,  
No more the downy seat of rest,  
Suspicion casts her poison'd dart,  
And guilt, that scorpion, stings his heart.

Will knowledge give us happiness?  
In that, alas! we know there's less,  
For every pang of mental woe  
Springs from the faculty to know.

Hark! at the death-betok'ning knell  
Of yonder doleful passing-bell,  
Perhaps a friend, a father's dead,  
Or the lov'd partner of thy bed!  
Perhaps thy only son lies there,  
Breathless upon the sable bier!  
Say, what can ease the present grief,  
Can former joys afford relief?  
'Those former joys remember'd still,  
The more augment the recent ill,  
And where you seek for comfort, gain  
Additional increase of pain.

What woes from mortal ills accrue!  
And what from natural ensue!  
Disease and casualty attend  
Our footsteps to the journey's end;  
The cold catarrh, the gout and stone,  
The dropsy, jaundice, joint'd in one,  
The raging fever's inward heat,  
The pale consumption's fatal sweat,  
And thousand more distempers roam,  
To drag us to th' eternal home.  
And when solution sets us free  
From prison of mortality,  
The soul dilated joins in air,  
To go, alas! we know not where.  
And the poor body will become  
A clod within a lonely tomb.  
Reflection sad! such bodies must  
Return, and mingle with the dust!  
But neither sense nor beauty have  
Defensive charms against the grave,

Nor virtue's shield, nor wisdom's lore,  
Nor true religion's sacred pow'r;  
For as that charnel's earth you see,  
E'en, my Eudocia, you will be.

## PART II.

## CALLOPE; OR, THE CHEERFUL.

Inter cuncta leges, et percunctabere doctos,  
Sua ratione quest traducere leniter arum.

Hor. lib. i. ep. 18.

GRIM Superstition, hence away  
To native night, and leave the day,  
Nor let thy bellish brood appear,  
Begot on Ignorance and Fear.  
Come, gentle Mirth, and Gaiety,  
Sweet daughter of Society;  
Whilst fair Calliope pursues  
Flights worthy of the cheerful Muse.

O life, thou great essential good,  
Where every blessing's understood!  
Where Plenty, Freedom, Pleasure meet,  
To make each fleeting moment sweet;  
Where moral Love and Innocence,  
The balm of sweet Content dispense;  
Where Peace expands her turtle wings,  
And Hope a constant requiem sings;  
With easy thought my breast inspire,  
To thee I tune the sprightly lyre.  
From Heav'n this emanation flows,  
To Heav'n again the wand'rer goes:  
And whilst employ'd beneath on Earth,  
Its boon attendants, Ease and Mirth,  
Join'd with the social Virtues three,  
And their calm parent Charity,  
Conduct it to the sacred plains  
Where happiness terrestrial reigns.  
'Tis Discontent alone destroys  
The harvest of our ripening joys;  
Resolve to be exempt from woe,  
Your resolution keeps you so.  
Whatever is needful man receives,  
Nay more superfluous Nature gives,  
Indulgent parent, source of bliss,  
Profuse of goodness to excess!  
For thee 'tis, man, the Zephyr blows,  
For thee the purple vintage flows,  
Each flow'r its various hue displays,  
The lark exalts her vernal lays,  
To view you azure vault is thine,  
And my Eudocia's form divine.

Hark! how the renovating Spring  
Invites the feather'd choir to sing,  
Spontaneous mirth and rapture glow  
On every shrub, and every bough;  
Their little airs a lesson give,  
They teach us mortals how to live,  
And well advise us, whilst we can,  
To spend in joy the vital span.  
Ye gay and youthful, all advance  
Together knit in festive dance,  
See blooming Hebe leads the way,  
For youth is Nature's holiday.  
If dire Misfortune should employ  
Her dart to wound the timely joy,  
Solicit Bacchus with your pray'r,  
No earthly goblin dares come near,

Care puts an easier aspect on,  
Pale Anger smooths her threat'ning frown,  
Mirth comes in Melancholy's stead,  
And Discontent conceals her head.  
The thoughts on vagrant pinions fly,  
And mount exulting to the sky;  
Thence with enraptur'd views look down  
On golden empires all their own.

Or let, when Fancy spreads her sails,  
Love waft you on with easier gales,  
Where in the soul-bewitching groves,  
Euphrosyne, sweet goddess, roves;  
'Tis rapture all, 'tis ecstasy!  
An earthly immortality!  
This all the ancient bards employ'd,  
'Twas all the ancient gods enjoy'd,  
Who often from the realms above  
Came down on Earth t' indulge in love.  
Still there's one greater bliss in store,  
'Tis virtuous Friendship's social hour,  
When goodness from the heart sincere,  
Fours forth Compassion's balmy tear,  
For from those tears such transports flow,  
As none but friends and angels know.  
Bless'd state! where every thing conspires  
To fill the breast with heav'nly fires!  
Where for a while the soul must roam,  
To preconceive the state to come,  
And when through life the journey's past,  
Without repining or distaste,  
Again the spirit will repair,  
To breathe a more celestial air,  
And reap, where blessed beings glow,  
Completion of the joys below.

## PART III.

## TERPSICHOE; OR, THE MODERATE.

—*dis d' orator te uxor te.*

Hom. od. 6.

Hæc satis est orare Jovem, qui donat et aufert;  
Det vitam, det opes; æquum mi animam ipse  
parabo.

Hor. lib. i. ep. 18.

DESCEND, Astræa, from above,  
Where Jove's celestial daughters rove,  
And deign once more to bring with thee  
Thy earth-deserting family,  
Calm Temperance, and Patience mild,  
Sweet Contemplation's heavenly child,  
Reflection firm, and Fancy free,  
Religion pure, and Probity,  
Whilst all the Helliconian throng  
Shall join Terpsichore in song.  
Ere man, great Reason's lord, was made,  
Or the world's first foundations laid,  
As high in their divine abodes,  
Consulting sat the mighty gods,  
Jove on the chaos looking down,  
Spoke thus from his imperial throne:  
"Ye deities and potentates,  
Aerial pow'rs, and heav'nly states,  
Lo, in that gloomy place below,  
Where darkness reigns and discord now,  
There a new world shall grace the skies,  
And a new creature form'd arise,



Who shall partake of our perfections,  
 And live and act by our directions,  
 (For the chief bliss of any station  
 Is nought without communication)  
 Let therefore every godhead give  
 What this new being should receive;  
 But care important must be had,  
 To mingle well of good and bad,  
 That, by th' allaying mixture, he  
 May not approach to deity."

The sovereign spake, the gods agree,  
 And each began in his degree:  
 Behind the throne of Jove there stood  
 Two vessels of celestial wood,  
 Containing just two equal measures;  
 One fill'd with pain, and one with pleasures;  
 The gods drew out from both of these,  
 And mix'd 'em with their essences,  
 (Which essences are heav'nly still,  
 When undisturb'd by nat'ral ill,  
 And man to moral good is prone,  
 Let but the moral pow'rs alone,  
 And not pervert 'em by tuition,  
 Or conjure 'em by superstition)  
 Hence man partakes an equal share  
 Of pleasing thoughts and gloomy care,  
 And Pain and Pleasure e'er shall be,  
 As Plato<sup>1</sup> says, in company.  
 Receive the one, and soon the other  
 Will follow to rejoin his brother.  
 Those who with pious pain pursue  
 Calm Virtue by her sacred clue,  
 Will surely find the mental treasure  
 Of Virtue, only real pleasure:  
 Follow the pleasurable road,  
 That fatal Siren reckons good,  
 'Twill lead thee to the gloomy cell,  
 Where Pain and Melancholy dwell.  
 Health is the child of Abstinence,  
 Disease, of a luxurious sense;  
 Despair, that hellish fiend, proceeds  
 From loosen'd thoughts, and impious deeds;  
 And the sweet offspring of Content,  
 Flows from the mind's calm government.  
 Thus, man, thy state is free from woe,  
 If thou would'st choose to make it so.  
 Murmur not then at Heaven's decree,  
 The gods have given thee liberty,  
 And plac'd within thy conscious breast,  
 Reason, as an unerring test,  
 And shouldst thou fix on misery,  
 The fault is not in them, but thee.

<sup>1</sup> See the Phædo of Plato.

*EPI TAPH*  
 IN THE CHANCEL OF ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH,  
 LEICESTER.

Hic jacet  
 Quod mori potuit  
 HENRICI GILBERTI COOPER  
 Infantis desideratissimi  
 Filii nato maximi  
 JOHANNIS GILBERTI COOPER  
 De Thurgaton, in agro Nottinghamiensi,  
 EX BUSANNÆ, uxoris ejus:  
 Natus 25 Julii, denatus 26, 1749.  
 Alavis esset editus antiquis:  
 Nulla alia in re claruit,  
 Nec potuit:  
 Flosculus enim in ipsa quoque dulcis aristala,  
 Prima gemma pullulaturus,  
 Parcarum heu parcere nesciarum  
 Fatali afflatu contactus  
 Exaruit.  
 Mæstus itaque et mærens pater  
 Charissimi infantuli sui memoriam  
 Hoc etsi inane munus  
 Amoris monumentum  
 Collocavit.

TRANSLATION.

Beneath doth lie  
 OF HENRY GILBERT COOPER  
 All that could die:  
 The prettiest, sweetest, dearest babe  
 That ever dropt into a grave.  
 This lovely boy,  
 His dad's first joy,  
 Was son of 'Squire JOHN,  
 And SOZ his wife, who led their life,  
 At town call'd Thurgaton.  
 Descended from an ancient line,  
 This charming child began to shine  
 The 25th of July:  
 And that was all that he could boast:  
 For suddenly his life was lost  
 The 26th, good truly!  
 This floweret pretty, though young yet witty,  
 Just opening from the bud,  
 A blighting blast from angry Fate,  
 Who knows not how to spare the great,  
 Nipp'd up his vital blood:  
 The sorrowing father cry'd, and said,  
 "Alas! my only child is dead!"  
 His memory I'll adore:  
 Though vain, a monument I'll raise,  
 To show my love, and sound his praise,  
 Till time shall be no more."

THE  
P O E M S  
OF  
*TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.*



THE

## LIFE OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

---

THE grandfather of our poet was sir James Smollett of Bonhill, a member of the Scotch parliament, and one of the commissioners for framing the treaty of union. He married Jane, daughter of sir Aulay Macauley, bart. of Ardincaple, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. The fourth son, Archibald, married, without asking his father's consent, Barbara Cunningham, daughter of Mr. Cunningham of Gilbertfield, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. His father, however, allowed him an income of about £300 a year. He unfortunately died, after the birth of two sons and a daughter, who with their mother were left dependent on the grandfather, and we do not find that he neglected them. Tobias, the subject of this memoir, and the youngest of these children, was born in the house of Dalquhurn, near Renton, in the parish of Cardross, in 1721, and christened Tobias George: but this latter name he does not appear to have used.

The scenery amidst which he passed his early years, and cultivated the Muses, he has described, in *Humphrey Clinker*, with picturesque enthusiasm. He was first instructed in classical learning at the school of Dumbarton, by Mr. John Love, one of the ablest schoolmasters of that country, and to whom Mr. Chalmers has done ample justice in his life of Raddiman.

While at this school, Smollett exhibited symptoms of what more or less predominated through life, a disposition to prove his superiority of understanding at the expense of those whose weaknesses and failings he thought he could turn into ridicule with impunity. The verses which he wrote at this early age were principally satires on such of his school-fellows as happened to displease him. He wrote also a poem to the memory of the celebrated Wallace, whose praises he found in the story-books and ballads of every cottage. From Dumbarton he was removed to Glasgow, where, after some hesitation, he determined in favour of the study of medicine, and, according to the usual practice, was bound apprentice to Mr. John Gordon, then a surgeon and afterwards a physician of considerable eminence, whom he was unjustly accused of ridiculing under the name of Potion, in his novel of *Roderick Random*.

From his medical studies, which he cultivated with assiduity, he was occasionally seduced by a general love of polite literature, and seemed unconsciously to store his mind with that fund of extensive, though perhaps not profound knowledge, which enabled him afterwards to execute so many works in various branches. His satirical disposition also followed him to Glasgow, by which he made a few admirers, and many enemies. Dr. Moore has related, with suitable gravity, that he once threw a snowball with such dexterity that it gave both a blow and a repartee. But such frolics were probably not frequent, and his time was in general more profitably or at least more seriously employed. Before he had reached his eighteenth year, he began to feel the ambition of a dramatic poet, and wrote the tragedy of the Regicide, which is now reprinted among his poems. It was considered as an extraordinary production for a person of his years, but we do not read it as originally composed, nor was it made public until nearly ten years after.

On the death of his grandfather, who had hitherto supported him in his studies, but left no permanent provision for the completion of them, he removed to London, in quest of employment in the army or navy, and strengthened his hopes by carrying his tragedy with him. The latter, however, was in all respects an unfortunate speculation. After being amused and cajoled by all the common and uncommon tricks of the theatrical managers, for nearly ten years, he was under the necessity of sending it to the press in vindication of his own importunities, and the opinions of his friends. His preface may yet be read with advantage by the candidates for stage favour, although modern managers are said to be less fastidious than their predecessors, and from the liberality of their admissions leave it somewhat doubtful whether they have not lost the privilege of rejection. In this preface, Smollett was not sparing of his indignation, but he reserved more substantial revenge for a more favourable opportunity.

In the mean time, in the year 1741, he procured the situation of surgeon's mate on board a ship of the line, and sailed on the unfortunate expedition to Carthage, which he described in his *Roderick Random*, and afterwards more historically in a *Compendium of Voyages* published in seven volumes, 12mo, in 1756. The issue of that expedition could not be more humiliating to Smollett than his own situation, so averse to the disposition of a young man of his taste and vivacity. He accordingly quitted the service, while his ship was in the West Indies, and resided for some time in Jamaica, but in what capacity or how supported, his biographers have not informed us. Here, however, he first became acquainted with the lady whom he afterwards married.

In 1746, he returned to London, and having heard many exaggerated accounts of the severities practised in suppressing the rebellion in Scotland, he gave vent to his feelings and love for his country, in a beautiful and spirited poem, entitled the *Tears of Scotland*. The subject was doubtless attractive as a poet, but as he had been bred a Whig, he was rather inconsistent in his principles, and certainly very unfortunate in his predictions. His friends wished him to suppress this piece as having a tendency to offend the Whigs on whose patronage he had some reliance, and although his enthusiasm was at present rather too warm for advice, and he had from this time declared war against the Whig-ministers under George II. yet it does not appear that it was published with his name for many years after.

In 1746 he first presented himself to the public as the author of *Advice*, a satire, in which he endeavoured to excite indignation against certain public characters, by accusations which a man of delicacy would disdain to bring forward under any circumstances, and which are generally brought forward under the very worst. What this production

contributed to his fame, we are not told. His friends, however, were alarmed and disgusted, and his enemies probably increased.

About this time he wrote (for Covent-Garden theatre) an opera called *Alceste*, which was never acted or printed, owing, it is said, to a dispute between the author and the manager. Sir John Hawkins, who, in all his writings trusts too much to his memory, informs us, that Handel set this opera to music, and, that his labour might not be lost, afterwards adapted the airs to Dryden's second Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. But Handel composed that ode in 1739, according to Dr. Burney's more accurate and scientific history of music. In 1747 our author published *Reproof*, a satire, as a second part to *Advice*, and consisting of the same materials, with the addition of some severe lines on Rich, the manager of Covent-Garden theatre, with whom he had just quarrelled.

In the same year, he married miss Ann Lascelles, the lady whom he had courted in Jamaica, and with whom he had the promise of three thousand pounds. Of this sum, however, he obtained but a small part, and that after a very expensive law-suit. As he had, upon his marriage, hired a genteel house, and lived in a more hospitable style than the possession of the whole of his wife's fortune could have supported, he was again obliged to have recourse to his pen, and produced, in 1748, *The Adventures of Roderick Random*, in two volumes, 12mo. This was the most successful of all his writings, and perhaps the most popular novel of the age. This it owed, partly to the notion that it was in many respects a history of his own life, and partly to its intrinsic merit, as a delineation of real life, manners and characters, given with a force of humour to which the public had not been accustomed. If, indeed, we consider its moral tendency, there are few productions more unfit for perusal; yet such were his opinions of public decency that he seriously fancied he was writing to humour the taste, and correct the morals of the age. That it contains a history of his own life was probably a surmise artfully circulated to excite curiosity, but that real characters are depicted was much more obvious. Independent of those whom he introduced out of revenge, as Lacy and Garrick for rejecting his tragedy, there are traits of many other persons more or less disguised, in the introduction of which he was incited merely by the recollection of foibles which deserved to be exposed. Every man who draws characters, whether to complete the fable of a novel, or to illustrate an essay, will be insensibly attracted by what he has seen in real life, and real life was Smollett's object in all his novels. His only monster is Count Fathom, but he deals in none of those perfect beings who are the heroes of the more modern novels.

In 1749, his tragedy, *The Regicide*, as already noticed, was published, very much to his emolument, but certainly without any injury to the judgment of the managers who had rejected it. Extraordinary as it might have appeared, if published as he wrote it at the age of eighteen, it seemed no prodigy in one of more advanced years, who had adopted every improvement which his critical friends could suggest. The preface has been mentioned as containing his complaints of delay and evasion, and he had now more effectually vented his rage on lord Lyttleton and Mr. Garrick in *Roderick Random*. With Garrick, however, he lived to be reconciled in a manner which did credit to their respective feelings.

In 1750, he took a trip to Paris, where he renewed his acquaintance with Dr. Moore, one of his biographers, who informs us that he indulged the common English prejudices against the French nation, and never attained the language so perfectly as to be able to mix familiarly with the inhabitants. His stay here was not long, for in 1751 he pub-

lished his second most popular novel, *Peregrine Pickle*, in four volumes, 12mo. which was received with great avidity. In the second edition, which was called for within a few months, he speaks, with more craft than truth, of certain booksellers and others who misrepresented the work and calumniated the author. He could not, however, conceal, and his biographers have told the shameless tale for him, that, "he received a handsome reward" for inserting the profligate memoirs of lady Vane. It is only wonderful that after this he could "flatter himself that he had expunged every adventure, phrase, and insinuation, that could be construed, by the most delicate readers, into a trespass upon the rules of decorum." In this work, as in *Roderick Random*, he indulged his unhappy propensity to personal satire and revenge by introducing living characters. He again endeavoured to degrade those of Garrick and Quin, who, it is said, had expressed a more unfavourable opinion of the *Regicide* than even Garrick; and was yet more unpardonable in holding up Dr. Akenside to ridicule.

Smollett had hitherto derived his chief support from his pen, but after the publication of *Peregrine Pickle*, he appears to have had a design of resuming his medical profession, and announced himself as having obtained the degree of doctor, but from what university has not been discovered. In this character, however, he endeavoured to begin practice at Bath, and published a tract on *The External Use of Water*. In this, his object was to prove that pure water, both for warm and cold bathing, may be preferred to waters impregnated with minerals, except in certain cases where the vapour bath is requisite. He enters also into a vindication of the plan of Mr. Cleland, a surgeon at Bath, for remedying the inconveniencies relating to the baths at that place. Whatever was thought of this pamphlet, he failed in his principal object: he had, indeed, obtained considerable fame, as his own complaints, and the contemporary journals plainly evince; but it was not of that kind which usually leads to medical practice.

Disappointed in this design, he determined to devote himself entirely to literary undertakings, for many of which he was undoubtedly better qualified by learning and genius than most of the authors by profession in his day. He now fixed his residence at Chelsea, on an establishment of which he has given the public a very just picture in his novel of *Humphrey Clinker*. If the picture be at the same time rather flattering, it must be recollected that it was Smollett's peculiar misfortune to make enemies in every step of his progress, and to be obliged to say those handsome things of himself which no other man would say for him. Dr. Moore, however, assures us that his mode of living at Chelsea was genteel and hospitable, without being extravagant, and that what he says of his liberality is not over-charged.

His first publication, in this retirement, if it may be so called, was the *Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, in 1753. This novel, in the popular opinion, has been reckoned greatly inferior to his former productions, but merely, as I conceive, because it is unlike them. There is such a perpetual flow of sentiment and expression in this production, as must give a very high idea of the fertility of his mind; but in the delineation of characters he departs too much from real life, and many of his incidents are highly improbable. Mr. Cumberland, in the *Memoirs of his own Life*, lately published, takes credit to himself for the character of Abraham Adams, and of Sheva in his comedy of the *Jew*, which are, however, correct transcripts of Smollett's *Jew*. It would not have greatly lessened the merit of his benevolent views towards that depressed nation, had Mr. Cumberland frankly made this acknowledgement.

In 1753, Smollett published by subscription, a translation of *Don Quixote*, in two

elegant quarto volumes. It is unnecessary to say much on a translation which has so long superseded every other. But since the appearance of lord Woodhouselee's admirable *Essay on the Principles of Translation*, a new edition of that by Jarvis has been published, and will serve to prove what his lordship has advanced, that Smollett's was merely an improved edition of that forgotten work. Let not this, however, detract greatly from Smollett's merit. Writing as he did for bread, dispatch was not only his primary object, as lord Woodhouselee has observed, but dispatch was probably required of him. He has excelled Jarvis while he availed himself of his labours, and such was his strong sense of ridicule, and ample fund of humour, that could he have fixed upon a proper subject, and found the requisite leisure, it is not too much to suppose that he might have been the rival of Cervantes himself.

After the publication of this translation, he visited his relations in Scotland, and on his return to England, was engaged to undertake the management of the *Critical Review*, which was begun in 1756, in dependence, as has been asserted, upon the patronage of the Tories and the high church party. It does not appear, however, that any extraordinary aid came from those quarters, and the mode in which it was long conducted proves, that the success of the *Monthly Review* was the only object; or, if that could not be rivalled, the hope that the public might support two publications of the kind.

To this task, Smollett brought many necessary qualifications: a considerable portion of general knowledge, a just taste in works of criticism, and a style flowing, easy, and popular. He had also much acquaintance with the literary history of his times, and could translate with readiness from some of the modern languages. But on the other hand, it was his misfortune here, as in every stage of his life, that the fair display of his talents; and perhaps the genuine sentiments of his heart, were perverted by the prejudices of friendship, or by the more inexcusable impulses of jealousy, revenge, and all that enters into the composition of an irritable temper. He had already suffered by provoking unnecessary animosity, and was now in a situation where it would have been impossible to escape invidious imputation, had he practised the utmost candour and moderation. How much more dangerous such a situation to one who was always too regardless of past experience, and who seems to have gladly embraced the opportunity, which secrecy afforded, of dealing his blows around without discrimination and without mercy. It is painful to read in the early volumes of this *Review*, the continual personal abuse he levelled at his rival, Mr. Griffiths, who very rarely took any notice of it: and the many vulgar and coarse sarcasms he directed against every author who presumed to doubt the infallibility of his opinion. It is no less painful to contemplate the self-sufficiency displayed on every occasion where he can introduce his own character and works.

Among others whom he provoked to retaliate were the noted political quack, Dr. Shebbeare, Churchill the poet, and Orainger<sup>1</sup>. But the contest in which he was involved with admiral Knowles terminated in a more honourable manner. That officer thought proper to prosecute the printer of the *Critical Review* (the late Mr. Hamilton) for a paragraph in the *Review* reflecting on his character, declaring at the same time that his only object was to discover the author, and if he proved to be a *gentleman*, to obtain the satisfaction of a gentleman from him. Smollett, by applying to persons acquainted with Knowles, endeavoured to avert the prosecution; but finding that im-

<sup>1</sup> See the Lives of Churchill and Orainger in Vol. XIV. of this collection. G.



possible, the moment sentence was about to be pronounced against the printer, he stepped forth in open court, and avowed himself the author. After this spirited action, which yet, in Knowles' opinion, did not constitute him a gentleman, he was prosecuted, and sentenced to pay £100, and be imprisoned for three months.

Soon after the commencement of the Review, he published, but without his name, the *Compendium of Voyages*, already noticed, in seven volumes, 12mo. a work not eminently successful, and which has not since been reprinted. This was a species of compilation, however, for which he was well qualified. He knew how to retrench superfluities, and to bring forward the most pleasing parts of the narrative in an elegant style, and in drawing characters, when they fell in his way, he discovered much judgment and precision.

In 1757 he attempted the stage a second time, by a comedy, or rather farce, entitled *The Reprisal, or The Tars of Old England*, which Garrick, notwithstanding their former animosity, accepted, and produced upon the stage, where it had a temporary success. Davies, in his life of Garrick, gives an account of the manager's behaviour on this occasion, which reflects much honour on him, and so touched Smollett's feelings, that he embraced every opportunity of doing justice to the merits of that eminent actor, and of convincing him "that his gratitude was as warm as any other of his passions."

Notwithstanding his numerous engagements, he produced a work in 1758, which is an extraordinary instance of literary industry. This was his *Complete History of England*, from the earliest Times to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, published in four quarto volumes\*. This he is said to have composed and finished for the press in the short space of fourteen months. It was immediately after reprinted in octavo, in weekly numbers, of which an impression of ten thousand was bought up with avidity.

It would be superfluous to dwell long on the merits of a work so well known, and undoubtedly entitled to high praise as a compilation, but beyond this his warmest admirers cannot judiciously extend their encomiums. Although it may be allowed to excel the histories of Carte or Guthrie, and on account of its brevity, to be preferable to Rapin, and far more to his continuator Tindal, yet it is impossible to place it on a level with the histories of Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, or Henry. In the *Critical Review* it was highly praised, as might be expected, but with an affectation of candour and moderation which Smollett could not long preserve. In the *Review* for September 1758, we have a piece of querulous declamation, which is far more fully characteristic of the man and of the author. It is here extracted as a general specimen of the indignation which he felt against any serious attack, and it may serve to explain the relative position in which he stood with his contemporaries. The cause of the following effusion was a pamphlet published by the rev. T. Comber, in which he censures the characters Smollett had given of king William and queen Mary, &c.

Smollett's answer begins thus—

"Tell me your company, and I'll describe your manners, is a proverbial apothegm among our neighbours; and the maxim will generally hold good; but we apprehend the adage might be more justly turned to this purpose, Name your enemies, and I'll guess your character. If the *Complete History of England* were to be judged in this manner, we imagine the author would gladly submit to the determination of the

\* Three only were published at this time, and the fourth was afterwards given gratis to the purchasers of the former. C.

public. Let us then see who are the professed enemies of that production: the sage, the patriot, the sedate Dr. Shebbeare: the serene Griffiths and his spouse, proprietors and directors of the Monthly Review: the profound, the candid, the modest Dr. Hill: the wise, the learned, and the temperate Thomas Comber, A. B. whose performance we are at present to consider. This is indeed a formidable group of adversaries, enough to daunt the heart of any young adventurer in the world of letters; but the author of the Complete History of England has been long familiar with such seas of trouble. The assault, however, which he has sustained from some of those heroes, was not altogether unprovoked. Shebbeare had been chastised in the Critical Review, for his insolent and seditious appeals to the public. He took it for granted, that the lash was exercised by the author of the Complete History of England: therefore he attacked that performance tooth and nail. He declared that there was neither grammar, meaning, composition, or reflection, either in the plan or the execution of the work itself. Griffiths was enraged against the same gentleman, because he was supposed to have set up the Critical Review, in opposition to the Monthly, of which he (Griffiths) was proprietor; accordingly he employed an obscure grab, who wrote in his garret, to bespatter the History of England. Hill, for these ten years, has, by turns, praised and abused Dr. Smollett, whom he did not know, without being able to vanquish that silent contempt, in which this gentleman ever held him and all his productions: piqued at this indifference and disdain, the said Hill has, in a weekly paper, thrown out some dirty insinuations against the author of the Complete History of England. We cannot rank the proprietors of R——n<sup>3</sup>, and other histories, among the personal enemies of Dr. Smollett; because they were actuated by the dictates of self-interest, to decry his performance. This, however, they have pursued in the most sordid, illiberal, and ridiculous manner: they have caballed: they have slandered: they have vilified: they have prejudiced, misrepresented, and used undue influence among their correspondents in different parts of the kingdom: they have spared neither calumny nor expense, to prejudice the author and his work: they have had the effrontery to insinuate in a public advertisement that he was no better than an inaccurate plagiarist from Rapin: and they have had the folly to declare, that Rapin's book was the most valuable performance, just immediately after they had taxed Dr. Smollett with having, by a specious plan, anticipated the judgment of the public. Finally, finding all their endeavours had proved abortive, we have reason to believe they hired the pen of the rev. Thomas Comber, of York, A. B. to stigmatise and blacken the character of the work which has been to them such a source of damage and vexation. Accordingly, this their champion has earned his wages with surprising eagerness and resolution: he has dashed through thick and thin, without fear of repulse; without dread of reputation. Indeed he writes with a degree of acrimony that seems to be personal; perhaps, if the truth was known, he would be found one of those obscure authors, who have occasionally received correction in some number of the Critical Review, and looks upon Dr. Smollett as the administrator of that correction; but this we only mention as a conjecture."—The concluding paragraph of this review of Comber's pamphlet, is not less characteristic of Smollett's temper, and style, when he wished to be thought above all petty resentments.

—Comber "very modestly says, he hopes he has kept within the bounds of good breeding, and employed none of that virulence which the Critical Reviewers have exer-

<sup>3</sup> Most of the names in this passage are printed only with the initial and final letters, except that of Rapin, which follows. This R—n may mean Robertson, whose first history was then in the press. C.

cised against the *most respectable characters*. One can hardly refrain from laughing when he reads this declaration. Mr. Comber may always be assured, that it is not in his power to excite the indignation of the Critical Reviewers: there are some objects too contemptible to excite resentment. We should be glad, however, to know what those *most respectable characters* are, that we have treated with indecency. Those *most respectable* personages are Drs. Shebbeare and Hill, Griffiths and his spouse; a group, to which the rev. Mr. Comber will make a very proper addition. We think we see this formidable band, forgetting the distinctions of party, sitting in close divan, animated with double pots, encouraged with double pay, by the right worshipful the proprietors of R——n, to renew their attacks against the Complete History of England. We shall prophecy, however, that the author of that work will never deign to take any public notice of what may be advanced against him by writers of their class. He considers them as little inconsiderable curs barking at the Moon. Nevertheless, in order to whet their spleen, we will inform the rev. Mr. Comber, that notwithstanding the uncommon arts, and great expense, with which his honest employers have puff'd<sup>4</sup> and advertised his pamphlet, the Complete History of England continues to rise in the estimation of the public; and that above ten thousand numbers of the work are weekly purchased by the subjects of Great Britain, besides those that are sold in Ireland and the plantations.”—

During his confinement in the King's Bench for the libel on admiral Knowles, he amused himself in writing the Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves, a sort of English Quixote. This he gave in detached parts in the British Magazine, one of those periodical works in which he was induced to engage by the consideration of a regular supply. This novel was afterwards published in two volumes, 12mo: but had not the popularity of his former works of that kind, and as a composition, whether in point of fable, character, or burmour, is indeed far inferior to any of them.

The success of his History encouraged him to write a continuation of it, from 1748 to 1764. The volume for 1765, his biographer seems not to have known, was written by Cutbrie during Smollett's absence on the continent. By the History and Continuation he is said to have cleared £2000. He is also supposed to have written the accounts of France, Italy, and Germany for the Universal History, when published in octavo volumes. A writer of the Gentleman's Magazine states, that he received fifteen hundred guineas for preparing a new edition of the same History, but this must be a mistake, as he was dead some years before that edition was undertaken.

When lord Bute was promoted to the office of first minister, Smollett's pen was engaged to support him against the popular clamour excited by Wilkes and his partizans. With this view our author commenced a weekly paper, called The Briton, which was answered by Wilkes in his more celebrated North Britain. Had this been a contest of argument, wit, or even mere personal and political recrimination, Smollett would have had little to fear from the talents of Wilkes; but the public mind, inflamed by every species of misrepresentation, was on the side of Wilkes, and the Briton was discontinued, when lord Bute, its supposed patron, could no longer keep his seat. Before this short contest, Smollett had lived on terms of intimacy with Wilkes, who, having no animosities that were not absolutely necessary to serve a temporary interest, probably did not think the worse of Smollett for giving him an opportunity to triumph over the author of the Complete History of England. Smollett, however, was not disposed to view the matter

<sup>4</sup> Comber's pamphlet was reviewed in the Monthly in September, and Smollett could not have seen it when he wrote this. C.

with this complacency. He expected a reward for his services, and was disappointed, and his chagrin on this occasion he soon took an opportunity to express.

About the years 1763 and 1764 we find his name to a translation of Voltaire's works, and to a compilation entitled *The Present State of all Nations*, in eight volumes, 8vo. What he contributed, besides his name, to either of these undertakings cannot now be ascertained. The translation of Voltaire is in all respects beneath his talents.

In the month of June 1763, he went abroad, partly on account of his health, and partly to relieve his and Mrs. Smollett's grief for the loss of their only child, an amiable young lady who died in her fifteenth year. He pursued his journey through France and Italy about two years, and soon after his return in 1766, gave the public the result of his observations, in two volumes, 8vo. entitled, *Travels through France and Italy*. This work, although it attained no high degree of popularity, was read with sympathetic interest, as exhibiting a melancholy picture of the author's mind, "translated" as he informs us, "by malice, persecuted by faction, and overwhelmed by the sense of domestic calamity." On this account, the natural and artificial objects which make travelling delightful, had no other effect on him than to excite his spleen, which he has often indulged in representations and opinions unworthy of his taste. These, however, are not unmingled with observations of another kind, acute, just, and useful. It is remarkable that in a subsequent publication (*Humphrey Clinker*) he makes his principal character, Matthew Bramble, describe what he saw in England in the same unvaried language of spleen and ill-humour.

Soon after his arrival from the continent, his health still decaying, he undertook a journey to Scotland, and renewed his attachment to his relations and friends. During this journey, Dr. Moore informs us, that "he was greatly tormented with rheumatic pains, and afflicted besides with an ulcer on his arm which had been neglected on its first appearance. These disorders confined him much to his chamber, but did not prevent his conversation from being highly entertaining, when the misery of which they were productive, permitted him to associate with his friends." From Scotland he went to Bath, and about the beginning of 1767 had recovered his health and spirits in a very considerable degree.

His next production, which appeared in 1769, proved that he had not forgotten the neglect with which he was treated by that ministry, in whose favour he wrote the *Briton*. This was entitled the *Adventures of an Atom*. Under fictitious names, of Japanese structure, he reviews the conduct of the eminent politicians who had conducted or opposed the measures of government from the year 1754, and retracts the opinion he had given of some of these statesmen in his history, particularly of the earl of Chatham and lord Bute. His biographer allows that many of the characters are grossly misrepresented, for which no other reason can be assigned than his own disappointment. The whole proves, what has often been seen since his time, that the measures which are right and proper when a reward is in view, are wrong and abominable when that reward is withheld.

The publication of this work, while it proclaimed that his sincerity as a political writer was not much to be depended on, afforded another instance of that imprudence which his biographer has ingeniously carried over to the account of independence. His health again requiring the genial influences of a milder climate, the expense of which he was unable to bear, his friends solicited the very persons whom he had just satyriized, to obtain for him the office of consul at Nice, Naples, or Leghorn. Dr. Moore informs us,

with more acrimony than truth, "that these applications were fruitless. Dr. Smollett had never spanielled ministers; he could not endure the insolence of office, or stoop to cultivate the favour of any person merely on account of his power: and besides he was a man of genius."

He set out, however, for Italy early in 1770, with a debilitated body, and a mind probably irritated by his recent disappointment, but not without much of the ease which argues firmness, since during this journey he could so pleasantly divert his sorrows by writing *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*. This novel, if it may be so called, for it has no regular fable, in point of genuine humour, knowledge of life and manners, and delineation of character, is inferior only to his *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*. It has already been noticed that Matthew Bramble, the principal character, displays the cynical temper and humane feelings of the author on his tour on the continent; and it may now be added that he has given another sketch of himself in the character of Serle in the first volume. This account of the ingratitude of Pounceford to Smollett is strictly true; and as his biographers seem unacquainted with the circumstances, the following may not be uninteresting, which was related to me by the late intimate friend of Smollett, Mr. Hamilton, the printer and proprietor of the *Critical Review*.

"Pounceford was a John C——, who was fed by Smollett when he had not bread to eat, nor clothes to cover him. He was taken out to India as private secretary to a celebrated governor-general, and as essayist; and after only three years absence, returned with forty thousand pounds. From India he sent several letters to Smollett, professing that he was coming over to lay his fortune at the feet of his benefactor. But on his arrival, he treated Smollett, Hamilton, and others, who had befriended him, with the most ungrateful contempt. The person who taught him the art of essaying became reduced in circumstances, and is now (1792) or lately was collector of the toll on carts at Holborn Bars. C—— never paid him, or any person to whom he was indebted. He died in two or three years after at his house near Hounslow, universally despised. At the request of Smollett, Mr. Hamilton employed him to write in the *Critical Review*, which, with Smollett's charity, was all his support, previously to his departure for India."

Such kindness and such ingratitude ought not to be concealed, but it is less necessary to point out the very flattering account he has given of his hospitality and patronage of inferior authors, while he resided at Chelsea. While full credit, however, is given for these virtues, it cannot be a disrespectful wish that he had found another panegyrist than himself. There is no instance of any man of Dr. Smollett's rank in the literary world taking so many opportunities to sound his own praises, and that without any of the disguises which are employed by men who wish to acquire a factitious character. At this time, perhaps, he was desirous of recovering the reputation which envy and malice had suppressed or darkened, and might not be without hopes that as he was now approaching the close of life, his enemies would relent, and admit his evidence.

In the neighbourhood of Leghorn, he lingered through the summer of 1771, in the full possession of his faculties, and died on the 21st of October, in the 51st year of his age. Dr. Armstrong, who visited him at Leghorn, honoured his remains with a Latin inscription, elegantly noticing his genius and virtues, and severely reflecting on the "times, in which hardly any literary merit but such as was in the most false or

satire taste, received any encouragement from the mock Maccanese of Britain." In the year 1774, a column was erected to his memory on the banks of the Leven, near the house in which he was born. The inscription on this was the joint production of lord Karnes, professor George Stuart, and John Ramsay, esq. and was revised by Dr. Johnson. It is elegant, affecting and modest.

Dr. Moore's opinion of his personal character is thus given :

" The person of Smollett was stout and well proportioned, his countenance engaging, his manner reserved, with a certain air of dignity that seemed to indicate that he was not unconscious of his own powers. He was of a disposition so humane and generous, that he was ever ready to serve the unfortunate, and on some occasions to assist them beyond what his circumstances could justify. Though few could penetrate with more acuteness into character, yet none was more apt to overlook misconduct when attended with misfortune.

" He lived in an hospitable manner, but he despised that hospitality which is founded on ostentation, which entertains only those whose situation in life flatters the vanity of the entertainer, or such as can make returns of the same kind, that hospitality which keeps a debtor and creditor account of dinners. Smollett invited to his plain but plentiful table the persons whose characters he esteemed, in whose conversation he delighted, and many for no other reason than because they stood in need of his countenance and protection.

" As nothing was more abhorrent to his nature than pertness or intrusion, few things could render him more indignant than a cold reception: to this however he imagined he had sometimes been exposed on his application in favour of others: for himself he never made an application to any great man in his life.

" Free from *vanity*, Smollett had a considerable share of pride, and great sensibility: his passions were easily moved, and too impetuous when roused: he could not conceal his contempt of folly, his detestation of fraud, nor refrain from proclaiming his indignation against every instance of oppression.

" Though Smollett possessed a versatility of style in writing, which he could accommodate to every character, he had no suppleness in his conduct. His learning, diligence, and natural acuteness would have rendered him eminent in the science of medicine, had he persevered in that profession; other parts of his character were ill-suited for augmenting his practice. He could neither stoop to impose on credulity, nor honour caprice.

" He was of an intrepid, independent, imprudent disposition, equally incapable of deceit and adulation, and more disposed to cultivate the acquaintance of those he could serve, than of those who could serve him. What wonder that a man of his character was not, what is called, successful in life!"

How far this character agrees with the facts detailed in this narrative, and which are principally taken from Dr. Moore, may be now safely left to the determination of the reader.

As an author, Dr. Smollett is universally allowed the praise of original genius displayed with an ease and variety which are rarely found. Yet this character belongs chiefly to his novels. In correct delineation of life and manners, and in drawing characters of the humorous class, he has few equals. But when this praise is bestowed, every critic who values what is more important than genius itself, the interest of morals

and decency, must surely stop. It can be of no use to analyze each individual scene, incident, or character in works which, after all, must be pronounced unfit to be read.

But if the morals of the reader were in no danger, his taste can hardly escape being insulted or perverted. Smollett's humour is of so low a cast, and his practical jokes so frequently end in what is vulgar, mean, and filthy, that it would be impossible to acquire a relish for them, without injury done to the chaster feelings, and to the just respect due to genuine wit. No novel writer seems to take more delight in assembling images and incidents that are gross and disgusting: nor has he scrupled to introduce, with more than slight notice, those vices which are not fit even to be named. If this be a just representation of his most favourite novels, it is in vain to oppose it by pointing out passages which do credit to his genius, and more vain to attempt to prove that virtue and taste are not directly injured by such productions.

As a historian, Smollett's reputation has certainly not been preserved. When he published his History, something of the kind was wanted, and it was executed in a manner not unworthy of his talents. But the writings of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon have introduced a taste for a higher species of historical composition: and, if I am not mistaken, there has been no complete edition of Smollett's History, but that which he published. Had he been allowed the proper time for revision and reflection, it cannot be doubted that he might have produced a work deserving of more lasting fame. His History, even as we have it, when we advert to the short time he took for its completion, is a very extraordinary effort, and instead of blaming him for occasionally following his authorities too servilely, the wonder ought to be that he found leisure to depart from them so frequently, and to assign reasons, which are not those of a superficial thinker. It is impossible, however, to quit this subject without adverting to the mode of publication which dispersed the work among a class of persons, the purchasers of sixpenny numbers, whom Smollett too easily took for the learned and discerning part of the public. This fallacious encouragement afforded fuel to his irritable temper, by inciting him, not only to the arts of puffing, by which the literary character is degraded, but to those vulgar and splenetic recriminations of which a specimen has been given, and which must have lowered him yet more in the opinion of the eminent characters of his day.

Smollett was not successful in his dramatic attempts. Those who judged from the ease and vivacity of his pictures of life and manners in his novels, no doubt thought themselves justified in encouraging him in this species of composition. But all experience shows that the talents necessary for the prose epic, and those for the regular drama, are essentially different, and have rarely met in one man. Fielding, a novelist greatly superior, and who after the trials of more than half a century, may be pronounced inimitable, was yet foiled in his dramatic attempts, although he returned to the charge with fresh courage and skill.

As a poet, in which character only Smollett is here introduced, although his pieces are few, they must be allowed to confer a very high rank. It is, indeed, greatly to be lamented that he did not cultivate his poetical talents more frequently and more extensively. The Tears of Scotland and the Ode to Independence, particularly the latter, are equal to the highest efforts in the pathetic and sublime. In the Ode to Independence there is evidently the inspiration of real genius, free from all artificial aid, or meretricious ornament. It may be questioned whether there are many compositions

in our language which more forcibly charm by all the enchantments of taste, expression, and sentiment. Some observations on this ode, and usually printed with it, are the production of professor Richardson. It may be necessary to add that this ode was left in manuscript by Smollett, and published at Glasgow and London in 1773.

Advice and Reproof have already been noticed, and are more remarkable for their satirical aim, than for poetical beauties. His songs and other small pieces were introduced principally in his novels and in the Reprisal. To our regret we may add some degree of surprise, that one who could write so well should write so little in a department which generally confers a much higher degree of fame than he could expect from most of his other productions.

The original works of Smollett were published by the London proprietors in 1797, in eight volumes, 8vo. To this edition Dr. Moore was engaged to furnish a life. Another life about the same time was published at Edinburgh by Dr. Anderson. I have availed myself of both, as far as regards matters of fact. If I have not been able to join in their opinion of Dr. Smollett, it is some excuse that I have been indebted to them for the principal reasons which have induced me to differ.





# POEMS

DR. SMOLLETT,

---

## THE REGICIDE; OR, JAMES THE FIRST OF SCOTLAND.

A TRAGEDY.

PREFACE.

**W**HATEVER reluctance I have to trouble the public with a detail of the mortifications I have suffered, in my attempts to bring the ensuing performance on the stage, I think it a duty incumbent upon me, to declare my reasons for presenting it in this extraordinary manner; and, if the explanation shall be found either tedious or trifling, I hope the candid reader will charge my impertinence upon those who drove me to the necessity of making such an ineffectual appeal.

Besides, I flatter myself, that a fair representation of the usage I have met with will be as a beacon, to caution other inexperienced authors against the insincerity of managers, to which they might otherwise become egregious dupes; and, after a cajoling dream of good fortune, wake in all the aggravation of disappointment.

Although I claim no merit from having finished a tragedy at the age of eighteen, I cannot help thinking myself entitled to some share of indulgence for the humility, industry, and patience I have exerted during a period of ten years, in which this unfortunate production hath been exposed to the censure of critics of all degrees; and in consequence of their several opinions, altered, and (I hope) amended, times without number.

Had some of those who were pleased to call themselves my friends been at any pains to discover the character, and told me ingenuously

what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, when I first professed myself of that venerable fraternity, I should, in all probability, have spared myself the incredible labour and chagrin I have since undergone: but, as early as the year 1739, my play was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men; and, like other orphans, neglected accordingly.

Stung with resentment, which I mistook for contempt, I resolved to punish this barbarous indifference, and actually discarded my patron; consoling myself with the barren praise of a few associates, who, in the most indefatigable manner, employed their time and influence in collecting from all quarters observations on my piece, which, in consequence of those suggestions, put on a new appearance almost every day, until my occasions called me out of the kingdom.

Soon after my return, I and my production were introduced to a late patentee, of courteous memory, who (rest his soul!) found means to amuse me a whole season, and then declared it impracticable to bring it on till next year; advising me to make my application more early in the winter, that we might have time to concert such alterations as should be thought necessary for its successful appearance on the stage.—But I did not find my account in following this wholesome advice; for, to me, he was always less and less at leisure. In short, after sundry promises, and numberless excusations, in the course of which he practised upon me the whole art of procrastination, I demanded his final answer, with such obstinacy and warmth, that he could no longer

resist my importunity, and refused my tragedy in plain terms.—Not that he mentioned any material objections to the piece itself, but seemed to fear my interest was not sufficient to support it in the representation; affirming, that no dramatic composition, however perfect, could succeed with an English audience by its own merit only; but must entirely depend upon a faction raised in its behalf.—Incensed at this unexpected declaration, I reproached him bitterly for having trifled with me so long; and, like my brother Bayes, threatened to carry my performance to the other house.

This was actually my intention, when I was given to understand by a friend, that a nobleman of great weight had expressed an inclination to peruse it; and that, as interest was requisite, I could not do better than gratify his desire with all expedition. I committed it accordingly to the care of my counsellor, who undertook to give me a good account of it in less than a fortnight: but four months elapsed before I heard any tidings of my play; and then it was retrieved by pure accident (I believe) from the most dishonourable apartment of his lordship's house.

Enraged at the behaviour of this supercilious peer, and exceedingly mortified at the miscarriage of all my efforts, I wreaked my resentment upon the innocent cause of my disgraces, and forthwith condemned it to oblivion, where, in all probability, it would have for ever slept, like a miserable abortion, had not a young gentleman of learning and taste waked my paternal sense, and persuaded me not only to rescue it from the tomb, where it had lain two whole years, but also to new model the plan, which was imperfect and undigested before, and mould it into a regular tragedy, confined within the unities of the drama.

Thus improved, it fell into the hands of a gentleman who had wrote for the stage, and happened to please him so much, that he spoke of it very cordially to a young nobleman, since deceased, who, in the most generous manner, charged himself with the care of introducing it to the public; and, in the mean time, honoured me with his own remarks, in conformity to which, it was immediately altered, and offered by his lordship to the new manager of Drury-lane theatre. It was about the latter end of the season when this candid personage, to whom I owe many obligations for the exercises of patience he has set me, received the performance, which, some weeks after, he returned, assuring my friend that he was pre-engaged to another author, but if I could be prevailed upon to reserve it till the ensuing winter, he would bring it on.—In the interim, my noble patron left London, whither he was doomed never to return; and the conscientious manager next season, instead of fulfilling his own promise and my expectation, gratified the town with the production of a player, the fate of which every body knows.

I shall leave the reader to make his reflections on this event; and proceed to relate the other particulars of fortune, that attended my unhappy issue, which, in the succeeding spring, had the good luck to acquire the approbation of an eminent wit, who proposed a few amendments, and recommended it to a person, by whose influence, I laid my account with seeing it appear at last,

with such advantage as should make ample amends for all my disappointments.

But here too I reckoned without my host. The master of Covent Garden theatre bluntly rejected it, as a piece altogether unfit for the stage; even after he had told me, in presence of another gentleman, that he believed he should not venture to find fault with any performance which had gained the good opinion of the honourable person who approved and recommended my play.

Raffled in every attempt, I renounced all hopes of its seeing the light, when a humane lady of quality interposed, so urgently in its behalf, with my worthy friend the other manager, that he very complaisantly received it again, and had recourse to the old mystery of protraction, which he exercised with such success, that the season was almost consumed, before he could afford it a reading. My patience being by this time quite exhausted, I desired a gentleman, who interested himself in my concerns, to go and expostulate with the vaticide: and indeed, this piece of friendship he performed with so much zeal, upbraiding him with his evasive and presumptuous behaviour, that the sage politician was enraged at his reprimand; and in the mettle of his wrath, pronounced my play a wretched piece, deficient in language, sentiment, character, and plan. My friend, who was surprised at the hardness and severity of this sentence, asking how he came to change his opinion, which had been more favourable when the tragedy was first put into his hands; he answered, that his opinion was not altered, neither had he ever uttered an expression in its favour.

This was an unlucky assertion—for, the other immediately produced a letter which I had received from the young nobleman two years before, beginning with these words—

“Sir, I have received Mr. I.—’s answer; who says, he thinks your play has indubitable merit, but has prior promises to Mr. T.—n, that as an honest man, cannot be evaded.”—And concluding thus, “As the manager has promised me the choice of the season next year, if you’ll be advised by me, rest it with me.”

After having made some remarks suitable to the occasion, my friend left him to chew the cud of reflection, the result of which was, a message to my patroness, importing, (with many expressions of duty) that neither the circumstances of his company, nor the advanced season of the year, would permit him to obey her command, but if I would wait till next winter, and during the summer, make such alterations as I had agreed to, at a conference with some of his principal performers, he would assuredly put my play in rehearsal, and in the mean time give me an obligation in writing, for my further satisfaction.—I would have taken him at his word, without hesitation, but was persuaded to dispense with the proffered security, that I might not seem to doubt the influence or authority of her ladyship.—The play, however, was altered and presented to this upright director, who renounced his engagement, without the least scruple, apology, or reason assigned.

Thus have I in the most impartial manner, (perhaps too circumstantially) displayed the conduct of those playhouse managers with whom I

have had any concern, relating to my tragedy: and whatever disputes have happened between the actors and me, are suppressed as frivolous animosities unworthy of the reader's attention.

Had I suffered a repulse when I first prosecuted my performance, I should have had cause to complain of my being excluded from that avenue to the public favour, which ought to lie open to all men of genius; and how far I deserve that distinction, I now leave the world to decide; after I have, in justice to myself, declared that my hopes of success were not derived from the partial applause of my own friends only, but inspired (as some of my greatest enemies know) by the approbation of persons of the first note in the republic of taste, whose countenance, I vainly imagined, would have been an effectual introduction to the stage.

Be that as it will, I hope the unprejudiced observer will own, with indignation and disdain, that every disappointment I have endured was an accumulated injury; and the whole of my adversary's conduct, a series of the most unjustifiable equivocation and insolent absurdity: for, though he may be excusable in refusing a work of this kind, either on account of his ignorance or discernment, surely, neither the one nor the other can vindicate his dissimulation and breach of promise to the author.

Abuse of prerogative, in matters of greater importance, prevails so much at present, and is so generally overlooked, that it is almost ridiculous to lament the situation of authors, who must either, at once, forego all opportunities of acquiring reputation in dramatic poetry, or humble themselves so, as to sooth the pride, and humour the petulance of a mere Goth, who, by the most preposterous delegation of power, may become sole arbiter of this kind of writing.

Nay, granting that a bard is willing to prostitute his talents so shamefully, perhaps he may never find an occasion to practise this vile condescension to advantage: for, after he has gained admission to a patentee (who is often more difficult of access than a sovereign prince) and even made shift to remove all other objections, an insurmountable obstacle may be raised by the manager's avarice, which will dissuade him from hazarding a certain expense on an uncertain issue, when he can fill his theatre without running any risk, or disobliging his principal actors, by putting them to the trouble of studying new parts—

Besides, he will be apt to say within himself, "If I must entertain the town with variety, it is but natural that I should prefer the productions of my friends, or of those who have any friends worth obliging, to the works of obscure strangers, who have nothing to recommend them but a doubtful superiority of merit, which, in all likelihood, will never rise in judgment against me."

That such have been the reflections of patentees, I believe no man of intelligence and veracity will deny; and I will venture to affirm, that on the strength of interest or connection with the stage, some people have commenced dramatic authors, who otherwise would have employed their faculties in exercises better adapted to their capacity.

After what has been said, any thing by way of application would be an insult on the under-

standing of the public, to which I owe and acknowledge the most indelible obligation for former favours as well as for the uncommon encouragement I have received in the publication of the following play.

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

## MEN.

King of Scotland.  
Angus.  
Dunbar.  
Rainsay.  
Athol.  
Stuart.  
Grime.  
Cattao.

## WOMEN.

Queen.  
Eleonora.

## GUARDS, ATTENDANTS, &amp;c.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

A Convent in Perth.

ANGUS, DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

BUT that my duty calls, I would decline  
Th' unwelcome office.—Now, when Justice waves  
Her flaming sword, and lowly claims her due,  
Thus to arrest her arm, and offer terms  
Of peace to traitors, who avow their crime,  
Is to my apprehension weak, and suits  
But little with the majesty of kings.—  
Why sleeps the wonted valour of our prince?

ANGUS.

Not in th' ensanguin'd field of death alone  
Is Valour limited: she sits serene  
In the deliberate council; sagely scans  
The source of action; weighs, prevents, provides,  
And scorns to count her glories, from the feats  
Of brutal force alone,—

—What frenzy were it

To risk our fortune on th' unsure event  
Of one occurrence, naked as we are  
To unforeseen disaster, when the terms  
We proffer may retard th' impending blow?  
—Better to conquer by delay: the rage  
Of Athol's fierce adherents, flush'd with hope  
Of plunder and revenge, will soon abate,  
And ev'ry hour bring succour to our cause.

DUNBAR.

Well hast thou taught me, how the piercing eye  
Of calm sagacity, excels the dint  
Of headstrong resolution.—Yet, my soul  
Pants for a fair occasion to revenge  
My father's wrongs on Athol's impious head!  
Yes, Angus, while the blood of March revolves  
Within my veins, the traitor shall not find  
His perfidy forgot—But what of this?  
What are my private injuries compar'd

To those he meditates against the state!  
Against a prince with ev'ry virtue grac'd  
That dignifies the throne, to whom the ties  
Of kindred and allegiance could not bind  
His faithless heart: not ev'n the sacred bond  
Of friendship unreserv'd!—For well thou know'st,  
The king securely listen'd to his voice,  
As to an oracle.

ANGUS.

'Twas there indeed  
He triumph'd in his guile!—Th' unwary prince,  
Sooth'd by his false professions, crown'd his guilt  
With boundless confidence; and little thought  
That very confidence supply'd his foe  
With means to shake his throne!—While Athol led  
His royal kinsman thro' the dang'rous path  
Of sudden reformation, and observ'd  
What murmurs issu'd from the giddy crowd,  
Each popular commotion he improv'd  
By secret ministers; and disavow'd  
Those very measures he himself devised!  
Thus cherish'd long by his flagitious arts,  
Rebellion glow'd in secret, 'till at length  
His scheme mature, and all our loyal thanes  
At their own distant homes repos'd secure,  
The flame burst out.—Now from his native hills,  
With his accomplice Grime, and youthful heir,  
Impetuous Stuart, like a sounding storm  
He rushes down with five revolting clans;  
Displays a spurious title to the crown,  
Arraigns the justice of this monarch's sway,  
And by this sudden torrent, means, no doubt,  
To sweep him from the throne.

DUNBAR.

Aspiring villain!

A fit associate has he chose: a wretch  
Of soul more savage breathes not vital air,  
Than Grime:—but Stuart 'till of late, maintain'd  
A fairer fame.

ANGUS.

A cherish'd hope expires  
In his dishonour too!—While Stuart's ear  
Was deaf to vicious counsel, and his soul  
Remained unshaken, by th' enchanting lure  
Which vain ambition spread before his eye,  
He bloom'd the pride of Caledonia's youth,  
In virtue, valour, and external grace:—  
For thou, sole rival of his fame, wast train'd  
To martial deeds, in climates remote.

DUNBAR.

O thane!

Whatever wreaths from danger's steely crest  
My sword hath won; whatever toils sustain'd  
Beneath the sultry noon, and cold, damp night,  
Could ne'er obtain for me one genial smile  
Of her, who bless'd that happy rival's vows  
With mutual love!—Why should I dread to own  
The tender throbbings of my captive heart!  
The melting passion which has long inspir'd  
My breast for Eleonora, and implore  
A parent's sanction to support my claim?

ANGUS.

Were she more fair and gentle than she is,  
And to my partial eye neaght e'er appear'd  
So gently fair, I would approve thy claim  
To her peculiar smiles.

DUNBAR.

Then will I strive,  
With unremitted ardour, to subdue  
Her coy reluctance; while I scorn the threats  
Of frantic jealousy that flames unrein'd  
In Stuart's breast!—But see! the fair one comes,  
In all the pride of dazzling charms array'd.

SCENE II.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Something of moment, by a fresh dispatch  
Imparted to the king, requires in haste  
The presence of my sire.

ANGUS.

Forbear a while  
Thy party with the foe; and here attend  
Our consultation's issue.—

[Exit Angus.]

SCENE III.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ill it suits  
A soldier's tongue to plead the cause of love,  
In phrase adapted to the tender theme:  
But trust me, besetuous wonder! when I swear  
Not the keen impulse and impatient hope  
Of glory, glowing in the warrior's breast,  
With more awaken'd transport, fill'd my soul  
When the fierce battle rag'd, than that I feel  
At thy approach!—My tongue has oft reveal'd  
The dictates of my heart; but thou, averse  
With cold disdain, hast ever chill'd my hopes,  
And scorn'd my proffer'd vows!—

ELEONORA.

O youth, beware!  
Let not the flow'ry scenes of joy and peace,  
That fruitless passion to the view presents,  
Enanare thee into woe!—Thou little know'st  
What mischief lurks in each deceitful charm;  
What griefs attend on love.—

DUNBAR.

Keen are the pangs  
Of hapless love, and passion unapprov'd:  
But where consenting wishes meet, and vows  
Reciprocally breath'd confirm the tie,  
Joy rolls on joy, an inexhausted stream!  
And virtue crowns the sacred scene with peace!

ELEONORA.

Illusion all! the phantoms of a mind  
That, o'er its present fate repining, courts  
The vain resource of fancy's airy dreams.—  
War is thy province.—War be thy parent!—

DUNBAR.

O! thou wouldst tell me, I am savage all—  
Too much estrang'd to the soft arts of life,  
To want thy breast?—Yes, war has been my  
War's rough sincerity, unskill'd in modes  
Of peaceful commerce.—Softens'd not the legs  
To pious truth, humanity, and love.

## ELEONORA.

Yes:—I was envious to refuse applause,  
When ev'ry mouth is open'd in thy praise.—  
I were ungrateful not to yield thee more,  
Distinguish'd by thy choice; and tho' my heart  
Denies thee love, thy virtues have acquir'd  
Th' esteem of Eleonora.

## DUNBAR.

O! thy words  
Would fire the hoary hermit's languid soul  
With ecstasies of pride!—How then shall I,  
Elate with every vainer hope that warms  
Th' aspiring thought of youth, thy praise sustain  
With moderation?—Cruelly benign!  
Thou hast adorn'd the victim; but, alas!  
Thou likewise giv'st the blow!—

—Tho' Nature's hand  
With so much art has blended ev'ry grace  
In thy enchanting form, that ev'ry eye  
With transport views thee, and conveys unseen  
The soft infection to the vanquish'd soul,  
Yet wilt thou not the gentle passion own,  
That vindicates thy way!—

## ELEONORA.

O gilded curse!  
More fair than rosy Morn, when first she smiles  
O'er the dew-brighten'd verdure of the spring!  
But more deceitful, tyrannous, and fell  
Than syrens, tempests, and devouring flame!  
May I ne'er sicken, languish, and despair  
Within thy dire domain!—Listen, ye powers!  
And yield your sanction to my purpos'd vow—  
—If e'er my breast— [kneeling.

