

# **A compleat key to the Dispensary / written by Sir Samuel Garth, M. D.**

## **Contributors**

Garth, Samuel, Sir, 1661-1719

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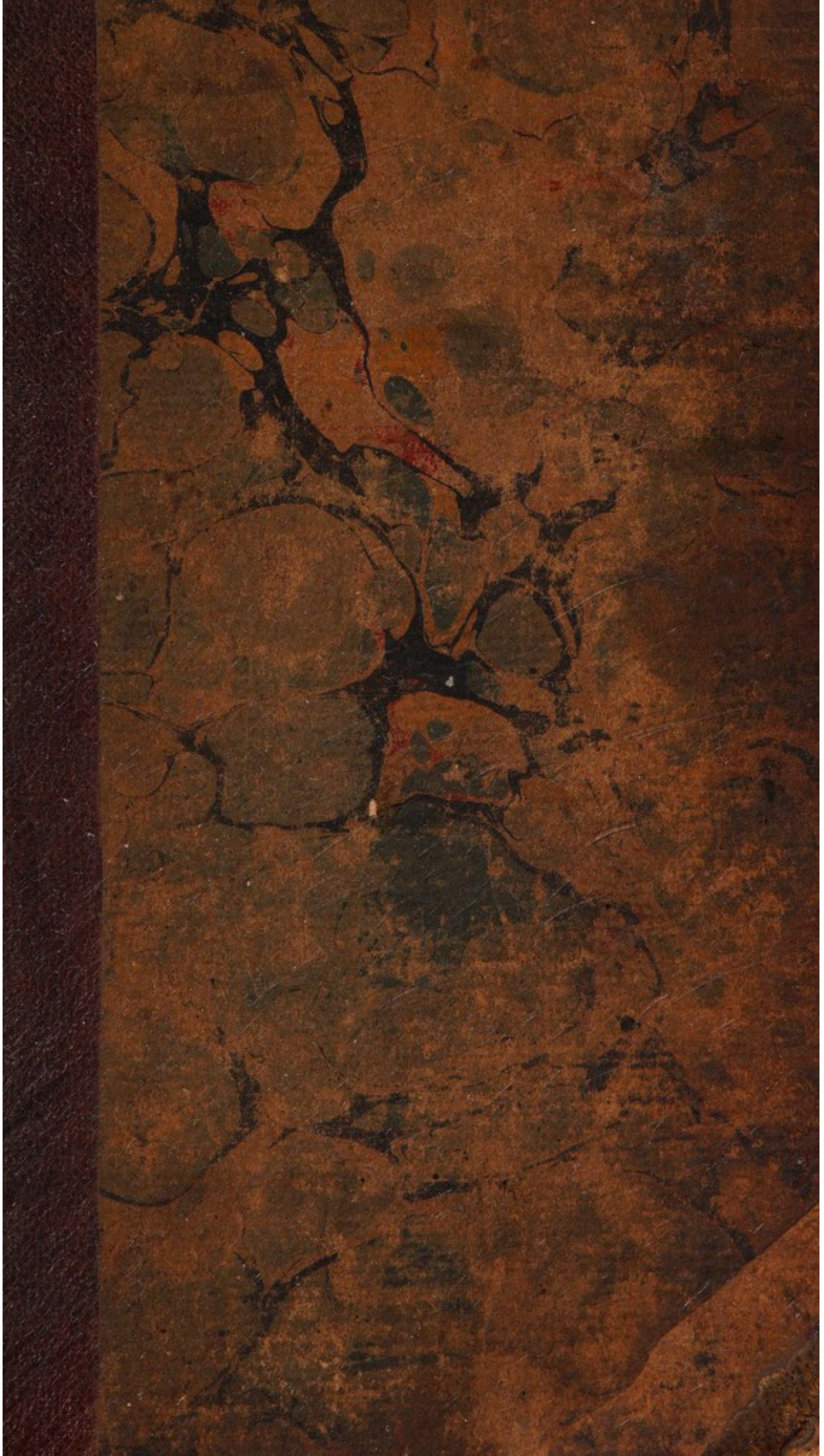
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# Compleat KEY

TO THE

# DISPENSARY

Written by Sir SAMUEL GARTH, M. D.

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The FIFTH EDITION.

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To which are added,  
Near an Hundred Lines omitted in the late  
Editions of that POEM.

A L S O  
CLAREMONT, and several other POEMS  
of the same AUTHOR, never before col-  
lected together.

A N D  
A short Account of the LIFE of the AUTHOR.

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L O N D O N:  
Printed for R. BALDWIN, in Pater-noster-Row; and  
T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, in the Strand.







A short ACCOUNT of the

# L I F E

O F

Sir SAMUEL GARTH, M.D.



SIR SAMUEL GARTH, an excellent *English* Poet and Physician, was descended of a good Family in *Yorkshire*. After he had passed through his School Education, he was removed to *Peter-House* in *Cambridge*, where he was created Doctor of Physick, *July* the 7th, 1691. His first Examination before the College of Phy-



ficians was on the 12th of *March*, 1691-2; and he was admitted Fellow, *June* the 26th, 1693. On the 17th of *September* 1697, he made a *Latin* Oration before the College, *to the great Satisfaction of the Auditors, and his own Honour*, as it is expressed in the Register of that College. In 1696 he zealously promoted and encouraged the erecting the Dispensary, being an Apartment in the College, for the Relief of the sick Poor, by giving them Advice *gratis*, and dispensing Medicines to them at low Rates. This Work of Charity having exposed him and many other Physicians to the Envy and Resentment of several Persons of the same Faculty as well as Apothecaries, he ridiculed them with a peculiar Spirit and Vivacity in a Poem called the *Dispensary* \* in six Canto's; which, though it first stole into the World incorrect in the Year 1699, yet bore in a few Months three Impressions, and

\* Major *Richardson Pack*, in his *Miscellanies*, p. 102, 2d Edit. in 8vo, observes, that this Poem *bath lost and gained in every Edition. Almost every Thing that Sir Samuel left out was a Robbery from the Publick; every Thing he added bath been an Embellishment to his Poem.* These Omissions are supplied at the End of this Key.



