

The poetical works, with the life of the author.

Contributors

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Royal College of Physicians of London

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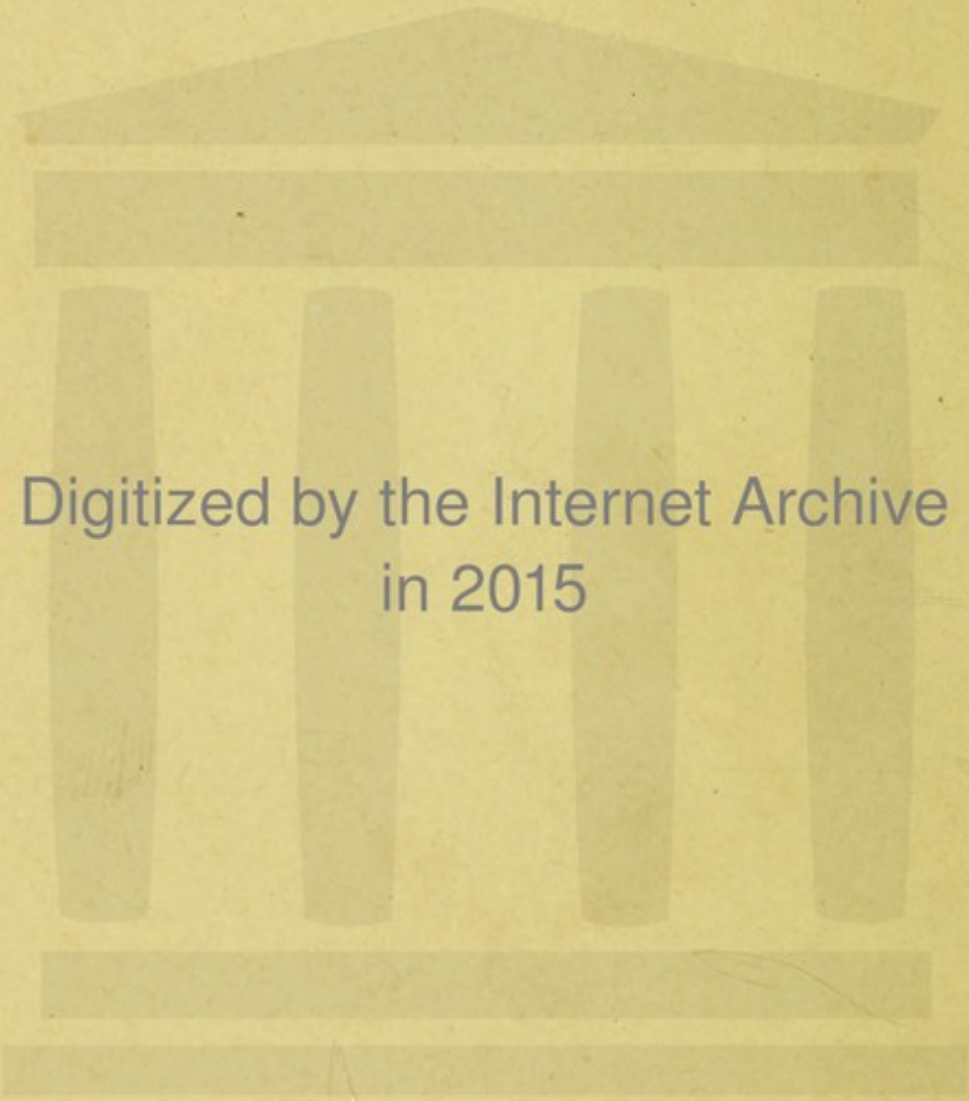


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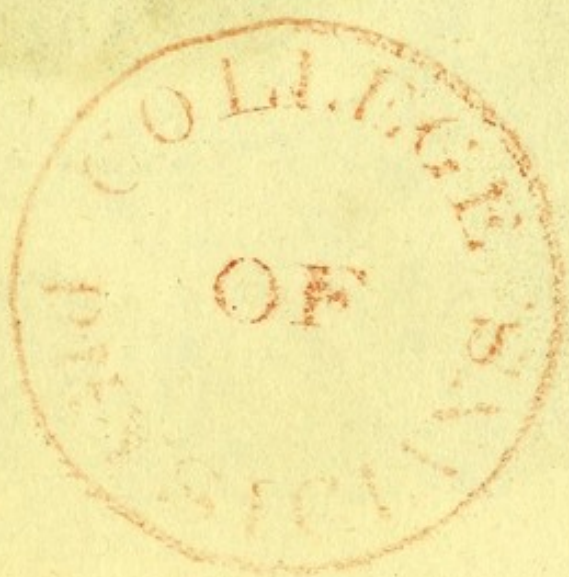
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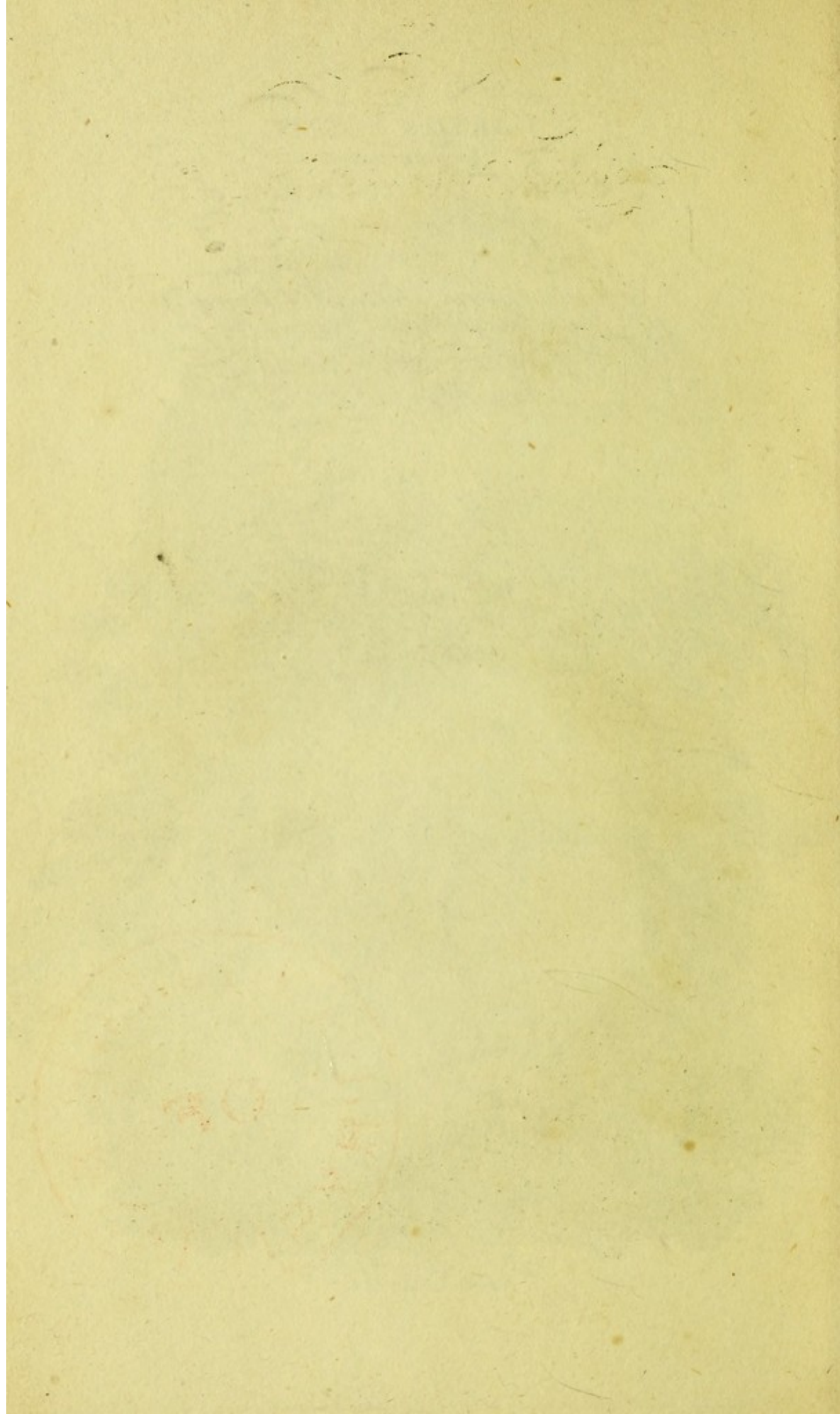
DR. GARTH.

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forming part of
Cooke's Pocket Edition of
the Original & Complete Works of
SELECT BRITISH POETS,
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR SAM. GARTH, M. D.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

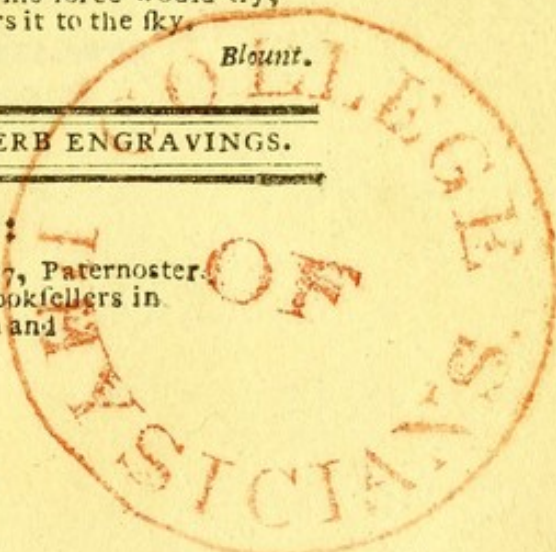
As when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving sun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, they see the new-born light,
And dread no more eternity of night:
Thus we, who lately, as of summer's heat,
Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit,
Once fear'd Apollo would return no more
From warmer climes to an ungrateful shore.
But you, the favourite of the tuneful nine,
Have made the God in his full lustre shine;
Our night have chang'd into a glorious day;
And reach'd perfection in your first essay.
So the young eagle, that his force would try,
Faces the sun, and towers it to the sky.

Blount.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster.
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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

H.M.D.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR SAM. GARTH, M.D.

Containing

THE DISPENSARY,
CLAREMONT,
EPISTLES.

|

PROLOGUES,
EPILOGUES,
IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Let Garth, with sharp but salutary spleen,
As music gentle, but as lightning keen,
In *physic's* mock solemnity appear,
Or with *correct descriptions* charm your ear.

Anon. Epistle to a Lady.

London :

PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED

Under the Direction of

C. COOKE.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR SAM. GARTH, M.D.

Consisting of
THE DISSERTATION,
CHARACTERS,
EPIGRAMS,
EPILOGUES,
IMITATIONS,
&c. &c.

THE GENTLEMAN, who has perused these
works, will find them to be a
very good collection of
poetry, and a very good
specimen of the author's
genius.

London:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY
W. G. & CO. 17, ST. MARK'S LANE,
&c. &c.

LIFE OF GARTH.

SAMUEL GARTH was descended from a good family in Yorkshire, and, having been instructed in classical learning at a school in his own country, he became a scholar of Peter-house College, in Cambridge, where he prosecuted his studies till he commenced Doctor of Physic, in the month of July, 1691.

On his coming to London, in order to follow his profession, he passed his examination before the College of Physicians, on the 12th of March, 1692, and was admitted a Fellow on the 26th of July in the same year.

By the elegance of his manners, and the attraction of his conversation, he acquired so great a degree of personal esteem as to obtain a very extensive practice, and, as it is recorded in a pamphlet of those times, had the favour and confidence of one political party, as Radcliffe had of the other.

Garth was universally respected as a man of exemplary benevolence, which, doubtless, disposed him to concur with the majority of the college, in adopting a proposition for a subscription among the members, to accommodate the poor with medicines at prime cost, by preparing them in a proper dispensatory for that purpose. The following account of that humane and truly benevolent institution, from the pen of Dr. Johnson, is highly deserving of notice.

“Whether,” says that excellent writer, “what Temple says be true, that physicians have had more learning than the other faculties, I will not stay to inquire; but I believe every man has found in physicians great liberality and dignity of sentiment, very prompt effusion of beneficence and willingness to exert a lucrative art, where there is no hope of lucre. Agreeably to this character, the college of physicians, in July 1687, published an edict, requiring all the fellows, candidates, and licentiates, to give gratuitous advice to the neighbouring poor.

“This edict was sent to the Court of Aldermen, and a question being put to whom the appellation of *poor* should be extended, the College answered, that it should be sufficient to bring a testimonial from a clergyman officiating in the parish where the patient resided.

“After a year’s experience, the physicians found their charity frustrated by some malignant opposition, and rendered, in a great degree, vain, by the high price of physic; they therefore voted, in August 1688, that the laboratory of the college should be accommodated to the preparation of medicines, and another room prepared for their recep-

tion; and that the contributors to the expence should manage the charity.

“ It was now expected that the apothecaries would have undertaken the care of providing medicines; but they took another course:—thinking the whole design pernicious to their interest, they endeavoured to raise a faction against it in the college, and found some physicians mean enough to solicit their patronage, by betraying to them the counsels of the college. The greater part, however, enforced, by a new edict in 1694, the former order of 1687, and sent it to the Mayor and Aldermen, who appointed a committee to treat with the college, and settle the mode of administering the charity.

“ It was desired by the Aldermen, that the testimonials of churchwardens and overseers should be admitted, and that all hired servants, and all apprentices to handicraftsmen, should be considered as *poor*. This likewise was granted by the college.

“ It was then considered who should distribute the medicines, and who should settle their prices. The physicians procured some apothecaries to undertake the dispensation, and offered that the warden and company of the apothecaries should adjust the price. This offer was rejected, and the apothecaries who had engaged to assist the charity were considered as traitors to the company, threatened with the imposition of troublesome offices, and deterred from the performance of their engagements. The apothecaries ventured upon public opposition, and presented a kind of remonstrance against the design, to the committee of the city, which the physicians condescended to confute; and at last the traders seem to have prevailed among the sons of trade, for the proposal of the college having been considered, a paper of approbation was drawn up, but postponed and forgotten.

“ The physicians still persisted, and, in 1696, a subscription was raised by themselves according to an agreement prefixed to the dispensary. The poor were for a time supplied with medicines; for how long a time, I know not. The medical charity, like others, began with ardour, but soon remitted, and at last died gradually away.

“ About the time of the subscription begins the action of the *Dispensary*. The poem, as its subject was present and popular, co-operated with passions and prejudices then prevalent, and with such auxiliaries to its intrinsic merit, was universally and liberally applauded. It was on the side of charity, against the intrigues of interest, and of regular learning against licentious usurpation of medical authority,

and was therefore naturally favoured by those who read and can judge of poetry."

The poem was dedicated to Anthony Henley, Esq. and had commendatory verses before it, by Charles Boyle, afterwards Earl of Orrery, and others, and went through three impressions in the course of a few months.

In 1697 our author spoke the *Harveian* Oration before the college in Warwick Lane, "to the great satisfaction of the auditors, and his own honour," as is expressed in the register of the college. The applause with which it was received by the college, was confirmed by the public, who, in this instance, testified almost an equal admiration of the poet, who exposed, in the most elegant satire, the mean-spirited intrigues of the false brethren of the faculty, and of the orator, who ridiculed, with just spirit and inimitable humour, the mischievous knavery of the multifarious classes of infamous empirics. In the *Harveian* Oration he introduced an animated apostrophe to King William, and an eloquent encomium on the blessings of the revolution.

On the death of Dryden in 1701, he performed a memorable act of generosity and tenderness, in providing a suitable interment to his shamefully abandoned corpse, which he caused to be brought to the College of Physicians, proposed and encouraged a subscription for defraying the expence of a funeral, pronounced an oration over the great poet's remains, and afterwards attended the solemnity from Warwick Lane to Westminster Abbey. For this testimony of respect to the remains of Dryden, the memory of Dr. Garth will be revered, by the admirers of the great father of English poetry, to latest posterity.

In 1703 Dr. Garth was elected one of the censors of the College of Physicians, and the following year, being a zealous assertor of the principles of the Revolution, he became a member of the Kit-kat-club, which consisted of a number of noblemen and gentlemen distinguished by a warm zeal for the succession in the House of Hanover. This club received its name from one Christopher Kat, a pastry-cook, who, living near the tavern in King-Street, Westminster, where they met, served them with many articles which constituted the more luxurious and ornamental parts of their convivial entertainments. Old Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, was their secretary, and the portraits of all the original members of the club, painted by Kneller, were long in the possession of his family at Barn-elms.

In concert with Lord Halifax, and other members of the club, who recommended loyalty and liberty by the attractive influence of wit and pleasantry, our author furnished a number of epigrams, and little impropus, which added to

the hilarity of their meetings, and rendered him a very entertaining and desirable companion; and thus he enjoyed with great moderation, the sunshine of court favour, during the administration of Lord Godolphin. In 1710, when the reins of government fell into other hands, he addressed to his patron a short poem, which was severely criticised by Prior in the *Examiner*, a paper set up in defence of the new ministry, and so successfully defended by Addison in the *Whig Examiner*, that Dr. Johnson, who was no friend to the party, declares, it ought to be preserved for the sake of the vindication. Indeed, it was universally acknowledged to reflect additional honour on the poet and the verses.

In 1711 he wrote a dedication for an intended edition of Lucretius, to the Elector of Hanover; and at the accession of that Prince to the British throne, his merits were acknowledged and rewarded. He was knighted with the sword of his hero Marlborough, made physician in ordinary to the king, and physician-general to the army.

In 1715 he published a poem entitled *Claremont*, addressed to the Earl of Clare, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, on his giving that name to his beautiful and magnificent villa, near Esher in Surrey. He then undertook an edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, translated by several hands, to which he contributed a version of the fourteenth book, and prefixed a critical and commendatory preface.

This was his last work. His health now visibly declined, which caused a general concern. Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, though of the opposite party, testified his sensibility in strains worthy of Waller—

“Machaon sick¹ in every face we find;

“His danger is the danger of mankind,” &c.

He died Jan. 18, 1717-18, and was interred in the church of Harrow-on-the-Hill.

The personal character of Garth was social and liberal. His benevolence was as active as it was extensive. His hand and heart went together, a circumstance more valuable than all the lustre that genius can confer. He communicated himself through a very wide extent of acquaintance, and though firm in a party, at a time when firmness included virulence, yet he imparted his kindness to those who were not supposed to favour his principles. He was an early encourager of Pope, and was at once the friend of Addison and Granville.

“The best natured of men,” says Pope, in one of his letters, “Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet un-

affected enough to have made a saint or philosopher famous. But ill tongues and worse hearts have branded his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales upon this subject: but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth."

Dr. Johnson says, that "Pope declared himself convinced that Garth died in the communion of the church of Rome, having been privately convinced; and further observes, that it is remarked, by Lowth, late Bishop of London, a prelate eminently learned, that there is less distance than is thought between scepticism and popery, and that a mind, wearied with perpetual doubt, willingly seeks repose in the bosom of an infallible church;" an observation very congenial to the religious principles of Johnson.

His poems were collected and printed by Tonson, among "The Works of the Minor Poets," in two volumes, duodecimo, 1749. The *Dispensary* and *Claremont* are sufficiently known and admired, particularly the *Dispensary*, of which it is observed, that "it is only inferior in humour, discrimination of character, and poetical ardour, to the Rape of the Lock." His *Claremont* is in the manner of Ovid, and has many of the beauties and defects of his favourite author.

"His poetry," says Dr. Johnson, "has been praised at least equal to its merits. In the *Dispensary* there is a strain of smooth and free versification, but few lines are eminently elegant. No passages fall below mediocrity, and few rise much above it. The plan seems formed without just proportion to the subject; the means and end have no necessary connexion. Resnel, in his preface to Pope's Essay, remarks, that Garth exhibits no discrimination of characters; and that what any one says might with equal propriety have been said by another. The general design is perhaps open to criticism; but the composition can seldom be charged with inaccuracy or negligence. The author never slumbers in self-indulgence; his full vigour is always exerted; scarce a line is left unfinished; nor is it easy to find an expression used by constraint, or a thought imperfectly expressed. It was remarked by Pope, that the *Dispensary* had been corrected in every edition, and that every change was an improvement."

His translations and petty pieces have nothing in them very remarkable; but, upon the whole, candour must acknowledge, that Dr. Garth was respectable as a poet, but infinitely more so as a man.

THE DISPENSARY.

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

“---Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.”

Hor. de Arte Poet.

TO ANTHONY HENLY, ESQ.

A man of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's blushes, is still most discovered, when it labours most to be concealed.

It is hard, that to think well of you, should be but justice, and to tell you so, should be an offence; thus, rather than violate your modesty, I must be wanting to your other virtues; and, to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thousand.

The world generally measures our esteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will scarce believe that so much zeal in the heart can be consistent with so much faintness in the expression; but when they reflect on your readiness to do good, and your industry to hide it; on your passion to oblige, and your pain to bear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a person who even seems to receive the obligations he confers.

But though I should persuade myself to be silent upon all occasions; those more polite arts, which, till of late, have languished and decayed, would appear under their present advantages, and own you for one of their generous restorers; insomuch, that sculpture now breathes, painting speaks, music ravishes; and as you help to refine our taste, you distinguish your own.

Your approbation of this poem, is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much as what you write yourself: but you are resolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To say more, would be uneasy to you; and to say less, would be unjust in

Your humble Servant.

SINCE the following poem in a manner stole into the world, I could not be surpris'd to find it incorrect, tho' I can no more say I was a stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approved of the publisher's precipitation in doing it; for a hurry in the execution generally produces a leisure in reflection; so when we run the fastest, we stumble the ofteneft. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader: and if I could but say the same of the defects of the author, he would need no justification against the cavils of some furious critics, who I am sure would have been better pleas'd if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the fury Disease is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of present writers: but though I had the authority of some Greek and Latin poets, upon parallel instances, to justify the design; yet, that I might not introduce anything that seem'd inconsistent, or hard, I started this objection, myself, to a gentleman, very remarkable in this sort of criticism, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Disease is represented a fury, as well as Envy: she is imagin'd to be forced, by an incantation, from her recess; and, to be revenged on the exorcist, mortifies him with an introduction of several persons eminent in an accomplishment he has made some advances in.

Nor is the compliment less to any great genius mentioned there; since a very fiend, who naturally repines at any excellency, is forced to confess how happily they have all succeeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the *Lutrin* of Monsieur Boileau. I must own, I am proud of the imputation; unless their quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himself the trouble of examining, will find I have copied him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of Moleffe, Canto II. and in one in his first Canto; the sense of which line is entirely his, and I could wish it were not the only good one in mine.

I have spoke to the most material objections I have heard of, and shall tell these gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem, I will undertake to shew them two. One of these curious persons does me the honour to say, he approves of the conclusion of it; but I suppose it is upon no other reason, but because it is the conclusion.—However, I should not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an amusement I have very little practis'd hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again.

Reputation of this sort is very hard to be got, and very easy to be lost; its pursuit is painful, and its possession unfruitful: nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till, finding the animosities among the members of the College of Physicians increasing daily, (notwithstanding the frequent exhortations of our worthy president to the contrary) I was persuaded to attempt something of this nature, and to endeavour to rally some of our disaffected members into a sense of their duty, who have hitherto most obstinately opposed all manner of union; and have continued so unreasonably refractory, that it was thought fit by the college, to reinforce the observance of the statutes by a bond, which some of them would not comply with, though none of them had refused the ceremony of the customary oath; like some that will trust their wives with any body, but not any one with their money. I was sorry to find there could be any constitution that was not to be cured without poison, and that there should be a prospect of effecting it by a less grateful method than reason and persuasion.

The original of this difference has been of some standing, though it did not break out to fury and excess, until the time of erecting the dispensary, being an apartment in the college, set up for the relief of the sick poor, and managed ever since with an integrity and disinterest suitable to so charitable a design.

If any person would be more fully informed about the particulars of so pious a work, I refer him to the treatise, set forth by the authority of the president and censors, in the year 1697. It is called "A short Account of the Proceedings of the College of Physicians, London, in relation to the sick Poor." The reader may there not only be informed of the rise and progress of this so public an undertaking, but also of the concurrence and encouragement it met with from the best, as well as the most ancient members of the society, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of a few men, who thought it their interest to defeat so laudable a design.

The intention of this preface is not to persuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the author from being censured for taking any indecent liberties with the faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the satire may appear directed at any particular person, it is at such only as are presumed to be engaged in dishonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends, against the dignity of their own profession. But if there be no such, then these characters are but imaginary, and, by consequence, ought to give no offence.

The description of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in the dispensary, betwixt a member of the col-

lege, with his retinue, and some of the servants that attended there to dispense the medicines; and is so far real, though the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope nobody will think the author too indecently reflecting through the whole, who, being too liable to faults himself, ought to be less severe upon the miscarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance, which the town, I find, applies to a particular person: it is a reflection which I should be sorry should give offence, being no more than what may be said of any physician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is so trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the least impression either upon the reader or the person it is applied to, being one that I think in my conscience a very able physician, as well as a gentleman of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any one, it is my reader: but some worthy gentlemen, as remarkable for their humanity as their extraordinary parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing something of their own.

I confess those ingenious gentleman have done me a great honour; but while they design an imaginary panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themselves, and by saying how much this small performance exceeds some others, they convince the world how far it falls short of theirs.



THE COPY OF AN INSTRUMENT,

SUBSCRIBED BY

THE PRESIDENT, CENSOR, MOST OF THE ELECTS, SENIOR
FELLOWS, CANDIDATES, &c. OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS
In Relation to the Sick Poor.

WHEREAS the several orders of the College of Physicians, London, for prescribing medicines gratis to the poor sick of the cities of London and Westminster, and parts adjacent; as also proposals made by the said college to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and Common Council, of London, in pursuance thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no method hath been taken to furnish the poor with medicines for their cure at low and reasonable rates; we, therefore, whose names are here under-written, fellows and members of the said College, being willing effectually to promote so great a charity, by the counsel and good liking of the president and college, declared in their comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us severally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourselves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, fellow and elect of the said college, the sum of ten pounds apiece of lawful money of England, by such proportions, and at such times, as to the major part of the subscribers here shall seem most convenient: which money, when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering medicines to the poor at their intrinsic value, in such manner, and at such times, and by such orders and directions, as by the major part of the subscribers hereto shall, in writing, be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpose.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals, this twenty-second day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, Preses,
Tho. Burwell Elect and
Censor.

Sam. Collins, Elect.
Edw. Browne, Elect.
Rich. Torlefs, Elect. and
Censor.

Edw. Hulse, Elect.
Tho. Gill, Censor.
Will. Dawes, Censor.
Jo. Hutton.

Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.
John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
David Hamilton.

Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Tho. Colladon.
Martin Lister.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. ie Feure.
P. Sylvestre.
Ch. Morton.

Rich. Robinson.
John Bateman.
Walter Mills.
Dan. Coxe.
Henry Sampson.
Thomas Gibson.
Charles Goodhall.
Edm. King.
Sam. Garth.
Barnh. Soame.
Denton Nicholas.
Joseph Gaylard.
John Woollaston.
Steph. Hunt.
Oliver Horsfeman.
Rich. Morton, jun.
Walter Charleton.
Phineas Fowke.
Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.
John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris.
John Woodward,
----- Norris.
George Colebrook.
Gideon Harvey.

The design of printing the subscribers' names, is to shew that the late undertaking has the sanction of a college act; and that it is not a project carried on by five or six members, as those that oppose it would unjustly insinuate.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, goddess! since 'tis thou that best canst tell,
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elysian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old time return'd again. 5

Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry * justice shews her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great one's may enjoy the world in state; 10
There stands a † dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, plac'd high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim, 15
Rais'd for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes, Nature's face they view'd,
And, as she disappear'd, their search pursu'd. 20
Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.

Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife,
Of infant atoms kindling into life; 25
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn, 30
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To flake a feverish heat with ambient showers; 35
Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;

* Old Bailey.

† The College of Physicians.

How the same nerves are fashion'd to sustain
 The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;
 Why bilious juice a golden light puts on, 40
 And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
 How the dim speck of entity began
 T' extend its recent form, and stretch to man;
 To how minute an origin we owe
 Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the great Nassau; 45
 Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
 And why chill virgins redden into flame;
 Why Envy oft' transforms with wan disguise,
 And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the eyes;
 All ice why Lucrece; or Sempronia, fire; 50
 Why Scarfdale rages to survive desire;
 When Milo's vigour at th' Olympic's shown,
 Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
 How matter, by the vary'd shape of pores,
 Or ideots frames, or solemn senators. 55

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
 How body acts upon impassive mind;
 How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
 Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire;
 Why our complexions oft our soul declare, 60
 And how the passions in the feature are;
 How touch and harmony arise between
 Corporeal figure, and a form unseen;
 How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
 And act at every summons of the will; 65
 With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
 Which in the womb of distant causes lie.

But now no grand inquiries are descry'd,
 Mean faction reigns where knowledge should preside,
 Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aside. 70
 Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal,
 And for important nothings shew a zeal:
 The drooping sciences neglected pine,
 And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.
 No readers here with hectic looks are found, 75
 Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching,
 drown'd:

The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.

This place, so fit for undisturb'd repose,
The God of Sloth for his asylum chose ; 80
Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtless nods ;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees :
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense 85
Their drowzy virtue, and dull indolence ;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain :
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head. 90

As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Battening in ease, and slumbering life away ;
A spiteful noise his downy chains unties,
Hastes forward, and increases as it flies.

First, some to cleave the stubborn *flint engage, 95
Till, urg'd by blows, it sparkles into rage :
Some temper lute, some spacious vessels move ;
These furnaces erect, and those approve ;
Here phials in nice discipline are set,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet. 100
In this place, magazines of pills you spy :
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie ;
While lifted pestles, brandish'd in the air,
Descend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud strokes, with pounding spice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in spires ascend. 106

So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils sweat,
And swelling sinews echoing blows repeat,
From the volcanos gross eruptions rise,
And curling sheets of smoke obscure the skies. 110

The slumbering God, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again,
Listless he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and sighs :

* The building of the dispensary.

How impotent a deity am I! 115
 With godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
 Through my indulgence, mortals hourly share
 A grateful negligence, and ease from care.
 Lull'd in my arms, how long have I with-held
 The northern monarchs from the dusty field! 120
 How I have kept the British fleet at ease,
 From tempting the rough dangers of the seas!
 Hibernia owns the mildness of my reign,
 And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.
 I swains to sylvan solitudes convey, 125
 Where, stretch'd on mossy beds, they waste away
 In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
 What marks of wondrous clemency I've shown,
 Some reverend worthies of the gown can own:
 Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace, 130
 Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face.
 How sleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
 When big they strut behind a double chin!
 Each faculty in blandishments they lull,
 Aspiring to be venerably dull; 135
 No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,
 Or discompose their pompous ignorance;
 But, undisturb'd, they loiter life away,
 So wither green, and blossom in decay;
 Deep sunk in down, they, by my gentle care, 140
 Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
 And leave to tatter'd * crape the drudgery of prayer.

Urin† was civil, and not void of sense,
 Had humour, and a courteous confidence:
 So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks, 145
 The hallow'd rose declares him orthodox:
 He pass'd his easy hours, instead of prayer,
 In madrigals, and phillysing the fair;
 Constant at feasts, and each decorum knew,
 And, soon as the desert appear'd, withdrew; 150
 Always obliging, and without offence,
 And fancy'd, for his gay impertience.

* See Boileau's Lutrin.

† Dr. Atterbury.

But see how ill-mistaken parts succeed;
 He threw off my dominion, and would read;
 Engag'd in controversy, wrangled well! 155
 In convocation language could excel;
 In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
 By nothing guarded but by Providence;
 How grace and moderation disagree;
 And violence advances charity. 160
 Thus writ till none would read, becoming soon
 A wretched scribbler of a rare buffoon.

Mankind my fond propitious power has try'd,
 Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd.
 And all I ask are shades and silent bowers, 165
 To pass in soft forgetfulness my hours.
 Oft have my fears some distant villa chose,
 O'er that *quietus* where fat judges dose,
 And lull their cough and conscience to repose:
 Or, if some cloister's refuge I implore, 170
 Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,
 The peals of Nassau's arms these eyes uncloze,
 Mine he molests, to give the world repose.
 That ease I offer, with contempt he flies,
 His couch a trench, his canopy the skies. 175
 Nor climes nor seasons his resolves control,
 Th' equator has no heat, the ice no pole.
 With arms resistless o'er the globe he flies,
 And leaves to Jove the empire of the skies.

But, as the slothful god to yawn begun, 180
 He shook off the dull mist, and thus went on:

'Twas in this reverend dome I sought repose,
 These walls were that asylum I had chose.
 Here have I rul'd long undisturb'd with broils,
 And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils. 185
 My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
 With easy insignificance of thought.
 But now some busy, enterprising brain
 Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
 And labours to dissolve my easy reign. 190

With that, the god his darling phantom calls,
 And from his faltering lips this message falls:

Since mortals will dispute my power, I'll try
 Who has the greatest empire, they or I.
 Find envy out, some prince's court attend, 195
 Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd fiend;
 Or where dull critics authors' fate foretel;
 Or where stale maids, or meagre eunuchs dwell;
 Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign
 Among the homicides of Warwick-lane: 200
 And what th' event, unless she strait inclines
 To blast their hopes, and baffle their designs.
 More he had spoke, but sudden vapours rise,
 And with their silken cords tie down his eyes. 204

CANTO II.

SOON as the evening veil'd the mountains heads,
 And winds lay hush'd in subterranean beds;
 Whilst sickening flowers drink up the silver dew,
 And beaux for some assembly dress anew;
 The city faints to prayers and play-house haste; 5
 The rich to dinner, and the poor to rest:
 Th' officious phantom then prepar'd with care
 To slide on tender pinions through the air.
 Oft' he attempts the summit of a rock,
 And oft' the hollow of some blasted oak: 10
 At length approaching where bleak Envy lay;
 The hissing of her snakes proclaim'd the way.
 Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
 That taints the grass with sickly sweats of dew;
 No verdant beauty entertains the sight, 15
 But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
 In a dark grot the baleful haggard lay,
 Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.
 But how deform'd, and worn with spiteful woes,
 When Accius has applause, Dorfennus shews. 20
 The cheerful blood her meagre cheeks forsook,
 And basilisks fate brooding in her look;
 A bald and bloated toad-stool rais'd her head;
 The plumes of boding ravens were her bed;
 From her chapp'd nostrils scalding torrents fall, 25
 And her sunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.

Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
While seas of melted ore lay waste the plains.

Around the fiend, in hideous order, fate
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate; 30
Gruff Discontent, through Ignorance misled,
And clam'rous Faction, at her party's head;
Restless Sedition, still dissembling Fear,
And sly Hypocrisy, with pious leer.

Glouting with sullen spite, the fury shook 35
Her clotted locks, and blasted with each look;
Then tore, with canker'd teeth, the pregnant scrolls,
Where Fame the acts of demi-gods enrolls;
And, as the rent-records in pieces fell,
Each scrap did some immortal action tell. 40

This shew'd how, fix'd as fate, Torquatus stood,
That the fam'd passage of the Granic flood;
The Julian eagles here their wings display,
And there, like setting stars, the Decii lay;
This does Camillus as a god extol, 45
That points at Manlius in the Capitol;
How Cocles did the Tyber's surges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.
Great Cyrus here the Medes and Persians join,
And there th' immortal battle of the Boyne. 50

As the light messenger the fury spy'd,
Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide;
Confusion on his fainting vitals hung,
And faltering accents flutter'd on his tongue:
At length, assuming courage, he convey'd 55
His errand, then he shrunk into the shade.

The hag lay long revolving what might be
The blest event of such an embassy;
Then blazons in dread smiles her hideous form;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting storm. 60
Thus she:—Mankind are blest, they riot still
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.

By devastation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten most when famine reigns;
For sickly seasons the physicians wait, 65
And politicians thrive in broils of state;

The lover's easy when the fair one sighs,
And gods subsist not but by sacrifice.

Each other being some indulgence knows :
Few are my joys, but infinite my woes. 70
My present pain Britannia's genius wills,
And thus the fates record my future ills.

A heroine shall Albion's sceptre bear,
With arms shall vanquish earth, and heaven with prayer.
She on the world her clemency shall shower, 75
And only to preserve exert her power.
Tyrants shall then their impious aims forbear,
And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear.

Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterprizes of the great, 80
I'll calmly stoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd snakes have teeth or stings.

She said ; and straight shrill Colon's* person took,
In morals loose, but most precise in look.
Black-friars annals lately pleas'd to call 85
Him warden of apothecaries-hall :

And, when so dignify'd, did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives colics ease, and makes the ladies fair.
In trifling show his tinsel talent lies ; 90
And form the want of intellect supplies.

In aspect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as patriarchs in primæval years.
Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren superfluity of words ; 95
The patient's ears remorseless he assails,
Murders with jargon, where his med'cine fails.

The fury thus assuming Colon's grace,
So slung her arms, so shuffled in her pace.
Onward she hastens to the fam'd abodes, 100
Where Horoscope† invokes th' infernal gods :
And reach'd the mansion where the vulgar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.

This visionary various projects tries,
And knows that to be rich is to be wise. 105

* Lee, an apothecary.

† Dr Barnard.

By useful observations he can tell
 The sacred charms that in true sterling dwell ;
 How gold makes a patrician of a slave,
 A dwarf an Atlas, a Therfites brave.
 It cancels all defects, and in their place 110
 Finds sense in Brownlow, charms in Lady Grace ;
 It guides the fancy, and directs the mind :
 No bankrupt ever found a fair one kind.

So truly Heroscope its virtues knows,
 To this lov'd Idol 'tis, alone, he bows ; 115
 And fancies such bright heraldry can prove,
 The vile plebeian but the third from Jove.

Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
 Bold to prescribe, and busy to apply.
 His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs, 120
 With foreign trinkets, and domestic toys.
 Here mummies lay, most reverently stale ;
 And there the tortoise hung her coat of mail ;
 Not far from some huge shark's devouring head,
 The flying fish their finny pinions spread ; 125
 Aloft in rows large poppy heads were strung,
 And near a scaly alligator hung ;
 In this place, drugs in musty heaps decay'd ;
 In that, dried bladders and drawn teeth were laid.

An inner room receives the numerous shoals, 130
 Of such as pay to be reputed fools.
 Globes stand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
 And planetary schemes amuse the eye.
 The sage, in velvet chair, here lolls at ease,
 To promise future health for present fees ; 135
 Then, as from tripod, solemn shame reveals,
 And what the stars know nothing of, foretels.

One asks how soon Panthea may be won,
 And longs to feel the marriage fetters on ;
 Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof, 140
 Inquire when courteous fates will strike them off.
 Some, by what means they may redress their wrong,
 When fathers the possession keep too long.
 And some would know the issue of their cause,
 And whether gold can solder up its flaws. 145

Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To lose by art what fruitful nature gave;
And Portia, old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curse, and begs a son;
Whilst Iris his cosmetic wash would try, 150
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some ask for charms, and others philters choose,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans lose.
Young Hylas, botch'd with stains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame; 155
Cloy'd with desire, and surfeited with charms,
A hot-house he prefers to Julia's arms.
And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the sparks of love.
Bleak Envy these dull frauds with pleasure sees, 160
And wonders at the senseless mysteries.
In Colon's voice she thus calls out aloud
On Horoscope, environ'd by the crowd:
Forbear, forbear, thy vain amusements cease,
Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile release; 165
And to that dire misfortune listen well,
Which thou shouldst fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever wast esteemed by me
The great Alcides of our company.
When we, with noble scorn, resolv'd to ease 170
Ourselves from all parochial offices;
And to our wealthier patients left the care
And draggled dignity of scavenger;
Such zeal in that affair thou didst express,
Nought could be equal, but the great success, 175
Now call to mind thy generous prowess past,
Be what thou shouldst, by thinking what thou wast:
The faculty of Warwick-Lane design,
If not to storm, at least to undermine.
Their gates each day ten thousand night-caps crowd,
And mortars utter their attempts aloud. 180
If they should once unmask our mystery,
Each nurse, ere long, would be as learn'd as we;
Our art expos'd to ev'ry vulgar eye;
And none, in complaisance to us, would die. 185

What if we claim their right t'assassinate,
 Must they needs turn apothecaries straight?
 Prevent it, gods! all stratagems we try,
 To crowd with new inhabitants your sky.
 'Tis we who wait the Destinies' command, 190
 To purge the troubled air, and weed the land.
 And dare the college insolently aim
 To equal our fraternity in fame?
 Then let crab's eyes with pearl for virtue try,
 Or Highgate-hill with lofty Pindus vie; 195
 So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
 And Hare-court pump with Aganippe's streams.
 Our manufactures now they meanly sell,
 And their true value treacherously tell;
 Nay, they discover too, their spite is such, 200
 That health, than crowns more valued, costs not much;
 Whilst we must steer our conduct by these rules,
 To cheat as tradesmen, or to starve as fools.

At this fam'd Horoscope turn'd pale, and straight
 In silence tumbled from his chair of state: 205
 The crowd in great confusion sought the door,
 And left the magus fainting on the floor;
 Whilst in his breast the fury breath'd a storm,
 Then sought her cell, and re-assumed her form.
 Thus from the sore although the insect flies, 210
 It leaves a brood of maggots in disguise.

Officious Squirt* in haste forsook his shop,
 To succour the expiring Horoscope.
 Oft he essay'd the magus to restore,
 By salt of succinum's prevailing power; 215
 Yet still supine the solid lumber lay,
 An image of scarce animated clay;
 Till fates, indulgent when disasters call,
 By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal.
 The wight no sooner did the stream receive, 220
 But rous'd, and bless'd the stale restorative.
 The springs of life their former vigour feel;
 Such zeal he had for that vile utensil.

So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
 He knew the sea-weed scent, and th' azure goddess own'd.

* Dr. Barnard's man.

CANTO III.

ALL night the sage in pensive tumults lay,
 Complaining of the slow approach of day;
 Oft' turn'd him round, and strove to think no more
 Of what shrill Colon said the day before.
 Cowslips and poppies o'er his eyes he spread, 5
 And Salmon's works are laid beneath his head.
 But those bless'd opiates still in vain he tries,
 Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies:
 Tumultuous cares lay rolling in his breast,
 And thus his anxious thoughts the sage exprest. 10
 Oft has this planet roll'd around the sun,
 Since to consult the skies I first begun:
 Such my applause, so mighty my success,
 Some granted my predictions more than guesses.
 But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain 15
 This faith, there can be no mistake in gain.
 For the dull world must honour pay to those,
 Who on their understanding most impose.
 First man creates, and then he fears the elf;
 Thus others cheat him not, but he himself; 20
 He loathes the substance, and he loves the show;
 You'll ne'er convince a fool, himself is so:
 He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
 And still the only pleasure's the deceit.
 So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye, 25
 Which no existence has, but in the eye,
 As distant prospects please us, but when near,
 We find but desert rocks and fleeting air;
 From stratagem to stratagem we run,
 And he knows most who latest is undone. 30
 Mankind one day serene and free appear;
 The next, they're cloudy, fullen, and severe;
 New passions new opinions still excite;
 And what they like at noon they leave at night.
 They gain with labour what they quit with ease; 35
 And health, for want of change, becomes disease:
 Religion's bright authority they dare,
 And yet are slaves to superstitious fear.

They counsel others, but themselves deceive,
And though they're cozen'd still, they still believe, 40

So false their censure, fickle their esteem,
This hour they worship, and the next blaspheme.

Shall I then, who with penetrating sight
Inspect the springs that guide each appetite ;
Who with unfathom'd searches hourly pierce 45
The dark recesses of the universe ;

Be aw'd, if puny emmets would oppress ;
Or fear their fury, or their name carefs ?
If all the fiends that in low darkness reign
Be not the fictions of a sickly brain, 50
That prospect, the dispensary they call,
Before the moon can blunt her horns, shall fall.

With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots through the crystal kingdoms of the skies.
The savage kind in forests cease to roam, 55
And sots, o'ercharg'd with nauseous loads, reel home ;
Drums, trumpets, hautboys, wake the slumbering pair,
Whilst bridegroom sighs, and thinks the bride less fair ;
Light's cheerful smiles o'er th' azure waste are spread,
And misers from inns of court bolts out unpaid ; 60
The sage, transported at th' approaching hour,
Imperiously thrice thunder'd on the floor ;
Officious Squirt that moment had access,
His trust was great, his vigilance no less.
To him thus Horoscope: 65

My kind compassion in this dire affair,
Which is more light, since you assume a share ;
Fly with what haste you us'd to do of old,
When clyster was in danger to be cold ;
With expedition on the beadle call, 70
To summon all the company to th' hall.

Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phial steams of harts-horn rise.
The magus in the interim mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to some infernal power, 75
And draws mysterious circles on the floor.
But from the gloomy vault no glaring spright,
Ascends, to blast the tender bloom of light.

No mystic sounds from hell's detested womb
In dusky exhalations upwards come. 80

And now to raise an altar he decrees,
To that devouring harpy call'd Disease :
Then flowers in canisters he hastes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted spring;
With cold solanum from the Pontic shore, 85
The roots of mandrake and black hellebore ;

The griper fenna, and the puker rue,
The sweetener saffraas are added too ;
And on the structure next he heaps a load
Of sulphur, turpentine, and mastic wood ; 90

Gums, fossils too, the pyramids increas'd ;
A mummy next, once monarch of the east ;
Then from the compter he takes down the file,
And with prescriptions lights the solemn pile.