## DUNBAR.

For ever let me pine  
In secret misery, divorc'd from hope!  
But ah, forbear! nor forfeit thy own peace  
Perhaps in one rash moment.—

## SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA, HERALD.

## HERALD.

—From the tower  
That fronts the hills, due north, a moving host  
Is now descri'd: and from the southern gate  
A cloud of dust is seen to roll, the gleam  
Of burnish'd arms oft thro' the dusky sphere  
Salutes the dazzled eye;—a loyal band  
With valiant Ramsay, from the banks of Tweed,  
That hastens to our aid.—The first, suppos'd  
The rebel train of Athol.—By command  
Of Angus, I attend thee, to demand  
An audience of the foe.

## DUNBAR.

I follow straight.

[Exit Herald.]

What'e'er is sanctify'd fair—what'e'er  
Inspires the gen'rous aim of chaste desire,  
My soul contemplates and adores in thee!  
Yet will I not with vain complaining vex  
Thy gentle nature.—My unblemish'd love  
Shall plead in my behalf. [Exit Dunbar.]

## SCENE V.

## ELEONORA.

Adieu, brave youth!  
Why art thou doom'd to suffer fruitless pains?

And why, alas! am I the destin'd wretch  
That must inflict them!—Agonizing thought!  
I yielded up my soul, believing heart  
To him who basely left it, for the charms  
Of treacherous ambition! hapless Stuart!  
How art thou chang'd! how lost! thy cruel fate,  
Like a false harlot, smiles thee into ruin!

## SCENE VI.

Enter STUART disguised like a priest.

STUART, ELEONORA.

## STUART.

The mighty schemes of empire soar too high  
For your distinction, daughter.—Simple woman  
Is weak in intellect, as well as frame,  
And judges often from the partial voice  
That soothes her wishes most.

[Discovering himself.]

## ELEONORA.

Ha, frantic youth!  
What guilty purpose leads thy daring steps  
To this forbidden place?—Art thou not come  
Beneath that sacred veil, the more to brave  
Th' avenging hand of Heaven?

## STUART.

No.—that I tread  
The paths of danger, where each bosom pants  
With keen revenge against me, speaks aloud  
The fervour of my love.—My love mislead!  
Else, would'st thou not receive the gen'rous proof  
With anger and disdain.—

## ELEONORA.

Have I not cause  
To drive thee from my heart?—Hast thou not  
chas'd  
All faith, and truth, and loyalty from thine?  
Say, hast thou not conspir'd against thy prince?  
A prince! who cherish'd thee with parent's zeal,  
With friendship honour'd thee, and ev'ry day  
With bounteous favour crown'd thy rising wish?

## STUART.

Curse on his arts!—his aim was to enslave  
Th' aspiring soul, to stifle and repress  
Th' emerging dictates of my native right,  
To efface the glowing images within,  
Awak'd by glory, and retain by fraud  
The sceptre he usurps!

## ELEONORA.

Injurious charge!  
As feeble as unjust! for, clear as day,  
In course direct—

## STUART.

In idle argument  
Let us not now consume the precious hour;  
The middle stream is pass'd; and the safe shore  
Invites our dauntless footsteps—Yonder Sun  
That climbs the noon-tide arch, already sees  
Twelve thousand vassals, marching in the train  
Of warlike Athol; and before the shades  
Of ev'ning deepen, Perth's devoted walls  
Will shake before them.—E'er the tempest roars,  
I came to snatch thee from th' impending storm—

## ELEONORA.

O impotent of thought!—O! dead to shame!  
Shall I fix poisonous infamy forever  
Th' internal peace that virtue calls her own?

STUART.

Or say, thy love, inconstant as the wave,  
Another object claims.—False—perjur'd maid!  
I mark'd thy mission, as he charm'd thine ear  
With grov'ling adulation.—Yes, I saw  
Thy looks, in artful languishment, disclose  
Thy yielding soul, and heard thy tongue proclaim  
The praises of Dunbar.—

ELEONORA.

Away—away!

I scorn thy mean suspicion, and renounce  
Thy passion with thy crimes.—Tho' bred in camps,  
Dunbar is gentle, generous, and humane;  
Possess'd of ev'ry manly grace, to win  
The coyest virgin's heart.—

STUART.

Perdition whirl

The prostrate sycophant!—may Heav'n exhaust  
Its thunder on my head—may Hell disgorge  
Infernal plagues to blast me, if I cease  
To persecute the coittiff, 'till his blood  
Assuage my parch'd revenge!—Perfidious slave!  
To steal between me and my darling hope!—  
The traitor durst not, had I been—O vows!  
Where is your obligation?—Eleonora!  
O lovely curse! restore me to myself!—

ELEONORA.

Rage on fierce youth, more savage than the storm  
That howls on Thule's shore!—th' unthrifty maid  
Too credulously fond! who gave away  
Her heart so lavishly, deserves to wed  
The woes that from her indiscretion flow!—  
—Yet ev'n my folly should, with thee, obtain  
A fairer title and a kinder fate!—

STUART.

Ha! weep'st thou?—witness all ye sacred pow'rs!  
Her philtres have undone me!—lo, my wrath  
Subsides again to love!—Enchantress! say,  
Why hast thou robb'd me of my reason thus?

ELEONORA.

Hast Eleonora robb'd thee?—O recall  
Those flatter'ing arts thy own deceit employ'd  
To wreck my peace?—recall thy fervent vows  
Of constant faith—thy sighs and ardent looks!  
Then whisper to thy soul, those vows were false—  
'Those sighs unfaithful, and those looks disguis'd!

STUART.

Thou—thou art chang'd—but Stuart still the same!  
Ev'n whilst thou chid'st me, ev'ry tender wish  
Awakes anew, and in my glowing breast  
Unutterable fondness pants again!—  
—Wilt thou not smile again, as when, reclin'd  
By Toy's smooth-gliding stream, we softly breath'd  
Our mutual passion to the vernal breeze?

ELEONORA.

Adieu—dear scenes, adieu!—ye fragrant paths  
So courted once!—ye spreading boughs, that wave  
Your blossoms o'er the stream!—delightful shades!  
Where the bewitching music of thy tongue,  
First charm'd my captive soul!—when gentle love  
Inspir'd the soothing tale!—Love—sacred Love,  
That lighted up his flame at Virtue's lamp!—

STUART.

In Time's eternal round, shall we not hail  
Another season equally serene?—

—To day, in snow array'd, stern Winter rules  
The ravag'd plain—Anon the teeming Earth  
Unlocks her stores, and Spring adorns the year:  
And shall not we—while Fate, like Winter, frowns,  
Expect revolving bliss?

ELEONORA.

—Would'st thou return

To loyalty and me—my faithful heart  
Would welcome thee again!—

ANGUS within.

Guard ev'ry gate,

That none may 'scape—

ELEONORA.

Ha!—whither wilt thou fly?

Discover'd and beset!

STUART.

Let Angus come—

His short-liv'd pow'r I scorn—

[Throws away his dagger.]

SCENE VII.

Enter ANGUS with guards, STUART, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

What dark resolve,

By gloomy Athol plann'd, has hither led  
Thy steps presumptuous?—Eleonora, hence—  
It ill befits thee—but, no more—away—  
I'll brook no answer— [Exit Eleonora.]

—Is it not enough,

To lift Rebellion's impious brand on high,  
And scorch the face of Faith; that ye thus creep  
In ruffian ambush, seeking to perform  
The deed ye dare not trust to open war?

STUART.

Thou little know'st me—or thy rankling hate  
Defrauds my courage.—Wherefore should I shrink  
Like the dishonour'd wretch, whose hireling steel  
In secret lifted, wrecks with human gore,  
When valiant Athol hastens, at the head  
Of warlike thousands, to assert our cause?

ANGUS.

The cause of treason never was confin'd  
To deeds of open war; but still adopts  
The stab of crouching murder.—Thy revolt,  
The stern contraction of thy sullen brow,  
And this disguise, apostate! speak thee bent  
On fatal errand.—

STUART.

That thou see'st me here

Unarm'd, alone, from Angus might obtain  
A fair interpretation—Stuart's love  
Pleads not in mystic terms; nor are my vows  
To Eleonora cancell'd or unknown—  
Vows by thyself indulg'd, e'er envy yet,  
Or folly had induc'd thee, to embrace  
The fortunes of our foe.—Thy foul reproach  
My soul retorts on thee!—and mark, proud lord,  
Revenge will have its turn!—

ANGUS.

Ha! must I bear

A beardless traitor's insults?—'tis not mine  
To wage a fruitless war of words with thee, [just,  
Vain glorious stripling.—While thine aims were  
I seal'd thy title to my daughter's love;  
But now, begrim'd with treason, as thou art,

By Heav'n! not diadems and thrones shall bribe  
My approbation!—but the king himself  
Shall judge thy conduct!—Guards—

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter ELEONORA, who kneels.*

————— O! let me thus  
Implore compassion, at a parent's knees,  
Who ne'er refus'd—

ANGUS.

—Convey him hence.—

*[Stuart is led off.]*

—Arise—

Remember, Eleonora, from what source  
Thine origin is drawn.—Thy mother's soul  
In purity excell'd the snowy fleece  
That clothes our northern hills!—her youthful  
          charms,  
Her artless blush, her look severely sweet,  
Her dignity of mien and smiles of love  
Survive in thee—Let me behold thee too  
Her honour's heiress— *[Exit Angus.]*

## SCENE IX.

ELEONORA.

—Yes—I will adhere

To this ill-omen'd honour! sacrifice  
Life's promis'd joys to its austere decree;  
And vindicate the glories of my race,  
At the sad price of peace!—If Athol's arms  
(Which Heav'n avert!) to treason add success,  
My father's death will join his sov'reign's fall!  
And if the cause of royalty prevail,  
Each languid hope with Stuart must expire!—

From thought to thought, perplex'd, in vain I  
          stray,

To pining anguish doom'd, and fell dismay!

ACT II. *Scene continues.*

ANGUS, DUNBAR.

DUNBAR.

By Heav'n it glads me, that my sword shall find  
An ample field to day.—The king arous'd,  
Chafes like a lion in the toils betray'd!

ANGUS.

I mark'd his indignation, as it rose  
At Athol's proud reply, from calm concern  
To anxious tumult, menacing disdain,  
And overboiling wrath.—But say, my friend,  
How move the rebels?—Are their ranks dispos'd  
By military skill?—Or come they on  
In undistinguish'd crowds?—

DUNBAR.

In concourse rude  
They swarm undisciplin'd—all arm'd alike  
With sword and target.—On their first assault  
(Fearless indeed and headlong!) all their hopes  
Of conquest must depend.—If we, unbroke,  
Sustain their onset; little skill'd in war,  
To wheel, to rally and renew the charge,  
Confusion, havoc and dismay will seize  
Th' astonish'd rout.

ANGUS.

What numbers bring they on?

DUNBAR.

Ten thousand, as I guess.—

ANGUS.

Ours scarce amount  
To half the number: yet, with those, we mean  
To hazard an encounter.—Thou, mean while,  
Shalt visit ev'ry passage, sound th' alarm,  
And man the city-walls.—Here I attend  
The king—and lo! he comes.— *[Exit Dunbar.]*

## SCENE II.

KING, ANGUS.

KING.

—The commonweal  
Has been consulted.—Tenderness and zeal  
Became the parent.—Those have nought avail'd,—  
Now, let correction speak the king lucens'd!

ANGUS.

Not without cause, my liege, shall dread rebuke  
Attend your royal wrath.—What reign shall 'scape  
Rebellion's curse, when your paternal sway  
Has hatch'd the baneful pest?

KING.

Let Heaven decide  
Between me and my foes.—That I would spare  
The guiltless blood which must our quarrel dye,  
No other proof requires, than my advance  
To reconciliation—opposite perhaps  
To my own dignity.—But I will rise  
In vengeance mighty! and dispel the clouds  
That have bedim'd my state.

ANGUS.

The odds are great  
Between the numbers: but our cause is just:  
Our soldiers regularly train'd to war,  
And not a breast among us, entertains  
A-doubt of victory.

KING.

O valiant thine!  
Experienc'd oft, and ever trusty found!  
Thy penetrating eye, and active zeal  
First brought this foul conspiracy to light;  
And now thy faithful vassals first appear  
In arms for my defence!—Thy recompence  
My love shall study.

ANGUS.

Blotted be my name  
From honour's records, when I stand aloof,  
Regardless of the danger that surrounds  
The fortunes of my prince!

KING.

I know thee well.—  
Mean time our care must be, to obviate,  
With circumspection and preventive skill,  
Their numbers.—In unequal conflict joins  
Th' unwieldy spear that loads the borderer,  
With the broad target and expeditious sword:  
The loyal band that from the hills of Lorn  
Arriv'd, shall in our front advance, and stand  
With target to target, and blade to blade oppos'd;  
The spears extended form the second line,  
And our light archers hover to and fro;  
To gall their flanks.—Whatever accident  
In battle shall befall, thy vigilance  
Will remedy.—Myself will here remain



To guard the town, and with a small reserve,  
(If need requires) thine exigence supply.

ANGUS.

With joy, the glorious task I undertake! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

DUNBAR, RAMSAY.

RAMSAY.

They halt, and occupy the narrow pass  
Form'd by the river and th' impending hill;  
With purpose, as I deem, to charge our host  
On the small plain that skirts the town—

DUNBAR.

'Tis well—

Thus hemm'd, their useless numbers will involve  
Themselves in tumult, to our arms secure  
An easy conquest, and retard their flight—  
To Angus bid thee straight with this advice—  
My task perform'd, I wait the king's command  
In this appointed place— [*Exit Ramsay.*]

SCENE IV.

ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

ELEONORA.

I sought thee, youth—  
Ere yet this dreadful crisis shall decide  
The public fate, let us to private woe  
Devote one moment!—Tell me, brave Dunbar,  
Wilt thou not, from the hurry of the day,  
One moment snatch to hear me, and condole  
The anguish of my soul?—

DUNBAR.

O Eleonora!

Sooner shall the parch'd traveller refuse  
The gelid fountain, than my raptur'd soul  
The music of thy tongue!—What grief profanes  
Thy spotless bosom!—happy! far above  
The pride of conquerors, were I to ease  
Thy sorrow's pangs!—

ELEONORA.

Thy gen'rous heart alone  
Can brook the enterprise—

DUNBAR.

O! task my love;  
That I more swift than gales that sweep the plain,  
May fly to thy relief!

ELEONORA.

Then summon up  
Those elevated thoughts that lift the soul  
To virtue's highest pinnacle; the boon  
My misery demands, wilt give them all!—

DUNBAR.

Be it to brave the menaces of death  
In shape however horrid, so my faith  
And love remain inviolate, my heart  
Beats with unusual ardor; and demands  
The test, impatient!—

ELEONORA.

Friendless and forlorn  
In fetters Stuart lies!—

DUNBAR.

Ha!

ELEONORA.

From the snares  
Of gloomy fate release him.—

DUNBAR.

Cruel maid!—  
Nay, let me call thee barbarous! in spite  
Of adoration.—Could thy mind suggest  
No forward slave, to set thy lover free,  
But a despairing rival?—'Tis not giv'n  
Th' impassion'd soul of man to execute  
A deed so fatal to its own repose!

ELEONORA.

I sought not—witness ye celestial powers!  
To aggravate thy pain.—My mind, perplex'd,  
Revolv'd in silent woe, nor could unload  
Her burthen to another.—Thou alone,  
Hast won my fair opinion and my trust;  
And to thy word indebted, honour claims  
Th' engagement all her own.—

DUNBAR.

Yet, with reserve  
Was that impawn'd: my loyalty and love  
Were sacred ev'n from that: nor can I loose  
His chains, without an injury to both!—

ELEONORA.

Cold—uninspiring is the love that dwells  
With tim'rous caution; and the breast untouch'd  
By glory's godlike fervour, that retains  
The scruples of discretion.—Let the winds  
That have dispers'd thy promise, snatch thy  
vows!—

DUNBAR.

Shall I, thro' rash enthusiasm, wed  
Eternal anguish?—Shall I burst asunder  
The bonds of awful justice, to preserve  
The serpent that has poison'd all my peace!—  
No, Eleonora!—blessed he—

ELEONORA.

Take heed!  
Nor by an oath precipitate, involve  
Thy fate beyond resource; For know, Dunbar,  
The love of Stuart, with his guilt abjur'd,  
This morn, my solemn vow to Heav'n appeal'd,  
Hath sever'd us for ever.

DUNBAR.

Then, I'm still!  
Still as the gentle calm, when the hush'd wave  
No longer foams before the rapid storm!—  
Let the young traitor perish, and his name  
In dark oblivion rot!—

ELEONORA.

Shall I, alas!  
Sopinely savage, from my ears exclude  
The cries of youthful woe?—of woe intail'd  
By me too!—If my heart denies him love,  
My pity, sure, may flow!—Has he not griefs  
That wake ev'n thy compassion?—Say, Dunbar,  
Unmov'd couldst thou survey th' unhappy youth  
(Whom but this morn beheld in pride of hope  
And pow'r magnificent!) stretch'd on the ground  
Of a damp dungeon, groaning with despair  
With not one friend his sorrows to divide,  
And cheer his lone distress?

DUNBAR.

Can I resist  
So fair a motive, and so sweet a tongue!  
When thy soft heart with kind compassion glows,  
Shall I the tender sentiment repress?—  
No!—let me rather hail the social pang;  
And ev'ry selfish appetite subdu'd,  
Indulge a flame so gen'rous and humane!—  
—Away with each emotion that suggests  
A rival favour'd and a traitor freed!  
My love unbounded reigns, and scorns to own  
Reflection's narrow limits!—Yes, my fair,  
This hour he shall be free.— [*Exit Dunbar.*]

SCENE V.

ELEONORA.

O wond'rous power  
Of love beneficent!—O gen'rous youth!  
What recompense (thus bankrupt as I am!)  
Shall speak my grateful soul!—A poor return  
Cold friendship renders to the fervid hope  
Of fond desire! and my invidious fate  
Allows no more.—But let me not bewail,  
With avarice of grief, my private woe;  
When pale with fear, and harass'd with alarm,  
My royal mistress, still benign to me,  
The zealous tender of my duty claims. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

*Discovers Stuart in chains.*

STUART.

Curse on my headstrong passion!—I have earn'd  
The wages of my folly!—Is it thus  
My faithless destiny requites my hope?

SCENE VII.

STUART, DUNBAR.

STUART.

Ha! com'st thou to insult my chains?—'Twas well  
My unpropitious demon gave me up  
To your resentment, tamely.—

DUNBAR.

To exult  
Ev'n o'er an enemy oppress'd, and heap  
Affliction on th' afflicted, is the mark  
And the mean triumph of a dastard soul.—  
'Tis what Dunbar disdains.—Perhaps, I come  
To pity, not rejoice at Stuart's fate.—

STUART.

To pity!—Torture! am I fall'n so low!—  
Ha! recreant!—move thy pity!—Hell's孽  
These slavish manacles, that I may scourge  
This wretched arrcant!—

DUNBAR.

True courage scorns  
To vent her prowess in a storm of words:  
And to the valiant, actions speak alone:  
Then let my deeds approve me.—I am come  
To give thee instant freedom.—

STUART.

Mean'st thou death?  
I shall be free then.—An apt minister  
Th' usurper has ordain'd to perpetrate  
His secret murders.—

DUNBAR.

Why wilt thou belie  
Thy own intelligence?—Thou know'st, my sword  
Was ne'er accustom'd to the bravo's stab;  
Nor the designs of him so falsely styl'd  
Usurper, ever sully'd with a stain  
Of cruelty or guile.—My purpose is,  
To knock thy fetters off, conduct thee safe  
Without the city—confines, and restore thee  
To liberty and Athol.—

STUART.

Fawning coward!  
Thou—thou restore me!—thou unbind my chains!  
Impossible!—Thy fears that I may 'scape,  
Like vultures gnaw thee!—

DUNBAR.

When the battle joins,  
Thou shalt be answer'd.—

STUART.

When the battle joins!—  
—Away, dissembler!—Sooner would'st thou beard  
The lion in his rage, than fairly meet  
My valour on the plain!

DUNBAR.

Ha! who art thou,  
That I should dread thy threats?—By Heav'n's  
high throne!  
I'll meet thee in a desert, to thy teeth  
Proclaim thy treachery, and with my sword  
Explore thy faithless heart!—Meanwhile, my steps  
Shall guide thee to the field.

[*Stuart is unchained, and presented with a sword.*]

STUART.

No!—Lightning blast me  
If I become thy debtor, proud Dunbar!  
Thy nauseous benefits shall not enslave  
My free-born will.—Here, captive as I am,  
Thy lavish'd obligation shall not buy  
My friendship!—No! nor stifle my revenge

DUNBAR.

Alike unpleasant would it be to me,  
To court thy love, or deprecate thy hate:—  
What I have proffer'd, other motives urg'd—  
The gift is Eleonora's.—

STUART.

Sacred powers!  
Let me not understand thee!—Thou hast rous'd  
My soul's full fury!—In the blood that warms  
Thine heart, pertidious, I will slake mine ire!

DUNBAR.

In all my conduct, insolent of heart!  
What hast thou mark'd so abject and so mean,  
That thy foul tongue its licence thus avows?  
To boundless passion subject, as thyself,  
Wild tumult oft my reason overwhelms!—  
Then tempt me not too far, lest blindfold wrath  
Transport my soul, and headlong ruin crush  
Thy pride ev'n here!—

STUART.

In this accursed place  
Let me be shackled—rivetted with bolts,  
'Till the rust gnaw my carcase to the bone,  
If my heart throbs not for the combat, here!—  
Ev'n here, where thou art, lord!—Ha! dost thou  
shake?

By Heav'n, thy quiv'ring lip and haggard look  
Confess pale terror and amaze!—

DUNBAR.

—Away!—

Away, lewd railer!—not thy stand'rous throat,  
So fruitful of invectives, shall provoke me  
To wreak unworthy vengeance on thee, safe  
In thy captivity:—But soon as war [out—  
Shall close the encountering hosts, I'll find thee  
Assert my claim to Eleonora's love,  
And tell thee, what thou art.

STUART.

I burn—I rage!  
My fell revenge consumes me!—But no more—  
Thou shalt not 'scape me—Goaded by my wrongs,  
I'll hunt thee thro' the various scenes of death!—  
Thou shalt be found!—

DUNBAR.

I triumph in that hope.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. *Changes.*KING, QUEEN, *attended.*

KING.

Courageous Angus shall not be o'erpower'd—  
Myself will bring him aid.—

QUEEN.

Alas! my prince!

KING.

What means the gentle partner of my heart?  
Dismiss thy fears.—This day will dissipate  
The cause of thy dismay.—Ev'n now, I go  
To pluck the wreath of victory, and lay  
Fresh laurels in thy lap.

QUEEN.

Ah! why let in  
A train of barpy sorrows to my breast!—  
—Ah! why in your own precious life, expose  
Your kingdom's safety, and your consort's peace!  
—Let me restrain you from the field to day.—  
There is no fame—no glory to be won  
From a revoler's brow.—

KING.

The public weal  
Commands to arm—dishonour taint my name,  
When I reject the call!—

QUEEN.

Ill-omen'd call!  
That like the raven's croak invades my quiet!  
O! would to Heaven, our minutes smoothly roll'd  
In humble solitude, with meek-ey'd peace!  
Remote from royalty, and all the cares  
That brood around the throne!—

KING.

No, let us scorn  
Unfeeling ease, and private bliss forego,  
When public misery implores our aid.—  
What dignity of transport feels the prince,  
Who, from the pangs of fierce oppressive power,  
A people rescues?

QUEEN.

What a dreadful host  
Of dangers 'circle him!

KING.

Disease confers  
The stamp of value upon health; and glory  
Is the fair child of peril.—Thou thyself  
My conduct wilt applaud, soon as thy mind  
Its native calm regains, and reason sways  
Unchecked by fear.—Secure 'till my return  
Remain within, and ev'ry thought indulge  
Foreboding my success.—

QUEEN.

Adieu—Adieu!  
Heav'n crown your valour with a wreath.

[Exit Queen.

KING, *to an attendant.*

Swift, bid thee to Dunbar, and bid him lead  
The chosen citizens—

*Enter RAMSAY.*

## SCENE IX.

KING *attended*, RAMSAY.

RAMSAY.

O fatal chance!  
The traitor Grime, with a selected band,  
(While Angus, press'd on every side, sustains  
Th' unequal fight) a secret peth pursu'd  
Around the hills, and pouring all at once,  
Surpris'd the eastern gate;—the citizens,  
With consternation smote, before his arms  
In rout disorder'd fly!—

KING.

Ha! then the wheel  
Of fate full circle rolls to crush me down!  
Nor leaves one pause for conduct!—Yet I'll bear  
My fortunes like a king—haste and collect  
The scattered parties—Let us not submit  
'Ere yet subdu'd—to arms! [Drawing.

RAMSAY.

Alas my prince!  
The convent is beset—Hark! while we speak  
The gates are burst—Behold—

KING.

We must prevent  
The pangs of ling'ring misery, and fall  
With honour, as we liv'd—

## SCENE X.

KING *attended*, RAMSAY. GRIME *with followers  
bursting in.*

KING.

What bold contempt

Of majesty, thus rodelv dars intrude  
Into my private scenes?

GRIME.

The hour is fled,  
That saw thy wanton tyranny impose  
The galling yoke—Yes, I am come to wrest  
The prostituted sceptre from thy hand,  
And drag thee fetter'd to the royal throne  
Of Walter, whom I serve.

KING.

Outrageous wretch!  
Grown old in treachery! whose soul untam'd,  
No mercy softens, and no laws restrain!  
Thy life thrice forfeited, my pity thrice  
From justice hath redeem'd; yet art thou found  
Still turbulent—a rugged rebel still,  
Unaw'd, and unreclaim'd!—

GRIME.

That I yet breathe  
This ambient air, and tread this Earth at will,  
Not to thy mercy but thy dread I owe.—  
Wrong'd as I was—my old possessions reft  
By thy rapacious power, my limbs enchain'd  
Within a loathsome dungeon, and my name  
Thy loud reproach thro' all the groaning land;  
Thou durst not abed my blood!—the purple stream  
Had swell'd—a tide of vengeance! and o'erwhelm'd  
The proud oppressor.—

KING.

Traitor to thy prince,  
And foe perverse to truth!—how full thy crimes,  
Thy doom how just—my pardon how humane,  
Thy conscious malice knows—But let me not  
Degrade my name, and vindicate to thee  
The justice of my reign.

GRIME.

Vain were th' attempt  
With artifice of words to sooth my rage,  
More deaf to mercy, than the famish'd wolf  
That tears the bleating kid!—My starv'd revenge  
Thy blood alone can satiate!—Yield thee then:  
Or sink beneath mine arm.

KING.

Heav'n shall not see  
A deed so abject vilify my name—  
While yet I wield this sword, and the warm blood  
Still streams within my veins; my courage soars  
Superior to a ruffian's threats.—

GRIME.

Fall on,  
And hew them piece-meal.

[*King, Ramsey, and attendants strike  
off Grime and his followers; but  
are afterwards overpowered and dis-  
armed.*]

GRIME.

Wilt thou yet maintain  
Thy dignity of words?—Where are thy slaves,  
Thy subjects, guards and thunder of thy throne,  
Reduc'd usurper?—Guard these captives.  
[*Exeunt King, Ramsey, &c. guarded.*]

SCENE XI.

*Enter a Soldier to Grime.*

SOLDIER.

A troop of horsemen have possessed the gate  
By which we gain'd the city.—

GRIME.

Blast them, Hell!  
We must retreat another way, and leave  
Our aim unfinish'd!—Our victorious swords  
At least shall guard the treasure they have won,  
When the fierce parent-lion bites our chain,  
His whelps forlorn, an easy prey remain.

ACT III. SCENE I.

QUEEN, ELEONORA, CAPTAIN,

QUEEN.

WHAET from the battlements hast thou describ'd?

CAPTAIN.

Nothing distinct, my queen—Involv'd in clouds  
Impervious to the view, the battle long  
Continued doubtful, 'midst the mingling sounds  
Of trumpets, neighing steeds, tumultuous shouts  
Of fierce assailants, doleful cries of death,  
And clatt'ring armour; 'till at length, the noise  
In distant murmurs dy'd—O'er all the plain,  
Now a dread stillness reigns!

QUEEN.

Then all is lost!  
Why pauses ruin, and suspends the stroke!—  
Is it to lengthen out affliction's term,  
And feed productive woe?—Where shall the groans  
Of innocence deserted find redress!  
Shall I exclaim to Heav'n?—Already Heav'n  
Its pity and protection has withdrawn!  
Earth yield me refuge then!—give me to lie  
Within thy cheerless bosom!—here, put off  
Th' uneasy robe of being—there, lay down  
The load of my distress!

ELEONORA.

Alas! my queen,  
What consolation can the wretched bring!  
How shall I from my own despair collect  
Assuasive balm?—Within my lonely breast  
Mute sorrow and despondence long have dwelt!  
And while my sire, perhaps, this instant bleeds,  
The dim, exhausted fountains of my grief  
Can scarce afford a tear!

QUEEN.

O luxury  
Of mutual ill!—Let us enjoy the feast!  
To groan re-echo groan, in concert raise  
Our lamentation; and when sorrow swells  
Too big for utterance, the silent streams  
Shall flow in common!—When the silent streams  
Forbear to flow, the voice again shall wait;  
O my lost lord!—O save him—save him, powers!

ELEONORA.

Is there no gentle remedy to sooth

The soul's disorder; lull the jarring thoughts,  
And with fair images amuse the mind?  
—Come, smiling Hope—divine illusion! come  
In all thy pride of triumph o'er the pangs  
Of misery and pain!

QUEEN.

Low—low indeed,  
Have our misfortunes plung'd us; when no gleam  
Of wand'ring hope, how vain soe'er or false,  
Our invocation flatters!—When—O when  
Will death deliver me?—Shall I not rest  
Within the peaceful tomb, where may I sleep  
In calm oblivion, and forget the wrecks  
Of stormy life!—No sounds disturb the grave  
Of murder'd husbands!—Or the dismal scream  
Of infants perishing.—Ha! whither leads  
Imagination!—Must ye perish then,  
Ye tender blossoms?—Must the lofty oak  
That gave you life, and shelter'd you from harm,  
Yield to the traitor's axe?—O agony  
Of fond distraction!

ELEONORA.

Ha!—behold where comes  
The warlike son of March!—What, if he brings  
The news of victory!

QUEEN.

My soul alarm'd  
With cagerness and terror waits her doom!

SCENE II.

QUEEN, ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

QUEEN.

Say, youth, how fares the king!

DUNBAR.

Fair princess, hail!  
To you my duty and my speed were bent—  
Your royal consort triumphs.

QUEEN.

Lives he then!  
Lives he, deliver'd from the fatal snares  
Which had enclos'd him!

DUNBAR.

To their hills repell'd,  
The vanquish'd rebels curse his conqu'ring arm—  
He bade me fly before him to the queen;  
With the glad tidings cheer her drooping soul;  
And bear his kindest wishes to the shrine  
Himself will soon adore.

QUEEN.

Will he then come  
And wipe the tear of sorrow from my cheek!—  
Ah, no!—thy pity flatters me in vain!

DUNBAR.

Let me not dally with my queen's distress—  
What were it, but to lift incumbent woe,  
That it might fall more grievous.—By the faith  
Of my allegiance, hither speeds the king,  
By love attended, and by conquest crown'd.

QUEEN.

O welcome messenger!—How sweetly sounds  
Thy prelude!—Thus, the warbler of the morn,  
To the sick wretch who moan'd the tedious night,  
Brings halmny slumber, ease and hope and health!  
O wondrous destiny!

ELEONORA.

Thus on my queen  
May fortune ever smile.—May bliss to bliss  
Succeed, a tranquil scene!—Say, noble youth,  
Returns my sire in safety from the field!

DUNBAR.

Safe as thy fondest filial wish can form—  
In war's variety, mine eyes have seen  
Variety of valour and of skill:  
But such united excellence of both—  
Such art to baffle and amuse the foe;—  
Such intrepidity to execute  
Repeated efforts,—never, save in him,  
My observation trac'd!—Our monarch's acts  
My feeble praise would sully and profane.

ELEONORA.

Thy words, like genial showers to the parch'd  
Refresh my languid soul!— (earth,

QUEEN.

The trumpet swells!  
My conqueror approaches!—Let me fly  
With ecstacy of love into his arms!—  
He comes!—the victor comes!

SCENE III.

KING, QUEEN, ELEONORA, DUNBAR.

KING, embracing the queen.

My better part!  
My soul's chief residence!—My love! my queen!  
Thou hast been tender overmuch, and mourn'd  
Ev'n too profusely!

QUEEN.

Celebrate this hour  
Ye songs of angels! and ye sons of Earth,  
Keep festival!—My monarch is return'd!  
I fold him in these arms!—I hear his voice—  
His love soft-chiding!

KING.

O ye powers benign!  
What words can speak the rapture of my soul!  
Come to my breast, where, cherish'd by my love,  
Thy fair idea rooted, blossoms forth  
And twines around my heart!

QUEEN.

Mysterious fate!  
My wishes are complete!—Yet, I must ask  
A thousand things impertinently fond! (king,  
How did you 'scape?—What angel's hand, my  
Preserv'd you from destruction?

KING.

Hear'n, indeed,  
Espous'd my cause, and sent to my relief  
The son of March, who, with a chosen few,  
Deliver'd me from Grime:—Thence to the field  
We speeded, and accomplish'd what the sword  
Of Angus had well nigh achiev'd before.

QUEEN to DUNBAR.

How shall acknowledgment enough reward  
Thy worth unparallel'd?

KING.

Now, by my throne!  
Not my own issue shall engross me more

Than thou, heroic youth!—Th' insulting foe,  
In spite of fresh supplies, with slaughter driven  
To the steep hills that bound the plain, have sent  
An herald, in their turn, to sue for peace.—  
An audience have I promis'd.—Ere the hour  
Arrives, I will retire, and in the bath  
Refresh my weary'd limbs.—

[*Exeunt King, Queen, attendants.*]

## SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Renown to day  
Has lavish'd all her honours on thy head.

DUNBAR.

What boots it, that my fortune decks me thus  
With unsubstantial plumes; when my heart groans  
Beneath the gay caparison, and love  
With unrequited passion wounds my soul!

ELEONORA.

Is unpropitious love unknown to me?  
To me for ever doom'd (alas!) to nurse  
The slow-consuming fire.—

DUNBAR.

Heav'n's!—what are all  
The boasted charms, that with such wond'rous  
Attach thee to my rival?—Far from me [power  
Be the vain arrogance of pride, to vaunt  
Excelling talents; yet I fain would learn,  
On what admir'd accomplishment of Stuart,  
Thy preference is fix'd.—

ELEONORA.

Alas! Dunbar,  
My judgment, weak and erring as it is,  
Too well discerns on whom I should bestow  
My love and my esteem.—But trust me, youth,  
Thou little know'st how hard it is to wean  
The mind from darling habits long indulg'd!  
I know that Stuart sinks into reproach:  
Lingers in guilt, and, more than once, subdu'd  
By thy superior merit and success:  
Yet ev'n this Stuart,—for I would not wrong  
Thine expectation,—still retains a part  
Of my compassion—nay, I fear, my love! [kings  
Would'at thou, distinguish'd by th' applause of  
Disgrace thy qualities, and brook the prize  
Of a divided heart?—

DUNBAR.

No!—witness Heav'n  
I love not on such terms!—Am I then doom'd,  
Unfeeling maid! for ever, to deplore  
Thy unabating rigour!—The rude sinit  
Yields to th' incessant drop; but Eleonora,  
Inflexibly severe, unchang'd remains—  
Unmov'd by my complaint!

ELEONORA.

My father comes!  
Let me, with pious ravishment, embrace  
His martial knees, and bless the guardian power  
That screen'd him in the battle!

## SCENE V.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Rise, my child,  
Thou hast been always dutiful, and mild  
As the soft breeze that fans the summer eve!  
Such Innocence endearing gently stole  
Into my youthful bosom, and awak'd  
Love's tender languishment, when to my view  
Thy mother first display'd her virgin bloom!

[*Turning to Dunbar.*]

Come to my arms, Dunbar!—To shield from death  
A parent, is the venerable act  
Of the most pious duty.—Thus adopted,  
Henceforward be my son!—The rebel chiefs  
Secure in my safe conduct, wait without  
The promis'd audience.—To the king repair,  
And signify their presence.— [*Exit Dunbar.*]

## SCENE VI.

ANGUS, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Eleonora,  
Behold the undaunted youth, who stept between  
The stroke of fate and me.—O'erpow'r'd, unhors'd,  
And by the foe surrounded, I had sunk  
A victim to barbarity enrag'd;  
If brave Dunbar, to his own peril blind,  
Had not that instant to my rescue sprung.—  
Nay, when that youthful traitor—by whose arm  
Relcas'd, I know not, headlong rush'd against me,  
My vigilant deliverer oppos'd  
The fierce aggressor, whose aspiring crest  
Soon prostrate fell.—

ELEONORA.

Ha! fell—Is Stuart slain?  
O! speak, my father.—

ANGUS.

Wherefore this alarm!  
Let me not find thy bosom entertain  
A sentiment unworthy of thy name!—  
The gen'rous victor gave him back his life;  
And cry'd aloud, "This sacrifice I make  
For Eleonora's love."—

ELEONORA.

O matchless youth!  
His virtues conquer'd my esteem, before:  
But now, my grateful sentiment inflames  
Ev'n to a sister's zeal!

ANGUS.

With rigid power  
I would not bridle thy reluctant thought:  
Yet, let me, with parental care, commend  
The passion of Dunbar.—

ELEONORA.

A fairer garb  
His title could not wear.—But when I think  
What rocks in secret lie—what tempests rise  
On love's deceitful voyage; my timid soul  
Recoils affrighted, and with horror shuns  
Th' inviting calm!—

ANGUS.

Retire, my child, and weigh  
The different claims.—Here, glory, love, and truth

Implore thy smiles:—there, vice with brutal rage  
Would force thee to his wishes—But too long  
I tarry in this place.—I must attend  
My sov'reign in his interview with Athol.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Changes to another apartment.*

ATHOL, GRIME.

ATHOL.

What we to fortune ow'd, our arms have paid:  
But let us now the changeling pow'r renounce.—  
Unhappy those, who hazard their designs  
On her without reserve!

GRIME.

Our plan pursu'd  
A purpose more assur'd:—With conquest crown'd,  
Our aim indeed, a fairer wreath had worn:  
But that deny'd, on terms of darker hue  
Our swords shall force success!—

ATHOL.

Th' approaching scene  
Demands our utmost arts! not with tame sighs  
To bend before his throne, and supplicate  
His clemency, like slaves; nor to provoke  
With pride of speech his anger half appeas'd:  
But with submission mingle (as we speak)  
A conscious dignity of soul, prepar'd  
For all events.—

GRIME.

Without the city-walls,  
The southern troops encamp'd, already fill  
The festal bowl, to celebrate the day.—

ATHOL.

By Heav'n! their flush'd intemperance will yield  
Occasion undisturb'd.—For while they lie, [lurk  
With wine and sleep o'erwhelm'd, the clans that  
Behind th' adjacent hills, shall, in the dark,  
Approach the gate when our associate Cattan  
Commands the guard; then, introduc'd by him,  
We take, with ease, possession of the town,  
And bither move unmark'd.—

GRIME.

Here, if we fail,  
May my shrunk sinew never more unsheath  
My well-try'd dagger; nor my hungry bate  
Enjoy the savoury steam of hostile gore!

ATHOL.

How my fir'd soul anticipates the joy!  
I see me seated in the regal chair,  
Enthron'd by Grime, the partner of my power!—  
But this important enterprise demands  
More secret conference.—The sword of Stuart  
Will much avail: but his unpractic'd youth  
To doubts and scruples subject, hitherto  
Declines our last resolve.—

GRIME.

It shall be mine,  
To rouse his passion to the pitch requir'd.—  
But soft!—who comes!—Ten thousand curses load  
Th' ambitious strippling!

*Enter DUNBAR.*

By the king's command,  
I come to guide you to the throne.

ATHOL.

'Tis well.— [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

*Discovers the KING seated. ANGOS, attendants.*

*Enter ATHOL, GRIME, introduced by DUNBAR.*

KING.

It is not well—it is not well we meet  
On terms like these!—I should have found in Athol  
A trusty counsellor and steady friend:  
And better would it suit thy rev'rend age,  
Thy station, quality, and kindred blood,  
To bush ill-judging clamour, and cement  
Divided factions to my throne again,  
Than thus embroil the state.—

ATHOL.

My present aim  
Is to repair, not widen more, the breach  
That discord made between us: this, my liege,  
Not harsh reproaches, or severe rebuke  
Will e'er effectuate.—No—let us rather,  
On terms which equally become us both,  
Our int'rests re-unite.

KING.

Hah!—reunite!  
By Heav'n, thy proud demeanor more befits  
A sov'reign than a subject!—Renounce!  
How durst thou sever from thy faith, old lord!  
And with an helmet load that hoary head  
To wage rebellious war!

ATHOL.

The sword of Athol  
Was never drawn but to redress the wrongs  
His country suffer'd.—

KING.

Dar'st thou to my face  
Impeach my conduct, baffled as thou art,  
Ungrateful traitor? Is it thus thy guilt  
My clemency implores?

ATHOL.

Not yet so low  
Has fate reduc'd us, that we need to crawl  
Beneath your footstool:—In our camp remain  
Ten thousand vig'rous mountaineers, who long  
Their honours to retrieve.—

*KING, rising hastily.*

Swift, hie thee to them,  
And lead thy fugitive adherents back!—  
Away.—Now, by the mighty soul of Bruce!  
Thou shalt be met.—And if thy savage clans  
Abide us in the plain, we soon will tread  
Rebellion into dust.—Why move ye not?  
Conduct them to their camp.—

ATHOL.

Forgive, my prince,  
If on my own integrity of heart  
Too far presuming, I have gall'd the wound  
Too much inflam'd already.—Not with you,  
But with your measures ill-advis'd, I warr'd:  
Your sacred person, family, and throne  
My purpose still rever'd.—

KING.

O wretched pleal  
To which thy blasted guilt must have recourse!  
Had thy design been laudable, thy tongue  
With honest freedom boldly should have spoke  
Thy discontent.—Ye live not in a reign  
Where truth, by arbitrary pow'r depress'd,  
Dares not maintain her state.—I charge thee, say  
What lawless measures has my pow'r pursu'd?

ATHOL.

I come, to mitigate your royal wrath  
With sorrow and submission; not to sum  
The motives which compell'd me to the field.—

KING.

I found your miserable state reduc'd  
To ruin and despair:—your cities drench'd  
In mutual slaughter, desolate your plains:  
All order banish'd, and all arts decay'd:—  
No industry, save what with hands impure  
Distress'd the commonwealth:—no laws in force,  
To screen the poor and check the guilty great;  
While squalid Famine join'd her sister fiend,  
Devouring Pestilence, to curse the scene!—  
I came—I toil'd—reform'd—redress'd the whole:  
And lo! my recompense!—But I relapse,—  
What is your suit?—

ATHOL.

We sue, my liege, for peace.—

KING.

Say, that my lenity shall grant your prayer,  
How, for the future, shall I rest assur'd  
Of your allegiance?

ATHOL.

Stuart shall be left  
The pledge of our behaviour.—

KING.

And your arms,  
Ere noon to-morrow, shall be yielded up.

ATHOL.

This, too, shall be perform'd.—

KING.

Then mark me, thane,—  
Because the loins, from whence my father sprung,  
On thee too life bestow'd; enjoy the gift.—  
I pardon what is past.—In peace consume  
The winter of thy days.—But, if ye fight  
Th' extinguish'd brand again, and brave my throne  
With new commotions—by th' eternal power!  
No future guile, submission, or regard  
Shall check my indignation!—I will pour  
My vengeance in full volley; and the earth  
Shall dread to yield you succour or resource!  
Of this, no more.—Thy kinsman shall remain  
With us, an hostage of thy promis'd faith.—  
So shall our mercy with our prudence join,  
United brighten, and securely shine.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

STUART.

THIS solitude but more foments despair!  
Recalls—compares—and to th' incessant pangs  
Of spite, revenge, and shame, condemns my soul!—  
O! what a miserable slave am I!—  
Precipitated from the tow'ring hope

Of eagle-ey'd Ambition, to th' abyss [thought.  
Of muttering Horror, curs'd from thought to  
—Hah, Jealousy!—I feel th' infernal power!  
Her hissing snakes arouse—her torch inflames  
My madd'ning soul!—Yes,—if he thus permits  
My feet to range at will; my vengeful hand  
Will soon requite him.— [Enter Grime.

## SCENE II.

STUART, GRIME.

GRIME.

Wherefore thus alone?  
Thy noble kinsman, who now parted hence,  
Observes a sudden cloud o'erhang thy brow.—  
Since from the dungeon to his wish restor'd,  
A mute aversion to his love, secludes  
Thy lonely steps—

STUART.

Yes,—thou thyself hast nam'd  
The cause accus'd!—ha, from the dungeon freed!—  
And freed by whom!—there's poison in the thought!  
—Am I not hostage of my uncle's shame?

GRIME.

Thou dwell'st on that too much.—Few live exempt  
From disappointment and disgrace, who run  
Ambition's rapid course.—Inur'd to pain,  
The harden'd soul, at last, forgets to feel  
The scourge of fate; and fearless rushes on  
To deeds advent'rous.—

STUART.

Who shall frame th' attempt  
That Stuart dreads t' achieve?—Not pestilence,  
Not raging seas, nor livid flames can bound  
My dauntless undertaking!—Tell me, Grime,  
For thou wast train'd to feats of horrid proof,  
Since, not the voice of Heav'n itself can lure  
My honour back again—what pow'r of Hell  
Shall I invoke to deepen my revenge?—

GRIME.

Ha! didst thou say revenge?—Hail, sable pow'r,  
To me more dear than riches or renown!  
What gloomy joy, to drench the dagger deep  
In the proud heart of him who robb'd my fame!  
My fortune thwarted; or essay'd by fraud  
To poison my delights!—

STUART.

Ha! thou hast rous'd  
The scorpion-thought that stings me!—

—Mark me, Grime,—

Our baffled cause could not alarm me thus:  
If conquest for the foe declar'd to day,  
Our arms again the ragrant might compel,  
And chain her to our side.—But know, my love  
Has been defrauded!—Eleonora's heart  
That wretch invades.—That ravisher, who cropp'd  
My budding fame and sunk me to reproach!  
He, whom my jealousy, in all its rage,  
Hath singled for destruction!—

GRIME.

—He shall die!—

STUART.

Yes, he shall die!—He shall be fea'd—impal'd!  
And his torp howls thrown to beasts of prey;—  
My savage hate shall on his tortures feed!  
I will have vengeance!



GRIME.

Would'st thou have it full,  
Include his patrons—

STUART.

Ha!—What shall my arm  
Unsheath the secret steel!

GRIME.

Yea—Strike at once,  
For liberty, ambition, and revenge—  
Let the proud tyrant yield his haughty soul;  
And all his offspring swell the sanguine stream.  
Let Angus perish too.—

STUART.

O wond'rous plan  
Of unrestrain'd barbarity!—It suits  
The horrors of my bosom!—Al!—What all?  
In slaughter'd heaps!—The progeny and sire!—  
To sluice them in th' unguarded hour of rest!—  
Infernal sacrifice!—dire—ev'n too dire  
For my despair!—To me what have they done  
To merit such returns?—No, my revenge  
Demands the blood of one, and he shall fall.—

GRIME.

It shall suffice—Dunbar shall bleed alone.—  
But let us seize him on the verge of bliss;  
When the fond maid's enkindling looks confess  
The flames of bashful love: when eager joy,  
And modest fear, by turns exalt the blush  
To a more fervid glow.—When Eleonora  
Unfolds Elysium to his raptur'd view,  
And smiles him to her arms.—

STUART.

Ha!—Light'ning sooth  
Thy tongue, blasphemer!—Sooner may this globe  
Be hurld to the profound abyss of Hell!—  
But vain are words.—This is no place—remember,  
He shall not triumph thus!—Thou hast bely'd him—  
He means it not.—Nor will the syren smile—  
No, Grime,—she dares not smile him to her arms!

GRIME.

Reproach, or mute disgust, is the reward  
Of candid friendship, that disdains to hide  
Unpalatable truth!—I tell thee, youth,  
Betroth'd by Angus to Dunbar, she yields  
Her plighted faith, this hour.—But see!—the maid  
Moves hitherward alone!—

STUART.

Haste, leave me, Grime!  
My soul is up in arms!—my vengeance boils!  
Love, jealousy, implacable despair  
In tempests wheel.—

GRIME.

Thou shalt not tarry here!—  
Thy frantic rage may rashly overturn  
Our whole design!—

STUART.

Let me not urge again  
Thy swift departure!—hence—I come anon.—  
[Exit Grime.]

SCENE III.

STUART, ELEONORA.

STUART.

When last we parted, love had reconcil'd

Our mutual jealousies; and breath'd anew  
The soul of harmony within our breasts.—  
Hast thou not, since that period, entertain'd  
One adverse thought to constancy and me?

ELEONORA.

Say, who invested thee with pow'r supreme  
O'er Eleonora's conduct; that thou com'st  
With frowning aspect, thus, to judge my fame!—  
Hast thou not forfeited all claim to me?  
Have I not seen thee stray from honour's path?  
And shall my love be to the breast confin'd!  
Where treason in her darkest hue presides!—  
No!—let me wipe thee, blotted as thou art,  
From my abhorrent thoughts!—

STUART.

Not all this pride  
Of mimic virtue—not all th' assembled host  
Of female wiles, how exquisite soe'er,  
Shall shelter thee, deceiver!—What new stain  
Defiles my bosom, since the morning saw  
Thy tenderness o'erflow; and heard thy tongue  
Seduce me to thy faithless arms, again?

ELEONORA.

Is this the testimony of thy love?  
This thy asserted honour! to revile  
Defenceless innocence?—But this will aid  
My duty—to forget thee—Dost thou ask  
What recent outrage has estrang'd my heart?—  
There needed none.—The measure of thy guilt  
Was full enough before.—Yet thou hast heap'd  
Offences to excess: in battle fought  
Against thy king; and sought, with lifted arm,  
My father's life—ungrateful as thou art!  
Know then, the honour of my name forbids  
Our fates to join! and it shall ne'er be said,  
That Eleonora, lost to glory, took  
A traitor to her bed!—

STUART.

Perfidious witch!  
Thy charms shall not avail thee; for I come  
Th' avenging minister of broken faith!  
To claim the promis'd fruitage of my love—  
Or—mark me—punish, with thy guilty blood,  
Thy perjury and fraud!

ELEONORA.

Wilt thou attempt  
To gain, by menaces, what the soft sigh  
Of plaintive anguish would implore in vain?  
Here strike—and let thy ruthless poniard drink  
The blood of Douglas, which has often flow'd  
In virtue's cause; and ev'ry soil enrich'd,  
From wintry Scania to the sacred vale  
Where Lebanon exalts his lofty brow.—

STUART.

Egregious sore'ness!—give me back my peace—  
Bid yesterday return, that saw my youth  
Adorn'd in all its splendour, and elate  
With gen'rous pride and dignity of soul!—  
Ere yet thy spells had discomposed my brain,  
Unstrung my arm, and laid me in the dust,  
Beneath a rival's feet!

ELEONORA.

Hear all ye powers!  
He claims of me, what his own conscious guilt  
Hath robb'd him of.—And dost thou look for peace

In my afflicted bosom?—There, indeed,  
Thine image dwells with solitude and care,  
Amid the devastation thou hast made! [*Weeps.*]

STUART.

O crocodile!—Curse on these faithless drops  
Which fall, but to ensnare!—Thy specious words  
Shall sooner lull the sounding surge, than check  
The fury that impels me!—Yet—by Heav'n,  
Thou art divinely fair! and thy distress  
With magic softness ev'ry charm improves!—  
Wert thou not false as Hell, not Paradise  
Could more perfection boast!—O! let me turn  
My fainting eyes from thy resistless face;  
And from my sense exclude the soothing sound  
Of thy enchanting tongue.—Yet—yet renounce  
Thine infidelity!—To thine embrace  
Receive this wanderer—this wretch forlorn!—  
Speak peace to his distracted soul; and ease  
The tortures of his bosom!—

ELEONORA.

Hapless youth!  
My heart bleeds for thee!—careless of her own,  
Bleeds o'er thy sorrows! 'mid the flinty rocks  
My tender feet would tread to bring thee balm:  
Or, unrepining, tempt the pathless snow!—  
O! could my death recall thy banish'd quiet!  
Here would I kneel, a suppliant to Heav'n,  
In thy behalf; and offer to the grave  
The price of thy repose!—Alas! I fear  
Our days of pleasure are for ever past!

STUART.

O thou hast joy and borrow in thy gift!  
And sway'at my soul at will!—bless'd in thy love,  
The memory of sorrow and disgrace,  
That preys upon my youth, would soon forsake  
My raptur'd thought, and Hell should plot in vain,  
To sever us again!—O! let me clasp thee,  
Thou charm ineffable!

ELEONORA.

Forbear, fond youth,  
Our unrelenting destiny hath rais'd  
Eternal bars between us;

STUART.

Ha!—what bars?

ELEONORA.

A sacrifice demanded by my sire—  
A vow—

STUART.

Perdition!—Say what vow, rash maid!

ELEONORA.

A fatal vow! that blasts our mutual love—

STUART.

Infernal vipers gnaw thy heart!—A vow!—  
A vow that to my rival gives thee up!—  
Shall he then trample on my soul at last!—  
Mock my revenge, and laugh at my despair!  
Ha! shall he rifle all thy sweets, at will,  
And riot in the transports due to me?  
Th' accursed image whirls around my brain!—  
He pants with rapture!—Horror to my soul!  
He surfeits on delight!—

ELEONORA.

O gentle Heav'n!  
Let thy soft mercy on his soul descend

In dews of peace!—Why roll with fiery gleam  
Thy starting eye-balls?—Why on thy pale cheek  
Trembles fell rage!—and why sustains thy frame  
This universal shock?—Is it, alas!  
That I have sworn, I never will be thine?—  
True, this I swore—

STUART.

Hah!—never to be mine!  
Th' awaken'd hurricane begins to rage!— [*means*  
Be witness, Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell! *she*  
To glad the bosom of my foe!—Come then  
Infernal vengeance! aid me to perform  
A deed that sends themselves will weep to see!

[*Draws.*]

Thus, let me blast his full-bloom'd—

*Enter DUNBAR, who interposes.*

SCENE IV.

DUNBAR, STUART, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ruffian, hold  
Thy desp'rate hand!—What fury, 'scap'd from Hell,  
Inspires thy rage to wanton in the blood  
Of such excelling goodness?—

STUART.

Infamy  
Like mine deface the glories of thy name!  
What busy demon sent thee hither, now,  
My vengeance to defeat!—The hour is come—  
The hour is come at last, that must decide  
For ever our pretensions!

DUNBAR.

Whatso'er  
Thy hate could meditate against my life,  
My nature might forgive: but this attempt  
Divests my soul of mercy—

STUART.

Guide my point  
Ye pow'rs of darkness, to my rival's heart.  
Then take me to yourselves. [*They fight.*]

ELEONORA.

Restrain—restrain  
Your mutual frenzy!—Horror!—help!—behold—  
Behold this miserable bosom!—plunge  
Your poniards here! and in its fatal source  
Your enmity assuage!—

STUART, falling.

It will not be—  
Thy fortune hath eclips'd me: and the shades  
Of death environ me.—Yet, what is death  
When honour brings it, but th' eternal seal  
Of glory, never—never to be broke!—  
O thou hast slain me in a dreadful hour!  
My vengeance frustrated—my prospect curs'd  
With thy approaching nuptials! and my soul  
Dismiss'd in all her—Eleonora!—Oh! [*Dies.*]

SCENE V.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Ah! wherefore dost thou wring thy tender hands  
In woeful attitude?—ah! wherefore lift  
Thy streaming eyes to Heav'n; while the deep  
Dilates thy lab'ring breast? [*groans*]

ELEONORA.

This is too much—  
This is too much to bear!—thou hast destroy'd  
My last remains of peace!

DUNBAR.

And, was thy peace  
Deposited in him?—In him who rais'd  
His impious hand to kill thee!—Is it well  
To mourn his fall, and thus accuse the blow  
That rescu'd thee from death?

ELEONORA.

I blame not thee,  
No, Heav'n forbid!—I blame not my protector—  
Yet thy protection has undone me quite!  
And I will mourn—for ever mourn the hour—  
Th' ill-omen'd hour, that on thy sword conferr'd  
Such terrible success—How pale appear  
These clay-cold cheeks where grace and vigour  
O dismal spectacle!—How humble now [glow'd!  
Lies that ambition which was late so proud!—  
Did he not call me with his latest breath!—  
He would have said—but cruel fate control'd  
His fault'ring tongue!—He would have said,

“For thee,  
For thee, false maid, I perish undeplor'd!”  
O! badst thou known how obstinately true  
My heart remain'd to thee, when thy own guilt,  
My duty, and thy rival's worth, conspir'd  
To banish thee from thence, thy parting soul  
Would have acquitted—nay, perhaps, bewail'd  
My persecuted truth!

DUNBAR.

O turn thine eyes  
From the sad object!—Turn thy melting thoughts  
From the disastrous theme, and look on me—  
On me who would with ecstacy resign  
This wretched being, to be thus embalm'd  
With Eleonora's tears!—Were I to fall,  
Thy pity would not thus lament my fate!

ELEONORA.

Thy death such lamentation would not move,  
More envy'd than bemoan'd; thy memory  
Would still be cherish'd; and thy name survive  
To latest ages in immortal bloom—  
Ah, 'tis not so with him!—He leaves behind  
No dear remembrance of unsully'd fame!  
No monument of glory, to defy [shame!  
The storms of time!—Nought but reproach and  
Nought, but perpetual slander, brooding o'er  
His reputation lost!—O fearful scene  
Of dire existence, that must never close!

## SCENE VI.

ANGUS entering, ELEONORA, DUNBAR, attendants.

ANGUS.

What sound of female woe—Ha! Stuart slain!  
Alas! I fear thou art the fatal cause!—  
[To Eleonora.

ELEONORA.

Too well my father has divin'd the cause  
Of their unhappy strife!—Wherefore, ye powers!  
Am I to misery deliver'd up!  
What kindred crime, alas! am I decreed  
To expiate, that misfortunes fall so thick  
On my poor head!

ANGUS to Dunbar.

How durst your lawless rage  
Profane this sacred place with private brawl?

DUNBAR.

By Heav'n! no place, how much soe'er rever'd,  
Shall screen th' assassin who, like him, would aim  
The murd'rous steel at Eleonora's breast!

ANGUS.

Ha! were his aims so merciless?—Too just  
The vengeance that o'ertook him!—But the event  
With this unstable juncture ill accords!—  
Remove the body.—Thou meanwhile retire,  
Thy presence may awake, or aggravate  
The rage of Athol. [The body is removed.

DUNBAR.

Therefore I obey.—  
And O thou lovely mourner! who now droop'st  
Like the spread rose beneath th' inclement shower,  
When next we meet, I hope to see thee bloom  
With vernal freshness, and again unfold  
Thy beauties to the Sun! [Exit Dunbar.

## SCENE VII.

ANGUS, ELEONORA.

ANGUS.

Let us, my child,  
Lament with steadiness those ills that flow  
From our mishap yet therefore not sacrifice  
To self-demerit, impotently griev'd,  
The guilt of accident.—Thou hast enough  
Denoted thy concern—Let me not think  
Thy sorrow hath espoused a traitor's cause.

ELEONORA.

Ah! what avails to me the hard-won palm  
Of fruitless virtue?—Will it lull to rest  
Internal anguish?—Will it yield me peace?—

ANGUS.

Thy indiscreet affliction shall not plead  
Against thee, with me, now.—Remember this,  
If thou art weak enough to harbour still  
A guilty flame; to thy assistance call  
That noble pride and dignity of scorn,  
Which warms, exalts, and purifies the soul—  
But I will trust thee to thyself.—Withdraw;  
For Athol comes, and on his visage looms  
A storm of wrath. [Exit Eleonora.