Sir SAMUEL GARTH, M. D. v

and was afterwards printed several Times with a Dedication to *Anthony Henley, Esq;* and commendatory Verses by Mr. *Charles Boyle*, afterwards Earl of Orrery, Colonel *Christopher Codrington*, *Thomas Cheek, Esq;* and Colonel *Henry Blount*. This Poem raised our Author a prodigious Reputation; which together with his great Learning and Skill in his Profession, his Politeness, agreeable Conversation, and good Humour, procured him a vast Practice, and gained him the Friendship and Esteem of most of the Nobility and Gentry of both Sexes. He was one of the most eminent Members of a famous Society, called the *Kit-Cat-Club*, which consisted of above thirty Noblemen and Gentlemen, distinguished by their excellent Parts, and Affection to the Protestant Succession in the House of *Hanover*. *October* the 3d, 1702, he was elected one of the Censors of the College of Physicians. He was in particular Favour and Esteem with the Duke of *Marlborough*, whose Disgrace and voluntary Exile abroad he lamented in a fine Copy of Verses. In 1711 he wrote a Dedication for an intended Edition of *Lucretius* to his late Majesty, then



Electoꝛ of *Brunswick*, upon whose Accession to the Throne he had the Honour of Knighthood conferred upon him by his Majesty with the Duke of *Marlborough's* Sword. He was likewise made Physician in Ordinary to his Majesty, and Physician General to the Army. As his own Merit procured him a great Interest with those in Power, so his Humanity and good Nature inclined him to make use of that Interest, rather for the Support and Encouragement of other Men of Letters, than for the Advancement of his own Fortune. He wrote some other Pieces besides those above-mentioned. He died *January* the 18th, 1718-19, and was interred on the 22d of the same Month in the Church of *Harrow on the Hill*, in a Vault there built by him for the Interment of his Family. Mr. *Pope*, in one of his Letters, styles him *the best natured of Men*; and tells us, that “ his Death was very  
“ heroical, and yet unaffected enough to  
“ have made a Saint, or a Philosopher famous. But ill Tongues and worse Hearts  
“ have branded even his last Moments, as  
“ wrongfully as they did his Life, with  
“ Irreligion. You must have heard many  
“ Tales



“ Tales on this Subject ; but if ever there  
“ was a good Christian without knowing  
“ himself to be so, it was Dr. *Garth*.” Mr.  
*Granville*, afterwards Lord *Lansdowne*, wrote  
a fine Copy of Verses to our Author in his  
Illness. He had an only Daughter, who  
was married to Colonel *Boyle*, Brother to  
*Henry Boyle*, Esq; Speaker of the House  
of Commons in *Ireland*, and one of his  
Majesty’s Lords Justices, and Commissioners  
of his Majesty’s Revenues in *Ireland*.

---

VERSES sent to Dr. GARTH in his  
Illness, by Mr. GRANVILLE, afterwards  
Lord LANSDOWN.

**M**ACHAON sick ! in every Face we find  
His Danger is the Danger of Mankind ;  
Whose Art protecting, Nature could expire,  
But by a Deluge, or the general Fire.

More Lives he saves than perish in our Wars ;  
And, faster than a Plague destroys, repairs.  
The bold Carouser, and th’ advent’rous Dame,  
Nor fear the Fever, nor refuse the Flame ;  
Safe in his Skill, from all Restraint set free,  
But conscious Shame, Remorse, or Piety.



Sire of all Arts, defend thy darling Son,  
Restore the Man, whose Life's so much our own ;  
On whom, like *Atlas*, the whole World's reclin'd;  
And by preserving *Garth*, preserve Mankind.






A  
Compleat KEY  
TO THE  
DISPENSARY.

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In the first COPY of VERSES  
To Dr. GARTH upon the *Dispensary*.

Line 2.  IKE \* M——gue's could a just  
Piece sustain.

\* Charles Mountague, Lord  
Hallifax.

Line 15. When † S——rs charming Eloquence.

† The Ld. Somers, formerly Ld. Chancellor.

Line 20. What \* D——s can't condemn, nor † D——n  
mend.

\* Dennis, a sower, supercilious and ill-  
natur'd Critic and Poetafter.


† Dryden, a famous Poet.

In





In the Second COPY of VERSES, written  
by the late Colonel CODRINGTON,  
Governor of the *Leeward Islands*.

Line 13.  *HE Nymph has* <sup>1</sup> G——n's  
<sup>2</sup> C——l's, <sup>3</sup> C——l's *Charms*.

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess of Grafton.

<sup>2</sup> Cecil's, the late Countess of  
*Salisbury*.

<sup>3</sup> The Lady —— *Churchill*, one of the  
Duke of *Marlborough's* Daughters.

Line 22. *Lucretius, Horace,* <sup>1</sup> S——d, <sup>2</sup> M——ue,

<sup>1</sup> *John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Marquis  
of Normanby, and Duke of Buckingham.*  
The Works of this noble Peer were pub-  
lished in the Year 1723, under the In-  
spection of Mr. *Pope*. Since re-printed in  
two Volumes Octavo.

<sup>2</sup> *Montague, Lord Hallifax.*

Line 27. *Facetious* <sup>1</sup> M—— and the City <sup>2</sup> B——.

<sup>1</sup> *Mirmil, Dr. Gibbons.*

<sup>2</sup> *The City Bard, Sir Richard Blackmore.*

Line 36. *H——s, Dr. Hans.*

Line 37. *R——e, Dr. Ratcliffe.*

Line 39. *M——l's, i. e. Mirmil's, Dr. Gibbons.*

Line 42. *W——b, the late William Walsh, Esq;*

Line 43. To <sup>1</sup> S——s and <sup>2</sup> D——t too submit.

<sup>1</sup> *The Lord Somers.*

<sup>2</sup> *The late Earl of Dorset.*


CANTO






# CANTO I.

Pag. Ver.

5. 2.  GREAT Nassau, the late King  
WILLIAM, of GLORIOUS  
and IMMORTAL MEMORY.

8.  Why \* S—— rages to sur-  
vive Desire.

\* Scarsdale, the late Lord of that Name.

10. Whence Tropes to <sup>1</sup> F——, or Impudence  
<sup>2</sup> S——.

<sup>1</sup> Finch, the late Lord Guernsey.