Feebly the flames on clumsy wings aspire, 95
And smothering fogs of smoke benight the fire.

With sorrow he beheld the sad portent,
Then to the hag these orisons he sent :

Disease ! thou ever most propitious power,
Whose kind indulgence we discern each hour ! 100
Thou well canst boast thy numerous pedigree,
Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
In gilded palaces thy prowess reigns,
But flies the humble sheds of cottage swains.

To you such might and energy belong, 105
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the strong.
The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vassals only kind.

If, in return, all diligence we pay
To fix your empire and confirm your sway, 110
Far as the weekly bills can reach around,
From Kent-street end, to fam'd St. Giles's pound ;
Behold this poor libation with a smile,
And let auspicious light break through the pile.

He spoke ; and on the pyramid he laid 115
Bay leaves and vipers hearts, and thus he said :
As these consume in this mysterious fire,
So let the curs'd dispensary expire !

And as those crackle in the flames and die,
 So let its vessels burst, and glasses fly ! 120
 But a sinister cricket straight was heard ;
 The altar fell, the offering disappear'd.
 As the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
 Squirt brought the news the company was met.

Nigh where Fleet-ditch descends in sable streams,
 To wash his footy Naiads in the Thames ; 126
 There stands a structure on a rising hill,
 Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.
 Some pictures in these dreadful shambles tell,
 How, by the Delian god, the Python fell ; 130
 And how Medea did the philtre brew,
 That could in Æson's veins young force renew ;
 How mournful Myrrha for her crimes appears,
 And heals hysteric matrons still with tears ;
 How Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more, 135
 Revive in sacred plants, and health restore ;
 How sanguine swains their amorous hours repent,
 When pleasure's past, and pains are permanent ;
 And how frail nymphs oft, by abortion, aim
 To lose a substance to preserve a name. 140
 Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
 The assembly Diasenna* thus address'd :

My kind confederates, if my poor intent,
 As 'tis sincere, had been but prevalent,
 We here had met on some more safe design, 145
 And on no other business but to dine ;
 The faculty had still maintain'd their sway,
 And int'rest then had bid us but obey ;
 This only emulation we had known,
 Who best could fill his purse, and thin the town. 150
 But now from gathering clouds destruction pours,
 Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours :
 Mists from black jealousies the tempest form,
 Whilst late divisions reinforce the storm.
 Know when these feuds, like those at law, were past,
 The winners will be losers at the last. 156

* Giltrop, an apothecary.

Like heroes in sea-fights we seek renown ;
 To fire some hostile ship we burn our own.
 Whoe'er throws dust against the wind, describes
 He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes. 160
 That juggler which another's sleight will shew,
 But teaches how the world his own may know.
 Thrice happy were those golden days of old,
 When dear as Burgundy ptisans were sold ;
 When patients chose to die with better will, 165
 Than breathe, and pay th' apothecary's bill ;
 And, cheaper than for our assistance call,
 Might go to Aix or Bourbon spring and fall.
 Then priests increas'd, and piety decay'd,
 Churchmen the church's purity betray'd, 170
 Their lives and doctrine slaves and atheists made.
 The laws were but the hireling judge's sense ;
 Juries were sway'd by venal evidence.
 Fools were promoted to the council board,
 Tools to the bench, and bullies to the sword. 175
 Pensions in private were the senate's aim ;
 And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.
 But now no influencing art remains,
 For Somers has the seal, and Nassau reigns ;
 And we, in spite of our resolves, must bow, 180
 And suffer by a reformation too.
 For now late jars our practices detect,
 And mines, when once discover'd, lose effect.
 Dissentions, like small streams, are first begun,
 Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run : 185
 So lines that from their pallel decline,
 More they proceed, the more they still disjoin.
 'Tis therefore my advice in haste we send,
 And beg the faculty to be our friend :
 Send swarms of patients, and our quarrels end. 190
 So awful beadles, if the vagrant treat,
 Straight turn familiar, and their falces quit.
 In vain we but contend, that planet's power
 Those vapours can disperse it rais'd before.

As he prepar'd the mischief to recite, 195
 Keen Colocynthus* paus'd, and foam'd with spite.
 Sour ferments on his shining surface swim,
 Work up the froth, and bubble o'er the brim :
 Not beauties fret so much if freckles come,
 Or nose should redden in the drawing-room ; 200
 Or lovers that mistake th' appointed hour,
 Or in the lucky minute want the power.

Thus he—Thou scandal of great Pæan's art,
 At thy approach the springs of nature start,
 The nerves unbrace ; nay, at the sight of thee, 205
 A scratch turns cancer, itch a leprosy,
 Could'st thou propose that we, the friends of fates,
 Who fill church-yards, and who unpeople states,
 Who baffle nature, and dispose of lives,
 Whilst Ruffel†, as we please, or starves or thrives,
 Should e'er submit to their despotic will, 211
 Who out of consolation scarce can kill ?
 The towering Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
 And leeches, in our glasses, swell to whales ;
 Or Norwich trade in instruments of steel, 215
 And Birmingham in stuffs and druggets deal ;
 Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
 And Monmouth-street Versailles with riding-hoods !
 The sick to th' hundreds in pale throngs repair,
 And change the gravel pits for Kentish air ! 220
 Our properties must on our arms depend ;
 'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
 'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears ;
 The ill we feel is only in our fears.

To die is landing on some silent shore, 225
 Where billows never break, nor tempests roar ;
 Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
 The wise through thought th' insults of death defy ;
 The fools through blest insensibility.
 'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave ; 230
 Sought by the wretch, and vanquish'd by the brave.
 It eases lovers, sets the captive free,
 And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

* Dore, an apothecary.

† A celebrated undertaker of funerals

Sound but to arms, the foe shall soon confess
 Our force increases, as our funds grow less ; 235
 And what requir'd such industry to raise,
 We'll scatter into nothing* as we please,
 Thus they'll acknowledge, to annihilate
 Shews no less wondrous power than to create.
 We'll raise our num'rous cohorts, and oppose 240
 The feeble forces of our pigmy foes ;
 Legions of quacks shall join us on the place,
 From great Kirleus down to Doctor Case.
 Though such vile rubbish sink, yet we shall rise ;
 Directors still secure the greatest prize. 245
 Such poor supports serve only like a stay ;
 The tree once fix'd, its rest is torn away.

So patriots, in time of peace and ease,
 Forget the fury of the late disease ;
 On dangers past serenely think no more, 250
 And curse the hand that heal'd the wound before.

Arm, therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's call ;
 Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall !

To this the session seem'd to give consent,
 Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event.
 At length, the growing difference to compose, 256
 Two brothers, nam'd Ascarides*, arose.
 Both had the volubility of tongue,
 In meaning faint, but in opinion strong.
 To speak they both assum'd a like pretence ; 260
 The elder gain'd his just pre-eminence.

Thus he : 'Tis true, when privilege and right
 Are once invaded, honour bids us fight.
 But, ere we once engage in honour's cause,
 First know what honour is, and whence it was. 265

Scorn'd by the base, 'tis courted by the brave ;
 The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave ;
 Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air,
 And both exists by hope and by despair ;
 Angry whene'er a moment's ease we gain, 270
 And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.

* The Pearces, apothecaries.

It lives when in death's arms the hero lies ;
 But when his safety he consults, it dies.
 Bigoted to this idol, we disclaim
 Rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name. 275

Then let us, to the field before we move,
 Know if the gods our enterprise approve.
 Suppose th' unthinking faculty unveil
 What we, through wiser conduct, would conceal :
 Is't reason we should quarrel with the glass 280
 That shews the monstrous features of our face ?
 Or grant some grave pretenders have of late
 Thought fit an innovation to create ;
 Soon they'll repent what rashly they begun :
 Though projects please, projectors are undone. 285
 All novelties must this success expect,
 When good, our envy ; and when bad, neglect :
 If reason could direct, ere now each gate
 Had borne some trophy of triumphal state ;
 Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe 290
 Troy and Namur to Jove and to Nassau.

Then, since no veneration is allow'd,
 Or to the real, or th' appearing good ;
 The project that we vainly apprehend
 Most, as it blindly rose, as vilely end. 295
 Some members of the faculty there are,
 Who interest prudently to oaths prefer.
 Our friendship, with feign'd airs, they poorly court,
 And boast, their politics are our support.
 Them we'll consult about this enterprise, 300
 And boldly execute what they advise.

But from below, while such resolves they took,
 Some Aurum Fulminans the fabric shook.
 The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat.
 Regard their safety, and their rage forget. 305

So when at Bathos earth's big offspring strove
 To scale the skies, and wage a war with Jove ;
 Soon as the ais of old Silenus bray'd,
 The trembling rebel in confusion fled. 309

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented theatre,
 Where wandering punks each night at five repair;
 Where purple emperors in buskins tread,
 And rule imaginary worlds for bread:
 Where Bently*, by old writers, wealthy grew, 5
 And Briscoe* lately was undone by new;
 There triumphs a physician of renown,
 To none, but such as rust in health, unknown.
 None e'er was plac'd more fitly, to impart
 His known experience, and his healing art. 10
 When Burges's deafens all the listening puffs
 With peals of most seraphic emptiness;
 Or when mysterious Freeman mounts on high,
 To preach his parish to a lethargy;
 This Esculapius waits hard by, to ease 15
 The martyrs of such Christian cruelties.
 Long has this darling quarter of the town,
 For lewdness, wit, and gallantry, been known.
 All sorts meet here, of whatsoe'er degree,
 To blend and jumble into harmony. 20
 The critics each adventurous author scan,
 And praise or censure as they like the man.
 The weeds of writings for the flowers they cull;
 So nicely tasteless, so correctly dull!
 The politicians of Parnassus prate, 25
 And poets canvas the affairs of state;
 The cits ne'er talk of trade and stock, but tell
 How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
 The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
 First find a spark, and after lose a nose, 30
 The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
 He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
 And in the cloister pensive Strephon waits,
 Till Cloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
 And if th' ungenerous nymph a shaft lets fly, 35
 More fatally than from a sparkling eye,
 Mirmillo†, that fam'd opifer, is nigh.

* Two Booksellers.

† Dr. Gibbons.

The trading tribe oft thither throng to dine,
And want of elbow-room supply in wine.
Cloy'd with variety, they surfeit there, 40
Whilst the wan patients on thin gruel fare.

'Twas here the champions of the party met,
Of their heroic enterprize to treat.

Each hero a tremendous air put on,
And stern Mirmillo in these words begun : 45

'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here ;
No grievance you can know, but I must share.

'Tis plain, my interest you've advanc'd so long,
Each fee, though I was mute, would find a tongue.

And, in return, though I have strove to rend 50
Those statutes, which on oath I should defend ;

Such arts are trifles to a gen'rous mind :
Great services as great returns should find.

And you'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
Can brandish arms as well as urinals. 55

Oxford and all her passing bells can tell,
By this right arm what mighty numbers fell.

Whilst others meanly ask whole months to slay,
I oft dispatch'd the patient in a day :

With pen in hand I push'd to that degree, 60
I scarce had left a wretch to give a fee.

Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
And death in ambush lay in every pill.

For, save or slay, this privilege we claim,
Though credit suffers, the reward's the same. 65

What, though the art of healing we pretend.
He that designs it least, is most a friend.

Into the right we err, and must confess
To oversights we often owe success.

Thus Bessus got the battle in the play ; 70
His glorious cowardice restor'd the day.

So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its desert
To chance, and not the labour'd strokes of art.

Physicians, if they're wise, should never think
Of any arms but such as pen and ink : 75

But th' enemy, at their expence, shall find
When honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind.

He said : and seal'd th' engagement with a kiss,
 Which was return'd by younger Ascaris* ;
 Who thus advanced : Each word, Sir, you impart,
 Has something killing in it, like your art. 81
 How much we to your boundless friendship owe,
 Our files can speak, and your prescriptions shew.
 Your ink descends in such excessive showers,
 'Tis plain you can regard no health but ours. 85
 Whilst poor pretenders puzzle o'er a case,
 You but appear, and give the *coup de grace*.
 O that near Xanthus's banks you had but dwelt,
 When Ilium first Achaian fury felt !
 The horned river then had curs'd in vain 90
 Young Peleus's arm, that chok'd his stream with slain ;
 No trophies you had left for Greeks to raise ;
 Their ten year's toil, you'd finish'd in ten days.
 Fate smiles on your attempts ; and, when you list,
 In vain the cowards fly, or brave resist. 95
 Then let us arm, we need not fear success ;
 No labours are too hard for Hercules.
 Our military ensigns we'll display ;
 Conquest pursues, where courage leads the way.
 To this design shrill Querpot† did agree, 100
 A zealous member of the faculty ;
 His fire's pretended pious steps he treads,
 And, where the doctor fails, the saint succeeds.
 A conventicle flesh'd his greener years,
 And his full age the righteous rancour shares. 105
 Thus boys hatch game eggs under birds of prey,
 To make the fowl more furious for the fray.
 Slow Carus‡ next discover'd his intent,
 With painful pauses muttering what he meant.
 His sparks of life, in spite of drugs, retreat, 110
 So cold that only calentures can heat.
 In his chill veins the sluggish puddle flows,
 And loads with lazy fogs his sable brows.
 Legions of lunatics about him press ;
 His province is lost reason to redress. 115

* Mr. Parrot.

† Dr. Howe.

‡ Dr. Tyson.

So when perfumes their fragrant scent give o'er,
 Nought can their odour, like a jakes, restore.
 When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
 With lumber of vile books besieg'd around.
 The gazing throng acknowledge their surprise, 120
 And, deaf to reason, still consult their eyes.
 Well he perceives, the world will often find,
 To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
 Thus a weak state by wise distrust inclines
 To numerous stores, and strength in magazines. 125
 So fools are always most profuse of words,
 And cowards never fail of longest swords.
 Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
 And from the world to dust and worms retreat.
 Here dregs and sediment of auctions reign, 130
 Refuse of fairs, and gleanings of Duck-lane.
 And up these walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
 With Swiss philosophy and Runic rhymes.
 Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
 Mede's works entire, and endless reams of Blome.
 Where would the long neglected Collins fly, 136
 If bounteous Carus should refuse to buy?
 But each vile scribbler's happy on this score:
 He'll find some Carus still to read him o'er.
 Nor must we the obsequious Umbra* spare, 140
 Who soft by nature, yet declar'd for war.
 But when some rival power invades a right,
 Flies set on flies, and turtles turtles fight,
 Else courteous Umbra to the last had been
 Demurely meek, insipidly serene. 145
 With him, the present still some virtues have:
 The vain are sprightly, and the stupid grave;
 The slothful negligent, the foppish neat,
 The lewd are airy, and the sly discreet;
 A wren an eagle, a baboon a beau; 150
 Colt† a Lycurgus, and a Phocion Rowe‡.

Heroic ardour now th' assembly warms,
 Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.

* Dr. Gould.

† Sir H. Dutton Colt.

‡ Mr. Anthony Rowe.

For future glory while the scheme is laid,
Fam'd Horoscope thus offers to dissuade : 155

Since of each enterprise the event's unknown,
We'll quit the sword, and hearken to the gown.
Nigh lives Vagellius*, one reputed long
For strength of lungs, and pliancy of tongue.
For fees, to any form he moulds a cause, 160
The worst has merits, and the best has flaws.
Five guineas make a criminal to day,
And ten to-morrow wipe the stain away.

Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the lecher, Clodius th' homicide ; 165
Cato pernicious, Cataline a saint,
Orford suspected, Duncomb innocent.
To law then, friends, for 'tis by fate decreed,
Vagellius and our money shall succeed.

Know, when I first invok'd disease by charms 170
To prove propitious to our future arms,
Ill omens did the sacrifice attend,
Nor would the Sibyl from her grot ascend.

As Horoscope urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a bard : † 175

In vain your magic mysteries you use
Such sounds the Sibyls sacred ears abuse.
These lines the pale divinity shall raise
Such is the power of sound, and force of lays. [clash,

“ † Arms meet wit arms, fauchions with fauchions

“ And sparks of fire struck out from armour flash. 181

“ Thick clouds of dust contending warriors raise,

“ || And hideous war o'er all the region brays.

“ Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,

“ Some massy balls of brass, some mighty tubs 185

“ Of cinders bore.—

“ ¶ Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck

“ Affright the skies, and fry the ocean's back.”

As we went rumbling on, the fury straight
Crawl'd in, her limbs could scarce support her weight.

* Sir Barth. Shower.

† King Arthur, p. 307.

¶ Prince Arthur, p. 130.

† Sir Richard Blackmore.

|| King Arthur, p. 327.

A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound, 191
And faintly her furr'd lips these accents found :

Mortal, how dar'st thou with such lines address
My awful seat, and trouble my recess ?
In Essex marshy hundreds is a cell, 195

Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell :
Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
And shivering quartans shake the sickly air.
There, when fatigu'd, some silent hours I pass,
And substitute physicians in my place. 200

Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse
The dissonance of such untuneful verse ;
But in your lines let energy be found,
And learn to rise in sense, and sink in sound.

Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear ; 205
None please the fancy who offend the ear.

In sense and numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherley, consider Dryden well.

In one, what vigorous turns of fancy shine ! 210
In th' other Syrens warble in each line.

If Dorset's sprightly Muse but touch the lyre,
The Smiles and Graces melt in soft desire,
And little Loves confess their amorous fire.

The gentle Isis claims the ivy crown, 215
To bind th' immortal brows of Addison.

As tuneful Congreve tries his rural strains,
Pan quits the woods, the listening fawns the plains ;
And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.

And Britain, since Pausanias* was writ, 220
Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.

When Stepney paints the god-like acts of kings,
Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior sings ;
The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention shew,
And silver Sequana forgets to flow. 225

Such just examples carefully read o'er ;
Slide without falling ; without straining soar.
Oft though your strokes surprise, you should not choose
A theme so mighty for a virgin muse.

* Pausanias, written by Mr. Norton.

Long did Apelles his fam'd piece decline ; 230
His Alexander was his last design.

'Tis Montague's rich vein alone must prove,
None but a Phidias should attempt a Jove.

The fury paus'd, till, with a frightful sound,
A rising whirlwind burst th' unhallow'd ground. 235
Then she—the deity we Fortune call,
Tho' distant, rules and influences all.

Straight for her favour to her court repair ;
Important embassies ask wings of air.

Each wondering stood ; but Horoscope's great soul,
That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts control, 241
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
Out-flew the rack, and left the hours behind.

The evening now with blushes warms the air,
The steer resigns the yoke, the hind his care ; 250
The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refresh the earth below ;
The bat, with sooty wings, flits through the grove,
The reeds scarce rustle, nor the aspines move,
And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love.

Through the transparent region of the skies, 256
Swift as a wish, the missionary flies :

With wonder he surveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors sporting there ;
How lambent jellies, kindling in the night, 260
Shoot through the æther in a trail of light ;
How rising steams in th' azure fluid blend,
Or fleet in clouds, or soft in showers descend ;

Or, if the stubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail ; 265

How honey dews embalm the fragrant morn.
And the fair oak with luscious sweats adorn ;

How heat and moisture mingle in a mass,
Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze ;

Why nimble corruscations strike the eye, 270
And bold tornados bluster in the sky ;

Why a prolific Aura upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living shower descends ;

How vapours, hanging on the towering hills,
 In breezes sigh, or weep in warbling rills ; 275
 Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
 And river gods their thirsty urns supply.

The wondering sage pursues his airy flight,
 And braves the chill unwholesome damps of night :
 He views the tracts where luminaries rove, 280
 To settle seasons here, and fates above ;
 The bleak Arcturus still forbid the seas,
 The stormy Kids, the weeping Hyades ;
 The shining lyre, with strains attracting more
 Heaven's glittering mansions now than hell's before.
 Glad Cassiopeia circling in the sky, 286
 And each fair Churchill of the galaxy.

Aurora, on Etesian breezes borne,
 With blushing lips breathes out the sprightly morn :
 Each flower in dew their short-liv'd empire weeps, 290
 And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion sleeps.
 As through the gloom the Magus cuts his way,
 Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day ;
 Dim he discerns majestic Atlas rise,
 And bend beneath the burden of the skies ; 295
 His towering brows aloft no tempests know,
 Whilst lightning flies, and thunder rolls below.

Distant from hence, beyond a waste of plains,
 Proud Teneriff, his giant brother, reigns ;
 With breathing fire his pitchy nostrils glow, 300
 As from his sides he shakes the fleecy snow.
 Around this hoary prince, from watery beds,
 His subject islands raise their verdant heads ;
 The waves so gently wash each rising hill,
 The land seems floating, and the ocean still. 305

Eternal spring, with smiling verdure, here
 Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year,
 From crystal rocks transparent rivulets flow ;
 The tuberosè ever breathes, and violets blow.
 The vine undress'd her swelling clusters bears, 310
 The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers ;
 Blossoms and fruit at once the citron shews,
 And, as she pays, discovers still she owes.

The orange to her sun her pride displays,
 And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays. 315
 No blasts e'er discompose the peaceful sky,
 The springs but murmur, and the winds but sigh.
 The tuneful swans on gliding rivers float,
 And warbling dirges die on ev'ry note.
 Where Flora treads, her Zephyr garlands flings, 320
 And scatters odours from his purple wings;
 Whilst birds from woodbine bowers and jasmine groves
 Chant their glad nuptials and unenvy'd loves.
 Mild seasons, rising hills, and silent dales,
 Cool grottos, silver brooks, and flowery vales, 325
 Groves fill'd with balmy shrubs, in pomp appear,
 And scent with gales of sweets the circling year.

These happy isles, where endless pleasures wait,
 Are styl'd, by tuneful bards, The Fortunate.
 On high, where no hoarse winds nor clouds resort, 330
 The hood-wink'd goddess keeps her partial court.
 Upon a wheel of amethyst she sits,
 Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.
 In this still labyrinth, around her lie
 Spells, philters, globes, and schemes of palmistry:
 A sigil in his hand the gipsy bears, 336
 In th' other a prophetic sieve and sheers.

The dame, by divination, knew that soon
 The Magus would appear—and then begun:
 Hail sacred seer! thy embassy I know: 340
 Wars must ensue, the fates will have it so.
 Dread feats shall follow, and disasters great,
 Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet:
 Both sides shall conquer, and yet both shall fail;
 The mortar now, and then the urinal. 345

To thee alone my influence I owe;
 Where nature has deny'd, my favours flow.
 'Tis I that give, so mighty is my power,
 Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
 I am the wretch's wish, the rook's pretence, 350
 The fluggard's ease, the coxcomb's providence.
 Sir Scrape-quill, once a supple smiling slave,
 Looks lofty now, and insolently grave;

Builds, settles, purchases, and has each hour
Caps from the rich, and curses from the poor. 355

Spadillio, that at table serv'd of late,
Drinks rich Tockay himself, and eats in plate;
Has levees, villas, mistresses in store,
And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.

Souls heavenly borne my faithless boons defy; 360
The brave is to himself a deity.

Though blest Aftrea's gone, some soil remains
Where fortune is the slave, and merit reigns.

The Tiber boasts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Nassau, the Nile his Ptolomy. 365

Iberia, yet for future sway design'd,
Shall, for a Hesse, a greater Mordaunt find.

Thus Ariadne in proud triumph rode;
She lost a hero, and she found a god. 369

CANTO V.

WHEN the still night, with peaceful poppies
crown'd,

Had spread her shady pinions o'er the ground;
And slumbering chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and streams are the soft virgin's theme;
The surges gently dash against the shore, 5

Flocks quit the plains, and gally-slaves the oar;
Sleep shakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes;
Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies;

He finds no respite from his anxious grief;
Then seeks from this soliloquy relief. 10

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
Oppress'd with fees, and deafen'd with renown.

None e'er could die with due solemnity,
Unless his passport first was sign'd by me.
My arbitrary bounty's undeny'd; 15

I give reversions, and for heirs provide.
None could the tedious nuptial state support,
But I, to make it easy, make it short.

I set the discontented matrons free,
And ransom husbands from captivity. 20

Shall one of such importance then engage
 In noisy riot and in civil rage?
 No: I'll endeavour straight a peace, and so
 Preserve my character and person too.

But Discord, that still haunts with hideous mien 25
 Those dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,
 O'erheard Mirmillo's anguish; then begun
 In peevish accents to express her own:

Have I so often banish'd lazy peace
 From her dark solitude, and lov'd recess? 30
 Have I made South and Sherlock disagree,
 And puzzle truth with learn'd obscurity?
 And does the faithful Ferguson profess
 His ardour still for animosities?

Have I, Britannia's safety to ensure, 35
 Expos'd her naked, to be most secure?
 Have I made parties opposite, unite,
 In monstrous leagues of amicable spite,
 To curse their country, whilst the common cry
 Is freedom; but their aim, the ministry? 40
 And shall a dastard's cowardice prevent
 The war, so long I've labour'd to foment?
 No, 'tis resolv'd, he either shall comply,
 Or I'll renounce my wan divinity.

With that the hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed, 45
 And taking Querpo's meagre shape, she said:

At noon of night I hasten, to dispel
 Those tumults in your pensive bosom dwell.
 I dreamt but now I heard your heaving sighs,
 Nay, saw the tears debating in your eyes. 50
 O that 'twere but a dream! but threats I find
 Lurk in your looks, and rankle in your mind.
 Speak, whence it is this late disorder flows,
 That shakes your soul, and troubles your repose.
 Mistakes in practice scarce could give you pain; 55
 Too well you know, the dead will ne'er complain.

What looks discover, said the homicide,
 Would be a fruitless industry to hide.
 My safety first I must consult, and then
 I'll serve our suffering party with my pen. 60

All should, reply'd the hag, their talent learn ;
 The most attempting oft the least discern.
 Let Peterborough speak, and Vanburgh write,
 Soft Acon court, and rough Cæcinna fight :
 Such must succeed ; but, when th' enervate aim 65
 Beyond their force, they still contend for shame.
 Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
 He had not been the Saffold of the town.
 Asses and owls, unseen, their kind betray,
 If these attempt to hoot, or those to bray. 70
 Had Wesley never aim'd in verse to please,
 We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
 Still censures will on dull pretenders fall ;
 A Codrus should expect a Juvenal.
 Ill lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd, 75
 To set off, and to recommend the good.
 So diamonds take a lustre from their foil ;
 And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle.

Consider well the talent you possess ;
 To strive to make it more, would make it less : 80
 And recollect what gratitude is due,
 To those whose party you abandon now.
 To them you owe your odd magnificence,
 But to your stars your magazine of sense.
 Haspt in a tombril, awkward have you shin'd, 85
 With one fat slave before, and none behind.
 Then haste and join your true intrepid friends,
 Success on vigour and dispatch depends.

Labouring in doubts Mirmillo stood : then said,
 'Tis hard to undertake, if gain dissuade ; 90
 What fool for noisy feuds large fees would leave ?
 Ten harvetts more would all I wish for give.

True man ! reply'd the elf ; by choice diseas'd,
 Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd.
 A present good they slight, an absent choose ; 95
 And what they have, for what they have not, lose.
 False prospects all their true delights destroy,
 Resolv'd to want, yet labouring to enjoy.
 In restless hurries thoughtlessly they live,
 At substance oft unmov'd, for shadows grieve. 100

Children at toys, as men at titles, aim;
 And in effect both covet but the same.
 This Philip's son prov'd in revolving years;
 And first for rattles then for worlds shed tears.

The fury spoke; then in a moment fir'd 105
 The hero's breast with tempests, and retir'd.

In boding dreams Mirmillo spent the night,
 And frightful phantoms danc'd before his sight,
 Till the pale pleiads clos'd their eyes of light.
 At length grey morn glows in the eastern skies, 110
 The larks in raptures through the æther rise,
 The azure mists scud o'er the dewy lawns,
 The chaunter at his early matins yawns,
 The amarinth opes its leaves, the lys its bells,
 And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells. 115

As bold Mirmillo the grey dawn descries,
 Arm'd cap-a-pee, where honour calls, he flies,
 And finds the legions planted at their post;
 Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the most.
 His arms were made, if we may credit fame, 120
 By Mulciber, the Mayor of Birmingham.
 Of temper'd stibium the bright shield was cast,
 And yet the work the metal far surpass'd.

A foliage of the vulnerary leaves,
 Grav'd round the brim, the wondering sight deceives.
 Around the centre fate's bright trophies lay; 126
 Probes, saws, incision knives, and tools to slay.

Emboss'd upon the field, a battle stood
 Of leeches spouting hæmorrhoidal blood.
 The artist too express'd the solemn state 130
 Of grave physicians, at a consult met;
 About each symptom how they disagree,
 But how unanimous in case of fee.

Whilst each assassin his learn'd colleague tires
 With learn'd impertinence, the sick expires. 135

Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo shone,
 Himself an Atlas, and his shield a moon.
 A pestle for his truncheon led the van,
 And his high helmet was a close-stool pan.

His crest an Ibis, brandishing her beak,
 And winding in loose folds her spiral neck.
 This when the young Querpoides beheld,
 His face in nurse's breast the boy conceal'd ;
 Then, peept, and with th' effulgent helm would play,
 And as the monster gap'd, would shrink away. 145
 Thus sometimes joy prevail'd, and sometimes fear ;
 And tears and smiles alternate passions were.

As Querpo towering stood in martial might,
 Pacific Carus sparkled on the right.
 An oran outang o'er his shoulders hung, 150
 His plume confess'd the capon whence it sprung.
 His motley mail scarce could the hero bear,
 Haranguing thus the tributes of the war :

Fam'd chiefs,
 For present triumphs born, design'd for more, 155
 Your virtue I admire, your valour more.
 If battle be resolv'd, you'll find this hand
 Can deal out destiny, and fate command.
 Our foes in throngs shall hide the crimson plain,
 And their Apollo interpose in vain. 160
 Though gods themselves engage, a Diomed
 With ease could shew a deity can bleed.

But war's rough trade should be by fools profess'd,
 The truest rubbish fills a trench the best.
 Let quinsies throttle, and the quartan shake, 165
 Or dropries drown, and gout and cholics rack :
 Let sword and pestilence lay waste, while we
 Wage bloodless wars, and fight in theory,
 Who wants not merit, needs not arm for fame ;
 The dead I raise my chivalry proclaim ; 170
 Diseases baffled, and lost health restor'd,
 In fame's bright list my victories record.
 More lives from me their preservation own,
 Than lovers lose if fair Cornelia frown.

Your cures, shrill Querpo cry'd, aloud you tell,
 But wisely your miscarriages conceal. 176
 Zeno, a priest, in Samothrace of old,
 Thus reason'd with Philopidas the bold :

Immortal gods you own, but think them blind
 To what concerns the state of human kind. 180
 Either they hear not, or regard not prayer;
 That argues want of power and this of care.
 Allow that wisdom infinite must know;
 Power infinite must act. "I grant it so."
 Haste straight to Neptune's fane; survey with zeal
 The walls. "What then?" reply'd the infidel. 186
 Observe those numerous throngs in effigy,
 The gods have sav'd from the devouring sea.
 "'Tis true, their pictures that escap'd you keep,
 "But where are theirs that perish'd in the deep?" 190
 Vaunt now no more the triumph of your skill,
 But, though unfee'd, exert your arm, and kill.
 Our scouts have learn'd the posture of the foe;
 In war surprises surest conduct shew.
 But fame, that neither good nor bad conceals, 195
 That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells;
 How truth in Burnet, how in Cavendish, reigns,
 Varro's magnificence with Maro's strains;
 But how at church and bar all gape and stretch,
 If Winnington but plead, or South or Only preach;
 On nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs, 201
 And what the enemy intends, declares.
 Confusion in each countenance appear'd,
 A council's call'd, and Stentor* first was heard;
 His labouring lungs the thron'd prætorium rent, 205
 Addressing thus the passive president:
 Machaon†, whose experience we adore,
 Great as your matchless merit, is your power:
 At your approach, the baffled tyrant death
 Breaks his keen shafts, and grinds his clashing teeth.
 To you we leave the conduct of the day; 211
 What you command, your vassals must obey.
 If this dread enterprise you would decline,
 We'll send to treat, and stifle the design.
 But, if my arguments had force, we'd try 215
 To humble our audacious foes, or die;

* Dr. Goodall.

† Sir Thomas Millington.

Our spite, they'll find, to their advantage leans ;
 The end is good, no matter for the means.
 So modern casuists their talents try,
 Uprightly for the sake of truth to lie.

220

He had not finish'd, till th' out-guards descry'd
 Bright columns move in formidable pride ;
 The passing pomp so dazzled from afar,
 It seem'd a triumph, rather than a war.
 'Though wide the front, though gross the phalanx grew,
 It look'd less dreadful as it nearer grew.

226

The adverse host for action straight prepare ;
 All eager to unveil the face of war.
 Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field,
 And to their trusty squire resign the shield :
 To paint each knight, their ardour, and alarms,
 Would ask the muse that sung the frogs in arms.

230

And now the signal summons to the fray ;
 Mock falchions flash, and paltry ensigns play.
 Their patron god his silver bow-strings twangs ;
 Tough harness rustles, and bold armour clangs ;
 The piercing caustics ply their spiteful power ;
 Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics scour ;
 The deadly drugs in double doses fly ;
 And pestles peal a martial symphony.

240

Now from their level'd syringes they pour
 The liquid volley of a missive shower.
 Not storms of fleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
 Push'd on by northern gusts, such horror give.
 Like spouts in southern seas the deluge broke,
 And numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous stroke.

245

So when Leviathans dispute the reign
 And uncontroll'd dominion of the main ;
 From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
 And isles of sea-weed on the waves are borne,
 Such watery stores from their spread nostrils fly,
 'Tis doubtful which is sea, and which is sky.

250

And now the staggering braves, led by despair,
 Advance, and to return the charge prepare,

E

Each seizes for his shield a spacious scale, 255
 And the brass weights fly thick as showers of hail.
 Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,
 With gally-pots and broken phials crown'd ;
 Whilst empty jars the dire defeat resound.

Thus when some storm its crystal quarry rends, 260
 And Jove in rattling showers of ice descends,
 Mount Athos shakes the forests on his brow,
 Whilst down his wounded sides fresh torrents flow,
 And leaves and limbs of trees o'erspread the vale below.

But now, all order lost, promiscuous blows 265
 Confus'dly fall ; perplex'd the battle grows.
 From Stentor's* arm a massy opiate flies,
 And straight a deadly sleep clos'd Carus' eyes.
 At Colon† great Sertorius Buckthorn flung,
 Who with fierce gripes, like those of death, was stung ;
 But with a dauntless and disdainful mein, 270

Hurl'd back steel pills, and hit him on the spleen.
 Chiron‡ attack'd Talthibius with such might,
 One pass had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,
 Who straight retreated to evade the wound, 275
 But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.

This Psylas|| saw, and to the victor said,
 Thou shalt not long survive th' unwieldy dead,
 Thy fate shall follow ; to confirm it, swore,
 By the image of Priapus, which he bore : 280
 And rais'd an eagle-stone, invoking loud
 On Cynthia, leaning o'er a silver cloud :

Great queen of night, and empress of the seas,
 If faithful to thy midnight mysteries,
 If, still observant of my early vows, 285
 These hands have eas'd the mourning matron's throes,
 Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright ;
 So may loud cymbals aid thy labouring light.
 He said, and let the ponderous fragment fly
 At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by. 290

Though the haranguing god survey'd the war,
 That day the muses' sons were not his care ;

* Dr. Goodall against Dr. Tyson.

† Dr. Birch.

‡ Dr. Gill against Dr. Ridley.

|| Dr. Chamberlain.

Two friends, adepts, the Trismegists by name,
 Alike their features, and alike their flame;
 As simpling near fair Tweed each sung by turn, 295
 The listening river would neglect his urn.
 Those lives they fail'd to rescue by their skill,
 Their muse could make immortal with her quill;
 But learn'd inquiries after nature's state
 Dissolv'd the league, and kindled a debate. 300
 The one, for lofty labours fruitful known,
 Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.
 At his once-favour'd friend a tome he threw,
 That from its birth had slept unseen till now;
 Stunn'd with the blow, the batter'd bard retir'd, 305
 Sunk down, and in a simile expir'd.

And now the cohorts shake, the legions ply,
 The yielding flanks confess the victory.
 Stentor, undaunted still, with noble rage
 Sprung through the battle, Querpo to engage. 310
 Fierce was the onset, the dispute was great,
 Both could not vanquish, neither would retreat;
 Each combatant his adversary mauls,
 With batter'd bed-pans, and stav'd urinals.
 On Stentor's crest the usual crystal breaks, 315
 And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks;
 But whilst the champion, as late rumours tell,
 Design'd a sure decisive stroke, he fell:
 And as the victor hovering o'er him stood,
 With arms extended, thus the suppliant sued: 320

When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die;
 Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.
 But to the lost if pity might be shown,
 Reflect on young Querpoïdes thy son;
 Then pity mine, for such an infant grace 325
 Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face.
 If he was near, compassion he'd create,
 Or else lament his wretched parent's fate.
 Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;
 To thee the lov'd Dispensary I resign. 330

At this the victors own such ecstasies,
 As Memphian priests if their Osiris sneeze:

Or champions with Olympic clangor fir'd ;
Or simpering prudes with sprightly Nantz inspir'd ;
Or sultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown ; 335
Or fasting zealots when the sermon's done.

Awhile the chief the deadly stroke declin'd,
And found compassion pleading in his mind.
But whilst he view'd with pity the distress'd,
He spy'd Signetur* writ upon his breast. 340
Then tow'rd the skies he toss'd his threatening head,
And, fir'd with more than mortal fury, said :

Sooner than I'll from vow'd revenge desist,
His Holiness shall turn a Quietest ;
Jansenius and the Jesuits agree, 345
The inquisition wink at heresy.

Warm convocations own the church secure,
And more consult her doctrine than her power.

With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
To puncture the still supplicating sage. 350
But while his thoughts that fatal stroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of fee.

The chief great Pæan's golden tresses knew,
He own'd the god, and his rais'd arm withdrew.

Thus often at the Temple-stairs we've seen, 355
Two tritons, of a rough athletic mein,
Sourly dispute some quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruis'd, and face besmear'd in blood ;
But, at the first appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair. 360

The hero so his enterprize recalls,
His fist unclinchs, and the weapon falls.

* Those members of the college that observe a late statute, are called by the apothecaries "Signetur men."

CANTO VI.

WHILE the shrill changor of the battle reigns,
 Auspicious Health appear'd on zephyr's wings;
 She seem'd a cherub most divinely bright,
 More soft than air, more gay than morning-light.
 A charm she takes from each excelling fair, 5
 And borrows Carlisle's shape, and Grafton's air.
 Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams dispense,
 With Churchill's bloom, and Berkley's innocence;
 On Iris thus the differing beams bestow
 The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow; 10
 From the fair nymph a vocal music falls,
 As to Machaon thus the goddess calls:

Enough th' achievement of your arms you've shown,
 You seek a triumph you should blush to own.

Haste to the Elysian fields, those blest abodes, 15
 Where Harvey sits among the demi-gods.
 Consult that sacred sage, he'll soon disclose
 The method that must mollify these woes.
 Let Celsus* for that enterprize prepare,
 His conduct to the shades shall be my care. 20

Aghast the heroes stood dissolv'd in fear,
 A form so heavenly bright they could not bear;
 Celsus, alone unmov'd, the sight beheld,
 The rest in pale confusion left the field.

So when the pygmies, marshal'd on the plains, 25
 Wage puny war against th' invading cranes;
 The puppets to their bodkin spears repair,
 And scatter'd feathers flutter in the air;
 But, when the bold imperial bird of Jove
 Stoops on his founding pinions from above, 30
 Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
 And the Strimonian squadron seeks the clouds.

And now the delegate prepares to go
 And view the wonders of the realms below;
 Then takes Amomum for the golden bough. 35

* Dr. Bateman,

Thrice did the goddess with her sacred wand
The pavement strike; and straight at her command
The willing surface opens, and descends
A deep descent that leads to nether skies.

Hygeia to the silent region tends; 40
And with his heavenly guide the charge descends.
Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria guarded and inspir'd.

Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie, 45
Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.
Hence pancies trick themselves in various hue,
And hence jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
Hence the carnation and the bashful rose 50
Their virgin blushes to the morn disclose;
Hence the chaste lily rises to the light,
Unveils her snowy breasts, and charms the sight;
Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining lovers with their shade; 55
And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Nassau.

The insects here their lingering trance survive:
Benumb'd they seem'd, and doubtful if alive.
From winter's fury hither they repair, 60
And stay for milder skies and softer air,
Down to these cells obscurer reptiles creep,
Where hateful nutes and painted lizards sleep;
Where shivering snakes the summer solstice wait:
Unfurl their painted folds, and slide in state. 65
Here their new form the numb'd herucæ hide
Their numerous feet in slender bandage ty'd:
Soon as the kindling ear begins to rise,
This upstart race their native clod despise,
And proud of painted wings attempt the skies. 70

Now those profounder regions they explore,
Where metals ripen in vast cakes of ore.
Here, sullen to the sight, at large is spread
The dull unweildy mass of lumpish lead.

There, glimmering in their dawning beds, are seen 75
The light aspiring seeds of sprightly tin.

The copper sparkles next in ruddy streaks ;
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.

The silver then, with bright and burnish'd grace,
Youth and a blooming lustre in its face, 80
To th' arms of those more yielding metal flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies.

So close they cling, so stubbornly retire,
Their love's more violent than the chymist's fire.

Near these the delegate with wonder spies 85
Where floods of living silver serpentine ;
Where richest metals their bright looks put on,
And golden streams through amber channels run :
Where light's gay god descends, to ripen gems,
And lend a lustre brighter than his beams. 90

Here he observes the subterranean cells,
Where wanton nature sports in idle shells.
Some helicoides, some conical appear :
These, mitres emulate, those turbans are.
Here marcasites in various figure wait, 95
To ripen to a true metallic state :
Till drops that from impending rocks descend
Their substance petrify, and progress end.
Nigh, livid seas of kindled sulphur flow,
And whilst enrag'd, their fiery surges glow, 100
Convulsions in the labouring mountains rise,
And hurl their melted vitals to the skies.

He views with horror next the noisy cave,
Where with hoarse dins imprison'd tempests rave ;
Where clamorous hurricanes attempt their flight, 105
Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight,
The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celsus fear'd.
Andromeda so, whilst her hero fought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot. 110

And now the goddess with her charge descends,
Whilst scarce one cheerful glimpse their steps befriends.
Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps ;
And undisturb'd by form, in silence sleeps ;

A grizzly wight, and hideous to the eye. 115
 An awkward lump of shameless anarchy.
 With fordid age his features are defac'd :
 His lands unpeopled, and his countries waste.
 To these dark realms much learned lumber creeps
 There copious Morton safe in silence sleeps ; 120
 Where mushroom libels in oblivion lie,
 And, soon as born, like other monsters, die.
 Upon a couch of jet, in these abodes,
 Dull night, his melancholy consort, nods.
 No ways and means their cabinet employ ; 125
 But their dark hours they waste in barren joy.

Nigh this recess with terror they survey
 Where death maintains his dread tyrannic sway.
 In the close covert of a cypress grove,
 Where goblins frisk, and airy spectres rove, 130
 Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
 And there the monarch's triumphs are descry'd ;
 Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
 The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie ;
 Dim lamps with sickly rays scarce seem to glow ; 135
 Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow ;
 Restless anxiety, forlorn despair,
 And all the faded family of care ;
 Old mouldering urns, racks, daggers, and distress,
 Make up the frightful horror of the place. 140

Within its dreadful jaws those furies wait,
 Which execute the harsh decrees of fate.
 Febris is first : the hag relentless hears
 The virgin's sighs, and sees the infant's tears.
 In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign ; 145
 And restless ferments revel in each vein.

Then hydrops next appears among the throng ;
 Bloated and big, she slowly sails along.
 But, like a miser, in excess she's poor,
 And pines for thirst amidst her watery store. 150

Now loathsome Lepra, that offensive spright,
 With foul eruptions stain'd, offends the sight ;
 Still deaf to beauty's soft persuading power ;
 Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom secure.

Whilst meagre Pthisis gives a silent blow,
 Her strokes are sure, but her advances flow :
 No loud alarms, nor fierce assaults are shewn ;
 She starves the fortrefs first, then takes the town.
 Behind stood crowds of much inferior fame,
 Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name ;
 The vassals of their monarch's tyranny,
 Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly. 160

Now Celsus, with his glorious guide invades
 The silent region of the fleeting shades ;
 Where rocks and rueful deserts are descry'd,
 And sullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide ;
 Then shows the ferry-man the plant he bore,
 And claims his passage to the further shore.
 To whom the Stygian pilot, smiling, said,
 You need no passport to demand our aid, 170
 Physicians never linger on this strand :
 Old Charon's present still at your command.
 Our awful monarch and his consort owe
 To them the peopling of the realms below.
 Then in his swarthy hand he grasp'd the oar, 175
 Receiv'd his guests aboard, and shov'd from shore.

Now, as the goddess and her charge prepare
 To breathe the sweets of soft Elysian air,
 Upon the left they spy a pensive shade,
 Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head ; 180
 Pale grief sat heavy on his mournful look ;
 To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celsus spoke :

Tell me, thou much afflicted shade, why sighs
 Burst from your breast, and torrents from your eyes :
 And who those mangled manes are, which show 185
 A sullen satisfaction at your woe ?

Since, said the ghost, with pity you'll attend,
 Know I'm Guâicum*, once your firmest friend ;
 And on this barren beach in discontent
 Am doom'd to stay, till th' angry powers relent. 190
 Those spectres, seam'd with scars, that threaten there,
 The victims of my late ill conduct are,

They vex with endless clamours my repose :
 This wants his palate, that demands his nose :
 And here they execute stern Pluto's will, 195
 And ply me every moment with a pill.