## SCENE VIII.

ANGUS, ATHOL.

ATHOL.

Are these the fair effects  
Of our submission!—These the promis'd fruits  
Of amity restor'd!—To violate  
The laws of hospitality—To guide  
The midnight murderer's inhuman blow,  
And sacrifice your guests!

ANGUS.

That Athol mourns  
This unforeseen severity of fate,  
I marvel not.—My own paternal sense  
Is wak'd by sympathy; and I console  
His interesting loss.—But thus to tax  
Our blameless faith with traitorous design,  
Nor with our pure integrity conformas,  
Nor with thy duty, thine.

ATHOL.

Hal who art thou,  
That I should bear thy censure and reproof?—  
Not protestation, nor th' affected air  
Of sympathy and candour, shall amuse  
My strong conception, nor elude the cry  
Of justice and revenge!

ANGUS.

Hal justice crav'd  
With rigid voice, the debt incur'd by thee,  
How hadst thou far'd?—Say, what has plac'd thy  
deeds

Above my censure?—Let this day's event  
Proclaim how far I merit thy disdain.—  
That my humanity is misconceived  
Not much alarms my wonder: conscious fraud  
Still harbours with suspicion.—Let me tell thee—  
The fate of Stuart was supremely just.  
Th' untimely stroke his savage heart prepar'd  
Against the guiltless breast of Eleonora,  
Avenging Heav'n retorted on himself.

ATHOL.

I thought where all thy probity would end,  
Disguis'd accomplice!—But remember, lord,  
Should this blood-spotted bravo 'scape, secure  
In thy protection, or th' unjust extent  
Of regal pow'r, by all my wrongs! I'll spread  
The seeds of vengeance o'er th' affrighted land,  
And blood shall answer blood!

ANGUS.

How far thy threats  
Are to be fear'd, we know.—But see, the king!

SCENE IX.

KING, ANGUS, ATHOL.

KING.

Tell me—proud thanes, why are you found oppos'd  
In loud revilings?—You, that should promote  
By fair example, unity and peace!

ATHOL.

Have I not cause to murmur and complain?  
Stuart, the latest gift and dearest pledge  
Of love fraternal, sooth'd my bending age:  
Him hath the unrelenting dagger torn  
From my parental arms; and left, alas!  
This sapless trunk, to stretch its wither'd boughs  
To you for justice!—Justice then I crave.

KING.

To send the injur'd unredress'd away,  
How great soe'er the offender, or the wrong'd  
Howe'er obscure, is wicked—weak and vile:  
Degrades, defiles, and should dethrone a king!  
Say, freely, thane, who has aggriev'd thee thus,  
And were he dear as her who shares our throne,  
Thou shalt have ample vengeance.

ATHOL.

Then I charge  
The son of March with perfidy and murder.

ANGUS.

Were I with mean indifference to hear  
Th' envenom'd tongue of calumny traduce  
Defenceless worth, I should but ill deserve  
Your royal confidence.—Dunbar has slain  
The kinsman of this thane; yet fell he not  
By murder, cowardice, or foul design.

The sword of Stuart was already drawn  
To sacrifice my daughter, when Dunbar,  
By Heav'n directed hither, interpos'd,  
Redeem'd the trembling victim, and repell'd  
His rival's fury on his hapless head.

ATHOL.

Must I refer me to the partial voice  
Of an inveterate foe?—No, I reject  
The tainted evidence, and rather claim  
The combat proof.—Enfeebled are my limbs  
With age that creeps along my nerves unstrung,  
Yet shall the justice of my cause recall  
My youthful vigour, rouse my loit'ring blood,  
Swell ev'ry sinew, strengthen ev'ry limb,  
And crown me with success.—Behold my gage,  
I wait for justice.

KING.

Justice shalt thou have—  
Nor shall an equitable claim depend  
On such precarious issue.—Who shall guard  
The weak from violence, if brutal force  
May vindicate oppression.—Truth alone  
Shall rule the fair decision, and thy wrongs,  
If thou art wrong'd, in my unbias'd way  
Shall find a just avenger.—Let Dunbar  
Appear when urg'd, and answer to the charge.  
[To Angus. *Exeunt King, Angus.*]

SCENE X.

ATHOL, GRIME.

ATHOL.

Curse on the smooth dissembler!—Welcome,  
My soul is wrought to the sublimest rage [Grime.  
Of horrible revenge!—If aught remain'd  
Of cautious scruple, to the scatt'ring winds  
I give the phantom.—May this carcass rot,  
A loathsome banquet to the fowls of Heav'n,  
If e'er my breast admit one thought to bound  
The progress of my hate!

GRIME.

What means my prince?

ATHOL.

Th' unhappy youth is slain!

GRIME.

Ha!—Hell be prais'd—  
He was a peevish stripling, prone to change.

[Aside.

—Vain is condolence.—Let our swords be swift  
To sate his how'ring shade.—I have conferr'd  
With trusty Cattao, our design explain'd,  
And his full aid secur'd.—To night he rules  
The middle watch.—The claus already move  
In silence o'er the plain.

ATHOL.

Come then, ye powers  
That dwell with night, and patronize revenge!  
Attend our invocation, and confirm  
Th' exterminating blow!—My boughs are lopp'd,  
But they will sprout again: my vigorous trunk  
Shall flourish from the wound my foes have made,  
And yet again, project an awful shade.

ACT V. SCENE I.

KING, QUEEN, DUNBAR.

QUEEN.

O! THIS was more than the ill-sorted train

Of undetermin'd fancy!—This convey'd  
No loose imperfect images: but all  
Was dreadfully distinct! as if the hand  
Of Fate had wrought it.—Profit by those signs—  
Your guardian angel dictates.—O, my prince!  
Let not your blind security disgrace  
The merit of your prudence.

KING.

No, my queen,  
Let us avoid the opposite extremes  
Of negligence supine, and prostrate fear.—  
Already hath our vigilance perform'd  
What caution justifies: and for thy dream;  
As such consider it—the vain effect  
Of an imagination long disturb'd.—  
Life with substantial ills enough is cur'd:  
Why should we then, with frantic zeal, pursue  
Unreal care; and, with th' illusive form  
Which our own teeming brain produc'd, affright  
Our reason from her throne?

QUEEN.

In all your course  
Of youthful glory, when the guiding hand  
Of warlike Henry led you to the field;  
When my fond soul suffer'd the successive pangs  
Of fond impatience and repressive fear;  
When ev'ry reeking messenger from France,  
Wreath'd a new garland for Albania's prince,  
And shook my bosom with the dreadful tale  
That spoke your praise; say, did my weak despair  
Recal you from the race?—Did not my heart  
Espouse your fame, and patiently await  
The end of your career?—O! by the joys  
I felt at your return, when smiling love  
Secure, with rapture reign'd.—O! by these tears,  
Which seldom plead; indulge my boding soul!  
Arouse your conqu'ring troops; let Angus guard  
The convent with a chosen band.—The soul  
Of treason is abroad!

KING.

Ye ruling powers!  
Let me not wield the sceptre of this realm,  
When my degenerate breast becomes the haunt  
Of haggard fear.—O! what a wretch is he,  
Whose fervour's life, devoted to the gloom  
Of superstition, feels the incessant throb  
Of ghastly panic!—In whose startled ear  
The knell still deepens, and the raven crows!

QUEEN.

Vain be my terrors—my presages vain—  
Yet with my fond anxiety comply,  
And my repose restore!—Not for myself—  
Not to prolong the season of my life,  
Am I thus suppliant! Ah no! for you—  
For you whose being gladdens and protects  
A grateful people.—You, whose parent boughs  
Defend your tender offspring from the blasts  
That soon would tear them up!—For you the source  
Of all our happiness and peace I fear! {*Knells.*}

KING.

Arise, my queen—O! thou art all compos'd  
Of melting pity and of tender love!  
Thou shalt be satisfy'd.—Is ev'ry guard  
By Angus visited?—

DUNBAR.

Ev'n now, my liege,  
With Ramsay and his troop, he scours the plain.

KING.

Still watchful o'er his charge—the lib'ral hand  
Of bounty will have nothing to bestow,  
Ere Angus cease to merit!—Say, Dunbar,  
Who rules the nightly watch?

DUNBAR.

To Cattan's care  
The city guard is subject.

KING.

I have mark'd  
Much valour in him.—Hie thee to him, youth,  
And hid him with a chosen few surround  
The cloisters of the convent; and remain  
Till morn full streaming shall relieve his watch.  
[*Exit Dunbar.*]  
Thus shall repose, with glad assurance, waft  
Its balmy blessing to thy troubled breast.

SCENE II.

GRIME, CATTAN.

GRIME.

Thus far, brave Cattan, fortune seems inclin'd  
To recompense us for the day's disgrace.—  
Our band, conceal'd within the cloisters, wait  
With eagerness and joy the auspicious hour,  
To perpetrate the deed. It now remains,  
To regulate our conduct, and to each  
His share of this great enterprise assign.—  
If Angus lives, in vain our arms devote  
The usurper and his progeny to death:  
His power and principles will still supply  
Fresh obstacles, which all our future efforts  
Can ne'er surmount.

CATTAN.

Then let our swords prevent  
All further opposition, and at once  
Dismiss him to the shades.

GRIME.

Thine be the task—  
I know with what just indignation burns  
Thy generous hate, against the partial thane,  
Who, to thine age and services, preferr'd  
A raw unpractic'd stripling.

CATTAN.

Ha!—do more.  
The bare remembrance tortures me!—O Grime!  
How will my soul his mortal groans enjoy!

GRIME.

While we within perform th' intrepid blow,  
To his apartment thou shalt move alone;  
Nor will pretence be wanting: say, thou bring'st  
Intelligence important, that demands  
His instant ear.—Then shalt thou find thy foe  
Unarm'd and unattended.—Need my tongue  
Instruct thee further?

CATTAN.

No, let my revenge  
Suggest what follows—By the pow'rs of Hell!  
I will be drunk with vengeance!

GRIME.

To thy guard  
Meanwhile repair, and watch 'till he returns

With Ramsay from the plain.—But see! they  
We must avoid them, and retire unseen. (come, Exeunt.)

SCENE III. *An apartment.*

ANGUS, RAMSAY.

ANGUS.

By Heav'n's it much alarms me!—Wide o'er all  
The dusky plain, by the fires half extinct,  
Are seen the soldiers, roll'd in heaps confus'd,  
The slaves of brutal appetite.—Save those  
Beneath thy discipline, scarce one remains  
From the contagion free.

RAMSAY.

When we return'd  
Fatigu'd from battle, numbers brought, unask'd,  
Refreshments for the wounded from the town:  
Thence the temptation spread from rank to rank,  
And few resisted.

ANGUS.

But that I consult  
My king's tranquillity, and would not wake  
The affrighted citizens with alarm,  
A hundred trumpets should this instant raise  
Their brazen throats together, and arouse  
Th' extended sluggards.—Go, my valiant friend,  
And with thy uninfected troops attend  
To ev'ry motion of th' uncertain night.

[Exit Ramsay.]

SCENE IV.

ANGUS.

Now, the loud tempest of the toilful day  
Subsides into a calm.—And yet my soul  
Still labours thro' the storm!—By day or night,  
In florid youth, or mellow age, scarce fleets  
One hour without its care!—Not sleep itself  
Is ever balmy: for the shadowy dream  
Oft bears substantial woe!

SCENE V.

ANGUS, CATTAN.

CATTAN.

My noble lord,  
Within the portal as I kept my watch,  
Swift gliding shadows by the glimm'ring Moon  
I could perceive, in forms of armed men,  
Possess the space that borders on the porch—  
I question'd thrice; they yielded no reply:  
And now the soldiers, rang'd in close array,  
Wait your command.

ANGUS.

Quick, lead me to the place—  
Foul treason is at work!—

CATTAN.

It were not good  
To venture forth unarm'd,—Courageous thane,  
Receive this dagger,—

[Attempts to stab Angus, who wrests the dagger from him and kills him.]

ANGUS.

Ha, perfidious slave!  
What means this base attempt?—Thou shalt not  
'scape.

CATTAN.

Curse on my feeble arm that fail'd to strike  
The poniard to thy heart!—How like a dog  
I tamely fall despis'd!

ANGUS.

Fell ruffian! say,  
Who set thee on?—This treachery, I fear,  
Is but the prelude to some dreadful scene!—

CATTAN.

Just are thy terrors.—By the infernal gulph  
That opens to receive me! I would plunge  
Into the abyss with joy, could the success  
Of Athol feast my sense!

[A noise of clashing swords and shrieks.]

—Hah!—now the sword  
Of slaughter smokes!—Th' exulting thane surveys  
Th' imperial scene; while grimly smiling Grime  
With purple honour deck'd—

ANGUS.

Tremendous powers!

CATTAN.

O'er the fall'n tyrant strides— [Dies.]

ANGUS.

Heav'n shield us all!  
Amazing horror chills me!—Ha, Dunbar!  
Thou treason triumphs!—O my soul! my son!

SCENE VI.

ANGUS, DUNBAR *wounded*.

DUNBAR.

I sought thee, noble thane, while yet my limbs  
Obey their lord.—I sought thee, to unfold  
My zealous soul, ere yet she takes her flight—  
Stretch'd on the ground, these eyes beheld the king  
Transfix'd a lifeless corse! and saw this arm  
Too late to save—to feeble to avenge him!—

ANGUS.

Weep Caledonia, weep!—thy peace is stain'd—  
Thy father and thy king!—O! this event,  
Like a vast mountain, loads my stagg'ring soul,  
And crushes all her pow'rs!—But say, my friend,  
If yet thy strength permits, how this befel.

DUNBAR.

A band of rebels, glean'd from the defeat  
By Athol, lurk'd behind the adjacent hills:  
These, faithless Cattan, favour'd by the night,  
Admitted to the city, join'd their power  
With his corrupted guard, and hither led them  
Unmark'd, where soon they enter'd unoppos'd.—  
Alarm'd, I strove—but strove, alas! in vain.  
To the sad scene, ere I could force my way,  
Our monarch was no more! Around him lay  
A heap of traitors, whom his single arm  
Had slain before he fell.—Th' unhappy queen,  
Who, to defend her consort's, had oppos'd  
Her own defenceless frame, expiring, pour'd  
Her mingling blood in copious stream with his!

ANGUS.

Illustrious victims!—O disastrous fate!  
Unfeeling monsters! execrable fiends!  
To warrant thus in royal blood!

DUNBAR.

O thane!

How shall I speak the sequel of my tale!  
How will thy fond parental heart be rent  
With mortal anguish, when my tongue relates  
The fate of Eleonora!

ANGUS.

Ha!—my fears

Anticipate thy words!—O say, Dunbar,  
How fares my child!

DUNBAR.

The shades of endless night  
Now settle o'er her eyes!—heroic maid!  
She to th' assaulted threshold bravely ran,  
And with her snowy-arms supply'd a bolt  
To bar their entrance:—But the barb'rous crew  
Broke in impetuous, crush'd her slender limb,  
When Grime, his dagger brandishing, exclaim'd,  
"Behold the sorc'ress whose accursed charms  
Betray'd the youth; and whose inveterate sire  
This day revers'd our fortune in the field!—  
This for revenge!"—then plung'd it in her breast!

ANGUS.

Infernal homicide!

DUNBAR.

There—there I own  
He vanquish'd me indeed!—What though I rush'd  
Thro' many a wound, and in th' assassin's heart  
Imbro'd my faithful steel.—But see, where comes,  
By her attendants led, the bleeding fair!

## SCENE VII.

ANGUS, DUNBAR, ELEONORA *wounded and supported.*

ELEONORA.

Here set me down—vain is your kind concern.—  
Ah! who with parent tenderness will bless  
My parting soul, and close my beamless eyes!  
Ah! who defend me, and with pious care  
To the cold grave commit my pale remains!

[Swoons.

ANGUS.

O misery!—look up—thy father calls—

[Embracing her.

ELEONORA.

What angel borrows that paternal voice!  
Ha! lives my father!—Ye propitious powers!  
He folds me in his arms—Yes, he survives  
The havoc of this night!—O let me now  
Yield up my fervent soul with raptur'd praise!  
For Angus lives to avenge his murder'd prince,  
To save his country, and protract his blaze  
Of glory farther still!

ANGUS.

And is it thus,

The melting parent clasps his darling child!  
My heart is torn with agonizing pangs  
Of-complicated woe!

DUNBAR.

The public craves

Immediate aid from thee—But I *was* weak.—  
Our infant king, surrounded in the fort,  
Demands thy present help.—

ANGUS.

Yes, loyal youth!

Thy glorious wounds instruct me what I owe  
To my young sov'reign, and my country's peace!  
But how shall I sustain the rav'rous tribe  
Of various griefs, that gnaw me all at once?  
My royal master falls, my country groans,  
And cruel fate has ravish'd from my side  
My dearest daughter and my best-lov'd friend!

DUNBAR.

Thy praise shall be thy daughter; and thy friend  
Survive unchang'd in ev'ry honest breast.

ANGUS.

Must we then part for ever!—What a plan  
Of peaceful happiness thy hope had laid  
In thee and her!—alas! thou fading flower,  
How fast thy sweets consume!—come to my arms,  
That I may taste them ere they fleet away!

[Embracing her.

O exquisite distress!

ELEONORA.

For me, my father,  
For me let not the bootless tear distil.—  
Soon shall I be with those, who rest secure  
From all th' inclemencies of stormy life.

ANGUS.

Adieu, my children!—never shall I hear  
Thy cheering voice again!—a long farewell!

[Exit Angus.

## SCENE VIII.

DUNBAR, ELEONORA.

DUNBAR.

Soon shall our shorten'd race of life be run.—  
Our day already hastens to its close;  
And night eternal comes.—Yet, tho' I touch  
The land of peace, and backward view, well  
pleas'd,  
The tossing wave from which I shall be free,  
No rest will greet me on the silent shore,  
If Eleonora sends me hence unblest'd.

ELEONORA.

Distemper'd passion, when we parted last,  
Usurp'd my troubled bosom, and Dunbar  
With horror was beheld: but reason now  
With genial mildness beams upon my soul,  
And represents thee justly, as thou art—  
The tend'rest lover and the gentlest friend.

DUNBAR.

O transport, to my breast unknown before!  
Not the soft breeze upon its fragrant wings  
Wafts such refreshing gladness to the heart  
Of parting pilgrims, as thy balmy words  
To my exhausted spirits!—but, alas!  
Thy purple stream of life forsakes apace  
Its precious channels!—on thy potish'd cheek  
The glowing roses fade; and o'er thine eyes  
Death sheds a misty languor!

ELEONORA.

Let me lean

Upon thy friendly arm—Yet, O retire!  
That guilty arm—Say, did it ne'er rebel  
Against my peace?—But let me not revolve  
Those sorrows now.—Were Heav'n again to raise  
That once-lov'd head that lies, alas! so low!  
And from the verge of death my life recall,  
What joy could visit my forlorn estate,  
Self-doom'd to hopeless woe!

DUNBAR.

Must I then wander,  
A pensive shade, along the dreary vale,  
And groan for ever under thy reproach!

ELEONORA.

Ah no, thou faithful youth! shall I repay  
Thy love and virtue with ungrateful hate?  
These wounds that waste so lavishly thy life,  
Were they not all receiv'd in my defence?  
May no repose embrace me in the tomb,  
If my soul mourns not thy untimely fall  
With sister-woe!—thy passion has not reap'd  
The sweet returns its purity deserv'd.

DUNBAR.

A while forbear, pale minister of Fate,  
Forbear a while; and on my ravish'd ear  
Let the last music of this dying swan  
Steal in soft blanchishment, divinely sweet!  
Then strike th' unerring blow.—

ELEONORA.

That thus our hopes,  
Which blossom'd num'rous as the flow'ry spring,  
Are sipp'd untimely, ere the sun of joy  
Matured them into fruit, repine not, youth.—  
Life hath its various seasons, as the year;  
And after clust'ring autumn—but I faint—  
Support me nearer—in rich harvest's rear  
Bleak winter must have lagg'd.—Oh! now I feel  
The leaden hand of Death lie heavy on me.—  
Thine image swims before my straining eye.—  
—And now it disappears.—Speak—bid adieu  
To the lost Eleonora.—Not a word!  
—Not one farewell!—Alas! that dismal groan  
Is eloquent distress!—Celestial powers,  
Protect my father, show'r upon his — Oh!

[Dips.

DUNBAR.

There fled the purest soul that ever dwelt  
In mortal clay!—I come, my love! I come—  
Where now the rosy tincture of these lips!  
The smile that grace ineffable diffus'd!  
The glance that smote the soul with silent wonder!  
The voice that sooth'd the anguish of disease,  
And held attention captive!—Let me kiss  
This pale deserted temple of my joy!  
This, Chastity, this, thy unspotted shade  
Will not refuse.—I feel the grisly king—  
Thro' all my veins he shivers like the north—  
O Eleonora! as my flowing blood  
Is mix'd with thine—so may our mingling souls  
To bliss supernal wing our happy—Oh!

[Dies.

SCENE the last.

ANGUS, RAMSAY. ATHOL, &amp;c. prisoners.

ANGUS.

Bright deeds of glory bath thine arm achiev'd,  
VOL. XV.

Courageous Ramsay; and thy name shall live  
For ever in the annals of renown.—  
—But see, where silent as the moon of night  
These lovers lie!—rest—rest, ill-fated pair!  
Your dear remembrance shall for ever dwell  
Within the breast of Angus; and his love  
Oft with paternal tears bedew your tomb!

RAMSAY.

O fatal scene of innocence destroy'd!

ANGUS, to Athol.

O bloody author of this night's mishap!  
Whose impious hands are with the sacred blood  
Of majesty stain'd!—Contemplate here  
The havoc of thy crimes! and then bethink thee  
What vengeance craves.—

ATHOL.

With insolence of speech  
How darest thy tongue licentious, thus insult  
Thy sov'reign, Angus?—Madly hath thy zeal  
Espous'd a sinking cause.—But thou may'st still  
Deserve my future favour.—

ANGUS.

O thou stain  
Of fair nobility!—thou bane of faith!  
Thou woman-killing coward, who hast crept  
To the unguarded throne, and stabb'd thy prince!  
What hath thy treason, blasted as it is,  
To bribe the soul of Angus to thy views?

ATHOL.

Soon shalt thou rue th' indignity now thrown  
On me thy lawful prince.—Yes, talking lord,  
The day will soon appear, when I shall rise  
In majesty and terror, to assert  
My country's freedom; and at last, avenge  
My own peculiar wrongs.—When thou and all  
Those grov'ling sycophants, who bow'd the knee  
To the usurper's arbitrary sway,  
Will fawn on me.—Ye temporizing slaves!  
Unchain your king; and teach your humble  
mouths

To kiss the dust beneath my royal feet.—

[To the guard.

ANGUS.

The day will soon appear!—Day shall not thrice  
Return, before thy carcass be cast forth,  
Unbury'd, to the dogs and beasts of prey—  
Or, high-exalted, putrify in air,  
The monument of treason.—

ATHOL.

Empty threat!  
Fate hath foretold that Athol shall be crown'd.

ANGUS.

Then Hell hath cheated thee.—Thou shalt be  
An iron crown intensely hot shall gird [crown'd—  
Thy hoary temples; while the shouting crowd  
Acclaims thee king of traitors.

ATHOL.

Lakes of fire!—  
Ha! said'st thou, lord!—a glowing iron crown  
Shall gird my hoary temples!—Now I feel  
Myself awake to misery and shame!  
Ye sceptres, gladiers, and rolling trains [dreams  
Of flatt'ring pomp, farewell!—Curse on those

P P



Of idle superstition, that enslave  
Th' ambitious soul to wickedness and woe!  
Curse on thy virtue, which hath overthrown  
My elevated hopes! and may despair  
Descend in pestilence on all mankind!

ANGUS.

Thy curse just Heav'n retorts upon thyself!  
To separate dungeons lead the regicides.—

[Exit guard with the prisoners.]

From thirst of rule what dire disasters flow!  
How flames that guilt ambition taught to glow!  
Wish gains on wish, desire surmounts desire!  
Hope fans the blaze, and envy feeds the fire:  
From crime to crime aspires the madd'ning soul!  
Nor laws, nor oaths, nor fears its rage control;  
'Till Heav'n at length awakes, supremely just,  
And levels all its tow'ring schemes in dust!

### PROLOGUE TO THE REPRISAL,

SPOKEN BY MR. HAVARD.

AN ancient sage, when Death approach'd his bed,  
Consign'd to Pluto his devoted head,  
And, that no fiend might hiss, or prove uncivil,  
With vows and pray'rs, he fairly brib'd the devil:  
Yet neither vows nor pray'rs, nor rich oblation,  
Could always save the sinner—from damnation.

Thus authors, tottering on the brink of fate,  
The critic's rage with prologues deprecate;  
Yet oft the trembling bard implores in vain,  
The wit profess'd turns out a dunce in grain:  
No plea can then avert the dreadful sentence,  
He must be damn'd—in spite of all repentance.

Here Justice seems from her straight line to vary,  
No guilt attends a fact involuntary;  
This maxim the whole cruel charge destroys,  
No poet sure was ever dull—by choice.

So pleads our culprit in his own defence,  
You cannot prove his dullness is—prepen-  
sion.

He means to please—he owns no other view,  
And now presents you with—a sea ragout,  
A dish—how'er you relish his endeavours,  
Replete with a variety of flavours.

A stout Hibernian, and ferocious Scot,  
Together boil in our enchanted pot;  
To taint these viands with the true fumet,  
He shreds a musty, vain, French—martinet.  
This stale ingredient might our porridge mar  
Without some acid juice of English tar.  
To rouse the appetite the drum shall rattle,  
And the dessert shall be a bloodless battle.

What heart will fail to glow, what eye to brighten,  
When Britain's wrath arous'd begins to lighten!  
Her thunders roll—her fearless sons advance,  
And her red ensigns wave o'er the pale flow'rs of  
France.

Such game our fathers play'd in days of yore,  
When Edward's banners fann'd the Gallic shore;  
When Howard's arm Eliza's vengeance hurl'd,  
And Drake diffus'd her fame around the world:  
Sull shall that god-like flame your bosoms fire,  
The generous son shall emulate the sire;  
Her ancient splendour England shall maintain,  
O'er distant realms extend her genial reign,  
And rise—th' unrival'd empress of the main,

### SONG

FROM THE REPRISAL.

YE swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,  
Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,  
Ochone my dear jewel,  
Why was you so cruel?

Amidst my companions to leave me alone?

Tho' Teague shut the casement in Bally-clough  
[hall];

Tho' Teague shut the casement in Bally-clough  
In the dark she was groping,  
And found it wide open;  
Och! the devil himself could not stand such a fall.

In beholding your charms, I can see them no more,  
In beholding your charms, I can see them no more,  
If you're dead do but own it;  
Then you'll hear me bemoan it;  
For in loud lamentations your fate I'll deplore.

Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!  
Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!

O! the month of November,  
She'll have cause to remember,  
As a black letter day all the days of her life.

With a rope I could catch the dear creature I've  
lost!

With a rope I could catch the dear creature I've  
lost!  
But, without a dismission,  
I'd lose my commission,  
And be hang'd with disgrace for deserting my post.

SONG FROM THE SAME.

FROM the man whom I love, tho' my heart I dis-  
I will freely describe the wretch I despise, [graise,  
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,  
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a bean,  
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;  
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,  
In courage a hind, in conceit a gacoon,

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,  
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;  
As a tiger ferocious, perverse as a hog,  
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,  
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:  
Yet, if he has sense but to balance a straw,  
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

SONG FROM THE SAME.

LET the nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the swain  
Who in transports of passion affects to complain;  
For his rage, not his love, in that frenzy is shown;  
And the blast that blows loudest is soon o'erblown.

But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the  
heart

Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;  
Or in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe  
Like the smooth gliding current of rivers will flow,

Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,  
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs;  
But, when he accosts you in meadow or grove,  
His tale in all tenderness, rapture, and love.

SONG FROM THE SAME.

BEHOLD! my brave Britons, the fair springing  
Fill a bumper and toss off your glasses: [gale,  
Bugs and part with your froilksome lasses;  
Then aboard and unfurl the wide flowing sail.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,  
And English courage fires our souls;  
To crown our toils, the Fates decree  
The wealth and empire of the sea.

Our canvas and cares to the winds we display,  
Life and fortune we cheerfully venture;  
And we laugh, and we quaff, and we banter;  
Nor think of to-morrow while sure of to-day.

CHORUS.

While British oak, &c.

The streamers of France at a distance appear!  
We must mind other music than catches;  
Man our quarters, and handle our matches;  
Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare.

CHORUS.

While British oak, &c.

Engender'd in smoke and deliver'd in flame,  
British vengeance rolls loud as the thunder!  
Let the vault of the sky burst asunder,  
So victory follows with riches and fame.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,  
And English courage fires our souls;  
To crown our toils, the Fates decree  
The wealth and empire of the sea.

EPILOGUE TO THE REPRISAL.

SPOKEN BY MISS MACKLIN.

AYE—now I can with pleasure look around,  
Safe as I am, thank Heaven, on English ground—  
In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,  
Midst roaring, thund'ring, danger and dismay;  
Expos'd to fire and water, sword and bullet—  
Might damp the heart of any virgin pullet—  
I dread to think what might have come to pass,  
Had not the British lion quell'd the Gallic ass—  
By Champignon a wretched victim led  
To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed,  
My days in pray'r and fasting I had spent:  
As nun or wife, alike a penitent.  
His gallantry, so confident and eager,  
Had prov'd a mess of delicate soupe—maigre;  
To bootless longings I had fallen a martyr:  
But Heav'n be prais'd, the Frenchman caught a  
tartar.

Yet soft—our author's fate you must decree:  
Shall he come safe to port or sink at sea?  
Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,  
Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore.

Ye wits above, restrain your awful thunder:  
In his first cruise, 'twere pity he should founder,  
Safe from your shot he fears no other foe,  
Nor gulph, but that which horrid yawns below,

The bravest chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,  
Have here been tam'd with—pippin and potstoe.  
Our bard embarks in a more Christian cause,  
He craves not mercy; but he claims applause,  
His pen against the hostile French is drawn,  
Who damns him is no Antigallican.  
Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and smiling skies,  
Hereafter he may board a richer prize.  
But if this welkin angry clouda deform,

And hollow groans portend the approaching storm:  
Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble,  
And these rough billows hiss, and boil, and bubble,  
He'll lanch no more on such fell seas of trouble.

ADVICE AND REPROOF:

TWO SATIRES.

First published in the year 1746 and 1747.

Sed podice levi  
Ceduntur tumida medico ridente Marisca:—  
O Proceres! censure opus est an haruspice nobis?  
JUVENAL.

nam quis  
Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit  
Ejectum semel attritâ de fronte roborem?  
Ibid.

ADVICE: A SATIRE.

POET, FRIEND.

POET.

ENOUGH, enough; all this we knew before;  
'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poor:  
And who so much to sense and glory lost,  
Will hug the curse that not one joy can boast!  
From the pale hag, O! could I once break loose;  
Divorc'd, all Hell shall not re-tie the noose!  
Not with more care shall I—avoid his wife,  
Not Cope fly swifter<sup>1</sup>, lashing for his life;  
Than I to leave the meagre fiend behind,

FRIEND.

Exert your talents; Nature, ever kind,  
Enough for happiness, bestows on all;  
'Tis sloth or pride that finds her gifts too small—  
Why sleeps the Muse? is there no room for praise,  
When such bright names in consteriation blaze?  
When sage Newcastle<sup>2</sup>, abstintently great,  
Neglects his food to cater for the state;

<sup>1</sup> A general famous for an expeditious retreat, though not quite so deliberate as that of the ten thousand Greeks from Persia; having unfortunately forgot to bring his army along with him.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the philosophical contempt which this great personage manifested for the sensual delights of the stomach.

And Grafton<sup>2</sup>, tow'ring Atlas of the throne,  
So well rewards a genius like his own:  
Granville and Bath<sup>4</sup> illustrious, need I name  
For sober dignity and spotless fame;  
Or Pitt, th' unshaken Abdiel<sup>3</sup>, yet unsung:  
Thy cadour, Chomdly! and thy truth, O Younge!

## POET.

Th' advice is good; the question only, whether  
These names and virtues ever dwelt together?  
But what of that? the more the bard shall claim,  
Who can create as well as cherish fame.  
But one thing more,—how loud must I repeat,  
To rouse th' ingag'd attention of the great,  
Amus'd, perhaps, with C——'s prolific hum<sup>6</sup>,  
Or rapt amidst the transports of a drum<sup>7</sup>;  
While the grim porter watches ev'ry door,  
So on for tradesmen, poets, and the poor.  
Th' Hesperian dragon not more fierce and fell;  
Nor the gaunt, growling janitor of Hell.  
Ev'n Atticus (so wills the voice of fate)  
Inshrines in clouded majesty, his state;  
Nor to th' adoring crowd vouchsafes regard,  
Tho' priests adore, and ev'ry priest a bard.  
Shall I then follow with the venal tribe,  
And on the threshold the base mongrel bribe?  
Bribe him, to feast my mute-imploing eye,  
With some proud lord, who smiles a gracious lie!  
A lie to captivate my heedless youth,  
Degrade my talents; and debauch my truth;  
While foo'd with hope, revolves my joyless day,  
And friends, and fame, and fortune fleet away;  
Till scandal, indigence, and scorn, my lot,  
The dreary jail entombs me, where I rot!  
Is there, ye varnish'd ruffians of the state!  
Not one among the millions whom ye cheat,

<sup>2</sup> This noble peer, remarkable for sublimity of parts, by virtue of his office, lord chamberlain, conferred the laureat on Colly Cibber, esq. a delectable bard, who-e character has already employed, together with his own, the greatest pens of the age.

<sup>4</sup> Two noblemen famous in their day, for nothing more than their fortitude in bearing the scorn and reproach of their country.

<sup>3</sup> Abdiel, according to Milton, was the only seraph that preserved his integrity in the midst of corruption—

Among the innumerable false, unmov'd,  
Unshaken, unsexu'd, untir'd—

<sup>6</sup> This alludes to a phenomenon, not more strange than true. The person here meant, having actually laid upwards of forty eggs, as several physicians and fellows of the Royal Society can attest; one of whom, we hear, has undertaken the incubation, and will, no doubt, favour the world with an account of his success. Some virtuous affirm, that such productions must be the effect of a certain intercourse of organs not fit to be named.

<sup>7</sup> This is a riotous assembly of fashionable people, of both sexes, at a private house, consisting of some hundreds; not unaptly styl'd a drum, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There are also drum-major, rout, tempest and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares.

Who, while he totters on the brink of woe,  
Dares, ere he falls, attempt th' avenging blow?  
A steady blow! his languid soul to feast;  
And rid his country of one curse at least!

## FRIEND.

What! turn assassin?

## POET.

Let th' assassin bleed:  
My fearless verse shall justify the deed.  
'Tis he, who lures th' unpractic'd mind astray,  
Then leaves the wretch to misery a prey;  
Perverts the race of virtue just begun,  
And stabs the public in her ruin'd sun.

## FRIEND.

Heav'n, how you rail! the man's consum'd by spite!  
If Lockman's fate<sup>8</sup> attends you, when you write;  
Let prudence more propitious arts inspire:  
The lower still you crawl, you'll climb the higher,  
Go then, with ev'ry supple virtue stor'd,  
And thrive, the favour'd valet of my lord.  
Is that denied? a boon more humble crave;  
And minister to him who serves a slave:  
Be sure you fasten on promotion's scale;  
Ev'n if you seize some footman by the tail:  
Th' ascent is easy, and the prospect clear,  
From the smirch'd scullion to th' embroider'd peer.  
Th' ambitious drudge preferr'd, postillion rides,  
Advanc'd again, the chair benighted guides;  
Here doom'd, if nature strung his sinewy frame,  
The slave, perhaps, of some insatiate dame;  
But if exempted from th' Herculean toil,  
A fairer field awaits him, rich with spoil;  
There shall he shine, with mingling honours bright,  
His master's pathic, pimp, and parasite;  
Then strut a captain, if his wish be war,  
And grasp, in hope, a truncheon and a star:  
Or if the sweets of peace his soul allure,  
Bask at his ease in some warm sinecure;  
His fate in consul, clerk, or agent, vary,  
Or cross the seas, an envoy's secretary:  
Compos'd of falsehood, ignorance, and pride,  
A prostrate sycophant shall rise a L—d<sup>9</sup>:  
And won from knavels to th' impure embrace,  
Accomplish'd Warren triumph o'er disgrace<sup>10</sup>.

## POET.

Eternal infamy his name surrb'd;  
Who planted first that vice on British ground!  
A vice that 'spite of sense and nature reigns,  
And poisons genial love, and manhood's reins!  
Pollit! the pride of science and its shame,  
The Muse weeps o'er thee, while she brands thy  
Abhorrent views that prostituted groom, [name!  
Th' indecent proffo and polluted doom!  
There only may the spurious passion glow,  
Where not one laurel decks the caitiff's brow,  
Obscene with crimes ayow'd, of every dye,  
Corruption, lust, oppression, perjury:

<sup>8</sup> To be little read, and less approved.

<sup>9</sup> This child of dirt, (to use a great author's expression) without any other quality than grovelling adulation, has arrived at the power of insulting his betters every day.

<sup>10</sup> Another son of fortune, who owes his present affluence to the most infamous qualifications; commonly called Brush Warren, from having been a shoe-black: it is said he was kept by both sexes at one table.

Let Chardin with a chaplet round his head<sup>11</sup>,  
 The taste of Maro and Anacreon plead;  
 Sir, Flaccus knew to live as well as write,  
 And kept, like me, two boys array'd in white.<sup>12</sup>  
 Worthy to feel that appetence of fame  
 Which rivals Horace only in his shame!  
 Let Isis wail in murmurs, as she runs<sup>13</sup>,  
 Her tempting fathers and her yielding sons;  
 White Dullness screens<sup>14</sup> the failings of the church,  
 Nor leaves one sliding rabbi in the lurch:  
 Far other raptures let the breast contain,  
 Where heav'n-born taste and emulation reign.

## FRIEND.

Shall not a thousand virtues, then, atone  
 In thy strict censure for the breach of one?  
 If Bubo keeps a catamite or whore,  
 His bounty feeds the beggar at his door:  
 And though no mortal credits Curio's word,  
 A score of lacquies fatten at his board:  
 To Christian meekness sacrifice thy spleen,  
 And strive thy neighbour's weaknesses to screen.

## POET.

Scorn'd be the bard, and wither'd all his fame,  
 Who wounds a brother weeping o'er his shame!  
 But if an impious wretch with frantic pride  
 Throws honour, truth, and decency aside,  
 If, nor by reason aw'd, nor check'd by fears,  
 He counts his glories from the stains he bears;  
 Th' indignant Muse to virtue's aid shall rise,  
 And fix the brand of infamy on vice.  
 What if, arous'd at his imperious call,  
 An hundred footsteps echo through his hall?  
 And, on high columns rear'd, his lofty dome  
 Proclaims th' united art of Greece and Rome:  
 What tho' whole hecatombs his crew regale,  
 And each dependant slumbers o'er his ale;  
 While the remains through mouths unnumber'd  
 Indulge the beggar and the dog at last: [past,  
 Say, friend, is it benevolence of soul,  
 Or pompous vanity, that prompts the whole?  
 These sons of sloth, who by profusion thrive,  
 His pride invicigled from the public hive:  
 And numbers pine in solitary woe,  
 Who furnish'd out this phantasy of show.  
 When silent misery assail'd his eyes,  
 Did e'er his throbbing bosom sympathize?  
 Or his extensive charity pervade  
 To those who languish in the barren shade,  
 Where oft, by want and modesty suppress'd,  
 The bootless talent warms the lonely breast?  
 No! petrify'd by dullness and disdain,  
 Beyond the feeling of another's pain,

<sup>11</sup> This genial knight wore at his own banquet a garland of flowers, in imitation of the ancients; and kept two rosy boys robed in white, for the entertainment of his guests.

<sup>12</sup> In allusion to the unnatural orgies said to be solemnized on the banks of this river; particularly at one place, where a much greater sanctity of morals and taste might be expected.

<sup>13</sup> This is a decent and parental office, in which Dullness is employed; namely, to conceal the failings of her children: and exactly conformable to that instance of filial piety, which we meet with in the son of Noah, who went backward, to cover the nakedness of his father, when he lay exposed, from the scoffs and insults of a malicious world.

The tear of pity ne'er bedew'd his eye,  
 Nor his lewd bosom felt the social sigh!

## FRIEND.

Alike to thee his virtue or his vice,  
 If his hand lib'ral, owns thy merit's price.

## POET.

Sooner, in hopeless anguish would I mourn,  
 Than owe my fortune to the man I scorn!—  
 What new resource?

## FRIEND.

A thousand yet remain  
 That bloom with honours, or that teem with gain:  
 These arts,—are they beneath—beyond thy care?  
 Devote thy studies to th' auspicious fair:  
 Of truth divested, let thy tongue supply  
 The hinted slander, and the whisper'd lie;  
 All merit mock, all qualities depress,  
 Save those that grace th' excelling patroness;  
 Trophies to her, on others' follies raise,  
 And heard with joy, by defamation praise:  
 To this collect each faculty of face,  
 And ev'ry feat perform of sly grimace;  
 Let the grave sneer sarcastic speak thee shrewd,  
 The smutty joke ridiculously lewd;  
 And the loud laugh, thro' all its changes rung,  
 Applaud th' abortive sallies of her tongue:  
 Enroll'd a member in the sacred list,  
 Soon shalt thou sharp in company, at whist;  
 Her midnight rites and revels regulate<sup>14</sup>,  
 Priest of her love, and demon of her hate.

## POET.

But say, what recompense for all this waste  
 Of honour, truth, attention, time, and taste?  
 To shine confess'd, her zany and her tool,  
 And fall by what I rose, low ridicule?  
 Again shall Handel raise his laurel'd brow,  
 Again shall harmony with rapture glow!  
 The spells dissolve, the combination breaks,  
 And Punch no longer Frasi's rival squeaks.  
 Lo, Russel<sup>15</sup> falls a sacrifice to whim,  
 And starts amaz'd in Newgate from his dream:

<sup>14</sup> These are mysteries performed, like those of the *Dea Bona*, by females only; consequently it cannot be expected that we should here explain them: we have, notwithstanding, found means to learn some anecdotes concerning them, which we shall reserve for another opportunity.

<sup>15</sup> A famous mimic and singer. The person here meant, by the qualifications above described, had insinuated himself into the confidence of certain ladies of quality, who engaged him to set up a puppet-show, in opposition to the oratorios of Handel, against whom they were unreasonably prejudiced. But the town not seconding the capricious undertaking, they deserted their manager, whom they had promised to support, and let him sink under the expense they had entailed upon him: he was accordingly thrown into prison, where his disappointment got the better of his reason, and he remained in all the ecstacy of despair; till at last, his generous patronesses, after much solicitation, were prevailed upon to collect five pounds, on the payment of which he was admitted into Bedlam, where he continued bereft of his understanding, and died in the utmost misery.

With trembling hands implores their promis'd aid;  
 And sees their favour like a vision fade!  
 Is this, ye faithless Syrens!—this the joy  
 To which, your smiles th' unwary wretch decoy?  
 Naked and shackled, on the pavement prone,  
 His mangled flesh devouring from the bone;  
 Rage in his heart, distraction in his eye!  
 Behold, inhuman ha's! your minion he!  
 Behold his gay career to ruin run,  
 By you seduc'd, abandon'd and undone!  
 Rather in garret pent<sup>16</sup>, secure from harm,  
 My Muse with murders shall the town alarm;  
 Or plunge in politics with patriot zeal,  
 And snarl like Gutherie for the public weal,  
 Than crawl an insect, in a bedame's power,  
 And dread the crush of caprice ev'ry hour!

FRIEND.

'Tis well;—enjoy that petulance of style,  
 And, like the envious adder, lick the file<sup>17</sup>:  
 What tho' success will net attend on all!  
 Who bravely dares, must sometimes risk a fall,  
 Behold the bounteous board of Fortune spread;  
 Each weakness, vice and folly yields thee bread;  
 Wouldst thou with prudent condescension strive  
 On the long-settled terms of life to thrive.

POET.

What! join the crew that pilfer one another,  
 Betray my friend, and persecute my brother:  
 Turn usurer o'er cent per cent to brood,  
 Or quack, to feed like fleas, on human blood?

FRIEND.

Or if thy soul can brook the silded curse,  
 Some changeling heiress steal——

POET.

Why not a purse?  
 Two things I dread, my conscience and the law.

FRIEND.

How! dread a muzzling bear without a claw?  
 Nor this, nor that is standard right or wrong,  
 'Till minted by the mercenary tongue;  
 And what is conscience, but a fiend of strife,  
 That chills the joys, and damps the schemes of life?  
 The wayward child of vanity and fear,  
 The peevish dam of poverty and care;  
 Unnumber'd woes en-render in the breast  
 That entertains the rude, ungrateful guest.

POET.

Hail, sacred pow'r! my glory and my guide!  
 Fair source of mental peace, what e'er betide;  
 Safe in thy shelter, let disaster roll  
 Eternal hurricanes around my soul;  
 My soul serene, amidst the storms shall reign,  
 And smile to see their fury burst in vain!

FRIEND.

Too coy to flatter, and too proud to serve<sup>18</sup>,  
 Thine be the joyless dignity to starve.

<sup>16</sup> These are the dreams and fictions of Grubstreet, with which the good people of this metropolis are daily alarmed and entertained.

<sup>17</sup> This alludes to the fable of the viper and file, applicable to all the unsuccessful efforts of malice and envy.

<sup>18</sup> This, surely, occasioned Churchill's  
 Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie.

POET.

No;—thanks to discord, war shall be my friend;  
 And moral rage, heroic courage lend  
 To pierce the gleaming squadron of the foe,  
 And win renown by some distinguish'd blow.

FRIEND.

Renown! ay, do—unkennel the whole pack  
 Of military cowards on thy back. [stood <sup>19</sup>,  
 What difference, say, 'twixt him who bravely  
 And him who sought the bosom of the wood<sup>20</sup>?  
 Envenom'd calumny the first shall brand,  
 The last enjoy a ribbon and command.

POET.

If such be life, its wretches I deplore,  
 And long to quit th' un hospitable shore.

## REPROOF: A SATIRE.

POET, FRIEND.

POET.

Howe'er I turn, or wheresoe'er I tread,  
 This giddy world still rattles round my head!  
 I pant for silence ev'n in this retreat—  
 Good Heav'n! what demon thunders at the gate!

FRIEND.

In vain you strive, in this sequester'd nook,  
 To shroud you from an injur'd friend's rebuke.

POET.

An injur'd friend!—who challenges the name?  
 If you, what title justifies the claim?  
 Did e'er your heart e'er my affliction grieve,  
 Your interest prop me, or your purse relieve?  
 Or could my wants my soul so far subdue,  
 That in distress she crawl'd for aid to you?  
 But let us grant th' indulgence e'er so strong;  
 Display without reserve th' imagin'd wrong:  
 Among your kindred have I kindled strife,  
 Deflow'r'd your daughter, or debauch'd your wife;  
 Traduc'd your credit, babbled you at game;  
 Or sell'd with infamous reproach your name?

FRIEND.

No; but your cynic vanity (you'll own)  
 Expos'd my private counsel to the town.

POET.

Such fair advice 'twere pity eare to lose;  
 I grant I printed it for public use.

FRIEND.

Yes, season'd with your own remarks between,  
 Inflamm'd with so much virulence of spleen,  
 That the mild town (to give the devil his due)  
 Ascrib'd the whole performance to a Jew.

<sup>19</sup> and <sup>20</sup> This last line relates to the behaviour of a general on a certain occasion, who discovered an extreme passion for the cool shade during the heat of the day: the Hannoverian general, in the battle of Dettingen.

POET.

Jews, Turks, or Pagans, hallowed be the mouth  
That teems with moral zeal and dauntless truth!  
Prove that my partial strain adopts one lie,  
No penitent more mortify'd than I;  
Not ev'n the wretch in shackles, doom'd to groan  
Beneath th' inhuman scoffs of Williamson<sup>1</sup>.

FRIEND.

Hold—let us see this boasted self-denial—  
The vanquish'd knight<sup>2</sup> has triumph'd in his trial.

POET.

What then?

FRIEND.

Your own sarcastic verse unsay,  
That brands him as a trembling runaway.

POET.

With all my soul!—th' imputed charge rehearse;  
I'll own my error and expunge the verse.  
Come, come,—howe'er the day was lost or won,  
The world allows the race was fairly run.  
But lest the truth too naked should appear,  
A robe of sable shall the goddess wear:  
When sheep were subject to the lion's reign,  
Ere man acquir'd dominion o'er the plain,  
Voracious wolves, fierce rushing from the rocks,  
Devour'd without control th' unguarded flocks:  
The sufferers crowding round the royal cave,  
Their monarch's pity and protection crave:  
Not that they wanted valour, force or arms,  
To shield their lambs from danger and alarms;  
A thousand rams, the champions of the fold,  
In strength of horn, and patriot virtue bold,  
Engag'd in firm association, stood,  
Their lives devoted to the public good:  
A warlike chieftain was their sole request,  
To marshal, guide, instruct, and rule the rest:  
Their pray'r was heard, and by consent of all,  
A courtier ape appointed general.—  
He went, he led, arraug'd the battle stood,  
The savage foe came pouring like a flood;  
Then pug aghast, fled swifter than the wind,  
Nor deign'd, in threescore miles, to look behind;  
While ev'ry band for orders bleat in vain,  
And fall in slaughter'd heaps upon the plain:  
The scar'd baboon (to cut the matter short)  
With all his speed could not out-run report;  
And to appease the clamours of the nation,  
<sup>3</sup>Twas fit his case should stand examination.  
The board was nam'd—each worthy took his place;  
All senior members of the horned race<sup>4</sup>.—  
The wether, goat, ram, elk, and ox were there;  
And a grave, hoary stag possess'd the chair.—

<sup>1</sup> Governor of the Tower.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Cope.

<sup>3</sup> It is not to be wondered at, that this board consisted of horned cattle only, since, before the use of arms, every creature was obliged in war to fight with such weapons as nature afforded it, consequently those supplied with horns had fairest for signaling themselves in the field, and carrying off the first posts in the army.—But I observe, that among the members of this court, there is no mention made of such of the horned family as were chiefly celebrated for valour; namely, the bull, unicorn, rhinoceros, &c. which gives reason to suspect, that these last were either out of fa-

Th' inquiry past, each in his turn began  
The culprit's conduct variously to scan.  
At length, the sage uprear'd his awful crest,  
And pausing, thus his fellow chiefs address'd.—  
"If aye, that from this head its honours stole,  
Hath not impair'd the functions of my soul,  
But sacred wisdom with experience bought,  
Whieh this weak frame decays, matures my thought;  
Th' important issue of this graud debate  
May furnish precedent for your own fate;  
Should ever fortune call you to repel  
The shaggy foe, so desperate and fell—  
<sup>5</sup>'Tis plain, you say, his excellence sir Apo  
From the dire field accomplish'd an escape;  
Alas! our fellow-subjects ne'er had bled,  
If every ram that fell, like him had fled;  
Certain, those sheep were rather mad than brave,  
Which scorn'd th' example their wise leader gave.  
Let us, then, ev'ry vulgar hint disdain,  
And from our brothers' laurel wash the stain."  
Th' admiring court applauds the president,  
And pug was clear'd by general consent.

FRIEND.

There needs no magic to divine your scope,  
Mark'd as you are a flagrant misanthrope:  
Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and small,  
Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall:  
Let virtue struggle, or let glory shine,  
Thy verse affords not one approving line.—

POET.

Hail sacred themes! the Muse's chief delight!  
O bring the darling objects to my sight!  
My breast with elevated thought shall glow,  
My fancy brighten, and my numbers flow!  
Th' Aonian grove with rapture would I tread,  
To crop unfading wreaths for William's head;  
But that my strain, unheard amidst the throng,  
Must yield to Lockman's ode and Hanbury's song<sup>6</sup>.  
Nor would th' enamour'd Muse neglect to pay  
To Stanhope's worth<sup>7</sup> the tributary lay;  
The soul unstrain'd, the sense sublime to paint,  
A people's patron, pride and ornament!  
Did not his virtues eterniz'd remain  
The boasted theme of Pope's immortal strain.  
Not ev'n the pleasing task is left, to raise  
A grateful monument to Barnard's praise;  
Else should the venerable patriot stand  
Th' unshaken pillar of a sinking land.  
The gladd'ning prospect let me still pursue:  
And bring fair virtue's triumphs to the view!  
Alike to me, by fortune blest or not,  
From soaring Cobham to the melting Scot<sup>8</sup>.

your with the ministry, laid aside on account of their great age, or that the ape had interest enough at court to exclude them from the number of his judges.

<sup>4</sup> Two productions resembling one another very much in that cloying mediocrity, which Horace compares to—*Crassum unguentum, et sardo cum mele papaver*.

<sup>5</sup> The earl of Chesterfield.

<sup>6</sup> Daniel Mackercher, esq. a man of such primitive simplicity, that he may be said to have exceeded the Scripture injunction, by not only parting with his cloak and coat, but with his shirt also, to relieve a brother in distress: Mr. Annesley, who claimed the Anglesea title and estate.

But lo! a swarm of harpies intervene,  
To ravage, mangle, and pollute the scene!  
Gorg'd with our plunder, yet still gaud for spoil,  
Ravenous Gideon fastens on our isle;  
Insatiate Lascelles, and the fiend Vaneck<sup>7</sup>,  
Rise on our ruins, and enjoy the wreck;  
While griping Jasper<sup>8</sup> glories in his prize,  
Wrung from the widow's tears and orphan's cries.

## FRIEND.

Relaps'd again! strange tendency to rail!  
I fear'd this meekness would not long prevail.

## POET.

You deem it rancour then?—Look round and see  
What vices flourish still, unprun'd by me:  
Corruption, roll'd in a triumphant car,  
Displays his burnish'd front and glitt'ring star;  
Nor heeds the public scorn, or transient curse,  
Unknown alike to honour and remorse.  
Behold the leering belle, caress'd by all,  
Adorn each private feast and public ball;  
Where peers attentive listen and adore,  
And not one matron shuns the titled whore.  
At Peter's obsequies<sup>10</sup> I sung no dirge;  
Nor has my satire yet supply'd a scourge  
For the vile tribes of usurers and bites,  
Who sneak at Jonathan's and swear at White's.  
Each low pursuit, and slighter folly bled  
Within the selfish heart and hollow head,  
Thrives uncontrol'd, and blossoms o'er the land,  
Nor feels the rigour of my chast'ning hand:  
While Codrus shivers o'er his bags of gold,  
By famine wither'd, and benumb'd by cold;  
I mark his haggard eyes with frenzy roll,  
And feast upon the terrors of his soul;  
The wrecks of war, the perils of the deep,  
That curse with hideous dreams the catiff's sleep;  
Insolvent debtors, thieves, and civil strife,  
Which daily persecute his wretched life;  
With all the horrors of prophetic dread,  
That rack his bosom while the Mail is read.  
Safe from the rod, untainted by the school,  
A judge by birth, by destiny a fool,  
While the young lordling struts in native pride,  
His party-coloured tutor by his side<sup>11</sup>,  
Pleas'd, let me own the pious mother's care,  
Who to the brawny sire commits her heir.

<sup>7</sup> A triumvirate of contractors, who, scorning the narrow views of private usury, found means to lay a whole state under contribution, and pillage a kingdom of immense sums, under the protection of law.

<sup>8</sup> A Christian of bowels, who lends money to his friends in want at the moderate interest of 50 per cent. A man famous for buying poor seamen's tickets.

<sup>9</sup> A wit of the first water, celebrated for her talent of repartee and double entendre.

<sup>10</sup> Peter Waters, esq. whose character is too well known to need description.

<sup>11</sup> Whether it be for the reason assigned in the subsequent lines, or the fragility of the parents, who are unwilling to throw away money in making their children wiser than themselves, I know not: but certain it is, that many people of fashion commit the education of their heirs to some trusty footman, with a particular command to keep master out of the stable.

Fraught with the spirit of a Gothic monk,  
Let Rich, with dulness and devotion drunk,  
Enjoy the peal so barbarous and loud,  
While his brain spews new monsters to the crowd<sup>12</sup>;  
I see with joy, the vaticide deplore  
An hell-denouncing priest and sov'reign whore.  
Let ev'ry polish'd dame, and genial lord  
Employ the social chair<sup>13</sup>, and venal board<sup>14</sup>;  
Debauch'd from sense, let doubtful meanings run,  
The vague comundron and the prurient pun;  
While the vain fop, with spish grin, regards  
The gigling minx half chok'd behind her cards:  
These, and a thousand idle pranks, I deem  
The motley spawn of ignorance and whim.  
Let pride conceive and folly propagate,  
The fashion still adopts the spurious brat:  
Nothing so strange that fashion cannot tame;  
By this disbonour ceases to be shame:  
This weans from blustery lewd Tyraway's face,  
Given Hawley<sup>15</sup> praise and Ingoldsby disgrace,  
From Mead to Thompson shifts the palm at once,  
A meddling, prating, blund'ring, busy dunce!  
And may (should taste a little more doctrine)  
Transform the nation to an herd of swine.

## FRIEND.

The fatal period hastens on apace!  
Nor will thy verse th' obscene event disgrace;  
Thy flow'rs of poetry, that smell so strong,  
The keenest appetites have loath'd the song;  
Condemn'd by Clark, Banks, Barrowby, and Chitty<sup>16</sup>,  
And all the crop-ear'd critics of the city:  
While sagely neutral sits thy silent friend,  
Alike averse to censure or commend.

## POET.

Peace to the gentle soul, that could deny  
His invocated voice to fill the cry!  
And let me still the sentiment disdain  
Of him, who never speaks but to arraign;  
The sneering son of calumny and scorn,  
Whom neither arts, nor sense, nor soul adorn:

<sup>12</sup> Monsters of absurdity.

He look'd, and saw a sable sorcerer rise,  
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:  
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,  
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.  
Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on Earth,  
Gods, imps and monsters, music, rage and mirth,  
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,  
'Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

## Duncied.

<sup>13</sup> This is no other than an empty chair, carried about with great formality, to perform visits, by the help of which a decent correspondence is often maintained among people of fashion, many years together, without one personal interview; to the great honour of hospitality and good neighbourhood.

<sup>14</sup> Equally applicable to the dining and card-table, where every guest must pay an extravagant price for what he has.

<sup>15</sup> A general so renowned for conduct and discipline, that, during an action in which he had a considerable command, he is said to have been seen rallying three fugitive dragoons, five miles from the field of battle.

<sup>16</sup> A fraternity of wits, whose virtue, modesty, and taste, are much of the same denomination.

Or his, who to maintain a critic's rank,  
Tho' conscious of his own internal blank,  
His want of taste unwilling to betray,  
Twixt sense and nonsense heitates all day;  
With brow contracted hears each passage read,  
And often hums and shakes his empty head;  
Until some oracle ador'd, pronounce  
The passive bard a poet or a dunce;  
Then, in loud clamour echoes back the word,  
'Tis bold! insipid—sounding or absurd.  
These, and th' unnumber'd shoals of smaller fry,  
That nibble round, I pity and defy.

---

### THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Written in the Year 1746.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!  
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,  
Lie slaught'rd on their native ground;  
Thy hospitable roofs no more,  
Invite the stranger to the door;  
In smoky ruins sunk thy lie,  
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar  
His all become the prey of war;  
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,  
Then smites his breast, and curses life.  
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,  
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:  
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;  
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,  
Tho' the wide-spreading waste of time,  
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,  
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?  
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,  
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.  
What foreign arms could never quell,  
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay  
No more shall cheer the happy day:  
No social scenes of gay delight  
Beguile the dreary winter night:  
No strains but those of sorrow flow,  
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,  
While the pale phantoms of the stain  
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh, fatal morn,  
Accur'd to ages yet unborn!  
The sons against their fathers stood,  
The parent shed his children's blood.  
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,  
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:  
The naked and forlorn must feel  
Devouring flames, and murdering steel!

The pious mother doom'd to death,  
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,  
The bleak wind whistles round her head,  
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;  
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
She views the shades of night descend,  
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,  
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,  
And uninspir'd remembrance reigns,  
Resentment of my country's fate  
Within my filial breast shall beat;  
And, spite of her insulting foe,  
My sympathizing verse shall flow:  
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

---

### VERSES

ON A YOUNG LADY PLAYING ON A HARPSICORD  
AND SINGING.