<sup>2</sup> Sloan, a late Lawyer, famous in Westminster-Hall for his Vociferation and Impudence, in both which he does not want a Successor.

3. 16. Urim was civil, &c.

What fiery Divine is here meant by Urim, is easy to guess; 'tis but looking over the Lists of the Prolocutors, and of the Prelates that have fill'd the See of Rochester, and then consider which of them the Character of Urim fits best.

9. 16. NASSAU, the late King WILLIAM.

CANTO





## CANTO II.

Pag. Ver.

16. 3.

\* Heroine shall Albion's Scepter  
bear.\* Queen ANNE, whose Tri-  
umphs shall ever shine in  
*British Annals.*

16. 13. { Colon ——— Mr. Lee, an Apothecary.

17. 1. { ———

4. { Horoscope, Dr. Barnard.

17. { ———

14. Finds Sense in \* Br———, Charms in Lady  
† G——e.\* The late Sir William Brownlow. † Grace,  
the late Lady Grace Pierrepont.

19. 9. Colon ——— Mr. Lee.

10. Horoscope, Dr. Barnard.

21. 1. Squirt ——— Dr. Barnard's Man.

2. Horoscope, Dr. Barnard.

CANTO






# CANTO III.

Pag. Ver.

25. 4. OLON ——— Mr. Lee.

6.  And \* S—— Works.

\* *Salmon*, a late Quack Doctor, and indefatigable Scrib-  
bler.

27. 21. *Squirt*, Dr. Barnard's Man.

23. Horoscope, Dr. Barnard.

28. 3. *Magus*, Dr. Barnard.

29. 24. *Squirt*, Dr. Barnard's Man.

28. Tyro's, Apprentices.

30. 14. *Diasenna*; either Mr. *Dare* an Apothecary;  
or, according to others, Mr. *Figge*, late  
Master of the *Apothecaries* Company.

31. 23. For \* S——rs has the Seal, and † *Nassau*  
reigns.

\* *Somers*, the Lord *Somers*, late Lord Chan-  
cellor.

† *Nassau*, the late King *WILLIAM*.

32. 11. *Colocynthus*, Mr. *Baron*, an Apothecary.

25. *Ruffel*, Mr. a famous Undertaker.

34. 14. *Ascarides*, Mr. *Bridges* and Mr. *Parrot*, two  
*Apothecaries*.





## CANTO IV.

Pag. Ver.

39.

1.



*Requented Theatre: The Playhouse in Drury-Lane, near Covent-Garden.*

5.

*Bentley, a late Bookseller in Great Russel-Street.*

6. *Briscoe, another Bookseller, late of Covent-Garden, and formerly Mr. Bentley's Apprentice.*

11. *When \* Bur—s deafens all the list'ning Prefs.*

*\* Dr. Burges, a famous Presbyterian Preacher.*

13. *Mysterious † F—— n.*

*† Dr. Freeman, late Rector of Covent-Garden.*

40. 21. { *Mirmillo: Dr. Gibbons of King-Street Co-*  
29. { *vent-Garden.*

42. 6. *Ascaris: Mr. Parrot, an Apothecary.*

27. *Querpo: Dr. How.*

43. 7. *Carus: Dr. Tyson, Physician of Bedlam.*

44. 4. *\* M—— Works entire, and endless Reams of*  
*† B——m.*

*\* Dr. Henry Moor's Works.*

*† B——m, Mr. Bloom, the late Editor of Books by Subscription.*

— neg-



Pag. Ver.

44. 5. ——— neglected C——s: Dr. Collins.

6. { Carus: Dr. Tyson.

8. { ———

9. { Umbra: Dr., Cole.

13. { ———

20. \* C—— a Lycurgus, and a Phocian † R——.

\* Sir Henry Dutton Colt, late Member of Parliament for Westminster.

† Mr. Anthony Rowe.

24. Horoscope: Dr. Barnard.

45. 1. { Vagellius: Sir Barth. Shower, a late

12. { Lawyer, famous for Declamation.

9. \* Or——d suspected, † D——b innocent.

\* Adm. Russell, late Earl of Orford.

† The late Sir Charles Duncomb.

17. Horoscope, Dr. Barnard.

23. Arms meet with Arms, &c. Verses quoted out of Dr. Blackmore's King Arthur, and Prince Arthur.

46. 22. Read \* W———, consider † D——— well.

\* Mr. Wycherly, a Poet famous for solid Wit and Sense.

† Mr. Dryden, a late Poet, who will ever be famous for good Versification.

25. If \* D——'s sprightly Muse.

\* The late Earl of Dorset.



Pag. Ver.

46. 29. ——— *Tb' immortal Brows of* \* A——n.

\* Mr. Addifon.

47. 1. *Tuneful C———ve*: Mr. Congreve, a Poet, principally famous for his *Pastorals* and *Dramatic Writings*.

6. St——: The late Mr. Stepney.

7. P——: Mr. Prior, a Poet.

9. Sequana: The *Seine*, the River that runs thro' *Paris*.16. M——ue's, *Montague*, Lord *Hallifax*.

24. Horoscope, Dr. Barnard.

49. 10. *And each bright* \* Churchill of the *Galaxy*.\* A high, nice, and just Compliment the Author pays to the Duke of *Marlborough's* Daughters.51. 19. *Sir Scrape-Quill* ——— Any UPSTART in the City, or at Court.

23. Spadillio: A Footman, who has got an Estate: I suppose the Author means Mr. A——r M——re.

52. 6. *Shall for a* \* H——, a greater † M—— find.\* *Hesse*, the late Prince of *Hesse Darmstadt*.† *Mordaunt*, the Earl of *Peterborough* and *Monmouth*, who took *Barcelona*, after the Death of the Prince of *Hesse*.





# CANTO V.

Pag. Ver.

56. 15.



IRMILLO, Dr. Gibbons.

56. 19.

Have I made \* S—th, and  
† Sh—ck disagree?

\* Dr. South, Prebendary of Westminster, and † Dr. Sherlock, late Dean of St. Paul's, and Master of the Temple, who wrote against one another about the TRINITY; and so managed the Controversy, that the Public were of Opinion, That the first proved there is but one GOD; and the other, That there are Three. The Dispute was ridiculed in a Ballad, to the Tune of *A Soldier and a Sailor*, &c. and which begins thus,

*A Dean and Prebendary,  
Had once a new Vagary, &c.*

56. 21. F—son, Ferguson, the famous Plotmonger.