Then Celsus thus : O much-lamented state !
 How rigid is the sentence you relate !
 Methinks I recollect your former air,
 But ah ! how much you're chang'd from what you were !
 Insipid as your late ptisans you lie, 201
 That once were sprightlier far than Mercury.
 At the sad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
 And mourn their vegetable souls a sleep ;
 The unctuous larix, and the healing pine, 205
 Lament your fate in tears of turpentine.
 But still the offspring of your brain shall prove
 The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove :
 When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works shall rise
 In rockets, till they reach the wondering skies. 210

If mortals ere the Stygian powers could bend,
 Intreaties to their awful seats I'll send.
 But, since no human arts the fates dissuade,
 Direct me how to find blest'd Harvey's shade.
 In vain th' unhappy ghost still urg'd his stay ; 115
 Then, rising from the ground, he shew'd the way.
 Nigh the dull shore a shapeless mountain stood,
 That with a dreadful frown, survey'd the flood.
 Its fearful brow no lively greens put on ;
 No frisking goats bound o'er the ridgy stone. 120
 To gain the summit the bright goddess try'd ;
 And Celsus follow'd, by degrees his guide.

Th' ascent thus conquer'd, now they tour on high,
 And taste th' indulgence of a milder sky.
 Loose breezes on their airy pinions play, 225
 Soft infant blossoms their chaste odours pay,
 And roses blush their fragrant lives away.
 Cool streams through flowery meadows gently glide ;
 And, as they pass, their painted banks they chide.
 These blissful plains no blights nor mildews fear, 230
 The flowers ne'er fade, and shrubs are myrtles here,

The morn awakes the tulip from her bed ;
 Ere noon in painted pride she decks her head,
 Rob'd in rich dye she triumphs on the green,
 And every flower does homage to their queen. 235
 So, when bright Venus rises from the flood,
 Around the throngs the wondering Nereids crow'd ;
 The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal shell,
 And every grace unsung, the waves conceal.

The delegate observes, with wondering eyes, 240
 Ambrosial dew descend, and incense rise ;
 Then hastens onward to the pensive grove,
 The silent mansion of disastrous love.
 Here jealousy with jaundic'd looks appears,
 And broken slumbers, and fantastic fears. 245
 The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
 And to the woods in mournful murmurs sings.
 No winds but sighs there are, no floods but tears :
 Each conscious tree a tragic signal bears.
 Their wounded bark records some broken vow, 250
 And willow-garlands hang on every bough.

Olivia here in solitude he found,
 Her down cast eyes fix'd on the silent ground :
 Her dress neglected, and unbound her hair,
 She seem'd the dying image of despair. 255
 How lately did this celebrated thing
 Blaze in the box, and sparkle in the ring ;
 Till the green sickness and love's force betray'd
 To death's remorseless arms th' unhappy maid :

All o'er confus'd the guilty lover stood, 260
 The light forsook his eyes, his cheeks the blood ;
 An icy horror shiver'd in his look,
 As to the cold complexion'd nymph he spoke :

Tell me, dear shade, from whence such anxious care,
 Your looks disorder'd, and your bosom bare ? 265
 Why thus you languish like a drooping flower,
 Crush'd by the weight of some relentless shower ?
 Your languid looks your late ill-conduct tell ;
 Oh that, instead of trash, you'd taken steel ! 269

Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the conscious
 Thus to her late insulting lover said : [maid.

When ladies listen not to loose desire,
 You style our modesty our want of fire:
 Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
 You still find reasons to believe we love; 275
 Vainly you think a liking we betray,
 And never mean the peevish things we say.
 Few are the fair-ones of Rufilla's make,
 Unask'd she grants, uninjur'd she'll forsake:
 But several Cælias, several ages boast, 280
 That like, where reason recommends the most.
 Where heavenly truth and tenderness conspire,
 Chaste passion may persuade us to desire.

Your sex, he cry'd, as custom bids, behaves;
 Informs the tyrant ties such haughty slaves 285
 To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
 Impulses are but weak, where reason's strong.
 Some want the courage; but how few the flame!
 They like the thing, that startle at the name.
 The lonely phoenix, though profess'd a nun, 290
 Warms into love, and kindles at the sun;
 Those tales of spicy urns and fragrant fires
 Are but the emblems of her scorch'd desires.

Then, as he strove to clasp the fleeting fair,
 His empty arms confess'd th' impassive air. 295
 From his embrace th' unbody'd spectre flies,
 And, as she mov'd, she chid him with her eyes.

They hasten now to that delightful plain,
 Where the glad manes of the blest'd remain;
 Where Harvey gathers simples, to bestow. 300
 Immortal youth or heroes' shades below.
 Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
 The venerable sage her presence knew;

Thus he—

Hail, blooming goddess! thou propitious power, 305
 Whose blessings mortals more than life implore!
 With so much lustre your bright looks endear,
 That cottages are courts where those appear.
 Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
 Finds ease in chains, or anguish in a crown. 310

With just resentment and contempt you see
 The foul diffensions of the faculty ;
 How your sad sickening art now hangs her head,
 And, once a science, is become a trade.
 Her sons ne'er rifle her mysterious store, 315
 But study nature less, and lucre more.
 Not so when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
 A temple, where devoted incense blaz'd.
 Oft father Tiber views the lofty fire :
 As the learn'd son is worshipp'd like the fire ; 320
 The sage with Romulus like honours claim ;
 The gift of life and laws were then the same.
 I shew'd of old, how vital currents glide,
 And the meanders of the reflux tide.
 Then, Willis, why spontaneous actions here, 325
 And whence involuntary motions there :
 And how the spirits, by mechanic laws,
 In wild careers tumultuous riots cause.
 Nor would our Wharton, Bates, and Glisson, lie
 In the abyss of blind obscurity. 330
 But now such wondrous searches are foreborn,
 And Pæan's art is by divisions torn,
 Then let your charge attend, and I'll explain
 How her lost health your science may regain.
 Haste, and the matchless Atticus address, 335
 From Heaven and great Nassau he has the mace.
 Th' oppress'd to his asylum still repair ;
 Arts he supports, and learning is his care,
 He softens the harsh rigour of the laws, 339
 Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws ;
 And graciously he casts a pitying eye
 On the sad state of virtuous poverty.
 Whene'er he speaks, Heaven ! how the listening throng
 Dwells on the melting music of his tongue !
 His arguments are emblems of his mien, 345
 Mild, but not faint, and forcing, though serene :
 And, when the power of eloquence he'd try,
 Here lightning strikes you ; their soft breezes sigh.
 To him you must your sickly state refer,
 Your charter claims him as your visiter. 355

Your wounds he'll close, and sovereignly restore
Your science to the height it had before.

Then Nassau's health shall be our glorious aim,
His life shall be as lasting as his fame.
Some princes' claims from devastations spring; 355
He condescends in pity to be king;
And, when amidst his olives plac'd he stands,
And governs more by candour than commands;
Ev'n then not less a hero he appears,
Than when his laurel diadem he wears. 360

Would Phœbus, or his Granville, but inspire
Their sacred vehemence of poetic fire;
To celebrate in song that godlike power,
Which did the labouring universe restore:
Fair Albions cliffs would echo to the strain, 365
And praise the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repose, and empire o'er the main.

Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his blessings endless as they're great:
Whilst malice and ingratitude confess. 370
They've strove for ruin long without success.
When, late, Jove's eagle from the pile shall rise
To bear the victor to the boundless skies,
A while the god puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth, to give the heavens a star. 375
Near thee, Alcides, shall the hero shine;
His rays resembling, as his labours, thine.

Had some fam'd patriot, of the Latian blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preserv'd the Latian liberties, 380
Aspiring columns soon had reach'd the skies:
Loud Io's the proud capitol had shook,
And all the statues of the gods had spoke.

No more the sage his raptures could pursue:
He paus'd; and Celsus with his guide withdrew. 385

CLAREMONT.

Addressed to

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CLARE,

AFTERWARDS DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

“---Dryadum sylvas, saltusque sequamur
“Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia iussa.”
Virgil.

PREFACE.

THEY that have seen those two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windsor-Forest, the one by Sir J. Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will shew a great deal of candour if they approve of this. It was written, upon giving the name of Claremont, to a villa now belonging to the Earl of Clare. The situation is so agreeable and surprising, that it inclines one to think some place of this nature put Ovid at first upon the story of Narcissus and Echo. It is probable he had observed some spring arising amongst woods and rocks, where echoes were heard, and some flower bending over the stream, and by consequence reflected from it. After reading the story in the third book of the Metamorphoses, it is obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid had dispossessed her,

“----- vox tantum atque ossa supersunt,”

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare say the gentleman who is meant, would have been well pleased to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can say the same of: experience shews us every day that there are writers who cannot bear a brother should succeed, and the only refuge from their indignation is by being inconsiderable; upon which reflection, this thing ought to have a pretence to their favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their priests, may consult Pliny, Ovid, and the other classic authors that have mentioned them.

CLAREMONT.

WHAT frenzy has of late possess'd the brain!
Though few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our soil, or bards rise in such store,
Their rich retaining patrons scarce are more.
The last indulge the fault the first commit;
And take of still the offal of their wit.
So shameless, so abandon'd are their ways;
They poach Parnassus, and lay snares for praise.

None ever can without admirers live,
 Who have a pension or a place to give. 10
 Great ministers ne'er fail of great deserts;
 The herald gives them blood, the poet parts.
 Sense is of course annex'd to wealth and power;
 No muse is proof against a golden shower.
 Let but his lordship write some poor lampoon, 15
 He's Horracc'd up in doggrel like his own:
 Or, if to rant in tragic rage he yields,
 False fame cries—Athens; honest truth—Moorfields.
 Thus fool'd, he flounces on through floods of ink;
 Flags with full sail, and rises but to sink. 20

Some venal pens so prostitute the bays,
 Their panegyric lash; their satires praise.
 So nauseously, and so unlike, they paint,
 N——'s an Adonis; M——r, a saint.
 Metius with those fam'd heroes is compar'd, 25
 That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
 But such a shameless muse must laughter move,
 That aims to make Salmonius vie with Jove.

To form great works, puts fate itself to pain;
 E'en nature labours for a mighty man, 30
 And, to perpetuate her hero's fame,
 She strains no less a poet next to frame.
 Rare as the hero's, is the poet's rage;
 Churchills and Drydens rise but once an age.
 With earthquakes towering Pindar's birth begun; 35
 And an eclipse produc'd Alcmena's son.
 The fire of gods o'er Phœbus cast a shade;
 But, with a hero, well the world repaid.

No bard of bribes should prostitute his vein;
 Nor dare to flatter where he should arraign. 40
 To grant big Thraso valour, Phormio sense,
 Should indignation give, at least offence.

I hate such mercenaries, and would try
 From this reproach to rescue poetry.
 Apollo's sons should scorn the servile art, 45
 And to court-preachers leave the fulsome part.

What then—You'll say, Must no true sterling pass,
 Because impure allays some coin debase?

Yes, praise, if justly offer'd, I'll allow ;
 And, when I meet with merit, scribble too. 50
 The man who's honest, open, and a friend,
 Glad to oblige, uneasy to offend ;
 Forgiving others, to himself severe ;
 Though earnest, easy ; civil, yet sincere ;
 Who seldom but through great good-nature errs ; 55
 Detesting fraud as much as flatterers,
 'Tis he my muse's homage should receive ;
 If I could write, or Holles could forgive.
 But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
 A name so lov'd by me, so lately thine. 60
 When Pelham you resign'd what could repair
 A loss so great, unless Newcastle's heir ?
 Hydaspes, that the Asian plains divides,
 From his bright urn in purest crystal glides ;
 But, when new gathering streams enlarge his course,
 He's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force ; 66
 In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
 And wealth on nations, as he runs, bestows.

Direct me, Clare, to name some nobler muse,
 That for her theme thy late recess may choose ; 70
 Such bright descriptions shall the subject dress ;
 Such vary'd scenes, such pleasing images,
 That swains shall leave their lawns and nymphs their
 bowers,
 And quit Arcadia for a seat like yours.

But say, who shall attempt th' adventurous part 75
 Where Nature borrows dress from Vanburgh's art ?
 If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
 Stones mount in columns, palaces aspire,
 And rocks are animated with his fire.
 'Tis he can paint in verse those rising hills 80
 Their gentle vallies, and their silver rills ;
 Close groves, and opening glades with verdure spread,
 Flowers sighing sweets, and shrubs that balsam bleed ;
 With gay variety the prospect crown'd,
 And all the bright horizon smiling round. 85
 Whilst I attempt to tell how ancient fame
 Records from whence the villa took its name.

In times of old, when British nymphs were known
 To love no foreign fashions like their own;
 When dress was monstrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
 And quality put on no paint but woad; 94
 Of Spanish red unheard was then the name,
 (For cheeks were only taught to blush for shame;)
 No beauty, to increase her crowd of slaves,
 Rose out of wash, as Venus out of waves; 95
 Not yet lead comb was on the toilet plac'd;
 Nor yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paste;
 No shape-smith set up shop, and drove a trade
 To mend the work wise providence had made;
 Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom, 100
 And thrifty silk-worms spun for times to come;
 Bare limbs were then the marks of modesty;
 And like Diana were below the knee.
 The men appear'd a rough, undaunted race,
 Surly in show, unfashion'd in address; 105
 Upright in actions, and in thought sincere;
 And strictly were the same they would appear.
 Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
 For villains had no titles but their own.
 None travel'd to return politely mad; 110
 But still what fancy wanted, reason had.
 Whatever nature ask'd, their hands could give;
 Unlearn'd in feasts, they only eat to live.
 No cook with art increas'd physicians' fees,
 Nor serv'd up death in soups and fricasees; 115
 Their taste was, like their temper, unrefin'd,
 For looks were then the language of the mind.

Ere right and wrong, by turns, set prices bore;
 And conscience had its rate like common whore;
 Or tools to great employments had pretence; 120
 Or merit was made out by impudence;
 Or coxcombs look'd assuming in affairs;
 And humble friends grew haughty ministers;
 In those good days of innocence, here stood
 Of oaks, with heads unshorn, a solemn wood, 125
 Frequented by the Druids, to bestow
 Religious honours on the Mistletoe.

The naturalists are puzzled to explain
 How trees did first this stranger entertain;
 Whether the busy birds ingraft it there; 130
 Or else some deity's mysterious care,
 As druids thought; for, when the blasted oak
 By lightning falls, this plant escapes the stroke.
 So, when the Gauls the towers of Rome defac'd,
 And flames drove forward with outrageous waste, 135
 Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd stood:
 So sacred was the mansion of a god.

Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids chose,
 Here, for the bleeding victims, altars rose.
 To Hermes oft they paid their sacrifice; 140
 Parent of arts, and patron of the wife.
 Good rules in mild persuasions they convey'd;
 Their lives confirming what their lectures said.
 None violated truth, invaded right;
 Yet had few laws, but will and appetite. 145
 The people's peace they studied and profess'd
 No politics but public interest.
 Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
 For all their luxury was doing good.

No mitred priest did then with princes vie, 150
 Nor o'er his master claim supremacy;
 Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
 For being several centuries obscure,
 None lost their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
 For not believing what none understood. 155
 Nor simony, nor sinecure, were known;
 Nor would the bee work honey for the drone.
 Nor was the way invented to dismiss
 Fair Abigails with fat pluralities.

But then, in fillets bound, a hallowed band 160
 Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land;
 Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
 And how the seasons travel'd with the sun;
 When his dim orb seem'd wading through the air,
 They told that rain on dropping wings drew near; 165
 And that the winds their bellowing throats would try;
 When reddening clouds reflect his blood-shot eye;

All their remarks on nature's laws require
 More lines than would e'en Alpin's readers tire.
 This sect in sacred veneration held 170
 Opinions, by the Samian sage reveal'd ;
 That matter no annihilation knows,
 But wanders from these tenements to those ;
 For when the plastic particles are gone,
 They rally in some species like their own : 175
 The self-same atoms, if new jumbled, will
 In seas be restless, and in earth be still ;
 Can, in the truffle, furnish out a feast,
 And nauseate, in the scaly squill, the taste.
 Those falling leaves, that wither with the year, 180
 Will, in the next, on other stems appear.
 The sap, that now forsakes the bursting bud,
 In some new shoot will circulate green blood.
 The breath to-day that from the jasmine blows,
 Will, when the seasons offer, scent the rose ; 185
 And those bright flames that in carnations glow,
 Ere long will blanch the lily with a snow.
 They hold that matter must be still the same,
 And varies but in figure and in name ;
 And that the soul not dies, but shifts her seat, 190
 New rounds of life to run, or past repeat.
 Thus, when the brave and virtuous cease to live,
 In beings brave and virtuous they revive.
 Again shall Romulus in Nassau reign ;
 Great Namur in a Brunswick prince, ordain 195
 Good laws, and halcyon years shall hush the world again.
 The truths of old traditions were their theme ;
 Or gods descending in a morning dream.
 Past acts they cited ; and to come, foretold ;
 And could events, not ripe for fate, unfold : 200
 Beneath the shady covert of an oak,
 In rhymes uncouth, prophetic truths they spoke.
 Attend then, Clare ; nor is the legend long ;
 The story of thy villa is their song.
 The fair Montana, of the sylvan race, 205
 Was with each beauty blest'd, and every grace.

His fire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood ;
 His mother, a swift Naiad of the flood :
 Her silver urn supply'd the neighbouring streams,
 A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames. 210

Not lovelier seem's Narcissus to the eye ;
 Nor, when a flower, could boast more fragrancy :
 His skin might with the down of swans compare ;
 More smooth than pearl ; than mountain snow more
 In shape so poplars or the cedars please ; [fair :
 But those are not so straight, nor graceful these ; 216
 His flowing hair in unforc'd ringlets hung ;
 Tuneful his voice ; persuasive was his tongue ;
 The haughtiest fair scarce heard without a wound,
 But sunk to softness at the melting sound. 220

The fourth bright lustre had but just begun
 To shade his blushing cheeks with doubtful down.
 All day he rang'd the woods, and spread the toils.
 And knew no pleasures but in sylvan spoils.
 In vain the nymphs put on each pleasing grace ; 225
 Too cheap the quarry seem'd, too short the chase ;
 For, though possession be th' undoubted view,
 To seize is far less pleasure than pursue.
 Those nymphs that yield too soon their charms impair,
 And prove at last but despicably fair. 230
 His own undoing, glutton love decrees,
 And palls the appetite he meant to please.
 His slender wants too largely he supplies ;
 Thrives on short meals, but by indulgence dies.

A grot there was, with hoary moss o'ergrown, 235
 Rough with rude shells, and arch'd with mould'ring
 Sad silence reigns within the lonesome wall, [stone ;
 And weeping rills but whisper as they fall ;
 The clasping ivies up the ruin creep,
 And there the bat and drowsy beetle sleep. 240

This cell sad Echo chose, by love betray'd,
 A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
 Hither, fatigu'd with toil, the sylvan flies,
 To shun the calenture of sultry skies ;
 But feels a fiercer flame : love's keenest dart 245
 Finds, through his eyes, a passage to his heart.

Pensive the virgin fate, with folded arms,
 Her tears but lending lustre to her charms.
 With pity he beholds her wounding woes ;
 But wants himself the pity he bestows. 250

Oh ! whether of a mortal born, he cries,
 Or some fair daughter of the distant skies ;
 That, in compassion, leave your crystal sphere,
 To guard some favour'd charge, and wander here ;
 Slight not my suit, nor too ungentle prove ; 255
 But pity one, a novice yet in love.
 If words avail not, see my suppliant tears ;
 Nor disregard those dumb petitioners.

From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
 Asserting all the empire of her eyes. 260

Full thrice three years he lingers out in grief,
 Nor seeks from sleep, or sustenance, relief.
 The lamp of life now casts a glimmering light ;
 The meeting lids his setting eyes benight.
 What force remains the hapless lover tries ; 265
 Invoking thus his kindred deities :

Haste, parents of the flood, your race to mourn ;
 With tears replenish each exhausted urn ;
 Retake the life you gave ; but let the maid
 Fall a just victim to an injur'd shade. 270
 More he endeavour'd ; but the accents hung
 Half form'd, and stopp'd unfinish'd on his tongue.

For him the graces their sad vigils keep ;
 Love broke his bow, and wish'd for eyes to weep.
 What gods can do, the mournful faunus tries ; 275
 A mount erecting where the sylvan lies.
 The rural powers the wond'rous pile survey,
 And piously their different honours pay.
 Th' ascent with verdant herbage Pales spread,
 And nymphs, transform'd to laurels, lent their shade.
 Her stream a Naiad from the basis pours ; 281
 And Flora strews the summit with her flowers.
 Alone Mount Latmos claims pre-eminence,
 When silver Cynthia lights the world from thence.

Sad Echo now laments her rigour more 285
 Than for Narcissus her loose flame before.

Her flesh to finew shrinks, her charms are fled ;
 All day in rifted rocks she hides her head.
 Soon as the evening shews a sky serene,
 Abroad she strays, but never to be seen ; 290
 And ever, as the weeping Naiads name
 Her cruelty, the nymph repeats the same ;
 With them she joins, her lover to deplore,
 And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before.
 Her sex's privilege she yet retains ; 295
 And, though to nothing wasted, voice remains.
 So sung the Druids—then, with rapture fir'd,
 Thus utter what the Delphic god inspir'd ;
 Ere twice ten centuries shall fleet away,
 A Brunswick prince shall Britain's sceptre sway. 300
 No more fair liberty shall mourn her chains ;
 The maid is rescu'd, her lov'd Perseus reigns.
 From Jove he comes, the captive to restore ;
 Nor can the thunder of his fire do more.
 Religion shall dread nothing but disguise ; 305
 And Justice need no bandage for her eyes.
 Britannia smiles, nor fears a foreign lord,
 Her safety to secure, two powers accord,
 Her Neptune's trident, and her monarch's sword.
 Like him, shall his Augustus shine in arms, 310
 Though captive to his Carolina's charms.
 Ages with future heroes she shall bless,
 And Venus once more found an Alban race.

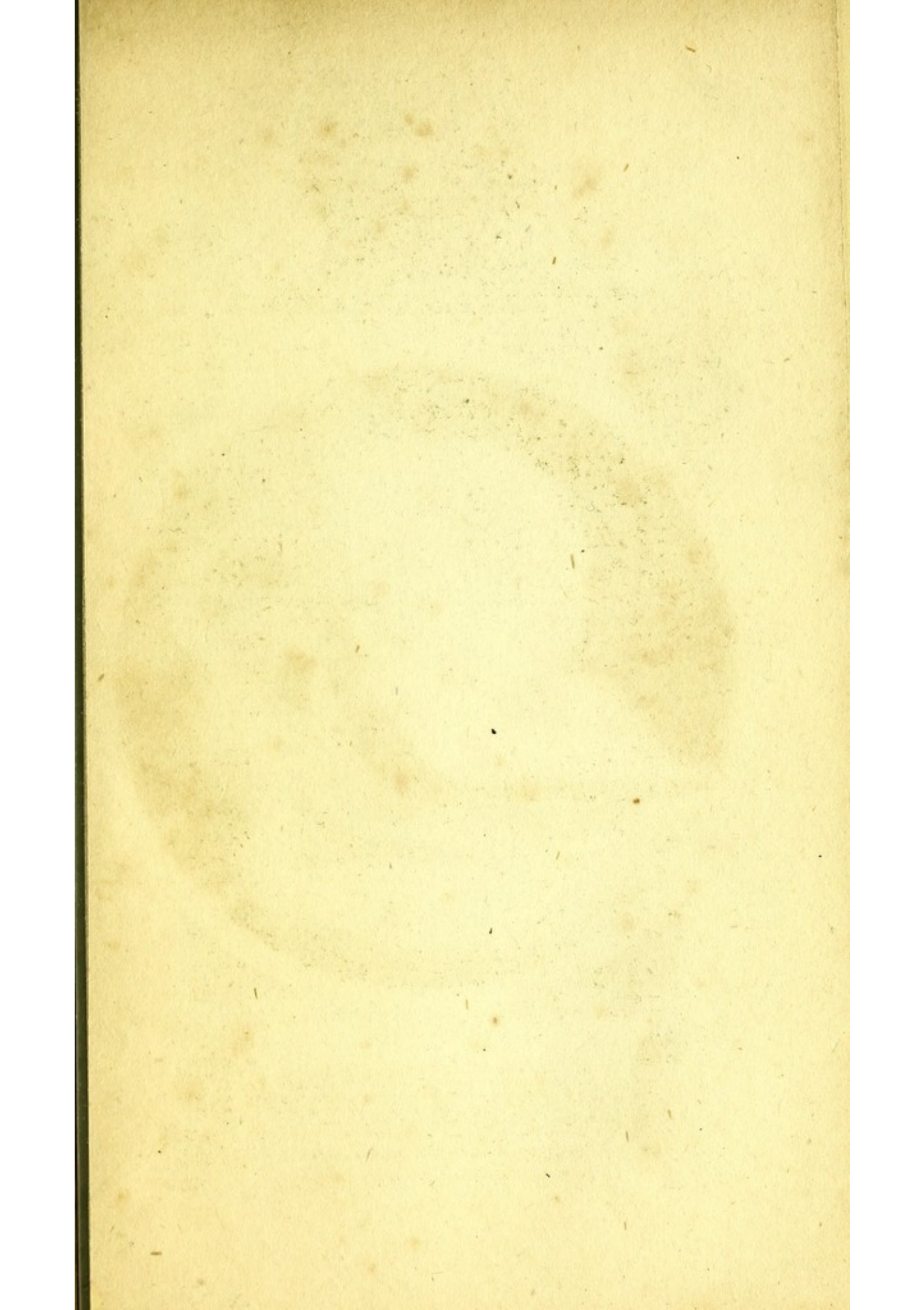
Then shall a Clare in honour's cause engage :
 Example must reclaim a graceless age ; 315
 Where guides themselves, for guilty views, mislead,
 And laws, e'en by the legislators, bleed ;
 His brave contempt of state shall teach the proud,
 None but the virtuous are of noble blood ;
 For tyrants are but princes in disguise, 320
 Though sprung by long descents from Ptolemies.
 Right he shall vindicate, good laws defend ;
 The firmest patriot, and the warmest friend.
 Great Edward's order early he shall wear,
 New light restoring to the sully'd star. 325

Oft will his leisure this retirement choofe,
 Still finding future fubjects for the mufe;
 And, to record the fylvan's fatal flame,
 The place fhall live in fong, and Claremont be the name.

TO THE LADY LOUISA LENOX:

WITH OVID'S EPISTLES.

IN moving lines thefe few epiftles tell
 What fate attends the nymph that likes too well:
 How faintly the fucceffful lovers burn,
 And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
 The fair, you'll find, when foft entreaties fail, 5
 Affert their uncontested right, and rail.
 Too foon they liften, and refent too late;
 'Tis fure they love, whene'er they ftrive to hate.
 Their fex or proudly fhuns, or poorly craves;
 Commencing tyrants, and concluding flaves. 10
 In different breasts, what different paffions glow!
 Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguish flow.
 The fire we boaft with force uncertain burns,
 And breaks but out as appetite returns:
 But yours, like incenfe, mounts by foft degrees, 15
 And in a fragrant flame consumes to pleafe.
 Your fex, in all that can engage, excel;
 And ours in patience, and perfuading well.
 Imperial Nature equally decrees:
 You have your pride, and we our perjuries. 20
 Though form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall,
 By giving nothing, or by granting all.
 But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd years
 Smile at the tale of lovers' hopes and fears.
 Though infant graces footh your gentle hours, 25
 More foft than fighs, more fweet than breathing flowers;
 Let rafh admirers your keen lightning fear;
 'Tis bright if diftant, but deftroys if near
 The time ere long, if verfe prefage, will come,
 Your charms fhall open in full Brudenell bloom. 30
 All eyes fhall gaze, all hearts fhall homage vow,
 And not a lover languish but for you.





GARTER'S POEMS.

On all that Goddess's her false smiles bestows,
 As on the seas she reigns from whence she rose,
 Young Zephyrs sigh with fragrant breath, soft gales,
 Guide her gay barge, and swell the silken sails,
 Each silver wave in beauteous order moves,
 Fair as her bosom gentle as her doves.

Vide Epistle to the Earl of Burlington Line 21 Page 73.

Drawn by J. Thurston, Engraved by J. Neagle for C. Cooke Jan 3. 1800.

The muse shall string her lyre, with garlands crown'd
And each bright nymph shall sicken at the sound.

So, when Aurora first salutes the sight, 35
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light ;
But, when with riper red she warms the skies,
In circling throngs the wing'd musicians rise,
And the gay groves rejoice in symphonies.
Each pearly flower with painted beauty shines,
And every star its fading fire resigns. 41

TO RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON,
WITH OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

MY LORD,

OUR poet's rules, in easy numbers, tell,
He felt the passion he describes so well.
In that soft art successfully refin'd,
Though angry Cæsar frown'd, the fair were kind.
More ills from love than tyrant's malice flow ; 5
Jove's thunder strikes less sure than Cupid's bow.

Ovid both felt the pain and found the ease ;
Physicians study most their own disease.
The practice of that age in this we try,
Ladies would listen then, and lovers lie. 10
Who flatter'd most the fair were most polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right ;
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly so aton'd for all.

Breeding was banish'd for the fair ones' sake, 15
The sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours should take.

Advice to you, my lord, in vain we bring ;
The flowers ne'er fail to meet the blooming spring.
Though you possess all nature's gifts, take care ;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her snare. 20

On all that goddess her false smiles bestows ;
As on the seas she reigns, from whence she rose,
Young Zephyrs sigh with fragrant breath, soft gales
Guide her gay barge, and swell the silken sails :
Each silver wave in beauteous order moves, 25
Fair as her bosom, gentle as her doves ;

But he that once embarks, too surely finds
 A sullen sky, black storms, and angry winds;
 Cares, fears, and anguish, hovering on the coast,
 And wrecks of wretches by their folly lost. 30

When coming time shall bless you with a bride,
 Let passion not persuade, but reason guide;
 Instead of gold, let gentle truth endear;
 She has most charms who is the most sincere.
 Shun vain variety, 'tis but disease; 35
 Weak appetites are ever hard to please.
 The nymph must fear to be inquisitive;
 'Tis for the sex's quiet to believe.
 Her air an easy confidence must shew,
 And shun to find what she would dread to know; 40
 Still charming with all arts that can engage,
 And be the Juliana of the age. 42

TO THE DUCHESS OF BOLTON.

ON HER STAYING ALL THE WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

CEASE rural conquests, and set free your swains,
 To Dryads leave the groves, to nymphs the plains.
 In pensive dales alone let Echo dwell,
 And each sad sigh she hears with sorrow tell.
 Haste, let your eyes at Kent's Pavillion* shine, 5
 It wants but stars, and then the work's divine.
 Of late fate only tells of yielding towns,
 Of captur'd generals, and protected crowns:
 Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
 Lines forc'd, states vanquish'd, provinces o'errun, 10
 And all Alcides' labour summ'd in one.

The brave must to the fair now yield the prize,
 And English arms submit to English eyes:
 In which bright list among the first you stand;
 Though each a goddess or a Sunderland. 15

* A Gallery at St. James's.

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,
ON HIS VOLUNTARY BANISHMENT.

GO, mighty prince, and those great nations see,
Which thy victorious arms before made free;
View that fam'd column, where thy name engrav'd
Shall tell their children who their empire sav'd;
Point out that marble where thy worth is shewn, 5
To every grateful country but thy own.
O censure undeserv'd! unequal fate!
Which strove to lessen him who made her great:
Which pamper'd with success, and rich in fame,
Extoll'd his conquests, but condemn'd his name. 10
But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Though all the fault's in the beholder's eye;
Yet he, untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,
Flies from no danger but domestic jars,
Smiles at the dart which angry envy shakes 15
And only fears for her whom he forsakes:
He grieves to find the course of virtue cross'd,
Blushing to see our blood no better lost;
Disdains in factious parties to contend,
And proves in absence most Britannia's friend. 20
So the great Scipio of old, to shun
That glorious envy which his arms had won,
Far from his dear ungrateful Rome retir'd,
Prepar'd, whene'er his country's cause requir'd,
To shine in peace or war, and be again admir'd. 25

TO THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

WHILST weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
And, where the sword destroys not, famine kills;
Our isle enjoys, by your successful care,
The pomp of peace, amid the woes of war.
So much the public to your prudence owes, 5
You think no labours long for our repose:
Such conduct, such integrity, are shewn,
There are no coffers empty but your own.

From mean dependence merit you retrieve,
 Unask'd you offer, and unseen you give ; 10
 Your favour, like the Nile, increase bestows,
 And yet conceals the source from whence it flows.
 No pomp, or grand appearance, you approve :
 A people at their ease is what you love :
 To lessen taxes, and a nation save, 15
 Are all the grants your services would have.
 Thus far the state-machine wants no repair,
 But moves in matchless order by your care ;
 Free from confusion, settled and serene ;
 And, like the universe, by springs unseen. 20

But now some star, sinister to our prayers,
 Contrives new schemes, and calls you from affairs ;
 No anguish in your looks, or cares appear,
 But how to teach th' unpractis'd crew to steer.
 Thus, like a victim, no constraint you need, 25
 To expiate their offence by whom you bleed.

Ingratitude's a weed of every clime,
 It thrives too fast at first, but fades in time.
 The god of day, and your own lot's the same ;
 The vapours you have rais'd, obscure your flame : 30
 But though you suffer, and awhile retreat,
 Your globe of light looks larger as you set. 32

ON HER MAJESTY'S STATUE

IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

NEAR the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
 Known by the Gentiles' great apostle's name ;
 With grace divine great Anna's seen to rise,
 An awful form that glads a nation's eyes ;
 Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear, 5
 And with due reverence pay their homage there.
 Britain and Ireland seem to own her grace,
 And e'en wild India wears a smiling face.

But France alone with downcast eyes is seen,
 The sad attendant of so good a queen : 10
 Ungrateful country ! to forget so soon,
 All that great Anna for thy sake has done :

When sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
 Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws ;
 For thee she sheath'd the terrors of her sword, 15
 For thee she broke her general—and her word :
 For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told,
 And learn'd to speak like oracles of old.
 For thee, for thee alone, what could she more ?
 She lost the honour she had gain'd before ; 10
 Lost all the trophies, which her arms had won,
 (Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son ;)
 Resign'd the glories of a ten year's reign,
 And such as none but Marlborough's arm could gain.
 For thee in annals she's content to shine,
 Like other monarchs of the Stuart line. 26

ON THE NEW CONSPIRACY, 1716.

WHERE, where, degenerate countrymen—how
 high

Will your fond folly and your madness fly ?
 Are scenes of death and servile chains so dear,
 To sue for blood and bondage every year,
 Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curst, 5
 To court a change, though certain of the worst ?

There is no climate which you have not sought,
 Where tools of war and vagrant kings are bought ;
 O ! noble passion, to your country kind,
 To crown her with—the refuse of mankind. 10
 As if the new Rome, which your schemes unfold,
 Were to be built on rapine, like the old,
 While her asylum openly provides
 For every ruffian every nation hides.

Will you still tempt the great avenger's blow, 15
 And force the bolt which he is loath to throw ?
 Have there too few already bit the plains,
 To make you seek new Prestons and Dumblains ?
 If vengeance loses its effects so fast,
 Yet those of mercy, sure, should longer last. 20

Say, is it rashness or despair provokes
 Your harden'd hearts to these repeated strokes ?

Reply:—Behold, their looks, their souls declare,
All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep despair.

Hear then, you sons of blood, your destin'd fate, 25
Hear, ere you sin too soon, repent too late.
Madly you try to weaken George's reign,
And stem the stream of providence in vain.
By right, by worth, by wonders, made our own,
The hand that gave it shall preserve his throne. 30
As vain your hopes to distant times remove,
To try the second or the third from Jove;
For 'tis the nature of that sacred line,
To conquer monsters, and to grow divine. 34

ON THE KING OF SPAIN.

PALLAS, destructive to the Trojan line,
Raz'd the proud walls, though built by hands
divine:
But Love's bright goddess, with propitious grace,
Preserv'd a hero, and restor'd the race.
Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
Fell by Eliza, and by Anna rose. 6

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR THE TOASTING GLASSES

OF THE

KIT-KAT-CLUB. 1703.

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can every muse inspire;
To Carlisle fill the glass, and tune the lyre.
With his lov'd bays the god of day shall crown
A wit and lustre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

At once the sun and Carlisle took their way, 5
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flowers to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtues he, their beauties she bestow'd.

LADY ESSEX.

The bravest hero, and the brightest dame,
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew ; 10
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Essex fill the sprightly wine ;
The health's engaging and divine.
Let purest odours scent the air, 15
And wreaths of roses bind our hair :
In her chaste lips these blushing lie,
And those her gentle sighs supply.

LADY HYDE.

The god of wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart. 20
The queen of love looks on, and smiles to see
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILD-BED.

Hyde, though in agonies, her graces keeps,
A thousand charms the nymph's complaints adorn ; 7
In tears of dew so mild Aurora weeps, 25
But her bright offspring is the cheerful morn.

LADY WHARTON.

When Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toasting pass'd the night,
With more than nectar he the banquet blest'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feast. 30

PROLOGUE

DESIGNED FOR TAMERLANE.

TO-DAY a mighty hero comes, to warm
 Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons, arm.
 To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
 He fights to save, and conquers to restore.
 He strains no text, nor makes dragoons persuade; 5
 He likes religion, but he hates the trade.
 Born for mankind, they by his labour live;
 Their property is his prerogative.
 His sword destroys less than his mercy saves,
 And none, except his passions, are his slaves. 10
 Such, Britons, is the prince that you possess,
 In council greatest, and in camps no less:
 Brave, but not cruel; wise without deceit;
 Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.
 But you, disdaining to be too secure, 15
 Ask his protection, and yet grudge his power.
 With you a monarch's right is in dispute;
 Who gives supplies are only absolute.
 Britons, for shame! your factious feuds decline,
 Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line: 20
 Assert lost rights, an Austrian prince alone
 Is born to nod upon a Spanish throne.
 A cause no less could on great Eugene call;
 Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal:
 He shows you your lost honour to retrieve; 25
 Our troops will fight, when once the senate give.
 Quit your cabals and factions, and in spite
 Of Whig and Tory in this cause unite.
 One vote will then send Anjou back to France;
 There let the meteor end his airy dance: 30
 Else to the Mantuan soil he may repair,
 Even abdicated gods were Latium's care,
 At worst, he'll find some Cornish borough here. 33

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MUSIC MEETING IN YORK-BUILDINGS.

WHERE music and more powerful beauties reign,
 Who can support the pleasure and the pain?
 Here their soft magic those two Syrens try,
 And if we listen, or but look, we die.
 Why should we then the wondrous tales admire, 5
 Of Orpheus' numbers, or Amphion's lyre;
 Of walls erected by harmonious skill,
 How mountains mov'd, and rapid streams stood still!
 Behold this scene of beauty, and confess
 The wonder greater, and the fiction less. 10
 Like human victims here we stand decreed
 To worship those bright altars where we bleed.
 Who braves his fate in fields, must tremble here;
 Triumphant love more vassals makes than fear.
 No faction homage to the fair denies; 15
 The right divine's apparent in their eyes.
 That empire's fix'd, that's founded in desire;
 Those flames, the vestals guard, can ne'er expire. 18

PROLOGUE

TO THE

CORNISH SQUIRE, A COMEDY.

WHO dares not plot in this good-natur'd age?
 Each place is privileg'd except the stage;
 There the dread phalanx of reformers come,
 Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome;
 Their ears so sanctify'd, no scenes can please, 5
 But heavy hymns or pensive homilies:
 Truths, plainly told, their tender nature wound,
 Young rakes must, like old patriarchs, expound;
 The painted punk the proselyte must play,
 And bawds, like *filles-devotes*, procure and pray. 10

How nature is inverted ! soon you'll see
 Senates unanimous, and sects agree,
 Jews at extortion rail, and monks at mystery.
 Let characters be represented true,
 An airy sinner makes an awkward prue. 15
 With force and fitting freedom vice arraign ;
 Though pulpits flatter, let the stage speak plain.
 If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius write,
 Call that the robber, this the parasite.
 Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl ; 20
 Cinna's a statesman ; Sydrophel a tool.
 Our censurers with want of thought dispense,
 But tremble at the hideous sin of sense.
 Who would not such hard fate as ours bemoan,
 Indicted for some wit, and damn'd for none ? 25
 But if, to-day, some scandal should appear,
 Let those precise Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere.
 Poet, and Papist too, they'll surely maul,
 There's no indulgences at Hicks's-hall.
 Gold only can their pious spite allay, 30
 They call none criminals that can but pay ;
 The heedless shrines with victims they invoke,
 They take the fat, and give the gods the smoke. 33

PROLOGUE

*Spoken at the opening of the Queen's Theatre in the
 Hay-market.*

SUCH was our builder's art, that, soon as nam'd,
 This fabric, like the infant world, was fram'd.
 The architect must on dull order wait,
 But 'tis the poet only can create.
 None else, at pleasure, can duration give : 5
 When marble fails, the muses' structures live.
 The Cyprian fane is now no longer seen,
 Though sacred to the name of love's fair queen.
 E'en Athens scarce in pompous ruin stands,
 Though finish'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands. 10

More sure presages from these walls we find,
By beauty* founded, and by wit design'd.

In the good age of ghostly ignorance,
How did cathedrals rise, and zeal advance !
The merry monks said orisons at ease, 15
Large were their meals, and light their penances ;
Pardons for sins were purchas'd with estates,
And none but rogues in rags died reprobates.
But now, that pious pageantry's no more,
And stages thrive, as churches did before : 20
Your own magnificence you here survey,
Majestic columns stand, where dunghills lay,
And cars triumphal rise from carts of hay.
Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,
And big Almanzor's fight mocks Blenheim's here. 25
Descending goddesses adorn our scenes,
And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
Should Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
He'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own.
Though to the sun his towering eagles rise,
They scarce could bear the lustre of these eyes. 31

EPILOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do !
Who would not listen when young lovers woo ?
What ! die a maid, yet have the choice of two !
Ladies are often cruel to their cost :
To give you pain, themselves they punish most. 5
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd ;
Too oft they're cancell'd, though in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say ;
We hate you, when you're easily said nay. 10
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears !
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.

* Lady Sunderland.

Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would choose :
 Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse :
 We give to merit, and to wealth we sell ; 15
 He sighs with most success that settles well.
 The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix ;
 'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
 Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
 Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you : 20
 Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
 But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms.
 What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
 To swell in show, and be a wretch in state !
 At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow ; 25
 E'en churches are no sanctuaries now ;
 There golden idols all your vows receive ;
 She is no goddess who has nought to give.
 Oh may once more the happy age appear,
 When words are artless, and the thoughts sincere ; 30
 When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
 And courts less coveted than groves and springs,
 Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
 And constancy feel transport in its chains ;
 Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell, 35
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal :
 Virtue again to its bright station climb,
 And beauty fear no enemy but time :
 The fair shall listen to desert alone,
 And every Lucia find a Cato's son. 40

A SOLILOQUY,

OUT OF ITALIAN.

COULD he whom my dissembled rigour grieves,
 But know what torment to my soul it gives ;
 He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
 And want myself the pity he would claim.
 Immortal gods ! why has your doom decreed 5
 Two wounded hearts with equal pangs should bleed ?
 Since that great law which your tribunal guides,
 Has join'd in love whom destiny divides ;

Repent, ye powers, the injuries you cause,
 Or change our natures, or reform your laws. 10
 Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
 Think what I feel the moment you complain.
 Each sigh you utter wounds my tenderest part,
 So much my lips misrepresent my heart.
 When from your eyes the falling drops distil, 15
 My vital blood in every tear you spill:
 And all those mournful agonies I hear,
 Are but the echoes of my own despair. 18

AN

IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

CAN you count the silver lights
 That deck the skies, and cheer the nights;
 Or the leaves that strow the vales,
 When groves are stript by winter gales;
 Or the drops that in the morn 5
 Hang with transparent pearl the thorn;
 Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
 Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers;
 Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
 Or Marlborough's acts, or ——n's charms? 10

ANACREONTIC EPISTLE TO MR. GAY,

ON HIS POEMS.

WHEN fame did o'er the spacious plain
 The lays she once had learn'd repeat;
 All listen'd to the tuneful strain,
 And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.
 'Twas thus. The graces held the lyre, 5
 The harmonious frame the muses strung,
 The loves and smiles compos'd the choir,
 And Gay transcrib'd what Phœbus sung. 8

TO THE
MERRY POETASTER,

AT SADLER'S HALL IN CHEAPSIDE.