WHEN Sappho struck the quiv'ring wire,  
The throbbing breast was all on fire:  
And when she rais'd the vocal lay,  
The captive soul was charm'd away!

But had the nymph, possess'd with thee,  
Thy softer, chaster, pow'r to please;  
Thy heauteous air of sprightly youth,  
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

The worm of grief had never prey'd  
On the forsaken love-sick maid:  
Nor had she mourn'd a hapless flame,  
Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.

---

### LOVE ELEGY.

IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?  
Mourning, give my soul her wonted rest;  
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,  
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,  
With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;  
Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,  
Or press her wanton in love's roseate bower.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,  
Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around,  
Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,  
To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,  
Where fancy paints the glimmering taper blue,  
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,  
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew.

There leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,  
Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine:  
Then, with a long farewell to love and care,  
To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, Mournia, shed a gracious tear  
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest?  
Strew vernal flowers, applaud my love sincere,  
And hid the turf lie easy on my breast?

---

### SONG.

WHILE with fond rapture and amaze,  
On thy transcendent charms I gaze,



My cautious soul essays in vain  
Her peace and freedom to maintain;  
Yet let that blooming form divine,  
Where grace and harmony combine,  
Those eyes, like genial orbs, that move,  
Dispensing gladness, joy, and love,  
In all their pomp assail my view,  
Intent my bosom to subdue;  
My breast, by wary maxims steel'd,  
Not all those charms shall force to yield.

But, when invok'd to beauty's aid,  
I see th' enlighten'd soul display'd;  
That soul so sensibly sedate  
Amid the storms of froward fate!  
Thy genius active, strong and clear,  
Thy wit sublime, tho' not severe,  
The social ardour void of art,  
'That glows within thy candid heart;  
My spirits, sense and strength decay,  
My resolution dies away,  
And ev'ry faculty oppress,  
Almighty love invades my breast!

---

SONG.

To fix her—'twere a task as vain  
To count the April drops of rain;  
To sow in Afric's barren soil,  
Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,  
False as the fowler's artful snare;  
Inconstant as the passing wind,  
As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,  
It's joys she'll neither share nor prove;  
Tho' hundreds of gallants await  
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,  
I sometimes strive to break her chain;  
My reason summon to my aid,  
Resolv'd no more to be betray'd.

Ah! friend! 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,  
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance;  
She need but look, and, I confess,  
Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,  
Sure something more than human's there;  
I must submit, for strife is vain,  
'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

---

ODES.

BURLESQUE ODE<sup>s</sup>.

WHERE wast thou, wittol Ward, when hapless  
fate  
From these weak arms mine aged grannam tore:  
These pious arms essay'd too late,  
To drive the dismal phantom from the door.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Smollett, imagining himself ill treated by lord Lyttleton, wrote the above burlesque on that nobleman's monody on the death of his lady.

Could not thy healing drop, illustrious quick,  
Could not thy salutary pill prolong her days;  
For whom, so oft, to Marybone, alack!  
Thy sorrels dragg'd thee thro' the worst of ways!

Oil-dropping Twick'nham did not then detain  
Thy steps, tho' tended by the Cambrian maids;  
Nor the sweet environs of Drury-lane;  
Nor dusty Pinlicko's embow'ring shades;  
Nor Whitehall, by the river's bank,  
Beset with rowers dank;  
Nor where th' Exchange pours forth its tawny sons;  
Nor where to mix with offal, soil, and blood,  
Steep Snow-hill rolls the sable flood;  
Nor where the Mint's contaminated kennel runs:

Ill doth it now beseech;  
That thou shouldst doze and dream,  
When Death in mortal armour came,  
And struck with ruthless dart the gentle dame.  
Her lib'ral hand and sympathising breast  
The brute creation kindly bless'd:  
Where'er she trod grimalkin purr'd around,  
The squeaking pigs her bounty own'd;  
Nor to the waddling duck or gabbling goose  
Did she glad sustenance refuse;  
The strutting cock she daily fed,  
And turkey with his snout so red;  
Of chickens careful as the pious hen,  
Nor did she overlook the tomtit or the wren;  
While redbreast hopp'd before her in the hall,  
As if she common mother were of all.

For my distracted mind,  
What comfort can I find;  
O best of grannams! thou art dead and gone,  
And I am left behind to weep and moan,  
To sing thy dirge in sad funeral lay,  
Ah! woe is me! alack! and well-a-day!

---

TO MIRTH.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth!  
Whether of Venus or Aurora born;  
Yet goddess sure of heavenly birth,  
Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:  
Thy glittering colours gay,  
Around him, Mirth, display;  
And o'er his raptur'd sense  
Diffuse thy living influence:  
So shall each hill in purer green array'd,  
And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty grow;  
The grove shall smooth the horrors of the  
shade,  
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.  
Shine, goddess, shine with unremitting ray,  
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,  
And aged Poverty can smile with thee;  
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,  
And weak th' uplifted arm of Tyranny.  
The Morning opes on high  
His universal eye;  
And on the world doth pour  
His glories in a golden shower,  
'Lo! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray  
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:  
The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,  
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of Morn.

Pale shivering ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering  
light,  
Quick, as the lightnings flash, glide to sepulchral

But whence the gladdening beam  
That pours his purple stream  
O'er the long prospect wide?  
'Tis Mirth. I see her sit  
In majesty of light,

With Laughter at her side.  
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near  
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;  
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,  
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.

Fear not now Affliction's power,  
Fear not now wild Passion's rage,  
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,  
Save the tardy hand of Age.

Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant poet's prayer;  
No cloud that rides the blast, shall vex the  
troubled air.

## TO SLEEP.

SOFT Sleep, profoundly pleasing power,  
Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,  
O listen from thy calm abode,  
And hither wave thy magic rod;  
Extend thy silent, soothing sway,  
And charm the canker Care away.  
Whether thou lov'st to glide along,  
Attended by an airy throng  
Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,  
Such as adorn the wanton boy;  
Or to the monarch's fancy bring  
Delights that better suit a king;  
The glittering host, the groaning plain,  
The clang of arms, and victor's train;  
Or should a milder vision please,  
Present the happy scenes of peace;  
Plump Autumn, blushing all around,  
Rich Industry with toil embrown'd,  
Content, with brow serene y gay,  
And genial Art's refulgent ray.

## TO LEVEN-WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,  
And tune the rural pipe to love;  
I envied not the happiest swain  
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.  
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave  
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;  
No torrents stain thy limpid source;  
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,  
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,  
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;  
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood  
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;  
The springing trout in speckled pride;  
The salmon, monarch of the tide;  
The ruthless pike, intent on war;  
The silver eel, and mottled par.<sup>1</sup>  
Devolving from thy parent lake,  
A charming maze thy waters make,

<sup>1</sup> The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,  
And edges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,  
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen;  
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,  
And shepherds piping in the dale,  
And ancient Faith that knows no guile,  
And Industry imbrown'd with toil,  
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,  
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

## TO BLUE-EY'D ANN.

WHEN the rough North forgets to howl,  
And Ocean's billows cease to roll;  
When Lybian sands are bound in frost,  
And cold to Nova Zembla's lost!  
When heav'nly bodies cease to move,  
My blue-ey'd Ann I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn;  
Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn;  
Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring;  
Nor parching heats the dog-star bring;  
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,  
When blue-ey'd Ann I cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found;  
Nor pleasures dance their frolic round;  
Nor love's light god inhabit Earth;  
Nor beauty give the passion birth;  
Nor heat to summer sunshine cleave,  
When blue-ey'd Nanny I deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,  
Inconstancy forgets to range;  
When lavish May no more shall bloom;  
Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;  
When Nature from her sphere shall start,  
I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

## TO INDEPENDENCE.

## STROPEL.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share!  
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,  
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,  
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.  
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,  
A goddess liberated brought thee forth,  
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime  
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying  
clime.

What time the iron-hearted Gaul  
With frantic Superstition for his guide,  
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,  
The sons of Woden to the field defy'd:  
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,  
In Heaven's name urg'd th' infernal blow;  
And red the stream began to flow:  
The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Charlemagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and immediately after they were baptized ordered their throats to be cut.—Their prince Vitikind fled for shelter to Gotric king of Denmark.

## ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled  
From altars stain'd with human gore;  
And Liberty his routed legions led  
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.  
There in a cave asleep she lay,  
Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main;  
When a bold savage past that way,  
Impell'd by Destiny, his name Disdain.  
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:  
The hunted bear supply'd a saggy vest;  
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;  
And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.

He stoop'd: he gaz'd; his bosom glow'd,  
And deeply felt the impression of her charms:  
He seiz'd th' advantage Fate allow'd;  
And straight compress'd her in his vigorous arms.

## STROPHE.

The curlieu scream'd, the Tritons blew  
Their shells to celebrate the rish'd rite;  
Old Time exulted as he flew;  
And Independence saw the light.  
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,  
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,  
While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,  
The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born—  
The mountain Dryads seiz'd with joy,  
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;  
The Doric Muse caress'd the favourite boy;  
The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind.  
As rolling years matur'd his age,  
He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his sire;  
While the mild passions in his breast assuage  
The fiercer flames of his maternal sire.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,  
And zealous roved from pole to pole,  
The rolls of right eternal to display,  
And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul.

On desert isles<sup>2</sup> it was he that rais'd  
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,  
Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd  
Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave,

He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms  
To burst the Iberian's double chain<sup>3</sup>;  
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,  
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.  
He, with the generous rustics, sat  
On Uri's rocks in close divan<sup>4</sup>;  
And wing'd that arrow sure as fate,  
Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

<sup>2</sup> Although Venice was built a considerable time before the era here assigned for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendour.

<sup>3</sup> The Low Countries were not only oppressed by grievous taxations, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the Inquisition, when the Seven Provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

## STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd<sup>5</sup>,  
Where blasted nature pants supine,  
Conductor of her tribes adust,  
To Freedom's adamantine shrine;  
And many a Tartar hor'd forlorn, aghast<sup>6</sup>!  
He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing;  
And taught amidst the dreary waste  
The all-cheering hymns of Liberty to sing.  
He virtue finds, like precious ore,  
Diffus'd thro' every baser mould,  
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,  
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold<sup>7</sup>.  
He, guardian genius, taught my youth  
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:  
My lips by him chastis'd to truth,  
Ne'er pay'd that homage which the heart denies.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,  
Where varnish'd Vice and Vanity combin'd,  
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread;  
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.  
Where Insolence his wrinkl'd front appears,  
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow;  
And Tittle his ill-woven chaplet wears,  
Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow:  
Where ever-dimpling Falshood, pert and vain,  
Presents her cup of stale profession's froth;  
And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,  
Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

## STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,  
With either India's glittering spoils oppress:  
So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,  
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.  
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,  
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;  
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay;  
And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;  
Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene;  
And Nature, still to all her feelings just,  
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,  
Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts  
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,  
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chants,  
And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.  
There Study shall with Solitude recline;  
And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains;  
And Toil and Temperance sedately twine  
The slender chord that fluttering life sustains:  
And fearless Poverty shall guard the door;  
And Taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread;  
And Industry supply the humble store;  
And Sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed:

<sup>5</sup> The Arabs, rather than resign their independence, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the desert.

<sup>6</sup> From the tyranny of Jenghis-Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eastern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were used to fly into the remoter wastes of Cathay, where no army could follow them.

<sup>7</sup> The noble stand made by Paschal Paoli and his associates against the usurpations of the French king, must endear them to all the sons of liberty and independence.

White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,  
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;  
And Independence o'er the day preside,  
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

## OBSERVATIONS

## ON DR. SWOLLETT'S ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

LYRIC poetry imitates violent and ardent passions. It is therefore bold, various, and impetuous. It abounds with animated sentiments, glowing images, and forms of speech often unusual, but commonly nervous and expressive. The composition and arrangement of parts may often appear disordered, and the transitions sudden and obscure; but they are always natural, and are governed by the movements and variations of the imitated passion. The foregoing ode will illustrate these observations.

The introduction is poetical and abrupt.

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share!  
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,  
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,  
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

The picture exhibited in these lines is striking, because the circumstances are happily chosen, briefly, and distinctly delineated. It is sublime, because the images are few, and in themselves great and magnificent. The "lion-heart and eagle-eye" suggest an idea of the high spirit and commanding aspect of Independence: and the poet following with "bosom bare" denotes, in a picturesque manner, the eagerness and enthusiasm of the votary. The last circumstance is peculiarly happy.

"Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

It marks the scene: it is unexpected, and excites surprise: it is great and awful, and excites astonishment. Combined with the preceding circumstance, it conveys a beautiful allegorical meaning; and signifies that a mind truly independent is superior to adversity, and unmoved by external accidents. We may observe too, in regard to the diction, that the notions of sound and motion communicated by the words "howl" and "along," contribute, in a peculiar manner, to the sublimity of the description.

"Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,  
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,  
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

These lines are written in the true spirit of lyric poetry. Without preparing the mind by a cool artificial introduction, rising gradually to the impetuosity of passion, they assail the imagination by an abrupt and sudden impulse; they vibrate through the soul, and fire us instantaneously with all the ardour and enthusiasm of the poet. Many of the odes of Horace are composed in the same spirit, and produce similar effects. Without any previous argument or introduction, in the fulness of passion and imagination, he breaks out in bold, powerful, and impetuous figures.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis, tui  
Pleum? Quæ nemora aut quos agor in specus  
Velox mente nova? ———  
Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem ———

The poet, full of enthusiasm and admiration, continues his prosopœia; and, in a strain of poetry exceedingly wild and romantic, gives us the genealogy of Independence.

"A goddess violated brought thee forth,  
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime  
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying  
time."

According to the acceptance of our author, liberty means the security of our lives and possessions, and freedom from external force: independence is of higher import, and denotes that internal sense and consciousness of freedom which beget magnanimity, fortitude, and that becoming pride which leads us to respect ourselves, and do nothing unworthy of our condition. Liberty therefore is, with perfect propriety, said to be the mother of Independence, and Disdain his father—Disdain arising from indignation against an oppressor, and triumph on having frustrated or escaped his malice. This stern personage is strongly characterized in the following direct description.

"Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:  
The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest;  
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;  
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast."

Men may enjoy liberty without independence: they may be secure in their persons and possessions, without feeling any uncommon elevation of mind, or any sense of their freedom. But if their liberty is attacked, they are alarmed, they feel the value of their condition, they are moved with indignation against their oppressors, they exert themselves, and if they are successful, or escape the danger that threatened them, they triumph, they reflect on the happiness and dignity conferred by freedom, they applaud themselves for their exertions, become magnanimous and independent. There is therefore no less propriety in deducing the origin of Independence from Disdain and Liberty, than in fixing the era of his birth. The Saxons, according to our author, free, simple, and inoffensive, were attacked, escaped the violence of their adversary, reflected on the felicity of their condition, and learned independence.

The education of Independence, and the scene of his nativity, are suited to his illustrious lineage, and to the high achievements for which he was destined.

"The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,  
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,  
While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,  
The auspicious fruit of stoic's embrace was born—  
The mountain Dryads seiz'd with joy,  
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;  
The Doric Muse caress'd the favourite boy;  
The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind."

The imagery in these lines is soft and agreeable, the language smooth, and the versification numerous.

Independence thus descended, and thus divinely instructed and endowed, distinguishes himself accordingly by heroic and beneficent actions.

"Accomplish'd thus, he winged his way,  
And zealous rovd' from pole to pole,  
The rolls of right eternal to display,  
And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul."

The ode may be divided into three parts. The poet sets out with a brief address to Independence, imploring his protection. He seeks, in idea, the high object of his adoration, and transported by an ardent and irresistible impulse, he rehearses his birth, education, and qualities. He proceeds, in the second place, to celebrate his office and most renowned achievements; and returns, at the end of the third strophe, to acknowledge with gratitude the protection he had requested, and the power of Independence in preserving him untainted by the debasing influences of grandeur, and the admiration of vain magnificence. Animated with this reflection, and conscious of the dignity annexed to an independent state of mind, he inveighs against those "minions of Fortune" who would impose upon mankind by the ostentation of wealth, and the parade of pageantry.

"In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,  
With either India's glittering spoils opprest:

So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,  
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.  
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay;  
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string:  
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay;  
And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;  
Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread, shall intervene;  
And Nature, still to all her feelings just,  
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,  
Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust."

These lines, embellish'd by fancy, and recommended to the heart by harmony, are the invective of truth and honest indignation.

In the last antistrophe the poet descends from his enthusiasm; he is less impetuous; the illustrious passions that animated and impelled him are exhausted; but they leave his mind full of their genuine and benign influences, not agitated and disordered, as if their tendency had been vicious, but glowing with self-approbation, soft, gentle, and composed,

THE  
POEMS  
OF  
*WILLIAM HAMILTON,*  
OF BANGOUR.



THE

# LIFE OF WILLIAM HAMILTON.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

---

OF this poet so little is upon record that an apology would be necessary to the reader, if the blame did not rest with those who, with every opportunity to collect information, neglected his personal history while it was within reach. Part of his life appears to have been spent in gaiety, and part in the dangers of civil war; and as he became an exile for an unpopular cause, and passed his latter days in a foreign country which he visited in quest of health, and where he died about half a century ago, little remains among the descendants of his admirers, if we except the information lord Woodhouselee has given, but an indistinct remembrance of a man of a polished mind, of social virtues, and elegant manners.

His father was a man of fortune and family in Airshire, where he was born in 1704. He received a liberal education, to which he joined the accomplishments of the man of the world; and amidst the higher dissipations of society cultivated a taste for poetry, of which he exhibited frequent specimens for the amusement of his friends. In 1745 he joined the unfortunate cause of the Pretender, and conceived great hopes from the temporary success of the rebels at Preston-pans: but after the battle of Culloden, which terminated the struggle, he was obliged to provide for his safety in flight; and after many narrow escapes, reached the continent, where he remained until he received a pardon, and was enabled to visit his native land. To recruit his health, however, he was obliged to return to the more genial climate of France, where he died in 1754.

Among the revivers of his fame, professor Richardson and lord Woodhouselee are entitled to the highest respect. The latter in his elaborate *Life of Lord Kames* furnishes what, it is hoped, will atone in some measure for the present scanty article.

“ With the elegant and accomplished William Hamilton of Bangour, whose amiable manners were long remembered with the tenderest recollection by all who knew him, Mr. Home (lord Kames) lived in the closest habits of friendship. The writer of these memoirs has heard him dwell with delight on the scenes of their youthful days: and he has to regret, that many an anecdote to which he listened with pleasure was not committed to a better record than a treacherous memory. Hamilton’s mind is pictured in his verses. They are the easy and careless effusions of an elegant fancy and a chastened taste: and the sentiments they convey are the genuine feelings of a tender and sus-



ceptible heart, which perpetually owned the dominion of some favourite mistress; but whose passion generally evaporated in song, and made no serious or permanent impression. His poems had an additional charm to his contemporaries, from being commonly addressed to his familiar friends of either sex, by name. There are few minds insensible to the soothing flattery of a poet's record. I question whether his friend Home was ever more highly gratified by the applause he gained for his talents on the success of a legal argument, than by the elegant lines addressed by Hamilton, To H. H. in the Assembly.

"Hamilton's letters are, like his verses, the transcript of his feelings. Mr. Home had sent him a few remarks on Horace; of the same tenour, as it would seem, with those observations which, many years afterwards, he gave to the world in his Elements of Criticism. In a letter dated Sept. 1738, to Mr. Home, then passing the autumn vacation at Kames, Hamilton thus writes—'I am entirely of your opinion with respect to your observations on Horace. He certainly wanders from his text—but still they are the wanderings of Horace. Why we are never contented with our lot, but still envy the condition of others, was a noble subject, and it were to be wished he had adorned it, as well he could, from his own experience: satisfied, as he seems to have been, with his own pursuits, and the fame they had acquired him. Let me put Horace's question to myself, Why don't I acquiesce in the determination of Heaven, to which I have myself so much contributed? Why don't I rest contented with that, small perhaps indeed, but sincere portion of happiness furnished by my poetry, and a few kind friends? Why concern myself to please Jeanie Stewart, or vex myself about that happier man to whom the lottery of life may have assigned her? *Qui fit, Mæcenas, qui fit?* Whence comes it? Alas, whence indeed?

' Too long by love, a wandering fire, misled,  
My better days in vain delusion fled:  
Day after day, year after year withdraw,  
And beauty blest the minutes as they flew,  
Those hours consum'd in jay, but lost to fame,  
With blushes I review, but dare not blame:  
A fault which easy pardon might receive,  
Did lovers judge, or could the wise forgive!  
But now to Wisdom's healing springs I fly,  
And drink oblivion of each charming eye;  
To love revolted, quit each pleasing care,  
Whate'er was witty, or whate'er was fair.

Yours, &c.

"To seek the aid of *wisdom* for the cure of *love*, is no doubt a prudent resolution; but here the question may be put (as of Glendower's spirits), will Wisdom come when the lover calls for her? His friend Home, who had a deeper knowledge of human nature, saw a better cure for a frivolous and idle passion. The lady mentioned in the letter above quoted had complained to Mr. Home, that she was teased with Hamilton's dangling attentions, which she was convinced had no serious aim, and hinted an earnest wish to get rid of him: 'You are his friend,' said she, 'tell him he exposes both himself and me to the ridicule of our acquaintance.' 'No, madam,' said Mr. Home, 'you shall accomplish his cure yourself; and by the simplest method. Dance with him at to-night's assembly, and show him every mark of your kindness, as if you

believed his passion sincere, and had resolved to favour his suit. Take my word for it, you'll hear no more of him.' The lady adopted the counsel, and the success of the experiment was complete.

"It appears from Hamilton's letters, that he communicated his poems to his friends for their critical remarks, and was easily induced to alter or amend them by their advice. He had sent the piece entitled *Contemplation*, one of the most laboured of his productions, to Mr. Home, who suggested some alterations. In a letter from Hamilton, in July, 1739, he says, 'I have made the corrections on the moral part of *Contemplation*, and in a post will send it to Will. Crawford, who has the rest, and will transmit it to you. I shall write to him fully on the subject.' It is pleasing to remark, that the Will. Crawford here mentioned was the author of the beautiful pastoral ballad of *Tweedside*, which, with the aid of its charming melody, will probably live as long as the language is understood.

"Hamilton may be reckoned among the earliest of the Scotch poets who wrote English verse with propriety and taste, and with any considerable portion of the poetic spirit. Thomson, Mallet, and he were contemporaries."

"The poems of Hamilton," says professor Richardson, "display regular design, just sentiments, fanciful invention, pleasing sensibility, elegant diction, and smooth versification. His genius was aided by taste, and his taste was improved by knowledge. He was not only well acquainted with the most elegant modern writers, but with those of antiquity. Of these remarks, his poem entitled *Contemplation*, or the *Triumph of Love*, affords sufficient illustration.

"The design of this poem is regular. The poet displays in it the struggles, relapses, recoveries, and final discomfiture of a mind striving with an obstinate and habituated passion. It has, in the language of the critics, a beginning, a middle, and an end. It exhibits an action in its rise, progress, and termination. The poet represents himself as wishing to withdraw his thoughts from inferior subjects, and fix them on such as he holds better suited to a rational, and still more to a philosophical spirit. He must be aided in this high exercise by *Contemplation*, and the assistance of this august personage must be duly solicited. Accordingly, the poem opens with a fine address to the 'Voice divine,' the power of poetry:

Go forth, invoc'd, O Voice divine!  
And issue from thy sacred shrine;  
Go, search each solitude around  
Where *Contemplation* may be found, &c.

But *Contemplation* must not only be duly solicited, but properly received and attended; and therefore a company of various but suitable associates are invited;

Bring Faith, endued with eagle eyes,  
That joins this Earth to distant skies, &c.  
Devotion, high above that soars,  
And sings exulting, and adores, &c. —  
Last, to crown all, with these be join'd  
The decent nun, fair Peace of Mind,

## LIFE OF HAMILTON.

Whom Innocence, ere yet betray'd,  
 Bore young in Eden's happy shade;  
 Resign'd, contented, meek, and mild,  
 Of blameless mother, blameless child.

"In like manner, such passions as are adverse to Contemplation are very properly prohibited; and in this catalogue are included, among others, Superstition, Zeal, Hypocrisy, Malice, and all inhuman affections. The poet seems chiefly solicitous to prohibit Love. Of him and his intrusion he appears particularly apprehensive. Yet, in the confidence of his present mood, he would disguise his apprehensions, and treats this formidable adversary not only with defiance, but with contempt.

But chiefly Love, Love, far off fly,  
 Nor interrupt my privacy;  
 'Tis not for thee, capricious power,  
 Weak tyrant of a feverish hour,  
 Fickle, and ever in extremes,  
 My radiant day of reason beams,  
 And sober Contemplation's ear  
 Disdains thy syren tongue to hear.  
 Speed thee on changeful wings away  
 To where thy willing slaves obey;  
 Go, herd amongst thy wonted train,  
 The false, th' inconstant, and the vain:  
 Thou hast no subject here; begone;  
 Contemplation comes anon.

"The action proceeds. The poet attends to solemn objects: engages in important inquiries; considers the diversified condition of human life; dwells on the ample provision made by nature for human happiness; dwells on the happiness of social affections; is thus led imperceptibly to think of love; mentions Monimia, and relapses.

Ah me! what, hapless, have I said, &c.

"He makes another effort, but with equal success; he makes another and another: he will exalt his mind by acts of devotion, or plunge into the gloom of melancholy. But the influences of the predominant passion still return to the charge, and restore their object: on the heights of devotion, or in the shades of melancholy, he still meets with Monimia. Such is the progress of the poem; and in the conclusion we have an interesting view of the poet, yielding to his adversary, but striving to be resigned:

Pass but some fleeting moments o'er,  
 This rebel heart shall beat no more, &c.

"The justness of the poet's sentiments is next to be mentioned. He illustrates the power of habituated passion over reason and reflection. Farther, he illustrates, that, though the attention be engaged with objects of the most opposite kind to that of the reigning passion, yet still it returns. He shows too, that this happens notwithstanding the most determined resolutions and purposes to the contrary. All this he does not formally, but by ingenious and indirect insinuation. He also illustrates a curious process in the

conduct of our intellectual powers, when under the dominion of strong emotion. He shows the manner by which prevailing passions influence our thoughts in the association of ideas; that they do not throw their objects upon the mind abruptly, or without coherence, but proceed by a regular progress: for that, how different soever ideas or objects may be from one another, the prevailing or habituated passion renders the mind acute in discerning among them common qualities, or circumstances of agreement or correspondence, otherwise latent or not obvious: that these common qualities are dexterously used by the mind, as uniting links, or means of transition; and that thus, not incoherently, but by the natural connection most commonly of resemblance, the ruling passion brings its own object to the fore ground, and into perfect view. Thus our poet, in the progress of his action, has recourse to friendship. He dwells on the happiness that connection bestows; he wishes for a faithful friend; his imagination figures such a person,

On whose soft and gentle breast  
My weary soul may take her rest:

and then, by easy transition, invests this friend with a female form, with the form of *Monimia*:

Grant, Heaven, if Heaven means bliss for me,  
*Monimia* such, and long may be.

“ In like manner, having recourse to devotion, in a spirit of rational piety, he solicits the aid of Heaven to render him virtuous. He personifies *Virtue*; places her in a triumphal car, attended by a suitable train; one of her attendants, a female distinguished by high preeminence, must also be distinguished by superior beauty, must resemble the fairest of human beings, must resemble *Monimia*:

While chief in beauty, as in place,  
She charms with dear *Monimia*'s grace.  
*Monimia*'s still, here once again!  
O! fatal name; O dubious strain, &c.  
Far off the glorious rapture flown,  
*Monimia* rages here alone.  
In vain, *Love*'s fugitive, I try  
From the commanding power to fly, &c.  
Why didst thou, cruel *Love*, again  
Thus drag me back to earth and pain?  
Well hop'd I, *Love*, thou wouldst retire  
Before the bless'd *Jessam* lyre,  
*Devotion*'s harp would charm to rest  
The evil spirit in my breast;  
But the deaf adder fell, disdain  
Unlistening to the chanter's strains.

The whole poem illustrates the difficulty and necessity of governing our thoughts, no less than our passions.

“ In enumerating the most remarkable qualities in Hamilton's poetical works, besides

regularity of design; and justness of thought or sentiment, I mentioned fanciful invention; and of this particular I shall, in like manner, offer some illustration.

“Fanciful invention is, in truth, the quality that, of all others, distinguishes, and is chiefly characteristic of, poetical composition. The beauties of design, sentiment, and language, belong to every kind of fine writing; but invention alone creates the poet, and is a term nearly of the same signification with poetical genius. A poet is said to have more or less genius according to his powers of fancy or invention. That Hamilton possesses a considerable portion of this talent is manifest in many of his compositions, and particularly so in his *Contemplation*. This appears evident from some passages already quoted. But, though our poet possesses powers of invention, he is not endowed with all the powers of invention, nor with those of every kind. His genius seems qualified for describing some beautiful scenes and objects of external nature, and for delineating with the embellishments of allegory some passions and affections of the human mind.

“Still, however, his imagination is employed among beautiful and engaging, rather than among awful and magnificent, images; and even when he presents us with dignified objects, he is more grave than lofty, more solemn than sublime, as in the following passage:

*Now see! the spreading gates unfold, &c.*

“It was also said, that our poet possessed pleasing sensibility. It is not asserted that he displays those vehement tumults and ecstasies of passion, that belong to the higher kinds of lyric and dramatic composition. He is not shaken with excessive rage, nor melted with overwhelming sorrow; yet when he treats of grave or affecting subjects, he expresses a plaintive and engaging softness. He is never violent and abrupt, and is more tender than pathetic. Perhaps the *Braes of Yarrow*, one of the finest ballads ever written, may put in a claim to superior distinction. But even with this exception, I should think our poet more remarkable for engaging tenderness, than for deep and affecting pathos. Of this, his epitaph, beginning with ‘*Could this fair marble,*’ affords illustration.

“In like manner, when he expresses joyful sentiments, or describes scenes and objects of festivity, which he does very often, he displays good-humour and easy cheerfulness, rather than the transports of mirth or the brilliancy of wit. In one of the best of his poems, addressed to lady Mary Montgomery, he adorns sprightliness of thought, graceful ease, and good-humour, with corresponding language and numbers. In this performance, a number of female characters are described in the liveliest manner, characterised with judgment, and distinguished with acute discernment. Thus, in the following indirect description, we have the dignity of female excellence:

—Heavenly Charlotte, form divine,  
Love’s universal kingdom’s thine:  
Anointed queen! all unconfin’d,  
Thine is the homage of mankind.

“In another passage we have a fine picture of the gentler and livelier graces:

In everlasting blushes seen,  
Such Pringle shines of sprightly mien;

To her the power of love imparts,  
Rich gift! the soft successful arts, &c.

“ Elsewhere we have a melodious beauty:

“ Artless divine to her belong,  
The heavenly lay and magic song, &c.

“ The transitions in this poem are peculiarly happy. Such are the following.

Strike again the golden lyre,  
Let Hums the notes of joy inspire, &c.—  
But who is she, the general gaze  
Of sighing crowds, the world's amaze,  
Who looks forth as the blushing morn,  
On mountains of the east new born, &c.—  
Fair is the lily, sweet the rose,  
That in thy cheek, O Drummond, glows, &c.

“ I have dwelt so long, and I could not avoid it, on the preceding particulars, that I have not left myself room for illustrations of our poet's language and versification. I observed, in general, that these were elegant and melodious; and so every reader of genuine taste will feel them. They are not, however, unexceptionable; and if in another letter I should give farther illustration of our author's poetical character, I shall hold myself bound, not only to mention some excellencies, but also some blemishes in his verse and diction.”

Some of Hamilton's poems were first published at Glasgow in 1748, and afterwards reprinted, not only without the author's name, but without his consent, and even without his knowledge. He corrected, however, many errors of that copy, and enlarged some of the poems, though he did not live to make a new and complete publication. The improvements he made were carefully inserted in the edition published at Edinburgh in 1760, with the addition of many pieces taken from his original manuscripts. Since that time there has been no demand for a new edition. It would be of importance, but it is seldom easy, to account for the various fates of poets. Hamilton, if not of the first class, and in whom we find only those secondary qualities which professor Richardson has so ably pointed out, surely excels some whose works are better known and more current. The neglect which he has experienced may be partly attributed to his political principles, and partly to the local interest which his effusions excited and to which they were long confined. Verses of compliment and personal addresses must have extraordinary merit if they attract the notice of distant strangers. Prejudice, however, is now at an end, and the friends of Scottish genius who have lately called the attention of the public to this writer have proved that he deserves a higher rank than has yet been assigned to him. He is perhaps very unequal, and the blemishes in his verse and diction, to which professor Richardson has alluded, are frequent; yet it is no inconsiderable merit to have been one of the first of his countrymen who cultivated the purity and harmony of the English language, and exhibited a variety of composition and fertility of sentiment that are rarely to be found in the writings of those whose poetical genius is of the second degree.



# POEMS

OF

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

## MISCELLANIES.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN,

WITH 'THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.' 1796.

ACCEPT, O Eglintoun! the rural lay, [praise,  
Thine be the friend's, and thine the poet's  
The Muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,  
A frequent guest on Scotia's blissful plains,  
That oft has sung, her listening youth to move,  
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,  
Once more resumes the still successful lay,  
Delighted, through the verdant meads to stray:  
O! come, invoc'd, and pleas'd, with her repair,  
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air;  
In the cool evening negligently laid,  
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,  
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve  
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.

Learn from these scenes what warm and glowing  
Inflame the breast that real love inspires, [fires  
Delighted read of ardours, sighs, and tears;  
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:  
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise,  
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes,  
When first the fair is bounteous to relent,  
And, blushing beauteous, smiles the kind consent.  
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,  
In Charlotte's smile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,  
Love courted Beauty in a golden age,  
Pure and untaught, such Nature first inspir'd,  
Ere yet the fair affected phrase admir'd.  
His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,  
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart:  
He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,  
As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the rural state bestows  
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;

Secure alike from envy and from care,  
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet deprest by fear;  
Nor Want's lean hand its happiness constrains,  
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.  
No secret guilt its steadfast peace destroys,  
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.  
Blest still to spend the hours that Heav'n has  
lent,

In humble goodness, and in calm content.  
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,  
Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the rural state these joys has lost,  
Ev'n swains no more that innocence can boast.  
Love speaks no more that Beauty may believe,  
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.  
Now Happiness forsakes her blest retreat,  
The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat,  
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,  
Companion to an upright sober race;  
When on the sunny hill or verdant plain,  
Free and familiar with the sons of men,  
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,  
She uninvited came a welcome guest:  
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,  
Seduc'd from innocence incautious hearts;  
Then grudging Hate, and sinful Pride succeed,  
Cruel Revenge, and false unrighteous deed;  
Then dow'less Beauty lost the power to move;  
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of Love,  
Bounteous no more and hospitably good,  
The genial hearth first blush'd with stranger's blood.  
The friend no more upon the friend relies,  
And semblant Falshood puts on Truth's disguise.  
The peaceful boushold fill'd with dire alarms,  
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms;  
The voice of impious mirth is heard around;  
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd.  
Unpunish'd Violence lords it o'er the plains,  
And Happiness forsakes the guilty swains.  
O Happiness! from human search retir'd,  
Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd?



Nun sober and devout! why art thou fled  
To hide in shades thy meek contented head?  
Virgin of aspect mild! ah why unkind,  
Fly'st thou displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?  
O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,  
Where with thy sire Content thou lov'st to dwell:  
Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait  
Familiar, at the chambers of the great?  
Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call  
To noisy revel, and to midnight ball?  
O'er the full banquet when we feast our soul,  
Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?  
Or with th' industrious planter dost thou talk,  
Conversing freely in an evening walk?  
Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,  
Watchful and studious of the treasure's gold?  
Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much lov'd  
Still musing silent at the morning hour? [pow'r,  
May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,  
In S——'s wisdom, or Montgomery's arms!

In vain our flattering hopes our steps beguile,  
The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:  
In vain we seek the city or the cell;  
Alone with virtue knows the pow'r to dwell.  
Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,  
The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.  
Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast;  
But many passions must the blessing cost;  
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,  
And envy grieving at another's state.  
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,  
Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.  
When these are in the human bosom nurst,  
Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst?  
Unlike, O Eglintoun! thy happy breast,  
Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest;  
From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,  
Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.  
In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,  
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;  
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's fame,  
How swift to praise, how obstinate to blame!  
Bold in thy presence bashful Sense appears,  
And backward Merit loses all its fears.  
Supremely blest by Heav'n, Heaven's richest grace  
Confest is thine, an early blooming race  
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian Wisdom arm,  
Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm.  
What transports shall they to thy soul impart!  
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart)  
When thou behold'st them of each grace possess,  
And sighing youths imploring to be blest,  
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,  
Or in the visit, or the dance to shine.  
Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,  
The lovely Eglintouns of future days.

Meanwhile peruse the following tender scenes,  
And listen to thy native poet's strains.  
In ancient garb the home-bred Muse appears,  
The garb our Muses wore in former years.  
As in a glass reflected, here behold  
How smiling Goodness look'd in days of old:  
Nor blush to read where Beauty's praise is shown,  
And virtuous Love, the likeness of thy own;

<sup>3</sup> Campbell's wisdom, &c. edit. 1758:

'In Stair's wisdom, or in Erskine's charms.'

Copy prefixed to edition of the Gentle Shepherd  
in 1758.

While midst the various gifts that gracious Heaven,  
Bounteous to thee, with righteous hand has given;  
Let this, O Eglintoun! delight thee most,  
To enjoy that innocence the world has lost.

### TO A YOUNG LADY

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

READ here the pangs of unsuccessful love,  
View the dire ills the weary sufferers prove,  
When Care in every shape has leave to reign,  
And keener sharpens every sense of pain:  
No charm the cruel spoiler can controul,  
He blasts the beauteous features of the soul;  
With various conflict rends the destin'd breast,  
And lays th' internal fair creation waste:  
The dreadful demon raging unconfin'd,  
To his dire purpose bends the passive mind,  
Gloomy and dark the prospect round appears,  
Doubts spring from doubts, and fears engender  
Hope after hope goes out in endless night, [fears;  
And all is anguish, torture, and affliction.

O! beauteous friend, a gentler fate be thine;  
Still may thy star with mildest influence shine;  
May Heav'n surround thee with peculiar care,  
And make thee happy as it made thee fair;  
That gave thee sweetness, unaffected ease,  
The pleasing look that ne'er was taught to please;  
True genuine charms, where falshood claims no  
Which not alone entice, but fix the heart: [part,  
And far beyond all these, supreme in place,  
The virtuous mind, an undecaying grace.  
Still may thy youth each fond endearment prove  
Of tender friendship and complacent love;  
May Love approach thee, in the mildest dress,  
And court thee to domestic happiness;  
And bring along the power that only knows  
To heighten human joys and soften woes:  
For woes will be in life; these still return;  
The good, the beauteous, and the wise must mourn;  
Doubled the joy that Friendship does divide,  
Lessen'd the pain when arm'd the social side:—  
But ah! how fierce the pang, how deep the groan,  
When strong affliction finds the weak alone!  
Then may a friend still guard thy shelter'd days,  
And guide thee safe through Fortune's mystic ways:  
The happy youth, whom most thy soul approves,  
Friend of thy choice and husband of thy loves,  
Whose holy flame Heaven's altar does inspire,  
That burns through life one clear unsullied fire,  
A mutual warmth that glows from breast to breast,  
Who loving is belov'd, and blessing blest.  
Then all the pleasing scenes of life appear,  
The charms of kindred and relations dear,  
The smiling offspring, love's far better part,  
And all the social meetings of the heart:  
Then harlot Pleasure with her wanton train  
Seduces from the perfect state in vain;  
In vain to the lock'd ear the syren sings,  
When angel's shadow with their guardian wings.  
Such, fair Monimia, be thy sacred lot,  
When every memory of him forgot,  
Whose faithful Muse inspir'd the pious pray'r,  
And weary'd Heaven to keep thee in its care;  
That pleas'd it would its choicest influence show'r,  
Or on thy serious or thy mirthful hour;  
Conspicuous known in every scene of life,  
The mother, sister, daughter, friend, and wife;

That joy may grow on joy, and constant last,  
 And each new day rise brighter than the past:  
 Till late, late be the hour thou yield'st thy breath,  
 And midst applauding friends retir'st to death;  
 Then wake renew'd to endless happiness,  
 When Heav'n shall see that all was good, and bless.

CONTEMPLATION.

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

—rursusque resurgens  
 Sævit amor. — Virg. *Æn. iv.*

O voice divine, whose heavenly strain  
 No mortal measure may attain,  
 O powerful to appease the smart,  
 That festers in a wounded heart,  
 Whose mystic numbers can assuage  
 The bosom of tumultuous Rage,  
 Can strike the dagger from Despair,  
 And shut the watchful eye of Care.  
 Oft lur'd by thee, when wretches call,  
 Hope comes, that cheers or softens all;  
 Expell'd by thee and disposses't,  
 Envy forsakes the human breast.  
 Full oft with thee the bard retires,  
 And loat to Earth, to Heav'n aspires;  
 How nobly lost! with thee to rove  
 Through the long deepening solemn grove,  
 Or underneath the moonlight pale,  
 To Silence trust some plaintive tale,  
 Of Nature's ills, and mankind's woes,  
 While kings and all the proud repose;  
 Or where some holy aged oak  
 A stranger to the woodman's stroke,  
 From the high rock's aerial crown  
 In twisting arches bending down  
 Bathes in the smooth pellucid stream;  
 Full oft he waits the mystic dream  
 Of mankind's joys right understood,  
 And of the all-prevailing good.  
 Go forth, invoc'd, O Voice divine!  
 And issue from thy sacred shrine;  
 Go, search each solitude around,  
 Where contemplation may be found,  
 Where'er apart the goddess stands  
 With lifted eyes and heaven-rai'd hand,  
 If rear'd on Speculation's hill  
 Her raptur'd soul enjoys its fill  
 Of far transporting Nature's scene,  
 Air, ocean, mountain, river, plain;  
 Or if with measur'd step she go  
 Where Meditation spreads below  
 In hollow vale her ample store,  
 Till weary Fancy can no more;  
 Or inward if she turn her gaze,  
 And all th' internal world surveys;  
 With joy complacent sees succeed,  
 In fair array, each comely deed.  
 She hears alone thy lofty strain,  
 All other music charms in vain;  
 In vain the sprightly notes rebound,  
 That from the fretted roofs rebound,  
 When the deft minstrelly advance  
 To form the quaint and orb'd dance;  
 In vain unhallow'd lips implore,  
 She hearkens only to thy lore.  
 Then bring the lonely nymp'h along,  
 Obequious to thy magic song;

Bid her to bless the secret bow'r  
 And brighten Wisdom's solemn hour.  
 Bring Faith, endowed with eagle eyes,  
 That joins this Earth to distant skies;  
 Bland Hope that makes each sorrow less,  
 Still smiling calm amidst distress;  
 And bring the meek-ey'd Charity,  
 Not least, though youngest of the three:  
 Knowledge the sage, whose radiant light,  
 Darts quick across the mental night,  
 And add warm Friendship to the train,  
 Social, yielding, and humane;  
 With Silence, sober-suited maid,  
 Seldom on this Earth survey'd:  
 Bid in this sacred band appear,  
 That aged venerable seer,  
 With sorrowing pale, with watchings spare,  
 Of pleasing yet dejected air,  
 Him, heavenly Melancholy hight,  
 Who flies the sons of false delight,  
 Now looks serene through human life,  
 Sees end in peace the mortal strife,  
 Now to the dazzling prospect blind,  
 Trembles for Heaven and for his kind,  
 And doubting much, still hoping best,  
 Late with submission finds his rest:  
 And by his side advance the dame  
 All glowing with celestial flame,  
 Devotion, high above that soars,  
 And sings exulting, and adores,  
 Dares fix on Heav'n a mortal's gaze,  
 And triumph 'midst the seraph's blaze;  
 Last, to crown all, with these be join'd  
 The decent nun, fair Peace of Mind,  
 Whom Innocence, ere yet betray'd,  
 Bore young in Eden's happy shade:  
 Reagin'd, contented, meek and mild,  
 Of blameless mother, blameless child.  
 But from these woods, O thou retire!  
 Hood-wink'd Superstition dire:  
 Zeal, that clanks her iron hands,  
 And bathes in blood her ruthless hands;  
 Far hence, Hypocrisy, away,  
 With pious semblance to betray,  
 Whose angel outside fair, contains  
 A heart corrupt, and foul with stains;  
 Ambition mad, that stems alone  
 The boist'rous surge, with bladders blown;  
 Anger, with wild disorder'd pace;  
 And Malice pale of famish'd face;  
 Loud-tongu'd Clamour, get thee far  
 Hence to wrangle at the bar;  
 With opening mouths vain Rumour hung;  
 And Falshood with her serpent-tongue;  
 Revenge, her bloodshot eyes on fire,  
 And hissing Envy's snaky tire;  
 With Jealousy, the fiend most fell  
 Who bears about his inmate hell;  
 Now far apart with haggard mien  
 To lone Suspicion list'ning seen,  
 Now in a gloomy band appears  
 Of sallow Doubts, and pale-ey'd Fears,  
 Whom dire Remorse of giant kind  
 Pursues with scorpion-lash behind;  
 And thou, Self-love, who tak'st from earth,  
 With the vile crawling worm, thy birth,  
 Untouch'd with others' joy or pain,  
 The social smile, the tear humane,  
 Thy self thy sole intemperate guest,  
 Uncall'd thy neighbour to the feast,

As if Heaven's universal heir  
 'Twas thine to seize and not to spare:  
 With these away, base wretch accurst,  
 By Pride begot, by Madness nursed,  
 Impiety! of harden'd mind,  
 Gross, dull, presuming, stubborn, blind,  
 Unmov'd amidst this mighty all,  
 Deaf to the universal call:  
 In vain above the systems glow,  
 In vain Earth spreads her charms below,  
 Confiding in himself to rise,  
 He hurls defiance to the skies,  
 And, steel'd in dire and impious deeds,  
 Blasphemes his feeder whilst he feeds.  
 But chiefly Love, Love, far off fly,  
 Nor interrupt my privacy;  
 'Tis not for thee, capricious pow'r;  
 Weak tyrant of a feverish hour,  
 Fickle, and ever in extremes,  
 My radiant day of reason beams,  
 And sober Contemplation's ear  
 Disdains thy syren song to hear.  
 Speed thee on changeful wings away,  
 To where thy willing slaves obey,  
 Go, herd amongst thy wonted train,  
 The false, th' inconstant, lewd and vain;  
 Thou hast no subject here; begone;  
 Contemplation comes anon.

Above, below, and all around,  
 Now nought but awful quiet's found,  
 The feeling air forgets to move,  
 No zephyr stirs the leafy grove;  
 The gentlest murmur of the rill,  
 Struck by the potent charm, is still;  
 Each passion in this troubled breast,  
 So toiling once, lies hush'd to rest,  
 Whate'er man's bustling race employs,  
 His cares, his hopes, his fears, his joys,  
 Ambition, pleasure, interest, fame,  
 Each nothing of important name;  
 Ye tyrants of this restless ball  
 This grove annihilates you all.  
 Oh power unseen, yet felt, appear!  
 Sure something more than Nature's here.

Now on the flowering turf I lie,  
 My soul conversing with the sky:  
 Far lost in the bewildering dream  
 I wander o'er each lofty theme;  
 Tow'r on Inquiry's wings on high,  
 And soar the heights of Deity:  
 Fain would I search the perfect laws  
 That constant bind th' unerring cause:  
 Why all its children, born to share  
 Alike a father's equal care,  
 Some weep, by partial Fate undone,  
 The ravish'd portion of a son;  
 Whilst he whose swelling cup o'erflows,  
 Heeds not his suffering brother's woes;  
 The good, their virtues all forgot,  
 Mourn need severe, their destin'd lot;  
 While Vice, invited by the great,  
 Feasts under canopies of state.  
 Ah! when we see the bad preferr'd,  
 Was it Eternal Justice err'd?  
 Or when the good could not prevail,  
 How could Almighty Power fail?  
 When underneath th' oppressor's blow  
 Afflicted Innocence lies low,  
 Has not th' All-seeing Eye beheld?  
 Or has a stronger arm repell'd?

When death dissolves this brittle frame,  
 Lies ever quench'd the soul's bright flame?  
 Or shall th' ethereal breath of day  
 Resume once more this living ray?  
 From life escape we all in vain?  
 Heaven finds its creature out again,  
 Again its captive to controul,  
 And drive him to another goal.  
 When Time shall let his curtain fall,  
 Must dreary nothing swallow all?  
 Must we th' unfinish'd piece deplore,  
 Ere half the pompous piece be o'er?  
 In his all-comprehensive mind,  
 Shall not th' Almighty Poet find  
 Some reconciling turn of fate  
 To make his wondrous work complete,  
 To finish fair his mingled plan,  
 And justify his ways to man?  
 But who shall draw these veils that lie  
 Unpierc'd by the keen cherub's eye?—  
 Cease, cease, the daring flight give o'er,  
 Thine to submit and to adore  
 Learn then: into thyself descend,  
 To know thy being's use and end,  
 For thee what Nature's kind intent,  
 Or on what fatal journey bent,  
 Is mean self-love the only guide?  
 Must all be sacrific'd to pride?  
 What sacred fountains then supply  
 The feeling heart and melting eye?  
 Why does the pleading look disarm  
 The hand of Rage with slaughter warm?  
 Or in the battle's generous strife,  
 Does Britain quell the lust of life?  
 Next the bold inquiry tries  
 To trace our various passions' rise;  
 This moment Hope exalts the breast,  
 The next it sinks by Fear depress'd;  
 Now fierce the storms of Wrath begin,  
 Now all is holy calm within.  
 What strikes Ambition's stubborn springs,  
 What moves Compassion's softer strings;  
 How we in constant friendships join,  
 How in constant hates combine;  
 How Nature, for her favourite man,  
 Unfolds the wonders of her plan;  
 How, fond to treat her chosen guest,  
 Provides for every sense a feast;  
 Gives to the wide excursive eye  
 The radiant glories of the sky:  
 Or bids each odorous bloom exhale  
 His soul to enrich the balmy gale;  
 Or pour upon th' enchanted ear  
 The music of the opening year;  
 Or bids the limpid fountain burst,  
 Friendly to life, and cool to thirst;  
 What arts the beauteous dame employs  
 To lead us on to genial joys,  
 When in her spacious work we join  
 To propagate her fair design,  
 The virgin-face divine appears  
 In bloom of youth and prime of years,  
 And ere the destin'd heart's aware  
 Fixes Monimia's image there.

Ah me! what, hapless, have I said?  
 Unhappy by myself betray'd!  
 I deem'd, but ah I deem'd in vain,  
 From the dear image to refrain;  
 For when I fixt my musing thought,  
 Far on solemn views remote;

When wandering in the uncertain round  
Of mazy doubt, no end I found;  
O my unblest and erring feet!

What most I sought to shun, ye meet.  
Come then my serious Maid again:  
Come and try another strain;  
Come and Nature's dome explore,  
Where dwells retir'd the matron hoar;  
There her wondrous works survey,  
And drive th' intruder Love away.

'Tis done:—ascending Heaven's height,  
Contemplation take thy flight:  
Behold the Sun, through Heaven's wide space,  
Strong as a giant, run his race:  
Behold the Moon exert her light,  
As blushing bride on her love-night:  
Behold the sister starry strain,  
Her bride-maids, mount the azure plain:  
See where the snows their treasures keep;  
The chambers where the loud winds sleep;  
Where the collected rains abide  
Till Heav'n set all its windows wide,  
Precipitate from high to pour  
And drown in violence of show'r:  
Or gently strain'd they wash the earth,  
And give the tender fruits a birth.  
See where Thunder springs his mine;  
Where the paths of lightning shine:  
Or tir'd those heights still to pursue,  
From Heav'n descending with the dew,  
That soft impregns the youthful mead,  
Where thousand flow'rs exalt the head,  
Mark how Nature's hand bestows  
Abundant grace on all that grows,  
Tinges, with pencil slow unseen,  
The grass that clothes the valley green;  
Or spreads the tulip's parted streaks,  
Or sanguine dyes the rose's cheeks,  
Or points with light Monimia's eyes,  
And forms her bosom's beauteous rise.

Ah! haunting spirit, art thou there?  
Forbidden in these walks t' appear.  
I thought, O Love! thou would'st disdain  
To mix with Wisdom's black-stay'd train;  
But when my curious searching look  
A nice survey of Nature took,  
Well pleas'd the matron set to show  
Her mistress-work, on Earth below.  
Then fruitless Knowledge turn aside;  
What other art remains untried  
This load of anguish to remove,  
And heal the cruel wounds of Love!  
To Friendship's sacred force apply,  
That source of tenderness and joy,  
A joy no anxious fears profane,  
A tenderness that feels no pain:  
Friendship shall all these ills appease,  
And give the tortur'd mourner ease.  
Th' indissoluble tie that binds  
In equal chains two sister minds:  
Not such as servile interests choose,  
From partial ends and sordid views;  
Nor when the midnight banquet fires,  
The choice of wine-inflam'd desires;  
When the short fellowships proceed,  
From casual mirth and wicked deed;  
Till the next morn estranges quite  
The partners of one guilty night;  
But such as judgment long has weigh'd,  
And years of faithfulness have tried,

Whose tender mind is fram'd to share  
The equal portion of my care,  
Whose thoughts my happiness employs  
Sincere, who triumphs in my joys,  
With whom in raptures I may stray,  
Through Study's long and pathless way,  
Obscurely blest, in joys, alone,  
To th' excluded world unknown.  
Forsook the weak fantastic train  
Of Flattery, Mirth, all false and vain;  
On whose soft and gentle breast  
My weary soul may take her rest,  
While the still tender look and kind,  
Fair springing from the spotless mind,  
My perfected delights ensure  
To last immortal, free and pure.  
Grant, Heav'n, if Heav'n means bliss for me,  
Monimia such, and long may be.

Here, here again! how just my fear;  
Love ever finds admittance here;  
The cruel sprite intent on harm,  
Has quite dissolv'd the feeble charm;  
Assuming Friendship's saintly guise,  
Has past the cheated sentry's eyes,  
And, once attain'd his hellish end,  
Displays the undissembled fiend.  
O say! my faithful fair ally,  
How didst thou let the traitor by?  
I from the desert bade thee come,<sup>1</sup>  
Invok'd thee from thy peaceful home,  
More to sublime my solemn hour,  
And curse this demon's fatal pow'r;  
Lo! by superior force oppress'd,  
Thou these three several times hast blest.  
Shall we the magic rites pursue,  
When Love is mightier far than thou?—  
Yes come, in bless'd enchantment skill'd,  
Another altar let us build;  
Go forth as wont, and try to find,  
Where'er Devotion lies reclind;  
Thou her fair friend, by Heaven's decree  
Art one with her, and she with thee.

Devotion, come, with sober pace,  
Full of thought and full of grace;  
While humbled on the earth I lie,  
Wrapt in the vision of the sky,  
To noble heights and solemn views  
Wing my Heav'n-aspiring Muse;  
Teach me to scorn, by thee refin'd,  
The low delights of human kind:  
Sure thine to put to flight the boy  
Of laughter, sport, and idle joy.  
O plant these guarded groves about,  
And keep the treacherous felon out.

Now, see! the spreading gates unfold,  
Display'd the sacred leaves of gold.  
Let me with holy awe repair  
To the solemn house of prayer:  
And as I go, O thou! my heart,  
Forget each low and earthly part:  
Religion enter in my breast,  
A mild and venerable guest!  
Put off, in contemplation drown'd,  
Each thought impure on holy ground,  
And cautious tread with awful fear  
The courts of Heav'n:—for God is here.  
Now my grateful voice I raise,  
Ye angels swell a mortal's praise,

<sup>1</sup> Numbers, ch. 23.

To charm with your own harmony  
 The ear of Him who sits on high.  
 Grant me, propitious heav'nly Pow'r,  
 Whose love benign we feel each hour,  
 An equal lot on Earth to share,  
 Nor rich, nor poor, my humble pray'r,  
 Lest I forget, exalted proud,  
 The hand supreme that gave the good ;  
 Lest want o'er virtue should prevail,  
 And I put forth my hand and steal ;  
 But if thy sovereign will shall grant  
 The wealth I neither ask nor want,  
 May I the widow's need supply,  
 And wipe the tear from Sorrow's eye ;  
 May the weary wanderer's feet  
 Prun o' a blest reception meet !  
 But if contempt and low estate  
 Be the assignment of my fate,  
 O ! may no hope of gain entice  
 To tread the green broad path of Vice.  
 And bounteous, O ! vouchsafe to clear  
 The errors of a mind sincere.  
 Illumine thou my searching mind,  
 Gropping after truth, and blind.  
 With stores of science be it fraught  
 That bards have dream'd, or sages taught ;  
 And chief the heav'n-born strain impart,  
 A Muse according to thy heart ;  
 That rapt in sacred ecstasy,  
 I may sing and sing of thee ;  
 Mankind instructing in thy laws,  
 Blest poet in fair Virtue's cause,  
 Her former merit to restore,  
 And make mankind again adore,  
 As when conversant with the great,  
 She fixt in palaces her seat.  
 Before her all-revealing ray,  
 Each sordid passion should decay :  
 Ambition shuns the dreaded dame,  
 And pales \* his ineffectual flame ;  
 Wealth sighs her triumphs to behold,  
 And offers all his sums of gold ;  
 She in her chariot seen to ride †,  
 A noble train attend her side :  
 A cherub first, in prime of years,  
 The champion Fortitude appears ;  
 Next Temperance, sober mistress, seen  
 With look compos'd and cheerful mien ;  
 Calm Patience, still victorious found,  
 With never-fading glories crown'd ;  
 Firm Justice last the balance rears,  
 The good man's praiser, the bad man's fears ;  
 While chief in beauty as in place  
 She charms with dear Monimia's grace.  
 Monimia still ! here once again !  
 O ! fatal name ; O dubious strain !  
 Say, heav'n-born Virtue, pow'r divine,  
 Are all these various movements thine ?  
 Was it thy triumphs sole inspir'd  
 My soul, to holy transports fir'd ?  
 Or say, do springs less sacred move ?  
 Ah ! much I fear, it's human love.  
 Alas ! the noble strife is o'er,  
 The blissful visions charm no more ;  
 Far off the glorious rapture flown,  
 Monimia rages here alone.

\* See Hamlet.

† see Characteristics, vol. ii. p. 252.

In vain, Love's fugitive, I try  
 From the commanding pow'r to fly,  
 Though Grace was dawning on my soul,  
 Posses'd by Heav'n sincere and whole,  
 Yet still in Fancy's painted cells  
 The soul-inflaming image dwells.  
 Why didst thou, cruel Love, again  
 Thus drag me back, to earth and pain ?  
 Well hop'd I, Love, thou would'st retire  
 Before the blest Jesean lyre.  
 Devotion's harp would charm to rest  
 The evil spirit in my breast ;  
 But the deaf adder fell disdains,  
 Unlistening to the chanter's strains.

Contemplation, baffled maid,  
 Remains there yet no other aid ?  
 Helpless and weary must thou yield  
 To Love supreme in every field ?  
 Let Melancholy last engage,  
 Reverend hoary-mantled sage.  
 Sure, at his sable flag's display  
 Love's idle troop will flit away :  
 And bring with him his due compeer,  
 Silence, sad, forlorn, and drear.

Haste thee, Silence, haste and go,  
 To search the gloomy world below.  
 My trembling steps, O Sybil ! lead  
 Through the dominions of the dead :

Where Care, enjoying soft repose,  
 Lays down the burden of his woes ;  
 Where meritorious Want, no more  
 Shivering begs at Grandeur's door ;  
 Unconscious Grandeur, seal'd his eyes,  
 On the mouldering purple lies.  
 In the dim and dreary round,  
 Speech in eternal chains lies bound :  
 And see a Lamb, it's gates display'd,  
 Expands an everlasting shade.

O ye inhabitants, that dwell  
 Each forgotten in your cell,  
 O say, for whom of human race  
 Has fate decreed this hiding place ?  
 And hark ! methinks a spirit calls,  
 Low winds the whisper round the walls,  
 A voice, the sluggish air that breaks,  
 Solemn amid the silence speaks.