57. 3. Mirmillo, Dr. Gibbons.

4. Querpo, Dr. How.

21. Let \* P— speak, and † V—g write.

\* The Earl of Peterborough.

† Sir John Vanbrugh, a Gentleman much cried up for his Dramatic Pieces, when the *Dispensary* was first writ; but who afterwards turned his Genius to *Architecture*. See *Swift's Poem on Van's House*.



Pag. Ver.

57. 25. *Had \* C ——— printed nothing of his own,*26. *He had not been the † S—fold of the Town.*\* *Dr. Colebatch.*

† *Saffold*, a celebrated Empiric, whose Bills were formerly set up in all publick *Diuretic* Places in *London* and *Westminster*, to the great Comfort and Entertainment of idle Country Folks.

58. 1. *Had \* W ——— never aim'd in Verse to please.*

\* *Mr. Westley*, a Divine, who has wrote a great deal of *Holy Doggrel*.

2. *Ogilby's*: *Mr. Ogilby* would have, perhaps, got some Reputation, if he had aspired no higher than *Reynard the Fox*: But having ventur'd to translate in Verse the sublimest *Latin Poets*, his Name will, as long as the *English Tongue* lives, signify a *Poetaster*.

8. *And to a \* B—ley 'tis we owe a † B—le.*

\* *Dr. Bentley*, Keeper of the Royal Library.

† *Charles Boyle*, the late Earl of *Orrery*.

Towards the Close of the last Century, there arose a Dispute between those two Gentlemen about the Epistles of *Phalaris*, which was maintained with a great deal of *Urbanity* and *good Manners* on one Side, and with equal *Sufficiency* and *Pedantry* on the other Side.

Mirmillo:



Pag. Ver.

59. 9. { Mirmillo : } Dr. Gibbons.  
18. { ——— }

59. 21. Querpo : Dr. How.

23. By Mulciber the Mayor of Birmingham.

Every one knows that *Mulciber* was one of the Heathen Gods, otherwise called *Vulcan*; but 'tis the Opinion of many, that our Poet means here Mr. *Tho. Foley*, a Lawyer of notable Parts.

60. 13. { Querpo : } Dr. How.  
25. { ——— }

19. Querpoides : Dr. How's Son.

26. Carus : Dr. Tyson.

61. 1. Oran Outang, or Man Ape : A Description and Print of which, see in the third Volume of the *New Collection of Voyages*, in Quarto, published by Authority.

61. 26. Querpo : Dr. How.

62. 20. That \* P——ke's Works, and † O——d's Valour tells.

\* The Earl of Pembroke.

† The Duke of Ormond.

21. How Truth in \* B——, how in † C——sh reigns.

\* Burnet : The late Bishop of Sarum.

† Cavendish : The Duke of Devonshire.

If



Pag. Ver.

62. 24. If † W ——— plead, or \* S ——— or ‡ O — ly  
preach.

† Sir Francis Winnington.

\* Dr. South.

‡ Dr. Only, Minister of St. Margaret's.

28. Stentor, Dr. Goodall, of the Charter-house.

63. 1. Machaon, Sir Tho. Millington, President of  
the College of Physicians.

65. 6. Stentor, Dr. Goodall.

7. Carus, Dr. Tyson.

8. Colon, Mr. Lee.

Sertorius, a Physician.

12. Chiron, Mr. Gill.

Talthibius, another Physician.

16. Pfyas, Dr. Chamberlayne, Man-Midwife.

65. 29. Hermes, a Physician.

66. 3. Trismegists, two other Physicians.

19. Stentor, Dr. Goodall.

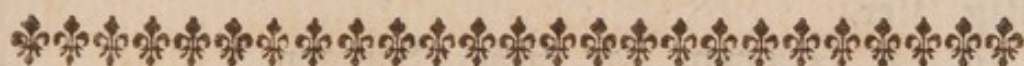
20. Querpo, Dr. How.

67. 4. Querpoides, Dr. How's Son.

68. 15. The Hero, Dr. How.

CANTO





# CANTO VI.

Pag. Ver.

71. 6.



N D borrow \* C——l's  
Shape, and † G——'s  
Air.

\* Cecil, the late Countess of Salisbury.

† The Duchess of Grafton.

7. Her Eyes like \* R——gh's their Beams dispense.

\* The Countess of Ranelagh.

8. With \* C——ll's Bloom, and † B——ley's Innocence.

\* Churchill, one of the Duke of Marlborough's Daughters.

† The Countess of Berkley.

12. Machaon, Sir Tho. Millington.

72. 5. { Celsus } Dr. Bateman, a Physician.  
9. { ——— } Dr. Bateman.

18. Strimonian Squadron, i. e. the Cranes.

19. The Delegate, }  
27. Heav'nly Guide, } Dr. Bateman.

75. 7. Hygeia, the Goddess Health.

8. Celsus, Dr. Bateman.

20. Copious M——, Dr. Moreton.

77. 5. { Celsus, }  
25. { ——— } Dr. Bateman.

Guâicum



Pag. Ver.

78. 2. Guâicum, Mr. Hobbs, Surgeon.

11. Celsus, Dr. Bateman.

28. *Bless'd Harvey*: The late famous Dr. Harvey, who compleated the Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood.

79. 6. Celsus, }  
24. Delegate, } Dr. Bateman.

80. 7. Olivia, }  
81. 5. Rufilla, } Whoever has the least Knowledge of the Town, and *Beau Monde*, will easily know where to  
7. Cælia, } fix these three *fiçtitious Names*.

29. Hygeia, *Health*.

82. 21. Willis, Dr. Willis.

25. Wharton, Bates, and Glisson: Three Doctors of Physic.

83. 1. Your Charge: Dr. Bateman.

3. *Matchless Atticus*: The Lord Somers, then Lord Chancellor.

4. Great *NASSAU*: The late KING WILLIAM.

84. 1. *Would Phœbus, or his \* G——le, but inspire.*

\* *Granville*, the Lord Lansdowne.

25. Celsus, Dr. Bateman.

VERSES



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VERSES omitted in the late Editions  
of the DISPENSARY.