UNWEILDY pedant, let thy awkward muse
With censures praise, with flatteries abuse.
To lash, and not be felt, in thee's an art :
Thou ne'er mad'st any, but thy school-boys, smart.
Then be advis'd, and scribble not again ; 5
Thou'rt fashion'd for a flail, and not a pen.
If B——l's immortal wit thou would'st decry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble satire ne'er can do him wrong ;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long. 10



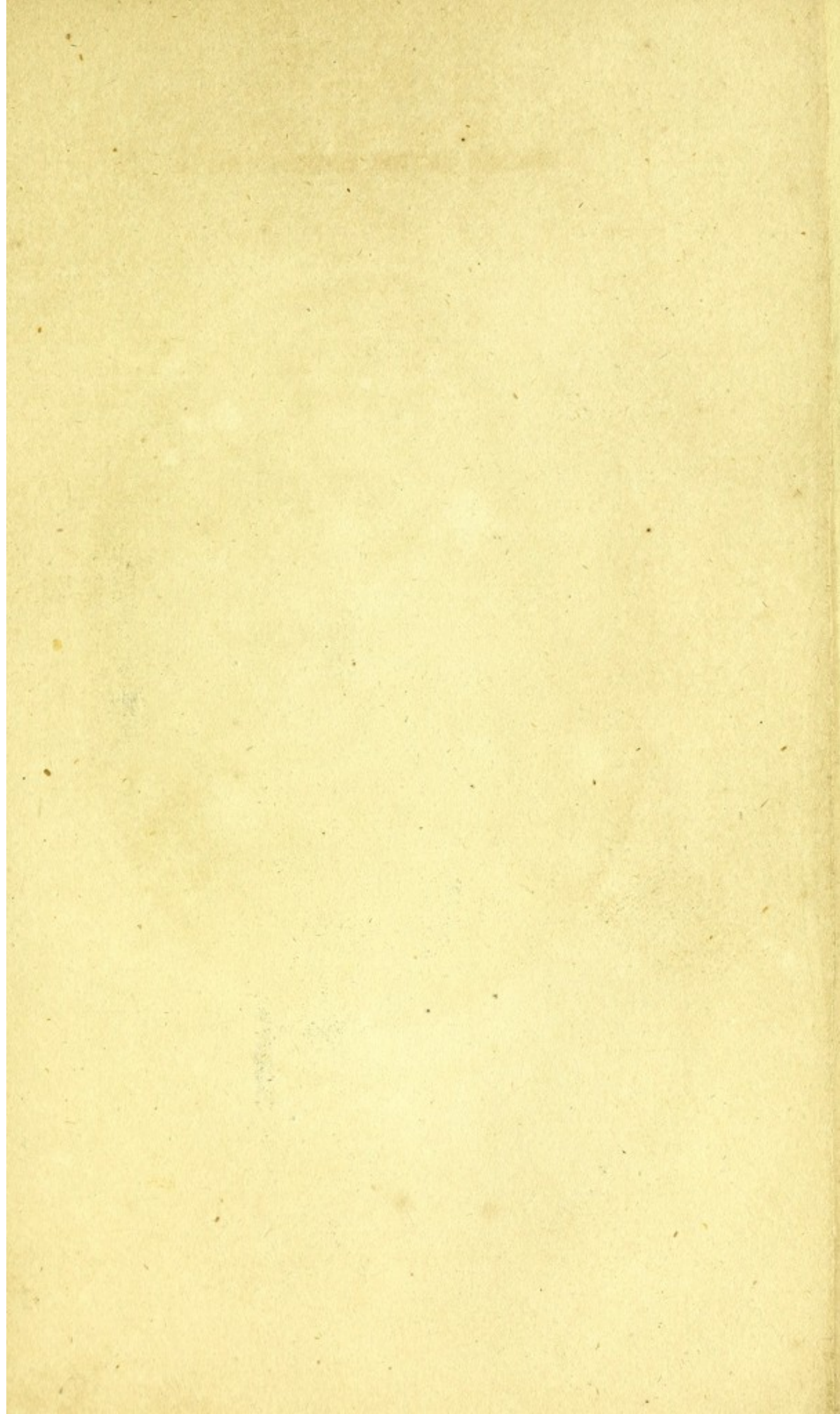
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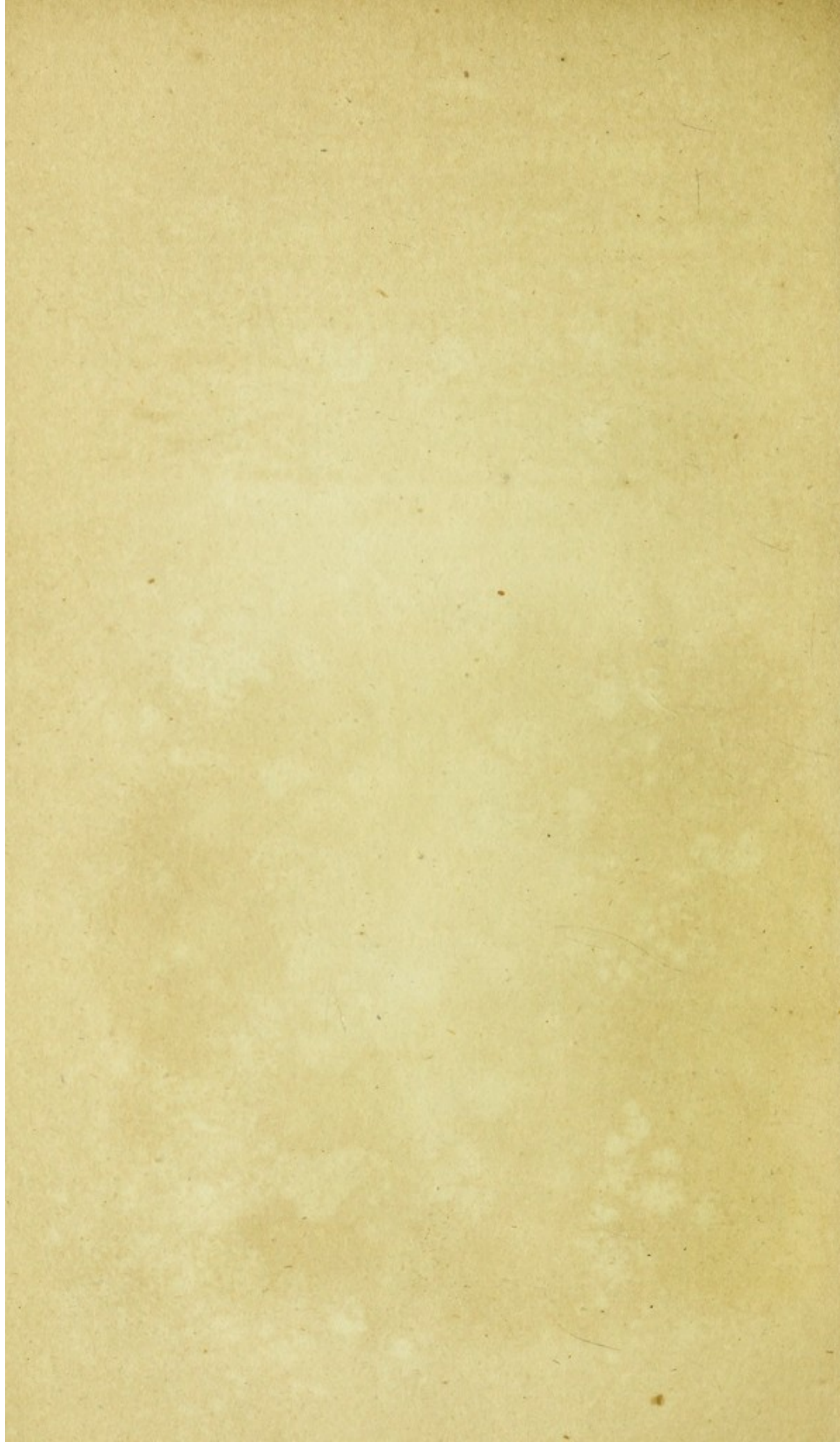
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM BROOME.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

.....Nos otia vitæ
Solamur Cantu.

Stat.

Bear me, ye friendly pow'rs! to gentler scenes,
To shady bow'rs and never-fading greens,
Where the shrill trumpet never sounds alarms,
Nor martial din is heard, nor clash of arms---
Here grant me, heav'n! to end my peaceful days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays;
Draw health from food the temp'rate garden yields,
From fruit or herb, the bounty of the fields----
With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
To the dark grave retiring as to rest;
While gently with one sigh this mortal frame
Dissolving, turns to ashes, whence it came.

Poem on Seat of War.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. WILLIAM BROOME.

CONTAINING HIS

PREFACE,
MISCELLANIES,
EPISTLES,
PARAPHRASES,

PASTORALS,
ODES,
IMITATIONS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Free from the lust of wealth and glittering snares
That make th' unhappy Great in love with cares,
Me humble joys in calm retirement please,
A silent happiness and learned ease.
Deny me grandeur, heaven! but goodness grant:
A king is less illustrious than a saint-----
O heaven! by what vain passions man is sway'd!
Proud of his reason, by his will betray'd,
Boldly he wanders in pursuit of vice.
And hates confinement tho' in Paradise!
Doom'd, when enlarg'd, instead of Eden's bow'rs
To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flow'rs:
Between th' extremes direct he sees the way,
Yet wilful swerves, perversely fond to stray.

Epistle to Mr. Fenton.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

LIFE OF BROOME.

WILLIAM BROOME, the author of the following Poems, was born in Cheshire, but of the time and place of his birth, or the incidents of the early part of his life, no authentic intelligence can be obtained,—further than that he was educated upon the foundation at Eaton, and sent by his friends from thence to St. John's College, Oxford; where, by their assistance, he was maintained till he entered into orders. He had acquired at College the reputation of being an excellent Greek scholar, and discovered such a propensity for versifying, that his intimate acquaintance familiarly called him the Poet; but he evinced very little knowledge of men and manners, till by entering into social life, he shook off the rust of the schools.

The first work of importance which he undertook, was a prose translation of Homer's Iliad, in conjunction with Ozell and Oldisworth, but what part of the version was allotted to him, or what benefit accrued from the joint labours of the translators is not known, though, in the opinion of Toland, a literary character of eminence in that day, it was held superior to the production of Pope.

Broome was afterwards introduced at Sir John Cotton's, at Madingly in Cambridgeshire, to the acquaintance of Pope, who entertained so high an opinion of his abilities, that he engaged him to select extracts from Eustathius, for notes to the translation of the Iliad; and in the volume of Poems published un-

der the title of "Pope's Miscellanies," several of his early pieces was inserted.

But Pope and Broome were to be yet more closely connected; for the sale of the *Iliad* being very rapid, it gave encouragement to a version of the *Odyssey*; and Pope, to ease himself of the toil, obtained the assistance of Fenton and Broome,* and taking only half the work upon himself, divided the other half between his coadjutors, gave four books to Fenton and eight to Broome. Fenton's books we have enumerated in his life; the second, sixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third, fell to the lot of Broome, together with the burden of writing all the notes.† The associates executed their parts with such ability, that even the judges of Poetry have never been able to distinguish their books from those of Pope.

Dr. Johnson remarks, that as this translation is a very important event in poetical history, the reader has a right to know upon what grounds the narration respecting the translation of the *Odyssey*, being the joint work of Pope, Broome, and Fenton, is established; and therefore makes the following observations:

"That the version was not wholly Pope's was always known. He had mentioned the assistance of two friends in his proposals; and at the end of the work some account is given by Broome of their different parts; which, however, mentions only five books as

* Ruffhead relates that Fenton and Broome had already begun *The Odyssey*, but that Pope liked better to have them confederates than rivals.

The original copy of Pope's and Fenton's books are in the Museum. Fenton's books have few alterations by Pope. Broome's have not been found; it is said Pope complained of the trouble he had in correcting them.

written by the coadjutors ; the fourth and twentieth by Fenton ; the sixth, the eleventh, and the eighteenth by himself ; that Pope in an advertisement prefixed afterwards to a new volume of his works, claimed only twelve. A natural curiosity," continues the Doctor, "after the real conduct of so great an undertaking, incited me to inquire of Dr. Warburton, who told me in his warm language, that the relation given in the note was 'a lie,' but he was not able to ascertain the several shares. The intelligence which Dr. Warburton could not afford me, I obtained from Mr. Langton, to whom Mr. Spence had imparted it.

"The price at which Pope purchased this assistance was three hundred pounds paid to Fenton, and five hundred to Broome, with as many copies for his friends as amounted to one hundred pounds more. The payment made to Fenton I know not, but by hearsay. Broome's is very distinctly told by Pope in a note to the *Dunciad*.* It is evident, that according to Pope's own estimate, Broome was unkindly treated. If four books could merit three hundred pounds, eight books and all the notes, equivalent at least to four, had certainly a right to more than six.

"Broome probably considered himself as injured, and there was for some time more than coldness between him and his employer. He always spoke of Pope as too much a lover of money ; and Pope pursued him with avowed hostility, for he not only named

* Whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person (Mr. Broome) is surely mistaken : the opinion our Author had of him was sufficiently shewn by his joining him in the undertaking of *The Odyssey*, in which Mr. Broome, having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of 500*l.* and a present of all the books for which his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of 100*l.* more.

him disrespectfully in the 'Dunciad,' but quoted him more than once in the 'Bathos,' as a proficient in the 'Art of Sinking;' and in his enumeration of the different kinds of Poets distinguished for the profound, he reckons Broome among 'the parrots who repeat another's words in such a hoarse, odd tone, as makes them seem their own.' I have been told," says the Doctor, "that they were afterwards reconciled: but I am afraid their peace was without friendship."

In 1727 he published his Miscellaneous Poems, with a dedication to Lord Townshend, dated January 16, 1726, being at that time Rector of Sturston in Suffolk, where he married a wealthy widow, a circumstance that enabled him to take the degree of doctor of laws, when the King visited Cambridge in 1728.

In 1733, he was presented by the Crown to the Rectory of Pulham, in Norfolk, which he held with Oakley Magna, in Suffolk, given him by Lord Cornwallis, to whom he was chaplain, and who added the Vicarage of Eye in Suffolk; he then resigned Pulham, and retained the other two. Towards the close of his life, he amused himself with translating some Odes of Anacreon, which were published in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the signature of "*Chester.*"

He died at Bath, November 16, 1745, and was interred in the Abbey Church.

The character of Broome was amiable and respectable, though he never rose to a very high dignity in the church. At college he was universally beloved; and in more advanced life he was distinguished by his exemplary observance of the social and domestic duties,

and his piety and diligence in the exercise of his clerical functions. He is mentioned by the author of the "Sacred and Profane History Connected," under the title of "the ingenious annotator on the English Homer, whose real worth, as well as learning, makes it a pleasure to me," says the author, "to say that I can call him my friend." As a poet, his compositions are characterised by correctness of judgment, elegance of diction, and harmony of numbers, rather than by force of genius, or liveliness of fancy, though they are not destitute of either. His translations possess much merit, as they are smooth, classical, and spirited, and most of his original pieces are entitled to approbation, either for the ideas they communicate, or the language in which they are expressed. Dr. Warton thinks that the books he translated for Pope, in the *Odyssey*, are inferior to those of Fenton; but notwithstanding the opinion of that critic, it is to be observed, that the judges of poetry have never been able to distinguish his books from those of Fenton and Pope.

"Of Broome," says Dr. Johnson, "though it cannot be said that he was a great poet, it would be unjust to deny that he was an excellent versifier; his lines are smooth and sonorous, and his diction is select and elegant. His rhymes are sometimes unsuitable, as in one of his poems he makes *breath* rhyme to *birth* in one place and to *earth* in another. Those faults occur but seldom; and he had such powers of words and numbers as fitted him for translation; but in his original works recollection seems to have been his business more than invention. His imitations are so apparent, that it is part of his reader's employment to recall the verses of

some former poet. Sometimes he copies the most popular writers, for he seems scarcely to endeavour at concealment, and sometimes picks up fragments in obscure corners. His lines to Fenton,

“Serene, the sting of pain thy thoughts beguile,
“And make afflictions objects of a smile.”

brought to my mind some lines on the death of Queen Mary, written by Barnes, of whom I should not have expected to find an imitator;

“But thou, O Muse, whose sweet nepenthean tongue
“Can charm the pangs of death with deathless song;
“Canst *singing plagues* with easy *thoughts beguile*,
“*Make pains and tortures objects of a smile.*”

“To detect his imitations were tedious and useless, what he takes he seldom makes worse, and he cannot be thought a weak man whom Pope chose for an associate, and whose co-operation was considered by Pope’s enemies as so important, that he was attacked by Henley with this ludicrous distich,

“Pope came off clean with Homer, but they say
“Broome went before, and kindly swept the way.”



DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD VISCOUNT TOWNSHEND,

Late one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

I BEG leave to publish the following poems under your patronage: a present, I confess, unworthy of it, and of little value, excepting what gratitude gives it: but, I fear, it may be esteemed a boast rather than an acknowledgment, or at best an ostentatious kind of gratitude, to tell the world that I have received the highest obligations from the Lord Townshend: it is an honour to be regarded by a person of so distinguished a character: I am proud of it, and, not being of a nature to be content with a silent gratitude, am not deterred from owning it, though it be liable to be miscalled vanity.

You have, my Lord, the happiness to enjoy what that great statesman Walsingham, who held the same office which you fill with so much honour, frequently wished, but never obtained: a retirement from business in the declension of life, to enjoy age in peace and tranquillity: this last action speaks you truly great; for that person who by a voluntary retreat, could industriously renounce all the grandeur of the world, must evidently have a soul above it.

Tully in his Tusculum was never more happy, than the Lord Townshend in his Rainham:

“----- Where majestically plain
“ Pure nature reigns where varied views from views
“ Diffusive prospects yield *: here shagg'd with woods,
“ Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks,
“ And all the gay horizon smiles around
“ Full of thy genius! Lo! between yon groves
“ The dome with easy grandeur, like the soul
“ Of its great master, rising overlooks
“ The subject regions, and commands the charms
“ Of many a pleasing landscape to the eye
“ Delightful change! here groves of loftiest shade
“ Wave their proud tops, and form of stateliest view
“ A sylvan theatre! while nature's hand
“ Pours forth profuse, o'er hill, o'er vale, o'er lawn,
“ Her choicest blessings: see! where yonder lake
“ Spreads its wide liquid plain: now stands unmoved,
“ Pure as th' expanse of heaven, and heaven reflects
“ From its broad glittering mirror; now with waves

* See Mr. Thomson's excellent poems.

" Curl'd gently by the breeze, salutes the flowers
 " That grace its banks ! in state the snowy swans
 " Arch their proud necks, and fowls of various plume
 " Innumeros, native or exotic, cleave
 " The dancing wave ! while o'er the adjoining lawns
 " Obverted to the southern suns, the deer
 " Wide spreading graze, or starting bound away
 " In crowds, then turning, silent stand and gaze !
 " Such are thy beauties Rainham, such the haunts
 " Of angels in primæval guiltless days,
 " When man imparadis'd convers'd with God."

This, my Lord, is but a faint picture of the place
 of your retirement, which no one ever enjoyed more
 elegantly : no part of your life lies heavy upon you ;
 there is no uneasy vacancy in it ; it is all filled up with
 study, exercise, or polite amusement : here you shine
 in the most agreeable, though not most strong and daz-
 zling light : in your public station you commanded ad-
 miration and honour ; in your private, you attract
 love and esteem : the nobler parts of your life will be
 the subject of the historian ; and the actions of the great
 statesman and patriot will adorn many pages of our fu-
 ture annals : but the affectionate father, the indulgent
 master, the condescending and benevolent friend, pa-
 tron, and companion, can only be described by those
 who have the pleasure and happiness to see you act
 in all those relations : I could with delight enlarge
 upon this amiable part of your character ; but am
 sensible that no portion of your time is so ill spent as
 in reading what I write. I will therefore only beg the
 honour to subscribe myself,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

And most obedient servant,

Pulham in Norfolk, 1739.

WILLIAM BROOME.



PREFACE.

I AM very sensible that many hard circumstances attend all authors : if they write ill, they are sure to be used with contempt ; if well, too often with envy. Some men, even while they improve themselves with the sentiments of others, rail at their benefactors, and while they gather the fruit, tear the tree that bore it. I must confess, that mere idleness induced me to write ; and the hopes of entertaining a few idle men, to publish. I am not so vain as not to think there are many faults in the ensuing poems ; all human works must fall short of perfection ; and therefore to acknowledge it, is no humility : however, I am not like those authors, who, out of a false modesty, complain of the imperfections of their own works, yet would take it very ill if the world should believe them : I will not add hypocrisy to my other faults, or act so absurdly as to invite the reader to an entertainment, and then tell him that there is nothing worth his eating ; I have furnished out the table according to my best abilities, if not with a splendid elegance, yet at least with an innocent variety.

But since this is the last time that I shall ever, perhaps, trouble the world in this kind, I will beg leave to speak something not as a poet, but a critic ; that if my credit should fail as a poet, I may have recourse to my remarks upon Homer, and be pardoned for my industry as the annotator in part upon the Iliad, and entirely upon the Odyssey.

I will therefore offer a few things upon criticism in general, a study very necessary, but fallen into contempt through the abuse of it. At the restoration of learning, it was particularly necessary ; authors had been long buried in obscurity, and consequently had contracted some rust through the ignorance and barbarism of preceding ages : it was therefore very requisite that they should be polished by a critical hand, and

restored to their original purity : in this consists the office of critics ; but, instead of making copies agreeable to the manuscripts, they have long inserted their own conjectures ; and from this license arise most of the various readings, the burdens of modern editions ; whereas books are like pictures, they may be new varnished, but not a feature is to be altered ; and every stroke that is thus added, destroys in some degree the resemblance, and the original is no longer an Homer or a Virgil, but a mere ideal person, the creature of the editor's fancy. Whoever deviates from this rule, does not correct, but corrupt his author : and therefore, since most books worth reading have now good impressions, it is a folly to devote too much time to this branch of criticism ; it is ridiculous to make it the supreme business of life to repair the ruins of a decayed word, to trouble the world with vain niceties about a letter, or a syllable, or the transposition of a phrase, when the present reading is sufficiently intelligible. These learned triflers are mere weeders of an author ; they collect the weeds for their own use, and permit others to gather the herbs and flowers : it would be of more advantage to mankind, when once an author is faithfully published, to turn our thoughts from the words to the sentiments, and make them more easy and intelligible. A skill in verbal criticism is in reality but a skill in guessing, and consequently he is the best critic who guesses best : a mighty attainment ! and yet with what pomp is a trivial alteration ushered into the world ! Such writers are like Caligula, who raised a mighty army, and alarmed the whole world, and then led it to gather cockle-shells. In short, the question is not what the author might have said, but what he has actually said ; it is not whether a different word will agree with the sense, and turn of the period, but whether it was used by the author ; if it was, it has a good title still to maintain its post, and the authority of the manuscript ought to be followed rather than the fancy of the editor : for can a modern

be a better judge of the language of the purest of the ancients, than those ancients who wrote it in the greatest purity? or if he could, was ever any author so happy as always to choose the proper word? Experience shows the impossibility. Besides, of what use is verbal criticism when once we have a faithful edition? it embarrasses the reader instead of giving new light and hinders his proficiency by engrossing his time; and calling off the attention from the author to the editor; it increases the expence of books, and makes us pay an high price for trifles, and often for absurdities. I will only add, with Sir Henry Saville, that various lections are now grown so voluminous, that we begin to value the first editions of books as most correct, because least corrected.

There are other critics who think themselves obliged to see no imperfections in their author: from the moment they undertake his cause, they look upon him as a lover upon his mistress; he has no faults, or his very faults improve into beauties: this, indeed, is a well-natured error, but still blameable, because it misguides the judgment. Such critics act no less erroneously, than a judge who should resolve to acquit a person, whether innocent or guilty, who comes before him upon his trial. It is frequent for the partial critic to praise the work as he likes the author; he admires a book as an antiquary a medal, solely from the impression of the name, and not from the intrinsic value: the copper of a favourite writer shall be more esteemed than the finest gold of a less acceptable author: for this reason many persons have chosen to publish their works without a name, and by this method, like Apelles, who stood unseen behind his own Venus, have received a praise, which perhaps might have been denied if the author had been visible.

But there are other critics who act a contrary part, and condemn all as criminals whom they try: they dwell only on the faults of an author, and endeavour

to raise a reputation by dispraising every thing that other men praise ; they have an antipathy to a shining character, like some animals, that hate the sun only because of its brightness : it is a crime with them to excel : they are a kind of Tartars in learning, who, seeing a person of distinguished qualifications, immediately endeavour to kill him, in hopes to attain just so much merit as they destroy in their adversary. I never look into one of these critics but he puts me in mind of a giant in romance : the glory of the giant consists in the number of the limbs of men whom he has destroyed ; that of the critic in viewing

“ -----Disjuncti membra Poetae.”

HOR.

If ever he accidentally deviates into praise, he does it that his ensuing blame may fall with the greater weight ; he adorns an author with a few flowers, as the ancients those victims which they were ready to sacrifice : he studies criticism as if it extended only to dispraise ; a practice, which, when most successful, is least desirable. A painter might justly be thought to have a perverse imagination, who should delight only to draw the deformities and distortions of human nature, which, when executed by the most masterly hand, strike the beholder with most horror. It is usual with envious critics to attack the writings of others, because they are good ; they constantly prey upon the fairest fruits, and hope to spread their own works by uniting them with those of their adversary. But this is like Mezentius in Virgil, to join a dead carcase to a living body ; and the only effect of it, to fill every well-natured mind with detestation : their malice becomes impotent, and, contrary to their design, they give a testimony of their enemy's merit, and show him to be an hero by turning all their weapons against him : such critics are like dead coals ; they may blacken, but cannot burn. These writers bring to my memory a passage in the Iliad, where all the inferior powers, the Plebs Superûm, or rabble of the sky, are fancied

to unite their endeavours to pull Jupiter down to the earth: but by the attempt they only betray their own inability; Jupiter is still Jupiter, and by their unavailing efforts they manifest his superiority.

Modesty is essential to true criticism: no man has a title to be a dictator in knowledge, and the sense of our own infirmities ought to teach us to treat others with humanity. The envious critic ought to consider, that if the authors be dead whom he censures, it is inhumanity to trample upon their ashes with insolence; that it is cruelty to summon, implead, and condemn them with rigour and animosity, when they are not in a capacity to answer his unjust allegations: If the authors be alive, the common laws of society oblige us not to commit any outrage against another's reputation; we ought modestly to convince, not injuriously insult; and contend for truth, not victory: and yet the envious critic is like the tyrants of old, who thought it not enough to conquer, unless their enemies were made a public spectacle, and dragged in triumph at their chariot wheels: but what is such a triumph but a barbarous insult over the calamities of their fellow creatures? the noise of a day, purchased with the misery of nations? However, I would not be thought to be pleading for an exemption from criticism; I would only have it circumscribed within the rules of candour and humanity: writers may be told of their errors, provided it be with the decency and tenderness of a friend, not the malice and passion of an enemy: boys may be whipped into sense, but men are to be guided with reason.

If we grant the malicious critic all that he claims, and allow him to have proved his adversary's dulness, and his own acuteness, yet, as long as there is virtue in the world, modest dulness will be preferable to learned arrogance: Dulness may be a misfortune, but arrogance is a crime; and where is the mighty advantage, if, while he discovers more learning, he is found to have less virtue than his adversary? and, though he

be a better critic, yet proves himself to be a worse man? Besides, no one is to be envied the skill in finding such faults as others are so dull as to mistake for beauties. What advantage is such a quicksightedness even to the possessors of it? It makes them difficult to be pleased, and gives them pain, while others receive a pleasure: they resemble the second-sighted people in Scotland, who are fabled to see more than other persons; but all the benefit they reap from this privilege, is to discover objects of horror, ghosts, and apparitions.

But it is time to end, though I have too much reason to enlarge the argument for candour in criticism, through a consciousness of my own deficiency: I have in reality been pleading my own cause, that if I appear too guilty to obtain a pardon, I may find so much mercy from my judges, as to be condemned to suffer without inhumanity: But whatever be the fate of these works, they have proved of use to me, and been an agreeable amusement in a constant solitude. Providence has been pleased to lead me out of the great roads of life, in a private path: where, though we have leisure to choose the smoothest way, yet we are all sure to meet many obstacles in the journey: I have found poetry an innocent companion, and support from the fatigues of it; how long, or how short, the future stages of it are to be, as it is uncertain, so it is a folly to be over-solicitous about it; he that lives the longest, has but the small privilege of creeping more leisurely than others to his grave; what we call living, is in reality but a longer time of dying: and if these verses prove as short-lived as their author, it is a loss not worth regretting; they only die, as they were born, in obscurity.



MISCELLANIES.

A POEM

ON THE SEAT OF WAR IN FLANDERS,

CHIEFLY WITH RELATION TO THE SIEGES:

WITH THE PRAISE OF PEACE AND RETIREMENT.

WRITTEN IN 1710.

Humbly inscribed to John Holt, Esq. of Redgrave-Hall in Suffolk.

Secessus mei non desidiæ nomen, sed tranquillitatis accipiant. PLIN.

HAPPY, thou Flandria! on whose fertile plains
In wanton pride luxurious Plenty reigns ;
Happy had Heav'n bestow'd one blessing more,
And plac'd thee distant from the Gallic power :
But now in vain thy lawns attract the view, 5
They but invite the victor to subdue :
War, horrid War ! the sylvan scene invades,
And angry trumpets pierce the woodland shades.
Here shatter'd tow'rs, proud works of many an age,
Lie dreadful monuments of human rage ; 10
There palaces and hallow'd domes display
Majestic ruins awful in decay !
The very dust, tho' undistinguish'd trod,
Compos'd perhaps some hero great and good,
Who nobly for his country lost his blood. 15
Ev'n with the grave, the haughty spoilers war,
And Death's dark mansions wide disclose to air ;
O'er kings and saints insulting stalk, nor dread
To spurn the ashes of the glorious dead.
See the Britannic Lions wave in air ! 20
See mighty Marlborough breathing death and war !
From Albion's shores at Anna's high commands
The dauntless hero pours his martial bands ;
As when in wrath stern Mars the Thund'rer sends
To scourge his foes, in pomp the god descends, 25
He mounts his iron car, with fury burns,
The car fierce-rattling thunders as it turns ;
Gloomy he grasps his adamantine shield,
Ad scatters armies o'er th' ensanguin'd field :

With delegated wrath thus Marlborough glows, 30
 In vengeance rushing on his country's foes.
 See round the hostile towers embattled stands
 His banner'd host, embody'd bands by bands !
 Hark ! the shrill trumpet sends a mortal sound,
 And prancing horses shake the solid ground ; 35
 The furly drums beat terrible afar
 With all the dreadful music of the war :
 From the drawn swords effulgent flames arise,
 Flash o'er the plains, and lighten to the skies ;
 The heaven's above, the fields and floods beneath, 40
 Glare formidably bright, and shine with death ;
 In fiery storms descends a murder's show'r,
 Thick flash the lightnings, fierce the thunders roar :
 As when in wrathful mood Almighty Jove
 Aims his dire bolts red-hissing from above, 45
 Thro' the sing'd air with unresisted sway
 The forked vengeance rends its flaming way,
 And while the firmament with thunder roars,
 From their foundations hurls imperial towers ;
 So rush the globes with many a fiery round, 50
 Tear up the rock, or rend the steadfast mound ;
 Death shakes aloft her dart, and o'er her prey
 Stalks with dire joy, and marks in blood her way ;
 Mountains of heroes slain deform the ground,
 The shape of man half bury'd in the wound. 55
 And lo ! while in the shock of war they close,
 While swords meet swords and foes encounter foes,
 The treach'rous earth beneath their footsteps cleaves,
 Her entrails tremble, and her bosom heaves ;
 Sudden in bursts of fire eruptions rise, 60
 And whirl the torn battalions to the skies. [sound,
 Thus earthquakes, rumbling with a thund'ring
 Shake the firm world, and rend the cleaving ground ;
 Rocks, hills, and groves, are tost into the sky,
 And in one mighty ruin nations die. 65
 See, thro' th' incumber'd air the ponderous bomb
 Bears magazines of death within its womb !
 The glowing orb displays a blazing train,
 And darts bright horror thro' th' ethereal plain ;

It mounts tempestuous, and with hideous sound* 70
 Wheels down the heavens, and thunders o'er the ground!
 Th' imprison'd deaths rush dreadful in a blaze,
 And mow a thousand lives a thousand ways;
 Earth floats with blood, while spreading flames arise†
 From palaces and domes, and kindle half the skies. 75

Thus terribly in air the comets roll,
 And shoot malignant gleams from pole to pole:
 'Tween worlds and worlds they move, and from their
 Shake the blue plague, the pestilence, and war. [hair

But who is he who stern bestrides the plain, 80
 Who drives triumphant o'er huge hills of slain,
 Serene, while engines from the hostile tow'r
 Rain from their brazen mouths an iron show'r,
 While turbid fiery smoke obscures the day,
 Hews thro' the deathful breach his desp'rate way?
 Sure Jove descending joins the martial toil! 86
 Or is it Marlborough or the great Argyle?

Thus when the Grecians, furious to destroy,
 Levell'd the structures of imperial Troy,
 Here angry Neptune‡ hurl'd his vengeful mace, 90
 There Jove o'erturn'd it from its inmost base;
 Tho' brave, yet vanquish'd, she confess'd the odds:
 Her sons were heroes, but they fought with gods.

Ah! what new horrors rise? in deep array
 The squadrons form; aloft the standards play; 95
 The captains draw the sword; on ev'ry brow
 Determin'd Valour lours; the trumpets blow.
 See! the brave Briton delves the cavern'd ground
 Thro' the hard entrails of the stubborn mound,
 And, undismay'd by death, the foe invades 100
 Thro' dreadful horrors of infernal shades!
 In vain the wall's broad base deep-rooted lies;
 In vain an hundred turrets threat the skies!

VARIATIONS.

- * Ev'n the stern souls of heroes feel dismay,
 Proud temples nod, aspiring towers give way;
 Dreadful it mounts, tempestuous in its flight;
 It sinks, it falls; earth groans beneath its weight!
 Th' imprison'd deaths rush out in smoke and fire;
 The mighty bleed; heaps crush'd on heaps expire.
 † The barriers burst, wide-spreading flames arise.
 ‡ Neptunus muros, magnoq; emota tridenti
 Fundamenta quatit, &c., *Virg. Æn.*

Lo! while at ease the bands immur'd repose,
 Nor careless dream of subterranean foes, 103
 Like the Cadmæan host, embattled swarms
 Start from the earth, and clash their sounding arms,
 And, pouring war and slaughter from beneath,
 Wrap tow'rs, walls, men, in fire, in blood, in death!

So some fam'd torrent dives within the caves 110
 Of op'ning earth, ingulf'd with all his waves :
 High o'er the latent stream the shepherd feeds
 His wand'ring flock, and tunes the sprightly reeds,
 Till from some rifted chasm the billows rise,
 And foaming burst tumultuous to the skies ; 115
 Then roaring dreadful o'er the delug'd plain,
 Sweep herds and hinds in thunder to the main.

Bear me, ye friendly Pow'rs ! to gentler scenes,
 To shady bow'rs and never-fading-greens,
 Where the shrill trumpet never sounds alarms, 120
 Nor martial din is heard nor clash of arms.
 Hail, ye soft seats ! ye limpid springs and floods !
 Ye flow'ry meads ! ye vales ! and mazy woods !
 Ye limpid floods ! that ever murm'ring flow,
 Ye verdant meads ! where flow'rs eternal blow, 125
 Ye shady vales ! where zephyrs ever play,
 Ye woods ! where little warblers tune their lay.

Here grant me, Heav'n ! to end my peaceful days,
 And steal myself from life by slow decays ;
 Draw health from food the temp'rate garden yields,
 From fruit or herb, the bounty of the fields ; 131
 Nor let the loaded table groan beneath
 Slain animals, the horrid feast of death :
 With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
 To the dark grave retiring as to rest ; 135
 While gently with one sigh this mortal frame
 Dissolving, turns to ashes, whence it came ;
 While my freed soul departs without a groan,
 And joyful wings her flight to worlds unknown.

Ye gloomy grotts ! ye awful solemn cells ! 140
 Where holy thoughtful Contemplation dwells,
 Guard me from splendid cares and tiresome state,
 That pompous misery of being great !

Happy if by the wise and learn'd belov'd,
 But happiest above all if self-approv'd ! 145
 Content with ease, ambitious to despise
 Illustrious vanity and glorious vice !
 Come thou, chaste Maid ! here ever let me stray,
 While the calm hours steal unperceiv'd away ;
 Here court the Muses, while the sun on high 150
 Flames in the vault of heaven, and fires the sky ;
 Or while the night's dark wings this globe surround,
 And the pale moon begins her solemn round,
 Bid my free soul to starry orbs repair,
 Those radiant worlds that float in ambient air, 155
 And with a regular confusion stray
 Oblique, direct, along th' aerial way ;
 Or when Aurora from her golden bow'rs
 Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flow'rs,
 Reclin'd in silence on a mossy bed 160
 Consult the learned volumes of the dead ;
 Fall'n realms and empires in description view,
 Live o'er past times, and build whole worlds anew ;
 Or from the bursting tombs in fancy raise
 The sons of Fame, who liv'd in ancient days. 165
 And lo ! with haughty stalk the warrior treads !
 Stern legislators frowning lift their heads !
 I see proud victors in triumphal cars,
 Chiefs, kings, and heroes, seam'd with glorious scars !
 Or listen till the raptur'd soul takes wings, 170
 While Plato reasons, or while Homer sings.
 Charm me, ye Sacred Leaves !* with loftier themes,
 With op'ning heavens, and angels rob'd in flames :
 Ye restless passions ! while I read be aw'd :
 Hail, ye mysterious oracles of God ! 175
 Here I behold how infant Time began,
 How the dust mov'd and quicken'd into man ;
 Here thro' the flow'ry walks of Eden rove,
 Court the soft breeze, or range the spicy grove ; 179
 There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
 And rev'rend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God ;

* The Holy Scriptures.

Or hear the voice to slumb'ring prophets giv'n,
Or gaze on visions from the throne of heaven.

But nobler yet, far nobler scenes advance !
Why leap the mountains ? why the forests dance ? 185
Why flashes glory from the golden spheres ?
Rejoice, O Earth ! a God ! a God appears !
A God ! a God ! descending angels sing,
And mighty seraphs shout, Behold your King !
Hail, virgin-born ! Lift, lift ye blind ! your eyes ; 190
Sing, O ye dumb ! and, O ye dead ! arise ;
Tremble, ye gates of hell ! in noblest strains
Tell it aloud, ye heav'ns ! the Saviour reigns !

Thus lonely thoughtful may I run the race
Of transient life in no unuseful ease ! 195
Enjoy each hour, nor, as it fleets away,
Think life too short, and yet too long the day ;
Of right observant, while the soul attends
Each duty, and makes heaven and angels friends.
And thou, fair Peace ! from the wild floods of war 200
Come dove-like, and thy blooming olive bear.
Tell me, ye victors ! what strange charms ye find
In conquest, that destruction of mankind ?
Unenvy'd may your laurels ever grow,
That never flourish but in human woe, 205
If never earth the wreath triumphal bears,
Till drench'd in heroes' blood or orphan's tears !

Let Ganges from afar to slaughter train
His sable warriors on th' embattled plain ;
Let Volga's sons in iron squadrons rise, 210
And pour in millions from her frozen skies ;
Thou, gentle Thames ! flow thou in peaceful streams ;
Bid thy bold sons restrain their martial flames :
In thy own laurels' shade, great Marlborough ! stay,
There charm the thoughts of conquer'd worlds away.
Guardian of England ! born to scourge her foes, 216
Speak, and thy word gives half the world repose.
Sink down ye hills ! eternal rocks subside !
Vanish, ye forts ! thou, Ocean ! drain thy tide ;
We safety boast, defended by thy fame, 220
And armies—in the terror of thy name !

Now fix o'er Anna's throne thy victor blade ;
 War, be thou chain'd ! ye streams of blood, be stay'd !
 Tho' wild Ambition her just vengeance feels,
 She wars to save, and where she strikes she heals. 225
 So Pallas with her javelin smote the ground,
 And peaceful olives flourish from the wound. 227

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A LADY AND HER LOOKING-GLASS,

While she had the Green-sickness.

THE gay Ophelia view'd her face
 In the clear crystal of her glass ;
 The lighting from her eye was fled,
 Her cheek was pale, the roses dead.
 Then thus Ophelia with a frown— 5
 “ Art thou, false thing ! perfidious grown ?
 “ I never could have thought, I swear,
 “ To find so great a slanderer there.
 “ False thing ! thy malice I defy ;
 “ Beaux vow I'm fair—who never lie. 10
 “ More brittle far than brittle thou
 “ Would ev'ry grace of woman grow
 “ If charms so great so soon decay,
 “ The bright possession of a day !
 “ But this I know, and this declare, 15
 “ That thou art false, and I am fair.”
 The Glass was vex'd to be bely'd,
 And thus with angry tone reply'd :
 “ No more to me of falsehood talk,
 “ But leave your oatmeal and your chalk. 20
 “ 'Tis true you're meagre, pale, and wan ;
 “ The reason is you're sick for man.”—
 While yet it spoke, Ophelia frown'd,
 And dash'd th' offender to the ground :
 With fury from her arm it fled, 25
 And round a glitt'ring ruin spread ;
 When lo ! the parts pale looks disclose ;
 Pale looks in ev'ry fragment rose :
 Around the room instead of one
 An hundred pale Ophelias shone. 30

Away the frightened virgin flew,
And humbled, from herself withdrew.

THE MORAL.

Ye beaux ! who tempt the fair and young
With snuff and nonsense, dance and song ;
Ye men of compliment and lace ! 35
Behold this image in the glass ;
The wondrous force of flatt'ry prove
To cheat fond virgins into love :
Tho' pale the cheek, yet swear it glows
With the vermilion of the rose : 40
Praise them—for praise is always true,
Tho' with both eyes the cheat they view.
From hateful truths the virgin flies,
But the false sex is caught with lies. 44

POVERTY AND POETRY.

'T WAS sung of old how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a lion,
And by his strange enchanting tunes
Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons.
His songs could call the timber down, 5
And form it into house or town ;
But it is plain that in these times
No house is rais'd by poet's rhymes ;
They for themselves can only rear
A few wild castles in the air : 10
Poor are the brethren of the bays,
Down from high strains to ekes and ayes.
The Muses too are virgins yet,
And may be—till they portions get.
Yet still the doating rhymers dream, 15
And sing of Helicon's bright streams ;
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninspiring water.
Yet ev'n athirst he sweetly sings
Of nectar and Elysian springs. 20
What dire malignant planet sheds,
Ye bards ! his influence on your heads ?

Lawyers, by endless controversies,
 Consume unthinking clients' purses :
 As Pharaoh's kine, which strange and odd is, 25
 Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.

The grave physician, who by physic,
 Like Death, dispatches him that is sick,
 Pursues a sure and thriving trade ;
 Tho' patients die the doctor's paid : 30
 Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace,
 For what another mounts the gallows.

In shady groves the Muses stray,
 And love in flow'ry meads to play ;
 An idle crew ! whose only trade is 35
 To shine in trifles, like our ladies ;
 In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,
 While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning :
 Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
 Their vot'ries, but a laurel wreath. 40

But Love rewards the bard : the fair
 Attend his song and ease his care.
 Alas ! fond youth ! your plea you urge ill
 Without a jointure, tho' a Virgil.
 Could you like Phœbus sing, in vain 45
 You nobly swell the lofty strain :
 Coy Daphne flies ; and you will find as
 Hard hearts as her's in your Belinda's.

But then some say you purchase fame,
 And gain that envy'd prize, a name : 50
 Great recompense ! like his who sells
 A diamond for beads and bells.
 Will fame be thought sufficient bail
 To keep the poet from the jail ?

Thus the brave soldier in the wars 55
 Gets empty praise and aking scars ;
 Is paid with fame and wooden legs,
 And, starv'd, the glorious vagrant begs. 5

THE COMPLAINT.

CÆLIA TO DAMON.

I WHO was once the glory of the plain,
 The fairest virgin of the virgin train,
 Am now (by thee, O faithless man ! betray'd)
 A fall'n, a lost, a miserable maid !
 Ye winds ! that witness to my deep despair, 5
 Receive my sighs, and waft them thro' the air,
 And gently breathe them to my Damon's ear !
 Curs'd, ever curs'd, be that unlucky day
 When trembling, sighing, at my feet he lay !
 I trembled, sigh'd, and look'd my heart away. 10
 Why was he form'd ye Pow'rs ! his sex's pride,
 Too false to love, too fair to be deny'd ?
 Ye heedless virgins ! gaze not on his eyes ;
 Lovely they are, but she that gazes dies !
 O fly his voice, be deaf to all he says ! 15
 Charms has his voice, but charming it betrays !
 At ev'ry word, each motion of his eye,
 A thousand loves are born, a thousand lovers die.
 Say, gentle youths ! ye bless'd Arcadian swains,
 Inhabitants of these delightful plains, 20
 Say by what fountain, in what rosy bow'r,
 Reclines my charmer in the noontide hour ?
 To you, dear fugitive ! where'er you stray,
 Wild with despair, impatient of delay,
 Swift on the wings of eager love I fly, 25
 Or send my soul still swifter in a sigh !
 I'd then inform you of your Cælia's cares,
 And try the eloquence of female tears :
 Fearless I'd pass where Desolation reigns,
 Tread the wild waste, or burning Lybian plains ; 30
 Or where the North his furious pinions tries,
 And howling hurricanes embroil the skies !
 Should all the monsters in Getulia bred
 Oppose the passage of a tender maid,
 Dauntless, if Damon calls, his Cælia speeds 35
 Thro' all the monsters that Getulia breeds !