" Mistaken man, thou seek'st to know  
 What known will but afflict with woe ;  
 There thy Monimia shall abide,  
 With the pale bridegroom rest a bride,  
 The wan assistants there shall lay,  
 In weeds of death, her beauteous clay."  
 O words of woe ! what do I hear ?  
 What sounds invade a lover's ear ?  
 Must then thy charms, my anxious care,  
 The fate of vulgar beauty share ?  
 Good Heav'n retard (for thine the pow'r)  
 The wheels of time, that roll the hour !—

Yet ah ! why swells my breast with fears ?  
 Why start the interdicted tears ?  
 Love, dost thou tempt again ? Depart ;  
 Thou devil, cast out from my heart.  
 Sad I forsook the feast, the ball,  
 The sunny bow'r and lofty hall,  
 And sought the dungeon of despair ;  
 Yet thou overtak'st me there.  
 How little dream'd I thee to find  
 In this lone state of human kind !  
 Nor melancholy can prevail,  
 The direful deed, nor dismal tale :

Wop'd I for these thou wouldst remove?  
 How near akin is Grief to Love!  
 Then no more I strive to shun  
 Love's chains: O Heaven! thy will be done.  
 The best physician here I find,  
 To cure a sore diseas'd mind,  
 For soon this venerable gloom  
 Will yield a weary sufferer room;  
 No more a slave to Love decreed,  
 At ease and free among the dead.  
 Come then, ye tears, ne'er cease to flow,  
 In full satiety of woe:  
 Though now the maid my heart alarms,  
 Severe and mighty in her charms,  
 Doom'd to obey, in bondage prest,  
 The tyrant Love's commands unblest;  
 Pass but some fleeting moments o'er,  
 This rebel heart shall beat no more;  
 Then from my dark and closing eye  
 The form belov'd shall ever fly.  
 The tyranny of Love shall cease,  
 Both laid down to sleep in peace;  
 To share alike our mortal lot,  
 Her beauties and my cares forgot.

---

TO A YOUNG LADY

ON HER SINGING.

SUCH, skill'd the tender verse to frame,  
 And softly strike the golden lyre;  
 A stranger to the softening flame,  
 And new to every mild desire;

Sweets that crown the budding year,  
 Pour'd from the zephyr's tepid wing,  
 Saw Sappho in the grove appear,  
 The rival of the vocal spring.

To try the heart-subduing strains,  
 Anon the vernal scenes impel  
 O'er lofty rocks and rilly plains  
 Soft warbled from th' Eolian shell.

Or such as in the bright abodes,  
 The youngest Muse with glories crown'd,  
 To whom the sire of men and gods  
 Gave all th' enchanting pow'r of sound.

As at the banquet of the sky,  
 Freed from the giant's impious arms,  
 She drew each heavenly ear and eye,  
 With beauty mingling music's charms.

Had such a voice sure to prevail,  
 Soft warbled from the syren strand,  
 What wonder, if each amorous sail  
 Spontaneous sought the tuneful land?

Ev'n thou who cautious wing'st thy way,  
 Had given thy tedious wanderings o'er;  
 By Julia's all-persuading lay  
 Fix'd ever to the pleasing shore.

A face so sweet had sure prevail'd  
 With Wisdom's self to hear the voice,  
 Whilst both the yielding heart assail'd,  
 Here Wisdom might have fix'd his choice.

VOL. XV.

ON SEEING LADY MARY MONTGOMERY  
 SIT TO HER PICTURE.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

WHEN Lindsay drew Montgomery, heavenly maid!  
 And gaz'd with wonder on that angel face,  
 Pleas'd I sat by, and joyfully survey'd  
 The daring pencil image every grace.

When as the youth, each feature o'er and o'er  
 Careful retouch'd with strict observant view;  
 Eftsoons I saw how charms unseen before  
 Swell'd to the sight, and with the picture grew.

With milder glances now he arms her eyes,  
 The red now triumphs to a brighter rose;  
 Now heaves her bosom to a softer rise,  
 And fairer on her cheek the lily blows.

Last glow'd the blush, that pure of female wile  
 I whilom knew, when so my stars decreed  
 My pipe she deign'd to lend in pleasing smile,  
 All undeserving I such worthy meed.

The whiles I gaz'd, ah! felice Art, thought I,  
 Ah! felice youth that doen it possess;  
 Couth to depeint the fair so verily,  
 True to each charm, and faithful to each grace.

Sythence she canoot emulate her skill,  
 Ne- envy will the Muse her sister's praise,  
 Then for the deed, O let her place the will,  
 And to the glowing colours join her layes.

Yet algaes would the Nine, that high on hill  
 Parnasse, sweet imps of Jove, with Jove reside,  
 Give me to rein the fiery steed at will,  
 And with kind hand thy lucky pencil guide:

Then, certes, mought we fate misprise, of praise  
 Secure, if the dear maid in beauty's bloom  
 Survive, or in thy colours, or my lays,  
 Joy of this age, and joy of each to come.

---

TO LADY MARY MONTGOMERY.

SAY, thou with endless beauty crown'd,  
 Of all the youth that sigh around  
 Thy worshippers, and anxious wait  
 From thy bright eyes their future fate;  
 Say, whom do most these eyes approve?  
 Whom does Montgomery choose to love?  
 Not him, who strives to build a name  
 From ruins of another's fame:  
 Who proud in self-conceit throws down  
 His neighbour's wit, to raise his own.  
 Should the vain man expect success,  
 The fool of compliment and dress?  
 Thy eyes undazzled can behold  
 The gaudy nothing deckt in gold.  
 Thy wise discernment soon deceries  
 Where folly turks in wit's disguise;  
 Trac'd through each shape in which 'tis scen,  
 Through the grave look, the solemn mien;  
 The proud man's front, the vain man's walk,  
 The fopling's dress, the coxcomb's talk.  
 A large estate, and little sense,  
 To charus like thine have no pretence.

B 2

Shalt thou, O insolent! prevail?  
 Heav'n never meant its goods for sale:  
 Beauty, the pearl of price, is giv'n,  
 Not bought, 'tis the free grace of Heav'n.

The happy youth with arts refin'd,  
 Simple of heart, of steadfast mind:  
 Whom thirst of gain could never draw  
 To trespass friendship's sacred law:  
 Whose soul the charms of sense inspire;  
 Who loves, where reason bids admire:  
 Cautious to shun, with wise disdain,  
 The proud, the airy, and the vain:  
 Him whom these virtues shall adorn,  
 Thou, fair Montgomery, wilt not scorn:  
 Of all the gifts of Heav'n's posset,  
 To him thou yield'st thy willing breast;  
 For him the blush, with modest grace,  
 Glows rosy, o'er thy blooming face:  
 For him thy panting bosom swells,  
 And on thy lips such sweetness dwells.  
 Crown'd with success, the happy boy  
 Shall revel in excess of joy:

While in thy presence, Heav'n appears  
 In sweets laid up for many years.  
 The bean and withing then shall fly,  
 The fop in secret corner sigh;  
 Condemn'd to cry in love's despair,  
 "Ah! why so wise who was so fair?"  
 Did thy example, beauteous maid,  
 The rest of womankind persuade;  
 Nor injur'd merit would complain,  
 That it may love, and love in vain:  
 Nor flattery false, and impudence,  
 Usurp the room of bashful sense;  
 No more at midnight ball appear,  
 To gain on beauty's list'ning ear.  
 Beauty would hear the vows of truth;  
 Nor love would speak with folly's mouth.

Yet some there are, the better few,  
 Wise thy example to pursue;  
 Who rich in store of native charms,  
 Employ no artificial arms.  
 Such heav'nly Charlotte<sup>1</sup>, form divine!  
 Love's universal kingdom's thine,  
 Anointed queen! all unconfin'd,  
 Thine is the homage of mankind:  
 Thy subjects, willing to obey,  
 Bless thy mild rule and gentle sway;  
 With loyal mind each zealous pays  
 His tribute due to thy praise.  
 Yet nought to greatness dost thou owe;  
 Thy merit from thyself does flow;  
 Alike our wonder and our theme,  
 In beauty as in place supreme.  
 Such thy fair sister, fram'd to please,  
 Of aspect gay, and graceful ease.  
 Pure flows her wit and unrestrain'd;  
 By envy and by hate unstain'd;  
 Not as the rushing torrent pours,  
 Increas'd by snows, and wintry show'rs,  
 Involving in its furious sway  
 The labouring hinds, a helpless prey;  
 Now wide o'erspreads the wat'ry scene,  
 And now decreas'd, no more is seen:  
 But as a constant river leads  
 Its winding stream through purple meads;  
 That through the blushing landscape roll'd,  
 Reflects the bordering flowers in gold;

<sup>1</sup> Lady Charlotte Hamilton.

And, borne along with gentle force,  
 Distributes wealth through all its course;  
 Nor does the faithful spring deny  
 The alimantal just supply.

Thou Douglas<sup>2</sup> too, in whom combine  
 A spirit and a noble line;  
 Engaging looks, that mild inspire  
 Food delight and young desire;  
 All-winning sweetness, void of pride,  
 Thou hast no faults for art to hide.  
 Maria such, whose opening bloom  
 Foreshows the pregnant fruits to come  
 O blest! for whom the Seasons' sight  
 Ripens that harvest of delight;  
 To whom the Autumn shall resign,  
 To press the rich luxuriant vine.  
 Unwounded who can thee espy,  
 Maid of the black and piercing eye!  
 Too rashly bold, we take the field  
 Against thy shafts with Wisdom's shield;  
 Pierc'd helpless in our guarded side,  
 We fall the victims of our pride.

Nor Erskine less the song demands,  
 Not least in beauty's blooming bands.  
 Erskine, peculiar care of Heav'n,  
 To whom the pow'r of sound is giv'n;  
 Artist divine! to her belong  
 The heav'nly lay, and magic song:  
 How do we gaze with vast delight  
 Her fingers' swift harmonious flight,  
 When o'er th' obedient keys they fly,  
 To waken sleeping harmony!  
 Whene'er she speaks, the joy of all,  
 Soft the silver accents fall:  
 Whene'er she looks, in still amaze  
 The eyes of all enamour'd gaze:  
 Each word steals gently on the ear;  
 'Tis Heav'n to see, 'tis Heav'n to hear.

In everlasting blushes seen,  
 Such Pringle shines of sprightly mien:  
 To her the pow'r of love imparts,  
 Rich gift! the soft successful arts  
 That beat the lovers' fires provoke,  
 The lively step, the mirthful joke,  
 The speaking glance, the amorous wile,  
 The sportful laugh, the winning smile;  
 Her soul, awakening every grace,  
 Is all abroad upon her face;  
 In bloom of youth still to survive,  
 All charms are there, and all alive.

Fair is the lily, sweet the rose,  
 That in thy cheek, O Drummond! glow;  
 Pure is the snow's unsullied white  
 That clothes thy bosom's swelling height.  
 Majestic looks her soul express,  
 That awe us from desir'd access;  
 Till sweetness soon rebukes the fear,  
 And bids the trembling youth draw near.  
 See, how sublime she does advance,  
 And seems already in the dance;  
 Exalted how she moves along,  
 Ten thousand thousand graces strong!  
 Such Marchmont's daughter, unrepent,  
 The maid by men of sense belov'd;  
 Who knows with modesty to scorn  
 The titles that may fools adore:  
 She claims no merit from her blood,  
 Her greatest honour to be good:

<sup>2</sup> Lady Jane Douglas.

Needless of pomp, with open heart  
 Well has she chose the better part.  
 Such Hamilla's looks divine,  
 Earth's wonder, Timnegham, and thine!  
 Her soul all tenderness and love,  
 Gentle as the harmless dove:  
 Who artless, charms without design,  
 She! of the modest look benign.  
 Eliza young in beauty bright,  
 Though new to every soft delight,  
 Yet soon her conquests shall extend,  
 Soon shall the sprightly maid ascend  
 The rival of each kindred name,  
 And triumph to her mother's fame.  
 Fall in the pleasing list appears  
 Robertoun, in prime of years;  
 With skill she does her smiles bestow,  
 For Pallas bends her Cupid's bow:  
 Wisely she shuns to entertain  
 The designing, and the vain;  
 To these 'tis all forbidden ground,  
 Prudence, a cherub, guards her round,  
 With flaming sword fools to expel;  
 In paradise fools must not dwell.  
 Strike again the golden lyre,  
 Let Hume the notes of joy inspire.  
 O lovely Hume! repeat again,  
 My lyre, the ever-pleasing strain.  
 Dear to the Muse, the Muse approves  
 Each charm, the Muse the virgin loves:  
 The Muse preserves in lasting lays  
 The records of soft beauty's praise;  
 In vain would triumph beauty's eye,  
 Unsung, these triumphs soon would die;  
 Fate overcomes the fair and strong,  
 But has no pow'r o'er sacred song;  
 Verse the dying name can save,  
 And make it live beyond the grave.  
 Thus Hume shall unborn hearts engage,  
 Her smile shall warm another age;  
 Her race of mortal glory past,  
 Th' immortal fame shall ever last;  
 Last shall the look that won my heart,  
 The pleasing look sincere of art.  
 O! powerful of persuasive face,  
 Adorn'd and perfected in grace;  
 What joys await, joys in excess,  
 The youth whom thou decreest to bless;  
 Ordain'd thy yielding breast to move,  
 Thy breast yet innocent of love!  
 But who is she, the general gaze  
 Of sighing crowds, the world's amaze,  
 Who looks forth as the blushing morn  
 On mountains of the east new born?  
 Is it not Cochrane fair? 'Tis she,  
 The youngest grace of graces three.  
 The eldest fell to death a prey,  
 Ah! snatch'd in early flower away:  
 The second, manifold of charms,  
 Blesses a happy husband's arms;  
 The third a blooming form remains;  
 O'er all the blameless victor reigns:  
 Where'er she gracious deigns to move,  
 The public praise, the public love.  
 Super' 't these shall still remain,  
 The lea'st wish, the poet's strain;  
 Their beauties shall all hearts engage,  
 Victorious over spite and age:  
 Like thee, Montgomery, shall they shine,  
 And charm the world with arts like thine.

## TO A LADY,

ON HER TAKING SOMETHING ILL THE AUTHOR SAID.

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow?  
 That beauteous Heav'n, ere-while serene?  
 Whence do these storms and tempests blow,  
 Or what this gust of passion mean?  
 And must then mankind lose that light  
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,  
 And lie obscur'd in endless night,  
 For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child, how could I wrong thy name?  
 Thy form so fair and faultless stands,  
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,  
 Thy beauty could make large amends:  
 Or if I durst profanely try  
 Thy beauty's powerful charms t' upbraid,  
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,  
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, every heart t' ensnare,  
 With all her charms has deck'd thy face,  
 And Pallas, with unusual care,  
 Wids wisdom heighten every grace.  
 Who can the double pain endure?  
 Or who must not resign the field  
 To thee, celestial maid, secure  
 With Cupid's bow and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,  
 Let not a wretch in torment live,  
 But smile, and learn to copy Heav'n;  
 Since we must sin ere it forgive.  
 Yet pitying Heaven not only does  
 Forgive th' offender, and th' offence,  
 But ev'n itself appear'd bestows,  
 As the reward of penitence.

UPON HEARING HIS PICTURE WAS IN  
A LADY'S BREAST.

Ye gods! was Strepthon's picture blest  
 With the fair Heaven of Chloe's breast?  
 Move softer, thou fond fluttering heart!  
 Oh gently throb,—too fierce thou art.  
 Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,  
 For Strepthon was the bliss design'd?  
 For Strepthon's sake, dear charming maid,  
 Didst thou prefer his wandering shade?

And thou, blest shade! that sweetly art  
 Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,  
 For me the tender hour improve,  
 And softly tell how dear I love.  
 Ungrateful thing! it seems to hear  
 Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,  
 Ingrossing all that beauteous Heaven,  
 That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I lord  
 Of all the wealth those breasts afford,  
 I'd be a miser too, nor give  
 An alms to keep a god alive.  
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,  
 On these cold looks, that lifeless air,  
 Prize him whose beam glows with fire,  
 With eager love and soft desire.



'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,  
To life can bring the silent shade:  
Thou canst surpass the painter's art,  
And real warmth and flames impart.  
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,  
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:  
Then, charmer, grant my fond request,  
Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

---

TO H. H.

IN THE ASSEMBLY.

WHILE crown'd with radiant charms divine,  
Unnumber'd beauties round thee shine;  
When Erskine leads her happy man,  
And Johnstone shakes the fluttering fan;  
When beauteous Pringle shines confest,  
And gently heaves her swelling breast,  
Her raptur'd partner still at gaze,  
Pursuing through each winding maze;  
Say, youth, and canst thou keep secure  
Thy heart from conquering beauty's pow'r?  
Or, hast thou not, how soon! betray'd  
The too-believing country maid?  
Whose young and unexperienc'd years  
From thee no evil purpose fears;  
And yielding to love's gentle sway,  
Knows not that lovers can betray.  
How shall she curse deceiving men!  
How shall she e'er believe again?

For me, my happier lot decrees  
The joys of love that constant please;  
A warm, benign, and gentle flame,  
That clearly burns, and still the same;  
Unlike those fires that fools betray,  
That fiercely burn, but swift decay;  
Which warring passions hourly raise,  
A short and momentary blaze.  
My Hume, my beauteous Hume! constrains  
My heart in voluntary chains:  
Well-pleas'd, for her my voice I raise;  
For daily joys claim daily praise.  
Can I forsake the fair, complete  
In all that's soft, and all that's sweet;  
When Heav'n has in her form combin'd  
The scatter'd graces of her kind?  
Has she not all the charms that lie  
In Gordon's blush, and Lockhart's eye;  
The down of lovely Haya's hair,  
Killochia's shape, or Cockburn's air?  
Can time to love a period bring  
Of charms, for ever in their spring?  
'Tis death alone the lover frees,  
Who loves so long as she can please.

---

INDIFFERENCE.

By various youths admir'd, by all approv'd,  
By many sought, by one sincerely lov'd,  
Chief of Edina's fair I flourish'd long,  
First in the dance, the visit, and the song;  
Beauty, good-nature, in my form combin'd,  
My body one adorn'd, and one my mind.

<sup>1</sup> Henry Home, afterwards Lord Kames. See  
Life of Hamilton. C.

When youthful years, a foe to lonely nights,  
Impel young hearts to Hymen's chaste delights,  
I view'd th' admiring train with equal eye,  
True to each hope, and faithful to each sigh:  
The happy hours of admiration past,  
The hand of nuptial love was given at last;  
Not to the faithful youth my charms inspir'd,  
Nor those who sought my charms, nor who admir'd;  
He not prefer'd for merit, wit, or sense,  
Not chose, but suffer'd with indifference,  
Who neither knew to love, or be belov'd,  
Approv'd me not, and just not disapprov'd,  
Nor warmth pretended, nor affection show'd;  
Ask'd, not implor'd; I yielded, not bestow'd:  
Without or hopes or fears I join'd his side,  
His mistress never, and but scarce his bride.  
No joys at home, abroad was only show;  
I neither gain'd a friend, nor lost a foe:  
For, lost alike to pleasure, love, and fame,  
My person he enjoys, and I his name.  
Yet patient still I lead my anxious life,  
Pleas'd that I'm call'd my formal husband's wife.

---

THE YOUNGEST GRACE.

A LOVE-ELEGY.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, WHO HAD JUST FINISHED  
HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.

His saltum accumulem donis, et fungar ipsam  
Munere----- Virg. *Æneid.* 6.

As beauty's queen in her aerial hall  
Sublimely seated on a golden throne,  
Before her high tribunal summon'd all  
Who on or earth, sea, air, her empire own;

First came her son, her pow'r, her darling boy,  
Whose gentlest breath can raise the fiercest flame,  
Oft working mischief, though his end be joy,  
And though devoid of sight, yet sure of aim.

With him, his youthful consort, sad no more,  
Psyche, infranchis'd from all mortal pain,  
Who, every trial of obedience o'er,  
Enjoys the blessings of the heavenly reign.

Next, as it well beseem'd, the tuneful Nine,  
Daughters of memory, and dear to Jove,  
Who, as they list, the hearts of men incline  
To wit, to music, poetry, or love.

She who with milder breath inspiring fills,  
Than ever Zephyr knew, the heart-born sigh,  
Or else from Nature's pregnant source distils  
The tender drops that swell the love-sick eye.

Or she who from her copious store affords,  
When love decrees, the faithful youth to bless,  
The sacred energy of melting words,  
In the dear hour and season of success.

Last in the train two sisters fair appear'd, [sweet;  
Sorrowing they seem'd, yet seem'd their sorrow  
Nor ever from the ground their eyes they rear'd,  
Nor tripp'd, as they were wont, on snowy feet.

The Cyprian goddess cast her eyes around,  
And gaz'd o'er all, with ever new delight;  
So bright an host was no where to be found:  
Her heart dilates, and glories in its might.

But when without their lov'd companion dear  
Two solitary Graces hand in hand  
Approach'd, the goddess inly 'gan to fear  
What might befall the youngest of the band :

" Ah ! whither is retir'd my darling joy,  
My youngest Grace, the pride of all my reign,  
First in my care, and ever in my eye,  
Why is she now the lag of all my train ?

" Ah me ! some danger threatens my Cyprian state,  
Which, goddess as I am, I can't foresee ;  
Some dire disaster labours, (ah, my fate !)  
To wrest love's sceptre from my son and me."

She wept : not more she wept, when first her eyes  
Saw low in dust her Dion's towery pride ;  
Nor from her breast more frequent burst the sighs,  
When her lov'd youth, her dear Adonis died.

" Yet, yet," she cry'd, " I will a monarch reign !  
In my last deed my greatness shall be seen :  
Ye Loves, ye Smiles, ye Graces, all my train,  
Attend your mother, and obey your queen.

" Wisdom's vain goddess weaves some treacherous  
wile,  
Or haughty Juno, Heaven's relentless dame :  
Haste ! bend each bow ; haste ! brighten every smile,  
And lanch from every eye the lightning's flame."

Then had fell Discord broke the golden chain  
That does the harmony of all uphold,  
And where these orbs in beauteous order reign,  
Brought back the anarchy of Chaos old :

When Cupid keen unlocks his feather'd store,  
When Venus burns with more than mortal fire,  
Mortals, immortals, all had fled before  
The Loves, the Graces, and the Smiles in ire :

In vain, t' avert the horrors of that hour,  
Anxious for fate, and fearing for his sky,  
The sire of gods and men had try'd his pow'r,  
And hung his golden balances on high :

Had not the eldest Grace, serene and mild,  
Who wish'd this elemental war might cease,  
Sprung forward with persuasive look, and smil'd  
The furious mother of desires to peace.

" Ah whence this rage, vain child of empty fear !"  
With accent mild thus spoke the heav'nly maid,  
" What words, O sovereign of hearts ! severe  
Have pass'd the roses of thy lips unweigh'd ?

" Think not mankind forsake thy mystic law :  
Thy son, thy pride, thy own Cupido reigns ;  
Heard with respect, and seen with tender awe ;  
Mighty on thrones, and gentle on the plains.

" Remember'st not how in the blest shades  
Of high Olympus an ethereal guest,  
Mix'd with the synod of th' assembled gods,  
Thou shar'd'st the honours of th' ambrosial feast ?

" Celestial pleasures reigning all around,  
Such as the pow'rs who live at ease enjoy,  
The smiling bow! with life immortal crown'd,  
By rosy Hebe, and the Phrygian boy :

Hermes, sly god, resolv'd thy spleen to hit,  
Thy spleen, but, of itself, too apt to move ;  
Prone to offend with oft-mistaking wit,  
That foe perverse to nature and to love.

" Much glaz'd he spiteful, how rebellious youth,  
Lost to thy fear, and recreant from thy name,  
False to the interest of the heart, and truth,  
On foreign altars kindles impious flame.

" Much glaz'd he tauntful, how to nobler aims  
The youth awakening from each female wile,  
No longer met in love's opprobrious flames,  
Slaves to an eye, or vassals to a smile.

" Now fifteen years the still-returning spring  
With flow'rs the bosom of the earth has sow'd,  
As oft the groves heard Philomela sing,  
And trees have paid the fragrant gifts they ow'd,

" Since our dear sister left the heavenly bow'rs :  
So will'd the Fates, and such their high commands,  
She should be born in high Edina's tow'rs,  
To thee far dearer than all other lands.

" There, clad in mortal form, she lies conceal'd,  
A veil more bright than mortal form e'er knew ;  
So fair was ne'er to dreaming bard reveal'd,  
Nor sweeter e'er the shadowing pencil drew.

" Where'er the beauteous heart-compeller moves,  
She scatters wide perdition all around :  
Blest with celestial form, and crown'd with loves,  
No single breast is refractory found.

" Vain Pallas now th' unequal conflict shuns ;  
Vain are the terrors of her gorgon shield :  
Wit bends ; but chief Apollo's yielding sons :  
To thy fair doves Juno's proud peacocks yield.

" No rival pow'rs thy envied empire share ;  
Revoltd mortals crowd again thy shrine ;  
Doteous to love, and every pleasing care,  
All hearts are hers, and all her heart is thine.

" So mild a sway the willing nations own ;  
By her thou triumph'st o'er this subject ball ;  
Whit men (the secret of the skies unknown)  
The beauteous apparition Laura call."

#### LOVE TURNED TO DESPAIR.

'Tis past ! the pangs of love are past,  
I love, I love no more ;  
Yet who would think I am at last  
More wretched than before ?

How bless'd, when first my heart was freed  
From love's tormenting care,  
If cold indifference did succeed,  
Instead of fierce despair ?

But ah ! how ill is he releas'd,  
Though love a tyrant reigns,  
When the successor in his breast  
Redoubles all his pains :

In vain attempts the woeful wight,  
That would despair remove :  
Its little finger has more weight  
Than all the loins of love :

Thus the poor wretch that left his dome  
With spirit foul accurst,  
Pound seven, returning late, at home  
More dreadful than the first.

Well hop'd I once that constancy  
Might soften rigour's frown,  
Would from the chains of hate set free,  
And pay my ransom down:

But, ah! the judge is too severe,  
I sink beneath his ire;  
The sentence is gone forth, to bear  
Despair's eternal fire.

The hopes of sinners, in the day  
Of grace, their fears abate;  
But every hope flies far away,  
When mercy shuts her gate:

The smallest aims could oft suffice  
Love's hunger to assuage;  
Despair, the worm that never dies,  
Still gnaws with ceaseless rage.

---

### DOVES.

#### A FRAGMENT.

Oh doves, sweet gentle birds, the heaven-born Muse  
Prepares to sing, their manners, and what law  
The blameless race obey, their cares and loves,  
O sacred virgin, that, to me unseen  
Yet present, whispers nightly in my ear  
Love-dited song or tale of martial knight,  
As best becomes the time, and aidful grants  
Celestial grace implor'd: O! bounteous, say  
What favourite maid in her first bloom of youth  
Wilt choose to honour? Seem I not to see  
The laurel shake, and hear the voice divine  
Sound in mine ear: "With Erskine best agrees  
The song of doves; herself a dove, well-pleas'd  
List gracious to the tale benign, and hear  
How the chaste bird with words of fondling love,  
Soft billing, wooes his maid; their spousal loves,  
Pure and unshain'd with jealous fear of change;  
How studious they to build their little nests,  
Nature's artificers! and tender, brood  
Their unfledg'd children, till they wing their flight,  
Each parent's care." Come, as the Muse ordains,  
O! thou of every grace, whose looks of love,  
Erskine, attractive, draw all wondering eyes,  
Constant to gaze; and whose subduing speech  
Drops as the honeycomb, and grace is pour'd  
Into thy lips: for ever thee attends  
Sweetness thy handmaid, and, with beauty, clothes  
As with the morning's robe invested round:  
O come, again invok'd, and smiling lend  
Thy pleas'd attention, whilst in figur'd silk  
Thy knowing needle plants th' embroider'd flower  
As in its native bed: so may'st thou find  
Delight perpetual and th' inclining ear  
Of Heav'n propitious to thy maiden vow,  
When thou shalt seek from love a youth adorn'd  
With all perfection, worthy of thy choice,  
To bless thy night of joy and social care.  
O happy he, for whom the vow is made!

### THE FLOWERS.

#### A FRAGMENT.

THE care of gardens, and the garden's pride  
To rear the blooming flowers, invites the Muse;  
A grateful task! To thee, O Hume, she sings,  
Well-pleas'd amid the verdant walks to stray  
With thee, her chief delight, when summer smiles.  
Come now, my love, nor fear the winter's rage;  
For see, the winter's past, the rains are gone:  
Behold, the singing of the birds is now,  
Season benign: the joyous race prepare  
Their native melody, and warbling airs  
Are heard in every grove: the flowers appear,  
Earth's smiling offspring, and the beauteous meads  
Are cloth'd in pleasant green: now fruitful trees  
Put forth their tender buds that soon shall swell  
With rich nectareous juice, and woo thy hand  
To pluck their ripen'd sweets. Forsake awhile  
The noise of cities, and with me retire  
To rural solitude. Lo! for thy head  
I weave a garland, deck'd with vernal flowers,  
Violet, and hyacinth, and blushing rose  
Of every rich perfume; here in this calm  
And undisturb'd retreat content to dwell  
Secluded from mankind, with thee and love  
Sweet'ner of human cares. But thou perhaps  
Delight'st to hear the voice that bids thee come  
To festival and dance, thou long'st to meet  
The raptur'd youth, that at assembly hour  
Awaits thy coming: haste, adorn'd in all  
Thy native softness, fresh as breathing flowers  
Sweet smelling in the morning dew, and fire  
His soul, ill able to resist such charms,  
Won with attractive smiles; while I far off  
Demoan thy absence, and thy image form  
In every thicket and each secret grove,  
To soothe my longing mind by fancy's aid,  
Pleasing resemblance! until thou thyself,  
O fairest among women, deign to grace  
The bowyer that love prepares, from me to learn  
The care and culture of the flowery kind.

---

### THE EPISODE OF THE THISTLE.

#### FLOWERS, BOOK I.

Now to the garden sole where fair resides  
As in her court the scarlet queen, amid  
Her train of flowery nymphs, does Nature boom  
Indulge her gifts; but to each nameless field,  
When the warm Sun rejoicing in the year  
Stirs up the latent juice, she scatters wide  
Her rosy children: then, innumerable births  
As from the womb spring up, and wide perfume  
Their cradles with ambrosial sweets around.  
Far as the eye can reach all Nature smilcs,  
Hill, dale, or valley, where a lucid stream  
Leads through the level-down his silver maze,  
Gliding with even pace, direct, as one  
On journey bent, and now meandering fair,  
Unnumber'd currents to and fro convolv'd,  
His pastime, underneath the azure green  
The wanton fishes sport; and round his banks,  
Sole or in consort, the aerial kind  
Resound in air with song: the wild thyme here  
Breathes fragrance, and a thousand glittering  
flowers

Art never sow'd. Ev'n here the rising weed  
 The landscape paints; the lion's yellow tooth,  
 The enamell'd daisy, with its roes adorn'd  
 The prickly briar, and the Thistle rude,  
 An armed warrior, with his host of spears.  
 Thrice happy plant! fair Scotia's greatest pride,  
 Emblem of modest valour, unprovok'd  
 That harmeth not; provok'd, that will not bear  
 Wrong unreveng'd. What though the humble root  
 Dishonour'd erst, the growth of every field  
 Arose unheeded through the stubborn soil  
 Jejune! though softer flowers, didaiful, fly  
 Thy fellowship, nor in the nosegay join,  
 Ill-match'd compeers; not less the dew of Heav'n  
 Bathe thy rough cheeks, and wash thy warlike mail,  
 Gift of indulgent skies! Though lily pure  
 And rose of fragrant leaf, best represent  
 Maria's snowy breast and ruddy cheek  
 Blushing with bloom; though Ormond's laurel  
 Sublimar branch, indulging loftier shade (rear  
 To heaven-instructed bard, that strings beneath,  
 Melodious, his sounding wire, to tales  
 Of beauty's praise, or from victorious camps  
 Heroes returning fierce: unenvied may  
 The snowy lily flourish round the brow  
 Of Gallia's king; the thistle happier far  
 Exalted into noble fame, shall rise  
 Triumphant o'er each flower, to Scotia's bards  
 Subject of lasting song, their monarch's choice;  
 Who, bounteous to the lowly weed, refus'd  
 Each other plant, and bade the Thistle wave,  
 Embroider'd, in his ensigns, wide display'd  
 Among the mural breach. How oft, beneath  
 Its martial influence, have Scotia's sons  
 Through every age with dauntless valour fought  
 On every hostile ground! while o'er their breast,  
 Companion to the silver star, best type  
 Of fame unsullied and superior deed,  
 Distinguish'd ornament! their native plant  
 Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row  
 Of gems, emblaz'd, and flame of radiant gold,  
 A sacred mark, their glory and their pride!

But wouldst thou know how first th' illustrious  
 Rose to renown? hear the recording Muse! [plant  
 While back through ages that have roll'd she leads  
 Th' inquiring eye, and wakens into life  
 Heroes and mighty kings whose god-like deeds  
 Are now no more; yet still the fame survives,  
 Victor o'er time, the triumph of the Muse!

As yet for love of arts and arms renown'd,  
 For hoary sires with gifts of wisdom grac'd,  
 Unrival'd maids in beauty's bloom, desire  
 Of every eye, and youthful gallant chiefs  
 For courage fam'd and blast with sacred song,  
 Flourish'd, sublime, the Pictish throne; and shar'd,  
 Rival of Scotia's power, fair Caledon.  
 Equals in sway, while both alike aspir'd  
 To single rule, disdain'd to obey:  
 Oft led by hate and thirst of dire revenge  
 For ravish'd beauty, or for kindred slain,  
 Wide wasting others' realms with inroads fierce  
 Until the Second Kenneth, great in arms,  
 Brandish'd th' avenging sword, that low in dust  
 Humbled the haughty race: yet oft, of war  
 Weary and havock dire, in mutual blood  
 Embru'd, the nations join'd in leagues of peace  
 Short space enjoy'd; when nice suspicious fears,  
 By jealous love of empire bred, again,  
 With fatal breath, blew the dire flame of war,  
 Rekindling fierce. Thus, when Achaius reign'd,

By the disposing will of gracious Heav'n  
 Ordain'd the prince of peace, fair Ethelind,  
 Grace of the Pictish throne, in rosy youth  
 Of beauty's bloom, in his young heart inspir'd  
 Spousal-desires; soft love, and dove-ey'd peace,  
 Har dowry. Then his hymeneal torch  
 Concerd high brandish'd; and in bonds of love  
 Link'd the contending race. But, ah! how vain  
 Hopes mortal man, his joys on Earth to last  
 Perpetual and sincere: for Athelstane,  
 Fierce from the conquest of great Alured,  
 Northumbrian ruler, came. On Tweda's shore  
 Full twenty thousand brazen spears he fixt,  
 Shining a deathful view; dismay'd the brave  
 Erst undismay'd: ev'n he their warlike chief,  
 Hungus, in arms a great and mighty name,  
 Felt his fierce heart suspended, if to meet  
 Th' outrageous Saxon, dreadful in the ranks  
 Of battle disarray'd. Suppliant of help,  
 He sees the Scottish race, by friendly ties  
 Adjur'd, and nuptial rites and equal fears,  
 Led by their gallant prince, the chosen train  
 Forsake their native walls. The glad acclaim  
 Of shouting crowds, and the soft virgins' wish  
 Pursue the parting chiefs to battle sent,  
 With omens not averse. Darkness arose,  
 O'er Heav'n and Earth, as now but narrow space  
 Sunder'd each hostile force: sole in his tent  
 The youthful chief, the hope of Albion, lay  
 Slumbering secure, when in the hour of sleep  
 A venerable form, Saint Andrew, secu  
 Majestic, solemn, grand, before his sight  
 In vision, stood: his deep and piercing eye  
 Look'd wisdom, and mature sedateness weigh'd  
 To doubtful counsels; from his temples flow'd  
 His hair, white as the snowy fleece that clothes  
 The Alpine ridge, across his shoulders hung  
 A baldric, where some heavenly pencil wrought  
 Th' events of years to come; prophetic drawn,  
 Seasons and times: in his right hand he held  
 A cross, far beaming through the night; his left  
 A pointed thistle rear'd. "Fear not," he cry'd,  
 "Thy country's early pride; for lo! to thee  
 Commission'd I, from Heav'n's eternal king,  
 Ethereal messenger of tidings glad,  
 Propitious now am sent:—then, be thou bold,  
 To morrow shall deliver to thy hand  
 The troops of Athelstane. But oh! attend,  
 Instructed from the skies, the terms of fate,  
 Conditional assign'd; for if mis'd  
 By sacred lust of arbitrary sway,  
 Thou, or of thee to come, thy race shall wage  
 Injurious war, unrighteous to invade  
 His neighbour's realms; who dares the guilty deed,  
 Him Heaven shall desert in needful hour  
 Of sad distress, deliver'd o'er a prey  
 To all the nations round. This plant I bear,  
 Expressive emblem of thy equal deed:  
 This, inoffensive in its native field,  
 Peaceful inhabitant, and lowly grows;  
 Yet who with hostile hands its bristly spears  
 Unpunish'd may provoke? and such be thou  
 Unprompt t' invade, and active to defend;  
 Wise fortitude! but when the morning flames,  
 Secure in Heav'n, against you fated host  
 Go up, and overcome. When home return'd  
 With triumph crown'd, grateful to me shalt rear  
 A rising temple on the desti'd space,  
 With lofty towers and battlements adorn'd,  
 A house where God shall dwell." The vision spoke,

And mix'd with night, when starting from his couch  
The youth from slumber wak'd. The mingled cries  
Of horse, and horsemen furious for the day,  
Assail his ears. And now both armies clos'd  
Tempestuous fight. Aloud the welkin roars,  
Resounding wide, and groans of death are heard  
Superior o'er the din. The rival chiefs  
Each adverse battle gor'd. Here Athelstane,  
Horrent in mail, rear'd high his moony shield  
With Saxon trophies charg'd and deeds of blood,  
Horrid achievement! nor less furious there  
Hungus, iadam'd with desperate rage and keen  
Desire of victory; and near him join'd,  
With social valour, by the vision fir'd,  
The hopes of Caledon, the Scottish oak  
Plies furious, that from the mighty's blood  
Return'd not back unstain'd. Thus, when the seeds  
Of fire and nitrous spume and grain adust,  
Sulphureous, distend Earth's hollow womb,  
Sicilian Etna labours to disgorge  
Dreadful eruption; from the smoking top  
Flows down the molten rock in liquid ore,  
A threefold current to the wasted plain,  
Each ravaging a separate way: so fought  
Desperate the chiefs; nine hours in equal scale  
The battle hung, the tenth the angel rear'd  
The tutelary cross, then disarray  
Fell on the Saxon host. Thus when of old  
Th' Amalekite in vale of Rephidim,  
Against the chosen race of Judah, set  
The battle in array, and various chance  
Alternate rul'd, when as the Sun went down,  
Aaron and Hur upstaid the failing hands  
Of Moses, to sustain the potent rod,  
Till Israel overthrew: thus sore that day  
The battle went against the numerous hosts  
Of Athelstane, impure; the daring chief,  
Far from the slaughter borne, a swelling stream  
By sudden rains high surging o'er its banks,  
Impervious to his fight, for ever sunk,  
Number'd amongst the dead. Then rout on rout,  
Confusion on confusion, wild dismay,  
And slaughter raging wide, o'erturn'd the bands  
Brevhile so proud array'd. Amaz'd they fled  
Before the Scottish sword; for from the sword,  
From the drawn sword, they fled, the bended bow,  
The victor's shout, and honour of the war.

The royal youth, thus victor of his vows,  
Leads to his native land with conquest crown'd,  
His warring powers; nor of the heavenly dream  
Unmindful, bade the promis'd towers aspire  
With solemn rites made sacred to the name  
Of him in vision seen. Then to inspire  
Love of heroic worth, and kindle seeds  
Of virtuous emulation in the soul  
Ripening to deed, he crown'd his manly breast  
With a refulgent star, and in the star  
Amidst the rubies' blaze, distinguish'd shines  
The sainted cross, around whose golden verge  
Th' embroider'd thistle, blaz'd enclosure! winds  
A warlike foliage of purged spears  
Defenceful: last, partakers of his fame,  
He adds a chosen train of gallant youths,  
Illustrious fellowship! above their peers  
Exalted eminent: the shining band,  
Devote to fame, along the crowded streets  
Are led, exulting, to the lofty fane  
With holy festival and ritual pomp  
Install'd, of solemn prayer, and offer'd vows  
Inviolatè, and sacred, to preserve

The ordinance of Heav'n, and great decree,  
Voice of the silent night: O ill foreseen!  
O judgments ill forewarn'd and sure denounc'd  
Of future woes and covenants broke in blood,  
That children's children wept: how didst thou  
O virgin daughter, and what tears bedew'd (grieve,  
The cheek of hoary age, when, as the Fates,  
Transgress'd the high command, severely will'd,  
The hapless youth, as the fierce lion's whelp,  
Fell in the fatal snare? that sacred head  
Where late the Graces dwelt, and wisdom mild  
Subdued attention, ghastly, pale, deform'd,  
Of royalty despoil'd, by ruthless hands  
Fixt on a spear, the scoff of gazing crowds,  
Mean triumph, borne: then first the radiant cross  
Submitted in the dust, dishonour foul,  
Her holy splendours; first, the thistle's spears  
Broke by a hostile hand, the silver-star  
Felt dim eclipse, and mourn'd in dark sojourn,  
A tedious length of years, till be, the fifth  
Triumphant James, of Stuart's ancient line,  
Restor'd the former grace, and bade it shine,  
With added gifts adorn'd. To chosen twelve,  
Invested with the ornaments of fame,  
Their sovereign's love, he bounteous, gave to wear,  
Across their shoulders flung, the radiant brede  
Of evening blue, of simple faith unstain'd  
Mysterious sign and loyalty sincere.  
Approven chiefs! how many sons, enroll'd  
In the fair deathless list, has Scotia seen,  
Or terrible in war for bold exploit?  
Blest champions! or in the mild arts of peace  
Lawgivers wise, and of endanger'd rights  
Firm guardians in evil times, to death  
Asserting Virtue's cause, and Virtue's train?  
Blest patronage! nor these, with envy, view  
Th' embroider'd garter to surround the knee  
Of military chiefs of Brutus' blood;  
With equal honours grac'd, while monarchs bear  
The consecrated cross, and happy plant  
Bright on the regal robe; nor valued more  
Th' anointing oil of Heav'n! In Britain's shield  
The northern star mingles with George's beams,  
Consorted light, and near Hibernia's harp,  
Breathing the spirit of peace and social love,  
Harmonious power, the Scottish thistle fills  
Distinguish'd place, and guards the English rose.

#### TO A GENTLEMAN GOING TO TRAVEL

*Trahit sua quemque voluptas.*

WELL sung of old, in everlasting strains,  
Horace, sweet lyricist, while the Roman harp  
Lie strung by Tyber's yellow bank, to charm  
Tuscan Maccenas, thy well-judging ear;  
How in life's journey, various wishes lead  
Through different roads, to different ends, the race  
Diverse of human kind. The hero runs  
Careless of rest, of sultry Libyan heat  
Patient, and Russian cold, to win renown;  
Mighty in arms, and warlike enterprise;  
Vain efforts! the coquetish nymph still flies  
His swift pursuit, and jilts Ambition's hope.  
At home, this man with ease and plenty bleas'd

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the story of King Alpin aban by the Picts, and his head fixed to a pole. See Buchanan, book 5.

The towering dome delights; and gardens fair,  
 And fruitful fields, with silvan honours crown'd,  
 Stretch'd out in wide extent; the gay machine  
 Dear to the female race, the gilded coach,  
 With liveried servants in retinue long,  
 Adorn'd with splendid robes, the pompous train  
 Of pageantry and pride. His neighbour sits  
 Immur'd at home, a miser dire! nor dars  
 To touch his store, through dread of fancied want:  
 Industrious of gain, he treasures up  
 Large heaps of wealth, to bless a spendthrift heir  
 That wastes in riot, luxury, and mis-rule,  
 The purchase of his want; nought shall he rock  
 His father's pine, when lavish he ordains  
 The feast in pillar'd hall, or sunny bow'r,  
 With lust-inflaming wine, and wicked mirth  
 Prolong'd to morning hour, and guilty deed.

Others again, the woods of Aetery  
 Love to inhabit, or where down the mount  
 Sky-climbing Parnass', her sweet-sounding wave  
 Castalia pours, with potent virtues bleas'd;  
 Powerful to charm the ear of furious wrath,  
 To close the eye of anguish, or to strike  
 The lifted dagger from despairing breast.  
 Such Addison; and such, with laurel crown'd,  
 Immortal Congreve; such the Muses' grace,  
 Mæonian Pope: nor do the Nine refuse  
 To rank with these, Ferguson's nightingale,  
 Untaught with wood-notes wild, sweet Allan hight;  
 Whether on the flow'r-blushing bank of Tweed,  
 Or Clyde, or Tay's smooth-winding stream, his  
 Chooses to reside; or o'er the snowy hills [Muse  
 Benlomon, or proud Mormount, all the day,  
 Clad in tartana, varied garb, she roves,  
 To hear of kings' and heroes' godlike deeds:  
 Or, if delighted on the knee she lies  
 Of lovely nymph, as happy lap-dog grac'd;  
 Intent to soothe the Scottish daniel's ear,  
 Cochrane or Hamilton; with pleasing song  
 Of him who sad beneath the wither'd branch  
 Sat of Traquair, complaining of his lass;  
 Or the fond maid, that o'er the wat'ry brink  
 Wept sleepless night and day; still wafting o'er  
 Her flying love, from Aberdeen's fair coast.

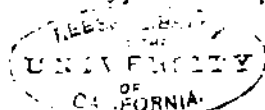
Others again, by party rage inflam'd,  
 Blindfolded zeal, and superstition dire,  
 Offspring of ignorance, and cloister-born,  
 With undistinguish'd violence, assault  
 Both good and bad.

There is, who studious of his shape and mien  
 On dress alone employs his care to please,  
 Aspiring with his outward show; who, vain  
 Of Baxen hair perfum'd, and Indian case,  
 Embroider'd vest, and stockings silver-clock'd,  
 Walks through th' admiring train of ladies bright;  
 Sole on himself intent; best liken'd to  
 The painted insect, that in summer's heat  
 Flutters the gardens round, with glossy wing,  
 Distinct with eyes; him oft the tender Miss,  
 Escap'd from sampler and the boarding-school,  
 Pursues with weary foot, from flow'r to flow'r,  
 Tulip, or lily bright, or ruby'd rose;  
 And often in the hollow of her hand  
 Retains him captive, sweet imprisonment!  
 But, ah! how vain the joys the beau can boast;  
 While he shines in tavern, visit, dance,  
 Unrivall'd, clad in rich refulgent garb  
 Lac'd or brocaded; till the merchant bold,  
 With messenger conspiring, mortal dire!  
 Of merciless heart, throw him in dungeon deep

Recluse from ladies; what avails him then  
 The love of women? or the many halls  
 He made to please the fair? There must he lie  
 Remediless, if not by pity won  
 Fair Cytherea, sea-begotten dame,  
 By spousal gifts from sooty Vulcan earn  
 Fallacious key; as erst, by love o'ercome,  
 He forg'd celestial arms, to grace her son  
 Anchises-born; and in the borrow'd form  
 Of longing widow, or of maiden aunt,  
 (While sly Cylleus, with opiate charm  
 Of Ceres, the still-watching Argus' eyes  
 Of keeper drench in sleep profound), release  
 The captive knight from the enchanted dome.

Thus others choose: their choice affects not me;  
 For each his own delight, with secret force  
 Magnetic, as with links of love, constratus,  
 Behoves me then to say what bias rules  
 My inclinations, since desire of fame  
 Provokes me not to win renown in arms,  
 Nor at Pieria's silver spring to slake  
 Th' insatiate thirst; to write on the coy nymph  
 Love-labour'd sonnet; nor in well-dress'd beau  
 To please the lovely sex. For me at Keith's  
 Awaits a bowl, capacious for my cares;  
 There will I drown them all, no darning thought  
 Shall interrupt my mirth, while there I sit  
 Surrounded with my friends; and envy not  
 The pomp of needless grandeur, insolent,  
 Nor shall alone the bowl of punch delight,  
 Compounded fluid! rich with juicy spoil  
 Of fair Iberia's sunny coast, combin'd  
 With the auxiliar aid of rack or rum,  
 Barbade, or Sumatra, or Goan-born;  
 The luscious spirit of the cane, that in  
 Fermenting cups with native element  
 Of water mixt, pure limpid stream! unite  
 Their social sweets. For us, her ruddy soul  
 The Latian grape shall bleed; nor will thy hills,  
 Far-flowing Rhine, withhold their clustering vines.  
 Haste then! to friendship sacred let us pour  
 Th' exhilarating flood, while, as our hands  
 In union knit, we plight our mutual hearts  
 Close as the loving pair, whom holy writ  
 Renowns to future times, great Jonathan,  
 And Jesse's son: now this delights my soul.

There was a time we would not have refus'd  
 Macdougall's lowly roof, the land of ale;  
 Flowing with ale, as erst in Canaan said  
 To flow with honey: there we often met,  
 And quaff'd away our spleen, while fits of mirth  
 Frequent were heard: nor wanted amorous song,  
 Nor jocund dance; loud as in Eden town,  
 Where the tir'd writer pens the lifelong day,  
 Summons and horning, or the spousal band  
 Of Strephon, and of Chloe, lovely lass!  
 Spent with his toil when thirsty twilight falls,  
 He hies him gladsome to the well-known place,  
 Bull-cellar, or O Johnston's thine! where fond  
 Of drink, and knowledge, erst philosophers  
 Have met; or Coust's dark Chimærian cell,  
 Full many a fathom deep: from far he hears  
 The social clamour through the dome resound;  
 He speeds amain to join the jovial throng.  
 So we delighted once: the bowl meanwhile  
 Walk'd ceaseless still the round, to some fair name  
 Devoted; thine, Maria, toasted chief,  
 Duty obsequious! and thy looks benign  
 Miss'd not their due regard: Dandassea fair  
 Claim'd next the kindred lay; nor didst thou pass,



Constance, uncelebrated or unsung.  
Hail, sacred three! hail, sister minds! may Heav'n  
Pour down uncommon blessings on your heads.

Thus did our younger years in pleasing stream  
Flow inoffensive; friendship grac'd our days,  
And dream of loving mistress bless'd our night.  
Now, from these joys convey'd, (so fate ordains)  
Thou wander'st into foreign realms, from this  
Far, far sejoin'd; no more with us to drain  
The ample bowl; or, when in Heav'n sublime  
The monthly Virgin from full gather'd globe  
Pours down her amber streams of light, till wide  
The ether flame, with choral symphony  
Of voice, attemper'd to sweet hautboy's breath,  
Mixt with the violin's silver sound, below  
The window of some maid below'd, shall ply  
The nightly screed.—To other joys  
Thou now must turn, when on the pleasing shore  
Of mild Hesperia, thou behold'st amaz'd  
The venerable urns of ancient chiefs,  
Who stern in arms, and resolute to dare  
In freedom's cause, have died, or glorious liv'd:  
Camillus; Brutus, great from tyrant's blood;  
Coriolanus, famous in exile;  
Laurel'd Zamean Scipio, the scourge  
Of Punic race; or liberty's last hope,  
Self-murder'd Cato; consecrate to fame  
They live for ever in the hearts of men,  
Far better monument, than costly tomb  
Of Egypt's kings. Time, with destructive hand,  
Shall moulder into dust the pill'd-up stone,  
With all its praises; ah! how vain is fame!  
With virtue then immortalize thy life.

But these, so potent Nature's will decrees,  
Delight not me, on other thoughts intent;  
Not studious at midnight lamp to pore  
The medal, learned coin! where laurel wreathes  
The sacred head of kings, or beauty bright  
Of kings sweet paramour, the letter'd sage  
Or prudent senator, by eating time  
Defac'd injurious; the faithless trust  
Of human greatness! Nor do I incline  
To pass the Frith that parts from Gallia's reign  
My native coast, solicitous to know  
What other lands impart: all my delights  
Are with my friends in merry hour, at Steel's  
Assembled, while unrespected the glass  
Swift circles round the board, charg'd with fair  
Erskine, or Pringle, thine; until the Sun (name,  
That, setting, warm'd us to the friendly cups,  
Awake, and view our revels uncomplete.  
But if the Heavens, disposer of our fate,  
Force me, unwilling, shift my native land;  
O! in whatever soil my weary feet  
Are doom'd to stray, O might I meet my friend!  
Or if the rising Sun shall gild my steps  
On fruitful fields of Ind, Bengala's shore,  
Spice-bearing Tidor's isle, or where at eve,  
Near western Calium, beneath the moon  
He sinks in gold; or on vine-fostering hills  
Of nearer Latium, nurse of kings and gods.  
O! might I view thee on the flowery verge  
Of Tyber, stream renown'd in poets' song;  
Or in the Roman streets, with curious eye  
Studying the polish'd stone, or trophied arch  
Trajan, or Antonine; not long content  
With toil unprofitable. These I'd lead  
Well pleas'd to Horace's tomb, dear laughing bard!  
Where the Ealernian vintage should inspire  
Sweet thoughts of past delight; the goblet rough

With sculptur'd gold rosy from Chios' isle,  
Should warm our hearts sacred to Pringle's cheek  
Still glowing, and to sweet Humcia's lip,  
To Drummond's eye, Maria's snowy breast  
Soft-heaving, or to lovely Erskine's smile;  
While on the wounded glass the diamond's path  
Faithful, shall show each favourite virgin's name;  
Not without verse and various emblem grac'd.  
The Latian youth at merry revels met,  
In fancy shall admire the Scottish maid  
Bright as the ruddy virgin Roman-born;  
Nor with their native dames refuse to join  
Impartial, their health below'd: and would  
The Nine inspire me equal to my choice,  
In lays such as the Roman swan might sing,  
Fair as Horatian Lydia should my Hume  
For ever flourish, or Næera bright,  
Of soft Tibullus' Muse the lovely theme.  
Nor should alone in melancholy strains,  
Of cruel nymph, and constant vows refus'd,  
Gallus complain, when on the flinty rock,  
Or wailing near earth-diving Arethuse,  
Sicilian stream, he made to woods his moan,  
Despairing of his loves: Maria's scorn,  
Clot'd in the style of Mantua, should shine  
As thine, Lycoris! theme of future song  
Surviving as itself. Maria's scorn  
For ever I endure: ah! hard return  
To warmth like mine: nathless the mourning Muse  
Must praise the maid still beautiful in her eye,  
Crown'd with each lovely grace, and warm in  
Thought, sullen to my suit, her ear be shut [bloom;  
Against my vows, ungracious to my love.

But this as time directs; thy health demands  
The present care, and joys within our pow'r;  
Nor shall we not be mindful of thy love,  
Met in our festivals of mirth: but when  
Thou to thy native Albion shalt return,  
From whate'er coast, or Russia's northern bear,  
Incliment sky! or Italy the blest  
Indulgent land, the Muses' best below'd;  
Over a wondrous bowl of flowing punch  
We'll plight our hands anew, at Don's, or SteePs—  
Who bears the double keys, of plenty sign;  
Or at facetious Thom's, or Adamson,  
Who rears alone (what needs she more?) the vine,  
Emblem of potent joys; herself, with looks  
Suasive to drink, fills up the brimming glass,  
Well-pleas'd to see the sprightly healths go round.  
Hail, and farewell! may Heav'n defend thee safe;  
And to thy natal shore and longing friends  
Restore thee, when thy destin'd toils are o'er,  
Polish'd with manners, and enrich'd with arts.

#### THE RHONE AND THE ARAR

Two rivers in fam'd Gallia's bounds are known,  
The gentle Arar and the rapid Rhone; [dreams,  
Through pleasing banks, where love-sick shepherds  
Mild Arar softly steals her lingering stream:  
Her wave so still, th' exploring eye deceives,  
That sees not if it comes, or if it leaves:  
With silver graces ever dimpled o'er,  
Reflects each flower, and smiles on every shore;  
Each youth with joy th' enchanting scene surveys,  
And thinks for him the amorous stream delays;  
While the sly nymph above unseen to flow,  
To her own purpose true, steals calm below.

More rapid rolls the Rhone, tumultuous flood,  
 All raging unwithheld, and unwithstood;  
 In vain or fertile fields invite its stay,  
 In vain or roughest rocks oppose its way;  
 It bounds o'er all, and, insolent of force,  
 Still hurries headlong on a downward course.  
 Sometimes, 'tis true, we snatch, with painful sight,  
 Across the working foam a moment's light;  
 The momentary vision snatch'd again,  
 The troubled river boils and froths amain.  
 To which of these, alas! shall I confide?  
 Say, shall I plunge in Rhone's impetuous tide,  
 And by the various eddies roll'd about,  
 Just as the whirlpools guide, suck'd in, cast out!  
 Till, through a thousand giddy circles tost,  
 In the broad ocean's boundless floods I'm lost?  
 Or, tell me, friends—less venturous, shall I lave  
 My glowing limbs in Arar's gentle wave?  
 In whose fair bosom beauteous prospects rise,  
 The earth in verdure, and in smiles the skies;  
 With thoughtless rapture every charm explore,  
 Heav'd by no breeze, or wafted to no shore:  
 Till trusting credulous to the false serene,  
 I sink to ruin in the pleasing scene.

---

THE PARODY:

BY MR. W\*\*\*\*\*.

Two toasts at every public place are seen,  
 God-like Elizabeth, and gentle Jean:  
 Mild Jeany smiles at every word you say,  
 Seems pleas'd herself, and sends you pleas'd away.  
 Her face so wondrous fair, so soft her hands,  
 We're tempted oft to think—she understands:  
 Each fop with joy the kind endeavour sees,  
 And thinks for him the anxious care to please:  
 But the sly nymph has motives of her own,  
 Her lips are open'd, and—her teeth are shown.  
 Bess blunders out with every thing aloud,  
 And rattles unwithheld and unwithstood:  
 In vain the sighing swain implores a truce,  
 Nor can his wit one moment's pause produce;  
 She bounds o'er all, and conscious of her force,  
 Still pours along the torrent of discourse.  
 Sometimes, 'tis true, just as her breath she draws,  
 With watchful eye we catch one moment's pause:  
 But when that instantaneous moment's o'er,  
 She rattles on incessant as before.  
 To which of these two wonders of the town,  
 Say, shall I trust to spend an afternoon?  
 If Betty's drawing-room should be my choice,  
 Intoxicate with wit, struck down with noise,  
 Pleas'd, and displeas'd, I quit the Dedlam scene,  
 And joyful hail my peace of mind again:  
 But if to gentle Jeany's I repair,  
 Regal'd on syllabub, and fed on air,  
 With studied rapture yawning I commend,  
 Mov'd by no cause, directed to no end,  
 'Till half asleep, though flatter'd, not content,  
 I come away as joyless as I went.

---

EPIGRAM

ON A LION ENRAGED AT SEEING A LAD IN THE  
 HIGHLAND DRESS.

CALM and serene th' imperial lion lay  
 Mildly indulging in the solar ray,

On vulgar mortals with indifference gaz'd,  
 All unconcern'd, nor angry, nor amaz'd:  
 But when the Caledonian lad appear'd,  
 Sudden alarm'd, his manly mane he rear'd,  
 Prepar'd in fierce encounter to engage  
 The only object worthy of his rage.

---

MISS AND THE BUTTERFLY,

A FABLE.

IN THE MANNER OF THE LATE MR. GAY.

A TENDER Miss, whom mother's care  
 Bred up in wholesome country air,  
 Far from the follies of the town,  
 Alike untaught to smile or frown;  
 Her ear unacc'd to flattery's praise,  
 Unknown in woman's wicked ways:  
 Her tongue from modish tattle free,  
 Undipp'd in scandal and bohea;  
 Her genuine form and native grace  
 Were strangers to a looking-glass:  
 Nor cards she dealt, nor flirted fan,  
 And valued not quadrille or man;  
 But simple liv'd, just as you know  
 Miss Chloe did—some weeks ago.

As now the pretty innocent  
 Walk'd forth to taste the early scent,  
 She tripp'd about the murmuring stream,  
 That oft had lull'd her thoughtless dream.  
 The morning sweet, the air serene,  
 A thousand flowers adorn'd the scene;  
 The birds rejoicing round appear  
 To choose their concert for the year;  
 Her heart was light, and full of play,  
 And, like herself, all nature gay.

On such a day, as sages sing,  
 A Butterfly was on the wing;  
 From bank to bank, from bloom to bloom,  
 He stretch'd the gold-bespangled plume:  
 Now skims along, and now alights,  
 As smell allures, or grace invites;  
 Now the violet's freshness sips;  
 Now kiss'd the rose's scarlet lips;  
 Becomes anon the daisy's guest;  
 Then press'd the lily's snowy breast;  
 Nor long to one vouchsafes a stay,  
 But just salutes, and flies away.