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*Canto I. Page 5. after Impudence to S——e,  
Line 10, add*

**W**HY *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* severe,  
Why *Moreton* muddy, *Montagu* why clear?

*Ibid. Page 9. after and thus went on. Line 25.*

Sometimes among the *Caspian* Cliffs I creep,  
Where solitary Bats and Swallows sleep:  
Or if some Cloyster's Refuge I implore,  
Where holy Drones o'er dying Tapers snore,  
Still *Nassau's* Arms a soft Repose deny,  
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.

Since he has blest'd the weary World with Peace,  
And with a Nod has bid *Bellona* cease;  
I fought the Covert of some peaceful Cell,  
Where silent Shades in harmless Raptures dwell;  
That Rest might past Tranquillity restore,  
And Mortal never interrupt me more.

*Canto II.*



*Canto II. Page 15. after unrelenting Storm.*  
Line 18, add

Then she: Alas! how long in vain have I  
Aim'd at those noble Ills the Fates deny:  
Within this Isle for ever must I find  
Disasters to distract my restless mind?  
Good *Tillotson's* Celestial Piety  
At last has rais'd him to the Sacred See.  
*Somers* does sick'ning Equity restore,  
And helpless Orphans are oppress'd no more.  
*Pembroke* to *Britain* endless blessings brings;  
He spoke; and Peace clapp'd her Triumphant Wings:  
Great *Ormond* shines illustriously bright  
With Blazes of Hereditary Right.  
The noble Ardour of a Royal Fire  
Inspires the generous Breast of *Delamere*.  
And \* *Mulgrave* ever active to defend  
His Country with the Zeal he loves his Friend.  
Like *Leda's* radiant Sons divinely clear,  
*Portland* and *Jersey* deck'd in Rays appear,  
To gild by Turns the *Gallic* Hemisphere.  
Worth in Distress is rais'd by *Montague*,  
*Augustus* listens if *Mæcenæ*s sue.  
And *Vernon's* Vigilance no Slumber takes,  
Whilst Faction peeps abroad, and Anarchy awakes.

*Canto III. Page 28. after discern each Hour:*  
Line 29, add

Thou that would'st lay whole *States* and *Regions* waste,  
Sooner than we thy *Cormorants* should fast.

\* *Duke of Buckingham.*

*Canto*



Canto III. Page 31. after *Spring and Fall*.  
Line 12, add

But now late Jars our Practices detect,  
For Mines, when once discover'd, lose th' Effect.  
Diffensions, like small Streams, are first begun,  
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run.  
So Lines that from their Parallel decline,  
More they advance, the more they still disjoin.  
'Tis therefore my Advice, in haste we send,  
And beg the Faculty to be our Friend.  
As he revolving stood to say the rest,  
Rough *Colocynthus* \* thus his Rage exprest.

Canto IV. Page 46. after *amorous Fire*. Line  
27, add

The *Tyber* now no gentle *Gallus* sees,  
But smiling *Thames* enjoys her † *Normanbys*.

Canto V. Page 63. after *Foes, or die*. Line  
10, add

What *Stentor* ‡ offer'd was by most approv'd;  
But sev'ral Voices sev'ral Methods mov'd.  
At length th' advent'rous *Heroes* all agree  
T' expect the Foe, and act offensively.  
Into the Shop their bold *Battalions* move,  
And what their Chief commands, the rest approve.  
Down from the *Walls* they tear the *Shelves* in haste,  
Which on their Flank for *Palisades* are plac'd;  
And then, behind the *Compter* rang'd they stand,  
Their Front so well secur'd, t' obey Command.

\* *Mr. Baron, an Apothecary.*

† John Sheffield, *Duke of Buckingham*. See p. 10.

‡ *Stentor, Dr. Goodall.*



And now the Scouts the adverse Host descry,  
 Blue Aprons in the Air for Colours fly :  
 With unresisted Force they urge their Way,  
 And find the Foe embattel'd in Array.

*Canto V. Page 67, after wink at Heresy,  
 Line 26, add*

Faith stand unmov'd thro' *Stilling fleet's* Defence,  
 And *Locke* for Mystery abandon Sense.

*These two Authors wrote against each other.*



CLAREMONT.

Address'd to the Right Honourable the

EARL of CLARE,

N O W

Duke of Newcastle.

---

— *Dryadum silvas, saltusque sequamur*  
*Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia jussa.* Virg.

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

**T**HEY 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 show a great deal of Candour if they approve of this. It was writ 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, 'Tis probable he had observ'd some Spring arising amongst Woods and Rocks, where Echos 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 Metamorphosis, 'tis obvious to object (as an ingenious Friend has already done) that the renewing the Charms of a Nymph, of which Ovid had dispossest her,

—vox tantum atque ossa supersunt,

is too great a Violation of Poetical Authority. I dare say the Gentleman who is meant, wou'd have been well pleas'd to have found no Faults. There are not many Authors one can say the same of: Experience shows us every Day, that there are Writers, who cannot bear a Brother shou'd 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 wou'd be more inform'd of what relates to the Antient Britons, and the Druids their Priests, may be directed by the Quotations to the Authors that have mention'd them.

CLARE.





## CLAREMONT.



HAT Frenzy has of late possess'd the  
Brain? [refrain.]

Tho' Few can write, yet Fewer can  
So rank our Soil, our Bards rise in such  
Store,

Their rich Retaining Patrons scarce are more.  
The Last indulge the Fault, the First commit;  
And take off still the Offal of their Wit.  
So shameless, so abandon'd are their Ways;  
They poche *Parnassus*, and lay Snarés for Praise.

None ever can without Admirers live,  
Who have a Pension or a Place to give.  
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 Pow'r;  
No Muse is Proof against a golden Show'r.  
Let but his Lordship write some poor Lampoon,  
He's *Horac'd* up in Doggrel like his own.  
Or if to rant in Tragick Rage he yields,  
False Fame cries—*Athens*; honest Truth—*Moorfields*.  
Thus fool'd, he flounces on thro' Floods of Ink;  
Flags with full Sail; and rises but to sink.

Some venal Pens so prostitute the Bays,  
Their Panegyricks lash; their Satyrs praise.