Bold was Bonduca, and her arrows flew
 Swift and unerring from the twanging yew :
 By love inspir'd, I'll teach the shaft to fly ;
 For thee I'd conquer, or at least would die ! 40
 If o'er the dreary Caucasus you go,
 Or mountains crown'd with everlasting snow,
 Where thro' the freezing skies in storms it pours,
 And brightens the dull air with shining show'rs ;
 Ev'n there with you I could securely rest, 45
 And dare all cold but in my Damon's breast.
 Or should you dwell beneath the sultry ray
 Where rising Phœbus ushers in the day,
 There, there I dwell ! Thou, Sun ! exert thy fires ;
 Love, mighty Love ! a fiercer flame inspires. 50
 Or if, a pilgrim, you would pay your vows
 Where Jordan's stream in soft meanders flows,
 I'll be a pilgrim, and my vows I'll pay
 Where Jordan's streams in soft meanders play.
 Joy of my soul ! my ev'ry wish in one ! 55
 Why must I love, when loving I'm undone ?
 Sweet are the whispers of the waving trees
 And murm'ring waters, curling to the breeze ;
 Sweet are soft slumbers in the shady bow'rs,
 When glowing suns infest the sultry hours : 60
 But not the whispers of the waving trees,
 Nor murm'ring waters, curling to the breeze ;
 Not sweet soft slumbers in the shady bow'rs,
 When thou art absent, whom my soul adores !
 Come, let us seek some flow'ry fragrant bed ; 65
 Come, on thy bosom rest my love-sick head ;
 Come, drive thy flocks beneath the shady hills,
 Or softly slumber by the murm'ring rills.
 Ah ! no ; he flies ; that dear enchanting he
 Whose beauty steals my very self from me ! 70
 Yet wert thou wont the garland to prepare
 To crown with fragrant wreaths thy Cælia's hair ;
 When to the lyre she tun'd the vocal lays,
 Thy tongue would flatter, and thine eyes speak praise ;
 And when smooth-gliding in the dance she mov'd, 75
 Ask thy false bosom if it never lov'd ?

And still her eye some little lustre bears,
 If swains speak truth—tho' dimm'd for thee with tears !
 But fade each grace since he no longer sees
 Those charms for whom alone I wish to please ! 80

But whence these sudden sad presaging fears,
 These rising sighs, and whence these flowing tears ?
 Ah ! lest the trumpet's terrible alarms
 Have drawn the lover from his Cælia's charms,
 To try the doubtful field, and shine in azure arms ! 85
 Ah ! canst thou bear the labours of the war,
 Bend the tough bow, or dart the pointed spear ?
 Desist, fond youth ! let others glory gain,
 Seek empty honour o'er the surgy main,
 Or sheath'd in horrid arms rush dreadful to the plain.

Thee, shepherd ! thee the pleasurable woods, 91
 The painted meadows and the crystal floods,
 Claim and invite to bless their sweet abodes :
 There shady bow'rs and sylvan scenes arise,
 There fountains murmur, and the spring supplies 95
 Flow'rs to delight the smell or charm the eyes.

But mourn, ye sylvan scenes and shady bow'rs !
 Weep all ye fountain's ! Languish all ye flow'rs !
 If in a desert Damon but appear,
 To Cælia's eyes a desert is more fair 100
 Than all your charms, when Damon is not there !
 Gods ! what soft words, what sweet delusive wiles,
 He boasts ! and oh ! those dear undoing smiles !
 Pleas'd with our ruin to his arms we run :

To be undone by him, who would not be undone ? 105
 Alas ! I rave. Ye swelling torrents ! roll
 Your wat'ry tribute o'er my love-sick soul :
 To cool my heart your waves, ye oceans ! bear :
 Oh ! vain are all your waves, for love is there !

But ah ! what sudden thought to frenzy moves 110
 My tortur'd soul ?—Perhaps my Damon loves :
 Some fatal beauty, yielding all her charms,
 Detains the lovely traitor from my arms.
 Blast her, ye skies ! let instant vengeance seize
 Those guilty charms, whose crime it is to please ! 115

Damon is mine!—Fond maid! thy fears subdue:
 Am I not jealous, and my charmer true?
 O Heaven! from jealousy my bosom save,
 Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave!

Ye Powers! of all the ills that ever curst 120
 Our sex, sure man, dissembling man! is worst.
 Like froward boys, a while in wanton play,
 He sports with hearts, then throws the toys away:
 With specious wiles weak woman he assails, 124
 He swears, weeps, smiles, he flatters, and prevails;
 Then in a moment, when the maid believes,
 The perjur'd traitor triumphs, scorns, and leaves.
 How oft my Damon swore th' all-seeing sun
 Should change his course, and rivers backward run,
 Ere his fond heart should range, or faithless prove 130
 To the bright object of his steadfast love!
 O! instant change thy course, all-seeing sun!
 Damon is false; ye rivers! backward run.

But die, O wretched Cælia! die. In vain
 Thus to the fields and floods you breathe your pain.
 The tear is fruitless, and the tender sigh, 136
 And life a load.—Forsaken Cælia! die.
 Fly swifter, time! O speed the joyful hour!
 Receive me, grave!—then I shall love no more.
 Ah! wretched maid! so sad a cure to prove; 140
 Ah! wretched maid! to fly to death from love.
 Yet oh! when this poor frame no more shall live,
 Be happy, Damon! may not Damon grieve?
 Ah me! I'm vain: my death cannot appear
 Worth the vast price of but a single tear. 145
 Forlorn, abandon'd, to the rocks I go,
 But they have learn'd new cruelties of you:
 Alone relenting Echo with me mourns,
 And faint with grief she scarce my sighs returns.
 Then Sighs adieu! ye nobler passions rise! 150
 Be wise, fond maid!—but who in love is wise?
 I rage, I rail, the extremes of anger prove;
 Nay, almost hate—then love thee beyond love!
 Pity, kind Heaven! and right an injur'd maid:
 Yet oh! yet spare the dear deceiver's head! 155

If from the sultry suns at noontide hours
 He seeks the covert of the breezy bow'rs,
 Awake, O South ! and where my charmer lies,
 Bid roses bloom, and beds of fragrance rise ;
 Gently, O gently ! round in whispers fly, 160
 Sigh to his sighs, and fan the glowing sky.
 If o'er the waves he cuts the liquid way,
 Be still, ye waves ! or round his vessel play.
 And you, ye winds ! confine each ruder breath,
 Lie hush'd in silence, and be calm as death ; 165
 But if he stay detain'd by adverse gales,
 My sighs shall drive the ship, and fill the flagging sails.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND

MR. ELIJAH FENTON, 1730.

“ Calentem
 Debita sparges lacryma favillam
 “ Vatis amici.”

HOR.

AS when the King of Peace and Lord of Love
 Sends down some brighter angel from above,
 Pleas'd with the beauties of the heavenly guest,
 A while we view him in full glory drest :
 But he, impatient from his heaven to stay, 5
 Soon disappears, and wings his airy way :
 So didst thou vanish, eager to appear
 And shine triumphant in thy native sphere.
 Yet hadst thou all that virtue can bestow,
 All the good practise, and the learned know, 10
 Such holy rapture as not warms, but fires,
 While the soul seems retiring, or retires :
 Such transports as those saints in vision share,
 Who know not whether they are rapt thro' air,
 Or bring down Heaven to meet them in a pray'r. 15
 O early lost ! yet steadfast to survey
 Envy, disease, and death, without dismay ;
 Serene, the sting of pain * thy thoughts beguile,
 And make afflictions, objects of a smile :
 So the fam'd patriarch on his couch of stone 20
 Enjoy'd bright visions from the eternal throne. [please,
 Thus wean'd from earth, where pleasure scarce can
 Thy woes but hasten'd thee to heaven and peace ;

* The gout.

As angry winds, when loud the tempest roars,
More swiftly speed the vessel to the shores. 25

O may these lays a lasting lustre shed
O'er thy dark urn, like lamps that grace the dead !
Strong were thy thoughts, yet reason bore the sway ;
Humble, yet learn'd ; tho' innocent, yet gay ;
So pure of heart, that thou might'st safely show 30
Thy inmost bosom to thy basest foe ;
Careless of wealth, thy bliss a calm retreat,
Far from the insults of the scornful great ;
Thence looking with disdain on proudest things,
Thou deemed'st mean the pageantry of kings, 35
Who build their pride on trappings of a throne,
A painted ribband or a glitt'ring stone,
Uselessly bright ! 'Twas thine the soul to raise
To nobler objects, such as angels praise ;
To live to mortals' empty fame a foe, 40
And pity human joy and human woe ;
To view ev'n splendid vice with gen'rous hate ;
In life unblemish'd, and in death sedate ;
Then conscience, shining with a lenient ray,
Dawn'd o'er thy soul, and promis'd endless day. 45
So from the setting orb of Phœbus fly
Beams of calm light, and glitter to the sky.

Where now, O ! where shall I true friendship find
Among the treach'rous race of base mankind ?
Whom, whom consult in all th' uncertain ways 50
Of various life, sincere to blame or praise ?
O friend ! O ! falling in thy strength of years,
Warm from the melting soul receive these tears !
O woods ! O wilds ! O ev'ry bow'ry shade !
So often vocal by his music made, 55
Now other sounds—far other sounds ! return,
And o'er his hearse with all your echoes mourn !—
Yet dare we grieve that soon the paths he trod
To heaven, and left vain man for saints and God ?

Thus in the theatre the scenes unfold 60
A thousand wonders glorious to behold,
And here or there as the machine extends
A hero rises, or a god descends ;

But soon the momentary pleasure flies,
Swift vanishes the god, or hero dies. 65

Where were ye, Muses ! by what fountain side,
What river, sporting when your fav'rite dy'd ?
He knew by verse to chain the headlong floods,
Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods ;
Nor deign'd but to high themes* to tune the string,
To such as Heaven might hear, and angels sing : 71
Unlike those bards who, uninform'd to play,
Grate on their jarring pipes a flashy lay,
Each line display'd united strength and ease,
Form'd like his manners to instruct and please. 75

So herbs of balmy excellence produce
A blooming flow'r and salutary juice ;
And while each plant a smiling grace reveals,
Usefully gay, at once it charms and heals.

Transcend ev'n after death, ye great ! in show, 80
Lend pomp to ashes, and be vain in woe :
Hire substitutes to mourn with formal cries,
And bribe unwilling drops from venal eyes ;
While here sincerity of grief appears,
Silence that speaks, and eloquence in tears ; 85
While, tir'd of life, we but consent to live
To show the world how really we grieve.
As some fond sire whose only son lies dead,
All lost to comfort makes the dust his bed,
Hangs o'er his urn, with frantic grief deplores, 90
And bathes his clay-cold cheek with copious show'rs ;
Such heart-felt pangs on thy sad bier attend,
Companion ! brother ! all in one—my friend !
Unless the soul a wound eternal bears,
Sighs are but air, but common water tears : 95
The proud relentless weep in state, and show
Not sorrow, but magnificence of woe.

Thus in the fountain, from the sculptor's hands,
With imitated life, an image stands ;
From rocky entrails thro' his stony eyes 100
The mimic tears in streams incessant rise

* Mr. Fenton intended to write upon moral subjects.

Unconscious, while aloft the waters flow
The gazers' wonder and a public show.

Ye hallow'd Domes! his frequent visits tell,
Thou court where God himself delights to dwell; 105
Thou Mystic Table and thou holy Feast!
How often have ye seen the sacred guest?
How oft' his soul with heavenly manna fed,
His faith enliven'd, while his sin lay dead?
While list'ning angels heard such raptures rise 110
As when they hymn th' Almighty charms the skies.
But where, now where, without the body's aid,
New to the heav'ns, subsists thy gentle shade?
Glides it beyond our gross imperfect sky,
Pleas'd high o'er stars from world to world to fly, 115
And fearless marks the comet's dreadful blaze
While monarchs quake and trembling nations gaze?
Or holds deep converse with the mighty dead,
Champions of virtue, who for virtue bled?
Or joins in concert with angelic choirs, 120
Where hymning seraphs sound their golden lyres,
Where raptur'd saints unfading crowns in wreath,
Triumphant o'er the world, o'er sin and death?
O may the thought his friend's devotion raise!
O may he imitate as well as praise! 125
Awake, my heavy soul! and upward fly,
Speak to the saint, and meet him in the sky,
And ask the certain way to rise as high. 128

ON THE
BIRTHDAY OF A GENTLEMAN

WHEN THREE YEARS OLD.

AWAKE, sweet Babe! the sun's emerging ray
That gave you, birth renews the happy day:
Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

Fair beauty's bud! when time shall stretch thy span,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man, 6

What plenteous fruits thy blossoms shall produce,
 And yield not barren ornament, but use!
 E'en now thy spring a rich increase prepares
 To crown thy riper growth and manly years. 10

Thus in the kernels intricate disguise,
 In miniature a little orchard lies;
 The fibrous labyrinth by just degrees
 Stretch their swol'n cells, replete with future trees;
 By time evolv'd the spreading branches rise, 15
 Yield their rich fruits, and shoot into the skies.

O lovely babe! what lustre shall adorn
 Thy noon of beauty when so bright thy morn?
 Shine forth advancing with a brighter ray,
 And may no vice o'ercloud thy future day! 20
 With nobler aims instruct thy soul to glow
 Than those gay trifles, titles, wealth, and show.
 May valour, wisdom, learning crown thy days!
 Those fools admire—these heav'n and angels praise*.

With riches blest, to heav'n those riches lend, 25
 The poor man's guardian, and the good man's friend:
 Bid virtuous Sorrow smile, scorn'd Merit cheer,
 And o'er Affliction pour the gen'rous tear.
 Some, wildly lib'ral, squander, not bestow,
 And give unprais'd, because they give for show. 30
 To sanctify thy wealth, on worth employ
 Thy gold, and to a blessing turn the toy.
 Thus off'rings from th' unjust pollute the skies;
 The good turn smoke into a sacrifice.

As when an artist plans a fav'rite draught, 35
 The structures rise responsive to the thought,

ADDITION.

* To brace the mind to dignity of thought,
 To emulate what godlike Tully wrote.
 Be this thy early wish! The garden breeds,
 If unimprov'd, at least but gaudy weeds;
 And stubborn youth, by culture unsubdu'd,
 Lies wildly barren or but gayly rude:
 Yet as some Phidias gives the marble life,
 While Art with Nature holds a dubious strife,
 Adorns a rock with graces not its own,
 And calls a Venus from the rugged stone;
 So culture aids the human soul to rise,
 To scorn the fordid earth, and mount the skies,
 Till by degrees the noble guest refines,
 Claims her high birthright, and divinely shines.

A palace grows beneath his forming hands,
Or worthy of a god a temple stands :
Such is thy rising frame, by heav'n design'd
A temple worthy of a godlike mind ; 40
Nobly adorn'd, and finish'd to display
A fuller beam of heaven's ethereal ray.
May all thy charms increase, O lovely boy!
Spare them, ye Pains ! and age alone destroy
So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be 45
A child, the god might boast to look like thee !
When young Iulus' form he deign'd to wear,
Such were his smiles, and such his winning air.
E'en Venus might mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son ; 50
Thence all the lightning of thy mother's flies,
A Cupid grac'd with Cytherea's eyes !

Yet ah ! how short a date the Pow'rs decree
To that bright frame of beauties and to thee !
Pass a few days, and all thy beauties fly ! 55
Pass a few years, and thou, alas ! shalt die ;
Then all thy kindred, all thy friends shall see,
With tears, what now thou art, and they must be ;
A pale, cold, lifeless, lump of earth deplore :
Such shalt thou be, and kings shall be no more ! 60
But oh ! when ripe for death, Fate calls thee hence,
Sure lot of ev'ry mortal excellence ;
When, pregnant as the womb, the teeming earth
Requies thee quicken'd to thy second birth,
Rise cloath'd with beauties that shall never die,
A faint on earth, an angel in the sky ! 66



ON THE BIRTHDAY OF
MR. ROBERT TREFUSIS,

Being three Years old March 22, 1710-11.*

WHY, lovely babe! does slumber seal your eyes?
 See, fair Aurora blushes in the skies:
 'The sun, which gave you birth, in bright array
 Begins his course, and ushers in the day:
 Calmly serene, and glorious to the view, 5
 He marches forth, and strives to look like you.
 Fair Beauty's bud! when time shall stretch thy span,
 Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
 How shall each swain, each beauteous nymph, complain!
 For love each nymph, for envy ev'ry swain? 10
 What matchless charms shall thy full noon adorn
 When so admir'd, so glorious, is thy morn!
 So glorious is thy morn of life begun,
 That all to thee with admiration run,
 Turn Persians, and adore the rising sun. 15
 So fair art thou, that if great Cupid be
 A child, as poets say, sure thou art he.
 Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
 Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son;
 There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine, 20
 Their radiant glory and their sweetness join
 To shew their fatal pow'r and all their charms in thine.
 If fond Narcissus in the crystal flood
 A form like thine, O lovely infant! view'd,
 Well might the flame the pining youth destroy:
 Excess of beauty justify'd the boy. 26

* This Poem is on the same subject with the preceding, but differs from it materially. It is apparently the original one, and preserves the name and date: the other is enlarged, and more highly polished. We print it from the fourth volume of Nichol's Collection of Poems, published in 1780.

ON A FLOWER

WHICH BELINDA GAVE ME FROM HER BOSOM.

O LOVELY offspring of the May!
 Whence flow thy balmy odours, say?
 Such odours—not the orient boasts,
 Tho' Paradise adorn'd the coasts.
 O! sweeter than each flower that blooms 5
 This fragrance from thy bosom comes!
 Thence, thence, such sweets are spread abroad
 As might be incense for a god!
 When Venus stood conceal'd from view,
 Her son the latent* goddess knew, 10
 Such sweets breath'd round! and thus we know
 Our other Venus here below.
 But see, my fairest! see this flow'r,
 This short-liv'd beauty of an hour!—
 Such are thy charms!—yet zephyrs bring 15
 The flow'r to bloom again in spring;
 But beauty, when it once declines,
 No more to warm the lover shines.
 Alas! incessant speeds the day
 When thou shalt be but common clay! 20
 When I who now adore may see
 And e'en with horror start from thee!
 But ere, sweet gift! thy grace consumes,
 Show thou my fair one how she blooms;
 Put forth thy charms—and then declare 25
 Thyself less sweet, thyself less fair;
 Then sudden, by a swift decay,
 Let all thy beauties fade away,
 And let her in thy glass descry
 How youth and how frail beauty die. 30
 Ah! turn, my charmer! turn thy eyes;
 See how at once it fades, it dies!
 While thine—it gaily pleas'd the view,
 Unfaded as before it grew,

* Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odoerm
 spiravere. *Virg.*

Now from thy bosom doom'd to stray, 35
 'Tis only beauteous in decay.
 So the sweet smelling Indian flow'rs,
 Griev'd when they leave those happier shores,
 Sicken and die away in ours :
 So flow'rs in Eden fond to blow 40
 In Paradise would only grow.
 Nor wonder, fairest! to survey
 The flow'r so suddenly decay.
 Too cold thy breast; nor can it grow*
 Between such little hills of snow. 45
 I now, vain Infidel! no more
 Deride th' Egyptians, who adore
 The rising herb and blooming flow'r:
 Now, now, their convert I will be,
 O lovely flow'r! to worship thee. 50
 But if thou'rt one of their sad train
 Who dy'd for love and cold disdain,
 Who, chang'd by some kind pitying pow'r,
 A lover once †, art now a flow'r:
 O pity me! O weep my care! 55
 A thousand thousand pains I bear;
 I love, I die, thro' deep despair! 57

ON A MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

FROM peace and social joy Medusa flies,
 And loves to hear the storm of anger rise.
 Thus hags and witches hate the smiles of day,
 Sport in loud thunder, and in tempests play. 4

THE ROSEBUD.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY JANE WHARTON.

QUEEN of Fragrance, lovely Rose!
 The beauties of thy leaves disclose;
 The winter's past, the tempests fly,
 Soft gales breathe gently thro' the sky;

VARIATION.

* ----- how could it grow?

† See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

MISCELLANIES.

41

'The lark, sweet warbling on the wing,
Salutes the gay return of spring;
The silver dews, the vernal show'rs,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs;
The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are cloath'd with green, or swell with buds:
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

5

10

Thou, beauteous flow'r! a welcome guest,
Shalt flourish on the fair one's breast,
Shalt grace her hand or deck her hair,
The flow'r most sweet! the nymph most fair!
Breathe soft, ye winds! be calm, ye skies!
Arise, ye flow'ry race! arise,
And haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

15

20

But thou, fair nymph! thyself survey
In this sweet offspring of a day.
That miracle of face must fail;
Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail:
Swift as the short-liv'd flow'r they fly;
At morn they bloom, at ev'ning die.
Tho' sickness yet a while forbears,
Yet time destroys what sickness spares.
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra's but a name.
Time must indent that heav'nly brow,
And thou must be what they are now.

25

30

This moral to the fair disclose,
Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

34

THE COQUETTE.

SILLIA with uncontested sway
Like Rome's fam'd tyrant reigns,
Beholds adoring crowds obey,
And heroes proud to wear her chains,
Yet stoops, like him, to ev'ry prize,
Busy to murder beaux and flies.

6

She aims at ev'ry trifling heart,
 Attends each flatterer's vows,
 And, like a picture drawn with art,
 A look on all that gaze bestows.
 O! may the power who lovers rules
 Grant rather scorn than hope with fools!

12

Mistaken nymph! the crowds that gaze
 Adore thee into shame;
 Unguarded beauty is disgrace,
 And coxcombs when they praise defame.
 O! fly such brutes in human shapes,
 Nor like th' Egyptians worship apes!

18

COURAGE IN LOVE.

MY eyes with floods of tears o'erflow,
 My bosom heaves with constant woe;
 Those eyes which thy unkindness swells,
 That bosom where thy image dwells!

How could I hope so weak a flame
 Could ever warm that matchless dame,
 When none Elysium must behold
 Without a radiant bough of gold?
 'Tis her's in spheres to shine;
 At distance to admire is mine;
 Doom'd like th' enamour'd youth * to groan
 For a new goddess form'd of stone.

5

While thus I spoke, Love's gentle pow'r
 Descended from th' ethereal bow'r;
 A quiver at his shoulder hung,
 A shaft he grasp'd, and bow unstrung:
 All Nature own'd the genial god,
 And the spring flourish'd where he trod:
 My heart, no stranger to the guest,
 Flutter'd and labour'd in my breast;
 When with a smile that kindles joy
 E'en in the gods, began the boy:

10

15

20

“ How vain these tears! is man decreed
 “ By being abject to succeed?

* Polydorus, who pined to death for the love of a beautiful statue.

- " Hop'ft thou by meagre looks to move?
 " Are women frighten'd into love?
 " He moft prevails who nobly dares;
 " In love an hero as in wars:
 " E'en Venus may be known to yield,
 " But 'tis when Mars disputes the field. 30
 " Sent from a daring hand my dart,
 " Strikes deep into the fair one's heart.
 " To winds and waves thy cares bequeath;
 " A figh is but a waste of breath.
 " What tho' gay youth and ev'ry grace 35
 " That beauty boasts adorn her face?
 " Yet goddeffes have deign'd to wed,
 " And take a mortal to their bed;
 " And heaven, when gifts of incense rife,
 " Accepts it, tho' it cloud their skies. 40
 " Mark how this marygold conceals
 " Her beauty, and her bofom viels;
 " How from the dull embrace ſhe flies
 " Of Phœbus, when his beams ariſe,
 " But when his glory he diſplays, 45
 " And darts around his fiercer rays,
 " Her charms ſhe opens, and receives
 " The vig'rous god into her leaves." 48

THE PARTING,

A SONG,

Set by Dr. Tudway, Profeſſor of Muſic in Cambridge.

- WHEN from the plains Belinda fled,
 The ſad Amintor figh'd,
 And thus, while ſtreams of tears he ſhed,
 The mournful ſhepherd cry'd; 4
 " Move ſlow, ye Hours! thou, Time! delay;
 " Prolong the bright Belinda's ſtay:
 " But you, like her, my pray'r deny,
 " And cruelly away ye fly. 8
 " Yet, tho' ſhe flies, ſhe leaves behind
 " Her lovely image in my mind:

" O fair Belinda! with me stay,
 " Or take thy image too away. 12

" See how the fields are gay around,
 " How painted flow'rs adorn the ground!
 " As if the fields, as well as I,
 " Were proud to please my fair one's eye. 16

" But now, ye fields! no more be gay;
 " No more, ye flowers! your charms display;
 " 'Tis desert all now you are fled,
 " And Paradise is where you tread." 20

Unmov'd the virgin flies his cares
 To shine at court and play;
 To lonely shades the youth repairs,
 To weep his life away. 24

TO THOMAS MARRIOT, ESQ.

I prefix your name to the following poem as a monument of the long and sincere friendship I have borne you. I am sensible you are too good a judge of poetry to approve it; however, it will be a testimony of my respect. You conferred obligations upon me very early in life, almost as soon as I was capable of receiving them. May these Verses on Death long survive my own, and remain a memorial of our friendship and my gratitude when I am no more.

WILLIAM BROOME

A POEM ON DEATH.

Τὶς οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἔστι κατθανεῖν,
 Τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν. EURIP.

O FOR Elijah's car, to wing my way
 O'er the dark gulf of Death, to endless day!
 A thousand ways, alas! frail mortals lead
 To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread!
 See! in the horrors of yon house of woes, 5
 Troops of all maladies the fiend enclose!
 High on a trophy rais'd of human bones,
 Swords, spears, and arrows, and sepulchral stones,
 In horrid state she reigns! attendant ills
 Besiege her throne, and when she frowns she kills. 10

Thro' the thick gloom the torch red-gleaming burns,
 O'er shrouds, and sable palls, and mould'ring urns;
 While flowing stoles, black plumes, and scutcheons,
 An idle pomp around the silent dead. [spread

Unaw'd by pow'r, in common heaps she flings 15

The scrips of beggars and the crowns of kings.

Here gales of sighs, instead of breezes, blow,

And streams of tears for ever murm'ring flow:

The mournful yew with solemn horror waves,

His baleful branches sadd'ning e'en the graves: 20

Around all birds obscene, loud screaming fly,

Clang their black wings, and shriek along the sky:

The ground perverse, tho' bare and barren breeds

All poisons foes to life, and noxious weeds;

But blasted frequent by th' unwholesome sky, 25

Dead fall the birds, the very poisons die!

Full in the entrance of the dreadful doors,

Old Age half vanish'd to a ghost, deplores;

Propp'd on his crutch, he drags, with many a groan,

The load of life, yet dreads to lay it down. 30

There, downward driving an unnumber'd band,

Intemp'rance and Disease walk hand in hand;

These Torment, whirling with remorseless sway

A scourge of iron, lashes on the way.

There frantic Anger, prone to wild extremes, 35

Grasps an ensanguin'd sword, and heaven blasphemes:

There heart-sick Agony distorted stands,

Writhes his convulsive limbs and wrings his hands:

There Sorrow droops his ever-pensive head,

And Care still tosses on his iron bed. 40

Or musing, fastens on the ground his eye,

With folded arms, with ev'ry breath a sigh:

Hydrops unweildy wallows in the flood,

And Murder rages, red with human blood:

With Fever, Famine, and afflictive Pain, 45

Plague, Pestilence, and War, a dismal train!

These and a thousand more the fiend surround,

Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans resound.

O heav'ns! is this the passage to the skies

That man must tread, when man your fav'rite dies?

Oh for Elijah's car, to wing my way 51
O'er the dark gulf of Death, to endless day!

Confounded at the sight, my spirits fled,
My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was dead;
I wail'd the lot of man, that all would shun, 55
And all must bear that breathe beneath the sun.

When lo! an heavenly form, divinely fair,
Shoots from the starry vault thro' fields of air,
And, swifter than on wings of lightning driv'n,
At once seems here and there, in earth and heaven! 60
A dazzling brightness, in refulgent streams,
Flows from his locks inwreath'd with sunny beams;
His roseate cheeks the bloom of heaven display,
And from his eyes dart glories more than day;
A robe of light condens'd around him shone, 65
And his loins glitter'd with a starry zone;
And while the list'ning winds lay hush'd to hear,
Thus spoke the vision, amiably severe!

"Vain man! wouldst thou escape the common lot,
"To live, to suffer, die, and be forgot? 70
"Look back on ancient times, primeval years,
"All, all are past! a mighty void appears!
"Heroes and kings, those gods of earth, whose fame
"Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name!
"The great in arts or arms, the wise, the just, 75
"Mix with the meanest in congenial dust!
"E'en saints and prophets the same paths have trod,
"Ambassadors of heav'n, and friends of God!
"And thou, wouldst thou the gen'ral sentence fly!
"Moses is dead! thy Saviour deign'd to die! 80
"Mortal! in all thy acts regard thy end;
"Live well the time thou liv'st, and Death's thy friend.
"Then curb each rebel thought against the sky,
"And die resign'd, O man! ordain'd to die."

He added not, but spread his wings in flight, 85
And vanish'd instant in a blaze of light.

Abash'd, ashamed, I cry, "Eternal Pow'r!
"I yield; I wait resign'd th' appointed hour."
Man, foolish man! no more thy soul deceive;
To die is but the surest way to live. 90



BROOME.

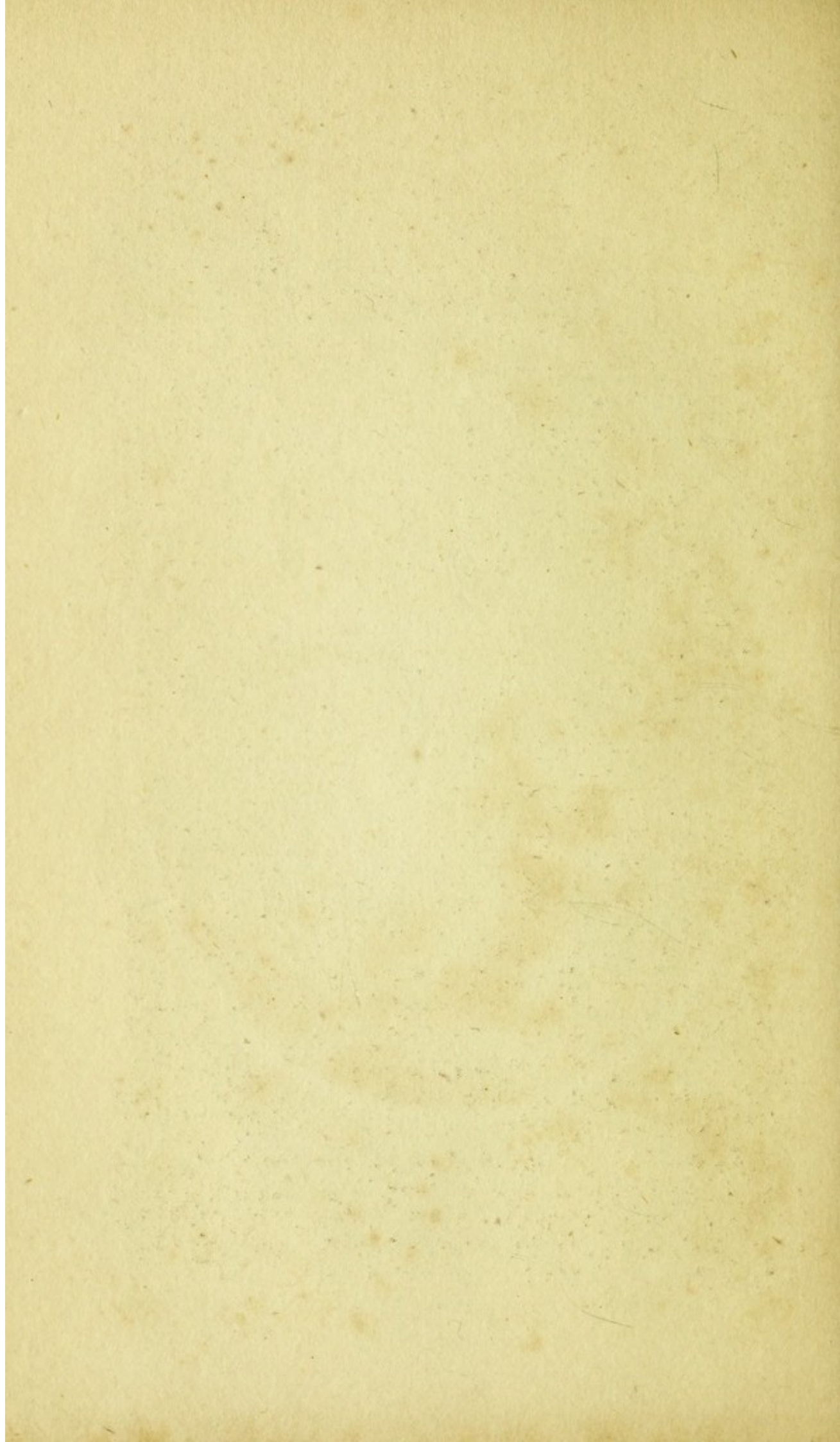
When lo! an heavenly form, divinely fair,
Shoots from the starry vault thro' fields of air.

Vide Poem on Death, L. 37. page 46.

Painted by T. Kirk.

Printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row, Aug. 6. 1796.

Engraved by J. Chapman.



When age we ask, we ask it in our wrong,
 And pray our time of suff'ring may be long;
 The nauseous draught and dregs of life to drain,
 And feel infirmity and length of pain.

What art thou, Life! that we should court thy stay? 95

A breath one single gasp must puff away!

A short-liv'd flow'r, that with the day must fade!

A fleeting vapour, and an empty shade!

A stream that silently but swiftly glides,

To meet eternity's immeasur'd tides! 100

A being lost alike by pain or joy!

A fly can kill it, or a worm destroy!

Impair'd by labour, and by ease undone,

Commenc'd in tears, and ended in a groan!

E'en while I write, the transient now is past, 105

And death more near this sentence than the last!

As some weak isthmus seas from seas divides,

Beat by rude waves and sapp'd by rushing tides,

Torn from its base no more their fury bears,

At once they close, at once it disappears: 110

Such, such is life! the mark of misery plac'd

Between two worlds, the future and the past:

To time, to sickness, and to death a prey,

It sinks, the frail possession of a day!

As some fond boy, in sport, along the shore 115

Builds from the sands a fabric of an hour,

Proud of his spacious walls and stately rooms,

He styles the mimic cells imperial domes,

The little monarch swells with fancy'd sway,

Till some wind rising puffs the dome away; 120

So the poor reptile, man! an heir of woe!

The lord of earth and ocean! swells in show!

He plants, he builds; aloft the walls arise;

The noble plan he finishes, and—dies:

Swept from the earth, he shares the common fate, 125

His sole distinction now to rot in state!

Thus busy to no end, till, out of breath,

Tir'd we lie down, and close up all in death!

Then bless'd the man whom gracious heaven has led

Thro' life's blind mazes to th' immortal dead! 130

Who safely landed on the blissful shore,
 Nor human folly feels, nor frailty more!
 O Death! thou cure of all our idle strife,
 End of the gay or serious farce of life!
 Wish of the just, and refuge of the oppress'd! 135
 Where poverty and where e'en kings find rest!
 Safe from the frowns of pow'r, calm thoughtful hate,
 And the rude insults of the scornful great,
 The grave is sacred! Wrath and Malice dread
 'To violate its peace and wrong the dead. 140
 But, Life! thy name is Woe! to death we fly
 To grow immortal——into life we die!
 Then wisely heaven in silence has confin'd
 The happier dead, lest none should stay behind.
 What tho' the path be dark that must be trod, 145
 Tho' man be blotted from the works of God,
 Tho' the four winds his scatter'd atoms bear
 To earth's extremes thro' all th' expanse of air?
 Yet bursting glorious from the silent clay,
 He mounts triumphant to eternal day. 150
 So when the sun rolls down th' ethereal plain,
 Extinct his splendors in the whelming main,
 A transient night, earth, air, and heav'n, invades,
 Eclips'd in horrors of surrounding shades,
 But soon emerging with a fresher ray
 He starts exultant and renews the day. 156

PROLOGUE,

TO MR. FENTON'S EXCELLENT TRAGEDY MARIAMNE.

WHEN breathing statues mould'ring waste away,
 And tombs, unfaithful to their trust, decay,
 The Muse rewards the suff'ring good with fame,
 Or wakes the prosp'rous villain into shame;
 To the stern tyrant gives fictitious pow'r 5
 To reign the restless monarch of an hour.
 Obedient to her call, this night appears
 Great Herod rising from a length of years;
 A name enlarg'd with titles not his own,
 Servile to mount, and savage on a throne: 10

Yet oft a throne is dire Misfortune's seat,
 A pompous wretchedness and woe in state!
 But such the curse that from ambition springs!
 For this he slaughter'd half a race of kings :
 But now reviving in the British scene, 15
 He looks majestic with a milder mien ;
 His features soften'd with the deep distress
 Of love, made greatly wretched by excels :
 From lust of pow'r to jealous fury tost,
 We see the tyrant in the lover lost. 20

O Love ! thou source of mighty joy or woe !
 Thou softest friend, or man's most dang'rous foe !
 Fantastic pow'r ! what rage thy darts inspire*
 When too much beauty kindles too much fire !
 Those darts to jealous rage stern Herod drove ; 25
 It was a crime, but crime of too much love,
 Yet if condemn'd he falls—with pitying eyes
 Behold his injur'd Mariamne rise !
 No fancy'd tale : our op'ning scenes disclose
 Historic truth, and swell with real woes. 30
 Awful in virtuous grief the queen appears,
 And strong the eloquence of royal tears ;
 By woes ennobled, with majestic pace
 She meets misfortune, glorious in disgrace !
 Small is the praise of beauty when it flies 35
 Fair Honour's laws ; at best but lovely vice.
 Charms it like Venus with celestial air ?
 E'en Venus is but scandalously fair :
 But when strict honour with fair features joins,
 Like heat and light at once it warms and shines. 40

Then let her fate your kind attention raise,
 Whose perfect charms were but her second praise†.
 Beauty and Virtue your protection claim :
 Give tears to Beauty, give to Virtue fame. 44

VARIATIONS.

* What pangs, &c.

† Then let her fate your just attention raise,
 Whose perfect graces were but second praise.

THE
CONCLUSION OF AN EPILOGUE.

To Mr. Southern's last Play,
CALLED MONEY THE MISTRESS.

THERE was a time when, in his younger years,
Our author's scenes commanded smiles or tears;
And tho' beneath the weight of days he bends,
Yet like the sun he shines as he descends: 4
Then with applause, in honour to his age,
Dismiss your vet'ran soldier of the stage*;
Crown his last exit with distinguish'd praise,
And kindly hide his baldness with the bays†. 8

VARIATION.

* From the stage.

† Alluding to a vote of the Roman Senate, by which they decreed Cæsar a crown of laurel to cover his baldness.



EPISTLES.

EPISTOLA

AD AMICUM RUSTICANTEM,

Scripta Vere ineunte Cantab. 1709,

ECQUID absenti tibi cura Grantæ?
Ecquid antiqui memor es sodalis!
Chare permultis, mihi præter omnes
Chare, Georgi.

4

Cernis! ut mulcet levis aura campos!
Uut rosâ dulci, violisque terram
Flora depingit, Zephyrusque blandis
Ventilat alis!

8

Tarde, quid cessas? Age Rozinantis
Terga conscendans eques* ingementis,
Tenè ruralis Galatæa duris
Detinet Ulnis?

12

Digne succendi meliore flammâ!—
Sive † Clarissam, Juvenumvè curam
Philliden mavis, placeatvè, quondam
Pulchra, Lycoris.

16

Tarde, quid cessas? tibi multa virgo
Splendidos lædit lacrymis ocellos,
Et tibi frustra ad speculum comarum
Circinat orbes!

20

Te frequens votis revocat sophistes,
Dum Johannensi madidus lyæo,
De tubis haurit, revomitque dulcem
Undique nubem.

24

Quin velis scribam quid habet novorum
Granta? Marlburus spoliis onustus,
Gallicas fudit propè ‡ Scaldis undam
Strage Phalangas,

28

* Obeso fuit corpore.

† Tres elegantes apud Cantabrigiam Puellæ.

‡ Juxta Aldenardum.

O! triumphalem gladium recondas!
 Ite vos laurus fanie rubentes!
 Sis memor pacis, viridique cingas
 Tempora Myrto!

32

Huc ades divûm atque hominum voluptas
 Mollè subridens, Venus! hûc sorores
 Gratia! longùm vale O Minerva!
 Aspera Virgo!

36

Barbaro tandèm satiata, ludo
 Ægidem ponas, gladiumque; castam
 Virginem dirus gladius, feroxque
 Dedecit Ægis.

40

Flagitas nostræ quid agunt camœnæ?
 Uror infelix! mihi me Belinda
 Surripit! Collum O! niveum, O! Puellæ
 Suave labellum!

44

Ah! ut obliquo aspiciens oculo
 Torruit pectus?—neque tu furoris
 Inscius blandi! tibi sævit imis
 Flamma medullis!

48

Tu tamen felix! cohibere tristes
 Tu potes curas! * Cerealis haustus
 Est tibi, præsens relevare diro
 Pectora luctu.

52

Corticem astrictum pice cum reducis,
 Audin, ingenti tonat ut boatu
 Fumidus! summo ruit ut lagenæ
 Spumeus ore!

56

Cernis! ut vitro nitet invidendo
 Aureum nectar! comes it facetus
 Cui jocus, quocum Venus et Cupido
 Spicula tingunt.

60

Jam memor charæ, cyathum coronas,
 Virginis:—plenum video!—ah! caveto

[* Anglice, bottled ale.

Dextra nè quaffet malè, dum laborat
Pondere dulci!

64

Euge!—ficcàsti benè, fortiterque!—
Hinc adest curæ medicîna! fuaves
Hinc tibi fomni, et tibi fuaviora
Somnia fomnis!

68

Hos bibens succos, nihil invidebis
Italîs, quamvis cyathi Falerno
Dulcè nigrescant, neque Gallicanæ
Laudibus uvæ!

72

Hic Johannenfi latitans fuili
Grunnio, scribens fitiente labro,
Aut graves haustus, inimica Musis
Pocula, duco.

76

TO MRS. ELIZ. M—T,
ON HER PICTURE, 1716.

O WONDROUS Art! that grace to shadows gives!
By whose command the lovely phantom lives!
Smiles with her smiles! the mimic eye instils
A real frame! the fancy'd lightning kills!
Thus mirrors catch the love-inspiring face,
And the new charmer grace returns for grace.

5

Hence shall thy beauties, when no more appears
Their fair possessor, shine a thousand years;
By age uninjur'd, future times adorn,
And warm the hearts of millions yet unborn,
Who, gazing on the portrait with a sigh,
Shall grieve such perfect charms could ever die.
How would they grieve if to such beauties join'd
The paint could shew the wonders of thy mind!

10

O Virgin! born th'admiring world to grace,
Transmit thy excellence to latest days;
Yield to thy lover's vows, and then shall rise
A race of beauties conq'ring with thine eyes,
Who reigning in thy charms from death shall save
That lovely form, and triumph o'er the grave.

15

20

Thus when thro' age the rose-tree's charms decay,
When all her fading beauties die away,

A blooming offspring fills the parent's place
With equal fragrance and with equal grace.

But ah! how short a date on earth is giv'n 25
To the most lovely workmanship of heaven!
Too soon that cheek must ev'ry charm resign,
And those love-darting eyes forget to shine;
While thousands weeping round with sighs survey
What once was you—now only beauteous clay! 30
E'en from the canvass shall thy image fade,
And thou reperish in thy perish'd shade!
Then may this verse to future ages show
One perfect beauty such as thou art now!
May it the graces of thy soul display 35
Till this world sinks, and suns themselves decay,
When with immortal beauty thou shalt rise,
To shine the loveliest angel in the skies. 38

TO BELINDA,

ON HER SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

SURE never pain such beauty wore,
Or look'd so amiable before!
You graces give to a disease,
Adorn the pain, and make it please!
Thus burning incense sheds perfumes 5
Still fragrant as it still consumes.

Nor can e'en sickness, which disarms
All other nymphs, destroy your charms:
A thousand beauties you can spare,
And still be fairest of the fair. 10

But see! the pains begin to fly;
Tho' Venus bled she could not die:
See the new phoenix point her eyes,
And lovelier from her ashes rise.
Thus roses when the storm is o'er 15
Draw beauties from th' inclement show'r.

Welcome, ye Hours! which thus repay
What envious Sickness stole away;
Welcome as those which kindly bring
And usher in the joyous spring, 20

That to the smiling earth restore
The beauteous herb and blooming flow'r,
And give her all the charms she lost
By wintry storms and hoary frost.

And yet how well did she sustain
And greatly triumph o'er her pain!
So flow'rs, when blasting winds invade
Breathe sweet, and beautifully fade.

Now in her cheeks and radiant eyes
New blushes glow, new lightnings rise;
Behold a thousand charms succeed,
For which a thousand hearts must bleed!
Brighter from her disease she shines,
As fire the precious gold refines.

Thus when the silent grave becomes
Pregnant with life as fruitful wombs,
When the wide seas and spacious earth
Resign us to our second birth,
Our moulder'd frame, rebuilt, assumes
New beauty, and for ever blooms,
And, crown'd with youth's immortal pride,
We angels rise who mortals dy'd.

TO BELINDA,

ON HER APRON EMBROIDERED WITH
ARMS AND FLOWERS.

THE list'ning trees Amphion drew
To dance from hills where once they grew,
But you express a pow'r more great;
The flow'rs you draw not but create*.