The virgin saw, with rapture fir'd;  
 She saw, and what she saw desir'd,  
 The shining wings, and starry eyes,  
 And burns to seize the living prize:  
 Her beating breast and glowing face  
 Betray her native love of dress,  
 And all the woman full express  
 First flutters in her little breast:  
 Eusur'd by empty outward show,  
 She swift pursues the insect-beau;  
 O'er gay parterres she runs in haste,  
 Nor heeds the garden's flowery waste.

Long as the Sun, with genial pow'r  
 Increasing, warm'd the sultry hour,  
 The nymph o'er every border flew,  
 And kept the shining game in view:  
 But when, soft breathing through the trees,  
 With coolness came the evening-breeze;  
 As hovering o'er the tulip's pride  
 He hung with wing diversified,



Caught in the hollow of her hand,  
She held the captive at command.  
Fluttering in vain to be releas'd,  
He thus the gentle nymph address'd:—  
"Loose, generous virgin, loose my chain;  
From me what glory canst thou gain?  
A vain, unquiet, glittering thing,  
My only boast a gorgeous wing;  
From flower to flower I idly stray,  
The trifler of a summer's day:  
Then let me not in vain implore,  
But leave me free again to soar."

His words the little charmer mov'd;  
She the poor trembler's suit approv'd.  
His gaudy wings he then extends,  
And flutters on her fingers' ends,  
From thence he spake, as you shall bear,  
In strains well worth a woman's ear:—  
"When now thy young and tender age  
Is pure, and heedless to engage:  
When in thy free and open mind  
No self-important air is seen;  
Unknowing all, to all unknown,  
Thou liv'st, or prais'd or blam'd by none.  
But when, unfolding by degrees  
The woman's fond desire to please,  
Studious to heave the artful sigh,  
Mistress of the tongue and eye,  
Thou sett'st thy little charms to show,  
And sport'st familiar with the beau;  
Forsaking then the simple plain,  
To mingle with the courtly train,  
Thou in the midnight ball shalt see  
Things apparel'd just like me;  
Who round and round, without design,  
Tinsell'd in empty lustre shine:  
As dancing through the spacious dome,  
From fair to fair the friekers roam,  
If charm'd with the embroider'd pride,  
The victim of a gay outside,  
From place to place, as we just now,  
The glittering gewgaw you pursue,  
What mighty prize shall crown thy pains?  
A butterfly is all thy gains!"

#### ON A SUMMER-HOUSE IN MY OWN GARDEN.

WHILST round my head the zephyrs gently play,  
To calm reflection I resign the day;  
From all the servitudes of life releas't,  
I bid mild Friendship to the sober feast,  
Nor Beauty banish from the hallow'd ground,  
She enters here to solace, not to wound;  
All else excluded from the sacred spot,  
One half detested, and one half forgot:  
All the mad human tumult, what to me?  
Here, chaste Calliope, I live with thee.

#### ON A DIAL IN MY GARDEN.

ONCE at a potent leader's voice it stay'd,  
Once it went back when a good monarch pray'd:  
Mortals, howe'er we grieve, howe'er deplore,  
The flying shadow shall return no more.

#### ON AN OBELISK IN MY GARDEN.

VIEW all around, the works of Power Divine,  
Inquire, explore, admire, extol, resign;  
This is the whole of human kind below,  
'Tis only giv'n beyond the grave to know.

#### ON A DOG.

CALM though not mean, courageous without rage,  
Serious not dull, and without thinking sage;  
Pleas'd at the lot that Nature has assign'd,  
Snarl as I list, and freely bark my mind;  
As churchman wrangle not with jarring spite,  
Nor statesman-like caressing whom I bite;  
View all the canine kind with equal eyes,  
I dread no mastiff, and no cur despise:  
True from the first, and faithful to the end,  
I balk no mistress, and forsake no friend.  
My days and nights one equal tenour keep,  
Fast but to eat, and only wake to sleep:  
Thus stealing along life I live snug,  
A very plain and downright honest dog.

#### MITHRIDATES.

##### ACT I. SCENE I.

After the manner of the French dramatic rhyme  
of Racine.

##### XIPHARES. ARBATES.

Xip. 'Tis true, Arbates, what all tongues relate,  
Rome triumphs, and my father yields to fate:  
He, whose wide empire stretch'd from shore to shore,  
The mighty Mithridates, is no more. [shows,  
Pompey, wide-scattering terror and affright,  
Surpris'd his prudence in the shades of night;  
Through all his camp a sudden ruin spread,  
And heap'd it round with mountains of the dead:  
On broad Euphrates' bank the monarch lies—  
His diadem is fall'n the victor's prize.

Thus he whom Asia forty years beheld  
Still rising nobler from each well-fought field,  
Who bold aveng'd, high-raisd on valour's wings,  
The common cause of empire and of kings,  
Dies, and behind him leaves, by fortune cross't,  
Two sons, alas! in mutual discords lost.

Arb. How, prince! So soon does fell ambition  
To break the union of fraternal love? [moves

Xip. Far, far such guilt be from Xiphares' breast,  
Far such ambition, which the good detest;  
Nor glory shines so tempting in my eye,  
Nor rate I empire at a price so high;  
True to the kindred honours of my name,  
I recognize a brother's juster claim;  
Nor further does my highest wish aspire,  
Than those fair kingdoms left me by my sire;  
The rest without regret I see become  
His valour's purchase, or the gift of Rome.

Arb. The gift of Rome, say'st? Can Pharnaces  
Can Mithridates' son?— [owe?—

Xip. Arbates, know,  
In vain Pharnaces veils himself in art,  
Long since become all Roman at the heart;  
Lost to his father's glories, and his own,  
He longs to mount a tributary throne:

What I, more desperate from my father's fate,  
Nourish within my breast immortal hate.  
But yet, not all the rage that hatred breeds,  
Not all the jealousies ambition feeds,  
Not all the glories Pontus' realms can boast,  
Not these divide our wretched bosoms most.

*Arb.* What nearer care Kiphares' fear alarms?

*Xp.* Then hear astonish'd, friend; Monimia's charms,

Whom late our father honour'd with his vows,  
And now Pharnaces with bold zeal pursues.

*Arb.* Monimia!

*Xp.* I love, nor longer will conceal

A flame which truth and honour bid reveal:  
Nor duty further binds my tongue, since here  
I now no rival, but a brother fear:  
Nor is this flame the passion of a day,  
A sudden blaze that hastens to decay;  
Long in my breast I pent the rising groan,  
Told it in secret to my heart alone:  
O could I, faithful to its rage, express  
Its first uneasiness, my last distress!  
But lose not now the moments to disclose  
The long, long story of my amorous woes.—  
Suffice it thee to know, that ere my sire  
Beheld this beautiful object of desire,  
I saw and felt the charmer in my heart,  
And holy passion dignified the dart.  
My father saw her too; nor sought to move  
With vows that she and virtue could approve;  
Haughty of sovereign rule, he hop'd to find  
An easy conquest o'er a woman's mind:  
But when he found, in honour resolute,  
She scorn'd indignant his imperious suit,  
'Twas then he sent in Hymen's sacred name  
His diadem, the pledge of purer flame.  
Judge then, my friend, what agonizing smart  
Tore up my senses, and transfir'd my heart,  
When first from fame the dreadful tale I heard,  
The fair Monimia to his throne preferr'd;  
And that Arbates with his beautiful prey  
Shap'd for Nymphæa's walls the destin'd way.  
'Twas then, the more to aggravate my doom,  
My mother listen'd to the arts of Rome:  
Whether by her great zeal for me misled,  
Or stung with rage for her deserted bed,  
Betray'd to Pompey (impotent of mind)  
The fort and treasures to her charge consign'd.  
How dreadful did my mother's guilt appear!  
Soon as the fatal tidings reach'd my ear,  
No more I saw my rival in my sire,  
My duty triumph'd o'er my fond desire;  
Alone in the unhappy man survey'd  
The father injur'd, and the king betray'd:  
My mother saw me, prodigal of breath,  
In every field encounter every death;  
Keen to redeem the honours of my name,  
Repair her wrongs, and disavow her shame.  
Then the broad Euxine own'd my father's away,  
I made the raging Hellespont obey;  
His happy vessels flew without control,  
Wherever winds could waft, or oceans roll.  
My filial duty had attempted more,  
Ev'n hop'd his rescue on Euphrates' shore;  
Sadden I heard, amid the martial strife,  
A hostile arm had cut his thread of life.  
'Twas then, I own, amid my various woes,  
Monimia dear to my remembrance rose:  
I fear'd the furious king, the dire excess  
Of amorous rage, and jealous tenderness:

Hither I flew, some mischief to prevent,  
With all the speed presaging passion lent:  
Nor less my fears sinister omens drew,  
When in these walls Pharnaces struck my view,  
Pharnaces! still impetuous, haughty, bold,  
Rash in design, in action uncontrol'd,  
Solicits the fair queen, again renews  
His interrupted hopes, and former vows,  
Confirms his father's death, and longs to move  
Her gentle bosom to more equal love.  
I own indeed, whilst Mithridates reign'd,  
My love was by parental law restrain'd,  
Rever'd submissive his superior pow'r,  
Who claim'd my duty from my natal hour;  
Enfranchis'd by his death, it scorns to yield  
To any other's hopes so dear a field.  
Either Monimia adverse to my claim,  
Rejects, ah, Heav'n forbid! my tender claim;  
Or—but whatever danger's to be run,  
'Tis by my death alone the prize is won.  
'Tis thine to choose, which of the two to save,  
Thy royal master's son, or Pompey's slave.  
Proud of the Romans who capouse his cause,  
Pharnaces proudly thinks to dictate laws;  
But let him know, that here, that very hour,  
My father died, I knew no rival pow'r.  
The realms of Pontus own his sovereign sway,  
Him Colchus and its provinces obey,  
And Colchus' princes ever did maintain  
The Bosphorus a part of their domain. [*claim,*]

*Arb.* My lord, what pow'r I boast you justify  
My duty and affection are the same;  
Arbates has but one plain point in view,  
To honour and his royal master true;  
Had Mithridates reign'd, nor force nor art  
Had e'er seduc'd this faithful loyal heart;  
Now by his death releas'd, my duteous care,  
His royal will declar'd, awaits his heir:  
The self-same zeal I to your succour bring,  
With which I serv'd your father, and my king.  
Had Heav'n Pharnaces' impious purpose sped,  
I the first victim of his rage had bled;  
Those walls, so long his entrance which withstood,  
Ere this had reddn'd with my odious blood.  
Go, to the blooming queen your suit approve,  
And mould her gentle bosom to your love:  
Affianc'd in my faith, dismiss your fear;  
Either Arbates has no credit here,  
Or else Pharnaces, by my arts o'ercome,  
Elsewhere shall boast him of the aids of Rome.

### SPEECH OF RANDOLPH.

#### A FRAGMENT OF BRUCE, BOOK II.

" DEMAND'ST thou, mighty Bruce, to know from  
My lineage I derive; then bear a tale [whence  
Well known through fair Stirline's fruitful bounds,  
My native land; of ancient Scottish kings,  
Thy royal ancestry, O Bruce! am I  
Undoubted offspring; and, forgive the boast,  
From the same fount my blood united flows,  
Allied to thine. As yet Cameldoun's walls  
By Forth, delightful stream! encircled stood  
The seat of Edenuther, Pictish king;  
To whose destruction, eager to revenge  
The breach of faith and hospitable laws  
Insulted, his embattled host  
Fierce Corbred led; for from Dunstaffnage towers,

Pretending love, and hymeneal rite,  
The treacherous Pict with meditated force,  
Bore Ethelind, her country's justest pride,  
Peerless and fair; a thousand heroes fought  
For her to death, fierce raging round the walls  
Of lofty Cameldoun: the guilty prince  
Had dearly paid the price of faith forsworn,  
But, studious of new frauds, within his walls  
He invites the Scottish train, friendly to meet  
In amicable talk; fair Ethelind  
To be the pledge of future peace, and join  
The warring nations, in eternal league  
Of love connubial: the unwearing king  
Entered the hostile gates; with feast and song  
The towers resound, till the dark midnight hour  
Awake the murderers: in sleep he fell  
With all his peers, in early life, and left  
His vow'd revenge, and sister unredem'd.

“ Now was the royal virgin left expos'd  
To the fell victor's lust, no friend to aid,  
Her brother slain, and fierce and mighty chiefs  
That warr'd in her defence: how could, alas!  
Unshelter'd helpless Innocence resist  
Th' infernal ravisher? With stedfast mind  
She scorn'd his proffer'd love; by virtue's aid  
Triumph'ant o'er his lust. In vain with tears  
And rough complaint that spoke a savage heart,  
Strove he to gain and woo her to his will:  
In vain, enrag'd and ruthless in his love,  
He threaten'd. Death disdain'd, force was the last,  
But that her arm oppos'd, resolv'd to strike  
The poniard in her breast, her virtue's guard.  
All arts thus tried in vain, at last, incens'd,  
Deep in a dungeon, from the cheerful light  
Far, far remov'd, the wretched maid he threw  
Deplorable; doom'd in that dwelling drear  
To waste her anxious days and sleepless nights,  
Anguish extreme! ah, how unlike those hours  
That in her father's palace wont to pass  
In festival and dance! Her piteous shrieks  
Mov'd her stern keeper's heart, secret he frees  
Th' imprison'd maid; and to the king relates  
Her death, dissembling. Then with fell despite  
And rage, inflam'd for unenjoyed love,  
The monarch storm'd, he loath'd his food, and fled  
All human converse, frustrate of his will. [walls

“ Meanwhile the nymph forsakes the hostile  
Flying by night; through pathless wilds unknown  
Guideless she wanders, in her frighted ears  
Still hears the tyrant's voice, in fancy views  
His form terrific, and his dreaded front  
Severe in frowns; her tender heart is vex'd  
With every fear, and oft desires to die.  
Now day return'd, and cheerful light began  
To adorn the Heav'n's; lost in the hills, she knew  
No certain path; around the dreary waste  
Feeling her weeping eye, in vain requir'd  
Her native fields, Dunstaffnage's well-known tow'rs,  
And high Edesta's walls, her father's reign.

“ Three days the royal wanderer bore the heat  
Intensely fervent, and three lonesome nights  
Wet with the chilling dews; the forest oak  
Supplied her food, and at the running stream,  
Patient, she slak'd her thirst. But when the fourth  
Arose; descending from the Ochell height,  
The flowery fields beneath, she wand'ring long  
Erroneous, disconsolate, forlorn.

leme's stream she pass'd, a rising hill  
Stood on the bank oppos'd, adorn'd with trees,  
A silvan scene! Thither she bent her flight,

O'ercome with toil, and gently laid her down  
In the embowering shade: the dew of sleep  
Fell on her weary eyes; then pleasing dreams  
Began to lay the tempest in her mind,  
Calmings from troubled thoughts: to regal pomp  
She seems restor'd, her brother's fate reveng'd,  
The tyrant slain: she dream'd till morn awoke,  
The fifth that rose, since from Cameldoun's walls  
She bent her flight; the cheerful day invites,  
From fair Dundalgon's ever-sunny towers,  
Mildred t' arise, who oft in fields of death  
Victorious, led the Picts embattled race,  
Illustrious chief! He to the hilly height,  
His morning walk, pleas'd with the season fair,  
Betakes him musing: there it was he saw  
Fair Ethelind, surpris'd as Heugist's son  
Elfred asleep beheld, when as she fled  
From Saxony, to shun a step-dame's rage  
That sought her life, he with prevailing words  
Woo'd the consenting maid: nor less amaz'd  
The Pictish leader saw the beautiful form.  
Fixt in surprise, and ardent gaze, he stood  
Wondering! his beating heart with joy o'erflow'd.  
He led her blushing from the sacred grove  
In bashful modesty, and doubting joy  
Chaast'd with fear, alternate in her breast,  
Poor lovely mourner! to his parents show'd  
The beautiful stranger; they, in age rever'd,  
Lift up their trembling hands, and bless the maid,  
Best workmanship of Heav'n! The youthful chief  
Transported every day his guest beheld,  
And every day beheld, with new delight,  
Her winning graces mild, and form divine,  
That drew with soft attraction. Kindling love  
Inflam'd his soul: still new delays he frames  
To gain a longer stay, ere he restore  
The beautiful exile to her native land,  
His promis'd faith. The story of her woes,  
He o'er and o'er demands; she pleas'd relates  
Her past adventures sad, but, prudent, kept  
Unknown her royal race; the ardent youth  
Hangs on the speaker's lips, still more and more  
Enamour'd of her charms, by courtesy dead  
He sought the virgin's love; by prayers and vows  
Won to consent. The nuptial day arose,  
Awak'd by music's sound; the pow'rs invoc'd  
To bless the hallow'd rite, and happy night  
That to his arms beatow'd the much-lov'd maid,  
The gift of Heav'n: then gladness fill'd his heart  
Unspeaking, as when the sapient king,  
The son of David, on the happy day  
Of his espousals, when his mother bound  
His brow in regal gold, delighted saw  
His fair Egyptian bride adorn'd with all  
Perfection, blooming in celestial sweets.

“ While thus the royal exile liv'd remote,  
In Hyguen's softest joys, the Scottish chiefs  
Prepare for battle, studious to redeem  
Their captive queen, unknowing of her fate;  
With just success unblest'd, discomfited  
They fell in ruthless fight, their mighty men,  
Unworthy bondage! helpless exiles sold  
To foreign lands. The Pictish king enrag'd  
Collects an host, embattled as the sands  
Along the Solway coast, from all the bounds  
Of his wide empire: Brica's rising towers,  
And Jeda's ancient walls, once seat of kings,  
With Eden rais'd on rocks, and Cameldoun,  
Send forth their chiefs and citizens to war, [then,  
Pour'd through their lofty gates. What anguish

O royal virgin! warr'd thy tender heart,  
 When thou, thy husband midst your country's foes  
 Enroll'dst their leader? Much didst thou adjure  
 By nuptial ties, much by endearing love,  
 To spare thy country in the waste of war;  
 He too, the youthful chief, long doubting stood  
 'Twixt love and duty, unresolv'd of choice,  
 Hard conflict! To Dunstaffnage' walls he flies,  
 And left the weeping fair, intent to drown  
 The voice of love, soft pleading in his heart,  
 In sounds of battle: but in vain! his wife,  
 A beauteous form, still rises to his thoughts  
 In supplicating tears; he grieves to see  
 The mingling hosts engage, and dreads to find  
 Amidst the slain, his kindred new allied.

“But now the Pictish king, with mighty chiefs  
 Selected from his peers, pursues his way  
 To raze the Scottish walls. Dundalga's towers  
 Receive their monarch, proud to entertain  
 The mighty guest: exults the haughty king  
 With savage joy, when first his eyes beheld  
 The maid so lately lost, again restor'd  
 Sad victim to his lust: what could she do,  
 Hopeless of aid? or how, alas! avert  
 The dire event that from the monarch's lust  
 Her fears prang'd? 'Twas Heav'n her thoughts in-  
 spir'd.

In hour of sad extreme: she flies the dome  
 With two, alone of all her menial train,  
 Companions of her flight. The king meanwhile,  
 Fierce with desire and violent to enjoy,  
 Him nor the bowl delights, nor sprightly mirth,  
 Nor tale of martial knight in ancient time  
 Recited; the unfinished feast he leaves  
 With wine inſam'd and ill-persuading lust,  
 Worst counsellors!—A secret way he found  
 That to the queen's apartment led unseen;  
 Thither he flies through many a lofty hall,  
 Where heroes oft have met in wise consult,  
 Estate in thought; but Heaven's! what fell despite,  
 What raging pain tore his distracted mind,  
 When first he knew the royal fair was fled?  
 Desperate in rage, he hopes his absent prey,  
 Intent to ravish. Hurrying to the camp  
 He sought the general's tent, begirt around  
 With noble Picts: there weeping Ethelind,  
 In soften'd anguish, on the hero's breast  
 He found reclining, sad: he would have seiz'd  
 The trembling fair-one from her lover's arms,  
 Her surest refuge, miserably torn,  
 Victim to lust obscene, had not the youth  
 Withstood the dire attempt of sovereign sway.  
 Haughty the monarch rag'd, and call'd his chiefs  
 To aid; his chiefs refuse th' unjust command:  
 Then, impotent of mind, he storm'd, he rav'd,  
 Outrageous in his ire: then wild uproar,  
 Tumult, and martial din, sounds o'er the camp,  
 While these assist the king, and these the youth,  
 By fearless friendship led: the clash of swords,  
 Through the still night, heard on the Scottish walls,  
 Alarms the chiefs in midnight council met:  
 The boldest of their warrior-train they choose  
 For secret ambush, sbent'd in jointed mail;  
 Th' intrepid band beneath a bending hill,  
 Await the rising dawn; Mildred they seiz'd,  
 The royal exile, and their social train,  
 Flying the monarch's rage: the beauteous queen  
 Rejoices to behold her native walls,  
 Exil'd so long: her peers with lifted hands  
 Extoll'd the bounteous pow'rs, their queen return'd,

The wondrous work of Fate; now she relates  
 Her direful tale; the audience melt in tears.

“Meanwhile the monarch raging in the camp,  
 Forsook of all his peers, for fierce assault  
 Prepar'd, attended with a desperate crew  
 Of men, that shar'd in partnership of crimes,  
 March'd forward to his fate; the ambush'd train  
 Rise sudden, round them spread the slaughter'd foe.  
 Himself, as furious in the front he warr'd,  
 Bled by a well-aim'd spear; to punish'd ghosts  
 Of kings perfidious, fled his guilty soul.

“The monarch slain, the Pictish chiefs, that late  
 Forsook the noisy camp, convene within  
 The Scottish walls, the princes joyful plight  
 In leagues of mutual peace; in every face  
 Each grateful altar blaz'd; to Heaven they paid  
 Their vows, their queen restor'd, and with her  
 peace,

The purchase of her love: through all the town  
 Public rejoicings reign'd, the voice of mirth  
 Was heard in every street, that blazing shone  
 Illuminated bright. The diadem  
 Restor'd with diamond gems and flaming gold,  
 Magnificent! by Scotia's monarchs worn  
 From eldest times, upon her beauteous brow  
 Plac'd by a mitred priest, in rich array,  
 Encircling, shines; her native peers around,  
 Mix'd with the Pictish chiefs, admiring stand,  
 Pleas'd with her heavenly smiles, her gentle look,  
 The type of softer rule: then next they gave  
 The sceptre to her hands; the precious stones  
 Blaz'd on the beaming point; ‘Hail! queen of  
 Scots;’

Joyful they cry, ‘hail! to thy own return'd,  
 Safe from a thousand toils, beyond our hopes,  
 Crown'd where thy fathers reign'd.’ Thus past  
 the night

In celebrated rites; when morn arose  
 Th' assembled senate partner of her throne  
 Elect the noble youth, in times of peace  
 To aid by counsel, and in war to lead  
 Her marshall'd chiefs:—thus ended all her woes,  
 “Bless'd in her husband's, and her subjects' love,  
 Peace flourish'd in her reign; three sons she bore,  
 All men of valour known; well could they bend  
 The bow in time of need. Her eldest, grac'd  
 With all the train of beauties that adora  
 A prince, succeeded to the Scottish rule  
 His mother's kingdom; in his happy days  
 The Scottish prowess twice o'erthrew the Dane  
 In bloody conflict, from our fatal shore  
 Reput'd with ignominious rout, disgrac'd.  
 Her second hope, born to unluckier fate,  
 Matchless in fight and every gallant deed,  
 The terror of his foes, his country's hope,  
 In ruthless battle by ignoble hands  
 Fell in his prime of youth, for ever wept,  
 For ever honour'd. Athingart, the last,  
 For prudence far renown'd, Elgida's charms  
 The hero fir'd, as in her father's court  
 A peaceful legate by his brother sent  
 To Pictland's monarch; there the royal youth  
 Graceful, in warlike tournament above  
 His equals shone, and won the princely maid  
 Courted by rival kings: from that embrace  
 Descend a thousand chiefs, that lineal heir'd  
 The virtues of their sire: witness the fields  
 Of Loncart, and the streams that purple ran  
 With stains of Danish blood: the brazen spears  
 And crested helms, and antique shields, the spoils

Of chiefs in battle slain, hung on the roof;  
 Eternal trophies of their martial deeds,  
 From son to son preserv'd with jealous care.  
 My father in his country's quarrel met  
 A glorious fate, when godlike Wallace fought;  
 He, firm adherer to the nobler cause,  
 Shar'd all his toils, and bled in all his fights,  
 Till Falkirk saw him fall; with Graham he fell,  
 Wallace his bold compeer, whom, great in arms,  
 Wallace alone surpass. With martial thoughts  
 He fir'd my youthful mind, and taught betimes  
 To build my glory on my country's love,  
 His great example! To thy native reign  
 If thee, thy fate propitious to the good,  
 Restor'd, he enjoin'd me to unite my force,  
 From foreign victors to retrieve again  
 Thy ravish'd kingdoms: then this sword he gave  
 In dangers ever faithful to his arm,  
 Pledge of paternal love; nor shall the foe  
 Exult, I ween, to find the dastard son  
 Degenerate from his sire, to wield in vain  
 A father's gift. In me, O Bruce! behold  
 A willing warrior, from Bodotria's stream  
 I lead my native bands, hardy and bold,  
 In fight distinguish'd by superior deed."

He said and ceas'd; the arm'd assembly stood  
 Silent in thought, till from his lofty seat  
 Great Bruce arose—"O noble youth!" he cry'd,  
 "Descended from a line of noble sires,  
 Accept thy monarch's thanks—Welcome thyself,  
 Welcome thy sequent chiefs, thy country sore  
 Oppress'd by dire usurpers, now demands  
 Warriors like thee, where death and bloodshed reign  
 In conflict stern; do thou approve thy might  
 Above thy fellows, by transcendent acts  
 To Fame endear'd; she, on thy praise well-pleas'd  
 Constant to dwell, shall rear thee up on high  
 The loftiest branch, 't' adorn thy ancient stem."  
 He spake, and gave the youth his plighted hand,  
 Pledge of benevolence and kind intent;  
 The chiefs around embrace and glad receive  
 The youthful champion, worthy of his race.

#### KING LEAR'S SPEECH TO EDGAR.

TAKING A VIEW OF MAN FROM THE SIDE OF  
 HIS MISERIES.

"Is man no more than this? Consider him well.  
 Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide,  
 The sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha!  
 here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art  
 the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no  
 more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as  
 thou art.—Off, off, you lendings; come, unbutton  
 here!"

SHAKESPEARE.

SEE where the solitary creature stands,  
 Such as he issued out of Nature's hands;  
 No hopes he knows, no fears, no joys, no cares,  
 Nor pleasure's poison, nor ambition's snares;  
 But shares, from self-forg'd chains of life releas'd,  
 The forest-kingdom with his fellow beast.  
 Yes, all we see of thee is nature's part;  
 Thou art the creature's self;—the rest is art.  
 For thee, the skilful worm, of specious hue,  
 No shining threads of ductile radiance drew;

For thee no sun the ripening gem refin'd;  
 No bleating innocence the fleece resign'd:  
 The hand of luxury ne'er taught to pour  
 O'er thy faint limbs the oil's refreshing show'r?  
 His bed the flinty rock; his drink, his food,  
 The running brook, and berries of the wood.  
 What have we added to this plain account?  
 What passions? what desires? a huge amount!  
 Cloth'd, fed, warm'd, cool'd, each by his brother's  
 We live upon the wide creation's spoil. (toil,  
 Quit, monarch, quit thy vain superfluous pride;  
 Lay all thy foreign ornaments aside:  
 Bid art no more its spurious gifts supply;  
 Be man, mere man; thirst, hunger, grieve, and die.

#### A SOLILOQUY.

IN IMITATION OF HAMLET.

MY anxious soul is tore with doubtful strife,  
 And hangs suspended betwixt death and life;  
 Life! death! dread objects of mankind's debate;  
 Whether superior to the shocks of fate,  
 To bear its fiercest ills with steadfast mind,  
 To Nature's order piously resign'd,  
 Or, with magnanimous and brave disdain,  
 Return her back th' injurious gift again.  
 O! if to die, this mortal bustle o'er,  
 Were but to close one's eyes, and be no more;  
 From pain, from sickness, sorrows, safe withdrawn,  
 In night eternal that shall know no dawn;  
 This dread, imperial, wondrous frame of man,  
 Lost in still nothing, whence it first began:  
 Yea, if the grave such quiet could supply,  
 Devotion's self might even dare to die,  
 Lest hapless victors in the mortal strife,  
 Through death we struggle but to second life.  
 But, fearful here, though curious to explore,  
 Thought pauses, trembling on the hither shore  
 What scenes may rise, awake the human fear;  
 Being again resum'd, and God more near;  
 If awful thunders the new guest appal,  
 Or the soft voice of gentle mercy call.  
 This teaches life with all its ills to please,  
 Afflicting poverty, severe disease;  
 To lowest infamy gives power to charm,  
 And strikes the dagger from the boldest arm.  
 Then, Hamlet, cease; thy rash resolves forego;  
 God, Nature, reason, all will have it so:  
 Learn by this sacred horror, well suppress,  
 Each fatal purpose in the traitor's breast.  
 This damps revenge with salutary fear,  
 And stops ambition in its wild career,  
 Till virtue for itself begin to move,  
 And servile fear exalt to filial love.  
 Then in thy breast let calmer passions rise,  
 Pleas'd with thy lot on Earth, absolve the skies;  
 The ills of life see Friendship can divide;  
 See angels warring on the good man's side.  
 Alone to Virtue happiness is given,  
 On Earth self-satisfied, and crown'd in Heaven.

#### A SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN IN JUNE, 1746.

MYSTICIOUS inmate of this breast,  
 Enkindled by thy flame;  
 By thee my being's best express,  
 For what thou art I am:

With thee I claim celestial birth,  
A spark of Heaven's own ray;  
Without thee sink to vilest earth,  
Inquainted clay.

Now in this sad and dismal hour  
Of multiply'd distress,  
Has any former thought the pow'r  
To make thy sorrows less?

When all around thee cruel snares  
Threaten thy destin'd breath,  
And every sharp reflection bears  
Want, exile, chains, or death.

Can aught that past in youth's fond reign  
Thy pleasing vein restore,  
Lives beauty's gay and festive train  
In memory's soft store?

Or does the Muse? 'Tis said her art  
Can fierceat pangs appease;  
Can she to thy poor trembling heart  
Now speak the words of peace?

Yet she was wont at early dawn  
To whisper thy repose,  
Nor was her friendly aid withdraw  
At grateful evening's close.

Friendship, 'tis true, its sacred might,  
May mitigate thy doom;  
As lightning, shot across the night,  
A moment gilds the gloom.

O God! thy providence alone  
Can work a wonder here,  
Can change to gladness every moan,  
And banish all my fear.

Thy arm, all-powerful to save,  
May every doubt destroy;  
And, from the horrors of the grave,  
New raise to life and joy.

From this, as from a copious spring,  
Pure consolation flows;  
Makes the faint heart midst sufferings sing,  
And midst despair repose.

Yet from its creature, gracious Heaven,  
Most merciful and just,  
Asks but, for life and safety given,  
Our faith and humble trust.

#### A SERIOUS THOUGHT.

THROUGH life's strange mystic paths how mankind  
A contradiction still in all their ways; [strays!  
In youth's gay bloom, in wealth's insulting hour,  
As Heav'n all mercy was, they live secure;  
Yet full of fears, and anxious doubts expire,  
And in the awful judge forget the Sire.  
Fair virtue then with faithful steps pursue,  
Thy good deeds many, thy offences few;  
That at the general doom thou may'st appear  
With filial hope to soothe thy conscious fear;  
Then to perpetual bliss expect to live,  
Thy Saviour is thy judge, and may forgive.

1791. xv.

#### THE WISH.

If join'd to make up virtue's glorious tale,  
A weak, but pious aid can aught avail,  
Each sacred study, each diviner page  
That once inspir'd my youth, shall soothe my age.  
Deaf to ambition, and to interest's call;  
Honour my titles, and enough my all;  
No pimp of pleasure, and no slave of state,  
Serene from fools, and guiltless of the great,  
Some calm and undisturb'd retreat I'll choose  
Dear to myself and friends. Perhaps the Muse  
May grant, while all my thoughts her charms em-  
brace, If not a future fame, a present joy, [ploy,  
Pure from each feverish hope, each weak desire;  
Thoughts that improve, and slumbers that inspire,  
A steadfast peace of mind, rais'd far above  
The guilt of hate and weaknesses of love;  
Studious of life, yet free from anxious care,  
To others candid, to my self severe:  
Filial, submissive to the Sovereign Will,  
Glad of the good, and patient of the ill;  
I'll work in narrow sphere what Heaven approves,  
Abating hatreds, and increasing loves,  
My friendship, studies, pleasures, all my own,  
Alike to envy and to fame unknown;  
Such in some blest asylum let me lie,  
Take of my fill of life, and wait, not wish to die.

#### PSALM LXX.

##### IMITATED.

THRICE happy he! whom thy paternal love  
Allows to tread the radiant courts above,  
To range the climes where pure enjoyments grow,  
Where blessings spring, and endless pleasures flow:  
Awful in majesty thy glories shine,  
Thy mercy speaks its author all divine.  
Thy tender and amazing care is own'd,  
Where'er old Ocean walks his wavy round;  
Those that explore the terrors of the main,  
Embroil'd with storms, in search of petty gain,  
Where tides encounter with tumultuous roar,  
Derive their safety from thy boundless pow'r:  
Within their stated moulds thy nod contains  
The lawless waves, where headlong tumult reigns;  
At thy despotic call the rebels cease,  
Sink to a smiling calm,—and all is peace.  
Those that inhabit Earth's remotest bound,  
Trembling survey thy terrors all around,  
When kindling meteors redden in the air,  
And shake thy judgments from their sanguine hair;  
At thy command fair blushes lead the day,  
And orient pearls glow from each tender spray,  
Night with her solemn gloom adores a God,  
And spreads her sable horrors at his nod,  
Whole nature cheerful owns her Maker's voice,  
Each creature smiles, and all his works rejoice.  
Thy bounty streams in soft descending showers,  
And wakens into bloom the drooping flowers;  
Pregnant on high thy cloudy cisterns move,  
And pour their gocial treasures from above;  
Earth smiles, array'd in all her youthful charms,  
Her flowery infants ope their blushing arms,  
And kindling life each vernal blossom warms.  
Thus the glad year, with circling mercies crown'd,  
Enjoys thy goodness in an endless round.  
Whene'er thou smil'st, fresh beauties paint the  
And flowers awaken'd vegetate to birth. [earth,

§ 2

The dreary wilds, where no delights are found,  
Where never spring adorn'd the sterile ground,  
At thy command a pompous dress assume,  
Fair roses glow, and opening lilies bloom:  
Here verdant hills arise on every side,  
And shoot their tops aloft with conscious pride;  
There lowing herds adorn the fertile soil,  
And crown with fleecy wool the shepherd's toil:  
While tender lambs their infant voices raise,  
And sweetly bleat th' Almighty Giver's praise.  
Here loaded valleys smile with waving corn,  
And golden prospects every field adorn;  
They shout for joy, and lowly bending sing,  
With sweet harmonious notes, their gracious King!

---

ODES.

---

ODE I

TO FANCY.

FANCY, bright and winged maid!  
In thy night-drawn car convey'd  
O'er the green earth and wide-spread main,  
A thousand shadows in thy train,  
A varied air-embodied host,  
To don what shapes thou pleasest most;  
Brandish no more thy scorpion stings  
Around the destin'd couch of kings;  
Nor in Rebellion's ghastly size  
A dire gigantic spectre rise:  
Cease, for a while, in rooms of state  
To damp the slumbers of the great;  
In Merit's lean-look'd form t' appear,  
And holla "traitor" in their ear:  
Or Freedom's holier garb belie,  
While Justice grinds her axe fast by:  
Nor o'er the miser's eye-lids pour  
The unrefreshing golden show'r;  
Whilst, keen th' unreal bliss to feel,  
His breast bedews the ruffian steel.  
With these, (when next thou tak'st thy round)  
The thoughts of guilty Pride confound:  
These swell the horrors and affright  
Of Conscience' keen condemning night.  
For this (nor, gracious pow'r! repine)  
A gentler ministry be thine:  
Whate'er inspires the poet's theme,  
Or lover's hope-enliven'd dream,  
Monimia's mildest form assume;  
Spread o'er thy cheeks her youthful bloom;  
Unfold her eyes' unblemish'd rays,  
That melt to virtue as we gaze;  
That Eury's guiltiest wish disarm,  
And view benign a kindred charm:  
Call all the Graces from thy store,  
Till thy creative pow'r be o'er;  
Bid her each breathing sweet dispense,  
And robe in her own innocence.  
My wish is giv'n: the spells begin;  
Th' ideal world awakes within;  
The lonely void of still repose  
Pregnant with some new wonder grows:  
See, by the twilight of the skies,  
The beauteous apparition rise;  
Slow in Monimia's form, along  
Glides to the harmony of song.

But who is he the virgin leads,  
Whom high a flaming torch precedes,  
In a gown of stainless lawn,  
O'er each manly shoulder drawn?  
Who, clad in robe of scarlet grain,  
The boy that bears her flowing train?  
Behind his back a quiver hung,  
A bended bow across is flung;  
His head and heels two wings unfold,  
The azure feathers girt with gold:  
Hymen! 'tis he who kind inspires  
Joys unfeign'd and chaste desires:  
And thou, of love deceitful child!  
With tiger-heart, yet lamb-like mild,  
Fantastic by thyself, and vain,  
But seemly seen in Hymen's train;  
If Fate be to my wishes kind,  
O! may I find you ever join'd;  
But if the Fates my wish deny,  
My humble roof come ye not nigh.  
The spell works on: yet stop the day  
While in the house of sleep I stay.  
About me swells the sudden grove,  
The wren arbourate of love;  
Flow'rs spring unbidden o'er the ground,  
And more than Nature plants around.  
Fancy, prolong the kind repose;  
Still, still th' enchanting vision glows;  
And now I gaze o'er all her charms,  
Now sink transported in her arms.  
Oh sacred energy divine!  
All these enraptur'd scenes are thine.  
Hail! copious source of pure delight;  
All hail! thou heaven-revealed rite;  
Endearing Truth thy train attends,  
And thou and mock-ey'd Peace are friends;  
Closer entwining the magic bow'r;  
Thick rain the rose-empurpled show'r:  
The mystic joy impatient flies  
Th' unhallow'd gaze of vulgar eyes.  
Unenvied let the rich and great  
Turmoil without, and parcel Fate,  
Indulging here, in bliss supreme,  
Might I enjoy the golden dream:  
But, ah! the rapture must not stay;  
For see! she glides, she glides away.  
Oh Fancy! why didst thou decoy  
My thoughts into this dream of joy,  
Then to forsake me all alone,  
To mourn the fond delusion gone?  
O! back again, benign, restore  
The pictur'd vision as before.  
Yes, yes: once more I fold my eyes;  
Arise, ye dear deceits, arise.  
Ideas bland! where do ye rove?  
Why fades my visionary grove?  
Ye fickle troop of Morpheus' train,  
Then will you, to the proud and vain,  
From me, fantastic, wing your flight,  
T' adorn the dream of false delight?  
But now, seen in Monimia's air,  
Can you assume a form less fair,  
Some idle beauty's wish supply,  
The mimic triumphs of her eye?  
Grant all to me this live-long night,  
Let charms detain the rising light;  
For this one night my liveries wear,  
And I absolve you for the year.  
What time your poppy-crowned god  
Sends his truth-telling accents abroad,

Ere yet the cock to matins rings,  
 And the lark, with mounting wings,  
 The simple village-swain has warn'd  
 To shake off sleep, by labour earn'd;  
 Or on the rose's silken beam,  
 Aurora weeps her earliest gem;  
 Or, beneath the opening dawn,  
 Smiles the fair-extended lawn,  
 When in the soft encircled shade  
 Ye find reclin'd the gentle maid,  
 Each busy motion laid to rest,  
 And all compos'd her peaceful breast:  
 Swift paint the fair internal scene,  
 The phantom labours of your reign;  
 The living imagery adorn  
 With all the linings of the morn,  
 With all the treasures Nature keeps  
 Conceal'd below the forming deeps;  
 Or dress'd in the rich waving pride,  
 That covers the green mountain's side,  
 Or blooms beneath the amorous gale  
 In the wide-embosom'd vale.  
 Let powerful Music too essay  
 The magic of her hidden lay:  
 While each harsh thought away shall fly  
 Down the full stream of harmony,  
 Compassion mild shall fill their place,  
 Each gentle minister of grace,  
 Pity that often melts to love,  
 Let weeping Pity kind improve  
 The soften'd heart, prepar'd to take  
 Whate'er impressions Love shall make.  
 Oh! in that kind, that sacred hour,  
 When Hate, when Anger have no pow'r;  
 When sighing Love, mild simple boy,  
 Courtship sweet, and tender joy,  
 Alone possess the fair-one's heart;  
 Let me then, Fancy, bear my part,  
 Oh goddess! how I long t' appear;  
 The hour of dear success draws near:  
 See where the crowding Shadows wait;  
 Haste and unfold the ivory gate:  
 Ye gracious forms, employ your aid,  
 Come in my anxious look array'd,  
 Come Love, come Hymen, at my pray'r  
 Led by blithe Hope, ye decent pair  
 By mutual confidence combin'd,  
 As erst in sleep I saw you join'd.  
 Fill my eyes with heart-swell'd tears,  
 Fill my breast with heart-born fears,  
 Half-utter'd vows and half suppress'd,  
 Part look'd and only wish'd the rest;  
 Make sighs, and speaking sorrows prove  
 Suffering much, how much I love;  
 Make the Muse's lyre complain,  
 Strung by me in warbled strain;  
 Let the melodious numbers flow  
 Powerful of a lover's woe,  
 Till by the tender Orphean art,  
 I through her ear should gain her heart.  
 Now, Fancy, now the fit is o'er;  
 I feel my sorrows vex no more:  
 But when condemn'd again to mourn,  
 Fancy, to my aid return.

## ODE II.

BACCHUS, pursuits so vain and light;  
 Knowledge, fruitless of delight;

Lean Study, sire of sallow Doubt,  
 I put thy musing taper out:  
 Fantastic all, a long adieu;  
 For what has love to do with you?  
 For, lo, I go where Beauty fires,  
 To satisfy my soul's desires;  
 For, lo, I seek the sacred walls  
 Where Love, and gentle Beauty, calls:  
 For me she has adorn'd the room,  
 For me has shed a rich perfume:  
 Has she not prepar'd the tea?  
 The kettle boils—she waits for me.  
 I come, nor single, but along  
 Youthful Sports a jolly throng!  
 Thoughtless joke, and infant wiles;  
 Harmless wit, and virgin smiles;  
 Tender words, and kind intent;  
 Languish fond, and blandishment;  
 Yielding curtsy, whisper low;  
 Silken blush, with cheeks that glow;  
 Chaste desires, and wishes meet;  
 Thin clad Hope, a foot-man fleet;  
 Modesty, that turns aside,  
 And backward strives her form to hide;  
 Healthful Mirth, still gay and young,  
 And Meekness with a maiden's tongue;  
 Satire, by good humour dress'd  
 In a many-colour'd vest:  
 And enter leaning at the door,  
 Who send'st thy flaunting page before,  
 The roguish boy of kind delight,  
 Attendant on the lover's night,  
 Fair his ivory shuttle flies  
 Through the bright threads of mingling dyes,  
 As swift his rosy fingers move  
 To knit the silken cords of love;  
 And stop who softly-stealing goes  
 Occasion high on her tiptoes,  
 Whom youth with watchful look spies,  
 To seize the forelock ere she flies,  
 Ere he her bald pate shall survey,  
 And well-plied heels to run away.  
 But, anxious Care, be far from hence;  
 Vain surmise, and alter'd sense;  
 Misshapen doubts, the woes they bring;  
 And Jealousy, of fiercest sting;  
 Despair, that solitary stands,  
 And wrings a halter in his hands;  
 Flattery, false and hollow fount,  
 And Dread, with eye still looking round;  
 Avarice, bending under self:  
 Conceit, still gazing on herself:  
 O Love! exclude high-crested Pride,  
 Nymph of Amazonian stride:  
 Nor in these walls, like waiting-maid,  
 Be Curiosity survey'd,  
 That to the key-hole lays her ear,  
 Listening at the door to hear;  
 Nor father Time, unless he's found  
 In triumph led by Beauty bound,  
 Forc'd to yield to Vigour's stroke,  
 His blunted scythe and hour-glass broke.  
 But come, all ye who know to please;  
 Inviting glance, and downy ease;  
 The heart-born joy, the gentle care;  
 Soft-breathed wish, and pow'r of prayer;  
 The simple vow, that means no ill;  
 Believing Quiet, submissive Will;  
 Constancy of meekest mind,  
 That suffers long, and still is kind;



All ye who put our woes to flight;  
 All ye who minister delight;  
 Nods, and wreaths, and becks, and tips;  
 Meaning winks, and roguish trips;  
 Fond decoits, and kind surprises;  
 Sudden sinks, and sudden rises;  
 Laughs, and toys, and gamesome fights;  
 Jolly dance, and girls, and flights:  
 Then, to make me wholly blest,  
 Let me be there a welcome guest.

## ODE III.

Immortalis ne speres, monet annus—

HOR.

Now Spring begins her smiling round,  
 Lavish to paint th' enamell'd ground;  
 The birds exalt their cheerful voice,  
 And gay on every bough rejoice.  
 The lovely Graces, hand in hand,  
 Knit in Love's eternal band,  
 With dancing step at early dawn,  
 Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.  
 Where'er the youthful sisters move,  
 They fire the soul to genial love.  
 Now, by the river's painted side,  
 The swain delights his country bride,  
 While, pleas'd, she hears his artless vows:  
 Above the feather'd songster woos.  
 Soon will the ripen'd Summer yield  
 Her various gifts to every field;  
 Soon fruitful trees, a beauteous show,  
 With ruby-tinctur'd births shall glow;  
 Sweet smells, from beds of lilies borne,  
 Perfume the breezes of the morn.  
 The sunny day, and dewy night,  
 To rural play my fair invite;  
 Soft on a bank of violets laid,  
 Cool she enjoys the evening shade;  
 The sweets of Summer feast her eye,  
 Yet soon, soon will the Summer fly.  
 Attend, my lovely maid, and know  
 To profit by the moral show:  
 Now young and blooming thou art seen,  
 Fresh on the stalk, for ever green;  
 Now does th' unfoiled bud disclose  
 Full blown to sight the blushing rose:  
 Yet, once the sunny season past,  
 Think not the cox'ning scene will last;  
 Let not the batter'd Hope persuade:  
 Ah! must I say that this will fade?  
 For see the Summer posts away,  
 Sad emblem of our own decay.  
 Now Winter, from the frozen north,  
 Drives his iron chariot forth:  
 His grisly hand in icy chains  
 Fair Tweda's silver flood constrains:  
 Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare  
 He wanders on the tops of Yare!  
 Behold his footsteps dire are seen  
 Confess'd on many a withering green.  
 Grieved at the sight, when thou shalt see  
 A snowy wreath clothe every tree,  
 Frequenting now the stream no more,  
 Thou fly'st, displeas'd, the barren shore.  
 When thou shalt miss the flowers that grow  
 Not late to charm thy ravish'd view,

"Shall I, ah horrid!" wilt thou say,  
 "Be like to this another day?"

Yet, when in snow and dreary frost  
 The pleasure of the field is lost,  
 To blazing hearths at home we run,  
 And fires supply the distant Sun;  
 In gay delights our hours employ,  
 We do not lose but change our joy;  
 Happy abandon every care,  
 To lead the dance, to court the fair,  
 To turn the page of ancient bards,  
 To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.  
 But when the beauteous white and red  
 From the pale ashy cheek is fled;  
 When wrinkles dire, and age severe,  
 Make beauty fly we know not where:  
 The fair whom Fates unkind disarm,  
 Have they for ever ceas'd to charm?  
 Or is there left some pleasing art,  
 To keep secure a captive heart?

"Unhappy Love!" might lovers say,  
 "Beauty, thy food, does swift decay;  
 When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,  
 What art thy famine can prevent?  
 Virtues prepare with early care,  
 That Love may live on Wisdom's fare;  
 Though Ecstasy with Beauty flies,  
 Esteem is born when Beauty dies.  
 Happy to whom the Fates decree  
 The gift of Heav'n in giving thee:  
 Thy beauty shall his youth engage;  
 Thy virtues shall delight his age."

## ODE IV.

ON THE NEW YEAR, 1738.

JANUS, who, with sliding pace,  
 Run'st a never-ending race,  
 And driv'st about, in prose career,  
 The whirling circle of the year,  
 Kindly indulge a little stay,  
 I beg but one swift hour's delay.  
 O! while th' important minutes wait,  
 Let me revolve the books of fate;  
 See what the coming year intends  
 To me, my country, kind and friends.  
 Then may'st thou wing thy flight, and go,  
 To scatter blindly joys and woe;  
 Spread dire disease, or purest health,  
 And, as thou list'st, grant peace or wealth.  
 This hour, withheld by potent charms,  
 Ev'n Peace shall sleep in Pow'r's mad arms;  
 Kings feel their inward torments less,  
 And for a moment wish to bless.

Life now presents another scene,  
 The same strange farce to act again;  
 Again the weary human play'r  
 Advance, and take their several shares:  
 Clodius riots, Cæsar fights,  
 Tully pleads, and Maro writes,  
 Ammon's fierce son controls the globe,  
 And Harlequin diverts the mob.  
 To Time's dark cave the year retreats,  
 These hoary unfrequented seats;  
 There from his loaded wing he lays  
 The months, the minutes, hours and days;  
 Then flies, the Seasons in his train,  
 To compass round the year again.

See there, in various heaps combin'd,  
The vast designs of human-kind;  
Whatever swell'd the statesman's thought,  
The mischief mad ambition wrought,  
Public revenge and hidden guilt,  
The blood by secret murder spilt,  
Friendships to sordid interest given,  
And ill-match'd hearts, ne'er pair'd in Heaven;  
What Avarice, to crown his store,  
Stole from the orphan, and the poor;  
Or Luxury's more shameful waste,  
Squander'd on th' unthankful feast.  
Ye kings, and guilty great, draw near;  
Before this awful court appear:  
Bare to the Muse's piercing eye  
The secrets of all mortals lie;  
She, strict avenger, brings to light  
Your crimes conceal'd in darkest night;  
As Conscience, to her trust most true,  
Shall judge between th' oppress'd and you.

This casket shows, ye wretched train,  
How often Merit sued in vain.  
See, there, undry'd, the widow's tears;  
See, there, unsmooth'd the orphan's fears:  
Yet, look, what mighty sums appear,  
The vile profusion of the year.  
Could'st thou not, impious Greatness, give  
The smallest aims, that Want might live?  
And yet, how many a large repast  
Pall'd the rich glutton's sickly taste!  
One table's vain intemperate load,  
With ambush'd death, and sickness strow'd,  
Had blest the cottage's peaceful shade,  
And given its children health and bread:  
The rustic sire, and faithful spouse,  
With each dear pledge of honest vows,  
Had, at the sober-tasted meal,  
Repeated oft the grateful tale;  
Had hymn'd, in native language free,  
The song of thanks to Heaven and thee;  
A music that the great ne'er hear,  
Yet sweeter to th' internal ear  
Than any soft seducing note  
E'er thrill'd from Farinell's throat.

Let's still search on—This bundle's large.  
What's here? 'Tis Science's plaintive charge.  
Hear Wisdom's philosophic sigh,  
(Neglected all her treasures lie)  
That nose her secret haunts explore,  
To learn what Plato taught before;  
Her sons seduc'd to turn their parts  
To Flattery's more thriving arts;  
Refine their better sense away  
And join Corruption's flag, for pay.  
See his reward the gamester share,  
Who painted moral Virtue fair;  
Inspir'd the minds of generous youth  
To love the simple mistress Truth;  
The patriot path distinctly show'd,  
That Rome and Greece to glory trode;  
That self-applause is noblest fame,  
And kings may greatness link to shame,  
While honesty is no disgrace,  
And Peace can smile without a place.  
Hear too Astronomy reprove,  
Who taught unnumber'd worlds to shine;  
Who travels boundless ether through,  
And brings the distant orbs to view.  
Can she her broken glass repair,  
Though Advice has her all to spare?

What mighty secrets had been found,  
Was Virtue mistress of five pound?  
Yet see where, given to Wealth and Pride,  
A bulky pension lies beside.  
Avant then, Riches; no delay;  
I spurn th' ignoble heaps away.  
What though your charms can purchase all  
The giddy honours of this ball;  
Make Nature's germans all divide,  
And haughty peers renounce their pride;  
Can buy proud Flavia's sordid smile,  
Or ripe for fate, this destin'd isle.  
Though Greatness condescends to pray,  
Will Time indulge one hour's delay,  
Or give the wretch intent on self,  
One moment's credit with himself?  
Virtue, that true from false discerns,  
The vulgar courtly phrase unlearns,  
Superior far to Fortune's frown,  
Bestows alone the stable crown,  
The wreath from honour's root that springs,  
That fades upon the brows of kings.

## ODE V.

ON THE BATTLE OF GLADSMUIR. 1745.

As over Gladsmuir's blood-stain'd field,  
Scotia, imperial goddess, flew;  
Her lifted spear and radiant shield  
Conspicuous blazing to the view:  
Her visage, lately clouded with despair,  
Now reasum'd its first majestic air.

Such seen as oft in battle warr'd  
She glow'd through many a martial age;  
Or mild to breathe the civil charm,  
In pious plans and counsel sage:  
For, o'er the mingling glories of her face,  
A manly greatness heighten'd female grace.

Lo! as the trumpet rolls its sound,  
Her voice the power celestial rais'd;  
Whilst her victorious sous around  
In silent joy and wonder gazed:  
The sacred Muses heard th' immortal lay,  
And thus to earth the notes of fame convey:

" 'Tis done! my sons! 'tis nobly done!  
Victorious over tyrant power;  
How quick the race of fame was run!  
The work of ages in one hour: [reigns;  
Slow creeps th' oppressive weight of slavish  
One glorious moment rose, and burst your  
chains.

" But late, forlorn, dejected, pale,  
A prey to each insulting foe;  
I sought the grove and gloomy vale,  
To vent in solitude my woe;  
Now to my hand the balance fair restor'd;  
Once more I wield on high the imperial sword:

" What arm has this deliverance wrought?  
'Tis he! the gallant youth appears;  
O warm in fields, and cool in thought!  
Beyond the slow advance of years!  
Haste, let me, rescued now from future harms,  
Strain close the filial virtue in my arms.

"Early I nam'd this royal youth,  
Ah! ill detain'd on foreign shores;  
I fill'd his mind with love of truth,  
With fortitude and wisdom's stores:  
For when a noble action is decreed,  
Heav'n forms the hero for the destin'd deed.

"Nor could the soft seducing charms  
Of mild Hesperia's blooming soil  
E'er quench his noble thirst of arms,  
Of generous deeds and honest toil;  
Fix'd with the warmth a country love imparts.  
He fled their weakness, but admir'd their arts.

"With him I plough'd the stormy main;  
My breath inspir'd th' auspicious gale;  
Reserv'd for Gladsuir's glorious plain,  
Through dangers wing'd his daring sail: [pose  
Where, form'd with inborn worth, he durst op-  
His single valour to an host of foes.

"He came! he spoke! and all around,  
As swift as Heav'n's quick-darted flame,  
Shepherds turn'd warriors at the sound,  
And every bosom beat for fame;  
They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,  
And at his side the willing heroes rise.

"Rouse, England! rouse, Fame's noblest son,  
In all thy ancient splendour shine;  
If I the glorious work began,  
O let the crowning palm be thine:  
I bring a prince, for such is Heav'n's decree,  
Who overcomes but to forgive and free.

"So shall fierce wars and tumults cease,  
While Plenty crowns the smiling plain;  
And Industry, fair child of peace,  
Shall in each crowded city reign;  
So shall these happy realms for ever prove  
The sweets of union, liberty, and love."

### SONGS.

Ye shepherds and nymphs, that adorn the gay  
plain, [strain;  
Approach from your sports, and attend to my  
Amongst all your number a lover so true  
Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?  
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;  
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,  
But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies:  
She smiles when I'm cheerful, but bears not my  
A bosom so fainty, so gentle an air, [sighs;  
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair!

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears:  
Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;  
When softly she tells me to hope no relief,  
My trembling lips bless her, in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,  
I start up in anguish and sigh for the fair:  
The fair sleep in peace, may she ever do so!  
And only when dreaming imagine my woe.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire;  
Nor think she should love, whom she cannot ad-  
mire;  
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,  
Commend her to Heav'n, and thyself to the grave.

As the shepherd's mournful fate,  
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,  
To bear the scornful fair-one's hate,  
Nor dare disclose his anguish.  
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,  
My secret soul discover;  
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,  
Reveals how much I love her.  
The tender glance, the redd'ning cheek,  
O'erspread with rising blushes,  
A thousand various ways they speak  
A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,  
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,  
That artless blush, and modest air,  
So fatally beguiling.  
Thy every look, and every grace,  
So charm whene'er I view thee;  
Till death o'ertake me in the chase,  
Still will my hopes pursue thee:  
Then when my tedious hours are past,  
Be this last blessing given,  
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
And die in sight of Heaven.

ADIEU, ye pleasant sports and plays,  
Farewell, each song that was diverting;  
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,  
I sing of Delia and of Damon's parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd  
The dear, tormenting, pleasant passion,  
Till Delia's mildness had prevail'd  
On him to show his inclination.

Just as the fair-one seem'd to give  
A patient ear to his love-story,  
Damon must his Delia leave,  
To go in quest of toilsome glory.

Half-spoken words hung on his tongue,  
Their eyes refus'd the usual greeting;  
And sighs supply'd their wonted song. [sing.  
These charming sounds were chang'd to woe.

A. Dear Idol of my soul, adieu!  
Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me,  
While Damon lives, he lives for you,  
No other charms shall ever move me.

B. Alas! who knows, when parted far  
From Delia, but you may deceive her!  
The thought destroys my heart with care,  
Adieu, my dear, I fear for ever.

A. If ever I forget my vows,  
May then my guardian angel leave me;  
And more to aggravate my woe,  
Be you so good as to forgive me.

Ys shepherds of this pleasant vale  
Where Yarrow streams along,  
Forake your rural toils, and join  
In my triumphant song.  
She grants, she yields; one heavenly smile  
Atones her long delays,  
One happy minute crowns the pains  
Of many suffering days.

Raise, raise the victor-notes of joy,  
These suffering days are o'er,  
Love satiates now his boundless wish  
From beauty's boundless store;  
No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears  
This rising calm destroy,  
Now every prospect smiles around  
All opening into joy.

The Sun with double lustre shone  
That dear consenting hour,  
Brighten'd each hill, and o'er each vale  
New colour'd every flower;  
The gales their gentle sighs withheld,  
No leaf was seen to move,  
The hovering songsters round were mute,  
And wonder hush'd the grove.

The hills and dales no more resound  
The lambkin's tender cry,  
Without one murmur Yarrow stole  
In dimpling silence by;  
All nature seem'd in still repose  
Her voice alone to hear,  
That gently roll'd the tuneful wave,  
She spoke and bless'd my ear.

Take, take, whate'er of bliss or joy  
You fondly fancy mine,  
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast  
Love renders wholly thine;  
The woods struck up, to the soft gale  
The leaves were seen to move,  
The feather'd choir resum'd their voice,  
And wonder filled the grove.

The hills and dales again resound  
The lambkins tender cry,  
With all his murmurs Yarrow trill'd  
The song of triumph by;  
Above, beneath, around, all on  
Was verdure, beauty, song,  
I snatch'd her to my trembling breast,  
All nature joy'd along.

Go, plaintive sounds! and to the fair  
My secret wounds impart,  
Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,  
Each motion in my heart.

But she, methinks, is list'ning now  
To some enchanting strain,  
The smile that triumphs o'er her brow  
Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive sounds, yet, yet delay,  
How'er my love repine,  
Let that gay minute pass away,  
The next perhaps is thine.

Yes, plaintive sounds, no longer crost,  
Your griefs shall soon be o'er,  
Her cheek, undimpled now, has lost  
The smile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive sounds, she now is yours,  
'Tis now your time to move;  
Essay to soften all her powers,  
And be that softness, love.