So nauseously, and so unlike they paint,

*N*——'s an *Adonis*; *M*——r a Saint.

*Motius* with those fam'd Heroes is compar'd,

That led in Triumph *Porus* and *Tallard*.

But such a shameless Muse must Laughter move,

That aims to make *Salmoneus* vye with *Jove*.

To form great Works puts Fate it self to Pain,

Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty Man.

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 tow'ring *Pindar's* Birth begun;

And an Eclipse produc'd \* *Alcmena's* Son:

The Sire of Gods o'er *Phæbus* cast a Shade;

But, with a Hero, well the World repaid.

No Bard for Bribes shou'd prostitute his Vein;

Nor dare to Flatter where he shou'd Arraign.

To grant big *Thraso* Valour, *Phormio*, Sense,

Shou'd Indignation give, at least Offence.

I hate such Mercenaries, and wou'd try

From this Reproach to rescue Poetry.

*Apollo's* Sons shou'd scorn the servile Art,

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.

The Man who's honest, open, and a Friend,

Glad to oblige, uneasy to offend;

\* Hercules.



Forgiving others, to himself severe ;  
 Tho' earnest, easy ; civil, yet sincere ;  
 Who seldom but through great Good-nature errs,  
 Detesting Fraud as much as Flatterers :  
 'Tis he my Muse's Homage shou'd receive ;  
 If I cou'd write, or *Holles* cou'd forgive.

But pardon, learned Youth, that I decline  
 A Name so lov'd by me, so lately Thine.  
 When *Pelham* you resign'd, what cou'd 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 gath'ring Streams enlarge his Course ;  
 He's *Indus* nam'd, and rolls with mightier Force :  
 In fabl'd 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 chuse.  
 Such bright Descriptions shall the Subject dress ;  
 Such vary'd Scenes, such pleasing Images ;  
 That Swains shall leave their Lawns, and Nymphs their  
 And quit *Arcadia* for a Seat like yours. [Bow'rs,

But say, who shall attempt th' advent'rous Part,  
 Where Nature borrows Dress from *Vanbrook'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,  
 Their gentle Vallies, and their silver Rills :  
 Close Groves, and op'ning Glades with Verdure spread,  
 Flow'rs fighting Sweets, and Shrubs that Balsam bleed ;  
 With gay Variety the Prospect crown'd,  
 And all the bright *Horizon* smiling round.

Whilst



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 \* Woade.  
Of *Spanish* Red unheard was then the Name;  
For Cheeks were only taught to blush by Shame.  
No Beauty, to increase her Crowd of Slaves,  
Rose out of Wash, as *Venus* out of Waves.  
Not yet Lead Comb was on the Toilett plac'd;  
Not 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.  
Tyres were unheard of, and unknown the Loom,  
And thrifty Silkworms spun for Times to come.  
Bare Limbs were then the Marks of Modesty;  
All like *Diana* were below the Knee.

The Men appear'd a rough undaunted Race,  
Surly in Show, unfashion'd in Address.  
† 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 travell'd to return politely mad;  
But still what Fancy wanted, Reason had.  
Whatever Nature ask'd, their Hands cou'd 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 Friccagees.

\* *Glaſtum*. See *Pliny*. *Tedrit*. See *Dioſcorides*. † *Mores  
eis ſimplices, à verſutiâ & improbitate, noſtræ tempeſtatis hominum  
longe remoti*. See *Diod. Sic. Bib. Hiſt. L. IV. Verſ. Lat.*

Their



Their Taste was, like their Temper, unrefin'd ;  
For Looks were then the Language of the Mind.

E'er Right and Wrong, by Turns, set Prices bore ;  
And Conscience had its Rate like common Whore :  
Or Tools to great Employments had Pretence ;  
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,  
Frequented by the \* *Druids*, to bestow  
Religious Honours on the † *Mistleto*.

The Naturalists are puzzel'd to explain  
How Trees did first this Stranger entertain :  
Whether the busy Birds engraft it there ;  
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 Tow'rs of *Rome* defac'd,  
And Flames drove forward with outrageous Waste ;  
*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 ;  
Parent of Arts, and Patron of the Wise.  
Good Rules in mild Persuasions they convey'd ;  
Their Lives confirming what their Lectures said.

\* *Jam per se roborum eligunt lucos.* Plin. L. XVI. † *Et  
nihil habent Druidæ visco, & arbore in qua gignatur, si modò sit  
rebur, sacratius.* Plin. ibid. *Et Viscum Druida.* Ovid. † *Deum  
maximè Mercurium colunt : Hunc omnium inventorem artium ferunt :  
Post hunc, Jovem, Apollinem, &c.* Cæf.



None violated Truth, invaded Right ;  
 Yet had few Laws, but Will and Appetite.  
 The People's Peace they study'd, and profess'd  
 No † Politicks but Publick Interest.  
 Hard was their Lodging, homely was their Food ;  
 For all their Luxury was doing Good.

No Miter'd *Priest* did then with *Princes* vie,  
 Nor, o'er his Master, claim Supremacy ;  
 Nor were the Rules of Faith allow'd more pure,  
 For being sev'ral Centuries obscure.  
 None lost their Fortunes, forfeited their Blood,  
 For not believing what None understood.  
 Nor Simony, nor *Sine-Cure* were known ;  
 Nor wou'd the Bee work Honey for the Drone.  
 Nor was the Way invented, to dismiss  
*Erail Abigals* with fat *Pluralities*.

But then in Fillets bound, a hallow'd *Band*  
 Taught how to tend the Flocks, and till the Land :  
 Cou'd tell what Murrains in what Months begun,  
 And how the † Seasons travell'd with the Sun :  
 When his dim Orb seem'd wading through the Air,  
 They told that Rain on dropping Wings drew near ;  
 And that the Winds their bellowing Throats wou'd try,  
 When redd'ning Clouds reflect his Blood-shot Eye.

All their Remarks on Nature's Laws, require  
 More Lines than wou'd ev'n *Alpin's* Readers tire.

This Sect in sacred Veneration held  
 Opinions, by the *Samian Sage* reveal'd ;  
 That Matter no Annihilation knows,  
 But wanders from these Tenements to those.

\* *De republicâ, nisi per concilium, loqui non conceditur.* Cæsar.  
 Lib. VI. † *Multa præterea de sideribus, & eorum motu, de  
 rerum naturâ, &c.* Cæsar.