Behold your own creation rise,
And smile beneath your radiant eyes:
'Tis beauteous all! and yet receives
From you more graces than it gives.

VARIATION.

* The lovely Flora paints the earth,
And calls the morning flow'rs to birth,
But you display a pow'r more great;
She calls forth flow'rs, but you create.

But say, amid the softer charms
Of blooming flow'rs, what mean these arms?
So round the fragrance of the rose
The pointed thorn to guard it grows.

12

But cruel you who thus employ,
Both arms and beauty to destroy!
So Venus marches to the fray,
In armour formidably gay.

16

It is a dreadful pleasing sight!
The flow'rs attract, the arms affright:
The flow'rs with lively beauty bloom,
The arms denounce an instant doom.

20

Thus when the Britons in array
Their ensigns to the sun display,
In the same flag are lilies shown,
And angry lions sternly frown:
On high the glitt'ring standard flies,
And conquers all things—like your eyes.

26

TO BELINDA AT THE BATH.

WHILE in these fountains bright Belinda laves,
She adds new virtues to the healing waves:
Thus in Bethesda's pool an angel stood,
Bade the soft waters heal, and bless'd the flood:
But from her eye such bright destruction flies,
In vain they flow; for her the lover dies.

6

No more let Tagus boast, whose beds unfold
A shining treasure of all-conq'ring gold;
No more the Po*, whose wand'ring waters stray
In mazy errors thro' the starry way:
Henceforth these springs superior honours share;
There Venus laves, but my Belinda here.

12

* "-----Eridanum cernes in parte locatum cœli.
" Gurgite sidereo subterluit Oriens.

*Tull. in Ar.
Claud.*

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD CORNWALLIS,

Baron of Eye, Warden, Chief Justice, and Justice in Eyre of all his Majesty's Forests, Chases, Parks and Warrens on the south side of Trent.

— δῶρόν τοι τῆτο δίδωμι
Μῆναι — *Odysssey, Lib. xv.*

O THOU! whose virtues sanctify thy state,
O great without the vices of the great!
Form'd by a dignity of mind to please,
To think, to act, with elegance and ease! *
Say, wilt thou listen while I tune the string, 5
And sing to thee who gav'st me ease to sing?
Unskill'd in verse, I haunt the silent grove,
Yet lowly shepherds sing to mighty Jove,
And mighty Jove attends the shepherds vows,
And gracious what his suppliants ask bestows: 10
So by thy favour may the muse be crown'd,
And plant her laurels in more fruitful ground;
The grateful muse shall in return bestow
Her spreading laurels to adorn thy brow.

Thus, guarded by the tree of Jove, a flow'r 15
Shoots from the earth, nor fears th' inclement show'r,
And when the fury of the storm is laid,
Repay's with sweets the hospitable shade.

Severe their lot who when they long endure
The wounds of Fortune late receive a cure! 20
Like ships in storms o'er liquid mountains tost,
Ere they are sav'd must almost first be lost;
But you with speed forbid distress to grieve:
He gives by halves† who hesitates to give.

Thus when an angel views mankind distress'd 25
He feels compassion pleading in his breast;

ADDITION.

* Firm to thy king and to thy country brave;
Loyal, yet free; a subject, not a slave;
Say, &c.

† The Lord Cornwallis in a most obliging manner recommended the author to the Rectory of Pulham;

Instant the heav'nly guardian cleaves the skies,
And pleas'd to save on wings of lightning flies*.

Some the vain promises of courts betray,
And gaily straying, they are pleas'd to stray; 30
The flatt'ring nothing still deludes their eyes,
Seems ever near, yet ever distant flies :
As perspectives present the object nigh,
Tho' far remov'd from the mistaking eye,
Against our reason fondly we believe, 35
Assist the fraud, and teach it to deceive :
As the faint traveller, when night invades,
Sees a false light relieve the ambient shades,
Pleas'd he beholds the bright delusions play,
But the false guide shines only to betray; 40
Swift he pursues, but still the path mistakes,
O'er dang'rous marshes or thro' thorny brakes ;
Yet obstinate in wrong, he toils to stray
With many a weary stride o'er many a painful way.
So man pursues the phantom of his brain, 45
And buys his disappointment with his pain :
At length when years invidiously destroy
The pow'r to taste the long-expected joy,
Then Fortune envious sheds her golden show'rs,
Malignly smiles, and curses him with stores. 50

Thus o'er the urns of friends departed weep
The mournful kindred, and fond vigils keep;
Ambrosial ointments o'er their ashes shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead ;
And when no more avail the world's delights, 55
The spicy odours and the solemn rites,
With fruitless pomp they deck the senseless tombs,
And waste profusely floods of vain perfumes. 58

ADDITION.

* Few know to ask, or decently receive,
And fewer still with dignity to give :
If earn'd by flatt'ry, gifts of highest price
Are not a bounty, but the pay of vice.
Some wildly lavish, yet no friend obtain,
Nor are they gen'rous, but absurd and vain.
Some give with surly pride and boist'rous hands,
As Jove pours rain in thunder o'er the lands.
When merit pleads, you meet it and embrace,
And give the favour lustre by the grace ;
So Phœbus to his warmth a glory joins
Blessing the world, and while he blesses shines.

TO THE HONOURABLE
MRS. ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND,

AFTERWARDS LADY CORNWALLIS,

*On her Picture at Rainham, drawn by Mr. Jarvas, Painter to
his Majesty.*

—περιεσσι γυναικῶν

Εἰδός τ' ἰδὲ φρένας. *Odyssey, Lib. xviii.*

AH, cruel hand! that could such pow'r employ
To teach the pictur'd beauty to destroy!
Singly she charm'd before, but, by his skill,
The living beauty and her likeness kill!
Thus when in parts the broken mirrors fall, 5
A face in all is seen, and charms in all!
Think then, O fairest of the fairer race!
What fatal beauties arm thy heavenly face,
Whose very shadow can such flames inspire!
We see 'tis paint, and yet we feel 'tis fire. 10
See, with false life the lovely image glows,
And ev'ry wondrous grace transplanted shows;
Fatally fair the new creation reigns,
Charms in her shape, and multiplies our pains;
Hence the fond youth that ease by absence found, 15
Views the dear form, and bleeds at ev'ry wound.
Thus the bright Venus, tho' to heaven she soar'd,
Reign'd in her image, by the world ador'd.
O wondrous pow'r of mingled light and shades!
Where beauty with dumb eloquence persuades; 20
Where passions are beheld in picture wrought,
And animated colours look a thought!
Rare art! on whose command all nature waits!
It copies all Omnipotence creates!
Here crown'd with mountains earth expanded lies, 25
There the proud seas with all their billows rise.
If life be drawn, responsive to the thought,
The breathing figures live throughout the draught;
The mimic bird in skies fictitious moves,
Or fancy'd beasts in imitated groves: 30

E'en heaven it climbs ; and from the forming hands
An angel here and there a Townshend stands !

Yet, painter ! yet, tho' art with nature strive,
Tho' e'en the lovely phantom seem alive,
Submit thy vanquish'd art, and own the draught 35
Tho' fair, defective, and a beauteous fault !

Charms such as her's, inimitably great,
He only can express that can create.
Couldst thou extract the whiteness of the snow,
Or of its colours rob the heavenly bow, 40
Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy skill,
Lovely in thee, herself more lovely still.

Thus in the limpid fountain we descry
The faint resemblance of the glitt'ring sky ;
Another sun displays his lessen'd beams, 45
Another heaven adorns the enlighten'd streams ;
But tho' the scene be fair, yet high above
Th' exalted skies in nobler beauties move ;
There the true heaven's eternal lamps display
A deluge of inimitable day. 50

AN EPISTLE

TO MY FRIEND MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

Author of Mariamne, a Tragedy, 1726.

WHY art thou slow to strike th' harmonious shell,
Averse to sing who know't to sing so well ?
If thy proud muse the tragic buskin wears,
Great Sophocles revives and re-appears,
While regularly bold she nobly sings 5
Strains worthy to detain the ears of kings.
If by thy hand th' Homeric lyre be strung*,
The lyre returns such sounds as Homer sung.
The kind compulsion of a friend obey,
And tho' reluctant swell the lofty lay, 10
Then list'ning groves once more shall catch the sound,
While Grecian muses sing on British ground.

* Mr. Fenton translated four books of the *Odyssy*,

Thus calm and silent thy own Proteus* roves
 Thro' pearly mazes and thro' coral groves;
 But when emerging from the azure main, 15
 Coercive bands the unwilling god constrain,
 Then heaves his bosom with prophetic fires,
 And his tongue speaks sublime what heaven inspires.

Envy 'tis true with barb'rous rage invades
 What e'en fierce lightning spares, the laurel shades;
 And critics, bias'd by mistaken rules, 21
 Like Turkish zealots, rev'rence none but fools.
 But praise from such injurious tongues is shame;
 They rail the happy author into fame;
 Thus Phœbus thro' the zodiac takes his way, 25
 And rises amid monsters into day.

Oh vileness of mankind! when writing well
 Becomes a crime, and danger to excel!
 While, noble scorn! my friend such insults sees,
 And flies from towns to wilds, from men to trees. 30

Free from the lust of wealth and glitt'ring snares
 That make th' unhappy great in love with cares,
 Me humble joys in calm retirement please,
 A silent happiness and learned ease.

Deny me grandeur, heaven! but goodness grant: 35
 A king is less illustrious than a saint.

Hail, holy Virtue! come, thou heavenly guest!
 Come, fix thy pleasing empire in my breast!
 Thou know'st her influence, friend! thy cheerful mien*
 Proclaims the innocence and peace within: 40
 Such joys as none but sons of Virtue know
 Shine in thy face, and in thy bosom glow.

So when the holy mount the prophet trod,
 And talk'd familiar as a friend with God,
 Celestial radiance every feature shed, 45
 And ambient glories dawn'd around his head.

Sure what the unthinking great, mistaken, call
 Their happiness is folly, folly all!

* See the story of Proteus, *Odyssey*, lib. iv. translated by Mr. Fenton,

VARIATION.

† Thou feel'st her pow'r, my friend! &c.

Like lofty mountains in the clouds, they hide
 Their haughty heads, but swell with barren pride; 50
 And while low vales in useful beauty lie,
 Heave their proud naked summits to the sky.
 In honour as in place, ye great transcend;
 An angel fall'n degenerates to a fiend.

Th' all-cheering sun is honour'd with his shrines 55
 Not that he moves aloft but that he shines.
 Why flames the star on Walpole's* gen'rous breast?
 Not that he's highest, but because he's best;
 Fond to oblige; in blessing others, blest.

How wond'rous few, by avarice uncontroll'd, 60
 Have virtue to subdue the thirst of gold!
 The shining dirt the sordid wretch ensnares
 To buy with mighty treasures mighty cares:
 Blindly he courts, misguided by the will,
 A specious good, and meets a real ill. 65

So when Ulysses plough'd the surgy main,
 When now in view appear'd his native reign,
 His wayward mates th' Æolian† bag unbind,
 Expecting treasures, but out rush'd a wind;
 The sudden hurricane in thunder roars, 70
 Buffets the bark, and whirls it from the shores.

O heaven! by what vain passions man is sway'd!
 Proud of his reason, by his will betray'd,
 Blindly he wanders in pursuit of vice,
 And hates confinement tho' in Paradise; 75
 Doom'd, when enlarg'd, instead of Eden's bow'rs,
 To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flow'rs:
 Between th' extremes direct he sees the way,
 Yet wilful swerves, perversely fond to stray!

Whilst niggard souls indulge their craving thirst, 80
 Rich without bounty, with abundance curst,
 The prodigal pursues expensive vice,
 And buys dishonour at a mighty price.
 On beds of state the splendid glutton sleeps,
 While starving Merit unregarded weeps; 85

* The Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole, created Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, 1726.

† See *Odyssey* x. ver. 40.

His ill-plac'd bounty while scorn'd Virtue grieves,
 A dog, a fawning sycophant, receives;
 And cringing knaves or haughty strumpets share
 What would make Sorrow smile, and cheer Despair.

Then wouldst thou steer where Fortune spreads the
 Go flatter Vice! for seldom flatt'ry fails; [fails?
 Soft thro' the ear the pleasing bane distils: 92.
 Delicious poison! in perfumes it kills!
 Be all but virtuous. O! unwise to live
 Unfashionably good and hope to thrive! 95

Trees that aloft with proudest honours rise
 Root hell-ward, and thence flourish to the skies.

O happier thou, my friend! with ease content,
 Blest with the conscience of a life well spent,
 Nor wouldst be great, but guide thy gather'd sails 100
 Safe by the shore, nor tempt the rougher gales;
 For sure of all that feel the wounds of Fate
 None are completely wretched but the great.

Superior woes superior stations bring;
 A peasant sleeps while cares awake a king. 105
 Who reigns must suffer! crowns with gems inlaid
 At once adorn and load the royal head.

Change but the scene, and kings in dust decay,
 Swept from the earth the pageants of a day;
 There no distinctions on the dead await 110

But pompous graves and rottenness in state.
 Such now are all that shone on earth before;
 Cæsar and mighty Marlborough are no more!
 Unhallow'd feet o'er awful Tully tread,
 And Hyde and Plato join the vulgar dead; 115
 And all the glorious aims that can employ
 The souls of mortals must with Hammer die.
 O Compton*! when this breath we once resign
 My dust shall be as eloquent as thine.

Till that last hour which calls me hence away, 120
 To pay that great arrear which all must pay,
 O! may I tread the paths which saints have trod,
 Who knew they walk'd before th' all-seeing God!

* The Right Hon Sir Spencer Compton, Speaker of the House of Commons.

Studious from ways of wicked men to keep,
 Who mock at vice while grieving angels weep. 125
 Come taste, my friend! the joys retirement brings,
 Look down on royal slaves, and pity kings.
 More happy! laid where trees with trees entwin'd
 In bow'ry arches tremble to the wind,
 With innocence and shade like Adam blest, 130
 While a new Eden opens in the breast!
 Such were the scenes descending angels trod,
 In guiltless days, when man convers'd with God.
 Then shall my lyre to loftier sounds be strung,
 Inspir'd by Homer*, or what thou hast sung: 135
 My muse from thine shall catch a warmer ray,
 As clouds are brighten'd by the god of day.
 So trees unapt to bear, by art refin'd,
 With shoots ennobled of a gen'rous kind,
 High o'er the ground with fruits adopted rise,
 And lift their spreading honours to the skies. 141

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WORKS, MDCCXXVI.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise
 And speaking marble to record their praise,
 Or carve with fruitless toil, to fame unknown,
 The mimic feature on the breathing stone;
 Mere mortals, subject to Death's total sway, 5
 Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day;
 'Tis thine on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
 A monument which worth alone can raise;
 Sure to survive when time shall whelm in dust
 The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust; 10
 Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
 Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die,
 When sink together, in the world's last fires,
 What heaven created and what heaven inspires.
 If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled, 15
 With human transport touch the mighty dead,

* Dr. Broome translated eight books of the *Odyssey*.

Shakespeare! rejoice; his hand thy page refines;
 Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines:
 Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
 So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote: 20
 Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
 And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
 And the bold figure from the canvass fades,
 A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part 25
 Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
 Transported we survey the dubious strife,
 While the fair image starts again to life.

How long untun'd had Homer's sacred lyre
 Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire? 30
 This you beheld, and taught by heaven to sing,
 Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
 Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
 Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
 Tow'rs o'er the field of death as fierce he turns, 35
 Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns;
 His plume nods horrible! his helm on high
 With cheeks of iron glares against the sky;
 With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
 He strides along; he meets the gods in fight: 40
 Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
 Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores:

Tremble the tow'rs of heaven, earth rocks her coasts,
 And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.

To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay; 45
 Here pours a torrent, there meanders play.

Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
 Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
 Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
 The gentle breezes breathe away and die. 50

How twangs the bow when with a jarring spring
 The whizzing arrows vanish from the string!

When giants strain some rock's vast weight to shove
 The slow verse heaves, and the clogg'd words scarce
 But when from high it rolls with many a bound, [move;
 Jumping it thund'ring whirls and rushes to the ground:

Swift flows the verse when winged lightnings fly, 57
 Dart from the dazzled view, and flash along the sky.
 Thus, like the radiant god who sheds the day,
 The vale you paint, or gild the azure way; 60
 And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
 Sink without grov'ling, without rashness rise.

Proceed, great bard! awake th' harmonious string;
 Be ours all Homer; still Ulysses sing.
 E'en I, the meanest of the muses' train, 65
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
 Adventrous waken the Mæonian lyre,
 Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire.
 So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
 Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' might. 70
 Like theirs our friendship; and I boast my name
 To thine united, for thy friendship's fame.

How long Ulysses, by unskilful hands
 Stript of his robes, a beggar trod our lands,
 Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast, 75
 Shrunk by the wand and all the hero lost*;
 O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
 Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head,
 Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
 The glance divine forth-beaming from the mind: 80
 But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold:
 Touch'd by your hand his manly frame improves
 With air divine, and like a god he moves.

This labour past of heavenly subject sing, 85
 While hov'ring angels listen on the wing,
 To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
 As when they sing suspended hold the skies;
 Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
 From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws; 90
 Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend:
 To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
 And men more fierce. When Orpheus tunes the lay,
 E'en fiends relenting hear their rage away. 94

* See the 16th Odyssæy ver. 186 and 476.

TO MR. A. POPE,

WHO CORRECTED MY VERSES,

IF e'er my humble muse melodious sings.
 'Tis when you animate and tune her strings;
 If e'er she mounts 'tis when you prune her wings.
 You, like the sun, your glorious beams display,
 Deal to the darkest orb a friendly ray, 5
 And clothe it with the lustre of the day.

Mean was the piece, unelegantly wrought,
 The colours faint, irregular the draught;
 But your commanding touch, your nicer art,
 Rais'd ev'ry stroke, and brighten'd ev'ry part. 10
 So when Luke drew the rudiments of man,
 An angel finish'd what the faint began;
 His wondrous pencil, dipt in heavenly dyes,
 Gave beauty to the face, and lightning to the eyes.

Confus'd it lay, a rough unpolish'd mass; 15
 You gave the royal stamp, and made it pass;
 Hence e'en Deformity a beauty grew:
 She pleas'd, she charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd by
 Tho' like Prometheus I the image frame, [you.
 You gave the life, and bring the heavenly flame. 20

Thus when the Nile diffus'd his wat'ry train
 In streams of plenty o'er the fruitful plain,
 Unshapen forms, the refuse of the flood,
 Issu'd imperfect from the teeming mud;
 But the great source and parent of the day 25
 Fashion'd the creature, and inform'd the clay*.

ADDITION.

* To nobler themes thy muse triumphant soars,
 Mounts thro' the tracks of air and heaven explores.
 Say, has some seraph tun'd thy sacred lyre,
 Or deign'd to touch thy hallow'd lips with fire?
 For sure such sounds exalt th' immortal string
 As heaven approves and raptur'd angels sing.
 Ah! how I listen while th' immortal lay
 Lifts me from earth above the Solar Way!
 Ah! how I look with scorn on pompous crowns,
 And pity monarchs on their splendid thrones!
 While, thou my guide, I trace all Nature's laws
 By just gradations to the Sov'reign Cause;
 Pleas'd I survey how varying schemes unite
 Worlds with the atoms, angels with the mite,
 And end in God, high thron'd above all height,

Weak of herself, my muse forbears her flight,
 Views her own lowness and Parnassus' height;
 But when you aid her song and deign to nod,
 She spreads a bolder wing, and feels the present god. 30
 So the Cumæan prophets was dumb,
 Blind to the knowledge of events to come;
 But when Apollo in her breast abode,
 She heav'd, she swell'd, she felt the rushing god;
 Then accents more than mortal from her broke,
 And what the god inspir'd the priests spoke. 36

TO A LADY

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

IT is a pleasing direful sight!
 At once you charm us and affright!
 So heaven destroying angels arms
 With terror dreadful in their charms! 4
 Such, such was Cleopatra's air,
 Lovely, but formidably fair!
 When the griev'd world impoverish'd lost
 By the dire asp its noblest boast. 8
 Aw'd by your guardian's dang'rous pow'r,
 At distance trembling we adore;
 At distance once again behold
 A serpent guard the blooming gold. 12
 Well pleas'd and harmless, lo! he lies,
 Basks in the sunshine of your eyes;
 Now twists his spires, and now unfurls
 The gay confusion of his curls. 16

ADDITION.

Who sees, as Lord of all, with equal eye
 Now a proud tyrant perish, then a fly.
 Methinks I view the Patriarch's ladder rise,
 Its base on earth, its summit in the skies;
 Each wondrous step by glorious angels trod,
 And heaven unfolding to the throne of God.
 Be this thy praise! I haunt the lovely bow'r,
 Sport by the spring, or paint the blooming flow'r;
 Nor dares the muse attempt an arduous height, &c.

Oh! happy on your breast to lie,
 As that bright star that gilds the sky*,
 Who ceasing in the spheres to shine,
 Would for your breast his heaven resign.

20

Yet oh! fair virgin! caution take
 Lest some bold cheat assume the snake.
 When Jove compress'd the Grecian dame†
 Aloof he threw the lightning's flame;
 On radiant spires the lover rode,
 And in the snake conceal'd the god.

26

TO A LADY OF THIRTY.

NO more let youth its beauty boast,
 S——n at thirty reigns a toast,
 And like the sun as he declines,
 More mildly but more sweetly shines.

4

The hand of Time alone disarms
 Her face of its superfluous charms,
 But adds for every grace resign'd
 A thousand to adorn her mind.

8

Youth was her too inflaming time,
 This her more habitable clime;
 How must she then each heart engage
 Who blooms like Youth, is wise like Age!

12

Thus the rich orange-trees produce
 At once both ornament and use;
 Here opening blossoms we behold,
 There fragrant orbs of ripen'd gold.

16

* The Scorpion.

† Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great.



THE
WIDOW AND VIRGIN SISTERS,

BEING A LETTER TO THE WIDOW IN LONDON.

WHILE Delia shines at Hurlothrumbo,
 And darts her sprightly eyes at some beau,
 Then, close behind her fan retiring,
 Sees thro' the sticks whole crowds admiring,
 You sip your melancholy coffy, 5
 And at the name of man cry O fy!
 Or when the noisy rapper thunders
 Say coldly—"Sure the fellow blunders!
 "Unseen, tho' peer on peer approaches;
 "James, I'm abroad!—But learn the coaches." 10
 As some young pleader, when his purse is
 Unfill'd thro' want of controversies,
 Attends until the chinks are fill'd all
 The assizes Westminster and Guildhall,
 While graver lawyers keep their house, and 15
 Collect the guineas by the thousand;
 Or as some tradesmen thro' show-glasses
 Expose their wares to each that passes,
 Toys of no use! high priz'd commodities
 Bought to no end! estates in oddities! 20
 Others with like advantage drive at
 Their gain from storehouses in private:
 Thus Delia shines in places general,
 Is never missing where the men are all;
 Goes e'en to church with godly airs, 25
 To meet good company at pray'rs,
 Where she devoutly plays her fan,
 Looks up to heaven, but thinks on man:
 You sit at home, enjoy your cousin†,
 While hearts are offer'd by the dozen. 30
 O! born above your sex to rise,
 With youth, wealth, beauty, titles—wife!
 O lady bright! did ne'er you mark yet,
 In country fair or country market,

A beau whose eloquence might charm ye,
 Enlisting soldiers for the army?
 He flatters ev'ry well-built youth,
 And tells him ev'ry thing but—truth:
 He cries “ Good friend! I'm glad I hap'd in
 “ Your company; you'll make a captain!” 40
 He lifts—but finds these guady shows
 Soon chang'd to surly looks and blows.
 'Tis now, “ March, rascal! what d'ye grumble?”
 Thwack goes the cane! “ I'll make you humble.”
 Such weddings are: and I resemble 'em 45
 Almost in all points to this emblem.
 While courtship lasts 'tis “ Dear!” 'tis “ Madam!”
 “ The sweetest creature sure since Adam!
 “ Had I the years of a Methusalem,
 “ How in my charmer's praise I'd use all 'em! 50
 “ O take me to thy arms, my beauty!
 “ I dote, adore, thy very shoe-tye!”
 They wed—but fancy grown less warming,
 Next morn he thinks the bride less charming:
 He says, nay swears, “ My wife grows old in 55
 “ One single month;” then falls to scolding:
 “ What, Madam! gadding ev'ry day?
 “ Up to your room; there stitch or pray!”
 Such proves the marriage-state! but for all
 These truths you'll wed, and scorn the moral. 60



TO A
GENTLEMAN OF SEVENTY,
WHO MARRIED A LADY OF SIXTEEN*.

WHAT woes must such unequal union bring,
When hoary Winter weds the youthful Spring?
You, like Mezentius†, in the nuptial bed
Once more unite the living and the dead.

4

* It was printed in the first edition of his poems, 1727.

† "The living and the dead at his command

"Were coupled face to face and hand to hand."

Dryden's Virg. Æn. ii



PARAPHRASES.

HABBAKKUK

CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED.

An Ode written in 1710, as an Exercise at St. John's College in Cambridge.

WHEN, in a glorious terrible array,
From Paran's tow'ring height th' Almighty took
Borne on a cherub's wings he rode, [his way,
Intolerable day proclaim'd the God ;
No earthly cloud 5
Could his effulgent brightness shroud ;
Glory, and Majesty, and Power,
March'd in a dreadful pomp before ;
Behind a grim and meagre train,
Pining Sickness, frantic Pain, 10
Stalk'd wildly on ! with all the dismal band
Which heaven in anger sends to scourge a guilty land.
With terror cloth'd, he downward flew,
And wither'd half the nations with a view ;
Thro' half the nations of th' astonish'd earth 15
He scatter'd war, and plagues, and dearth !
And, when he spoke,
The everlasting hills from their foundations shook ;
The trembling mountains, by a lowly nod,
With reverence struck, confess'd the God. 20
On Sion's holy hill he took his stand,
Grasping omnipotence in his right hand ;
Then mighty earthquakes rock'd the ground,
And the sun darken'd as he frown'd.
He dealt affliction from his van, 25
And wild confusion from his rear,
They thro' the tents of Cushan ran,
The tents of Cushan quak'd with fear,
And Midian trembled with despair.
I see his sword wave naked in the air ; * 30

VARIATION.

- * I see his sword wave with redoubled ire
Ah ! has it set the very clouds on fire ?
The clouds burst down in deluges of show'rs,
Fierce lightning flames, vindictive thunder roars.

It sheds around a baleful ray ;
 The rains pour down, the lightnings play,
 And on their wings vindictive thunders bear.

When thro' the mighty flood
 He led the murm'ring crowd, 35
 What ail'd the rivers that they backward fled ?
 Why was the mighty flood afraid ?
 March'd he against the rivers ? or was he,
 Thou mighty flood ! displeased at thee ?
 The flood beheld from far 40
 The Deity in all his equipage of war ;
 And lo ! at once it bursts, in diverse falls
 On either hand ! it swells in crystal walls !
 Th' eternal rocks disclose ! the tossing waves
 Rush in loud thunder from a thousand caves ! 45
 Why tremble ye, O Faithless ! to behold
 The opening deeps their gulfs unfold ?
 Enter the dreadful chasms ! 'tis God who guides
 Your wondrous way ! the God who rules the tides !
 And lo ! they march amid the deaf'ning roar 50
 Of tumbling seas ! they mount the adverse shore !
 Advance, ye chosen tribes ! Arabia's sands,
 Lonely uncomfortable lands,
 Void of fountain, void of rain,
 Oppose their burning coasts in vain ! 55
 See the great Prophet stand
 Waving his wonder-working wand !
 He strikes the stubborn rock, and lo !
 The stubborn rock feels the Almighty blow !
 His stony entrails burst, and rushing torrents flow !
 Then did the Sun his fiery courfers stay,* 61
 And backward held the falling day ;

VARIATION.

* Ah ! what new scenes unfold, what voice I hear !
 Sun ! stand thou still ; thou, Moon ! thy course forbear.
 Ah !-----Sun ! thy wheels obedient stay,
 Doubling the splendours of the wondrous day ;
 The nimble-footed minutes cease to run,
 And urge the lazy hours on :
 Time hangs his unexpanded wings,
 And all the secret springs
 That carry on the year
 Stopt in their full career ;

The nimble-footed Minutes ceas'd to run,
 And urge the lazy Hours on :
 Time hung his unexpanded wings, 65
 And all the secret springs
 That carry on the year
 Stopt in their full career :
 Then the astonish'd moon
 Forgot her going down, 70
 And paler grew
 The dismal scene to view,
 How thro' the trembling Pagan nation
 Th' Almighty ruin dealt and ghastly desolation.

But why, ah ! why, O Sion ! reigns 75
 Wide wasting Havock o'er thy plains ?
 Ah me ! destruction is abroad ;
 Vengeance is loose, and wrath from God !
 See ! hosts of spoilers seize their prey !
 See ! Slaughter marks in blood his way ! 80
 See ! how embattled Babylon,
 Like an unruly deluge, rushes on !
 Lo ! the field with millions swarms !
 I hear their shouts, their clashing arms !
 Now the conflicting hosts engage 85
 With more than mortal rage !—
 Oh Heaven ! I faint—I die—
 The yielding pow'rs of Israel fly—
 Now banner'd hosts surround the walls
 Of Sion ! now she sinks, she falls— 90
 Ah, Sion ! how for thee I mourn !
 What pangs for thee I feel !
 Ah ! how art thou become the Pagan's scorn,
 Lovely unhappy Israel !
 A shiv'ring damp invades my heart, 95
 A trembling horror shoots through ev'ry part ;

VARIATION:

At once th' astonish'd moon
 Forgets her going down,
 And paler grows
 To view th' amazing train of woes,
 While thro' the trembling Pagan nation
 Th' Almighty ruin deals and ghastly desolation.

My nodding frame can scarce sustain
 Th' oppressive load I undergo :
 Speechless I sigh ; the envious woe
 Forbids the very pleasure to complain ; 100
 Forbids my fault'ring tongue to tell
 What pangs for thee I feel,
 Lovely, unhappy Israel !

Yet tho' the fig-tree should no burden bear,
 Tho' vines delude the promise of the year ; 105
 Yet tho' the olive should not yield her oil,
 Nor the parch'd glebe reward the peasant's toil ;
 Tho' the tir'd ox beneath his labours fall,
 And herds in millions perish from the stall ;
 Yet shall my grateful strings 110
 For ever praise thy name,
 For ever thee proclaim,
 Thee, everlasting God ! the mighty King of kings ! 113

PART OF THE

XXXVIII. AND XXXIX. CHAPS. OF JOB

PARAPHRASED.

NOW From the splendor of his bright abode
 On wings of all the winds th' Almighty rode,
 And the loud voice of thunder spoke the God.
 Cherubs and seraphs from celestial bow'rs,
 Ten thousand thousand bright ethereal pow'rs, 5
 Ministrant round their radiant files unfold,
 Arm'd in eternal adamant and gold !
 Whirlwinds and thundrous storms his chariot drew
 Tween worlds and worlds, triumphant as it flew :
 He stretch'd his dark pavilion o'er the floods, 10
 Bade hills subside, and rein'd th' obedient clouds,
 Then from his awful gloom the Godhead spoke,
 And at his voice affrighted Nature shook.
 Vain Man ! who boldly with dim reason's ray
 Vies with his God, and rivals his full day ! 15

But tell me now, say how this beauteous frame*
 Of all things from the womb of Nothing came,
 When Nature's Lord, with one Almighty call,
 From no-where rais'd the worlds capacious ball?
 Say if thy hand directs the various rounds 20
 Of the vast earth, and circumscribes the bounds?
 How orbs oppos'd to orbs amid the sky
 In concert move, and dance in harmony?
 What wondrous pillars their foundations bear,
 When hung self-balanc'd in the fluid air? 25
 Why the vast tides sometimes with wanton play
 In shining mazes gently glide away;
 Anon, why swelling with impetuous stores
 Tumultuous tumbling thunder to the shores?
 By thy command does fair Aurora rise, 30
 And gild with purple beams the blushing skies?
 The warbling lark salutes her cheerful ray,
 And welcomes with his song the rising day;
 The rising day ambrosial dew distils,
 Th' ambrosial dew with balmy odour fills 35
 The flow'rs, the flow'rs rejoice, and Nature smiles.
 Why Night, in sable rob'd, as daylight fades,
 O'er half the nations draws her awful shades?
 Now peaceful Nature lies diffus'd in ease,
 A solemn stillness reigns o'er land and seas. 40
 Sleep sheds o'er all his balm! to sleep resign'd
 Birds, beasts, lie hush'd, and busy humankind.†
 No air of breath disturbs the drowsy woods,
 No whispers murmur from the silent floods!
 The moon sheds down a silver-streaming light, 45
 And glads the melancholic face of Night;

VARIATIONS.

* But tell me, Mortal! when th' Almighty said
 Be made, ye worlds! how worlds at once were made?
 When hosts of angels, wrapt in wonder, sang
 His praise, as order from disorder sprung.

† No more the monsters of the desert roar,
 Doubling the terrors of the midnight hour.
 The fowl, the fishes, to repose resign'd,
 All, all lie hush'd, and busy humankind.
 The fainting murmur dies upon the floods,
 And sighing breezes lull the drowsy woods.

Now clouds swift-skimming veil her fully'd ray,
 Now bright she blazes with a fuller day.*
 The stars in order twinkle in the skies,
 And fall in silence, and in silence rise ; 50
 Till, as a giant strong, a bridegroom gay,
 The Sun springs dancing thro' the gates of Day :
 He shakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams
 O'er the proud hills, and down the glowing streams :
 His fiery couriers bound above the main, 55
 And whirl the car along the ethereal plain :
 The fiery couriers and the car display
 A stream of glory and a flood of day.
 Did e'er thy eye descend into the deep ?
 Or hast thou seen where infant tempests sleep ? 60
 Was e'er the grave or regions of the night
 Yet trod by thee, or open'd to thy sight ?
 Has Death disclos'd to thee her gloomy state,
 The ghastly forms, the various woes, that wait
 In terrible array before her awful gate ? 65
 Know'st thou where darkness bears eternal sway,
 Or where the source of everlasting day ?
 Say, while the driving hail with rushing sound
 Pours from on high and rattles on the ground ?
 Why hover snows, down-wav'ring by degrees, 70
 Shine from the hills, or glitter from the trees ?
 Say, why in lucid drops the balmy rain
 With sparkling gems impearls the spangled plain ?
 Or, gath'ring in the vale, a current flows,
 And on each flow'r a sudden spring bestows ? 75
 Say, why with gentle sighs the ev'ning breeze
 Salutes the flow'rs, or murmurs thro' the trees ?
 Or why loud winds in storms of vengeance fly,
 Howl o'er the main, and thunder in the sky ?
 Say, to what wondrous magazines repair 80
 The viewless beings when serene the air,
 Till, from their dungeons loos'd, they roar aloud,
 Upturn whole oceans, and toss cloud on cloud ;

VARIATION.

* New bright she blazes, and supplies the day.

While waves encount'ring waves, in mountains driv'n,
 Swell to the starry vault, and dash the heaven ? 85
 Know'st thou why comets threaten in the air,
 Heralds of woe, destruction, and despair,
 The plague, the sword, and all the forms of war ?
 On ruddy wings why forked lightning flies,
 And rolling thunder grumbles in the skies ? 90
 Say, can thy voice, when sultry Sirius reigns,
 And suns intensely glowing cleave the plains,
 Th' exhausted urns of thirsty springs supply,
 And mitigate the fever of the sky ?
 Or, when the heavens are charg'd with gloomy clouds,
 And half the skies precipitate in floods, 96
 Chase the dark horror of the storm away,
 Restrain the deluge, and restore the day ?
 By thee does Summer deck herself with charms,
 Or hoary Winter lock his frozen arms ? 100
 Say if thy hand instruct the rose to glow,
 Or to the lily give unsully'd snow ;
 Teach fruits to knit from blossoms by degrees,
 Swell into orbs, and load the bending trees,
 Whose various kinds a various hue unfold, 105
 With crimson blush, or burnish into gold ?
 Say, why the sun arrays with shining dyes
 The gaudy bow that gilds the gloomy skies ?
 He from his urn pours forth his golden streams,
 And humid clouds imbibe the glitt'ring beams ; 110
 Sweetly the varying colours fade or rise,
 And the vast arch embraces half the skies.
 Say, didst thou give the mighty seas their bars,
 Fill air with fowl, or light up heaven with stars,
 Whose thousand times ten thousand lamps display
 A friendly radiance, mingling ray with ray ? 115
 Say, canst thou rule the couriers of the sun,
 Or lash the lazy sign, Boötes, on ?
 Dost thou instruct the eagle how to fly,
 To mount the viewless winds, and tow'r the sky ? 120
 On sounding pinions borne, he soars, and shrouds
 His proud aspiring head among the clouds ;

Strong-pounc'd and fierce he darts upon his prey,
 He sails in triumph thro' the ethereal way,
 Bears on the sun, and basks in open day. 125
 Does the dread king and terror of the wood,
 The lion, from thy hand expect his food?
 Stung with keen hunger from his den he comes,
 Ranges the plains, and o'er the forest roams;
 He snuffs the track of beasts, he fiercely roars,* 130
 Doubling the horrors of the midnight hours;
 With sullen majesty he stalks away,
 And the rocks tremble while he seeks his prey;
 Dreadful he grins! he rends the savage brood
 With unsheath'd paws, and churns the spouting blood.
 Dost thou with thunder arm the gen'rous horse, 136
 Add nervous limbs or swiftnefs for the course?
 Fleet as the wind, he shoots along the plain,
 And knows no check, nor hears the curbing reign;
 His fiery eye-balls, formidably bright, 140
 Dart a fierce glory and a dreadful light;
 Pleas'd with the clank of arms and trumpets' sound,
 He bounds, and prancing paws the trembling ground;
 He snuffs the promis'd battle from afar,
 Neighs at the captains' shouts and thunder of the war;
 Rous'd with the noble din and martial fight, 146
 He pants with tumults of severe delight;
 His sprightly blood an even course disdains,
 Pours from his heart, and charges in his veins;
 He braves the spear, and mocks the twanging bow,
 Demands the fight, and rushes on the foe, 151

CHAP. XLIII. OF ECCLESIASTICUS

PARAPHRASED.

THE sun that rolls his beamy orb on high,
 Pride of the world, and glory of the sky,
 Illustrious in his course, in bright array
 Marches along the heavens, and scatters day
 O'er earth, and o'er the main, and thro' th' ethereal way.

VARIATION.

- * He mocks the beating storms and wintry show'rs,
 Making night hideous as he sternly roars.

He in the morn renews his radiant round,
 And warms the fragrant bosom of the ground;
 But ere the noon of day in fiery gleams
 He darts the glory of his blazing beams:
 Beneath the burnings of his sultry ray 10
 Earth to her centre pierc'd admits the day;
 Huge vales expand where rivers roll'd before,
 And lessen'd seas contract within their shore.

O Pow'r supreme! O high above all height!
 Thou gav'st the sun to shine, and thou art light. 15
 Whether he falls or rises in the skies,
 He by thy voice is taught to fall or rise;
 Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his sphere,
 And measures out the day, the month, and year;
 He drives the hours along with slower pace, 20
 The minutes rush away, impetuous in their race;
 He wakes the flow'rs that sleep within the earth,
 And calls the fragrant infants out to birth;
 The fragrant infants paint th' enamell'd vales,
 And native incense loads the balmy gales; 25
 The balmy gales the fragrancy convey
 To heaven, and to their God an offering pay.

By thy command, the moon, as daylight fades,
 Lifts her broad circle in the deep'ning shades;
 Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light, 30
 She breaks the solemn terrors of the night;
 Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
 She changes still, another, yet the same!
 Now in decrease by slow degrees she shrouds
 Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds; 35
 Now at increase, her gathering beams display
 A blaze of light, and give a paler day;
 Ten thousand stars adorn her glitt'ring train,
 Fall when she falls, and rise with her again,
 And o'er the deserts of the sky unfold 40
 Their burning spangles of fiderial gold:
 Thro' the wide heavens she moves serenely bright,
 Queen of the gay attendants of the night;
 Orb above orb in sweet confusion lies,
 And with a bright disorder paints the skies. 45

The Lord of Nature fram'd the show'ry bow,
 Turn'd its gay arch, and bade its colours glow;
 Its radiant circle compasses the skies,
 And sweetly the rich tinctures faint and rise;
 It bids the horrors of the storm to cease, 50
 Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempest please.

He, when deep-rolling clouds blot out the day,
 And thund'rous storms a solemn gloom display,
 Pours down a wat'ry deluge from on high,
 And opens all the sluices of the sky; 55
 High o'er the shores the rushing surge prevails,
 Bursts o'er the plain, and roars along the vales;
 Dashing abruptly dreadful down it comes,
 Tumbling thro' rocks, and tosses, whirls, and foams;
 Mean time, from ev'ry region of the sky 60
 Red burning bolts in fork'y vengeance fly;
 Dreadfully bright o'er seas and earth they glare,
 And bursts of thunder rend th' encumber'd air:
 At once the thunders of th' Almighty sound,
 Heav'n lours, descend the floods, and rocks the ground!

He gives the furious whirlwind wings to fly, 66
 To rend the earth, and wheel along the sky;
 In circling eddies whirl'd, it roars aloud,
 Drives wave on wave, and dashes cloud on cloud:
 Where'er it moves it lays whole forests low, 70
 And at the blast eternal mountains bow;
 While tearing up the sands, in drifts they rise,
 And half the deserts mount the burden'd skies.

He, from ærial treasures, downward pours
 Sheets of unfully'd snow in lucid show'rs; 75
 Flake after flake, thro' air thick-wav'ring flies,
 Till one vast shining waste all Nature lies;
 Then the proud hills a virgin whiteness shed,
 A dazzling brightness glitters from the mead;
 The hoary trees reflect a silver show, 80
 And groves beneath the lovely burden bow.

He from loose vapours with an icy chain
 Binds the round hail and moulds the harden'd rain;
 The stony tempest with a rushing sound
 Beats the firm glebe resulting from the ground; 85

Swiftly it falls, and as it falls invades
 The rising herb, or breaks the spreading blades ;
 While infant flow'rs that rais'd their bloomy heads,
 Crush'd by its fury, sink into their beds.

When stormy winter from the frozen north 90
 Borne on his icy chariot issues forth,
 The blasted groves their verdant pride resign,
 And billows harden'd into crystal shine :

Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing winds,
 And the proud floods as with a breast-plate binds ; 95
 Ev'n the proud seas forget in tides to roll

Beneath the freezings of the northern pole ;
 There waves on waves in solid mountains rise,
 And Alps of ice invade the wond'ring skies,
 While gulfs below and slipp'ry vallies lie, 100
 And with a dreadful brightness pain the eye :

But if warm winds a warmer air restore,
 And softer breezes bring a genial show'r,
 The genial show'r revives the cheerful plain,
 And the huge hills flow down into the main. 105

When the seas rage and loud the ocean roars,
 When foaming billows lash the sounding shores,
 If he in thunder bid the waves subside,
 The waves obedient sink upon the tide,
 A sudden peace controls the limpid deep, 110
 And the still waters in soft silence sleep :

Then heaven lets down a golden-streaming ray,
 And all the broad expansion flames with day ;
 In the clear glass the mariners descry
 A sun inverted and a downward sky. 115

They who advent'rous plough the wat'ry way
 The dreadful wonders of the deep survey ;
 Familiar with the storms their sails unbind,
 Tempt the rough blast, and bound before the wind :
 Now high they mount, now shoot into a vale, 120
 Now smooth their course, and scud before the gale.

There rolling monsters, arm'd in scaly pride,
 Flounce in the billows, and dash round the tide ;
 There huge Leviathan unwieldy moves,
 And thro' the waves a living island roves ; 125

In dreadful pastime terribly he sports,
 And the vast ocean scarce his weight supports ;
 Where'er he turns the hoary deeps divide,
 He breathes a tempest and he spouts a tide !

Thus, Lord ! the wonders of earth, sea, and air,
 Thy boundless wisdom and thy power declare : 131
 Thou, high in glory, and in might serene,
 Seest and mov'st all, thyself unmov'd, unseen.
 Should men and angels join in songs to raise
 A grateful tribute equal to thy praise, 135
 Yet far thy glory would their praise outshine,
 Tho' men and angels in the song should join :
 For though this earth with skill divine is wrought,
 Above the guess of man or angel's thought,
 Yet in the spacious regions of the skies, 140
 New scenes unfold, and worlds on worlds arise :
 There other orbs round other suns advance,
 Float on the air, and run their mystic dance ;
 And yet the pow'r of thy Almighty hand
 Can build another world from ev'ry sand ; 145
 And though vain man arraign thy high decree,
 Still this is just ! what is, that ought to be.* 147

* Evidently wrong, but so in edit. 1779. The line is not in edit. 1750.



PASTORALS.

DAPHNIS AND LYCIDAS.

A PASTORAL.

They sing the different success and absence of their Loves.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount Townshend, of Rainham in Norfolk, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and Principal Secretary of State to his Majesty.

-----“*Sylvæ sunt Consule dignæ.*” *Virg.*

DAPHNIS.