Cease, plaintive sounds, your task is done,  
That anxious tender air  
Proves o'er her heart the conquest won,  
I see you melting there.

Return, ye smiles, return again,  
Return each sprightly grace,  
I yield up to your charming reign,  
All that enchanting face.

I take no outward show amiss  
Rove where they will, her eyes,  
Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,  
So she but hear my sighs.

You ask me, charming fair,  
Why thus I pensive go,  
From whence proceeds my care,  
What nourishes my woe?

Why seek'st the cause to find  
Of ills that I endure?  
Ah! why so vainly kind,  
Unless resolv'd to cure?

It needs no magic art  
To know whence my alarms;  
Examine your own heart,  
Go read them in your charms.

Whene'er the youthful quire  
Along the vale advance,  
To raise, at your desire,  
The lay, or form the dance:

Benevolent to each,  
You some kind grace afford,  
Gentle in deed or speech,  
A smile or friendly word.

Whilst on my love you put  
No value;—or the same,  
As if my fire was but  
Some paltry village flame.

At this my colour flies,  
My breast with sorrow heaves;  
The pain I would disguise,  
Nor man nor maid deceives.

My love stands all display'd,  
Too strong for art to hide,  
How soon the heart's betray'd  
With such a clue to guide!

How cruel is my fate,  
Affronts I could have borne,  
Found comfort in your hate,  
Or triumph'd in your scorn:

But whilst I thus adore,  
I'm driven to wild despair;  
Indifference is more  
Than raging love can bear.

WOULD'ST thou know her sacred charms  
Who this destin'd heart alarms,  
What kind of nymph the Heavens decree  
The maid that's made for love and me.

Who pants to hear the sigh sincere;  
Who melts to see the tender tear,  
From each ungentle passion free;  
Such the maid that's made for me.

Who joys when'er she sees me glad,  
Who sorrows when she sees me sad,  
For peace and me can pomp resign;  
Such the heart that's made for mine.

Whose soul with generous friendship glows,  
Who feels the blessings she bestows,  
Gentle to all, but kind to me;  
Such be mine, if such there be.

Whose genuine thoughts, devoid of art,  
Are all the natives of her heart,  
A simple train, from falsehood free;  
Such the maid that's made for me.

Araunt, ye light coquets, retire,  
Whom glittering fops around admire;  
Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see,  
More genuine beauties are for me.

Should Love, fantastic as he is,  
Raise up some rival to my bliss;  
And should she change, but can that be?  
No other maid is made for me.

BY A YOUNG LADY,

ON READING THE FOREGOING.

If you would know, my dearest friend,  
The man whose merit may pretend  
To gain my heart, that yet is free,  
Him that's made for love and me:

His mind should be his chiefest care,  
All his improvements centre there,  
From each unmanly passion free;  
That is the man who's made for me.

Whose generous bosom goodness warms,  
Whom sacred virtue ever charms,  
Who to no vice a slave will be;  
This is the man who's made for me.

Whose tongue can easily impart  
The dictates of his honest heart,  
In plain good sense; from flattery free;  
Such he must be who's made for me.

He alone can love inspire,  
Who feels the warmth of friendship's fire;  
Humane and generous, kind and free;  
That is the man who's made for me.

If such an one, my friend, e'er tries  
To make me his by strictest ties,

The study of my life shall be,  
To please the man so dear to me.

Ye powder'd beaux, from me retire,  
Who only your dear selves admire;  
Though deck'd in richest lace you be,  
No tinsel'd fop has charms for me.

Glasgow.

REPLY BY MR. HAMILTON.

—Sed quæ legat ipsa Lycoris.

VIRGO

O GENTLE maid! who'er thou art,  
That seek'st to bless a friendly heart;  
Whose Muse and mind seem fram'd to prove  
The tenderness of mutual love.

The heart that flutters in his breast,  
That longs and pants to be at rest,  
Roam'd all round thy sex, to find  
A gentle mate; and hop'd her kind.

I saw a face—and found it fair;  
I search'd a mind—saw goodness there;  
Goodness and beauty both combin'd;  
But Heav'n forbid her to be kind.

To thee for refuge dare I fly;  
The victim of another eye?  
Poor girl! a lost, rejected heart,  
Deep wounded by a foreign dart.

From this inevitable chain,  
Alas! I hope to 'scape in vain.  
Is there a pow'r can set me free,  
A pow'r on Earth—or is it thee?

Yet were thy cheek as Venus fair;  
Bloom'd all the Paphian goddess there,  
Such as she bless'd Adonis' arms;  
Thou could'st but equal Laura's charms.

Or were thy gentlest mind replete  
With all that's mild, that's soft, that's sweet;  
Was all that's sweet, soft, mild, combin'd,  
Thou could'st but equal Laura's mind.

Since beauty, goodness, is not found  
Of equal force to soothe this wound,  
Ah! what can ease my anguish'd mind?  
Perhaps the charm of being kind.

Canst thou transported view the lays  
That warble forth another's praise,  
Indulgent to the vow unknown,  
Well pleas'd with homage not thy own?

Canst thou the sighs with pity hear  
That swell to touch another's ear?  
Canst thou with soft compassion see  
The tears that fall, and not for thee?

Canst thou thy blooming hopes resign,  
The vow sincere, so dearly thine;  
All these resign, and prove to me  
What Laura would not deign to be?

When at thy feet I trembling fall,  
My life, my soul, my Laura call;  
Wilt thou my anxious cares beguile,  
And o'er thy face spread Laura's smile.

Perhaps Time's gently stealing pace  
May Laura's fatal form efface,  
Thou to my heart alone be dear,  
Alone thy image triumph here.

Come then, best angel! to my aid!  
Come, sure thou'rt such, the gentlest maid:  
If thou canst work this cure divine,  
My heart henceforth is wholly thine.

Edinburgh.

### THE YOUNG LADY'S ANSWER.

Your Laura's charms I cannot boast;  
For beauty I ne'er was a toast;  
I'm not remarkable for sense;  
To wit I've not the least pretence.

If gold and silver have the power  
To charm, no thousands swell my dower;  
No shining treasures I possess,  
To make the world my work confess.

An honest plain good-natur'd lass,  
(The character by which I pass,  
I doubt will scarcely have the art  
To drive your Laura from your heart.)

But, sir, your having been in love,  
Will not your title to me prove:  
Far nobler qualities must be  
In him who's made for love and me.

'Tis true you can with ease impart  
The dictates of your honest heart,  
In plain good sense, from flattery free:  
But this alone won't answer me.

Once more peruse my lines with care;  
Try if you find your picture there:  
For by that test you'll quickly see,  
If you're the man who's made for me.

Glasgow

### TO A LADY

#### WHO RIDICULED THE AUTHOR'S LOVES.

A FEMALE friend advis'd a swain  
Whose heart she wish'd at ease,  
"Make love thy pleasure, not thy pain,  
Nor let it deeply seize.

"Beauty, where vanities abound,  
No serious passion claims:  
Then, till a phoenix can be found,  
Do not admit the flames."

But griev'd, she finds all his replies  
(Since prepossess'd when young)  
Take all their hints from Silvia's eyes,  
None from Ardelia's tongue.

Thus, Cupid, all their aim they miss,  
Who would unbend thy bow;  
And each slight nymph a phoenix is,  
If thou would'st have it so.

### THE BRAES OF YARROW,

#### TO LADY JANE HOME,

#### IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTISH MANNER.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow?  
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,  
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bony bony bride?  
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare nae well be seen,  
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bony bony bride,  
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,  
Nor let thy heart lament to leave  
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bony bony bride?  
Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?  
And why dare ye nae mair well be seen  
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she  
weep,  
Lang maun she weep with dale and sorrow,  
And lang maun I see mair well be seen  
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover lover dear,  
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,  
And I hae slain the comeliest swain  
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?  
Why on thy Braes heard the voice of sorrow?  
And why yon melancholeous weeds  
Hung on the bony BIRKS of Yarrow?

What yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?  
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!  
Tis he, the comely swain I slew  
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,  
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow,  
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,  
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,  
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,  
And weep around in waeful wise,  
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,  
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,  
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,  
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to loe,  
And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,  
O'er rashly bald, a stronger arm  
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the  
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan, [grass,  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows  
As green its grass, its gowan yellow, [Tweed,  
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,  
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luvè, fair fair indeed thy luvè,  
In floury bands thou him did'st fetter,  
Though he was fair and well beluiv'd again,  
Than me, he never luèd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bony bony bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
Busk ye, and lue me on the benks of Tweed,  
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bony bony bride?  
How can I busk a winsome marrow?  
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,  
That slew my luvè on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,  
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,  
For there was basely slain my luvè,  
My luvè, as he had not been a luvèr.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,  
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing;  
Ah! wretched me! I little little ken'd  
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,  
Unheeded of my dule and sorrow;  
But ere the toolf of the night  
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejuic'd that wae'ful wae'ful day;  
I song, my voice the woods returning;  
But lang ere night the spear was fown  
That slue my luvè, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,  
But with his cruel rage pursue me?  
My luvè's blood is on thy spear,  
How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be may be proud,  
With cruel, and ungentle coffin,  
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes  
My luvè nail'd in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,  
And strive with threat'ning words to move me,  
My luvè's blood is on thy spear,  
How canst thou ever bid me luvè thee?

Yes yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luvè,  
With bridal sheets my body cover,  
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,  
Let in th' expected husband-lover.

But who th' expected husband husband is?  
His hands, methinks, are latb'd in slaughter;  
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,  
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,  
O lay his cold head on my pillow;  
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,  
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best yet best beluiv'd,  
O could my warmth to life restore thee!  
Yet lie all night between my briefts,  
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,  
Forgive forgive so foul a slaughter,  
And lie all night between my briefts,  
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return return, O mournful mournful bride,  
Return and dry thy useless sorrow,  
Thy luvè heeds naught of thy sighs,  
He lies a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

### THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

TO LADY MARY MONTGOMERY.

Go, Yarrow flower, thou shalt be blest,  
To lie on beautiful Mary's breast;  
Go, Yarrow flower, so sweetly smelling,  
Is there on Earth so soft a dwelling?

Go, lovely flower, thou prettiest flower  
That ever smil'd in Yarrow bower,  
Go, daughter of the dewy morning,  
With Alives' blush the fields adorning.

Go, lovely rose, what do'st thou here?  
Lingering away thy short-liv'd year,  
Vainly shining, idly blooming,  
Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming.

Vain is thy radiant Garlies boe,  
No hand to pull, no eye to view;  
What are thy charms, no heart desiring?  
What profits beauty, none admiring?

Go, Yarrow flower, to Yarrow maid,  
And on her panting bosom laid,  
There all thy native form confessing,  
The charm of beauty is possessing.

Come, Yarrow maid, from Yarrow field,  
What pleasure can the desert yield?  
Come to my breast, O all excelling!  
Is there on Earth so kind a dwelling?

Come, my dear maid, thou prettiest maid  
That ever smil'd in Yarrow shade,  
Come, sister of the dewy morning,  
With Alives' blush the dance adorning.

Come, lovely maid, love calls thee here,  
Linger no more thy fleeting year,  
Vainly shining, idly blooming,  
Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming.

Vain is thy radiant Garlies boe,  
No hand to press, no eye to view;  
What are thy charms, no heart desiring?  
What profits beauty, none admiring?

Come, Yarrow maid, with Yarrow rose,  
Thy maiden graces all disclose;  
Come, blest by all, to all a blessing;  
The charm of beauty is possessing.

### IMITATIONS.

#### TO A SWALLOW.

FROM ANACREON.

MALICIOUS bird! what punishment,  
Due to thy crimes, can love invent?

Or clip thy wings, or cut thy tongue,  
And spoil thy flight, and future song:  
That thus, unseasonable guest,  
Thou dar'st disturb a lover's rest,  
And tear the maid, profuse of charms,  
My fair Maria, from my arms.

TO A DOVE.

FROM ANACREON.

SAY, beauteous dove, where dost thou fly?  
To what new quarter of the sky  
Dost thou with silken plumes repair,  
To scent with sweets the ambient air?  
Stay, gentle bird, nor thou refuse  
To bear along a lover's vows.

O tell the maid, for me belov'd,  
O tell how constant I have prov'd;  
How she to me all nymphs excell'd,  
The first my eyes with joy beheld;  
And since she treats me with disdain,  
The first my eyes beheld with pain.  
Yet whether, to my wishes kind,  
She hear my pray'r with gracious mind,  
Or, unrelenting of her will,  
Her hot displeasure kindle still,  
I, in her beauty's chains bound fast,  
Shall view her with indifference last.  
Fly swift, my dove, and swift return  
With answer back to those that mourn:  
O! in thy bill, bring soft and calm  
A branch of silver-flow'ring palm.  
But why should I thy flight delay?  
Go fleet, my herald, speed away.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE V.

WHAT happy youth, Maria, now  
Breathes in thy willing ear his vow?  
With whom spend'st thou thy evening hours  
Amidst the sweets of breathing flowers?  
For whom retired to secret shade,  
Soft on thy panting bosom laid,  
Set'st thou thy looks with nicest care,  
And bind'st in gold thy flowing hair?  
O neatly plain! How oft shall he  
Bewail thy false inconstancy?  
Condemn'd perpetual frowns to prove,  
How often weep thy alter'd love?  
Who thee, too credulous, hopes to find,  
As now still golden and still kind;  
And heedless now of Fortune's power  
Sets far away the evil hour:  
How oft shalt thou, ill-star'd, bewail  
Thou trusted to the faithless gale?  
When unaccustom'd to survey  
The rising winds and swelling sea;  
When clouds shall rise on that dear face,  
That shone adorn'd in every grace;  
That yet untaught in wicked wiles,  
Was wont t' appear to thee in smiles.  
Wretch'd they to whom thou shin'st, untry'd  
Thy shifting calm and treacherous tide:  
For me, once shipwreck'd, now on shore,  
I venture out my bark no more.

PALINODE.

O HAPPY youth, who now, possess  
Of my Maria's smiles, art blest;  
Think not thy joys will constant prove;  
How many changes are in love!  
I once was happy too like thee,  
That Sun of beauty shone on me:  
In darkness ever to deplore,  
The Sun is set to shine no more;  
Doom'd ne'er to view the rising light,  
But weep out love's eternal night.

When first I spread the lover's sail,  
Love blew from shore a friendly gale;  
Sweet appear'd th' enchanting scene,  
All calm below, above serene:  
Joyous I made before the wind,  
Heedless of what I left behind,  
Nor rocks nor quicksands did I dread,  
No adverse winds to check my speed;  
No savage pirate did I fear,  
To ravish all my soul held dear,  
Far off my treasure to convey,  
And sell in foreign lands away:  
Maria's hands unfurl'd the sails,  
Her prayers invok'd the springing gales:  
'Twas calm what'er her eyes survey'd,  
Her voice the raging storm obey'd;  
And o'er the bosom of the tides,  
Her will the ruling rudder guides.  
But ah! the change, she flies away,  
And will vouchsafe no longer stay.  
See now the swelling seas arise,  
Loud storming winds enrage the skies.  
All weak the tempest to withstand,  
Trembling and pale I put to land.  
Wet from the tossing surge, aghast  
I thank the gods, the danger's past;  
And swear to venture out no more,  
Secure upon the safer shore:  
Yet should the swelling seas subside,  
And roll serene a silver tide;  
Should yet the angry tempest cease,  
And gently breathe a gale of peace;  
Much, much I fear, I'd dare again  
A second shipwreck on the main.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE VII.

TO THE EARL OF STAIR.

LET others in exalted lays  
The lofty dome of Hopetoun praise,  
Or where of old, in lonely cell,  
The musing druid went to dwell:  
Or with the sacred sisters roam,  
Near holy Melrose' ruin'd dome:  
There are who paint with all their might  
The fields where Forth's streams delight;  
That winding through Stirlina's plain,  
Rolls beauteous to the distant main:  
Or, faithful to the farmer's toil,  
Extol fair Lothian's fertile soil;  
Where Ceres her best gifts bestows,  
And Edin town her structures shows.  
Nor me delight those silvan scenes,  
Those chequer'd bowers and winding greens;



Where art and nature join to yield  
 Unnumber'd sweets to Marlefield:  
 Nor yet that soft and secret shade,  
 Where fair Aboyn asleep is laid;  
 Where gay in sprightly dance no more  
 She dreams her former triumphs o'er,  
 These scenes can best entice my soul,  
 Where smooth Blacatrina's waters roll;  
 Where beauteous Hume in smiling hour,  
 Plucks the green herb or rising flow'r;  
 Pleas'd on the borders to behold  
 The apple redden into gold.

But whate'er place thy presence boast,  
 Let not, O Stair! an hour be lost.  
 When the rough north and angry storm,  
 Nature's lovely looks deform;  
 The south restores the wonted grace,  
 And wipes the clouds from Heaven's face.  
 So thou to finish all thy care,  
 The flask of brisk Champaign prepare;  
 Invite thy friends, with wise design,  
 And wash the ills of life with wine:  
 Whether beneath the open sky,  
 Stretch'd in the tented couch to lie,  
 Thy fate ordains; to shine again  
 Great on some future Blenheim's plain;  
 Higher to raise thy deathless name  
 Triumphant to sublimer fame:  
 Or, if secure from feverish heat,  
 Newliston cover thy retreat,  
 Where wit conspires with love's delights,  
 To grace thy days and bless thy nights.  
 When Fergus led, in days of yore,  
 His exil'd bands to Scotia's shore;  
 The godlike founder of our state,  
 Sustain'd the shocks of adverse fate:  
 Yet brave, disdaining to repine,  
 Around his brows he bound the vine:  
 Let's follow still without delay  
 Wherever Fortune shows the way;  
 Courage, my lads, let none despair,  
 When Fergus leads, 'tis base to fear:  
 With better auspice shall arise  
 Our empire in the northern skies:  
 Beauty and valour shall adorn  
 Our happy offspring yet unborn:  
 Now fill the glass, come fill again,  
 To-morrow we shall cross the main.

---

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XL.

TO MISS ERKINE.

INQUIRE not, E——— fair, what end  
 The gods for thee or me intend;  
 How vain the search, that hut bestows  
 The knowledge of our future woes!  
 Far happier they, who ne'er repine  
 To draw the lots their fates assign;  
 Then he advis'd, and try not thou  
 What spells and cunning men can do.

In mirth thy present years employ,  
 And consecrate thy charms to joy;  
 Whether the Fates to thy old score  
 Propitious add a winter more;

Or this shall lay thee cold in earth,  
 Now raging o'er Edina's frith.  
 Let youth, while yet it blooms, excite  
 To mirth, and wit, and gay delight;  
 Nor thou refuse the voice that calls  
 To visits and to sprightly balls.  
 For Time rides ever on the post,  
 Ev'n while we speak the moment's lost.  
 Then call each joy in to this day,  
 And spend them now, while now you may;  
 Have every pleasure at command;  
 Fools let them lie in Fortune's hand.

---

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

TO R——— S———.

THE man sincere and pure of ill,  
 Needs not with shafts his quiver fill,  
 Nor point the venom'd dart;  
 O'er him no weapon can prevail,  
 Clad in the firmest coat of mail,  
 A brave and honest heart.

Secure in innocence he goes  
 Through boiling friths and highland snows;  
 Or if his course he guide,  
 To where far-fam'd Lochleven's wave  
 Does round his islands winding, lave  
 Buchanan's hilly side.

For in Glentanner, as I stood  
 And sung my Erskine to the wood,  
 Unheeding of my way;  
 My every care forsook behind,  
 While all on Erskine ran my mind,  
 It chanc'd my steps to stray:

When, lo! forth rushing from behind  
 A savage wolf of monstrous kind,  
 Fierce shook his horrid head:  
 Unarm'd I stood, and void of fear  
 Beheld the monstrous savage near,  
 And me, unarm'd, he fled.

A beast of such portentous size,  
 Such hideous tuks and glaring eyes,  
 Fierce Daunia never bred;  
 Nor Juba's land, without controul,  
 Where angry lions darkling howl,  
 His equal ever fed.

Place me where the Summer breeze  
 Does ne'er refresh the weary trees,  
 All on the gloomy plain,  
 Which side of Earth, offend'd Hear's  
 To the dominion foul has given,  
 Of clouds and beating rain.

Place me underneath the day,  
 Near neighbour to the burning ray;  
 Yet there the maid shall move;  
 There present to my fancy's eyes,  
 Sweet smiling Erskine will I prize,  
 Sweet speaking Erskine love.

## HORACE.

## BOOK I. ODE XXIII.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

TELL me, Maria, tell me why  
Thou dost from him that loves thee run;  
Why from his fond embraces fly,  
And every soft endearment shun?

So through the rocks, or dewy lawn,  
With plaintive cries, its dam to find,  
Flies wing'd with fears the youngling fawn,  
And trembles at each breath of wind.

Ah! stop thy flight, why shouldst thou fly?  
What canst thou in a lover fear?  
No angry boar, nor lion I,  
Pursue thy tender limbs to tear.

Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy;  
But haste all rivals to outshine,  
And grown mature and ripe for joy,  
Leave mamma's arms and come to mine.

## HORACE.

## BOOK I. ODE XXIV.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

WHAT measure shall affliction know?  
What bounds be set to such a woe,  
That weeps the loss of one so dear!  
Come, Muse of mourning! haste, ordain  
The sacred melancholy strain:  
When Virtue bids, 'tis impious to forbear.  
Thy voice, with powerful blessings fraught,  
Inspires the solemn serious thought;  
A heavenly sorrow's healing art,  
That, whilst it wounds, amends the heart.  
A far more pleasing rapture thine,  
When bending over Friendship's shrine,  
Than Mirth's fantastic varied lay,  
Deceitful, idle, fluttering, vain,  
Still shifting betwixt joy and pain,  
Where sport the wanton, or where feast the gay.

In dust the good and friendly lies.  
Must endless lumber seal those eyes?—

Oh! when shall modest Worth again,  
Integrity, that knows no stain,  
Thy sister, Justice, free from blame,  
Kind Truth, no false affected name,  
To meet in social union, find  
So plain, so upright, and so chaste a mind?

By many good bewail'd, he's lost;  
By thee, O beauteous virgin! most:  
Thou claim'st, ah pious! ah, in vain!  
Thy father from the grave again.  
Not on those terms, by dooming Heav'n,  
His loan of mortal life was giv'n.  
The equal lot is cast on all,  
Obedient to the universal call.

Ev'n thou, each decent part fulfill'd,  
Wife, sister, mother, friend, and child,  
Must yield to the supreme decree,  
And every social virtue weep for thee.

What though thou boast each soul subduing art,  
That rules the movements of the human heart;  
Though thine be every potent charm,  
The rage of Envy to disarm:  
Thus far Heav'n grants, the great reward  
Of beauty, under Virtue's guard:

Yet all in vain ascends thy pious pray'r,  
To bid th' impartial Pow'r one moment spare;  
That Pow'r who chasters whom he dearest loves,  
Deaf to the filial sorrows he approves;  
Seal'd sacred by th' inviolable Fates,  
Unlocks no more the adamantine gates,  
When once th' ethereal breath has wing'd its way,  
And left behind its load of mortal clay.

Severe indeed! yet cease the dateous tear:  
'Tis Nature's voice that calls aloud, "Forbear."  
See, see descending to thy aid,  
Patience, fair celestial maid!  
She strikes through life's dark gloom a brightening  
And smiles Adversity away: [ray,  
White-handed Hope advances in her train,  
Leads to new life, and wakens joy again;  
She renders light the weight of human woes,  
And teaches to submit when 'tis a crime t' oppose.

## HORACE.

## BOOK I. ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

Is e'er with thee we fool'd away,  
Vacant beneath the shade, a day,  
Still kind to our desire;  
A Scotch song we now implore,  
To live this year, and some few more,  
Come then, my Scotch Lyre.

First strung by Stewart's cunning hand,  
Who rul'd fair Scotia's happy land,  
A long and wide domain:  
Who bold in war, yet whether he,  
Reliev'd his wave-beat ship from sea,  
Or camp'd upon the plain,

The joys of wine, and Muses young,  
Soft Beauty, and her page he sung,  
That still to her adheres:  
Margaret, author of his sighs,  
Adorn'd with comely coal-black eyes,  
And comely coal-black hairs.

O thou, the grace of song and love,  
Exalted to the feasts above,  
The feast's supreme delight;  
Sweet balm to heal our cares below,  
Gracious on me thy aid bestow,  
If thee I seek to light.

## HORACE.

## BOOK I. ODE XXXIII.

TO A GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

Why dost thou still in tears complain,  
Too mindful of thy love's disdain?  
Why still in melancholy verse  
Unseek Maria's hate rehearse,

That Thiris finds by fate's decree  
 More favour in her sight than thee?  
 The love of Cyrus does enthral!  
 Lycoris fair, with forehead small;  
 Cyrus declines to Phoebe's eyes,  
 Who unrelenting hears his sighs:  
 But wolves and lambs shall sooner join  
 Than they in mutual faith combine.  
 So seemeth good to Love, who binds  
 Unequal forms, unequal minds,  
 Cruel in his brazen yoke,  
 Pleas'd with too severe a joke.  
 Myself, in youth's more joyous reign,  
 My landress held in pleasing chain;  
 When pliable to love's delights  
 My age excus'd the poet's flights:  
 More wrathful she, than storms that roar  
 Along the Solway's crooked shore.

---

HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE IV.

TO THE EARL MARSHAL OF SCOTLAND.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.—

Avow, my noble friend, thy kind desires,  
 If Phillis' gentle form thy breast inspires,  
 Nor glory, nor can reason disapprove;  
 What though unknown her humble name,  
 Unchronicled in records old,  
 Or tale by flattering poets told:  
 Ene to her beauties owes her noblest fame,  
 Her noblest honours to thy love.

Know Cupid scorns the trophied shield,  
 Vain triumph of some guilty field,  
 Where dragons hiss and lions roar,  
 Blazon'd with argent and with or,  
 His heraldry is hearts for hearts,  
 He stamps himself o'er all, and dignifies his darts.

Smote by a simple village maid,  
 See noble Petrarch night and day  
 Pour his soft sorrows through the shade;  
 Nor could the Muse his pains allay:  
 What though with hands pontific crown'd,  
 With all the scarlet senate round,  
 He saw his brows adorn the living ray;  
 Though sighing virgins tried each winning art,  
 To cure their gentle poet's love-sick heart,  
 Cupid, more powerful than them all,  
 Resolv'd his tuneful captive to enthral,  
 Sobdued him with a shepherdess's look;  
 He wreathes his verdant honours round her crook,  
 And taught Valclousa's smiling groves  
 To wear the sable liveries of his Loves.

But this example scarce can move thy mind,  
 The gentle power with verse was ever join'd:  
 Thea hear, my lord, a dreadful tale,  
 Not known in fair Arcadia's peaceful vale,  
 Nor in the Academic grove,  
 Where mild Philosophy might dwell with Love;  
 But poring o'er the mystic page,  
 Of old Stagira's wondrous sage,  
 In the dark cave of syllogistic doubt,  
 Where neither Muse, nor beauty's queen,  
 Nor wandering Grace was ever seen,

Love found his destin'd victim out,  
 And put the rude militia all to rout:  
 For whilst poor Abelard, ah! soon decreas'd  
 Love's richest sacrifice to bleed,  
 Unwetting drew the argumental thread,  
 A finer net the son of Venus' spread:  
 Involving in his ample category,  
 With all his musty schoolmen round,  
 Th' unhappy youth, alike renown'd,  
 In philosophic and in amorous story.

Inflexible and stern, the czar,  
 Amidst the iron sons of war,  
 With dangers and distress encompass'd round,  
 In his large bosom deep receiv'd the wound.  
 No Venus she, surrounded by the Loves,  
 Nor drawn by cooing harvest doves;  
 'Twas the caprice of Love to yoke  
 Two daring souls, unharmed and unbroke.  
 When now the many-laurell'd Swede,  
 The field of death his noblest triumph fled,  
 And forc'd by fate, but unbrus'd of soul,  
 To the fall victor left the conquest of the pole.

Henry, a monarch to thy heart,  
 In action brave, in council wise,  
 Felt in his breast the fatal dart, [eyes;  
 Shot from two snowy breasts, and two fair lovely  
 Though Gallia wept, though Sully frown'd,  
 Though rag'd the impious league around,  
 The little urchin entrance found,  
 And to his haughty purpose forc'd to yield  
 The virtuous conqueror of Coutra's field.

Who knows but some four-tail'd bashaw  
 May suit thee, peer, his son-in-law,  
 Some bright sultana, Asia's pride,  
 Was grandame to the beauteous bride:  
 For sure a girl so sweet, so kind,  
 Such a sincere and lovely mind,  
 Where each exalted virtue shines,  
 Could never spring from vulgar loins.  
 No, no, some chief of great Arsaces' line,  
 Has form'd her lineaments divine:  
 Who Rome's imperial fasces broke,  
 And spur'd the nation's galling yoke,  
 Though now, oh! sad reverse of fate,  
 The former lustre of her royal state,  
 She sees injurious Time deface,  
 And weeps the ravish'd sceptres of her race.

Her melting eye, and slender waist  
 Fair tapering from the swelling breast,  
 All Nature's charms, all Nature's pride,  
 Whate'er they show, whate'er they hide,  
 I own.—But swear by bright Apollo,  
 Whose priest I am, nought, nought can follow;  
 Suspect not thou a poet's praise,  
 Unhurt I hear, uninjur'd gaze:  
 Alas! such badinage but ill would suit  
 A married man, and forty years to boot.

---

HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

TO THE EARL OF M———7.

EASE from the gods the sailor prays,  
 O'er taken in th' Ægean seas,

When storms begin to roar;  
When clouds wrap up the Moon from sight,  
Nor shine the stars with certain light  
To guide him safe to shore.

Ease, fierce the Russian in war's trade;  
Ease, graceful in his tartan plaid,  
The Highlander demands,  
M——t, not to be bought or sold,  
For purple, precious gems, or gold,  
Or wide and large command.

For nor can wealth, nor golden mace,  
Borne high before the great in place,  
Make cares stand out o' the way;  
The anxious tumults of the mind,  
That round the palace unceas'd  
Still roam by night and day.

Rich he lives on small, whose board  
Shines with frugal affluence stor'd,  
The wealth his sire possess;  
Nor fear to lose, creates him pain,  
Nor sordid love of greater gain,  
Can break his easy rest.

Why do we draw too strong the bow,  
Beyond our end our hopes to throw,  
For warm with other suns  
Why change our clime? to ease his toil  
What exile from his native soil,  
From self an exile runs?

For vicious care the ship ascends,  
On the way-faring troop attends  
First of the company:  
Swifter than harts that seek the floods,  
Swifter than roll wind-driven clouds,  
Along the middle sky.

Glad in the present hour, a mind  
Disdains the care beyond, assign'd  
To all content at heart;  
Temper of life the bitter cup  
With sweet'ning mirth, and drinks it up,  
None blest in every part.

Dwindled thy sire in slow old age,  
Young K——m from off this stage  
Was fash'd in his prime:  
The hour perhaps benign to me,  
Will grant what it denies to thee,  
And lengthen out my time.

A numerous herd thy valleys fill,  
The cattle on a thousand hills,  
That low around are thine:  
The well-pair'd mares thy gilded car  
Draw through the streets, thyself from far,  
In richest silks to shine:

Congspicuous seen. To me my fate,  
Not much to blame, a small estate,  
Of rural acres few:  
A slender portion of the Muse  
Bounteous besides, the Grace allows,  
To scorn th' ill-thinking crew.

## HORACE.

## BOOK IV. ODE L.

Venus! call'st thou once more to arms?  
Sound'st thou once more thy dire alarms?  
Annoy'st my peaceful state again—  
Oh, faith of treaties sworn in vain!  
Seal'd with the signet of thy doves,  
And ratified by all the Loves,  
Spare, goddess! I implore, implore!  
Alas! thy suppliant is no more  
What once he was in happier time,  
(Illustrated by many a rhyme)  
When, skill'd in every ruling art,  
Good A\*\*\*\*s sway'd his yielding heart:  
Love's champion then, and known to fame,  
He boasted no inglorious name.  
Now, cruel mother of desires!  
That doubts and anxious joys inspires,  
Ah why, so long disus'd, again  
Leviest thou thy dreadful train;  
That, when in daring fights he toil'd,  
So oft his youthful ardour foil'd?  
Oh! let thy hostile fury cease,  
Thy faithful veteran rest in peace,  
In the laborious service worn,  
His arms decay'd, and ensigns torn.  
Go, go, swan-wing'd, through liquid air,  
Where the bland breath of youthful pray'r  
Recalls thee from the long delay,  
And, weeping, chides thee for thy stay.  
My lowly roof, that knows no state,  
Can't entertain a guest so great:  
In P\*\*\*\*\*'s dome, majestic queen,  
With better grace thou shalt be seen,  
If, worthy of the Cyprian dart,  
Thou seek'st to pierce a lovely heart:  
For he to noble birth has join'd  
A graceful form and gentle mind;  
And to subdue a virgin breast  
The youth with thousand arts is blest;  
Nor silent in his country's cause,  
The anxious guardian of her laws.  
He, in thy noblest warfare tried,  
Shall spread thy empire far and wide;  
Confirm the glories of thy reign;  
And not a glance shall fall in vain.  
Then, when each rival shall submit  
The prize of beauty and of wit,  
And riches yield to fair desert  
The triumph of a female heart,  
Grateful thy-marble form shall stand,  
Fair breathing from the sculptor's hand,  
Below the temple's pillar'd pride,  
Fast by a sacred fountain's side.  
Where Tweed sports round each winding maze,  
There song shall warble, incense blaze;  
Nor dumb shall rest the silver lyre,  
To animate the festive choir.  
There twice a day fond boys shall come,  
And tender virgins in their bloom,  
(With fearful awe and infant shame)  
To call upon thy hallow'd name,  
As thrice about the wanton round  
With snowy feet they lightly bound.  
—For me no beauty now invites,  
Long recreant to the soft delights,  
Lost to the charming arts that move,  
Ah, dare I hope a mutual love?

The fond belief of pleasing pain  
That hopes, fears, doubts, and hopes again?  
No wreaths upon my forehead bloom,  
Where flowers their vernal souls consume.  
No more the reigning toast I claim:  
I yield the fierce contended name,  
Though daring once to drink all up,  
While Bacchus could supply the cup.  
"Farewell, delusive, idle power!  
Welcome, contemplation's hour.  
Now, now I search, neglected long,  
The charms that lie in moral song,  
How to assuage the boiling blood,  
The lessons of the wise and good;  
Now with fraternal sorrows mourn;  
Now pour the tear o'er friendship's urn:  
Or higher raise the wish refin'd,  
The generous pray'r for human kind;  
Or, anxious for my Britain's fate,  
To freedom beg a longer date,  
To calm her more than civil rage,  
And spare her yet one other age,  
These, these the labours I pursue:  
Fantastic Love! a long adieu."  
—Yet why, O beautiful ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~, why,  
Heaves the long forgotten sigh?  
Why down my cheeks, when you appear,  
Steals drop by drop th' unbidden tear?  
Once skill'd to breathe the anxious vow,  
Why fails my tongue its master now;  
And, faltering, dubious strives in vain  
The tender meaning to explain?  
Why, in the visions of the night,  
Rises thy image to my sight?  
Now seiz'd, thy much-lov'd form I hold,  
Now lose again the transient fold;  
Unequal, panting far behind,  
Pursue thee swifter than the wind,  
Whether the dear delusion strays  
Through fair Hope-park's enchanting maze,  
Or where thy cruel phantom glides  
Along the swiftly running tides.

## PART OF EPISTLE XI.

OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

WHEN thro' the world Fate led the destin'd way,  
Tell me, my Mitchell, in the broad survey,  
What country pleas'd thy roving fancy most?  
Say, wast thou smit with Baia's sunny coast?  
Or wish'd thou rather, weary, to repose  
In some cool vale where peaceful Arno flows?  
Or in Ombrosa dream the lonely hour, [bow'r;  
Where high-arch'd hills th' Etrurian shades em-  
Where Plenty pours her golden gifts in vain,  
That dubious swell for Carlos or Lorrain?  
Or charm'd thee more the happy viny plains,  
And lofty tow'rs, where mighty Louis reigns?  
Say, is it true what travellers report  
Of glories shining in the Gallic court?  
Or, do they all, though e'er so pompous, yield  
To the thatch'd cottage in thy native field?  
But hark, methinks I hear thee anxious say  
That thou at Palestine would'st choose to stay.  
Yea, Palestine; I know the place full well,  
Where holy dotards riot in each cell,  
The hapless peasant pines with want and sorrow,  
And all unpeopled as a royal borough:

Yet there for ever would thy friend remain,  
Rather than change once more the frantic scope,  
And distant hear the rollings of the main;  
Unenvied, calm, enjoy a peaceful lot,  
My friends remembering, nor by them forgot.

## HORACE.

BOOK I. EPISTLE XVIII.

DEAR RAMSEY, if I know thy soul aright,  
Plain-dealing honesty's thy dear delight:  
Not great, but candid born; not rich, but free;  
Thinks kings most wretched, and most happy me:  
Thy tongue untaught to lie, thy knee to bend,  
I fear no flatterer where I wish a friend.  
As the chaste matron's tender look and kind,  
Where sits the soul to speak the yearning mind,  
From the false colouring of the wanton shows  
Th' unhallow'd roses and polluted scorns,  
A glare of beauty, nauseous to the sight,  
Gross but to feed desire, not raise delight;  
So differs far, in value, use, and end,  
The praising foe from the reproving friend.  
Such distance lies between, nay greater far,  
Who bears an honest heart or bears a star.  
A fault there is, but of another sort,  
That aims by na-tiness to make its court;  
By downright rudeness would attempt to please,  
And sticks his friendship on your lips in crease:  
With him (for such were Sparta's rigid rules)  
All the polite are knaves; the cleanly, fools;  
Good humour for impertinence preys;  
So strangely honest,—he'll not pair his nails.  
Know, virtuous sir, if not indeed a slave,  
Yet, sordid as the thing, thou art a knave;  
Virtue, its own and every plain man's guide,  
Serenely walks, with vice on every side,  
Keeps its own course, to its own point does bend,  
To follies deaf, that call from either end.  
This simple maxim should a statesman doubt,  
Two characters shall make it plainly out:  
The first is his (the opposite of proud),  
By far more humble than a Christian should,  
Pursues, distasteful of plain sober cheer,  
Th' inhospitable dinner of a peer;  
Usurps, without the task of saying grace,  
The poor starv'd chaplain's perquisites and place;  
To vice gives virtue, to old age gives youth;  
So well-bred he,—he never spoke one truth:  
With watchful eyes sits full against my lord,  
And catches, as it falls, each heavy word;  
That, echo'd back, and sent from lungs more able,  
Assumes new force, and bandies round the table.  
All stare: "Was ever thing so pretty spoke?  
You'd almost swear it was his grace's joke."  
Yet such as these divide the great man's store,  
And flatter out the friendless and the poor.  
Nor less the fool our censure must engage,  
Whom every trifle rouses into rage.  
He arms for all, so fierce the wordy war,  
Labeo far less tenacious at the bar;  
Words heap'd on words so fast together drive,  
Like clustering bees that darken from the hive,  
He fights, alas! what mortal dares confute him?  
With tongue, hand, eyes, and every inch about  
him.  
"Deny me this; ah! rather than comply  
A thing so plain,—I'd sooner starve or die."

But, pray, what all this mighty fury draws?  
 Say, raves the patriot o'er expiring laws?  
 Say, on the oppressor does his anger fall?  
 Pleads he for the distressed, like good Newhall?  
 Against corruption does his vengeance rise?  
 The army? or the general excise?  
 On trifling themes like these our man is mute,  
 As s———, if fee-less you present your suit.  
 More sacred truths his zealous rage supply;  
 What all acknowledge, or what all deny:  
 If rogues in red are worse than rogues in livery;  
 Or \*\*\* be as great a dunce as ———;  
 Or if our Hannibal's fam'd Alpine road  
 Be thirty foot, or five-and-thirty broad.

The vicious man, though in the worst degree,  
 His neighbour thinks more vicious still than he.  
 Is there whom lawless love should bring to gallows?  
 He cries, "What vengeance waits on perjurd  
 fellows!"

Ruckhead, who pr'd amidst his boundless store,  
 Could wonder why rich Selkirk wist'd for more:  
 The youthful knight, who squanders all away  
 On whores, on equipage, on dress, and play;  
 The man who thirsts and hungers after gold;  
 The tricking tradesman, and the merchant bold,  
 Whom fear of poverty compels to fly  
 Through seas, excisemen, rocks, oaths, perjury;  
 Start at each other's crimes with pious fright,  
 Yet think themselves for ever in the right.

But, above all, the rogue of wealth exclaims,  
 And calls the poorer sinner filthy names;  
 Though his fork soul, discolours'd all within,  
 Has deeper drank the tincture of each sin:  
 Or else advises, as the mother sage  
 Rebukes the hopes and torment of her age,  
 (And, faith, though insolent of wealth, in this  
 Methinks, good friend, he talks not much amiss)  
 "Yield, yield, O fool! to my superior merit,  
 Without a sixpence thou, and sin with spirit!  
 For me those high-adventures kept by fate;  
 For crimes look graceful with a large estate:  
 Then cease, vain madman, and contend no more;  
 Heav'n meant thee virtuous when it made thee  
 poor."

But crimes like these to gold we can forgive;  
 What boots it how they die or how they live?  
 Then weep, my friend, when wicked wealth you  
 To change the species of the virtuous mind. [find,  
 You've doubtless heard how 'twas a statesman's  
 Where'er he would oblige, that is, betray, [way,  
 Rav'd sent the destin'd prey to dine,  
 Then whisper'd in his ear, "You must be fine:  
 Fine clothes, gay equipage, a splendid board  
 Give youth a lustre, and become a lord.  
 Why loiter meanly in paternal grounds,  
 To neighbours owe thy ease, thy health to hounds?  
 Go roam about in gilded chariot hur'd; [world:  
 Make friends of strangers, child, and learn the  
 These kind instructors teach you best of any,  
 The wise sir William, and the good lord Fanny."  
 Guiltless he hears of pension and of place,  
 Then sinks in honour as he swells in face;  
 Each heavy virtue yields, and, day by day,  
 Melts in the machine of a court away.  
 At first (not every manly thought resign'd)  
 He wonders why he dares not tell his mind;  
 Feels the last footsteps of retiring grace,  
 And virtuous blushes lingering on his face:  
 The ardent tempter plies the slavish hour,  
 And works the gudgeon now within his pow'r;

Then tips his fellow statesman, "He'll assume  
 New modes of thinking in the drawing-room;  
 See idle dreams of greatness strike his eyes,  
 See pensions, ribbons, coronets arise.  
 The man, whom labour only could delight,  
 Shall loiter all the day, and feast all night:  
 Who, mild, did once the kindest nature boast,  
 Umm'd shall riot at the orphan's cost;  
 To pleasures vile, that health and fame destroy,  
 Yield the domestic charm, the social joy.  
 See, charm'd no more with Maro's rural page,  
 He slumbers over Lucan's free-born rage.  
 Each action in inverted lights is seen;  
 Meanness, frugality; and freedom, spleen;  
 How foolish Cato! Cæsar bow divine!  
 In spite of Tully, friend to Cætiline."  
 Thus to each fair idea long unknown,  
 The slave of each man's vices and his own,  
 Enroll'd a member of the hireling tribe,  
 He tow'rs to villany's last act, a bribe;  
 And turns, to make his ruin'd fortunes clear,  
 Or gamester, bully, jobber, pimp, or peer;  
 Till, late refracted through a purer air,  
 The beams of royal favour fall elsewhere:  
 Lo, vile, obscure, he ends his bustling day,  
 All stain'd the lustre of his orient ray;  
 And envies, poor, unpitied, scorn'd by all,  
 Marchmont the glories of a generous fall.  
 Such sad examples can this land afford?  
 Why 'tis the history of many a lord!

But you, perhaps, think odd whate'er I say!  
 Yet drink with such originals each day.  
 Then censure we no more, too daring friend,  
 Whom Scandalum Magnatum may offend.  
 How poor a figure should a poet make,  
 Taken into custody for scribbling's sake?  
 Ah, how (you know the Muses never pay)  
 With all his verses earn five pounds a day?  
 Leave we to Pope each knave of high degree,  
 Sing we such rules as suit or you or me.  
 Then, first, into no other's secrets pry;  
 To such be deaf your ear, be blind your eye:  
 Of these, unask'd, why should you claim a share?  
 But keep these safe intrusted to your care:  
 For this, beware the cunning low design,  
 That takes advantage of your rage or wine;  
 For rage no pause of cooler thought affords,  
 Is rash, intemperate, headlong in its words.  
 Lock fast your lips; then guard whate'er you say,  
 Lest in the fit of passion you betray;  
 And dread the wretch, who boasts the fatal pow'r  
 To cheat in friendship's unsuspecting hour!

There is a certain pleasing force, that binds  
 Faster than chains do slaves, two willing minds.  
 Tempers oppos'd each may itself controul,  
 And melt two varying natures in one soul.  
 This made two brothers' different humours hit,  
 Though one had probity, and one had wit:  
 Of sober manners this and plain good sense,  
 Avoided cards, wine, company, expense;  
 Safe from the tempting fatal sex withdrew,  
 Nor made advances further than a bow.  
 A different train of life his twin pursuits; [stew,  
 Lov'd pictures, books, (nay authors write) the  
 A mistress, opera, play, each darling theme;  
 To scribble, above all, his joy supreme.  
 Must these two brothers always meet to old?  
 Or quarrel, like to Jove's fam'd twins of gold?  
 Each yielding, mutual, could each other please,  
 And drew life's yoke with tolerable ease:

This thinking mirth not always in the wroog,  
 Would sometimes condescend to hear a song;  
 And that, fatigued with his exalted fits,  
 His beauties, gewgaws, whirligigs, and wits,  
 Would leave them all, far happier to regale  
 With prose and friendship o'er a pot of ale.  
 Then to thy friend's opinion sometimes yield,  
 And seem to lose, although thou gain't at the field;  
 Nor, proud that thy superior sense be shown,  
 Rail at his studies, and extol your own.

For when Aurora weeps the balmy dew,  
 (And dreams, as reverend dreamers tell, are true)  
 Sir George my shoulder slaps, just in the time  
 When some rebellious word consents to rhyme:  
 Sudden my verses take the rude alarm,  
 New-coin'd, and from the mint of fancy warm;  
 I start, I stare, I question with my eyes:—  
 At once the whole poetic vision flies.  
 "Up, up," exclaims the knight; "the season fair,  
 See how serene the sky, how calm the air;  
 Hark! from the hills the cheerful horns rebound,  
 And Echo propagates the jovial sound;  
 The certain hound in thought his prey pursues,  
 The scent lies warm, and loads the tainted dews."  
 I quit my couch, and cheerfully obey,  
 Content to let the yokner have his way;  
 I mount my courser, fleetier than the wind,  
 And leave the rage of poetry behind:  
 But when, the day in beathful labour lost,  
 We eat our supper earn'd at common cost; [troul,  
 When each frank tongue speaks out without con-  
 And the free heart expatiates o'er the bowl;  
 Though all love prose, my poetry finds grace,  
 And, pleas'd, I chant the glories of the chase.

Of old, when Scotia's sons for empire fought,  
 Ere avarice had debas'd each generous thought,  
 Ere yet, each manlier exercise forgot,  
 One half had learn'd to dose, one half to vote,  
 Each hardy toil conferr'd their dawning age,  
 And mimic sights inspir'd to martial rage;  
 'Twas theirs with certain speed the dart to send,  
 With youthful force the stubborn yew to bend;  
 O'ercame with early arm the fiercest floods,  
 Or rang'd 'midst chilling snows the pathless woods;  
 Toild for the savage boar on which they fed:  
 'Twas thus the chief of Bannockburn was bred:  
 That gave (not polish'd then below mankind)  
 Strength to the limbs, and vigour to the mind.  
 The smiling dame, in those victorious days,  
 Was woo'd by valour, not seduc'd by praise;  
 Who ne'er did fears, but for her country, feel,  
 And never saw her lover, but in steel;  
 Could make a Douglas' stubborn bosom yield,  
 And send her hero raving to the field;  
 Heard kind the honest warrior's one-tongu'd vow,  
 Pleas'd with a genuine heart, as H\*\*\* is now.  
 How would the generous lass detest to see  
 An essenc'd fopling puling o'er his tea;  
 Ah how, distasteful of the mimic show,  
 Did disdain the false appearance, as a foe!  
 To greet, unfolding every social charm,  
 Her soldier from the field of glory warm.

But now, alas! these generous aims are o'er;  
 Each foe insults, and Britain fights no more,  
 Yet humbler tasks may claim the patriot's toil:  
 Who side her laws no more, may mend her soil.  
 Since to be happy man must ne'er be still,  
 Th' internal void let peaceful labours fill;  
 When kind amusements hours of fame employ,  
 The working mind subsides to sober joy:

Behold, in fair autumnal honours spread,  
 The wheaten garland wreath the laurel'd head;  
 Where stagnant waves did in dull lakes appear,  
 Rich harvests wave, the bounty of the year;  
 In barren heaths, where summer never smil'd,  
 The rural city rises o'er the wild;  
 Along the cool canal, or shooting grove,  
 Disport the sons of mirth and gamesome love.

It now remains I counsel, if indeed  
 My counsel, friend, can stand thee ought in stead.  
 Judge well of whom you speak; nor will you find  
 It always safe to tell each man your mind.  
 Ev'n honesty regard to safety owes;  
 Nor need it publish all it thinks and knows.  
 Th' eternal quest'ner shun: a certain rule,  
 There is no blab like to the quest'ning fool;  
 Ev'n scarce before you turn yourself about,  
 Whate'er he hears his leaky tongue runs out;  
 The word elanc'd no longer we controul,  
 Once sally'd forth, it bursts from pole to pole.

Guard well your heart, ah! still be beauty-true  
 Beneath fair friendship's venerable roof,  
 What though she shines the brightest of the fair,  
 A form even such as Wallace self might wear!  
 What though no rocks nor marble arm her breast,  
 A yielding Helen to her Trojan guest.  
 The dangerous combat fly: why wouldst thou gain  
 A shameful conquest won by years of pain?  
 For know, the short-liv'd guilty rapture past,  
 Reflection comes, a dreadful judge, at last:  
 'Tis that averages (such its pointed stings)  
 The poor man's cause on statesmen and on kings.

To praise aright, is sure no easy art;  
 Yet prudence here directs the wise man's part.  
 Let long experience then confirm the friend,  
 Dive to his depth of soul, ere you commend.  
 Should you extol the fool but slightly known,  
 Guiltless you blush for follies not your own.  
 Alas! wé err: for villains can betray,  
 And gold corrupt the saint of yesterday.  
 Then yield, convicted by the public voice,  
 And frankly own the weakness of your choice;  
 So greater credit shall your judgment gain,  
 When you defend the worth that knaves arraign;  
 Whose soul secure, confiding in your aid,  
 Hopes the kind shelter of your friendly shade;  
 When envy on his spotless name shall fall  
 Whose venom'd tooth corrupts and blackens all;  
 This mutual help the kindred virtues claim;  
 For calumny eats on from fame to fame.  
 When o'er thy neighbour's roof the flames aspire,  
 Say, claims it not thy care to quench the fire?  
 When envy rages, small the space betwixt,  
 In worth ally'd, thy character is next.

Fir'd at the first with what the great impart,  
 Frank we give way, and yield up all the heart.  
 How sweet the converse of the potent friend!  
 How charming when the mighty condescend!  
 The smile so affable, the courtly word!—  
 And, as we would a mistress, trust a lord.  
 Th' experienc'd dread the cheat; with prudent care  
 Distrust alike the powerful and the fair.  
 Thou, when thy vessel flies before the wind,  
 Think on the peaceful port thou left behind;  
 Though all serene, yet bear an humble sail,  
 Lest veering greatness shift the treacherous gale.  
 How various, man! yet such are Nature's laws;  
 With powerful force each different humour draws:  
 The grave the cheerful hate; these hate the sad;  
 Your sober wiseman thinks the wit quits mad;

He, happy too in wit's inverted rule,  
 Thinks every sober wiseman more than fool;  
 Whose active mind from toil to toil can run,  
 And join the rising to the setting sun,  
 Like Philip's son for fame, pursuing gains  
 While yet one penny unsubdu'd remains;  
 Admires how lovers waste th' inactive day,  
 Sigh, midst the fair, their gentle souls away.  
 The tuneful bard, who boasts his varied strains,  
 Shares with the lark the glory of the plains,  
 Whose life th' impression of no sorrow knows,  
 So smoothly calm, he scarcely feels it flow.  
 In vocal woods each fond conceit pursues,  
 Pleas'd with the glingling bauble of a muse,  
 Pities the toiling madman's airy scheme,  
 When greatness sickens o'er th' ambitious dream;  
 Each boon companion, who the night prolongs  
 In noise and rapture, festivals and songs,  
 Condemns the graver mortal for an ass  
 Who dares refuse his bumper and his lass;  
 Still urging on, what boots it that you swear  
 You dread the vapours and nocturnal air;  
 Yet grant a little to the social vine,  
 Pull on the friend with cloudless visage shine,  
 Oft sullen silence speaks a want of sense,  
 Or folly lurks beneath the wise pretence.  
 Is there severe, who balks the genial hour?  
 He's not so sober, were he not so sour.

But, above all, I charge thee o'er and o'er,  
 Fair Peace through all her secret haunts explore;  
 Consult the learn'd in life (these best advise),  
 The good in this, more knowing than the wise;  
 Their sacred science learn, and what the art  
 To guard the sallies of th' impetuous heart;  
 With temper due th' internal poise to keep,  
 Not soaring impudent, nor servile creep;  
 How sure thyself, thy friends, thy God to please,  
 Firm health without, within unshaken peace;  
 Lest keen desire, still making new demands,  
 Shou'd raise new foes unnumber'd on thy hands:  
 Or hope, or fear inspire th' unmanly groan,  
 For things of little use, perhaps of none:  
 Who best can purchase virtue's righteous dow'r,  
 The sage with wisdom, or the king with pow'r:  
 Or if the mighty blessing stands confin'd,  
 To the chaste nature and the heav'n-taught  
 mind:

And chief th' important lesson wise attend,  
 What makes thee to thyself thyself's best friend:  
 If gold a pure tranquillity bestows,  
 Or greatness can enure a night's repose;  
 Or must we seek it in the secret road  
 That leads through virtue to the peaceful God;  
 A shaded walk, where, separate from the throng,  
 We steal through life all unperceiv'd along.

For me, afraid of life's tempestuous gale,  
 I make to port, and crowd on all my sail.  
 Soon may the peaceful grove and shelter'd seat  
 Receive me weyry in the kind retreat;  
 Blest if my \*\*\* be the destin'd shade,  
 Where childhood sported, of no ills afraid,  
 Ere youth full grown its daring wing display'd.  
 That often cross'd by life's intestine war,  
 Foresaw that day of triumph from afar,  
 When war'ing passions mingling in the fray,  
 Had drawn the youthful wanderer from his way:  
 But recollecting the short error, mourn'd,  
 And duteous to the warning voice return'd.  
 No more the passions hurrying into strife,  
 My soul enjoys the gentler calms of life.

Like Tityrus, bless'd among the rural shades,  
 Whose bellow'd round no guilty wish invades;  
 No joy tumultuous, no depressing care;  
 All that I want is Amaryllis there;  
 Where silver Furth each fair meander leads  
 Through breathing herbage and empurpled meads;  
 Whose russet swains enjoy the golden dream,  
 And thankful bless the plenty-giving stream.  
 There youth, convinc'd, foregoes each daring  
 And settling manhood takes a surer aim; ~~claim,~~  
 Till age accomplish late the fair design,  
 And calm possess the good, if age be mine.  
 What think'st thou, then, my friend, shall be my  
 cares,

My daily studies, and my nightly prayers?  
 Of the propitious Pow'r this boon I crave,  
 Still to preserve the little that I have;  
 Nor yet repugnance at the lot express,  
 Should fate decree that little to be less,  
 That what remains of life to Heav'n I live,  
 If life indeed has any time to give:  
 Or if the fugitive will no longer stay,  
 To part as friends should do, and slip away:  
 Thankful to Heav'n, or for the good supply'd,  
 To Heav'n submissive for the good deny'd,  
 Renounce the household charm, a bliss divine!  
 Heav'n never meant for me, and I resign:  
 In other joys th' allotted hours improve,  
 And gain in friendship what was lost in love:  
 Some comfort snatch'd, as each vain year return'd,  
 When nature suffer'd, or when friendship mourn'd,  
 Of all that stock so fatally bereft,  
 Once youth's proud boast, alas! the little left;  
 These friends, in youth belov'd, in manhood tried,  
 Age must not change through avarice or pride:  
 For me let wisdom's sacred fountain flow,  
 The cordial draught that sweetens every woe;  
 Let fortune kind, the *just enough* provide,  
 Nor dubious float on hope's uncertain tide;  
 Add thoughts compos'd, affections ever even.—  
 Thus far suffices to have ask'd of Heaven,  
 Who in the dispensations of a day, [away;  
 Grants life, grants death; now gives, now takes  
 To scaffolds oft the ribbon'd spoiler brings;  
 Takes power from statesmen, and their thrones  
 from kings;

From the unthankful heart the bliss decreed—  
 But leaves the man of worth still bless'd indeed:  
 Be life Heaven's gift, be mine the care to find  
 Still equal to itself the balance'd mind;  
 Fame, beauty, wealth forgot, each human toy,  
 With thoughtful quiet pleas'd, and virtuous joy;  
 In these, and these alone, supremely blest,  
 When fools and madmen scramble for the rest.

## TRANSLATIONS.

## PINDAR'S OLYMPIA.

## ODE I.

WATER, great principle whence nature springs,  
 The prime of elements, and first of things,  
 Amidst proud riches' soul-inflaming store,  
 As through the night the fiery blaze  
 Pours all around the streaming rays,  
 Conspicuous glows the golden ear.