For when the *Plastick* Particles are gone,  
 They rally in some Species like their own.  
 The self-same Atoms, if new jumbld, 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,  
 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 Jasmin blows,  
 Will, when the Season offers, scent the Rose;  
 And those bright Flames that in Carnations glow,  
 E'er 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;  
 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 *Numa*, in a *Brunswick* Prince, ordain [again. }  
 Good Laws; and *Halcyon* Years shall hush the World }  
 The Truths of old Traditions were their Theme;  
 Or Gods descending in a Morning Dream.  
 Pass'd Acts they cited; and to come, foretold;  
 And cou'd Events, not ripe for Fate, unfold.  
 Beneath the shady Covert of an Oak,  
 In ‡ Rhymes uncooth, prophetick Truths they spoke.

\* *Imprimis hoc volunt persuadere, non interire animas, sed ab aliis post mortem transire ad alios. Cæf.* † *Et vos Barbaricos ritus——Sacrorum Druidæ——redituræ parcere vitæ.——regit idem spiritus artus. Lucan. Lib. I.* ‡ *Et magnum numerum versuum ediscere dicuntur. Cæf.*



Attend then *Clare*; nor is the Legend long;  
The Story of thy *Villa* is their \* Song.

The fair *Montano*, of the *Sylvan* Race,  
Was with each Beauty blest'd, and ev'ry Grace.  
His Sire, green *Faunus*, Guardian of the Wood;  
His Mother, a swift *Naiad* of the Flood.  
Her Silver Urn supply'd the neighb'ring Streams,  
A darling Daughter of the bounteous *Thames*.

Not lovelier seem'd *Narcissus* to the Eye,  
Nor, when a Flower, cou'd 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 streight; nor graceful these.  
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.

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;  
Too cheap the Quarry seem'd, too short the Chace.  
For tho' Possession be th' undoubted View;  
To seize, is far less Pleasure than pursue. [pair,  
Those Nymphs that yield too soon, their Charms im-  
And prove at last but despicably Fair.  
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.

\* *Superstitione vana Druidæ caneant, &c.* Tacit. L. IV.



A Grott there was with hoary Moss o'ergrown,  
 Rough with rude Shells, and arch'd with mouldring  
 Sad Silence reigns within the lonesome Wall; [Stone;  
 And weeping Rills but whisper as they fall.

The clasping Ivys up the Ruin creep;  
 And there the Bat, and drowsy Beetle sleep.

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  
 Finds through his Eyes a Passage to his Heart.

Pensive the *Virgin* sat 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.

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;  
 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.

Full thrice three Days he lingers out in Grief,  
 Nor seeks from Sleep, or Sustenance, Relief.

The Lamp of Life now casts a glimm'ring Light;  
 The meeting Lids his setting Eyes benight.

What Force remains, the hapless Lover tries;  
 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.  
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;  
A Mount erecting where the *Sylvan* lies.  
The Rural Pow'rs the wond'rous Pile survey,  
And piously their diff'rent 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;  
And *Flora* strows 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  
Than for *Narcissus* her loose Flame before.  
Her Flesh to Sinew shrinks, her Charms are fled;  
All Day in rifted Rocks she hides her Head.  
Soon as the Ev'ning shows a Sky serene,  
Abroad she strays, but never to be seen.  
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;  
And tho' to Nothing wasted, *Voice* remains.

So sung the *Druids*——then with Rapture fir'd,  
Thus utter what the \* *Delphick* God inspir'd.  
E'er twice ten Centuries shall fleet away,  
A *Brunswick* Prince shall *Britain's* Scepter sway.

\* *Et partim auguriis, partim conjecturâ, quæ essent futura, &c.*  
Cic. de Divinatione.



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 *Sire* do more.  
 Religion shall dread nothing but Disguise;  
 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,  
 Tho' 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.  
 Where Guides themselves for guilty Views mis-lead;  
 And Laws ev'n 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,  
 Tho' 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.  
 Oft will his Leisure this Retirement chuse,  
 Still finding future Subjects for the Muse:  
 And to record the *Sylvan's* fatal Flame, [Name.  
 The Place shall live in Song; and *Claremont* be the

\* Son of Jupiter and Danae. † Theologi & Vates erant  
 apud eos, Druidas ipsi vocant, qui à victimarum extis de futuris di-  
 vinant. Diod. Sic. Lat. Ver.



*The Dedication of OVID's Art of Love, to  
the Right Honourable RICHARD, Earl  
of BURLINGTON.*

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,  
Tho' angry *Cæsar* frown'd, the Fair were kind.  
More Ills from Love, than Tyrant's Malice flow;  
*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 wou'd listen then, and Lovers lie.  
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 One's Sake,  
The Sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours shou'd take.

Advice to you, my Lord, in vain we bring,  
The Flow'rs ne'er fail to meet the blooming Spring.  
Tho' you possess all Nature's Gifts, take Care;  
Love's Queen has Charms, but fatal is her Snare.

On all that Goddesses 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 filken Sails:  
Each silver Wave in beauteous Order moves,  
Fair as her Bosom, gentle as her Doves;

But



But he that once embarks, too surely finds  
A fullen Sky, black Storms, and angry Winds,  
Cares, Fears, and Anguish, hov'ring on the Coast,  
And Wrecks of Wretches by their Folly lost.

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 that is the most sincere.  
Shun vain Variety, 'tis but Disease;  
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 show,  
And shun to find what she wou'd dread to know;  
Still charming with all Arts that can engage,  
And be the *Juliana* of the Age.

VERSES *written for the* TOASTING  
GLASSES *of the* KIT-KAT CLUB.

By Dr. GARTH.

*Lady* CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a Name can ev'ry 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.

*Lady* CARLISLE.

AT once the Sun and *Carlisle* took their Way,  
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 E S S E X.*

**T**HE bravest Hero, and the brightest Dame  
 From *Belgia's* happy Clime *Britannia* drew ;  
 One pregnant Cloud we find does often frame  
 The awful Thunder and the gentle Dew.