HOW calm the ev'ning ! see the falling day
Gilds ev'ry mountain with a ruddy ray !
In gentle sighs the softly whisp'ring breeze
Salutes the flow'rs, and waves the trembling trees.
Hark ! the night-warbler from yon vocal boughs 5
Glads ev'ry valley with melodious woes :
Swift thro' the air her rounds the swallow takes,
Or sportive skims the level of the lakes ;
The tim'rous deer, swift-starting as they graze,
Bound off in crowds, then turn again and gaze. 10
See how yon swans, with snowy pride elate,
Arch their high necks and sail along in state !
Thy frisking flocks safe-wand'ring crop the plain,
And the glad season claims a glad some strain.
Begin—Ye Echoes ! listen to the song, 15
And, with its sweetness pleas'd, each note prolong.

LYC. Sing, Muse !—and O, may Townshend deign to
What the Muse sings ! to Townshend this is due, [view
Who, carrying with him all the world admires,
From all the world illustriously retires, 20
And calmly wand'ring in his Rainham, roves
By lake, or spring, by thicket, lawn, or groves,
Where verdant hills, or vales, where fountains stray,
Charm ev'ry thought of idle pomp away ;
Unenvy'd views the splendid toils of state, 25
In private happy, as in public great.

Thus godlike Scipio, on whose cares reclin'd
The burden and repose of half mankind,

Left to the vain their pomp, and calmly stray'd,
 The world forgot beneath the laurel shade ; 30
 Nor longer would be great, but void of strife,
 Clos'd in soft peace his eve of glorious life.

Feed round, my goats ! ye sheep in safety graze ;
 Ye winds ! breathe gently, while I tune my lays.

The joyous spring draws nigh ; ambrosial show'rs
 Unbind the earth, the earth unbinds the flow'rs ; 36
 The flow'rs blow sweet, the daffodils unfold
 The spreading glories of their blooming gold.

DAPH. As the gay hours advance the blossoms shoot,
 The knitting blossoms harden into fruit ; 40
 And as the autumn by degrees ensues,
 The mellowing fruits display their streaky hues.

LYC. When the winds whistle and the tempest roars,
 When foaming billows lash the sounding shores,
 The blooming beauties of the pastures die, 45
 And in gay heaps of fragrant ruin lie. [binds

DAPH. Severe the storms when shudd'ring winter
 The earth ; but winter yields to vernal winds.
 O Love ! thy rigour my whole life deforms ;
 More cold than winter, more severe than storms ! 50

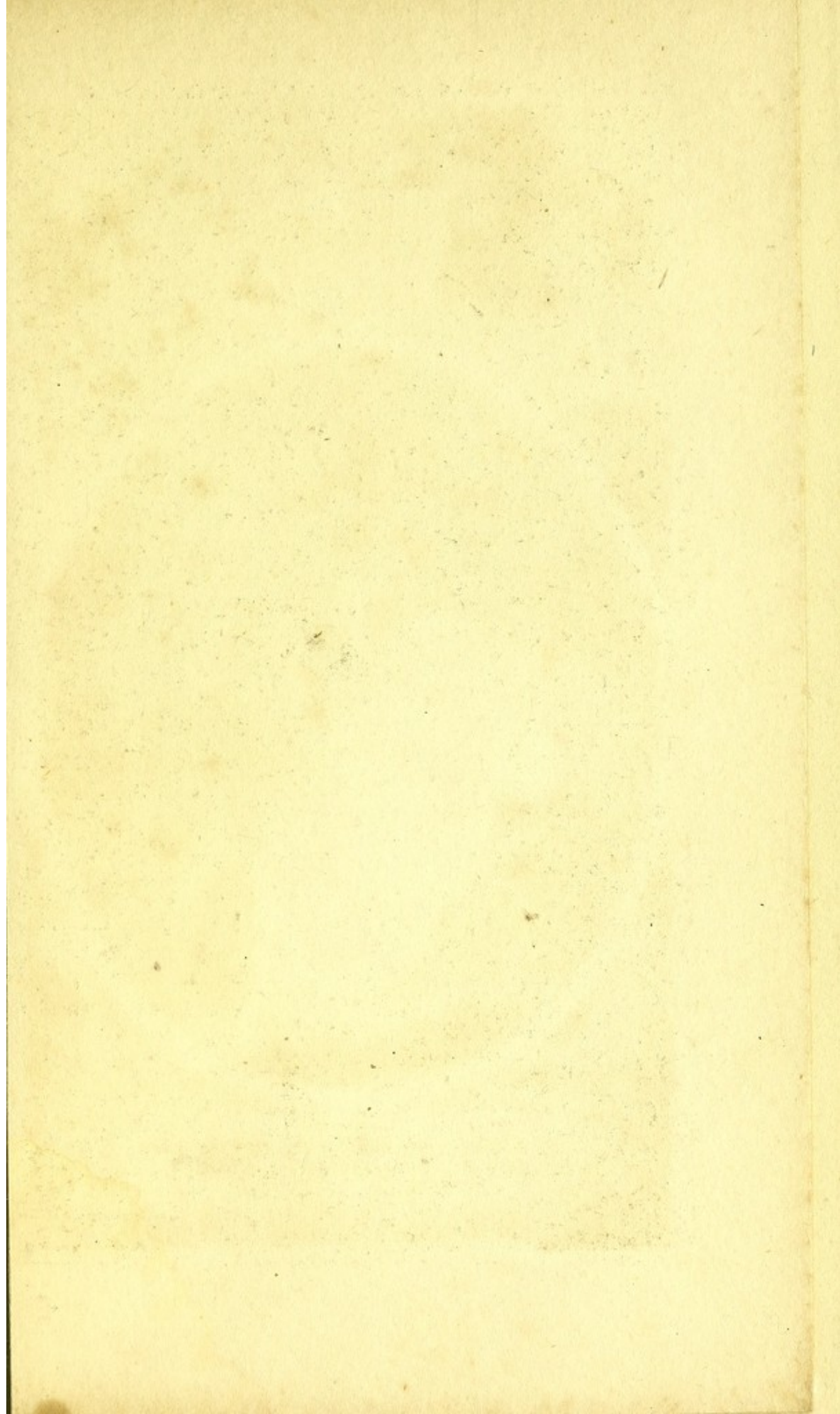
LYC. Sweet is the spring, and gay the summer hours,
 When balmy odours breathe from painted flow'rs ;
 But neither sweet the spring, nor summer gay,
 When she I love, my charmer ! is away.

DAPH. To savage rocks, thro' bleak inclement skies,
 Deaf as those rocks, from me my fair one flies : 56
 O Virgin ! cease to fly ; th' inclement air
 May hurt thy charms—but thou hast charms to spare !

LYC. I love, and ever shall my love remain
 The fairest, kindest virgin of the plain ; 60
 With equal passion her soft bosom glows,
 Feels the sweet pains, and shares the heavenly woes.

DAPH. With a feign'd passion she I love beguiles,
 And gayly false the dear dissembler smiles ;
 But let her still those blest deceits employ, 65
 Still may she feign, and cheat me into joy.

LYC. On yonder bank the yielding nymph reclin'd ;
 Gods ! how transported I and she how kind !





There rise, ye flow'rs! and there your pride display,
There shed your odours where the fair one lay! 70

DAPH. Once as my fair one in the rosy bow'r
In gentle slumbers pass'd the noontide hour,
Soft I approach'd, and, raptur'd with the bliss,
At leisure gaz'd, then stole a silent kiss.
She wak'd; when conscious smiles, but ill repress, 75
Spoke no disdain.—Was ever swain so blest!

LYC. With fragrant apples from the bending bough
In sport my charmer gave her swain a blow;
The fair offender, of my wrath afraid,
Fled till I seiz'd and kiss'd the blooming maid. 80
She smil'd, and vow'd if thus her crimes I pay,
She would offend a thousand times a-day.

DAPH. O'er the steep mountain and the pathless mead
From my embrace the lovely scorners fled,
But stumbling in the flight, by chance she fell: 85
I saw—but what—her lover will not tell.

LYC. From me my fair one fled, dissembling play,
And in the dark conceal'd the wanton lay;
But laugh'd, and shew'd by the directing sound
She only hid in secret to be found. 90

DAPH. Far hence to happier climes Belinda strays,
But in my breast her lovely image stays:
O to these plains again, bright Nymph! repair,
Or from my breast far hence thy image bear.

LYC. Come, Delia! come; till Delia bless these seats,
Hide me, ye groves, within your dark retreats: 96
In hollow groans, ye winds, around me blow;
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to my woe.

DAPH. Where'er Belinda roves, ye Zephirs! play;
Where'er she treads, ye flow'rs, adorn the way; 100
From sultry suns, ye groves, my charmer keep;
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to her sleep.

LYC. If streams smooth wand'ring, Delia, yield de-
If the gay rose or lily please thy sight, [light,
Smooth streams here wander, here the roses glow, 105
Here the proud lilies rise to shade thy brow.

DAPH. Aid me, ye Muses, while I loud proclaim
What love inspires, and sing Belinda's name:

Waft it, ye breezes, to the hills around,
And sport, ye echoes, with the fav'ring sound. 110

LYC. Thy name, my Delia, shall improve my song;
The pleasing labour of my ravish'd tongue:
Her name to heaven propitious Zephyrs bear!
And breathe it to her kindred angels there.

DAPH. But see! the night displays her starry train,
Soft silver dews impearl the glitt'ring plain; 116
An awful horror fills the gloomy woods,
And bluish mists rise from the smoking floods:
Haste, Daphnis! * haste to fold thy woolly care; 119
The deep'ning shades imbrown th' unwholesome air.

A PASTORAL TO A YOUNG LADY,

Upon her leaving and return to the Country.

DAMON.

SAY, while each scene so beautiful appears,
Why heaves thy bosom, and why flow thy tears?
See from the clouds the spring descends in show'rs,
The painted vallies laugh with rising flow'rs;
Smooth flow the floods, soft breathe the vernal airs; 5
The spring, flow'rs, floods, conspire to charm our cares.

FLORUS. But vain the pleasure which the season
The laughing vallies or the painted fields. [yields,
No more, ye floods, in silver mazes flow,
Smile not, ye flow'rs, no more soft breezes blow! 10
Far, Damon, far from these unhappy groves
The cruel lovely Rosalinda roves.

DAM. Ah! now I know why late the op'ning buds
Clos'd up their gems, and sicken'd in the woods;
Why droop'd the lily in her snowy pride, 15
And why the rose withdrew her sweets, and dy'd.
For thee, fair Rosalind! the op'ning buds
Clos'd up their gems, and sicken'd in the woods;
For thee the lily shed her snowy pride,
For thee the rose withdrew her sweets, and dy'd. 20

FLOR. See where yon vine in soft embraces weaves
Her wanton ringlets with the myrtles leaves;

VARIATION,

* Haste, Lycidas! to fold, &c.

There tun'd sweet Philomel her sprightly lay,
 Both to the rising and the falling day :
 But since fair Rosalind forsook the plains, 25
 Sweet Philomel no more renews her strains ;
 With sorrow dumb, she disregards her lay,
 Nor greets the rising nor the falling day.

DAM. Say, O ye winds, that range the distant skies,
 Now swell'd to tempests by my rising sighs, 30
 Say, while my Rosalind deserts these shores,
 How Damon dies for whom his soul adores.

FLOR. Ye murm'ring fountains, and ye wand'ring
 That visit various lands thro' various roads, [floods,
 Say, when ye find where Rosalind resides, 35
 Say how my tears increase your swelling tides.

DAM. Tell me, I charge you, O ye Sylvan swains,
 Who range the mazy grove or flow'ry plains,
 Beside what fountain, in what breezy bow'r,
 Reclines my charmer in the noontide hour ? 40

FLOR. Soft, I adjure you by the skipping fawns,
 By the fleet roes that bound along the lawns,
 Soft tread, ye virgin-daughters of the grove,
 Nor with your dances wake my sleeping love.

DAM. Return, O virgin ! and if proud disdain 45
 Arm thy fierce soul, return, enjoy my pain :
 If pleas'd thou view'st a faithful lover's cares,
 Thick rise, ye sighs ! in floods descend, ye tears !

FLOR. Return, O virgin ! while in verdant meads
 By springs we sport, or dream on flow'ry beds, 50
 She weary wanders thro' the desert way,
 The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

DAM. Ah ! shield her, heav'n ! your rage, ye beasts,
 Those are not limbs for savages to tear ! [forbear !
 Adieu, ye meads ! with her thro' wilds I go, 55
 O'er burning sands or everlasting snow ;
 With her I wander thro' the desert way,
 The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

FLOR. Come, Rosalind ! before the wintry clouds
 Frown o'er th' aerial vault, and rush in floods ; 60
 Ere raging storms howl o'er the frozen plains ;
 Thy charms may suffer by the storms or rain.

DAM. Come, Rosalind ! O come ! then infant flow'rs
 Shall bloom and smile, and form their charms by yours :
 By you the lily shall her white compose, 65
 Your blush shall add new blushes to the rose ;
 Each flow'ry mead and ev'ry tree shall bud,
 And fuller honours clothe the youthful wood.

FLOR. Yet, ah ! forbear to urge thy homeward way
 While sultry suns infest the glowing day : 70
 The sultry suns thy beauties may impair—
 Yet haste away, for thou art now too fair. [play !

DAM. Hark ! from yon bow'r what airs soft-warbled
 My soul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay.
 Silence, ye nightingales !—attend the voice ; 75
 While thus it warbles all your songs are noise.

FLOR. See from the bow'r a form majestic moves,
 And smoothly gliding, shines along the groves !
 Say, comes a goddess from the golden spheres ? 79
 A goddess comes, or Rosalind appears ! [day ;

DAM. Shine forth, thou sun ! bright ruler of the
 And where she treads, ye flow'rs, adorn the way :
 Rejoice, ye groves, my heart, dismiss thy cares ;
 My goddess comes ! my Rosalind appears ! 84



ODES.

MELANCHOLY, AN ODE,

Occasioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter, 1723.

ADIEU vain mirth and noisy joys,
Ye gay desires, deluding toys !
Thou, thoughtful Melancholy, deign
To hide me in thy pensive train. 4

If by the fall of murm'ring floods,
Where awful shades imbrown the woods,
Or if where winds in caverns groan
Thou wand'rest silent and alone ; 8

Come, blisful Mourner ! wisely sad,
In sorrow's garb, in sable clad,
Henceforth thou, Care, my hours employ :
Sorrow ! be thou henceforth my joy. 12

By tombs where sullen spirits stalk,
Familiar with the dead I walk,
While to my sighs and groans by turns
From graves the midnight echo mourns. 16

Open thy marble jaws, O tomb !
Thou earth, conceal me in thy womb ;
And you, ye worms ! this frame confound,
Ye brother reptiles of the ground. 20

O life ! frail offspring of a day !
'Tis puff'd with one short gasp away !
Swift as the short-liv'd flow'r it flies :
It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies ! 24

With cries we usher in our birth,
With groans resign our transient breath ;
While round, stern ministers of fate !
Pain, and Disease, and Sorrow, wait, 28

While childhood reigns, the sportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy ;
And while he roves from play to play,
The wanton trifles life away. 32

When to the noon of life we rise,
The man grows elegant in vice ;
To glorious guilt in courts he climbs,
Vilely judicious in his crimes.

36

When youth and strength in age are lost,
Man seems already half a ghost ;
Wither'd and wan, to earth he bows,
A walking hospital of woes !

40

O happiness ! thou empty name !
Say, art thou bought by gold or fame ?
What art thou, gold ! but shining earth ?
Thou, common fame ! but common breath ?

44

If virtue contradict the voice
Of public fame, applause is noise.
Ev'n victors are by conquest curst :
The bravest warrior is the worst.

48

Look round on all that man below
Idly calls great, and all is show :
All, to the coffin from our birth,
In this vast toyshop of the earth.

52

Come then, O friend of virtuous woe,
With solemn pace, demure, and slow !
Lo ! sad and serious I pursue
Thy steps—Adieu, vain world ! adieu.

56

THE COY,

AN ODE.

LOVE is a noble, rich repast,
But seldom should the lover taste ;
When the kind fair no more restrains,
The glutton surfeits and disdains.

4

To move the nymph he tears bestows ;
He vainly sighs, he falsely vows :
The tears deceive, the vows betray ;
He conquers, and contemns the prey.

3

Thus Ammon's son with fierce delight
Smil'd at the terrors of the fight ;

The thoughts of conquest charm'd his eyes ;
He conquer'd, and he wept the prize.

12

Love, like a prospect, with delight
Sweetly deceives the distant sight,
Where the tir'd travellers survey
O'er hanging rocks a dang'rous way.

16

Ye fair ! that would victorious prove,
Seem but half kind when most ye love :
Damon pursues if Cælia flies,
But when her love is born, his dies.

20

Had Danae the young, the fair,
Been free and unconfin'd as air ;
Free from the guards and brazen tow'r,
She'd ne'er been worth a golden show'r.

24



IMITATIONS.

PART OF THE TENTH BOOK OF THE ILIADS OF HOMER, IN THE STYLE OF MILTON.

NOW high advanc'd the night ; o'er all the host
Sleep shed his softest balm : restless alone
Atrides lay, and cares revolv'd on cares.

As when with rising vengeance gloomy Jove
Pours down a wat'ry deluge, or in storms 5
Of hail or snow commands the gorey jaws
Of war to roar, thro' all the kindling skies
With flaming wings on lightnings lightnings play ;
So, while Atrides meditates the war,
Sighs after sighs burst from his manly breast, 10
And shake his inmost soul : round o'er the fields
To Troy he turns his eyes, and round beholds
A thousand fires blaze dreadful ! thro' his ears
Passes the direful symphony of war,
Of fife or pipe, and the loud hum of hosts 15
Strikes him dismay'd ; now o'er the Grecian tents
His eyes he rolls ; now from his royal head
Rends the fair curl in sacrifice to Jove,
And his brave heart heaves with imperial woes.

Thus groans the thoughtful king ; at length resolves
To seek the Pylian sage, in wise debate 21
To ripen high designs, and from the sword
Preserve his banded legions. Pale and sad
Uprose the monarch ; instant o'er his breast
A robe he threw, and on his royal feet 25
Glitter'd the embroider'd sandals ; o'er his back
A dreadful ornament, a lion's spoils,
With hideous grace down to his ancles hung ;
Fierce in his hand he grasp'd a glitt'ring spear.

With equal care was Menelaus toss'd ; 30
Sleep from his temples fled : his gen'rous heart
Felt all his people's woes, who in his cause
Stemm'd the proud main, and nobly stood in arms
Confronting death. A leopard's spotted spoils
Terrific clad his limbs ; a brazen helm 35

Beam'd on his head, and in his hand a spear,
 Forth from his tent the royal Spartan strode,
 To wake the king of men: him wak'd he found
 Clasp'ing his polish'd arms: with rising joy
 The heroes meet; the Spartan thus began: 40
 " Why thus in arms, my Prince! Send'st thou some
 " To view the Trojan host? alas! I fear [spy
 " Left the most dauntless sons of glorious war
 " Shrink at the bold design. This task demands
 " A soul resolv'd to pass the gloom of night, 45
 " And 'midst her legions search the pow'rs of Troy."
 " O Prince!" he cries, " in this disastrous hour
 " Greece all our counsel claims; now, now demands
 " Our deepest cares. The Pow'r Omnipotent
 " Frowns on our arms, but smiles with aspect mild 50
 " On Hector's incense. Heavens! what son of fame
 " Renown'd in story e'er such deeds achiev'd
 " In a whole life as in one glorious day
 " This fav'rite of the skies? and yet a man!
 " A mortal! born to die! but such his deeds 55
 " As future Grecians shall repeat with tears
 " To children yet unborn.—But haste, repair
 " To Ajax and Idomeneus; we wake
 " Ourself the Pylian sage; to keep the guards
 " On duty be his care; for o'er the guards 60
 " His son presides nocturnal, and in arms
 " His great compeer, Meriones the bold."
 " But say," rejoins the Prince, " these orders borne,
 " There shall I stay, or, measuring back the shores,
 " To thee return?"—"No more return," replies
 The King of Hosts, " lest treading diff'rent ways 66
 " We meet no more; for thro' the camp the ways
 " Lie intricate and various; but aloud
 " Wake ev'ry Greek to martial fame and arms;
 " Teach them to emulate their godlike fires, 70
 " And thou a while forget thy royal birth,
 " And share a soldier's cares. The proudest king
 " Is but exalted dust; and when great Jove
 " Call'd us to life, and gave us royal pow'r,
 " He gave a sad pre-eminence of woes." 75

He spoke, and to the tent of Nestor turns
 His step majestic. On his couch he found
 The hoary warrior ; all around him lay
 His arms, the shield, the spears, the radiant helm,
 And scarf of various dye : with these array'd, 80
 The rev'rend father to the field of fame
 Led his bold files ; for with a brave disdain,
 Old as he was, he scorn'd the ease of age.
 Sudden the monarch starts, and half uprais'd,
 Thus to the King aloud : " What art thou ? say. 85
 " Why in the camp alone ? while others sleep
 " Why wand'rest thou obscure the midnight hours ?
 " Seek'st thou some centinel or absent friend ?
 " Speak instant !—Silent to advance is death."
 " O pride of Greece !" the plaintive King returns,
 " Here in thy tent thou Agamemnon view'st, 91
 " A prince the most unhappy of mankind :
 " Woes I endure which none but kings can feel,
 " Which ne'er will cease until forgot in death :
 " Pensive I wander thro' the damp of night, 95
 " Thro' the cold damp of night, distress'd, alone,
 " And sleep has grown a stranger to my eyes :
 " The weight of all the war, the load of woes
 " That presses ev'ry Greek, united falls
 " On me—the cares of all the host are mine ; 100
 " Grief discomposes and distracts my thoughts ;
 " My restless panting heart, as if it strove
 " To force its prison, beats against my sides ;
 " My strength is fail'd, and ev'n my feet refuse
 " To bear so great a load of wretchedness ! 105
 " But if thy wakeful cares (for o'er thy head
 " Wakeful the hours glide on) have aught matur'd
 " Useful, the thought unfold. But rise, my friend !
 " Visit with me the watches of the night, 109
 " Lest tir'd they sleep while Troy with all her war
 " Hangs o'er our tents, and now, perhaps ev'n now,
 " Arms her proud bands. Arise, my friend ! arise."
 To whom the Pylian. " Think not, mighty King !
 " Jove ratifies vain Hector's haughty views ;

" A sudden, sad reverse of mighty woes
 " Waits that audacious victor, when in arms
 " Dreadful Achilles shines. But now thy steps
 " Nestor attends : be it our care to wake
 " Sage Ithacus, and Diomed the brave,
 " Meges the bold, and in the race renown'd 120
 " Oilean Ajax : to the ships that guard
 " Outmost the camp some other speed his way
 " To raise stern Ajax and the Cretan king.
 " But love nor rev'rence to the mighty name
 " Of Menelaus, nor thy wrath, O King ! 125
 " Shall stop my free rebuke. Sleep is a crime
 " When Agamemnon wakes ; on him it lies
 " To share thy martial toils, to court the peers
 " To act the men : this hour claims all our cares."
 " Reserve," rejoins the king, " for future hours 130
 " Thy gen'rous anger. Seems the royal youth
 " Remiss ? it is not thro' indolence of soul,
 " But deference to our pow'r ; for our commands
 " He waits, and follows when we lead the way.
 " This night, disdaining rest, his steps he bent 135
 " To our pavilion : now th' illustrious peers,
 " Rais'd at his call, a chosen synod stand
 " Before the gates. Haste, Nestor, haste away."
 To whom the sage well pleas'd, " In such brave
 " No Greek will envy pow'r. With loyal joy [hands
 " Subjects obey when men of worth command." 141
 He added not, but o'er his manly breast
 Flung a rich robe ; beneath his royal feet
 The glitt'ring sandals shone ; a soft large vest,
 Florid with purple wool, his aged limbs 145
 Graceful adorn'd ; tipt with a star of brass,
 A pond'rous lance he grasp'd, and strode away
 To wake sage Ithacus. Aloud his voice
 He rais'd ; his voice was heard, and from his tent
 Instant Ulysses sprung. " And why," he cry'd, 150
 " Why thus abroad in the chill hours of night ?
 " What new distress invades ?"—" Forgive my cares,"
 Reply'd the hoary sage ; " for Greece I wake ;
 " Greece and her dangers bring me to thy tent :

“ But haste, our wakeful peers in council meet: 155

“ This, this one night determines flight or war.”

Swift at the word he seiz'd his ample shield,
And strode along; and now they bend their way
To wake the brave Tydides: him they found
Stretch'd on the earth, array'd in shining arms, 160

And round his brave companions of the war:
Their shields sustain'd their heads; erect their spears
Shot thro' th' illumin'd air a streaming ray,
Keen as Jove's lightning wing'd athwart the skies.
Thus slept the chief; beneath him on the ground 165

A savage bull's black hide was roll'd, his head
A splendid carpet bore; the slumb'ring king
The Pylian gently with these words awakes: 168

“ Rise, son of Tydeus! ill a whole night's rest [Troy
“ Suits with the brave; and sleep'st thou while proud
“ Hangs o'er our tents, and from yon joining hill
“ Prepares her war? Awake, my friend, awake.”

Sudden the chief awoke, and mildly gave 173
This soft reply: “ O! cruel to thy age,

“ Thou good old man! ne'er wilt thou, wilt thou cease
“ To burden age with cares? has Greece no youths
“ To wake the peers? Unweary'd man! to bear 177
“ At once the double load of toils and years!”

“ 'Tis true,” he cry'd, “ my subjects and my sons
“ Might ease a fire and king; but rest's a crime 180
“ When on the edge of fate our country stands:

“ Ere yet a few hours more have run their course,
“ Important space! Greece triumphs or Greece falls!
“ But since an old man's care thy pity moves,

“ Haste, gen'rous youth! with speed to council call
“ Meges the brave, and in the race renown'd 186
“ Oilean Ajax.”—Straight the chief obey'd,

Straight o'er his shoulders flung the shaggy spoils
Of a huge tawny lion; with dire grace
Down to his feet they hung; fierce in his hand 190

He grasp'd a glitt'ring spear, and join'd the guards.
Wakeful in arms they sat, a faithful band!

As watchful dogs protect the fleecy train
When the stern lion, furious for his prey,

Rushes thro' crashing woods, and on the fold 195
 Springs from some mountain's brow, while mingled
 Of men and hounds alarm ; to ev'ry sound [cries
 Faithful they turn ; so thro' the gloom of night
 They cast their view, and caught each noise of Troy.

Now met th' illustrious synod ; down they sat, 200
 Down on a spot of ground unstain'd with blood,
 Where vengeful Hector from the slaughter stay'd
 His murd'rous arm, when the dark veil of night
 Sabled the pole ; to whom thus Nestor spoke :

“ Lives there a son of Fame so nobly brave 205
 “ That Troyward dares to trace the dang'rous way
 “ To seize some straggling foe, or learn what Troy
 “ Now meditates ? to pour the flood of war
 “ Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
 “ Lead her proud legions ? O ! what fame would crown
 “ The hero thus triumphant, prais'd o'er earth 211
 “ Above the sons of men ! and what rewards
 “ Should he receive ! from ev'ry grateful peer
 “ A fable ewe and lamb, of highest worth
 “ Memorial, to a brave heroic heart 215
 “ The noblest prize ! and at the social feast
 “ Amongst the great be his the seat of fame.”

Abash'd they sat, and ev'n the brave knew fear.
 Not so Tydides ; unappall'd he rose,
 And nobly spoke : “ My soul, O rev'rend Sage ! 220
 “ Fires at the bold design ; thro' yon black host
 “ Vent'rous I bend my way ; but if his aid
 “ Some warrior lend, my courage might arise
 “ To nobler heights : the wise by mutual aid
 “ Instruct the wise, and brave men fire the brave.” 225

Fierce at the word up started from the ground
 “ The stern Ajaces, fierce bold Merion rose,
 “ And Thrasymedes, sons of war ; nor sat
 The royal Spartan, nor great Nestor's heir,
 Nor greater Ithacus ; his manly heart 230
 Swell'd at the view of fame.—Elate with joy
 Atrides saw ; “ and O thou best of friends !
 “ Brave Diomed !” he cries, “ of all the peers
 “ Chuse thou the valiantest : when merit pleads

"Titles no deference claim: high birth and state 235
 "To valour yield; and worth is more than pow'r."
 Thus fearing for his brother spoke the king;
 Not long, for Diomed dispels his fears.
 "Since free my choice, can I forget my friend,
 "The man for wisdom's various arts renown'd, 240
 "The man whose dauntless soul no toils dismay,
 "Ulysses! lov'd by Pallas? thro' his aid,
 "Tho' thousand fires oppose, a thousand fires
 "Oppose in vain; his wisdom points the way."
 "Nor praise nor blame," the hero straight replies;
 "You speak to Greeks, and they Ulysses know. 245
 "But haste, swift roll the hours of night; the morn
 "Already hastens to display her beams,
 "And in the vault of heav'n the stars decay."
 Swift at the word they sheath their manly limbs
 Horrid in arms; a two-edg'd sword and shield 151
 Nestor's bold son to stern Tydides gave;
 A tough bull's hide his ample helmet form'd;
 No cone adorn'd it, and no plummy crest
 Wav'd in the air; a quiver and a bow, 255
 And a huge faulchion, great Ulysses bears,
 The gift of Merion; on his head an helm
 Of leather nodded, firm within, and bound
 With many a thong; without, in dreadful rows,
 The snowy tusks of a huge savage boar 260
 Grinn'd horrible! Thus arm'd, away they stalk
 Undaunted. O'er their heads the martial maid
 Sends on the right an hern; the ambient gloom
 Conceals him from the view, but loud in air
 They hear the clangour of his sounding wings: 265
 Joyful the prosperous sign Ulysses hail'd,
 And thus to Pallas: "Offspring of dread Jove,
 "Who hurls the burning bolts, O guardian Pow'r!
 "Present in all my toils, who view'st my way
 "Where'er I move, now thy celestial aid, 270
 "Now, goddess! lend: may deeds this night adorn,
 "Deeds that all Troy may weep! may we return
 "In safety by thy guidance, heav'nly maid!"
 Tydides caught the word; "And O!" he cries,

" Virgin armipotent ! now grant thy aid 275
 " As to my fire. He, by the gulfy flood
 " Of deep *Æsopus*, left th' embattled bands
 " Of Greece in arms, and to imperial Thebes
 " Bore terms of peace : but as from haughty Thebes
 " Alone he journey'd, deeds, heroic deeds ! 280
 " His arm achiev'd, for Tydeus was thy care :
 " Thus guard his offspring, O stern queen of arms !
 " So shall an heifer on thy altars bleed
 " Young and untam'd ; to thee her blood I pour, 284
 " And point her lunar horns with burnish'd gold."

Thus pray the chiefs, and Pallas hears their pray'r :
 Then like two lions, thro' the shades of night,
 Dauntless they stride along, and hold their way
 Thro' blood and mangled limbs, o'er arms and death ;
 Nor pass they far ere the sagacious eye* 290
 Of Ithacus discerns a distant foe

Coasting from Troy, and thus to Diomed :

" See o'er the plain some Trojan bends this way,
 " Perhaps to spoil the slain ; or to our host
 " Comes he a spy ? beyond us o'er the field 295
 " 'Tis best he pass, then sudden from behind
 " Rush we precipitant ; but if in flight
 " His active feet prevail, thy spear employ
 " To force him on our lines, lest hid in shades,
 " Thro' the dusk air, he re-escape to Troy." 300

Then couching to the ground, ambush'd they lay
 Behind a hill of slain : onward the spy
 Incessant mov'd ; he pass'd, and now arose
 The fierce pursuers. Dolon heard the sound
 Of trampling feet, and panting, list'ning stood. 305
 Now reach'd the chiefs within a jav'lin's throw,
 Stern foes of Dolon ! swift along the shores
 He wing'd his flight, and swift along the shores
 They still pursu'd ; as when two skilful hounds
 Chase o'er the lawn the hare or bounding roe, 310
 Still from the shelt'ring brake the game they turn,
 Stretch ev'ry nerve, and bear upon the prey ;
 So ran the chiefs, and from the host of Troy

* V. 339.

Turn'd the swift foe : now nigh the fleet they flew,
 Now almost mingled with the guards, when lo ! 315
 The martial Goddess's breath'd heroic flames
 Fierce on Tydides' soul : the hero fear'd
 Lest some bold Greek should interpose a wound,
 And ravish half the glories of the night. 319
 " Furious he shook his lance, and " Stand," he cry'd ;
 " Stand, or thou dy'st ;" then sternly from his arm
 Launch'd the wild spear : wilful the jav'lin err'd,
 But whizzing o'er his shoulder deep in earth
 Stood quiv'ring, and he quaking stopp'd aghast :
 His teeth all chatter'd, and his slack knees knock'd ;
 He seem'd the bloodless image of pale fear. 326
 Panting the spy they seize, who thus with tears
 Abject intreats : " Spare me, O spare !" he cries ;
 " My hoary fire your mercy shall repay,
 " Soon as he hears I draw the vital air, 330
 " With ample wealth, with steel, with brass, with
 To whom Ulysses artfully : " Be bold ; [gold."
 " Far hence the thought of death ; but instant say
 " Why thus alone in the still hours of night,
 " While ev'ry eye is clos'd ? to spoil the slain 335
 " Com'st thou rapacious ? or some nightly spy
 " By Hector sent ? or has thy vent'rous mind
 " Impell'd thee to explore our martial bands ?"
 " By Hector sent, and by rewards undone,"
 Returns the spy, (still as he spoke he shook) 340
 " I come unwilling : the refulgent car
 " He promis'd, and immortal steeds that bear
 " To fight the great Achilles. Thus betray'd,
 " Thro' the dun shades of night I bend my way
 " Unprosp'rous, to explore the tented host 345
 " Of adverse Greece, and learn if now they stand
 " Wakeful on guard, or vanquish'd by our arms,
 " Precipitant desert the shores of Troy."
 To whom with smiles of scorn the sage returns : 349
 " Bold were thy aims, O youth ! but those proud steeds,
 " Restive, disdain the rule of vulgar hands.
 " Scarce ev'n the goddess-born, when the loud din
 " Of battle roars, subdues them, to the rein

- " Reluctant. But this night where Hector sleeps
 " Faithful disclose; where stand the warrior's steeds;
 " Where lie his arms and implements of war; 356
 " What guards are kept nocturnal. Say what Troy
 " Now meditates; to pour the tide of fight
 " Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls [cries,
 " Transfer the war?"—"To these demands," he
 " Faithful my tongue shall speak. The peers of Troy
 " Hector in council meets; round Ilus' tomb 362
 " Apart from noise they stand; no guards surround
 " The spacious host; where thro' the gloom yon fires
 " Blaze frequent, Trojans wake to guard their Troy;
 " Secure th' auxiliars sleep; no tender cares 366
 " Of wife or son disturb their calm repose;
 " Safe sleep their wives and sons on foreign shores."
 " But say, apart encamp th' auxiliar bands,"
 Replies the sage, "or join the powers of Troy?" 370
 " Along the sea-beat shores," returns the spy,
 " The Leleges and Carians stretch their files;
 " Near these the Caucons, and Pelasgian train,
 " And Pæons, dreadful with the battle-bow,
 " Extended lie; on the Thymbrean plain 375
 " The Lyfians and the Mysians in array
 " Spread their deep ranks; there the Mæonian bands,
 " And Phrygians, range the fiery steeds of war.
 " But why this nice inquiry? if your way
 " Vent'rous you bend to search the host of Troy, 380
 " There, in yon outmost lines, a recent aid,
 " The Thracians lie, by Rhesus led, whose steeds
 " Outshine the snow, outfly the winged winds:
 " With glitt'ring silver plates and radiant gold
 " His chariot flames; gold forms his dazzling arms,
 " Arms that may grace a god!—But to your tents
 " Unhappy me convey; or bound with chains, 387
 " Fast bound with cruel chains! sad on the shores
 " Here leave me captive till you safe return,
 " And witness to the truth my tongue unfolds." 390
 To whom stern-frowning Diomed replies:
 " Tho' every syllable be stamp'd with truth,
 " Dolon! thou dy'st. Wouldst thou once more ret

“Darkling a spy, or wage, a nobler foe,
 “New war on Greece? Traitor! thou dy’st, nor more
 “New war thou wagest, nor return’st a spy.” 396

He spoke terrific, and as Dolon rais’d
 Suppliant his humble hands, the trenchant blade
 Sheer thro’ his neck descends; the furious blow 399
 Cleaves the tough nerves in twain; down drops the
 And mutters unintelligible sounds. [head,

Straight they despoil the dead; the wolf’s grey hide
 They seize, the helm, the spear, and battle-bow:
 These, as they dropp’d with gore on high in air,
 Ulysses rais’d, and to the martial maid 405
 Thus lowly consecrates: “Stern pow’r of War!

“Virgin armipotent! receive these arms;
 “Propitious to my vows, thee, Goddess! thee
 “Chiefly I call; direct our prosperous way
 “To pierce the Thracian tents, to seize the steeds
 “Of Rhesus, and the car that flames with gold.” 411

Then fierce o’er broken arms thro’ streams of blood
 They move along; now reach the Thracian bands,
 All hush’d in sleep profound; their shining arms
 Rang’d in three ranks along the plain around, 415
 Illumin’d the dun air: chariot and horse

By every Thracian stood: Rhesus their king
 Slept in the centre of the circling bands,
 And his proud steeds were rein’d behind his car.
 With joy Ulysses thro’ the gloom descry’d 420
 The sleeping King; “And lo!” he cries, “the steeds!

“Lo! Diomed, the chief of Thrace, this night
 “Describ’d by Dolon. Now, O! now thy strength
 “Dauntless exert! loose thou the furious steeds,
 “Or while the steeds I loose, with slaughter’ring hands
 “Invade the soldiery.” He spoke, and now 426

The queen of arms inflam’d Tydides’ soul
 With all her martial fires: his reeking blade
 On ev’ry side dealt fate. Low hollow groans
 Murmur’d around; blood o’er the crimson field 430
 Well’d from the slain. As in his nightly haunts
 The surly lion rushes on the fold
 Of sheep or goat, and rends th’ unguarded prey,

So he the Thracian bands : twelve by his sword
Lay breathless on the ground : behind him stood 435
Sage Ithacus, and as the warrior flew,
Swift he remov'd the slain, lest the fierce steeds,
Not yet inur'd to blood, should trembling start,
Impatient of the dead. Now o'er the king
He whirls his wrathful blade, now furious gores 440
His heaving chest. He wak'd not, but a dream
By Pallas sent, rose in his anxious thoughts ;
A visionary warrior frowning stood
Fast by his head, and his aerial sword
Plung'd thro' his lab'ring breast. Meanwhile the steeds
The sage unbinds, and instant with his bow 446
Drives thro' the sleeping ranks ; then to his friend
Gave signals of retreat : but nobler deeds
He meditates, to drag the radiant car,
Or lift it thro' the threefold ranks, up-borne 450
High on his shoulders, or with slaughter stain
Th' ensanguin'd field ; when lo ! the martial maid
Down rushes from the battlements of heav'n,
And sudden cries, " Return, brave chief ! return,
" Lest from the skies some guardian pow'r of Troy
" Wrathful descend, and rouse the hostile bands." 456
Thus speaks the warrior queen ; the heav'nly voice
Tydides owns, and mounts the fiery steeds,
Observant of the high command : the bow
Sage Ithacus apply'd, and tow'rd the tents 463
Scourg'd the proud steeds : the steeds flew o'er the plain.



FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF
THE ILIADS OF HOMER,
IN MILTON'S STYLE.

NOW gay Aurora from Tithonus' bed
 Rose in the orient, to proclaim the day
 To gods and men. Down to the Grecian tents
 Saturnian Jove sends Discord, red with blood;
 War in her hand she grasps, ensigns of war. 5
 On brave Ulysses' ship she took her stand,
 The centre of the host, that all might hear
 Her dreadful voice. Her dreadful voice she rais'd;
 Jarring along the rattling shores it ran
 To the fleet's wide extremes; Achilles heard, 10
 And Ajax heard, the sound. With martial fires
 Now ev'ry bosom burns; arms, glorious arms,
 Fierce they demand. The noble Orthian song
 Swells ev'ry heart: no coward thoughts of flight
 Rise in their souls, but blood they breathe and war. 15
 Now by the trench* profound, the charioteers
 Range their proud steeds; now car by car displays
 A direful front; now o'er the trembling field
 Rushes th' embattled foot: noise rends the skies,
 Noise unextinguish'd. Ere the beamy day 20
 Flam'd in th' aerial vault, stretch'd in the van
 Stood the bold infantry: the rushing cars
 Form'd the deep rear in battailous array.
 Now from his heav'ns Jove hurls his burning bolts,
 Hoarse mutt'ring thunders grumble in the sky, 25
 While from the clouds, instead of morning dews,
 Huge drops of blood distain the crimson ground;
 Fatal presage, that in that dreadful day
 The great should bleed, imperial heads lie low!
 Meantime the bands of Troy in proud array 30
 Stand to their arms, and from a rising ground
 Breathe furious war. Here gathering hosts attend
 The tow'ring Hector; there refulgent bands
 Surround Polydamas; Æneas there

Marshals his dauntless files ; nor unemploy'd 35
 Stand Polybus, Agenor great in arms,
 And Acamas, whose frame the gods endow'd
 With more than mortal charms. Fierce in the van
 Stern Hector shines, and shakes his blazing shield,
 As the fierce dog-star with malignant fires 40
 Flames in the front of heaven, then lost in clouds
 Veils his pernicious beams, from rank to rank
 So Hector strode. Now dreadful in the van
 Advanc'd his sun-broad shield ; now to the rear
 Swift rushing disappear'd : his radiant arms 45
 Blaz'd on his limbs, and, bright as Jove's dire bolts,
 Flash'd o'er the field, and lighten'd to the skies.

As toiling reapers, in some spacious field,
 Rang'd in two bands, move adverse, rank on rank,
 Where o'er the tilth the grain in ears of gold 50
 Waves nodding to the breeze, at once they bend,
 At once the copious harvest swells the ground ;
 So rush to battle o'er the dreadful field
 Host against host. They meet, they close, and ranks
 Tumble on ranks. No thoughts appear of flight, 55
 None of dismay. Dubious in even scales
 The battle hangs : not fiercer ravenous wolves
 Dispute the prey. The deathful scene with joy
 Discord, dire parent of tremendous woes !
 Surveys exultant. Of th' immortal train 60
 Discord alone descends, assists alone
 The horrors of the field. In peace the gods
 High in Olympian bowers on radiant thrones
 Lament the woes of man ; but loud complaints
 From ev'ry god arose : Jove favour'd Troy ; 65
 At partial Jove they murmur'd : he, unmov'd,
 All heaven in murmurs heard : apart he sat
 Enthron'd in glory. Down to earth he turn'd
 His steadfast eye, and from his throne survey'd
 The rising tow'rs of Troy, the tented shores, 70
 The blaze of arms, the slayer and the slain.

While with his morning wheels the god of day
 Climbd up the steep of heaven, with equal rage
 In murd'rous storms the shafts from host to host

Flew adverse, and in equal numbers fell 75
 Promiscuous Greek and Trojan, till the hour
 When the tir'd woodman in the shady vale
 Spreads his penurious meal, when high the sun
 Flames in the zenith, and his finewy arms
 Scarce wield the pond'rous ax, while hunger keen 80
 Admonishes, and nature spent with toil
 Craves due repast—then Greece the ranks of Troy
 With horrid inroad goar'd. Fierce from the van
 Sprung the stern king of men*, and breathing death,
 Where in firm battle Trojans band by band 85
 Embod' d stood, pursu'd his dreadful way :
 His host his step attends. Now glows the war ;
 Horse treads on horse, and man encount'ring man,
 Swells the dire field with death. The plunging steeds
 Beat the firm glebes ; thick dust in rising clouds 90
 Darkens the sky ; indignant o'er the plain
 Atrides stalks ; death ev'ry step attends.
 As when in some huge forest sudden flames
 Rage dreadful, when rough winds assist the blaze,
 From tree to tree the fiery torrent rolls, 95
 And the vast forest sinks with all its groves
 Beneath the burning deluge ; so whole hosts
 Yield to Atrides' arm : car against car
 Rush rattling o'er the field, and thro' the ranks
 Unguided broke, while breathless on the ground 100
 Lay the pale charioteers, in death deform'd
 To their chaste brides sad spectacles of woe,
 Now only grateful to the fowls of air.

Meantime, the care of Jove, great Hector stood
 Secure in scenes of death, in storms of darts, 105
 In slaughter and alarms, in dust and blood.

Still Agamemnon rushing o'er the field
 Leads his bold bands ; whole hosts before him fly :
 Now Illus' tomb they pass, now urge their way
 Close by the fig-tree shade : with shouts the king 110
 Pursues the foe incessant : dust and blood,
 Blood mix'd with dust, disdains his murd'rous hands.

* Agamemnon, v. 148.

As when a lion, in the gloom of night,
 Invades an herd of beeves, o'er all the plains
 Trembling they scatter, furious on the prey 115
 The gen'rous savage flies, and with fierce joy
 Seizes the last, his hungry foaming jaws
 Churn the black blood, and rend the panting prey :
 Thus fled the foe, Atrides thus pursu'd,
 And still the hindmost slew. They from their cars
 Fell headlong, for his javelin, wild for blood, 121
 Rag'd terribly. And now proud Troy had fall'n ;
 But the dread fire of men and gods descends
 Terrific from his heav'ns ! His vengeful hand
 Ten thousand thunders grasps. On Ida's heights 125
 He takes his stand ; it shakes with all its groves
 Beneath the god : the god suspends the war. 127

MONS. MAYNARD IMITATED.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD CORNWALLIS.