But if thee, O my soul, a fond desire  
 To sing the contests of the great,  
 Calls forth t' awake th' ethereal fire:  
 What subject worthier of the lyre,  
 Olympia's glories to relate!  
 Full in the forehead of the sky,  
 The Sun, the world's bright radiant eye,  
 Shines o'er each lesser flame;  
 On Earth what theme suffices more  
 To make the Muses' offspring soar,  
 Than the Olympian victor's fame?  
 But from the swelling column, where on high  
 It peaceful hangs, take down the Doric lyre,  
 With sweet lore of sacred melody  
 The steeds of Hero thy breast inspire.  
 When borne along the flowery side,  
 Where smooth Alpheus' waters glide,  
 Their voluntary virtue flies,  
 Nor needs the drivers roaring cries,  
 But rapid seize the dusty space,  
 To reap the honours of the race,  
 The merit of their speed;  
 And bind with laurel-wreath the manly brows  
 Of him the mighty king of Syracuse,  
 Delighting in the victor steed.  
 Far sounds his glory through the winding coast  
 Of Lydia, where his wandering host  
 From Elis, Pelops led to new abodes;  
 There prosper'd in his late-found reign,  
 Lov'd by the ruler of the main;  
 When at the banquet of the gods,  
 In the pure laver of the fates again,  
 Clotho, the youth to life renew'd,  
 With potent charm and mystic strain,  
 When by his cruel father slain,  
 With ivory shoulder bright endow'd,  
 On fables with a fond surprise,  
 When shaded o'er with fair disguise,  
 The wandering mind detain;  
 Deluded by the kind deceit,  
 We joy more in the skilful cheat,  
 Than in truth's faithful strain.  
 But chief to verse these wondrous pow'rs  
 belong,  
 Such grace has Heaven bestow'd on song;  
 Blest parent! from whose loins immortal joys,  
 To mitigate our pain below,  
 Softening the anguish of our woe,  
 Are sprung, the children of its voice:  
 Song can o'er unbelief itself prevail;  
 The virtue of its magic art,  
 Can make the most amazing tale  
 With shafts of eloquence assail,  
 Victorious, the yielding heart:  
 But Time on never-ceasing wings  
 Experienc'd wisdom slowly brings,  
 And teaches mortal race  
 Not to blaspheme the Holy One,  
 That deathless fills the heavenly throne,  
 Inhabiting eternal space.  
 Therefore, O son of Tantalus! will I  
 In other guise thy wond'rous tale unfold,  
 And juster to the rulers of the sky,  
 With lips more hallow'd than the birds of old.  
 For when thy sire the gods above,  
 To share the kind return of love,  
 Invited from their native bow'rs,  
 To his own lov'd Sipylian tow'rs,  
 The trident pow'r, by fierce desire  
 Subdued, on golden steeds of fire,

These bore aloft to Jove on high;  
 Where since young Ganymede, sweet Phrygian  
 Succeeded to the ministry of joy,  
 And nectar banquet of the sky.  
 But when no more on Earth thy form was seen,  
 Conspicuous in the walks of men,  
 Nor yet to sooth thy mother's longing sight,  
 Thy searching train sent to explore  
 Thy lurking-place, could thee restore,  
 The weeping fair's supreme delight:  
 Then Envy's forked tongue began t' infest  
 And wound thy sire's untainted fame,  
 That he to each ethereal guest  
 Had serv'd thee up a horrid feast,  
 Subdued by force of all-devouring flame;  
 But, the best pow'r of Heav'n t' accuse,  
 Far be it from the holy Muse,  
 Of such a feast import;  
 Vengeance protracted for a time,  
 Still overtakes the slanderer's crime,  
 At Heaven's slow appointed hour.  
 Yet certain, if the pow'r who wide surveys,  
 From his watch-tow'r, the earth and seas,  
 E'er dignify'd the perishable race;  
 Him, Tantalus they rais'd on high,  
 Him, the chief favourite of the sky,  
 Exalted to sublimest grace.  
 But his proud heart was lifted up and vain,  
 Swell'd with his envy'd happiness,  
 Weak and frail his mortal brain,  
 The lot superior to sustain;  
 He fell degraded from his bliss.  
 For on his head th' Almighty Sire,  
 Potent in his kindled ire,  
 Hung a rock's monstrous weight:  
 Too feeble to remove the load,  
 Fix'd by the sanction of the god,  
 He wander'd erring from delight.  
 The watchful synod of the skies decreed  
 His wasted heart a prey to endless woes,  
 Condemn'd a weary pilgrimage to lead,  
 On Earth secure, a stranger to repose.  
 Because, by mad ambition driv'n,  
 He robb'd the sacred stores of Heav'n:  
 Th' ambrosial vintage of the skies  
 Became the daring spoiler's prize,  
 And brought to sons of mortal earth  
 The banquet of celestial birth,  
 With endless blessings fraught,  
 And to his impious rev'lers pour'd the wine,  
 Whose precious sweets make blest the pow'rs  
 divine.  
 Gift of the rich immortal draught  
 Foolish the man who hopes his crimes may be  
 Unseen by the supreme all-piercing eye;  
 He, high enthron'd above all Heaven's height,  
 The works of men with broad survey,  
 As in the blazing flame of day,  
 Beholds the secret deeds of night.  
 Therefore his son th' immortals back again  
 Sent to these death-obnoxious abodes,  
 To taste his share of human pain,  
 Exil'd from the celestial reign,  
 And sweet communion of the gods.  
 But when the fleecy down began  
 To clothe his chin, and promise man;  
 The shafts of young desire,  
 And love of the fair female kind,  
 Ignam'd the youthful hero's mind,  
 And set his amorous soul on fire.

Won by fair Hippodamia's lovely eyes,  
 The Pisan tyrant's blooming prize,  
 High in his hopes he purpos'd to obtain;  
 O'ercome her savage sire in arms,  
 The price of her celestial charms;  
 For this the ruler of the main  
 Trawling in the dreary solitude,  
 And secret season of the night;  
 Off, on the margin of the flood  
 Alone, the raging lover stood,  
 Till to his loag-desiring sight,  
 From below the sounding deeps,  
 His scaly herds where Proteus keeps,  
 The favourite youth to please,  
 Dividing swift the hoary stream,  
 Refulgent on his golden team,  
 Appear'd the trident sceptred king of  
 seas.

To whom the youth: "If e'er with food delight,  
 The gifts of Venus could thy soul inspire,  
 Restrain fell Gæneaus' spear in fight;  
 And me, who dare adventurous to aspire,  
 Me grant, propitious, to succeed,  
 Rending with unrival'd speed  
 The flying car, decreed to gain  
 The laurel-wreath, on Elis' plain,  
 Victorious o'er the father's pow'r;  
 Who dire, so many hapless lovers stain,  
 Does still a maid the wond'rous fair detain,  
 Protractive of the sweet connubial hour.  
 Danger demands a soul secure of dread,  
 Equal to the daring deed!

Since then, th' immutable decrees of fate,  
 Have fix'd, by their vicegerent Death,  
 The limits of each mortal breath,  
 Doom'd to the urn, or soon or late:  
 What mind resolv'd and brave would sleep away  
 His life, when glory warms the blood,  
 Only t' enjoy some dull delay,  
 Inactive to his dying day,  
 Not aiming at the smallest good?  
 But the blooming maid inspires  
 My breast to far sublimer fires,  
 To raise my glory to the skies;  
 Gracious, O! favouring pow'r, give ear,  
 Indulgent to my vow sincere,  
 Prosp'ring the mighty enterprize."

So pray'd the boy: nor full his words in vain,  
 Unheeded by the ruler of the main;  
 A golden car, earth's shaking pow'r bestow'd,  
 And to the glittering axle join'd  
 Unrival'd steeds, fleet as the wind:  
 Glad of the present of the god,  
 The ardent youth demands the promis'd fight;  
 In dust the haughty parent laid,  
 Neptune fulfils the youth's delight,  
 And wings his chariot's rapid flight,  
 To win the sweet celestial maid.

She with six sons, a fair increase,  
 Crown'd the hero's warm embrace,  
 Whom virtue's love inspir'd;  
 Upright to walk in virtue's ways,  
 The surest path to noblest praise,

The noblest praise the youth acquir'd.  
 Now by Alpheus' stream, meandering fair,  
 Whose humid train wide spreads the Pisan  
 A sepulchre, sublimely rear'd in air, [ptains,  
 All, of the mighty man that was, contains,  
 There frequent in the holy shade,  
 The vows of stranger-chiefs are paid,

And on the sacred altar lies  
 The victim, smoking to the skies,  
 When heroes, at the solemn shrine,  
 Invoke the pow'rs with rites divine,  
 From every distant soil,  
 And drive about the consecrated ground  
 The sounding car, or on the list'd ground  
 Urge the fleet racers, or the wrestlers'  
 toil.

Happy the man whom favouring fate allows  
 The wreaths of Pisa to surround his brow;  
 All wedded to delight, his after-days  
 In calm and even tenour run,  
 The noble dew'r of conquest won,  
 Such conscious pleasure flows from praise.  
 Thee, Muse, great Hiero's virtue to prolong,  
 It fits, and to resound his name:  
 Exalting o'er the vulgar throng,  
 In thy sweet Eolian song,  
 His garland of Olympian fame.  
 Nor shalt thou, O! my Muse, e'er find  
 A more sublime or worthier mind,  
 To better fortunes born:

On whom the gracious love of God,  
 The regal pow'r has kind bestow'd,  
 And arts of away, that power to adorn.  
 Still may thy God, O potent king! employ  
 His sacred ministry of joy,  
 Solicitous with tutelary care,  
 To guard from the attacks of fate  
 Thy blessings lasting as they're great,  
 The pious poet's constant pray'r.  
 Then to the mighty bounty of the sky,  
 The Muse shall add a sweeter lay,  
 With wing sublime when she shall fly,  
 Where Cronus rears his cliffs on high,  
 Smote with the burning shafts of day;  
 If the Muses' quiver'd god  
 Pave for song the even road  
 With sacred rapture warm,  
 A further flight aloft in air  
 Etanc'd, shall wing my tuneful spear,  
 More vigorous from the Muse's arm.  
 To many heights the daring climber springs,  
 Ere he the highest top of pow'r shall gain;  
 Chief seated there the majesty of kings;  
 The rest at different steps below remain:  
 Exalted to that wondrous height,  
 T' extend the prospect of delight,  
 May'st thou, O Hiero! live content,  
 On the top of all ascent:  
 To thee, by bounteous fates, be giv'n  
 T' inhabit still thy lofty Heav'n:  
 To me, in arts of peace,  
 Still to converse with the fair victor host,  
 For graceful song, an honourable boast,  
 Conspicuous through the realms of Greece.

## PINDAR'S OLYMPIA.

## ODE II.

O SOVEREIGN hymns! that powerful reign  
 In the harp, your sweet domain,  
 Whom will ye choose to raise;  
 What god shall now the verse resound;  
 What chief, for godlike deed renown'd,  
 Exalt to loftiest praise?

Pisa is Jove's: Jove's conquering son  
 First the Olympic race ordain'd:  
 The first fair fruits of glory won  
 The haughty tyrant's rage restrain'd.  
 He first the wondrous game bestow'd  
 When breathing from Augean toils,  
 He consecrates the dreadful spoils,  
 An offering to his father-god.  
 Theron, his virtues to approve,  
 And imitate the seed of Jove,  
 Th' Olympic laurel claims,  
 Whose swift-wheel'd car has borne away  
 The rapid honours of the day,  
 Foremost among the victor-names.  
 Therefore for Theron praise awaits,  
 For him the lyre awakes the strain,  
 The stranger welcom'd at his gates  
 With hospitable love humane.  
 Fix'd on the councils of his breast,  
 As on the column's lofty height  
 Remains secure the building's weight,  
 The structure of his realm may rest.  
 Of a fair stem, himself a fairer flow'r,  
 Who, soon transplanted from their native soil,  
 Wander'd many climates o'er,  
 Till after long and various toil,  
 On the fair river's destin'd bank they found  
 Their sacred rest, and heav'n-chose ground:  
 Where stood delightful to the eye  
 The fruitful, beauteous Sicily,  
 And could a numerous issue boast, [the coast.  
 That spread their lustre round, and flourish'd o'er  
 The following years all took their silver flight,  
 With pleasure wing'd and soft delight,  
 And every year that flew in peace,  
 Brought to their native virtues, store  
 Of wealth and pow'r, a new increase, [more.  
 Fate still confirm'd the sum, and bounteous added  
 But son of Rhe' and Saturn old,  
 Who dost thy sacred throne uphold  
 On high Olympus' hill;  
 Whose rule th' Olympic race obeys,  
 Who guid'st Alpheus' winding maze,  
 In hymns delighting still;  
 Grant, gracious to the godlike race,  
 Their children's children to sustain,  
 Peaceful through time's ne'er-ending space.  
 The sceptre and paternal reign.  
 For Time, th' aged sire of all,  
 The deed impatient of delay,  
 Which the swift hour has wing'd away,  
 Just or unjust, can ne'er recall.  
 But when calmer days succeed,  
 Of fair event, and lovely deed,  
 Our lot serene at last;  
 The memory of darker hours,  
 When Heav'n severe and angry frowns,  
 Forgotten lies and past.  
 Thus mild, and lenient of his frown,  
 When Jove regards our adverse fate,  
 And sends his chosen blessings down  
 To cheer below our mortal state:  
 Then former evils, odious brood,  
 Before the heav'n-born blessings fly,  
 Or trodden down subjected lie,  
 Soon vanquish'd by the victor-good.  
 With thy fair daughters, Cadmus! best agrees  
 The Muse's song; who, after many woes,  
 At last on golden thrones of ease  
 Enjoy an undisturb'd repose.

No more they think of Cadmus, ~~no more~~  
 swain!  
 Succeeding joys dispel his former pain.  
 And Semele, of rosy hue,  
 Whom the embracing Thunderer slew,  
 Exalted now to Heav'n's shades,  
 Herself a goddess blithe, dwells with immortal  
 gods.  
 Bathed in th' ambrosial odours of the sky,  
 Her long dishevel'd tresses fly:  
 Her, Minerva still approves;  
 She is her prime and darling joy:  
 Her, Heav'n's lord supremely loves;  
 As does his rosy son, the ivy-crowned boy.  
 Thou too! in pearly cells,  
 Where Nereus' sea-green daughter dwells,  
 Enjoy'st a lot divine:  
 No more of suffering mortal strain,  
 An azure goddess of the main,  
 Eternal rest is thine.  
 Lost in a maze, blind feeble man  
 Knows not the hour he sure foresees,  
 Nor with the eyes of nature can  
 Pierce through the hidden deep decrees.  
 Nor sees he if his radiant day,  
 That in meridian splendour glows,  
 Shall gild his evening's quiet close,  
 Soft smiling with a farewell ray.  
 As when the ocean's reflux tides,  
 Within his hollow womb subsides,  
 Is heard to sound no more;  
 Till rousing all its rage again,  
 Flood roll'd on flood it pours amain,  
 And sweeps the sandy shore:  
 So Fortune, mighty queen of life,  
 Works up proud man, her destin'd slave,  
 Of good and ill the stormy strife,  
 The sport of her alternate wave;  
 Now mounted to the height of bliss,  
 He seems to mingle with the sky;  
 Now looking down with giddy eye,  
 Sees the retreating waters fly,  
 And trembles at the deep abyss.  
 As, by experience led, the searching mind  
 Revolves the records of still-changing fate,  
 Such dire reverses shall be find  
 Oft mark the fortunes of the great!  
 Now bounteous gods, with blessings all divine,  
 Exalt on high the sceptred line,  
 Now the bright scene of laurel'd years,  
 At once quick-shifting, disappears:  
 And in their radiant room succeeds  
 A dismal train of ills, and tyrannous misdeeds.  
 Since the curst hour the fateful son  
 Plung'd in the guilt he sought to shun,  
 And saw beneath his hasty rage  
 The hoary king, Heaven's victim, bleed;  
 Deaf to a father's pleading age,  
 His erring hands fulfill'd, what guilty fate  
 decreed.  
 Eryanis, dreadful fury! saw  
 The breach of nature's holiest law,  
 She mounts her hooked car,  
 Through Phocis' death-devoted ground  
 She flew, and gave the nations round  
 To the wide waste of war:  
 By mutual hands the brothers died,  
 Furious on mutual wounds they run;  
 Sons, fathers, swell the sanguine tide;  
 Fate drove the purple deluge on.

Thus perish'd all the fated brood,  
 Thus Eris wrought her dreadful will;  
 When sated vengeance had its fill,  
 Theresater clos'd the scene of blood.  
 He, sprung from beauteous Argea, shone  
 The glory of Adrastrus' throne,  
 When fierce in youthful fire,  
 He rag'd around the Theban wall,  
 And saw the sevenfold city fall  
 A victim to his sire:  
 From him, as from a second root,  
 Wide spreading to the lofty skies,  
 The sons of martial glory shoot,  
 And clustering chiefs on chiefs arise.  
 There in the topmost boughs display'd,  
 Great Theron sits with lustre crown'd,  
 And verdant honours bloom around,  
 While nations rest beneath his shade.  
 Awake the lyre! Theron demands the lays;  
 Yet all too low! Call forth a nobler strain!  
 Decent is ev'n th' excess of praise:  
 For Theron strike the sounding lyre again.  
 Olympia's flowering wreath he singly wears;  
 The Isthmian palm his brother shares.  
 Delphi resounds the kindred name,  
 The youths contend alike for fame,  
 Fair rivals in the glorious chase,  
 When twelve times darting round, they flew the giddy  
 space.  
 Thrice blest! for whom the Graces twine  
 Fame's brightest plume, the wreath divine:  
 Lost to remembrance, former woes  
 No more reflection's sting employ;  
 With triumph all the bosom glows,  
 Pour'd through th' expanding heart, th' impetuous  
 tide of joy.  
 Riches, that singly are possess'd,  
 Vain pomp of life! a specious waste,  
 But feed luxurious pride:  
 Yet when with sacred virtues crown'd,  
 Wealth deals its liberal treasures round,  
 'Tis nobly dignified.  
 To modest worth, to honour's hands,  
 With conscious warmth he large imparts;  
 And in his presence smiling stands  
 Fair Science, and her handmaid, Arts:  
 As in the pure serene of night,  
 Thron'd in its sphere, a beauteous star  
 Sheds its blest influence from afar,  
 At once beneficent and bright,  
 But hear, ye wealthy, hear, ye great,  
 I sing the fix'd decrees of fate,  
 What after death remains,  
 Prepar'd for the unfeeling kind  
 Of cruel unrelenting mind,  
 A doom of endless pains;  
 The crimes that stain'd this living light,  
 Beneath the holy eye of Jove,  
 Meet in the regions drear of night,  
 The vengeance but delay'd above.  
 There the pale sinner dreads aghast,  
 Impartial, righteous, and severe,  
 Unaw'd by pow'r, unmov'd by pray'r,  
 Eternal justice dooms at last.  
 Far otherwise, the souls whom virtue guides  
 Enjoy a calm repose of sacred rest,  
 Nor light nor shade their time divides,  
 With one eternal sunshine blest.  
 Emancipated from the cares of life,  
 No more they urge the mortal strife;

No more, with still-revolving toil,  
 They vex a hard ungrateful soil;  
 Nor plough the surges of the main,  
 Exchanging holy quiet for false deceitful gain.  
 But to these sacred seats prefer'd,  
 With gods they live, as gods rever'd,  
 And tears are wip'd from every eye;  
 While banish'd from the happy reign,  
 The guilty souls in darkness lie,  
 And weary out the frightful ministers of pain.  
 So Heav'n decrees: the good and just,  
 Who, true to life's important trust,  
 Have well sustain'd the field:  
 Whose souls undaunted, undismay'd,  
 Nor flustering pleasure could persuade,  
 Nor passions taught to yield;  
 These through the mortal changes past,  
 Still listening to the heav'nly lore,  
 Find this sublime reward at last,  
 The trial of obedience o'er.  
 Then bursting from the bonds of clay,  
 Triumphant tread the heav'n-pav'd road  
 That leads to Saturn's high abode,  
 And Jove himself directs the way.  
 There, where the blest reside at ease,  
 Bland zephyrs breathe the sea-borne breeze  
 O'er all the happy isle:  
 Unnumber'd sweets the air perfume,  
 'Tis all around one golden bloom,  
 All one celestial smile.  
 By living streams fair trees ascend,  
 Whose roots the humid waters lave;  
 The boughs with radiant fruitage bend,  
 Rich produce of the fruitful wave.  
 Thus sporting in celestial bow'rs,  
 The sons of the immortal moro,  
 Their heads and rosy hands adorn  
 With garlands of unfading flow'rs.  
 There Rhadamant, who great assessor reigns  
 To Rhæa's son, by still unchanging right,  
 Awarding all: to vice, eternal chains;  
 To virtue opens the gates of light.  
 Rhæa! who high in Heav'n's sublime abodes  
 Sits thron'd, the mother of the gods,  
 Cadmus to this immortal choir  
 Was led; and Peleus' noble sire!  
 And glorious son! since Thetis' love  
 Subdued, with pray'r, the yielding mind of Jove.  
 Who Troy laid prostrate on the plain,  
 His country's pillar, Hector, slain;  
 By whom unhappy Cygnus bled;  
 By whom the Ethiopian boy,  
 That sprung from Neptune's godlike bed,  
 The aged Tithon's and Aurora's highest joy,  
 What grand ideas crowd my brain!  
 What images! a lofty train  
 In beauteous order spring:  
 As the keen store of feather'd fates  
 Within the braided quiver waits,  
 Impatient for the wing:  
 See, see they mount! The sacred few,  
 Endued with piercing sight,  
 Alone through darling fields pursue  
 Th' aerial regions bright.  
 This Nature gives, her chiefest boast;  
 But when the bright ideas fly,  
 Far soaring from the vulgar eye,  
 To vulgar eyes are lost.  
 Where Nature sows her genial seeds,  
 A liberal harvest straight succeeds,

Fair in the human soil;  
 While Art, with hard laborious pains,  
 Creeps on unseen, nor much attains  
 By slow progressive toil.  
 Resembling this, the feeble crow,  
 Amid the vulgar winged crowd,  
 Hides in the darkening copse below,  
 Vain, strutting, garrulous, and loud:  
 While genius mounts th' ethereal height,  
 As the imperial bird of Jove  
 On sounding pinions soars above,  
 And darts the majesty of light.  
 Then fit an arrow to the tuneful string,  
 O thou, my genius! warm with sacred flame;  
 Fly swift, ethereal shaft! and wing  
 The godlike Theron unto fame.  
 I solemn swear, and holy truth attest,  
 That sole inspires the tuneful breast,  
 That, never since th' immortal Sun  
 His radiant journey first begun,  
 To none the gods did e'er impart  
 A more exalted mind, or wide-diffusive heart.  
 Fly, Envy, hence, that dost invade  
 Such glories, with injurious shade;  
 Still, w th superior lustre bright,  
 His virtues shine, in number more  
 Than are the radiant fires of night,  
 Do sands that spread along the sea-surrounding  
 shore.

THE PARTING OF  
 HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE SIXTH ILLAD OF HOMER, TRANSLATED  
 LITERALLY.

Beginning ver. 407. *ἄριστος, φέρων ὅτι τοῦ μαιῆος...*

"O DARING thou! to thy own strength a prey,  
 Nor pity moves thee for thy infant son,  
 Nor miserable me, a widow soon!  
 For, rushing on thy single might, at once  
 The Greeks will overwhelm thee: better far  
 I had been wrapt in earth, than live of thee  
 Forlorn, and desolate; if thou must die,  
 What further comfort then for me remains,  
 What solace, but in tears? No father mine,  
 Nor mine no venerable mother's care.  
 Noble Achilles' hand my father slew,  
 And spread destruction through Cilicia's town,  
 Where many people dwelt, high-gated Thebes.  
 He slew Aetion, but despoil'd him not,  
 For inly in his mind he fear'd the gods;  
 But burnt his body with his polish'd arms,  
 And o'er him rear'd a mound: the mountain  
 nymphs,  
 The daughters fair of ægis-bearing Jove,  
 Planted with elms around the sacred place.  
 Seven brothers flourish'd in my father's house;  
 All in one day descended to the shades,  
 All slain by great Achilles, swift of foot,  
 'Midst their white sheep, and heifers flexile-hoof'd.  
 My mother, woody Hypoplacia's queen,  
 Brought hither, number'd in the victor's spoils;  
 Till loos'd from bands, for gifts of mighty price,  
 By chase-delighting Dian's dart she fell,  
 Smote in my father's house: but, Hector, thou,  
 Thou art my sire, my hoary mother thou,

My brother thou, thou husband of my youth!  
 Ah pity, Hector, then! and in this tower  
 With us remain, nor render by thy fall  
 Him a sad orphan, me a widow'd wife,  
 Here at this fig-tree station, where the towers  
 Is easiest of ascent, and low the walls,  
 Here thrice the bravest of the foes have try'd  
 To pass; each Ajax, brave Idomeneus,  
 Th' Atreides too, and Tydeus' warlike son;  
 Whether some seer, in divination skill'd,  
 Prompted th' attempt, or their own valour dar'd  
 To execute a deed, their wisdom plann'd."  
 To whom plume-nodding Hector thus reply'd:  
 "These, woman, are my care; but much I fear  
 The Trojan youth, and long-gown'd Trojan dames,  
 If, coward-like, I shun afar the fight:  
 Not so my courage bids; for I have learnt  
 Still to be brave, and foremost to defend  
 My father's mighty glories, and my own.  
 For well I know, and in my mind foresee,  
 A day will come, when sacred Ilium sinks,  
 Old Priam perishes, the people too  
 Of Priam aspen-spear'd. Yet not so much  
 The woes the Trojans yet in after-times  
 Must undergo, not Hecuba herself,  
 Nor princely Priam, nor my brothers dear,  
 Who, numerous and brave, have fallen in dust  
 Below the boasting foe, distract my soul,  
 As thou! Then when some brazen-coated Greek,  
 In the sad day of thy distress, shall drag  
 Thee weeping; or in Argos, breathing sad,  
 To some imperious mistress handmaid, thou  
 Shalt weave the web, or fetch the water's weight  
 From Messis or Hyperia's springs, against  
 Thy will, but hard necessity compels.  
 Then shall he say, who sees thee sunk in tears,  
 'Lo! Hector's wife, who far the chief of all  
 The Trojan steed-subduing race excell'd  
 Who fought at Ilium.' Thus shall they say.  
 But thee new pangs shall seize; on thee shall come  
 Desire of such a husband to repel  
 The evil hour; but may I low beneath  
 The monumental earth be laid to rest,  
 Nor thy soft sorrows, nor the melting voice  
 Of thy captivity, e'er reach my ear."  
 So saying, the illustrious Hector stretch'd  
 His hands to reach his child; the child averse,  
 In the soft bosom of the fair-zou'd nurse  
 Weeping, fell back, abhorrent, from his sire  
 Of warlike aspect: for he fear'd the shine  
 Of armour, and the horse-hair horrid crest  
 That nodded dreadful on the helmet's top.  
 The loving father smil'd, the mother smil'd;  
 Straight from his head th' illustrious Hector took  
 His helm, and plac'd it blazing on the ground;  
 Then fondled in his arms his much-lov'd son  
 He took; thus praying Jove, and all the gods:  
 "Jove, and ye other gods, grant this my son,  
 Grant he may too become, as I am now,  
 The grace of Troy, the same in martial strength,  
 And rule his Ilium with a monarch's sway;  
 That men may say, when he returns from fight,  
 'This youth transcends his sire.' Then may he  
 The bloody spoils slott of hostile chiefs {bear  
 In battle slain, and joy his mother's heart."  
 He said: and to his much-lov'd spouse resign'd  
 His child: she, on her fragrant bosom lull'd,  
 Smiling through tears, receiv'd him: at the sight,  
 Compassion touch'd her husband's heart: her cheek  
 With gentle blandishment he strok'd, and spoke:

" O best beloved! oh, sadden not thy heart  
With grief beyond due bounds: I trust, no hand  
Shall send thee down to shades obscure, before  
My day of doom decays; for well I ween  
No man of mortal men escapes from death,  
Fearful or bold: whose'er is born must die.  
But thou, returning to thy home, attend  
The spindle, and the loom, thy peaceful cares;  
And call thy dutious maidens round to share  
Their tasks by thee assign'd; for war belongs  
To men, and chief to me, of Ilium's sons."

This said, illustrious Hector seiz'd his helm,  
And to her home return'd his much-lov'd spouse,  
Oft looking back, and shedding tears profuse.  
Then sudden at the lofty dome arriv'd,  
With chambers fair adorn'd, where Hector dwelt,  
The godlike Hector! there again she wept!  
In his own house the living Hector wept;  
For now foreboding in their fears, so move  
They hop'd to meet him with returning step  
From battle, 'scap'd the rage and force of Greece.

FIRST SCENE OF THE  
*PHILOCTETES OF SOPHOCLES.*

[ULYSSES speaks.]

SON of Achilles! brave Neoptolemus,  
You tread the coast of sea-surrounded Lemnos,  
Where never mortal yet his dwelling rear'd.  
Here, in obedience to the Grecian chiefs,  
I erst expos'd the son of noble Peon,  
Consuming with his wounds, and wasting slow  
In painful agonies; wild from despair,  
He fill'd the camp with lamentations loud,  
And execrations dire. No pure libation,  
No holy sacrifice could to the gods  
Be offer'd up: ill-omen'd sounds of woe  
Profan'd the sacred rites: But this no more—  
Should he discover my return, 'twere vain  
The plan my wakeful industry has wove,  
Back to restore yet to the aid of Greece  
This most important chief. 'Tis thine, brave youth,  
To ripen into deed, what I propose.  
Cast round thy eyes, if thou by chance may'st find  
The double rock, where from the winter's cold  
He shrouds his limbs, or when the summer glows  
Amid the cool, the zephyr's gentle breath  
Lulls him to his repose; fast on the left  
Flows a fresh fountain; if the hero sees  
This living light, one of th' attendant train  
Speed with the hour to glad my listening ears,  
If in that savage haunt he harbours yet,  
Or in some other corner of this isle:  
Then farther I'll disclose, what chief imports  
Our present needs, and claims our common care.

THE EPISODE OF  
*LAUSUS AND MEZENTIUS.*

FROM THE TENTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S *ÆNEID*,

BEGINNING LINE 689.

Written in the year 1719.

Now Jove inflames Mezentius great in arms,  
His ardour rouses and his courage warms;

Fir'd by the god, to Turnus he succeeds;  
Beneath his arm the Trojan battle bleeds;  
The Tuscan troops invade their common foe,  
Alike in hate their kindling bosoms glow  
Fierce to destroy, on him alone they pour  
Darts following darts, a thick continued shower:  
But he undaunted, all the storm sustains,  
And scorns th' united fury of the plains:  
As some huge rock high towering 'midst the waves,  
Of seas and skies the mingling tumult braves,  
On its eternal basis fix'd is found,  
Though tempests rage, and ocean foam around.  
First by his arm unhappy Hebrus bled,  
The issue of fam'd Dolichon's bed;  
Then *Latagus* submits to fate, his way  
Adverse he took, the chief with furious sway  
Uprear'd a ponderous rock, the shatter'd brain  
Confus'd with blood and gore, o'er spreads the plain.  
At flying *Palmus* next his dart he threw,  
The speedy dart o'ertook him as he flew,  
Full in the hair, he feels the smarting wound,  
Left by the victor grovelling on the ground:  
His arms surround his *Lausus*' manly breast,  
The waving plume adorns his shining crest:  
*Evas* and *Mimas*, both of Trojan seed,  
By the same arm were mingled with the dead;  
*Mimas*, companion of the youthful cares  
Of *Paris*, and the equal of his years:  
For, big with fancied flames, when *Phrygia*'s queen  
Brought forth the cause of woes, but ill foreseen;  
T' extend his blooming race, that self-same night  
The spouse of *Amycus*, *Theano* bright,  
That night so fatal to the peace of *Troy*,  
Blest her lov'd husband with a parent's joy:  
But fate to different lands their deaths decreed,  
This in his father's town was doom'd to bleed;  
Unthinking *Mimas*, by *Mezentius* slain,  
Now rolls his carcass o'er the *Lajian* plain.  
And as a tusked boar, whom dogs invade,  
Of *Vesulus* bred in the pine shade,  
Or near *Laurentia*'s lake, with forest mast  
His feasts obscene supplied in wild retreat,  
Rous'd from his savage haunt, a deep retreat,  
A length of years his unmolested seat;  
When once in toils enclos'd, no fight appears,  
Turns sudden, foaming fierce, his bristles rear;  
All safe at distance stand, and none is found,  
Whose valour dares inflict a nearer wound:  
Dreadless meanwhile, to every side he turns,  
His teeth he gushes, and with rage he burns;  
Th' united vengeance of the field desires,  
A forest rattles as he shakes his sides:  
So fare the Tuscan troops; with noisy rage,  
And shouts, in the mixt tumult they engage;  
All from afar their missile weapons throw,  
Fearful in equal arms to meet the foe.  
Next, *Grecian Aeneas* rush'd into the plain,  
Who came from *Corintus*'s ancient reign:  
Him thirst of fame to warlike dangers led,  
The joys untasted of the bridal bed;  
From far *Mezentius* eyed him with delight,  
In arms refulgent, as he mix'd in fight;  
Full o'er his breast, in gold and purple known,  
The tokens of his love conspicuous shone.  
Then, as a lion thirsting after blood,  
(For him persuades the keen desire of food,)  
If, or a frisking goat he chance to view,  
Or branching stag, that leads the stately crew;  
Rejoices, gaping wide, he makes his way,  
Furious, and clings incumbent on the prey,

That helpless pants beneath his horrid paws,  
The blood o'erflowing, laves his greedy jaws:  
So keen Mezentius rushes on each foe;  
Unhappy Acon sinks beneath his blow,  
Mad in the pangs of death, he spurs the ground,  
The blood distains the broken spear around:  
Then fled Orodes shameful from the fight;  
The victor scorn'd th' advantage of his flight;  
But fir'd with rage, through cleaving ranks he ran,  
And face to face oppos'd, and man to man;  
Not guileful from behind his spear to throw  
A wound unseen, but strikes an adverse blow.  
Then with his foot his dying foe he press'd,  
Lean'd on his lance, and thus his friends address'd:  
"Lo! where Orodes gasps upon the sand;  
His death was due to this victorious hand,  
Large portion of the war!" Exulting cries  
Ascend amain, and ring along the skies.  
To whom the vanquish'd, with imperfect sound,  
All weak, and faint, and dying of the wound:  
"Nor long my ghost shall unreveng'd repine,  
Nor long the triumph of my fall be thine;  
Thee, equal fates, insulting man, remain;  
Thee, death yet waits, and this the fatal plain."  
Him, as he roll'd in death, Mezentius spied,  
He smil'd severe, and thus contemptuous cried:  
"Die thou the first; as he thinks fit, for me,  
The sire of Heav'n and Earth, let Jove decree."  
He said: and pull'd the weapon from the wound;  
The purple life ebb'd out upon the ground:  
Death's clay-cold hand shut up the sinking light;  
And o'er his closing eyes drew the dark mist of night.

By Cadmus' great arm Alcathous fell;  
Sacrator sent Hydaspos down to Hell:  
Porthenius dies, by Rape slain in fight;  
And Orses vast, of more than mortal might.  
Next sunk two warriors, Clonius the divine,  
And Ericetes of Lycaon's line;  
The issue of the god, their deaths renown'd,  
Whose forked trident rules the deep profound.  
His courser, unobedient to the reins,  
Great Ericetes tumbled to the plain.  
Pronc as he lay, swift fir'd the thirsty dart,  
And found the mortal passage to his heart.  
Then lights the victor from his lofty steed,  
And, foot to foot engag'd, made Clonius bleed.  
Then Lycian Agis, boastful of his might,  
Provok'd the bravest foe to single fight;  
Him boldly Tuscan Valerius assail'd,  
And in the virtues of his sire prevail'd.  
By Salius' arm, the swift Antronius bled;  
Nealces' javelin struck the victor dead;  
Nealces, skill'd the sounding dart to throw,  
And wing the treacherous arrow to the foe.  
Mars, raging god, and stern! the war confounds;  
Equals the victor's shouts, and dying sounds.  
Encountering various on the embattled field,  
Now fierce they rush, now fierce retreating, yield.  
With equal rage, each adverse battle glows,  
Nor flight is known to these, nor known to those.  
Tisiphose enjoys the direful sight,  
Pale, furious, fell! and storms amidst the fight.  
The gods, from Jove's immortal dome, survey  
Each army toiling, through the dreadful day;  
With tender pity touch'd, lament the pain  
That human life is destin'd to sustain.  
On either side, two deities are seen;  
Jove's awful consort, and soft beauty's queen:  
The wife of Jove the conqueror's palm implores,  
Soft beauty's queen her Trojans' loss deplores.

Again his javelin huge-Mezentius wields;  
Again tumultuous he intrudes the fields:  
Large as Orion, when the giant stalks,  
A bulk immense! through Nereus' midmost walks;  
Secure he cleaves his way; the billows braves,  
His sinewy shoulders low'r above the waves;  
Bearing an ash, increas'd in strength with years,  
Thet huge upon the mountain's height appears;  
He strides along, each step the earth divides;  
In clouds obscure his lofty head resides:  
In stature huge, amidst the war's alarms,  
Such above the tyrant is gigantic arms.  
Him, as exulting in the ranks he stood,  
At distance seen, and rioting in blood,  
Acon hastes to meet; in all his might  
He stands collected, and awaits the fight:  
First measuring, as he stood in act to throw,  
With nice survey, the distance of his foe: [might;  
"This arm, this spear," he cry'd, "assert my  
These are my gods, and these assist in fight:  
His armour, from the boastful robber won,  
Shall tow'r a trophy to my conquering son."  
He said; and flings the dart with dreadful force;  
The dart drove on unerring from the course;  
It reach'd the shield, the shield the blow repell'd:  
Nor fell the javelin guiltless on the field;  
But, piercing 'twixt the side and bowels, tore  
The fam'd Author's, and deep drank the gore:  
He, in his lusty years, from Argos sent,  
With fam'd Alcides, on his labours went:  
Tir'd with his toils, a length of woes o'erpast,  
In the Evadrian realm he fix'd at last:  
Call'd back again to war, where glory calls,  
Unhappy, by a death unmeant, he falls:  
To Heaven his mournful eyes the dying throws;  
In his last thoughts his native Argos rose.  
Straight then, his beaming lance the Trojan threw;  
Swift hissing on the wind the weapon flew:  
The plates of threefold brass were forc'd to yield;  
And three bulls' hides that bound the solid shield:  
Deep in his lower groin, an arm so strong,  
Drove the sharp point, but brought not death along.  
Then joyful as the Trojan hero spied  
The spouting blood pour down his wounded side,  
Like lightning, from his thigh his sword he drew,  
And furious on th' astonish'd warrior flew.  
As Lausus saw, full sore he heav'd the sigh;  
The ready tear stood trembling in his eye:  
His father's danger touch'd the youthful chief;  
With pious haste he ran to his relief.  
Nor shalt thou sink unnoted to the tomb,  
Unsung thy noble deed, and early doom:  
If future times to such a deed will give  
Their faith, to future times thy name shall live.  
Disabled, trembling for a death so near,  
The father slow-receding, drags the spear:  
Just in that moment, as suspended high  
The flaming sword shone adverse to the sky,  
The daring youth rush'd in, and fronts the foe,  
And from his father turns th' impending blow.  
His friends with joyful shouts reply around;  
Through all their echoes all the hills resound;  
As wondering they beheld the wounded sire,  
Protected by the son, from flight retire,  
A dark'ning flight of singing shafts annoy,  
From every quarter pour'd, the prince of Troy:  
He stands against the fury of the field,  
And rages, cover'd with his mighty shield,  
And as when stormy winds encountering loud,  
Burst with rude violence the bellowing cloud,

Precipitate to earth, the tempest pours  
 The vexing hailstones thick in sounding showers:  
 The delug'd plains then every ploughman flies,  
 And every hood and traveller shelter'd lies;  
 Or, where the rock high overarch'd impends,  
 Or, where the river's shelving bank defends;  
 That, powerful o'er the storm, when bright the ray  
 Shines forth, they each may exercise the day.  
 Loud sounds the gather'd storm; o'er all the field  
 The cloud of war pours thundering on his shield.  
 Yet still he tried with friendly care to save  
 Th' unhappy youth, unfortunately brave.  
 " Ah! whither dost thou urge thy fatal course,  
 In daring deeds! unequal to thy force?  
 Too pious in thy love, thy love betrays;  
 Nor such the vigour crowns thy youthful days."  
 Not thus advis'd, the youth still fronts the foe  
 Exulting, and provokes the lingering blow:  
 For now, his martial bosom all on fire,  
 The Trojan leader's tide of rage swell'd higher;  
 For now, the sisters view'd the fatal strife,  
 And wound up the last threads of Lausus' life:  
 Deep plung'd the shining falchion in his breast,  
 Pierc'd his thin armour, and embroider'd vest,  
 That, rich in ductile gold, his mother wove  
 With her own hands, the witness of her love.  
 His breast was fill'd with blood; then, sad and slow  
 Through air resolv'd, the spirit fled below:  
 As ghastly pale, the chief the dying spied,  
 His hands he stretch'd to Heav'n, and pitying sigh'd;  
 His sire Anchises rose an image dear  
 Sad in his soul, and forc'd the tender tear.  
 " What praise, O youth! unhappy in thy fate,  
 What can Æneas yield to worth so great?  
 Worth, that distinguish'd in thy deed appears,  
 Ripe in thy youth, and early in thy years:  
 Thy arms, once pleasing objects of thy care,  
 Inviolate from hostile spoil I spare;  
 Thy breathless body on thy friends bestow,  
 To mitigate thy pensive spirit's woe,  
 If aught below the separate soul can move,  
 Solicitous of what is done above;  
 (Yet in the grave, perhaps, from every care  
 Releas'd, nor knowledge, nor device is there;)  
 That, gather'd to thy sires, thy friends may mourn  
 Thy hapless fall, and dust to dust return:  
 This be thy solace in the world below,  
 'Twas I, the great Æneas, struck the blow."  
 He said; and beck'ning, chides his friends' delay;  
 And pious to assist, directs the way,  
 To rear him from the ground, with friendly care,  
 Dishonour'd foul with blood his comely hair.  
 The wretched father now, by Tyber shore  
 Wash'd from his streaming thigh the crimson gore:  
 Pain'd with his wound, and weary from the light,  
 A tree's broad trunk supports his drooping weight:  
 A bough his helmet beaming far sustains:  
 His heavier armour rest along the plains.  
 Panting, and sick, his body downward bends,  
 And to his breast his length of beard descends:  
 He leans his careful head upon his hand;  
 Around him wait a melancholy band:  
 Much of his Lausus asks, and many sent  
 To warn him back, a father's kind intent:  
 How vainly sent! for, breathless, from the field  
 They bear the youth, extended on his shield;  
 Loud wailing mourn'd him slain in early bloom,  
 Mighty, and by a mighty wound o'ercome.  
 Far off the sounds of woe the father hears;  
 He trembles in the foresight of his fears:

With dust the hoary honours of his head  
 Sad he deforms, and cleaves into the dead:  
 Then both his hands to Heav'n aloft he spread;  
 And thus, in fulness of his sorrows, said:—  
 " Could then this last of life so warp my mind,  
 That I could think of leaving thee behind  
 Whom I begot, unhappy in my stead  
 To meet the warrior, and for me to bleed?  
 Now fate severe has struck too deep a blow,  
 Now first I feel a wretched exile's woe.  
 And is it thus I draw this wretched breath,  
 Sav'd by thy wound, and living by thy death?  
 I too, my son, with horrid guilt profan'd  
 Thy sacred virtues, and their iustre stain'd:  
 Outcast, abandon'd by the care of Heav'n,  
 From empire, and paternal sceptres driv'n,  
 My people's hatred, and insulting scorn,  
 The merit of my crimes I've justly borne:  
 To thousand deaths this wicked soul could give,  
 Since now 'tis crime enough that I can live,  
 Can yet sustain the light, and human race,  
 Wretch'd as I am:—but short shall be the space."  
 He said; and as he said, he rear'd from ground  
 His fainting limbs, yet staggering from the wounds:  
 But whole and undiminish'd still remains  
 His strength of soul, unbroke with toil and pain.  
 He calls his steed, successful from each fight,  
 With whom he march'd, his glory and delight;  
 With words like these his conscious steed address'd,  
 That mourn'd, as with his master's ill oppress'd:  
 " Rhombus, we long have liv'd in arms combin'd,  
 (If long the frail possessions of mankind;)  
 This day thou shalt bring back, to crown our toils,  
 The Trojan hero's head, and glittering spoils  
 Torn from the bloody man! with me shall take  
 A dear revenge, for murder'd Lausus' sake:  
 If strength shall fail to ope the destin'd way,  
 Together fall, and press the Latian clay;  
 For after me I trust thou wilt disdain  
 A Trojan leader, and an alien rein."  
 He said: the steed receives his wonted weight,  
 The tyrant arm'd, and furious for the fight:  
 His blazing helmet, formidably grac'd  
 With nodding horse-hair, brightening o'er the crest:  
 With deathful javelins next he fills his hands;  
 And spurs his steed, and seeks the fighting bands:  
 Grief mix'd with madness, shame of former fight,  
 And love by rage inflam'd to desperate bright,  
 And conscious knowledge of his valour, wrought  
 Fierce in his breast, and boil'd in every thought.  
 He calls Æneas thrice: Æneas heard  
 The welcome sound; and thus his prayer preferr'd:  
 " May Jove, supreme of gods, who rules on high!  
 And he, to whom 'tis giv'n to gild the sky,  
 Far-shooting king! inspire thee to draw near  
 Swift to thy fate, and grant thee to my spear."  
 But he:—" My Lausus ravish'd from my sight,  
 Me, with vain words, O! cruel, would'st affright;  
 With age, with watchings, and with labours worn,  
 Death is below my fear, and God I scorn!  
 I come resolv'd to die; but, ere I go,  
 Receive this dart, the present of a foe."  
 He said: the javelin hiss'd along the skies;  
 Another after, and another flies;  
 Thick, and incessant, as he rides the field;  
 Still all the storm sustains the golden shield  
 Firm, as Æneas stood: thrice rode he round,  
 Urging his darts, the compass of the ground:  
 Thrice wheel'd Æneas; th' ice his buckler bears  
 About, a brazen wood of rising spears:



Press'd in unrighteous fight, with just disdain  
To wrench so many darts, and wrench in vain,  
Much pondering in his mind, the chief resolv'd  
Each rising thought; at last he springs resolv'd;  
Full at the warrior steed the hostile wood  
He threw, that pierc'd his brain and drank the blood.  
Stang with the pain, the steed up-rear'd on high  
His sounding hoofs, and lash'd the yielding sky;  
Prone fell the warrior from his lofty height,  
His shoulders broad receiv'd the courser's weight.  
From host to host the mingling shouts rebound,  
Deep echoing all in fire the heav'n's resound;  
Unsheath'd his flaming blade, *Xenos* flies,  
And thus address'd the warrior as he lies:  
" Say, where is now *Mesentius* great and bold,  
That haughty spirit, fierce and uncontrol'd?"  
To whom the *Tuscan*, with recover'd breath,  
As faint he view'd the skies, recall'd from death;  
" Dost thou the stroke, insulting man! delay?  
Haste! let thy vengeance take its destin'd way:  
Death never can disgrace the warrior's fame  
Who dies in fight; nor conquest was my aim:  
Slain, savage! by thy hand in glorious strife,  
Not so my *Lausus* bargain'd for my life:  
Depriv'd of him, sole object of my love,  
I seek to die;—for joy is none above.  
Yet, piteous of my fate, this grace allow,  
If pity to the vanquish'd foe be due,  
Suffer my friends my gather'd bones to burn,  
And decent lay me in the funeral urn:  
Full well I know my people's hate, decreed  
Against the living, will pursue the dead;  
My breathless body from their fury save,  
And grant my son the partner of my grave."  
He said, and steadfast eyed the victor foe;  
Then gave his breast undaunted to the blow.  
The rushing blood stain'd his arms around;  
The soul indignant sought the shades profound.

---

### THE CORYCIAN SWAIN.

FROM GEORGICS, IV.—LINE 116.

BUT, were I not, before the favouring gale,  
Making to port, and crowding all my sail,  
Perhaps I might the garden's glories sing,  
The double roses of the *Pæstan* spring;  
How an dive drinks the rill, and how are seen  
Moist banks with celery for ever green;  
How, twisted in the matted herbage, lies  
The belling cucumber's enormous size;  
What flowers *Narcissus* late, how Nature weaves  
The yielding texture of acanthus' leaves:  
Of ivy pale the culture next explore,  
And whence the lover-myrtle courts the shore.  
For I remember (where *Galeus* yields  
His humid moisture to the yellow fields,  
And high *Cebata*'s tow'rs o'erlook the plain,)  
I knew in youth an old *Corycian* swain;  
A few and barren acres were his share,  
Left and abandon'd to the good man's care;  
Nor these indulg'd the grassy lawn, to feed  
The fattening bullock, nor the bounding steed,  
Nor gave to cattle browse, nor food to kine,  
*Bacchus* averse refus'd the mantling vine.  
What happy nature to his lands denied,  
An honest, painful industry supplied;  
For, trusting put-herbs to his bushy ground,  
For bees, fair candid lilies flourish'd round,

Vervain for health, for bread he poppies plants,  
With these he satisfied all nature's wants,  
And late returning home from wholesome toil,  
Enjoy'd the frugal bounty of the soil.  
His mind was royal in a low estate,  
And dignified the meanness of his fate.  
He first in Spring was seen to crop the rose,  
In Autumn first t' unload the bending boughs;  
For every bud the early year bestow'd,  
A reddening apple on the branches glow'd.  
Ev'n in the midst of Winter's rigid reign,  
When snow and frost had whiten'd o'er the plain,  
When cold had split the rocks, and script the woods,  
And shackled up the mighty ranging floods,  
He then, anticipating Summer's hopes,  
The tendrils of the soft acanthus crops;  
His industry awak'd the lazy Spring,  
And hasten'd on the Zephyr's loitering wing.  
For this with pregnant bees he chief was known  
T' abound: the balmy harvest all his own.  
Successive swarms reward his faithful toil;  
None press'd from richer combs the liquid spoil.  
He crown'd his rural orchard's plain design,  
With flowering lime-trees, and a wealth of pine.  
He knew in graceful order to dispose  
Large-bodied elms, transplanted into rows.  
Hard pear-trees flourish'd near his rustic dome,  
And thorns already purple with the plum;  
Broad planes arose to form an ample bow'r,  
Where mirth's gay sons refresh'd the sultry hour.  
But I this grateful subject must discard,  
The pleasing labour of some future bard.

---

THE

### TWENTIETH ODE OF ANACREON.

FAIR Niobe, old times survey'd,  
In Phrygian hills, a marble maid.  
Chang'd Pandon! to the swallow's bus,  
On swallow's wings thy daughter flew.  
But I a looking-glass would be,  
That thou might'st see thyself in me.  
No; I would be a morning gown,  
That to my dear might me put on.  
But I a silver stream would flow,  
To wash thy skin, as pure as snow.  
I would myself in ointment pour,  
To bathe thee with the fragrant show'r.  
But I would be thy tucker made,  
Thy lovely swelling bosom's shade.  
I would, a diamond necklace, dock  
The comely rising of thy neck.  
I would thy slender feet enclose,  
To tread on me transform'd to shoes.

---

THE

### TWENTY-FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

FILL with *Bacchus*' blessings fraught,  
Ye virgins, fill a mighty draught:  
Long since dried up by heat, I faint,  
I scarcely breathe, and feverish pant.  
O! with these fresher flowers, renew  
The fading garland on my brow,  
For oh! my forehead's raging heat  
Has rifed all their graces sweet;

The rage of thirst I yet can quell,  
The rage of heat I can repel,  
But, love! thy heat which burns my soul,  
What draughts can quench? what shades can cool!

THE  
TWENTY-SECOND ODE OF ANACREON.

Come, sit beneath this shade with me,  
My lovely maid, how fair the tree!  
Its tender branches wide prevail,  
Obedient to each breathing gale;  
Summer's loom industrious weaves  
In many veins the silken leaves,  
Soft as the milky veins I view,  
O'er thy fair breast meandering blue;  
Hard by a fount with murmuring noise  
Rains a sweet persuasive voice;—  
What lover, say, my lovely maid,  
So foolish as to pass this shade?

EPITAPHS.

ON LORD NEWHALL.

To fame let fattery the proud column raise,  
And guilty greatness load with venal praise,  
This monument, for nobler use design'd,  
Speaks to the heart, and rises for mankind;  
Whose moral strain, if rightly understood,  
Invites thee to be humble, wise, and good.  
Learn here, of life, life's every sacred end;  
Hence form the father, husband, judge, and friend:  
Here wealth and greatness found no partial grace,  
The poor look'd fearless in th' oppressor's face;  
One plain good meaning through his conduct ran,  
Be ev'n that momentary virtue thine,  
If then, unconscious of so fair a fame,  
Thou read'st without the wish to be the same,  
Though proud of titles, or of boundless store,  
By blood ignoble, and by wealth made poor,  
Yet read; some vice perhaps thou may'st resign,  
Be ev'n that momentary virtue thine,  
Heav'n in thy breast here work its first essay,  
Think on this man, and pass unblam'd one day.

ON LORD BINNING.

BENEATH this sacred marble ever sleeps,  
For whom a father, mother, consort weeps;  
Whom brothers', sisters', pious griefs pursue,  
And children's tears with virtuous drops bedew;  
The Loves and Graces grieving round appear,  
Ev'n Mirth herself becomes a mourner here;  
The stranger who directs his steps this way  
Shall witness to thy worth, and wondering say,—  
"Thy life, though short, can we unhappy call?  
Sure thine was blest, for it was social all:  
O may no hostile hand this place invade,  
For ever sacred to thy gentle shade!  
Who knock in all life's offices to please;  
Join'd taste to virtue, and to virtue ease;  
With riches blest, did not the poor disdain,  
Was knowing, humble, friendly, great, humane;

By good men honour'd, by the bad approv'd,  
And lov'd the Muses, by the Muses lov'd;  
Hail! and farewell, who bore the gentlest mist,  
For thou indeed hast been of human kind."

ON LORD BARGENY.

Go hence instructed from this early urn,  
Wise as you weep, and better as you mourn;  
This urn, where titles, fortune, youth repose,  
How vain the fleeting good that life bestows!  
Learn, age, when now it can no more supply,  
To quit the burden, and consent to die;  
Secure, the truly virtuous never tell  
How long the part was acted, but how well:  
Youth, stand convicted of each foolish claim,  
Each daring wish of lengthen'd life and fame;  
Thy life a moment, and thy fame a breath,  
The natural end, oblivion and death;  
Hear then this solemn truth, obey its call,  
Submit adore, for this is mankind's all.

ON MR JAMES SUTTIE.

THIS unambitious stone preserves a name  
To friendship sanctified, untouch'd by fame;  
A son this rais'd, by bely duty fir'd,  
These sung a friend, by friendly zeal inspir'd.  
No venal falsehood stain'd the filial tear;  
Unbought, unask'd, the friendly praise sincere;  
Both for a good man weep, without offence,  
Who led his days in ease and innocence.  
His tear rose honest; honest rose his smile;  
His heart no falsehood knew, his tongue no guile;  
A simple mind with plain just notions fraught,  
Nor warp'd by wit, nor by proud science taught;  
Nature's plain light still, rightly understood,  
That never hesitates the fair and good—  
Who view'd self-balan'd, from his calm retreat,  
The storms that vex the busy and the great,  
Unmingling in the scene, whate'er befel  
Pitied his suffering kind, and wish'd them well;  
Careless if monarchs frown'd, or statesmen smil'd,  
His purer joy, his friend, his wife, or child,  
Constant to act the hospitable part,  
Love in his look, and welcome in his heart;  
Such ungriz'd blessings did his life employ,  
The social moment, the domestic joy,  
A joy beneficent, warm, cordial, kind,  
That leaves no doubt, no grudge, no sting behind;  
The heart-born rapture, that from virtue springs,  
The poor man's portion God withheld from kings.  
This life at decent time was bid to cease,  
Finish'd among his weeping friends in peace:  
Go, traveller, wish his shade eternal rest,  
Go, be the same, for this is to be blest.

ON MR. BAILLIE, OF JERKISWOOD.

THE pious parent rais'd this hallow'd place  
A monument for them, and for their race:  
Descendants! be it your successive care,  
That no degenerate dust e'er mix with their's.

## ON MR. BASIL HAMILTON.

THIS verse, O gentle Hamilton! be thine,  
Each softer grace, below thy darling shrine.  
Nature to thee did her best gifts impart,  
The mildest manners, and the warmest heart;  
Honour erected in thy breast his throne,  
And kind humanity was all thy own.

## ON MRS. COLQUHOUN, OF LUSS.

UNBLESS'D, O sacred shrine! let me draw near,  
A sister's ashes claim a brother's tear;  
No semblant arts this copious spring supply,  
'Tis Nature's drops, that swell in Friendship's eye:  
O'er this sad tomb, see kneeling brothers bend,  
Who wail a sister, that excell'd a friend;  
A child like this each parent's wish engage,  
Grace of his youth, and solace of his age:  
Hence the chaste virgin learn each pious art  
Who sighs sincere to bless a virtuous heart,  
The faithful youth, when Heaven the choice inspires,  
Such hope the partner of his kind desires.  
Oh, early lost! yet early all fulfill'd  
Each tender office of wife, sister, child;  
All these in early youth thou hadst obtain'd;  
The fair maternal pattern yet remain'd, [spare;  
Heav'n's thought not that—else Heav'n had bid to  
To thine succeeds now Providence's care—  
Amidst the pomp that to the dead we give  
To sooth the vanity of those that live,  
Receive thy destin'd place, a hallow'd grave,  
'Tis all we can bestow, or thou can'st crave;  
Be these the honours that embalm thy name,  
The matron's praise, woman's best silent fame!  
Such, to remembrance dear, thy worth be found,  
When queens and flatterers sleep forgot around,  
Till awful sounds shall break the solemn rest;  
Then wake amongst the blest for ever blest.  
Meanwhile upon this stone thy name shall live,  
Sure Heaven will let this pious verse survive.

## ON MRS. KEITH.

WHATSOEVER all-giving Nature could impart,  
Whate'er or charm'd the eye, or warm'd the heart;  
Beauty, by candid virtue still approv'd,  
Virtue, by beauty render'd most belov'd;  
Whate'er kind friendship, or endearing truth,  
For best old age had treasur'd up in youth;  
What blest old age, in its last calm adieu,  
Might with applause and conscious joy review,  
Reposes here, to wake in endless bliss,  
Too early ravish'd from a world like this!  
Where fair examples strike, but not inspire.  
To imitate the virtues all admire;  
Yet listen, virgins! to this saving strain,  
If she has liv'd—let her not die in vain!

## ON MRS. HEPBURN.

STAY, passenger; this stone demands thy tear;  
Here rest the hopes of many a tender year:  
Our sorrow now—so late our joy and praise!  
Lost in the mild Aurora of her days.

What virtues might have grac'd her fuller day?  
"But ah! the charm just shown and snatch'd away,"  
Friendship, Love, Nature, all reclaim in vain;  
Heav'n, when it wills, resumes its gifts again.

## ON MR. CUNNINGHAM, OF CRAIGENDE.

A son, a wife, had the plain marble rise;  
Beneath the sacred shade a good man lies.  
In Britain's senate long unblam'd he sat,  
And anxious trembled for her doubtful fate:  
Above all giddy hopes, all selfish ends,  
His country was his family and friends.  
Children! weep not, thus cruelly bereft;  
The fair example of his life is left;  
Another far more lasting, safe estate  
Than e'er descended from the rich and great,  
Their's fall to time or fortune soon a prey;  
Or, the poor gift of kings, kings snatch away:  
Your best succession never can be less,  
Still as you imitate, you still possess.

## ON MISS SETON,

## INTERRED IN THE CHAPEL OF SETON-ROCK.

In these once hallow'd walls' neglected shade,  
Sacred to piety and to the dead,  
Where the long line of Seton's race repose,  
Whose tombs to wisdom, or to valour rose;  
Though now a thankless age, to slavery prone,  
Past fame despising, careless of its own,  
Records no more; each public virtue fled,  
Who wisely counsel'd, or who bravely bled:  
Though here the warrior-shield is hung no more,  
But every violated trophy tore, [lot  
Heav'n's praise, man's honour, share one shameful  
God and his image both alike forgot:  
To this sweet maid a kindred place is due,  
Her earth shall consecrate these walls anew,  
The Muse, that listens to desert alone,  
Snatches from fate, and seals thee for her own.

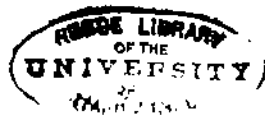
COULD this fair marble to the world impart  
Half of the woes that rend a husband's heart,  
Could it be taught to look with nature's eye,  
Like friendship could it breathe the tender sigh,  
With each dear rapture bid the bosom glow  
Love e'er could taste, or tenderness bestow;  
Then might it tow'r unblam'd amid the skies,  
And not to vanity, but virtue rise:  
Its noblest pomp the humble eye endure,  
And pride when meet it swell'd, here find a cure.  
Cease then—nor at the Sovereign will repine;  
It gives, we bless; it snatches, we resign:  
To earth what came from earth returns again,  
Heav'n's fram'd th' immortal part above, to reign.

Does great and splendid villainy allow?  
Go search in W——'s trial for a cure.  
Blest with enough, would'st thou increase it still?  
Examine Cb——'s life, and R——'d's will.

Would'st thou be happy? then these rules receive,  
 Read this verse gratis, and thy soul shall live.  
 Learn from this man who now lies five feet deep,  
 To drink when doubting; and when tempted, sleep:  
 This led him safe through life's tempestuous steer-  
 Poor by no place, ignoble by no poeage; [age,  
 An easy mind, by no entails devis'd;  
 A humble virtue, by no kings excis'd;  
 Stated no law-case, and no critic quoted;  
 Spoke what he thought; and never swore, nor voted.  
 Courts he abhor'd, their errors, their abuses,  
 St. James, Versailles; all, all, but Sancta Crucis<sup>1</sup>:  
 There where no statesmen buys, no bishop sells;  
 A virtuous palace, where no monarch dwells.

<sup>1</sup> Holyrood-house,

With kind Bargeny, faithful to his word,  
 Whom Heav'n made good and social, though a lord;  
 The cities view'd of many-languag'd men,  
 Popes, pimps, kings, gamblers; and all was  
 vain.  
 Enjoy'd, what Hopetoun's groves could never yield,  
 The philosophic rapture of the field!  
 Nor ask'd, nor fear'd. His life, and humble lays,  
 No critics envy, and no flatterers praise.  
 Sure those who know how hard to write, and live,  
 Would judge with candour, pity and forgive.  
 Known but to few, as if he ne'er had been,  
 He stole through life unheeded, and unseen:  
 He often err'd, but broke no social duty;  
 Unbrib'd by statesmen, and unhurt by beauty.



END OF VOL. XV.