*Lady E S S E X.*

**T**O *Effix* fill the sprightly Wine,  
 The Health's engaging and divine :  
 Let purest Odours scent the Air,  
 And Wreaths of Roses bind our Hair.  
 In her chaste Lips these blushing lie,  
 And those her gentle Sighs supply.

*Lady H Y D E.*

**T**HE God of Wine grows jealous of his Art,  
 He only fires the Head, but *Hyde* the Heart:  
 The Queen of Love looks on, and smiles to see  
 A Nymph more mighty than a Deity.

*On the Lady H Y D E in Child-bed.*

**H**YDE, tho' in Agonies, her Graces keeps,  
 A thousand Charms the Nymph's Complaints ease—  
 In Tears of Dew so mild *Aurora* weeps, [dorn ;  
 But her bright Offspring is the chearful Morn.

*Lady W H A R T O N.*

**W**HEN *Jove* to *Ida* did the Gods invite,  
 And in immortal Toasting pass'd the Night;  
 With more than *Nectar* he the Banquet bless'd,  
 For *Wharton* was the *Venus* of the Feast.





A  
 PROLOGUE  
 To the TRAGEDY of  
*TAMERLANE*,  
 Spoken on the  
 IRISH THEATRE  
 BY  
 Mr. *MOORE*;  
 Written by Dr. *GARTH*.

---

**T**O Day a Mighty Monarch comes to warm  
 Your curdling Blood, and bids You, *Bri-*  
*tons*, arm. [more,  
 To Valour much he owes, to Virtue  
 He fights to save, and conquers to restore:  
 He strains no Text, nor makes Dragoons persuade,  
 He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade;  
 Born for Mankind, they by his Labours live;  
 Their Property is his Prerogative:

His



His Sword destroys less than his Mercy saves,  
 And none, except his Passions, are his Slaves.  
 Such, *Britons!* is the *Prince* that you possess,  
 In Council greatest, and in Camp no less;  
 Brave, but not cruel, Wise without Deceit,  
 Born for an Age, curs'd with a *Bajazet*:  
 But you disdain to be too secure,  
 Ask his Protection, and yet grudge his Power.  
 With you a Monarch's Right is in Dispute,  
 Who give Supplies are only Absolute:  
*Britons!* For shame your factious Feuds decline,  
 Too long you've labour'd for a *Bourbon* Line:  
 Assert lost Rights, an *Austrian* Prince alone  
 Is born to nod upon the *Spanish* Throne;  
 A Cause no less cou'd on great *EUGENE* call;  
 Steep *Alpine* Rocks require an *Hannibal*:  
 He shews you your lost Honour to retrieve,  
 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;  
 Else to the *Mantuan* Soil he may repair,  
 (E'en abdicated Gods were *Latium's* Care,)  
 At worst he'll find some *Cornish* Borough here.



*To the Lady LOUISA LENOS, with  
Ovid's Epistles.*

*By Dr. GARTH.*

**I**N moving Lines these few Epistles tell  
What Fate attends the Nymph who likes too well:  
How faintly the successful Lovers burn;  
And their neglected Charms how Ladies mourn.  
The Fair you'll find, when soft Intreaties fail,  
Assert their uncontested Right, and rail.  
Too soon they listen, and resent too late;  
'Tis sure they love, whene'er they strive to hate.  
Their Sex or proudly shuns, or poorly craves;  
Commencing Tyrants, and concluding Slaves.

In diff'ring Breasts what diff'ring Passions glow?  
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguish slow.  
The Fire we boast, with Force uncertain burns,  
And breaks but out as Appetite returns:  
But yours, like Incense, mounts by soft Degrees,  
And in a fragrant Flame consumes to please.

Your Sex, in all that can engage, excel;  
And ours in Patience, and persuading well.  
Impartial Nature equally decrees:  
You have your Pride, and we our Perjuries.  
Tho' form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall:  
By giving Nothing, or by granting All.

*But,*



But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd Years  
Smile at the Tale of Lovers Hopes and Fears.  
Tho' Infant Graces sooth your gentle Hours,  
More soft than Sighs, more sweet than breathing  
Flowers,

Let rash Admirers your keen Light'ning fear;  
'Tis bright at Distance, but destroys if near.

The Time e'er long, if Verse presage, will come,  
Your Charms shall open in full \* *Brudenal* Bloom.  
All Eyes shall gaze, all Hearts shall Homage vow,  
And not a Lover languish, but for you.  
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,  
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 Flow'r with painted Beauty shines;  
And ev'ry Star its fading Fire resigns.

\* *This Lady was Daughter of Charles Lenos Duke of Richmond, and Anne eldest Daughter of Francis Lord Brudenal, Son of Robert Earl of Cardigan, and Mother of the present Duke of Richmond, and Countess of Albemarle.*



PROLOGUE *to the* MUSIC-  
MEETING *in* YORK-BUILDINGS.

*By* Dr. G A R T H.

WHERE Music and more pow'rful 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 wond'rous Tales admire,  
Of *Orpheus*' Numbers, or *Amphion*'s Lyre?  
Behold this Scene of Beauty, and confess  
The Wonder greater, and the Fiction less.  
Like human Victims, here we are 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,  
The Right Divine's apparent in their Eyes.  
The Empire's fix'd, that's founded in Desire;  
Those Fires the Vestals guard can ne'er expire.

EPILOGUE *to the* Tragedy of CATO.

*By* Dr. G A R T H.

*Spoken by* Mrs. P O R T E R.

WHAT odd fantastick Things we Women do!  
Who wou'd not listen when young Lovers }  
woo? }  
But die a Maid, yet have the Choice of two!  
Ladies are often cruel to their Cost;  
To give you Pain, themselves they punish most.  
Vows of Virginity shou'd well be weigh'd;  
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.  
Wou'd



Wou'd you revenge such rash Resolves—you may:  
 Be spiteful—and believe the Thing we say,  
 We hate you when you're easily said nay;  
 How needless, if you knew us, were your Fears?  
 Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears.  
 Our Hearts are form'd as you yourselves would chuse,  
 Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:  
 We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell;  
 He fights 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:  
 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;  
 Even Churches are no Sanctuaries now;  
 There golden Idols all your Vows receive;  
 She is no Goddess that has nought to give.

Oh! may once more the happy Age appear,  
 When Words were artless, and the Thoughts sincere;  
 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,  
 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.