WHILE past its noon the lamp of life declines,
 And age my vital flame invades,
 Faint and more faint as it descends it shines,
 And hastes, alas ! to set in shades. 4
 Then some kind pow'r shall guide my ghost to glades
 Where, seated by Elysian springs,
 Fam'd Addison attunes to patriot shades
 His lyre, and Albion's glory sings. 8
 There round majestic shades and heroes' forms
 Will throng, to learn what pilot guides,
 Watchful, Britannia's helm thro' factious storms,
 And curbs the murm'ring rebel tides. 12
 I tell how Townshend treads the glorious path
 That leads the great to deathless fame,
 And dwell at large on spotless English faith,
 While Walpole is the fav'rite theme. 16
 How, nobly rising in their country's cause,
 The steadfast arbiters of right
 Exalt the just and good to guard her laws,
 And call forth merit into light. 20

A loud applause around the echoing coast
Of all the pleas'd Elysium flies.—

“ But, friend, what place had you,” replies some ghost,
“ When merit was the way to rise ?” 24

“ What deanery or prebend thine declare ?”
Good Heav'ns ! unable to reply,
How like a stupid idiot I should stare ?
An answer, good my Lord, supply. 28



AN EXPLICATION

OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE GODS AND GIANTS.

IT is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the Battle between the Gods and the Giants is a physical allegory, invented by the ancients, not only to denote the war between the superior and inferior elements in their original chaos, but in particular to express the nature of the winds enclosed in the bowels of the earth, which, struggling for enlargement, have been supposed to be the causes of earthquakes and other dreadful commotions: but the allegory is not to be confined solely to the winds; the subterraneous fires are likewise denoted by it, which, bursting from the earth (as from *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*) as it were, assault the skies, and war with the superior elements. These are the Titans, that hurl rocks against the Gods; these are the Jupiter and Typhoeus of the Ancients; for Jupiter, in their mythology, constantly represents the superior element. Virgil is scarce more than a true historian in his description of *Ætna*:

Interdum scopulos, avulsaq; viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaq; saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat,-----

That poet directly applies these commotions to one of the Giants, who is fabled to have warred with heaven; an argument that he understood that fiction to be a physical allegory.

Fama est, Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus
Urgere mole hac, ingentemq; insuper Æthnam
Impositam, ruptis flammam expirare Caminis :
Et, fessum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
Murmure Trinacriam. *Æn. iii.*

This interpretation will give great light to the following translation from Heliod's Theogony.

When we read that the earth and the poles shook in the conflict, this we easily solve from the nature of earthquakes, and the violence of lightning and thunder. When rocks and hills are said to be removed by the giants, it is literally true, as appears from the best descrip-

tion of burning mountains. When those monsters are feigned to be buried beneath them, we are to understand that the lodgment of subterraneous fires is in the entrails of mountains, and must be so according to true philosophy; for the internal fires, by a continual rarefaction and expansion of the enclosed air, heave up the ground till it swells into a mountain, or breaks out into fiery eruptions. Thus also, when we read of the structure beneath the earth framed by Neptune, from whence all rivers and fountains rise, we are to have recourse to the opinions of the Ancients, who imagined that not only fountains, but rivers were fed by secret channels from the ocean, that is, from Neptune, the god of it. By the waters that float in the air are meant the vapours exhaled from the seas, &c. which fall in hail, snow, dew, or rain. When Jupiter is said to blast Typhoeus with lightning, we are taught a piece of natural philosophy, viz. that the mines of sulphur lodged in the earth are fired by lightning, which occasions violent eruptions; or, as the fable expresses it, a war between Jupiter and Typhoeus. The allegory further adds, that storms are raised by Typhoeus: and it is a certain truth that from the chasms and vents on the tops of burning mountains, a continual wind issues forth, occasioned by the rarefaction of the enclosed air, which consequently ascends and breaks out with violence. And indeed, the winds were anciently imagined to rise from the earth; hence the poets feigned that Æolus kept them imprisoned in a dungeon, and when he let them out, they caused storms and hurricanes. Thus Virgil:

-----Hic vasto Rex Æolus Antro
Luctantes ventos, Tempestatæque sonoras
Imperio premit.

From this explication the reader will not be surprised when he sees the description of the variety of noises uttered by Typhoeus:

Now bellowing like a savage bull they roar,
Or angry lions, in the midnight hour, &c.

They happily represent the dreadful uproar made by the violence of the fiery eruptions, and the hundred

mouths of the giants mean only the number of the vents through which they issue at one time. It is not difficult to explain why the day and the night are imagined to reside alternately behind Atlas, and why he is feigned to support the heavens. Atlas is an exceeding high mountain, and for that reason is fabled to sustain the spheres; and because such high hills intercept the beams of the sun, the night and the day are said to reside behind them. And thus we still describe the beginning and conclusion of the day, by saying the sun rises above the eastern, or sinks behind the western hills.

Milton has not only made great use of Hesiod's battle of the Gods in his war between the good and bad angels in his *Paradise Lost*, but almost literally translated the foregoing incident;

-----There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge, &c.

Homer, in the xxi. book of the *Iliad*, has described a battle between the gods perhaps less successfully than other incidents of his inimitable poem. Hesiod, upon comparison, will be found here, and here only, equal if not superior, to that poet in sublimity. What seems chiefly blameable in Hesiod is his want of variety: almost all his images are drawn from thunder, earthquakes, and conflagrations; which, however noble, offend the reader by a too frequent repetition; whereas Homer abounds with a greater variety, which arises from the greater fertility of his invention.

I will only add that the four cardinal winds, which are said to be of a gentle nature, and to be sent from heaven, are described in that manner to denote the tranquillity of the superior regions; and that when the poet tells us that Jupiter subdued the Titans, and reigned in peace, he means that the superior elements, after their original conflict in the chaos, gained their natural station, and continue in tranquillity; or, in other words, that whatever commotions the inferior elements may occasion in the superior, yet at last they settle into order and harmony.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS AND TITANS.

From the Theogony of Hesiod, with a Description of Tartarus, &c.

——μάχην δ' ἀμέγαρτον ἔγειραν
Πάντες, &c. Θεογ. 666.

NOW sounds the vault of heav'n with loud alarms,
And gods by gods embattling, rush to arms :
Here stalk the Titans of portentous size,
Burst from their dungeons, and assault the skies ;
And there, unchain'd from Erebus and night, 5
Auxiliar giants,* aid the gods in fight.
An hundred arms each tow'r-like warrior rears,
And stares from fifty heads amid the stars :
The dreadful brotherhood stern frowning stands,
And hurls an hundred rocks from hundred hands :
The Titans rush'd with fury, uncontroll'd ; 11
Gods sunk on gods, or giant, giant roll'd.
Then roar'd the ocean with a dreadful sound,
Heaven shook with all its thrones, and groan'd the
Trembled th' eternal poles at ev'ry stroke, [ground ;
And frighted hell from its foundation shook : 16
Noise, horrid noise, th' aerial region fills,
Rocks dash on rocks, and hills encounter hills ;
Thro' earth, air, heav'n, tumultuous clamours rise,
And shouts of battle thunder in the skies ; 20
Then Jove omnipotent display'd the god,
And all Olympus trembled as he trod.
He grasps ten thousand thunders in his hand,
Bares his red arm, and wields the forky brand ;
Then aims the bolts, and bids his lightnings play ; 25
They flash, and rend thro' heav'n their flaming way.
Redoubling blow on blow, in wrath he moves,
The sing'd earth groans, and burns with all her groves :

* Egeon, Cottus, Gyges.

The floods, the billows, boiling, hiss with fires,
And bick'ring flame, and smould'ring smoke aspires.
A night of clouds blots out the golden day ; 31
Full in their eyes the writhen lightnings play :
Ev'n Chaos burns. Again earth groans, heav'n roars,
As tumbling downward with its shining tow'rs ;
Or burst this earth, torn from her central place, 35
With dire disruption from her deepest base.
Nor slept the wind ; the wind new horror forms,
Clouds dash on clouds before the outrageous storms,
While tearing up the sands, in drifts they rise,
And half the deserts mount th' encumber'd skies. 40
At once the tempest bellows, lightnings fly,
The thunders roar, and clouds involve the sky.
Stupendous were the deeds of heav'nly might,
What less, when gods conflicting, cope in fight ?
Now heav'n its foes with horrid inroad gores, 45
And slow, and four, recede the giant pow'rs.
Here stalks Ægeon, here fierce Gyges moves,
There Cottus rends up hills with all their groves :
These hurl'd at once against the Titan bands, 49
Three hundred mountains from three hundred hands,
And overshadowing, overwhelming bound
With chains infrangible beneath the ground.
Below this earth, far as earth's confines lie,
Thro' space unmeasur'd from the starry sky,
Nine days an anvil of enormous weight 55
Down rushing headlong from th' aerial height
Scarce reaches earth, thence tofs'd in giddy rounds,
Scarce reaches, in nine days, th' infernal bounds ;
A wall of iron of stupendous height
Guards the dire dungeons, black with threefold night ;
High o'er the horrors of th' eternal shade, 61
The stedfast base of earth and seas is laid ;
There, in coercive durance, Jove detains
The groaning Titans in afflictive chains ;
A seat of woe, remote from cheerful day, 65
Thro' gulphs impassable, a boundless way.
Above these realms a brazen structure stands
With brazen portals, fram'd by Neptune's hands ;

Thro' chaos to the ocean's base it swells,
 There stern Ægeon with his giants dwells, 70
 Fierce guards of Jove, from hence the fountains rise
 That wash the earth, or wander thro' the skies,
 That groaning, murmur thro' the realm of woes,
 Or feed the channels where the ocean flows :
 Collected horrors throng the dire abodes, 75
 Horrid and fell, detested ev'n by gods.
 Enormous gulf, immense the bounds appear,
 Wasteful and void, the journey of a year ;
 Where beating storms, as in wild whirls they fight,
 Toss the pale wand'rer, and retoss thro' night. 80
 The pow'rs immortal, with affright survey
 The hideous chasm, and seal it up from day.

Hence, thro' the vault of heav'n huge Atlas rears
 His giant limbs, and props the golden spheres.
 Here sable night and here the beamy day 85
 Lodge and dislodge, alternate in their sway.
 A brazen port the varying pow'rs divides ;
 When day forth issues, here the night resides ;
 And when night veils the skies, obsequious day,
 Re-entering, plunges from the starry way. 90
 She from her lamp, with beaming radiance bright,
 Pours o'er th' expanded earth a flood of light ;
 But night, by sleep attended, rides in shades,
 Brother of death, and all that breathes invades ;
 From her foul womb* they sprung, resistless pow'rs,
 Nurs'd in the horrors of Tartarean bow'rs, 96
 Remote from day, when with her flaming wheels
 She mounts the skies, or paints the western hills.
 With downy footsteps sleep in silence glides
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the spacious tides, 100
 The friend of life, death unrelenting bears
 An iron heart, and laughs at human cares :
 She makes the mould'ring race of man her prey,
 And ev'n th' immortal pow'rs detest her sway.

Thus fell the Titans,† from the realms above, 105
 Beneath the thunders of almighty Jove ;

* Of night.

† 320.

Then earth, impregnate, felt maternal woes,
 And shook thro' all her frame with teeming throes :
 Hence rose Typhoeus, a gigantic birth,
 A monster sprung from Tartarus and Earth, 119
 A match for gods in might, on high he spreads,
 From his huge trunk, an hundred dragons' heads,
 And, from an hundred mouths, in vengeance flings
 Envenom'd foam, and darts an hundred stings.
 Horror terrific frowns from ev'ry brow, 115
 And like a furnace his red eye-balls glow ;
 Fires dart from ev'ry crest, and, as he turns,
 Keen splendours flash, and all the giant burns.
 Whene'er he speaks, in echoing thunders rise
 An hundred voices, and affright the skies ; 120
 Unutterably fierce, the bright abodes
 Frequent they shake, and terrify the gods :
 Now bellowing, like a savage bull, they roar,
 Or angry lions in the midnight hour ;
 Now yell like furious whelps, or hiss like snakes, 125
 The rocks rebound, and ev'ry mountain shakes :
 He hurl'd defiance 'gainst th' immortal pow'rs,
 And heav'n had seiz'd, with all its shining tow'rs,
 But, at the voice of Jove, from pole to pole
 Red lightnings flash, and raging thunders roll ; 130
 Rattling o'er all th' expansion of the skies,
 Bolt after bolt o'er earth and ocean flies.
 Stern frowns the god amidst the lightnings' blaze,
 Olympus shakes from his eternal base ;
 Trembles the earth ; fierce flame involves the poles,
 Devours the ground, and o'er the billows rolls : 136
 Fires from Typhoeus flash : with dreadful sound
 Storms rattle, thunder rolls, and groans the ground,
 Above, below, the conflagration roars ;
 Ev'n the seas, kindled, burn thro' all their shores : 140
 Deluge of fire, earth rocks her tott'ring coasts,
 And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts ;
 Ev'n the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
 Start at the din that rends the infernal shores ;
 Then, in full wrath, Jove all the god applies, 145
 And all his thunders burst at once the skies,

And rushing gloomy from th' Olympian brow,
 He blasts the giant with th' Almighty blow;
 The giant, tumbling, sinks beneath the wound,
 And with enormous ruin rocks the ground. 150
 Nor yet the lightnings of th' Almighty stay,
 Thro' the sing'd earth they burst their burning way;
 Earth kindling inward, melts in all her caves,
 And hissing, floats with fierce metallic waves;
 As iron fusile from the furnace flows, 155
 Or molten ore with keen effulgence glows,
 When the dire bolts of Jove stern Vulcan frames,
 In burning channels roll the liquid flames.
 Thus melted earth, and Jove from realms on high
 Plung'd the huge giant to the nether sky. 160

Then from Typhoeus sprung the winds that bear
 Storms on their wings, and thunder in the air;
 But from the gods descend, of milder kind,
 The east, the west, the south, and boreal wind:
 These, in soft whispers, breathe a friendly breeze, 165
 Play thro' the groves, or sport upon the seas;
 They fan the sultry air with cooling gales,
 And waft from realm to realm the flying sails;
 The rest in storms of sounding whirlwinds fly,
 Toss the wild waves, and battle in the sky, 170
 Fatal to man, at once all ocean roars,
 And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores;
 Then thund'ring o'er the earth they rend their way,
 Grass, herb, and flow'r, beneath their rage decay;
 While tow'rs and domes, vain boasts of human trust,
 Torn from their inmost base, are whelm'd in dust. 176

Thus heav'n asserted its eternal reign
 O'er the proud giants and Titanic train;
 And now in peace the gods their Jove obey,
 And all the thrones of heav'n adore his sway. 180



THE LOVE OF JASON AND MEDEA.

FROM APOLLONIUS RHODIUS, B. III, V. 743.

Νὺ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγεν κνέφας, ὅς.

Advertisement.

The translator has taken the liberty, in the following version from the *Argonautics* of *Appollonius*, as well as in the *Story of Talus*, to omit whatever has not an immediate relation to the subject, yet hopes that a due connexion is not wanting; and that the reader will not be displeased with these short sketches from a poet who is affirmed to be every where sublime by no less a critic than *Longinus*, and from whom many verses are borrowed by so great a poet as *Virgil*.

NOW rising shades a solemn gloom display
O'er the wide earth, and o'er th' ethereal way ;
All night the sailor marks the Northern Team,
And golden circlet of Orion's beam ;
A deep repose the weary wand'rer shares, 5
And the faint watchman sleeps away his cares ;
E'en the fond mother, while all breathless lies
Her child of love, in slumber seals her eyes :
No sound of village-dog, no noise, invades
The death-like silence of the midnight shades. 10
Alone Medea wakes ; to love a prey,
Restless she rolls, and groans the night away.
Now the fire-breathing bulls command her cares ;
She thinks on Jason, and for Jason fears :
In sad review on horrors horrors rise ; 15
Quick beats her heart ; from thought to thought she
As from replenish'd urns with dubious ray [flies :
The sunbeams dancing from the surface play,
Now here now there the trembling radiance falls,
Alternate flashing round th' illumin'd walls ; 20
Thus flutt'ring bounds the trembling virgin's blood,
And from her shining eyes descends a flood.
Now raving with resistless flames she glows,
Now sick with love, she melts with softer woes :
The tyrant god, of ev'ry thought possessor, 25
Beats in each pulse, and stings and rack her breast.

Now she resolves the magic to betray
 To tame the bulls, now yield him up a prey.
 Again the drugs disdaining to supply,
 She loathes the light, and meditates to die: 30
 Anon repelling with a brave disdain
 The coward thought, she nourishes the pain.
 Thus tost, retost, with furious storms of cares
 On the cold ground she rolls, and thus with tears:
 " Ah me! where'er I turn before my eyes 35
 " A dreadful view: on sorrows sorrows rise!
 " Toss'd in a giddy whirl of strong desire,
 " I glow, I burn, yet blest the pleasing fire!
 " O had this spirit from its prison fled,
 " By Dian sent to wander with the dead, 40
 " Ere the proud Grecians view'd the Colchian skies,
 " Ere Jason, lovely Jason! met these eyes.
 " Hell gave a shining mischief to our coast;
 " Medea saw him, and Medea's lost.—
 " But why these sorrows? if the pow'rs on high 45
 " His death decree, die, wretched Jason! die.
 " Shall I elude my fire! my art betray?
 " Ah me! what words shall purge the guilt away?
 " But could I yield—O whither must I run
 " To find the man—whom virtue bids me shun? 50
 " Shall I, all lost to shame, to Jason fly?
 " And yet I must—if Jason bleeds I die!
 " Then, Shame! farewell: adieu for ever, Fame!
 " Hail, black Disgrace! be fam'd for guilt my name!
 " Live, Jason! live; enjoy the vital air; 55
 " Live thro' my aid, and fly where winds can bear!
 " But when he flies, ye Poisons! lend your pow'rs!
 " That day Medea treads th' infernal shores!
 " Then, wretched maid! thy lot is endless shame;
 " Then the proud dames of Colchis blast thy name:
 " I hear them cry—' The false Medea's dead 61
 " Thro' guilty passion for a stranger's bed;
 " Medea, careless of her virgin fame,
 " Preferr'd a stranger to a father's name!"
 " O may I rather yield this vital breath 65
 " Than bear that base dishonour, worse than death!"

Thus wailed the fair, and seized with horrid joy
 Drugs foes to life, and potent to destroy;
 A magazine of death! Again she pours
 From her swoln eye-balls tears in shining show'rs; 70
 With grief insatiate, and with trembling hands,
 All comfortless, the cask of death expands:
 A sudden fear her lab'ring soul invades,
 Struck with the horrors of th' infernal shades:
 She stands deep-musing with a faded brow, 75
 Absorpt in thought, a monument of woe!
 While all the comforts that on life attend,
 The cheerful converse and the faithful friend,
 By thought deep-imag'd in her bosom play,
 Endearing life and charm despair away. 80
 Th' all-cheering suns with sweeter light arise,
 And ev'ry object brightens to her eyes:
 Then from her hand the baneful drugs she throws,
 Consents to live, recover'd from her woes;
 Resolved the magic virtue to betray, 85
 She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day.
 Time seems to stand, or backward drive his wheels;
 The hours she chides, and eyes the eastern hills.
 At length the dawn with orient beams appears,
 The shades disperse, and man awakes to cares. 90
 Studious to please, her graceful length of hair
 With art she binds, that wanton'd with the air;
 From her soft cheek she wipes the tear away,
 And bids keen lightnings from her eyes to play;
 From limb to limb refreshing unguents pours, 95
 Unguents that breathe of heaven in copious show'rs.
 Her robe she next assumes; bright clasps of gold
 Close to the less'ning waist the robe infold;
 Down from her swelling loins the rest unbound,
 Floats in rich waves redundant o'er the ground: 100
 Last, with a shining veil her cheeks she shades,
 Then swimming smooth along magnificently treads.
 Thus forward moves the fairest of her kind,
 Blind to the future, to the present blind.
 Twelve maids, attendants on her virgin bow'r, 105
 Alike unconscious of the bridal hour,

Join to the car the mules, dire rites to pay;
 To Hecate's black fane she bends her way:
 A juice she bears whose magic virtue tames
 (Thro' fell Persephone) the rage of flames; 110
 It gives the hero, strong in matchless might,
 To stand secure of harms in mortal fight;
 It mocks the sword; the sword without a wound
 Leaps as from marble shiver'd to the ground:
 She mounts the car*; nor rode the nymph alone; 115
 On either side two lovely damsels shone:
 Her hand with skill th' embroider'd rein controls,
 Back fly the streets as swift the chariot rolls.
 Along the wheel-worn road they hold their way,
 The domes retreat, the sinking tow'rs decay. 120
 Bare to the knee succinct a damsel train
 Behind attends, and glitters tow'rd the plain.
 As when her limbs divine Diana laves
 In fair Parnethius, or th' Amnesian waves,
 Sublime in royal state the bounding roes 125
 Whirl her bright car along the mountain brows,
 Swift to her fane, in pomp the goddess moves,
 The nymphs attend that haunt the shady groves,
 Th' Amnesian fount or silver-streaming rills,
 Nymphs of the vales or Oreads of the hills, 130
 The fawning beasts before the goddess play,
 Or trembling, savage adoration pay;
 Thus on her car sublime the nymph appears,
 The crowd falls back, and as she moves reveres:
 Swift to the fane aloft her course she bends, 135
 The fane she reaches, and to earth descends;
 Then to her train—"Ah me! I fear we stray,
 " Misled by Folly to this lonely way!
 " Alas! should Jason with his Greeks appear,
 " Where should we fly? I fear, alas! I fear! 140
 " No more the Colchian youths and virgin train
 " Haunt the cool shade, or tread in dance the plain.
 " But since alone—with sports beguile the hours;
 " Come, chaunt the song, or pluck the blooming flow'rs;
 " Pluck ev'ry sweet to deck your virgin bow'rs!" 145

Then warbling soft* she lifts her heavenly voice,
 But sick with mighty love, the song is noise :
 She hears from ev'ry note a discord rise,
 Till, pausing, on her tongue the music dies :
 She hates each object, ev'ry face offends 150
 In ev'ry wish her soul to Jason sends ;
 With sharpen'd eyes the distant lawn explores,
 To find the object whom her soul adores :
 At ev'ry whisper of the passing air
 She starts, she turns, and hopes her Jason there. 155
 Again she fondly looks, nor looks in vain ;
 He comes, her Jason shines along the plain !
 As when, emerging from the wat'ry way,
 Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray,
 He shines terrific, for his burning breath 160
 Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death ;
 Such to the nymph approaching Jason shows,
 Bright author of unutterable woes !
 Before her eyes a swimming darkness spread,
 Her flush'd cheek glow'd, her very heart was dead ;
 No more her knees their wonted office knew, 166
 Fix'd without motion, as to earth she grew,
 Her train recedes ; the meeting lovers gaze
 In silent wonder and in still amaze :
 As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow, 170
 Pride of the groves ! with roots adjoining grow,
 Erect and motionless the stately trees
 Awhile remain, while sleeps each fanning breeze,
 Till from th' Æolian caves a blast unbound
 Bends their proud tops, and bids their boughs resound ;
 Thus gazing they, till by the breath of love 176
 Strongly at length inspir'd, they speak, they move ;
 With smiles the lovesick virgin he survey'd,
 And fondly thus address'd the blooming maid :
 " Dismiss, my fair, my love, thy virgin fear ; 180
 " 'Tis Jason speaks, no enemy is here.
 " Man, haughty man, is of obdurate kind ;
 " But Jason bears no proud inhuman mind,
 " By gentlest manners, softest arts, refin'd.

" Whom wouldst thou fly? Stay, lovely virgin, stay!
 " Speak ev'ry thought; far hence be fears away. 186
 " Speak, and be truth in ev'ry accent found!
 " Dread to deceive; we tread on hallow'd ground*.
 " By the stern pow'r who guards this sacred place,
 " By the illustrious authors of thy race; 190
 " By Jove, to whom the stranger's cause belongs,
 " To whom the suppliant, and who feels their wrongs;
 " O guard me, save me, in the needful hour!
 " Without thy aid, thy Jason is no more;
 " To thee a suppliant, in distress I bend, 195
 " To thee a stranger, and who wants a friend!
 " Then, when between us seas and mountains rise,
 " Medea's name shall sound in distant skies;
 " All Greece to thee shall owe her heroes' fates,
 " And bless Medea thro' her hundred states: 200
 " The mother and the wife, who now in vain
 " Roll their sad eyes fast-streaming o'er the main,
 " Shall stay their tears; the mother, and the wife,
 " Shall bless thee for a son's or husband's life!
 " Fair Ariadne, sprung from Minos' bed, 205
 " Sav'd the brave Theseus, and with Theseus fled;
 " Forsook her father, and her native plain,
 " And stemm'd the tumults of the surging main;
 " Yet the stern fire relented, and forgave
 " The maid, whose only crime it was to save; 210
 " E'en the just gods forgave: and now on high
 " A star she shines, and beautifies the sky.
 " What blessings then shall righteous heaven decree
 " For all our heroes sav'd, and sav'd by thee?
 " Heaven gave thee not to kill, so soft an air, 215
 " And Cruelty sure never looked so fair!"
 He ceas'd; but left so charming on her ear
 His voice, that list'ning still she seem'd to hear:
 Her eye to earth she bends with modest grace,
 And heaven in smiles is open'd in her face: 220
 A glance she steals, but rosy blushes spread
 O'er her fair cheek, and then she drops her head:

* The Temple of Hecate.

A thousand words at once to speak she tries
In vain—but speaks a thousand with her eyes.

Trembling the shining casket she expands, 225

Then gives the magic virtue to his hands ;

And had the power been granted to convey

Her heart—had given her very heart away. 228

L 3



THE STORY OF TALUS,

FROM APPOLLONIUS RHODIUS, BOOK IV. V. 1629⁴

Ἡμῶ δ' ἡέλιος μὲν ἔδου, ἀνά δ' ἤλυθεν ἄς ἦρ
 Αὐλῶ, &c.

The following verses from Appollonius will appear very extravagant, unless we have recourse to their allegorical meaning. Plato in his Minos thus writes: "Talus and Rhadamanthus were the assistants of Minos in the execution of his laws. It was the office of Talus to visit all parts of Crete thrice every year, to enforce them with the utmost severity. The poet alludes to this custom in these words:

"Fierce guard of Crete! who thrice each year explores
 "The trembling isle, and strides from shores to shores."

"Talus is fabled to be formed of brass, because the laws which he carried with him on his circuit were engraven upon brazen tables. It is not improbable but the fable of the bursting the vein above the ankle of Talus, by which he died, arose from the manner of punishment practised by him, which was by opening a vein above the ankles of criminals, by which they bled to death."

THE ev'ning star now lifts, as daylight fades,
 His golden circlet in the deep'ning shades:
 Stretch'd at his ease, the weary lab'rer shares
 A sweet forgetfulness of human cares:
 At once in silence sink the sleeping gales, 5
 The mast they * drop, and furl the flagging sails;
 All night, all day, they ply the bending oars
 Tow'rd Carpathus, and reach the rocky shores;
 Thence Crete they view emerging from the main,
 The queen of isles; but Crete they view in vain; 10
 There Talus, whirling with resistless sway
 Rocks sheer uprent, repels them from the bay;
 A giant, sprung from giant race, who took
 Their births from entrails of the stubborn oak;
 Fierce guard of Crete! by Jove assistant giv'n 15
 To legislators † styl'd the sons of heaven:
 To mercy deaf, he thrice each year explores
 The trembling isle, and strides from shores to shores:
 A form of living brass! one part beneath
 Alone he bears, a path to let in death, 20

* Argonautæ.

† Minos and Rhadamanthus.

Where o'er the ankle swells the turgid vein,
Soft to the stroke, and sensible of pain.

And now her magic spells * Medea tries,
Bids the red fiends, the dogs of Orcus, rise,
That starting dreadful from th' infernal shade, 25
Ride heaven in storms, and all that breathes invade.
Thrice she applies the power of magic prayer,
Thrice hell-ward bending mutters charms in air;
Then, turning tow'rd the foe, bids mischief fly,
And looks destruction as she points her eye; 30
Then spectres, rising from Tartarean bowers
Howl round in air, or grin along the shores;
While, tearing up whole hills†, the giant throws,
Outrag'ous, rocks on rocks, to crush the foes;
But, frantic as he strides, a sudden wound, 35
Bursts the life vein, and blood o'erspreads the ground;
As from the furnace in a burning flood
Pours molten lead, so pours in streams his blood:
And now he staggers as the spirit flies;
He faints, he sinks, he tumbles, and he dies. 40
As some huge cedar on a mountain's brow
Pierc'd by the steel, expects the final blow,
A while it totters with alternate sway,
Till fresh'ning breezes thro' the branches play, 44
Then, tumbling downward, with a thund'ring sound,
Falls headlong, and o'erspreads a breadth of ground;
So, as the giant falls, the ocean roars,
Outstretch'd he lies, and covers half the shores. 48

* Ver. 1665.

† Ver. 1679.



HORACE, ODE I.

TRANSLATED.

MÆCENAS! whose high lineage springs
 From a long race of ancient kings,
 Patron and friend! thy honour'd name
 At once is my defence and fame.

There are who with fond transport praise 5
 The chariot thund'ring in the race,
 Where conquest won and palms bestow'd
 Lift the proud mortal to a god.

The man who courts the people's voice,
 And dotes on offices and noise, 10
 Or they who till the peaceful fields,
 And reap what bounteous Nature yields,
 Unmov'd the merchant's wealth behold,
 Nor hazard happiness for gold;
 Untempted by whole worlds of gain 15
 To stem the billows of the main.

The merchant, when the storm invades,
 Envies the quiet of the shades;
 But soon relanches from the shore,
 Dreading the crime of being poor. 20

Some careless waste the mirthful day
 With gen'rous wines and wanton play,
 Indulgent of the genial hour
 By spring, or rill, or shade, or bow'r.

Some hear with joy the clanging jar 25
 Of trumpets, that alarm to war,
 While matrons tremble at the breath
 That calls their sons to arms and death.

The sportsman, train'd in storms, defies 30
 The chilling blast and freezing skies:
 Unmindful of his bride, in vain
 Soft Beauty pleads: along the plain
 The stag he chases, or beguiles
 The furious bear into his toils.

For you the blooming ivy* grows, 35
 Proud to adorn your learned brows;

* Te Doctarum Hederæ, &c.

Patron of letters you arise,
Grow to a god, and mount the skies.

Humbly in breezy shades I stray,
Where sylvans dance, and satyrs play,
Contented to advance my claim,
Only o'er men without a name;
Transcribing what the muses sing
Harmonious to the pipe or string.

40

But if indulgently you deign
To rank me with the lyric train,
Aloft the towering muse shall rise
On bolder wings, and gain the skies.

45

48



SIXTEEN ODES OF ANACREON*.

ODE XV. HAPPY LIFE.

THE wealth of Gyges I despise;
 Gems are useless glit'ring toys:
 Gold I leave, and such vain things,
 To the low aim and pride of kings.

Let my hair with unguents flow,
 With rosy garlands crown my brow;
 The present moment I enjoy,
 Doom'd in the next perhaps to die.

Then, while the hour serenely shines
 Toss the gay die, and quaff thy wines;
 But ever, in the genial hour
 To Bacchus the libation pour,
 Lest Death in wrath approach, and cry,
 "Man!—taste no more the cup of joy."

5

10

14

ODE XVI.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY:

SOME sing of Thebes, and some destroy
 In lofty numbers haughty Troy:
 I mourn, alas! in plaintive strains,
 My own captivity and chains.

No navy, rang'd in proud array,
 No foot, no horseman, arm'd to slay,
 My peace alarm! far other foes,
 Far other hosts, create my woes;
 Strange, dang'rous hosts! that ambush'd lie
 In ev'ry bright love-darting eye;
 Such as destroy when beauty arms
 To conquer, dreadful in its charms!

6

12

* First published in the Gent. Mag. and afterwards inserted in the translations of Anacreon, published by Mr. Fawkes.

ODE XX.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

THE gods o'er mortals prove their sway,
 And steal them from themselves away;
 Transform'd by their almighty hand,
 Sad Niobe an image stands;
 And Philomel, upborne on wings,
 Thro' air her mournful story sings.

5

Would heav'n, indulgent to my vow,
 The happy change I wish, allow;
 The envy'd mirror I would be,
 That thou might'st always gaze on me;
 And could my naked heart appear,
 Thou'dst see thyself—for thou art there.

10

O! were I made thy folding vest,
 That thou might'st clasp me to thy breast!
 Or turn'd into a fount, to lave

15

Thy naked beauties in my wave!
 Thy bosom-cincture I would grow,
 To warm thy little hills of snow;
 Thy ointment, in rich fragrant streams
 To wander o'er those beauteous limbs;
 Thy chain of shining pearl—to deck,
 And close embrace thy graceful neck:

20

A very scandal I would be
 To tread on—if trod on by thee!

24

ODE XXIV. IMITATED.

ALAS! alas! I see each day
 Steals me from myself away;
 And ev'ry step of life I tread,
 I speed to mingle with the dead.
 How many years are past, my friends,
 I know, and there my knowledge ends:
 How many years are still in store,
 I neither can, nor would explore.
 Then, since the hours incessant fly,
 They all shall find me crown'd with joy.

5

10

To those, my cares I here bequeath,
 Who meanly die for fear of death,
 And daily with assiduous strife
 Contrive to live, accurs'd with life.

Then, Care, begone! I'd dance and play; 15
 Hence, with thy serious face away!
 I'll laugh, and whilst gay wine inflames,
 I'll court the laughter-loving dames,
 And study to resign my breath
 In ecstasy, and smile in death. 20

ODE XXV. IMITATED.

BRING me, O bring the enliv'ning draught,
 Lenient of grief, and anxious thought!
 Then Care retires, ashamed to show
 His downcast eye, and faded brow.
 I banish bus'ness to the great, 5
 To all that curse, yet covet state.

Death hastes amain; then who would run
 To meet what most he strives to shun?
 Or antedate the dreadful day
 By cares, and aid the fiend to slay? 10
 If tears could bribe his dreadful pow'rs,
 I'd weep, and bless the precious show'rs;
 But let our lot be joy or woe.
 Alike he speeds to strike the blow.

Then crown the bowl!—ye Sorrows, fly
 To kill some wretch who wants to die. 16

ODE XXXI.

THE PLEASING FRENZY.

NOW bring, by all the pow'rs divine,
 Bring me a bowl of rosy wine;
 A mighty bowl of wine I crave;
 When wine inspires 'tis sweet to rave.

In frantic rage Alcmaeon drew 5
 His falchion; and his mother slew*:

* Eryphile.

Orestes in a furious mood,
 Raving, shed his mother's blood*.
 Dreadful, sober madmen, they!—
 None, harmless drunkard! none I slay,
 The blood of grapes I only crave;
 I quaff it, and 'tis sweet to rave.

10

Alcides frantic grasp'd his bow,
 His quiver rattled, stor'd with woe:
 Stern Ajax shook his glitt'ring blade,
 And broad his sevenfold shield display'd:
 Dangerous madman! how he drew
 His sword, and hosts in fancy flew!

15

I, peaceful I, no falchion wield;
 I bend no bow, I poise no shield:
 The flow'ry garland crowns my hairs,
 My hand the pow'rful goblet bears;
 The pow'rful goblet, nobly brave,
 I drain, and then 'tis sweet to rave.

20

24

ODE XXXVI.

TALK not to me of pedant rules;
 I leave debates to learned fools,
 Who solemnly in form advise,
 At best impertinently wise.

To me more pleasing precepts give,
 And teach the science how to live;
 To bury in the friendly draught,
 Sorrows that spring from too much thought;
 To learn soft lessons from the fair,
 How life may glide exempt from care.

5

10

Alas! I'm old! I see my head,
 With hoary locks by Time o'erspread;
 Then instant be the goblet brought,
 To make me young—at least in thought.

Alas! incessant speeds the day
 When I must mix with common clay,
 When I must tread the dismal shore,
 And dream of love and wine no more.

15

18

* Clytemnestra.

ODE XXXVII.

THE SPRING.

SEE, winter's past! the seasons bring
 Soft breezes with returning spring,
 At whose approach the graces wear
 Fresh honours in their flowing hair;
 The raging seas forget to roar, 5
 And, smiling, gently kiss the shore;
 The sportive duck in wanton play
 Now dives, now rises into day;
 The cranes from freezing skies repair,
 And sailing float to warmer air: 10
 Th' enlivening suns in glory rise,
 And gayly dance along the skies.
 The clouds disperse, or if in show'rs
 They fall, 'tis to awake the flow'rs.
 See, verdure clothes the teeming earth, 15
 The olive struggles into birth;
 The swelling grapes adorn the vine,
 And kindly promise future wine:
 Blest juice! already I in thought
 Quaff an imaginary draught. 20

ODE XLVIII.

GAY LIFE.

GIVE me Homer's tuneful lyre,
 Let the sound my breast inspire!
 But with no troublesome delight
 Of arms and heroes slain in fight:
 Let it play no conquests here, 5
 Or conquests only o'er the fair.
 Boy, reach that volume—book divine!
 The statutes of the god of wine!
 He, legislator, statutes draws,
 And I, his judge, enforce his laws, 10
 And, faithful to the weighty trust,
 Compel his vot'ries to be just.

Thus, round the bowl impartial flies
 Till to the sprightly dance we rise :
 We frisk it with a lively bound, 15
 Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious sound,
 Then pour forth with an heat divine
 Rapturous songs that breathe of wine. 18

ODE L.

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF WINE.

SEE, see, the jolly god appears,
 His hand a mighty goblet bears ;
 With sparkling wine full-charg'd, it flows,
 The sov'reign cure of human woes.
 Wine gives a kind release from care, 5
 And courage to subdue the fair,
 Instructs the cheerful to advance,
 Harmonious in the sprightly dance.
 Hail, goblet ! rich with gen'rous wines ;
 See, round the verge a vinebranch twines : 10
 See, how the mimic clusters roll,
 As ready to refill the bowl !
 Wine keeps its happy patients free
 From ev'ry painful malady ;
 Our best physician all the year, 15
 Thus guarded no disease we fear,
 No troublesome disease of mind,
 Until another year grows kind,
 And loads again the fruitful vine,
 And brings again our health—new wine. 20

M 2



ODE LII.

GRAPES OF THE VINTAGE.

IÖ! the vintage now is done,
 And black'ned with th' autumnal sun,
 The grapes gay youths and virgins bear,
 The sweetest product of the year!
 In vats the heav'nly load they lay, 5
 And swift the damsels trip away;
 The youths alone the winepress tread,
 For wine's by skilful drunkards made:
 Meantime the mirthful song they raise,
 Iö! Bacchus to thy praise; 10
 And eyeing the blest juice, in thought
 Quaff an imaginary draught.
 Gayly thro' wine the old advance,
 And doubly tremble in the dance:
 In fancy'd youth they chant and play, 15
 Forgetful that their locks are grey.
 Thro' wine the youth compleats his loves;
 He haunts the silence of the groves,
 Where stretch'd beneath the embow'ring shade
 He spies some love-inspiring maid; 20
 On beds of rosy sweets she lies,
 Inviting sleep to close her eyes:
 Fast by her side his limbs he throws,
 Her hand he presses—breathes his vows,
 And cries, "My love! my soul! comply 25
 "This instant, or, alas! I die."
 In vain the youth persuasion tries;
 In vain her tongue at least denies:
 Then scorning death, thro' dull despair
 He storms th' unwilling willing fair; 30
 Blessing the grapes that could dispense
 The happy, happy, impudence. 32

O D E LIII.

THE ROSE.

COME, lyrist! tune thy harp, and play
 Responsive to my vocal lay;
 Gently touch it while I sing
 The rose, the glory of the spring.
 To heaven the rose in fragrance flies, 5
 The sweetest incense of the skies.
 Thee, joy of earth! when vernal hours
 Pour forth a blooming waste of flow'rs,
 The gayly-smiling graces wear
 A trophy in their flowing hair; 10
 Thee, Venus, queen of beauty loves,
 And, crown'd with thee, more graceful moves.
 In fabled song and tuneful lays,
 Their fav'rite rose the Muses praise.
 To pluck the rose the virgin-train 15
 With blood their pretty fingers stain,
 Nor dread the pointed terrors round
 That threaten and inflict a wound.
 See how they wave the charming toy,
 Now kiss, now snuff the fragrant joy! 20
 The rose the poets strive to praise,
 And for it would exchange their bays:
 O! ever to the sprightly feast
 Admitted, welcome, pleasing guest!
 But chiefly when the goblet flows, 25
 And rosy wreathes adorn our brows.
 Lovely, smiling rose! how sweet
 The object where thy beauties meet!
 Aurora with a blushing ray
 And rosy fingers spreads the day: 30
 The graces more enchanting show
 When rosy blushes paint their snow;
 And ev'ry pleas'd beholder seeks
 The rose in Cytherea's cheeks.
 When pain afflicts or sickness grieves 35
 Its juice the drooping heart relieves

And, after death, its odours shed
A pleasing fragrance o'er the dead :
And when its with'ring charms decay,
And sinking, fading, die away,
Triumphant, o'er the rage of time
It keeps the fragrance of its prime.

40

Come, lyrist ! join to sing the birth
Of this sweet offspring of the earth.
When Venus from the ocean's bed
Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head ;
When warlike Pallas sprung from Jove
Tremendous to the pow'rs above,
To grace the world the teeming earth
Gave the fragrant infant birth ;
And " This," she cry'd, " I this ordain
" My fav'rite queen of flow'rs to reign !"

45

50

But first the assembled gods debate
The future wonder to create :
Agreed at length, from heaven they threw
A drop of rich nectareous dew ;
A bramble-stem the drop receives,
And straight the rose adorns the leaves.

55

The gods to Bacchus gave the flow'r,
To grace him in the genial hour.

60



ODE LVI.

GROWN YOUNG.

WHEN sprightly youths my eyes survey
 I too am young and I am gay ;
 In dance my active body swims,
 And sudden pinions lift my limbs.

Haste, crown, Cybæba, crown my brows 5
 With garlands of the fragrant rose !
 Hence, hoary age !—I now am strong,
 And dance a youth among the young.

Come then, my friends ! the goblet drain ;
 Bless'd juice !—I feel thee in each vein. 10
 See how with active bounds I spring,
 How strong and yet how sweet I sing !

How blest am I, who thus excel
 In pleasing arts of trifling well. 14

O D E LV.

THE MARK.

THE stately steed expressive bears
 A mark imprinted on his hairs :
 The turban that adorns the brows,
 Of Asia's sons, the Parthian shows ; 4
 The marks betray the lover's heart
 Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dart :
 I plainly read them in his eyes
 That looks too foolish or too wise. 8



ODE LVI.

ALAS! the pow'rs of life decay;
 My hairs are fall'n, or chang'd to grey;
 The smiling bloom and youthful grace
 Is banish'd from my faded face.

Thus man beholds with weeping eyes
 Himself half dead before he dies.

5

For this, and for the grave I fear,
 And pour the never-ceasing tear.

A dreadful prospect strikes my eye;
 I soon must sicken, soon must die;

10

For this the mournful groan I shed,
 I dread—alas! the hour I dread!

What eye can stedfastly survey
 Death and its dark tremendous way?

For soon as Fate has clos'd our eyes

15

Man dies—for ever, ever dies!

All pale, all senseless, in the urn;

Never, ah! never to return!

18



O D E LXIV.

TO APOLLO.

ONCE more, not uninspir'd, the string
I waken, and spontaneous sing.

No Pythick laurel-wreath I claim,

That lifts Ambition into fame:

My voice unbidden tunes the lay;

5

Some god impels, and I obey.

Listen, ye grove!—The muse prepares

A sacred song, in Phrygian airs,

Such as the swan expiring sings

Melodious by Cayster's springs,

10

While list'ning winds in silence hear,

And to the gods the music bear.

Celestial muse! attend, and bring

Thy aid, while I thy Phœbus sing:

To Phœbus and the muse belong

15

The laurel, lyre, and Delphic song.

Begin, begin, the lofty strain

How Phœbus lov'd, but lov'd in vain;

How Daphne fled his guilty flame,

And scorn'd a god that offer'd shame.

20

With glorious pride his vows she hears,

And heav'n, indulgent to her pray'rs,

To laurel chang'd the nymph, and gave

Her foliage to reward the brave.

Ah! how on wings of love convey'd

25

He flew to clasp the panting maid!

Now, now, o'ertakes!—but heaven deceives

His hope—he seizes **only** leaves.

Why fires my raptur'd breast? ah! why?

Ah! whither strives my soul to fly?

30

I feel the pleasing frenzy strong,

Impulsive to some nobler song:

Let, let the wanton fancy play,

But guide it, lest it devious stray.

But oh! in vain, my muse denies

35

Her aid, a slave to lovely eyes.

Suffice it to rehearse the pains
Of bleeding nymphs and dying swains,
Nor dare to wield the shafts of Love
That wound the gods and conquer Jove.

40

I yield ; adieu the lofty strain !
I am Anacreon once again ;
Again the melting song I play
Attemper'd to the vocal lay.

See ! see ! how with attentive ears
The youth imbibe the nectar'd airs,
And quaff, in flow'ry shades reclin'd,
My precepts to regale the mind.

45

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